"If I wanted to fuck someone who looked like a boy, I wouldn't have bothered leaving the frat house to come see you, Gilda." That sort of comment was exactly what she'd always loved about Klein. He might be brusque and uncouth, but she'd never had cause for a moment to believe he saw her as anything but "one of the guys."

Despite her soft face and girlish features, Gilda dressed, acted and lived in a way that carefully downplayed it. A mean dyke by her own description, she hated frilly outfits and all "girly" activities and always preferred to wrestle, knock heads and play rough. The big G liked to dress casually, and she was much more comfortable in old shorts and black tank tops than the pretty pink dresses the man-hungry hussies wore around the college.

She liked to highlight her disinterest in fashion, a carefully-made fashion statement in its own. Some might say she was trying too hard, but they'd certainly be careful not to say it within earshot of her.

So what did it matter if her body was made for male pleasure? So what if she sported a huge pair of soft, heavy breasts on her chest and between her thick thighs there was that hot-spot oh so very well-suited to milking the semen out of men's breeding sticks? It didn't matter to Gilda's good buddy Klein one bit!

He was a known womanizer, but she had zero interest in men and he knew it. So what's the harm? He understood she was a muff-diving dyke through and through. One who wanted to pin down hot girls and screw just as much as he did. No sexual intersection, but they sure did have a lot in common! Gilda was basically just another one of Klein's "male" drinking buddies.

As a matter of fact, Gilda was seeing Klein tonight! After telling her they'd lost their fourth for poker, he'd invited her to come out tonight for card games, beer and movies. Strictly a "Just us guys," thing. And somehow the thought of getting to be one of the boys, sitting around a card table under a swinging light bulb and sipping a Coors... It was downright exciting! It was nice to have someone on "the other side" to talk to.

She wanted to be one of the guys, and he clearly treated her like one, plus they got to talk about the various sexy bitches around the school. What's not to love?

It wasn’t like her seeking out male confirmation had anything to do with personal issues; Klein just understood her, that's all! And today looked like a great chance to just take a nice, low pressure environment and enjoy that. She'd even brought some booze.

--

Gilda knocked on Klein's door. True to form, she was dressed like she'd just barely rolled out of bed.

"Hey dweebs!" she shouted, hammering the door with her fist for the third time, "Are you all too busy touching butts in there to let me in or what? "

Klein answered the door with a knowing smile. He’d yoinked that six-pack out of her hands before she even realized it was gone. "Heeey, the rug-muncher's finally here, guys."

Gilda entered the clubroom where she and the boys would be spending the next few peaceful hours playing cards. She certainly deserved to unwind a little bit after a busy week of classes!

In the centre of the room two other hormonally-charged males were sitting at a large card table. It was already adorned with empties and stacks of chips, the felt stained here and there with what she assumed was beer. Around the room there was a fridge stuffed to the brim with drinks and nibbles, a small bar and an expensive-looking HDTV hooked up to a computer sitting in the corner. That last part, a powerful desktop computer, seemed out of place at first, until she remembered this was the Audiovisual Club and all. Doubtless this was where Klein got most of his editing work done.

"You're just in time... And I'm sure a butch like you doesn't need any of the rules explained, right?" The other two boys, some very handsome young things she knew by the names of Bucky and Lupe, were laughing over Klein's light teasing.

While Gilda was taking her seat, Bucky leaned over to Klein. "Hey, what about the videos and stuff...?"

Klein shrugged in response, "We'll get there. We've got plenty of time. Why not at least play a few hands with Gilda first?"

" I didn't know we were playing Strip Poker..." said Lupe, beginning to deal the cards out.

Gilda sniggered. "Shut your fuckin' mouth. I know you can't wait to 69 your friend but keep it in your pants for a few hours."

The tomboyish young co-ed put her free hand on her hips, cocking her head to one side and shifting her weight to the other foot. Subconsciously, it was an attempt at a casual and indifferent gesture of eye-rolling frustration, but the outcome was much more suggestive and sexual than she could have ever intended. A slip like that wasn't uncommon with her body language, but it's not as though anyone would ever tell her that to her face. Gilda went largely ignorant on how damn good and curvy she looked.

"Let's get this show on the road!" Gilda bellowed. She hopped past Klein, zeroing in on that card table.

Gilda set her six-pack down on the table hard enough to make the chips clatter. "Glad I'm the only one who brought booze, or we'd all be in trouble."

 "And!" she suddenly said, waggling a finger, "I sure hope you got some good movies. If I see any rom-com shit or anyone stops to talk about their feelings... Swear to dicks I'm gonna heave."

She suggestively cocked her hips the way other. "Now let's deal."

The games that followed were surprisingly tilted in her favour. Klein was barely holding his own, while Bucky and Lupe made a very poor showing. Gilda proved hard to read, because she was always boasting and rowdy, no matter how well she was doing. It made for one heck of a poker face, and in the end she came out comfortably ahead of the men.

Sometime later...

"Well don't feel too bad about it, boys. Not like we were playing for real cash, anyway." She reached over and ruffled Bucky's hair roughly, knuckles on his scalp. "You'll get it next time," Gilda smirked.

"So,” she continued, tossing that short head of white hair. It was no less magnificent for its close-cut brevity. “What now?"

Klein exchanged a smile with his two cohorts. While he'd never had a problem working a girl over bit by bit, easing her into things slow and steady, those two horny tomcats might as well have busted their shorts with all that eagerness! Gilda was hot. And not just in a forbidden fruit kind of way, she was like one step away from supermodel looks, despite her best efforts to tuck it away under boring clothes and a rowdy exterior.

And who didn't want to hilt inside a lady with a bit of a kick to her, anyway?

Klein rolled his shoulders casually and moved to turn on the TV. "Well... Actually, that might be it for you, what we're gonna do next, it ahh..."

He paused, tapping his chin as if struggling with phrasing. "It's not exactly ‘girl’-friendly, heh. Might just clash with your feminine sensibilities a tiny bit."

Before the babe could utter a protest, he went on to explain: "See, these last few Friday night poker games, me and the boys have been having a competition to see who can bag a girl in the most compromising position... Either doing something she shouldn't, like having public sex, or getting a good girl to do anal..."

Lupe grinned from his seat. "Or cheating."

Klein looked a tiny bit perturbed, but raised his hands in a "Well, what can you do?" gesture. "Ah, yeah, I'm not sure Gilda needed to hear about that one, Lupe! But, mm, yeah, there's definitely bonus points awarded if we can get a girl to do racy stuff when she already has a boyfriend. We're not embarrassed to kinda push the boundaries here. Heheheh."

"We take videos where we can, but we'll settle for photos, too... And we try to keep it to strictly PG-stuff like kisses and make-outs, it's not like we have hours and hours of footage of girls being pounded or anything." Now there's a big fat lie~ "The poker games are to see what order we show off in. Bucky came last, so I guess he's going first this week, mm?"

Bucky grinned from ear-to-ear, the dark-skinned sleazebag already super eager to show off just what he and his stiffy had been up to on campus this week.

"So, mm, no offense, but it might be best if you toddled on back to the girl's dorm, Gilda." Klein said the word "girl" like a challenge. It sooo obviously was.

Gilda grinned broadly, furrowing her brow. "You trying to scare me, Klein? C'mon, I thought you knew me better than that."

"Oh no!" Gilda pleaded in a faux-girly voice, "Not sexy women! I definitely can't handle those!" She leaned forward, pressing her hands together beneath her chin in a dainty gesture, not realizing her elbows pressing together squashed her tits enough to be quite worth a glance. They were clearly quite restrained beneath her heavy black sports bra, the edges of which occasionally peeked up above the collar of her loose tank top. She never seemed to notice, or at least, not to mind.

Oblivious to her inadvertent show, Gilda scoffed. She blew a raspberry, then got up from her chair and dropped herself back on the sofa, kicking her feet up. "Please. If you've got some dumbass blonde bimbo flashing her panties or something you know I am all over that. I'm not gonna write to the Dean about exploitation or some shit."

Gilda let out a hoot of laughter, wrapping her arms around her midsection to nurse her aching sides. "Fuck, man, if I've talked "straight" girls into eating me out, you think I give a shit about boyfriends?" The pervy gal was nearly salivating at the thought of honest-to-goodness innocent cuties waggling their titties for the camera. "Boyfriends can fuck off. Let's get to the slutty bitches."

"Well..." began Klein, as if weighing up his options.

Gilda grinned, rolling her finger in midair to pantomime a film reel. "If you're watching homemade Girls Gone Wild, you better believe I'm in!"

Times like this made Klein happy he'd been born a man. Seems like a day didn't go by where some dippy, air-headed slut was being dragged around by the wet slit between her legs, making bad decisions every step of the way. God bless you, Gilda, for a little bit of selective phrasing being all it takes to get you agreeing to sit down to watch our homemade porn in our private room, alone and unchaperoned.

"Well, you heard her, boys. Gilda wants to see some titties and ass. Let's not keep her waiting!"

Bucky nodded and stood up. He paused over Gilda's cards for a second, really baffled that she'd been able to crush him so soundly, but he certainly couldn't see any signs of cheating. Shit, maybe she really was just a dude at heart. If that was the case, then it sucked to be her: if she'd been born with a cock between her legs instead of that tempting, plump pussy, she wouldn't be getting a lengthy tour of the pleasures of being a pet to men tonight!

The blondey took a seat at the computer, fishing a video camera's memory card out of his pocket and popping it in. "Mm, let's get started, then..." Klein and Lupe got comfy on the couch.

Klein patted the spot between the two of them. "Hey Gilda, get that fat ass parked. These sessions ain't exactly short with the way we rake these dumb bitches in." He could've just said "rake it in" if he was worried about being polite, but dropping vulgar words like that around her and not having her bat an eyelid was his new favourite thing!

"Eat shit." Gilda grinned in sarcastic response. She stomped down on Dean’s foot, making the pervert wince in pain. It was childish teasing at best, but then, no one in the room was looking particularly mature.

The top heavy tomboy cracked a beer as the monitor glowed to life and the photos started to roll one by one. The first image to pop on the big screen was a rather innocent and fully clothed picture of a rather unmistakable dark skinned girl.

"Shit, you guys got Zecora to star? Holy shit! I woulda swore she was a dyke with ink like that," Gilda laughed, gesturing to the coloured tattoos across the girl's chest and arms. "This is gonna be great. I’ve never been with a girl like her, you know?"

She leaned over to nudge Bucky in the ribs. "I bet she'd be wild in the sack. You get all the way with her?"

Lupe shushed Gilda and she quieted her blabbermouth with a reluctant grumble, settling in to watch more. The following slideshow was quite nice, though it suggested Bucky wasn't able to close the deal after all. Still some fine images: Zecora with her shirt more and more open, until at last it was hanging totally unbuttoned, draped like a vest over her ample black tits. "Fuck, I was kinda hoping she'd have tit-tats. Oh well."

While the boys seemed content to look quietly, Gilda was only getting more and more boisterous! "Damn, though, look at those melons!" she said. The uncouth cutie was grinning as she leaned forward. "And no bra! What a slut!"

The rest of the shots were fairly softcore. A few teasing shots of her shirt coming off, but only some bare, and then mostly "artistic" and not too direct or exploitative. There was a great shot near the end of her with her pants unbuttoned and striped panties showing, which was enough to get Gilda out of her seat, pumping a fist in the air and cheering "Woooooo!"

But no full nudes! The last shot was of Zecora bowing, topless, with an embarrassed, yet strangely coy smile on her face.

"Fuck, I gotta say I'm actually kind of impressed. I didn't know you had it in you! Zecora! Hot damn. Those were some fine fuckin' tits, too." Gilda finished her beer. "This is pretty fuckin' nice. You shoulda invited me sooner."

"Mm, yeah, a lot of the girls who end up on video are like that... Just horny little bimbos looking for male approval. Pretty funny, right?"

Bucky smiled as he finished the slideshow up. "We've got another modelling session lined up for next week. I can just about smell the pussy."

Next up was one very familiar light-skinned blonde: a star student of the Vet school, Gilda just about lost her shit when the camera started rolling. Seemed like the willowy, white-haired boy had a thing for boisterous and exuberant gals!

The picture set took place inside a mostly empty barn and, amazingly, Applejack was nude from the get-go. "I barely even needed to do anything," said Lupe with a smile. "As it turns out, the Vet school students were already doing a nude Calendar every year."

Gilda rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I've seen it... Big deal, they're always hiding the good stuff! Who gives a crap?"

Gilda popped open another beer. " Nice fuckin' rack, though," she smirked.

Klein shushed her while Lupe continued, "Mm, that's why after I offered to do the shooting for this year's one. I got her to agree to a few private shots."

When the more comprehensive nudes come up, Gilda whistled appreciatively. "What a figure! Who knew she was hiding all that! What a damn shame to let tits like that go to waste under those stupid poofy shirts she wears," she remarked, gesturing at the folded clothes at the edge of the shot.

" I might've sabotaged the equipment a little bit, too," said Lupe mysteriously. Before Gilda could ask, he clicked to the next freeze-frame. It showed a pair of green panties being held up, the camera focused on the crotch. They were... stained thickly, some sort of goopy, white and creamy fluid all over the inside! Mostly it had just turned the material slightly darker, but the bubbly, thick puddle in the middle was unmistakable as something boys should keep well away from women's clothing!

Gilda faltered. Now that was unexpected. When the messy, goopy white stain came up on camera front and centre, she stopped drinking mid-sip. Her eyes widened a little and her brow furrowed again. The busty butch gal almost pulled back in her seat. "Ugh," she muttered quietly in disgust, to herself. "I hope that's not yer fucking jizz. That's gross."

And it only got worse. For as tough as she acted, it seemed Gilda's feathers were easily ruffled. The next shot was a close-up of Applejack pulling the panties up. It had perfectly captured the moment when that cloudy, thick and smelly white stuff was poised just an inch from her pussy. When the ominous, obvious stain got close to Applejack's crotch, Gilda tensed up visibly, and shuddered when it finally made contact. "That's fucking weird. Sick!" she murmured, laughing her boisterous laugh, though it sounded a bit more uncomfortable now.

And then the next shot was the panties tightly conforming to the shape of Applejack's mound.

There'd been so much semen pooled in the crotch that the cowgirl forcing the material against her thick and plump lower lips had squished it against the inside of the confined space, and made it begin to leak down her thighs. In the rest of the photo-shoot, glossy white fluid was visible on AJ's strong, muscular legs in almost every single shot!

Klein couldn't help but grin, obviously proud of his little buddy. "Mmm, she seems pretty happy to be moisturizing her pussy with your jack-off sauce, buddy. Maybe you should try getting her to wear it on the inside next time, too."

In response, Lupe skipped to the next photograph of Applejack drinking a tall glass of unusually cloudy milk, then wiping a creamy residue off of her chin after with a big smile. "I might... She seems to like the taste of it just fine."

Gilda's visible discomfort seemed to reach its peak when the white glass showed up. She nearly spat her beer out, and made every effort to hide what almost appeared to be an involuntary gag. Clearly she wasn't a fan of the sticky white stuff. "Oh god, that better not be what I fucking think it is." As Applejack downed it in the photos, Gilda cringed, turning her glance away and pretending to look for another beer.

When it ended at last, the titsy tomboy shook her head. "That's fucked up," she laughed. "What kind of kinky fucking weirdo slut agrees to shit like that? You're a fucking deviant, Lupe." she taunted, kicking her foot at him from the sofa. Her colour seemed to be returning a bit - she looked a little pale during that last sequence.

"Oooh, looks like Gilda's allergic to ball-spunk, guys," laughed Klein. "Hey, you know, hate to break it to you, but you're in a room with three hung, virile boys... Fuck, even Bucky's got a big, thick one, I see it sliding into girls I was meant to be fucking first more than enough!"

He punctuated the statement with a punch to the little twink's arm that made Bucky squeal. "Nnnph, can't help it! That girl you brought back here last week, hoooly shit. I don't think I had a drop of jizz left in me after she was done!"

His tide of lewd praise was momentarily brooked as the young, dumb collegiate struggled to remember the specifics of the floozy he'd pumped so much cum into. "What was her name again?"

Klein shrugged. The face rose to his memory, eyes rolled back slightly, sperm gumming one of the purple-haired girl's eyes shut while her make-up dripped down her face. And her mouth looking more like a sex orifice with the amount of spunk dripping out of it! But the name? Well...

"Don't remember. But we fucked her right over there on the card table, heheh. Not aaaall those stains are beer."

Klein rolled his shoulders. "We're healthy young boys, Gilda. We make a lot of spunk." He crudely punctuated the statement by making a lewd jacking-off motion with his hand, tongue half-out.

"We pump out more jizz and seed into the girls round here than a whole sperm bank! Are you really that surprised?" He waggled a finger at the couch she was sitting on, drinking in her growing discomfort. "You might just be marinating in some right now, heheheh."

At that suggestion, Gilda jumped off the couch with a squawk. It was like she'd just sat on a hot stove. She absent-mindedly patted her ass, dusting the seat of her shorts, and looked for another place to sit in the most falsely-disinterested manner she could muster.

"But I mean, hey," Klein continued, "It's not like we ever did anything wrong. It's only the ones who spread their legs at the drop of a hat getting their wombs painted. That's exactly what those snot-nosed dykes over at the Pink Circle ain't getting: it's not like we'd ever need to force some gal to chug a litre of jizz, not when there's so many horny, busty chimpanzees lining up for the privilege. You dig?"

The casual talk about a subject Gilda was particularly distasteful of was hard to respond to. On the one hand, seeing them talk so flippantly about it somehow put her at ease. They weren't putting up false appearances, they were comfortable with her. It all seemed to indicate she was one of them now. She found that particularly encouraging. Gilda laughed nervously, doing her best to shrug it off.

On the other hand, it certainly ruffled her feathers to hear about the juicy details, as it were. Naked chicks were great, but she could leave the jizz discussion. She shivered a little, shrinking in her seat. She bit her lip as she laughed with them.

Though the busty babe kept up a tough appearance, Klein spotted her discomfort.

"You guys are fucking gross," Gilda scoffed in that old teasing tone, rubbing her arm unconsciously. "Someone pass me a beer. I knew something in this place fucking reeked."

Klein laughed as he opened up a beer, passing it to the dykey gal. Inwardly, he was pleased with how well she was taking it. Things were way past the point where a sensible girl would've made her excuses and left, but Gilda seemed determined to fit in. "Tell you what, Gilda... Since you're being such a good sport about it, I've saved the best for last," said Klein, smiling ear to ear.

He reached into his pocket and held a little photograph up for her inspection, and it was a girl she recognized immediately. A girl who was the stuff of dreams.

Fluttershy.

Every boy wanted to pound her senseless, every dyke wanted to bully her and touch her pussy and those whoppers hanging off her chest. She'd always been thought of by Gilda as strictly off-limits ever since she'd not only gotten a partner, but a boy and yet... Their college's resident sex goddess was here in a photo, stark naked. Of course, the photo was coy about it: it was a headshot, the pinkette blushing bright-red with her head slightly downcast and her soft lips apart just a scootch. Her shoulders were bare, and the tops of those immense heaving melons were just barely visible. The photo showed everything from the spot on her chest where they began to thrust outwards from her body with all the weight her fragile teenage body could support, right up to a few inches above where her nipples would logically be seated on those lewd watermelon tits. The deep "V" of cleavage formed even when she was topless and braless was a testament to just how incredibly, cartoonishly heavy-chested the girl was. You could ogle a million girls and not find another this stacked.

Klein let Gilda stare at the photo for a few seconds, then tucked it back in his pocket. Next, he raised a portable hard drive. "We have a sex tape."

He didn't say who was in the sex tape, but it should be obvious by now. "You can act like you're grossed out, but I bet you'd like to see the face she makes when she cums, right? She was so obviously the kind of girl who prefers it unprotected, too, she was squeezing it so much after the rubber came off."

He tossed the hard-drive from one hand to the other, grinning at Gilda as his perverse words rolled over her. "I don't think she even cared if she got pregnant at the end or not. What a cow."

"But, well, if we're gross, I can just put it away and we can go back to playing Poker..."

At first, Gilda uneasily ran a hand through her spiky purple-highlighted white hair, trying not to look too worried. Keeping up appearances was a big concern for the dykey co-ed. She bit her lip, staring at the drive. The temptation was amazing. She had spoken with Fluttershy a few times, but they were immensely disagreeable and Gilda had eventually snapped at the ditzy, pink-haired, walking pair of tits.

So to see her not just naked, but getting worked over, it would be pretty nice. But it was going to be worked over by a guy, and one she knew, no less. It could be uncomfortable. And if there was really a creampie, she'd have to look away. Still, to see those tits bouncing before her...

"Fuck it," Gilda finally responded, sighing and shrugging heavily, unconsciously fixing the loose strap of her bra and looping it back over her shoulder. "Let's watch. I'll still respect you in the morning," she taunted, doing her best to cover up her discomfort.

Gilda bit her lip in nervous anticipation as the reel began to play. The film certainly started promising: Fluttershy holding her tits with both hands, almost struggling just to hold them up, then bouncing them suggestively for the camera. "Oh, fuck," Gilda exhaled hotly, watching. She wondered idly what would happen if the guys in the room knew how close she was in cup size to the top-heavy tits jiggling before them now.

And it only got better. The camera panned down to her bare little snatch and lit it up in loving detail. "She looks kind of uncomfortable," Gilda mused quietly. "You sure this is all above bar?" Gilda may not care if Fluttershy had a boyfriend, but somewhere in the back of her mind she wondered just how much consent had been involved.

Unfortunately for her, the really pleasing and unspoiled bits don't last long. The camera dropped, and it appeared Klein set it on a nearby shelf to film hands-free while he unzipped. To Gilda's absolute dismay, the camera's framed really well on the young man's crotch. She winced internally, shrinking back as he took his zipper down slowly on the screen. She awkwardly, uncomfortably glanced between the monitor and Klein himself.

Things only get worse as that cock slowly, finally came into frame, standing huge and imposing, so veiny and hairy as to be almost scary. She tried to look away as casually as possible, even bringing her beer up to "incidentally" cover her eyes, but there was no escaping the drippy one-eyed monster on the screen. Soon, her discomfort was palpable. When it finally moved towards Fluttershy, she found herself not anticipating the penetration, even though it would get that slut moaning and jiggling.

Gilda scoffed aloud, trying to break the tension, but knowing it was Klein's as he sat in the same room as her made her feel even more awkward.

Fluttershy slipped down obediently onto her knees on the floor, her little pink tongue lashing across her lips as she came eye to eye with that fat cock. "H-Hello, Mister Penis," she said, giving a surprisingly sly wink to the camera. She tucked her hair behind her ear, keeping one hand holding it there, then leaned in and took him in her mouth.

So far there was a lot less fucking than Gilda had been promised. If anything, this was glorifying the penis and the heavy nutsack hanging under it and including Fluttershy as a secondary feature!

Gilda's growing discomfort was visible to Klein. At this point, even the other two would probably be picking up on it. She fidgeted and squirmed uncomfortably as Klein's massive cock hogged the spotlight, outright getting in the way of what she wanted to see. That long, protracted blowjob got messier and messier, and had her clawing her seat. She bit her lip, trying to suffer through it, as it were, but she felt pretty damn disappointed there was so much hot, heady cock-licking and so little tit jiggling and pussy fingering. She toughed it out like a real trooper though, sticking through the whole video, like she's expecting something better to come from it all.

At least something came. It only took a few minutes of head-bobbing from the beauty, her huge tits swaying with her motions, before Klein suddenly groaned and tangled his hands in her hair. "Klein! Wait!" she squealed as her phone began to ring, but she was totally disregarded. Those strong hips thudded against her face again and again, until she gurgled and he groaned.

When the Klein onscreen seized Fluttershy's hair and started to climax, Gilda sat up angrily in her seat. She was about to begin chewing these disgusting males out, but caught herself at the last moment. In the end, she just grumbled another "joking" insult, briskly rubbing her shoulders despite the warmth in the room.

"Don't swallow..." he huffed. Klein's voice already sounded distorted from the video feed, but now it had a ragged and primal undertone to it that set the big-tit butch on edge. He picked up the camera and her phone, one in either hand. As it started ringing for the second time, he held it in the frame beside Fluttershy's face. There she was on the right, her eyes meeting his with a submissive, well-trained gaze. She'd become a little bird bath for him, her mouth and throat stuffed with thick, bubbly male ejaculate! Fluttershy continued to hold it in her mouth, staying still for the shot, even though the taste and smell must be absolutely overpowering!

Gilda reflexively gagged, making a quiet dry-heaving noise. She quickly covered her mouth, then blushed and tried to play it off. "Blegh." she groaned in hammy exaggeration, gesturing with a finger at her throat as if gagging herself, not for a second considering the other things that motion might signify to three horny boys.

On the left side of the shot, the phone was trying to receive a call from an entry that had previously been called "Darling~" but now just read "Cuckold~" Looks like Klein hadn't even let her dump the poor boy, she was stringing him along!

He finally answered the phone. The loud "Gulp!" of Fluttershy downing what felt like a whole quart of semen was picked up by the speakers. She rested on her haunches, tongue flopping and dizzy. Flootsy took the phone with a stupid, dull-eyed expression on her face. "Whuzz... Mmmgh...? Hauuugh..." Her tongue rolled out and Gilda could practically smell the squid emerging from the busty bimbo's poor, abused mouth.

"O-Oh hi, honey," she finally managed. Lupe and Bucky both high-fived Klein right then and there.

"Amazing..." gasped Gilda.

"Just keep watching," the big-dick bully responded.

In the next shot, the camera's clock had moved ahead about 30 minutes in time. Klein was nowhere to be seen, but Fluttershy and her boyfriend were sitting on the bed talking. The top half of the camera was obscured by a sheet, as if it had been tucked away under a blanket.

Fluttershy slowly leaned in to kiss the boy. But something wasn't right. Her partner couldn't see it; he was so excited for the kiss he'd closed his eyes and puckered up adoringly, but Gilda watched it all in staggering clarity. As the pinkette extended her tongue to kiss her admittedly adorable boyfriend, Gilda was able to register the slimy gunk coating her tongue in horrifying detail. Fluttershy's tongue was dripping cum!

When they kissed, Fluttershy began using her tongue much more than normal, pushing all that gluggy sperm directly into her honey's mouth. She fed him Klein's aroma and taste like he was a baby bird.

She was just about tongue-fucking her boyfriend with her lover's sperm. And it was all on tape!

"You... Taste kinda funny, Fluttershy," he said, and the pinkette let out a little squeak. She coiled a finger in her hair and glanced towards the running camera. "Umm. I must've had something weird for lunch, that's all... Don't you like kissing me?"

"No, of course I do!" he said in response. Fluttershy smiled, pushing him onto his back on the bed and climbing on top of him. "Good..." she said, as her sperm-soaked lips brushed against his once more.

Gilda squirmed through the display of cum, looking almost sickened with the spectacle and the behaviour alike. Though she looked discomforted at the final scene as well, the bully in her still couldn't help but snicker at the dramatic ignorance of her boyfriend. "What a fucking dipshit. He doesn't even realize his bouncy little girlfriend is such a bimbo bitch," she laughed, trying subconsciously to change the subject.

Klein tapped the little red X in the top right of the window and Fluttershy's perversion and debauchery was snapped shut before Gilda's wide eyes. Over the last hour, she'd seen the girls of her school transformed from the cute, innocent little sweethearts she knew them as into strippers, sperm drinking floozies and, ultimately, cock-worshipping cheaters. She'd seen Fluttershy so controlled by her own body that she'd even stoop so low as to cuckold and humiliate her boyfriend for the pleasure of an alpha male's sticky, hot cock. What an eye-opener!

Klein turned his seat to face her. Gilda suddenly realized all three boys were looking in her direction, making the rough-edged girl feel suddenly uncomfortable.

Gilda shifted in her seat, glancing from the screen to Klein and the other eager boys gathered in the room around her. She might have been a little ruffled by the rather graphic and male-heavy images on screen, but she was no wilting flower. With a conscious effort, she shook her head dismissively, waving one hand at the monitor as Klein wraps up his show. "I gotta say, for a bunch of guys who claim to like women so much that sure seemed to be more about your dicks than tits and pussy," she ribbed. "If I didn't know better I'd say you guys were a bunch'a f-... uh."

"Oh, hey, come on! We like girls!" laughed Klein. "Anyway, there you have it... Hope you enjoyed our end of things, Gilda. Now why don't we talk about your contribution."

Gilda’s eyebrows shot up. That didn’t sound promising.