Kasey managed to get away. What chased Beth off, she didn’t know, nor did she want to. All that concerned her was the softness of her bed, the welcome feel of dry sweatpants, and what she planned to do, having destroyed a restroom. There were cameras all over campus, just a matter of time before the dean found out she was responsible. Once he knew, that was it. All her hard work put to waste.

What other options were there? She had to have another choice in the matter. Explain herself? The dean might understand if she justified what happened, though that meant revealing what she was. Others would know afterwards, word always travelled, and that wouldn’t guarantee anything. Might just make it worse.

Not an option. Best to leave before anything could go more wrong. Before Beth told anyone. She changed into her own clothes, doing everything she could to make her dick uncomfortable, gathered what wasn’t soaked and piled it into her suitcase. As she slammed the top down, reality snapped back into place. This was all she had. She checked her bank; not enough for a plane ticket home. Barely sufficient for a few nights in a motel.

“Can’t believe this,” Kasey muttered, wiping sweat away from her eyes as panic set in. She didn’t want her parents to find out through the phone, or ask them for money. They’d paid for her to be here, cleaned up after her on so many occasions, supported her in the stupidest of circumstances, even the time she shattered a window after a wet dream, and this was how she repaid them. She destroyed a bathroom all because one girl was hot. Wasn’t she past this phase of life?

Yes, she was. College was a failure, but she’d learn from this. In the meantime, she needed to leave, find a place to stay and get a job. As an Art Major dropout, she was already destined for dead end work without a lucky break. All this did was fast track her lot in life. Once she saved enough, she’d get on a plane back home and forget everything.

Kasey shoved the rest of her supplies into a rucksack and slung it over her shoulders. It pulled on her back, like an anchor trying to drag her into an abyss and drown her. Beyond her dorm room door, laid a path mired in uncertainty. She didn’t know if it stretched for miles, only a few metres, or just an inch, but it was all that was available. Once she opened that door. She tucked a lock of red behind an ear and grabbed the handle. All or nothing.

The plank of wood creaked open. Wisps of air coiled up and under her cargo pants, reaching further to her nose. Perfume? It was familiar, hinting at cherries, but was subdued by another odour. Kasey gulped, the motion seeming to travel through her groin, and lifted her head.

“Hi.” Beth stood no more than a foot away. She’d changed clothes, but they revealed much as ever. Her breasts malformed swarmed for the opening between buttons on her shirt, overflowing the diamonds like they wanted to escape. No bra contained them, which the bulbous nipples advertised for all to see. Not far below, her hips waged a similar battle with her skirt, threatening to flaunt more than was decent. A pair of stockings ended below the hem, attached to something hidden.

Kasey swallowed again. Normal clothes looked seductive on Beth, but these were tight and small and sexy. She stepped back, chewing her lip. The folds in her shorts flattened as her lust swelled. Backing away made it worse by bringing all of Beth into view, right down to her stocking-clad feet. The skirt was shorter than she already thought. A soft breeze lifted it, revealing her lacy panties, damp and tight against her own desire.

“What’re you doing here?” Kasey asked.

“Isn’t that obvious?” Beth sauntered in, nudging the door shut behind her. She unhooked each button from her shirt, eyes on Kasey, slowly revealing more of her creamy skin and unfathomable tits, “You know, at first, I just thought I’d see if you redheads are wild as they say, but you got a lot more interesting.”

Kasey opened her mouth, closed it, then opened again. Words seemed beyond her. Every button unbound, and every centimetre of stunning tit flesh she saw stole her breath anew. Beth strode over, exaggerated hips swinging, and slid Kasey’s backpack off.

“Going somewhere?”

“Thinking about it,” Kasey said, rigid muscles slowly relaxing as the sensation transitioned elsewhere. Moisture brimmed and flowed down her leg, triggering shivers in its wake.

“Just because I saw your cock?” Beth was closer than ever. Her breasts touched Kasey’s, dwarfing them, while her hands strolled over her body to find little pleasant nooks and crannies to toy with. An artist with skilled fingers wasn’t uncommon, yet Beth took it to new heights. With unerring precision, she elicited subtle moans from Kasey, seeking all her erogenous zones. The trickle became a stream.

“Stop. It’s not that.” Kasey stumbled back onto her bed.

“Oh? Then what is it?” Beth followed, straddling her hips. The sordid heat from her crotch washed over Kasey’s, puddling in her underwear as Beth’s tits filled her vision. Her shorts fought with her hardening cock. Pre-cum gushed out in the tightening prison. Beth flattened against it, humming in approval, “I see someone’s happy to see me.”

Fantasies about a similar moment had played in Kasey’s mind since she first saw Beth. Having her there, weight crushing her pelvis but somehow pumping her dick bigger by the moment, put them all to shame. No daydream or doodle could convey the feeling of moist cunt against her shaft, even through shorts.

“Fuck, are you cumming already? It feels super wet down there.” Disappointment mixed with curiosity in Beth’s voice as she ground her crotch into Kasey.

“No,” Kasey said. Bedsheets crumpled in her hands, clenched so tight her nails threatened to pierce it. Oh, how she longed to squeeze the woman’s ass just as firmly, to feel her fingers sink into a place they might not return from and pull her closer. Fresh waves of fluids poured in response to her craving.

“I have to see this,” Beth rolled off, but kept one leg slung over her. She reached into the shorts, giggling at the wetness she encountered, and fished out Kasey’s throbbing slab of meat, “Ooh, that’s got some weight to it.”

“Don’t,” Kasey turned her head away. Her lips curled as pre-cum shot across her chest, gluing it down and running along her neck. More spurted free, sensing and mocking her apprehension, while Beth marvelled at what she saw. Under her gaze and touch, Kasey was erect or close to it. Her pussy copied its counterpart.

“This is so hot,” Beth said, “Hmm, and that smell. I’ve gotta taste it.”

“What?” Kasey looked back in time for Beth to lick along every pulsating inch. Moisture wasn’t an uncommon sensation for her cock, but this was something hot and alive and unknown. Slight reverbs travelled down the muscle and into her prick. Beth moaned at the head, slurping up a mouthful of pre. She rolled it around her mouth, gargled on it, even showed off how much she stowed away, then swallowed.

“Delicious.” That one word. It unfurled from her tongue like a cobra and latched onto Kasey, a seductive venom coursed through her veins, coalescing in her groin. Her cock stood to attention, harder than she’d seen it in weeks. Dark, lumpy lines distorted along its length, all headed for an inevitable destination. She glanced between it and Beth. Would a cold shower even work on her at this stage? Did she want this to stop?

“What’s got you so nervous?” Beth asked, leaning her cheek on Kasey’s thigh while she watched the pre-cum overflow, “If it’s the amount, I’m sure I can handle it.”

“It’s not that,” Kasey said.

“Oh? Sounds like a big secret. Tell me.”

“No.” Kasey had to stop whatever this was before it went further. The secret of her cock was out, but no one needed to know about its destructive capability. She could leave, after a brisk shower first, and forget about everything. Yet that path was blocked by a voluptuous silhouette.

“Then I’ll just figure it out for myself.”

“No, no, no, ah!” Kasey clamped her hands and legs around Beth’s head, holding it in place with several inches of cock buried inside her. That didn’t stop the girl’s throat. Like any worthwhile slut, she lacked a gag reflex, and with Kasey’s dick past her gullet, all she needed was to swallow. And she did. Slowly, her gulps pulled her deeper. Comparing a tongue or hand to this seemed futile. Both were nice, but the sensations of a mouth suctioned to her, of a throat swallowing her, of teeth nipping at her tender flesh were too much. She could lay there, forever wreathed in bliss.

Beth, however, had other plans. A gag signalled her limit, not even two inches from the base. She reared back, suctioning her lips to the shaft, and popped free to circle the head with her tongue, eyes locked to Kasey. Then, with a dragged out moan, she slid back down. At every inch, she adjusted herself, further opening her jaw and taking deep breaths through her nose, until Kasey was in her throat once more. Her limit approached, but she darted past.

Tear-streaked eyes looked up from Kasey’s crotch. Beth’s lips were spread wide, spit streaked her cheeks and ounces of pre-cum strained her throat, pouring down her oesophagus. Contempt not to taste it, Beth yanked free. Clear slime gushed out to greet her, slavering her face and hair, before she dived in for another throat-reaming. Each retreat encouraged more abundant, heavier loads.

Orgasm already threatened to overwhelm Kasey. She panted as she watched, propped on her elbows and legs spread wide, incapable of resistance as pleasure carpet bombed her senses. That beautiful face was another entity now. What once flirted on the brink of sluttish, now embraced the idea. If the layers of dense sludge were white, she might’ve looked fresh from a campus bukkake. A notion that festered in Kasey’s mind.

“So good,” Kasey moaned. She didn’t want to speak, to acknowledge how incredible Beth’s lips, tongue and throat all felt, but the words wrestled free. Did she say that aloud? Maybe. Thought and reality blended together the longer she Beth worked.

“Don’t cum yet,” Beth said, as if sensing the impending climax. She pushed the shaft away and nestled her slimy face in Kasey’s balls, “I still haven’t tasted everything you have.”

“You shouldn’t,” Kasey rasped. Why did her balls also feel great? It was bad enough that her tits and cock and pussy all instigated her lust. She shook her head, she had to warn Beth not to make her cum. Just the force from her pussy could damage someone.

“Shouldn’t I? Hmm, that’s not what your juicy cunt says.” Beth shoved Kasey’s legs up, forcing her ass into the air, then moved the heavy sack aside, revealing a gushing slit nestled amongst plump lips, “Oh, it’s so cute. Definitely a virgin.” Her breaths sent shudders up Kasey’s skin, inciting a gush of fluids.

“Please, it’s not safe.”

Beth giggled and ran her tongue over the folds, washing away the pre-cum on her lips, “Relax, you only get pregnant if you’re with guys. Or people like you. So, just let me, hmm…” She silenced herself, forcing her lips over every inch of the futa’s snatch that she could. Fierce streams of fem-cum poured into her mouth, and let it drool down her chin and neck.

The pleasure knocked Kasey down. She wrapped her legs back around Beth’s head, shoving her into the creamy depths of her pussy, while the cock kept up its own barrage. Every muscle bunched together, building toward a staggering end. She gasped for air, strangled by the pressure rising inside her, desperate for a release that she needed to hold back. If she came now, Beth might get hurt, and her cock would destroy the room.

But she wanted more. Regardless of fear or common sense, she undulated against Beth’s tongue, driving it toward her best spots. The girl still held control, however, as she moved between the hole and clit, tucked away beneath her scrotum. Kasey was gonna cum. It didn’t how powerful her self-control was where Beth was concerned. She’d suck the orgasm from her.

“You’ve gotta stop,” Kasey moaned, still bucking her hips, “If I cum… it’ll… oh fuck! Gonna cum. Oh god! I’m cumming.”

Beth broke free of Kasey’s leg-hold not of her own volition. A powerful stream of cum followed, launching her to the floor while pussy juice rained upon her. She raised her hands to stop it, though the constant spray still pushed her back. After blinking the moisture from her eyes, she saw Kasey’s cock, held straight up as geysers of semen broke the ceiling. Cracks formed, then the material crumbled and exploded. Someone screamed from upstairs.

Shot after shot, each as ferocious as the last. After thirty seconds, it seemed like it would never end, like Kasey’s balls were boundless pools of seed. Another thirty seconds and the power dwindled, still reaching high but centimetres short of the roof, before it became ‘normal’. Kasey pushed herself up, drenched head to crotch in cum and debris.

“Told you,” she said.

“You’re still hard,” Beth said and climbed back to the bed, “I’ve gotta get this thing inside me.”

“Are you fucking serious?” Kasey sputtered for a moment, trying to process what Beth could be thinking. She ignored the question and straddled the futa, sopping crotch rubbing against her.

“You’re a futa,” Beth said, leaning forward and soaking her shirt in cum as she removed her underwear, “Sex is what you’re basically made for.”

“How do you know?”

“I’ve got some experience. Trust me, your body won’t let anything bad happen,” Beth straightened her back, naked snatch flush against Kasey’s shaft. She rolled to and fro, sliding her sloppy folds along the gnarled hardness.

“If I cum in you, it’ll kill you,” Kasey said. Despite her words, she did nothing to stop her. What if she was right? Beth claimed to have experience, then what Kasey knew meant nothing. All the experience she had was with her hands, and a couple of toys back home, which paled before actual sex. Juices trickled down her shaft, not her own for once, as Beth pressed upon her. Folds parted and swallowed the head, closing around it like a wet maw.

Enraptured, Kasey didn’t notice her own arms coming to the woman’s hips, pulling down towards her. Stubborn walls spread against her dick, sliding and undulating and sucking her in. Heat unlike anything she knew enveloped her. Beth’s bubbly ass sank until it met the plump flesh of Kasey’s thighs, hands coming forward to cup and massage her breasts. On tits and ass, fingers sank and played.

Then she bottomed out. Kasey stared at the woman atop her, once thought of as a simple flirt, someone to be avoided, and now she was a lover. The bulge in her belly confirmed it. Soft skin stretched over a tube-like shape, distorted further by constant, powerful gushes of pre-cum.

“Then you’d better hope your pull-out game is as strong as your cum,” Beth huffed and folded over, silencing any complaints Kasey might have. Even on her lips, Beth’s mouth was heaven. The flavour of her juices saturated it, washing over her tongue like a tidal wave, so rich and dense, and the way Beth flicked her tongue, keeping it just away from Kasey’s like a coy kitten urged her to deepen the kiss. And that led to her hips moving.

Kasey couldn’t explain it in the moment, the sheer pleasure and joy she felt. Oh, she tried, but every movement created a thousand different thoughts all vying for supremacy. One moment, she was adrift at sea without a care, the next she was wrestling with the tides and about to be pulled under, another and she found herself captive in the arms of a siren. But they were all Beth.

The girl had experience. Her hips moved with purpose, rolling to the rhythm of their hearts and moans, and squeezing her pussy tighter. Its walls conformed to her veins, pulsing in tandem with Kasey, who refused to be static. She slowly found her own tempo, raising and falling with Beth’s crotch. Flesh clapped together as they fed on one another’s lust.

“Don’t be afraid to get a little rough,” Beth said into her ear, nipping the lobe.

“Right,” Kasey grinned and spanked her, earning a moan and giggle.

“Is that all?”

“No.” The futa hooked her fingers into Beth’s ass cheeks, pulling them apart as she raised the girl several inches, then dropped her.

“Fuck!” Beth screamed, suddenly frozen. The bulge in her stomach had moved higher, “You… you just entered my womb.” Kasey stared while her cock lurched at the news.

“Isn’t that impossible?”

“Not, oh, not really. But it usually hurts a bit,” Beth said and smirked at her, falling forward once more, “Like I said ‘your body won’t let anything bad happen’. So have at it.”

“Anything I want?” Kasey asked, still in awe at what she’d been told. If she focused, she felt a new circle of tightness around her dick, just past the head, which swam in a space rapidly filling with pre-cum. If she could go through the cervix so easily, without hurting Beth, then maybe…

“Anything.”

All the fantasies Kasey wanted to do were within reach. If only she could last that long. Kasey yanked her in for a harsh kiss, dominating her tongue, while she decided to settle for simply rutting the precocious minx. That meant getting on top. While Beth reeled from the sudden force, Kasey rolled them over. She shoved Beth’s legs up until the knees were in her face, ass in the air, and bore down on her.

Few things demanded to be remembered for life. Meeting her little brother for the first time, moving to Canada, her first orgasm, all top tier memories. Yet this might trump even those. Beth’s face contorted into a thing of whorish beauty, eyes crossed and tongue flapping out. Spit and cum still decorated her features. Her lipstick and mascara were smeared, her lips swollen. Squished against her neck, Beth’s tits rippled with each thrust into her cunt, its engorged folds flattening under Kasey’s ferocity. Harder, Kasey thought.

She turned, cock still buried inside, and stood over Beth, legs in hand. Using them, she shoved her way deeper into the girl, and doused her chest and face in fresh loads of pussy juice. Kasey hilted as the hole clamped around her, a pitiful spray of cum shooting free. A foot hovered near her face. She removed the tights and ran a nail over Beth’s sole, finding her ticklish. Most think tickle torture as something for children, but when you’re short of options.

“No, don’t!” Beth squealed between laughter as Kasey toyed with her foot and restarted her thrusts. The giggles transitioned to sputtering moans and cries. Perhaps not what Kasey had envisioned when stroking her cock for days on end, but close enough. Pleasure boiled in her veins, on the edge of overflowing. She had expected to feel it minutes ago.

Her earlier orgasms must be responsible. She slowed, apprehension again rearing its horrid face. Flecks of her former ceiling drifted before her, caught on a slight breeze. It’s fine, she thought. Just pull out when the time comes. Her libido shunned any worry, using what flimsy reassurance it could to justify fucking Beth into oblivion. The girl had no such qualms as she shivered in another climax.

Kasey’s legs threatened to give out. She pulled out, splattering a mixture of their cum across the bed and their skin, and released Beth. Once she caught her breath, Kasey rolled the blissful slut onto her belly, pulled her ass into the air until her knees kept it there, and returned to the sordid embrace of her cunt. Hands on Beth’s hips, Kasey picked up her former pace. As she watched Beth’s ass bounce and clap together, she realised why doggy style was a favourite.

Not just for the ass, but seeing her partner’s head shoved against the bed, moaning like a bitch in heat. Beth bucked against her, grunting in attempts to speak, yet her words were nonsensical. If she begged for mercy, Kasey wouldn’t understand it. If she begged for more, Kasey already intended for it. The sound of their flesh slamming together drowned out their moans.

As her stamina dwindled, Kasey rested against Beth’s upturned ass. She ran her hands over the female’s flesh, luxuriating in how supple she was and the reek of sex and sweat. Beth turned her face with a delirious smirk to greet the futa. Drool trailed down her chin, rivulets of sweat on her cheeks, and she’d never looked better.

Kasey pecked her cheek and reared back. She had an orgasm waiting. Hands on Beth’s luscious ass, she inched her way out, cooing at the sound and sensation. Her return was just as slow. The next thrust hastened, and the next more so. Faster and faster until she’d attained that familiar, rapid-fire slap of flesh on flesh and sweat flew from their bodies. Pressure coalesced inside Kasey.

Her pace faltered to keep from cumming. Once more, worry sifted in amongst her pleasure, drowning the sensations in anxiety over what her orgasm could do. This was wrong. She should’ve left, forced Beth aside and done the right thing. The safe thing. It wasn’t too late anyway. Just pull out and walk away, she thought. Her virginity was gone. No one said that cumming was part of that.

“Don’t you dare,” Beth said and pushed herself up, panting from the strain on her weary muscles, “It’ll be fine. Whatever happens, you’ll be fine.”

“It’s not me I’m worried about,” Kasey said.

“Hmm, well don’t worry about me. I’m, oh, I’m doing just fine,” Beth collapsed and shuddered where she laid, saying more but losing it in her spontaneous climax. Her pussy spoke volumes. It slurped on Kasey’s cock, refusing anything more than an inch to leave at a time, while quivering in constant bliss. Juices dripped in long ropes from her lips, then snapped as Kasey’s pre-cum overwhelmed the seal around her cock.

She shouldn’t, Kasey knew she shouldn’t, evidence of the damage she could cause stood overhead. But every synapse in her body yearned to fuck Beth and cum in her, at the very least prove her wrong.

“Just pull out,” Kasey thought aloud, “Can’t be that hard, right?” In response Beth just moaned, speech lost to her, however her pussy gave a lurid squelch. Reinvigorated, Kasey sank her hands deep into Beth’s ass, gripping as best she could, and rammed the girl. Every shred of doubt dribbled from her mind, melted by the mounting ecstasy.

She didn’t make love to Beth. She didn’t fuck her. This was pure, animalistic mating. Kasey rutted into Beth’s cunt, reshaping every square inch into the shape of her cock, while imprinting that same presence upon her womb. If she slowed, it was to fondle Beth’s generous tits and feel her sweaty skin against her own.

“Gonna cum,” Kasey said, feeling it frothing inside her, snarling to be unleashed. Her balls churned and ached with need, their sopping counterpart twitching like a newborn calf, while her cock gorged itself on her pleasure.

“Yes! Yes! Do it inside!” Beth cried, finding her voice for a moment, before losing it in her hoarse screams. Kasey panted as her thrusts lost any semblance of rhythm. Glimmers of her worries returned, then dissipated as her pussy reached its climax just from the constant swing of her balls. She yanked Beth tight to her crotch, holding her there while bliss wracked her body. Then her true orgasm exploded.

Whatever kept Beth from harm was something truly spectacular. Kasey couldn’t fathom the damage she would’ve done otherwise, rather she didn’t want to. Instead, she just stared through glazed eyes as Beth’s stomach shot outward, then returned to its original shape. Another burst escaped her cock to the same result. Third, fourth and fifth all came and went without incident.

Kasey never had the mindset to measure her ejaculate. Any stopwatch or container in her vicinity were often destroyed. The best she could say was that she came ‘a lot’. Yet she didn’t expect to reached around Beth, intent on feeling the sheer force of her cum, and find a dense, pudginess that wasn’t there before. Her semen was packed so tightly that it barely gave under her pressure.

“Take my cum. Feel it fucking explode inside you. Feel it!” Kasey hissed and placed Beth’s own hand on her swelling gut, “That’s my seed. Every inch of your womb is full of it.”

Beth had no words. She might’ve if her brain could comprehend anything but pleasure. All she did was shake, moan and cry out. Kasey kept speaking, trailing off only when her orgasm proved too much, marvelling at how much she was cumming. Yet, despite the amount, it ended all too soon.

As the pressure settled, she felt the cum rising along her dick. At the normal velocity, it was too much to process, but now she could savour the emptying sensation. Kasey waited until every drop seemed spent, then her legs gave out. She fell to the side, taking Beth with her. What did she do now? Kasey snickered at the thought of smoking, but decided on a far more appealing option. Her eyes drifted shut and sleep took her before long.

The warm afterglow greeted her when she woke, as did the sticky yet welcome feeling of someone’s body against hers. Kasey raised her head, looking around with bleary eyes, then down at her companion.

“Oh…” She fell back, stunned. That really happened, she thought.

“Glad you’re awake,” Beth mumbled and turned over, “I told you nothing bad would happen.”

“I’m not so sure,” Kasey looked to Beth’s stomach, still round from the cum inside.

“Don’t worry, I’m on the pill. Enough about me, what’re you gonna do now?”

“Don’t know.”

“You wrecked a bathroom and your own ceiling,” Beth said, “I don’t think the dean will be very happy.”

“No,” Kasey agreed, “I guess I’ll just try and get home.”

“Or,” Beth sat up, massive tits falling against her plumper stomach, “You could finish your education somewhere else.” She pulled out her phone, tapping furiously until she found what she wanted.

“What’re you talking about?”

“KFI, girl. It’s all over social media right now,” Beth rolled her eyes, “Anyway, it’s for futanari, like you.”

“There’s others?”

“A whole school of them, yeah. Some are even freakier than you. Like, check this girl out,” Beth handed her the phone, on which the image of a cute brunette greeted her, smiling and offering a demure wave. What caught Kasey’s eye was the three phalli straining her shirt.

“Interested?”

“Very.”