Chapter 9: Succumbing/Freefall

Maddie blushes as I semi-stumble back into our office, my own cheeks doubtless far redder given the flush heat that still courses through them. I clumsily brush my cock twice, first on the doorframe and then on the side of my desk, in both instances drawing unwanted attention to the fact that I am stupendously and unreasonably hard right now.

Irina's load is omnipresent in my nose, impossible to fully escape. Every breath brings with it a tang of her potency, a reminder of what I just did. And given the way that Mads stealthily – though clearly not stealthily enough – wets her lips, the overwhelming stink of our boss's virility is obvious to more than just myself.

'Did it go well?' she says, watching me side-on. Fingers on keys, mostly front-facing, but she can't stop appreciating the subtle giveaways on my face. The signs that yes, it went *very* well.

I usually have this way with Mads, this means to speak to her as though she's my lesser, but recent events are little by little sinking in. Maddie is my…I don't know, anymore. What lust she has provoked in me, from time to time, is frustratingly faint right now. I should, by all rights, hate her very guts, but on some absolutely awful level I'm almost *grateful* that she's been such a slut when it comes to Irina.

The blowjob I just gave might well be the singularly most satisfying sexual experience of my entire life, and I didn't even get to cum.

'I'm…I need to get something,' I say, rising in a hurry. Again, my throbbing erection bangs against my desk, though I manage to prevent any further incident with the doorframe. Mads simply watches me go, a look of surprise on her face, concern accompanying it, but she doesn't manage anything in the way of words.

I make it halfway towards the lifts before realising that my car isn't here, so I make a detour to the executive toilets, the nicest and most private in the building. Each is practically a one-person bathroom, and after locking myself in one of the men's, I have a moment of peace. A moment of peace, and a mirror with which to consider myself.

Nothing about the man staring back at me conjures up the image of a lunatic in a straightjacket. Even as he smiles, as I find myself smiling, it's not the look of someone gone completely insane. If only, if only! Because *no*, there's a method to my madness. In wetting those smiling lips with my tongue, in tasting the salty tanginess of the semen that yet residually lingers around my entire oral area, I *know* that I don't want things to go back to how they were. Even if they can, which I'm not sure is a possibility now.

It's all such a thicket of tangling thorns, this entire situation. Oh, amidst the brambles there are fruits, the sweetest in all the world, but the maze is still a cage and the barbs still tear flesh. I *know* what is right, what is good, what I should do. To hell with it, burn it all, reject it all, but…the blowjob is all the proof I need.

Something about dropping to my knees and taking that awful woman's perfect penis inside my mouth, for the sole purpose of giving her tremendous pleasure, is impossibly ideal. To do it knowing that my only reward will be a heavy mouthful of her tangy and erotically flavourful genetic material, knowing that my only reward will be to accept her victory in the most primal way imaginable, makes me ache with shameful lust. To worship

her for her bad behaviour, to worship her for breaking me as she has, to worship her for usurping control of my life and my future, comes so naturally to me.

But I'm not at all sad. Not anywhere close to crying. The blowjob, again, is all the proof I need. I can't make sense of these urges, this part of me that's so warped from what should be best and noblest, but I know that I don't want this business with my boss to stop.

I'm so twisted, in fact, that I can't even bring myself to be properly angry with Maddie. Oh, I should be. I should hate her guts, doing what she did, fucking *cucking* me. But…if she didn't do that, what would my future be? I lick my lips and still taste Irina, still taste the residue of her *sperm*, and I'm grotesquely grateful that Mads is who she is. That she did what she did.

Fuck, I am so, so wrong.

Before I know it, I've got my cock in my hand, masturbating over the sink. The thought in question? Maddie, pregnant, but the child isn't mine. I lick my lips again, go so far as to rub my belly, knowing that I'm full of the same genes. Knowing that I want – no, *crave* – a second helping. A third. Shit, why not just go to Irina and ask for a whole day of it, like we did before?

'Ugh. F-uck.'

In no time at all I'm bucking, spewing, done so quickly. It's just so hot, and I need the relief more than I need anything so grandiose and pointless as *self-respect*. My load comes out pathetic, compared to the futanari's. A shadow of Irina Blackwell's in terms of volume, stickiness, and overall virility. Shit, would it have even mattered if Mads was on her safest day? Irina is just so–

I stop my train of thoughts and tremble, eyes widening in terrible realisation. This, now, post-climax, with my cum draining away down the basin with the help of a constant rush of hot steaming water, should be practically asexual. Should be disgusted. Isn't that how it always goes?

But not now. Not this time. My dick might well have been drained of one load, but so what? It's more than my cock that is under Irina's sway. Way more than my cock. My mouth, for instance, is no place of pleasure – not in the true sexual sense, at least, and certainly not for me in that case – but it knows the dusky dickgirl's shape, knows her taste, knows all the right spots and the right angles of approach.

My arse is, admittedly, less used by my Amazonian boss, but it's no stranger nor enemy of hers. If anything, my cock should be the sole rebel, that part of me that practically never gets any attention from her, but…even having shot a load, it can't save me. Can't push away this deep-seated desire to go to Irina Blackwell and defile myself for her own satisfaction.

I wash my hands and clean up, and leave the bathroom facing the reality ahead of me. A lifetime of pleasure, but not on my terms. Degradation, humiliation, the twin debtors who I must pay respects to if I'm to get the most out of my existence. Or else…

No. It makes me smile, to realise that there isn't an alternative. I doubt it'll be all that long before I'm so twisted out of shape that I come to believe Irina's bullshit, to see the world through that lustful lens she so happily applies to it. If there's any foresight to be had, it's that this pattern persists: the longer this goes on, the easier it becomes to swallow. Metaphorically and otherwise. Given enough time, I'll look back on even these last failing fears with nothing more than a sperm-glazed smile.

Still, in my thoughtfulness, I don't notice a few key details which might spare me the initial stages of surprise. Irina's office, with its blinds up, and a full view of her desk. My office, its blinds all down. A faint drumbeat underfoot, a rhythmic rumbling that, were my head not in the clouds, I might recognise, or at least estimate.

'Ugh. That's my little–aah–broodmare slut.'

Schlick-schluck-thwap, schlick-schluck-thwup, schlick-schluck-thwap.

'Mhm. M-ummy!'

Testament to my warped mind, opening the door on the two of them might have only recently caused me to flee. The sight of Irina from the back, stripped down to only the white of her blouse, leaning over my desk and thrusting with intense force, is illicit enough without spotting Maddie's ankles locked together around our boss's waist and resting upon the top arches of those fat womanly hips.

That I instead step inside, shutting and locking the door behind me, is the undeniable proof of it. That the musky mixture of their sex smells thick and rich in the air makes me lick my lips, and that the constantly messy sounds of Mads's soaking snatch as the Amazonian futanari slams herself up to the hilt with every movement causes me to want to touch myself despite having just shot a load, is the end of things.

Schlick-schluck-thwap, schlick-schluck-thwup, schlick-schluck-thwap.

'Argh. Tight little blonde whore.'

'Mhm. Y-es, I'm your–aah–little blonde whore, Mummy.'

Shamefully, it's not my boss's big beautiful backside that captures the bulk of my initial interest, but rather her large and productive loins. Those big dark balls sag so low in their tight silken sack, swinging back and forth with every powerful piston movement of the dickgirl's hips, walloping against Maddie's butt where it hangs over the front edge of my desk.

Rarely, she'll pull out enough that I get a good look at the underside of her shaft, utterly slathered in the cream of the pretty blonde's coochie. Its cum vein is enormous, the whole veiny dark beast is magnificent to behold, more than a foot of thick futanari virility.

I…I can't compete with that, can I? As I watch the continuing coitus, the beautiful contrast of the fair-skinned woman and the dusky-fleshed futanari, those perfect pink lips sucking around Irina's erection as if milking from her the recipe for immortality, I know there's no contest between us. Perhaps know, on some level, that this is *right*, that this is *proper*, and that if anything I should be satisfied with being part of it.

'You can–ughn–help me along if you want, Theo honey,' Mummy says, making no effort to look back at me. Her long braid of scarlet shivers side to side down her back, ending just above the captivating colossus that is her callipygian rump. 'We're just making sure the pregnancy–uhf–takes. You know how it is, I'm sure.'

Making sure, of course. It stings a little, to take in the sight of Maddie's sopping wet pussy, drooling down the front of my desk.

Not because she's no longer mine, but because Irina's kinks play out differently between us. Mads has the benefit of being *breedable*, and so our dominant boss gets the added benefit of thinking herself – rightly so – some stallion mounting its mare. But the pussy is leagues more sensitive than the mouth, one being a bona fide sex organ while the other is…well, *not* such a thing.

But rather than put me off, the thought provokes another erection. Mummy's obsession with feeding me her dick, and in turn her *milk*, is all the more degrading with that realisation in mind. That at least if she was crazier about fucking my arse, I'd be getting genuine enjoyment out of it. Instead, it's very one-sided, as if to exemplify that she's better in this area of maleness than I, a *true* male, happen to be.

Schlick-schluck-thwap, schlick-schluck-thwup, schlick-schluck-thwap.

The sound of their rutting tickles me in all the right places, growing louder with every step I take towards them. Fact is, Irina's almost certainly got the right of it. Exposed as she is right now, in the heat of things, I could whip my cock out and mount *her*, for a change, but she doesn't even consider me a threat. Her pussy is *right there*, and she knows that I'm going to drop to my knees and suck on those fat and perfect testicles to ensure that yes, the pregnancy *takes*.

Shit, it's not even what she told me to do, and yet it's right where my mind goes.

'Ughn. Good girl. Keep those legs nice and tight around Mummy.'

'Aaah. I–mhmf–will. Ooh.'

It's a good thing the desk is sturdy, but Irina probably intended for that when she purchased it. It rattles against the floor with every thrust, the futanari delivering a tremendous amount of power with the swinging of her wide womanly hips. That body, perfect in every sense, seems all the more divine from this angle. I can't take my eyes away from her swinging nuts, her clenching buttocks and thighs. Fuck, I need to do this.

'Mummy,' I say, moving close, close enough to touch. Her rippling cheeks are glorious. 'I…'

The crossed wires, the need to talk and the craving to drop to my knees, clash and kill the sentence. It takes my boss turning back to me, looking imperious, looking almost like some Egyptian goddess with that characteristic style of mascara, green-eyed and red-haired and fiery of temperament, wearing the most dominantly delectable of smiles upon her full-lipped mouth, to restore some semblance of order.

'On your knees, honey. Suck on my nuts. They're always most responsive to you, Theo.'

I'm dropping before she turns away, in the process widening that smile. Dropping onto the carpet, down to the point that her heavy hangers are bouncing and swinging away before my face, wafting the sexual tang of their rutting into my eager nose. I can't stop licking my lips at the sight of them, forgetting all the surrounding details. Oh, her pussy is perfect, and Mads is gorgeous, and Irina's backside and thighs are so proud and plumply strong, but…the next best thing to having Mummy in my mouth is to get my mouth around Mummy.

Slurp, schlep, schlep, slurp.

'Mhmf. Mumph.'

I manage, somehow, to catch her left nut as it swings away from Mads. To catch it and get it halfway jammed into my mouth, gently held between my lips, where it pulsates away in need of attention. Fuck, it tastes good, glazed in sweat and splattered with the salty-sweetness of Maddie's productive pussy. I run my tongue across its swollen shape, adoring the way the skin moves at odds with the lump itself, held there within her sack.

'Ughn. Good boy,' Mummy says, slowing for a moment. 'God, Mads, darling, he's going to work up the motherlode of sperm for you.'

‘Can I–mhm–see?’

‘For–ugh–a moment, maybe.’

Irina is surprisingly flexible, for a woman with her curves. As I nurse away on her left testicle, sucking and slurping without a care in the world. Mummy lifts her leg on that side, managing to get her foot up on the desk. It takes far too long a moment for me to realise that, with the angle being what it is, and Mads herself possessing a suitable degree of versatility in her posture, the blue-eyed beauty is looking straight at me while I tend to our dominant dickgirl Mummy’s potent loins.

The sight of those blonde curls knocked to the side, and the redness creeping across her pretty cheeks – not entirely down to me, given the nature of our compromising positions – might once have given me pause. Might, once, have caused me to reassess what I’m doing here beneath our boss, behind their momentarily halted copulation.

Slurp, schlup, slurp, schlep.

But it doesn’t. Irina’s lifted leg has brought her balls up at a slight angle, forced me to adjust my own posture to keep her left nut in my mouth, and so it’s a given that Mads and I can get a look at one another. Two ends of the same sordid situation, each of us existing in a state of servitude for the sake of Irina Blackwell, tempting and terrible as she is.

‘He looks so…hungry,’ Maddie says, a pink hint of tongue urgently tasting her lips. ‘Didn’t you–mhm–already cum in his mouth?’

Mummy chuckles. ‘I fed him a very big load, yes, but Theo’s never satisfied. He loves the taste of my genes, honey. He can’ – *schluck-schlick* – ‘gulp down some of what I shoot into you, if he continues to behave himself.’

Irina thrusts and halts, and the powerful movements of her body strain my hold on her testicle and force me to sink my hands into the supportive plushness of her thick thighs. Her words, and Maddie’s gaze, seem to infuse the dominant dickgirl’s nuts with an even bolder, more delectable flavour of filthiness.

‘Not…not too much.’

Irina promptly lowers her leg again, dipping me back into the relative gloom of sweet sticky humidity beneath her. ‘Not too much, no. We *are* trying to start a family, after all.’

Schlick-schluck-schfwup, schlick-schluck-schfwap, schlick-schluck-schfwup.

‘Ooh. Of c-ourse, Mummy. We can’t forget what’s–aahn–important!’

Mads moans and whines as Irina begins ploughing her again without a moment’s pause, wasting no time. The pretty blonde’s sounds tickle the lustiest, most pathetically horny parts of me, reminding me in no uncertain terms as to who owns her pussy, and with it, her womb. Degraded and twisted as I am beneath Irina’s gorgeousness and glamour, however, what once would’ve caused great pain now merely makes my dick throb all the fiercer.

The dusky-skinned futanari, naturally, pays no heed to what’s easiest for me to handle with the urgency of her impaling. Thankfully her balls are big enough, saggy enough from their massiveness, that I don’t have to strain myself all too much to keep up with her. I lean in closer, of course, and the perverse perfume of their rutting further clouds my judgement with its pheromonal intensity.

Her right nut, swinging freely, barely connects with Maddie’s coochie as it jiggles and sways with the forcefulness of fucking. It for the most part slaps back against my face,

constantly sticky with juices, such a heavy and intimidatingly virile lump suggestive of a tremendous capacity to produce sperm.

'Mhmf. Mumph.'

I moan, down in my dirty little sanctum, out of their combined sight. A pet to one, a faux-master to the other, but the hierarchy here is all but clear. No matter what Mummy says about loving me the most, I can't give her what Mads can. She'll never bear my children, and now with that idea burning like wildfire through her mind, the path ahead is clear, and wholly contained between the young blonde's eagerly opened and waist-gripping legs.

'F-uck me, Mummy. Mhm. Br-eed me!'

'Ugh. I will, honey. I–ughf–will. Just you wait, you impatient little minx.'

Schlick-schluck-schfwup, schlick-schluck-schfwap, schlick-schluck-schfwup.

It might've already happened, but until we see that confirmation, every session is an attempt at impregnation. The driving of that perfect penis into that creamy coochie is going to be a daily deed, something I can ignore or…partake of, in my own submissive fashion.

Mwah, slurp, smooch, schlup, slurp.

And partake of it I shall. To release her bollock for a moment and kiss the inside of her thigh, to inhale deeply of their mixed fluids and bask in the sounds of mating fills me with no end of exultant eroticism. I let Mummy's nuts swing back and baste my face in their funk, in Maddie's juices, becoming something of a pastiche of genital muskiness that seems so natural, so right.

This…this is a good life, isn't it? Really, truly, it is. The thought sticks in my head, provokes a low and trembling smile, as I attempt to catch Irina's right testicle in my mouth as it swings between my face and Mads's butt, hitting one set of cheeks or another. It takes three goes, but when I manage it, snatching it out of the air into the appreciative gripping of my lips, I'm rewarded with a powerful tremble through Mummy's body that makes abundantly clear the fact that my presence, albeit not the main event, is nonetheless deeply appreciated.

'God, he's eager,' Irina says, the pleasure oozing from her sultry, slightly strained voice. 'He wants me to–aah–knock you up as much as you want it, honey.'

'Mhm. F-uck, yes.'

Schlick-schluck-schfwup, schlick-schluck-schfwap, schlick-schluck-schfwup.

Slurp, schlup, schlurp, slurp.

The orchestra of vulgar sounds grows thicker and richer, filling my office with a crudeness that seems fittingly out of place in a work environment. Familiar enough in Irina's office, but mine…even all those times I've fucked Mads, it's never been this raucous. The three-way tryst, the combination of the two women fucking and my servile self giving our Mummy oral worship, possesses a passion to it that me and Maddie could never produce by ourselves.

There's simply something primal, to be with the both of them. To lavish in the salty sweetness of their bodies, coupled in this way. To bask in this warmth, to be part of this degrading delight, to be emasculated by this tremendously virile beauty who has me beat, time and again, in the dirty little game we've shared.

'Mhmf. Mhm.'

It provokes a moan, as I continue to nurse on her right nut. A muffled sound, lost in the carnal chaos, but audible to me. An affirmation that this is what I want, too. That Irina's words, vile as they might be interpreted, are completely true. Her body is sculpted

perfection and her male organs are divine, tools of some demigoddess, and I'm sure that even if I sate myself on the excessive spillage of the creampie on the horizon there'll be more than enough strong-swimming sperm to plaster Maddie's womb in Mummy's superior genes.

The way the dominant woman fucks, witnessed and experienced from this particular angle, suits Irina precisely. It's not clumsy, but not artful. She uses her cock like a weapon, without concern as to her pace or fierceness, doing only what she wants, what she thinks is best, what she enjoys the most. Fucking like her penis is a gift, and Mads would be mad not to accept it, however our Mummy deigns to give it to her.

We're just…just playthings, aren't we? Not partners, never partners, even if Irina seems to desire a kind of twisted exclusivity. If Maddie were a man, she wouldn't be here, for her submission – superb though it may be – is a shadow of mine. In so many ways, she's just a womb, a cunt, to be used and seeded. It doesn't give me satisfaction to recognise that fact, doesn't establish some pleasing sense of being the superior slave, but it's nonetheless a passing point of interest as my thoughts briefly overwhelm my senses.

Schluck-schlick-schfwup, schlick-schlick-schfwap, schlick-schluck-schfwup.

That sound, that veritable drumbeat of the depraved, becomes the dominant sound inside my thoughts. So arousing is the banquet for the senses – the smells, sounds, tastes, textures, temperatures – that it's easier, for a little while, to shut my eyes and lose myself in the purely sensory. The addition of the psychological, that awareness of my place in the world, only potentiates what is already a deeply unmanageable state of being.

So much simpler, to be a mouth, nursing on a testicle. To be a face, walloped by the coochie-juice-slathered sibling to that lurid lump. To be a set of ears, able to drink down the consistently carnal smashing together of bodies, two beautiful bodies, and all the slickness and meatiness that results. To be a nose, basking in the rich tangy sexual musk generated by our three-way tryst.

So much simpler, to be my senses than to be me. For to be me is to struggle with all this, to question and probe, to introduce all these silly notions like "self-respect," "shame," and "pride." The things that haunt me, outside of this room, outside of this hierarchy of filth, when I'm able to stare at the ceiling and consider my thoughts.

It pokes and prods, from time to time, that awfully alluring revelation. Pokes and prods through the sensory haze, from time to time. That demon of depravity which knows, knows far too well, that this is so much better when I acknowledge that I am *more* than my senses.

That if I acknowledge the reality of our dynamic, its complete annihilation of my self-respect, its absolute establishment of my perpetual shame, and its wholesale slaughter of my pride, those wonderful sensory states are not diminished but *enflamed*, set ablaze across the soul, imbued with an even grander state of significance.

Slurp, schlup, schlurp, slurp.

'Mhmf. Mumph. Mhm.'

It's there in the sounds I make, and not merely the necessary accidental ones, those of lips around a hefty lump. My muffled moans come, again and again, impossible to restrain. I can't lock them away, can't prevent their escape. They evade my best efforts to shackle them, adding to the coital chorus that fills all four walls of my office.

‘Ugh. Such good things you both are, such good–aah–toys for Mummy,’ Irina says. ‘Such dutiful little sluts. Born for me. Made for me. Meant for me.’

There’s a shift of shadow, catching my attention before her hand comes down atop my head. She keeps her fingers straight, palm flat, and pats my head as if I’m some hound, some loyal beast. It’s gentle, affectionate even, and sends a ripple of knee-quaking ball-churning satisfaction down my spine. Some affirmation that this is where I belong, suggested by her, agreed upon by me. It takes me out of the sensory sanctum, of course, pushes me into the front-row seats of the filthy theatre going on upon my desk.

‘Y-es, Mummy! I love being your slut! Aah. Ooh. Mhm.’

It gives me pause, and in the pause I lose the right bollock. Her movements are fierce enough, my surprise severe enough, that the mouth-and-pussy-dirtied orb swings freely again, bouncing wetly against my chin as I stare dumbfounded at the meeting of minge and member.

Irina…makes her so wet. Makes her gush. I’ve never been able to do that, not to Maddie, not to any woman. Yet Irina does it so easily, without the faintest degree of equality, of unconditional affection. Mads *knows* that this woman doesn’t love her, will never love her as any woman – or man, for that matter – might wish to be loved. Oh, I’ve no doubt Irina *thinks* that she loves us. No doubt even that she *does*, in her own perverse, twisted, even somewhat evil way.

But we’ll never have genuine, true, affectionate, equal, unconditional love here. To love Irina is to love God. That is, to live on your knees, in prayer, in worship. Her ego won’t allow any other kind of relationship with her, because how could it? This isn’t BDSM, this isn’t a “scene,” this is *life*. This is how she wants it to be. How she *needs* it to be.

And yet, despite that fact – that Maddie must understand, has hinted at understanding time and again – Mads is gushing her cute little coochie out to the point that without the promise of water afterwards, I’d think she’d die of dehydration. Her sticky yet flowing fluids run down the edge of my desk, the front of it, permanently staining the wood. It’ll need to be replaced, as if that matters. This isn’t about practicality or thoughtfulness, simply that Irina *can* do this, time and again, as often as she likes. It’s almost like an attack on me, an insult to my masculinity, that here’s this girl we both have access to and yet Irina will always, and forever, do a better job at fucking her.

I can’t even make Mads gush so much from eating her out, and she’s wet as the ocean during every moment of that. To…to do it with dick alone…it’s absolutely absurd.

Schlick-schluck-schfwup, schlick-schluck-schfwap, schlick-schluck-schfwup.

‘Aahn. Knock me u-p, knock m-e up, knock me up!’

Fuck, to hear her scream that, atop her lungs, makes my dick sore. It’s terrifying how small the part of me is that now cries, “I wish that was me” has become, and how silent the rest of me is. How many would judge me, if they saw this? How many would think me pathetic? That primal fear of the male mind, to ensure that the offspring are yours, is frighteningly docile in the face of what can only be described as the purest and most exposed embodiment of its concerns.

Because Mads was, in some weird way, *mine*.

Mummy’s enormously big balls swing freely, smacking against the bubble-roundness of her buttocks, rippling the flesh, and I’m completely forgotten about by both of them. Why

doesn't this bother me more than it does? Why aren't I angry? Why, if anything, do I want to see it through? Why can I so easily picture the virile swarm of little white soldiers racing around those huge dusky-skinned nuts, ready to completely soak the younger woman's womb in genetic material?

'Ughn. It's coming, honey. Oh, God, it's definitely coming.'

Irina continues to thrust, to pump away, to plunge herself all the way up to the hilt inside the pretty blonde. Her efforts send flecks of juices everywhere, splattering even my face behind Mummy's thick thighs and monumental backside in the process. It's a perversely refreshing shower, a constant spray of something deeply and darkly illicit.

Schluck-schlick-schfwup, schlick-schlick-schfwap, schlick-schluck-schfwup.

Mads clearly isn't mine, anymore. Will never be again, even. She, and I – I'm not thick enough to believe otherwise – both belong to Irina. If I had any self-respect, any sense of shame, any remaining pride, I'd storm out of here and abandon them both to their sordid lusts. I'd accept this as some cruel slice of life, gone awry, and move on.

If I had any, that is, of any of those fabled and now-mythical things.

Instead, I stare at the large swinging lumps in that taut sack, flying through the air, back and forth, pummelling against the blonde's pert backside. I catch glimpses, from moment to moment, of the swollen cum vein on the underside of Mummy's prick, seeming more intimidating and meaningful than ever. I note every little twitch and contraction up the beautiful body of our boss, readily picturing the faint gritting of her teeth, the smug smirk that contains multitudes of ego within its perfect curves.

'Aah. Mhm. So b-ig.'

Maddie moans all the sweeter as her own climax sets in. One of many, most likely, but admittedly I've not been paying the utmost attention to her side of the sordidness. I chance a glance up and see her toes curling and uncurling, her ankle-led grip around our Amazonian boss's waist a fragile thing. All her strength is there, the flexing of her calf muscles above the callipygian perfection of Mummy's backside, but she's hanging on by a tenuous thread.

There's no distinct eruption, no especial spray of feminine fluids. That constant leaking doesn't change, though the persistent plunging of prick into pussy stirs the stuff up into some kind of dense sticky foam, white and creamy around her pretty pink lips, which themselves are utterly distinct from the dark and girthy pole which splits them wide open.

'Ugh. Fuck, you're such a breedable little whore.'

Irina's climax, however, is noticeable. All those little signs that acted as a premonition come together and become almost amplified, some much more so than others. Her balls, for instance, seem to contract in their sack, rising and slowly falling only to rise up again. Above me her cheeks clamp together, magnificent muscles on full show, at the same time tightening her thighs and making faintly rigid her overall gait.

I follow the throbbing protrusion of her cum vein to where it disappears, along with the bulk of her penis, inside of the tight-bodied blonde. Those lips suck down with ravenousness as the futanari bull's member strains at its surroundings, delivering a hefty dose of supremely virile spooge deep inside that fertile and hungering hole.

Schluck-schleck, schluck-schluck, schluck-schlick.

Irina pumps only irregularly now, her heavy balls swinging softly as she wrings her shaft out inside of Mads. Half-thrusts, ensuring that not a drop of her load is spilled, that every

last sperm swims freely into that twenty-four-year-old coochie, desperate to get at her egg. Or perhaps I witnessed such last night, and this is merely an encore, irrelevant. Shit, for all I know they've been fucking with the intent to breed her long before they got me in on things.

I remain on my knees, a shadow of the man I once was, and yet…satisfied where that version of myself wasn't. This is dirty, depraved, but it's beautiful, as well. I can't help but see Irina Blackwell is this borderline peerless woman, this goddess among mortals, and in doing so find some degree of risqué *rightness* in considering that she's just laid claim, again, to what seems naturally and utterly hers.

'Mhm. So hot,' Mads says, shrill with joy. 'So fucking thick.'

It takes a moment before I get to experience my own end of that climax. Mummy's load is sufficiently massive that she readily fills up Maddie's coochie with her reproductive cream and then overloads it. The exterior coating of whiteness is nothing in terms of volume or density compared to what begins to leak out of those pretty pink lips, the futanari's semen drooling from between those firmly sucking folds and the sides and underside of her shaft initially, and then oozing forth from all surrounding angles as she thoroughly breeds the blonde bitch.

If the glazing of girl juices wasn't enough to irreparably stain my desk, the thick fuck milk of the dominant dickgirl has surely done the trick. It falls in ropey clumps, splattering the carpet in places but mostly drooling down the front of my desk, the darkness of the wood assaulted by a constant smattering of white.

Irina shivers, her whole body atremble with the forcefulness of orgasm. She produces little sound, content simply to bask in the erotic ecstasy, to churn out fat rivulet after heavy spurt of seed as she lightly plunges forwards and pulls back, milking herself utterly, draining her dick of every last drop of ejaculate.

'Ughf. You're such a good girl, Mads. Taking Mummy's load so well.'

Schluck-schleck, schluck-schluck, schluck-schlick.

I barely register her pulling out, because it happens so quickly. The dusky Amazonian is agile even when succumbing to such sensual pleasure, nothing having much of an ability to keep her from her lurid ends. She yanks herself backwards, unplugging that pretty pink hole, now thoroughly painted white, and Maddie's shuddering works to push out a healthy micro eruption of cream-thick jism.

All of a sudden Irina's got my hair in a knotted tangle in one of her hands, and she hastily twists herself about to present her penis to my face. The final burst of cum, held back by her intense force of will, sexual savant as she is, at last shoots forth as she smacks her sex-slathered helmet down against my left cheek and graces me with a sticky shot of spunk, then glides her glans over the bridge of my nose and deposits a second spurt on the other cheek.

Her fat dark purple helmet shudders and swells, lustrous and slippery, as she brings it up one last time to baptise me with a final squirt upon my forehead, all three pools of spooge loosely linked by the ropey stringiness of that sordid substance. The final dose lingers halfway out of her bell-end, slowly dripping down under gravity's burden, glistening in the overhead lights.

'Mhm. M-ummy.'

Mads moans to herself, quivering away atop the desk, while I manage to meet Irina's gorgeous green eyes. 'Your reward,' she says, as if my face alone asks the question. 'For tending to my balls like a good boy. You can clean up, if you like. My cock, her cunt. But don't be too thorough with Mads – we wouldn't want to risk our family, would we?'

I stare dumbfounded for a moment, completely in her thrall. She plays with my hair, roughly and dominantly, smirking to herself. Stunning, as ever, as always. Unfairly attractive, for one so brutish and twisted beneath, possessing of such intense feminine wiles.

Irina's cock throbs before my face, losing a little firmness from her orgasm. The opening in her helmet, that proud plump crown, drools the dregs of her load. My boss makes no effort to push me towards it, much as she could. Its potency tinges the air, lustful, thick. So familiar a smell, musky, pseudo-masculine, another of her contradictions.

I lick my lips on reflex, wanting what only she can give me. Wanting to obey, to…to make her happy. It makes me happy, somehow, even when it shouldn't. To put that rich smugness on her face, to gift her the glorious alignment of her egoistic fantasies and the reality of things.

'Good boy. Ugh.'

Schlup, slurp, schlup, schlep.

I've got her sex-slathered helmet between my lips within the span of a heartbeat, its flavours all the stronger for mingling with Maddie's. Irina's viscous jism comes out on my tongue with little coaxing, eager to spill free, to be drained from those final inches of her cum vein. It makes my eyes flutter, the intensity of it, this creamy tangy salty ropiness that I can't seem to get enough of despite having had the first and fattest load of the day pumped across my tongue so recently.

'Mhm. Mumph.'

It's impossible not to moan on reflex, perverse as I am. The mental image of her strong, healthy genes drooling across my tongue stiffens my cock, accelerates the racing drumbeat of my heart. It's more intimate than anything I can imagine, all the more so when this particular load can only be described as a *breeder*, its purpose made abundantly obvious by the sight of the pretty blonde resting back atop my desk with her pussy absolutely overflowing with the majority of the dominant dickgirl's release.

'Ooh. Dutiful little mouth you've got, honey,' Mummy says, tugging a little on my hair. 'I think I've got just the reward for you, but you'll have to clean up Maddie a little bit first.'

I pause my servile sucking, and meet those venomous green eyes, her helmet still softly pulsating halfway between my lips. Even without her voice, she could command me. That gaze alone seems to instil a powerful need to obey, to do whatever she wants. I *could* keep sucking, I'm sure, but those eyes hint at the possibility of something…*greater*.

'Not too much,' Mads says, her words sounding more distant than they should. 'But…eat up.'

To be caught up in this perverse pyramid of roles between them, now seemingly less in control even than Maddie, is a curious state to be in. No longer clear-cut, no longer possessing any kind of authority at all. Mads below Irina, and myself below Mads. Is that how it's going to be, going forwards? Is it just the game of the day?

Maddie's words linger in my ears like some misplaced command, not to be spoken by her lips. The wrong mouth says the right thing, and it leaves me far more aroused than it should.

To submit to Irina Blackwell makes full and perfect sense, for her virility, for her stature, for her authoritative nature. But Maddie? Maddie the *broodmare*? The twisted unexpectedness of the comment, however meekly spoken, causes my dick to ache.

'I…I'll do it,' I say, letting Irina's bell-end free. It comes away clean, glistening only with spit, though her shaft is messier. 'Let me, um, g-et that for you.'

Slurp, mlep, schlep, slurp.

The dusky-skinned Amazonian chuckles warmly, full of lustful majesty, as I put my tongue to good use. That combination of pussy cream and semen is a filthy feast upon my tastebuds, replaced stroke by eager stroke with nothing but the shimmering glaze of saliva. It goes down easily, thinner than the stuff that came straight out of her dick, though it naturally takes a deal more effort to do away with.

'Up you go,' Irina says, prodding at the back of my head, as if walking her long-nailed fingers against my scalp between my ears. 'Every little bit, now. That's a good boy.'

Mlep, schlap, schlep, slurp.

'Mhm.'

'He's so dirty,' Mads says, though she's not getting quite the same quality of view as Mummy. 'Can…can he fuck me after he cleans me up a bit, Mummy?'

Irina's smirk grows stronger. 'I think that'd work perfectly, honey. We'll have ourselves something especially fun.' Only now does she apply that hand with some degree of guidance, quickening my pace. 'The sooner you finish your duties, honey, the sooner you can join in on the main event.'

'Mhm-hm.'

I work that much faster, passing the halfway line of her shaft, having plenty to clean. It'd be quite the task even if she had simply gone halfway into the pretty blonde, but no, there are no half-measures for Irina Blackwell. I have to go all the way up to those curly red pubes surrounding the broad base of the beast, washing all of it with my tongue, going so far as to lap at the insides of her thighs where her rough rutting has splattered their combined juices.

The moment she's all but spotless, slick only with my saliva, Irina pats my head gently and seems to study her yet-trembling junk for any hint of residue beyond my eager saliva. 'Very good work, honey,' she says, wetting her lips. 'Let me help you with that mess on your face.'

She moves quickly, fingers deft despite their length and the sharpness of those nails. Mummy scoops up the stringy spooge from my forehead first and delivers it to my mouth, feeding me a slightly cooler dose of her salty tangy creaminess. 'Mhm.' I moan a little, instinctively chew and savour, while she collects up the next bit in the meantime.

'Such a good little cumslut.' My boss chuckles lustily as she gives me the next helping. *Slurp.* I suck her fingers hungrily, leaving no trace of her jism upon them. 'My, as good you are at your job, Theo, anything short of serving me is surely wasted on you.'

Her words tickle me, provoke a low and lustful shudder as I swirl her spunk around, tasting its familiar and yet always-intense flavours. Sticky, potent, perversely moreish. She gives me the last bit, my cheeks and forehead all but clean, but this time lets it dangle from her fingertips as if expecting me to actively surge up and snatch it.

Once, I'd have stuttered and shuddered, would've been unable to proceed, but it comes so naturally to press my hands into the plushness of her thighs and ravenously catch the last of the drool dregs.

Schlup, slurp.

'Mhmf.'

'Very good, honey. Very good.'

Irina pushes her fingers into my lips and flexes them about as my tongue cleans them, and it's almost disheartening to think that there's no more semen for me right now. A thought I don't have time to wrestle with in discomfort, because she almost immediately twists away from me, side-on towards Mads and the desk, and pushes me via the back of my head towards the waiting feast of viscous virility served in the prettiest and pinkest of pussies.

'Only a little bit now,' she says. 'Don't be greedy. And don't worry about whatever comes out of you when you fuck the tasty little minx, mine's always going to be stronger.'

My heart is thundering as I shuffle forwards, the movements initially ungainly from the force of her pushing. Even as I steady myself, I'm left somewhat shuddery, the rushing excitement leaving me less composed than I'd like to be for what awaits. It's hard to focus on the task of eating the creamy coochie ahead of me when, at the same time, my body is raring to fuck.

I manage to get my hands on Maddie's inner thighs, sinking my fingertips into the cushioning and faintly sticky warmth of her luscious legs. The blonde lifts her head enough to meet me with a smile, looking absolutely dumbstruck by the state of things. My presence, as it does with Irina herself, clearly enhances Mads's own enjoyment. It's weirdly satisfying, to think I can have so powerful an effect on the both of them, even if my purpose here is ultimately to submit, to serve, to obey.

'Eat up, Theo,' Maddie says, teeth on the verge of chewing her lower lip. 'I want to–mhm–feel your mouth down there. Cleaning me up a bit.'

The overwhelming sensuality oozing from her cum-filled snatch provokes lurid salivation, leaves me craving cock and cunt both. As I dip forwards Mummy gentle comes up behind me, applying a hand to the back of my head, aiding me along.

'There you go, honey. That's my good, obedient boy.'

Irina tickles the back of my scalp with her long nails, keeping a loose hold of me as I press my lips to the marvellous mess between the pretty blonde's spread thighs. I suck in naughty breath after naughty breath, intoxicated by their potent perversion, wetting my lips in anticipation of that final and phenomenal moment of contact.

Mwah, smooch, schlep, slurp.

The first two kisses are utterly filthy things, my mouth rewarded for its affection with a carnal coating of stickiness and nostril-widening potency. There's so much jism that it's all but impossible to actually make contact with Mads's pussy lips beneath the muck, at least at the point that needs the most cleaning. Her pretty pink pearl is above the sea of leaking ejaculate, the twitching uppermost region of her lovely lower lips promptly descending into a banquet of baby-making thickness.

I begin around there, just below her clit, planting another kiss that leads to a mouthful of Irina's cum. The stuff is warmer than that which I sucked out from her dick and greatly so compared to that which she scoop off my face, kept hot by the heat of the blonde slut's womanhood. It sticks to my lips, coats my tongue, forms gooey strings between my teeth

and the tops and bottom of my mouth, but I hungrily suck it up and savour every moment of its tantalising taste.

'Mhm. Mumph.'

It's degrading and divine, to be doing this. Maddie's thighs shiver against my touch, and our boss strokes the back of my head, playing with me, treating me as the plaything I feel like. I swish my tongue left and right, scooping up spooge with my efforts, swallowing it after a few moments of swishing about behind my lips.

Mummy chuckles softly, charmingly, and prods at the back of my neck. 'Such a lucky boy you are, honey. Ever so lucky. Aren't I just the perfect boss? Aren't I ever so nice to you, letting you enjoy yourself like this?'

She can't see my eyes, and the wetness to them. Not for sadness, but for the intensity of feeling. The makings of tears, a result of how overwhelmed I am right now. I can just about meet Maddie's blue gaze when she makes an effort to look at me, but for the most part she's happy to relax back against the desktop and tremble, shiver, anticipating the moment when my tongue pierces through the coating of cream and comes into contact with her well-fucked and doubtless super-sensitive coochie.

Slup, schleck, schlup, smooch.

'So dirty,' Irina says, stroking the back of my head. 'To think how bold and resilient you were, not so long ago. Refusing me, certain that you'd succeed in rejecting me. This is better, isn't it? This is so much more fun.'

Vulgar as her commentary is, intended to tease and torment, it only quickens my pace. Irina's virile thickness so readily comes away from the outer folds of the younger woman's pussy, first glazing my lips and then filling my mouth. Its flavour is eruptive, salty, tangy, the sweeter aspects of the blonde's body completely lost beneath the dick-released dominance of the Amazonian futanari.

I'd stop and stare in amazement, if only I had that kind of self-control. That she shot so much, that she was so desperate to breed Mads, is a cock-aching feat. Another reminder that, no matter my feelings to the contrary, the dominant dickgirl is a practically superhuman specimen.

Such dirtiness it reveals in me, that my head immediately goes to such filthily fantastic places as to imagine the legion of sperm cells swimming through the gooiness. It makes the whole act so much more visceral, to associate the warm stickiness that rolls down my throat with the beautiful body of my dusky-skinned boss. To be tasting her in the most intimate sense, to be submitting to her in the most total of ways, to be absorbing into my body this sexual substance that I cannot produce anything like an equal of.

'Aahn! That's the spot.'

Slurp, schlup, slurp-schleck, slurp.

My tastebuds must punch through the coating of cum, though I barely notice the velvet fire of the pretty blonde's pussy lips. It's not a huge change, silky squishiness leading to more of the same, for even the delicate folds of her cunt shift about beneath the questing motions of my seed-seeking tongue.

Mads strains and quakes and her momentary contractions, some potentiation of the after-effects of her climax, force out a sizeable splatter of fresh, coochie-claimed semen. It comes out with just enough momentum, and at such an angle relative to my hungrily

positioned body, that the mixture of womanly fluids and thick futanari spooge splashes out at my collar and slimily stains the front of my shirt. Not, of course, that it causes me to stop.

'Such a good boy. You really were born for this, honey. To clean up the heavy messes I'm so often going to leave inside Maddie's holes.' She chuckles, carnal and cruel. 'Born to consume my sperm, more to the point.'

Her words produce only an enflamed sense of attraction towards this whole sordid scene. They quicken my pace, that horny hunger unrelenting in its capacity to drive me onwards, to gulp down tongueful after tongueful of Irina's moreish spooge. Moment by moment, I make clean the exterior of the cute coochie ahead of me. Moment by moment what was caked in white becomes instead glistening with a thin veneer of spit.

I don't have it in me, lost in the haze, to pause and consider my work. It's enough to note that the opening itself, all but hidden between those pretty pink lips, is still completely packed with jism. It's so dense there, barely seeming to leak or shift, practically a plug of opaque whiteness sitting snugly in her fertile hole.

Slurp-schlup, schleck, schlick, slurp.

I work around that creamy sanctum. More and more, my efforts induce spasms through Maddie's body, her lower lips tightening and loosening – yet greedily holding onto as much of Irina's load as they can – while her spread legs quiver and quake. Even with the potent taste of dick milk reduced in volume, where my tongue retreads washed areas, it's still difficult to catch a hint of anything except the salty tangy dominance of our boss's exceptional virility.

'Just a little more, now,' Irina says, tickling me behind an ear. 'I'm sure a teaspoon of *me* will do the job nicely, but we don't want to tempt fate, do we?'

Mads gently shakes her head, eyelids a flutter, blonde curls shivering about her reddened face. As if the question was directed at her, because her orgasm-addled brain likely doesn't consider me to be anything more than a dutiful tongue keeping her pussy happily tended to. A state of being that, horny as I am, depraved as I've become, I don't for a moment find bothersome.

'Mhm. Mhmf.'

I inch the tip of my tongue that much closer to the ultimate prize, that congealed cum that's not meant for me. Across the outer lips, dipping into the inner ones, still tasting only Mummy's magnificence, making clear that even Maddie is, in truth, little more than a cocksleeve here. Both of us united in that aspect, made one by our relative roles in tending to our boss's sexual needs.

It's an abstraction, this whole act, on my end. It's not really about Mads. If anything, perhaps, we each fail to see one another, only seeing Irina Blackwell. I'm doing this for her, after all. And Maddie, as per her shaking of the head, is of the same mind. Two wretched little perverts reduced to caricatures of who they used to be, each once certain that it would be impossible to fall for the wiles of the futanari, and each nonetheless having succumbed.

'There.' Mummy jabs at the top of my shoulders, at the bones at the base of my neck. 'All nice and ready. Any more, and it won't be quite so fun. Up you come, honey. I give you permission to use Maddie's tight little pussy. Though it might feel just a little less tight than you're used to, going in right after I've had my way with it.'

My legs are shaky as I attempt to stand, not helped by the coaxing curling-uncurling of Irina's finger against my neck. Strange, to do this. Strange, that even as I get to my feet, cock throbbing behind my trousers, raring to go, my head is tilted towards pleasing Mummy and completely disinterested in the possibility of enjoying myself.

Maddie looks at me through faintly misted eyes, happy as can be, almost certainly on some level considering the same depraved thoughts I am. The same realisation, perhaps, that we're simply two sides of the same coin, doing this thing not for ourselves but for the woman who broke us? I don't have it in me to ask. Barely have it in me to speak.

'Let me get that for you,' Mummy says, coming up behind me. Her chest presses against the back of my head, engulfing my neck and the tops of my shoulders. She reaches around my waist with both hands, bringing her long fingers together at the buckle of my belt, moving with treacle slowness. 'Such a cute sight. Did I do this to you?'

Irina gently taps at the shape in my trousers, a perfectly decent cock in any other circumstances. I doubt anyone else in the world is quite so monstrously endowed as my boss, after all.

It provokes the most intense manner of tremor through me, as she brings that pointed nail down time and again upon the tent in my slacks. Rubs gently up and down the length of it, ticklish and teasing, bringing emphasis to what can only be some devilish comparison between myself and her.

'How does it feel to be so much smaller than I am?' Irina practically whispers it, lips low against my scalp. She effortlessly unbuckles my belt, pops the button at the top of my trousers, begins unzipping my fly. 'You know as well as I do who rules who, here. Don't you, honey?'

Mwah.

Her kiss is like lightning, cascading outwards from the point of contact. My dick strains in my trousers, against my boxers, and the rush of the room's air against my bare flesh as Mummy pulls me free provokes a momentary weakness of the knees. She brushes the backs of her nails against my pole, causing it to strain and swell against even so unaffectionate an approach.

'Will I even f-eel it?' Maddie says. Her words are like ice, dripping down my back.

She's never, ever, made such a comment before. There's a passing evil in her eyes, and I know her well enough to realise that she's not being at all genuine, but it's nonetheless incredibly painful. And yet…

It turns me on.

'I…'

'Get it in her,' Mummy says, lifting her hips, slowly grinding against me. Her cock is hard again, throbbing powerfully, any refractory period an irrelevance in the world of such a fearsome futanari. 'You don't have to worry about such silly things. Your role is to make me happy, honey. And that, right now, means getting your cute cock inside of her naughty little hole.'

My dominant boss softly leans into me, her breasts so heavy and hot, her dick running up beneath my shirt, along the dip of my spine. Its helmet is huge, plump, at once spongy and solid, and drools constantly despite having so recently shot such a profoundly productive load. This…is this really going where I think it is?

‘Y-es, Mummy. I…I will.’

The words come out so meek, but not for fear or shame. I squeeze Maddie’s thighs, push my fingers into the feminine curve of them, relishing the plushness. Trying to ground myself, because unless I’m being toyed with, we’re going back to basics. Well. Basics, and being inside of that cum-filled coochie.

I move a little myself, inching forwards, pushing the tip of my dick towards Mads. Towards that opening between her thighs, all but clean now, glistening a little. Puffy outer lips and silky pink inner ones, and then at the core of the pretty vulva is that plug of premium-grade semen. Some mad, pathetic, perverse part of myself considers the opportunity something of an honour, to baste my own penis in the product of a far superior one. That ever-weaker shard of self-respect protests, naturally, but it’s so mewling a voice that it has no power now.

‘Ugh.’

It’s impossible not to moan softly, as my helmet brushes against the top of her cunt. Velvet squishiness, stickiness, and the allure of anticipation itself. I tilt my hips a little, angling my cock towards the creamy hole, and fight back the intense urge to hesitate. To hesitate only to lose myself in the possibility of pleasure, and not the actuality of it.

Schluck-schgluck, schlick-schgluck.

But I somehow manage to persevere, to push my bell-end into that plug of jism. It practically sheathes my cock with its thickness, coating the tip and then the length which follows as the combination of my own thrusting and Mummy’s presence drives me into the pink-and-white paradise.

‘Ughf. Fuck.’

Some of the load squirts out, though it’s so gooey that it’s closer to a dribble than an actual expulsion. At the culmination of my second thrust I end up completely hilted inside of Mads, and somehow the relative lack of tightness is more enjoyable than my past encounters with her squeezing love-hole have ever been.

Before I can even register myself doing it I’ve got my hands on her hips, and it comes so naturally to thrust with reckless abandon into the spooge-stuffed coochie that’s at once familiar and foreign. Stretched, by Irina’s fat dick. A completely new experience as a result, and ever so easy to enjoy, all the more so for the way I churn up that thick creamy gunk and completely slather my length with the stuff, effortless, easy. It rides up my inches all the way to the base, smearing me in seed that’s not my own, adding some dirty distinction between the sensitive skin of my cock and the velvet fire of her the blonde’s pussy.

‘Good boy,’ Mummy says, sounding slightly more distant behind me. ‘You enjoy yourself, honey. Just like that. Just how you want to.’

Schlick-schgluck, schluck-schgleck, schlurck-schgluck.

‘Mhmf. Mhm.’

‘Ughn. Guh.’

Even Maddie moans, though I’m not sure it’s entirely due to my presence. The sound of penetration is sloppier than I’ve ever heard it, absolutely vulgar, messy as can be. A cock, stirring its way through such a sea of semen, working into and out of a hole that would otherwise be tight. Sloppy on the ear, raucous as it echoes back from the walls, gooey and glorious and profoundly dirty.

The sound of frantic mating, completely pointless. There's so much spooge inside of Mads, and it's so much thicker than anything I could ever produce. The product of an Amazonian futanari, a borderline-superhuman goddess in mortal form. Irina, cruel and cunning yet ever so beautiful, ever so perfect.

Even in this, I'm acting for Mummy. Even in this state of being, that should be nothing less than joyous for me, I'm thinking about her. Maddie's face, cheeks flush and eyes shut as she rests back against the desk, feigning disinterest – her smirk, her twitching eyelids, giving away the game – is completely irrelevant to me. All those times I've looked upon it with importance, but not today. Right now, all I want is a mirror, to look at the woman behind me. To make sure that I'm doing a good job, and–

'Argh!'

My back becomes a stiffened curve, the entirety of my body feeling petrified as if I've somehow looked into the eyes of a gorgon. All from a single moment of contact, all from the pressing of a particularly proud organ against my butt cheeks. Not even the hole itself!

'Let it happen,' Mummy says, taking hold of my hips from behind. 'This is a reward, remember? For being such a good boy.'

She acts with a gentleness Maddie didn't get, in slowly pushing her bell-end into my crack. I do my best to maintain my thrusts but the paralysis is near-total, her intruding cock dominating me with complete and magnificent effortlessness.

Mads glances up at me, examines my face, and her blush deepens. She glances to the right, a little upwards, doubtless at the face of our Mummy. Were I not so aroused, were I not so broken of mind and tense of body, I might grin at the faint dejection in the blonde's face. That she, for all her cheekiness of comment, now finds herself in the position I was not long before. Comparing herself to me, as I did to her. Comparing, as well, Irina's appetites for each of us.

I wince as Irina presses into me, the largeness of her massive cockhead all the more intimidating for the fact that I am, by all accounts, without lube. We're relying now solely on the juices that coat the futanari's dick, relying on my spit and that which oozes out of its proudly opulent tip in such quantities. Relying, as well, on my own experience with this side of things. Or in a sense, *lack thereof*, given how much time she spends in my mouth as opposed to my arse.

'Ughn. Mummy.'

'Aahn. So tight. If you keep up your current rate of sluttiness, honey, Mummy will have to treat this naughty little hole much more often.'

Irina runs her hands from my hips up beneath my shirt, stroking the sides of my body as she continues to steadily push into me. Paralysed as I am by the discomfort and the delight, Maddie is left with me throbbing away in her cum-filled coochie, but where I'd expected to find boredom to fit her prior comment I instead find her chewing on her bottom lip and staring at the woman behind me, the woman who owns the both of us.

'F-uck,' the blonde says, bringing a curled finger to her lips. 'This is so hot.'

Mummy chuckles, warm and wicked. 'You're telling me, honey. Mhm.'

The dominant dickgirl seizes the sides of my chest and tightens up her hips, fingers faintly pressing into my skin, my ribs. Her mammoth helmet finally slips between my buns, passes my sphincter, and leaves me gritting my teeth so hard I'm passingly wary that they'll shatter.

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

She begins, without a moment's delay, the process of fucking my raw arsehole.

'Oh, God,' I say, grunting, moaning, head dipping forwards. 'Ugh. F-uck. Fuck.'

The reverse sensation of tightness is worlds beyond anything Mads can offer me, even at her best. It's as if someone has inserted a log of throbbing power into my most sensitive hole, filling all dimensions of that dark and dirty place with something that knows its way around without needing to stop for even a moment to catch its bearings.

Mummy's massive bell-end leads the charge, bringing behind it inch after inch of prostate-pleasing perfection. The lurid sound of flesh slapping on flesh, the parting and closing of my butt cheeks, and the quickening of Irina's breathing close behind me, altogether leave my knees shuddering and my world a marvellous mess.

'Keep sucking my cock,' she says, breathy and brutal, 'and I'll do this sometimes. Keep worshipping me, you–ughn–sexy little slut, and I'll show my appreciation.' *Mwah*. She kisses the top of my head, leaning close, practically hugging our bodies together – all but our hips, which she angles backwards, reducing the distance with every forceful thrust. 'You've got a *real* cock inside you, honey. A real cock, that's going to shoot real sperm into this dick-worshipping body of yours. So long as you keep dropping to your knees and praying to me, your goddess, then I'll be happy to let you pretend to be Mads, from time to time!'

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

She ploughs me, rails me, without a moment's restraint or reluctance. All that initial gentleness is gone, thrown to the wind, replaced by an excessiveness that pairs so perversely with the raw dimensions of her endowment. A cock so big that it could barely move and yet hit all the right spots, and yet Mummy uses it in such a fashion that those sensitive spots are completely and utterly battered with inch after swollen inch of titanic throbbing tremendousness.

'Ughn. Guh.'

'Harder, Mummy,' Mads says. 'Fuck him harder!'

God, it's a good thing Irina doesn't seem to be listening to her. The way it stands, I'm forced to dig my fingers into the blonde's thighs – much to her apparent glee – for any chance of remaining upright. Or at least, upright without being impaled upon the futanari's fat cock as if I were the meat on a kebab held aloft.

The constant smacking of Mummy's hips against my backside rings out through my office, and the grinding grunt of the poor desk as it struggles not to collapse beneath our collective momentum is louder than ever. Bit by bit, I find myself thrusting into Maddie again, but not for any effort on my part. In some profoundly perverse sense I'm reduced to something like a dildo, pushed forwards and pulled back only in accordance with Mummy's swinging hips.

Schlick-schgluck-thwup, schluck-schgleck-thwap, schlurck-schgluck-thwup.

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

I'm balls-deep in the blonde now, nuts smashing against the molten majesty of her creamy cunt. Irina clearly doesn't care all that much at this stage, given how forceful her thrusting is, and how much of her semen spurts out of Maddie's pussy with every moment that passes.

'Good boy,' Irina says, a lilt of laughter colouring her lustful words. 'Take that dick. Cum all you like. Succumb to–mhm–your better.'

As is so often the case, it's harder than ever to deny that aspect of her, here and now. I grit my teeth and purse my lips and fight, tooth and nail, to hold on…but my insides are a whirlwind of overstimulation. Before long, I'm going to be erupting, and I might as well be doing so in open air. So unimportant to my pleasure, right now, is Maddie's body.

All my brain can register, in this state of utter filth, is that I'm some pincushion for cock. Some hole, to be used, to be moulded to the shape of my big-dicked boss. Nothing else makes sense, nothing else matters. How could it, after all? All that she says, all of those mean-spirited pronouncements as to my inferiority…so many parts of me want them to be true. *Demand* that they be true.

So long as I am weaker than her, lesser than her, I can enjoy this. Can be part of this. Wrong as it is, nowhere, nobody, offers me more sexual satisfaction than Irina-fucking-Blackwell.

Schlick-schgluck-thwup, schluck-schgleck-thwap, schlurck-schgluck-thwup.

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

'Ugh. Argh.'

It's too much. All too much. The combination of the abject dirtiness seething across my thoughts, and the profoundly pleasurable power of Mummy's thrusting. Her dick, so huge, so fat, fills me out without gaps, without any hint of relenting. She's mounting me, riding me, asserting our relative places in this world.

The climax that surges up from the depths, swirls through my shaft, explodes into Maddie's insides, is a thing of unequalled force. It's been so long, since I've felt this. Far too long. Not even a drip-feed, but a complete denial, only for her to unleash this upon me.

It forces my eyes shut, has my balls ripple as they pump out every last one of my little white soldiers. Pump out my sperm, right into Mads, and to what end? She's already full to bursting with the dominant dickgirl's jism, already pregnant no doubt. Some paltry offering, to make mockery of myself, and to think in such a way has me clench tighter, has my back arch, has the world become a writhing cataclysm of lustfulness.

'Good boy,' Irina says. 'Good, slutty, sexy boy.'

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

She fondles my chest, continues to fuck me, but holds me all but hilted inside of Maddie. The blonde looks completely taken with things, aswirl with lust. I'm not going to be able to make her cum – a key part of this has been, clearly, to highlight my deficiencies compared to Irina – but it doesn't seem like she cares anymore. The glee of witnessing my collapse, my capitulation, is more than enough. An orgasm for the mind, if not the body.

Because that's what this is, isn't it? More and more, she's corrupted me, twisted me out of shape. More and more, my brain ceases to work with anything akin to pride, to self-respect. These thoughts constantly slip in, always have the final word.

I'm not as good as she is. 'Ughn.' Even just thinking it, I groan. I'm not as good as Irina Blackwell, and…and I never will be. 'Guh.'

Where's that self-loving voice, now? That voice of rebellion? Drowned. Drowned in the better sperm of a better cock and a better animal. I can't bring myself to open my eyes, to look at Maddie, to look at the world. All that matters is Mummy, pumping away into me, her huge testicles slapping against my smaller ones, her massive manhood some imperial thing, laying claim to its lands in the most primal fashion.

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

It rings in my ears, all that sordidness. A song of the most salacious breed, rich and sonorous, so welcome. Accompanied by the fire of her penis, the heaviness of her balls, the constant weight of her body pressing down against my own. The orgasm transcends anything that my dick alone could give me, seems to flow outward from my rear and engulf the entirety of existence in the most exultant flavour of ecstasy.

I buckle forwards, hands slipping from Maddie's thighs, finding firmer support on the desktop. At last I manage to look at the blonde, but she's looking past me, as if I'm not even here. Irina continues to thrust, ramming away, paying no notice to the fact that I've crumbled beneath the force of her fucking.

'Take that cock, you sexy little slut,' she says, drawing her hands back to my hips, gripping tightly. 'Ugh. Little bitch-boy. My perfect little pet.'

I'm not sure where one climax begins, and another ends. My hands slip and shudder as they grip at the table, the wood solid but my strength thoroughly fucked out of me. I'm practically drooling, all of my senses ruined in favour of that tactile awareness between my buttocks, that overwhelming opulence resulting from the untameable vigour of the virile dickgirl's unrelenting skewering of my sensitive sphincter.

'Fuck him, Mummy,' Mads says. 'Destroy his arse.'

It's the most she does to register my presence. I glance at her, and she smiles, warmer than before, caught up in the lust of the act. Perfectly happy with, and completely unfazed by, the fact that I'm constantly cumming inside of her. She *must* feel it, but has this perfect poker-face, all genuine interest diverted to the futanari, side-stepping me completely.

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

'I will, honey,' Irina says. 'Ughn. I will. He's a lucky, lucky boy. Aren't you, Theo?'

'Y-es,' I manage to say, practically spitting the word. 'Y-es, Mummy. Argh.'

It amazes me, to no end, that she's able to keep this up. I've cum at least twice, maybe even three times, but Irina? Irina keeps going. Her stamina is fearsome, her force of will unrelenting. I'd *know*, if she'd cum. I will definitely know, when the moment arrives, because of the excessive productivity of those big balls which slap so roughly and dominantly against my own.

But it's clearer than ever why she likes to have things done differently, why she likes to be serviced and not have to fuck. This…this is so much energy. It can't be that she's not attracted to me, can't be that I'm not tight – only she has ever been in there! – but for as much as her dick throbs forcibly, it seems to do so with the utmost control.

If this is going to be introduced as a reward, then…then I'm going to become the cocksucker she wants. I'll have to be. This is…this is better than pussy, even my memories of Maddie at her tightest. To be fucked like a dog in heat, arse-up and with her taking me so ferociously from behind, is better than any sex I've ever had. I can even – I'd be wide-eyed, if not for the fluttering of my eyelids, wracked with pleasure as I am – recall that initial encounter, where she actually *rode* me. Even that, being inside of so perfect a womanly form, doesn't come close to this.

It's as if my brain is wired in such a fashion that the peak of my sexual life can only be this, can only be achieved when Irina is hanging out the back of me. With every piston stroke of her powerful hips, delivering a multitude of thick and swollen inches into the depths of my

bowels, the pieces seem to lock firmer into place, superglued into a shape that not so long ago I would've dreaded accepting.

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

Yet now, as her beefy balls batter my backside, as her dick seems to dominate every inch of the deepest and dirtiest of my holes, all I can do is crave the impressive release of her sperm into my body. I can't quite believe how far I've fallen that some large part of me wishes she would ejaculate into my mouth instead, that I can see the glee on her face as I swirl the thick virility around with my tongue and taste that most intimate and illicit of substances, but the satisfaction of being ridden like this more than makes up for it, so long as her load ends up inside of me all the same.

I clench tight around her, as best I can, some clarity regained in the post-orgasmic bliss. A neurochemical nightmare of the finest kind, a surge of so many feel-good chemicals, but in their wake, even as my body remains a shuddering shivering mess of itself, I know just what I need to do.

'Oh, honey,' Mummy says, her breathing momentarily stuttering. Her heavy breasts jiggle against my back, a few thin layers of clothing separating me from their unreal magnificence. 'You really must–mhm–want that cum.'

'G-ive it to me,' I say, tasting the air, wetting my lips. 'Pl-ease, Mummy. Shoot your–ughn–strong genes in my slutty–guh–bum.'

She doesn't slow, doesn't have to.

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

It makes it all the more amazing that she manages to get an arm around my throat, catching me in the crook of an elbow as Maddie looks on, eyes wide. The blonde at last can't hold back, can't enjoy my presence alone, and shoves a hand down to tend to her clit, though its slick flicking is all but silent against the loudness of Irina drilling into me.

'I bet you wish you were a girl, don't you? I bet you wish I could put a baby in you, you dirty little whore of a boy.'

I don't, don't dare want that, but I know why she's said it. I know, as well, that I want the *mechanics*, if not the biology. I know, as well – and have fallen far enough to own that fact – just how to speak back to her, to coax the cum out of her dick through the erogenous zones of that maddeningly dangerous mind.

'You know I–ughn–do, Mummy. I'm just a–gruh–slut for you. A hole for you to dump your amazingly po-tent seed into.'

'Oh, Theo.' *Mwah. Smooch.* She kisses the top of my head, ravenous as can be. 'You're such a good boy, pushing all my buttons like that.' Irina laughs, vicious, victorious. 'Do you love me, honey? Do you love what I've–ugh–turned you into? Just tell me the truth, and I'll creampie you. Just tell me the truth, and I'll shoot a sea of–argh–your favourite superior sperm into that naughty backside.'

Love is…love is meant to be beautiful, isn't it? It's a strangely sobering thought. Love is meant to be fair, and noble, and true, and…I'm not sure I'll ever be capable of that kind of thing. Not now. Not after all of this. Not when all I can think about is her dick, her balls, her body. Her…her *satisfaction*. I want that, don't I? I want to *please*. To please this woman who has reduced me to a shell of myself.

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

Irina leans in closer, nuzzles the top of my head. Still thrusting, still fucking. ‘Well, honey? What do you say?’

‘I…don’t know yet,’ I say, quickly. ‘B-ut I don’t ever want to go back. I…I want to learn to love you, Irina. I want to…want to belong to you. To be your property. It’s…it’s the only way I can ever see myself being–ughn!’

Schplup-plup-THWAP.

She hilts herself into me, before I can even finish. ‘Oh, God. Honey. Ughn. Argh.’ The woman almost sounds like a beast, for a moment, sultry and yet fearsome. Her lock on my neck tightens and that other hand, pressing down against my left hip, digs its nails into my flesh and yet the pain is minuscule compared to the eruption within me. ‘Yes, Theo. Be mine. Be mine. I want to–gruh–ughn–own you.’

‘Mhmf. Fuck, you two are so h-ot.’

Maddie moans, whines, shudders right as the immense first rope of semen splatters the inside of my rear. I’m wide-eyed, amazed, both at my words and the sheer enormity of her orgasm. Her load comes out in dense strings, so forceful in their projection that each one is like an impact inside me, the density incredible, the volume vulgar. So fucking virile, so fucking potent, so fucking *perfect*.

Have I said too much? It all came out in an instant, seemed so natural. *I don’t know*. That’s the truth, not a lie. It felt terrifying to say, in the moment. That I might not experience *this*, *bliss*, as her tremendous glans clings to the walls of my insides and spits, spurts, shoots, drenching me with the impossible quantity of dominant dickgirl seed that Mummy’s body so effortlessly unleashes.

I shudder, orgasming, or perhaps not. Shudder, most of all, from the power of what I said, still lingering in my ears. *Mwah, smack.* That Irina kisses my head as she does suggests that those words must’ve been spoken honestly, for she would otherwise be displeased. I…is that really how I feel, deep within me? That I want to be an object, for her? To be a *possession*?

As Mads continues to climax, strumming away at her pretty pink pearl, and Mummy continues to dump a mammoth quantity of potent pride into my arsehole, I’m left with the lingering awareness that *yes*, on some level I do feel this way.

That deep within me, there’s a truly incorrigible whore, though I can’t tell if he was always there. Presumably, he must’ve been, but…it doesn’t matter now.

‘Ughn. God, yes, Theo. Mine. Mine. M-ine.’

Irina at most gyrates, presses against me without actually thrusting. Her enormous balls rise and fall, engulf my own, seem to ripple and shift as their contents continue to splatter my innards with increasingly smaller squirts of genetic material. Her words are like molten obsession, some stinging sweetness. Power given, and her mind has leapt at the chance to have me like this.

All I can do is stare forwards, stare into some inner void, captivated and concerned. The post-ecstatic clarity brings with it no shelter from the storm, no sense of right or wrong. There’s only lust, only desire, only hunger and want and the looming possibility that it’s all just a matter of perspective. That in truth, degradation and devotion are one and the same. That at my core, I can either fear this part of myself, or love it.

‘Mhm. Mine. Oh, yes, honey. Ugh.’

She moans right up until the last spurt, leaving me completely loaded with her thick, sticky heat. It seems to slosh about back there, lining the walls at every angle, complete ownership over my rear. A male hole, a surrogate cunt, and she's made very good use of it.

'Aah. F-uck.'

Mads keeps stroking away, rabid almost, uncontrolled. She rests back against the desk now, eyes shut, the image in her head more than enough. Flick-flick. Stroke-stroke. I'd find her beautiful, find her arousing, but I am so thoroughly spent.

Mwah. Irina kisses the top of my head again and, her hold softens. 'We'll get there,' she says, massaging my sides as she draws back her hands, straightens her torso. 'We'll make you love me, Theo. We'll be such a happy family.'

I'm surprised she can talk so clearly, more so that she's able to pull herself out of me and step away without sounding the least bit unstable on her feet. My sphincter instinctually tightens, holding her release within me, some indelible mark of her victory.

'K-ay.' It's all I can manage, paired with a faint nod. I glance back at her and find my boss fairly hurriedly neatening herself up, seeming to effortlessly mask any hint of her dishevelment. A perfect exterior, wielded like a weapon. 'M-ummy?'

Irina smiles at me, licking her full, fantastic lips. 'I've a meeting, honey. I'll be in touch. You…take the day off. Both of you. You've earned it.' She clicks her tongue against her teeth, and nods towards Maddie. 'Clean Theo's bum up for him, Mads. It's only fair.'

The blonde only manages a nod, curls bobbing, no words leaving her lust-savaged lips. My focus returns to the dusky-skinned dickgirl, the authoritative Amazoness, to watch as she slips her heels on and finishes with her blouse buttons. With a roll of her shoulders it's as if she's never been here at all, instantly regaining a state of mindful calm.

Irina gives casts me a wink and a smile, and goes to leave our office, a skip in her step. She stops in the doorway, and eyes the ravaged desk for a moment. 'I'll replace that, honey. Don't you worry. You might have to smell the memories for a few days, mind you. See you later.'

She's practically giggling as she leaves, leaving us together in the deafening silence of her wake. A shivering, sex-scented, ruinous mess of two people. Two lives in thrall to Irina's. Maddie's writhing draws my gaze to her, and I realise I'm still hilted, my crotch a mashed-up mess of cum and juices.

I'm not sure if I needed to say what I said. When I look at Mads, I feel this great symmetry. That we are, in two different ways, in the exact same position. That without even saying it, it's difficult to imagine we're anything other than Irina Blackwell's pets.