

Totally Sluts



The agents shielded their eyes as a flash of bright light ignited the pitch-black room. The trap was sprung, and they'd walked right into it.

“Ahhhh! This is it, we're dead!” cried Agent Pip.

“Would you stop saying that every two seconds!?” scolded Agent Captura.

The agents found themselves in a laboratory, cold and sterile with a hint of madness. Drawn by the sound of light footsteps above, the agents looked up to see their former comrade looming over them, hands dancing across the controls of an unseen console behind her podium. The one once known as Agent Naive was now a cackling lunatic bent on world domination.

“If it isn't Agents Captura and Pretty in Pink!” she cried. “Come to rescue your beloved commander, have you? Well, *too late!*”

“How could you kidnap Commander Isaac!?” pleaded Captura. “You were one of us, Agent Naive!”

“Ha! I have no need for your silly code names anymore, Captura. The girl you knew as Agent Naive is no more! Before you stands....DOCTOR CUM!”

The soft hum of electricity and a distant bubbling liquid was all that could be heard in the subterranean lab.

“...Doctor Cum is still a code name,” said Agent Pip.

“No it isn't!” cried Doctor Cum.

“It totally is.”

“Enough! I suppose you'll want to know WHY I kidnapped your beloved commander. Well, the truth is your sweet, innocent, cute little friend, Agent Naive, had a secret crush on him all this time that you fools never suspected! And she became tired of having to share him with the world, so she-”

“So are you saying you *legally* changed your last name to 'Cum?’” asked Captura.

“And there's *no way* your dumb ass is an actual doctor,” added Agent Pip.

“WOULD YOU DROP IT ALREADY!?” yelled Doctor Cum.

“Well don't make fun of our code names!” pouted Agent Pip.

“*That does it!*” shrieked Doctor Cum. “I had this whole speech planned, but you two *jerk-faces* had to ruin it! You want your commander back? *Fine!* Here he is!” With that, she dramatically mashed a button on her console.

A hidden sliding door opened behind the agents in the lab. Spinning around, they saw a familiar face smiling smugly back at them. But something was wrong. Out of the shadows stepped a hulking mass of a male body. It was slick, muscular, and naked.

“You fiend! What have you done to him?” Captura cried, failing to keep her jaw from dropping when she saw how big the penis was on this abomination.

“Oh, nothing much, a little gene therapy here, a little cloning there,” said Doctor Cum, her composure now quite recovered.

“C-cloning?” stammered Captura, her eyes widening with realization.

Sure enough, the whooshing sound of several more doors opening filled the lab, and in stepped a dozen more glistening sexual monsters. Captura could feel her cheeks flush, despite the peril they were in, she couldn't take her eyes off of the massive erections that were drawing closer in the moment.

“Pip,” murmured Captura. “We...we really need to get out of here....Pip?”

Captura turned to see that her partner was already on her knees, slurping hungrily on the nearest massive cock as others approached.

“PIP!”

With a wet pop, Pip took the cock out of her mouth and turned back to look at Captura. “I...I can't help myself!” said Pip. “I just want it too much!”

Doctor Cum laughed maniacally above. “Ha! It is pointless to resist! These clones are hunkier than anything science or nature has ever known! It's *impossible* to not want to totally jump their man-bones the moment you lay eyes on them!”

Captura had to admit, the doctor wasn't wrong. Trying her best, Captura started towards the doctor's podium. However, before she could take more than a couple of steps, she was surrounded by the hulking clones.

Captura couldn't take it anymore; she'd wanted one of those cocks inside her right *now*. Naive hadn't been the only one with a secret crush on the commander. This monster wasn't him, but it kind of was. Her desire was growing, and her eyes couldn't focus on anything but the huge and meaty dicks before her.

Captura's knees quivered and buckled. She willingly let the clones tear open her jumpsuit and lay her on the floor next to Pip, who was already fucking three of them at once.

“Don't worry Pip,” said Captura with a smirk. “We'll have some fun, then we'll get out of this mess.”

“Oh, that's good,” said Pip with a smile. “I think I need this as much as you do.”

“Enough of this prattle!” called out Doctor Cum. “*Bukkakanators*, show them what you are made off and turn them into blubbering messes that will serve me forever!”

After several hours of pleasure, the clones began to drop from exhaustion. Drained and emptied husks, unable to keep up with the insatiable lady agents.

Doctor Cum, furious, was banging on her podium in frustration. “Damn it!” she yelled. “You clones have failed your master! You can't even handle *a few hours* of fucking?! How am I supposed to take over the world now!?”

Captura and Pip, both on their knees sucking off the last remaining clone, exchanged a knowing look. They remembered Agent Naive's one true weakness, and as the clone penis began to twitch and drip, they pointed it up at the podium.

A long rope of semen splashed all across Doctor Cum's face. She screamed with ecstasy, slamming her hands down hard on her console to support herself through multiple and instantaneous orgasms.

A robotic voice rang out in the lab, informing them that a self destruct sequence had been activated.

“Gah!” exclaimed Doctor Cum. “Why did I make that button so big?! Curse you both! Next time, I'll-*hey get back here!*”

Captura and Pip, their ripped catsuits covered in love, were already making their escape.

The agents watched the lab explode from afar, with Professor Cum's escape saucer disappearing into the night sky.

“Well, Pip,” said Captura. “We stopped her army, but we still have the commander to find. We...”

Captura trailed off, startled by how close Pip was to her now. Close enough to kiss.

“Oh, Millie,” breathed Pip. “I can't take it anymore, please, *please* fuck me.”

“C-hloe?” said Millie, her face heating up. “I...I never thought of you like this before tonight...I don't know how to feel...”

“Millie...”

“MILLIE!”

Millie slowly opened her eyes. With a groan, she sat herself up from the couch, disturbing a crinkling pile of junk food, crumbs, and candy bar wrappers on her body in the process. Her brother's live-in girlfriend, Eve, smiled mischievously as she stood above her.

“You were out late last night,” said Eve, innocently.

The night came rushing back. The break in, the principal's office, Miss Holt and Shiro, the taste of Chloe, and *crawlers*. Millie had come home so sexually frustrated that she'd stuffed her face with snacks and fallen asleep watching TV.

Not that Eve needed to know about any of that. "I don't wanna talk about it," mumbled Millie.

"That's all right," said Eve, patting Millie on the head. "You've already talked plenty in your sleep."

Millie felt her blood run cold.

"Though I do hope you'll tell me *one* thing," said Eve with a big smile. "Who's this *Pip*? And why do you touch yourself when you say her name?"

In a flash, Millie threw a couch pillow at Eve's head before burying her own bright-red face in another. Eve would never let her forget this one.