

The Man in the High Back Computer Chair

Warning: The following may include (I can't be held responsible for what you consider erotic or not) incredibly awesome depictions of sexual acts. Do not read further unless you are prepared to get bodice ripping horny and more than likely cum. You in a private place? Everything quiet? Lights down? Tissues, or clothing you don't particularly care about dirtying, at hand? Then quit reading the disclaimer. You're good to go!

EACH OF THE TEN TV SCREENS CYCLED THROUGH A DIFFERENT SECURITY CAMERA'S LENS. FAT JOE, THE MAN IN THE HIGH BACKED COMPUTER CHAIR, SURVEYED NOW, THE EMPTY LEATHER BOOTH IN THE CORNER OF THE SAUSAGE SHOP, NOW, THE DARKENED KITCHEN CLOSET WHERE THE EXPENSIVE LIGHTS AND CAMERAS WAITED TO BE HOOKED UP, NOW, THE SECRET UNDERGROUND TUNNELS WHERE CHEFS AMBLED FROM GIANT STEAMING VAT TO GIANT STEAMING VAT TO CHECK IN ON THEIR LATEST CONCOCTIONS, AND NOW, THE PLACE HE ALMOST ALWAYS ENDED UP SETTLING ON, THE WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM.

JACK HAD ASSIGNED HIM THE TASK OF HALL MONITOR BECAUSE THE MAN IN THE HIGH BACKED COMPUTER CHAIR HAD SHOWN HIMSELF TO BE A MATURE AND TRUSTABLE INDIVIDUAL. IF DANGER THREATENED THEM, JACK SUPPOSED FAT JOE WOULD NOT HAVE HIS PANTS AND BOXERS AROUND HIS ANKLES AND HIS COLD HAND ON HIS DICK. JACK SUPPOSED FAT JOE WOULD BE CUEING THE INTERCOM AND ADVISING THE PERSONNEL ON HOW TO REACT, TO HEAD TO THE NEAREST FIRE EXIT OR TO LOCK THE COMPOUND DOWN.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE EVENT THAT HAD INFLUENCED JACK'S DECISION TO MAKE FAT JOE HALL MONITOR HAD NOT ONLY BEEN ATYPICAL FOR THE TRULY LAZY AND PERVERTED JOE BUT FAT JOE'S REACTION HAD BEEN, NO LIE, WHOLLY ACCIDENTAL.



Back in the cozy kitchen of their Canadian shack, a month before they hopped on a plane and headed to Paris, shaggy Jack, muscly Tendons, salivating Thunk, and greasy La Goon had been crouching in front of the oven, looking in on their glistening turkey. The oven's hot rods had been painting the faces of the watchers tomato red.

Fat Joe had been leaning against the refrigerator, perpendicular to his team's crouched positions, slurping his perpetually tilted glass of Windex Punch, letting all his senses but his sense of taste float away, when Hannah had come, shambling out of the single bedroom, a frilly pink lingerie bottom covering her vagine, raw bacon strips hiding her breasts, and a thin bridal veil of semen coating her bun of hair. What better way than just such a woman could five men have found to warm themselves in the cold of the Canadian winter?

With each step she took, she shook a strip of bacon loose. She lurched and half a strip of bacon peeled away, and left the other half clinging to the milky white skin of her breast. The half a piece of bacon dangling, pulled the other half to the floor. The bacon landed on the kitchen tile with a greasy slap. This process repeated itself

twenty times, leaving a trail of raw bacon strips in her wake. Her bun of hair soon split open, like an onion tossed in lukewarm oil (as seen in Extreme Mess Team's thirteenth episode, "An Onion Too Boss for Beef Chuck"), spilling her brown, dirty hair over her porcelain shoulders.

Seeing her coming his way through the tint of his drinking glass, Fat Joe felt the roots of his penis stir, hardening and pressing the trunk of his penis into his shorts. He had not hesitated to grope his crotch, flipping the swelling trunk in between his waistband and stomach. She had noticed. How could she not have? This drunk dick had made no secret of it. She motioned for him to step aside, and he looked at her face then looked at his dick. She shook her head. She pointed at the refrigerator. He stepped towards the oven.

La Goon sensed Fat Joe's peripheral movement in the stirrings of air on his slick black hair. La Goon turned over his left shoulder and got an eyeful of Hannah's ham ass. Hannah had been bending over to rummage through the refrigerator and the ass was still gently bobbing up and down from Hannah's movement. The smooth and pale ass had practically been shoved in La Goon's face. The only thing the ass lacked was a platter. La Goon rose.

He whisked the lingerie down Hannah's waist, leaving the lingerie at her ankles, so she could not easily escape without tripping up. Her vagine moistened at first exposure. Tongue panting doglike, La Goon leaned into her ass and sniffed. Fat Joe wished he could scrub that moment clean from his mind.

Prompted by the hot breath on her sensitive area, Hannah squealed, “I was just looking for a cucumber,”

“Haven’t you heard? Vegetables are dangerous for you. But I’ve got a nice big meat log that’s been baking for a minute,” La Goon replied and hefted his crotch.

“I’ve had enough of you and your team’s meat. I want a cool and refreshing cucumber.”

“If I remember correctly you approached us, so you do as we say.”

He dropped trou.

“I answer to Jack, not-”. He penetrated her and her ass received him wholesale. He thrust and thrust and thrust his prong into her prawn.

Clutching the refrigerator shelf, Hannah stabilized herself against the blows. She shouted, “This is --- ugh --- unacceptable. Wait --- ooo --- until Jack hears about it.”

“He is listening to us fuck.”

“No, he is will-ING the turKEY-bird to cook.”

“Jack can multitask. Was he not polishing his elephant tusk while fingering your twat last night?”

“If any of you could multi-TASK ---OOO MEAT DEMON OOO -- you wouldn't keep me on.

“Touche, meat imp.”

The previous night's actions coalesced before Fat Joe's drunk eyes. A memory so lucid he saw it in HD. Fat Joe's policing was so bad that his flashback was having a flashback.



It had all occurred on the hamburger bed, christened so for its **bun colored comforter**, **lettuce leaf green top sheet**, and brown meat mattress. The pillows were **ketchup** and **mustard**. Hannah, legs spread and arms at her side, lay on her back on top of the bunforter (Jack's coinage, when bun meets comforter). Hannah was surprisingly peaceful for someone who was blindfolded and gagged. The five of them took their places around her, giving each other enough space so it was not gay for each of them to be jacking off in the same room.

Jack stepped forward and removed her blindfold. She took a second to gauge the situation then she began gnashing her teeth on the gag. Her wide eyes brimmed with the sweet and sour combo of lust and fear. Her vagine was dripping that same savory sauce as Jack twiddled his fingers along her belly, heading south for that special spot. With his other hand, he signaled his team Navy Seal style, a hypnotic performance of finger circling and fist pumping, to surround this piece of meat and fucking tenderize.

Over Jack's right shoulder, La Goon approached the bed. La Goon planted his knees on the bed and leaned to Hannah's ear. He whispered to her and she fervently nodded her head. The whole time this was happening, Jack was lovingly tending to his own and Hannah's genitalia.

La Goon removed Hannah's gag. "Get away from me you-", Hannah's sentence was cut off by La Goon's cock.

Jack whipped his head around. He delivered his paternal discipline with his hand on his dick and his hand in Hannah's hot box, "You're out of order, portobello. Those dibs aren't yours to mack. They're for the second in command. Tendons! Where are you my son? To the front! La Goon! Did I tell you could continue to warm the meat there? Take it out."

La Goon pulled out of Hannah's mouth. She gave his dick a kiss good riddance. A trail of saliva plunked on the bed. Then Hannah, usually obedient enough to keep quiet, had to go and run her mouth, "I've seen sausages strings that hold together better than your chain of command. Fuck," from a mouth that still handled vulgarity with a virgin ear, "the steak diet. These boys need fish oil. Good old omega 3."

"Stop standing there stupid, La Goon, and reinsert the gag."

"You know where to find me when you get your conflict sorted." The return of the gag could not beat Hannah's last word.

Tendons lumbered around the bed, his hand working the muscles of his dick. For try as he might Fat Joe could not keep his eyes on Fat Joe's face. Tendons had to have been taking moose steroids. His dick rose above his belly button! Tendons passed Thunk and Fat Joe mistook a wet spot at Thunk's feet for piss. Then he saw the spittle bubbling from Thunk's lips.

"Why weren't you originally in that position?" Jack interrogated Tendons.

“I thought La Goon should–”

“That’s where you got it wrong. I call the shots. Put your dick in her mouth and let’s get this show on the road.”

Hannah’s kicking legs announced Jack had hit a particularly sweet spot of Hannah’s. Tendons pulled the quick switcheroo with the gag and his dick; Hannah’s eyes watered as she gagged on Tendons’ more than bite size rod.

Fat Joe and Thunk each got a hand of Hannah’s to themselves. They giggled like two little putti, their dicks the nails for Hannah’s crucifixion. La Goon soloed to the side.

That night, Hannah did her best Virgin Mary impersonation acquiescing to Fat Joe, Thunk, Jack, and Tendons’ super sized dick. As the session came to a close, Jack permitted La Goon to join in the ejaculations.



But if only Jack could see La Goon now, shoving Hannah into the refrigerator like a container of last night’s leftovers.

Fu- Fu- Fu- Fuck me!” Hannah surrendered.

“Gladly.”

Each time La Goon furiously rammed into her, she had to duck so as not to bang her head on the refrigerator’s shelf. And each time he furiously rammed her and the lower half of her body disappeared into the refrigerator, Fat Joe had to scrunch himself further up into the cabinets, some of whose knobs were digging uncomfortably into his ass cheeks, to avoid the refrigerator door crushing him.

Jack, Tendons, and Thunk, absorbed in their admiration of the baking turkey, were blocking Fat Joe’s only means of escape. Fat Joe anxiously gulped down the rest of his drink. He reached the bottom faster than he expected and then true panic set in. He had to get out. This wasn’t the place for him. He slammed his glass on the countertop, raised his foot to step over Jack, the member nearest to him, took the step, and tripped over the entire crew of turkey surveyors.

His falling and rolling bulk managed to shove the crew away from the oven which promptly and dramatically exploded. Glass shards stabbed La Goon’s ass, leaving cosmetic wounds, and he thrust into Hannah all the deeper, cumming, thereby losing his hardness and also his sex with Hannah’s ass. But thanks to Fat Joe’s accident, Jack, Tendons, and Thunk escaped unscathed.

“What the fuck did you think you were doing?” Jack later accused La Goon.

“You know Hannah that insubordinate bitch.”

“No, I do not. That woman is more loyal than the microwave. Always more than eager to zap my meat.”

“Inside she is truly colder than the freezer. Who else do you think could have armed your turkey to explode?”

“I won’t have her accused in my house.” Jack hauled his fist into La Goon’s face. The blow ruined La Goon’s slick doo. “You better hope you have some ice cream in your blood because I’m throwing you out into the cold.”

Rubbing his jaw, as he exited the kitchen, La Goon’s replied, “I know you. You fall too fast and too easily. Guard your heart because because you may love the bitch but that doesn’t mean she loves you back. There are plenty of others in this house who have a hard dick.”

And so Fat Joe had rose in Jack’s graces without really doing anything at all.



FAT JOE MONITORED THE SHIFTING COLLECTION OF THE SAUSAGE SHOP'S EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR SCENES. HE MONITORED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION. EXCEPT WHEN HIS BELLY WILLED HIM TO LEAN FORWARD, SCRABBLE FREE A BITE OF FRIED CATFISH WITH HIS FORK AND SLING BOTH FISH AND FORK INTO HIS MOUTH. THE PAUNCHES OF HIS BELLY ROLLED AS HE LEANED FORWARD AND UNROLLED AS HE LEANED BACK. WHEN HE WANTED ENTERTAINMENT AS HE DID PRESENTLY, HE FLIPPED TO THE FREQUENCY OF THE WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM.

FOUR WOMEN HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE WERE UNDESSING WITHIN. ONE, IN A SCHOOLGIRL'S SKIRT AND A PLAIN WHITE BRA, BROUGHT HER FACE TO THE MIRROR ON THE DOOR OF A LOCKER AND TAPPED THE BRIDGE OF HER NOSE. SHE WAS AT THE CENTER OF HIS FRAME. HER LIPS WERE MOVING, SO FAT JOE SLIPPED ON A PAIR OF HEADPHONES AND LISTENED.



“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.”

“Let me see,” a woman, a full head shorter than the first, ran to the schoolgirl's side. The shorter woman had abandoned her clothes on the locker room bench and her small breasts and black hairs were jostling as her feet slapped on the locker room floor. She was a Shetland pony with the heart of a Black Stallion. She hopped the bench.

Together the two of them looked at each other in the mirror. The shorter woman with her knuckles on her hips swayed side to side, flaunting her flirtatious curves. The schoolgirl, hunched over massaging her cheekbones, eclipsed the shorter woman's ostentatious display. The latter 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 turned to the schoolgirl and hugged her, making sure to grind her breasts and pointy nipples into the schoolgirl’s stomach, and made sure, as she pulled away to cop a quick feel.

The schoolgirl batted the hand and stepped back. “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 to hear these secrets.” A husky blond, at the bottom of the camera’s lens, butchered the English syllables with an Eastern European accent. 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. The avalanche stabilized at the tip of her abs but managed to still slope off into space. The breasts had fallen like an action movie protagonist and his love interest would, only coming to a stop at the last instant on the cliff’s edge her abs represented. The aureoles flared out to either side from her pendulous snow slopes, indicating her duck feet, or penguin feet in the case of this Arctic queen.

“Well, if you insist. 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. I was only giving him practice, he was fully clothed,

but my parents assuming I was miss slag of the century, would not listen.

“They kicked me out in only my knickers and I landed on my flabby ass. I sat there rubbing my tailbone in the cold and wondering what were my skills. An eighty two percent on my bio exam? Having nervy B’s? A boy smoting Keira Knightley gaze? 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, the body yet unseen, 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,” from the showers, a woman, more red curls than flesh, approached the three, carrying the tune along with her. 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 in this locker room drama, sporting devilishly black nightwear, approached Sydney's behind. The husky blond 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. The sound made Fat Joe cringe. 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 her tits to her mouth. She mimed fellatio on a nipple long as a carrot nose. Or was it a corncob pipe?

The red haired woman sang. Her lungs pressing her ribcage against 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 poured 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 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. He had pulled this prank 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.

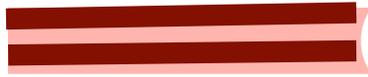


Through her sweaty work out shorts, the ones she had worn to her six am run, Hannah would be suddenly sporting a pair of engorged cunt lips. One millisecond later, before she could say Joe, her breasts, waist, and ass would blow apart her work out wear, popping it like the outer shell on a balloon. And 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, while the other set of

fingers pirouetted from a nipple pinch to a breast squeeze and back again.

The masturbation would occur without memory. She would straddle the bench. Stretch her leg out on a locker. Grind her back against the shower tiles as the streams of water washed over her. Jewels of sweat accumulating on her chest. Fat Joe zooming in on them until they were the only things he could see, undulating on the screen in front of him. Her body forgot it had just been running and that there was work to do. All there was was the locker room and the need to orgasm.

Hannah, exhausted from however many orgasms her body had put her through, arms hanging heavy from her shoulders, would struggle in the administration of her velvet skirt and top over her new assets. The creaking of fabric was a mainstay. Finally clothed, the continual victim of the boy's pranks, Hannah prepared to face the day. Sadly, at least for Hannah, her sudden growth spurt would reduce in swelling somewhat, but most of the added weight would remain.



Over time, Fat Joe also noticed a change in Hannah's psychology. She was more and more likely now to confuse the world of business with the world of sex. But Fat Joe enjoyed his game too much to stop. And the best part was he never knew what to expect, in terms of effects, from what the cooks were cooking up. So he opened the vents and shot the air into the locker room and, his teeth crunching the catfish's tail and scales, 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 behind, and hopped the bench to Georgia’s side. Amanda lowered her head so it was level with Georgia’s. “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.

“Try to injure me,” Brynne challenged. She then slammed her locker door closed, leaving her unhooked parka at either side of her tits and strutted to Georgia’s locker in her snow boots. In addition to these accessories, she was modeling the latest Antarctic fashion, bare legs that went on without end. They stretched on and on rolling further 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, "Is there an icicle thawing in there?"

"I think no." Brynne plucked 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 readied herself and 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 to her feet. Below 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 bloody 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, pushing up between Sydney's breasts, pushing Sydney's breasts to either side, elongating, elongating, and finally making itself known at Sydney's collarbones. Sydney's breasts took this theatrical opportunity to balloon to the size of basketballs, pressing on either side of the engorged penis like twin airbags.

Without any hesitation, Sydney swallowed her own head, slurping with pleasure. Her hips, playing their part, slid 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 focused the camera in on her. 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 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 fell over 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.

Amanda had an arm around Brynne's throat. She was resting her back on the locker and taking in the fucked up scene. Brynne's legs stretched out in front of them.

"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 shut."

"I told so."

“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 clattered to the floor. Amanda ground her ass against Brynne’s lap. “Fighting is boring. I want to fuck.”

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 another 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 fucked 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 tits!” 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 kind of fell and slipped inside of her. Anyway, 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 fucking.” 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 slope of her breasts sunk 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 yanked 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 picks up her agenda and pen. She clicks the pen and writes.

Hannah: "Mustard."

