

Mrs. Gaglecock propped her thumb against her nub, skirt hiked up to navel. She started shredding to the picture of a woman, areoles pierced from every direction, doggy style, being heaved into by a black hulk. There was no sense in wasting time, especially on the clock as she was. Need we mention what she wanted to be on? Black cock was Mrs. Gaglecock's *je ne sais quoi*. As a woman in her older thirties, polluting an office where they sold kitty products with her porn and fluids, where half the lights were on and the other half off, black cock was constantly tantalizing but always submerged. She could see it throbbing in the khakis of her supervisor as he belted out the daily circumstances, elbow propped on the shoulder of her cubicle and cup of black coffee tilted to his lips. He made no more effort to cover it than she did her sumptuous breasts when she got dressed in the morning. Her shirt collars always bowed, practically coughed up her cleavage when she snuggled into them. For a woman in her older thirties, she could be mistaken for half of that. Her friends had always teased her that she was meant for porn as busty and blond as she was. Her blond hair was practically a centerfold, threaded between her shoulders, each lock as rich and sheeny as the glossy covers teenage boys splodge on in their tree houses.

Her boss would say, "I need you to", his train of thought broken by the thought of her opened up on a couch, liquid beading on her genitalial crest. He took a sip, trying to recover his composure, boner meanwhile pulsating against the layers of cotton. Her boss would try again, "I need you to take out", his train of thought splintered by eating out her sauerkraut as she draped back over the couch already swooning in layers of layers of his cottony tongue. The coffee was just as hot when he took a sip this time. But he needed something as he could feel his dick creeping up at his belly button. Mrs. Gaglecock, already well aware of where this was heading,

had turned to face him, flipped one leg over the other, and bent over to finger her toes through her sandals. This only put more cleavage on display. The twin orbs were on the verge of bursting as was her boss. One last time, her boss raised his head “I need”, this time he saw him powerfully thrust into her, her fingernails digging into his back, breasts launched into his chest, she floating heavenward to the lights, and he had to quickly turn tail before any pre-cum was visible. She would watch him go, unafraid to admit her own stickiness as she turned to the desk, tapped through a couple of open tabs, and fingered wetness.

It seemed the scene was staged for Mrs. Gagglecock to have way with her superintendent, a Mr. Hub. She wanted to gargle on him. And he was constantly having to fire off loads into the toilet seat to keep himself composed. So what was holding them back?

Mrs. Gagglecock had been blessed with a disturbingly large clitoris. This thing could have been plunked behind her like a tail. The doctors had said that it was perfectly “healthy” and even to be a source of great pleasure. But Mrs. Gagglecock found it a paltry embarrassment. She would never tell her friends that she had tried out for a porno shoot, how she had been dressed in “Sunny Top” tee and rubbery skirt, the kind of material that tube tops are made out of and are ready for the popping of breast flesh, except in this case it was Grade A booty meat, how she had snuggled out of her tee and bra, nipples prickling to the cold A/C, letting loose those luxurious knockers which swung to and fro as she bent over to unbelt herself. She shimmied out of her skirt and panties, letting her breasts sway to the beat.

When she finally looked up and threw her hair back already prepared to sit on some D, she saw in the dropped jaws of the producers people who were looking at a sideshow freak. The gaggle of clitoral veins were rather obtrusive. The clitoris resembled a baby carrot you could roll

in the palm of your hand. Many might wonder how such a gift could have even been hidden for so long. But it is amazing how many masses of just such size go uncommented on everyday. Mrs. Gagglecock's oddness had made her a good reader of other bulges. One could say she had a bulge-dar and her supervisor, a Mr. Hub, was easy pickings, black donged as he was.

The producer would have if he could have choked out words propositioned a "set of lesbian encounters in space, a spread that would mark future millennia" but Mrs. Gagglecock could already picture the "How does this function?" from the deleterious airhead clutching Mrs. Gagglecock's clitoris in one hand and stretching a spool of gum from her pink lips to her fingers. Suffice it to say, Mrs. Gagglecock suited up and stormed out of the room.

Not long after Mrs. Gagglecock found a man willing enough to marry blithely and blindly. Mr. Gagglecock was a jerker who liked his other half better with her clothes on. He was a quick shot and liked to keep his hands to himself. He was more proud of the piece he had landed than its treasures.

This left Mrs. Gagglecock to entertain her desires in her cubicle, a place where she could enjoy the benefits of income and marriage without doing much to keep either, and perhaps that explains why she had become so interested in piercings. It wasn't that she wanted them herself. She just liked the thrill of other people bound to them. All of her husband's looking must have rubbed off on her. And also something to do with jewelry, pain, and exoticism.

Speaking of which, we started with Mrs. Gagglecock about to give herself the rub, nub in hand, which she should say was more of a handful, her skirt hiked up to her hips. She queued the porn to life and the black hulk swung again and again, beating into the black haired woman, on her knees and pierced.

Mrs. Gaglecock was getting into the glide of things when a strange pop-up started guiding its way across her screen. It was a bunch of pink stripes that did not seem to have any text. It looked a bunch of kitty litter boxes. Mrs. Gaglecock was not amused but played along. She shifted one hand up to massage her breast through her tight dress, the strictures making her breath labored. The pink boxes lengthened until they covered the screen.

“What the hell?” She mouthed. She moused over the pause button and clicked. What she felt was a powerful surge of blood running up from her feet to her vagina to her nipples to her temples. Her whole brain seemed afire and then she slumped back in her seat. She lay back confused, eyes closed, just matching spots marching across her eyelids. She felt ill. And a tingling all through her fingertips. Her fingertips continued to tingle as the nausea passed. She held her hands up in front of her eyes and saw that they had hexagonals inscribed all along them. She closed her eyes and opened. Still the hexagonals. She rubbed her hands against each other, hoping that a little warmth would get rid of the striations. As she continued to rub them, they felt out of balance. She stopped, held them apart, and investigated. The hexagonals had crept up her fingernails. She put fingernail to fingernail and tried to scuff the hexagonals off. The fingernails, however, were not as pliant as usual and she watched them get longer as she continued rubbing. They were now sharp and hard to the touch. She pricked her thigh. A little blood coursed out.

“What the fuck?” She breathed. She put her hands together and watched the fingers lengthen, smooth until they were fingers that could reach down a soda can. She yanked them apart. This was unsettling. Where else would this work? She put her hands on the keyboard and watched it lengthen horizontally. This seemed to make no sense. The lengthening was without

direction. Up for her fingers and sidewise for the keyboard. She put her hand on the monitor. The same occurred, drawing itself out like a widescreen television. What kind of strange superpower was this? She looked down at her clitoris. Here was her chance to cross the gap. She clutched it as best as she could with both hands but it was more fingertips than anything and began to massage. The clitoris arched upwards, drawing itself up like a good king in his robes and family jewels. The oil was splashing up onto her shirt, so she opted to take it off, situating one hand at her hip, which promptly spread outward. She was sitting off-balance, one hip far longer than should be. She took in a deep breath. She put her other hand on her hip and evened things out. Her panties down around her thigh were spread thinner.

Everything was going to be fine, so long as she was more careful. This time, she took the time to secure both hands at the bottom of her shirt and pull softly upwards, however, her breasts presented a problem that she had been more than gleeful about in the morning, namely that they jutted out with their names stamped on them like “your mama” or “good head”. They were now a strain that she could not compensate for.

Her clitoris meanwhile was beaming up at her belly button, jaunty as a rhinoceros tusk, quite adamant on its jiggling. Mrs. Gaglecock grasped tight to the gauze of her shirt, feeling it sink into her breast flesh. She mouthed “o, no” as hands and breasts touched, spreading hexagonals. She massaged them, crooving them to two cartoonish torpedoes with nipples as thick as cookies. All this transformation was tiring her out. She had not even managed to get her shirt off. She looked down at the trail of pointed breasts to pointed clitoris. What had she done? Her skirt would never fit over this. Her top would never fit over these. And she wanted to hold them, to finagle them until they too let out little soft airs of pleasure. Any more masturbation

was certainly not the answer. It would only sharpen her further. She had no choice but to show herself to Mr. Hub.

But first were there any more changes to be made? Mrs. Gagglecock rose, her firm but flat ass scuffing the mesh seat. There was something to put her hands on. She reached underneath, nearly poking a hole through panties with her fingernails. She took a good tug and ripped them off. No need. This place. What a dump. She could pass as a gifted hermaphrodite and that was a niche she could get behind. Porn industry here Mrs. Gagglecock comes. Cupping her cheeks from behind, she had no sense of how to shape them. Luckily enough, she was caught in the act by none other than Mr. Hub. He passed in front her cubicle's opening, only to spot Mrs. Gagglecock, raised to her full height of five feet five inches, in profile, reaching behind to spread her ass cheeks. Her breasts were two train cabs that were waiting to blast off. And she had a penis! Mr. Hub dropped his coffee mug. Mrs. Gagglecock turned, clitoris buoyant against her belly, breasts bobbing like two rolling pins slapped onto her chest.

"What the fuck has happened?" He screamed. She shrugged. He reached for his belt. "I need you to turn around, put your hands on the desk." She did as she was told as he got the belt undone and slid out of khaks and underwear. His cock bristled with pre cum, jauntily diagonal, eager to traipse in her anal canal. He staggered towards her with his pants and such around his ankles. She squealed as his warmth found itself within her.

"You know," she said, "I was in the middle of something."

"I am in that middle."

"That's not what I'm talking about." She rolled against him, letting the nature of their shapes collaborate. He embedded himself deep. She relaxed, a little rushed into the whole

business of penetration. “I was talking about this.” She clutched the base of his pole, nearly nicking him with her inordinately long nails.

“Girl. You need to watch it.” He pulled back only to be held tight by her warmth.

“Calm down. Do you want to grow or what?” He looked down to see hexagonals creeping across his dick, inches of which were sticking out of Mrs. Gaglecock’s cheeks.

“What kind of voodoo is this?”

“Just a little nail filing technique that I found. Hold on I have a good idea.”

“No. I was just getting started.”

“Look do you want more in or what dummy?” She shoved him off, only to put her hands where his dick had been. Mr. Hub took a moment to consult the gooey drooping cock that was more club than it was cock. He started running his hands up and down it entranced by its length. “Snap out of it.” Mr. Hub looked up to see Mrs. Gaglecock had bent over, spreading her feet and cheeks, marking the spot with a finger. He stroked it, staggering to her, and slammed it in. All the length he had he watched disappear. The moist warmth blanketed him. He thought he was his coffee. He began pulsing into her, taking it gentle. “You can speed it up. Really slam it into me. I can take it.” He picked up speed. She started biting lips and mincing words, “O fuck, yes. You fuck me so good. I want more. Give me more. O yes.” Her hands were back around his dick, sticking out as she let her hands play over her backside. He watched the curvature of her ass bend, stir, and lengthen. The sides of the moon. The rim of a coffee cup. She had another finger inside beside his dick. So much was being lost. She had another hand cupping a breast, it oozing out within her hands. She clenched it as wide and long as a wedding cake. What had gotten into this girl? Mr. Hub felt his balls tighten.

“I’m almost there.”

“No.” He felt her hands upon his balls, peeling around a sudden softness.

“If not now then when?”

“When I want it.” She howled. His hips beat against her ass cheeks, the clapping now as loud as wind on sail boat canvases. She braced herself back against the desk. He felt it was his moment. Whatever length he had shot up into her, pelting sonorous chorus after chorus of fluid. His whole stomach emptied into her. And he hugged her close, nibbling her ear, the stretch of his cock still planted in her rear. “You can go now.” She mouthed.

When he did not respond, she repeated louder, “You can go now.” When he did not respond again, she thrashed, throwing him off her, his entire fire hose slobbering out. “Go clean yourself up.” She ordered. He left. Mrs. Gagglecock followed not far behind. They worked in such a shit hole that no one accosted either naked as they were, he trailing a fire hose of a cock and she still sporting a clitoral boner naked as they both were. She watched him enter the men’s room, then she entered the women’s. All was not empty within.

Julia, a ridiculous victim of bring your daughter to work day eighteen as she was, was trying to get herself situated on the flat base of the toilet bowl when she heard the door sweep open, then closed. Julia, ridiculous, straddled feet folded to her genitals and knees sticking out like butterfly wings, leaned so as to see through the gap between the stalls. What she saw was Mrs. Gagglecock at the sink, leaning so that her mountainous backside was sticking out. A long and large trumpeting heave of gas sputtered out Mrs. Gagglecock’s anus. She moaned as Julia watched spunk slop out of the emptied hole. What the fuck was going on at this office? Julia



had seen fucked up things. What teenager had not what with the Internet? But this took the cake.

Julia felt herself moisten. She eased her hand down to her crotch hoping that her wrist would not pop or anything to give her away. Julia continued to watch as Mrs. Gagglecock propped one foot up on the sink and proceeded to touch herself, crooning a soft song of “What will a bailer woman such as I do? The clitoral candidates number so few. What am I now but a tumbler rag? What am I now but a lengthening hag?” Julia did not understand what this woman could be complaining about, making contact with her genitals, feeling the rush of blood cement itself within. The people with all the luck have none of the will. Julia adjusted herself. And what did you know her ass creaked against the porcelain top. “Who’s there?” Mrs. Gagglecock hollered. Mrs. Gagglecock was thumbing her chafed lips letting their skin balloon outward like she were the blond with the bubblegum. She had the pout of a tea cup.

Unsurprisingly, Julia did not reply. In fact, she continued to masturbate. Mrs. Gagglecock turned and in that moment Julia saw the most beautiful thing that she had ever seen on a woman. It was tender and rapt at attention. It was long as a paper-towel roll but only as wide as a ladle. No droop or veins were present in it, smooth as a quicksilver vial. Julia gasped, flushed, and fell off the seat. Mrs. Gagglecock lowered herself to look under the stall at her voyeur. What she saw waa red-headed, red-muffed, and fairly unimpressive. Where was the ummph? Julia’s breasts were practically pecs. Mrs. Gagglecock reached out and touched the breast, wondering if she could start shaping it. Julia closed her eyes, fearing the worst from those alien nails. Mrs. Gagglecock paused, seeing the fear in the eyes, and drew her hand back to pluck off the nails like they were icicles. Why had she not thought of this sooner? Mrs.

Gagglecock, straddled as she was, put her hand to her clitoris and popped it off as well. No wounds or markings were left. She stroked the empty spot. A little sprout grew up. Her energy was renewable! She put her hands to her breasts and yanked off the torpediotic abominations. But what was she thinking? Julia needed attending to first. Throughout this whole freak show, Julia remained aghast, knowing that she had bumped her head on the stall or suddenly burst a brain vessel. No way this was happening.

It was then that Julia felt the warmth of Mrs. Gagglecock's hand on her breast. Julia warmed, pulling her knees into herself. It was a ticklish feeling. She pictured herself swinging. And at the peak of her swing, she would jump off and jump off and jump off and jump off. She was replaying the scene as if she were joined to the seat of the swing by some time-traveling jelly. Julia opened her eyes only to see hexagonals stamping their way across a blimp of a breast. It was really only apple-sized but the proportion was so greatly new that Julia reached out and cupped Mrs. Gagglecock's hand as well. The hexagonals spread along Julia's hand. With both their striations, the breast stimulated nicely, pushing outwards like a whale through slabs of ice. The tit was pale and circular, amassing forces like a concert tent. Julia could swear that she could breath better. The breast showed no signs of puckering or veining or hesitation. It was tried and true, hanging out at Julia's side as trusted as a stop sign. Julia could be mistaken for a breast cancer patient, what with one so large and the other so nonexistent. Then the two of them moved their hands to the other breast, balancing the power out. Julia rolled on her back, watching the weight of the breast build with her breaths. She was being modeled, bettered for a change. She wondered if she would be able to taste them. Mrs. Gagglecock meanwhile had gotten on her stomach, breastless and pretty much clitless as she was, to better massage the

madame she did not yet have a name for. She was fascinated by the growth. Julia made eye contact. And in them Mrs. Gagglecock could see harmonious pleasure. She was bringing this child to life.

Once the gorgonzolas had topped out at blimps, Mrs. Gagglecock pulled her hand back pleased with the work. She took many a moment just admiring the nude smiling woman laid out on her back on the other side of the stall. Julia had the hand that was not massaging a breast draw up to her lips, biting a fingernail, as her legs softly kicked and kicked at the floor. She had a dazed look. “Are you done in there?” Mrs. Gagglecock playfully asked.

“Not yet, mother,” Julia replied, pretending to cover her newly founded breasts with her hands.

“Come out from under the covers,” Mrs. Gagglecock extended a hand only to have Julia reach out and bite it. Julia’s tongue ran around the hexagonals, her tongue lengthening until there was not enough room in her mouth and she had to spit out Mrs. Gagglecock’s finger.

“Look what you’ve done, you nasty girl! I never taught you to act like that,” Mrs. Gagglecock chided. Julia was senseless, letting her tongue loll out, letting her tongue gather up around her newly minted breasts. “You don’t want to play with me, young woman.” Mrs. Gagglecock warned. When Julia continued to suck and rub along her tantalizing breast tops, Mrs. Gagglecock reached her hand for Julia’s underregions. She got hold of Julia by the genitals without a hitch. Julia jolted. Mrs. Gagglecock let her hand roam, drawing out the vaginal lips as she went for her true target, the clitoris. She paused on it, letting her hexagonals sink in. The clitoris streamed outwards. First long as a pill, then an inch, then a pencil. Julia was bucking wild. The stimulation was so great that she was being exposed to that she began to piss, a thin

yellow stream etching the tiles. “What the fuck is it going to take to get you out? Don’t you see what you’ve become?” Julia was mindless, at least, for the moment unable to process the flickering fluorescent lights or the fucking fingerer. Mrs. Gagglecock took her hands off. “You can finish yourself.” An absolutely pathetic look flashed over Julia’s face. She scurried up from her position on the floor and uncaught the latch.

“No don’t go,” Julia mouthed with her tongue still latched to her chest. “I’m not finished.” She stomped her feet for good measure.

A knock hit the door. “Julia are you in there? Bob says there is a great sub place down the way. He says we can come with him. But he’s leaving in a couple of minutes. Are you almost done?”

Was Julia almost done? Julia gathered up her handful of clitoris in her hand. She would have shook it at him if she could. Mrs. Gagglecock flashed her eyes at Julia. Is this the end? Julia shook her head and launched herself at Mrs. Gagglecock, their lips crashing into each other and hitting cheek and bone as they hit the floor and Julia’s enlarged clitoris rocked dangerously against Mrs. Gagglecock’s nether regions. Julia’s breasts were a tremendous buffer in the chest region. All the wealth of a thousand kingdoms was gathered within. She was more luxuriant than a cow, more luxuriant than milk. She snuggled against Mrs. Gagglecock’s face, her hands running all over Mrs. Gagglecock’s backside.

Another knock. “Julia are you ok? Do you need me to come in?” Julia paid him no mind as oozed her fingers down their teeming flesh until she found her clitoris and popped it within Mrs. Gagglecock who let burst a moan. Julia promptly took hold of Mrs. Gagglecock’s

wrists and held them to the ground, thrusting her breasts against Mrs. Gagglecock's face lest another moan disenchant them. "You sound hurt. Don't worry. I'll see if I can get someone."

"Good the old man has left," Mrs. Gagglecock stuttered through the bobbing breast flesh.

Julia had a rhythm she was working into Mrs. Gagglecock. And the latter developed one too, letting her ass fall into the tile, letting herself melt into Julia's presses. There was a little of over-eagerness, a little of trigger-happiness in Julia's presses but Mrs. Gagglecock was quickly overlooking this as the heat rushed to her. She was cumming. She gushed gibberous into the chandelier of breasts.

"Could you speak up?" Julia crooned. "I can't hear you. You want more you sordid mommy?"

The prodding got more intimate. Mrs. Gagglecock oooooeeeddd. Mrs. Gagglecock ahhhh ahhhh ahhh ahhhhhhh ahhhh ahhhed.

Another knock. "Julia, I have Humidor from Human Resources. She is going to come in and take care of you. Ok. Here she comes." The door cracked. Humidor, a chocky woman with the body of a pepper grinder in a yellow dress sprinkled in white diamonds, pushed open the door. Her eyes and Julia's father, Mark's eyes were immediately drawn to the two bodies polluting each other on the bathroom floor. Mrs. Gagglecock's blond stream of hair was buffed out like a shag carpet. But Mark could not mistake his daughter's hair, shaking as the body it was attached to lunged. "This is ok, Julia. We'll leave you two alone." Mark disappeared. Humidor continued to look on. Mrs. Gagglecock with the smallest of gestures enticed Humidor to come closer. This Humidor did, stooping to Mrs. Gagglecock's side where her breasts were only a hair's breadth from Mrs. Gagglecock's fingertips. Julia looked up. Territory already rages

in her mind. She plopped out of Mrs. Gagglecock and rose, one finger already pointed to berate Humidor.

“What do you think you are doing here? Julia hollered.

Mrs. Gagglecock promptly let out a tide of gas. She blushed.

“I don’t know. I...I was just signaled.” Humidor replied.

Mrs. Gagglecock sat up, already starting to massage a clitoris back into shape, then her breasts. The former topped out at the size of a spinning top. The latter splurged out as round as omelettes and thick as pancake stacks. Humidor although fascinated had decided this was not her scene. She was backing slowly towards the door when Mrs. Gagglecock took hold of her wrist. Mrs. Gagglecock pulled Humidor down to her, where Mrs. Gagglecock could set her hands on her. The hands ran over the frilly and loose surface of Humidor’s dress. It quickly got as a loose as a blanket and streamed off her shoulders. Mrs. Gagglecock then let her hands run wildly over Humidor’s breasts, ass, back, and hips. Humidor got taller, bustier, assier, and wider in all the right ways. She had two grapefruits she had the dignity to try to cover up. Julia was beating off her clitoris, legs bent, ass on the floor as she stared at the transformation.

“Do you like what I’ve done?” Mrs. Gagglecock directed her eyes at Julia who nodded dreamily.

Humidor, not an entirely sexy creature, felt pampered, felt like she owed them something for all the trouble they had gone to. She silently decided that if they asked her to join in she would.

“Get on all fours.” Mrs. Gagglecock commanded.

Humidor, just as quiet as she promised herself, put her hands on the floor. Mrs. Gagglecock reached for her crotch where she twiddled to life another king, this time wider, this time more lengthy. This clitoris topped out at her lungs. Humidor looked back like she told herself she would not. Mrs. Gagglecock saw the horror in her eyes.

“Don’t worry.” Mrs. Gagglecock cooed, whisking her slippery hands up and down her pole. “I’ll take care of you.” Mrs. Gagglecock, on her knees, shuffled over to Humidor’s entrance and set her warm, o so warm hands on it. The entrance extended, tunneling down until it was more than safe for entrance. Mrs. Gagglecock bent over and planted a kiss on it then she stuck her clitoris in. Humidor squenched up her face. But Mrs. Gagglecock’s thrusts were light. Considerate. That was until Julia noticed Mrs. Gagglecock’s empty and welcoming hole. Julia took the plunge, bucking uncontrollably in the extensive space that Mrs. Gagglecock’s anal canal had become. Their paces increased, Humidor’s breasts sashaying underneath her with all the dignity of a laundry cleaner’s automated hangers. Julia smacked Mrs. Gagglecock’s ass.

“You feel so good. Just let me have the length of me inside of you.”

Mrs. Gagglecock took it all in stride. Humidor started blowing air in and out like a bull. “Just calm down. Calm.” Mrs. Gagglecock stroked her hands along Humidor’s belly just to confirm her words. “You’re going to get there whether you like it or not.” Humidor bit her lip. Mrs. Gagglecock pressed, ready for her own orgasm to show. And it did, wrapping her in pinkness and warmth. Humidor was not far in following, overpowered by the thrusts. The two of them slumped into each other while Julia continued to idly press about until she realized what a dead end this was. She plopped out and walked over to Mrs. Gagglecock’s hand which she set on her clit. The skin drew out and up until it was long and weighty as a cucumber. Julia

continued to idly stroke it as she walked out of the bathroom. Her father, Mark, tried to wave at her or walk over so to avoid any questions Julia bent into the men's room. She heard howls of pleasure coming from behind a stall door. She knocked.

Mr. Hub answered, stilted, "Nothing to see here."

"O come on. Everyone has something to show." Julia looked through the fine line between stall and door to see the snake that Mr. Hub had his hands wrapped around. "I can help you with that you know." Julia answered as she stroked her clit. Mr. Hub hesitated. He was covered in his own spunk, head to belly, his pole scummed in layer after layer of semen. He was in no way presentable. "Look. I can see everything that you're going through. You clearly had a run-in with something unearthly too. Let me help you."

Mr. Hub, intrigued, asked, "What did she do to you?"

Julia stooped, letting the bulge of her clit jut prominently into the stall. "And that's not all. I have some knockers if you'd like to see them. Or on better thought set your dick in them."

"You strike a hard bargain."

"Not as hard as you surely are." Julia replied coolly, already starting to handle her clit again. Did the bulge ever go down?

Mr. Hub reached forward and unsnapped the lock. The door swung open on Julia, squat to the ground, spread eagle, clit thrumming, breasts like two large heads slapped onto the chest. "Come to papa." Mr. Hub offered, sprawling his arms backward, sitting on his throne.

Julia let out a thin fart.

"That is nasty. But why you don't you take a squat on pop?"



“I know something better.” Julia rose, sauntered over, and directed his fire hose into her mouth. It was saltier than she expected but Julia drooled over it and it soon became regular. Mr. Hub was helping her stroke it from the bottom. That is until the striations were too much for him. And he bucked, ass muscles tightening against the cold seat. The hint of spray was too much for Julia, so she pulled back, only to be battered on forehead and breasts by his drumming assault. She stumbled backwards, the drool of semen on her forehead already outlining her nose, and rested against the stall wall where she continued to stroke her clit.