Three's a Crowd
Part 6: Pre-Work Pounding
By Thalaxian

When I wake the following morning, there's a kind of lustful anticipation stirring deep within me from the first moment that I open my eyes. Beside me, Goddess Talia is still sleeping softly, and it seems that I've managed to wake ahead of my alarm. My cock is hard as a rock, jutting up towards the ceiling, doubtless empowered by the rich musky scent of her semen dried on the reverse side of the pillow beneath my head.

Today, before work, I'm going to be *used*.

There's no other way to really describe it, to make sense of what I know will transpire. I'm going to be *used*, because as glorious as Goddess is, it's impossible to pretend that she wants anything else. For one, there's nowhere near enough time, but there's also the events of yesterday burning brightly in my recent memory. The blowjobs I gave her, the heavy facial she released upon my face right where I'm laying right now.

She *had* to go and feed me a perfect meal, to get me stuffed, didn't she? I was in the mood yesterday, it would've flowed naturally from one deed to the next, but this morning's lasciviousness is going to be different. It's going to be near enough impossible to view this act as anything other than some naughty necessity to tend to her needs, to give myself over to her as some submissive bitch-boy who might as well be some pocket pussy sex-toy.

…and yet, I think I'm okay with that?

I *think*.

I hazard a glance over at her, finding the sight of the tall, tantalising, *tempestuous* woman something out of a fantasy story. She's immaculate, and all of that brutishness is gone, become vapour, when she's in the throes of sleep. I can only liken her to some slumbering dragon, a thing of such beauty and yet a creature possessing of dangerous power in wakefulness. It provokes a smirk, a full-blown smile, to compare her to anything so silly.

Perhaps it's that filthy fear of her that lends itself to my overall interest. I *know*, have seen first-hand, that Eliza possesses a wonderful side as well. And as much as her voluptuous body, half-covered by the bedsheets, is one of the finest sights I've ever had the luxury of viewing, it's nothing so base or vulgar.

'Goddess?' I say, soft as a mouse, but she doesn't stir. The beautiful woman seems to wear a kind of perennial smirk in her sleep, forming those full lips into a lovely shape befitting the natural fullness and appeal of those charming crescents.

Her hair is messy, the flurry of orange strewn around her angelic face. It's hard to imagine that this woman could fuck my face, could speak so dirtily to me and of me, but it's the same one as yesterday. Just wearing a mask of tranquillity, for the moment. Just hiding the true and tantalising side of her that I know will be about instantly, the moment she returns to wakefulness.

I have a powerful – and naughty! – urge to touch her, to test the limits, to get *punished*, but I'm feeling like being a good boy today. Instead, I slip out of bed, trying to be as light on my feet as I possibly can, and head into the en suite bathroom to do my business and get all nice and clean for her.

Again, the man in the mirror has changed faces. It wasn't long ago at all that I could only look sad, lonesome, longing. All of those failed romances, all of those self-esteem issues that only compounded the overall problem. How can you find someone attractive, after all, if they can't find themselves appealing?

But Mummy set something in motion. I can practically picture her there, standing behind me, her muscular and motherly body a feast for the eyes, her hands resting encouragingly

upon my shoulders. She blurs, with a thought, replaced by Goddess, who seems more intent on applying force and dropping me to my knees for the dirtiest kind of *breakfast* in all the world.

And yet, I find myself living in a state of abundance, for the first time in my life. For the first time in my life, able to imagine that these two wonderful women are simply the start of something even greater – a lifelong experience in sexuality and perhaps, if I should be so lucky, romance.

Who comes next? Who else am I going to be able to picture, when I inspect myself a week from now, a month? What other futanaris are out there waiting, waiting for someone to submit to their sensuality and tend to their lusts?

Joscelyn comes to mind. Jos, in so many ways my oldest friend and crush, and I know her secret. I know that she's like Mummy, that she's like Goddess, but I also know that she doesn't like me like that. That she never gave me the faintest hint of interest.

Didn't she? Doesn't she? That detail gives me pause. The Mike in the reflection isn't the one who came to that conclusion, the one capable of making that assessment. The former Mike, the one so lacking for evidence of lovability, decided – not without reason – that Jos couldn't possibly want me. And maybe she doesn't, but…maybe it's worth meeting her, and talking about life. Talking about…Mrs Mason, and Talia.

Maybe a little on the nose? I'm not sure if I'm *that* bold, just yet. But I mean, Jos knows Mrs Mason. She might know Talia, as well? And wouldn't it be a very normal thing for her formerly virginal friend to be ecstatic for having ended that birth-to-present dry spell?

Though on the ulterior front I am kind of assuming that dickgirls have some kind of rod radar, admittedly. Or else they have some kind of coven, or meetup, where they declare their dick-having nature to other beautiful women who happen to be dick-havers.

Passingly, I try to imagine Jos being the one standing behind me. The original futanari, the one I always fancied but never imagined I'd have a hope of being with. I couldn't have been with her, in all fairness, because I wouldn't have had the confidence. Naturally, the picture in my head, the reflection conjured up, is blurry and indistinct. I can only imagine how gorgeous she is, without her clothes to cover up that divine body. A rival to Mummy, to Goddess, certainly. What title might Jos have me use, if by some fantastic fluke she wants me as well?

I…need to get out of my head, and into the fucking shower! Greedy, greedy, greedy. But shit, it's good to smile at myself, to smile with a mouth that's known too beautiful women's delicious dicks, and longs to know many, many more!

The warm water is cleansing, but does nothing to diminish my arousal. It almost hints at the near-future, the heat of Goddess's touch, the lovely semi-liquid that she'll release into my insides in her claiming of me, her using of my body. My cock hardens, which would be a bother if I wasn't going to get railed before work, but thankfully the stars are right and this building lustiness will be rinsed away by the shower water just the same as the last vestiges of tiredness and yesterday's facial.

When I get out, Talia is waiting for me. Sitting upright on the bed, with her back pressed against the headboard, she's slowly stroking her huge cock in a lazy fashion. Already hard, stupidly hard, for the dragon has woken and its hungers are burning brightly.

'How sweet of you to get all nice and clean for me,' Goddess says, tugging back her foreskin. The bulky tip of her thick long dick distracts me to the point that I forget that I need to hold the towel up, so down about my ankles it goes. Talia chuckles. 'Come on. Up you get. Milk out the first load of the day.'

Her phrasing makes me squirm in the finest fashion, in no small part because I'd rather expected her to be doing the work. Not out of laziness, but…a kind of possessive passion. Yet I'd be lying to myself to decide that it doesn't suit Talia, her demand that I put in the effort while she sits back and enjoys the fruits of my labour.

‘Aren’t…aren’t you going to fuck me?’ I say, cheeks burning. I try to clumsily fetch up the towel, to tend to the beads of water yet glistening across my body, but my eyes refuse to leave her cock. My fingers, as a result, struggle to hook more than a few fleeting folds of the fabric, only managing to drop it again and exemplify my captivation.

‘Why bother? I was in the mood last night, but now I want my little worshipper to take care of things all by his sweet and slutty self,’ Goddess says, letting go of her dick and resting her arms in a lordly fashion across the top of the headboard. ‘Do it all, cumdump. Do it all, and I *might* decide that I want to keep seeing you.’

The playful meanness in her voice speaks to the soul, gets me far too worked up. It’s almost shameful, this need to please her, to dote on her, but I can’t deny its appeal. I behold that big dick – drooping forwards now, under its own mighty weight – and my head races with some perverse belief in some kind of natural order, some kind of righteous hierarchy existing between us. That she should be served, that I should serve. That her cock requires a tender, and that I am required to tend.

Part of me wants to rebel, if only to see her response. Part of me wants to rebel, if only to view itself through a lens of dignity and self-respect, as if that bit of ego in the bathroom might be swirling towards my head. As if that bit of ego, as if that me-in-the-mirror, isn’t a result of forgoing any such silly notions like *dignity* in the face of a gorgeous goddess like Talia.

‘A-s you say, Goddess.’

The words come easily, though the rapid racing of my heart and the tension in my loins and the surge of lust knowing that I’m going to do things her way altogether manifests with me producing a slight stammer on the first syllable.

I move closer and hesitate at the edge of the bed, needing to ask for certain precious and helpful resources, but Goddess nods towards the lube on the bedside table and the matter is resolved. ‘R-ight.’

She sniggers, drinking in the sight of my nudeness. A slim body, a short body, distinctly male and yet not that of some Adonis, though I’m realising day by day that such might be more of an advantage than I ever used to realise. Talia wants to *possess* me, as if I’m property, and as per her own admittance that relies on me not being some generic tall, muscular, confident stud. And I *know*, at least, that I’m plentifully handsome.

I say nothing as I collect up the bottle of lube and crack the lid, realising that now everything is, in a sense, under my control. Somehow, it doesn’t really feel like that, all the same. The sense of power is a shaky thing, not at all complete. In waiting on a monarch, it could be presumed that you’d feel some hint of authority – they rely on you, after all. But they don’t *depend* on you, either. You’re replaceable. Off with your head, and all that.

So it goes with Goddess. Just a feeling, admittedly, but as I squirt some of the cool lube on my left palm, and reach for her throbbing majesty, I’m able to bask in that juxtaposition like it’s the lascivious light of some sensual star. Aware, as I put my palm down upon the top of her length, that I’m not *really* in control. That I am, first and foremost, a *servant*.

Schl-fap, schl-fap, schl-fap.

What begins as a mere earnest attempt at massaging the oily slickness into her throbbing lance of love-making rather rapidly descends into some initial attempts at getting a feel for the bulky beast’s appetites this morning.

Goddess’s glorious girlcock throbs mightily against my palm and fingers, the lubricant doing nothing to diminish the vigorousness with which her member pulses and ripples with need. Those captivating veins bulge where they lace around the column-like nature of her shaft, and the whole thing imposes upon my thoughts this image of immaculate impressiveness, like some living sculpture of one of nature’s finest designs.

‘It’s okay to play, but don’t get any ideas,’ Talia says, lifting an eyebrow at me. ‘I want you to *ride* me, bitch-boy, not simply milk me by hand. I’m a bull, not a cow, remember?’

‘Y-es, Goddess. Of c-ourse.’

I nod, meek and yet cheerful, happily going along with my side of the game. There’s something about beginning things like this, leaning over the edge of her bed, getting the fat hulking cock between her thighs all nice and slippery before it disappears into my lucky arsehole, which would amuse me if it didn’t do a better job of arousing me.

It’s that unspoken thing, lurking behind her commanding tone and playful meanness. That thing that has brought us together, that thing which refuses to let us slip apart.

Lust like this is simply not common. That’s one of the main takeaways of my explorations of the erotic, my experiences with these futanaris. Lust, like ours, like we share, is not the kind of thing that everyone gets to enjoy. All of those boys I was jealous of, when I was younger, *never* spoke of their girlfriends or their one-night stands like I would about this. They did so enthusiastically, speaking about what ultimately seemed to boil down to the social importance of “getting laid” as opposed to having some sensual soul-shattering experience. They talked about those things as if they were grand events to be proud if not *arrogant* about, and yet they were simply revealing a kind of lack. A lack they didn’t realise they were displaying, and a lack I didn’t realise was being displayed.

But the hunger with which I look upon Talia’s titan, the ravenousness with which she looks upon me, are the kind of things that I wouldn’t know how to explain to those old schoolmates. Not because I wouldn’t have the words, but because I think they would *lack* for them.

Schl-fap, schl-fap, schl-fap.

The sound of her cock’s slipperiness, some combination of precum and lube, draws me back to the present moment. Out of that bitterness, that prior loneliness, and into the luxuriousness embodied by this satisfying process. Both of my hands around her fat, phenomenal girlcock, tugging away, relishing its fire and its throbbing.

‘Mhm. Up you get,’ Goddess says, her lovely voice imploring. ‘Quickly. I want to be inside of my property.’

That possessive language gives me pause, but only for a second. It makes my knees weaken and buckle gently inwards, forces my heart to skip every other beat for a few fantastic moments. I try to formulate some response, but the language centres of my brain are lacking, because the lustful ones are overwhelming.

It thus comes naturally, to hastily hop up onto the bed, aided by a single hand of my Goddess. She’s stupidly strong, despite her oozing femininity, and even that solitary hand on my left hip helps line me up reflexively with the meaty monster jutting up towards my butthole from between her lush and lovely thighs.

‘Down. Slowly.’

I nod, but make no peep of a sound. Talia guides me with her touch, and I keep holding her cock upright, making sure it has an appropriate angle by which to anally attack that most sensitive of sanctums. Mummy introduced me to this, got me used to the basic mechanics of it, and was the wonderful woman who took my first time.

But she’s also the one who provoked this kind of appetite for exploration and repetition, and a realisation that in a sense, there are as many first times as there are people who you want to share this with. After all, this is in so many ways nothing like it was with Mrs Mason. The dynamic was different, the affection, the entire approach.

As I steady myself and focus on keeping my core tensed, bending my knees and working in time with Goddess’s guidance, it’s clear that this is a very different act even if they share a great many similarities.

‘Almost there,’ she says, voice a wanton whisper. ‘Time to get you nice and *full*.’

That last word makes me shudder, but Goddess is in control now. With her hand on my hip, she pulls me downwards, so that my puckered sphincter is greeted with a wet hot kiss upon its silky and sensitive opening.

'Ugh. G-oddess!'

I moan aloud and flex, almost buckle, from something as simple as that momentary meeting of our bodies. Her cockhead is heavenly in its hugeness, befitting her divine station, and as much as I love Mummy's cock it tends to work its magic best in the depths whereas it seems that Goddess's has a way to begin things with a bang.

'Tight little slut, aren't you? Guh. Won't even–mhm–let me in easily!'

She cloaks her words with a charming laugh, working her helmet against my hole by using my body as a handle. Her big bell-end pulsates and throbs, constantly leaking its sticky slick juices, but it seems to be having a genuinely difficult time of simply sliding into me. Bit by bit, Goddess urges, and her urging provokes a slight burning sensation, a kind of stretching tension. I may have been with Mummy, I *have* been with her, but that doesn't mean I'm suddenly prepared for receiving other dicks. Shit, I'm not sure I'd be immediately ready for receiving *hers*.

To conjure forth a vision of the future that entails such constant glories and erotic encounters sends my eyes wide, leaves me a squirming and almost vaguely frightened ruin of my initial confidence.

Dick has, over the course of these two wonderful and well-endowed women, become something that occupies every horizon for me. Something that, no matter where I end up over the course of my life, I hope ends up *in me*.

Just as Goddess's, right now, is struggling to do.

'Be less tight, you silly slut!' she says, part playful, part serious. The tall and tantalising woman grips my hip more harshly, kneading her fingers into the flesh in some mirroring of the way she seems to guide my body to work against her cockhead.

Even with the lube, the plump thing is simply so massive, so phenomenally fat, that it just doesn't seem like it'll be possible to fit inside of me. It begins easily enough, narrowest at the rounded point which forms the very tip of the tip, but I'm pretty sure even the narrowest bit of her bell-end is too wide, too throbbing and too thick for my current state of arousal and anxiety. Between my cheeks I can make out the lustrous fire of those chunky curves belonging to her girthy glans, and the mental image – paired with my own recollections of sucking on the thing, of simply beholding it – is as frightening as it is delightful, given just how enormous her bell-end feels as she tries to jam it into my body.

'S-orry, Goddess. I'll try to loosen up f-or you.'

But pushing against it only worsens my body's reflexive response, that tightness which must be overcome. Part of me wonders if it's simply a matter of wanting this to be some mythologised thing, for this to be more intimidating and intense rather than simply affectionate and sweet.

In Talia's presence, I find myself longing to be nothing more than a toy, adoring the possibility of being some plaything or pet, some *prey* facing up to this apex of perverse and perfect predators, but the result is that my arsehole has gone and tightened up to such a degree that it's proving just about impossible to get her inside of me.

'You have to be fucking joking, you little fucking bitch,' she says, and the harshness in her tone makes me…*wonder*.

'G-oddess?'

I turn to her just in time to see that other arm slipping off the headboard, the most raucous of disgruntlement upon her superb features. Suddenly she has my hips with both hands, suddenly she's putting that dangerous dickgirl strength to use, and suddenly I'm thrown into

the perverse possibility that I've been rebelling against her reluctance without even realising it!

'Get. On. My. Fucking. Cock!'

She punctuates each word fiercely, adds to it the profound pressure of applying her strength and combining it with my weight to spear me upon her fat-headed monster of a member. A kind of sublime searing sets in, a stretching of my over-tight hole, and I can't help but smile with giddy glee to realise that I've gotten exactly what I wanted.

There's this drawn-out moment of magnificence as she urges me downwards, urges my body to engulf that powerful part of her own. A meeting of my tightness and her fierce throbbing, the slick and pearly-smooth prominence at the head of her cock gradually earning its place between the tautness of my sphincter and the velvet hotness of my insides.

'Ughn. Guh. G-oddess!'

I almost go cross-eyed, moaning in exasperation, as she applies fantastic futanari forcefulness. Gravity can only do so much, but with Goddess taking hold of my hips and urging me downwards, the process becomes infinitely easier. Her fat-headed cock begins to brutishly open me up, some point of profound power insistent on taking ownership of my sphincter. It's almost bestial, almost primal, as if this hunger to ravage my body with her big beautiful dick is not merely something in her surface-level consciousness but rather an element of the lizard brain, or some fundamental need etched into the foundational fabric of her psyche.

The soundlessness of her penetration is strangely erotic, as if its absence conjures up recollections of the noisiness of prior acts, the slipperiness and suction of two bodies connecting in such an intimate fashion. And in the relative silence, broken only by our respiration, I'm able to find in me some sibling to that naughty need of hers.

Because…I'm pretty sure that I *need* dick, as much as she needs to give it.

'Ughn. Fuck.'

It provokes groans, but not words. Talia herself is wordless herself, caught up in the passionate pressure of the moment. In the same state as me, but flipped on its head. Here I am straining and struggling to accommodate her dickhead, and there she is, beneath me and yet in so many ways above me, contending with the tightness of my body around that most sensitive swollen section of her own.

My knees weaken beneath me, and seem to outright threaten to buckle. I slam my hands down atop Goddess's own where they press against my hips, in some crude attempt at ensuring that her grip remains, that her support persists even in the face of such pleasurable collapse.

'A little more,' she says. 'A little more, you tight little–aahn–slut.'

My own mouth flaps uselessly, struggling for anything even a fraction of such sensual profundity. Not that hers is some grand statement, but as always, she seems to pick her words so cunningly, while my own are right now doomed to culminate in whines and groans and thoughtless things.

Her dickhead kisses carnally that most sensitive and naughty of holes, its eyelet leaking a continual stream of stickiness. A kind of natural lubricant, aiding the artificial stuff soaking the glistening gorgeousness of her massive member. It begins now, gradually, to pierce the hole, to widen things, finally getting to the point that it's no longer possible to resist its demands.

Any moment now it'll all just *flow*, just slide on without any lingering hint of difficulty. The filthy freefall is rapidly approaching, but it seems that every second it takes to reach that perfect point slows the perceived passage of time and thereby makes it seem that the struggle to contend with her fat futa cock is becoming increasingly endless in nature.

It's like some big intake of breath, like the world has decided to stand still, all in anticipation of this moment. Not the first time I've taken cock, even if it's the first time I've taken Talia's, but the atmosphere and the specifics are such that it might as well be some absolute novelty.

There's no sound but our breathing, hers ragged and mine hesitant. No sound of our copulating, for it hasn't truly begun, and as yet lingers on the horizon. Any moment now, any moment, but…all is slow and my whole body seems tense, on the cusp of some complete collapse into ecstasy.

Then, suddenly, there's a noise. A salacious sloppiness, familiar and yet unique to the specific pairing of our bodies, my tight inexperienced butthole and her bulky-tipped titan for the first time merging in the proper fashion.

Schplup-plup, schplup-plup.

My mind, for a moment, can only focus on that introduction of piston-stroke pounding. Just once, just twice, Goddess guides my body up and down, to use my tightness as some pleasurable cocksleeve for her needs. Just to begin, of course.

It makes my eyelids quake and quiver, causes my vision to blur, results in a dribble of cum from my over-eager cock as her phenomenally fat helmet brushes over my prostate and thereby milks me of a warm escaping dollop of jism that leaks out of my bell-end and dribbles hastily down the underside of my manhood, so much thinner than anything she's able to produce.

'Oh, God, yes,' Talia says, tightening her hold on me. 'Damn it, slut. You're basically–ugh–packing a virgin hole back here.'

Schplup-plup, schplup-fup, schplup-plup, schlup-plup-fup.

Goddess shows no remorse, no awareness of the fact that my cock is oozing and my body is shaking with the rapid onset of an orgasm. Perhaps I clamp down around her, perhaps my body enters a state of supreme fuckability, but all I can do is shudder and shake as the singular stupendousness of her cockhead delves ever deeper into my body.

She holds my hips and controls the flow of things, assumes full and unshakeable control over the rhythm of our rutting. Wields me, practically like some cock-adhering weapon, applying such strength that at once makes me feel thoroughly dominated and at the same time ever so small and meagre.

'G-uh. Shit. G-oddess.'

With every up and down my loins leak, squirt, spew. With every completion of her movements, I'm left that much messier, with my prostate-pounding-produced jism mostly making a sticky coating down the thickness of my cock and the delicate hairiness of my balls beneath it.

My whole body lurches, shudders, jiggles and writhes. To be controlled by her is a divine experience, but there's something delightful and degrading about this entire experience coalescing around that massive and moreish cock.

Schplup-plup-fup, schplup-plup, schplup-fup, schplup-fup-plup.

'Bitch-boy,' Talia says, a suppressed grunt edging her gorgeous voice. 'Cock-taking little–aahn–slut of a man.'

The moan slips out, of course. The moan slips out, and tickles my ears, as if her hot breath is brushing against both of them, swirling into the ear canals and driving into the raucous mess that is my lust-addled mind.

I can, ever so faintly, make out the sounds of her curves jiggling and shuddering as she applies such frenetic forcefulness to ravage my insides. To skewer me upon that perfect penis, to use me like some kind of perverse glove, reduced from the complete importance of a human person into nothing more than an outlet for her sexual drives.

That cock. That fucking *cock*!

‘Gruh. Guh. Ughn.’

It’s like a slab of molten magic, a thing at once solid and silken, terrifyingly hard but somehow exquisitely soft as well. Plunging into me, easily taking to my guts like it owns my body better than I do. As if my existence is nothing more than a footnote in the annals describing the necessities of Goddess’s avaricious arousal, her practically draconic greed when it comes to control and dominance over my fleshy orifice which so hungrily gulps down on the fat thick implement of intensity she feeds into it.

I claw clumsily at her gripping hands, adoring their warmth and strength, losing myself in the sweetness of her skin. She holds me like a sex toy, holds me with such victorious vigour that I’m unable to feel anything short of the finest prize in all of the world.

Schplup-plup, schplup-fup, schplup-plup, schlup-plup-fup.

Every thrust of our bodies – not quite her hips, not quite mine, given how she’s using me and how I’m utterly at her mercy! – deepens those naughty noises that fill the room, minutely adjusting their flow and fire. The smacking of wet flesh, of skin against skin, of the constant opening and shifting of that tightly-gripping hole which devours as best it can every inch of her opulent offering.

The act of penetration seems to send these tendrils of convulsing satisfaction outwards from every inch of her dick, for the entirety of that thickly throbbing mass turns every bit of my insides into some kind of ultra-sensitive paradise of pleasure. It should surely only be the prostate, perhaps the surrounding region, but every point of contact between my body and Goddess’s glorious girldick results in something similar, if not outright the same.

It’s certainly not helped by the fact that her cock is so unreasonably fat, so comfortably capable of hitting the walls of my arsehole like nothing else. Even if she’s not quite as girthy as Mummy Mason at the widest parts, the overall effect is much more pronounced.

Talia fills me up to the very limits with every motion, and yet a nervous glance downwards reveals that there’s plenty more prick to go. It’s one thing for Goddess to be so meaty, with her huge helmet and plump shaft, but she’s *long* as well. Long enough that even when I feel as though I’m surely at my biological limit for contending with her cock, she manages to go that much further.

‘God, whoever fucked you first did a–mhm–solid job at getting you used to dick,’ Goddess says, her breath hot and powerful against the back of my neck. I’d not realised how close we’d gotten, but with more than half of her length embedded between my cheeks it’s not surprising that our bodies are so tightly entwined. ‘Did you squirm this much for that lucky bitch, slutty Mike?’

I shake my head, or at least, I *think* I do. The combination of such potent pleasure and the constant up and down of movement, of milking her ridiculous rod, leaves little in the way of motor faculties available. I’m dimly and dirtily aware that I am, here and now, not merely in a state of pleasure but a kind of all-consuming lewdness that makes my capitulation to her cock that much more profound.

‘Guh. Ughn. Y-es. Always. Always y-es!’

My voice seems to work, my words along with it, but it only establishes more deeply this abject devotion I feel towards her, this transcendent state of belonging to her and submitting to her whims regardless of my own designs or desires. They do, in this instance, blessedly align with her own – the pursuit of erotic ecstasy, of course – but nonetheless I’m struck by the intensity of the realisation that my body practically belongs to her.

Goddess laughs in response, lurid and ever so pleased with herself, with me, with this whole fantastical filthiness. ‘Good boy. Such enthusiasm. Aahn. I don’t know if we’ll even–mhm–make it to work, with you being so bloody receptive to my–ughn–desires.’

Schplup-plup-fup, schplup-plup, schplup-fup, schplup-fup-plup.

She draws me down with increasing urgency, handling me as though I'm as light as a feather. The sound of my butt splitting and contracting as her dominant dick slams back and forth between my cheeks grow thicker, richer on the ears. I shut my eyes and lose myself in the chorus of carnality, lips moving in pursuit of the right words to praise her, to proclaim her as some superior specimen of humanity, but unless she demands specifics of me I'm not sure I'm able to lift my thoughts above the sloshing sublimeness of this body-wracking glory that being stuffed to the limits with her fat futa dick induces in me.

Perhaps my cock spits and spews, but I'm not able to be aware of it. All that matters, all that seems to be of any importance at all, is the presence of her mammoth member delving deep into me, ruining me, owning me. My arse comes down gently against the soft pad of fat at the base of her dick, bald and silky-smooth, but I'm not greeted by the luxury of her swinging balls on account of the downwards angle by which my body submits to hers.

I try my best to hold onto her hands but the grip slips, and so my thighs will have to do. In turn, they're unstable as well, and before long I'm scrambling to hold onto my knees for what little good it'll do me.

'G-oddess,' I manage to say. 'It's t-oo…so…m-uch.'

I'm not sure quite what I expect to happen, what manner of response I imagine she'll give me, but the one that beautiful brain conjures up is nothing short of perfect for the task.

Talia withholds her words, favouring deeds. She brings the weight of me down so that I'm using her crotch as a seat, a seat with such an intimate form of *grip*, and then lurches forwards in such a way that if not for being speared upon her length I might well end up thrown off the foot of the bed.

And yet, impaled as I am upon that most impressive of organs, I'm conveniently pressed face-first down into the sheets of her bed so that my obedient backside rises up to maintain its clinging connection with her groin and the delicious dominatrix towers over me from behind, ready to thoroughly fuck me like a dog.

I manage to glance back at her, to witness her in her full unadulterated glory, and it's a miracle I don't lose my mind just from a single look upon the auburn-haired goddess of girldick who seems to rise up atop the bed like some titan from myth.

Talia bites down on her lip, those amber eyes practically aflame with illicit insistence. Her hair is like a mane, rolling down her shoulders, messy from the bed and yet no less magnificent for it. Her skin is immaculate, fully realised in those heavy breasts and those delectable nipples, the faint makings of rolls where her voluptuous features collide with one another at the narrowing of her waist and the widening of her hips. I could lose myself in the sight of her, could drink her in all day, every day, but it's not an option right now.
Not when Goddess wants something, and it's well within her power to take it.

Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-fup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schlup-plup-fup-thwup.

There's no hint of hesitation, not mote of reservation, no fragment of restraint. Goddess slams her hips forwards with such power and passion that for just a moment it seems as though she's going to embed herself so firmly into my guts that no force in heaven or earth could possibly yank her out again.

Her glorious glans leads the charge like some tip of a knight's lance, if only said lance were fat and fleshy, bulging with veins, and capped by something fire-hot and perversely plump, intended for ravaging the lucky backsides of men like myself.

'Take it,' Goddess says, thrusting without restraint. 'Take that dick, and–guh–earn that fucking cum!'

I drool over the sheets, writhe with ecstasy, succumb to her over and over again as if each thrust is like the very first. Talia pushes her hands down fiercely on my hips, applying such vigour that I've half a mind to think she's trying to shove me through the fucking mattress!

But no, her assertive hold is simply one of abject dominance, utmost control.

It allows her to ram without remorse into me, throwing her hips forwards in the most brutal and beautiful of fashions. Her flesh collides with mine, sending out a rippling sound of meaty marvellousness, and her fat fucking balls wallop against my own, lesser, inferior articles time and again.

But Goddess's bell-end is the star of the show, embedded so deep within me that it feels as if it's merging with me, becoming some fundamental part of my body, my mind, my world. The swollen prominence seems to plug a hole I didn't know I needed filling, didn't know even existed. Every movement of that monstrous thing is writ upon my inner world, completely unmistakable, inescapable.

It hits parts of me I didn't know could feel so good, induces a state of pleasure that before now has been unequalled. As if Goddess's girl-dick is built for my body…or, more likely, my body is built for Goddess's girl-dick.

Schplup-plup-fup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-fup-thwap, schplup-fup-plup-thwup.

'Ughn. Gruh. Ugh.'

She chuckles coarsely as I moan, her voice such a gravelly and gorgeous sound. 'Like that more than getting your own dick wet, I bet. Like being a fucking bitch-boy. Like–aahn–taking a fatter cock than any girl you've ever met has ever had the luxury of riding.' Talia runs her hands up the sides of my body, feeling out my hips and my ribs, brushing her fingers delicately across the skin as she continues to plough me. 'Just for you, okay? Just for–mhmf–lucky little you. You know your place, don't you? You know where you fucking belong, don't you?'

I nod, but it might well get lost in the shudders of my body. A poor attempt at acknowledgement, but what else can I do? Words are an impossibility, even my groans sound utterly meaningless.

The bed beneath us seems to protest, straining against the carpet. The mattress is too firm to swallow me up, as much as the weighty force put into every thrust seems to threaten the shattering of my sanity. I simply go forwards and then bounce a little back, only to be delved into again, perhaps six or eight inches of colossal cockmeat wedging into my guts with every swinging of her body.

I must know my place, mustn't I? To serve futanaris, to suck and sit on their dicks, to be utilised for their pleasure without a care for my own. Mine comes so, so easily, after all. How could it not? Their cocks, from my meagre sample size of two, are the finest things in the world.

How I'd love to declare that worshipful adoration to Goddess, but again, my mouth is a mess of useless motions and my brain might as well be a puddle of cum, given how every solid impalement upon her excellent erection seems to fuck my mind as well as it does my arsehole.

Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-fup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schlup-plup-fup-thwup.

God, the sound is beautiful. All of it's beautiful. The meaty chorus elicited by the smashing together of our bodies, ringing out through the room, filling my ears and the sound-centres of my mind. The scent of her body, of sweet cleanliness and a tang of much-pleasing sweatiness, and the musky potency of her cock and its juices, and doubtless the swollen productivity of those mammoth testicles.

Mammoth testicles that swing against my own and remind me, time after time, just how stupendous this load is going to be. The biggest of the day? Maybe. Those balls do feel unreasonably stuffed, though I'm certainly guilty of fantasising filthily about their creamy contents.

I do, somehow, manage a quick glance back at the auburn-haired beauty, and with it find in me a deeper desire for her semen. Something about the prospect of having that intimate

substance, produced wholly within her body, shot into me, is so…special. Every dick and balls have cum, so far as I know, but nowhere else in the world is that cum Talia's.

'What are you looking at, bitch?' she says, the vulgarity of her language at odds with the thorough sweetness of her smirk. Flush-cheeked, a little sweaty beneath the brow, very much strained by the urgency of this deed. 'Focus on being fucked, slut.'

'Guh. Y-es. Yesh.'

I manage to sound like an idiot, but at least it's a response. Still, I can't get that prospect out of my head, that delicious notion of receiving something from her loins, something that, as much as I have always crushed on girls, always had more typical romantic inclinations, is nonetheless a more erotic notion than anything I've ever entertained while thinking of more, uh, "traditional" women.

Schplup-plup-fup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-fup-thwap, schplup-fup-plup-thwup.

As she continues to rail me, I lose myself in the enjoyment of her big bollocks smacking against my own, and the fiery firmness of that spongy slippery head dipping so far into my innards that it might as well be desiring to live in there.

Bit by bit, she's growing closer to something familiar. The strain is noticeable, and nowhere more obvious than in those delightful moans and whines that leave her lips, always controlled and reined in to maintain that perception of absolute authority, but growing increasingly unrestrained with each successive in-out pummelling of her prodigious prick against the walls of my sensitive insides.

More and more, Goddess holds things at the deepest point. She hilts herself, and then keeps herself pressed there, so that her crotch is wedged between my cheeks, so that her big bouncy balls are practically hugging against my own.

'Argh. Shit. Urgh.'

I can't quite tell if my cock is exploding or not, anymore. Can't really make sense of much, beyond this all-consuming wave of rapturous pleasure that seems to engulf the world. I'm in love, utterly smitten, with all of this.

Perhaps there's some faint, niggling voice that begs and pleads and demands that I lean into those toxic ideals of manliness. Those unkind prescriptions that detail how I'm to treat women, how women are to treat me, how sex is meant to proceed. Certainly, not like this. Certainly, not with a bigger dick than any I've seen in porn ramming into and out of me, with its colossal cum-makers making clear the comparative diminutiveness of my own.

Schplup-plup-thwap, schplup-fup-thwup, schplup-plup-thwap, schlup-plup-fup-thwup.

The way Goddess takes me is in some sense degrading, because it relies on such a brutal, almost *superior* approach. There's such aggression, such assertiveness, in some sense a sort of arrogance. She's fucking me like I'm not so much a person but an object, an object that exists for the sake of *use* and *service* and *possession*.

'God you're going to–mhm–fucking drain me,' she proclaims, voice dripping something that hints ever so faintly of depleting stores of sexual endurance. Talia pairs the vocalisations, the words and moans, with a thorough embedding of her fingertips into my hips, and a contradictory increase in intensity.

I watch her in my periphery, all but drained myself, both in terms of energy and my load. There are hints in the corners of her mouth, in the wetness of her eyes, that suggest both a similarity to my own state and a dramatic difference. The pleasure we're taking from this is distinct physically, but even mentally there's this massive gulf between us. Only…the disparity there is unifying, rather than separating, in nature.

The way her dick drives into me and out of me, at neither extreme resulting in anything short of knee-trembling hip-shuddering heart-fluttering glory, gives each of us a tremendous degree of satisfaction, on complete opposite ends of the spectrum.

Where my body is receptive, crushing down around her cock, working in some feral fashion to *earn* her orgasm, to be worthy of this state of sublimeness, Goddess is instead imperious and commanding. She *takes*, and even in giving, there's this essential element of usage, of dominance, of possession.

She…she doesn't have to earn my pleasure. It comes reflexively, comes instinctually, because the meeting of our bodies, the merging of her member and my arsehole, results in immediate agreement with her ferocious lusts. And that fact only furthers this sense of submission to her, this sense of being the lesser, weaker, *taken* party in our pairing.

Schplup-plup-fup-thwap, schplup-plup-thwup, schplup-fup-thwap, schplup-fup-plup-thwup.

With every completed cycle of copulatory motion, I find myself increasingly certain of the sensual status quo. Increasingly comfortable with it. How was I ever going to find myself in her position, fucking someone else? It just seems…the farthest thing from possible.

And now, as her powerful penis pulsates with growing urgency, its already-fat head seeming to swell to an even more intimidating chunkiness deep within my guts, I find myself desperately hungering for that sticky hot release building within her perfect body.

'Oh, G-oddess. G-oddess. Ughn.'

The surprisingly well-spoken words, and the accompanying breathy moaning, slip from my lips in anticipation of that potent load. I can picture it in passing, can only imagine how good it's going to feel, given how obsessed I am with sucking it out of her dick. The alpha, the stud, takes the lesser, the beta, and the latter's prize is the unimpeded ejaculation of their thick genetic goo into the willing recipient body.

Perhaps it's those thoughts, racing through my head, which provoke a twitch of eagerness that Goddess seizes upon. She brushes her fingertips against my hips, sending forth little jolts of ecstatic electricity into the surrounding flesh, and lets out a lustful laugh, clearly strained and yet not for a moment showing weakness.

'Can you feel it–aah–approaching, bitch-boy?' she says, applying the edges of her nails, making the most of the contrast between the softness of her skin and the firmness of the keratin. I shiver all the more, though it's likely completely unnoticeable, lost in the endless mix of my movements. 'Seems like you're–mhm–tensing up. Getting ready for it. Are you that much of a cumdump?'

I turn a little further towards her, ready to proclaim my willingness, to exclaim my lascivious joyousness, but her eyes stop my lips. Shut, for a change, the lids trembling, her mouth graced with a smile sweeter than any sin I can possibly imagine. Her easy expression, combined with the straining and squirming of her dick within me, makes clear what's on the very cusp now.

There's no time to work myself up into some predictive passion, the rapid heightening of my anticipation becomes fire-fierce for just a fraction of a moment. Talia's pace surprises me, a shift from the violently vigorous to the velvety and gentle. The only major sign of her hilting herself within me, far from some aggressive slamming of her body against mine – something she's done plenty this morning! – is the way her heavy nuts nestle up against my own and ripple, swell, lift, lower.

'Mhmf. Tight little boy-pussy you have, slut.'

She doesn't even moan especially loudly, the sound mostly an exhalation through those curvaceous lips, those pretty nostrils. Goddess moves her body slowly, gyrates a little around my insides, and then I'm struck by the gooey glory of her load.

'F-uck. Oh, fuck!'

My sound is that much louder, and more of a shocked announcement than some extra impulse of pleasure, though the sensation is a deeply delightful one. Her helmet, lost far into my naughty tunnel, expands to fill the tight walls and then squirts, spurts, spits, shoots.

Hot ropes splatter the walls, glaze and then thoroughly coat every inch of sticky sensitive tubing with the luxuriously thick jism of the beautiful dickgirl. I squirm and shudder, doubtless clenching with every dollop of semen, helping her along, making sure to milk her body without even intending to – definitely *wanting* to, but lacking, as is so often the case, the exacting muscular control!

The culmination of our ploughing is liberating, for it completely establishes that swirl of thoughts and notions which obsess over the power dynamic between us, and the satisfaction of being deliciously destroyed by this supreme example of a dick. To have her cum fill my guts, beyond the heat and heavenliness it induces in that cock-pleasing region of myself, results as well in a sense of enormous satisfaction and peerless pride.

I…I did this. I managed to give her this orgasm, managed to still her breathing and get those nuts emptying their precious cargo as far into my innards as they can manage. Yes, Goddess took control, and ravaged me, and claimed me, but…it doesn't make it any less beautiful to know that I've made her cum, that I've managed to invoke within her such a state of satisfaction.

Her smile twitches, and her eyelids flutter shut, and the way she gropes at my sides hints again at that lurking affection she holds for me. The *real* dynamic here, beyond the perverse play we put on together. Sex is said to release oxytocin, that "love chemical" of such notoriety, and given how fucking Mummy and now Goddess has resulted in two profoundly passionate relationships with such beautiful women, I'm convinced that in both cases I'm well beyond the foothills towards the peak of something truly wonderful.

As the heat of Talia's balls fills me up, sloshing and swirling about, completely caking my guts with her creamy cum, I allow myself to shut my own eyes and rest against the duvet. To breathe in the scents of our bodies, to drink in the way my nervous system is completely out of sorts, sending ripples and pulses to my extremities as it contends with the obscene rush of dopamine and whatever other feel-good hormones are now in abundance.

How I'm going to manage dealing with work, after this, I've no idea. But for the moment, I forget the past, forget the future, and simply bask in the astounding sensation of being filled to the very brim with the eager ejaculate of the gorgeous auburn-haired futanari currently embedded so far into me that I'm surprised her dick hasn't made my belly bulge a bit with the impalement.

'Good boy,' she says, soft as silk, stroking my sides. 'Aah. You take my cock so well, Mike. You take–mhmf–my load even better.'

Goddess shifts her hips, though it does little, given how thick she is, and how reflexively tight my body has become around her prick. I try to loosen up a little, to experience the sensation of movement resulting from her efforts, but it's a seeming impossibility.

She's wedged in me, and my arsehole is effectively wedded to her dick. Seconds drift into minutes, and time becomes a blurry thing, impossible to make sense of. We're unified, melting together, into one another. The closest two humans can be to touching one another's minds, and in this case, it's a thoroughly dirty feat, given that it was – yet again, in my case, and doubtless Goddess's – lust that brought us together.

I smile into the void, eyes shut, insides pulsating, responding in kind to every wicked ripple that courses along her mighty member into the depths of me. Slowly but surely, Talia massages my body, softer now, gentler, with such appreciative affection. She offers no words of thanks, but I know that I'm welcome. Know that I'm wanted.

It's only a distortion of time that allows for it, of course, but it really is impressive how much semen these futanaris are able to shoot out. The feel of such weighty balls against my own, squirming and shaking, depositing what feels like an endless sea of dick milk into my guts, seems to stretch out to all horizons. It's not at all an impossibility to imagine that I'm simply going to remain like this, jammed with jism, until the end of time.

The perverse musings of a thoroughly vulgar mind, insane and delightful at once.

When at last Goddess softens enough, or my body loosens its grip sufficiently, the tall and tantalising beauty lets out a dreamy sigh and pats the middle of my lower back gently. 'I'd love to stay hilted in *my* hole all day, but I need to shower,' she says, lightly tugging away from me. My arse seems reluctant to let her go, and the auburn-haired dickgirl giggles. 'Good to see the feeling is mutual.'

'S-orry,' I say, shuffling crudely forwards, full of spunk, but Talia seizes hold of my hips. I glance back at her, finding her amber eyes half-hooded, and her smile full of exultant ecstasy. 'G-oddess?'

'Don't ever apologise again, for being so fucking submissively sexy.' She moves her hand up from my back, lifts it furiously as if to slap it back down against my bare skin, but the collision is a feather-fall and culminates in a controlled extension of her massaging. 'You're a fine fucking lay, Mike. You'll always find a seat on my dick, when you want it.'

She pushes me forwards and pulls away, in one smooth motion. Her fat cock comes free with some effort, still mostly-hard, but softened enough – and its passage lubricated suitably with semen – to slip free with her coaxing. Its head of course is absurdly noticeable, provoking a twang of intensity as it slips past my prostate, and I just about catch the excess drool that leaks from my lips before it dribbles down my chin.

Talia squeezes my left butt cheek as she shuffles away from me, climbing off the bed, a spring in her step. A good day, started with a good deed. The *best* of deeds. All that energy and effort, and she seems revitalised for it.

Whereas I simply watch her smiling self disappear into the bathroom, captivating curves jiggling with her movements, my own body left in a thoroughly ravaged state without the capacity to so much as lift myself from the bed.

'Fuck,' I say softly, thinking aloud, as the motor of the shower whirrs to life.

A good word, fuck. A good English punctuator of sentences, but especially apt here and now. Describing the act itself, the exasperation resulting from the pleasure so induced, and also the simple fact that it occurred in the first place.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

I chew on my lip, nervous and naughty, as I try to gather my bearings. Lifting myself up, my arse rises easier than my upper body, and so in the morning light I catch a good glance at my hanging semi-erection and my balls, which always seemed so *normal* in size and yet now seem completely minuscule given the mighty members they've been compared with. My dick remains slick with the near-constant eruption of pseudo-spooge that Goddess urged out of it with her monster cock, and I'm unable to ignore the way that the dregs of that seem so much less than the gooiness steadily escaping my body. The gooiness that did not originate from within me, that is.

My arse is the farthest thing from loose, but the natural muscular contractions of my insides, post-orgasm, leak out the excessive quantity of futanari seed at a steady pace. It comes out dense and stringy, forming long white ropes that tend to run down my taint and leak from my balls, in some subtle show of ownership. The most carnal of competitions, some matter of sperm quality, and I know in my heart of hearts that I'll never match up to Goddess or Mummy in that matter.

And yet…it's just another thing for the pile of turn-ons I've discovered through them. I *like* being the weaker, smaller, lesser party. I like submitting, like being used. Girly? It's the sort of thing I'd have worried about in my younger teens, for sure. The sort of thing that if it got out, everyone would bully you at school, but…

…Talia and Mrs Mason are womanlier than any of those girls who might've sniggered behind my back. Far more gorgeous than any girl those bully boys would ever manage to pull. To have the luxury of laying with either of these buxom, Amazonian, sensual beauties,

any man would have to accept that he's not going to be in charge. That, surely, takes far more strength than defaulting to the status quo.

Honestly, the only woman that comes to mind as ever having had this kind of an impact upon my lusts and desires would be…Joscelyn. I can't remember quite how old I was when I first learned that she had a cock, but I remember being curious even then. Part of it was probably just that adolescent willingness to collapse on one's values, to get something more desirable than something so meaningless as ideas in your head – I mean, tits and lips and body heat are much more fun than "self-respect" and "self-love", right? Once upon a time, at least! – but there was definitely a deep interest, as well.

I used to…masturbate guiltily, thinking about it. A beautiful woman, who so happened to have a *penis*. That all stopped, and it seemed weird if not rude to do it thinking about a friend – especially because, at the time, it felt almost like I was curious about the oddity itself – but now things are different.

Now, I'm deeply familiar with the intricacies of girl-cock, and what before was a curiosity with Jos is now something I *know*, intimately, that I love.

I manage to just about get myself upright, Goddess's glorious jism leaking down my inner thighs, feeling ever so dirty and weirdly wonderful at the same time. It's time to organise something with my old friend. To…raise the topic, in some way, like I thought about last night.

Only the moment I shuffle off the foot of the bed, clenching my cheeks to not leave too much of a viscous trail in my wake, the shower cuts off. Talia appears in the opened doorway, steam escaping, clad in a towel, and wearing the most prideful of grins. It's one of those curiosities about existence that her face, so expressive and gorgeous, somehow seizes my attention better than the curvature of her figure highlighted in the way that only a covering such as a towel can properly manage.

'You have no idea how good you look leaking my sperm, bitch-boy,' she says, eyes alive with such vigorous excitement. Enhanced, I'm sure, by the dreamy way that I lose myself in her face. 'But…I'm a kind goddess, aren't I? Go shower, quickly. We'll stop by your place on the way to work.' A devious tinge works its way into her gaze, into the edges of her smirk. 'I'll make good use of knowing where you live, too. Might as well get me a spare key…but I digress. Shower. Now!'

Finding my feet, and obeying both her lovely commanding voice and the straightforward logic of her ordering, I continue my clenching to make it into the bathroom again. Goddess makes sure to squeeze my arse as I go by, feeling me up as I can only imagine one does when asserting a kind of ownership.

The auburn-haired beauty annihilates my plans to message Jos – for the moment – and instead fills my mind just as she so thoroughly filled my butt.

With the cognitive equivalent of semen – a selection of virile fantasies that, knowing Talia's alluring aggression, will doubtless come true…