

Right Place, Wrong Time

Claire entered the room with a keycard that Arryn had given to her and was shocked to see some muscular figure covered in a thick layer of a white substance that slightly resembled a human being pounding his butt onto her friend, impaling himself on Arryn's gargantuan schlong like a cheap slut, and Claire, to top it all, was horrified to see his ass clench with every drop he did, as if he was sucking in Arryn's rod and trying to swallow it with him. Even Arryn was unrecognizable at first glance because she had on a Kitsune mask with a silver wig. The only way Claire could tell it was Arryn is by seeing the huge fucking cock protruding from between her legs.

It wasn't the first time Claire saw Arryn's cock, in fact, she used it quite a few times herself, but seeing her fucking a man, and not just a man, a handsome man that was bigger and stronger than her friend, and well hung... Seeing him sobbing in pleasure like a common cheap whore... And the sounds. Holy shit. Claire's pussy was getting moist just from seeing them ram each other on the bed while the muscly slaveboy's body was glistening with sweat and cum.

"What the FUCK!," Claire finally managed to blurt out.

Silence had overcome the scene for a few seconds before Tom jumped off Arryn's cock with a painful roar, a loud, crude, wet 'POP' sound reverberated around the room as Arryn's shaft separated itself from his asshole, which was gaping for a couple seconds before quickly shrinking to its original size. That made Claire even hornier.

Tom collapsed to the ground, shaking and sobbing, his ass was still clenching with every heartbeat, and a steady stream of precum was leaking out of his tumescent pecker onto the already-soaked floor below. He ran into the corner and wrapped his arms around his legs in order to hide his painfully erect penis.

"Claire," said Arryn after a long time had passed. She had been unable to say anything until now. "Hi."

"Who's the slut over there," was all Claire was able to say, her voice was husky, her breathing heavy, her eyes fixed on the musclebound boy sitting in the corner as his muscles bulged, his cock twitched and his balls tingled.

"Ehm...that's Tom...wait," answered Arryn as her cock throbbed wildly, "Uhm...why are you here?"

"You told me you want to move to my place for a few days, I came to pick you up! I told you on the phone, did you forget?" said Claire, who was currently walking towards Tom, staring at his naked and soaked frame as drool started to leak from his slightly gaping mouth. "You could have called me to cancel our plans or tell me you're busy with something else... like stuffing a guy with your enormous..."

Inadvertently, Claire's eyes turned to look directly at Arryn's piece of perfection, and even she, who already had it in her several times, could not help but stare at it, wide-eyed. She did not know how it was possible for a human to have one so humongous and still live a relatively normal life.

"Fucking cock...," Claire finally managed to finish the thought and return to reality as her body was engulfed in a surge of warm tingling sensations throughout her lower regions.

"I don't remember you mentioning anything like that," said Arryn, who was visibly annoyed now at having to postpone her fun, and if Claire hadn't come to interrupt them, she would have surely already pumped a massive load of her thick seed into Tom's eager ass.

"Well, maybe if you didn't hang up the fucking phone during the call," grumbled Claire and turned her attention back to the man sitting on the floor who, like Claire, was fixated on Arryn's swollen and bobbing cock.

The girls kept arguing Tom just sat there so focused on Arryn's goddess-like physique and that gigantic appendage between her muscular, thick thighs that all the words that came out of their mouths were just background noise to him.

"L...l...ladies," he said, interrupting their argument, and cleared his throat: "May I..."

"NO!" Claire said loudly and turned to face him, frowning.

"Hey, don't talk to him like that!" snapped Arryn, clearly annoyed that someone would treat her fucktoy so dismissively. "You were saying, slut? Are you still okay with continuing where we were before, or do you want to end it?"

"I want more, Silver Fox," moaned Tom with a hoarse voice. "Need your hot creamy load inside my eager ass. Don't care about anything else anymore."

Claire and Arryn looked at him simultaneously with an interested look on their faces.

"Come to me then, and ride my cock as you did before," said Arryn, and waved her throbbing cock from side to side invitingly, making it bounce up and down and causing both Tom and Claire to look at it with admiration and awe.

"Fine. Finish whatever you have to do," huffed Claire, crossing her arms over her chest. "But I'll stay and watch."

"With pleasure," smirked Arryn, and then to Tom. "Where were we, fucktoy?"

The words were barely spoken before Tom was upon her, quickly mounting her large body, and carefully aligning her cockhead to his prepared anus, then he shoved the entire length of her shaft into his bum with one swift movement as his body sank lower on her engorged stick. The penetration forced an immediate orgasm and his cock violently ejaculated the

same time, violently spurting jets of his cum in a large arc, spilling hot milky semen over Arryn's abdominals.

"Perfect slut," purred Arryn, before moving her hand and swatting his bottom harshly. "Now ride."

"Yes, Silver Fox," groaned Tom, and obediently bounced up and down, increasing the speed and intensity of each descent. Now, only a minute later, his motions were almost a blur, and his ass was literally popping on and off her shaft at an inhuman speed. All that could be heard was the sound of their slapping flesh as he bounced up and down over and over again, completely transfixed by his pursuit of absolute pleasure.

For a few moments, the only sound that could be heard was of their heavy breathing and the wet sound of Tom's ass sliding on and off her large, veiny shaft. After almost a minute of bouncing on her, he suddenly began to slow down, and then suddenly threw his head back and shouted, "Oh goooooo!"

His body froze. Only his hips continued to shudder and quiver violently as his cock squirted torrents of watery fluid. And it would seem that Tom just couldn't stop. It's a good five seconds or so before he gets a grip on the reins again. Panting and almost crying with pleasure - a dream come true. But the pleasures continued to evolve. Arryn has begun to move her hips under Tom, bringing him to new heights of ecstasy and sexual energy. Every now and then, Tom manages to pull his hips up almost to the end of the huge thing, but again, she just brought him down all the way to the base of her monstrous breeding pole.

"No, no, no...you're not going anywhere until I fill you with every last drop of my thick seed," growled Arryn and shifted her weight, her cock slipping out of him momentarily as she rolled onto her front with Tom pinned beneath her. Without a second thought, she lined her throbbing glans up with his gaping bumhole and pushed her entire length into him, right up to the hilt in one swift motion, eliciting a primal, guttural groan from his lips as the overwhelming sensation consumed his body, mind and soul. He was beyond control now and was completely at the mercy of his voracious mistress as her thick member battered and abused his insides.

Tom's mind was basically broken, as had his body, which was now a mere puppet, a sheath for Arryn's cock. As her rhythm increased with every passing second, his whole body went limp and he submitted to her completely, fully aware he was going to be filled to the brim with her cum by the end of the night.

He continued to moan and groan in pleasure, his cock was throbbing uncontrollably, spraying cum everywhere as Arryn's huge dong penetrated him deeply at a furious pace.

"Oh my fucking god," groaned Claire, watching with fascination at the depraved act before her eyes. Despite Tom's superior size and build, it was clear who had the upper hand between the two. "That's so fucking hot..."

A switch flipped inside her body. A tingling sensation crept down her belly and settled just above her entrance. Slipping a trembling hand down the fabric of her skirt and past her cotton panties her fingers slid against her heated cunt. And God it felt good as she teased her clit.

She found her slick entrance with her middle finger, easily slipped it in, and slowly began to rub and massage her G-spot, causing a nice, strong vibration in her abdomen. Making a circular movement of her finger against her sweet spot and imagining that magnificent cock tearing apart the ass of the muscular guy, making him yell like an animal, made her finger move faster in the same circle, stimulating herself more intensely and letting waves of pleasure spread throughout her whole body, generating a need for more.

"Enjoying the show?," came Arryn's cocky response as her swollen testes slapped and hit against Tom's butt over and over again at a rapid tempo.

"Yes," was all that Claire was able to murmur out, and could not take her eyes off of the scene unfolding. Tom's face was buried into the bedsheet and his teeth bit into the pillow in front of him, his fists, clutching the sheets so tight, his knuckles were turning white with the strain. Every now and then, he would mumble something along the lines. "So big...so full..."

A huge smile was spreading across Arryn's face as she was leaning down until her breasts were pressed against Tom's back and her lips were right against his ear: "You love this, don't you, slut?"

An exhausted and muffled, but no less eager, "Yes!" was the answer Arryn received, as she was hammering Tom's abused ass with a ferocity and vigor that Tom had never imagined possible. And with an almost animalistic growl coming from Arryn's mouth while biting the top of his shoulders hard enough to draw blood, she dug her throbbing cock as deep as possible into his ass.

"You're such a perfect slut," Arryn growls, pressing her face against his neck, biting him harshly, "Taking my fat cock up your ass like that."

"Oh, yes," moans Tom, writhing his head into the pillow and mumbling against the mattress. Arryn pulled her hips back until only her head was inside his bum before slamming it back down again and burying her entire shaft in the tight warmth of his bowels. And another powerful orgasm was ripped through Tom's aching muscles, spurting endless ribbons of hot fluids between him and the bed, and his body violently convulsing and trembling, as his inner walls were clenched on her huge veiny monster, gripping it even tighter, applying more pressure to its surface that was stiff as iron.

"Look at you, cumming again and again without even touching yourself," Arryn chuckles cruelly. "You really are an insatiable little slut, aren't you, cumdump?"

Tom was completely exhausted, but his cock was not at all, and it was still rock hard, stuck between his body and the bed, twitching and oozing its cum every now and then, as the

young woman above him panted and breathed heavily. Tom was barely able to choke out a response: "Yes...only for...only for you...Silver...ahhh...Silver...fuuuuu...."

"Such an obedient cockslut," Arryn purred as she rubbed her hands against his back before pinning him to the mattress and bucking her hips against his, the pair now rutting like animals on the messy, soaked bedsheet. Each thrust was harder and faster than the last. Her cock plunged deep into his bum, her swollen and bulbous testicles knocking into his thighs. A savage and feral beast using her submissive little cockdump as only she knew how.

"Fucking take all of my cock inside that whoreish ass," grunted Arryn as she watched him moan helplessly. "You love this. You love being filled to the brim."

"Yes," whispered Tom, "Your slave just wants your cum!"

"And you're going to get it!" exclaimed Arryn in an ecstatic cry as her gland began to tremble, then, with a powerful roar, a huge eruption, similar to that of a volcano, shook her entire being, unleashing wave after wave of thick, creamy jizz down the velvety passage of Tom's anus straight into the depths of his innards. And as her balls kept pumping their hot and viscous content, his intestines were filling up with semen, as did his rectal cavity until it finally began to flood and spill out his stretched and gaping bum around her massive phallus, creating a bubbling sea of pearly cream on the sheets beneath them as it seeped down onto the bed frame beneath the couple.

It was much more than he could take, already full from her previous load, his bulging stomach started to lift him up from the mattress, inflating to ridiculous proportions until he was hovering a few inches over the mattress. That's when Arryn decided to pull out and sprayed the rest of her creamy load all over his back and sides, the intensity of the eruption causing some of it to shoot as far as the wall, where it splashed and dribbled to the carpet beneath.

Tom had never seen a discharge of such intensity or amount. It was like a mini fountain was sprouting from the tip of her penis, spurting out streams of white sperm all over the room and painting the walls white, covering them in splattered drops.

After several minutes of intense and mind-blowing climax, a steady stream of potent seed turned into spurts, then dribbles, and finally, Arryn was done, with only a few remaining dribbles of her spunk shooting weakly over Tom's soaked back. Exhausted, she leaned forward, resting her arms on his slippery waistline. The added weight forced the cum trapped in his bloated belly to burst out of his butt in a messy explosion all over his legs and the bed below him as he whimpered and squirmed underneath her muscular form. The aftermath of his own orgasm was now so strong that even his brain didn't manage to process all the signals.

"Too much, too much, TOO MUCH", Tom sobbed weakly into the mattress. The mixture of exhaustion and his overstimulated body was enough to make Tom blackout for several minutes.

As for Arryn, she saw his now empty insides as an opportunity to continue the show. She turned Tom's limp body over and dropped her softening shaft on his belly with a loud, wet squelch. A small trickle of pearly semen immediately spilled from his gaping anus to the already destroyed and cum-soaked sheets beneath him. Arryn's eyes glazed over the soaking and wrecked figure of her fucktoy and was amazed to see just how much jizz covered him: His whole front side was glistening with her seed, a layer thick enough to cover his entire skin in white, creamy liquid, from his muscular pecks, through his six-pack to his crotch.

She leaned over and whispered in his ear: "Oooooops...my whole load just leaked out of you," she said, a wicked grin on her face: "It's just so wrong to leave you empty, don't you think?"

Tim's gaze became one of pure shock.

"No...no...nmphhhh...," Tom tried to refuse, but his words were muffled by Claire's dripping pussy that was forcefully pressed to his lips, his attempts to get away from it completely futile, as she held his head firmly between her legs and her pelvis was moving rhythmically against him.

"So nice of you to finally join us, Claire, and such an appropriate entry," Arryn chuckled and smiled at Claire, who was busy riding Tom's face with great enthusiasm, her pussy rubbing up and down his face and lips as she tried desperately to put as much as of her soaking hole into his mouth as possible and force him to lap, suck and lick all of her most sensitive spots while she was moaning with pleasure.

She grabbed the back of Arryn's neck, still riding Tom's face and kissed her hungrily, shoving her tongue inside the mouth of the silver-haired goddess, their tongues battling fiercely, the room filled with the wet sounds of them making out while the man beneath them was moaning desperately into Claire's twat and squirming against the cum-covered mattress, trying, but failing, to free his head from the girl's grip. Eventually, he accepted the fact that he was just a toy for both girls and began sucking on Claire's pussy lips eagerly with his tongue darting all around inside of her slit.

Claire broke the kiss and stared at Arryn, panting and gasping heavily, her heart beating faster:

"I'm sorry for intruding," she moaned. "It was just too hot to just stand aside. Now fuck him, horsey."

Arryn laughed loudly and stroked Claire's messy red hair, giving her a smile of the most beautiful kind before answering: "For you, dear, anything."

Claire's heart skipped a beat at this simple, beautiful answer and her cheeks flushed with arousal as she watched Arryn lining up her softening and sticky member to the exhausted man's gaping hole. Arryn had been inside Tom for so long today that it was just so easy to plunge the whole thing back in with the first try. Tom, who by now seemed to have understood the fate that had befallen him and the role in which he was cast, did nothing to fight against it, but just welcomed the pure bliss of having a thick log penetrating him and his intestines slowly stretching to fit it back inside.

"Ugh...this is so fucked up," said Arryn with a loud sigh as she shoved herself inside Tom's loosened rectum and her cock head began to swell again: "But I fucking love it so much."

This was the final straw for Tom's over-climaxed and battered body. With a faint, but satisfied moan, a torrent of warm and watery liquid erupted all over his torso, coating his muscled chest with yet another load of cum.

"What an incredible and desperate slut," Arryn commented with a wide smile and continued to slam her hardening shaft into the boy's well-gaped butthole.

Claire was mesmerized by the spectacle as she continued to grind and hump his face and lips while watching the huge, swollen rod vanishing into Tom's gaping bum, reappearing and vanishing once more. This, in combination with her overstimulated body's needs, was pushing her over the edge as she was fast approaching a long-awaited climax. It was like the view alone was enough to make her cum: Watching Tom's belly slowly inflate with every thrust of that impossibly thick meat-truncheon was just something so obscene and depraved, so unnatural and unholy, that her legs were now shaking with the force of the climax building in her loins as she gyrated wildly, riding his face, smashing his head between her wet thighs, his nose up against her clitoris.

Claire's hips bucked uncontrollably as wave after wave of intense pleasure washed over her. It felt like every nerve ending had been set alight. She was almost blinded by her powerful release and her juices were flowing freely from her twat and into Tom's open mouth and on his face. Her whole body felt weak and was now shuddering and jerking uncontrollably.

[Perspective: Arryn]

Arryn was in heaven with the beautiful sight of her fucktoy moaning in pleasure as her shaft slowly swelled with each of her violent thrusts, expanding to the maximum, filling every inch of his insides, and forcing him to cum again, the liquid squirting up between his legs and all over her crotch before dripping down his sides onto the cum-drenched mattress. She was almost sure the man was actually crying at this point.

With each stroke, she could feel her growing erection stretching his bowels to their limit.

"That's so hot," she gasped as she thrust her hips into him. "Just keep cumming, slut!"

Tom, to his credit, was attempting to hold back, but was utterly failing and was now spraying cum uncontrollably, until there was just none left. His cock twitched and jerked painfully, but to no avail, as there was not a drop of seed left.

"Oh, looks like his balls are empty now," smirked Arryn and picked up the pace of her thrusts: "That's ok though," she said as her cock expanded even more, her thick glans swelling to twice its size, its veins engorging to the max.

"Fuuuuck...are you hard already?" Claire murmured in a mix of amazement as she watched her hung companion swell, while she was still riding the high of her most recent climax, her loins were throbbing and her body was still convulsing and shaking in the afterglow.

"I am," responded Arryn between thrusts and let out a moan.

"I have an idea!" yelled Claire, panting and gasping as her cunt tightened around his tongue. "Take my place."

"You want me to face fuck him?," Arryn smirked and paused her movements.

"No...well. yes, but don't use your cock," Claire grinned back, and then, seeing that Arryn had no idea what she was hinting at: "Just sit on his fucking face and don't ask questions! Trust me."

Arryn chuckled, but didn't bother to ask any more unnecessary questions and pulled her cock out of Tom's butt with a loud and rude 'POP'. Claire stood up from his face just to see Tom completely zombified. His mind was blank, eyes rolled into the back of his head and his tongue moving in circles as if Claire was still sitting on top of him.

Arryn quickly took Claire's place and aligned her wet pussy, hidden behind the tremendous package, straight to his mouth, while her rock-hard fuckstick was proudly pointing into the ceiling.

As soon as her soaking cunt made contact with his lips, Claire climbed on top of Arryn and impaled herself in a single and determined motion on futa's still throbbing cock and cried out as the rock-hard monstrous trunk split her apart and stretched her insides. Arryn let out a deep, satisfied sigh as her cock was encased within the tight folds of Claire's dripping twat.

Tom underneath them degraded into a mindless husk. Nothing existed for him anymore. He was a living vibrator, eagerly running his tongue all over Arryn's pussy, while Claire squatted on her enormous tool, taking it all in and riding it as she was used to. Slowly moving up and down, savoring the feeling of having that wonderful piece of meat sliding in and out of her snatch, her legs shaking with every new inch that entered her insides.

"Fuck," Claire gasped breathlessly: "Your cock...fuuuck...Every time with you is like the first. You're hitting spots inside me that should not be touched, horsey!"

"And your pussy never ceases to amaze me," Arryn grunted as Claire slammed her hips up and down, driving every inch of the thick meatrod into her, stretching her to her breaking point, and sending a delightful warmth spreading through her lower stomach and down her spine with each thrust.

They were now moving as if they were one, like two dancers performing a choreography, perfectly synchronized and working in harmony to reach the highest note and maximum effect with every movement taken. Arryn's giant phallus plundered Claire's velvet passage over and over again as her testicles bounced against Tom's chin, while he eagerly licked the pussy above him. All three were moving, breathing, and sweating like one, their moans, grunts, and groans echoing and reverberating off the walls of the room. They were so close. Arryn grabbed Claire by her waist to pull her closer into her muscular form and then slid her hands across Claire's back to her rear, grabbing two large handfuls of Claire's heart-shaped ass and giving a loud smack to it.

"YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT...MARK ME, HORSEY," screamed Claire as her flesh vibrated from the impact, her cheeks stinging, her pussy convulsing around the invader, and a surge of pleasure flowing down to the tip of her toes as a result of her butt being slapped so hard.

Claire's nails dug into the broad and chiseled back of Arryn's. As her mind got lost in a myriad of pleasurable sensations and she gave up her senses to pure instinct. Her lower body began to move in a primal mating dance of its own, instinctively grinding, humping and impaling itself onto the large and monstrous member inside her as her womb was getting smashed against repeatedly, her juices leaking onto it and running down its long length, coating Arryn's huge sack, until it too was dripping with fluid, all while the continuous rubbing of her clitoris against the thick shaft sent electric shocks through Claire's already exhausted and sweat-soaked body.

It was a wonderful, delicious madness. Every time Claire rode the divine thing like a maniac, it only fed her desire for more. A ravenous, hungry, animal needs that would not leave her be, not until she had squeezed her partner dry and left her an utter mess and cum-drained hunk. Even the way the gigantic thing spread her vaginal passage was somehow exciting: the painful, burning sensation, mixed with her dripping wetness, and the warmth spreading throughout her entire body and finally pooling in the pit of her stomach as she was slamming down the beast over and over again, not being able to resist the intoxicating sensations.

Tom, meanwhile, was frantically licking away the wet and sappy slit of the woman above him, his tongue dancing inside of her, scooping out the nectar that was trickling down to his lips, his chin, neck, and the soaking bedsheet. Tom's tongue had grown tired from so much activity - after all the licking and sucking of the previous hour his jaw ached as well - but he persevered with determination to serve his mistress to the best of his abilities: going at it without pause, plunging his tongue in and out of her wet channel as best as he could, keeping a regular and steady rhythm of stabbing her insides, trying to stimulate her sweet spots to the utmost possible.

And Arryn was nearing her end, her heavy balls tensing in their sacks, ready to unload their contents inside Claire.

"You...your huge monster cock," Claire began to breathe heavily, "is sooo fucking hot." She then started to shout, and her legs were trembling and jerking with every descent. "FUUUUCK!"

This was Claire's limit. She was done for good. A final orgasm was ripped through her whole body, and her now loosened and spent pussy flooded the hard pole, coating it with even more girlcum, which in turn was smeared all over Arryn's thick and muscular thighs as Claire was desperately thrusting down, her insides throbbing and convulsing and twitching, wrapping themselves tightly around the large intruder and unwilling to let it go.

Her entire body shook and shuddered violently, and Arryn felt she was close too.

"Want me... to pull out?" said the futa, panting, trying to hold it.

"Na...yeee...yessss," panted the girl, moving her hips. "Fi...finish...in...in...Tom...in his faaac...fac...face!" she uttered breathlessly, biting her lower lip, while desperately trying to stop the orgasm that was coming.

This time Arryn was sure Tom heard every word, as she did too. Claire's breathing was returning to normal and the tremors in her legs had now lessened, so she moved out and stepped aside. Arryn stood up from Tom's sopping, drool-covered, and aching face. Licking her own lips in anticipation: "This is it then," she said: "Your last treat tonight."

Tom tried to get up on shaky limbs to come to his mistress obediently, his cock pulsing madly as she stood upright over his face, bulbous cockhead just inches away from his open, panting mouth.

"Drink it." And with that Arryn's balls exploded and released their precious cargo into the mouth and waiting throat of the exhausted slave. He barely managed to wrap his lips around the head in time, not to spill even a single drop of her gift, as Arryn unloaded in copious and thick spurts directly down Tom's throat and into his belly, adding even more volume to the ones she previously gave him. There was so much of Arryn's milk pouring down his throat and into his insides that he was starting to gag and choke as his intestines filled to capacity and his belly swelled beyond that, rounding out like that of an overinflated balloon as his insides were quickly pumped and bloated full with jizz, forcing him to take the dick from his mouth, but Arryn grabbed his head, not allowing him to do that.

"Fucking swallow it!" Arryn growled in a loud voice: "All of it!" And pressed her hand against the top of Tom's head: "SWALLOW!" she barked with a command in her voice.

Tom's Adam apple bobbed up and down furiously as he desperately tried to swallow all of the white torrents of jizz flooding his mouth, while Arryn stared into his soul, making him feel trapped in her gaze and completely immobile as the weight of his full belly pressed

down against his chest, not letting him inhale any air. Yet despite his lack of oxygen he still managed to slowly and carefully swallow the ocean of seed and keep it all inside.

After an eternity of sweet suffering and consuming of the special drink. After almost being drowned in Arryn's thick, musky, potent, and nutritious, life-giving, filling, overpowering, and sustaining substance that could very well replace water itself, or so he was starting to believe. Tom was almost broken. His swollen belly was so full of cream that he looked pregnant. It was resting on the sides of his limping body like a giant ball.

And even though he thought it would have been impossible for his insides to be filled with even more fluid, it was no surprise to him as his mistress was still holding onto his head, still forcing him to keep his lips wrapped around her cockhead as he was choking on the seemingly unending flow of thick and creamy cum.

"Don't spill it! Claire worked hard to make this meal just for you," said Arryn, almost shouting, with authority: "Fucking drink it all."

He tried his best to comply, but his body had its limits, he felt his consciousness slipping as his throat muscles were too exhausted to swallow even a drop anymore, and finally, with one last sigh of relief, everything went black.

"I think you killed him," Claire said softly. Then smiled to Arryn's uncomprehending gaze. "Just joking," she added as she leaned closer and kissed the futa on the cheek.

"He'll be alright," Arryn whispered, breathing hard as a final jet of thick white liquid spilled from her tip and down Tom's throat. Then she slowly let go of his head, her huge meat cannon popping out of his lips, leaving his mouth gaping wide open, his swollen tongue flopped uselessly, "Fuck, turning alpha males into cumdumpsters is just so fucking fun!"

Claire was now seated on the couch in a more comfortable position. Not caring about the filthy state her own lower half was in and completely oblivious to her soaked red hair sticking to her sweat-covered face. Only happy to rest and enjoy the wonderful, warm afterglow of several orgasms. Her thighs, arms, neck, and parts of her chest were glistening in her fluids and sweat, and her hand moved slowly down her lower belly, fingers brushing through the hairs of her crotch before her middle and index fingers entered her dripping wet sex. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she reached out with her free arm for a pack of cigarettes resting on the table nearby.

Claire lit up and watched with amusement as Arryn smacked her now deflating shaft over Tom's face one last time, soaking every inch of the unconscious male's visage with the last remaining droplets of her precious, fertile sperm. The smell of cigarette smoke and pheromones mingled in the air of the hotel room.

"That was amazing," said Claire, exhaling a cloud of smoke. She looked at her watch. "Damn, 1:30 AM, we better get cleaned and going."

"Or we could spend the rest of the night here, doing some filthy stuff, you know," said Arryn as she stroked her cock up and down with a wink. "What do you think?"

"Normally, I would say no," said Claire with a coy smile. "But I'm just too fucking horny to reject such a tempting offer!" And after stubbing her cigarette in the ashtray, she reached out with her arms and stretched her body, her muscles and ligaments clearly visible underneath her supple skin as her ample breasts were moving up and down, while a lascivious glimmer could be seen in her eyes as she looked at Arryn expectantly: "Come take care of me, horsey!"

"With pleasure," Arryn replied and slowly walked towards her partner, her softened but still humongous phallus swaying between her legs, twitching slightly from the excitement. "Let's make our filthy night a bit filthier then." And with these words, she reached the couch where Claire was already lying down on her back and staring hungrily at the beast between the legs of her companion.

"Oh no, baby. We will do it my way this time," grinned the futanari and gently raised her arm into the air, as if painting some imaginary pattern with her hand.

Claire didn't get to respond as her body was lifted off the couch and suspended in the air magical cyan glowing chains wrapped each of her limbs and pinned them into place. With a simple wave of the hand, Arryn made the girl float before her, just at the level of her now fully erect, veiny, monstrous member.

"Ready, baby?" the futa asked, her voice sounding so warm and arousing now as she was smiling with desire, as the chains slowly moved her lover forward, until the fat mushroom-shaped tip made contact with the redhead's opening, running her thick, ridged urethral opening up and down the tight slit and covering the outer edges in a thick coating of her lubrication.

Claire looked deep into the eyes of Arryn. Unable to hide her excitement and anticipation anymore: "Yes," she whispered breathlessly. "Yes!"

With another move of Arryn's hand, Claire's body started to impale itself on her rigid, stone-hard shaft. Slowly, magical chains pushed her further onto the object of desire, its swollen and enlarged tip pressing hard against the fleshy petals guarding her moist tunnel as Arryn continued to cast her magic. Making Claire moan and arch her spine at the gentle contact of the two and then again as the rigid knob started to forcefully push its way through the tightly-clenching orifice of her entrance as its surface split and gave way to the intruder, allowing the veiny organ to sink further and further into Claire's velvet channel, stretching her so wonderfully, making her feel complete again.

It was a slow and gradual penetration: Arryn's cock made its way deep inside of the girl by tiny degrees that had Claire wanting so much more. So she tried to move her body so her twat could take the beast faster but the restraining magic Arryn was using rendered her

unable to do that and so the process was carried out under Arryn's terms only. Soon enough, Claire was full. All of Arryn's enormous, thick rod was buried deeply within the confines of her soaked vaginal tunnel, the girl's slim legs flayed on each of Arryn's broad, muscular sides.

Arryn didn't pause there though. Claire's eyes rolled into the back of their sockets. And before she could realize what was happening. The chains that were binding her started to move her body back and forth, fast, very fast, causing a wave of intense sensations as Arryn's bulbous cock head slammed itself again and again on her cervix, re-sculpturing Claire's interior to its liking.

"Oh god, slow down! FUCK! You're tearing me apart!" was all Claire was able to utter as her head spun around with dizzying effect and the edges of her vision blurred and turned white while a fog spread over her brain that sent her body convulsing with each nerve and fiber tensing and releasing with the most exquisite feelings of utter delight coursing throughout her body as the muscles within the depths of her cunny gripped and clenched tight to her invader's immense shaft, embracing, devouring the thing, milking, wanting and trying so desperately to coax its essence out.

And the best was yet to come. Soon the rhythm increased to unbelievable heights. Magical bonds rapidly accelerate the suspended female back and forth on Arryn's shaft, with such power, such force, so very fast that even the most primal human would be completely mindboggled by what it did to their nervous system. Claire's innards felt like they were burning with a kindling fire, each ridge, curve, bulge, and vein on the pulsating, throbbing cock seemed to rub itself against a different part of her tunnel walls with every penetration and withdrawal and even the top of Claire's uterus became Arryn's newest plaything as the tip of her engorged dong repeatedly pushed its way as deep as possible into Claire and made contact with the back end of her womb in a very harsh way.

No longer capable of controlling the noises of pleasure escaping from her lips and losing every last bit of rationale in her mind, she could only focus on the sounds of flesh on flesh, her desperate, uneven moaning, the thudding sound of Arryn's massive balls as they repeatedly collided with the tender flesh of her ass.

"Stop! S-s-s-s...stooop! stop," Claire stuttered out again as the brutal and violent pounding of Arryn's rod turned the girl's lower belly into a literal sea of sensations that overwhelmed the young woman with intensity and urgency: "Can't...take...much..."

Arryn's did not answer with words but just intensified the movements of Claire on her shaft, shoving her entire, gargantuan fuckhammer in and out with a ferocious speed that even the wildest animals on Earth couldn't compete with as Claire's body became little more than a mere tool and fucktoy to be used at will. In and out, again, and again, faster and harder. Never stopping, never slowing, the girl's own juices seeped past the stretched flaps of Claire's abused cunt, smearing the hardened surface of Arryn's large balls and running down the length of her own aching thighs.

After what seemed to be an eternity of this blissful madness, and non-stop climaxes for Claire, which by the looks of the insane amount of juices that covered Arryn's groin and the floor below them had to have gone beyond count, her vision darkened and the last thing she saw was Arryn's cyan eyes and mischievous smile before blackness enveloped her entirely...

Claire felt the warmth on her face and slowly opened her eyes to see a pair of beautiful, radiant and warm cyan eyes staring right at her, a gentle smile was playing on the face of the gorgeous and enchanting person who owned those incredible, otherworldly, cyan hue irises and who was also slowly blinking and carefully looking over Claire's features as she was lying motionless in bed with her body pressed firmly against a powerful frame.

"W...what...what did...how," was all the tired, breathless woman was able to produce: "Hah..you....you really did a number on me, horsey," she chuckled and pressed herself closer to Arryn, throwing her left leg on her side and grinding her pussy slowly against Arryn's thigh as a pleasant aftershock spread throughout her lower region.

"You made me worried when you passed out like that," Arryn was stroking Claire's now messy red locks and kept gently kissing and nibbling her forehead: "For a minute I was about to call an ambulance."

"I passed out? How long," Claire began to look around her. "Huh? Is it morning already?" She tried to get off the bed to see outside the window, but Arryn wrapped her hand tightly around her naked torso and brought her in a tight embrace: "Did you fuck my unconscious, fainted body the entire night, you stallion?" Claire half-jokingly asked and planted a soft kiss on Arryn's cheek as she relaxed and molded to her girlfriend's shape.

"No, no, of course not," came Arryn's gentle reply, her smile growing even wider, even more lovely now: "I pulled out the moment you passed out. Scout's honor," the futa said as she brushed a few stray locks of Claire's hair away from her face to kiss the tip of her nose then followed up by gently stroking Claire's cheek with her right index finger, "But I had to use Tom to dump my load for the next, hm, let's see," a slight pause and Arryn pretended to look at her hand to check an imaginary wristwatch, "three hours or so?"

"Three hours," Claire mumbled under her breath, her body squirming involuntarily against her taller lover: "Three fucking hours," Claire said once again in an amazed whisper: "That is the...fourth time you've drained your seed for almost four consecutive hours and still don't seem to show even the slightest sign of wear and tear. That is simply mind-boggling."

A mischievous glimmer sparkled in Arryn's eyes.

"And where is he? Tom, that is?" asked the redhead, shifting and adjusting her body comfortably.

"Um, well," Arryn pointed with her right index finger towards one corner, where Claire now could clearly make out an incredibly inflated belly on a passed-out Tom's form that was nearly the size of a giant pregnancy. He was completely covered in cum and surrounded by an inch thick pool of cream: "You might be right that I overexerted him last night. He's been in his cumdumpster state for several hours now and hasn't even regained consciousness since you passed out."

Claire touched her own belly just to find out that she was fine. No trace of last night's violent love-making was visible to the naked eye.

"You fixed me up with your magic?," whispered the girl, her hand, exploring the area around her entrance: "It seems, um, that all evidence, and I mean ALL EVIDENCE is now missing!" she said with a bit of surprise in her voice and quickly looked at the futa before returning to explore the space around her hole and vaginal muscles as if it was the first time for her to be down there.

"Yep, well," Arryn scratched the back of her head: "Can't let anyone notice and think you were mauled by an animal. Besides, we're planning to move today, right?"

"Right," agreed Claire as she kissed the futa on her collarbone then slightly lifted her face so her lips would be just inches away from the beautiful and enchanting ones of her companion. A gentle nod was the last thing she managed to do before wrapping her arms and legs around her partner and gently pushing the silver-haired female so she'd roll over on the bed, reversing their positions, thus leaving Arryn on her back while Claire, the insatiable and exhausted redhead, on top of her, the two staring lovingly into the other's eyes.

"What's with the mask and wig?," Claire reached up a trembling hand and gently removed the futa's fox-themed masks off her face to look closely at her breathtaking face: "It was the hottest thing to have ever happened to me but," the redhead paused. Not only to catch her breath after the nightmarish, exhaustive and intoxicatingly amazing marathon they just had but to savour the moment and gaze upon the flawless beauty of her one and only, her darling, her life, and future: "Why were you dressed as some furry creature? Just can't figure it out."

"Just for fun. Actually...well," a long exhale escaped the futa as she relaxed into her partner's hold, "Let me show you."

Arryn grabbed the mask and put it back over her head, fixing the wig so that it properly sit on top. Instantly, she became the Silver Fox and got up from the bed. Slowly she moved to the corner where the unfortunate Tom was sleeping and then without so much as lifting a finger or whispering a magical word, her hand went up, fingers clenched and pointing upwards towards the sky as her feet started to hover up.

"Wake up. fucktoy!" Arryn commanded: "Now."

Slowly but steadily, Tom's body started to move. Slowly and with visible effort, as if moving was a completely unfamiliar task to the boy and something completely unknown to him, but eventually, his mouth was finally opened, releasing a bit of his drool on the ground, as his eyes opened slowly.

"Remember me, fucktoy?" the voice sounded again, a cruel and predatory glint shining brightly in her eyes as she moved the floating boy closer to her with the force of her magic. Tom's eyes moved to meet the face of the woman, and his memory flashed as images of last night came to the front of his thoughts, and his mind was filled with the sole thought to serve and to pleasure the master, so he leaned forward with his tongue out and ready to take, as his dick grew rigid once again: "Give me a proper greeting, fucktoy."

"Silver Fox!" the boy moaned weakly but with an eager and enthusiastic voice.

"Yes, that's me, your goddess," Arryn continued in an imperious voice as a wicked grin formed on her lips, "Now greet me. Properly. Fucktoy." The magic holding him in the air released its grasp and Tom's body fell to the ground on its hands and knees. His tongue eagerly protruded out and crawled on the ground to the object of his desire and worship. Without any second thought, he grabbed the futa's massive, still flaccid rod as his head bobbed on the tip, licking and sucking as a desperate need to serve, pleasure, and entertain the divine being consumed his every thought.

She gave him a few seconds to worship her cock then pulled out and turned to Claire: "See? He thinks I'm his goddess, Silver Fox!," the futa yelled triumphantly, arms crossed, a victorious smile on her lips as her cock was getting serviced once again by her slave's mouth: "Isn't that right," she asked Tom, and received a muffled, but still enthusiastic moan for an answer from him.

"Honestly...fascinating," Claire said and smiled at the scene: "And why a fox?"

"I used to be a webcam model, wearing a similar fox mask to hide my identity. The nickname stuck with me," Arryn explained, stroking Tom's hair gently: "Plus, if the world were to learn who the real me is," she continued with a smug smirk: "Even you know that it would mean disaster."

Claire nodded thoughtfully.

"Okay, now stop, fucktoy," the futa gently grabbed the male's head between her hands and gave him an affectionate pat on his head: "Get your stuff and leave. And make sure to spread the word about the Silver Fox." Arryn finished the sentence with a smirk on her face then shooed her property away with a wave of her hand.

Without even looking back, the poor cumdump left their hotel, naked, full of jizz, and with a monstrously distended belly and his ruined gaping asshole on display for the whole world to see. All this because it was nothing less than what his goddess wished for. After all the

love and devotion his goddess showed him by letting him serve under her and join in on her wonderful journeys he'd be but a fool to not comply.

Arryn looked back at Claire with her magnificent cyan eyes: "So? Are we going to your place? Or did you have some other ideas, Ms. Claire?"

"Pack your stuff and let's go, horsey," said Claire as she wrapped her hands around Arryn's shoulders and began to rub her soft body against Arryn's muscular frame, grinding and swaying her hips slowly against her crotch and soon, Claire felt a tell-tale hardness swelling up and touching her sex, causing a delighted smile to form on her lips: "You sure love to seduce me again and again with that monster you have between your legs!"

"That is all yours," Arryn grinned with a beautiful and endearing smile and pressed a soft kiss on Claire's lips.

Claire responded by pecking her lover's jawline.

"Indeed," whispered Claire in a barely audible, but adoring whisper: "Indeed, this is mine."

They kissed long, sweet, and passionately then parted: "Enough, get ready," Claire smiled as she pinched the futanari's earlobe gently and climbed out of bed. She dressed quickly, glancing now and again in Arryn's direction and occasionally seeing a similar glance or two from Arryn which caused both to smile as their eyes made contact.

Within minutes, they were all packed and heading off to Claire's apartment as the redhead had promised. They left the hotel room and once at the reception, Arryn called the receptionist's attention and informed him she was checking out. Then she asked to call Mr. Frederick. It didn't take him long to reach the lobby and Arryn greeted him with a handshake and a grin: "Mr. Frederick. Nice to see you, I'm checking out, but my job offer is still valid. Please, wait for my call to set a new meeting."

"I'll be waiting, Miss Frost," Mr. Frederick answered with a satisfied and cheerful tone: "It was an amazing pleasure to meet such a gorgeous and promising woman like you."

"Likewise," Arryn shook hands with the man and walked toward the exit, before turning back to him again. "Oh, one more thing, Mr. Frederick. I'm sure you've seen a naked man walking out of the hotel a few moments ago," she said with an icy grin.

"Unfortunately, I did," Frederick replied with a disgusted face.

"Good. It would be great if you could delete all the camera footage showing the man walking out of my room. Of course, I'm not forcing you, it is, just, a polite and friendly request," said Arryn casually.

Frederick gave a curt and understanding nod to the request: "Don't worry Miss Frost. It will be done. I suppose the room will need a special cleaning too?," he asked calmly with a polite and understanding smile on his face as if the conversation didn't disturb him.

"Why, of course. Thank you so much," Arryn responded and gave the man a gentle smile.

"You are welcome, Miss," Frederick tipped his head in a respectful gesture: "I hope to have the honor to see and speak with you again."

"That's for sure," said Arryn as her expression suddenly became very gentle, almost kind, and her voice lowered to a whisper only Frederick could hear: "I really hope to see your lips around my cock the next time we meet."

Upon hearing that, Frederick's heart stopped. A storm began to brew in his chest, a chill ran down his spine, and a desperate and aching throbbing assaulted his senses. Not only that, his member was rapidly growing in his slacks, tenting them as blood filled it up and down the length became rock-hard within seconds.

"I'll take that as a yes," smiled Arryn and shook his trembling hand: "See you soon, Mr. Frederick."

"Goodbye, Miss Frost, and have an amazing day," whispered the man through numb lips, sweat forming on his brow, heart hammering in his chest as Arryn left the hotel with Claire.

Claire took her car keys and unlocked her vehicle. Minutes later they were on their way to her house. That is when the question popped up in Claire's head.

"This Frederick guy, you fucked him, didn't you?" asked Claire casually and kept her gaze on the road ahead.

A long pause. Long and tense, until Arryn said: "Maaaybeee," and looked to the road to the passenger side window as a crimson flush tinted her cheeks.

"Don't 'Maybe' me, horsey," chuckled the redhead and slapped her companion on the thigh while not looking at her face: "Just admit to it and be done," she added and threw a quick glimpse at her blushing face.

"Okay, I did," Arryn smiled embarrassed, and said with her eyes firmly focused on the passing traffic: "But, It's kind of your fault."

A silence stretched as Claire was biting her lower lip trying to control an incoming fit of laughter. But finally, the laughter came as she turned to Arryn: "Haha...my fault? And how is that?"

"Well, you didn't lock the hotel door when you left, and a room service girl sneaked in, followed by Frederick," Arryn mumbled a hurried explanation under her breath as a tinge of

red was forming on her cheekbones. "The girl caught me sleeping and started sucking my cock at the first sight."

Claire only now was hearing this and immediately turned and gaped at the beautiful futanari with an astounded look on her face as if what Arryn just said was so improbable to her: "Then how did Frederick join you?"

"As I said," Arryn's flush spread further down, the blush now nearly encompassing her entire visage: "He came right after her," a slight, nervous twitch was visible in her leg: "So," she hesitated, and then continued. "At first he was like, no, please, I'm not gay and all, and then he dropped to his knees and sucked too. They all do," a wide and prideful grin was now visible on her lips.

A smile was still there on the redhead's visage but as they approached a red light she abruptly took off her belt and reached for Arryn's neck to draw the futa for a passionate kiss, with her tongue plowing deep into the inviting, warm recesses of her girlfriend's mouth, causing Arryn's skin to heat up with an erotic sensation that made the futanari melt instantly.

Claire now had her tongue snaking down her companion's neck: "And," another kiss was planted on Arryn's soft pale flesh: "What," another one on her collarbone: "happened then," Claire didn't wait to ask and descended to capture one of the futa's firm nipples in her mouth, biting it through her shirt, sucking on it and moaning in delight and then pulled up to plant a loving kiss on Arryn's mouth and just after they parted.

A content sigh escaped the futa's lips as the sweet and heavenly sensation from Claire's mouth made her vaginal passage itch with longing, not to mention her member was already so stiff that Arryn's brain was clouded from the growing lust: "I fucked their brains out, is what happened," Arryn grunted as Claire grabbed her cock over her pants and pulled a bit on its tip, sending jolts of sensual lightning along its entire length.

"That's it, horsey? Is that all," teased Claire as her fingers found and rubbed against her own slit as she sat there in her driving seat and kept giving small pecks and licks all over her companion's body.

Unfortunately, the traffic light had just gone green, so she reluctantly removed her fingers off Arryn's now completely exposed breasts, put on her belt again, and started to drive into the sunrise.