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Summary: Choji was a nice kid. Didn't stop his classmates from bullying him though, or his teacher's looking at him like he was dirt, or his parents from consoling him with disappointment on their faces. He could have held out and grown up to be a good Shinobi. Then again, what if he got his act together, stopped taking the abuse and instead chose to be a great one?

The life of a Shinobi wasn't kind.

He'd once been a gentle child. He'd been quiet, polite, courteous. Compassion had been his bread and butter with the big boned child refusing to raise a hand against almost anyone, no matter their mocking jeers or the inherent cruelty of children sensing weakness. If there was one thing Choji had in abundance, it was kindness.

At least... He *used* to.

There's only so much a child can take after all. Shikamaru, his best friend, had helped as well as he could but even he couldn't hold back the weight of their peers taunting and the irritation in their teachers' eyes.

Even his parents, despite how much they loved him, hadn't made any great effort to hide their opinion of his softer nature. Sure, they'd tried to comfort and reassure him but at the end of the day, he was still fat, still too scared to hit back, still far too *weak* for the life of a Ninja.

He'd had two choices really. He could get sad... Or he could get *tougher*.

“W-wait, Choji! Not-... not *here*!”

Turns out, bullies weren't nearly as intimidating when their nose looked like a squashed tomato. Choji hadn't just curled up and waited for it all to pass, waited for the weight to settle and his clan style to develop to the point where all that pain was worth it. No, he'd trained. He'd cried, he'd bled, he'd taken all that frustration and put it into hard work and sweat. Now? Now he'd *learned*.

“Seriously Choji, this is my *work*! You can’t just walk in here and-**GLURK!**”

The two thick fingers sliding in between juicy pink lips did a good enough job of gagging whatever the silly little slut was about to say and Choji couldn’t have stopped the muffled snort of derision if he tried. No matter how much her baby blue eyes widened as she wordlessly tried to plead with him, that didn’t stop her slick tongue from squirming and lapping at his digits while her lips tightened and she mindlessly began to *suck*.

With one long blonde bang swaying in front of her eye, Yamanaka Ino released a long suffering sigh as she realised the fruitlessness of trying to refuse her large, *bulky* teammate. Ten years ago she could have never imagined being stuck like this, wouldn’t have even *dreamed* that the god damned fatso would turn out like he had.

But now? No matter how much she hated the tremble in her knees, that didn’t stop the fierce flush of heat rushing down from her thrumming heart and into the moistened space between her toned thighs. A single raised eyebrow had her cheeks burning scarlett and caused her dilated iris to flick over towards the horrifically thin door hiding them away from anyone lucky enough to wander too close.

The thought of being seen was mortifying, but Ino couldn’t deny the thrill spreading through her stomach as she followed the Akimichi’s impatient gesture and minutely shuffled her legs further apart.

It clearly wasn’t good enough though and the annoyed kick to her ankle which jerked her knees wider and sent her into a slight, lewd squat let her know perfectly well, even as she glared back venomously and obeyed the silent command.

The short purple mini-skirt which had seemed like such a good idea before now stretched terrifyingly tight across her upper thighs, showing off the grace of her long, pale legs garbed in eye pulling fish nets and exposing the crotch of her lacey black thong.

A shiver flew down Ino’s spine as those fat fingers stroking her tongue started to push in and out, pumping across her muscle as spit sloshed around the knuckles wedged into her hot, sloppy mouth and a fresher, wetter heat began to stain her underwear.

So focused on the hand tickling her throat, the overly busty Yamanaka failed to take note of the other massive bear paw reaching towards her chest, hooking the top most button of her sleeveless, collared shirt before insistently pulling down *hard*.

A quick succession of pops told Ino just how exposed she now was, the well air conditioned breeze of the empty hospital room flowing across the flushed, glittering expanse of her milky cleavage while her nipples hardened to the point of visibility behind her gaping shirt.

Whatever gagged protest she was about to make died as she saw Choji’s laid back gaze turn sharper, a grin that always turned her muscles to jelly stretching his lips while the same hand which had ripped her top wide open engulfed her dainty hand and dragged it towards the hem of her skirt.

“Lift.” He grunted, politely ignoring the way her eyes fluttered at his deep baritone before licking his lips as the mind reader princess obediently reached down with both hands to primly take her garment between both fingers and thumbs.

It was a show he never failed to appreciate and Choji’s nostrils flared as his former teammate exposed herself to him, scrunching the deep purple skirt up and around her wide hips while tugging the front out and up so that he could get the best view possible.

What a view it was too. Prominent, obviously puffy pussy lips stretched the soiled fabric of her black panties, the light brush of her pubic hair glistening while dark, *whorish* fishnets did their best to hold it all together, failing to disguise the obvious blush coating her inner thighs even as she whimpered around his fingers.

With an uncaring tug Choji ripped his fingers free of her swollen lips, plump cock pillows he’d usually make free use of now ignored in favour of quickly reaching down to get a nice, groping feel of the moist mound which happily radiated heat into his palm.

“Tut tut Ino, who would have thought you’d be such a needy, *grimy* little skank!”

Her cheeks were red and her eyes were glazed, only refocusing from the grinding pleasure of his hand on her mound when she felt his saliva soaked digits ripping a big, gaping hole in her fishnets.

Ignoring the indignant, breathless “Hey!” Choji wasted no time in sliding both fingers between her lower lips and growling as he felt her *clench*.

Her knuckles turned white and Ino almost ripped holes in her skirt with how roughly she gripped down, teeth sinking into her fat lower lip as her defenseless cunny was reamed by two thick sausages as they mercilessly drilled into her gooey quim.

Embarrassment and pleasure clouded her mind and Ino could barely breathe as she felt his breath on her tits while her knees bent even further, the only thing stopping her from jumping a foot in the air being how eager her cunt was to press down on its intruders, swallowing them down to the base as they wiggled and scratched at her G-spot before pulling back to thrust back in.

The sound of her gushing honey pot splattering her arousal onto the tiled floors was loud and clear in Ino’s ears as her carelessly pushed aside underwear rubbed across one lip, easily distracting her from the taunting sneer of her clearly familiar lover as he ferociously finger banged her weeping quim until her cream was splattered between her feet and smeared down the insides of her legs.

“Look at you, noble heiress of the Yamanaka clan, legs spread wide right where you work!”

Choji laughed as he felt her clam squeeze, forcing more musky lust out of her kitty to dribble down past her underwear.

Ino meanwhile had heard his words and seized, a small orgasm rocketing through her womb just as her hypersensitive ears picked up the sound of someone walking past the door to their room. Just the thought of someone walking in to see her in such a shameful state sent gorgeous blue eyes back into her skull while her hands leaped up to hook into Choji's Jounin vest, teeth fighting to tear into his lapel as the bigger boy moaned at her whimpering against his throat.

The sensation was enough to remind him of his own need and Choji quickly hoisted the insensate blonde up onto his wide shoulder, snickering at the way she gasped before making her squeal and scrabble at his back as he whipped his meaty hand forward to slap her smartly across those scrumptious, weeping pussy lips with a sound like he was slapping a puddle.

Choji threw Ino forward onto the lone bed in their room. Landing on her back, the bodacious babe's clouded mind scrambled for balance between the moan wrenching tingling of her pilfered cunt and the instinctive urge to find purchase and stability.

With great gale-like breaths Ino rolled over from her side and onto her hands and knees, trying to create whatever distance she could as she shakingly crawled toward the pillows resting at the head while Choji snorted behind her.

"Ino, Ino, *Ino...*" Choji shook his head disappointedly before smiling as her pace tried to pick up, right as he reached forward to wrap his still musky fingers around her waist. "We were just getting to your favourite *part!*"

With an effortless heave Choji dragged his former teammate back down the bed, snorting animilistically as she squeaked and managed to drag a pillow along as he hauled her to the edge and ground her ass back against his crotch.

Feeling the cushiony softness of her phenomenal rump as it crashed against his throbbing cock, Choji let out a heartfelt groan as Ino grunted and paled.

No matter how many times she had felt it before, that didn't prepare her for the thick, swollen, *throbbing* sensation of Choji's trunk like monster cock barely restrained behind his trousers as it ground itself directly against her pussy lips.

"Ch-Ch-Choji-kun, *please!* I'm still on the clock! I won't be able to *work!*" She begged through gritted teeth, eyes turned up to stare blurrily at the ceiling while her tits molded to the pillow and her ass tilted itself *up*.

"Well, whose fault is that?" Choji mocked as his zipper came down, the personification of his lust finally being released. Thick, veiny and *long*, it briefly cast a shadow across the dimpled smoothness of her back before toppling forward to land across the top of her pillowy buns with an intimidating **thud**.

"I was just here for a check up. You're the one strutting around with those fat fucking tits thrust forward, begging for attention as this slutty ass wobbled around barely hidden under your skirt!"

A thunderous **CLAP** met the lightly covered ass in question and Ino's entire body shook as she yelped, grunting through her teeth as his giant palm print sizzled against the pale meat of her rear while her hips shook soothingly from side to side, trying to cool it down.

The sight only made his eyes darken and Choji unhurriedly wrapped thick fingers around an even thicker cock before dragging it down to rest the widely flared crown against the entrance to her pussy.

"I mean really, you should be thanking me! After all..."

Ino's breath hitched and her eyes widened, unwilling to believe she was about to be ruined in her work place even as his girth began to spread her open.

"Instead of jilling yourself off in some dingy closet in the corner of the hospital, you get to be here! Right where you belong on my thick, *fucking*, **COCK!**"

Several things happened at once. Choji's hips went forward, his dick bursting into Ino's fuck tunnel, stretching inch after inch of her vice like pussy wide as it thundered towards her womb. Meanwhile, Ino's vision went white and her eyes rolled back, lips peeling to expose her bright white teeth as spit flew through the gaps and her face went forwards into her pillow, burying itself deep just in time for her to *scream*.

The second his helmet cratered itself against her cervix, Choji threw his head back and *groaned* at the sheer heat flexing around his shaft. Molten pussy juice leaked out around him from her opening and every shift of his cock made her twitch as she lay there, spitted on his length and gurgling while her tongue mindlessly lapped at the soiled pillow sheet.

Palming two thick handfuls of ass meat, Choji gave a minor jerk to rip her fishnets even wider so as to let her crack roam free before grabbing her by the cheeks, pulling his hips back and beginning to *pummel*.

Ino's toes curled as her tunnel was plundered and her screams died off into a series of jittering, gasping moans as Choji began to ravenously fuck away at her juice spurting tunnel. Every thrust seemed to draw another gushing load of fem-cum from the cock beaten blonde and before she knew it she was pushing back for more, twerking her hips and clapping her backside vigorously around the veiny flesh of his mast.

"*Fuck fuck fuck* **FUCK** Choji, you big dick mother **FUCKER!** *You're, stretching, me, so, fucking, WIDE!*" Her drunken tone bounced off of the mattress, dissolving into pleasure tortured gurgles as his hips met her rear and his balls swung forward to spank her clit with a rhythmic series of soggy **claps**.

With a condescending sneer, Choji pulled back his massive calloused paw before sending it hurtling forward to slam into the unmarred cheek with an ungodly **CRASH!**

The pain was horrific but the pleasure was more so, burning a river through her brain as every neuron fired in an attempt to convey just how fucking *good* the burn on her fat slutty ass felt when combined with the way his cock was excavating its way towards her womb.

The peace Choji had found in fucking Ino raw was interrupted by the sound of someone stomping down the hall, almost like a giant as the already rocking bed seemed to shake harder with every footfall before whatever it was finally halted right outside in the hall.

The uncaring rhythm of his thrusts finally came to a halt as Choji looked up and cocked an unbothered eyebrow at the doorway, pinching Ino on the thigh as she moaned in protest before even she was drawn from her reverie.

A moment of silence.

Then...

SLAM!

The thin wooden door almost splintered as it was thrown nearly off of its hinges, crashing into the wall raucously and surely disturbing whatever patients were nearby as the perpetrator stood there, fist clenched, green eyes ablaze and her nostrils *flaring*.

“WHAT THE HELL DO YOU DISGUSTING, *DISRESPECTFUL* PERVERTS THINK YOU’RE DOING IN... my... hospital...”

A beat of stillness hung louder than any shout and two out of three from the famous Ina-Shika-Cho trio stared as dots were connected.

“... I-Ino pig?”

The blush only intensified as she stared but Ino felt her hips being pulled back and whatever response she had was put on hold as Choji reared back and *pushed*.

“**FUCK!** H-h-hey theeeeere~ F-F-Foreheeeeeead!” The long, drawn out gurgle of a blissed out Ino knocked Sakura from her disbelief, snarling as her bright pink hair whipped around her shoulders while she slammed the door behind her and stared at them.

“W-what the *hell* do you two think you’re doing!? This is a *hospital*, not a God damned whore house! INO, YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO BE *WORKING!*”

The front she put up would have worked a lot better if her face wasn’t such a deep, furious scarlett and her eyes were capable of leaving where Choji’s clearly inhuman shaft was blurring in and out of her oldest rival’s cunt.

Choji remained unbothered, not even glancing at the furious medic as he sent a series of blistering slaps into his team mates ass, making the cheeks ripple and bounce under her fishnets as she screeched and continued to orgasm *violently* around his shaft.

“STOP THAT! PEOPLE CAN *HEAR YOU!*” Sakura hissed, pressing her back against the creaking door and looking around with wild eyes as if she would be able to see the very people she spoke of.

On one hand, Sakura *knew* she should report this. It was their fault, and they had chosen to do it. On the other hand, Ino was her *best friend!* She hadn't spoken to Choji much, but he had been rather reserved since the academy and she didn't want to see the shame they would end up going through if they were caught.

“Not my fault.” Choji grunted, continuing to pound away as Ino's arms collapsed and she lay face first in the pillow, snorting like the animal she was named after as her hips jerked and every thrust made her shout. “The sluts always been too fucking loud. If you've got a problem with it, *you* come over here and shut her up. I'm almost *finished!*”

With that his pace picked up and Ino began to *screech*, clawing at the bedding as she was treated as a busty fuck puppet, all while Sakura watched on in dawning horror.

They weren't going to stop. They really didn't care. If something wasn't done soon, they'd *all* be caught here!

Her eyes were wild and before she could truly make a decision, her body moved on its own.

“Ho? Well would you look at that.”

Sakura's face burned and if looks could kill Choji would have already been reborn as she glared at him, tits wobbling behind her Chuunin vest as she bent over the side of the bed with her legs straight and covered Ino's mouth with her soft, petite palm.

“S-shut up! Just because *you* two are sick in the head, doesn't mean I'm going to let Ino ruin her life like this!”

The girl in question didn't hear a word, eyes completely unfocused as Choji continued to mold her into the perfect cum tank while smirking at the indignant Doctor.

Grinning but not saying a word, Choji's eyes curiously absorbed the heaving shake of her breasts as deep breaths made their way in and out of the stunning pinkett before shifting sideways and causing him to harden further.

The molten hot pussy underneath him was momentarily forgotten as Choji's eyes widened and he took in the fattest, most voluptuous ass he had ever seen. Round and perfect for fucking, Sakura's dumptruck rear looked like it had been spray painted in those tight black shinobi pants. The lines of her underwear had him hardening more than he'd even thought possible.

Evidently, Ino felt it too, if the way her spine arched and her face left the pillow was something to tell by. Momentarily thrown off by the bucking of her blonde bimbo of a best friend, Sakura had to stretch forward *deliciously* to recapture her sputtering lips as she howled like a beast while her tongue shot forward to roll against her best friend's palm.

Gaping in disbelief and unwittingly sliding her tongue over those juicy pink lips, Sakura stuttered as she turned eyes to the cunning *stud* ruining her friend.

“C-can’t you go faster? People are going to notice!” She hissed desperately, incapable of concealing the way her thighs rubbed together as the reality of her situation began to set in and her mound began to unwillingly moisten.

“Hmmm~” The sharpness to his gaze set off something primal in Sakura, staring at him in disbelief as all while pumping in and out of Ino he raked his eyes down her vested figure.

“Well, I guess there is one way...” He trailed off and Sakura’s eyes dropped, incapable of holding the weight of his stare as she saw her friends’ tits popping free of their binding to bounce free and unrestrained beneath her.

“J-just do whatever you need to, we can’t stay here much longer!”

Her desperation was clear, and Choji? He *beamed*.

“Well...” he purred, licking his chops. “If you *insist*!”

Sakura watched, time seeming to slow down as she saw Choji’s hand rise up to grip Ino by her long, beautiful ponytail. Wrapping the hair around his wrist, her eyes shot wide and she leaned even further forwards to hold onto her friend’s lips as the fucked silly bitch was bent even *further* back and dragged into an even better angle to *pound*.

So focused on her mission to muffle Ino, Sakura was caught completely off balance, unprepared for the second her shirt pulled up over the small of her back and Choji’s massive palm settled at the back of her pants.

For a breath, nothing moved.

Then? He *pushed*.

Sakura felt it all as if it was happening to someone else. Thick fingers slid under her red, boy cut panties. The fabric bunched up around his knuckles’ dragged down as his palm cupped her rear and slid down the crack of her arse. The waistband pulled at her navel and the heat she’d been fighting between her legs intensified as he sparked electricity up her spine by grazing her asshole before going down, down, *down*, only stopping once he had discovered the fiery, sloppy slit of her opening.

Sakura’s eyes rose up desperately and to her shock she met Ino’s own orbs. The look she sent? It was *lust*. It was *pity*. It was an apology. Before she could even remotely decipher all of what she had just seen, Choji’s finger forced its way between her lips and Sakura’s world exploded.

Choji nearly came right there, feeling the absolute perfection that was Sakur’s rear as her sodden panties bunched up around his hand and Ino’s pussy began to hold him tight,

begging for him to release. The sheer heat radiating out from the pink bitches ass meat was sending a shiver through his nuts and he couldn't help but ignore the blonde as he watched the angry medic bite her lip hard enough to draw blood, drenching the crotch of her professional black trousers as she practically vibrated while feeling Ino's spit leak from between her fingers.

Choji showed no mercy, barely letting her adjust to the one before adding another and watchin the way her eyes rolled as she bucked and spasmed on the bed next to her friend.

It was beautiful, watching them match each other in the depths of their depravity, debasing and humiliating themselves around *his* fingers and *his* cock!

"Yooouuuu *bastard!* W-what do you think you're -**HAAAGH~ DOING!?**"

Sakura's indignant squeal had Choji pumping faster, hyper focused on the way her body jumped and flexed around his fingers all while she continued to stay there, folded over the bed as she muzzled Ino's cries.

"What? You said to do whatever I needed to! Filling my hands with this big fat ass is the best way to get it all over with!"

It was a weak defense and they both knew it. That didn't stop Choji though as he continued to almost snap Ino in two from behind as Sakura's face burned bright and sweat began to bead on her forehead. Her beautiful green eyes almost seemed to glow as she growled and grit her teeth, fighting the pleasure but helpless against the need to push her hips back against the invading presence of his sausage like fingers while they continued to squeeze all they could from her juicy pussy.

The blood rushing through her ears began to quiet down as she got used to the mind numbing violation but Sakura quickly began to notice it wasn't enough. Ino might have been stifled for now, eyes rolling back as she rained an endless supply of fem-cum down Choji's shaft, but that didn't change just how loud his big, girthy fucking sperm tanks were as they continued to slam against her big titted bimbo friend's puffy clit, the obscene **splat-splat-splat** undoubtedly leaking out through the door.

Looking up at Choji through the near visible haze of sex wafting around them, Sakura soon realised that he truly didn't give a damn. He wasn't going to help her, he wasn't going to go easier on Ino. There was only one solution.

Choji had no idea what provoked it, but the bestial, steaming breaths huffing and puffing from between his chops turned into a strained moan as his eyes flickered down and widened from what he saw. His wildly swinging grapefruit sized balls had halted their beating of Ino's quim and it was all thanks to the silky smooth palm acting as a barrier.

Sakura shamefully fell onto her front, tits almost bulging out from her Chuunin vest as she panted and bucked her hips while rolling Choji's scrotum around in her hand. Whatever embarrassment she felt was quickly washed away by the sheer awe of what Choji was packing. They didn't even fit in her palm, no matter how far she stretched her fingers she

could only do her best and slightly stall the ceaseless tapping as he pulled and pushed against her best friend while fingering Sakura's drooling cunt.

Looking ahead, Sakura's entire field of vision was taken up by the milky, globular shoulder boulders bouncing and clapping right in front of her nose as Ino mewled and sucked at the only thing keeping her from getting them *all* caught! Dark pink nipples drew her humiliatingly aroused attention and Sakura's knees unwillingly began to bend and straighten as she twerked on Choji's digits while they continued to **schlick** in and out of her honey pot.

Hypnotised by Ino's scandalously cock drunk expression, Sakura failed to notice her palm pulling back from the slut's lips and only came back into focus as she felt those plump cock pillows slip around her finger tips before inhaling her all the way up to the base. The pinkettes mouth hung wide in shock as she watched Ino frantically suck and slurp at her hand, sliding her tongue *whorishly* between each finger and around her knuckles as she bobbed and **Glurked** until she'd practically managed to fit Sakura's entire fist into her mouth with only the thumb sticking out to spastically stroke her cheek.

"Oh~ My~ God~ Inoooooooo~ You're such a *slut*! Couldn't you have just waited? Now look at us, you're getting torn in two by that giant fucking cock and I'm stuck *here*! These huge nuts staining my hand with dirty ball sweat! My *fingers* in your *mouth* while Choji keeps fucking FINGERING ME UNTIL I SCREAM! FUCK ME I'M CUMMING!"

The picturesque image of their debauchery was enough to set him off and Choji moved on autopilot. His thumb arched inwards and Sakura's last truly conscious thoughts were of the pressure being applied to her asshole before feeling the Akimichi's thick digit spearing into her shit pipe as he gripped her by both holes. As he held her like a particularly grunty bowling ball, Choji put nearly all of his strength into tearing himself free of the grip surrounding his shaft, fem-cum flying through the air as Ino was violently unplugged and her pussy collapsed inwards in an attempt to recapture him.

His fingers tore their way out of Sakura's pants, a taunting '**RIIIIIIIP~**' sounding out as he took her cream slathered panties with him while she spasmed and dribbled into the cavern of her tits at the sensation of having both her cunt and backside brutally unstuffed, eyes rolled back and her tongue licking the sweat stained sheets before snorting disgracefully as her orgasm sprayed through her pants to create a fine mist as it fluttered down to land between her feet. The finger which had held her so convincingly hostage by the cunt threaded itself through her hair and *dragged*, causing the slut to whimper like a bitch in heat as she was pulled back onto her knees and made to sit there under the weight of his cock and balls.

She couldn't get to appreciate it though, only somehow managing to catch a droplet of pre-cum mixed with Ino's pussy cream on her tongue before being shoved unceremoniously cheek first into the plush, pillowness of her best friend's inferior rear.

Sakura's tongue mindlessly licked at the crevice of the Yamanaka heiress' derriere, face squeezed punishingly into the palm printed ass meat as her nose snorted at her asshole while Choji leaned back and pumped his shaft.

"Here it comes you filthy little cum sluts, now look pretty and say **THANK YOU!**"

With a final grunt Choji's nuts squeezed, seizing in on themselves and making the bulky Shinobi hiss as the pipes in his shaft dilated and his orgasm arrived. The sickening sound of a bucket's worth of cock snot surging up his shaft was only matched by the depraved sound of Ino and Sakura, both gurgling on their own tongues as they barely recognised what was happening.

The second his tip opened up, shot after shot of viscous jizz crisscrossed the view before him, making him groan as he watched a pleasure blinded Sakura turn her head into the spray of cum as it hosed down her face. Lines streaked across her nose, her face, her tits and tongue, even as it soaked into her hair and covered the diamond on her forehead.

Ino, meanwhile, gave a moan and a shudder as she felt the familiar sensation of molten hot Akimichi dick milk splattering across the flushed globes of her ass, seeping into the crack and dotting her winking pussy as it flew over the small of her back and landed in her frazzled ponytail.

Without anything to hold them up, both girls collapsed. As Ino fell onto the ejaculate stained sheets of the hospital bed, Sakura fell at his feet on the floor, leaving behind the amusingly clear silhouette of her head and hair behind on Ino's backside as the cum began to dry and outline where she had lay.

"Haaa, fuuugh, shit, shit, big yummy cock gunk, *shiiit~*" Sakura gurgled.

Feeling the wet, heavy sensation of fabric between his fingers, Choji chuckled lightly to himself as he used ruined red panties of Ino's best friend to wipe the combined mixture of their juices from his wilted cock.

Lowering himself to one knee, Choji hesitated before finally making his decision to return them, stuffing the article of clothing between the lightly snoring Pinkette's lips and heading toward the window, leaving both girls to sleep it off... or be found in their current state.

The thought made Choji snicker as he slipped out the window, amusing himself with the thought of Tsunade hunting down her apprentices, only to find them covered in cum with one of them suckling at her own defiled panties as the other gurgled while whispering his name.