

Deep in the Extreme Mess Team Compound...

“Flip, flip, flipperin’ Hell! I’m about to be on TV for the first time in my sad life and my nose chooses this flippin’ moment to swell to the size of Jupiter. It’s, it’s, it’s not just unacceptable. It’s downright diabolical.”

The schoolgirl, in a schoolgirl skirt and plain white bra, brought her face so close to the locker’s mirror that she practically squashed her nose against it.

“Let me see,” a woman, a full head shorter than the first, yipped. She put one naked leg slowly, then pitched the other quick, over the locker room bench.

She snatched her trailing foot off the concrete and threw it down and up and down again. Thigh wobbling and naked feet slapping the concrete floor as she ran to the schoolgirl’s side. Growing cold on the bench, the shorter woman’s sparkly jeans and “My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic” T-shirt.

The run jostled her small breasts and black head of hair. She was a Shetland pony with the heart, and the ass, of a Black Stallion.

Together the two of them looked at each other in the single mirror. The shorter woman with her knuckles on her hips swayed side to side, flaunting her curves.

To massage her cheekbones, the schoolgirl needed the entire mirror. Without hesitation, she blotted out the shorter woman's erotic display. The latter, unable to see anything but the schoolgirl's bum (she wasn't complaining, though; only a thin line of pink floss separated the otherwise bare cheeks) consoled, "You look terrific. If I were a lesbian, I would totally grind my nose so hard on yours."

"I find that hard to believe."

"Of course I would." The shorter woman stepped closer to the schoolgirl and hugged her from behind. She made sure to grind her breasts and pointy nipples into the schoolgirl's lower back. Before she pulled away, she reached around and copped a quick feel of tit.

The schoolgirl slapped the hand and shrugged the shorter woman off. "If you don't mind! I don't even know your name."

"Sydney. Those aren't natural are they?"

"My bazoomers?"

"Yeah."

"I couldn't be a skinny ninny slag, now could I? If you're going to be a slag, you have to go the whole way. Bonkers. It's been such a long while since I shared my secrets with anyone."

“Secrets? I would like secrets hear.” A husky blonde butchered the English syllables with an Eastern European accent. She was farther down the row of lockers. Facing her opened locker, she flung back her furred hood and unhooked the parka, that did more to emphasize her snow white cleavage than to keep her warm.

An avalanche of cleavage swept past her white fingernails, fingernails which she promptly pulled aside and tucked inside her pink palms. The avalanche of breast flesh came crashing down, only coming to a sudden stop at the first line of her defined abs. The aureoles, red as slalom gates, flared out from the stabilized avalanche, stabilized because as soon as she pried an arm out of a parka sleeve, her chest got to rumbling again.

“Well, if you insist. It was my horrendous parents betrayed me. They kicked me out of the house at the age of seventeen when they caught me snoggin’ with my fourteen year old cousin. In my knickers. On my mum and pop’s bed. But I was only giving my cousin practice. I swore. Plus he was fully clothed, complete with a little pup tent in his trousers. But my parents, especially daddy, assuming I was miss slag of the century, wouldn’t listen.

“He kicked me out in only my knickers and I landed on my flabby ass. I still remember the precious way he put his boot. But I digress. So I sat there rubbing my tailbone in the cold and wondering what were my skills. An eighty two percent on my bio exam? A boy smoting Keira Knightley gaze? Having nervy B’s? Giving boys the big fat tongue sandwich? Snogging? I doubted I could make a career out of any of those qualities. I know. I know. Cut to the chase, Georgia. No one wants to hear the entire story of your sad sad life.

“So I put in an application with a strip club. At least, I could be around boys all day. Thus began my long and slow descent into Vulgaria, home of poles and pussies. With my first paycheck, I got these done.” She clutched her baggage of breasts to herself. They had pulled her through time and time again. “You like?”

“Do I,” Sydney gushed.

“For the right price you can touch. I promise I won’t swiz you.”

A new voice, coming from the showers, sang, “Down the Mississippi, me and my mister was steamboat sailing, when a no good swizzler asked us if we would like a Twizzler. Well, my mister, he right on clubbed that swizzler and offered to share the Twizzler with me. It held us for the night,” a woman, more red curls than flesh, emerged from the showers and turned into the row of lockers women were standing in. Besides her tune, she was carrying a red gel caddy, brimming with shower supplies. She sat at the end of the bench and continued whistling as she applied moisturizer to her wrinkled body.

“I’ve only got myself to offer. So can I buy a touch with a dance?” Sydney asked. She jumped up and up and up, shaking her hands in the air, letting her pert breasts and black hair fly fast and loose.

A dark haired woman, the final character of this locker room drama, sporting devilishly black nightwear, approached Sydney’s swaying behind. The husky blonde and Georgia looked on as the dark haired, dark clothed woman flung her hand at Sydney’s behind. The hand, delivering the spanking of the century, crashed into ass and sent ripples running through its reddening surface. Georgia cringed at the sound. Sydney squealed, in more pain or pleasure who could tell?

Sydney turned, face flushed, to the spanker who, in turn, leaned to Sydney's ear and, through pierced lips, mouthed, "You want to take a ride with me?"

"If you don't mind, I was going to make her part of my ace gang," Georgia whined beside them.

The dark haired woman pulled back. "I do mind, you British bitch. Why don't you slip your mile a minute tongue in between my cunt lips?" She directed all their gazes to her nether regions with a middle finger.

"I would more than willing," the husky blond countered.

Sydney said, "Can't we all just get along?" And no one listened.

"I wasn't talking to you, blubber guts. You could club a seal with those tits of yours."

"This happen once. No supplies. What else I do?"

"Freakalicious. You killed a seal. I wouldn't mind having you as a member of the ace gang" Georgia enthused. "What is your real name, Miss Blubber Guts?"

The husky woman spoke with hesitation as if she were about to answer the question with Natasha or Sasha instead of, “Brynne is name. Not alias I promise.”

“This isn’t an inquisition. Home is mental enough as is. I’m Georgia if I didn’t already tell you. Apples give me wind and snoggin’ is my forte.”

“Okay, Georgia. I can’t say I ever build fort of logs. But I club seal and nurse many cold men to health.” Her hands, frail snow lifts, hoisted the slopes to her mouth. Terraforming at its best. She mimed fellatio on a nipple long as a carrot nose. Or a corncob pipe?

The red haired woman sang. Her lungs pressing her ribcage to her gaunt skin. “My partner and me, we went down to the sea. Seeing we had no supplies, my partner eyed my titties. Do you think you could pound out a seal with those puppies? Let’s see. And sure enough I was woman enough to kill a seal with my mass of titties.”

“How nice.” Brynne hummed along.

“Who the fuck do you think you are, Miss Singing Bitch?”

The singing woman brought up a fist. She pointed at her chest with a thumb. “I be the one and only Margerie. You may have seen me in the thea-tree. I’ve been a star three times or more. I’ve taken the fall and today’s my time to soar. Who is that you are?” She held the last note long enough to get on all of the women’s nerves. The diet of a starving artist had not done wonders for this actress. As she was she would have barely been able to fill a centerfold.

“Clever little bitch. Amanda is who I am. But is it any of your business?” The dark haired woman left Sydney and the schoolgirl and headed for moisturizing Margerie. “I am the wind that rifles hair and roars in ears.” She beat a locker with a fist. “I am the clit piercing, throbbing to the rhythm of the motorcycle engine. I am the yellow highway lines ticking by saddled feet and measuring the miles between orgasms.” Amanda, towering over Margerie, ran a hand up the crinkled, naked thigh. Margerie pursed her lips. The movement sent folds through her paper thin cheeks.

Amanda made her caressing hand a fist and plunged it deep inside Margerie. A devastating pussy stabbing blow. Margerie spasmed on the fist. She dropped her moisturizer. It clattered, its white opaque fluid pouring out on the locker room floor. “You are the raccoon that bolts in front of the tire wheels and is swallowed. You are roadkill.” Amanda wrenched her fist free. She shook Margerie’s fluids off her fist. “Which one of you bitches would like to mess with me next?”

Understanding that the drama in the locker room was getting out of control, or that Amanda was now in total control, Fat Joe, the appointed security monitor / anchor of the control room, sequestered presently in control room’s confines checked the status of the ventilation system.

Whatever gobbly gook the cooks were baking in their underground lab, Fat Joe could send the women’s way (depending on how you cut it, fortunately or unfortunately, Fat Joe was the premiere pervert of the Extreme Mess Team, not an easy reputation to win). He had pulled pranks on Hannah many a time. Flood the locker room with the smell of hot glazed donuts, fried hush puppies, or steaming corn (for a recipe that utilizes all of the above see Extreme Mess Team’s twentieth episode,

“Put the Puppy in the Hole”) and watch something more than just a pleasing memory or an aroma wash over Hannah.

Returning from her scheduled six am run down the streets of Paris to the women’s locker room, Hannah would be swapping her sweaty work out shorts and sports bra for her work clothes. Hannah would be reaching for the waistband of her shorts. And her cunt lips would be having another idea, swelling with blood, denting her- a millisecond later, the shorts were gone. As was the bra.

Before she could have said Joe, her breasts, waist, and ass would have blown apart her work out wear, popping all variety of them like the outer shell on a balloon. And one set of fingers would be clacking away at her vagine, her lengthened fingernails transcribing the command orgasm, orgasm, orgasm, again and again and again, deep into the dark reaches of the pink cavern while the other set of fingers pirouetted from a nipple pinch to a breast squeeze and back again.

Her body would forget it had just been running and that there was work to do. And most importantly, she would never suspect a thing. She would savagely mash her cunt lips on the bench. Jewels of sweat accumulating on her chest. Stand up. Stretch a leg out on a locker shelf. Shove her hand as far up her ass as it could go. All there would be was the locker room and the need to orgasm.

Then she would hit the showers, grinding her back against the tiles as she ground her hand against her cunt, trying to turn the folds to pulp. The only thing stopping her: the streams of water, lubricating the process. Fat Joe would engage the manual control on the security camera, so he could zoom in on the breasts. Hannah’s breasts would be all he would see, undulating gently on the screen. That day, many alarms would sound, unanswered, in Sector T. And ring, ring, ring

throughout the subterranean depths of the Extreme Mess Team compound.

Finally exhausted from however many orgasms her body had put her through, arms hanging heavy from her shoulders, Hannah would rush to her locker and wriggle her new assets into her company uniform, a velvet skirt and frilly blouse. Hurry, her previous orgasmic ally, became her enemy. Her booty would flop against, rebounding off the hemline of her velvet skirt. The creaking and ripping of fabric would be a mainstay. After fighting with the zippers and buttons for an unseemly amount of time, Hannah would prepare to face the day.

Sadly, at least for Hannah, her sudden growth spurt would only reduce in swelling somewhat. Most of the added weight would be permanent.

Georgia and the other girls would never know how much cum Hannah had spilt and spurted all over that locker room. For example, that mirror that Georgia had pressed her nose to had seen five sloppy wet orgasms. Or more. Up close. On the surface.

Fat Joe did not know what to expect, in terms of effects, from what the cooks were cooking up. But something needed to be done otherwise Amanda would reign supreme over a pile of mutilated cast members. And Fat Joe would go flaccid for half an hour.

So Fat Joe opened the vents and shot the air into the locker room, his teeth crunching a catfish nugget, as he waited for the fun to begin.

Georgia was unclasping her bra when Sydney's nostrils flared. And Sydney jumped back, pointed at Georgia, taunting, "Georgia farted. Georgia farted."

"Please, I didn't break wind. You're just trying to rat me out to Amanda, the Big Bad Wolf."

"I thought we straightened this out before. If you got something to say to me, you can direct it to my cunt."

"Just because you treated Margerie tres grotesque doesn't mean I am going to be afraid of you."

Amanda turned around, leaving Margerie alone. She walked down the line until Georgia and Sydney were opposite her, the bench dividing her from them. She placed one foot then the other on the bench. Her elevated cunt level with Georgia's mouth. She jumped off the bench and she was in Georgia's face.

"You get it inside your airy head." Amanda prodded Georgia's breast. "I can make you look way worse than you do right now. Would you like the cameras to see that?"

"We'll see how our contractors like it when they find out you so much as bruised a jaw."

"Don't worry. I wasn't planning on injuring you any place that they would be able to see easily." Amanda eyed Georgia's skirt.

Fat Joe took his hand off his dick. For the first time in his life, he wanted to know where the security alarm was located. On the wall to his right. The thought put his mind to rest. Was this gas going to kick in before Amanda put Georgia through the grinder? He sure hoped so. Margerie was softly crying at the end of the bench.

“If you want to get to her, you’ll have to get through me.” Bless her heart. Sydney had slipped in between Amanda and Georgia. And her head didn’t even rise above Amanda’s breasts.

Brynne slammed her locker door. “Try to injure me,” she challenged. Leaving her unhooked parka to either side of her slopes Brynne strutted to Georgia’s locker, thrusting one boot in front of the other. In addition to this accessory, Brynne was modeling the latest Antarctic fashion, bare legs that went on without end. They stretched on and on rolling farther than the maddening length of the tundra.

Each calculated step of hers disrupted her fox fur trimmed skirt. And Fat Joe spotted the smallest sliver of ass and panties. Then the skirt flipped back down. Raise and repeat. The skirt was playing peek a boo with him.

But Brynne’s skirt, a quarter of the way from her destination, quit playing and began to reveal, for real, a permanent sliver of panties, white as snow. Fat Joe zoomed in and waited with bated breath for the skirt to drop the curtain and end the show. Instead the curtain jerked up another inch and he knew then that this was an ice sculpture for the open air. Installation for an indefinite period. The Winter Olympics were beginning. A marathon of televised entertainment. Tonight.

He watched as the skirt revealed more and more of Brynne's panties. The skirt was melting up Brynne's legs and the result was panty fabric and tender white skin. He zoomed out. He didn't want to lose sight of the big picture. Brynne's head rising above Georgia and Amanda's heads. The legs going on and on and on. They were jagged icicles that stabbed the concrete. Her ass cheeks, snowflakes revolving perpetually in midair.

Brynne stopped at Georgia's locker, a full foot taller than the six foot Georgia. Brynne's legs almost as tall as Sydney. Amanda looked up and sneered at her newest enemy. Georgia and Sydney just looked shocked.

Sydney's shock shifted to excitement. She jeered, "I can see Brynne's panties. I can see Brynne's panties."

Looking down, Brynne attempted to slide the skirt low enough to cover her underwear but keep it high enough that her belly was not exposed. While she tugged the fox fur with her hands, she twisted and turned with her hips. But she discovered she couldn't hide both. One or the other would have to be shown.

So she pulled up and settled on more exposed panty than belly. And o what marvelous white panties they were. They were the kind that have a small cube, in front and back, to cover skin and little dainty straps on either side for an easy whip of panty removal. Whoosh and then the coverage would be gone. Faster than an Arctic Blast. Cold in here, isn't it? I'll keep you warm. Joe nuzzled her image with a fat finger.

Prodding Brynne's panties, Sydney freed the littlest amount of fluid. It dropped from Brynne's crotch and splattered on her ankle. Sydney followed the fall with her eyes. Awed, she asked, "Are you melting?"

"I think no." Brynne yanked the panties from her crotch and looked inside.

"Oo oo can I see?"

"No."

"You may have the height advantage, but your weights all disproportionate." Amanda tackled Brynne. They fell with a crash, Amanda landing on Brynne's mounds of freshly dusted snow.

"It's just like the universe to give the ones that already have so much more. Brynne was already stacked. But God volunteering in his great soup kitchen decided that Brynne had to have more. Here's another tip of my ladle. O, I forgot. Come back. Let me give you one more" Georgia complained.

A shiver swept through Sydney. She recovered by scanning the ceiling. And Fat Joe watched as the lust, a yellow cloud of ink, plumed within and around her irises. Then as fast as it arrived, it disappeared. Sydney jerked her head down to her small feet. At her waist, her clitoris was peeking an engorged head from her vaginal hood. The strange sight took hold of her glassy gaze and did not let go. The clitoris grew.

When it flopped out over her vaginal lips, Sydney lowered her hand and scooped up the baby penis. She stroked long and tenderly as if the better care she gave it the more that it would grow for her. And grow and pleasure her it did. Her lips let out a small cry. And Georgia followed Sydney's hand to the new appendage. She backed up into the locker.

"I take back what I said. Keep your ladles to yourself, Lord. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say it that way. There are plenty of others who are in dire need of your ladle. Please attend to them."

Blood rushed to Sydney's penis and it pulsed inside her palm, beating her heartbeat against her beating hand. The penis, inch by meaty inch, closed the six inches of distance between Sydney and Georgia. Sydney, eyes closed, was lost in the stimulation. Georgia was scrambling to climb up and into her locker.

"My ass has to choose this moment of all moments to betray me. Sydney, think of dead kittens or drowned puppies. Please anything. I just need a little more time."

Smiling, Sydney felt the orgasm build within her. When it detonated, she didn't care, she aimed Georgia's way. The ass that Georgia could not seem to cram into the locker, the ass that Georgia's skirt was flashing to the world, received all ten blasts of Sydney's bucking penis. Sydney simply flung her mouth open in wordless ecstasy.

Georgia, half in the locker half out, turned her head. "You couldn't wait could you?" She reached her hand back, prodded the hot fluid, and just as quickly jerked her hand back.

“O God, how am I supposed to clean *that* off? They never made us deal with that at the club. The boys always minded their P’s and Q’s and O’s. O please tell me you’ve gotten that out of your system.” Sydney opened her eyes and closed her jaw. “By any chance, are you back in control? Hello? Earth to Sydney.”

Both of them watched, one in horror, one fascination, as the penis elongated, elongated, elongated, turning vertical, elongating, elongating, elongating, skimming belly button, elongating, abdomen, elongating, breasts, and finally elongating to Sydney’s collarbones. Sydney’s breasts took this theatrical opportunity to burst up several cup sizes. BLOUNK! BLOUNK! The twin basketballs suffocated the engorged penis like twin airbags.

Without any hesitation, Sydney swallowed her own head, slurping and sliding with pleasure. Her hips, playing their part, pushed the penis in and out of the breathless corridor of breasts. No doubt, Sydney’s next orgasm came much sooner than the first.

As the orgasm arrived Sydney lifted her mouth away. And the spray of semen arced through the air, barely missing Sydney’s face and hair, instead raining sticky artillery on the already unfortunate Georgia, on Brynne and Amanda scrambling on the floor, on Margerie grieving on the bench. Only Georgia really noticed. Her lips clenched tighter in distress. She would swallow her own tongue. She would do it. If only the world would care.

The remainder of the cum ran down Sydney’s dick and added much needed lubrication to her titty fuck. Because she had not acknowledged her first or second orgasm, instead flowing seamlessly into her third, sucking on her dick as viciously as a Hoover vac.

“This is downright monstrous. A TV appearance isn’t worth it. I’ll see you girls later.” Georgia threw herself out of the locker, almost knocked into Sydney, the super cock monster, and made a run for the door. She got to the end of the row of lockers and fell. What happened? Her frustration disrupt her balance?

Fat Joe put her in his sights. Her plaid schoolgirl skirt had flopped over onto her back during the fall, leaving her buttocks exposed.

The sperm was running down those white globes. Under Fat Joe’s careful scrutiny (he was precise when it came to matters of cumming) one of the various lines of cum splintered, split, two where there had been one. Explanation: an earthquake surging through her globes? He blinked. Her ass was definitely curdling. Pea sized lumps circulating under the skin. Pumping fat into the ass, he assumed.

The ass cheeks confirmed his hypothesis when they billowed out and snapped at the air, KATOOM, KATOOM, like twin umbrella tops. Fat Joe jumped. The girl could pick up satellite signals with those newly installed dishes. All three hundred fifty channels. But he didn’t know if she could walk now. Let alone pick herself up. Georgia reached her hands around and ran her hands along her sumptuous arse. It didn’t appear Georgia cared for once in her “bloody” annoying life.

Georgia cooed. “Yes, Phillip, cousie dearest, you can have me anytime. It is a crime that Daddy took us away from each other. He should be punished. With a large paddle.” Georgia smacked her own ass. “How do you like that daddy?” She delivered another. “I know you do. I can keep this up all day.” She rained a torrent of slaps, crack, crack, smack, take that, and that, and-

Fat Joe left her to spy on his other four sweeties. Margerie, Margerie, my sweet, your skin! It is positively luminous. You are glowing brighter than a supernova. Look what I did to it. Stop crying. You will be a star again. As if Fat Joe's thoughts could have stirred Margerie from her weeping, he spun them out until Margerie raised her face from her hands.

Twisting her arm in the locker room's fluorescent light, Margerie marveled at her newfound youthfulness. She caught sight of her chest. Proud breasts jutted from it. A flock of hair swept across her eyes. She swept it back. Sheen had returned to her red curls. And more importantly, her proud breasts had not bunched up like they used to. Rolls of fat swallowed her ribcage.

Margerie, the phoenix from the ashes. The epithet sounded nice. Margerie flung her hands to her side and thrust out the DD's that had gotten her on the cover of all those DVD's.

Tapping her foot on the concrete, Margerie sang, "Brynne and Amanda may be fighting, Georgia may be going, and Sydney may be blowing, but Margerie's heading to the top. Straight to the top. You hear me? Nothing will stop this vivacious gin-" Her clitoris shot from her crotch, curved, brushed up against her thigh, and thickened, thickened, thickened.

Her foot stopped the tapping. "If you cannot beat them, then I guess you have to join them." She lowered her hand and milked her cock, joining in Sydney's phonetically challenged chorus.

Having wrestled her way to victory, Amanda had an arm locked around Brynne's throat. Amanda was resting her back on the locker and taking in the fucked up scene. Brynne's legs stretched out in front of them. Amanda was using Brynne as cover for any more of Sydney's cum shots.

"Maybe best if you get out before happen to you." Brynne advised.

"What's the worst that could happen? I grow a cock and rape the shit out of you?"

"Who know."

"If you didn't know, then," Amanda's voice became soft and airy, the victim of too much helium, "you should have kept your mouth closed. Closed, closed, closed. Do I sound funny to you? Fuh, fuh, fudge my lips. I can't say that? Lick my cuh, cuh, cutie. That's not right. Lick my puh, puh, pushy. Fudge it."

"I warn you. Strange happenings. Result of secrets."

"It's probably nothing." Amanda giggled. "It's getting hot in here. Don't you think?" With the arm that wasn't wound around Brynne's throat, Amanda twiddled with Brynne's nipple. Brynne exploited this opening and flipped Amanda over her head and into her own lap.

"How it feel?" Brynne breathed hot into Amanda's neck.

“Pretty good. Hold me here. Not there, cutie” Amanda adjusted Brynne’s hands, so they were encircling her waist, not her suddenly sensitive chest. “You know I had forgotten how good it is to be the woman in the relationship.” The piercings in Amanda’s lips slipped from her nose and lips and clattered to the floor. Amanda ground her ass against Brynne’s lap. “Fighting is boring. I want to fudge.”

Amanda shrugged off Brynne’s hands, got to her feet, hopped on the bench, ran toward Sydney, jumped, and landed cunt first on Sydney’s cock. Amanda got lucky here on two accounts. First Sydney was taking a short breather. Second either Sydney’s cock was so hard or Amanda’s lingerie was so thin that Amanda’s lingerie tore at the touch of Sydney’s cock and nothing impeded Amanda’s penetration. Because it would have been easy if the lingerie hadn’t broken or the dick had been too soft for Amanda to bounce off of it and come crashing into the floor.

As it stood, Amanda humped the pole perched in between Sydney’s tits, unaware of her black hair bleaching blond or her tits swelling to the size of one of those spinning thingies that smarty pants spin in their study rooms. What were they called? Pornographers? Yeah, that was it. Amanda knew it had a graph at the end of it. Her lingerie top, the last symbol of her dominance, burst. Whatever remained of it jounced at her sides as she fucked Sydney.

There Amanda was with her legs wrapped around Sydney’s head, her cunt on Sydney’s cock, her stomach receiving kisses from Sydney, when her asshole got all hot and wet. Continuing to ride the dick, Amanda turned to spot Brynne perched at the entrance to her ass. Brynne’s hands were holding open the ass cheeks as she sent her tongue flicking into and out of Amanda’s anal cavity.

“I love my friends.” Amanda cried overenthusiastically. “I’m sorry for hurting you girls.”

Through a mass of ass, Brynne replied, “Secrets. Tell secrets can.”

“Where do I begin? I lost my virginity at the age of seventeen in a Harley-Davidson bar. He was a large man much like my father. There was very little in the way of flirting or foreplay. We fudged and then he took me sailing through the night on his shiny motorcycle.

“I guess I got my dominance from him. For every woman I slept with after that, I became the man. But years of motorcycle travelling weary a girl. I am so glad to have these twits!” She sandwiches her tits with her hands. “Ahhhhh, I know where this is going, going, going, going, goi-” Her back straightened. Her asshole clenched. The orgasm shattered her body, jackknifing her alternatively against Sydney and Brynne’s mouths. “To be cared for like this...” Amanda swooned.

Margerie, having lifted herself off the bench, was singing and stroking to pass the time until she discovered Georgia’s location. “The hand is not enough. No, the hand is never enough. Every dick must have a hole. Where did that pretty Georgia go?”

“Daddy, I,I,I know you’ll lose first. You, you, you and your cold heart can’t keep up this resistance forever.” Slap after slap fell on Georgia’s bottom.

Clamping her eyes on Georgia’s ass, Margerie went wild. She didn’t bother to kneel or guide herself into Georgia. She especially

didn't ask for permission. She just dropped and slipped inside of her. Who could have missed the landing zone that Georgia's arse offered?

"Yes." Georgia blew the words from her lips. She screwed her face up tight. "Daddy you lose."

Margerie threw herself into the thrusting. And no matter how hard she threw herself into it she didn't have to fear injury. Not with her DD's and Georgia's bean bags cushioning her fall.

Sydney shouted, "Stop staring at me. Get off." She must have been holding onto those words for awhile.

"Why? It's just fudging." Amanda, without a care in the world, mashed the M, her legs and ass made, into Sydney's cock-tit combo.

"I feel embarrassed."

"Don't cry. Don't cry."

"This is just too much."

"Aww. All you had to do was tell us silly. Brynne, give me some room." Brynne pulled her tongue out with a plop. "Okay, Sydney, stay calm." Amanda guided her left leg over Sydney's head. "Now you see me. Now you don't."

Amanda wrenched herself around on Sydney's cock. Facing Brynne, Amanda stretched out her hands and guided Brynne's lips to hers. In leaning forward, Amanda ground the ass which she had presented Sydney with into the tear soaked cheeks. Cheek to cheek.

"Hold up a minute, Brynkles." Amanda put a finger to Brynne's lips. "Sydney, is that betTER?" Amanda's words perked up as soon as Sydney's tongue resumed the work that Brynne had left off. "Where were we?" Amanda puckered her lips at Brynne.

"No feel, good."

"You are sweating up a storm, baby." Amanda wiped the moisture from the summit of Brynne's breasts.

"о мой бог, о мой бог, о мой бог, о мой бог." A light brown foam bubbled up from Brynne's skin and frothed to the tip of her nipples, which, promptly turned a chocolate brown. Brynne's breathing became labored. Her breasts began to shine as if they were being coated in a sweet crispy glaze. The slopes of her breasts sunk further down until they obscured Brynne's belly button. More snow color skin was being packed in at their twin summits. A thick clump of white creme oozed from first one of her nipples then the other.

"Ahhh ooooo. What do?"

Amanda licked her lips. Brynne's breasts were looking finer than a pair of Cinnabons. "I've got an idea." Amanda stuck out her tongue and skimmed Brynne's collar. She slipped her tongue back in her mouth. She thought about the flavoring while she tossed her insides on Sydney's

cock. “Sugar!” All she managed before she returned and gave Brynne’s collar thirty more tongue lashings.

Brynne was quaking harder than a mountain about to avalanche, shivering her shimmering breasts. Two more clumps of creme smacked on the ground. Amanda pulled back, the tip of her lip shining with Brynne’s glaze. “New idea. Lend me your breasts, Brynnus.” Brynne passed one to Amanda’s lips. Amanda withdrew the creme from the nipple, her throat bulging with each suck. Brynne bunched her long long legs tight together, endless field of hairless thigh rubbing against endless field of hairless thigh, as the fluids of her orgasm seeped through her white panties and onto the floor.

The orgasm was becoming too much for Brynne and she took a step back to sit down on the bench. Amanda, unwilling to let go of the nipple for anything, leaned first a little, then more and more into the sucking. The breast pulled Amanda so far away from Sydney that Amanda’s vagina popped off Sydney’s cock and a flood of cum poured out over Sydney’s neck and tits but that would still not stop Amanda’s sucking. Amanda’s feet hit the floor and she fell into Brynne and Brynne fell over the bench and Amanda and Brynne were on the cold floor, an accidental of rearrangement of legs and tits, but Amanda continued to suck.

Another glint of understanding passed across Sydney’s eyeballs. Against the immediate wishes of her engorged cock, she managed to smooth it down into a semi diagonal position. Holding the cock in place, Sydney carefully tip toed to Amanda’s backside and shoved her javelin till it was on the cusp of piercing Amanda’s intestines. Amanda’s whole body stiffened. She practically leapt in the air. But Amanda didn’t care. She cared for sucking, not fucking.

Meanwhile, Margerie had shifted gears. No longer fucking Georgia but slipping her dick in between the cheeks. Turned out Georgia received just as much stimulation from that. Georgia was gloating about daddy's less than adequate endurance, as an orgasm swept her across the floor. Margerie shot skeet up Georgia's back and into her hair. Georgia squealed with pleasure and bent her feet back, playfully kicking at Margerie's ass.

The conflicts of the locker room's drama had condensed from the many logistic possibilities of the women's locker room: lifting weights in the weight room, washing up in the showers, changing uniforms in the...locker room, to the two eight foot long lines of a right angle. Brynne's legs could practically be used as a measurement for this. Twice the length of Brynne's leg one way. Twice the length the other. Georgia and Margerie on one end and Brynne, Sydney, and Amanda on the other. No weight lifting, no showering, no changing for them. Just fucking, fucking, fucking on the concrete floor.

Fat Joe glanced at his clock. Three o'clock. Didn't Jack say there was a video shoot at five today? The realization pinched Joe's gut. These girls were here to appear in their latest episode.

He heard a door crash into cinder block and Hannah's voice, "Is everything ok in there, ladies?"

"Daddy's come. I've won. Daddy's come. I've won." Georgia victoriously cried.

Margerie sang, “Daughter fucks the cousin cause she only wants the father. Why do we raise our kids clean only to throw them in the slaughter?”

A pause. “Ok, ok we’re coming in. Thunk, Tendons, you two stay here...no, everything should be fine. Right. Mhmm. I’ll keep that in mind. Okay if you think it’s absolutely necessary.”

“What smells?” Thunk’s chunky baritone.

“Something fishy. Phew.” Tendons’ smooth and cocky bass.

“Tuna fish, salmon, flounder. Tonight’s dinner,” Hannah’s nasally itemization.

The three of them rounded the corner on the orgy Fat Joe instigated. Immediately they had to fling themselves against a row of lockers, Tendons covering Hannah’s vulnerable chest, to dodge a shot of Margerie’s cum blasting through the alley Georgia’s ass cheeks offered. Dodging that bullet, they crept along the side of the locker and spotted: Amanda’s ass being pitched by a particularly rough shove from Sydney. Brynne’s breast stretching, following Amanda’s neck rearing backwards. Amanda just not letting go for the sake of anything.

“Who is responsible for this?” Hannah demanded, Clacking a heel for good measure. Man, if it didn’t add an extra tear to her skirt. Hannah was a growing girl. A company girl. On the rise. “Who am I kidding? I know you boys won’t sell out one of your own. But I only count five girls. And Jack’s sheet said there would be eight.”

Tendons took a step back from Hannah's side, insuring Hannah could not see what he was about to do, and pointed a muscled finger at the security camera Fat Joe was looking through. Tendons pulled the finger back and passed it across his throat. Fat Joe gulped. He shut down as many monitors as the system would allow, closed the vent to the kitchens, gathered up his things, and hauled ass to the door.

As if it were the line delivered at the end of a sitcom, Thunk shrugged, tiny in one of the remaining monitors, lifted his hands to either side, and innocently said, "There were only these five at the door."

Cue Laugh Track

Bonus Scene (for the smart among you)

Hannah: “I’m sorry, boys, but you’re going to have to leave. These girls need to get cleaned up. See what you can find out about those three missing woman. And by see, I mean do.”

Thunk was still trying to form his salute by the time Tendons was already out the door.

Hannah: “Hurry on and follow your man.”

The door to the locker room closed. Hannah shifted the velvet skirt along her hipbones.

Hannah: “If any of you ladies are free, you can meet me in the shower.”

Margerie glanced up and Hannah bent low, flashing her readily accessible cleavage. Margerie pulled her dick out from between Georgia’s arse. The dick jutted, eight inches from Margerie’s belly button. Even after all the activity, Margerie’s dick still surged with energy.

Hannah: “I said the shower, not the hallway.

She strode languorously past Margerie, moving her ass a cheek at a time in o so slow motion. Margerie turned and followed.

Sydney lifted her nose to the air. She must have smelt something in the air because she pulled out of Amanda and headed for the showers as well.

This was all fine with Amanda and Brynne who assumed the positions of nursed and nurser, suckler and suckled.

Even Georgia, the mouthiest of the group, groped handfuls of her ass in solitude. At least somewhat. She still spoke to her ass if it were her dad.

When Margerie and Sydney entered the shower, Hannah was already standing naked underneath a shower head. Her wet cinnamon hair draped over her porcelain shoulders. Something familiar about the situation hit Hannah.

Hannah: “You girls are going to take it gentle, right?”

Margerie and Sydney dumbly nodded. Hannah turned on them, putting her hands on the shower tile and proffering her ass for their inspection.

Neither of the women made any foreplay about it. They skewered Hannah simultaneously. And Hannah squelched and squelched and squelched on their sizable cocks, the water running over all of them.

Hannah: “Why didn’t I try this before? All the dick but none of the dick. Haha. Get it? O, you girls, are so quiet. I guess you’re about your business. We’ll get back to that soon. Why don’t you wrap your hands around a tit? Hold me.”

The four hands went groping all along Hannah's skin. They were wherever the water was which was everywhere. They were grasping at the fat around her waist. They were jamming fingers in her ass crack. Tickling her armpit. Massaging an earlobe. She thrust against them and against them until their hot juice and her hot juice was running down her thighs.

They repeated their exchange for orgasm after orgasm. Finally, Margerie tapped out and retreated, and Hannah thought Sydney would tap out too but Sydney continued to go.

Hannah: "We should proBABLY (the result of another gut wrenching blow from Sydney) go check on the others. No? Ok.

Sydney pressed Hannah to the wall and fucked Hannah until Hannah's legs were Jello then more and more. By now, even the shower was fighting to guzzle down the river of semen Sydney had pumped out and continued to pump.

Sydney had Hannah doggy style on the floor when the effects of the fish stench wore off. The dick wilted inside Hannah and Sydney pulled out with an acorn and two nuts, a baby dick on her waist. A bucketful of cum splashed from Hannah's ass onto the shower tile. Hannah slouched lowering herself to the semen and the stink for awhile.

But Hannah, having suffered surprisingly worse abuse in her life, soon struggled to her feet. She exited the shower and silently slipped her brown lace panties and skirt over her prominent behind while the two dick girls, pastry titted Sasquatch, blondie, and little miss cheekie slept

off their changes. Every one of them would need all the energy they could muster for Extreme Mess Team's Twenty Seventh Episode.

Hannah: "That reminds me."

She picked up her agenda and pen. She clicked the pen and wrote.

Hannah: "Mustard."