

Beacon Academy

Pyrrha and Yang walked into the empty classroom, paying more attention to the nearly vacant desks and cobwebbed board than to its sole occupant, who was sitting at one desk drumming his fingers on it slowly. They clearly noticed him but just as clearly weren't giving him much attention. The two of them had been picked for welcome wagon duty for the new student and been unable to get out of it.

Pyrrha gave him a small nod of her head, red hair bouncing around her skirt. She'd nearly forgotten about the new student and missed a button or two on her shirt, leaving it askew and oddly tight. Neither girl was wearing their blazer, either.

Yang, for her attempt at greeting, simply gave a lazy wave that was barely in the student's direction. She didn't notice because she wasn't looking anywhere near him instead doing math in her head as to how long she'd have to play greeting girl to this newbie.

The pair absently left the door behind them, half-shut, expecting not to spend much time in the boring classroom when they had the whole boring Academy to walk around.

“Sorry we're late, and all.” Pyrrha said, not sounding sorry at all.

“Yeah, what she said.” Yang muttered, twirling one finger about her golden hair.

Slowly, the boy stood up, having to wiggle a bit to extricate himself from the desk. Even the six foot tall Pyrrha thought he was a big guy, and he practically towered over the shorter Yang. He was already wearing a Beacon uniform, though it didn't fit him much better than the Yang's old one fit her (it was from at least a year ago, she thought, and it showed in how tight it was about her chest and how far from being modest the skirt was), given his bulk. He was a big guy, deeply tan with broad shoulders, long arms and a torso that was somewhere between muscular and just plain big. A guy who clearly liked to work out and eat in equal measure, handsome in a sort of square-jawed, poorly put together kind of way-his pants couldn't have been worn more than once or twice and they already had wrinkles.

“It's, like, nice to meet you.” Pyrrha mentioned. That was odd-she was disinterested sure but she rarely talked like that. Must have been some of the other, dumber girls at the school rubbing off on her with their vulgar speech patterns

“Yeah, sure.” Yang piped in, finding it hard to form a complete sentence. She tugged at her skirt, not sure if it was better to pull it down and make some attempt at looking like she cared about being presentable right now, or just go with it and yank it up and remind anyone who cared to look that her legs were as beautiful as the rest of her. For whatever reason, she found her nostrils flaring.

There was something about this guy...he smelled, but not entirely unpleasantly and in a way neither girl exactly recognized.

For his part, the new student seemed as uninterested as they were, though the source of his distraction was more obvious. Given his height advantage, the boy was making full use of that and openly ogling the girl's tits. Yang's were straining against her small shirt and from the looks of her nipples she clearly wasn't wearing a bra, while Pyrrha had arranged her buttons unintentionally in such a manner to leave nearly the entire top half of her breasts and display and the bottom half of her shirt tight enough to only aid in pushing them up some.

Pyrrha took a deep whiff, not meaning to be so blatant in smelling this guy, and shifted her stance a bit, arms crossed under her breasts, legs shifting to slightly beyond shoulder distance. Yang simply cocked one of her hips to the side, staring at the backs of her nails, deciding that pretending to care about this welcome committee crap was too much work.

"Nice to meet you two." He said something else, but neither girl seemed to notice. It was like there was an invisible cloud in the air, fogging things up a bit. They examined the student, to see what might be causing this stench-and then they froze.

In his wrinkled, rumpled pants was the hugest, thickest bulge they'd ever seen in their lives. Their boredom vanished in an instant and they were suddenly staring at him openly. Well, his crotch at least-neither girl could have told you what color eyes he had (hazel) or what his hair looked like (dark brown, shaggy, and falling in his face) at that moment but they could have described the tent (one of those big, fits the whole family, attaches to an RV, hang a half dozen lanterns inside kinds) that was being pitched in his pants.

Yang's fingers curled in her skirt and Pyrrha took a deep, deep breath, sucking in the room's growing stench and they were now paying enough attention to actually hear what he was saying.

"...and that's why I'm here. So, what are your names?"

"Pyrrha." Yang said, before noticing her error.

She snapped to attention, her hands coming up a bit and taking her skirt with them-the hemline was now somewhere just below her belly button and her bright red panties were on full display

"Oh, sorry! I'm Yang Xiao..."

She licked her lips, openly, tasting a thin film of undeniable musk on them. It was foul and delicious at the same time.

"Long." She huffed. "Right, Pyrrha."

Pyrrha let out her breath, and didn't hear the soft 'pop' of her shirt buttons bursting open, showing a vast expanse of tit flesh barely contained by a lacy white bra that was doing a poor job of hiding anything.

"Yes, very long." She agreed. "I mean, right, I'm Pyrrha Dickos...I mean, Nikos!"

For just an instant, finding it very difficult indeed, both girls looked away from the growing bulge and looked at each other, needing to look at something else just to make sure they were still seeing things clearly. There was some unspoken conversation going on before they looked back to the male's bulge.

Thump!

The sound of two pairs of knees hitting the floor filled the otherwise quiet room, as the girls snapped into a new position, backs straight, tits up and proud, and eyes gleaming.

The boy smiled at them. "You two must be tired from carrying around such huge racks."

Finding it impossible to respond in any other way, the girls giggled a bit, with Yang making a playful 'oh shush' gesture with her hand while Pyrrha merely nodded emphatically, head bobbing and tits bouncing.

"We're not the only ones carrying something huge around." The redhead breathed, her voice almost sultry, which was new for her.

Again something passed between the girls and they looked up at him, acting as one as their hands went to work-Pyrrha undid his belt with fingers trembling in anticipation, and Yang was tugging at his waistband with such urgency that it was clear his pants were coming off and maybe never coming back on.

Their eyes, practically glowing and bulging out of their head in delight at what they had seen so far and rampant desire to see more, locked with the boy's. The two, who weren't exactly sisterly, BFF types, spoke with one mind.

"Welcome to Beacon!" Cheekily playful, yet with a breathy and sinful undertone.

His pants were yanked down clear to his ankles and immediately forgotten as Yang flat-out shredded his boxers, tearing them down the side and tossing them to one corner of the room-neither wanted anything getting in the way of their view of this...

"Cock" Again they spoke at the same time.

Jutting forth from the middle of his hairy, strong looking thighs was a dick that looked like it belonged on a prize-winning farm animal. He was clearly a Faunus, they realized, with a penis that looked to be as long as the average person's leg, or more with a swollen, slightly horse-like cocktip that bobbed dangerously in the air under its own massive weight.

With his balls exposed, each girl felt that the musk they smelled earlier was a pleasant bouquet of flowers next to the pure stench that assaulted their brains and noses. Eyes watering, clear heart-shapes replacing their irises.

Deciding it was only fair to share a similar state of undress, Yang took two hands on her shirt and ripped it open, sending buttons bouncing around the room as she shrugged her way out of the garment, braless jugs on full display, a massive rack that seemed to easily be the most impressive thing about her physicality-and this was a woman who could kick down a door with ease. Pyrrha leaned her face forward and shifted her knees, balancing on one hand as she stuck her ass out, pulling her skirt up until it was practically a belt, her heavenly ass on display as she artfully tossed her hair to one side, so as to not impede the view.

Inches away from the massive, swollen, grimey-looking dick, the girl's licked their lips as if savoring a wonderful meal laid out before them.

"Holy fucking shit." Yang said, studying every inch of the cock before her.

Pyrrha suddenly remembered why they were there, to welcome a new student, and decided to go with that...with a twist. "So you'll be our classmate, right? For the whole year? You've just got to stay!"

"Well, maybe..." He drawled, reaching his hands out a bit towards the girl's. Pyrrha tilted her face, rubbing her cheek against his palm like an animal while Yang gripped his wrist and brought it down to her ass, shaking it in his grip, letting him feel how firm and perfect her teenage body was.

"Oh, plleeese!?" Yang said, pushing her tits forward. "We'll be your best friends! We'll help you out whenever you need it. Here, you can...fuck our tits!"

Both girls quickly removed whatever shred of clothing they had covering their racks and scooted closer, letting his hands roam over their bodies. There was a bit of pushing, shoving, and high-pitched offended gasps as the girls struggled to determine which of them got to rub their huge jugs on his giant swarthy balls first.

Finally it was agreed that Pyrrha got to work his cockhead, which stunk like day old piss and gallons of fresh jizz with her tits while Yang got right up against him, fitting in the crook of his thighs like a glove as she trailed her nipples against his satchel-sized nutsack, cooing openly at how hot they felt on her porcelain tits.

"Here, do you like it like this? Nice and..umf...firm?" Pyrrha asked, squeezing her tits around his cocktip and marvelling at how difficult it was to make it disappear in the valley of her breast-meat. His cock was so hot, and thick. She pumped him nice and slow, wanting to enjoy every delirious second of dick to jug contact, sliding up and down, gripping him sinfully tight, her fingers squeezing her own knockers so much her finger-tips disappeared into sinful indentations on the buoyant spheres.

“No, no, not like that!” Yang scolded her. “He likes it fast, like this!”

She pumped up and down, taking advantage of how close she was to his body to lean forward, tongue scooping out and slurping at his pubic hair, wondering how heavy and dirty they felt on her tongue-like steel wool someone had left at the bottom of a filth-encrusted kitchen drain.

The two girls bickered over which of them was better at pleasing the hung stud with their pillowy, plush chest puppies, sticking their tongues out at each other petulantly.

“You’re not doing it right!” Pyrrha sniped.

“Me?” Yang growled playfully, drawing a moan from their hung new classmate with the extra effort she put in squeezing his cock, even going so far as to bat his balls from side to side with her massive mammaries.

“You’ve got to rub your tits all over this big fat cock, like this!” The blonde put action to words by squeezing and turning her tits like a steering wheel, making sure to lift them up and let his dick rub, slide, and bump up against every part of her tits, from cleavage to nipples to soft, untouched underside.

Pyrrha gave her fellow chesty slut a small sniff of approval-or maybe she was just inhaling more dick msuk. “Yeah, really grind his dick-sweat into those tits...”

Both girls were too far gone to realize the door to the classroom was still open and at anytime someone walking by would see that the two girls (one of whom had a boyfriend) who were among the hottest pieces of ass at Beacon Academy were using two of the largest pairs of tits to be found anywhere, all for the pleasure of some Faunus with a cock that looked positively monstrous. If the new student noticed, he was a little too preoccupied to say anything.

Yang glanced up at him, having to crane her neck in her awkward, knees spread position, pussy on pure display in the ruins of her tattered skirt as she tried to look past her own upraised tits and the massive cock and balls looming over her face and casting it into near permanent shadow. She winked at the virile man, her voice at once lustily teasing and completely, dead-ass serious. “Well, big boy, I hope this is a good enough welcome to the school for you, eh?”

Yang wanted this to be an enjoyable welcome for the boy, desperately. She needed him to stay and never ever leave, taking that big cock and these wonderful---mmm, fat dirty nuts with him. Her tongue snaked out and slurped up a handful of loose pubic hairs and accumulated filth from the wrinkled folds of skin on his giant sperm sacks. She punctuated her words with a series of tit-popping movements that showed that hand to hand combat wasn’t her only physical talent-indeed it may have been her lesser one compared to this display of raw titfucking.

Pyrrha would have called Yang out for her odd, undeniably slutty behavior, if her mind wasn't so dazed and confused. Being this close to the pre-come drooling piss-slut of the teen's cockhead was doing something to her...no matter what, she couldn't stop herself from sticking her tongue out and slurping up every drop of nasty pre- his dick leaked, and yet there was always more no matter how much she swallowed. And she loves this cock for that.

"we're so glad you could come and join us here." Her voice was alluring yet amazed-not just at this wonderful, bullish cock but also at her own actions. What would Jaune think if he could see her now, her every action urging this beast to plow her tits ever faster and harder with his mighty prick-sword?

Her brain honestly couldn't come up with an answer to that, likely because the only thing she was thinking was a distinctly new thought for her...something along the lines of 'hubba hubba'. Even as Pyrrha tried to focus, her tongue lolled out, getting stuck in the folds of his grimy foreskin and she nearly pissed herself with come at the sweet, burning, awful taste.

The boy drew yelps and gasps of dismay as he moved back a little, but only just, sliding his cock out from the twin pleasurable, squeezing grasps of their writhing, heaving tits. Hopping up a bit, he seated himself on the empty teacher's desk and patted either side of the wood next to him, his eyes and his gesture suggesting he was treating the desirable women like nothing more than favored pets.

They responded just as eagerly, clambering atop the desk with little grace and plenty of outright eagerness, though that only served to highlight their base, undeniable sensuality, two taut teen bodies unblemished by age or any sort of flaw. The tatters of their clothes only added to their stunning attractiveness as they moved onto the desk, Pyrrha on his right, Yang to his left.

"Oh this is even better!" Yang said, her tongue sticking out and digging in at his massive cockhead.

Pyrrha draped her scarlet hair over his body, loving that he was taller and broader than even Jaune, sticking her face right into his stinky, hairy, odious crotch and practically blowing bubbles into his balls, shaking her smushed-in face from this side to that. She didn't bother closing her eyes, even though she could barely see; at this point getting blinded by his awesome balls and stinging cockfilth was an idea that only turned her on more.

"You know what?" The boy said, stroking Yang's soft golden tresses and palming Pyrrha's head in a fashion equally controlling and comforting. Both girls practically squealed like pre-teens at a concert at his slightest touch.

"I think I'm gonna like it here."

He went on, moaning a bit as the girls got into a rhythm, stacking their tits over top of one another and giving him a double tit-fuck that would have made him the envy of every make at Beacon, as if his giant throbbing cock didn't already do that.

"Though I haven't been assigned to a team yet, here. You guys do dorm rooms by teams right? Maybe I can bunk with one of you?"

Yang giggled at this, looking up at him cheekily.

"Yeah, that would be a great way for you to get a little closer to me, eh? Spend a little quality time~" She winked with an almost audible heart beaming in her eye.

Pyrrha heaved her tits up and down, loving the way his cock just slid between them, all sweaty and hot and strong like it was the most natural thing in the world for her to do. Still, she couldn't let the dumb blonde get away with saying stupid shit like that.

She actually cleared her throat a bit, sounding very sure of herself. "Actually, I suspect he will want to be with me....In my team's dorm, I mean."

His hips soon started to thrust, only adding to every pump of the twin sets of giant tits practically drowning him in the flesh of their sweet soft teenage bodies. "Well, that's a difficult decision to make...why should I join your teams?"

"Cause I'm hotter, duh!" Yang said, glaring at Pyrrha.

"Hardly. Besides, this big hung stud wants a woman who actually knows how to dress herself-you weren't even wearing a bra today cause you're such an obvious slut."

"I'm a slut? You're the one who has a boyfriend and yet practically threw yourself at this big...umf...handsome man!"

Yang looked up at the boy she was already mentally referring to her as "her stud", deciding he might need a little extra convincing.

"My team is all hot girls, stud! One of them is even my sister-though of course none of them are as hot as me."

Pyrrha simply grit her teeth, increasing the amount of pressure she was using to wank this tremendous cock with her tits, spitting all over the massive pole and herself to coat it and make it slick and nasty, a perfect tool for fucking the giant funbags of two sluts like her and the goldilocks girl.

"Ok, so I have a boyfriend, so what? He's just that-a boy. But you are a big, strong, umf, fucking stud with this great fat, come-churning god-dick!"

She paused, not in realization over what she was saying, but just to blow an errant strand of her hair out of her face. Pyrrha didn't seem anything in her words with sparing a second thought over.

"One of my teammates, Nora is a bubbly little scatter-brain. She's got nothing better to think of than doing jumping-jacks for your amusement and sucking on this big fat dick. We'll make you very welcome-mwah" She spat her saliva and hot wet breath over his dick, mouth straining and tongue lolling out as she let him wallow in the pleasure of her wondrous tits.

"That's what matters right?"

His thrusting grew more violent, and each girl felt a secret sick thrill as they hoped desperately for him to orgasm, each thinking that was the greatest gift they could give him. Making this big fat dick nut all over them would be all he deserved, and a far greater reward than they could ever have previously dreamt of.

"Ok, so get to the important shit. Do any of them take it up the ass? How big are their tits?" His initial demeanour had seemed polite enough, if a little stand-offish but now it seemed that despite having a cock equal to a bull's, he had a pig's sensibility.

Either girl would have yelled at a boy who dared to speak so vulgarly before-either to them or about other girls, even ones who weren't strictly their friends. Women deserve respect! We're more than just tits and ass!

At least, that was what they used to think.

As it was, neither girl batted an eyelid at his crude words and only focused on outdoing the other in giving him a tit-fuck he wouldn't soon forget (indeed they were already planning to give him a reminder at the nearest opportunity). If anything, they were giving his question serious thought.

Yang piped up grinning, happy to think of something that he might enjoy.

"Muh-my sister, Ruby," She was finding it somewhat difficult to talk, she was focusing on fucking him with her tits just so, and the feeling was driving her crazy, arousal dripping down her thighs onto the wood of the desk.

"She's a virgin! Wouldn't it feel great just to split her in half with this great big greasy cock of your's? She'd never want another man! A-and there's a rich bitch from the Schnee family on the team, a pale little beauty whose whole body would turn red around your cock, and there's even a Faunus, like you. A little catgirl, she'd be your little pocket pussy!"

Pyrrha tched at this. What a shameless slut Yang was, to try and use the other members of her team as bribery for this hunk? "Nuh-Nora's tits are just as big as mine! And both her boyfriend and even...muh, mine, will do whatever you want, so long as we tell them to!"

The girl's tits were practically flying up and down his flagpole of cock now, each trying to outdo the other, not caring about anything like their self-respect or dignity when compared to pleasing this man and getting him off using their toned, athletic, sex-on-legs bodies.

They looked at each other, smiling despite their 'competition' as they began to hear grunts and groans emanating from their lover's broad barrel chest. His hips surged and his balls smacked at the underside of their tits as his orgasm began to overtake them. His balls almost audibly churned, and his already hard dick tensed like steel in between their milktanks.

"Take it, you stupid fucking sluts!" His cock erupted over them, the massive veins tensing as his cock-cannon squirted load after load over their massive tits, coating them utterly. They could feel the come surging up his dick, watching the underside swell and pulse with the massive blasts of spunk, an off-white, almost yellowy color that soon had the entire room stinking like sex and filth. It blasted into their eyes, their hair, and all over their tits, painting them from top to bottom and leaving only the sight of their hard nipples poking out from the sex swamp he'd turned their tits into.

It pooled in their cleavage and dripped down onto the desk with heavy, foul wet sounds. Pyrrha and Yang kept jerking him, wanting to coax every drop out and sounding absolutely delighted with moans, squeaks, and coos that he had chosen them to be his sperm receptacles, not at all offended at some brute emptying his nuts all over their formerly-pristine bodies.

Neither girl had ever had anyone come on their tits-or face, or any part of their body really. And they had never, ever imagined a man's sperm could be so thick, or so strong-smelling, or that there could be so very much of it. It was enough to make them swoon.

Yang looked downright impressed, like she'd seen a fellow student demonstrate a cool new combat technique. She grinned up at him, teeth coated with his ball-snot. "Fuck, you emptied your balls right over our giant tits, just like that? You even came in my hair!"

Everyone at Beacon knew how vain Yang was about her hair-of course, this new student had no idea and probably wouldn't give a good goddamn if he did.

"Nice fucking job!" Yang breathed out, eyes almost straining inside her skull with her wide-faced joy.

Pyrrha stuck her tongue out, displaying the pile of sperm and smegma there for all to see before swallowing it down, her eyes beaming up at him. See, I can do what-ever you want~

"Oh poor Jaune. He'd never measure up to this dick, not in a million years. I'd feel bad for him-but for some reason, I actually feel really fucking good."

Yang went on, still grinning, not caring to hear about limpdick Jaune, or any other man from now on.

“But I’m not really a slut, you know.” Even covered in spunk, she had the audacity to sound coy.

“I just think I’m a little nauuught-oo!” There was a hawking sound as her new stud spat right in her face, gluing one of her pretty eyes shut and startling her into thigh-soaked silence.

“Sluts, whores, nothing but tits for brains, the both of you. Cease your fucking squawking and make out for me.”

They moved to obey, not even questioning his tone or why it just made them want to slam their heads on the desk and give him praise, when he stopped them again, less than an inch from each other’s lips. Neither had kissed a girl before, but they were all for it right now, tongues stuck out and saliva filling their mouths in anticipation.

“Not like, do it around my cock!”

Pyrrha was first to respond, her hand wrapping itself in Yang’s beautiful, come-soaked hair and pulling her forward as they began to make out around his dick. Their plush, moist lips smushed around his cocktip, spit swapping back and forth as they moaned at each other’s touch. It felt good to kiss another slut, another one of his slut’s they thought, not realizing how odd such a thing was to consider. All they felt was the hot sensation of each other’s mouth, his turgid pulsing meat between their lips, each of them trying to lick up the last dregs of his spunk, tongues rooting around in his foreskin as though they were searching for buried treasure.

They only briefly kissed each other properly, with Pyrrha going so far as to lick at the spit on Yang’s face-just to get another taste of him- and swapping spit in a degrading, openly lezzing out for a man’s pleasure sort of way. It was ok if he wanted it.

Then they went back to making out around-making out with, practically-his dicktip, bright pink hearts visible in their eyes. It was with slight reluctance that they broke the kiss with a loud ‘mhaw!’ sound, giving each small, almost shy glances. Giving a titjob to such a wonderful dick was one thing, but making out with another girl was...strange?

Yang looked up at him, grinning like a loon. “Sooo, question time! Which team have you decided to bunk with, stud?”

Pyrrha chimed in, slurping at his dick and only taking a few pauses to speak.

“Sooh...do yew hafe a girlfriend?” Her mouth was practically clamped around his stinky cock-tip, slurping on his foreskin and muffling her speech.

“Or a place to take a piss in the morning? I’m not picky, either is fine with me.”

They were very different girls, to be sure. One of them with a boyfriend that she had only recently confessed her love to, and now she was having trouble remembering his last name, and the other single and fine with it, not sparing boys much thought and preferred to tease them. Both of them proud in their way, though one was kind and the other a little more brassy, full of herself.

“You know, even if you do have a girlfriend, I don’t mind sharing.” Yang mentioned, showing an uncharacteristic desire to share anything-she’d make an exception for this cock.

“And if you ever don’t feel like taking a shower, i’ll just lick you clean!” Pyrrha said cheerfully.

“I’ll even...clean your asshole with my tongue, and walk around with a big, fat, heavy belly full of your piss every day!....If, if you want that is.” She added, trying to sound demure.

“What a filthy redhead slut.” Yang said scornfully. Then without missing a beat, she added.

“I’ll let you wipe your ass on my face, use my wonderful hair as your fucking toilet paper-buuut you have to join my team.”

For being so different, both of them looked like they had been driven mad by this new boy and his amazing, awe-inspiring, mind-breaking cock.

“You have time to give us one more load, right?” Yang asked, realizing he was still hard-the fucking stallion that he was.

“Your cuh-jizz like is so potent, so powerful.” Pyrrha breathed, unable to call such spunk something as bland as ‘come’.

“You could probably get us pregnant just through our mouths!”

The thought of that-getting knocked up like dumb breeding sows, was enough to make both Pyrrha and Yang moan exaggeratedly as they kissed all over his cock, each imagining what it would feel like to have this big mean man just drop a baby in them like it was nothing and go on about his life. It made them sopping wet just thinking of it.

Yang and Pyrrha paused in their dick-slurping, almost at the brink of an argument over who was better suited to suck his cock first. Yang touched her finger to her chin, slurping old dry sperm from one dainty fingertip as she thought. The same thing had obviously occurred to Pyrrha and they both locked eyes with their new man-although it was better to say they were his.

“So big boy,” Pyrrha said, sounding very flirtatious and very little like herself. “What’s your name?”

The End.