

Riding The Wild Horse

Furinkan High School

It was late afternoon at Ranma Saotome's school, after a vigorous period of soccer practice had run long. Normally, Ranma would have just headed home, but he had decided to stick around since his friend Omar and he were planning on seeing a movie afterwards. The other boy was a recent addition to the school, and he'd said his family had moved to Tokyo for his dad's work, though Ranma hadn't paid much attention to that-he didn't even know where the other boy was from. But the two had quickly become fast friends, with shared interest in several areas from movies to sports; although Omar wasn't a martial artist, he was in impressive shape and Ranma often thought he could be very talented if he put the time into it.

Though the school was mostly empty at this point, Ranma was still a little surprised that no one else was using the locker room as he strode into the shower. Omar was still fussing with his uniform, which he hadn't gotten the hang of (whenever Ranma asked why he bothered-since Ranma didn't himself-Omar replied that "wearing a uniform is easier than picking out clothes every day), so Ranma had the space to himself. Covered only in a white towel tied around his waist, he turned the shower on and closed his eyes, relaxing as the school's old but reliable pipes started working with a few knocking sounds.

"Ahh!"

Ranma's eyes shot open, and glared up at the shower head. Ranma should have known that the school's water heater was not quite as reliable as the pipes themselves, and things being what they were, the hot water was likely turned off this late in the afternoon. It would take some time for the water to get up to anything approaching hot, which meant that for the time being Ranma had been transformed. The Chinese curse that had afflicted Ranma for far too long had altered his body into a female form. Standing just under one and a half meters tall, Ranma always found the loss in height she suffered to be almost the most annoying thing about her transformation-aside from everything else, that was.

"Goddamn it!" Her voice was high and almost squeaky in this form, sounding like an overly cutesy cartoon mouse. No one would have thought that such a small, petite yet absurdly stacked girl was one of the most skilled young martial artists in all of Japan.

“I should have known there wouldn’t be any hot water. This stupid school.” Ranma muttered, realizing that her towel was now barely hanging on to her body, as her hips had widened considerably, and her ass jutted out behind her in a porcelain shelf of firm, perfect teenage bubble booty.

“Oi was that you, Ranma? Why are you whining like such a baby-oh.” Omar’s clear, bass voice came from behind, and Ranma blushed furiously, looking to the nearby towel rack to see if any had been left behind. No such luck, which meant that-

“Holy shit!”

Omar was standing just a few steps inside the shower room, a towel tossed over his shoulder but otherwise completely nude. For a moment Omar and Ranma were looking at each other, but didn’t meet each other’s eyes as they took in each other’s forms for the first time (Ranma and Omar had showered before, but Ranma had always made a conscious effort to A: avoid looking anywhere but at himself, and B: avoid cold water at all costs). Had they seen each other’s faces, they might have seen that they were wearing the exact same expression-brains somewhat rebooting as they struggled to understand exactly what they were seeing.

Maybe it was Ranma’s new female brain, or just the shock of her sudden and unexpected change, but some part of her couldn’t stop staring at his muscular, built body. Her eyes trailed down from his large pecs to his well defined abs, and then lower, eve as Ranma tried to will herself look away. Yet it was as if she was frozen to the spot, unable to stop herself from looking.

Ranma’s face blushed a bright, full red as her eyes tried to take in the enormity of what she was looking at. In her male form, Ranma had considered himself (not without cause) to be fairly above average when it came to penis length. But compared to Omar, even with a full erection Ranma’s dick couldn’t have compared to his flaccid length. It wasn’t just big, it was bigger than any penis she’d ever seen before, bigger than she would have thought possible. Impossibly wide, its girth resembled a soda can, and the bulbous dark purple head was sheathed in a thick ring of foreskin, swinging between Omar’s legs like a club, reaching just beneath his knees. Underneath the thick, bushy dark hair of his pubes, which were curled up even more than the slight beard Omar was growing out, the Arab teen’s fat testicles swung in a full, heavy sack that seemed to take up the entire space between his strong thighs.

Eventually, and only with the greatest difficulty, Ranma managed to tear her eyes away, staring at the shower head above her, still pouring its disappointing stream of cold water onto her naked, nubile flesh.

Why would I even want to look at such a stupid, big cock? I mean...good for Omar or whatever, I guess to have such a massive dick but its not like I care or anything. I don't even like guys!

There had always been jokes from the people who knew about Ranma's condition, about how attractive she was, how guys would love to stare at her huge tits and get to enjoy her beautiful body. But Ranma had always been able to ignore them because she'd never felt anything but indifference for men when transformed. But something was very different now...

Omar, to his credit, was taking in the strange sight before him a little more in his stride. While Ranma tried to focus on showering, he stood next to her at the communal shower, turning on one of its other faucets. He grunted at the cold water, but otherwise didn't make any comment. Ranma was pretty sure he wasn't looking at her, but that was only because she was so distracted trying *not* to look at him while also trying to distract herself by showering. With her hands she soaped up her body, rubbing her arms and upper chest until she was soon glistening with water, lightly coated in bright puffy white bubbles. She wasn't *trying* to lather up in any way that might have been sensual or anything, but the tiny stacked girl couldn't help but make almost every motion of her body, no matter how slight, seem in some way lewd-her body was just that obscene.

After a few minutes of quiet, with Ranma praying every second for the water to turn hot-it was still barely lukewarm-she started washing her hair. That was another annoyance, as her beautiful, silken red locks were so long and voluminous in her female form that they required a lot of maintenance. She bent a little at the waist as she reached for the cheap bottle of shampoo she kept in her school locker, her legs arched gracefully as every part of Ranma's body, while lacking the muscles of her male form was still about 50% athletic excellence, combined with 100% feminine beauty and raw sex appeal.

Smack!

"Ahh!" Ranma helped a bit, jumping in place as her booty jiggled and rippled from the sudden impact. It stung even more due to her skin being wet, but that wasn't what bothered Ranma, even as her head whipped to the side to look at Omar. Standing on

her tiptoes, breasts unknowingly thrust out ahead of her in all their massive, oversized glory, Ranma couldn't help but feel a tingling sensation radiating through her body. She wasn't getting turned on from having her fat ass spanked by Omar's large, strong hand-was she?

"H-hey, what the hell Omar?" She said, trying to sound aggressive but only sounding like an outraged little girl. Omar was larger than her even in male form (not surprisingly, considering Ranma was fairly short then, also) but now he frankly **towered** over her, taller by more than a foot and much broader as well-she had to crane her neck up to look at his angular, somewhat attractive face, with his striking eyebrows, strong nose and rich dark brown eyes...but somehow she couldn't find much of a reason to look at that part of him.

"You know, I'd heard you talk about your little 'condition' before, Ranma but really I wasn't expecting you to look like this. I thought you'd just be a little mousy girl who looked like your sister-but with those tits and ass you look like some crazy stacked bimbo! Even your hair has changed and everything!" Omar sounded genuinely impressed by Ranma's new form, even with his rough crude words.

*He...really seems to like my body. I mean, I guess I **do** make a pretty sexy girl, my tits are so huge they'd tip me over if it wasn't for my fat ass, after all. N-not that I care about that!* Ranma tried to wish away the feeling of sheer pride and thankfulness that she got from Omar commenting on her body in such a positive way.

While Ranma was distracted by those thoughts and other, lewder ones, it took her some time to notice that Omar's had returned to her ass. He was lightly squeezing it, experimenting with the pale booty as though trying to determine if it was real, groping Ranma with surprising gentleness, given how big his hands were. It seemed almost innocent and playful, at least it would have been if both teens hadn't been completely naked and standing well within arm's reach.

"Hey, hey now Omar, watch the hands buddy?" Ranma chuckled nervously, trying to dispel some of the awkwardness of the situation. Even as she moved slightly sideways, her hips rocking from side to side, Omar's hand remained squeezing her just a little more firmly. Ranma realized awkward wasn't really the way to describe this, it almost felt like the tension in the air she felt before a difficult sparring match, but different somehow.

“That’s being a little too friendly, eh?” She smiled, finding it came a little more naturally to her than she’d expected, that same blush as before on her skin, but now looking less scandalized and more embarrassed yet pleased at the same time.

“Oh, its alright.” Omar replied, his voice smooth and rolling, his accented English sounding newly appealing to Ranma for some reason.

“We’re so close, after all and this really is how we *should* act when you’re a girl.” He smiled back at Ranma, and she felt her heart start to beat a little faster.

Her voice was newly shy, soft as she shook her head slightly, hair falling delicately in front of her face as she blinked her bright blue eyes under the shower’s spray.

“R-really? You think so?”

There was an audible squeezing sound as Omar gripped Ranma’s ass harder, his fingers almost leaving little divots in her skin as her plush ass puffed out in his grasp. Omar had large hands indeed, but Ranma’s big, bouncy asscheeks were bigger still, nearly the equal of her breathtakingly large breasts-it was as if her body had been sculpted to perfection by a craftsman equal parts talented and lewd. Ranma squeaked at that again-she knew somewhere in the back of her head that female or not, she could still probably kick Omar’s ass without breaking a sweat, but she suddenly felt very weak in his grip. For some reason that didn’t seem like a bad thing.

“Well, ok then.” Ranma said, trying to return her attention back to showering. For some absurd reason she felt the desire to say “thank you” to Omar, but she managed to keep that quiet.

Still as time went on, it was obvious that Omar wasn’t the only one with an obvious appreciation for his best buddy’s naked body. Despite herself (or at least despite what she was *telling* herself) Ranma kept taking sideways glances at Omar, who now seemed to be keeping his own eyes ahead as he showered. His hair was of middling length and naturally wavy, dripping down flat against his cheekbones with water. Every time she looked, Ranma couldn’t help but stare a little longer and notice some new detail: the way Omar’s arms flexed as he kneaded shampoo into his scalp, the way his chest expanded with every relaxed breath, and most of all, how his enormous, elephantine cock seemed to have grown even larger than before!

Yes somehow, it was larger than before, rising up like watching a tree being cut down in reverse, from laying low and horizontal to standing tall and proud, stretching up impossibly long, the veins on the underside standing out as it seemed to throb with some beastial inner strength.

Staring so intently she almost forgot to breathe, Ranma was taken off-guard when Omar's hand left her ass (but not before giving her one more smack that made her actually *coo*) and wrapped around her waist, pulling the tiny, barely 45 kilos girl to his side so fast her toes sweaked on the wet floor. She felt something-his massive dick-hard and throbbing on her thigh, and Ranma was surprised at how...unbothered she was by it rubbing almost insistently against her silky, wet skin.

"You know, buddy, I should show you how a guy and girl get *really* friendly...since we're so close and everything. It's only natural."

Ranma's response was quick, but it sounded unnaturally so, forced from memory with no conviction behind it.

"B-but I'm a guy." It almost sounded like a question.

Omar smiled down at her, cocking one eyebrow up in mocking disbelief.

"Yeah, sure." He scoffed, before the arm around Ranma's waist tugged her upwards. Before she realized it, Omar was kissing the little tomboy shortstack, his mouth rough and warm against her soft, full lips. Ranma felt herself swoon instinctively, her body pressing against Omar's, his muscled chest meeting her fat, heavy breasts as his tongue probed hungrily into her mouth. Something in Ranma had been building up like water behind a dam, and it suddenly burst forth. Her hands moved with a mind of their own, stroking Omar's sturdy arms and roaming over his broad shoulders and upper back.

The kiss progressed from an initial first kiss to a greedy, needful makeout succession with incredible speed, as passionate moans and groans filled the area. Ranma closed her eyes as her body grew warmer, her moans high-pitched and undeniably girly as her mouth was pillaged by the hung brute as Omar practically tried to tickle her tonsils with his tongue. Her mouth willingly accepted this intrusion, and her lips suckled weakly at his broad tongue, feeling his arm on her waist press their bodies closer together. Anyone who saw the pair making out would have thought that they hadn't kissed in

some time, and were trying to make up for loss time with the ferocity and insistent nature of the kiss, swapping cloudy bubbles of spit between them.

*Is this what it's like to kiss a guy? His beard is rough against my skin, but it also feels good, and his spit...it makes my body feel so **hot** to swallow it down. Is this how girls always feel?*

Ranma's mind whirled as the kiss continued, but her body suffered from none of her confusion, knowing exactly how to respond, wanting with base need to try and make Omar feel as good as she did. This was wrong, she knew that-after all she was a guy-but it certainly didn't *feel* wrong; quite the opposite. In fact, she couldn't remember the last time anything had seemed as natural and intuitive for her as it was to kiss Omar so deeply, feeling his tongue press against her's, their bodies-so mismatched in size and shape-seeming to fit together like puzzle pieces.

As the kiss continued, with Omar's hands squeezing insistently at Ranma's ass, leaving bright red handprints, one of Ranma's dainty feet lifted off the floor . She felt light as a feather in Omar's grasp, and soon he'd plucked her up completely. Surprising both of them, Ranma's legs suddenly wrapped their way around Omar's waist, as if locking herself in place. His cock, now fully hard and throbbing with a pulse all its own, was suddenly pressed between her plush asscheeks. Ranma's blush deepened as she realized *she'd* been the one to take the initiative then, and she could no longer deny that she liked guys, or that she found Omar's attention annoying.

*But...if it's **him**, with those strong muscles and that huge, enormous cock...maybe its ok. Its only natural for a girl like me to be attracted to such a fat, thick, long fucking cock, especially when it belongs to my best friend...right? Y-yes, its fine its **good**. Just a boy and a girl being really...friendly.*

As their bodies ground together, as Ranma's fat ass naturally hotdogged Omar's cock, squeezing him with firm muscles and incredible softness at the same time, their kiss broke just for a moment. Even so, their bodies, slick from the water and also from a growing layer of sweat continued to slide and grind against each other, simply unable to stop.

Omar spoke first, his breathing slightly ragged as he met Ranma's gaze, her blue eyes lit up with excitement.

“Oh, let’s just be glad that uppity fiancé of yours isn’t around to see this, right Ranma-chan? Though maybe we should have locked the locker room door...what if someone hears you moaning?” Omar said, fairly confident he was using that honorific right, and ignoring his own state of undress and any potential embarrassment that might befall him. With a body like his and the fattest swinging cock in his country or his own, he didn’t really get self-confident about his appearance.

Ranma looked confused for a moment, as though barely able to remember that she had a fiancé. Then her eyes seemed to focus, though her expression darkened somewhat in a cutesy way given her still blushing cheeks.

“Oh right, *her*. Well, we can forget all about Akane at least for now right. And I...don’t give a *fuck* if anyone sees.” Ranma said, her voice sounding confident for the first time since she’d transformed.

Omar just grunted at that, in happy agreement. Ranma squeaked again as he kissed her again, pushing her body backwards with a few hurried steps, not encumbered in the least by her petite form.

Ranma let out a muffled grunt as her back hit the shower wall, feeling almost trapped by Omar’s broad, towering body as he had one arm pressed against the wall next to her head, the other cupping her ass as her legs continued to squeeze him. Ranma found she didn’t mind that feeling in the slightest. This was what was natural, after all, for a little girl like her to be picked up by her big strong boyfriend-well, best friend, she meant, and pinned against a wall. She was more responsive to the kiss now, even lightly nipping at Omar’s bottom lip, tugging it playfully between her teeth. Between Omar’s slowly moving hips and Ranma’s eager, bouncing body, they were grinding against each other with a hurried, almost frantic tension, body heat rising between them both as the pleasant friction continued.

Eventually, after an even longer time than before, the pair broke off the kiss, gasping for air. Ranma’s tongue shot out with sudden agility, licking along Omar’s chin as she gulped down a small strand of spittle that had been hanging from his mouth, before she even realized she was doing it. Their eyes met, both glowing with unrestrained lust-something about the other had seemed to put them both into a spell. Ranma never thought in a million years he’d ever be even slightly attracted to a guy, but his mind felt like it was swimming with new thoughts and desires, and Omar found himself nearly overtaken by an animalistic lust like nothing he’d felt before. While his own sexual experiences were more advanced than Ranma’s (in either form), he hadn’t been with

more than a handful of young woman, none of whom had been up to the task of fully handling his monstrous manhood.

It seemed each had found a match in their friendship that was clearly much more than that, and both seemed eager in their own ways: Ranma more submissive but just as eager as Omar, if not more so, and Omar filled with a confident, almost smug passion that drove Ranma wild. As before, this meant Omar made the first move.

“So, Ranma-chan...” The name had a slight teasing air to it, but with an undeniable affection underneath. The way boys and girls all over the world gently taunted their partners.

“Do you want to get even more friendly...see how deep our bond runs?” Omar said, his voice low, a husky and almost dangerous whisper.

Ranma couldn't find the words to answer, but again her body knew what to do. She nodded in an almost dumb fashion, wet scarlet hair matted to her forehead and slender neck, as though agreeing to a plan by a much smarter thinker—a position the hot-headed Ranma had sometimes been in before, when shee was much more concerned with immediate action and not long-term consequences.

Omar lifted Ranma up, and again Ranma felt herself swooning in his grasp, loving how he could manipulate her body so easy. Hoisted aloft, Ranma's leg were dangling now, well off the ground as Omar positioned her above his cock, like lining up a hammer before bringing it down at some circus strength test. Only what Omar had was probably a lot harder and denser than most hammers—luckily Ranma was a lot tougher than she looked.

With a sudden grunt of effort and a squelching, spreading sound, Omar *slammed* Ranma's tiny, virgin pussy down onto his massive, throbbing cock. Her body resisted for only the barest of instants, and Ranma felt an incredible pressure that then gave away to a sudden indescribable feeling of being stretched, of being absolutely stuffed full from the inside. The very air was blasted from her lungs by the sheer impact, as though she'd been struck in the stomach by a mighty fist instead of having a dick shoved into her pussy—though honestly Ranma could have handled a punch a lot better. The pain of strikes, the dangers of martial arts, Ranma was experienced and prepared for those things.

But this...for a moment, neither of them moved, as Omar clenched his teeth from the almost unbearable tightness of Ranma's squeezing, grasping pussy, and Ranma simply panted above him. Her mind seemed to be playing catch-up, lagging behind her body's response and not quite processing the sudden influx of sensations ripping through her entire nervous system. The sheer shock, both physical and mental, of suddenly being impaled by nearly half of Omar's thick, impossibly long cock-itself a feat that no one else the burly Arab teen had ever been with had done-had left Ranma struck dumb and speechless.

Eventually, her mind seemed to accept and absorb one simple fact: *I'm being fucked right up my tight pussy by the world's biggest, fattest, **hardest** cock. A man's nasty, sweaty member has been shoved deep inside me-I'm not a virgin anymore, and I lost it to another guy, to my best friend who rammed his dick up me like I'm nothing more than a living, breathing sextoy. And it feels...♥ amazing♥~*

"So...full~" Ranma said, feeling drool leak from the corner of her mouth. It already looked like half of Ranma's brain had been fucked right out of her skull-and Omar was barely getting started. A dopey, simple grin formed on Ranma's gorgeous face as her eyes grew slightly heavy lidded, seeing but not really comprehending anything other than Omar-the handsome stud who had claimed her cunt like it was rightful property. With how that incredible dick was making her aching, throbbing pussy feel, Ranma agreed with that whole-heartedly.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

With a series of heavy, pounding thrusts, Omar *tugged* on Ranma's waspish waist, pulling the petite girl further onto his dick as he slammed deeper and deeper inside of her. Already there was an obvious bulge in Ranma's belly, above her dripping pussy and completely hairless pelvic area, right up to her tiny belly button-her athletic and lean body reformed to serve as a better cock-receptacle for Omar.

"Ohh godd...that cock is so fucking **huge!!**" Ranma yelled, beginning to lose all sense of having ever been a guy. The masculinity was being fucked right out of her while she twitched and trembled in Omar's grasp, replaced by something more submissive, wanting to be nothing more than a stacked redhead bimbo bitch for her hung best friend. Omar tilted his head down and began to absolutely *feast* on Ranma's chest, sucking and licking at the sheer surface area of her melon-sized tits, before lightly biting and grasping at her overly sensitive nipples. All the while that dick got deeper and

deeper into Ranma's pussy, inch by girthy inch, sinking into her like an auger digging a deep fence post hole in wet earth.

"Aaah, ahh, ahh, ahhh!" Ranma's cries came in off-rhythm staccato bursts, her every exhalation broken up by the strong impacts of that dick inside of her, feeling Omar's cockhead push deeper and deeper. She felt like she was on fire, sweat trickling down her even as the air of the showers remained cool, a conflicting sensation that only made Omar's body feel warmer against her's.

"Oh fucking shit! You're beating my tiny little pussy up! That fat cock is utterly **wrecking** me-my body will never be the same again! Oh gawd, Omar, you fucking savage if you keep fucking me like that, right *there* sofuckingdeep! I'm gonna...I'm gonna come all over your fat fucking dick, I'm gonna--" Ranma's voice cut off for a moment, as she took in as deep a breath as she could manage.

Her hands wrapped around Omar's neck, and they shared a glance that was equal parts affection and maddened lust. Then she let out an undulating cry that could probably be heard in the school's parking lot if anyone was close enough.

"Ooo-wahhh!" Ranma's eyes fluttered shut as her pussy *squirted* out around Omar's cock, having her first vaginal orgasm, feeling her entire body shake as if she was caught up in a hurricane. Omar grunted at how tightly she was gripping his cock, her pussy every bit as slutty and lewd as the rest of her Japanese fuckdoll body. She kept crying out, babbling about how good it felt to be used by his cock, coming herself silly over and over again.

There was a sudden push, and Ranma looked down to see that she was fully speared on Omar's dick. His balls slapped against her wet pussy lips and she came again with a sudden harsh cry, feeling her body stiffen like she'd been hit by an electric shock. She clung to him, trembling like a leaf in his mighty arms, even as her legs somehow found the strength to wrap around his waist again, gripping him tighter than before. It was clear neither of them wanted Omar to stop fucking her anytime soon.

*Oh gawd...if I had known how good it felt to get **fucked**, I would have begged Omar to let me take his dick in my fucking tight hole the first time I met him! I love this fat fucking Arab dick!*

"Oh yesyesyes, right there right there, right fucking there. Don't fucking stop, please!" Ranma cried out, looking like a born slut, feeling her body be rocked by another series

of powerful orgasms in a chain reaction. Omar's massive dicktip, larger than one of his large fists, had punched through her cervix like yanking aside a gentle pair of curtains and was now beating the back of her womb up like a punching bag. She was being reshaped to be his nasty little cocksleeve, and Ranma absolutely loved it.

They fucked like two sweaty, rutting animals against the wall of the shower for longer than either of them could keep track of. It might have been one hour, or two, or longer. And that was before things got really filthy, even as Omar bashed his way in and out of Ranma's pussy again and again. By the time Omar finally pulled out of Ranma's gaping, dripping pussy, Ranma felt more exhausted than she had after any but her most brutal and grueling training sessions. Omar stepped back and let go of Ranma's waist, taking care not to be too abrupt.

Even so, Ranma couldn't keep her footing, between the wet floor and her own unsteady legs, sliding to a sort of inelegant seated position. Her fat rump hit the floor with a loud smack, tits heaving from the impact. As Ranma took a moment to try and gain her bearings, her hands rested on the floor behind her, gathering her knees up as she steadied herself. Omar walked around behind her, as her new position left her staring up at the ceiling at an odd angle.

"Ahh~" Ranma moaned as Omar took two handfuls of her hair, digging his fingers in deep at the roots of her luscious red locks. With a slow steady force he pulled her head backwards, until Ranma's chin was pointed at the ceiling and her eyes looking back at Omar's body standing straight above her-like this, his dick was pointing straight at her face like the barrel of some massive cannon. Without needing to be told, Ranma opened her mouth wide, even as part of her believed Omar's dick was simply too big to fit between her bright red lips.

That wasn't going to stop either of them from trying, of course.

"Glaargh, glcch, glhhhchh!~" Ranma's throat and mouth made lewd, vulgar glottal noises as Omar's cock slid between her lips, stretching her jaw to the utmost. He stood above her like some brutish executioner, forcing his cock ever deeper with steady, forceful thrusts, letting leverage and gravity help him violate Ranma's beautiful face. Her hot, tight throat was too much for Omar to resist, and his thrusts quickly picked up speed, as his grip on Ranma's head tightened as though he was holding a wide cup or bowl in his strong, brawny hands.

Even as she gagged and retched around the dick, learning first-hand what it meant to be truly skull-fucked by an enormous dick, Ranma's nasty cries had an unmistakable air of pleasure to them. Her mouth was being used as nothing more than a slick fuckhole for Omar to bury his dick, with little thought to her comfort or even her ability to breathe. Her back was arched in this rough position and looking ahead, all she could see was more of Omar's dick ready to sheathe itself in her throat, as his balls drew ever closer to her face.

"Mmmph, mmmph, mmhmmh~!" It was obvious that if Omar's dick wasn't plugging her mouth like a fallen tree sinking into a pond, Ranma would be screaming her lungs out in depraved pleasure. It would be hard for any outsider to tell who was more bestial-the hung, dark-skinned young man who was facefucking Ranma like a cheap whore, or Ranma herself, whose body spoke of obscene lewdness and whose moans made it clear she was a more than willing partner in her own degrading, humiliating facefuck. Even as Omar achieved the impossible and managed to get balls-deep in Ranma's spasming throat, feeling her tongue work against him as his balls slapped off her face, her cries grew more energetic even as they were further muffled.

Whap! Whap! Whap!

The sounds of Omar's balls hitting Ranma's face like a piece of training equipment getting used by a rough trainer filled the shower, along with Omar's deep grunts and Ranma's warbling, choked cries. Resting her weight on her feet, calves tense in a sinuous display of athleticism, Ranma's hands left the water-slick floor. Omar only held her tighter in his grasp, fingers no doubt leaving imprints in Ranma's skull as he fucked her throat with more and more urgency and not a trace for Ranma's well-being. Clearly he'd met the one woman strong enough to take such brutal treatment and not only endure it, but beg for more.

Even when she couldn't speak, despite her moans making her own ecstatic pleasure clear, Ranma got her message across. Her hands reached up and grabbed a hold of Omar's ass, squeezing at the firm, muscled cheeks there. Her intention was obvious, as she anchored her body in place and eagerly sucked and slurped at every inch of Omar's fat cock plunging in and out of her mouth.

*More, you brute. Fuck my face faster, **harder!** Mate with my throat like it was nothing more than a pocket pussy!*

She was not to be disappointed. With a few deep grunts, Omar's thrusts grew recklessly fast, sweat beading up on his forehead as his balls tightened, growing firm enough to leave clear marks on Ranma's face as he hilted himself in her head over and over. Ranma slapped his ass like spurring on a prize stallion.

"Take it you nasty slut, take that fat cock in your stupid face!" Omar said, his orgasm eroding whatever self-restraint he'd possessed before.

"Here it comes, swallow it down, you nasty bitch!" He held himself firm in Ranma's gullet, his balls grinding against her face, leaving traces of his nasty ball-sweat and stray pubes clinging to her disheveled features. His balls seemed to contract like two massive pumps as his orgasm rocketed through him, his cock trembling before the massive tip flared even larger in Ranma's throat, further blocking off her airway as jizz began to blast deep inside her.

Spllrt! Spllrt! Spllrch! Gulllp!

The sounds of Ranma eagerly trying to milk more jizz out of Omar's cock mingled with the nasty squirting sounds of his orgasm, as nasty hot ropes of his ball batter shot out like blasts from a firehose. Ranma felt incredible, intense heat inside her belly, as her stomach was used as nothing more than a jizz-trough for Omar's virile, Arab spunk. What felt like bucket after bucket of jizz was shot deep inside Ranma's stomach, while her hands weakly grabbed onto to Omar's massive nuts-each swarthy, leathery testicle large enough to fill her dainty hands and then some-and pulling gently but firmly, as if trying to milk her brutish lover like a bull.

Spllrt! Spllrt! Spllrt!

After what felt like nearly ten minutes or more, Omar slowly pulled out of Ranma's face, while she trembled and shook, collapsing to the floor in a sweaty heap. Her eyes rolled around in her head, but she was aware that Omar's dick was still rock hard, covered in flecks of his own leftover jizz and the nasty, cloudy ropes of spit and throat-slime she'd hacked up.

*He came enough to fill up my entire stomach like a goddamn living condom-and he's **still** hard. What a s-t-u-d~♥*

Having gotten his first massive orgasm of the day, Omar was determined to wring as many more out of Ranma's pliable Japanese fuckdoll body as he could, until she'd

taken every last drop his massive sperm tanks could hold. Looking down at her face, eyes crossed in a shameless display of lewdness, twinkling with naked lust, it was clear Ranma had the same thought in mind-as much as she could think after that brutal, oxygen-depriving, braincell-popping facefuck.

He reached down like picking up a discarded toy, winding one hand in Ranma's hair before yanking her back to her feet. Ranma giggled at this treatment, swooning on her feet as she let out a breathy, trembling sigh like some hopelessly romantic woman in a bad movie.

"AhH~you're so *strong*, baby." Ranma used to recoil in disgust at the idea of having sex with a man, or doing anything like that in her girl form, but now she was talking like a lovesick teen, deliriously happy. Even though her body felt it might collapse, she knew she had to stay strong-she wasn't just a woman now, she was *Omar's* woman and that meant she had a duty to please this hung alpha male and his obscene monster cock for all that she was worth.

Slowly, Ranma put her hands on the middle of the shower, holding onto the slick metal surface. She was bent perfectly at the waist, her head down, breasts hanging low like two enormous globes, and her ass high in the air. Ranma wiggled her hips, shaking the exaggerated heart shape of her meaty ass back at Omar, before looking over her shoulder. Her eyes were hungry, and she bit her lower lip in a display of obvious need.

"Come on, Omar...*please*. I want you to show me how to be even friends, now that I'm your-a girl, I mean. Treat me like a little fat-ass, come-swallowing *whore*." Ranma's words hissed as she wantonly, openly begged for further rough, brutal sex, barely able to remember why she had't been shaking her ass for Omar the entire time they'd been friends. It was no less than he deserved, with that perfect manly body and that virile cock, thicker by far than her bicep and long enough to leave her entire body feeling rearranged.

Omar grabbed Ranma's tiny waist with both hands, nearly able to circle the entire way around, marvelling at how her hips seemed to explode out from her trim midsection and into all that ass she carried around. Ranma's tits were truly out of this world, but her ass was a very close second, especially considering she was small and skinny enough otherwise for her fat, naturally clapping cheeks to be seen from the front, much as Omar could see the unmistakably round and perfect shape of her tits even standing behind her. Holding on tight like a mountain climber about to attempt a dangerous ascent, Omar thrust forward, slamming right back into Ranma's pussy with a slick, sloshing noise.

WHAM!

Ranma's aching twat was so wet that every thrust caused lewd nasty noises as her own pussy juices were forced out of the tight seal of her cunt lips wrapped around Omar's dick. She squealed from being impaled by all that cock, the impact of his hips on her ass causing a loud clapping noise to fill the showers. Her asscheeks bounced merrily as she was fucked like a bitch in heat, bent over in a crude position with her head down and ass up, clearly signalling her submission to Omar. With another series of heavy, hard thrusts, Ranma was screaming her lungs out, feeling her eyes roll back in her head. Omar felt even bigger in this position, and his dick seemed to plumb into new depths of her stretched-out pussy, hitting the back of Ranma's womb hard enough to reshape it, turning her into a living cocksleeve.

"Ooo-waahh! I'm fucking coming! Oh my fucking gawd, Omar you're fucking smashing that pussy! Show me who the man is, make me take every fucking inch!"

Ranma was forced up onto her tip-toes from the constant thrusts, and she happy threw her head back as she came her brains out around that cock. Omar leaned above her, one hand pulling on her hair, which prompted a shocked gasp from Ranma that swiftly turned into a pleasurable moan as her body was bent further. He was contorting her for his pleasure, pulling back on her hair like a disobedient child while fucking her cock hard enough to make her see stars, feeling like her orgasms were going to cause her to black out.

Her babbling soon ceased to form actual words, though her yells and screeches were loud enough, as Ranma's mind swirled with how thoroughly and deeply she'd been fucked and dominated by her strong best friend and his irresistible god-cock. Omar was smacking her fat ass with one hand, while his other fell away from Ranma's hair, almost making her whine in disappointment, before she began to yell again as his dick smashed into her cunt, making her heart flutter and her eyes seem to shine with pink hearts.

*Every part of my body is his-my fat swinging tits, my huge spankable ass, my tight little pussy, my wet hot mouth, even my hair is his to pull and yank on as much as he wants. I...love this cock so much and I love...him. I love Omar for showing me what a little fuckdoll slut **girl** I really am.*

“Kuh-cominng! I’m fucking coming on your cock again Omar, my little pussy is busted wide open for you and I-ahhk!”

Omar had grabbed his own discarded towel from the floor, the fabric now heavy, soaked through with water and wrapped it around Ranma’s neck. Silencing her cries, Omar tugged back on the towel, using it to simultaneously throttle Ranma and tug her backwards on his cock. Ranma felt herself bending backwards until her head was nearly looking backwards, her spine taking on a severe ‘O’ shape that would have potentially hospitalized your average girl, to say nothing of the actual choking.

But as Omar looked down at Ranma’s face, thrusting savagely into her drenched pussy, it was obvious Ranma was only turned on even further. Her tongue flopped out of her mouth, eyes rolling back in her head as her complexion darkened, first turning a dark red and then a bright shade of purple. Juices splattered the floor as she squirted heavily around Omar’s fuckpole, and he groaned as her pussy grew even tighter. Hearts danced in Ranma’s eyes as she came her brains out, her hands playing with her massive breasts as Omar pounded her from behind, holding her close like some thug holding her captive. Warbling and gasping as she was, it was clear that if Ranma could speak, the only thing she could do would be to beg for more.

What a slut Ranma had turned out to be, beyond anything Omar could have expected or hoped for. Were all Japanese women such hopeless cock-addicted bitches? He didn’t know, but he was certain that no one could match Ranma’s physical endurance as well as her own seemingly endless desire for depravity. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t try. He thrust into her deeply, punctuating the crashing impact of his hips with further verbal degradation, even as he let go of the towel to spank Ranma’s fat ass.

“You nasty fucking slut!”

Wham! Wham! Wham!

“Your pussy gets so tight from being choked, its like you’re trying to milk the come out of me, Ranma-chan!”

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

“This pussy belongs to me now, and I’m gonna use it until you can’t even walk straight anymore!”

WHAMWHAMWHAM

Mewling like a kitten, Ranma was suddenly thrown forward, as Omar's dick was punching into her so hard it actually knocked her off the massive length. She ended up sprawled on the floor, her fall cushioned by her fat tits, even as her cheek rested against the cold wet tiles.

"Oh, where are you going, you big-titted bimbo? I'm not done with you yet, not when we're being so friendly." Omar teased, while Ranma used what little sense she had left to look up at him *faux-coyly*, wiggling that fat ass at him from her prone position.

In an instant, Omar was laying on top of Ranma, pinning her small body to the floor as his cock slammed back into her pussy. His thrusts were so strong that Ranma's entire body shook beneath him as their fucking carried them across the floor slowly. Leaving behind a trail of their sweat as well as Ranma's leaking pussy juices as the rutting pair continued to be lost in their fuck frenzy.

The next thing Ranma knew, Omar had hefted her up from the ground while still keeping his dick buried in her pussy. Her head rolled backwards as he forced her legs up, his elbows locked behind her knees as his hands gripped the back of her neck. Apparently wanting a change of scenery, Omar was quite literally fucking Ranma while walking, carrying her in a brutal full nelson position. Ranma moaned, leaning her head to lick and bite at Omar's neck, babbling into his ear about how much she loved being his "dirty Japanese pocket pussy".

Eventually, the pair were in the deserted school pool, just next to the locker room, as Omar slowly stepped inside, never slowing down in his constant pounding of Ranma's ass. She did her best to bounce up and down for him, absurdly flashing a pair of "V" signs with her hand, fitting in signaling Omar's complete victory over Ranma. The dick-drunk redhead could probably break Omar in half if she wanted to, but it was clear that the fat ass girl with more tits than brains would rather get her pussy busted open by his nasty, sweaty cock.

"I've got something I've always wanted to try with a slut like you, Ranma-chan. You've got a set of lungs on you, but let's see how long you can *really* hold your breath." Omar said.

Ranma just shivered in his hands in response, grinding that fat booty back against his firm pelvis, feeling his balls clap off her ass.

“Yes baby, yes, whatever you want! You can take whatever you want from me, use my fucking body, just don’t stop fucking me! I’m all yours, big boy~”

Omar smirked at that, in full agreement. Ranma was going to find out exactly what “whatever he wanted” really meant. Something told him she was gonna love it.

With his thighs covered by the water, Omar tilted Ranma in his hands, her legs falling into the water as her arms dangled uselessly. Slowly he pulled out of her leaking pussy, smacking his fat dick off her asscheeks in turn. Ranma stared into the water, seeing her reflection gazing back at her: with smeared tears, sweat and even a few of Omar’s pubes on her face, along with puffy eyes from tears of ecstatic joy and disheveled hair, she was almost unrecognizable. But then, that suited Ranma just fine-she’d lived with this curse for quite some time, but today was the first day she’d truly transformed into a woman.

Omar held Ranma easily, one hand on her waist and the other gripping her hair as he lined his dick up with her tight little asshole.

“Ehh? Omar what are you-you can’t possibly put your dick in *there*, it just won’t fit!” Ranma managed to sound both slightly alarmed by the prospect, and also just a tiny bit...disappointed. Not that it mattered as with a few slow, steady pushes, Omar’s cock began to grind into her tight asshole, spearing her open like a poor thief trying to pick a keyhole with a crowbar, forcing it ever wider.

“AHHHHH! Fuck, fucking **shit!** Your cock is splitting me open, you’re breaking me in half! My ass! There’s a big fat cock *tearing* my ass apart! Ohmigwad, I’m gonna-bblrb!”

Ranma’s cries were cut off as Omar dunked her head under the water, spearing deeper into her ass with a few solid thrusts. Ranma flailed a bit under the water, but made no real move to bring her head above the surface. Instead, even as her mind rebelled against what she thought was impossible-taking a cock more than two *shaku* in length up her tiny virgin asshole-her body once more gave in. Her asscheeks slid across Omar’s cock, hotdogging his length as he buried himself in his shitpipe.

Once he was buried all the way inside, forcing Ranma’s stomach, already slightly bloated by the amount of sperm she’d gulped down earlier, to bulge out, then Omar began truly fucking Ranma in earnest. He’d never dreamed he’d get to fuck a woman up

the ass, but someone as slutty as Ranma brought out desires that he'd barely known he had. Her body was so lewd, so vulgar, she was a nasty ass-fucking, dick worshipping foreign infidel bitch, and he was gonna show her exactly what that meant.

"Take every inch you fucking slut! When I'm done with you, you're gonna be shitting out my come for days, you nasty bitch! Fuck, it feels like your ass is practically trying to *suck* my dick in deeper, like it never wants to let me go. Your little fuckdoll body was built for nothing but sex, it's like you were made for this Ranma-chan!"

Wham! Wham! Wham!

Omar gouged Ranma's ass as hard as he could, knowing that a slut like her was meant to broken in and shown no mercy. After nearly five minutes of frenzied, break-neck pace ass reaming, he pulled back on her hair, causing Ranma's head to break the surface, water flying behind in a crescent wave. Her legs were shaking under the water with every thrust, as though she were having a seizure.

"What do you think, buddy? Do you like this fat cock up your ass?" Omar said, having to raise his voice to be heard above all the splashing their bodies were making, along with Ranma's fat ass still *clap clap clapping* away against each other in constant waves of rippling booty.

"Oooh fuck-shove my head back down you nasty motherfucker! I don't wanna breathe!" Ranma replied, as he lifted her legs up to wrap around Omar's waist once more. Omar just chuckled and shoved her her head back under, thrusting even faster in the tight, gripping anal passage. Bubbles broke the surface of the water as Ranma screamed out in ecstasy, feeling her body light up in unspeakable waves of overwhelming, soul-searing pleasure.

I love that fat cock up my ass! My brain feels like it's melting, and my body feels like its on fire! My ass is coming around that fat cock so hard I think I might pass out! I just want more cock up my ass, more more more!

"Ah fuck that ass is tight!" Omar grunted, shoving Ranam deeper under the water until her head nearly touched the bottom of the pool. The only thing above water now was her ass, bouncing and clapping as he pounded into Ranma like she was a living ona-hole.

“Rr, fuck, I’m gonna come! I’m gonna come deep in this fat ass!” Omar hilted himself as he blew an even fatter load than before, positively filling Ranma’s shitpipe with his sperm. Ranma came again and again, knowing that her most vulnerable, tightest hole was nothing but a trough for Omar’s superior Arab jizz. She was being used like a fuckpig, and she’d never been happier.

Eventually Omar was sitting on the edge of the pool, while yanking Ranma free of the water like a drowned rat.

“Fuck, your nasty infidel ass made such a mess of my cock-I came so much inside your ass, my dick is still covered. Now clean me up.” He ordered, his voice making it clear this was practically an honor as far as Ranma was concerned which she agreed with.

“MMph,, mpph, mmm...I can taste my ass on your cock, along with all this nasty thick come. It’s driving me fucking crazy.” Ranma said, her voice slightly slurred as though she were intoxicated, body still trying to recover from the dozens of orgasms that had been wrung out of her by this cock. She licked up and down the surface of it, taking her time to savor every inch.

“Mm..thank you for beating my pussy up with this cock, for fucking rearranging my asshole with this monster. Mmm...I just wanna suck this cock for fucking *hours*.” Ranma hefted her tits up as she practically inhaled the tip of Omar’s cock. Soon she was giving him a lewd tiffuck and blowjob at the same time, wrapping him in the silky embrace of her massive jugs while deepthroating enough cock to choke a python, gagging on that dick like it was her job.

“Ahh fuck, you nasty little slut! It feels like you’re trying to suck the jizz right out of my balls!” Omar grunted, biting his lip as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm him. He pushed her head down further, though Ranma barely needed the encouragement, happily swallowing his dick down to the balls. Omar leant above her, burying her head against this body, his abs pressing against her forehead as her nose was practically clogged by his dark, curly thick pubes. Letting out nasty wet choking noises that somehow sounded euphoric, Ranma stuck her tongue out like a wriggling worm, licking at Omar’s balls with urgent enthusiasm.

Ranma blew hot spittle all over Omar’s fat nuts, trying to crane her mouth open wider still. Omar let out a low groan at how good it felt as well as how unspeakably lewd Ranma really was-this bitch was really trying to shove his balls in her mouth while every inch of his cock was buried down her throat at the same time! Practically unhinging her

jaw, Ranma was able to suck one fat, wrinkly testicle in her mouth, before reluctantly popping it out to suck on the other, coating Omar in her saliva. For the first time, Omar almost felt like Ranma was in true control of the situation, as her inherent sexiness and willingness to do any act, no matter how filthy, was too much to resist.

“Ahh fuck yeah!” He groaned, feeling his balls boiling over with sperm. Jizz shot out into Ranma’s stomach, and she moaned happily, gulping down in time with his shots like a drunken sorority sister doing a kegstand. This time, Omar pulled back, even as Ranma whined at that cock leaving her stretched gullet. Still, her hands and tits got back to work on his shaft immediately, wanking him off right in her face.

“That’s it baby, give it all for me, shoot that hot load on my face, ah yes♥~”

Rope after rope of nasty ball broth squirted out onto Ranma’s face, covering her utterly like someone had poured a bucket of paint on her head. She moaned, smacking her lips as she scooped the virile goo off with her fingers, almost daintily licking them clean as she savored every drop. Omar tilted his cock a bit, spraying the rest of his massive load over her tits, coating the huge bra-busters in a grid of his tacky, off-white seed. Ranma cooed at the feeling of it, swooning at the fact that such a virile, studly hunk of a man was coming on her body.

Finally finished for the moment, Omar jerked the last few drops right in Ranma’s beautiful hair, before smacking her in the face with his heavy, ponderous bell-end. Though softened somewhat, he was still packing enough meat to leave bright red marks on Ranma’s face, and she giggled at the rough treatment. Her best buddy was being so playful with her...she’d never thought that being best friends with a boy could be so enjoyable. Omar huffed and puffed while Ranma floated in the water almost languidly, looking like some otherworldly mermaid who’d just gotten the complete *shit* fucked out of her.

Ranma smiled playfully up at her foreign fuck partner, even as her tongue still lapped at his heavy, wrinkled balls. The scent of him made her pussy, which felt well and truly sore from the balls-deep pounding he’d given her, ache with need.

“Well, bud, now that we’re so close...I should really introduce you to my mom. I think she’ll like meeting my Boy-I mean, *best* friend...”

Ranma paused, laying a deep, warm kiss on Omar's fat nuts, breathing in the heady musk of his body through her dainty nose. Her eyes twinkled at him like a playful schoolgirl, though her stained and flushed face spoke to her true fuckdoll nature.

“And you'll just love her.”

To Be Continued...