

The Law: A World of Ignored Sex

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"The Law" — an ancient way of life that allows men to use women sexually anywhere at any time, however they see fit. Witness various day-to-day scenarios where women being publicly used like sluts is a common and normal sight. Comments/feedback appreciated.

Tags: fantasy, feet, public watersports (pissing), mixed POVs, casual/indifferent/multitasking sex, bukkake, rough sex.

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| | |
|--|------------|
| Chapter 0 - Introduction and Backstory | 2 |
| Chapter 1 - Alicia [Part 1] | 4 |
| Chapter 2 - Alicia [Part 2] | 11 |
| Chapter 3 - Victoria ~ Helen [Part 1] | 24 |
| Chapter 4 - Naomi ~ Elizabeth ~ Violet | 35 |
| Chapter 5 - Mainstay Resort [Part 1] | 41 |
| Chapter 6 - Mainstay Resort [Daydream Interlude] | 49 |
| Chapter 7 - Mainstay Resort [Part 2] | 60 |
| Chapter 8 - Eirin Park [Daydream Interlude II] | 76 |
| Chapter 9 - Central Mall [Part 1] | 87 |
| Chapter 10 - Kayla ~ Melissa ~ Diana | 101 |
| Chapter 11 - Central Mall [Part 2] | 114 |
| Chapter 12 - Article 87 and Halcyon Park Senior High [Part 1] | 129 |
| Chapter 13 - Infinity Techworld | 147 |

0 - Introduction and Backstory

In this world of unaware and ignored sex, one thing is absolute: "The Law."

The Law is a truth which cannot be broken.

What is The Law?

The Law is, as the name would imply, a law.

Under The Law, male citizens of this world are allowed to have their way with women sexually whenever, wherever, and however they want. Any man can fuck and use any woman whenever he so desires and however he so desires.

The Law does not protect men from committing crimes such as theft. Physical violence such as striking women is equally not covered under The Law and is punishable.

The Law does not include women under age 18.

How does The Law affect daily life for women who are fucked day and night, used without end? Well, simply put: it doesn't.

Over the years, women have mastered the art of ignoring sex and multitasking without losing focus on whatever they are doing. They have been desensitized towards sex—some do not feel anything anymore. They are uncaring and indifferent about how their bodies are used and simply ignore it entirely. A hairdresser may find herself suddenly being fucked from behind by a random male while styling a girl's hair, but she will not react. She will not respond to being fucked. She may not even notice. A woman reading a book on the subway may find herself suddenly rubbing a stranger's cock with her feet, but she will simply keep reading, choosing to instead spend her energy on focusing on her book.

There are some select females, however, who are reportedly genuinely unaware of the reality around them. They often find themselves questioning what's happening to them as they are fucked and they repeatedly play these instances off with nothing more than a "I'm probably just imagining things" or an "I must be really tired to think that's happening." Should they experience a sudden wave of thick, hot cum splashing against their faces while they're relaxing with friends, they may promptly ask "Hey, I know this sounds weird, but there's not cum on my face or anything, right? Some random stranger didn't just use my face as a cumdumpster or anything, did he?" Her friends will laugh and ask her why she would ever think that such a thing would happen and she'll playfully agree as the natural flow of casual conversation continues. It is unknown whether or not these women simply pretend to be unaware and act oblivious as a method to cope with reality and move on with their daily lives or if they are honestly and truly unaware that their bodies are used every day.

So, in this world, you can imagine how commonplace it is to see two women casually chatting on a sidewalk about last night's episode of their favorite TV show while ignoring the men fucking them. It's

perfectly normal to see a college student receiving oral in the hallways of a campus while she studies for her exam next period, paying no mind to the man licking her pussy. When a science professor demonstrating a chemistry lab to her students is having her asshole penetrated during the lesson, it's "just another day." Bizarre and out of place statement such as "I'll head over to your place once this guy finishes pumping my pussy with his cum" and "I had to stop to suck a few cocks, I'll be there soon" are the complete opposite of "bizarre" and "out of place"—they're perfectly typical.

The advent of The Law was mainly made possible by the sudden disappearance of STDs and other sexual-based diseases many years ago. This phenomenon occurred side by side with the discovery that women had apparently gained the strange ability to control when they become pregnant. These two factors have lead to condoms and the practices of "safe sex" becoming an obsolete thing of an ancient past. Whether this was some sort of conspiracy set up by the government to enact The Law or whether it was just an untimely coincidental occurrence is still unknown.

Now that you know of this world's history and how The Law works, let's take a glance. We'll look at this world from many different angles and perspectives, showcasing an alternate reality where what would be considered taboo is instead commonplace.

Welcome to the world of The Law.

1 - Alicia [Part 1]

For today's adventure, we'll start with Alicia—a 20 year college student currently enjoying her summer break before her next semester. When on break, she lives on her own in a small one-room apartment in a quiet suburb close to the big city. Her plans for the day include meeting up with some friends to enjoy her time off. A simple, pleasant idea from afar, but when you factor in how she and her friends will most likely end up being used non-stop...

—
*BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BE—"

I slam the alarm clock with my hand, a reaction my body seems to bring about automatically on its own. As it finally shuts up, I glance over to it with a yawn and see what time it is: noon. I've managed to once again sleep in like a bum, something that's extremely common with me whenever I'm on a break from school.

"Oh, good morning, Alicia."

A voice calls out to me from the end of the bed. A man is standing there, looking at me with longing eyes. I expected him to be there because he's there every morning. Much like other mornings, as well, he is once again completely nude. I already know where this is going.

I give him a small wave before sighing to myself and grabbing my phone off the night stand. He begins to climb onto the bed, pulling away my bed sheets and revealing my naked body. There's never any point in using pajamas when he's going to take them off when I wake up. Within moments, he's spreading my legs and rubbing my clit rather vigorously.

Oh, Hailey texted me. It looks like she wants to hang out later.

I can feel a blunt tip prodding against my vulva very slowly as I begin to respond to Hailey's text. I already know what it is, but I don't react. It's only another second before he takes the next step, slowly inserting his elongated cock deeper and deeper into my vaginal canal, inch by inch.

Huh, I thought Hailey wanted to go the mall, but she just wants to chill at her place...

He's fucking me pretty hard now, moving faster and faster by the second. He must really be enjoying it.

I should call Erica and see if she wants to join us.

I find her phone number and hit dial, bringing the phone to my ear. While it rings, he leans forward and grabs hold of my 38C tits, squeezing them as if they were his plush toys. He starts to rub my nipples and increases the power of his thrusts inside my pussy, but all I can focus on is waiting for Erica to pick up.

The dialing tone finally ends as I hear Erica's voice. "Hey, Alicia. What's up?"

"Hey Erica," I greet with a smile on my face. She's one of my best friends. "I just woke up."

"Oh, really? You're still sleeping in until this late?" she taunts playfully with a chuckle. "You're such a bum."

"Shut up!" I return with a laugh as the man using my body evolves his actions from rubbing my nipples to sucking on them. "You know how I am on break. Are you doing anything later?"

"Not really," she responds casually. "Have anything in mind?"

"Hailey wants to chill at her place later. Watch some movies or something, I guess," I inform her as I feel the muscles in my vagina contracting and tightening around his cock. It's usually by this time that he cums for the first time, but he seems to be going strong this morning. I can't say I particularly care, but rather, after he's fucked me every morning for the entire month I've been on break so far, I'm just kind of fine tuned towards his limits. "Wanna join us?" I ask her.

"When were you thinking exactly?"

"Dunno, 6 or 7 maybe?" I answer with a bit of uncertainty in my voice. "I'm thinking we should probably sleep over. It's been a while since we've had a girls' night. I totally need you to paint my nails again, your designs are just so pretty!"

"Oh, thanks! Yeah, that's a pretty good idea," she agrees happily. "I'll be there no later than 7, then. Oh, by the way, Alicia..."

"What's up?" I say as I feel a load of cum blast into my pussy. Looks like he got around to cumming. As I expected, he's not done—he pulls out and grabs hold of my ass cheeks from under me, spreading them apart in an attempt to pinpoint my asshole. I actually went all of yesterday without having my butt fucked for once, so it's probably super tight right now. He slips a finger into it, readying it for his next venture. I wouldn't have cared if he just went in raw. It wouldn't have hurt or anything. Anal stopped hurting a really, really long time ago. I guess he's just being polite.

"Is it the same guy?" she asks inquisitively as some of his cum starts to slowly drip out of my cunt. "The one that stops by every morning?"

"Yeah," I answer to her with a lighthearted sigh. I can feel his fingers pushing against the insides of my anus. "I think he lives next door. You know I can't ever catch a break with him. I'm guessing he'll be done with me in an hour like always."

"Alright, cool," she positively responds with a continued casual tone. "I'm hoping neither of us get held up by guys wanting us. I'm actually kind of stuck myself at the minute. I was getting some food shopping done since I ran out of milk and I kind of wanted to try this new cereal, but some guy decided to fuck me while I was in line. Well, I mean, I'm still in line. Not like I'm going to let The Law stop me from functioning in daily life."

"Of course. Is it anal?" I ask curiously as I once again feel the tip of the man's throbbing cock poking my body, only now against my asshole.

"Yeah, how'd you know?" she laughs with a surprised voice.

"Call it a lucky guess," I say with a playful giggle as his stiff member pushes its way into the depths of my anal canal. "Anyway, I'll see you tonight. Later."

"Bye bye."

Dropping the call, I start to text Hailey to let her know that Erica will be coming. I'm sure she'll have no problems with it.

The next hour went by as it usually does. It's almost like a set schedule—this man has been using me every day whenever I wake up for the past month of my break. He waits in my room starting at about eleven in the morning since he knows how I sleep in. The door's always open just like the door of any other home with a girl due to The Law. Normally, most men would simply use girls even if they were sleeping, but this guy apparently has some sort of politeness policy he tries to live by. He says he would rather let me have a full night's sleep before he makes me do anything with his cock. While it's a nice gesture, I don't care. I've been fucked so much that I can actually sleep through it on most occasions. Actually, I think I'd prefer it if he fucked me in my sleep. That's just inherently easier.

After fucking my ass, he proceeds to fuck my thighs—he holds my legs up and thrusts his cock in between them. My thighs are pretty well built and are about as soft as my ass and tits, so I can only imagine it probably feels good for him. During this, he also licks my feet since they're near at his mouth. As always, I'm just so used to it that I don't even react. I flip through some pages of a magazine and catch up on some news on TV while he fucks my thighs and sucks on my toes. Given the summer heat and the fact that my air conditioner broke, my feet are extremely sweaty and probably reek. I'm guessing he likes it like that even more, though. After a few minutes of this set-up, his third load of cum flies out from between my legs and onto my stomach and chest.

After this, he moves closer to me and puts his dick in my mouth. For about ten minutes, I give him a blowjob while watching TV, going through a few channels and seeing what's on. He starts to deep throat me, but I don't gag. It's been so long since I've actually gagged on a cock. When you're this used to being fucked, it only really happens on the exceptionally big dicks. Eventually, he cums once again, splashing my throat with his semen. I swallow it casually and reflexively as if I were drinking water, because that's basically what it is to me at this point. It's not exactly uncommon for a waiter to cum in my glass when I ask for a refill at a restaurant instead of actually getting me another drink. When they do so, I just drink it without fuss. It's not like you can really say no—The Law lets men use us however they please. If me drinking cum turns a guy on and he wants me to do it, then I just kind of have to. Like I said, though, I don't really care.

The final step in his morning cycle is a boobjob. He does it by himself because he knows I can't be bothered to stop watching TV for his routine. He plays with my tits while shoving his cock in and out between them before eventually cumming on my face. I don't really know how he has so much stamina, but it's always when he busts his load this last time that it's the most. Most of my face is covered in his seeds to the point that some of it begins to form a downward bridge at my chin and slowly drips onto my

chest.

"Thanks, Alicia," he says as he gets off the bed and starts to put his clothes back on in a rush. I guess he has somewhere to be. "I'll see you tomorrow," he remarks as he exits my apartment. I'm left watching TV on my bed with my face and stomach covered in cum and my pussy and asshole still dripping with the overflowing remnants of his penis. I'm not thinking about that, though. I don't even care that I'm coated in his fluids. I don't know his name or what he does for a living and I will never ask him. He's nothing more to me than "the man that uses me when I wake up." The most pressing thing on my mind right now is just the fact that I'll have to clean the sheets tonight.

It's now 1:00 P.M. I'm not entirely sure what I'm going to do before I head to Hailey's place tonight. Talking to Erica reminded me that I haven't gone food shopping in a while, explaining the lack of food in my fridge. I'm probably going to have to grab some lunch in town. I also figure that I'll rent a few movies for us to watch tonight at the local video store while I'm out.

Having decided on my plans for the day, I turn off the TV and get out of bed, stretching with a yawn. A bit of cum from my vagina and butthole drip onto the hardwood floor, but there's so many darkened cum stains throughout my apartment's flooring that I just ignore it. I make my way to the bathroom and grab a towel as I prep up the shower. I don't really shower often considering how I have to deal with cum all over my body on a daily basis, but I like to be as fresh as possible during days like this when I go out and see people. The cleanness won't really last too long, though. I know for a fact that at least a few guys are going to fuck me while on the bus ride to central downtown, so that'll be more cum on my skin soon enough.

My shower is ridiculously refreshing and I feel absolutely wonderful when I step out. To be perfectly clean and pure in a world where I'm fucked nonstop by random strangers is such a rarity. I blow-dry and comb my shoulder length auburn hair and brush my teeth before I leave the bathroom.

Heading back to my room briefly, I find my purse and phone and set them down while I put on some flip flops. I would put on some clothes, but since I have to wash my sheets tonight, I'm going to save myself the trouble of having to wash cum-stained clothing as well. It's not like anyone cares if girls are naked or not; they're free to be used in public, anyway. Clothes are just a nuisance most of the time. If a guy wants to fuck you in your birthday suit, you have to take them off. If they want to cum on them, you have to deal with it. By being au natural, I save myself time and effort and make everyone's lives easier. I technically could take it one step further and go barefoot—it's almost surprising how many guys prefer to simply fuck my feet for hours as opposed to any other type of sex. I really don't like walking around without shoes, though, so when I go out I opt to wear at least sandals of some sort.

So, just like that, I step out of my apartment with nothing more than flip-flops and my purse around my arm with cell phone in hand. The walk to the bus stop isn't too far, about ten minutes. Of course, though, no later than halfway into that walk, a middle-aged man in a normal business suit grabs my ass as I walk by him. Instantly, he's dropping his briefcase and unzipping his pants. He holds on to my arm and leads me to a nearby bench as I browse the web on my phone, checking up with my blogs and such. He sits down on the bench with an already fully erect cock which looks as hard as steel. Putting my purse down underneath the bench, I spread my legs and position my pussy over his dick before I let myself slide down onto it.

For the next ten minutes, I bounce up and down on his penis while continuing to play with my phone. A few pedestrians of various ages walk by, but none of them react to it or find it surprising. They care about it as much I do, which is absolutely not at all. I find myself giggling while reading some funny blog posts as my tits bounce up and down with the rhythm of my body. I'm really rather indifferent about the fact that I'm being used in public like a slut. Having a cock drive in and out of my pussy so fiercely on a bunch in the middle of a public street might seem unreal to some people, but for me, it's just another Wednesday afternoon.

I eventually feel his cock shoot its hot load all over my insides. He keeps his dick in me for a few moments as he catches his breath. Once he's finished, he slowly pulls out, lifting my body a bit and picking himself off the bench as his cum begins to slowly ooze out of my insides. He zips his pants up and grabs his suitcase, walking off without a word, which is honestly how I prefer it. I understand and actually kind of appreciate it when they're polite about it (like the man who visits me every morning), but I really have nothing to say about how guys use my body. It's just how the world works. In my eyes, there's no point in commenting about it.

As a mixture of the stranger's semen and my own vaginal juices continue to slowly advance out from my pussy and onto the side of my legs, I grab my purse from beneath the bench and keep walking. I make it to the bus stop at around 1:40, narrowly missing the 1:35 bus and being left to wait until the 2:10 one. I take a seat at the bus stop's bench and start to text Hailey about our plans for the night. As I expected, she's perfectly on board with having Erica join us.

While I'm texting her, two guys approach me. One of them appears to be a college student about my age and the other is a older gentleman in his 40's. The student was rather quick to shove his cock into my mouth. It was one of average size, nothing too special, really. While he bulldozed my mouth with his firm dick, the older man was at my legs, slipping off my sandals and placing them next to me on the bench. He started to have his way with my size 6 feet, licking my soles and sniffing my toes—the usual stuff. Eventually, he whipped out his own cock and started to fuck my feet, slipping it back and forth between my soles, increasing speed every minute or so. After some time, he places his cock in between my big toe and second toe and moves my foot up and down while using my other foot to rub his balls. Throughout all of this, I'm just texting Hailey. My head may be turned slightly due to me giving this complete stranger a blowjob, but my eyes are focused on my phone in front of me.

For about twenty minutes, I sat at that bus stop and chatted with Hailey via text while having my feet and mouth fucked. Along the way, another guy decided he wanted a quick round of masturbation in front of me and used my tits as his tissues. Having my breasts soaked in cum didn't make a difference to the situation. Same old, same old.

Once 2:00 rolled around, the college kid and the older guy both finished on my face, blanketing me with their juices. I didn't even flinch while being sprayed with their cum—actually, as they were unloading, I was in the middle of reading a funny story from Hailey and was actually laughing pretty hard. A bit of their cum managed to shoot into my mouth while I was laughing. Even though it was fresh and hot, I actually didn't notice it, so it just slowly drooled out of my mouth and onto my chin. For some reason, the college kid found that extremely hot, and told me to quickly open my mouth as he began shooting out a last minute addition to his orgasm. I opened my mouth as he asked without even so much as looking away from my phone. His gooey liquids landed on my tongue and sloshed around inside my mouth for a second before I instinctively swallowed it. I didn't even think about it; it was like the equivalent of taking a

quick sip of water.

The next fifteen minutes of waiting for the bus was a bit more quiet until a group of four or five construction workers who were passing by decided to use me as their cum dumpster. I actually didn't even notice them rubbing their cocks in front of me until they all came on me simultaneously, lathering my body in brand new heated cum from head to toe. I was too busy writing a text to Hailey about which movie she wanted me to rent. I couldn't be bothered to concern myself with the fact that a collection of strangers had just enacted a bukkake scene on me.

After that, one of them even actually went as far as cumming on my sandals which were still next to me on the bench. I hadn't bothered to put them back on after the old guy took them off to use my feet. When he finished, they promptly left and continued on their way to what I could only presume to be work. When the bus finally arrived, I was covered in the spunk of a total of eight guys, but it was easy enough to just ignore it like always. Putting on my sandals, I could feel the soles of my feet coming down onto the glops and drips of cum on them, spreading it around like glue when paper is put onto it. It was still pretty hot and sticky, but it wasn't any more difficult to walk with, so I didn't care.

Getting onto the bus and paying the one dollar fare, I scanned the area for a moment. There was an older woman in her thirties sitting near the front who was having cocks shoved into her mouth and pussy at the same time. Her uniform made it look like she worked in an office of some sort. It had a lot of dried cum stains on it and some fresh cum as well, indicating she had been used both earlier and recently. The look in her eyes was about as uncaring as one could get—she was looking outside the window without a single reaction as to how she was being used. My guess is that she was thinking about her mortgage payments or her day at work or something else completely irrelevant to her holes being fucked in public.

There was another girl sitting near the back, one that appeared to be around my age. She was in the deluxe seat that usually occupy the back end of buses. Laying down on her stomach with some headphones on, she was browsing her music player while an older man was pumping her pussy with gusto. I couldn't tell if it was vaginal or anal, but given by the amount of cum that was on her ass and legs, the guy was probably switching it up between both. She must have been going from one end of town to the next and was probably used by multiple guys between stops. If she's anything like me, chances are she didn't even move from whatever position she was left in whenever someone finished with her. This bus stop is only about halfway into the route, so she's still got around another forty minutes left if she really is going to the last stop. Forty minutes on a public bus...I'd say that that's at least another fifteen guys using her, not including men who will just cum on her face for the hell of it. She's going to be absolutely drenched head to toe, but she won't pay attention to any of it.

I also couldn't help but notice the stench of the bus. Well, stench is the wrong word since it's so normal for me, but it would most likely be a stench to anyone else. The atmosphere was permeated with the mixed aroma of sweat and cum. Much like me, the girls being used on this bus probably bathed maybe once a week at most. They wake up and go to bed each day with their bodies surfaced in a fusion of fresh and dried cum. The smell of it becomes infused with their body odor which is naturally amplified the more days they go without showering. The scary thing is that some guys are turned on by this putrid smell...there's been quite a few moments during school where I'm just doing classwork and a guy decides to sniff and lick my armpit. More often than not he'll fuck it, too, putting his cock on it and bringing my arm back down and sliding it back and forth. It doesn't really bother me since they're at least

smart enough to use the arm that I'm not writing with.

I decide that's enough pointless reminiscing and find myself a seat next to a man who is furiously masturbating. While I could have very easily sat next to another girl or taken an empty seat, I just don't care. There's no point in putting in effort to avoid an inevitable situation. No matter how I look at it, I will be used on this bus. In the end, I'm just going to ignore whatever this man does to me as I always do, assuming he decides to release his sexual frustration on me after all. As I expected, that is exactly what happens—no more than ten seconds pass before he begins to lick my arm and grope my thighs. Paying it no mind, I simply look outside the window and watch the city roll by.

As we reach a stop light, I see a girl on all fours at the curb of a street being fucked doggystyle while doing what appears to be some homework. At least, I can only assume it's homework since she's wearing the local school uniform, so she must be one of the 18-year-old seniors. She probably decided to seize the opportunity and get some work done while she was being used. I also notice another girl laying down next to her wearing the same uniform; they must be friends and she decided to wait with her until the guy using her finished. She's pointing to things on the paper and the girl writing nods attentively, so she must be helping her with the assignment. They're more engrossed with their schoolwork and are completely unresponsive to the fact that an aged man is fucking one of them. As the light changes and the bus starts moving forward again, I catch a glimpse of another man taking off the shoes and socks of the second girl. She ends up giving him a footjob and rubs his cock with her soles while helping her friend with her assignment, completely dismissing the hardened rod that her feet and toes are caressing.

I hear my phone ringing as the man next to me continues to dress my skin with his saliva. It's my childhood friend Sarah. She's in the hospital right now, but I guess she found the time to call me. She fainted a few weeks ago and they said it's just stress. She works as a real estate agent so I can understand her stress given the state of the home owning market these days. There's also a relatively high chance that her doctors fuck her after her daily checkups, but I'm sure she just watches the TV in her room while being used.

"Hey, Sarah," I answer eagerly, happy to hear from her. "How are you?"

I begin to have a casual conversation with her while the man next to me grabs hold of my body. He positions himself under me much like the man on the park bench from earlier, except he brings up my feet off the ground and places them on our bus seat next to his legs. Essentially, I'm perched as if I were balancing myself on a branch. Without much delay, he begins to ram my pussy while fondling my breasts and playing with my nipples. I continue to catch up with Sarah during all of it, keeping the conversation going flawlessly and not being bothered or distracted by the fact that someone I don't even know is using me like his personal toy.

This is just daily life, just another Wednesday. I'll be in downtown soon enough to grab a bite to eat, and then I'll be able to hang out with Hailey and Erica later tonight. I'm looking forward to it.

2 - Alicia [Part 2]

It was about 2:45 P.M. when the bus reached the central stop in downtown. Even though I'm sure it was probably coincidence, whoever was using me had pretty good timing—he had just shot his load into my ass right as the bus came to a stop and opened its doors. I was preoccupied with something on my phone (as always), so I didn't notice my arrival in the city or even the arrival of the hot, syrupy fluid making its way into the depths of my anus until I heard feet shuffling around me. I looked up and saw a number of people making their way towards the bus doors. Most of those departing were girls who had been used just like me. Most, if not all, had cum on them in some way, shape, or form, but none of them took care to notice. I could even hear the business woman I had initially noticed when I first got on around an hour ago discussing something about expense reports with someone over the phone while some white liquid slowly dripped out of her mouth and onto her chin. It wasn't difficult to guess that it wasn't her saliva. Almost as if by reaction, her tongue quickly slipped out between her lips and lapped it back up into her mouth. She then swallowed it quickly as she nodded, presumably listening to the person on the other line. I couldn't help but grin to myself ever so slightly upon seeing her retrieve the cum loose cum with a sleight of her tongue like that. I was the same when it came to stuff like that sometimes. It's just a learned reflex.

The guy who had just came in me was taking a few breaths to himself. I took it as a sign that he was done, so I promptly raised myself up from his lap to make my leave. Even if he wasn't done, I would have gotten up anyway; this IS my stop, after all. He probably would have chased after me and finished what he started if I did so and I wouldn't have a problem with that—I just needed to get off the bus before it kept going. Thankfully, however, he clearly had no more cum to shoot into my insides, so my departure was warranted. As I got off of him, I could feel his still rock hard and bulging cock slowly being pulled out of my asshole as my muscles continued to constrict around it. With his dick finally out, his own semen began to drip from my ass and down onto his crotch, but he didn't care. He was in pure ecstasy, probably feeling absolutely stress-free after fucking a random girl for over half an hour on a public transit. He was just one of many, since it would easily be safe to assume that the other guys on the bus were in the same position as him and were probably experiencing the same.

Didn't matter to me, though. Never has, never will. I literally could not care less about the guys who use us or the lives they lead. The only thing on my mind right now is getting some food, and I mean real food. Not another cock in my mouth, no. Sucking so many shafts per day all over the place may have its merit due to the fact that I don't feel hungry very often since I always have something in my mouth, but it could never erase hunger entirely. In the end, I'm still human; I always have to sit down and eat an honest to god meal at least once a day, even if my food is covered in cum (which is the case a huge majority of the time). Much like being fucked in public and having strangers come into my apartment freely to use me whenever they feel like doing so, though, I don't mind having to eat food with cum on it. Given how often I have to deal with the stuff on my face and on my body, it's no different when it happens to be on food. It's nothing more than a condiment to me at this point. It's the same as ketchup or mayonnaise. Actually, given how similar mayonnaise and semen look and how much of the latter I've had to swallow on a daily—no, hourly basis, I honestly don't think I could really tell the difference between the two anymore.

After a very brief wait of having people in front of me get off the bus, it was finally my turn to depart from the insides of the behemoth of transportation. Stepping out onto the pavement, I took in a breath of fresh air—or as fresh as one could imagine with the constant stench of sex and sweat always in the atmosphere—and looked up to the skyscrapers that enveloped the downtown area. I'm currently on Main Street, the focal point of busy life here in our city. There was always something happening in this bustling technological center of life. Never once did you not see a barrage of cars making their way through congested traffic or people walking up and down the sidewalks headed to whatever destinations they had in mind.

Immediately to my left was the bus terminal where people were waiting for their chance to get on the bus after all current passengers had stepped off. The people waiting are of all different sorts of races and ages. It's no surprise given how culturally diverse this town is. Equally diverse was the clothing that women wore—some took the simple approach that I had decided to grasp this morning, wearing nothing more than bare necessities: a purse and maybe some shoes or flip-flops. Others threw away the concept of even basic shoe-wear entirely, opting to go completely barefoot. Whether this worked in or against their favor was really debatable—there are a handful of foot fetishists in this city who thrive on the idea of dirty feet. Given the fact that they are legally allowed to do whatever they want to any woman at any time plus women who personally choose to walk around with absolutely nothing on their feet at all...the equation kind of solves itself. It would only take a few minutes of traversing this hectic hub of activity with no shoes or socks to get your soles completely filled with all types of dirt and grime. Once you sit down or stop walking for all of one minute, there's bound to be a guy rushing for your feet, eagerly licking the filth away. I could never figure out why some guys liked that—rather, I never felt the need to figure out because I have more important things to think about in my life. It was just something they liked to do, I guess. It made about as much sense as the guys who found pleasure in sniffing and licking my sweaty armpits.

Anyway, after a few minutes of foot worship and cleaning from an absolute stranger, a woman could have near perfect soles and toes once more, ready to tackle the city streets with a clean slate. So, perhaps that was why they decided to forego the idea of wearing shoes? After all, when you know someone's always going to be at the ready to lick them clean, why be worried about having dirty feet?

Huh. I should have thought of that, actually. Would have saved me the trouble of walking around on cum-splattered sandals. Not that I mind or care about having to do that, really, but it seems easier to simply go full nude and let the circle of life take its course, if you could call it that. My soles would get dirty, I'd eventually stop or would have to stop to be fucked. That, in turn, would lead to some straggler coming along and cleaning them. Guys finish up using me and then I keep going...it's basically an infinite loop. Yeah, next time I have to go out, I'll forget the flip flops. Wouldn't hurt to try. It's not like I'm guys licking and sucking on my feet bother me, anyway. Foot worship and footjobs are actually pretty chill compare to when guys prefer to use one of my actual holes. I'd still be able to focus on other things; it wouldn't subtract from my life. So, why not give it a shot? I'll go barefoot next time.

Aside from those who went stark naked, there were women who still wore full clothing. Many of them were older ladies who had jobs and appearances to maintain. No matter how many cum stains were on their corporate suits and ties, they always looked dignified. They wore clothes because their career called for such a level of honorable professionalism. It was the way things worked. There were some companies who were lenient and understood the prospects of going nude, but more historical and long-running businesses would never think about having their female employees and representatives

showcasing their bodies for the world to see, even if it made everyone's lives easier. It's an old, stubborn line of thought which is more suited for a time before The Law was a thing, but they don't like to adapt. As such, women who happen to work with these companies must deal with constantly taking off their skirt or unveiling their breasts to be used in public as commanded by The Law. It was certainly a tedious process—I had done the same myself after I first turned 18 and was put under the effect of The Law. I always thought it would be weird to wear less than normal clothing or to go completely nude in an effort to make my life easier. After a few months, however, the constant on-off cycle of clothes wet with the seeds and juices of hundred of guys simply became too much. It hindered my life and my goals, so I did what these older business could not: I adapted.

It wasn't all hopeless for the girls working for these stubborn companies, though. No matter how ancient and long running a business is, it's impossible to not see our world for what it really is. Women had hoped that sooner or later their bosses and head-honchos would realize reality and accept it. After some time, they finally did. It's a movement that's still kind of just getting started, but as of late, a few select corporations have been creating custom uniforms and business attire for their female employees. Skirts with a section of the back cut out for access to the ass and pussy, shirts with circular holes cut into them for the breasts to go through, formal black pants that have an open area at the crotch so any woman could easily open her legs to let a guy spear her pussy while she reviews some papers...easy access designs like this have slowly but surely been becoming more and more popular in the corporate world. There are even some variants of these designs catered towards specific fetishes, such as long-sleeved attire with no cloth over the armpit. With this fusion of old-fashioned business clothing and the new-age reality that came with The Law, women wearing these custom designs can still keep their dignity and stay professional without being unnecessarily handicapped by the limitations of the ways of the old. A financial specialist could go uninterrupted as she describes a new budget plan to her boss while a male coworker of hers decides he'd like to shove his cock up her ass. With a skirt that has a perfect cutout already designed for such an occasion or a set of slick, formal black jeans that leave her private spaces fully exposed, she doesn't need to stop and remove her clothing. While her coworker pleasures himself by using her body freely, she can continue discussing her newly proposed budget plan for the company to her boss, hopefully shifting her next pay raise from a state of simple possibility to a state of absolute certainty. Similarly, a C.E.O. of a trade investment group might find herself having to tittyfuck one of her employees during a board meeting. Instead of having to pause the meeting to take off her shirt, her breasts would already be out and she could massage the man's throbbing cock with her soft, plushy tits while going on with the meeting. This was what the women of the business world needed.

One might find themselves thinking, "How did these companies come up with these custom 'ease-of-access' clothing designs?" The answer is simple: they accepted the world around them. They stopped pretending that it was still the "good ole days" and glanced at reality for the first time in a long while. What they saw were the types of clothes that the girls of today wore, the girls that have to put up with being used every moment as if they were simply just personal fuck dolls. They saw what clothes the girls who had learned how to ignore sex and casually move on with their lives were wearing. Homemade articles of clothing fabricated by normal girls themselves in their homes: skirts cut short enough that any man could just put his dick into an ass or pussy without having to lift anything, sweaters crafted with movable, controllable "flaps" near the breasts that could allow a girl to unveil her chest for a man that wants to play with her perfect tits at any time without the need to remove the entire sweater...it was homemade custom designs like these that began to swarm the streets. Everyone took notice of it, from businesses to fashion designers. It was what was "in." Hell, it is still is.

On the other hand, if a woman didn't have the ability to sew and create original designs like this, they simply improvised; perhaps a girl would simply walk around with her shirt rolled up above her breasts so that any guy could easily slip his member in-between her tits without having to move anything. Or maybe a few girls who once wore loose strap shirts would simply let the straps fall off their shoulders and go about their day with their breasts casually hanging around. In some cases, there could even be a few girls who got the idea of simply wearing their pants around their thighs instead of around their waists. This one was a rather popular one and still is, due to the irony of it being seen as "reverse sagging." The previous fashion statement of a few years ago with rebellious teenage males wearing their pants at a point lower than their waists and revealing their underwear was always seen as a stupid movement by many. When a girl who was used sexually by multiple strangers every day at any given time sagged her pants and panties, though? It wasn't stupid. No, it was a brilliant move that made everyone's lives go a lot smoother with a lot less hassle. A subvert of this idea was introduced shortly afterwards: girls who stopped wearing pants entirely and simply went about their day with just their panties at their ankles. Strangely enough, this ended up becoming a fetish in and of itself. The idea of women walking around with nothing on their lower bodies aside from panties pulled down to their ankles, indifferently living out their lives and paying it no mind as they moved from place to place...for some reason, this really turned on a certain part of the male population. I'll never get some of these fetishists, I swear.

Anyway, this was the new "fashion" movement that began to take over the world once The Law became part of our daily lives—women adapted and changed how they wore their clothes in order to better accommodate their newly assigned role in life as free-use public cumdumpsters. With these adaptations, it was easier for us to go on with our day-to-day lives. Ignoring the fact that we're being used is simple enough for most of us, but if we actually have to stop what we're doing to take off our clothes or put them back on...? You can't say we're really "ignoring" it then. That takes effort and acknowledgement. It takes energy—energy which is much better spent on doing what we have to do, be it school work, serving a customer's drink in a cafe, or running a small law firm. Having to do such a thing repeatedly over and over breaks our focus and limits what we can do with our time. So, we adapted. It took the old geezers that ran some of these long-running companies enough time, but they've finally realized how crucial this adaptation was towards the success of women today and how they can get far in life even while being used daily. So, they finally acknowledged the fact that they needed to upgrade. After picking up on this, they started to integrate the ease-of-access uniform designs with their work circles. In due time, all of the older business firms that refuse employee nudity will eventually accept this alternative. It's just a matter of time. Soon enough, all the ladies who had to deal with the tediousness of shifting clothes back and forth will be able to stop worrying about that and instead focus on the task at hand.

Speaking of the task at hand, I am incredibly hungry.

Setting my thoughts aside, I begin to walk past the bus terminal and down the busy street. There are people all around me walking either in the same direction or the opposite way, getting to wherever they needed to go. As with the ladies at the terminals, the girls passing by me on the streets are wearing an assortment of clothing that different greatly from female to female. Some nude, some fully clothes, some wearing specially designed ease-of-access dresses and clothes. Some would be adventures and mix and match; nearby, there was a pack of four or five girls travelling in a group, chatting loudly with one another about their supposed plans to visit an amusement park this upcoming weekend. While all of them were wearing shirts, each with different unique designs, none of them wore pants. Yes, going bottomless wasn't exactly uncommon. Neither was wearing a fully-fledged skirt or a pair of jeans but nothing on the top. It was a fashion choice and nothing more. A girl thinking to herself "Should I go

bottomless or topless today?" was the equivalent of deciding which brand of soda to drink.

As the group of bottomless girls passed by me with their loud bouts of laughter, I could easily notice that all of their asses had been sprayed with a gratuitous amount of cum and reproductive juices. The girl in the center had the biggest ass of all of them, somewhat close to mine in size—maybe even a bit bigger? As her butt bounced up and down in tune to the steps she took down the street, I could see loads of semen sloshing to and fro inside of her ass crack between her cheeks, almost like a bottle of water being twisted and turned around up and down over and over again. Out of boredom, I find myself humorously thinking about how their asses came to be masked in such a vibrant coating of cum. Perhaps they were inside of a clothing boutique and were doing a bit of shopping when some guys decided to use them...? I can only imagine how they kept talking about the clothes and designs while their asses were rocked with the movements of a steady pounding. "Oh, that one looks perfect for you!" "You think? I don't think it's for me."

Or maybe they were relaxing in a park, lying on their stomachs on the grass and having a small sort of picnic? Talking about their day to one another and their plans as a few guys approached from behind. "I think I failed that chemistry exam," one of them might have jeered with melancholy as the man behind her rubbed her soft asscheeks thoroughly, playing with her behind as if he were kneading a pillow. "Don't say that! If you failed, I probably failed!" another one responded with a sad tone as the guy using her quickly thrust his rigid cock in-between her asscheeks, giving himself a buttjob with the best ass he had seen all day—which, given the state of our society, was probably quite a few. "I think you both did fine," the third of the girls might possibly remark as an older gentleman bent down and spread open her asscheeks, revealing her closed and incredibly tight asshole. "I feel pretty good about how I did on it. If I passed, we all passed," she would continue with her explanation, paying absolutely no mind to the man taking very powerful deep sniffs of her anus. Eventually, the men would all release their semen collectively onto the girls' asses like some sort of bukkake scene out of a porno. Unlike the pornographic film and the actresses in it, however, the girls in the park would not pretend to be in a fake, over-glorified ecstasy during the act. Unlike porn stars, the girls would not fawn over the bucket loads of cum which drenched their asses. Following the same logic, the girls in the park would also not moan and whine while having their holes fucked. They would never lose their trains of thought or have their afternoon interrupted simply because there were cocks and cum in, on, and all around them. No, the girls would continue to hang out with one another throughout the day and relax, enjoying the sights and sounds their home metropolis has to offer while being used in every way possible. Never at any point will they react to it or respond to it, never will they acknowledge it. No, the girls in the park would be like how most girls are today: they would ignore it.

Man, my imagination can get pretty vivid sometimes.

I keep my stride going and continue on my way as the five girls with cum-soaked asses leave my line of sight. Against the walls of buildings or on the curbs of the street, there are pockets of girls being fucked by strangers here and there, but none of them really seem fazed by it. One girl was being screwed doggy style near the entrance of a small convenience store while giggling on her phone. "So when's the wedding?" I hear her ask with an animated smile on her face as her DD-sized tits (34? Maybe 36...) bounce up and down furiously with the rhythm of the cock that was slamming her pussy. "How many invites are there? Can I bring my sister?" she inquires to her friend on the line while completely disregarding her vagina being used in the middle of a roaring city street. Such a level of control and focus is only naturally to be expected of someone who could hold a conversation over the phone while

being fucked like that—a common skill that I used in my bedroom just a few hours ago. It was no surprise that she was ignoring the act of sex with little to no difficulty.

Turning the corner, I keep going. I'm on Third Street now. The place I'm heading to for lunch is just a few blocks down, nothing more than another few minutes of walking. As I walk, I pass by a small laundromat with a few people in it. My eyes offhandedly glance inside through the windows as I walk by and I notice a woman in her late twenties. Long, golden blonde hair and a humble set of C-sized breasts. The reason I notice her is because I know her—she's actually my algebra teacher in high school. She's on the floor, laying on her side and looking up to a TV display that hung from the ceiling. I quickly look at the TV myself. It's playing few sports recaps. No wonder her eyes were glued to it; she had always followed baseball almost religiously, and if there was anything related to it happening on a nearby TV or radio, not even being triple penetrated and covered in a ludicrous amount of cum would steal her attention away from it. What was she doing laying on her side on the floor? Easy enough guess with an obvious answer: a guy was plowing her from behind while she waited for her clothes to dry and watched the baseball recaps. He's holding her leg up in the air and driving his cock back and forth in and out of her pussy almost as if it was his job to do so. She already has a considerable amount of cum on her thighs and stomach, so either this guy's fucking her for the fourth or fifth consecutive time now or others were having their way with her on and off as well. I can't really guess which it is.

Still, I can't help but smile upon seeing my old teacher being used like so in public and not even so much as bat an eyelash about it. It brings back pretty fond memories. I always enjoyed her classes the most and I looked up to her as a role model. More so than my other teachers, she was the one who could keep a lecture going without breaking a sweat no matter who used her. That's not to say my other female professors couldn't do the same, but I always felt like Mrs. Flora just handled it best. I actually remember one time where a student walked up to her desk and handed her his homework, asking for some help on a specific problem. While she explained, he slowly slid his cock in her mouth and fucked her throat. He also unbuttoned her shirt and fondled her breasts during it, but she wasn't bothered by any of it. She kept talking about the problem and the equation even with her own student's dick in her throat and his fingers twisting and playing with her nipples. "You just—mmhpnh mmn—forgot to ca—mmnph—rry the 3, Sebas—mmrph mmn—tian," she stated casually with expert control of her vocal chords even with the tip of the guy's hardened pole ramming the back of her throat. At one point, he asked her a question about her explanation. As he asked, she looked at him and stared him dead in the eyes while he talked, never choking or gagging on the dick he was propelling back and forth between her succulent lips. Her full attention was always on him and her students. She always did her best to impart her knowledge to us no matter what was happening to her. To see her still have the same tenacity as resolve years later is uplifting and reminds me why I was always so keen about ignoring sex myself. There's other things to think about, other things to focus on. If I could just be like Mrs. Flora, I always told myself, I can do anything.

To my surprise, she actually notices my quick pass-by and waves at me with a smile. I wave back, glad to see she still remembers me. We hadn't talked in some time. It was heartwarming to know that my favorite teacher hadn't forgotten about me.

My stomach was in the opposite position, however, as I seem to keep forgetting about it.

With a hungry growl, I acknowledge the despair and pain my empty bowels are feeling and pick up my pace a bit in an effort to help them out quicker. I walk another block after the laundromat, seeing nothing

of much interest aside from a girl being double fucked in her pussy and ass on a bench while reading a science fiction novel that I've been meaning to check out. She looks really immersed in it and is flipping pages quickly. That's all I need to see to be reassured of the fact that it was as good as everyone had told me. I make a reminder to myself to pick it up soon.

Thankfully, it's not that much more of a walk. Right as I turn this corner, I'll be at my destination—a small diner known as "Lucy's." The food is the essence of homemade perfection and the owner and manager, Lucy, has been a long-time family friend of mine. She gives me discounts all the time, and depending on how many guys end up spraying their semen on my face throughout the course of my meal, she'll even give it to me for free. She says she's upset that I have to deal with something like that while eating at her restaurant. Whenever she does, I can't help but laugh lightly and shake my head. She knows I don't mind it since that's the world we live in. She knows how used to it I am already. Still, she always insists on giving me freebies...I can't say I can complain or refuse. I am just a college student, after all. Money's not easy to come by for me. Thanks to that, I always accept her kind offers, even if I feel kind bad. I do have some extra money today, though...if I'm offered free food, I'll be the good girl for once and pay in full.

A few more steps and I find myself entering the diner. The wooden decor and photographs framed all over the walls are nothing I haven't seen before, but it always feels good to step inside this small establishment. As always, there's plenty of women being fucked and used while having lunch or reading the newspaper while having a cup of coffee. The one that really strikes me is a brunette girl around my age with perky breasts being fucked on the table itself. It's not exactly rare here—or in any restaurant, for that matter—but it's just something that always causes a slight double take. She was being fucked by a scrawny high school senior boy with her back on the table itself. She held a newspaper in her hands and was reading whatever article she was on with great interest. Thanks to the newspaper, she probably couldn't see the guy licking her soles up and down and sucking on her toes while he fucked what I could only presume to be her cunt. Even if she could see it, though, I'm sure she wouldn't care. She flips the newspaper page to the next one as she grabs the remainder of a muffin which was sitting on her stomach. While she eats it, a random man from a nearby table rushes up to her and strokes his cock in her face for just a split moment before spewing his load all over her face and her muffin. Without much regard for what just happened, she keeps biting into the muffin and chews it normally, swallowing it as if it weren't completely enveloped in a hot, sticky substance.

To my own surprise, the man's not done. Surprisingly, his cock looks even harder, as if the idea of a girl passively taking a facial and just casually going on with her life fueled him even more. As the girl finishes the muffin, he quickly shoves his dick in her mouth and uses it as a means for a blowjob. All the same, she didn't move or react. It was only at this point that I realized she was naked much like myself. As I sat down at my own empty table, I simply stared at her uncaringly for a few moments. I really had nothing to think about it. That was just life. If you wanted to have a muffin in a diner while catching up on local news by reading the paper, you would have to do so while being vaginally and orally fucked on a table. Not much you could do about it. Not that it was difficult or anything. It's about the same as writing a letter to a friend with a pen or with a pencil. In the end, you're still going to write it. There's no significant difference.

After another few seconds, I noticed a white liquid slowly dripping out of her pussy. As expected, the guy finally came. I guess he had somewhere to be because he promptly pulled up his shorts and left. Her legs fell back down to a neutral state as she continued to read the paper while still giving a blowjob with cum already on her face and now slowly oozing out of her womb. She didn't move. She continued to lay

there, flipping the page again and waiting for something that she was probably expecting to happen. I'm waiting for it to happen, too, mainly because I've seen this scenario one too many times. Hell, I've experienced it.

The sound of the door opening anew confirmed my expectations. A new customer walked in, a tall man in his thirties, and took a glance around. Whether he actually wanted food or was just looking for a girl to fuck was beyond my knowledge, but given his demeanor as he located the girl on the table and approached her, the answer was pretty obvious by now. He made a quick job of removing his pants and briefs and then got onto the table, quickly picking up where the man before him left off. He spread open her legs and started it up once again. Just like before, the girl on the table had absolutely no reaction. If I had to guess what she was thinking by the look on her face, it'd probably be something along the lines of "After I'm done here, I'll just head back home and finish up that Biology report." Or maybe it was something more along the lines of "I have a pretty good idea for a mystery novel, maybe I'll write out a draft when I get home tonight." That was the general idea, at least. The point was that she didn't care that another random man had just claimed her worn pussy only moments after someone had just covered the insides of her canal with their fluids. She didn't care that she still had a large cock ramming the insides of her mouth. The only thing that was important to her at the moment was that she finish reading the newspaper. Nothing else really mattered. She was ignoring it all as if it wasn't happening and the guys using her loved every minute of it.

"Alicia!"

A light tone says breaks the silence around me, awakening me from my trance and capturing my attention away from the girl.

"Girl, I haven't laid eyes on yer pretty little body in a hot minute, ya hear?"

Looking over to the counter as I sit down, I notice the source of those words: Lucina, Lucy's twenty-two year old daughter. She worked for her mom and made a modest living. She was a kindhearted girl who always did what she could to help people. She was drying a few freshly washed cups and plates on the counter while a middle-aged man fucked her from behind. She wasn't wearing any clothes, just the small white and blue hat that kind of looked like a small origami boat folded from paper—it was the hat all the employees here wore as part of their uniform. There was a significant amount of cum over her flat A-sized chest. Her breast size, in combination with her somewhat short height of 5'1", would normally lead one to believe she was of a very young age, but there was no doubt that this girl was a college senior. Her face was equally covered in cum, but her smile was entirely genuine and indicated to me that she couldn't even feel it on there or feel the guy fucking her so energetically.

"Hey, Lucina," I greet back with a wave as I set my purse down on the edge of the table. "How are you?"

"Pretty good, pretty good!" she responds with her playful grin still intact. Her southern accent was as strong as ever. Her family was from the deep south of the country, so she always had a very distinct accent similar to that of main characters in western action movies. "What's got ya visitin' us here today?" she questions towards me as she looks to me with her steadfast and focused green eyes. If the voice and manner of speech wasn't enough, her eyes in addition to her entirely natural head of mid-back length red hair is enough to confirm the origins of her lineage. This girl is an honest to god southern belle. "Ain't ya in yer hermit-like zen mode once yer on vacation? Stay inside all day and some such?"

I giggle, nodding in agreement. "You're right on the ball with that one, Lucina," I shamelessly admitted. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see a teenager close to my age approaching me. He crawls under my table and grabs a hold of my knees, opening my legs. "I don't really do much on break," I continue as the guy under my table began to rub my clit with two of his fingers. Before long, he's sliding them in and out of my pussy and pressing against the walls of my cunt, but I effortlessly keep my focus on my conversation with Lucina. "A few friends of mine wanted to hang out, though, so I actually got off my lazy ass for once."

"Well, good fer ya!" Lucina says with a proud congratulations. "It's good ta spend time with yer friends, ya hear? 'Specially when ya ain't being bothered by school or some such!"

"I know, I know," I agree in full as the boy under me retrieved his fingers from the depths of my vaginal canal. I can feel him grabbing hold of my feet. I reflexively and unconsciously kick off my sandals and only a brief moment passes before I'm stroking his hard-as-titanium cock with my soft soles. At the same time, an older gentleman approaches me from the side and quickly unzips his pants while grabbing my hand. My fingers lock around the rather thick girth of his dick as I begin to give him a handjob while talking to Lucina. "It should be a fun night. I'll be chilling at Hailey's and watching some movies with her and Erica."

"Well, that sounds like an honest-to-god girls night out!" Lucina positively remarks with a big grin. "Or maybe that'd be a girls night in?" she corrects herself with a playful laugh. "I'm assuming you want the usual?"

"Yeah," I respond as my hands and feet continued their now almost robotically automated movements. "Grilled cheese with some coffee. Is your mother in today?"

"Aw, naw," Lucina answers as she puts down the cup she had just finished cleaning and picked up the next. "She got held up. Had a doctor's appointment to get a checkup. Said she was feeling sicker than a rooster who don't do his mornin' call at dawn. Told her that type'a shenanigan ain't even possible. Roosters always do that in the morning, ya hear? Never had a rooster that ain't done that, no matter how sick they is. Still, though, she was feelin' pretty down, so she decided ta play it safe and get a checkup."

The relaxed expression on my face turns to one of genuine concern, focused more on Lucy's apparent sickness as opposed to my body being used to service these strangers until they would eventually cover me in their cum. "Oh, I hope she's alright."

"Please, girl," Lucina quickly retorts with a strong laugh. "My momma's more tough than an oiled pig! Ain't no way in tarnation some little ole flu or sickness gonna get her like that, no way on this green Earth. She'll be alright," she reassures me with a confident nod of her head. At that moment, Lucina momentarily turns her head to look at the man behind her. This very brief acknowledgement lasts no longer than a split second as she turns her head back around, putting down the cup she was cleaning. The man behind her slowly pulls out, and while I can't exactly see what was going on behind the counter, it's easy enough to guess that he had probably just finished releasing his load into her pussy or ass. Her following words only ascertain the truth that I had just deducted on my own.

"Well, since this here feller is finally done using me, I'll go prep up your meal right quick, ya hear?"

Lucina informs me as she turns around and makes her way to the back. While waiting for her, I find myself glancing out the window and becoming lost in thought as to what movies I should rent out for my date with Hailey and Erica tonight. I'm still giving two strangers a combined handjob and footjob, but as usual, my mind was elsewhere. Then, almost as if it was the catalyst which sparked my epiphany, the sudden ejection and splashing of glistening, hot, thick sperm from the cocks I was caressing encasing my right cheek and the corner of my mouth along with my soles and the spaces between my toes occurred simultaneously with my remembering that the latest spy movie Erica had wanted to see had just come out on DVD. Instinctively and almost unconsciously, I lap up the cum near my mouth with my tongue and retrieve it, swallowing it as I struggle to remember the name of the film. The man I was giving a handjob to came just a bit more in my hand and on my fingers before finally leaving, but I hadn't even really noticed. What was the name of that film...?

Pulling my hand back near my mouth casually, I begin to absentmindedly lick the excess cum off my fingers and right hand as I stare out the window and continue to think about the movie that Erica was dying to see. Slurping up the last bits of cum from my hand after a handjob was just a force of habit to me, similar to someone biting their nails. I always did it without thinking and I never bothered to stop myself simply due to the fact that I didn't care. The guy under me still has a cock as hard as steel, so I keep rubbing it up and down with my feet, almost systematically and beyond my own control as I continue to ponder about the spy movie. I can only imagine that the juices he covered my feet with were basically acting as a sort of lubricant for this continued footjob, so he was probably feeling really good right about now. I didn't inconvenience myself with such useless thoughts, though. The guy below the table and me giving him a footjob with my sweaty and smelly yet soft, little feet meant absolutely nothing to me. What the hell was that movie that Erica wanted to see...?

Then, breaking my train of thought almost as she was my knight in shining armor—

"Oh, Alicia, ya check out *Freedom Raid* yet, girl? Just came out on DVD a few weeks ago, I heard it was—"

"THAT'S what it is!"

My sudden outburst almost throws Lucina off balance. If she weren't such a talented waitress, she probably would have dropped my sandwich and coffee. Realizing how loud I was due to the suddenly curious gazes from others in the diner—even girls who were being used and were so focused on other things—I couldn't help but giggle to myself embarrassingly. Even the girl on the table, who was still being fucked in her pussy and her mouth, looked at me for just a moment from the corner of her eye in surprise. "Sorry, sorry!" I apologize to everyone with my cheeks flustered and blushing lightly.

Lucina shakes her head with a small laugh as she puts my food and drink down. "I always knew ya northerners were a bit lopsided in the head," she comments jokingly as she looks at me. I notice there's a fresh collection of cum on her face and tits thicker and wetter than what was beneath it, indicating to me that one of the cooks probably used her while she prepped my food. She doesn't seem to mind having cum on her, though. Not like that's of any type of surprise. A girl being bothered by having cum on her in this day and age would be like being bothered that you won the lottery.

"I'm guessing you were tryna' remember the name, huh?" Lucina asks as I take a light sip of my coffee. I can feel my feet still massaging a stiff shaft beneath the table, but I've kind of just forgotten about the

guy down there. "Erica's still as crazy as a chicken with its head cut off when it comes to those spy movies, ain't she? Guess that's what you'll be gettin' for tonight, then?"

I nod to her in acknowledgement as I took another sip of the coffee. Man, Lucina and her mother brew the best coffee, I swear. "I'm sure she'll be excited for it," I state as I picked up the grilled cheese sandwich and ready myself to bite into it, granting the wishes that my stomach had been waiting for all day.

"Oh, wait, Alicia—"

Lucina stops whatever she was saying short as I bite into the sandwich. This is one good sandwich. One bite and I already feel like it's hit the spot. I must be extremely hungry. Something's different, though. There's not just cheese in this sandwich...I can feel a secondary substance with it, like a flavorless condiment. It's extremely thick and hot. The texture feels familiar.

"The cook, Danny, he, uh..." Lucina's words trail off in an almost sad sort of way as I swallow the first bite of the sandwich after some applied chewing. I wiped my mouth clear of crumbs and notice a white, sticky substance on my hand. I know I finished cleaning myself after the older guy gave me a facial, so...

As I realize it, it now dawns on me as to why Lucina looks so sad.

"Haha," I jest with a light-hearted laugh. "He came all over the inside, didn't he?"

"Y-Yeah..." the southern belle confirms with an almost guilty look in her eyes. "He was makin' use of my mouth while I made it. I was thinkin' that he woulda lasted longer than he did...he always deepthroats me when I'm on my half-hour break and he always cums right at the end of it, but I guess he was kinda already on edge and..."

I can't help but keep laughing as I take another bite. Danny's cum didn't change anything. No guy's cum ever did or could. Semen was the equivalent of water to me, or a bland sauce. How could it be anything but that after how much I have to drink on a daily basis?

Lucina looks really confused. "You're too polite for your own good, Lucina," I manage to finally say with a smile after my laughing fit died down. "You really think some guy's cum in my sandwich bothers me?"

"W-Well, I know it doesn't *bother* ya, but..." her voice trails off again. "I just wanted to make you a normal sandwich for once. I don't like the idea of having my friends have ta deal with this in my momma's diner. This kinda thing always happens, ya hear...?"

"And that's exactly why it doesn't bother me."

I finalize my point with that statement as I take my final bite of the sandwich. Given how hungry I was, I devoured it pretty damn quickly. Picking up my coffee cup, I notice it had cooled down a bit. Lucina continued to look at me with a mixture of confusion and awe in her gorgeous green eyes as I gulp it down nonchalantly. As I finish it and put it back down on the table, the guy under me blows his load all over my feet and toes for the second time, reminding me of his existence very briefly. Once again, though, within the next two seconds, I completely forgot he was using my feet as he pleased as I looked

up to Lucina. "You and your mom have got to stop thinking this kind of thing bothers me. I know you're trying to be nice, and I appreciate it, but I don't need the special treatment. No girls do."

"B-But—"

"No buts," I counter with a smile as I pushed my plate and cup to the other side of the table. The guy under me was no longer there—he must have slipped out while I was talking to Lucina just now. I grab a hold of my purse and put it around my arm as I slip into my flip flops once again. Just like back at the bus stop, as my feet press down onto the sandals, I can feel the new globs and pools of cum on my soles spreading around and expanding like glue against paper. Paying it no mind, I stand up and hold Lucina at her shoulders. I tower above her a little bit given my height of 5'5" or so. I look her straight in the eyes with a pure hearted smile. "You're a great friend and I love that you look out for me, but you've got to look out for yourself...ya hear?"

Lucina had a dumb grin spawn on her face the minute she heard me mock her accent. "I-It ain't my fault I talk like this! I just can't help it, ya hear...?!" she protested in a playful fake kind of anger. Realizing what she had just done, she held her hand over her mouth to try and stifle her bout of laughter. I can't help but join in and laugh as well; the entire situation was genuinely funny. The fact that our bodies are coated in a combination both aged and fresh semen from a variety of different men we didn't even know made no difference. Even though we were both used just moments prior, I'm still able to enjoy small talk like this with a close friend of mine. This is what I want her to get used to. Rather, that's incorrect—she *is* used to it and is able to do her job remarkably well while being fucked all over the place in all of her holes, but for some reason, she still feels the need to try and give me special treatment. She doesn't want me to eat a "cheese-and-cum sandwich" because she thinks I hate it or that I won't like it. She shouldn't worry about such things, though. No one should. If I can ignore it, then there's no need. If I'm used to it, then there's no need.

It's just everyday life.

I embrace my friend briefly with a quick, tight hug. "Thanks for the food," I say as I pull back from the hug and hand her a ten dollar bill from my purse. "Keep the change, okay?"

"W-Wait, Alicia," Lucina protests once more. "Ya sure, girl? That was only \$7.50..."

"Damn right I'm sure," I respond with a playful tone in my voice as I started to walk by her, making way for the exit. Passing her, I teasingly slap her ass and hold onto her for a moment, squeezing it and jiggling it in my hand a bit. Even though her ass wasn't too big, god damn if it wasn't firm as hell. "I'm as sure about it as I'm sure that you've got yourself a pretty little southern butt!"

"A-Alicia!" Lucina cries out with a mix of slight agony and a laugh that she clearly wants to hide.

"T-That's embarrassing! I told ya not to do that, ya hear?!"

"Ya best believe we're going to hang out sometime this week, girl!" I say in a fake accent jokingly mocking hers once more as I make my way to the door, raising my hand to wave goodbye to her behind me.

"Okay!" she responds with an enthusiastic voice. "I'll call ya!"

Even though I can't see her, it's easy enough to imagine her waving back. With a full stomach and my hunger quelled, I left Lucy's and was met with the rays of the sun crashing into my eyes. A nearby electronic billboard displayed the time for all to see: 3:40 P.M. Still plenty of time to get the movies and then some.

"*Freedom Raid*, huh..." I mumbled lightly to myself as I embarked away from Lucy's.

3 - Victoria ~ Helen [Part 1]

Author's Note: Apologies for the long wait, I was stuck on vacation with no access to any computers whatsoever. Updates will hopefully proceed on a regular schedule once again.

— — —

We'll be taking a brief break from witnessing the happenings of Alicia's day—worry not, we will soon see her continued adventures and the eventual meet-up she'll have with her friends. For now, though, let's take a look at another tale. Not too far away from that same downtown area, a quiet suburb rests. Among this modern suburbia lives an 18-year-old boy known as Joshua. After finally graduating high school two weeks ago, he has been enjoying the peace and quiet of his summer vacation before he begins college this coming autumn. Due to some circumstances with his immediate family that sparked years ago, Joshua has lived with his 43-year-old Aunt Helen and her daughter, the 19-year-old Victoria (nicknamed Tori), ever since his sophomore year of high school. Helen divorced her husband nearly a decade ago—ever since then, she moved to this quiet suburb with her daughter and they've gotten by just fine with the two of them. The addition of Joshua to the family home was not met with annoyance or anger but, rather, with welcoming, open arms. Ever since the move, Joshua has never caused any sort of trouble or mischief for his aunt or cousin, aside from using them as he pleases. Of course, though, after witnessing Alicia's day and being introduced to *The Law*, you could easily guess that being used by their nephew/cousin wasn't exactly bothersome or problematic for Helen and Victoria. Was that your guess after all? Congratulations, you were right.

So, what of Joshua's plans for his summer vacation? Certainly graduating high school is a momentous occasion. Sadly, however, having a big celebration is not something in Joshua can really do. His friends are all out of the country on a big summer trip that he couldn't scrounge up the money to partake in. Due to this, he has spent a majority of his summer so far doing not much aside from watching TV, playing video games, and...an easily guessed obvious string of activities involving his aunt, his cousin, and the state of this world.

His cousin, Victoria, is an inside girl—an introvert. She's getting a degree in Computer Science through an online school. During breaks such as this, she's mostly holed up in her room playing games on her premium self-built gaming PC which cost her a few months to save up for. She has a keen preference towards MMOs and is more often than not raiding a dungeon or defeating a big boss while chatting with her guild mates and party members over a voice chat with her headset. Being so focused on trying to stay alive in her video games and completing quest after quest, it's easy to imagine how she would hardly care about how her younger cousin uses her body. In her eyes, so long as he doesn't do anything that would stop her from playing, then all's fine. If she isn't playing a video game of some sort, she's watching a variety of anime or reading manga, comics, or visual novels. Much like with her games, Tori finds it incredibly easy to stay focused on an episode of anime or a chapter of a manga while being used by Joshua.

Before we begin, let's quickly summarize the finer points of today's cast:

Joshua

Age — 18 | Height — 5'8" | Build — Lean | Hair — Brown messy bed head | Eyes — Brown

Victoria

Age — 19 | Height — 5'6" | Build — Average | Hair — Light brown, shoulders | Eyes — Green
Breasts: 38B | Waist: 89cm | Feet: Size 6 | Likes: Video games, manga, anime, being inside

Helen

Age — 43 | Height — 5'10" | Build — Curvy | Hair — Light brown, mid-back | Eyes — Green
Breasts: 36D | Waist: 96cm | Feet: Size 8 | Likes: Cooking, painting, styling hair

— — —

Point-of-View — Joshua

Well, that left me somewhat unsatisfied, I find myself thinking as I close a comic book that I had recently purchased the other day. I bought it on a whim, thinking the cover had looked somewhat interesting. What I found myself involved in today after finally sitting down to read it was a lackluster plot with a disappointing absence of character development. Tori would have probably hated it, too. To be fair, it *is* only the first two of now fifteen volumes in circulation, but I have no interest in continuing it. With no job and just a \$30 weekly allowance from my aunt, money is hard enough to come by already. It'd be better spent on just about anything else, really.

Putting the collection of pages which weaved a very weak story back on top of my dresser with a sigh, I reach for the controller of my television next to me and turn it on from afar, staying in my rather comfortable position on the bed. As I last left it, the TV's currently on a channel specializing in cartoons of all sorts. Uninterested in the program they're showing, I begin to channel flip in search of something to occupy me and handle my boredom.

A forty-year old kung-fu movie with bad acting, a baseball game with a remarkable amount of women being fucked in the audience (what else is new?), a local news program with the anchorwoman reporting a robbery that occurred last night while having a cock shoved in her mouth...

Man, now that I think about it, any girl on any news program these days just has to be good with their mouth. Not that there are many girls who can't already talk while having their throat fucked, but really...I think any girl looking to get into news casting deserves some respect.

In any case, the robbery occurred in the downtown area, so it doesn't affect me. Even if it was closer to home, it still wouldn't affect me since the target was a bank I don't even use, so I'll just keep flipping channels.

The most interesting thing I come to find on TV after another minute or so of rapid network switching is a talk show. The three main hosts are all women in their twenties who analyze and discuss the current happenings in global news as opposed to local news. Today, they're discussing this year's upcoming presidential election. Not that I particularly care about it or the candidates...I'm not even going to bother voting even though I'm finally old enough to do so. No, I've left this show on for the same reason I always leave it on when I happen to come across it—

"So, are you telling me you think Senator Ericson won't reduce taxes if he's elected as President?"

The long-haired blonde host with an amazing body, Paige. I never get tired of seeing her on my screen. It's always something new—that is to say, what position she's in and how she's being fucked always changes whenever I watch this show. Being something that's filmed with a live studio audience, all three hosts and any girls in the viewer seats may find themselves being fondled, groped, and used without notice or warning. You'd be crazy to think that'd change anything, though. Much like how an employee at a fast food restaurant would take orders with an unwavering smile while being pounded from behind, the three ladies continue to discuss the show's topics of conversation while being fucked numerous times in a variety of ways. Likewise, there's a fair numbers of girls undergoing the same in the audience. Like I said, though, it doesn't affect either party. The girls in the audience keep watching, intently focused on hearing out the hostesses' opinions while the hostesses themselves talk things out and listen to one another's thoughts, completely ignoring the fact that they're being used as public cumdumpsters. The utmost sophistication and dedication they retain while being fucked so hard is something that will never cease to turn me on.

I can't even really explain it, but seeing a woman having sex and completely ignoring it...it drives me insane with pleasure. Just why is it exactly that I'm so turned on by the fact that when I fuck a girl she'll keep talking on her phone as if I'm not there? For what reason is it that the idea of me being able to lick a librarian's pussy freely while she organizes books and ignores me is so amazingly erotic? I've tried time and time again to understand, but I don't think there's any clear answer. I think it's just hot because it's hot, no ifs, ands, or buts about it. One thing is very clear to me, though: I'm extremely lucky to be living under The Law. With it, I can live out my most potent fetish without fear of repercussion—girl only get pregnant when they want to and there no need to worry about STDs...it's like a heaven built for me. My biggest fetish, having a girl go on with her life while I use her, something that before was only rarely seen in niche hentai doujins and amateur porn flicks, is now accepted reality. I feel bad for any guy who can't experience this.

"Paige, think about the economic state of our country and then ask me that question again," the red-haired Lauren inquires to her fellow hostess, looking up at her from the floor. She's on her side with her leg in the air as a man she probably doesn't even know forces his cock in and out of her. Given the current time of 1:04 P.M. as indicated by the clock on my wall, the show's just barely begun, so this is most like the first of many guys who's decided to use Lauren during today's show. The other evidence backing up this claim would be the fact that she doesn't have a drop of semen on her body, something that's pretty rare these days.

"His presidential campaign for the past few months has made not even the slightest utterance of lowering taxes," she continues as the man making use of her reaches his arm around her and begins to vehemently grope and squeeze her right breast. "Every person running for this presidential election that has a plan of reducing taxes has made that incredibly clear from the start," Lauren explains as if having her tits massaged and played with like a stress ball means nothing to her. Rather, "as if" isn't the right phrase to use because chances are it really doesn't mean anything to her. "If his advertising and campaign run doesn't speak of tax reductions, then he isn't going to reduce taxes."

"I can kind of see where you're coming from with that line of logic, Lauren," Paige calmly responds as her C-sized breasts bounced in rhythm with the man drilling her pussy from below her. He was laid out

perfectly straight on the stage's couch as the blonde-haired beauty moved her hips up and down on top of his cock. As if her looks weren't captivating enough, her demeanor and stature took it a step further—while being fucked as she was, she was able to still cross her legs, keeping them still while moving her ass up and down on the man's member. In essence, she was being fucked while sitting very gracefully with poise of the likes I had hardly ever seen before and it was starting to take effect on me. I could feel my cock starting to stiffen up inside of my loose sweatpants. It was only a matter of time; it always happens when I watch this show.

"However, to assume that simply because his campaign doesn't mention tax reductions equates to him not planning to reduce taxes..." Paige continues as her hips move on their own. She pushes her glasses up like some edgy protagonist in an anime and closes her eyes with a light laugh. "That's a bit ludicrous, Lauren. What if he announces it after he's elected? Did that possibility fly over your head?"

Oh, Paige, you could not have had a better choice of words for that one. As the camera shifts back to Lauren on the floor, it's shown that she's experiencing something akin to Paige's counter-argument—the man using her had pulled out while the camera was on Paige and is now squatting over the Lauren's face with a bulging, erect penis on the verge of release. "I can't say I think it makes much sense for him to do that," Lauren speaks up as the man spews his white fluid all over her face. A bit of it flies right over her head and lands on a selection of skin of Paige's nearby right foot, missing the ornate leather of her open high heels. It appeared as if Paige didn't even so much as notice as she kept her legs perfectly still even with hot semen suddenly sprayed onto them. Likewise, upon having her face blasted with cum, Lauren had no reaction either. "What's the point in not telling the people what they want to hear?" she questions as the sticky substance on her face slowly begins to roll down towards her mouth. It falls in bit by bit as she talks, but it rolls back out onto her chin with the movements her mouth makes during speech. "Tax reductions mean less money on taxes for purchases. That, in turn, means less money spent by people in their everyday life."

The camera shifts to the third hostess, Stephanie, a brown-haired vixen who was a little bit taller than the other two. She's on her knees at the base of the couch sucking the cock of a man who had taken her seat. Even though she's maneuvering her lips all around his hardened shaft, her eyes are fully focused on her two coworkers, listening to the conversation on the table so far. Every now and then, she stops using her mouth and shifts to a handjob, clapping her fingers onto the man's cock like a lever and moving them up and down. Despite it being slathered in her own saliva and oral juices, it doesn't seem to bother her that much. "That's what makes me think he's got no plans to reduce taxes," Lauren's voice continues off screen as the camera stays on Stephanie for just a bit longer. As opposed to Lauren and Paige who have both been stripped naked with their clothes tossed aside all over the stage, Stephanie was still dressed in a very fashionable light brown dress shirt and black denim jeans. This doesn't last very long, though—while Lauren explains herself, the man using Stephanie lightly grabs her arm and pulls up on it, gesturing her to stand. Without any second thought, Stephanie releases her hold on his penis and does as she is subtly asked. She keeps her eyes and ears on Lauren as the man turns her around. He's now face-to-ass with her rather bodacious bottom from his seated position on the couch. He unzips her jeans and pulls them down, lifting her feet up to release her from them.

Throwing the jeans to the side, the man spreads open Stephanie's ass cheeks as she stands there, still deeply enveloped in the thoughts Lauren is sharing. "As I've already stated, he's the only candidate who understands our economic situation," Lauren goes on as the man vigorously squeezes and toys with Stephanie's thick ass cheeks while simultaneously taking deep whiffs of her closed anus with his nose.

Seeing him do so reminds me of how I've often spend hours a night smelling my cousin's ass in the same exact manner, sometimes while she watches anime and sometimes while she's asleep. Tori's ass—no, her entire body and it's natural order just smells so enticing. If I watch this show for any longer I'm probably going to end up heading into her room...

"He gets the idea that we can't recover our financial situation as a country if we lower taxes even further," Laura's off-screen argument proceeds further as the man using Stephanie takes his last hearty sniff of her anus. Assumingly having had decided that he's done with that, the man lays down on the couch much like the man fucking Paige and pulls Stephanie's ass down with him. In just another quick second, they're in a sixty-nine position on the couch and Stephanie has her mouth on his cock once again, licking it and sucking on it like a lollipop while still keeping her eyes on Laura. The man is going to town on her pussy as if he were starving and stranded survivor on a remote island who just found a secret grove full of fresh food.

For a short moment, the camera cuts to a close-up on a section of the audience. To be specific, there's a girl being straddled by a man in her seat with her back to the stage. It's almost like they're in an upright missionary position, actually. He's kissing her neck and breasts, but she has her head turned as far as she can in an attempt to keep watching the three hostesses discuss things.

After that, the camera cuts to a wide shot of the stage, showing all three women—Lauren on the floor with her face covered in the now slowly drying cum of whoever fucked her, Stephanie on top of a guy giving him a blowjob with pretty loud slurping sounds while her cunt was thoroughly licked, and Paige in the center with her hips and ass bouncing on a stiff rod yet keeping her legs still elegantly crossed. The scene as a whole is enough to make me experience a bit of precum in my pants. I think I know what I'm going to do when commercials start.

"My point is that he's not going to lower taxes because he's a realist," Lauren finalizes with a conclusion to her argument. "There's been plenty of tax-based votes and debates in the Senate before and he's never once sided with lowering them. Should he end up winning the election, I think reducing taxes would be the last thing on his mind."

As she finishes her thoughts, the guy fucking Stephanie ends up cumming a particularly large load into her mouth. The collision of his seeds against the insides of her throat still aren't enough to make her gag or flinch, though. Taking her mouth off his cock, she briefly licks her lips and swabs up any outside cum with her tongue, bringing it into the depths of her mouth with the rest of his load and swallowing it with ease. "Lauren's got a point, Paige," she casually states in agreement with her red-headed coworker as if she didn't just swallow a massive amount of semen on live television. "I get what you mean by possibilities, but going by his record in the Senate and what he's voted for...it's not exactly likely."

Paige remains silent for a moment as her body continues to deliver what I can only imagine to be an immeasurable amount of satisfaction to the lucky guy who's doing her. She nods to herself as she strokes her chin lightly in thought. "Yes, I suppose you have a point," she says with a thoughtful breath as she effortlessly switches her crossed legs. "I think we can only wait and see. Anywho, we're going to cut to a quick commercial break. When we get back, we'll discuss the other candidates and our expectations for the upcoming election as a whole."

A small jingle begins to play as the camera slowly zooms out, showcasing the whole studio. I'm only able

to count up to 23 girls getting fucked in the audience before it fully fades to black, and that was only over half the seats. As always after watching that show, I've got an erection harder than reinforced titanium. I only just woke up an hour or two ago, so I haven't fucked Tori at all yet today. The last I had sex with her was yesterday night at around 9:30 P.M. She was watching a movie with Aunt Helen in the living room. I had Tori lay down on her back on the floor and then I asked Aunt Helen to stand in front of me. While fucking Tori's ass, I was groping and playing with my aunt's considerably large, soft ass cheeks and sniffing her anus. That went on for a half hour before I pulled out of Tori, deciding I'd rather see her adorable face plastered in my cum as opposed to filling her ass with it. After giving her that facial, I got down on the floor on my back much like Tori was and fucked my aunt cow-girl style. As that happened, I had Tori sit on my face and was blessed with the heavenly smell of her natural body order—she hadn't bathed for two days. As I licked her pussy and ass on top of me clean, she continued watching the movie with my aunt, not having a slightest care in the world about all of the cum on her face. They were making small talk about the movie, not reacting whatsoever to my actions. "Oh, I think that was pretty good camera work," Tori would say as I sucked the juices out of her vagina like a vacuum picking up dust. "Yeah, the cinematography has been absolutely wonderful so far," my aunt responds as she leans forward slightly, getting as comfortable as possible while I use her like my own personal slut.

...Fuck it. Not like I have anything else to do anyway.

In a bit of a feverish rush, I leap off my bed and remove my pants, throwing them onto the bed. I'm not wearing underwear—not much point given how often I'd have to remove them and then put them back on with how sexually active I am in this house. Departing from my room, I walk a short way down a hallway lined with photos of Aunt Helen and Victoria until I reach the door at the end of the hall. Without much worry or hesitation, I open it and am greeted with something I've heard quite often now.

"Yeah, if you just buff me while I prep up a spell or two, I think I'll be able to one-shot it."

I'm now in a room roughly the same size of my own. The window is open and a fresh breeze of air is coming through. Across from me at the other end of the room is my older cousin, Tori, sitting at her computer desk. She's sitting reverse in her chair—that is to say, she's leaning forward against the back of the chair, much like young children would do in grade school. The reason for this is simple yet ingenious: without the back of the chair blocking her body, it becomes that much easier for me to fuck her whenever I want without bothering her.

She's staring into a bright LCD screen which is displaying various menus, bars, and moving characters. As always, she's playing her favorite MMO, *Fantasia Expanse*. On her head is a light-weight black headset with an attached microphone. She uses it to speak with her friends online as they play together—

"Oh, did you get a drop? Let me see it...oh, shit, a +8 Haunting Blade? You can make some good money off that."

—much like that.

As I close the door behind me, I can hear the rapid clicking of her mouse and typing of her keyboard. "Just use the town teleport crystal and save yourself the walk," she instructs to whatever friend she's speaking to. With the click of the door shutting, Tori turns her head with a glance to see and who

stepped in.

"Hi, Joshua," she says very calmly with maintained eye contact before she turns her head back around to focus on her game again. She didn't bother looking at my lower body because she already knows what's going to happen. It's a perfectly normal occurrence for her; it's nothing she ever needs to double check or confirm.

"Hey, Tori," I respond as casually as I can. "How're things?"

"Same as always," she answers with a lack of particular emotion. "Do you know when Mom's coming home?"

"Kind of late, she said. Around 7 or 8."

"Oh, alright. Well, you have fun, then."

I can feel my cock twitch upon hearing that.

You have fun, then.

Just hearing my cousin so nonchalantly play off the fact that I'm about to use her body is so...man, like I said before, I don't understand why I find it so erotic. My eyes find their way to her body, slumped forwards in the chair—she's wearing a loose white tank top with no bra underneath...and nothing else. At all. She has a habit of wearing the absolute minimum at home. It was always this type of deal: a casual shirt and no more. It drove me wild. Watching her walk around the house with no panties on, seeing her ass cheeks sway and bounce in such a carefree manner whenever she had to step out of her room, the rare chance that she would drop something and would have to bend over to pick it up with nothing to shield the fully exposed view of her illustriously tight pussy and asshole...

I really can't take it anymore. At this rate, I'm pretty sure I'm going to spend the rest of today filling Tori with my cum. Over and over, I'll just keep shooting heaps in and on her. By the time dinner's ready, her body will be coated in it like a freshly painted car. Beyond that, before she sits down for dinner, I'll just sit down in her seat and she'll sit on top of my cock, riding me to heaven and back while she eats her food and pays me no mind.

Whoever made The Law...thank you.

Point-of-View — Victoria

Whoever made The Law...I honestly don't get it, but alright.

I don't really object to it or care either way. My cousin's a nice kid. He's never really caused trouble for my mom and I, unless you want to think that being fucked nonstop would fall under that category. Should you think that, well, you're wrong. It's really nothing special anymore. I can easily carry out as many quests as I want to and go on countless dungeon excavations with my friends in *Fantasia Expanse* while Joshua fucks me for hours. I'm not going to lie—it does feel kind of good, sometimes. Especially anal...anal actually feels really, really good. No matter how good it feels, though, I'm not going

to bother paying it any mind. I've got monsters to kill and loot to get.

"What dungeon did you want to run next?" I ask my friends over our voice chat as my little cousin begins to sniff and lick my ass. He's always had an infatuation towards my body odor and absolutely loves smelling me. A few weeks ago, he actually asked me to start showering only every three to four days. I couldn't care less about it, really, so I happily obliged. Considering how often my body is drenched in cum, I can't even notice when something smells around me, so it didn't bother me at all. Moreover, taking a bath everyday when I'm just going to end up having him cover me in his semen again anyway...there wasn't much point. I actually only just showered a few hours ago when I woke up—my last shower was four days ago on Tuesday.

"Well, the Violet Caverns seem to give pretty good equipment for my level," one of my friends answers me while Joshua prods my anus with his tongue. Her name is Aura—that is to say, her character's name. In the guild's voice chat, we mainly refer to each other by character name since not everyone knows each other's real name. Aura is one of these people—we only just met her a week or two ago. I invited her to the guild after questing with her for a few days. She's a great girl. "The rest of you are a bit higher leveled than me, so it might be kinda boring for you guys, but I could really use some new armor from there. Would you be alright with running that area a few times?"

I hear a variety of "Yeah," "No problem," and "Sounds good" from various people in our group chat. I'm a bit delayed in responding—Joshua's fingers pressing against the insides of my asshole just happened to feel really, really good for the moment. It's what usually happens for the first fuck of every day; it steals my attention for just a bit, but from then on I'm good to go. I really do love when he fingers my ass, though.

"You coming with us, Lotus? Or are you gonna hit up another area?"

"Oh!" I exclaim in surprise upon hearing my in-game name. "Yeah, sorry, sorry. I'll tag along, sure. I don't want to explore other dungeons and get even more higher leveled than Aura, so I'll tag along and help until she catches up with us," I explain as Joshua slowly crawls around my chair into the hollow area beneath my desk. Since he's done with my butt, I already know what he wants next and I will gladly give it to him.

"Who else is coming with us, then?" I ask as Joshua grabs hold of my feet and begins to gently kiss my soft and smooth soles. Premium foot worship service like this is something I've always enjoyed. It just feels so relaxing. Even before he started fucking me day and night (since he moved in when I was around 17 and I wasn't under effect of The Law at that time), Joshua would commonly ask me if he could give me foot massages. I was happy to let him have his way with my feet—what girl wouldn't? Eventually, foot massages turned to foot kisses, foot kisses turned to toe sucking, and then toe sucking turned to full-on foot worship. Even as he got more and more involved and into it, it didn't deter me. Quite the opposite, actually. Having him all over my feet was good practice for the eventual day where I would turn 18 and be tasked with being publicly used at the disposal of any guy whenever and wherever they wanted. Living with Joshua was essentially one huge continuous warm-up. He would kiss and lick my feet while I did my homework, while I ate dinner, while I watched TV, while I played games...actually, now that I think about, I can't remember one day where he didn't spend at least four hours just all over them. We'd get home from school at around 3, he'd finish his homework by 5, and then for the next five hours he would follow me around and just slobber over my feet like a puppy with a toy. Sometimes, my

mom would sit next to me and he'd worship her feet too. Letting my little cousin use my body so freely and without objection, even if it was only my feet... it helped me get ready for my incoming life under The Law. To be honest, it even reached the point where I couldn't fall asleep unless he was sucking my toes. Now, thanks to him, I can multi-task pretty easily while being fucked and not have to worry about losing focus.

Speaking of losing focus—

"Hello?" I respond with a confused tone into the microphone upon not hearing any answers from the guild members in the voice call. "Who else is coming with us to the Violet Caverns?"

"Ah, my bad," I heard one friend in specific reply. "I'm all yours. We'll need at last two more, though."

"Thanks, Venom," I sincerely thank him as my toes press down against my brother's tongue inside of his mouth. "It'll be useful to have a tank. We'll probably need a healer, though, given how underleveled Aura is..."

"I'll come too, then," a light, somewhat fragile voice replies, as if beckoning a master calling it. "I'd like to help out for once."

"You've helped out plenty, Reia!" I counter with a bit of confusion as to why she feels so insecure about her contributions to our guild. As I respond to her, I feel Joshua licking my soles up and down while groping my calves. "So, Reia as our healer, Aura's a ranged melee class, I've got ranged magic covered, Venom's our tank...sounds like the last thing we need is a close-range fighter."

"And who else better than myself?!" a somewhat loud voice retorts as his player character broke out into a dancing animation on my screen. Although the smile that appeared on my face in reaction to that could be seen as a response to Krios' sudden entrance and dance maneuver, my happiness is equally extended towards Joshua's kissing and massaging of my feet and legs. It's just so relaxing to be able to enjoy my favorite game with my best friends while my cousin has his way with my body.

As for Krios, he's just that type of funny guy. I might actually have a kind of silly middle school type of crush on him. My mind reminisces back for a moment as my cousin beneath me gestures my feet toward his cock. Without necessary further instruction, I begin to rub his stiff shaft with the soles of my saliva-covered feet as I think back. Krios was actually the first guy I met on *Fantasia Expanse*. We've known each other for a year or two now, but we've still yet to exchange photos or anything of the like...I don't know how I'd feel about long distant internet relationships since he lives a few hundred miles away, but he really is a great guy. I really hope he's got a thing for feet, though...after how Joshua's pampered me for the past few years, I don't think I could marry a man who wouldn't be willing to do the same.

Hm...maybe I just won't marry at all and instead find an apartment to live in with Joshua. With him giving my feet the attention I want them to get and him being able to fill my holes with oodles of his cum whenever he wants, it'd be a win-win situation, right? We don't need to get married and have families...we can just live together as cousins using one another in a sort of symbiotic relationship. If my mom heard me talk like that, though...she'd kill me. Naturally, the only type of person who would agree with my line of thought regarding this is someone like myself—someone who prefers to stay inside all day and only goes out when they need to, like my friends who I play with online. They're all like me. On the

other hand, my mother's a social butterfly with the hair salon she owns and her clients and coworkers...if she knew that I was considering skipping out on having a family and might rather instead spend the rest of my days living with my cousin and having him fuck me every single waking hour while I peacefully go on with my life, she would flip.

"I'd be the fifth, yeah?" Krios' inquires, his question bringing me back to reality from my lost thoughts. I listen to him as I shift my feet a bit, changing the footjob from me rubbing Joshua's cock from with my soles to instead placing his member between my big toe and second toe, running them up and down. With my other foot now free, he wastes no time in grabbing it and bringing it to his face, taking an extremely deep whiff of it followed by several soft kisses. "We'd need eight for most dungeon runs, but since this is a level 30 dungeon and four of us are level 37...I think we'll be fine, yeah?"

Everyone agrees without debate, including myself. With the party decided, the five of us split from the big guild voice chat to a smaller party voice chat as we meet up in the center of town with our characters. As we make some last minute arrangements like getting potions and scrolls and what not for the battles to come, Joshua quickly makes his way out from beneath the desk and stands next to me. Since I'm on my chair and everything, I'm at eye level with his ready to burst cock, trembling and waiting for ejaculation. He slips it in-between my lips and fucks my mouth from the side as I keep my eyes glued to the screen. I know I'm about to have some of his sticky genital fluids erupt in my mouth and crawl down my throat, but I'm more concerned with making sure I've stocked enough mana potions. My spells are somewhat resource-heavy and I don't have any enchantments on my weapons or armor to increase my maximum mana pool yet, so for the past few levels I've have to drink mana potions like crazy—in fact, it's pretty similar to how I'm drinking my little cousin's cum right now. He just came inside my mouth and released around seven shots of his semen in and around my mouth. Very slowly, he slides his cock out, causing a thin bridge of steaming hot cum to form itself between the tip of his dick and my lips. As he moves it further and further away, the bridge thins and thins until it finally breaks, falling back towards me and hanging from my chin precariously.

What happens next is something that I actually find just a bit erotic, to be honest, but it's mainly for the safety of my computer. Under normal circumstances, I would just pick up excess cum myself with my own fingers and lick them clean as if I had just finished eating a bag of chips, but since the last thing I want to do is get cum on my keyboard or mouse, Joshua does it for me—he picks up any blotches and strings of his own juices off my face and chin and then holds his fingers in front of my mouth. I then lick them off, swirling my tongue around his skin as my saliva and his seeds intertwine. When it's all clean, I gulp it down as if I were drinking water, because that's what cum is to me these days. Well, okay, no. I actually kind of like the taste of it, but just a bit. Or maybe it's just Joshua's cum...? In any case, it's always refreshing when he releases inside of my mouth. As strange as it may sound, it really does quench my thirst.

"Alright, I think we're set," I hear Venom remark as we all find our way towards the massive purple crystal at the edge of town. With this crystal, we can teleport to any location we've previously visited that has the same type of crystal or any dungeon near the immediate area. Joshua makes his way behind me as I type some things into the guild chat before selecting the Violet Caverns as our party's destination.

"I've just got to hope we pull some good luck with drops," Aura remarks as my little cousin spreads my asscheeks a bit, prodding my anus with the tip of his still erect penis. "If I have to level any more with my

current gear, I'll be screwed."

"Don't worry about it!" I cheerfully exclaim as Joshua pushes in, fully enveloping his cock with the walls of my ass. I can feel my asshole and the sphincters inside tightening like crazy around his shaft as he starts to fuck me anally, but I'm more focused on preparing my fingers to go to my keyboard shortcuts for spell casting as the area loads. Like I said before, since this is the first of many, many fucks for today, it does feel pretty good, but it's not the type of good feeling that you would scream and moan about. I can happily enjoy this wonderful feeling of having him pierce my asshole with his cock for hours without even batting an eye at it.

With the dungeon finally loaded and our party of five materialized in the first room of the complex multi-floor cavern, we move forth and begin to explore, running into monsters and treasure chests galore. While playing my favorite MMO with my online friends, Joshua is allowed to do whatever he wants to my body and I'm perfectly okay with it. Really, "perfectly okay with it" is putting it lightly—I wouldn't have it any other way. I've got no objections to being fucked as I tackle on various monsters and beasts with my friends. Having an explosion of his seeds and juices fill my womb while I talk to them about battle strategies and what skills they should be focusing on using is nothing out of the ordinary. The rhythmic hammering of his penis in and out of my butthole as I more or less ignore him and just play video games has been a normality in my daily life for over a year now. At this point, it'd actually probably feel weird to go even a few hours of playing *Fantasia Expanse* without having Joshua use me.

As I enter a new chamber with my party members, a red circle appears on the floor in front of us and a large, monstrous crimson spider spawns. The spawn rate of this Bloodsucker is actually pretty low, about an 8% chance per floor, so we've gotten incredibly lucky. In good hopes, it'll drop some fresh pieces of equipment for Aura...

4 - Naomi ~ Elizabeth ~ Violet

Author's Note: So about the whole "returning to a regular update schedule" from last time...yeah. Writer's block is a bitch. I apologize. However, for some of the time I spent not writing this chapter, I've been doing something I believe the majority of readers here will be able to enjoy: original captions for ignored sex images. It's a project I recently started where I take the world I've made here in "The Law" and do short stories about it with accompanying pictures. I've ended up putting a lot of time into them, so if you've been enjoying these chapters so far, you'll probably enjoy them as well.

You can check out my captions at either the [g.e-hentai.org gallery](http://g.e-hentai.org) for them, my [ImageFap galleries](#), or my [Tumblr blog](#) for them. Feel free to let me know what you think about them.

Equally, I would like to apologize to those who may be annoyed with how I've been jumping around different characters and stories so much, from Alicia to Joshua/Victoria and now to this. You're not the only ones—I'm actually somewhat annoyed at myself for it as well, but I've been experiencing terrible writer's block with those scenarios and my only way to overcome it is to write about something else until I can revisit those older subjects. Those stories will certainly be concluded at some point, however, so don't worry—The Law is a project I plan on working on for a very long time, so those chapters will see definitely see a proper conclusion sooner or later.

So, due to my current inability to continue with the previous two stories presented at this point in time, I will be starting fresh once again, now adopting a second person view (similar to my latest captions) in an attempt to change things up further. If you have any comments or opinions on second person versus the first person view of the previous three chapters, feel free to let me know.

My last note is that this chapter is much shorter than the others thus far. Writing very long chapters is becoming somewhat of a difficult task for me and it holds me back from releasing content at an at least semi-regular pace. I believe that I will be able to update this story more often with shorter, more focused chapters, so I'm going to try it in hopes that it will allow you guys to see more content from me in the long run.

I hope you enjoy.

— — —

"Did you want to order pizza or something?"

An average Saturday night—Naomi, a 22 year old college senior, and her 20 year-old friend, Elizabeth, are relaxing in Naomi's room, flipping through TV stations.

"Oh, I'll eat anything, really, but pizza sounds fine."

"Alright, I'll order it, then. Could you throw me my cell phone?"

They're enjoying their weekend and their vacation from studies, hanging out for the first time in a few weeks. There's nothing out of the ordinary...

"Hi, I'd like to place an order for delivery."

...unless you count the fact that you've been fucking both of them for the past two hours.

"Yeah, two large pizzas, one cheese, one pepperoni..."

Lying on her stomach on her bed, Naomi is placing an order for pizza delivery while you pump her from behind with your cock. The rhythm of your motions aren't displacing her or breaking her focus in the slightest. She's not moaning crazy with pleasure or blinded by sexual excitement—in fact, it's the opposite. With ease, she's able to carry a conversation over the phone while you use her body freely. She's been doing it ever since you walked in.

"17 dollars, forty five minutes. Got it, thanks."

With a small yawn, she throws her phone back towards her friend, Elizabeth, who is sitting on the floor at the base of a nightstand. You look at Elizabeth for a moment. The only thing she's wearing is a loose tank top with not even so much as a bra underneath, much like Naomi. Her legs and her face are covered in a collection of your semen that you've shot onto her time and time again ever since you walked in. Underneath her, there's a slowly growing pool of a thick, white substance—all of the cum you've shot into her pussy and ass so far is slowly crawling back out, oozing onto the floor and forming a massive puddle. This doesn't seem to be of any concern to her, however. Sitting in a shallow pond of your essence isn't something that bothers her. Honestly, given how well she's able to play with her phone and text people, she probably doesn't even notice it, as if it were a normal occurrence in her daily life.

Then again, it *is* normal.

"Brad's trying to ask me out on a date again," Elizabeth off-handedly comments with an annoyed sigh.

Naomi turns her head from the TV, looking towards Elizabeth. "He's still trying? Really?"

Elizabeth looks up at Naomi from the floor, shrugging with a confused look. "Yeah. I thought he would have given up by now, but..."

Naomi is able to look at the cum-blasted face of her friend with a straight, unwavering look, completely unaffected by how they're being used by you. Likewise, Elizabeth has no problem with the fact that she's your personal cumdumpster while she hangs out with Naomi. Not once have they objected to anything you've done, not once have they been annoyed or angered. They don't care.

Simply put, this is their life and they don't mind it at all. They don't care about what you do to them—they put their energy and focus elsewhere, believing they should rather spend their time on enjoying their sleepover. It doesn't matter how long you fuck them for and how much you ejaculate in and on their bodies; they'll just keep ignoring you.

Strangely enough, that's the best part of it all—they just ignore you.

For some reason, even beyond the fact that The Law has granted you the freedom to fuck any girl at any time in any place, your undeniably favorite part of it is how the girls ignore you and move on with their lives. It's basically a fetish at this point. Why do you like it so much? Why is it that you're turned on when the girl you're fucking casually keeps talking to her friend and they all just disregard what you're doing? Why is it that you like it how a girl will give you a blowjob while her eyes are solely focused on the TV in front of her or the book in her hands? For what reason is it that you get sexually excited at the prospect of having your way with a woman in a restaurant while she continues eating and talking with her date, neither of them caring or reacting to what's happening to her?

You've lost count of how many times you've asked yourself this question. It's practically hopeless at this rate. You like it because you do. Simple as that. Isn't that the explanation for any fetish? There's no scientific reason behind your enhanced enjoyment that accompanies a girl who is doing her homework while you fuck her. It's not rocket science. You just like it.

"Naomi!"

A voice from the hall outside beckons the girl who you're currently spearing. She looks up towards the open door, calling out in response. "Yeah?" she questions curiously, obviously more interested in learning why her name was called than paying attention to how she's your very own personal slut.

Naomi's 19 year old sister, Violet, comes into sight. She's wearing a long-sleeved black sweater with the cloth cut from the chest—her 38C breasts are out for the world to see, bathed in different aged coatings of men's juices. She was always fond of the ease-of-access clothing that many women wear these days: clothes that allow their bodies to be used without hassle while still being able to wear the latest fashions. For her lower half, she was wearing nothing more than black laced panties. Well, "wearing" would be a loose term; they were at her ankles, probably pulled down by whatever man last fucked her. She was simply too lazy to pull them back out, or maybe she was so focused on whatever she was doing that she completely forgot they were down there.

Violet, with a sweater exposing her gloriously firm-looking tits and her underwear at her ankles, had nothing more to say than—

"I'm heading out. I'll be back in a few hours. Can you save me a few slices of pizza?"

I'm heading out.

The image of Violet strolling through the streets with that sweater and her panties at her feet, completely indifferent and absolutely uncaring about it all...it really gets your imagination going. What if she drops something on the sidewalk and has to bend down to pick it up, revealing her assets to an even more extreme extent? Would she give a damn? Absolutely not. What if a guy decided to start fucking her right as she bent down? Would she care then? Not a chance. Her only thought would be something ridiculously casual like *Oh, guess I've gotta wait for him to finish*. She'd just pull out her phone, killing time until the stranger she's never met before finishes splurging his cum all over the insides of her pussy. With that done, she'd keep walking, the movements of her legs combined with gravity slowly pushing the cum inside of her out, crawling downwards inch by inch. It'd drip towards the floor and onto

her black panties below with every step, but that's not something she's worried about. Why should she care if her panties get stained with cum? Her face is stained with it all the time. She drinks it on a day to day basis as if it were water. What's there to worry about?

What if she decided to finally pull up her now cum-soaked panties, snapping them back into place at her waist and smearing the hot and creamy juices of that man all over her crotch and labia? Surely, a normal girl would be disgusted at the idea of having to walk around in public with cum in her panties and on her body, but in your fantasy, they don't care.

Then again, your fantasy isn't just fantasy. It's reality. Her sister's response only further cements that fact—

"Yeah, no problem. Have fun and tell Crystal and Melanie I said hi!"

Just like that, Violet's big sister has affirmed that there's no issue with her walking around like that in public, seeing nothing wrong with her breasts openly bouncing with every step and her panties lazily resting at her ankles...

How casual they are about their bodies and how they dress, how uninterested they are about sex and being used—it drives you wild, wild and crazy, fulfilling every last stretch of your most intricate fantasies.

Yet, this isn't fantasy. This is reality.

"Will do!" Violet responds with a cheerful smile. "Oh, and by the way..."

Ramming your rod in and out of Naomi's vaginal canal while staring at Violet standing in the door way, her goods so beautifully showcased to you in such a manner...there's no way you can't. Yes, before she leaves, you have to...!

Quickly releasing yourself from Naomi, you get up the bed and make your way over to Violet, grabbing her child-bearing hips and slipping your cock between her thick, juicy thighs. Simultaneously, you bury your face in her chest, taking in the natural odor of the sweat she's built up—she hasn't showered today. Girls don't shower often, not with how much they're used. That's a good thing for you, though. The aroma of a girl's sweat and body odor...just another mysterious fetish that you can't understand, but it's something that's always captivated you.

What drives you more insane, however, is the fact that you're fucking a girl's thighs while she talks to her sister and neither of them have anything to say about it.

"That's what Mom told me, yeah."

"I think she's freaking out, personally. There's nothing to worry about."

They're talking about something entirely different—no utterance of "This stranger is having sex with me," no mentioning of "We don't know him, but he's always splurging his cum at us." It's all completely normal for them and they've grown to just ignore it. You can do whatever you want with their voluptuous bodies. You can use them to satisfy all of your sexual needs and desires and they'll never speak a word about it.

This world is tailored so perfectly for you. You're incredibly lucky. This is a blessing, and while you may or may not believe in a God of some sort, you're still thanking the heavens.

It's all just so...

"Well, I've gotta get going. Remember to save me a slice or two!"

She turns around just as you pull out from the tight, comfortable realm of pleasure between her thighs, reaching your highest point—in a flash, before she can start walking away, you release a mountain of your semen all over her ass cheeks, spraying them like paint on a canvas. Without a care in the world, she begins to walk down the hallway, her asscheeks bouncing up and down with every step, jiggling the pools and puddles on your cum that you've placed on them.

Violet is going to walk around town with all of that cum on her ass and no one's going to bat an eye at it or think strange of it. Others may even add on to the project you've started, splashing more and more semen onto her ass and body, but she'll never think anything of it. She'll meet up with her friends and all three of them will talk about their plans for the night while guys fuck them and give them a compilation of facial after facial. After deciding where to go, Violet will passively swallow however much cum is sitting in her throat and mouth, looking to her friends with a smile.

You can easily imagine Violet's two friends having to use the bathroom—Violet patiently waits outside the bathroom door, and as she does, a few guys approach her and begin to furiously masturbate in front of her. One of them instructs her to get on her knees and open her mouth, and she will do so very obediently, but you can tell by the look in her eyes that she's thinking about something completely different. Despite the fact that she's about to undergo a rainfall of hot cum all over her face, she's thinking about what to do with that Brad guy. *Maybe I could give him a chance*, her thoughts will say as all of the guys in front of her make her the star of her very own public bukkake scene. However, unlike in old porno films, she won't be savoring the cum like girls used to, moaning with overdramatic jubilant ecstasy. No, as bucketloads of cum are dumped on her face and in her mouth, the most pressing thing on her mind is whether or not she should turn down Brad again for the fourth time. Just like that, the guys will walk off as her two friends leave the bathroom, asking if she's good to go. Violet will stand up, swallowing everything that's been given to her as she nods to them with a calm smile. Just like that, they'll go on with their plans. The fact that they're covered in semen and have to drink large amounts of it wherever they go doesn't change a thing for them. It's common and, at this point, an expected occurrence in the daily life of any girl.

Oh, man. Your imagination can really go off on a tangent sometimes.

If you could put a number on that latest orgasm you released on Violet, you would, but you lost count after eight. Under normal circumstances, this high level of sexual endurance and stamina would normally be alien and, to some extent, possibly even concerning, but in your world, this is decidedly normal. Turning around and seeing Naomi and Elizabeth watching TV half naked and completely detached from the fact that you've been fucking them nonstop is more than enough to kick up another boner. You've just released, but you're already ready to go again.

"Hey, Naomi, after we eat, do you wanna marathon a few movies? I brought a lot of DVDs!"

"Oh, that sounds like fun! Let's stay up all night like we used to!"

All night. Hours and hours on end of them watching movies, having general chit chat, reading magazines and doing makeup and nails...all while you screw them in and out. It's like a dream come true, really. Your most intense fetish, normally reserved for the deepest corners of unadulterated fantasy, is now factual reality.

Tonight should be fun.

5 - Mainstay Resort [Part 1]

Author's Note: *Minor caption update—7 new mini-stories consisting of 8 captions. You can check them out at either the [g.e-hentai.org gallery](http://g.e-hentai.org/gallery) for them, my [ImageFap galleries](#), or my [Tumblr blog](#) for them. Feel free to let me know what you think about them.*

I feel relatively good about how this chapter turned out, especially the second half. Hopefully you'll feel the same. Enjoy.

— — —

"Hey, I won't be able to make it. I got kind of held up and now I'm stuck helping my mom with some stuff. Sorry, man."

You turn off your cell phone's screen with a bit of a disappointed sigh after reading the text message you just got. You were going to meet up with an old friend to chill at the arcade and catch some games with him, but it looks like things got in the way this time.

The sun beams down brightly on the sidewalk bench you've been sitting on for the past half hour in your patient wait for your friend. The bus ride here to the middle of the busy and bustling central town district took an hour in and of itself...to just go back home after that five dollar bus fare would be a waste. Even though you don't feel like spending any more money and would rather save what you can for the eventual rescheduling of the arcade meet up, there's still plenty you could do here without spending a dime...

"No, no, don't do that. Calm down. Think rationally; it won't work out if you do that."

...one such example of what you can do in the city makes itself very apparent to you, in the form of a busy middle-aged woman walking past you.

In what you could only guess to be her early forties (which, if so, she looked damn good for her age), the lady walks past the bench you're sitting on in a quick pace, obviously in a bit of a hurry while talking to someone on the phone. Her clothing is remarkably bare—aside from black 3-inch high heels, the purse over her shoulder, and her sunglasses, she's got nothing on. Her body is open and free, butt and breasts jiggling with every step. Certain parts of her body are shining in the daylight, varying coatings of cum being reflected like light off a mirror.

"Listen to me, just call the supervisor tomorrow morning and arrange a hearing with him..."

It doesn't seem to bother her, though. She keeps walking with a powerful stride and eventually turns the corner, exiting your line of sight.

Yes, the best way to spend this unfortunately skewered afternoon would definitely be to just take the opportunity to use the girls of downtown while you're here. Now, there's certainly nothing wrong with the

girls you fuck back home, some of them actually being shockingly beautiful with strikingly gorgeous bodies. However, there's fresh material here that you could try out—local delicacies, so to speak. It's only around noon, so you have a lot of time to kill...why not see what the neighborhood girls are like?

Where to go, though...? Hm...you find yourself lost in thought for a moment. It's the central downtown district, after all. There's no end to the amount of locations to visit and sights to see compared to your small hometown. Just about the most interesting thing you can do back home is walk into a sleepover and fuck girls while they talk and do normal girl stuff...all very exciting, really, and it doesn't exactly get old or boring, but that's about the extent of it. Here in the city, however, the possibilities seem to be of a much greater exponential.

After a brief moment of trying to think about where to spend this afternoon, the answer comes to you in an unexpected manner. On the street in front of you, a city bus comes to a stop at the now red light, giving you a steady view of the advertisements plastered along the side of it. In the center of all of the ads, underneath a windowed view of a girl who's riding a stranger while touching up her makeup with a portable hand mirror, a nicely crafted poster conveys an easily comprehensible message.

— **Mainstay Resort: Five-Star Hotel w/ Restaurant, Gym, Pool, and more! All welcome.** —

To be precise, the last bit is what really catches your attention.

All welcome.

This was a positive sign, to say the least. It's no secret in this society that some businesses only allow enforcement of The Law should the males in question actually *use their services* before using the girls; that is to say, some small shops might require you to actually buy something before you start getting crazy on any of the girls that are in there as opposed to other places where you can walk right in and just do whatever you'd like without shelling out any cash. More often than not, it's not exactly a big deal and is something reserved for smaller, private companies or businesses, but even then, advertising that your store, library, or hotel has no issue with free walk-in usage like this can only boost revenue and public opinion, so why not just inform the public? The more you know, right?

Before the light turns green, you manage to quickly memorize the address of the hotel—it's about ten blocks from here, so a decent twenty or so minute walk given the moderately large streets of downtown. You're absolutely positive that you can find something to do in a skyscraper hotel in the middle of a big city with so many resources available within it. To be honest, just thinking about it the kinds of girls who would be staying at an expensive five-star hotel like that and how you'll be able to do whatever you please with them is already getting you a bit hard. That's normally nothing too troublesome since you're usually wearing light shorts or sweatpants, but when you have plans to meet up with a friend like this, you like to bust out the decent clothes in favor over the *"These will be easy to remove if I see a girl I'd like to fuck"* clothes. As such, you're currently wearing a nice set of denim jeans and a jacket. You can already feel the problem here; dealing with a boner behind the rigid constraints of buttoned jeans is much more difficult than dealing with one behind the open, relaxed form of shorts or sweats. Having not worn jeans in some time, you've kind of forgotten this fact.

With a destination and a goal in mind, you get yourself off the bench after lazying about on it for over a half hour. Just because your friend couldn't make it and your wallet is now five dollars skinnier due to the

bus fare here doesn't mean you can't make something of your visit. You might as well enjoy yourself and that is what you intend on doing to the fullest.

As you walk with a brisk, steady pace, you take in the sights of the central downtown district. The streets are alive and busy with a vast amount of cars driving to and fro and an even larger amount of people walking here and there. Without a doubt, it's sparkling with much more energy than the humble streets and roads of your peaceful suburban hometown.

"I still can't believe these stockings were only ten dollars! What a steal!"

In the midst of the frenzied rush of people, tidbits of casual conversation catch your attention as you progress towards the hotel. Looking ahead, you can see two girls walking side by side in the direction you just came from, soon to be passing you entirely. They're holding an array of shopping bags as they talk with one another, their chatter arbitrarily jumping from subject to subject.

"...I know, right? What's gotten into her lately? I hope everything's alright..."

With every step that closes the distance between you and these two girls, your dick slowly gets harder and harder, desperately fighting against the miniscule closet of a room your jeans provide it with.

"...no, I'm waiting for next month's issue. They've got a list of the Top 10 new singers!"

The reason behind your cock's struggle for a unhindered expanse isn't something that requires much intuition to figure out—their faces have been painted with layers upon layers of fresh cum, dripping from their cheeks and hanging off the edges of their mouths and chins. These thin bridges of white fluid that dangle so precariously from their faces and chins swing wildly with each step they take, growing longer and thinner by the second until they finally drop to the floor, becoming nothing more than one of possibly billions of cum stains that no one will bother to notice.

"Really?! What did he say, what did he say?!"

They continue to jump from varying topics, looking at one another's semen-drenched faces and lips with eyes and expressions that unmistakably show their interest is elsewhere.

Two girls simply talking to one another with a seismic mess of thick cum on their faces, too lazy to bother wiping it off; the image of it alone is starting to send your cock into overdrive. This is understandable since you've only fucked a single girl today—after waking up and eating breakfast, you made your way to Millie's house next door and fucked her anally while she watched her favorite early morning soap opera. You ended up discharging a considerable load inside of her outstandingly tight asshole while she called up her friend about the ending of today's episode, outraged by the act of betrayal her favorite character performed against the protagonist. As the first batch of cum you would release today crawled out of her ass like a slug, her only comment was "Julia, Julia! Wasn't that plot twist extremely stupid?! That was completely out of character for him! Why would he turn against him?!"

That was at 9:00 A.M., a little over three hours ago now. You're not used to going this long without your rod impaling some form of pussy, but you had more important plans to attend to, so you set your lustful urges aside for once. Of course, now that those plans have been completely shifted, you're being

actively reminded of the fact that you want some action.

After what felt like an eternity, the moment of paths crossing finally passes you by and the two girls are now behind you, continuing on to wherever they might be headed. You sigh lightly to yourself and decide you might as well just wait until you get to the hotel before you get all hog wild. It's just girls walking around with cum on their faces. Nothing special. You can easily count fifteen other girls in the immediate vicinity who meet the same exact criteria and at least twenty who meet similar circumstances with semen either on other parts of their bodies or being pushed out of their vaginas and assholes through the motions of walking. No matter how hot the idea of girls having an undisturbed discussion with cum on their faces may be, it's nothing to get this excited over...this is what you're telling yourself, at least, but you're not really sure how well it's working.

Ten minutes later and you're down another four blocks, putting you at about halfway to your destination. Your stride and journey is that of a silent one, composed mainly of you simply thinking about what situations and scenarios you might find yourself encountering at a five-star hotel while continuing to take in the sounds and sights of the downtown area. As opposed to more common acts of regular sex, there are some happenings going on around you which are more unique in nature and easier to notice even while walking by at a brisk speed. A little bit ahead to your left, there's a girl standing next to the entrance of a small corner store. Her panties are down a little bit below her pussy and she's pulling it forward against her legs with one hand, as if presenting it to someone, while looking to the road ahead with a bored look. Her mind is perceptibly thinking about something. What she undoubtedly *isn't* thinking about, however, is the man in front of her who's masturbating with an apparent heated fervor, possibly turned on by the idea that this girl he doesn't know will pull up her panties after he's finished cumming on the inside of them, spreading all of his seeds around her pussy lips like some sort of lip gloss or chap stick. Thinking about it, what's hotter to you is the idea of her just walking around like that with an untroubled demeanor, but maybe this guy doesn't share your interests.

A bit ahead of that, in the beginning stretch of the next block, you briefly pass by a humble-looking comic store. What you see, however, causes you stop dead in your tracks and approach the window in a sort of immodest curiosity.

Through the glass window, you gaze at a girl on the floor near the lower shelves, quietly sampling her way through a comic that you assume she's potentially interested in. You've seen her around your college before, but you don't know her name. You're both complete strangers to one another. Still, you recognize her very easily and you can't help but find yourself getting more and more thrilled by the current scene she's involved in.

On all fours, she's being fucked doggystyle while flipping pages, the look in her eyes showcasing that she seems to be very absorbed in whatever she's reading. Right next to her is a man on his knees, rubbing one off inches away from her face. The immensely heated expression on his face leads you to assume that he is most likely extremely close to climax. Your theory is proven correct seconds later as he ejects streams and streams of his fluids towards her face, spraying it with visible pleasure and soaking her immaculate skin like a bath sponge. With an unmoved and unaffected aura, she flips the page again, continuing the story which has been captivating her so.

As if coordinated for comical effect, the man spearing her from behind hits his utmost limit at well, giving her home baked pie a delicious creamy filling, so to speak. He pulls out and takes in the fruits of his

labor as he watches his own stodgy semen escape the inner reaches of her pussy, seeking the fresh air of the outside world. Both men quickly pull up their pants and leave one after the other, leaving her flipping yet another page as she remains on the floor positioned like a dog with a colossal collection of cum on her face and a pool of similar juices slowly forming underneath her body.

An entire minute or two of this passes: you're simply looking intently in soundless wonder at a girl who's positioned so seductively and sexually in public with evidence of tremendously risqué acts having just been performed. However, despite the placement and nature of her body which scream *"Fuck me like a slut!"* and her vagina excreting cum which delivers a message of *"Everyone's else is doing it, so whore me out and fill me with your cum,"* her character and form are completely opposite to that presented idea. Reality being as far away from that concept as possible, she is contentedly discovering a new comic book series that she must surely plan on getting into further, especially with that focused look on her face that only seems to grow more and more involved with each page she turns.

At this rate, the bulging your cock is undergoing is probably going to lead to the destruction of these jeans. Even though you've seen this kind of scene plenty of times, given how much you really like this given scenario, it's not something you exactly tire of.

Then, as if to put the final nail in the coffin, she gets up from the floor after briefly flipping through the rest of the pages and turns around, grabbing a few more volumes and books off the display rack. While doing so, she absent-mindedly stains the soles of her feet in the now markedly large puddle of cum, standing in the center of it as she finishes up collecting what she would like to purchase. With a lighthearted hop in her step and a satisfied smile on her face, she pays for the comics and walks out with them in a small bag, leaving substantially thick white footprints leading towards the door which, given the black tiled floor of the store, are easy to see even from your position outside.

The basic and simple thought of you being the one fucking a girl in such a situation is enough to make you stain the boxers beneath your jeans with some pre-cum. Additionally, the followed thought that you could make that happen several times over in the next few hours at the hotel you're heading towards is enough to get just a bit more pre-cum seething out of your member.

Continuing your walk, you're feeling a lot of sexual frustration right now—it's still been over three hours since you last felt how pleasing a proper orgasm can feel like. As much as you would like to just get to the hotel and do your business, you can't help but feel you might have to make a pit stop along the way. Besides, it's not like you really *have* to be at the hotel before any amount of time, right? Hotels are open 24/7 for constant check-ins and check-outs, after all. Now that you really think about, there's no point in making yourself endure this unfulfilled and discomfiting anguish for the simple fact of getting to the hotel as early as possible.

Yeah, you should probably just fuck the nearest girl. No one's going to care, anyway.

As you cross the street to the eighth block of your trip, one of the stores you see running along the chain of businesses on this street is a hair salon.

Perfect.

Making your way inside, you unzip your pants in a hazy rush to send an incredibly clear message to any

employees who might think you need something *other* than their bodies. There's no time to waste on bothering to inform them that you're only there to fill them with your cum. Equally, if that's all you have to share with them, they probably don't want to hear it to begin with.

Looking around, your mind quickly calculates what you want most—there's an average looking girl in her early twenties as the clerk running the cashier on the counter. Aside from her, three older women in their thirties are currently fixing up and prettifying the hair of their clients with scissors, combs, brushes...the kinds of things you'd expect from a hair salon. The common trait all the employees share is that they're only wearing shirts with the logo of the salon. The entire lower half of their bodies are absolutely open to the elements, allowing any guys who plan on doing the obvious to get the job done with as little hassle as possible. Actually, "lower half" is somewhat incorrect; their shirts are extremely low cut and actually stop just at about equal level with their nipples, providing you a magnificently glorious view of mouth-wateringly alluring underboob.

Out of the three hair stylists, the one that stands out most to you is the one at the further end of the salon—a delightfully thick MILF if you ever saw one, tanned with an charming all-natural Pacific Islander skin tone and equipped with the epitome of bubble butts. They really don't come with this kind of variety of "oomph" back in your hometown.

Making your way over to her, you spread open her asscheeks and, to your surprise—

"Yeah, I know how you feel! It's hard to let the kids go once they grow up!"

"I'm gonna miss him so much! I told him to write home a lot since he picked a college so far away!"

"If he doesn't write, you could just bother him with a call!"

The hair stylist and her client share a laugh as they speak with one another, insensible to your presence and lacking reaction to how vigorously you're squeezing the stylist's robust asscheeks. Of course, this isn't what you're surprised about. You'd be more surprised if they actually stopped to talk to you.

In spreading her asscheeks to get a clearer look at her pussy and butthole, you were given the actual surprise—she's completely clean. Not stained in the slightest and no signs of cum or usage...did her shift start recently? Did she take a shower before leaving her home and then really went her entire commute here to work without being used once...? The chance to claim the first fuck of the day for an unused girl is such a rare occurrence in an area as active as central downtown, like finding a diamond in the rough or a needle in a haystack. Your cock is twitching with angered anticipation, clearly wondering why the hell you aren't fucking the ever living hell out of this gorgeous woman yet.

Without hesitation, you let primal instinct take over as you vehemently shove your member as far inside of her vaginal canal as you can, performing insanely powerful thrusts in and out as hard as you can, releasing the built up frustration of not experiencing ejaculation once in the past three hours. Her pussy is so incredibly warm—you could compare your cock to a bread being toasted to a delicious golden brown inside of a toaster oven. Since you're the first one to fuck her today, it's tighter than most vaginas you use on a daily basis, constricting itself around your rapidly moving shaft and tugging at you with the muscular strength that only a nicely developed MILF like this could provide.

As if this in and of itself wasn't already making you feel crazy good, what you hear going on during the act is just icing on a perfectly baked cake.

"Oh, so he's going to be a political science major? You might have the next President on your hands!"

"I'm not sure if that's his long term goal, but that'd certainly be something else! Could you imagine getting a phone call saying 'Congrats, your son is the now the President!' I wouldn't know how to react!"

"Hey, you never know! It might happen!"

The sight of their playfully unconcerned smiles in tandem with the completely natural flow of their conversation only skyrockets the level of sexual excitement you're feeling to an unparalleled high. You can't remember the last time you felt this good. The girls in your home town are nice and all, but fucking a thick, tanned Asian MILF while she gives someone a haircut is definitely something of another level. You're not entirely sure if this was on your bucket list, but if it was, you now know you can safely cross it off.

Given the fact that you haven't had sex in three hours when you would normally go no longer than 30 minutes without doing so, you only manage to last for about five minutes within the chamber of unpolluted bliss known as this woman's unexploited cunt. As you explode with sequence after sequence of cum blasts inside of her, you don't feel the least bit ashamed that you only lasted for this long. There's no reason to be embarrassed about it—the first fuck after 3 hours of no activity and it's inside a fresh, unused pussy? You'd have to be some kind of superhuman being to last any longer than that with such perfect conditions. It may sound silly, but experiencing something this heavenly could actually be something to brag about.

It's pretty difficult to put into words how satisfied you feel right now. As you pull out, your cock quickly shrivels into its naturally limped state, saturated in the juices of her vagina and glistening with an appearance that says *"I yield, I yield."* Every single ounce of sexual frustration you were experiencing has vanished from your body, dissipating into the air as nothing more than a bad memory. You couldn't even begin to imagine what sort of situation you would be in right now if you didn't make this brief stop to quickly pump one out. What the hell were you thinking, being worried about showing up late to a hotel when your only intention was to have sex with a bunch of girls while they did other stuff? It's not like you had to check-in by a certain time or anything. Hell, you're not checking in at all. Maybe the lack of sex for such an extended period of time was beginning to screw with even your basic thought processes. That's pretty scary to think about, honestly. Thankfully, however, this wonderful Asian hair stylist has alleviated you of all of your pains and worries without even lifting a finger or looking at you. Putting it like that just makes it all more magical.

As you put your pants back on and button them up, you see a waterfall of your very own semen advance outwards from the insides of the hair stylist, quickly forming an elongated vertical bridge to the floor below where it now forms a puddle. The whole scene is very reminiscent of the one you witnessed moments ago from outside the comic shop.

Watching it continue to fall, you realize just how much you actually came.

...it's still falling...if she wasn't in a position where gravity was forcing it all out, her womb would be a

thick, white ocean right about now. That's...pretty hot to think about, actually.

"Oh, let me show you the new combs we got! They're top of the line! I'll be right back!"

The hair stylist moves away from the salon chair, making her way to the back room where, presumably, all of their inventory is kept. While she's gone, the girl working as a clerk from behind the counter approaches the lady in the chair, handing her a few dollar bills.

"Just thought I'd give you your change while she was away, ma'am."

"Oh, thank you, dear!"

During the exchange, the clerk ends up stepping in the now miniature lake of your jizz, illustrating her attractively soft-looking barefoot soles with a drawing made up of your silvery white essence. As expected of any woman, she doesn't heed it any mind as she hands the customer her change and walks back towards the counter. With no transactions to make or appointments to schedule as she sits back down, she grabs one of several dozen magazines nearby and randomly opens up to the middle, kicking her feet up onto the counter with a relaxed poise and occasionally flipping the page with an apathetic and indifferent air about her. Unconsciously, she flexes her cum-blemished soles and sometimes inattentively wiggles her toes, briefly allowing small bits of the cum trapped between them to slide down onto the rest of her foot.

With girls this attractive and scenes this erotic, you figure that you are more likely than not are going to come here again at some point, both figuratively and literally speaking. Taking a business card from the counter and putting it inside of your wallet, you exit the hair salon with a refreshed and invigorated kick in your step, no longer suffering from the painful side effects of not having women pleasure you at a regular interval.

Of course, you don't plan on stopping soon. Mainstay Resort is just a block away.

6 - Mainstay Resort [Daydream Interlude]

Author's Note: 25 days without an update after I said I'd try to release stuff more frequently. Fuck. I'm so terrible at life. Sorry, guys. In any case, here's a new chapter—one that, by the end of it, turned out to be completely different than what I initially planned, but I think it works anyway.

I haven't managed to do any captions since the last update, but I did manage to make some advances in other fields that you guys might like—I finally got around to learning how to make decent looking .GIFs from movie files. I ended up making quite a few so far and plan on making more. If you haven't seen them, you can hit up my [ImageFap galleries](#) to check them out. As you would expect, they're primarily from unaware/ignored porn films (mainly Asian) that I haven't seen uploaded on the web yet. I thought it'd be a good idea to introduce the world to them via .GIF sets.

Also, an important heads-up: with this chapter, I'm going to start working with watersports (peeing fetish). It's something I've slowly been getting more and more interested in over the past few months and I've been waiting for an opportune moment to incorporate it into my work. I know watersports isn't everyone's cup of tea and I apologize if it turns some readers off, but I hope those who aren't fascinated by such an aspect will be able to cope with it. Or, hell, maybe you'll find yourself slightly more interested in it after reading this. Who knows?

— — —

Well, damn. If there was ever a literal definition of "dominating skyscraper with presence," what you're looking at right now would fit that bill perfectly.

Across the street on the opposing block from you stands Mainstay Resort, a whopping titan of a building that seems to take up the entire block. It's the tallest skyscraper in any reasonable unit of distance, towering above other buildings in the immediate vicinity and looking over the city like a soaring champion. The quality and workmanship that must have been put into the construction this behemoth of steel and iron is something that you can't quite fathom—you find yourself wondering just how long it took to build this thing. When did it first open up, anyway? Perhaps you can find a way to simultaneously quell your curiosity and lust somewhere inside.

With the streets now clear, you begin the march forward across the road, walking in the middle of a huge wave of people. Many of them carry an air of high class prestige as they walk with a prideful stride. This is to be expected, of course, given how you're now in the high-rolling financial district of town. Where else would they put a hotel of this magnitude? Still, even though you really have no place here, you and many others like you—that is to say, men simply seeking pleasure—are sharing the roads and sidewalks with these people of much higher status and wealthier salaries. That's the thing about The Law; it doesn't matter how much money a woman makes, how much expensive jewelry they're showing off, or the type of people they're associated with. In the regard that their bodies are always up for grabs, all women are equal. In actuality, life's a bit more complicated for women when they've got this kind of supreme class. The amount of guys much like yourself who would find enhanced joy in having their way with a lady of such nature is remarkably high, if not nigh uncountable, so they're usually far more busy

having their holes filled than common women.

To think, there will be hundreds of women like that scattered across all the floors of this institution, all at your disposal.

Now on the other side of the street, you stand at the center of the entrance, looking up in awe once again at the wonder that is Mainstay Resort. The building is outlined in gold and black, the border of each individual window painstakingly crafted by hand with intricate designs. The windows themselves are rather large, giving you a wide view into various rooms where rich-looking girls are being fucked silly by everyday commoners like you. Certainly not something you'd see in the humble reaches of your hometown miles away, that's for certain.

Going through the revolving door with a small crowd of people who seem to be far too busy with their riches and splendor to even notice you, you find yourself stepping onto lush, red carpeting as you come into the main lobby. It's a huge expanse with a number of people walking here and there, some being employees as given away by their uniforms, some being guests checking in and checking out, and others being temporary visitors who share your plans for the day.

"I can tell you I'll definitely be coming back here again!"

A voice to your immediate left draws your attention. Looking in the direction of it, you see two older women chatting with one another on a nearby couch. At first glance, you can only gauge that they're in their late thirties. Both of them have neatly kept blonde hair—or as neat as they could manage with cum in it, anyway. One of them is laying down with her stomach on the cushion of the couch as a man not much older than yourself spears her from behind. The other one is being fucked from below, riding a cock in a reverse cowgirl position with her legs crossed, somehow maintaining her own stability while being driven from underneath.

"It's definitely the go-to spot if you're staying in town. I already made another reservation for next week," the woman on her stomach responds with a smile on her face as her asscheeks feverishly jiggle with growing intensity, the man using her noticeably coming closer and closer to a climax. "My husband's job has us in this area a lot, and there's no better hotel for at least a couple of miles."

No matter how many times you see this kind of scene play out, it gets your blood flowing every time. Something catches your eye, however—you notice that the men using these girls along with several other guys in the vicinity all have a necklace with an attached card which reads "Visitor." Are you going to need one of those to do whatever you want in here? Well, you know for a fact you're certainly not going to find out just by standing around.

It doesn't take you long to find the main counter. Beautifully produced from maple oak, it certainly fits right in with the general look of the place. There's two lines: a short one composed of powerful looking guys and gals, prettied up in suits and dresses with suitcases and posh looking purses. The other line is a bit longer, holding everyday average looking males much like yourself. It's not difficult to guess which one you're supposed to be in.

Making your way to the back of the visitor line, you stretch with a small yawn as you take in your surroundings. For the first floor of a multi-level building, the ceiling is extraordinarily high. Golden

chandeliers line the sky above you, illuminating the lobby with a gentle fluorescent light. Just one of those things could easily cost a fortune, and there's at least thirty that you can count...the net worth of this property is probably asinine.

As the person in front is given their visitor I.D. and happily runs off to select his next mistress, you step forward with the line as your eyes drift and catch sight of a sign bolted above the entrance of a nearby hallway.

Callisto's Bar and Grill — Room 105

Gym — Room 109

Indoor Pool — Room 116

For further attractions, free floor maps are available at the front desk.

Further attractions...? Just how many points of interests could they stuff into a single hotel? Are the above floors not all just rooms? Sounds like you could spend days in here and still find something new to explore.

The line moves forward again as your eyes continue to roam the area. Focusing in on the other line of people who are actually making genuine usage of the hotel's services, you take a moment to look at the fashion choices of women who have a plethora of money to spend. Various dresses that openly expose their private areas, blouses that start below the breasts and end barely down the thighs, skirts with precisely cut holes in them...without a doubt, even when they've got enough money to buy a dress made of diamonds, these classy gals just opt for clothes that make everyone's lives as easy as possible. Similarly, there are some girls here who prefer to walk in the nude, putting all the attention on whatever first-class high heels they're wearing.

Slowly coming closer to the receptionist with every inch the line shortens, you notice something from beyond the check-in desk—the main elevator opens up as a few bellhops file out, carrying bags towards the entrance. Behind them, an enchantingly radiant woman walking with them makes her presence very clear with a strong, prevalent atmosphere about her. She's completely nude save for her four-inch black high heels, the edges of which are dotted with eye-catching sapphires. A voluptuous set of breasts on her chest healthily bounces in tune with her stride, the dried cum stains on them becoming easy to spot as she passes through folds of sunlight coming in through the windows. With such an enticing body and authoritative presence, it's no wonder that her body is such a mess; there's blotches and pools of semen almost everywhere on her as if she had taken a bath in the stuff. Even her thick designer sunglasses have a bit of cum on the lenses, but that doesn't seem to be impacting her field of vision at all given how she's walking with no issue at all.

"That's the wife of a CEO who runs an oil company in another country," you overhear one of the guys ahead of you say to the person behind him. Indeed, this incredibly looking woman has caught the attention of practically everyone in the area. You can see various groups of girls whispering to one another while pointing at her and other guys in your line talking to one another. "She's gorgeous."

"A foreign beauty like that...I bet she didn't go by a single moment without being fucked," his friend responds, cackling with a small laugh.

I bet she didn't go by a single moment without being fucked.

Those words cross your mind, vividly expanding into an array of sequenced images. In an effort to kill time as you wait for your turn to snag an I.D., your imagination is now taking flight, occupying your thoughts with a scenario involving this nameless beauty.

You picture her waking up after a long night of talking and socializing with the well-to-do executive friends of her husband, lazily sleeping in until the early afternoon. Naturally, upon waking up, she would probably already be in the middle of being double penetrated. With nothing really pressing on her agenda for today until later tonight, she would just grab the nearby remote and turn on the wall-mounted big screen TV, idly flipping channels while having her lower body whored out for all it was worth. Finding herself hungry, she might order some first-rate food service over the hotel phone. The kitchen downstairs would whip up her order in a snap and send it up to her, being delivered by a waiter who would certainly be in no rush to go back down.

The waiter would make his way inside with the food, and upon hearing him step in, she would get up herself to greet him and make her way over to the dining area to eat. One of the guys fucking her would have to pull out while the other continues to pump her with his rod as she walks—as silly as it may sound, it's a pretty common sight to see girls walking around with guys still lodged inside of them, following their every movement. The man still using her would take his seat first and she would sit on top of him, continuing to ride him up and down as the waiter serves her meal. The other man would approach her and grab her hand, placing it around his shaft, after which he needs but to let go as she understands the message without complication: she's to stroke his cock for him while she eats, a very easy task for her.

With her food served, she'll begin to eat with her free hand, enjoying premium cuisine of a five-star hotel. When she feels parched, she'll reach for the wine glass the waiter has already set down and take a sip. She won't be the slightest bit surprised when she feels a hot, thick, creamy substance slip between her lips and settle on her tongue instead of water—if you don't request a specific drink with your meal, it's completely normal to be served a hot glass of freshly discharged male essence. It's usually the reason why some guys decide to become waiters; they can't help but feel entirely turned on when they see a woman uncaringly drinking their cum in such a relaxed manner. While you can reason with the idea that it *is* pretty awesome, you find yourself more excited by doing the same thing without the connotation of it being your job—if you really wanted to, you could just walk into any girl's house, grab a cup from her drawers, jizz inside of it, and hand it to her. This notion is an incredibly obvious one: "He wants me to drink his cum." Without any thought or chagrin, she would take the cup and gulp it down while continuing to do whatever she was doing. You've done this a number of times out of your own boredom for sexual excitement and it's worked wonders every time.

Upon thinking about this, your imagination shifts over completely, moving away from the rich foreign girl scenario mid-scene and instead reconstructing a memory that you just managed to remind yourself of. An autumn afternoon just around last year or so—you're walking around the neighborhood of your quiet home suburb, bored out of your mind and looking for something to do. Upon turning a corner onto a new street, you hear some music playing not too far in the distance. With nothing better to do, you decide to investigate it, approaching the house where it seemed to be coming from and walking inside.

The interior of the house being totally empty, you pinpoint the source of the music: the backyard. Walking past the stairs to the second floor and through the kitchen, you make your way beyond the open glass door leading to the fenced-in yard. In the center of the area, three girls who you don't know are

seated at a clear, small glass table. Two of them are playing cards while the other is playing on her phone with a bored look on her face; they're all relaxing and talking to one another while listening to music which, upon seeing a stereo sitting beneath the table, you now understand where it was coming from.

"I am so glad there's no school tomorrow," one of the girls involved in a game of cards says with pure relief in her voice. She has short, brown hair that comes down to around her neck with amber eyes. The only thing she's wearing is an open, unbuttoned blue dress shirt with nothing underneath.

"Gives me another day to finish that stupid book report," the girl whom she's playing against responds as she mixes up the cards in her hands. Her blonde, medium-length hair shuffles in the wind as a breeze passes by. She's completely nude and has an abundance of cum on her face, some of it collected at her chin in the form of a thin bridge that sways with the wind. She turns her head to the girl on the phone, her jade green eyes alive with curiosity. "Cynthia, you turned that report in already, right?"

"Yeah," the third girl responds with a sort of uninterested tone. Upon hearing her name—Cynthia—you remember the fact that she's actually goes to your university. She's in your biology lab. She has straightened brown hair with sharp, blue eyes. On her torso is a frilly pink shirt with a heart-shaped cutout in the center revealing her moderately sized breasts and smooth, lean stomach. There's a substantial trail of cum sitting on her torso, starting at the neck and slithering down between her tits until it eventually settles just above her belly button. The remnants of a pearl necklace, perhaps?

Much like her amber-eyed friend, she's not wearing anything aside from that—she's invitingly showing you her fresh, pink pussy with one leg propped up on the table. "It wasn't hard," she explains to her blonde haired friend. "You'll be fine, Selena."

"You're not actually worried about that book report, are you, Selena?" the amber-eyed girl speaks up, looking up from her hand of cards with a bit of a silly smile on her face. "You've been acing that class, haven't you?"

"Yeah, I have," Selena answers with honesty, placing a card down while drawing another from the shared deck. "I just hate book reports. Have you done yours yet, Amber?"

"Nah," the girl aptly named after her own lovely eye color denies with a shake of her head. "I'll probably just do it at the last minute."

"Yeah, that definitely sounds like Amber," Cynthia responds with a good-humored roll of her eyes, causing the other two to laugh lightly as they continue their game.

They still haven't even looked at you, and at this point, they probably never will. With this neighborhood being as quiet as it is, you know for a fact that you can probably have these girls to yourself for at least a few hours. However, instead of going for the usual mound and pound, why not have a bit of fun?

Taking off your shorts and folding them nicely, you place them on top of the table as you make your way over to Amber, grasping onto your shaft. You lightly slap it against her face for a moment before rubbing it against her cheek, feeling the softness of her skin. "This is a terrible hand," she absent-mindedly comments as the tip of your cock pokes the edge of her mouth.

"Sucks to be you," Selena jests as she places another card down. Moving in her direction, you proceed to do the same to her, slapping her cheek with your slowly stiffening penis. Much like Amber, she isn't put off by it at all. The image of these girls being totally comfortable with a penis planted on their face is bizarrely erotic to you. It's almost like you're invisible.

"I'm gonna get a drink," Cynthia speaks up, rising from her seat and approaching the door leading back inside. She turns around as she does so, stopping herself and looking to her friends. "You two want anything?"

As she stands there and waits for their response, you witness something amazing happen. Looking at her shaven lower body, you see a golden waterfall begin to pour out from her insides, streaming down her thighs and legs in an unbroken flow. Cynthia is nonchalantly pissing herself in front of her friends and a stranger and doesn't seem to give a damn about it.

"I'll just have some water," Selena answers with your dick still pressed against her cheek, indifferent towards the fact that her friend decided to make the ground her toilet.

"Nothing for me," Amber replies as the yellow fluid continues to flow out from within Cynthia, equally apathetic towards the scene playing out in front of her.

"Got it," Cynthia confirms as she turns around, continuing inside. She must have really been holding it because even as she proceeds to walk, *she's still peeing herself*. Curiosity taking over as you free Selena's pretty face from the company of your cock, you head inside and follow a short trail of pee to the kitchen where you see Cynthia bent over, reaching for something inside the open fridge. Possibly having difficulty finding whatever she's looking for, she spreads her legs some and bends over further. With her legs no longer obstructing the path of her release, she rains her golden stream down to the ceramic tiling of the kitchen floor, forming a small pool beneath her.

Over the next few seconds, the downpour of piss slows down to a trickle as she stands upright again, now holding a pitcher of water. Turning around to the counter, she inattentively steps into her own puddle of urine on her way to grab some cups from the drawer. Pouring water into two cups, she ends up stepping into it again as she puts the pitcher back, completely unbothered by the idea of being drenched in her own liquid waste. With both cups of cold water in hand, she leaves the kitchen and heads back outside, decorating the floor with light footprints of gold.

While it wasn't something that was exactly new or unexpected, girls casually pissing themselves is just another thing you love about The Law.

Of course, The Law has nothing to do with anything of this nature nor does it directly cause it, but given how most girls are almost always naked or being used or something of the like, many of them have actually grown accustomed to simply peeing whenever they have to, no matter where they are or who they're with. Just like sex in general, they carry an extremely casual attitude about it.

It's a beautiful sight, indeed—girls carelessly relieving themselves while they do other things, either too busy or too lazy to locate a restroom. It's even better when they're sitting down while doing it; rarely do they move afterwards, choosing instead to willingly sit in their own sea of urine and not being fazed by it

in the slightest. You've experienced some rare extremes of this scenario yourself in your days; whenever you have to take the subway, for instance, you very commonly find the floor of the underground train to be an immense ocean of the warm yellow liquid as girls who are both standing and sitting freely use the general area as their bathroom while waiting to arrive at their destination. Much like you saw Cynthia do just now, they'll walk throughout the train barefoot or in sandals, untroubled by the prospect of soaking their feet in the combined piss of other girls. Naturally, guys are welcome to do the same as well, and they're equally welcome to piss on girls as they like, but that's not exactly common...not in any part of town you've visited, at least. You're sure that some other areas might harbor men who are more inclined towards such a thing.

Heading back outside, you see Cynthia hand Selena her glass of water as she sits back down, once again propping up one of her now piss-covered legs on the table. You can smell the aroma of it from here and you'd be lying if you said it didn't get your cock twitching at least a bit.

Approaching Cynthia, you plop your member against her cheek in a similar manner to Amber and Selena while simultaneously using one of your hands to grope her breasts. With no reaction, she continues to use her phone, moving her head lightly in tune to the music playing on the stereo. Without hesitation, you advance your plan, sliding your now erect shaft in and out of her mouth. To your pleasure, you can feel her swirling her tongue around you, something that not many girls bother to do unless they're bored enough to actually commit to a blowjob. Is that the case here? Is Cynthia that bored?

Your suspicions are confirmed as you see her put down her phone and turn her body towards you, putting her hands on your waist and giving you a proper blowjob, moving her head of her own volition and deepthroating you with ease. Bored enough to stop what she was doing in favor of sucking you off...nothing short of amazing. You only get more excited as you realize that she's certainly not doing this because she wants to, but only because she's got better to do at the moment. Perhaps the people she's been texting haven't texted her back yet, or the blog she was reading has no new posts. "Nothing to do, might as well let him fuck my face properly"—the fact that this is a thought which probably ran through her mind is something of an intensely pleasing caliber. The surrealism behind the fact that her friends have nothing to say about how she's gagging on a stranger's cock is something just as pleasing, too—they're just continuing on with their card game.

After a few minutes of a focused blowjob, you hear a cheery pop song play, clashing against the music of the radio. It's Cynthia's phone. Pulling your cock out of her mouth, she answers her phone while spitting into her hand, utilizing her saliva as quick and easy lubricant for the handjob she's going to give you in place of the blowjob she had to pause for the call.

"Hello?" she says, staring at nothing in particular while stroking your shaft. "Oh, hey, Mom. Yeah, we're still in the backyard. Nothing's happening."

She lets go of her phone, placing it on her shoulder to keep it in place on her ear while she begins to use her other hand to play with your balls, massaging them thoroughly. Needless to say, it's an amazing sensation having a girl service you like this while talking to someone else over the phone. "Yeah, Amber and Selena are still here. We're probably going out later."

She goes quiet for a moment, nodding to herself as her mother speaks to her from the other end. Rolling

her eyes, she groans under her breath with serious irritation as she lets go of you entirely, opening her mouth and putting your cock back inside of her throat while putting her phone back in her hand.

"Mmmhmm...mmhmm," she mindlessly mumbles while sucking you off once more, confirming whatever pointless questions her mother is throwing at her. She quickly frees herself from her job to speak up. "Yes, I already threw the trash out," she asserts quickly with a breath of fresh air before putting her succulent lips around your cock once more and going down on it like a popsicle on a hot summer day.

Looking towards the other two for a moment, you see something that makes you shake with fervor and excitement. Selena is standing up on her chair, spreading her pussy open above Amber's open mouth.

Is she about to...?

Cynthia frees herself once more. "Yes, I know, Mom," she says with an uptight nature as she shifts back to giving you a handjob and massaging your testicles. All the while, you're staring at Selena now pissing into Amber's open mouth. She doesn't pee nearly as much as Cynthia—after a few seconds, the flow stops and Selena sits back down, picking up her hand of cards again.

"Thanks!" Amber says with a playful smile as she places a card down while swallowing her friend's golden extract.

"I still don't get why you don't just drink water," Selena questions, not disturbed by the fact that her friend just requested to drink her piss but more confused about her choice of beverage.

"You know I prefer your piss over boring old water," Amber clarifies. "With how often I drink from you, I thought you'd stop trying to question it by now."

"Weirdo," Selena jokingly quips, only to receive a light punch on the shoulder from Amber. "Hey, that hurt, jackass!"

"That was the point!" Amber exclaims as they both exchange a laugh while Cynthia continues blows you dry, having gone back to the shoulder-hold with her phone.

After seeing that, there's no holding back anymore. Clenching and tensing up with built-up pleasure and arousal, you spew shot after shot of your seeds inside of Cynthia's mouth, filling her oral cavity to its utmost limits. Pulling out of her mouth, Cynthia stands up, not swallowing for some reason. Does she intend on spitting? The idea of such a thing in this day and age is honestly laughable. Swallowing cum is second nature for girls. What's she planning?

Inquisitively, you watch her make her way towards Selena while still listening to her mother over the phone. In an attempt to catch her attention, Cynthia quietly pokes her shoulder. Selena looks up and, realizing what's happening, stands up from her seat and opens her mouth.

In what you can only describe as strangely erotic, Cynthia dumps your collected load from her mouth into Selena's, transferring everything you gave her in one fell swoop. "I know, Mom, I know!" she exclaims with her mouth no longer bound by your cum, wandering inside the house for a moment. As Selena swallows your swapped load with the same unconcerned expression she's been carrying the

whole afternoon, Amber looks at her with a raised eyebrow and laughs, causing Selena to look up. "What?"

"You think I'm weird for wanting to drink your piss, and yet here you are, asking that we give you any cum that we can," Amber explains, shaking her head with a hysterical grin of disbelief while placing down two cards.

"Hey, liking cum is still kind of normal!" Selena protests, lightly punching Amber's shoulder in the same vein that she was punched earlier.

"Liking cum is kind of normal..." Amber amusedly repeats to herself with another laugh, her voice dripping with skepticism. "Have you counted how many dicks you've sucked in the past week? And you genuinely *want* more?"

"Who the hell keeps track of that kind of thing?!" Selena bursts out with laughter, shocked that her friend would say such a thing. "What, are you going to tell me you keep a weekly count?"

"432 vaginal, 581 anal, 315 blowjobs, 492 footjobs..." Amber calmly counts off, looking at her friend with a smile that's slowly growing bigger and bigger. "And to think, it's only Thursday."

Selena offers no response, only staring at Amber with eyes that scream "*Seriously?*" as she attempts to hold back laughter. Amber shatters the silence, yelling with a giggle fit while grabbing all the cards and shuffling the deck as they begin a new game. "You know how I am! I like math, okay? Keeping count of things just fun for me!"

"How in the world did Cynthia and I make friends with such a freak..." Selena sarcastically mumbles under her breath with a huge smile. Amber lets out another laugh, punching her friend in the shoulder once more.

Extremely laid-back and very casual about the life they live, these girls are a fine representation of a general majority of women who live under The Law. Without a doubt, there are undeniably some girls out there who still find a sort of ancient excitement in swallowing cum like Selena or drinking pee like Amber. Then there are those like Cynthia, authentically kind-hearted girls who take it upon themselves to enhance the sexual experience of the men that use by doing what they can—assuming they aren't preoccupied with something else, anyway. Truth be told, girls like Cynthia are exceedingly more difficult to find, so upon discovering one, it's usually a good idea to take note of where they live. A girl's doors are always open, anyway, so why not? You could walk in whenever you'd like and find Cynthia watching TV in her bedroom. If you're lucky enough, she won't be too invested or interested in whatever's on and would gladly give your boner full attention until something of actual worth starts playing, quietly thinking to herself "I might as well, at least until my show starts."

"Fucking hell, my mom's so annoying," you hear an exhausted Cynthia complain as she enters the backyard once again, her real voice overriding the voice of hers playing in your thoughts. She approaches the side of the table opposite to Selena and Amber—standing right in front of you—and turns to them. "Deal me in, I'll play a few games now that she's not bothering me."

As she does so, she rolls up her shirt to her waist and bends over, formally showcasing her tight-looking

behind to you and propping her elbows on the table while being given cards by Amber. You know full well that this is an open invitation—clearly, upon seeing you still here, she knew you wanted more and is ready to put out like any girl would be prepared to do. For however long you'd like, she's all set to have you pack up her insides with as much cum as you have to give her, never once thinking to herself things like "What a nuisance" or "How annoying." If you want her, you can have her. End of story.

After being given her cards, she puts them facedown while Amber and Selena take their turns, taking the opportunity to spread apart her asscheeks. Opening and exposing her anus to you, she presents you the option of shoving it up her ass instead of her vagina if you'd so like. Not that you really need that to be presented to you in begin with, but it's nice that she's making your life that much easier.

"Oh, right," you hear Cynthia speak up while waiting for you to inevitably penetrate her. "Yesterday at school, right? During class, it was my turn to..."

Your turn...

...

...

"...your turn...!"

"Hey, dumbass! It's your turn!"

Looking up in shock as you feel a pushing force move you forward, you realize you drifted away into a reminiscent daydream while waiting in line for your I.D. card. The vibrant memories of that autumn afternoon quickly vanish for the time being, no longer being needed at the forefront of your mind. The men behind you look a little bit annoyed, and for very good reason. Who knows how long you've been holding the line up? Did people cut you?

Quickly apologizing to everyone, you get your bearings straight and walk up to the counter. An Asian receptionist with an enticing natural tan hands you a visitor's identification card. She gives you a light-hearted smile with a giggle, speaking up to you as her entire being emanates with beauty. "It's okay, sweetie," she reassures you with the voice of an angel. "It happens all the time."

Stunned by her beauty, you take the card with nervous hands and nod as you put it around your neck. Her black and gold uniform is open at her chest, revealing her firm-looking breasts which are being passionately groped and played with by the man fucking her from behind.

"That visitor's I.D. is good for pretty much everything here," she begins to explain with a steady and calm demeanor, unaffected by the rhythmic slamming the guest is delivering to her. "Please help yourself to any woman you see at all in the building. No floor, room, guest, or employee is off limits. You're allowed to sleep in any of the rooms so long as it's being occupied by just women. Oh, and here's your floor plan and brochure," she says, handing you two folded pieces of paper.

As you take them from her, she smiles again with a nod. "Thanks for choosing Mainstay Resort, your main hotspot in central downtown. Enjoy yourself, and if you need anything, be it information or your

own sexual pleasure, please don't hesitate to ask!"

With a kind gesture, she waves to you as you walk back to the center of the lobby, still a bit flustered by the fact that you got lost in a daydream and kept the line waiting. Letting the embarrassment of the moment settle, you look to your visitor's I.D. card. It's a sleek, black card with "VISITOR" emblazoned upon the front of it in golden letters. The back of the card has a white barcode running along it—presumably, this is to enter rooms.

Taking a deep breath, you lift your head and take a look around the lobby. The bar and grill, the gym, the pool, the guest rooms, the maids, the employees...where to begin, where to begin...?

7 - Mainstay Resort [Part 2]

Author's Note: So I unintentionally ended up writing my longest chapter yet. Cool.

As you'll see in the second half, I got adventurous and broke away from my usual boundaries. It was a daring move away from the norm that was a lot of fun to write, but I also did my best to make sure I kept aspects of the central theme via usage of background scenes. I hope you enjoy.

— — —

"You really must see that play sometime, dear..."

"That was the best fried calamari I've ever had! That chef's work is divine..."

"No, that won't do...the meeting will have to wait until next month..."

Standing in the middle of a slowly growing small crowd of people in the building's central elevator, you overhear fragments of idle chatter between the wealthy while waiting for everyone to finish getting inside. Despite the claustrophobic fears that being in a packed elevator might normally incur, that isn't the case right now—given the standards of this deluxe resort, the elevator is incredibly spacious. Everyone has a workable amount of ample breathing room. An interesting thing to note is that the walls are actually large mirrors edged with refined gems of gold and onyx, allowing last minute hair fixes and makeup adjustments for any man or woman who may happen to be running fashionably late.

Just as the elevator door is about to close, a nimble-footed girl swiftly makes her way through the sliding doors, clearly wishing to avoid the potentially lengthy wait for the next ride. Walking further inside, she ends up stopping right in front of you before turning around, facing the door in wait of it arriving at her desired floor. Mere inches away from her, you can smell the sweet scent of her curly red hair, recently washed with whatever over-the-top brand of shampoo people here like to use. With her trendy black dress which only covers the front of her body, her lean, smooth-looking back and sizable posterior are out in the open for you to gawk at with admiration. The idea of a dress only covering one side of the body like this is an exotic concept more reserved for those with affluence—it's certainly not something you'd see even at a nice party in your hometown. The fashion designers of the rich and famous have a knack for executing sexy ideas like this with a polished grace.

Taking the time to scan her up and down as the elevator begins to rise with several stops to make, you see that this redhead has an incredibly thick lower body. Her thighs are juicy, her calves are well-defined and robust...the body of an angel, no doubt. Taking a step closer to her, you put your arms around her waist and dig your hands underneath her front-sided dress, squeezing the front of her legs. As you rub the cotton-soft skin of her lower body, your dick is making its approval very clear with a growing erection. Her response to your approach is to simply take a step back herself, bringing your bodies closer and consequently placing your shaft right in-between her thighs as she pulls out her phone and quickly punches numbers in, holding it to her ear. Her curvaceous legs cushion your cock, covering it in her

built-up sweat accumulated from walking around outside in the hot sun. With her own perspiration acting as lube, you begin to fuck her thighs, moving your hips at an increasingly fast pace.

"Claire," you hear the redhead speak up as the dial tone finally cuts off, her friend finally picking up. "What floor were you on again? 47th? Yeah, I'm on my way. Is Nadine already there?"

Experiencing nothing short of wholesome bliss with a set of thunder thighs at your disposal, you continue to use her legs as a makeshift pussy while she arranges plans with her friends on the floors above. Looking above the elevator door for a moment, you see an electronic display showing "6F." Naturally, the elevator isn't that slow—there's just a ridiculous amount of people getting on and off at almost every floor, what with this being the main elevator and all. 41 more floors of this girl's luscious body answering your every whim...checking out this hotel was definitely a brilliant way to turn a bad day into a good one.

"Okay...yeah, no, I'm already dressed up and good to go," she confirms with her friend, nodding to herself as you make her thighs jiggle and bounce with every thrust. "I'll be up there in a few minutes, then."

Ending the call, she puts her phone back into her small hand purse and turns her attention back to the display showing the current floor as she waits patiently. For the next few minutes reaching up to the 18th floor, you keep up your relentless assault on her and continue to pile-drive her legs. Suddenly, however, you feel a warm trickle of liquid begin to rain down upon your stiffened member still lodged between her thighs. It takes but a second to figure it out—she decided to relieve herself in the middle of a crowded elevator while having her body used...nothing out of the ordinary. Even though the idea alone of a girl heedlessly pissing herself while you fuck her is more than enough to fuel your procreative lust to heightened limits, experiencing the sensation of her hot bodily fluids cascading down upon your skin is something that you simply cannot describe with words. It causes a chain of pleasurable feelings to erupt throughout your entire body, throwing your libido into a fulfilled overdrive as you attain an orgasm. Gushing out a torrent of cum from the insides of the redhead's thighs, you end up blindly spraying the immediate area in front of her with your semen. Unintentionally, you end up painting the ass and lower back of a girl in front of the redhead, a short-haired blonde wearing nothing but a set tight black designer jeans and sandals. Having her nice-looking pair of costly jeans stained with a stranger's cum is nothing that seems to bother her—she doesn't turn around or pay it any mind, simply proceeding to idly stand there as she already was while waiting for her floor.

Pulling out of the artificial pussy known as the redhead's voluptuous thighs, your cock twitches slightly, still entirely rock-hard despite having just blown a massive load. A quick peek at the elevator's floor indicator shows you that it's on the 26th floor. You figure you might as well continue making use of this lovely lady for the rest of this elevator ride. Grabbing her by the shoulders, you turn her around and bring your face closer to yours, locking lips with her. She quickly responds with positive movements, swirling her tongue inside of your mouth and deepening the ardor of the kiss. Indeed, she'll do whatever you like, even something as romantically involved as a heavy make-out session. Just because it's something more commonly seen with couples and people who actually know each other doesn't mean that this is off-limits. Fully understanding of the fact that her side of this situation is nothing more than "I am his public cumdumpster and he can use me as he pleases," she's perfectly fine with the idea of engaging in a kiss like this.

Reaching the 33rd floor, the door opens and people file in and out of the elevator as you lightly push down on her shoulders. Instinctively, the redhead lowers herself, going down on her knees and coming face-to-cock with your dick. Clear of hesitation or concern, she readily opens her mouth and begins to give you a blowjob, sucking the very thing that she pissed on moments ago without a care in the world. Befitting of a lady which carries her wealth and status, she's going down on you with skill and precision, showing that she can suck damn well no matter where she is or what she's doing.

Taking a look around the elevator for a moment while the redhead services your member, you experience a familiar sentiment of enjoyable stimulation. It's the great sensation you feel whenever you're reminded of how normal this is. There's a woman in a corner behind you on all fours flipping through a small notebook organizer while an older gentleman excitedly pounds her from behind. Next to them, a girl energetically shakes her ass on a man's cock cowgirl-style while giving a handjob to another guy standing to her left, all while touching up her makeup in the elevator's mirror wall with one hand. Girls have gotten ridiculous good at multi-tasking. It's even more impressive than it is hot, and that is certainly saying something.

As your eyes briefly wander to the topless girl whose black jeans you stained, you decide you might as well give her something to do while she waits. Leaning forward a bit with the redhead still blowing you, now even depththroating you some, you grab the topless girl's wrist and lightly pull her towards you. She turns around, looking at you with gentle blue eyes and a genuine smile. "Yes, what is it?"

She looks down at the redhead having a field day with your dick and instantly understands what you're asking of her, laughing to herself. "Of course," she happily agrees, quietly taking her purse off her shoulder and laying it down next to her as she steps closer towards you and gets down on her knees. Seeing that she has a new partner to work with, the redhead shifts her work to the simpler task of licking the right side of your cock up and down, allowing the topless blonde girl to do the same to the left side while they both rub your balls—a double blowjob in its finest form, performed by elegant ladies who can afford a stay at a hotel like this.

This moving work of art goes on for what feels like an eternity of endless delight, your cock now slightly bulging again as the licking arouses you further and further. As you near another episode of release, the redhead's phone starts to ring. She halts her side of the blowjob to answer it, an act to which the blonde responds by putting her hand around your shaft, prepping you up for ejaculation with a fast-paced handjob.

"Hello?" the redhead answers with her eyes staring off to the side but keeping her face up close and personal with your fit to burst penis. The blonde girl quickly proving herself to be an adept master of handjobs, you reach your second orgasm as the redhead speaks up again. "Yeah, yeah, I'm nearly there. You know how this elevator is," she responds while you splash her face with wave after wave of your sticky, thick cum. "I'll be there soon," she continues, able to maintain conversation even in the middle of receiving facial. Some of your cum manages to fly into her mouth mid-sentence, but she reflexively swallows it without even thinking about it.

Being right next to the redhead, the blonde equally finds her pretty face showered with a rain of white, gooey fluids. With the elevator now reaching the 47th floor, both girls slowly get up—apparently this was the blonde girl's stop, too. The redhead walks off while still on the phone, keeping the mess of semen on her face untouched.

"Well, honey," the blonde briefly addresses you, her hand still on your now somewhat limp dick, rubbing it slowly with a charming giggle. "I'll be in Room 4782 if you want to fuck me with this nice, big cock of yours while I get ready for a party tonight. I'll be happy to take as much of your cum as you want to give me, so don't be shy and use my body again soon, okay?"

With a relaxed smile among the stretches of silvery essence laid out across her face, she waves to you and turns around, walking through the crowd of people currently entering the elevator and making her way into the hallway. An extremely polite and well-mannered girl...even more exciting is her usage of such dirty language with such an informally casual preface and attitude. Room 4782—certainly something to keep in mind.

Pulling your shorts back up for now, the elevator door closes and continues its ascent upwards. With business done and done for the time being, you pull out the floor map you received earlier. Just where the hell is this elevator taking you, anyway...?

~ Mainstay Resort — Floor Map ~

1F : Lobby & Service Center (Gym, Indoor Pool, Callisto's Bar & Grill)

2F ~ 19F : Suite Rooms (Block A)

20F : Chef Victor's Choice Bistro

21F ~ 29F : Suite Rooms (Block B)

30F : Mainstay Cinema

31F ~ 49F : Suite Rooms (Block C)

50F : Maintenance Center & Secondary Kitchen

51F ~ 64F : Suite Rooms (Block D)

65F : Indoor Beach & Pool

66F ~ 69F : Suite Rooms (Block E)

70F : Fitness Center

71F : Library

72F : Internet Café

73F : Spa & Massage Center

74F : Indoor Golf Course

75F : Mainstay Nightclub & Lounge

76F ~ 99F : Penthouse Block

100F : Observatory (Roof)

...*Holy shit*. Now you fully understand the reasoning beyond this place being called a resort—this is *way* more than just a hotel. An entire movie theater, a manmade beach, an indoor golf course, and even a library...? No wonder this place is so lively and people come back time and time again. How could anyone get bored of this place? So much to do, so many gorgeous top-of-the-line babes who really know how to make you feel good...high class, indeed.

Glancing at the elevator's floor indicator, you see that you're coming up to the 49th floor now. To tackle the rooms and whatever girls lie within or to have your way with employees on break and cooks making food...? Mentally flipping a coin in your head, you come to the decision that you'll check out the suites first. There'll always be time for the other later. Just as you make up your mind on that, the elevator

door opens.

Walking outside with the group of people who share your destination, you find yourself in the middle of luxurious world-class architecture. The walls are a mixed stretch of jet black with golden designs on top and a reverse of gold with black on top. The carpet is a lush red similar to that of the first floor lobby, and given how prevalent cum and piss with girls being fucked all over the place 24/7, it looks remarkably clean. There must be a division in the maid workforce solely focused on keeping the carpets stain-free.

To your immediate left, the hallway opens up to a moderately sized lounge area with chairs, leather couches, and a table with some magazines all in front of a cozy fireplace. Two fully nude girls, one sitting at the edge of a longer three-person couch and the other sitting at the adjacent edge of a smaller two-person couch, are engaged in a peaceful conversation.

"Have you visited the spa yet? It's better than the ones back home!"

"That sounds like such a good idea...we should head over there in a bit."

Their light chit-chat continues as the girl on the longer couch rubs the cock of a man sitting at the other end with her feet while the girl on the smaller couch is on her side, having her leg held up in the air by the man spearing her from behind. As much as you wouldn't mind joining in on that little party, you decide that you'll just try your luck at trying to locate an unoccupied woman in a suite instead.

Walking through the halls of what would fit perfectly inside a multi-billion dollar mansion estate, you pass by a plethora of finely crafted wooden doors. All of them are equipped with a keycard lock bolstered above the door handle, something you'll probably be making use of very shortly. You also notice that the doors are spaced much farther away from each other than in other hotels you've been in, hinting at the fact that the rooms are probably very grandiose and extraordinarily sized as with everything else in this building.

Turning the corner into a new hallway consisting of suites 4920 to 4940, you take the middle ground as you walk further in and select 4930. Approaching the door, you slide your visitor's I.D. card through the slot. The blank LED light flashes green for a few seconds and you hear a click from the inside of the door, alerting you that it's now open.

Heading inside, you quietly close the door behind you as you finally get a look at the interior of one of Mainstay Resort's suite rooms. It's an utterly massive expanse of space—practically the size a decently large apartment, it's certainly bigger every room in your house, to say the least. To your left, there's a kitchen with futuristic-looking fancy appliances and a bar-styled marble countertop with accompanying chairs. To your right, you can see a door leading into a large bathroom. The center of the area is highlighted by the same red carpeting from the hallway and a hefty golden chandelier similar to the ones in the lobby. The ceiling itself is rather high, making the room look even bigger than it already is.

There are black leather couches strung around the central living room area similar to the ones you saw outside the elevator. They offer plenty of places to sit and watch one of the three 50+ inch plasma screen TVs hanging from the walls. Doors to the left not far from the kitchen lead off into various bedrooms. The last thing of noteworthy mention is the fact that the entire wall opposite to the door is a window, offering a breathtakingly colossal view of the city.

The magnitude of this room as a whole is something that's difficult to actualize. Words like "extravagant" and "awe-inspiring" come to mind, but it certainly feels like it's much more powerful than that.

"They delayed your speech until tonight...? Right after I finished getting dressed, too..."

An exquisite sounding voice breaks the still silence of the atmosphere, quickly conjuring your attention towards it. Out from one of the bedroom doors steps a fair maiden of average height. She bears superbly styled shoulder-length auburn hair that covers her left eye, giving her a mysterious sort of appeal. The single eye you can see is shaded a amiable tone of light green. As for what she's wearing...it's definitely the most interesting dress you've laid eyes on yet. The best way to describe it is "half and half"—beginning at her neck, the top half of the dress covers her back, and as it reaches her hips, it reverses itself, covering the front of her lower body. Essentially, the full spectrum of her chest and ass are always in plain sight, making her key body parts easily accessible. Naturally, the theme of ease-of-access clothing is nothing new to you, but you can definitely admit that you haven't seen it pulled off quite like this. The dress itself is one of a light blue shade decorated with various designs composed of embedded sapphires colored darker tone of blue; like anything else in this place, one look at it is all you need to know that it's probably nothing you'd ever be able to come close to affording. Damn if it doesn't look good on her, though, and damn if the concept and design of the dress itself isn't something that gets your blood flowing.

"No, it's fine, honey. I'm fine with waiting. This is important. I'll just stay in the room until you get back...alright. Love you, bye."

Ending the call, she puts her phone down on the kitchen counter and sighs to herself, heading back inside the room. Following her, you stand at the doorway and witness her untie the dress at the base of the neck, removing it and placing it in a drawer. Now fully undressed, she grabs a white towel off the edge of the ridiculously oversized bed and walks out, passing you by without a glance and seemingly disregarding your presence outright.

A shower doesn't sound like a bad idea...

Quickly stepping inside the room to grab a towel for yourself and stepping back out, you follow her to the bathroom. Moving from red carpeting to black ceramic flooring, you find yourself in a lavatory so elegant that the word "bathroom" really doesn't do it any justice. As if the handle of the toilet being embroidered with pieces of gold and onyx stones wasn't cool enough, the stand-in shower wasn't even separated from the huge bathtub—the entrance to the shower was seamlessly connected to the far edge of the bathtub, nothing short of ingenious design.

She sets her towel down next to the sink on the spacious counter before making her way over to the bathtub, bending over to start the water flow and adjust its temperature. As you set your towel down next to hers, you appreciate her bent over rear from a distance—it's certainly not on the level of the thick, voluptuous redhead you encountered in the elevator, but it's definitely nicely shaped and well rounded on its own. She's lean and in healthy condition. As she stands back upright, waiting for the tub to fill up, she turns around and begins to head back outside.

On her way out, however—

"You should probably get in first so I can sit on top of you, unless you're just planning on watching me."

With an indifferent tone of voice, she casually advises you to proceed in before her, fully aware of what you want to do. Of course, the fact that she knows you want to use her body isn't the surprising part—any girl could figure that out. It was more so the fact that she bothered to address you at all in the first place. First the blonde in the elevator, now this girl...the rich and famous really are different from the girls back home. While being ignored is definitely fun, being acknowledged by wealthy ladies of class is certainly a nice change of pace. The girls here definitely have proper manners and better standards of human interaction.

In any case, you heed her advice, slowly stepping in the heated yet soothing waters of the bathtub. As the water levels continue to rise, you see her step back into the bathroom holding a fluffy sponge and a...golden bar of soap.

Even the soap is gold.

This hotel...

Putting the soap and sponge down on the open space by the faucet of the bathtub, she waits for a few more seconds, allowing the water to fill up to just a little bit below the top—it's just around the center of your chest now, maybe a smidge higher. Raising her leg, she dips her big toe into the water for a quick temperature test, and after deciding it's good to go, she carefully enters the tub in full.

Her ass rather close to your face, she bends down, grabbing your cock with one hand as she does so. Positioning herself just right, she comfortably slips it into her vagina and proceeds to sit down on your waist, taking a deep breath of relief. Reeling her head back, she relaxes it against her shoulders and closes her eyes, taking in a moment of respite.

She's not moving or grinding on your dick or anything of the sort—your member is simply snugly stationary inside of her. While you might normally want to get some action going for yourself in a situation like this, you find it oddly relaxing to be wedged inside of a woman's cunt while you both unwind in a tub like this.

"I'm a bit surprised you aren't actually fucking me," she abruptly says, seemingly having had read your mind just now. Her eyes are still closed, but she's got a light smile on her face. "I guess you needed a break, too."

You don't say anything in response; you're not exactly used to girls openly initiating conversation, even less so when you're making use of them. You'd be lying if you disagreed with her, though—keeping your cock perfectly still inside of her while taking it easy in this hot bath is actually starting to feel extremely peaceful.

"What's your name?"

What.

Being in a situation that you haven't really been in before, you quickly toss and turn in your head about whether or not you should answer her. Wouldn't talking be kind of awkward? All the same, wouldn't it be incredibly rude to just ignore her?

"I guess you're not used to it," she comments upon not getting an immediate response from you, her eyes still shut. "I'm sure the girls you usually fuck never talk to you...it's normal in the middle class. People born into families of wealth, however, are always told to be polite and kind. Doesn't mean everyone's gonna stay like that when they grow up, but some of us do."

Her words bring the scene of the elevator back to mind—the redhead who acknowledged you and the blonde who courteously invited you for a second meeting. Indeed, the redhead definitely reminded you of most of the girls you've used while the blonde was basically the opposite with a very well-mannered air about her.

"If you don't want to talk, it's fine," she continues, taking a deep and relaxed breath. "A lot of the guys I try to talk to just ignore me and keep fucking me...I'm used to it. I won't be upset if you'd rather just have me for my body."

As out-of-the-norm as it feels, you decide to be bold and step outside your comfort zone for once. With a somewhat shaky and nervous voice brought about by the fact that this woman is leagues higher on the social ladder than you, you steel yourself as best you can and introduce yourself.

"Your name is nice," she says with a nod to herself. You can see a small smile appear on her face. She must be happy to see that you're coming out of your shell to talk to her. "I'm Theia. My boyfriend's here on a business trip...he's getting an award for excellence in his company."

She opens her eyes for the first time in a small while, lifting her hands up from their submerged position in the bathtub to twirl her hair with her fingers. "They say he'll be the CEO soon enough..."

Despite the great situation she's in with having a lover who's doing very well for himself, you can't help but take keen notice of the bored tone in her voice. You're not entirely sure if you should inquire about it—you've only just met, after all.

With a tired sigh, she sits up slightly and grabs the soap and sponge. Lathering the sponge with plenty of soap, she begins to wash off her neck, chest, and arms. Hm...why not return the kindness yourself?

Grabbing the soap bar, you lather up your hands with it and begin to wash her back for her. In surprise, she turns her head slightly to you. You can see a warm smile on her face as her face goes a little red. "Thank you," she quietly responds, showing appreciation towards your thoughtfulness. The combination of her tender voice and angelic smile simultaneously melts your heart and sexually excites you.

You spend the next ten or fifteen minutes inside the bathtub with her in your lap, cleaning each other off with tranquil small talk. Both of you now fully washed off, she steps out first, freeing her cunt from your presence for a short while. Getting out yourself, she hands you your towel and you dry yourself off behind her, appreciating the piece of work that is her body as she dries herself off as well. Just staring at her is making you go hungry with lust—having your dick unmoving inside of her felt so good on its own that you can't even begin to imagine how splendid it might feel with actual motion and friction...

"You can go right ahead, you know," Theia speaks up, pulling you out of your thoughts and breaking your gaze on her lower half. Looking up, you see that she was watching you stare at her through the mirror. She's got a playful smile on her face as she puts her towel down and grabs a hair brush off the counter. "I hope you don't feel like you can't use me or anything just because you made some actual contact for once."

Incredibly perceptive and good at reading people, she's managed to pinpoint your exact thoughts. After actually getting to know her a bit, something feels wrong with just using her like any other girl, almost as if you should ask her for permission beforehand.

"I guess any guy would think that at first," she continues, still looking at you through the mirror while slowly blushing her hair. "I guess this is why most guys just ignore me when I try to talk to them...it makes it too personal, I suppose. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything."

Your mouth acts before your brain and you quickly tell her that she has no need to apologize. You explain to her that she is, in fact, correct in assuming making extensive contact like this is indeed a new experience for you.

"Just don't think of me as different to other girls," she bluntly states, fixing her bangs that cover her left eye. "So what if we've talked a little bit and we're acquaintances now? You don't need to let that stop you from fucking me. Just use me like you would any other girl and do whatever you want with me."

Her words make a powerful amount of sense...it's not something you can really deny. She's absolutely right—you can be friends with her and still have fun with her body like you would with any other girl. On top of that, when she *tells* you to use her and fuck her so casually and nonchalantly like that...well, shit. It's really hot.

Theia puts down the brush and turns around, looking you in the eye with a smile. "Come on," she says, walking towards you and grabbing you by the wrist. You're not sure what she has planned, but you let her take you out of the bathroom and across the living room. Bringing you into one of the bedrooms, she lets go of you as she approaches one of the drawers nearby, shuffling through clothes. You can only stand silently and appreciate her beauty from afar and she finds clothes to wear.

Turning around, she stretches out a cute-looking green tank top that mirrors the color of her eyes. Looking at it, though, it seems like it looks a little too big for her. As she puts it on and you see the shoulder straps fall down to her elbows immediately, your beliefs are confirmed. She lazily keeps the straps where they are, allowing the front of the shirt to fall over, keeping her perky B-sized breasts in a state of permanent exposure. "Isn't it cute?" she says, smiling while briefly turning around. "This is my favorite shirt."

You laugh lightly with a small nod in agreement as she shares her happiness with you. For a girl with a lot of money, she's surprisingly normal.

Closing the drawers, the realization dawns on you that she plans on staying bottomless, something you can't complain about. "Well," Theia says in a very unperturbed manner, hopping onto the bed and crawling to the other side which harbors a cornucopia of feathery looking black and gold pillows. She

grabs a controller off the nightstand next to the bed, turning on the TV which hangs on the wall near you. "Like I said before," she reaffirms while flipping channels, her eyes locked on the television. "Fuck me as much as you want, okay?"

Fuck me as much as you want, okay?

The manner in which she says these words with such an unbelievably carefree and laid back tone of voice is something that really sticks to you. It's almost scary how turned on you're getting just by hearing her talk like that.

As you climb onto the base of the bed in acceptance of her invitation, her feet catch your eye—adorably petite feet with high arches and painted toenails of a crimson red shade. Putting the palm of your hand against her soles and feeling just how silky smooth they are is enough to get your body to tremor with exhilaration. Washed just minutes ago, her feet are as sparkly clean as the rest of her body, gleaming with an allure that is completely impossible to resist.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, you prop her feet up into your lap and begin to rub them slowly, massaging them as you've massaged other girls in the past. To your surprise, you hear a small laugh invade the atmosphere—looking up, you see Theia equipped with a painfully cute smile, giggling a bit out of embarrassment. "I'm so sorry," she exclaims, biting on her lip in a visible attempt to hold her laughter back. "My feet don't get any attention, so it's been a really long time since I've had them massaged. I'm a little bit ticklish, but it still feels really good."

Seeing her react like that in such an endearing way sends your mind in a feverish blaze. As much as you've always been aroused by girls ignoring you and multitasking while you use them, you're quickly seeing that having one acknowledge you and positively react to what you're doing can be just as captivating. You also can't wrap your head around the idea that her feet don't get much attention. They're some of the most beautiful ones you've ever seen.

"Hey, could you lick them and suck on my toes?" Theia speaks up again, requesting you to take it to the next level as she jumps to another channel. "I'm interested in finding out what it feels like."

Truth be told, you were going to do that anyway, but it's nice to know that she actually wants it. Doing as you've been asked, you proceed to put her feet together and hold them up by your face, licking them up and down with joy. As you do, she fights back more laughter, stifling her mouth with a pretty grin on her face. When you move on to sticking her toes in your mouth and discovering their delightful taste, her laughter wins over and she has a burst of a giggling fit that is nothing short of the cutest thing you've ever heard.

"Oh my god!" she cries out, reeling her head back with a beaming smile as she catches her breath. "Maybe I'm...a bit more ticklish than I thought. I'm so sorry," she insistently apologizes, believing the false idea that her adorable and contagious laughter is a bad thing. "I'm so embarrassed...that feels really good, though."

Taking her saliva-coated feet out of your mouth, you reassure her that she has nothing to worry about. She briefly looks at you for a moment, a playful smile making its way back onto her face again. "Okay, let me repay the favor," she begins, standing up on the bed. "Lay down face-up here."

Unsure where this is going but excited nonetheless, you follow her instructions, laying yourself down in the center of the bed as she says. With you properly positioned, she places herself directly above you, granting you an impressive worm's-eye view of her pussy and underboob. She looks down and sees your excited face, giggling a little bit again. "I hope you're hungry!"

Moving herself down, she promptly seats herself upon your face, bringing her scrumptious cunt to your mouth. Your nose is placed very close to her clean, unsoiled anus, allowing you to whiff it to your heart's content.

Licking and sucking on her pussy, you proceed to eat her out with enthusiastic greed. Your fully erect penis trembles with glee, something that makes itself very apparent to Theia. Moving her legs towards your crotch, she begins to give you a wonderful footjob while you continue to drain her vagina of its succulent juices. She uses one of her feet to rub your shaft with her sole while using the toes of her other to play with your ballsack—

"Oh, that's right, I need to set tonight's episode to record..."

—all while having had shifted her attention back to the television.

After a few minutes, she brings her feet together and slips your cock in-between her arches, moving her feet up and down while watching the local news. You can hear the TV from where you are, but with your sense of taste and smell being treated to a slice of unadulterated ecstasy, you're not exactly focused on what you're hearing.

Theia continues to service you with her feet until you reach a climax, exploding with a shower of cum all over her attractive soles and toes. After several shots, you hear her trademark adorable laugh while she pokes your rod with her big toe. "You really enjoyed that, didn't you?" she teases with a mischievous tone in her voice. "It looks like you're still hard, though...okay, I know what to do."

Lifting herself up from your face, you feel a rush of fresh air race through your nostrils and mouth, filling your lungs with some much needed oxygen. Standing on the bed again, Theia walks over to the other end, laying down on her stomach and crawling backwards towards you for a moment. Turning her head to you, she playfully rears her ass up, teasingly shaking it as she brings it closer and closer to you. "It's all yours," she presents. "I know my ass isn't as big as some other girls, but I hope you can still enjoy it all the same."

Sitting up, you move closer to her and grab her asscheeks with anticipation as you prop yourself up on your knees. Spreading her ass some, you lay eyes on her tight asshole as it comes into view. Still looking at you, she notices your fixation on it and manipulates her sphincter muscles, stretching it open for you.

"Do you want to fuck me in my ass while I watch TV?" she asks you rhetorically, leaning her behind even closer to you. "Stick it in and fuck me as hard as you want, okay? You're openly welcome to pound my little ass for however long you'd like."

With this, she turns her attention back to the television, putting the volume up a bit as the news report

continues. Deciding not to waste another second, you go ahead and slip yourself into the reaches of Theia's asshole. You feel it clench and tighten around your cock, compressing around it in a manner which throws the pleasure centers in your brain into an impassioned frenzy. Now wedged inside of her, you contentedly thrust your hips with elation.

As you fuck her, you look to the television, curious as to what the news is covering.

"In other news, international police have successfully thwarted a robbery plot which was believed to have been targeting various national treasuries around the world..."

The anchorwoman continues with the headline, describing the details in full. At the bottom of the screen, a scrolling banner shows brief facts of other current headlines and the logo of the channel. Right above it sits what you can presume to be the woman's name: Valerie Crescentia. She has short, black hair that stops just below her ears with a small set of bangs and brown eyes. Instead of sitting at a desk like some news stations have their studio set up, she's merely standing on a small stage. Behind her is a screen that shows various pictures and information relevant to the current story.

She's wearing a ridiculously sexy black dress designed to only cover one breast—it slings around her left shoulder and goes diagonally down across her chest, sheathing only the left side of her torso. Her right breast hangs freely for any man to grab and suck on. The image of a single breast being exposed is one that easily arouses you and many other men; there's just something about the idea of one titty hanging freely that's so very suggestively titillating. As for the rest of the dress, there's not much more to it. It's a very short dress that ends an inch above the slit of her vagina, allowing you to just barely see her crotch—yet another sensually enjoyable aspect of the dress' design.

"The primary suspects are believed to have accomplices still in hiding," Valerie goes on with the story, her eyes and voice completely focused on doing her job. As you begin to wonder about the extents of her ability to focus, you see it being put to the test—a tall, lanky man hops on stage from off-screen, approaching Valerie. His jeans are at his knees and he's already got a fully blown hard-on ready to go. Taking Valerie by the arm, the man brings her down to her knees as she continues to stare directly into the camera, proceeding with delivering the news in an unbroken manner even while being manhandled.

With a cock shoved in her mouth, she is now sucking a stranger off while reading the news on live television, keeping continuous eye contact with the camera and the millions of viewers at home. Both stupidly fascinating and strangely erotic, you find yourself being turned on by how her words and speech become somewhat slurred and mumbled mid-blowjob.

"Ehinvestigashuns are—mmpnnhnn mmnnn—being conducted ash we speak, so we'll—mmpn mmpn mn—keep youh uhpdatedh as the story develops."

You hear Theia laugh a little bit, amused by the scene she's watching. While you definitely find it a bit humorous yourself, you'd be telling a huge lie if you said that girls talking with cocks in their mouths didn't get you off. How she keeps her composure and keeps going with her job, how countless people are watching it happen in real time and she just has to keep doing what she can...it's magnificent.

As Valerie continues onto the next headline, the man using her reaches his high point, letting loose a splatter of cum inside of her mouth—so much so that the instant he pulls out, strings of it begin to slip out

from her lips, falling down onto her chin and the floor. She takes an extremely quick pause to swallow the load down before getting back to what she was doing. "The president confirmed in a meeting today that he is indeed lowering taxes..."

This peace lasts for less than a minute before another man enters the scene in a fashion similar to the previous, pants down and erect penis at the ready. However, this one is far more forceful—grasping Valerie's head with an authoritative hold, he turns her face away from the camera brings it towards his member with speed. Valerie's reaction is lightning fast; she quickly stops her sentence and opens her mouth wide, allowing the man to insert himself inside of her oral cavity. He proceeds to fuck her face with strength and speed, forcing her to depththroat him and even gag a little bit. Being obliged to do as the man desires of her, Valerie has no choice but to wait for him to finish making public use of her in the middle of a live broadcast. Hundreds and hundreds of people are watching her suck cock on her knees in the middle of a TV studio with people walking around and working in the background. No one does anything about it—people keep working and the camera keeps rolling, waiting patiently for the man to bathe her in his seeds so she can finally continue.

You're somewhat confused as to why they aren't using this opportunity to cut to a commercial, but you then quickly realize that this must be a 24-hours news station that runs headlines day and night. As such, when something of this intensity happens that renders a news woman incapable of continuing, they just wait it out and keep showing it.

The forceful man showing no signs of being done soon, Valerie is required to continue sitting there, letting him use her however he wants. As the blowjob continues, you see something interesting in the background of the scene. There's a long haired tanned girl being carried by a large, bulky-looking dark skinned man. Her legs are crossed around his waist and he's fanatically moving his hips—he's fucking her while carrying her around wherever she needs to go. At the moment, however, they're not moving. She's wearing a large set of headphones around her neck and is holding on to some papers, studying them intensively and paying no mind to the man using her as a cocksleeve.

To your surprise, the camera shifts to another view, one more focused on this tanned girl. You can still see Valerie having her mouth brutalized in the background, but the primary scene has changed to the girl with headphones. From off screen, a woman with similar headphones around her neck and a clipboard in her hands approaches the tanned girl. Despite being carried around and fucked like a personal toy, the tanned girl looks up to the woman with a festive smile, indifferent about that fact of her life. As the two girls begin to talk, you see the tanned one's eyes light up with clear interest in their discussion—you can't hear what this discussion is, however, as they started playing jazzy intermission music from the moment Valerie had to stop. However, it's very clear that being fucked at work around her coworkers is nothing that bothers her or anyone else in the vicinity.

The girl with the clipboard is equipped with nothing but black stockings and a very tight white half-shirt that stops just above the nipples of her massive DD-sized breasts. She seems to be a mentor of some sort to the younger girl. Your best bet is that the tanned girl is an intern of some sort at the studio and is learning the ropes—the headphones both are equipped with are a sort of hint that they're probably connected with the audio production of the broadcast.

The camera switches back to Valerie, and as you would have imagined, the man using her is still going strong. Having realized that it won't end for potentially a few more minutes at the least, Valerie has put

her hands on the man's waist and is actively servicing him to the best of her ability. From the other side of the stage, an older looking man quickly joins the fray, coming up from behind Valerie and grabbing her by the ass. Pulling her up, she lets him reposition her to an all-fours position while still having her face fucked silly. The commanding man holding on to her head gets on his knees, allowing the other man's desired scenario to work out easier—the older gentleman begins to fuck her from behind while she continues to choke and gag on the other man's shaft.

To your surprise and joy, it looks like that's not all—two more men hop on stage, each with their dicks out. They approach Valerie from opposite sides and lift her arms up. Needing no further guidance, she starts to give them handjob while having opposite ends of her body impaled by cocks. The camera stays on the stage, showing Valerie being completely whored out to the maximum.

More and more men take notice of the scene and approach it, standing around Valerie as they begin to masturbate. Before you know it, there's at least ten of them...yeah, you know where this is going. Watching an impending bukkake scene like this only fuels you, making your thrusts inside of Theia's warm little asshole all the more fierce.

A few more minutes pass and before you know it, every man except the one fucking her face reaches an orgasm simultaneously, bringing a tremendous downpour of thick, white cream all over Valerie's body from multiple angles. One by one, they zip up and leave the area, leaving a semen drenched Valerie on her hands and knees with a massive cock still being forced in and out of her mouth.

Briefly, the camera switches over to a random light-skinned blonde girl working at her computer somewhere in the studio. Her chosen clothing is a lightweight long-sleeved blue sweater and nothing more. Typing at her keyboard, she finds someone seeking her attention from behind. Turning around in her chair, she sees a cock staring her dead in the face and looks up to the man who approached her. He asks her something that you still can't hear it due to the music. With an upbeat smile and glimmer in her eye, she nods and stands up from her chair, getting down on her knees. Now below the man's waistline, she keeps her smile while she patiently waits...and it suddenly becomes clear what was asked of her.

The man begins to piss on her, releasing a light-yellow stream of liquid waste onto her attractive face. As he pees, she closes her eyes and turns her head to and fro, allowing the entirety of her face to be showered in his bodily fluids. She rubs her cheeks and face as this happens, really working the urine into her pores and skin. The man's pee begins to slow down to a trickle after another few seconds, to which the blonde haired girl smiles and grabs his dick. She begins to suck it in an attempt to clean it for him, having no qualms with the idea of sticking a cock that just took a piss inside of her mouth. Removing it from her mouth after a minute or so, she holds it firmly and double checks it to make sure she's done a good job. When she's positive that he's good to go, she stands up with a sunny smile on her face, genuinely happy to have been able to help out a stranger by being his toilet and calmly accepting of the fact that she now reeks of piss. He walks off and she sits back down at her desk, finding it easy to go back to work even though her face is stained and dripping with urine.

The camera cuts back to Valerie with impeccable timing—the man's cock bulges inside of her mouth as he finally ejaculates, shooting what you can only imagine to be a deluge of cum down her throat after how long he was going for. Finally relieved, he removes himself from her mouth and pulls up his pants, walking off screen again. You see Valerie take a single deep breath of recuperation as she swallows the leftovers of the man's seeds. With her obligation to serve him completed, Valerie stands up from the

gigantic puddle of mixed semen she's been sitting in and lightly dusts off her waist. With almost every inch of her body coated with the essence of several men and excess cum dripping from her mouth, she clasps her hands together and looks back into the camera with a natural smile that shows she's completely unaffected by it.

"Our next story is a heartwarming one: the valiant rescue of a pack of abandoned kittens..."

Just like that, Valerie is right back at it, delivering the news with a positive attitude and focused determination. Even after being forced to fuck several men whom she's never even spoken to before and acting as their free use slut while having her dress and body totally doused in their cum, she matter-of-factly goes back to reading off headlines.

Seeing her stand there and tell the news with her body covered head-to-toe in a sheet of cum multiple layers deep, entirely passive about her current state and maintaining a high profile of professionalism...it's one of the hottest things you can witness in your day-to-day life. The images playing out in your head again and repeating themselves, you find that you just can't contain it anymore.

Quickly pulling out of Theia's ass, you grab her by the sides and flip her over, crawling up closer to her and hunching over her. In a rush of serene indulgence, you spew an extreme amount of cum over her chest and face with compellingly strong shots that just don't seem to stop. She simply lays there with a smile, laughing as she finds herself being painted with your spunk. How she stares at you in the eye with that beautifully elegant smile and charmingly charismatic giggle while you dirty her with your semen...it only adds fuel to the fire, causing you to blow a fuse and fire off even more shots of cum at her.

Your orgasm finally reaching its end, you find yourself taking deep breaths, holding yourself up above Theia on the bed. She simply stares at you, looking at you with her bewitching eye and that smile that you just can't get enough of. "My, my, my..." she jokingly teases, picking up some of the cum off her shirt with her fingers and licking her fingers in a manner so seductive that you swear it could make you cum again if you had more to give her. "I don't think anyone's ever cum this much on me before...I'm impressed."

She pushes herself up to a sitting position, looking at her shirt and laughing again. "Look at you, ruining my favorite shirt and everything!" she exclaims, shifting her gaze to you with a devilishly enticing glimmer in her eye. She brings her hand to your chest, slowly running her fingers up and down your skin. "Clearly, as punishment," she says, her voice suddenly going erotically mature with a slightly deeper tone. "You need to make it up to me..."

You can feel your heartbeat tense up as she unexpectedly pushes you back down onto the bed. She crawls towards your crotch, grabbing your limp dick and playfully tugging at it. "I know you just came all over me and everything," she explains, smiling with a provocative look in her eye. "But I'm feeling incredibly thirsty right now and the idea of cleaning myself after this generous gift of yours is simply unacceptable..."

From well-mannered, polite rich girl to beguiling succubus, Theia has a fiendishly mesmerizing aura about her right now. You're not sure what triggered this insane transformation, but for whatever reason, she's really getting into it now...

"Could you cum again for me?" she kindly requests, flirtatiously licking the head of your penis. "I'll do whatever I can to help you. I'm just so unbelievably parched right now...won't you help me out, sweetie?"

You're entirely too confused to fully understand her change in character, but you can practically hear your dick telling you not to worry about it. Whatever's happening right now is a very good thing and you like it a *lot*.

Theia's looking at you with a smile that somehow manages to look both inherently evil and stunningly enchanting at the same time. "I need to drink your milk, sweetie..."

Flustered with both bewilderment and happiness, you can only nod towards Theia as she begins...

8 - Eirin Park [Daydream Interlude II]

Author's Note: *Hi. Yeah, I'm alive. At least I think I am. I might be a zombie. But fuck it, I can still write, so what's that matter?*

*My schedule took a massive shift last week as I found myself having to drop around half of my classes for this semester, so I've got an abundance of free time to utilize for a short while (before final projects and final exams for my remaining courses start kicking my ass). So, I figured there was no better way to spend some of this new free time than to **finally** make some progress on this story that you guys may or may not have been waiting for.*

Hilariously enough, I originally planned on writing a quick, short chapter just to get an immediate update out as soon as possible, and four hours later I find myself with over 5,000 words. I think I need to stop trying to write short chapters because it never happens. I'm assuming people like longer chapters anyway because of all the extra content per update, so there's that as well.

Aside from all that, there have been several updates on my [ImageFap](#) profile in the past month consisting of several new animated GIF galleries and a new caption series that I dabbled in with what little free time I did have before I had to drop classes. You're more than welcome to check that out if you haven't seen them already. My [Tumblr blogs](#) are also still a thing for anyone who's unaware and might be interested.

Anywho, enough with turning this Author's Note section into my own personal thinking space. I hope you guys enjoy the chapter. As with the previous chapter, I'm expanding my horizons and trying out new things aside from the usual ignoring schematic. However, I know that's the focal point of the story as a whole and it's what a lot of you are here for, so of course I wouldn't abandon that entirely. I've been aiming for a nice mixture of the usual things and new things. With any luck, maybe I've hopefully managed to pull it off. Enjoy!

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With classes finished early and some extra free time on your hands, you found yourself sitting on a three-person bench in the middle of a park, looking up to the sky in boredom on a quiet Tuesday afternoon. You *could* go home and get some work done, sure, but relaxedly idling in the midst of nature always feels nice, right?

With a small yawn—don't skip your morning coffee next time—you rub your eyes lightly and bring your head back down to the world in front of you, looking at the expanse of nature which is Eirin Park. It's not anything special, just a local park built by the community government years ago. Still, it's got a nice homey kind of feel to it and it's pretty enough. It's also surprisingly big, spanning quite a few blocks all around.

Much like you did today, a lot of people visit Eirin Park to relax, possibly under the shade of its big trees. Some people take a leisurely stroll down one of its many trails. However, a special group of

visitors—namely males—come to Eirin Park for other reasons, and their handiwork is something that's almost impossible to miss.

"You're not doing anything Saturday, are you? My family's throwing a surprise party for my sister, so you should be there if you can!"

"Yeah, I'll clear up my schedule for sure!"

Two girls enter your field of view, peacefully walking down the trail in front of you as they talk with one another. You've seen them in your university's halls before, which would explain why they're here now—the campus is just a fifteen minute walk away. You can easily venture to guess that they're either on their way to school or their classes let out early like yours. This thought doesn't stay in your mind for very long, though, as you instead begin to put your energy towards quickly scanning their bodies up and down.

The girl on the right is light-skinned with curly blonde shoulder-length hair and blue eyes. On her chest rests an averagely sized set of breasts, probably a 38B if you really had to guesstimate. She's wearing a half-cut blue top that stops right around her nipples and a short black skirt that playfully teases you with an erotic view of the lower half of her small but firm-looking ass. Aside from this, her legs are equipped with black nylons that add a dazzling sort of glimmer to her thighs and feet, finishing the combo with matching jet-black heels. Naturally, there is no sort of underwear whatsoever to be found under her shirt or skirt. At this point in the game, there's no need to go into detail as to why, right?

The girl on the left bears a slightly darker and more tanned skin tone, one resembling an East Asian Pacific Islander. Her wavy light brown hair stops at around her neck and her eyes are a shimmering hue of jade green. In a sort of humorous contrast, her physical shape is an inverse of her blonde haired friend—petite boobs with perky nipples that can't be more than a 36A are her weapons at the front while her rear weapon is a curvy and shapely apple bottom. Given her attire of choice, you figure that she's a bit more into fashion trends than her simply dressed friend. A small white scarf loops comfortably around her neck with its tail resting on her shoulder. Matching the scarf is a single white, fingerless, elbow-length glove on her left arm and a single white thigh-high sock on her right leg. Aside from these three pieces of clothing and her white flip-flops, her body is completely bare. If there was anything that The Law gave birth to, it was definitely unique and sexy fashion styles like this.

"Oh, Ada, my feet are killing me," the blonde says to her friend as she suddenly stops, bringing you to a state of attention as you had expected them to keep walking. "Come on," she eagerly states while looking around, noticing how the bench you're occupying is two-thirds empty. "Let's rest here for a second!"

With the girl known as Ada having her wrist grabbed by her friend and being dragged towards the resting spot, she laughs lightly to herself with a roll of her eyes. "Just what made you think it was a good idea to wear heels, Kathy?"

A turn of events spinning the situation around in a new way, the half-naked girls take a seat next to one another on the rest of the bench that you've been watching them from. Crossing their legs in a peaceful respite, they turn slightly to each other and begin to fill the atmosphere around you with chatter and dialogue of miscellaneous topics.

With the two ladies of the hour this much closer, you can't help but analyze their bodies one more time with a now enhanced view. Upon looking them up and down again, you can easily see remnants of the handiwork of Eirin Park's special groups of visitors emblazoned upon their otherwise immaculate skin. Kathy, the blonde haired girl, has aged layers of a white-looking substance caked into her cheeks and parts of her neck. Ada, the Asian girl, has a mess of the same white substance across her chest, save for the fact that hers appears to be a much newer coat which gleams in the sun. Yes, without a doubt, these girls have experienced the guys who visit Eirin Park looking for an easy fuck.

And now, with them being so close and within reach, they're about to experience it again.

Removing your cargo shorts and placing them safely underneath the bench, you edge closer towards Kathy, sandwiched between you and Ada. Arms raised, you begin to happily play with her healthy natural breasts, jiggling them in your hands and squeezing her nipples. "You should probably join the Film Club, then," Kathy casually suggests to her friend while you grope her.

As Kathy continues talking, you remove one of your hands from her chest and lean further in, bringing both you and her closer to Ada. With Ada now in much more plausible reach, you bring your free hand towards her, index finger extended. Touching her lips with it, she reflexively moves her head forward, slipping your finger into her mouth and sucking on it while keeping her eyes and ears locked onto Kathy and her words. You feel her agile tongue swirl and dance around your finger, covering it in a slimy coat of her saliva. The more she plays with your finger in her mouth, the more dick slowly begin to stiffen and grow. The complete lack of care from either of the girls otherwise only fuels it more.

"I guess I'll check them out tomorrow," Ada says as you finally free her of her task, her succulent lips dripping with her own spit. Releasing Kathy from your grasp as well, you briefly stand up from the bench and move towards Ada, grabbing her calves and lifting her legs up. Placing them Kathy's lap, you sit back down next to the blonde with Ada's feet in your hands. With one bare foot showcasing her soft soles and toes and one thigh-high dressed foot seductively outlining her high arches, you've got the best of both worlds in the palm of your hands.

Bringing her naked foot to your mouth and her covered foot to your crotch, you begin to indulge in a combination of experiences, ranging from the captivating smell of sweaty naked foot that's been walking around all day and the mind-numbing feeling of a fabric-covered sole rubbing your erect cock. After a few moments, Ada takes control of the situation herself, rubbing your member and your face on her own while talking to Kathy. "Wait, isn't Evelyn in the Film Club?" she asks her blonde haired friend while driving you to a sexual high, finding it very easy to multitask between you and her.

"Yeah, you'll see her there," Kathy affirms with her hands atop Ada's knees, still placed in her lap as her tanned friend services you from across her lap. "That is, assuming she doesn't have work or anything."

"Oh, where does she work?" Ada asks as you lustfully grope her calves and thighs while she inserts her big toe in and out of your mouth. "That small burger place down Metropolitan Ave, right?"

"That's the one, yeah. I think she's off tomorrow, though, so you'll probably run into her."

In the middle of undergoing an intense act of sexual excitement carried out by a beautiful Asian girl who couldn't care less about you, your mind quickly picks up on her words.

That small burger place down Metropolitan Ave, right?

A blazing rush of images sweeps your mind as you zero in on these words, bringing you a vivid memory of a few weeks prior when you found yourself in the very same fast food joint that she's speaking of.

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"Welcome to Metropolitan Burger, how can I help you?"

Wandering inside of a small restaurant, you're approached and greeted by a girl that stands at about 5'2" in height with bright red hair that only reveals itself through bangs that come out from underneath her black hat. Aside from the hat, her uniform consists of a tight black dress shirt with the collar folded down and a nametag attached to the left side of it that reads *Hello, my name is Evelyn*. Sleek, black work pants dress her legs, save for her crotch and ass which have their area stylishly cut out for obvious reasons.

Standing around in the middle of the area and not even remotely close to an ordering line, she must have seen you looking around and probably decided to come to your aid like the good employee that she was. She wears a down-to-earth and honest smile on her face, visibly eager to assist you in any way possible. "Are you looking for the bathroom, sir?"

No, the bathroom isn't what you looking for. What you're looking for was an opportunity, and it graciously presented itself to you. However, for some fun, you decide to play along. Lightly smiling with nod, you explain that it was your first time here.

"If you would follow me, then!" she exclaims with an upbeat, bubbly attitude, turning around and walking through the venue to lead you to your presumed destination. As you march behind her, your eyes don't leave her ass for a single moment—the fancy-looking cut-out design that reveals her cleanly shaven pussy on the other side of her body is mirrored on this side, giving you a view of her asscrack and asscheeks as they bounce up and down with every step she takes.

As you follow her throughout the establishment, you catch quick glimpses of your surroundings and the people that are currently inhabiting them. At one table, an older woman in her 30s sits on top of a man and enjoys her meal while she rides him. Her breasts are pulled out from the confines of her suit and feverishly rebound in rhythm with the man's motions. At another table, one styled like a semi-circle and meant for larger groups, four schoolgirls carry an energetic conversation as a nude man slips underneath their table. Lying down beneath them, he begins to guide their feet towards him, to which two of the girls respond by smothering his face with their soles and the remaining two respond by starting up a cooperative footjob, all while laughing and giggling at their continued topic of discussion. Your eyes also come across a waitress taking an order for a young couple. As she speaks with them and listens to their requested meals with a pleasant smile on her face, the presence of a tall, lanky man vigorously fucking the waitress from behind doesn't seem to have an effect on the couple or the waitress herself.

This place is certainly bustling with activity.

A short walk later, you come to two doors at the end of a small hallway, one marked with a blue boy stick figure and the other marked with a pink girl stick figure. Evelyn turns with you with a smile, extending her hand towards the door leading to the men's bathroom. "Right here, sir!"

Yeah...no.

Lightly grabbing Evelyn's extended hand by the wrist, you bring her to the wall behind her, pinning her up against it. While her reaction is that of a continued calm demeanor since this is probably nothing new to her, you can see her blushing a little. "If this was what you wanted, sir..."

Fuck. That was kind of cute.

Bringing your face to hers, you lock lips with her and start up a heated exchange of saliva through kisses with a girl who's currently in the middle of her work shift. Naturally, that isn't a problem. Any company or establishment these days will always hire women in bulk and have several on shift at any given time due to scenarios like this. There's even places where women get hired to simply stand around and service men as needed on the off chance that every female employee is currently preoccupied or if they're needed elsewhere.

You can hear Evelyn moaning slightly with every few seconds that this intense makeout session lasts—she's obviously enjoying it. With your lips still on her, you shift your free hand to her exposed crotch and start to play with her pussy, inserting your index and middle fingers into the depths of her hole and exploring her insides. To your surprise, her moans grow more intense. This type of response isn't exactly the social norm these days. Either this girl recently turned 18 and has yet to fully mold into the indifferent, uncaring woman that most girls become, or she's just a nymphomaniac that finds noteworthy enjoyment in having her body openly used by several strangers every day.

You're not exactly sure which it is, but either of them are fine by you.

As this activity between you two progresses, a handful of people enter and exit the bathrooms, passing you by without a second glance. No one is disturbing your fun and no one is calling for Evelyn's assistance. All it takes is one quick look to understand that she's already busy. As far as anyone's concerned, it's just you and her.

That's not very fair, though, is it? No, it's really not. After all, sharing is caring.

A brilliant idea sparks in your mind as you slowly retract your mouth and fingers from Evelyn. She takes slow, paced breaths, recovering as best she can while blushing with a sex-crazed smile. "I-Is there anything else I can do for you today, sir...?"

Gently grabbing her by the hand, you lead her into the men's bathroom. Upon walking in, the first thing that catches your eye is a row of 5 girls sitting on their knees at the other end of the room. They're dressed in uniforms identical to Evelyn's, minus the hat. Looking around and seeing no urinals and only closed off stalls, you're quick to deduce the meaning behind their attendance.

Another man walks in behind you and races towards, visibly in a hurry. Approaching the girl in the center of the five, he hurriedly unzips his pants and begins to release a bright, golden shower upon the girl's pretty face. Yes, several places like this have replaced urinals all together in favor of female employees. Supposedly, the amount of money saved on the water bill by removing urinals is greater than the money spent on paying girls to play the part of a toilet. While you can't be sure if the cost difference is really in favor of female urinals, it's definitely environmentally friendly with all the saved water. Plus, seeing a girl offer her face as a toilet with the utmost of sincerity and enthusiasm never gets old.

As the man continues to rain down his yellow stream onto the girl's smiling face, the other four pay it no real mind. Two of them talk to one another while the other two play with their cellphones. Seeing their fellow coworker be publically defaced and regarded as no more than a waste dump is nothing that bothers them. Why would it? They're in the same boat.

After a few more moments of release, the man lets out a relieved sigh as he finishes up. "Thank you for using me," the girl politely responds with a relaxed tone in her voice, genuinely happy to have helped him out in such a manner. "Shall I clean you up as well?"

With him nodding to her in confirmation, the employee opens her mouth and wraps her lips around his member, sucking and slurping on it while moving her head back and forth to give it a thorough cleaning. A few minutes pass of you staring at this event in horny delight until the man eventually grunts a little bit, slowly backing away from the girl. At some point during that process, the clean-up job turned into a blowjob, evident by the slow escape of trickling semen from the edges of the girl's mouth. With a smile, she swallows the load and looks up to the man. "It was an honor to service you, sir. Have a pleasant day."

With a satisfied look in his eyes, the man nods again and takes his leave, exiting the bathroom. As the girl begins to pick the excess cum off her lips and chin with her finger, she looks up while cleaning herself, taking notice of Evelyn's presence. "Oh, Evelyn! How long have you been here?"

"Hey, Arietta," Evelyn responds, the grip you having had at some point transformed into an almost affectionate handhold. "We walked in not too long ago. Great job as always. You're the best when it comes to this part of the job."

"Oh, it's nothing!" Arietta replies with a dismissive wave of her hand, shaking her head. "Were you showing this gentleman to the bathroom?"

"Yes, but I don't think he really has to go..." Evelyn says with a distant laugh, her words drifting off as her face starts to flush with red again.

"Did he need something else, then?" Arietta questions inquisitively, looking between you and Evelyn with curiosity.

Before Evelyn can say anything more, you walk towards Arietta with her in hand, bringing her with you towards the line of urinal girls. In a swift act, you drop your pants and free your hardened shaft from its chamber of oppression. Before Arietta can react, you shove yourself inside of her mouth, grabbing her head by the sides and fucking her face at a high speed.

You can see Evelyn growing heated with lust at the sight of you forcefully claiming Arietta's mouth for your own and deepthroating her so compellingly out of nowhere. She stands close to you, rubbing her body up against yours as she begins to passionately play with herself at the sight of her dear friend and coworker being reduced to nothing more than a cumdumpster.

"Why didn't you do that with me, sir...?" she openly asks in the middle of you ravaging Arietta's oral cavity. "I could have done it too..."

Well, when she says it all adorable and cute like that...

Removing your hands from Arietta's head, you turn slightly towards Evelyn and place them on hers, forcing her down to her knees.

Ask and you shall receive.

In the split second before you force yourself into her mouth, you see a beaming smile drooling with anticipation on her face and an ecstatic twinkle in her eyes. With her mouth freed as you shifted to Evelyn, Arietta coughs lightly to herself, regaining her composure. "Not many go for the surprise attack," she jokingly comments, looking up to you with a flirtatious grin. "I'm always happy to serve you, though, be it with notice or without."

Arietta's eyes tinge with a sexy sort of mischievousness as she looks to Evelyn next to her, bravely taking the plowing you're bestowing upon her throat. "Naturally, so is our sweet, little Evelyn."

With an almost creepy yet erotically rambunctious giggle, Arietta places her hand on the back of Evelyn's head as you continue to hold it by her temples. "This actually her favorite activity," she explains to you, helping you to move her head back and forth as she gags on your cock. "It's why she was practically begging for it. The poor girl can't stand to see another woman have her mouth reamed like this...she'd rather it always be her. A little bit...selfish of her," Arietta jests, her chuckling increasing in concentration as she applies more force to the back of Evelyn's head, making her choke and gag on your penis more and more. "But that's okay. You live for gagging on cock like this, don't you, Evelyn? Oh, you would do it for *days* if you could..."

From polite, helpful employee to hormone-obsessed sadistic mistress, Arietta's entire character and tone of voice changed in the blink of an eye. You're not sure what brought about this massive reversal in behavior, but between her words and Evelyn's mouth being your private domain of pleasure, figuring that out is not a priority at the moment. What you can say for certain, however, is that this incomprehensible reversal of her character combined with the stunningly devilish grin on her face reminds you of a certain someone...yes, without a doubt, Arietta bears an frighteningly striking resemblance to a girl that you had an interesting encounter with.

"You've done her a big favor," Arietta continues, placing her other hand on Evelyn's chest and vehemently squeezing at her breasts beneath her shirt. "She told me during our lunch break this afternoon that she would go crazy if she didn't get to do this at least once today. 'I just want a guy to walk up to me and shove his cock down my throat!' she told me, disappointed that it hadn't happened yet...well, here you go, dear. It's happening."

Arietta slowly moves her hand down Evelyn's torso, her fingers slithering like sneaky snakes as they find their way to her pussy. "And look at you..." she whispers into Evelyn's ear barely loud enough for you to hear. Slipping her hand down between her legs, you see Evelyn's thighs begin to twitch as she is no doubt having her womanhood toyed with Arietta's sly fingertips. "Absolutely drenched to the core...aren't you so happy that you get paid to do this at work, sweetie? Paying off those college classes and student loans by whoring yourself out and being a free use slut that any guy can use...things couldn't be better for you, could they?"

Evelyn's legs twitching more sporadically as you continue to spear her throat key you in to an undeniable fact: the force of Arietta's fingers in the girl's pussy is most likely escalating to new levels. "The great part about it is that she loves it when I talk dirty like this to her in front of the guys we serve," Arietta goes on in a devastatingly seductive whisper that you can still barely hear, even though that statement was clearly meant for you. "You're dying to have him shoot his hot, sticky cum all over you, aren't you, Evelyn? Isn't that what you want the most right now? Don't worry. Just keep being a good girl like this and it'll happen any minute now."

At this point, you begin to notice very light voices moaning in the background. The other urinal girls who were previously in a mindset of total disregard to what you were all doing are now fully focused on the scene that's happening before them, biting their lips in envy and even rubbing each other off.

Arietta takes notice as well, giggling to herself as she turns her head to them. "Why don't you join us, girls? There haven't been any customers inside here for a while...get involved while you still can~"

The girls look to one another in uncertainty for a moment, deciding what course of action to take as you stay strong in Evelyn's mouth, still a bit of a ways away from attaining an orgasm. Coming to a unanimous agreement with one another, they begin to crawl towards the three of you, their eyes indicating that the rawest form of their uninhibited libido has finally kicked in.

One of the girls comes up behind Evelyn, slipping her hands beneath her shirt and extensively groping her chest while giving her neck soft and slow kisses. Another approaches Arietta, taking a seat next to her and engaging in a fanatical makeout session with her. Arietta's fingers are still lodged deep within Evelyn's pussy as she begins to kiss her coworker, their movements causing Evelyn's legs to shake and convulse with rising levels of ecstasy. The third girl stands up, coming up to you and giving your mouth something to do while your hips continue to thrust and deepthroat Evelyn. Her tongue excitedly twirls around yours as she runs her hand across your chest. The fourth and final girl places herself above Arietta and the second girl, positioning her crotch close to their heads. In a strangely erotic act of reversal, the urinal girl begins to gush out her own collective torrent of liquid waste down upon the two. As they continue to kiss while being pissed off, the girl's pee inadvertently makes its way into their mouths with every momentary gap their lips make.

The unbelievable appeal behind this entire scene is just too much—

"Evelyn, sweetie, it's time for your reward...!"

Keen to your impending release, Arietta teases Evelyn as you remove yourself from her mouth. She coughs loudly, desperately gasping for fresh air as Arietta pushes her down to the floor, putting her on her back. Getting on all fours, Arietta goes into a feverish overdrive with her fingering of Evelyn's pussy,

bringing her head close to one side of her face while you approach the other side and get down on your knees.

"It's here, honey! You were such a good girl that it's here just for you!"

The other three girls hastily gather up in front of Evelyn's cunt, fingering themselves as they lower themselves and look to it expectantly. "And you'll be giving your friends a present too, won't you, dear?" Arietta asks in the naughty whisper which you've come to know her for by now. "You're such a nice girl, Evelyn. Even when you're the one getting the gift, you're sure to give back to the people you care about. They can't wait for your present."

Reaching maximum capacity, you unleash titanic waves of heated cum onto Evelyn's face. As you paint a canvas of white on her, Arietta goes into an inferno of zealous love with her hand, jamming her fingers in and out of Evelyn's pussy at a breakneck pace. With every new shot you rain down upon Evelyn's face, Arietta's fingers pick up in speed.

It was a mysterious act of wonder that happened simultaneously—as you finalize your work and give Evelyn the last bit of your essence, she reaches her own breaking point after being played with by Arietta for so long now. Her lower body going into an uncontrollable spasm, forceful blasts of vaginal fluid eject themselves from Evelyn's insides, showering the other three urinal girls who were waiting for this moment with excitement and hope. Evelyn's orgasm continues for a short while as you witness it in awestruck silence.

Coming to the end of her long-awaited release, Evelyn's legs fall to the ground, no longer capable of holding themselves up. Evelyn's breathing has skyrocketed as she takes heavy, powerful breaths during this state of recovery. After what seemed like ages, Arietta takes her hand out of Evelyn's hole, finally giving it some room to breathe. Bringing that same hand to her mouth, she slowly licks her fingers while staring Evelyn in the eye. "You taste so good, honey. Do you want to try?"

Given her current status, a very small and weak nod is all Evelyn can respond with as her body tries to catch it up with itself after that episode of unparalleled pleasure and nirvana. Moving her fingers towards Evelyn's lips, Arietta gently slides them inside of her mouth, nodding to the tired girl. "See? Your juices are so good, Evelyn. But let's not forget..."

Arietta extracts her fingers from Evelyn's mouth, now scooping up a bit of the plentiful remains that you left on her face. "Your customer left you a very generous gift. It would be so rude to just leave it there, wouldn't you say?"

With softly spoken words that carry a heavy, commanding weight, Arietta slips her fingers back into Evelyn's mouth, allowing the exhausted girl to finally enjoy the results of her hard work. You can see Evelyn smile, blissful contentedness evident in her eyes.

"Well, sir," Arietta looks to you as she continues to feed Evelyn your cum with her fingers, as if she were a newborn child. "Thank you for using us. Please come back again soon."

Her body still motionless and her breathing still overly heavy, Evelyn slowly turns her head to you, looking at you with mystical eyes that seem to be finally satisfied. "T-Thank you, sir...", she says to you

with a weak voice, expending what little energy she had left just to speak to you. Despite the struggle she is undergoing to speak words, the smile on her face is all you need to see that she's truly content with this outcome. "I hope to...see you again."

Feeling rather exhausted yourself after such a monumental discharge, you can only nod and...

...and...

...

. . . .

— — —

"I didn't even like—mmphn mmn—him that much anywaynphm."

The garbled sound of impaired speech lifts you from your memory, causing you to look around in surprise. Once again, you've managed to get lost in a lifelike reanimation of past events.

Looking down, you see Ada's now cum-covered feet relaxedly crossed in your lap, your somewhat limp and fatigued member between them. You must have come on her at some point during your daydream. The fact that she didn't move her feet after the fact and just nonchalantly left them in your lap, stained with your semen and all, is something that you can't help but find amazing.

Looking up, you see that a man had approached from behind the bench and is now having Ada give him a blowjob while she continues to talk with Kathy. Like most girls, talking to someone with a cock in her mouth was something that came very naturally to Ada, and understanding her words was equally an easy task for Kathy.

"You could still give him a shot though," Kathy responds, their topic of discussion obviously having had shifted hugely from before you ended up daydreaming.

"I guess I could," Ada answers as the man takes his dick out of her mouth. Coming around the front of the bench, he begins to rub himself off while slapping her cheek with it lightly, but Ada is unbothered. "I've heard some nasty rumors about him, though."

"Really?" Kathy asks, expressing genuine shock as the man reaches a climax, spraying Ada's face and mouth with an aggregation of his cum. Seeing her friend receive a facial mid-conversation was probably an expected normality for Kathy by now, given her disregard of it.

Satisfied, the man walks off as Ada nods, not even bothering to wipe her face clean. "Yeah. I'll tell you on the way, though, because we should probably be going."

"Actually, before we go, let me head to the bathroom real quick," Kathy notifies Ada while grabbing her bag. "I'll be back in a second."

Lifting her legs up to allow Kathy passage to leave, Ada brings them back down on the bench as she

departs, placing her feet on your crotch once more. With your member still limp after the release you granted to her attractive feet, Ada pulls out her cellphone and begins to kill time with it while waiting for her friend to return. To your surprise, she starts to use her feet to play with your cock while she does this. Even though you just experienced an orgasm not too long ago, you can't help but start to get hard again as you feel her soft soles against your package.

Hm...they said they were going somewhere, but that can wait, can't it?

Standing up, you approach Ada and lift her up from the bench. Grabbing her bag with one hand and holding her with your free arm, you carry her over your shoulder as you make your way off trail in search of a comfy spot in the grass. She doesn't protest as you go about relocating her without her consent, instantly aware of the fact that you aren't done with her yet. Instead, you hear her punching numbers on her phone's keypad as she brings it to her ear.

"Hey, Kathy?" she says as you continue to travel with her over your shoulder. "Yeah, the guy who was with us is taking me somewhere. Yeah, he's probably going to fuck me. For how long? I don't know...you know how long guys tend to use me for. Just go on ahead without me. I'll catch up to you later."

Just like that, with a casual, indifferent attitude, this girl told her friend to go on ahead without her because she'll be too busy being your personal slut. Due to your desires and intentions, Ada has dropped all of her current plans to properly allow you to fuck her as much as you want.

Coming to a nice area by a large tree, you let her and her bag down. Now on her own two feet again, she leans down towards her bag and throws her phone inside, exchanging it for a small magazine which she pulls out from the unseen insides of it. Opening to the first page, Ada begins to read her magazine while getting down on all fours on the grass near her bag, lifting up her remarkably thick ass towards you.

"Whenever you're ready," she uninterestedly comments with a bored yawn in her voice as she flips the page, presenting her lower body to you in a doggystyle pose. "I already cancelled everything else, so fuck me as much as you want."

Her carefree words play themselves back in your head as you bring yourself down to the ground with her. Taking hold of her robust ass, an energized smile quickly crawls onto your face.

Fuck me as much as you want.

With pleasure.

9 - Central Mall [Part 1]

Author's Note: *You thought I forgot about you again, didn't you? Nope.*

*After some writer's block and failed attempts to write this chapter during the beginning of the month, I ended up putting some time and effort into starting a new project based on an idea I've had for a while now in the hopes that I just needed a change of pace. This new project in question is an interactive choose-your-own adventure type of story over on Chyoo that anyone can add to and expand upon (pending my approval and editing), and I'm pretty happy with how it's turned out so far. It's somewhat similar to *The Law* in some respects but is instead more focused on mind control, a fetish which I've gotten into recently. After focusing on writing for that project for a week or two and getting some good ideas down, I was finally able to return to this chapter and produce some content here. If you're interested in reading that new story and staying updated with it, [here's the link](#). If you have any ideas, questions, or comments about it, feel free to let me know over my Hentai-Foundry profile page here (or you can e-mail me at chaosmuramasa94@gmail.com). If you want to add to the story with your own branch, you just need to make an account on Chyoo and then you just start writing.*

Aside from that, I've also been way more active on [my main Tumblr blog](#) lately and have started writing small captions alongside the images, so you can feel free to enjoy that content as well.

In terms of this chapter, I tried some new things (as I always do) and...that about sums it up. Not much more to it than that. Pretty content with how it turned out and hopefully you guys will be as well. General comments and feedback are always greatly appreciated and I love hearing what you guys think, so you're more than welcome to share your thoughts with me.

Fuck, with pretexts this long, they're not really author's "notes" anymore. In any case, I hope you guys enjoy this chapter and anything else of mine you decide to check out. Once again, feedback and comments about anything are openly welcomed and appreciated.

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In the continued misadventures of your day-to-day life, you find yourself standing at the massive main entrance of Central Mall, the biggest indoor shopping center in a thirty or forty mile radius. With four floors and hundreds of stores with business operations going on for 24 hours a day, this place is never asleep or inactive. People flood the dozens of entrances nonstop, the rampant consumerism of society making itself ever present. Given that today is Saturday, general activity is even higher than usual.

All around you, people of all ages are both arriving for their shopping sprees and departing with mountains of bags in their hands. As per usual, women are either nude, near nude, or wearing the ever so helpful ease-of-access type of clothing that you've come to appreciate. Immediate key figures you can spot are a girl with nothing but a tight blue tube top and some sandals, a group of friends in bras and panties, an older woman in some classy looking stylized pantyhose and nothing more, and two gossiping girls with breastless shirts and crotchless jeans, revealing their bare assets for all to see. No matter where you go, there are always new realms to see in terms of how women equip themselves for

their daily lives of being free use cumdumpsters.

With your penis slowly growing larger and reminding you that you can do whatever you damn well please with any of these ladies, you make your way through one of the large double doors and enter the fast-paced, sex-filled world of Central Mall in order to see what fun you can have today.

Walking with a wave of people into the entrance lobby, you can see various small kiosks and booths which provide a wealth of information and numerous maps of the expansive complex. As you glance at them, you notice that you're next to a rather attractive brunette girl who sports a black bra and an incredibly short black microskirt with some tennis shoes. With light brown eyes behind thin-framed rectangular glasses and a cute white hat atop her head of neck-length hair, she's quite the looker. She's not exactly in a hurry—she's walking at an even pace with you and her eyes are wandering around as if she hasn't decided where to spend her money first. Figuring you might as well take the opportunity, you clasp your hand onto her tight, compact ass and hold onto it firmly as the two of you continue to walk in the same direction. As you would expect, her reaction is nonexistent and she keeps her stride going strong while you grope her.

Playing with her soft buttocks as you progress onwards, she makes a sharp turn to the right, approaching a large electronic display showcasing a comprehensive map of the first floor. You're quick on the uptake and manage to follow her immediately, your hand still on her behind as she comes to a stop in front of the map. As she begins to analyze it, your finger finds its way to her closed off asshole.

To your surprise, you hear a small gasp from her as you slowly begin to pry open her anus and insert your middle finger inside of it. You glance at her—even though she's still fully focused on the map and trying to figure out which store to visit first, she's blushing slightly and biting her bottom lip in a manner that you find infectiously cute. She seems to have a weak spot for having her ass played with like this. Naturally, it raises a very good question that you're quickly becoming more and more curious about: how big is this weakness?

Pushing your middle finger in further, you press it down against the warm inner walls of her asshole. In response, she lets out a soft moan, biting down on her lip a bit harder while tracing paths on the map with her finger. This girl can do her best to act tough all she wants—no matter what kind of poker face she tries to muster up, her voice is all you need to hear to know that she's feverishly in tune with what you're doing to her.

As she continues to consult the map for her plans, you go on with your own plans, jamming your finger in and out of her ass with steadily increasing speed. With every step forward you take in intensity, she takes one step backwards in composure. After a minute, your finger is reaming her asshole at the speed of a machinegun and she's placed both of her palms on the electronic map, balancing herself and letting out high-pitched moans of enjoyment every few seconds. Her breathing has shot up and her legs are trembling; you're making her rather wet as indicated by the insides of her thighs which are starting to become moist from her own vaginal juices leaking out from the pleasure.

Making this all the better is the general lack of response on everyone else's part. People are going on with their day, not concerned in the least with the sight of what you're doing. It is an extremely common occurrence, after all. On top of that, a girl having her ass fingered is rather tame to begin with—there are several girls in the vicinity being pounded and slammed much harder and they're not being given the

time of day, so why should you?

The only acknowledgement you get from the outside world is from an older man who approaches from the side, slowly stroking himself off as he watches you work your magic. Looking at his face, it's easy to see that he's pretty eager to have his turn, but he's respecting the fact that you found her first. As hard as your member is right now and as much as you wouldn't mind using this petite, lean girl a little bit more, you know there's plenty more fish in the sea and that casting a new line into the water wouldn't be difficult at all. As such, you remove yourself from the girl's asshole and watch as it remains agape for a few seconds before very slowly closing once again.

Her breathing still heavy, she turns around and faces you and the other gentleman. You've managed to kickstart her otherwise usually inactive libido, something that she most likely keeps under wraps as she goes about her schoolwork or whatever occupies her during her days. That's undoubtedly the last thing on her mind right now, though—after having her ass plowed so thoroughly by just a finger, she's got to be craving more.

Her next action confirms your beliefs. Her body still trembling from excitement, she gets down on her knees and raises her butt into the air, grabbing her asscheeks and spreading them apart. With this forward gesture, she presents her now stretched asshole to the two of you. "Come on," you hear her speak up as she wiggles her rear a little bit, her eyes brimming with lustful anticipation. "I'm going to go crazy if one of you doesn't shove your cock up my ass. Don't keep me waiting any longer, okay?"

Her words are tinged with desperation. It's very clear now that this girl's weakness is indeed anal play, and after you started her off with the appetizer of your finger, she's ready for the main course of cock pumping her ass with cum. Upon seeing that you still haven't even so much as removed your pants, the older man is quick to realize your kind offering and lowers himself to the floor with her. Carefully inserting himself into her anal cavity, he proceeds to deliver unto her the ramming of a lifetime, moving his hips faster than you can ever recall seeing a middle aged man do so before. The girl's moans of pleasure are louder than before as she reels in the satisfaction of having her ass destroyed in public, a mischievous grin slowly spawning on her face. The more she's fucked, the happier her expression becomes—her eyes are slowly rolling upwards in ecstasy as she begins to drool slightly, visibly showcasing how much she enjoys having her ass ravaged. The man looks equally content; with how tightly her asshole had clenched your finger, you can only imagine the pure bliss he must be experiencing right now with her muscles and sphincters coiled so tightly around his penis.

Figuring that there's not much to be gained from standing there and watching this scene unfold aside from possible regret and jealousy, you turn around and continue into Central Mall to find your next subject.

Getting past the entrance plaza, you find yourself in a small indoor courtyard with a large fountain and some benches. It seems like this area acts as the hub of the whole mall, branching off towards all reaches of the entire area. A large amount of people are scattered about, diverging off into any one of the several paths or up and down escalators and elevators to higher floors. You've only been here a few times in the past, so you end up mindlessly gazing around the area and taking in the sights and sounds for a few moments.

Ahead of you a few feet, there's a nude girl being double penetrated on the floor next to a bench. Her

eyes and ears are focused on a girl laying across the bench above her as the two of them are currently engaged in a conversation. The girl on the bench is equally nude, but is far dirtier—her body is a disgustingly erotic mess of cum with blotches and drops of it covering almost every inch of her body, but the smile she bears as she talks with her friend shows you just how relaxed she must feel at the moment. Being a human cum rag comes naturally to her as it would any other woman.

In a somewhat similar mess, there's an older woman also in her birthday suit sitting in the middle of an adjacent bench, flipping through a newspaper. She sits with her legs spread wide open, revealing her pussy which has no doubt been fucked countless times today alone—if the appearance of it wasn't sign enough of that, the next big thing clueing you in towards that fact would be the immense amount of thick, white cream that it's gradually dispensing. Her vagina excretes all of the loads shot into her little by little, progressively expanding the pool of cum that she's sitting in. It's nothing that bothers her, though, and she continues to read the paper without much of a worry. After a moment, she closes the paper and stands up, walking off with a semen-stained ass and leaving the huge puddle remaining on the bench. With every step she takes, she leaves a trail of white behind her as her womb continues to dismiss the contents spilled inside it.

It's not long before two more unclothed girls appear to occupy the now vacant bench, happily seizing the chance to take a break from their shopping by having a seat. Their demeanor of extreme indifference leaves them unfazed with the idea of sitting in a sea of cum. You can easily picture them taking a full bath in the stuff and being as jolly as ever.

You're quick to notice that the amount of sex that goes on in this mall is more than you've seen at most places. Then again, with a place that has this amount of people at any given time, that's to be expected. Everywhere you look, there's a girl getting gangbanged while shopping, girls having fresh cum blasted on them while talking to one another, women being fondled and touched while eating in food courts...the magnificent, mindnumbing odor of sex and sweaty girls who no longer shower regularly permeates the atmosphere of the entire building.

Mixed in with the smell of sex and sweat is the ever present aroma of both fresh and aged urine; women freely relieve themselves as they walk around and men use any girls they see as on the spot urinals. Without even shifting your position, you can count at least eleven girls who are actively peeing while walking and shopping. Another seven or eight are acting as public toilets for random men. There are very few spots of the mall's floors that aren't littered with pathways and lakes of cum and urine. The women who brave the world barefoot are constantly stepping in the mixture of these two substances, but in a manner that both fascinates you and turns you on quite a bit, they just don't care.

As you begin to walk forward through the courtyard and into a branch of the mall with some actual stores, you're careful not to step on any of the girls who are being used while on the floor—there's quite a large number of them in varying positions, from being on their backs to their stomachs to their sides. A few of them here and there deviate from the majority in a vein similar to the girl that you toyed with earlier, appreciating their own level of pleasure and letting the world know with differing volumes to their moans of delight. For the most part, however, a majority of them are passing the time by checking their cellphones or reading magazines that they likely carry around in their purse for these moments.

Continuing your exploration, you come to a stop at an open air cafe advertising "trendy" coffee flavors at rather exorbitant prices. Nearby, two girls are sitting at a small table, chatting with one another they sip

on coffee and munch on toasted sandwiches.

The girl on the left is around 5'6" with blue eyes and shoulder-length dyed dark purple hair. She's wearing a white mid-riff shirt with holes cut out for the areolae and nipples of her 38C breasts. Aside from this, her only piece of clothing are mismatching orange and yellow thigh high socks. Her friend, the girl on the right, seems to be the same height with green eyes and dyed hair that starts green and goes blue as it comes down to her mid-back. The only attire she's wearing are mismatching like her friend's—in her case, a light blue sock and a light green sock which sheathe her feet. The rest of her body is completely bare, leaving her modest yet perky 34B tits to hang freely. The other big thing of mention is how they both sport a variety of tattoos on their body, the most prominent ones being a series of red stars that originates at the right side of the purple haired girl's neck and crosses over down onto her left arm and an assortment of multicolored ribbons that start at the green haired girl's crotch and gradually fill up her abdomen.

You're not entirely sure what's going on with their sense of fashion and general style, but it's clear that this is the type of crowd that this specific cafe chain attracts. Pretty much all of the other customers express their individuality in a parallel approach with crazy hair colors, mismatching clothes, and unique tattoos. Not that that's a bad thing—quite the opposite, really. Extravagant hair colors and artistically coherent tattoos can actually be remarkably alluring when pulled off correctly, even moreso when in tandem with one another. In any case, you feel that these two girls have definitely got it right.

"Anna," the purple haired girl speaks up to her friend, carrying a voice that was just a little bit deeper than you were expecting. "You didn't invite your boyfriend to the *Murderous Resolve* concert tomorrow, right?"

"Jesus Christ, Julie," her green hair friend responds with a slight laugh and sneer after another sip of coffee. Her voice is much lighter. "You know his hipster ass only likes indie shit when it comes to grunge rock and post-hardcore. There's no way in hell he'd want to see a band that was formed after 2003. He'll probably go chill with his dumbass friends and fuck random girls like they always do. Society's fuckin' built for idiots like him."

"Good," Julie retorts very matter-of-factly while biting off a bit of her sandwich. "I fuckin' hate it when I have to share you with him."

Anna shakes her head with a dismissive smile, looking off into the distance with a look of slight boredom. "You already know he doesn't give a shit that I'm going out with you at the same time. Leave the guy alone. He hasn't done shit to you."

"I guess," Julie concludes in a half-assed manner, clearly not content with the existence of this boyfriend. "I just wish you'd stop being bi and just go straight up lesbian with me already."

"I don't know how the hell you can call yourself a lesbian with the world we live in," Anna offhandedly comments with a giggle of disbelief. "There's ignoring all of the shit that happens to us and then there's just being a delusional dumbfuck about it..."

"You think I like having guys I don't know fuck my brains out every ten fuckin' minutes?"

"Well, yeah."

"Bullshit."

"Really? Then what was that last night?"

"What?"

"You know," Anna states, adopting a silly looking face and lowering her voice's tone to match her friends. *"Oh, god, Anna!"* she mocks. *"Who the hell am I kidding with this 'lesbian' bullshit? This dick up my ass feels so fuckin' good right now! Fuck!"*

"Hey, you know I was high as shit!" Julie swiftly counters, visibly annoyed. "Lay the fuck off with that already, would you?"

"You weren't high," Anna clarifies with another laugh. "You were drunk off your ass after God knows how many fuckin' shots of vodka..."

"Drunk, high. Same shit, different smell. That party was ass, anyway. Least the vodka was good."

"Least the vodka was good?" Anna repeats, raising an eyebrow as her smile grows wider. "Really, Julie? You're 19. You haven't fuckin' drank nearly enough vodka to say that."

"Like you got any place to talk," Julie says, ready and armed with a comeback. "You just turned eighteen three months ago, for fuck's sake."

"I'm not the one talkin' about last night's vodka as if it were the best I had in years."

"Yeah, you were too busy having your mouth stuffed with a million dicks to enjoy any proper drinking last night. That is, of course, unless you count guzzling cum as proper drinking."

"Not like there's anything I can do about it," Anna says with a simple shrug. "Besides, I'm not the one who was reeling in the sex of last night. I was laughing my ass off with everyone else at how you went full nymphomaniac out of fuckin' nowhere. Pretty sure that shit's up on a hundred porn sites by now."

"God damn it, I was drunk!" Julie snaps, clearly near her limit. Anna starts laughing in response, covering her mouth with her hands in an attempt to stifle her giggles. "Christ...you ain't ever gonna let me live that shit down, are you?"

"The fuck makes you think I would do something like that?" Anna asks, her laughing fit still going.

"You're taking that shit to the grave, bitch."

"Why the fuck am I even friends with your rude ass again?" Julie asks somewhat sarcastically, taking a sip of her coffee.

Anna swallows the latest bite of her sandwich before answering. "Cause you have way too much fun eating me out every night. You're like a fuckin' starved kitten when it comes to my pussy, I swear to

God."

"Guess so," Julie responds with genuine honesty before looking her friend in the eye. "Don't even try to act like you don't like it, though."

"I mean...I guess," Anna replies with a half-hearted laugh, playing it off. "Not gonna lie, I like my boyfriend's dick way more, but your tongue's a nice change of pace from time to time. Wouldn't hurt you to try and figure out some fresh techniques, though, yeah? You get stale after a while, like...real fuckin' stale. Might just start texting people whenever you go down on me, as if you were any other guys who fucks me throughout the day."

"Cold-hearted bitch," Julie murmurs to herself jokingly, shaking her head as she takes another sip of coffee.

Well then.

Anna and Julie are two very, very...open-minded and liberal people with a taste for the darker side of music. They also seem to be pretty comfortable with their use of language. For lack of a better word, they're what you could call "punk" or "scene" girls, or whatever the Internet would label them as these days.

As the next few moments pass by in tranquil silence, you see Julie open her legs up slightly underneath the table. A second later, a light yellow stream begins to eject itself from her pussy. Urinating freely underneath the table, her pee waterfalls down onto Anna's crossed feet, wetting her socks and darkening their originally light colors by dampening them with moisture.

"When did you want me to pick you up tomorrow night anyway?" Anna suddenly asks, breaking the silence. Her still nonchalant attitude is a plain indication of her apparent lack of concern with having her friend pee on her feet in public, paying it no mind.

"Shit, I don't know," Julie responds, placing her hand on her cheek as she continues to rain down her urine on Anna's now extremely wet socks. "Seven or eight, I guess."

Anna simply nods, acknowledging the time given and going back to devouring what little is left of her sandwich. Julie's peeing slows down to a trickle as she finally finishes up unintentionally defacing her friend's body. They return to a peaceful silence as they complete their meal and drinks, and before long Anna pulls out a phone from her grounded purse.

"Ah, shit, it's half past noon," Anna says, looking up from her cellphone and towards Julie. "The others are waiting."

With nothing more than a nod, Julie gets up and pushes her chair in, an action which Anna is quick to mimic. Reaching down into her shirt, Julie pulls out a small wallet from her cleavage—with no pockets or purse to hold things, her breasts seem to fill that void. Grabbing a few bills from its innards, she places the money down onto the table underneath an empty coffee mug. With payment handled, she puts her wallet back into her chest and the two of them walk off in the direction you came from, assumedly heading for the exit or regrouping with whomever they were with.

Hm...while the experience of fooling around with them sounds rather enticing, you're more keen on the idea of exploring more at the moment. If you're lucky, you'll run into them later. In any case, with them gone, not much more of interest is going on here, so you resume your stroll through the mall.

As you walk by dozens and dozens of girls having their holes packed, you come across a small, cute looking clothing boutique which sells fanciful-looking attire for women. Through the display window, you can see a number of good-looking girls inside, the sight of which reminds that you still have yet to actually penetrate a woman within this mall.

This store looks like the perfect place to change that.

Opening the door to make your way inside, a small bell chimes which alerts a nearby employee of your presence. Turning to you, she approaches you with a warm smile. "Welcome! Are you looking for anything specific today or are you just browsing?"

With her so close, you can't help but inspect her for a moment—she has wavy locks of deep gold that run down to her shoulders with beautiful eyes of jade green. She stands at about 5'4" with a relatively large chest that you can only guesstimate to be about 36D in size. Her cleavage is alluringly highlighted by the central heart-shaped cutout of her frilly pink blouse, drawing your attention to her substantial cleavage. The cutout stops around the edges of her nipples, but both of them are peeking out just a bit, giving you quite the nipple slip to appreciate. The upper left of her shirt has a black nametag pinned on it with *Nadine* emblazoned upon it in rose-colored letters.

On her round apple-shaped bottom is...nothing. It seems that the employee dress code for this establishment is nothing more than the rather revealing pink blouse; you can see other employees walking around with their bottoms equally exposed. In fact, now that you take a better look around, you realize that every woman here is bottomless or nude. Furthermore, the only items on display around the store are shirts, blouses, bras, shoes, and heels. There isn't a single skirt, pair of pants, or hosiery to be seen anywhere. Although it confuses you for a moment, it all clicks together as you spot a woman walking out with bagged items in hand. Glancing at her bags, you spot the store's girly logo with a name imprinted on it—

Sans Culotte.

Which would translate into...*without pants.*

A clothing outlet specifically tailored to women who follow bottomless fashion and the pantyless lifestyle...wow. Just the thought of it is making you harder than you already are. Whoever founded this place really deserves a medal.

Noticing your absentmindedness and lack of response, the blonde-haired Nadine speaks up in an attempt to bring you back to reality. "Is everything alright, sir? Do you need any help?"

Coming back to your senses, you quickly dispel her worries and apologize. You inform her that you just came here to check the "goods," so to speak.

She blushes lightly with a charming laugh as her smile comes back. "Ah, yes...of course," she affirms, understanding your ulterior motives. "Surprisingly, we don't get many men who come here for that, so I figured you might have been buying something for a friend or loved one. In that case, I'm going to go help out other customers, but if you would like to make me your cumslut, please don't hesitate, okay? Use me to empty out your balls as much as you'd like—I'm here to serve you!"

With a cheery and upbeat proposal to conclude her introduction, she turns around and begins to make rounds throughout the store, aiding those who are here for actual purchases. Just like any female who works in the line of customer service should, she's openly offered her body for you to use at your own discretion. Not that she really needed to, but treating people as if they're #1 is her job, after all, and she's very good at it. You figure that denying her kind and considerate invitation would be a rude injustice to her, but before you turn her glamorous curves and rocking body into your sex toy, you decide to take a look around first.

As you begin to walk around the outlet to survey the women in the area, you notice a string of changing rooms in the back divided by nothing more than walled partitions; there are no doors or curtains closing them off from the outside world. As such, you can see the girls trying on shirts and heels in them, checking themselves out in the mirror while doing so. Some of them have two or more girls in them as friends help one another judge which clothes are the best looking. This is how any type of changing room in clothing stores were handled—to have doors and curtains for privacy only got in the way of men who might want to use the girls behind them. It's the same reason why people leave their doors open when they're at home. Besides, with girls publically showing off their bodies when they walk around everywhere, there's no sense in suddenly hiding behind a door when changing in a store.

To your appeal, these changing rooms seem to double as bathrooms for their occupants. A significant percentage of the girls currently trying out shirts and swapping their shoes for heels are doing so while draining their bladders, creating puddles of urine beneath them on the pink tiled floor of the store. It even applies for changing rooms with more than one person in them—you can see a stall with three girls, two of which are standing and helping one another with elegant white blouses while the third sits on the floor in front of them, looking up at them and sharing her thoughts from below. The two standing are actively pissing all over their friend on the floor, but they all go on about their business normally, deciding that the blue t-shirt is a much better choice. Beyond that, the girl on the floor begins to pee as well, slowly creating a vast ocean of liquid gold underneath her. She seems to have no qualms with sitting in her own filth, however, as the smile she gives her friends shows you that this is probably something she does all the time.

With their clothing of choice decided, the three girls stand up and exit the dressing room, splashing their feet in their own waste on the way out and not thinking much of it. It's not long before another two girls occupy the stall they just left, wetting their own bare feet in the pee of strangers but too busy examining various bras to really care.

You could honestly stand here for hours and have fun just observing, but you should probably do something about the persistent bulge in your shorts sooner or later.

Heading back into the store's center, you notice Nadine speaking with a nude brunette that looks to be in her early 20's. They're comparing two different brands of dress shirt that looks far too small for either of them. Approaching Nadine from behind, you bring your hands around her and grab hold of her

well-endowed chest, playing with them as if you were fluffing pillows.

The brunette looks at you for a single moment before going back to checking out the shirts, unbothered with the fact that someone she's talking to is suddenly being fondled. Nadine smiles as she turns her head to you. "Oh, you've decided to fuck me after all?" she asks with a relaxed tone of voice. "I'm honored, sir. I'm absolutely thrilled that I could be of use to you."

With a well-mannered attitude which may or may not just be a mask she wears while at work, she shifts her full attention back to the brunette as you reach into the insides of her shirt. As you pull them out and release them from their confinement, they jiggle slightly while gradually returning to their neutral state. Now appreciating them in their full splendor, you toy with her massive and brilliant rack as she continues to try and make a sale, twisting her nipples and kneading her flesh.

While she talks with the customer, you briefly let go of one of her breasts to pull down your shorts as far as you can manage, freeing the hungry, eager beast of your crotch. With an untamed erection seeking satisfaction, you slide your shaft between her hot legs as your hand finds its way back to her half-occupied bosom. Instantly feeling the elation of her warm, soft thighs wrapping around your cock, you begin to thrust your hips wildly as you massage her chest more thoroughly. In response, you can feel her bringing her legs even closer together, squeezing your member even harder and forwarding you into an ascended level of pleasure.

"We've actually got a 40% off sale going on for this brand this week," Nadine explains to the customer with a gentle smile as you passionately use her thighs as a makeshift pussy.

The brunette responds with a surprised smile of her own, happy to hear she'll be spending less money. "That's a definite purchase then," she confirms, grabbing both shirts. "I'll go have the cashier ring me up. Thanks for your help, darling."

"My pleasure," Nadine replies with as much of a bow as she can manage while being used by you in such a dynamic style. As the woman begins to walk away, Nadine's smile slowly transforms into a more playful one as she reaches her hands behind her, grabbing your hips.

Turning her head to you, you can see her blushing with content as she addresses you. "I'm very sorry about that," she apologizes, carrying an almost mother-like aura about her now. "We have to prioritize anyone who's actually here to shop. I'm all yours now, though."

Nodding to her, a smile breaks out on your own face as you continue to feel the heavenly pleasures of thigh-fucking this beautiful woman while she's at work. Her smile only grows wider upon seeing your own and she gives you an adorable giggle which turns you on exponentially. "Do you feel good right now? You look like you're having so much fun. I'm genuinely overjoyed to be your infinite source of indulgence."

She moves one of her hands to your face as her eyes glimmer with love. "Keep going, okay?" she devotedly instructs, stroking your cheek and chin affectionately. The feeling of her immaculate and soft hands against your skin causes your penis to twitch with heated animation. "Just let out all of your tensions and frustrations on me...forget your problems and only think about how you can use me to feel good, okay, dear? Don't think about anything else—just focus on how my warm, thick, juicy thighs are

squeezing your dick and making you feel like you've never felt before. There's no need to worry about anything when you can just thigh-fuck me all day."

Moving your own hands from her breasts to her legs, you fervidly grope and squeeze the front of her thighs, an action which incites a pleased reaction from her. "Exactly, honey. Just like that. My body is yours, alright? For as long as you need to, just keep going...there's absolutely nothing else I would have right now than you making use of me like this and helping yourself. I feel good knowing you feel good."

Nodding in acknowledgement of her words, she doesn't let up her efforts, dedicated to enhancing your experience with sweet, girlfriend-like wordplay. "You're doing great, baby. You can cum whenever you want. Whenever you're ready, just spray my legs and ass with every last drop of your delicious white cream. If you're still feeling tense afterwards, you can just start up again, alright? There's no need to stop—I'm not going anywhere, so you just plow and screw me as much as you'd like."

Her caring, enthusiastic, and encouraging demeanor is something that drives you further as she continues to show her apparent genuine concern for your well-being. As you pick up the speed and intensity of your thrusts, she laughs lightly while moving her hand to your hair, petting you amorously while staring you in the eye. "There you go, honey. Just like that. I'm here for you, don't worry."

You're not entirely sure if she's like this with every man she uses or if she's just taken a sudden liking to you, but you can't complain either way. Her supportive reinforcement of your actions is only fueling your fire, making the experience all the more enjoyable.

Still going strong between her thighs, you notice the brunette that she was helping is now leaving the store with her purchases finalized. Moving your eyes, you see that the red-haired cashier who was helping her is biting her lip longingly, slowly rubbing herself off with her hand. Nadine catches sight of your distraction and looks to her for a moment, seeing for herself how her coworker started to spontaneously masturbate to the scene you're involved in.

"Kyrie is so cute," Nadine says with another charismatic giggle while still slowly stroking your hair. "She gets a bit jealous from time to time when this happens to me while we're working...she almost never gets fucked while on shift. Sometimes she begs guys who wander in to hammer her...it's the most adorable thing."

Still looking at the cashier known as Kyrie, her sapphire eyes lock on to your gaze and you stare at each other for a few seconds. The strength and speed of her masturbation is rapidly escalating. You figure that she is most likely fantasizing about being in Nadine's position right now. Face flushing red with an unfulfilled sex drive and mouth drooling with envy, she seems to be a rather horny, rambunctious girl. With angel-like pale skin and a small, slender frame, she was an extraordinarily cute petite who couldn't have been any older than 19. The heart-shaped cutout of her uniform shirt exposed next to no cleavage, hinting you that her chest was barely a B cup, if even close to that. The idea that guys didn't fuck this redhead regularly sounded completely asinine to you—she was an eye-catching young lady and the contrast of her scarlet-colored hair to her deep blue irises added a captivating dimension to her qualities.

With the seductive smile of a sexy temptress, Nadine extends her hand towards Kyrie, signaling her to come closer. Pausing for a moment with hesitation, Kyrie looks around for a moment to double check that no one needs her; the few shoppers left in the store who aren't in changing rooms are either doing

fine on their own or are being helped by other employees. Confirming that she wasn't needed otherwise, Kyrie steps forward from behind the counter and walks up to the two of you with a slow approach, still ardently playing with herself.

"Are you okay, Kyrie?" Nadine fondly asks the young cashier, placing both of her hands on her cheeks and looking at her in the eye while her thighs continue to bounce and shake in rhythm with your agile thrusts. "I apologize if this is making you jealous. You know I would never aim to hurt you."

"I'm not mad at you," Kyrie manages to say through small pants, driven so heavily by her sex drive that even her own fingering is starting to push her over the edge. "I just...I just wish it were me for once..."

"Aw, baby," Nadine says while rubbing Kyrie's cheeks, speaking to her as if she were an abandoned kitten. "I'm sorry. Well, how about this: I have a proposal."

Intrigued, Kyrie looks up with eager eyes, her furious masturbation coming to a halt out of surprise. With a smile, Nadine turns her head back to you as she explains herself. "Why don't Kyrie and I take you into our small break room in the back? You can fuck us all you want in there while the other employees take care of the store for a while. It's kind of slow right now anyway, so we're not really needed here...what do you say?"

Kyrie's glance shifts to you, eyes trembling with hopeful expectation. You can almost sense that she's possibly fearful of you declining the idea, but she doesn't need to worry. There's no way you would ever even think about turning down such an excellent proposition. Besides, looking at Kyrie's lean and small frame once again, you're quickly becoming excited at the thought of how tight her holes must be. The opportunity you lost out on in the entrance plaza by handing the girl back then to the older man has presented itself to you anew in the form of an even cuter girl—it seems like the universe is definitely looking out for you with this positive karma.

Giving the girls a smile and a nod of approval, Kyrie's character performs a swift 180-degree turn as she begins to masturbate again with glee. "Oh, thank you so much...!" she says with glee, entering a full-blown nymphomaniac state and visibly fantasizing about the things you're going to do with her.

"There you go, Kyrie," Nadine says with a heartfelt smile, patting the young girl's head affectionately. "Now..."

Nadine spreads her legs a bit, erasing your pleasurable thrusts as she takes a step forward. Now that you realize it, the full five or ten minutes of thigh sex there didn't bring you even close to a climax at all, even with how good it felt. Your stamina seems to be higher than usual, which is a bit strange given how you fucked a good six or seven girls on the thirty minute long train ride here. Even though you feel like you should be a little bit drained, your penis is raring to go and ready for more.

The two girls both notice your apparent stiffness as well, causing a giggle from Nadine as Kyrie gazes at your member as if she were silently worshipping an omnipotent god. "Pounding my legs so crazily and you're still this hard? We have quite the boy on our hands, Kyrie."

Kyrie nods with a smile, licking her lips in anxiousness. It looks like she *really* cannot wait another minute, reaching levels of lust that are matching up with the girl from the entrance plaza. You recall that

the Internet had a term for this..."ahegao," was it?

"Well, let's not keep little Kyrie here waiting any longer," Nadine summarizes, grabbing your hand and one of Kyrie's simultaneously. She begins to lead the two of you into a small hallway, making way for the break room she spoke of.

As you walk, Kyrie comes closer to you and places her free hand around your shaft, stroking it very slowly and gently as she stares at you with clear, pristine blue eyes and a cheerful grin. "Your dick is so nice and big," she says in her small and frail voice, still blushing from immense sexual excitement. "I'm sure it'll be a comfy, snug fit inside of me and Nadine. Please fuck us really hard, okay? The more you cum, the happier you'll make us."

Having such a sweet, innocent-looking girl revering you and pleading for your cock is something that you could really get used to.

"After you," Nadine speaks up as she opens the door, bringing the two of you inside to the well-lit and nicely kept break room of *Sans Culotte*. There's a few small tables with some chairs, a full kitchen with a fridge, oven, and microwave, and a decently sized flat-screen TV hanging from the ceiling in the corner above some vending machines.

Closing the door behind her, Nadine releases you but holds onto Kyrie, walking to the center of the room with her before turning to you with a warm smile. Kyrie's eyes are fluttering with joy, haphazardly shifting between you and your rock-hard member. "Before we begin," Nadine says, shattering the silence of the room. "Kyrie, don't you think you should give him a proper thank you?"

"Yes, I should," she agrees, still blushing in an overly adorable manner. "Pardon my rudeness."

Taking a few steps forward, she bends down and brings herself to eye-level with your titan of an erection, bringing her lips to the tip of it and giving it several slow, tiny kisses all over its head. It jerks with animation upon being stimulated by her luscious lips, causing her smile to return tenfold as she stands upright again to address you. "Thank you very much for using us out of all the women available to you in Central Mall. It really means a lot..."

Her words trail off as her eyes wander back to your shaft—she really can't keep her mind off of it for a single second. Nadine lets a light laugh escape her mouth as she notices her coworker's addiction to your mighty member, stepping forward and placing her hands on the girl's shoulders from behind. "I've taught her that appreciation is essentially in everything she does. You can expect her to thank you regularly as you inseminate her."

There is no end to this girl's precious cuteness, it seems.

"Of course," Nadine continues, gaining a playful look in her eye. "If you would like to continue where we left off earlier, I would happily oblige. For now, however, let's give our little princess what she wants. She's been working hard today and deserves it."

Kyrie's breathing picks up slightly as she begins to lick her lips, her eyes still locked on the prize. "Thank you, Nadine," she speaks up as she starts to finger herself lightly again. "I really appreciate it..."

"Go on, then," the blonde says with encouragement, giving her red-haired friend a small push on the shoulder. Kyrie stumbles forward, flashing you a smile for a moment before getting down on her knees in front of your monster of a cock.

Giving the tip of it a few more soft kisses, a bit of saliva slips out of her mouth as she unlocks her inhibitors and allows her libido free passage. "Finally..." she murmurs to herself with clear relief before opening her mouth and inserting your third leg deep inside of her throat.

Moaning slightly as she begins to go down on you, you see Nadine give you a wicked smile with a dominant, powerful gleam in her eyes. Only now do you realize just how similar this entire situation is to a previous encounter you had in a fast food establishment's bathroom...given how well that ended for you back then, you're feeling pretty damn good about how things here are going to develop from here on out.

10 - Kayla ~ Melissa ~ Diana

Author's Note: *I never thought I'd write a chapter of this on my cell phone, but there's a first time for everything, I guess.*

A belated Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone and the usual round of apologies for taking so long with updates. I meant to do special chapters for Christmas and New Year's, but things unfortunately just don't go as planned sometimes. After that, I started work on the continuation to Central Mall and was thrust into a holiday road trip before I could complete it, leading me to just start writing a filler chapter on my phone. Now, 4 days later on the drive back, it's finally done. Not nearly nearly as fast or comfortable as writing with a proper keyboard, but whatever gets the job done. You can imagine that I can't edit as thoroughly on a phone, so if you find any silly errors or typos that I missed, that's why. If the formatting and spacing is off too, same reason. The second part of Central Mall will be next as I managed to finish about half of it before this road trip.

Aside from that explanation, my Tumblr and mind control story on Chyoo have been updated quite a bit since last time, so you can feel free to check those out via links on my profile page here or via the links in the last chapter's author's notes. I'd post them again here for convenience, but doing that on a phone is yeah no.

That about covers it for yet another lengthy author's note. As always, comments with feedback and criticisms of any sorts or just general thoughts are very much welcome and appreciated, be they through here on Hentai-Foundry or via email (chaosmuramasa94@gmail.com). Should you want to make your voice heard, I will gladly hear you out.

I hope the chapter is to your liking. Happy reading~

— — —

"Okay, your total comes out to \$8.95 and it should be ready in about 10 minutes!"

"Thanks."

In a quiet family-owned pizzeria a short walk from your home, you found the best use of your time possible on a lazy weekend night. As you did what you did best—wandering the streets in search of how best to pleasure yourself in a world where you're allowed to do just that—you came across Kayla and Diana.

Initially spotting them leaving one of the houses in the neighborhood not long after you left your own, it only took one good look at them to decide that they were worth your time. Kayla, the one who just finished paying for the meal, was a young brunette with neck length hair and long bangs who stands at a short 5'3". With a thin, petite frame and perky B-sized tits that she showcased through cutout holes of her long sleeved blue sweatshirt, she was a sight for sore eyes and as cute as cute could get. Her lean, slender legs were equipped with white nylon pantyhose that covered nothing underneath—with no

underwear beneath it and a very precise cutout for quick access to her crotch, she left her holes open for any man who so wished to claim her. Finishing off her attire was a pair of old black flats that she always kicked off when standing still for too long or dangled energetically while sitting, indicating that she was probably no stranger to giving footjobs and having her feet worshipped, either. Of course, that wasn't a shock or anything given how attractive her feet were with their high arches and painted black toenails which matched her fingernails.

You were surprised that you had never seen her before, but given that her home was one of the few in your neighborhood that you had yet to spend time "invading", you understood why this was your first time running into her. Needless to say, after laying eyes on her, you were already planning a visit to her home for some time in the near future. After all, like every other home, her doors and windows were always open. If you ever felt the sudden urge to fuck her, you simply would need to walk through her doors and hope she was home.

Her friend, Diana, was a caramel skinned girl of Hispanic descent with long curly black hair and brown eyes who stood at around the same height as Kayla. Noticeably thicker than her white skinned friend, her voluptuous D-sized chest was round and firm behind the sleeveless fishnet shirt she wore. With nothing else on her aside from that shirt and black flip flops, her casual bottomlessness offered a fantastically thorough view of her extremely appealing ass and meaty thighs. While you were surprised to see yet another girl from your neighborhood you didn't know, the small talk going on between the two of them as they began to walk down the sidewalk informed you of the fact that Diana was actually Kayla's old friend who moved away years ago, explaining why she was unfamiliar. As you followed them down the road with attentive eyes on their lovely behinds, you couldn't help but overhear their conversation—Diana was visiting for a sleepover for the weekend in which they were doing the usual dance and song of hanging out. Upon hearing this, your mind was quick to imagine all the movies and games and other activities they might have engaged in while being passed around like fuck toys by whatever guys that may have wandered into Kayla's home. If not random stragglers from the streets, you can easily picture Kayla's father being ecstatic with having such a rich and juicy Latina ass to play with and screw for a weekend.

"Sorry about my dad, by the way," you heard Kayla mention abruptly as they came to a stop at a corner, almost as if they had read your thoughts. "I asked him not to bother us too much, but you know how he gets."

"Don't worry about it," Diana replied, her Spanish accent adding a fair amount of character to her. "You know it doesn't bother me when I'm fucked all day."

Kayla's only reply was a light chuckle as the traffic light went red, as if she saw that exact response coming. With nothing more to add, they went onwards and you followed in silence, too busy thinking about what you'd do to them once you all arrived at wherever you were headed.

On the rest of the brief ten minute walk, you passed by very common everyday sights which no one bothered to think twice about or question, not even those involved. Such sights included a mailman engaging in anal doggystyle with a relaxed MILF after handing her a newspaper which she then began to peacefully read while being penetrated on her front lawn and a girl in her early twenties leaving her home in nothing but a red bra as a steady stream of fresh cum fell from her pussy, staining the pavement with every step.

In a reverse of that, you also saw an older woman pull her car into a nearby driveway a minute later, getting out of her vehicle with her purse slung around her shoulder. All she wore was a pair of frilly, white laced panties that were quickly becoming gray as a steady stream of urine darkened them. As she walked up to her door and began to unlock it, she continued to pee without a care in the world, staining her legs and eventually her patio with her own liquid waste. By the time she walked in, she was still going on, most likely having had drunk quite a bit of water. A nearby gentleman was fast to notice her arrival as he made way for her home, probably looking to release his seed inside of her as she did things like cooking and cleaning.

As if the sight of the peeing woman triggered her bladder, Kayla started to urinate while walking, relieving herself in public without much regard for anything. Diana had nothing to say about it, not appearing to be disturbed in the slightest. Without a doubt, that was something both of them did frequently no matter where they were. As it always has, the sight of women indifferently pissing themselves in public without a second thought got you even more sexually excited than you already were. It continued for the next half minute or so as Kayla continued to release a light golden waterfall from her insides, wetting the her inner thighs and staining her white pantyhose.

It was only a few more minutes of walking until you got to where you are now: Roberto's, a mom-n-pop pizza place that was well known in the neighborhood for being better than the commercial chains. Outside the front door, a redhead was having her mouth stuffed with a stranger's dick while on her phone, laughing with somewhat garbled speech as the man voraciously speared her throat. Even with a shaft pounding her mouth, she seemed to find it relatively easy to carry a conversation, continuing to talk with whoever was on the other line.

As she opened the door, Kayla was met by a man who was on his way out, but upon seeing her, he seemed to undergo a fast change of heart. Most likely already near climax, he unsheathed his rock hard cock from his pants and began to beat himself off furiously while holding on to Kayla shoulders, keeping her where she was in the doorway. Noticing that she was now preoccupied, Diana gave Kayla a poke to let her know she was going inside to get them a table. Kayla nodded with a warm smile, obviously accustomed to having strange men masturbate in front of her.

A few moments later and the man appeared to reach his peak—lifting her sweatshirt with his free hand, he covered Kayla's attractively smooth and flat stomach with a glazed coating of his thick, creamy fluids. In a monumental release that looked all too satisfying, he let loose numerous shots all of impeccable volume, turning her sexy abdomen into something that looked like an abstract painting.

In an extremely casual manner that made your dick twitch with arousal, Kayla scooped some of the artist's paint up with her index finger, tasting his cum out of what you could only assume to be bored curiosity while looking up to address him. "Do you want me to clean you up or are you set?"

With a nod, the man brought Kayla over next to the redhead who was still having her mouth used while on the phone, not wanting to block the doorway to Roberto's. As Kayla knelt down before the gentleman's now somewhat flaccid member, she gave a quick look to the redhead next to her. "Oh, Melissa! What's up?" she said with a surprised smile, not realizing that the girl who was there the whole time was apparently someone she knew.

"Mmph...heymmmnnn Kaylammmn," the redhead replied as a man she didn't know continued to ram her throat. "I'm ju—mmphnmnmn—just talkingmnpn to my sismnphter."

"Tell her I said hi," Kayla responded before putting her attention back to the penis which she was ready to clean, having no difficulty in deciphering her garbled speech. As Melissa went back to her phone conversation, Kayla wrapped her lips around the man's cock in front of her and began to bob her head up and down on it, causing it to slowly become somewhat erect again. You could hear her slurping on it loudly with no shame, putting forth clear effort in cleaning him up. After a short while, she released his shaft from her mouth and began to lick it up and down, eliciting a small moan from the man as this stage of cleaning ensued.

As Kayla and Melissa sat outside the store servicing cocks in public, people came and went down the sidewalk and in and out of Roberto's and other nearby stores, not paying much mind to such a normal sight. You simply continued to stand from a few feet away, taking in the beauty of the scene and finding yourself once again appreciating the world you were born into.

With a nice sense of timing, the man using Melissa pulled out just as Kayla finished cleaning the other one, dousing her pretty freckled face with thick ropes of semen. "You're not getting the pre-order bonuses anymore?" she questioned to her sister over the phone as her face was covered in an abundance of spunk, absentmindedly putting her hand to her cheek and inadvertently covering her palm with cum.

As opposed to the man who desired a post-ejaculation cleaning, this guy zipped up his jeans and walked off without another word, leaving the thoroughly facialized Melissa to her conversation. As he departed, Kayla gace her stranger's shaft one last slow lick top to bottom before standing up, placing it back in his pants and even pulling up his zipper for him. "There you go," she said as she lightly patted his now covered crotch. "All clean."

With a thankful nod, he walked off in the opposite direction, leaving Kayla with her sweatshirt pulled up to her breasts and a mess of sticky cum on her stomach as Melissa remained seated, still talking to her sister while idly licking the semen off her palm as if it were residue from potato chips.

"We'll be inside if you want to join us, Melissa, " Kayla spoke up to her friend as she approached the door once again, a notion to which Melissa responded with a cute smile that looked even better when her face was drenched in so much semen.

Following Kayla into the small and quiet restaurant after all that was dealt with, you found yourself in the situation you're in now: sitting across from Diana at a table in the corner while Kayla ordered their meal at the counter. Even with your presence much more apparent as you sit in front of her, Diana pays you no mind, her full attention on her smartphone which she pulled out from the depths of her incredibly massive cleavage.

In a similar vein, Kayla disregards your existence as she approaches the table and sits down on your lap without a word or even a glance to you, already knowing where this is going. Comfortably positioned on you, the brunette kicks off her shoes and reaches between her legs, grabbing hold of your semi-hard penis from underneath her. The immaculate softness of her skin causes you to get harder from this simple contact alone.

"You remember this place, right?" she asks Diana as she plays with your cock between her thighs, multitasking like a pro and slowly getting you to the optimal level of hardness for insertion. Their conversation continues as Kayla brings you to your maximum length, leading her to stand up a little so that she can properly place you inside of her. After a bit of maneuvering, you feel the warm walls of her vagina wrap around your excited shaft as you now fully enter her depths. With you properly inserted and ready to inseminate her as much as you please, Kayla crosses her legs and rests her elbows on the table as she keeps talking with Diana.

With Kayla having so generously set you up for unlimited pleasure, you waste no time in beginning to move your hips underneath her. As she and Diana discuss random things while waiting on their food, you bask in the freedom you have to do whatever you see fit with them and enjoy the feelings of pure bliss that come from ramming Kayla's pussy at high speeds. Her tits bounce in a lively manner through their cutout holes of her rolled up sweatshirt, making you remember that this brunette is also in possession of a great chest. As you pound her with joyful content, you bring your hands around her and begin to play with her firm breasts, squeezing them and rubbing her nipples. To your surprise, you hear a very light moan from her as you play with her tits, letting you know that your actions are not going completely unnoticed. However, possibly due to the fact that she's with a friend, Kayla is decisively quick to subdue her own feelings of pleasure and instead tries to remain as collected as she can while your turn her body into your plaything. The fact that she is enjoying what you're doing and is actively fighting against the pleasurable experience you're giving her compels you to fuck her harder and harder while rubbing her nipples even more—if you're lucky, maybe you can break the uncaring persona that she apparently likes to carry around her friends.

Adding to your current enjoyment are the other happenings going on throughout the small, homey restaurant; a few tables to the left, a nude older woman with blonde hair has a serving of lasagna brought out to her from the kitchen by a waiter. As she begins to eat, he unzips his pants and whips out his flaccid member as he begins to pee all over the woman and her food. Her response to being forced to play the part of a human toilet in the middle of a meal is that of no response at all—she keeps her relaxed and collected composure as she dines out while being urinated on, never once stopping the young man or showing disapproval. Having pee as an unexpected added topping to her food does nothing to disturb her, either. She seems to enjoy every bite all the same, even smiling a little bit after another spoonful. After he's finished staining her face and dressing her plate with his piss, he walks back into the kitchen without another word, leaving the woman to enjoy her meal.

As he enters the kitchen, a brown haired waitress wearing nothing but a black visor and a necklace exits with a freshly made pizza on a platter in her hands, approaching your table. Possibly having had shared a drink with her male coworker at the same time earlier today, this waitress is peeing as she brings Kayla and Diana their food, creating a yellow trail on the white tiling of the establishment. Despite her continuous release, she carries an upbeat smile that remains on her face as she put the platter down on the center of the table, presenting the girls their steamy dinner which makes your mouth water. This really is the best pizza place for miles.

"Fresh out the oven!" the waitress declares with pride as her crotch continues to downpour with a concentrated stream of pee. Getting an idea, you release one of your hands from Kayla's chest, slipping it in between the waitress' open legs and cupping it under her pussy. Her warm pee pools up in your palm for a moment as the girls confirm that they don't need anything else. By the time she leaves your

table, she's finished emptying her bladder, leaving you with the remains of her golden shower in your hand.

However, the likable and friendly waitress doesn't make it back to the kitchen. Attracting the attention of two nearby guys who were waiting on their food, they must have decided to kill time with her as one of them grabs her by the wrist and guides her to their table. Her smile remains consistently chipper as she walks with them and is forcefully bent over a table, the one who grabbed her spreading her asscheeks and undoing his jeans in one go. While his friend goes about shoving his cock up her ass, the other guy goes around her front and slips himself between her lips. With a positive disposition and accepting attitude, the waitress puts her hands on the hips of the male in front of her, taking both he and his friend at the same time with no complaints.

As she eagerly plays her role of free use cumdumpster, a young couple enters the restaurant and takes a seat at the table next to the three of them. They look at her for a moment, unsure of whether or not to place their order now or to wait for her. In response, the waitress takes the penis out of her mouth, placing both of her hands on it and rubbing it vigorously as she looks to the couple with a genuine smile. "What can I get for you today?"

In the middle of her taking their order, both guys using the waitress reach their limits and achieve stress-relieving orgasms, the one in the back pulling out after shooting bountiful lengths of cum which now drips from her anus and the one in the front covering the left side of her face with his jizz, some even getting in and around her eye. The two guys take their seats as the waitress stands upright, wiping just the bare minimum of semen from her face so that she might be able to see with both eyes again.

"Okay, and I'll go put your order in now," she affirms to the couple with a smile before glancing back to the boys who just finished making public use of her. "And I'll see if your food's ready yet, guys. It might not be done yet, but if so, I'm sure you can figure out how to pass the time, right...?"

Leaving them with a playful wink heartwarming giggle that made them blush, the waitress makes her way back into the kitchen with a brand new loads of cum slowly leaking out of her ass and plastered on her face. With her cheerful and energetic character never shifting even when made use of like a toy, it was no wonder that she was well liked.

After viewing such a focused scene on her, you can't help but remember that her pee is still cupped in your hand.

Putting distractions aside and getting back to what you meant to do a short while ago, you move your other hand from Kayla's tits to her face and prop her mouth open as she debates which slice to take. You bring the waitress' urine to her lips as you tilt your hand, turning the yellow stream into a waterfall which cascades onto Kayla's tongue as she laps it up and swallows it without resistance. Whether she liked it or not or even tasted it isn't something you can deduce from her still unbothered expression, but that's something that definitely never gets old.

Their slices selected, the girls begin to enjoy their finely made dinner as you continue to ream Kayla's cunt, not growing tired of how great it feels to be inside of her. At some point during her second slice, you release your first load inside of her, dispensing a ludicrous amount of cum up into her womb. As some of it begins to trickle out, you see that you're still relatively hard and you decide to stay where you

are and continue to slam her, looking to cum inside her at least a few times.

Some minutes pass as the two girls chat over their dinner while you spear Kayla relentlessly without end. Every now and again, a squeal of satisfaction manages to find its way out of Kayla, but Diana nor anyone else addresses it. Shortly after the two of them begin on their third slice, the chime of the door opening rings out throughout the store as a familiar freckled redhead enters with an arrangement of cum still on her face.

"Over here, Melissa!"

Kayla calls out to her friend with a smile, beckoning her with a wave as her tits and body bounce like crazy from what you're doing to her. As if you weren't there, though, Kayla's smile remains constant as Melissa looks over with her own grin and walks to the table.

As Melissa comes closer, you find yourself scanning her since you didn't get a good look at her outside. Standing a bit taller than Kayla and Diana at 5'5" or so, she's whiter and paler than Kayla in skin tone and is of a medium build with a frame that's about in between the lean and thin Kayla and the thicker Diana. Her natural scarlet colored hair is tied up into a voluminous ponytail that comes down to about halfway down her back and she's got thin, black, rectangular framed glasses in front of her vivid sky blue eyes—you figure she must have put them away when the guy outside started using her as cleaning them could be a chore. A somewhat strange yet incredibly well done tattoo of a winged red tiger against a black background spans her collarbone and the area above her C-sized breasts. You can see her tits sport larger than normal areolae that you can imagine must be fun to suck on. Said breasts are openly revealed by means of a curiously crafted strapless red bra/blouse fusion she wears; it cups the underside of her breasts as a bra would but doesn't cover them, holding them up and presenting their nude splendor. Beneath that is the rest of the blouse which serves the function of a normal shirt but with nothing above her cupped breasts, leaving the top half of her torso bare and sleeveless.

On her bottom she wears an unwashed pair of white panties dirtied by numerous cum and piss stains, some of them appearing to be incredibly fresh...either she was fucked again in the past few minutes after you came in or she liberally wet herself. All things considered, it's probably both. Still, those panties are incredibly stained and filthy, yet she walks around in public with them, not thinking anything of it...the sight and idea of it fills you with what you can only describe as a magical sensation. As for her ass, it matches her in-the-middle standards with round cheeks that certainly outclass Kayla's tighter arse in terms of size but are outmatched by Diana's beast of a behind. On her feet, nothing; she walks barefoot with red painted toenails, stepping in dense, messy pools of mixed piss and cum with no fuss as she walks up to your table.

"Been a while, Diana," the mellow redhead remarks with a chilled out smile. Her face is still has a huge mess of semen on it, something that she has no trouble living with as she takes a seat next to the Latina. "You just here for the weekend?"

"Yeah, I got here yesterday," Diana clarifies as she finishes her slice, making sure to speak loud enough so that the ever present noises of Kayla's ass slapping against your lap as you continue to fuck her don't drown her out. "How have you been?"

"Same old," Melissa says with a bored shrug as she grabs a plastic plate from the nearby stack and

places one of the last two slices on it. "Just about the most interesting thing going on for me lately is how my dad and little brother finally figured out that they can double team me. They used to wait for the other to be finished...dumbasses didn't seem to realize I had more than one hole. I love em to death and everything, but they can be real idiots every now and then."

Kayla and Diana let out a giggle as Melissa takes a bite out of the hot slice in her hand and looks back to them. "How about you two? Had fun last night?"

Both girls nod with a smile as Kayla laughs once again, finding it easy to talk to her friends as she's fucked for all to see. "Diana and I got through the first season of that show you recommended a while ago."

"Finally," Melissa says with relief, putting her plate down for a moment. "Took you guys long enough. What'd you think of it?"

"I felt bad for waiting so long," Diana admits with a sigh. "It was really good."

"I'm guessing Kayla's dad and brothers didn't leave you alone during it, huh?" Melissa asks as she looks to Diana, grinning as if she knew the incoming answer. Diana broke out into a laugh as she playfully pushed Melissa away from her.

"Yeah, you know how they are whenever I visit," Diana confirms. "My hands and ass were full 24/7, but they're always full no matter where I am, so it's whatever."

"They sure as hell ain't full now," Melissa says through bites of her slice of pizza, gesturing towards Kayla. "She's taking one for the team, you know."

Hearing the cute laughs of the girls as they mention you in the most minor form possible only fuels your burning fire as you come ever closer to a climax. "Anyway, three brothers is two too many," Melissa comments as she turns back to Kayla, bringing about another giggle from the brunette as you blow your second consecutive load inside of her pussy. Feeling better than ever, you just keep going and piledrive her as hard as you have been, your tempered movements sloshing around all your juices and hers like a milkshake in a blender.

"My brothers are fine as they are," Kayla protests, protecting her siblings which she must care for. "They're the only guys that make me feel good with what they do."

What was that?

She very clearly moaned earlier and has been fighting her libido while you've used her, but she says her brothers are the only guys who can make her feel good...

You can't help but chuckle to yourself almost inaudibly. That's a challenge, isn't it? Because it sure as hell sounds like one.

So, Kayla wants to act tough in front of her friends and pretend that she isn't loving how you're slamming her right now? It's time to see just how well she can act, then. For her sake, you can only hope she was

involved in school plays or something of the sort, because the opening act was just a prelude.

Bringing your hands back to Kayla's chest in a swift motion, you give her no warning or time to prepare as you grasp her tits and fiercely tweak her nipples. Her weakness being exploited, a sudden sharp moan escapes her mouth, causing Diana and Melissa to look at each other and then back to her with sly laughs and sinister smiles. Giving her no chance to recuperate, you continue to play with her nipples, slowly chipping away at her high and mighty mask that she tries to keep well equipped when in the presence of friends.

"You gonna try to tell me that this guy's one of your brothers, then?" Melissa teases as another high pitched squeak of pleasure escapes from Kayla's mouth, causing the brunette to blush with slight red. "Cause it definitely looks like you're enjoying the hell out of that."

"I-I'm not...!" Kayla argues, trying to fight against the obvious feelings that are revealed her moans, blushing, and erect nipples. "This guy is just...k-kinda good, that's all..."

Her denial and utter desperation to pretend that she isn't in love with your actions right now is infectiously adorable, that's for sure. While the compliment was nice, you know that a reaction like this wouldn't be brought about by something that she thought was "kinda good." No, you're almost positive that if you two were alone right now, Kayla would be drooling over you with a mad amount of lust, unable to keep her hands off you and begging like a dog for as much cum as you can give her. Actually, that doesn't sound half bad...you'll have to make that happen at some point in the future.

So, naturally, it's time to see if you can bring out that true character of hers that she's so desperately trying to hide from her friends. Pulling a feat that you weren't even sure if you would be capable of, you somehow manage to pick up your already insane speed to further heights and start to fuck her even faster, practically hitting her cervix at this point. Her eyes widen as her embarrassed blush magnifies, her breathing picking up as she visibly combats the urge to transform her entire being into that of a mindless slut screaming at the top of her lungs in joy.

All the while, Diana and Melissa stare on with smiles and light laughter, Melissa taking the last slice and eating it as she speaks up. "Imagine if you two were alone...you'd be shouting so loud that your shrieking would shatter windows."

"W-w-would n-not...!!" Kayla counters through heated pants, trying her damndest to keep herself together as you do your best to shatter her with every thrust. "I just...I j-just...fuck, that feels good...!"

Finally giving in, Kayla submits herself to you as she grabs onto the edges of the table, taking control of the situation. Having driven her into a corner with your commanding dominance of her body, you've awakened the lust within her as she is the one now doing the moving—uncrossing her legs, she spreads them wide as she actively grinds on your member lodged deep inside of her, viciously bouncing her ass on your stiff cock all of her own accord. You're now sitting peacefully as the now unquestionably horny Kayla makes the experience all the better for both of you by giving you a break and doing all the work herself. In reaction, Melissa and Diana are laughing like crazy, having fun seeing their friend go so crazy over something she was adamantly denying just seconds ago.

Kayla turns her head to you, looking at you with flustered and embarrassed but happy and fulfilled eyes

of green. "L-look at what I'm d-doing for you...! Be a gentleman and pay for our meal...!!"

"Hold the fuck up there, you lewd nymphomaniac," Melissa quickly interjects in the middle of her laughter as she looks to both you and your cocksleeve, causing Kayla to turn her gaze back to her. Catching her breath after her laughing fit, Diana looks at Kayla with a playful yet somewhat condescending smile that seems to say "Are you fucking kidding me right now?"

"W-what...?!" a taken aback Kayla retorts, bouncing on you so fast and so hard that you end up letting your third set of cumshots loose inside of her, adding to the expanding pool of cream in her womb. She shivers with delight as she feels you launch your seed within her depths, but she keeps going, knowing you have more to give her and desperate to feel the sensation of huge waves of cum entering her body once again. Seeing as how you're no stranger to continued sex without breaks, you remain fully hard as she continues to fuck your shaft like a rabbit in heat, but with this level of stimulation, you're not sure how much more you can give her before you start to get tired.

"Come on. You're gonna make him pay for your food because he's good enough to make you feel like this? Bullshit!" Melissa states in your defense, calling her friend out in about as nice a manner as she can manage. "Give it up already—you love being fucked silly. There's no need to hide it and be embarrassed about it."

"I am n-not enjoying this..! I'm just...trying to...ahhnn!!" Kayla's voice spikes as she cuts her own sentence off prematurely with a feverish moan that she's powerless to resist. Closing her eyes, her grip on the edges of the table tightens as she slows her motions on your member down to a slow, relaxing grind that's still remarkably enjoyable. "I'm just...I'm pretending so that he can feel confident. I thought it'd be a nice thing to do!"

Wow. Although her intentions are good, it's actually almost insulting, really.

"Well," Melissa says as she leans back in her seat again, running her fingers across the table with a slow shake of her head. "Your heart's in the right place, but your mind is fucked up, my friend. Imagine being him and hearing that. Bit hurtful, don't you think?"

Melissa and you seem to think alike...very alike. You also still can't help but be amazed by her ridiculously filthy panties which haven't been washed in months and how she's still wearing them. Any girl with that much disregard for hygiene is worth looking into. Sweaty, smelly girls have always turned you on—given how there's always a thick and heavy stench of sex, cum, and pee wherever you go, it's something that just grew on you. Well, she's on your bucket list for sure.

"What, you fallin' in love with me or something?"

Melissa's voice brings you back from the deep thought you were stuck in regarding her, leading you to see that she's looking at you with a rather flirtatious smile—you must have been staring at her while lost in thought. Diana lets loose a childlike "Ooooh" to which Melissa playfully pushes her to the side with a smile. "Knock it off, fishnet. Back to you, Princess Tryhard."

Turning her attention back to the now quiet Kayla who is still slowly moving herself on your dick, Melissa leans forward and puts her elbows on the table, folding her hands together as if to mock Kayla in some

fashion or another. "You need to stop being embarrassed by this kind of thing. You know it's normal for girls our age to still enjoy sex if we want to, yeah? Hell, it's normal no matter how old we get. There's no reason for you to try and put up some stupid facade, especially when you're with us of all people, you understand that? Be yourself, ya dumb broad. We won't judge you. Neither will he, yeah?"

He? Who are they talking to? It's just them three and...oh.

Opening your eyes, you're met with expectant glances and smiles of the three girls as they laugh. Apparently, at some point during that surely heartfelt but maybe just a little bit cliché speech, the heavenly feeling of Kayla slowly grinding on you lulled you into a relaxed state where you were half asleep with closed eyes.

"Falling asleep on us after I made it all special for you?" Kayla jokingly questions as a mischievous fire ignites in her eyes. Out of nowhere, she kicks her movements into overdrive and is actively hopping on your cock again. It seems like karma has paid you back for that surprise stunt you pulled on her, but this is hardly a bad thing—her muscles contracting around your shaft tighter and tighter the faster she goes, you're powerless to resist as your penis trembles with its last breath of life.

"A-ah...! You were that close? What is that, four times now?"

Kayla's estimate being right on the money, you are now in the middle of spraying her insides for the fourth time in a row. Much like the previous two times, you cum as much as you did in the first instance, your stamina and parameters being relatively high due to how sexually active you are (given obvious circumstances). After however many shots you released—you lost count after nine—you take a deep breath and reel your head back, staring at the ceiling for a moment in recovery.

"So," Melissa speaks up, breaking the silence. "You all better now Kayla?"

"Uh...yeah," the brunette responds shyly, the events of tonight and her episodic transformation no doubt replaying themselves in her mind. "It...felt good to let loose like that. I'll do that from now on. Sorry I wasn't myself."

"Don't apologize to us," Diana corrects her, pointing at you. "He's the one you insulted."

"He's also the one who made you experience some sort of apparent magical sex high," Melissa adds, openly supporting you. Although your eyes are still to the ceiling, your ears are picking up every word. "If your brothers are really the only ones who have ever brought out that side of you, you would be wise to thank him...and...coughmaybegethisnumbercough."

Pulling an old trick, Melissa fakes a momentary cough to suggest to her friend that she take the initiative underneath her breath. Face flushing red with embarrassment, Kayla stands up, freeing your now somewhat limp and slightly tired member from its imprisonment in her snug, warm tunnel. As she does so, massive globs and stretches of your cum both aged and new begin to crawl out, forming a small pool beneath Kayla's feet. Diana and Melissa catch sight of it, eliciting from the redhead an impressed whistle as the white lake on the floor slowly continues to expand.

"That's a lot..." Diana remarks, almost laughing out of pure shock.

"Yeah, it is," Melissa snickers with a nod. "Even by today's standards...shit, dude. That's no joke."

Ignoring her friends' additional commentary, Melissa turns around to you. Bringing your head back to a normal position to look at her, she responds with the very forward motion of leaning down and giving you a deep kiss. Your lips lock together and your tongues embrace, dancing around one another like fervent lovers engaged in a blazing tango maneuver. This goes on for what feels like hours of raw delight until she slowly pulls away, a bridge of saliva forming between you two and gradually expanding as the distance multiplies until it eventually collapses.

"...Thanks," Kayla finally says after an awkward yet intensive moment of silent eye contact between you, her beautifully stunning emerald eyes piercing your own as she searched for the right words. "Sorry about what I said. That was rude and I wasn't thinking. You make me feel good...really, really good. I'm Kayla."

"There you go!" Melissa explodes with a laugh, rising from her seat and walking around the table to punch Kayla in the shoulder in good tomboy fashion. "Christ, was that so hard now?"

Melissa's blue eyes turn to you as you stand up yourself, putting the foldable chair to the side. "Sorry about that. This girl sometimes, I swear," the redhead states with a smile, pushing her rectangular glasses up. "I'm Melissa."

"Diana," you hear the somewhat quiet Latina say as she approaches all of you to introduce herself to you as well, looking at you with calm eyes of light hazel.

With all of them properly introducing themselves, you do the same, finalizing formalities and telling them your name. After a brief episode of small talk and conversation in which a still embarrassed Kayla insisted you didn't need to apologize for playing with her in front of her friends, cell phone numbers were exchanged. While nothing further was arranged for the night, the three of them left the restaurant after giving you an open invitation to Kayla's or Melissa's homes for whenever you wished. Not that you needed to be invited since you were legally allowed to enter any home at your leisure in search of sexual release, but it's the thought that counts.

Looking around, you see that you're actually the last person in the establishment. Everyone else had left at some point prior and no new delivery or walk-in orders were being taken. You can still hear the staff in the back, no doubt preparing to close up shop for the night and beginning the process of cleaning the place up.

"Oh, sir, we're closing soon. Unless you...wanted something else?"

A familiar voice catches your attention, causing you to spin around and look at the check out counter. On top of it sits the bubbly and energetic brown haired waitress from earlier with a few key differences—namely, the amount of cum lathered onto her skin has gone up by a wild rate. She's now a walking cum rag in every literal sense thinkable, dripping and leaking at every corner and orifice. The fact that she's still smiling and acting as normally as she always does is something that slowly brings your boner back to life. With your pants still tossed aside as you forgot to put them back on, this is something she sees very easily, giggling and nodding to herself.

"Well," she begins slowly as she hops off the counter and walks over to you, playfully poking at your cheeks and then going past you and leaning against the front door. "They're letting me go early tonight. I'm thinking I'm actually gonna grab a shower at my apartment apartment for the first time in two or three weeks now. There's a looot of stuff on me, though, as you can see. I'll probably miss a few spots. Why not help help a girl out?"

"I can make it worth your while," she adds on with a seductive look in her eyes as she licks her lips, grabbing a hearty amount of cum with her tongue in the process and swallowing it with a smile. "What do you say?"

Standing there in awe of how she presents herself and how she so kindly offers herself to you, it's only just now that you're noticing how much of a bodacious babe she is with wide hips and curves that you can't help but stare at.

To put it simply...yes. A million times yes.

"My car's out back," she instructs as she opens the door, seeing by the lustful look in your eye that you are in agreement with her proposal. "Put your pants back on and you can fuck me in the backseat for a bit before we go, yeah?"

This open invitation is all she leaves you with before turning around and vanishing into the night, leaving you in thought. Yes, you'd definitely like to fuck those three girls some more, but when life gives you lemons...you fuck them and cum inside.

Wait, no. That's not how the saying goes, but you get the idea.

In a hurry, you do a hasty job of grabbing your jeans off the ground as you rush out into the chilly night, ready to engage in your next escapade.

11 - Central Mall [Part 2]

Author's Note: *Hi.*

Yes, I'm alive. Yes, my life has been busy. I could explain everything behind this delay and talk all about my life, but I know why you're here, and I'm going to give you what you want.

Before that, though, I'll just do the usual round of updates: since the last chapter, I've done tons of captions on [my Tumblr](#), so if you haven't checked those out already, feel free to. I've also completed extensive work on some [mind control captions](#) based on my Chyoo story, so you can check that out as well. Last, but certainly not least, is my slowly growing [video collection](#) on vPorn—I've started to upload casual/ignored sex videos that I have for all of you to enjoy. I figured people would like that.

There you have it. No super long Author's Note, no boring explanation about the delay. Just content. Sorry this took forever. Like, really. Sorry. But it's here, and much, much more is coming, and that's all that matters. As always, any comments, criticisms, or feedback of any sort is openly welcome and very much appreciated. Anything you have to say, I'll gladly hear it out.

I hope you enjoy the chapter.

P.S. — It's 5:00 A.M. so if you find grammar errors or typos well then fuck. That's why.

"It was nice meeting you! I'll call you, okay?"

A now sexually satisfied and peacefully relaxed Kyrie waves to you with a warm smile as you take your leave from *Sans Culotte*. It's now around six o' clock in the evening—you spent the better part of the last four hours having a nonstop episode of sex with her, engaging in more positions than you could care to remember and causing her to climax just as much as you did (which is to say...a lot). The remnants of your handiwork are still visible on her body in the form of various cum blotches on her thighs and legs along with the three or four facials you gave her throughout your session. By the end of it, she had asked for your phone number in an attempt to hang out with you tomorrow for more of the same, along with getting to know each other a bit more. Of course, you graciously accepted her kind offer. To decline such a dazzling nymph like that would have been criminal.

You can see the blonde-haired Nadine looking at you through the window while the customer she's helping examines a skirt in her hands. She flashes you a wicked smile, one that openly showcases just how much she enjoyed orchestrating your moments with Kyrie. Yes, for a good portion of the sex you had with the penis-obsessed redhead, Nadine teased both of you with an almost unending amount of that powerful, moving wordplay that she seems to be so very skilled at. You're almost upset that she won't be in attendance for your date with Kyrie tomorrow, but you know that spending more time with her is as easy as visiting Central Mall on another day off. In any case, you managed to meet two nice girls and are almost positive that one of them is crushing on you at this point, so that's a mission accomplished.

Well, it's not a mission accomplished just yet, actually. Six o' clock on a Saturday evening in Central Mall...there are even more people walking around you than there were when you got here this early afternoon. The crowded populace here is only going to multiply as the night goes on and will only begin to dwindle in the very early hours of the wee morning, so there's plenty of fun that you can still have.

...grrr...

Hm? Putting your hand to your stomach, you feel a low humming come from it and are quickly reminded that you've had very, very little to eat today...in terms of actual food, at least. Unfortunately, eating out your neighbor's pussy while watched TV this morning and then licking those two girls' assholes on the bus ride here as they chatted with one another didn't seem to count as legitimate meals to your stomach. Damn if it didn't taste good, though.

As your unfed stomach continues to vocalize its apparent disapproval of prioritizing sex over hunger, you decide that a visit to the food court is in order. Like any right-minded shopping center, Central Mall is outfitted with a massive collection of restaurants and options for dining in. Although it has been a while since you've been here, you vaguely remember your current position in correlation to where the food court is and begin to walk ahead, making way for it.

Your eyes wander as you progress, taking in the sights of the now even livelier shopping center as afternoon becomes night. A little bit ahead and to your left, there's a brunette girl talking on the phone being escorted while having her insides filled. Her legs are crossed around a man's waist as he keeps himself lodged inside of her while chauffeuring the young lady to her destination. A guy carrying a girl like that wasn't an uncommon occasion—if a girl didn't feel like canceling her plans to be fucked and a guy really wanted to use her, it was a workable compromise. To your right, a similar compromise meant for shorter distance travel could be seen as a woman and man walked in unison, shuffling their feet forwards together while the man plowed her from behind with every step. Obviously, a bit more work was involved there (and it looked kind of funny), but if the woman's destination was nearby and if the man didn't feel like carrying her, it was the best option.

Moving on ahead and taking a left turn into another stretch of the mall, you see a scene developing in the distance. The closer you get, the more you realize that you can't actually see everything, but it's easy to guess what's happening from what you *can* see—a circle of fifteen or twenty guys of varying ages are fancying themselves a rub, building themselves towards orgasm with a shared target in mind. The shared target that you can't see is most likely on her knees in the middle of them, waiting to be enveloped in a rain of thick, sticky semen for what could easily be her fiftieth time today. Your curiosity overrides your hunger as you pass by them, causing you to pause your journey for good in favor of witnessing the oncoming final act of this grand play in front of you.

It's not long before the first of the group reaches his breaking point, dispersing what you can see to be a rather sizable load even from your imperfect view of the action. Like an elaborate line of intricately placed dominos, the others follow one by one, creating a seemingly endless rain of cum that quickly falls on whatever woman is sitting between them all. As this is happening, people are going about with their shopping and walking right past, thinking absolutely nothing of such a normal happening. The only person who even so much as glances at the incident with curiosity is a woman dressed in nothing but a scarf, casually looking over at it as she passes by. Humorously enough, the moment she loses interest

and turns her focus elsewhere, she's grabbed by a lanky gray-haired man and is pulled down to her knees as he rapidly jams his stiffened cock inside of her mouth. Unresisting, she remains at ease as her throat is fucked in the middle of a busy shopping center, most likely putting her mind somewhere else and simply waiting to taste his cum as a sign that she can move on. The unbothered look in her eyes makes it seem like she almost expected this to happen.

Looking back to your initial point of interest, you see the pack of guys slowly leave the group one by one after finishing their release. What's left afterwards is more than what you expected.

“Are you kidding? That movie was terrible!”

“Yeah, did you even read the book? They cut out a bunch of stuff.”

“Oh, cry me a river. That’s nothing to judge it by. Besides, who reads anymore?”

“Not you, apparently!”

Painted white with heavy coatings of seminal fluids all over them, a group of four girls sits in a circle with bright smiles on their faces as they talk with one another. Two of them are nude with nothing but accessories such as bracelets while the other two are, surprisingly, fully dressed in shirts, jeans, and sandals. With the explosive downpour of cum they just experienced, the two clothed girls have had their wardrobes absolutely ruined with deep stains all over, but judging by the laughs the four of them are sharing, no one seems to mind. The two girls with jeans sport larger, darker stains near their crotches which seem to be from another source—they most likely emptied their bladders at some point during that bukkake session. All four of them also have a complete mess in their hair as numerous ropes of cum dress their otherwise trendy hairdos. Showing that they don’t care for that aspect either, though, one of the girls begins to absentmindedly run her fingers through her hair while listening to the others speak, making an even bigger mess of it all but not caring in the slightest.

Contrary to what you expected, they remain seated on the floor in their collective ocean of cum and piss, seemingly not having anywhere to go and just hanging out. Until they can think of anything better to do, they’ll just stay where they are and talk with one another while being used at the discretion of any man who happens to take interest in them.

While you wouldn’t mind fooling around with them...

...grrr...

...your stomach has other plans.

Walking ahead, you move on beyond the four girls and progress onwards. Not far from you, you can see the scarf-wearing girl you spotted earlier being thrust into further action herself—she’s now laying on her back in a big pool of cum as the guy who was fucking her mouth now makes use of her other holes. Above her, another man stands with his cock out, using her as a toilet as he pisses into her open mouth. After a few seconds of releasing his golden stream onto her, you see him walk into a nearby store with his jeans still at his ankles as he begins to mess with an employee.

After passing by more stores with more girls being used and toyed with than you could count, you finally

arrive at an open clearing in Central Mall. In this courtyard, the glass ceiling is vaulted and raised high, giving you a glimpse of the outside sky as dusk evolves into night. The majority of the courtyard is filled with tables of varying sizes with accompanying chairs, most of which are occupied by patrons of the mall who, much like you, are rather hungry. The sides of the courtyard are lined with a plethora of fast food chains which pride themselves on serving fresh food quickly. Against the opposite end of the courtyard lie doors which lead to bigger restaurants where one might find a more refined meal, should they have the money for it.

As you stand in the center of the food court, it becomes clear that this is likely one of the busier areas of the mall. Almost every table is full and the lines for each establishment are rather lengthy. While the wait to get food seems like it could take a while, you could always pass the time in a manner similar to other men in the area who are also waiting: fucking a nearby girl occupying the same line. As you can plainly see by the hundreds of women being fucked from behind while standing in crowded lines, this is an extremely common method of passing time.

In the case of table space being an issue with so many people in the area, you see that there are some girls at their tables bent over who are being screwed from behind while eating as guys use their backs as a plate of sorts. As a reverse to that, some guys who are fucking girls on the floor use their stomach and tits as platters for their food. Naturally, with the movements that come from sex, this isn't exactly a clean method—drinks spill over the girls as condiments like ketchup and mustard equally become smeared onto them. As one would expect, though, when a woman can go about her day normally with every inch of her body dripping in freshly applied sheets of cum, the same would apply for just about any other substance.

Much like any other fetish imaginable, there are some guys who revel in this idea and happily get off on the sight of food-dressed women acting nonchalant about their messiness. One such case makes itself very apparent as a nude man approaches a table of three barely dressed girls with all sorts of bottles in hand. With a mischievous smile, he goes to town dousing them in drinks and spraying them with sauces. As he does so, they calmly go on with their conversation, paying him no mind and continuing to talk with one another. With his smile beaming in reaction to their attitude about his actions, it only acts to fuel his libido as he grows a steady erection. Figuring he's dirtied them enough, he approaches one of them from behind and picks her up with one good lift, holding her in the air—to which no one reacts to as they continue talking—and taking her seat. Bringing her down into his lap, he slips himself inside of her as she begins to bounce her ass on his shaft, still looking to her friends with a smile as their chatter persists, unchanged by the mess of food and drink on their skin or by the loud noises of one of their pussies being smashed.

In short, when it comes to waiting in line or making due with limited space, people get very creative with finding workarounds.

Walking forward into the courtyard a bit, you begin to search for an unoccupied table and find one after a few moments. Taking the only seat out of the four which doesn't have a puddle of white and yellow on it, you sit down and ponder about what to feed yourself. Pizza...? Well, you did have some last night, but pizza isn't exactly something that gets old. You could go for a burger and fries, though the ones here aren't that great from what you've heard. There's also a ramen stand, a Caribbean place, a steakhouse...jeez, how is anyone supposed to make up their mind with so many options?

“There’s so much to eat here! I always end up trying something new.”

It seems that someone shares your sentiment.

From your left, you locate the source of the voice: one of two girls walking nearby with trays full of food in hand. It appears that they’ve just finished getting their meals in order and are now looking for a place to sit. As they look around for an empty table, you take it upon yourself to examine them further.

Appearing to be in her early twenties, the one on the left stands at around 5'6" with a athletic, toned build to her tanned body and jet black hair tied up into a long, voluminous ponytail. Her eyes of teal are carefully scanning the area for any empty table they can find. Above her abdomen which holds faint outlines of a light six-pack are small and perky breasts that you can estimate to be around 36A in size—what with her being topless, they're in plain sight for you to appreciate from afar. Her only piece of clothing is a pair of pink skintight spandex shorts which stop at around halfway down her small, tight ass, leaving the bottom of her asscheeks hanging. From your position, you can barely make out a very thin slit on her crotch, likely an opening in the fabric so that she doesn't need to remove them for the men who use her. Given her body and choice of bottomwear, you can guess that she's one for working out. Her fit body has just the right amount of muscle to retain her femininity while also making it clear that she puts effort into staying in shape—an endearing quality that you can't help but be impressed by.

Her slightly younger-looking and shorter friend on the right with dyed bright red hair running down to her shoulders and heavy bangs covering up one of her amber-colored eyes appears to not care so much for her health, however. Given by the amount of fast food on her tray as opposed to her athletic friend's choices of salads and soups, this particular girl's opinion on proper dieting is no mystery. With her perfect hourglass figure, you can see why she doesn't need to care about what she eats—you're not sure how, but it seems as if every ounce of fat she's ever consumed in her life has gone straight to where most men would want it. Her slim, lean stomach is offset by a round, bountiful set of at *least* E-sized breasts. You haven't seen them this big in a while, so it's no surprise that you're currently stuck staring at them with a dumbfounded glance. Acting as an equal opposite to her flat stomach is the shapely thickness of her thighs and ass with curves so alluring that even other women in the immediate area are looking at them in shock and potential jealousy.

In contrast to her exercise-loving friend who tackled the day in nothing but spandex shorts, the representative of the hourglass figure seems to be one who loves accessorizing. Both of her ears are adorned with a multitude of gold and silver earrings and around her neck rests mixed necklaces composed of various beautiful (but likely fake) jewels. Her wrists are equipped with more bracelets than you could care to count, all of which jingle loudly with even the slightest movement. Her love for jewelry even goes so far as to replace any sort of legitimate footwear—much like her friend, the soles of her bare feet are currently planted in a thick aggregation of seminal fluids and urine, but there is one clear difference: a string of small gems which hook around her second toe and circle her ankle. The one on her left foot holds its focus more on amethysts while the one on her right foot is composed primarily of sapphires. You can recall such decorations being called "barefoot sandals." They're certainly pretty and even manage to add a powerful allure to the redhead's already lovely size 7 feet.

Furthering the contrast between the two is the redhead's wardrobe—similar to the rare phenomena you saw earlier in the group of four friends who acted as the target of a public cumbath, this girl is decked out in full clothing with a black long-sleeved cotton sweater and a pair of denim jeans which look around

two sizes too small, accentuating her mouthwatering lower half even further. Unlike the two clothed women in the group of four, however, this redhead is a bit smarter: a reasonable portion of the crotch area of her jeans are ripped out for reasons that really don't need to be explained at this point. As you might expect, a good majority of her sweater and jeans are stained with faded gray and bright white. It seems that plenty of men have a decent amount of fun cumming on clothes and then watching girls continue about their business with stained clothing.

In any case, that, in essence, describes these two fine women who are still looking for a place to sit. You're not sure how long you've been staring at them, but you could keep doing so for days. The ponytailed girl with just the right amount of light muscle and the hourglass redhead with tits and ass that you could only dream of...appreciating such marvels would never get boring.

"Let's see...oh, that guy's the only one at his table!" the busty redhead says with a smile, pointing directly at you and your otherwise vacant table.

Wait...she's pointing directly at you and they're now making their way over to you.

You were considering following them around to wherever they sat to have some fun with them, but if they want to save you the work and come to you, that's even better.

"You sure about this, Claire?" the ponytailed girl says to her friend with a tinge of doubt in her voice as they progress towards you. "It looks he's waiting for someone. Maybe he's reserving it?"

"I doubt that, Stephanie," the redheaded girl asks with a small laugh as they continue to close the distance. "He's probably just looking for his next fuck, just like any other guy."

While you're not sure if you should be taking offense to that, she definitely isn't wrong. After all, the only thing that's been on your mind as you've watched them make their way to you is how many different ways you could have fun with them. It's not like thinking about anything else would even be possible, anyway, what with how hypnotizing it is to watch the redheaded Claire's hips sway with every step she takes.

With smiles, the two girls approach you, holding their trays with steady hands. "Excuse me," Claire speaks up with a happy, energetic voice. "Are you holding this table for anyone? Or could we sit here to eat?"

Although looking at these two girls and their appealing figures is making your mind go absolutely wild with thoughts of fucking them even harder than you fucked Kyrie earlier, you do your best to maintain a relaxed persona and nod with your own returning smile. The two friends thank you and take their seats—Claire is now sitting to your right and Stephanie sits across from the two of you. Since you took the only seat that wasn't a pool of cum and piss, they heavily dirty their clothed butts in an even bigger mess, but it seems like it's the last thing on their minds as they begin to eat.

With their trays set down and their food in view, your curiosity grasps you as you glance over their selections. The healthy-minded Stephanie has an assortment of colorful salads in front of her, no doubt keeping her diet in mind. While the silvery dressing lathered over her greens could potentially be some sort of zesty ranch of sorts, you know better than that. The gooey, sticky trails of white running across her salad is, without a doubt, the combined seed of whatever chefs arranged her platters. Given the

smile on her face as she eats the cum-covered meal while talking with Claire, however, you can see that she doesn't really mind. Perhaps she even prefers it over whatever other flavors of dressing might be available.

Putting her fork down, Stephanie grasps a small bowl from her tray containing what you had assumed to be soup. However, after she finishes taking a few sips from it, you see that you were incorrect—the glazy leftovers dripping from her mouth and chin as she puts the bowl down reveal to you that it's actually just more cum. You ascertain this fact as she pours some of it over the remainder of her salads, adding more of the hot, sticky dressing to her food. Ordering fresh cum as her salad dressing has effectively doubled as a drink for her.

"Ugh, am I out of cum to drink already?"

It seems as if Claire didn't plan as well as her friend, however.

With her thick legs crossed over one another underneath the table, the redhead holds up a tall, empty glass stained white all over the inside. Her lips are equally blemished white, and she's even got faint remains above her lip, almost like a milk mustache when you gulp down too much milk too quickly...except what she just finished drinking definitely was not milk.

"Give me the glass," Stephanie abruptly requests while grabbing the edges of her spandex shorts, pulling them down to her knees below the table. Given how the square table is made of clear glass, everything that goes on underneath is very easy to see. Claire's eyes light up with joy as she licks her lips in anticipation, eagerly handing her friend the glass.

"It's like you're psychic!" Claire exclaims as Stephanie takes the glass from her hands with a playful roll of the eyes. "You always know when I'm dying for another glass of your delicious warm piss!"

"If by psychic you mean I've just been holding it, sure," Stephanie remarks as she spreads her legs underneath the table. Bringing the glass to her crotch, she presses the rim of it around her pussy, sealing it in. "You always drink your glasses of cum so quickly, and then you always ask me to get you another one...I figured I'd just save my pee for you to stop myself from having to get up again."

"You know me so well, Steph!" Claire cheerfully says with a giggle. "Now, go on and empty your pee into my glass! You know how I get when I'm thirsty!"

"Yeah, yeah, hold your horses," Stephanie retorts with a small laugh. Taking a light breath, she begins to release the locked contents of her bladder into the glass, filling it up inch by inch with her golden juice. Claire's wide smile remains on her face the entire time as she keeps her eyes on the glass, no doubt excited to quench her thirst with her friend's pee. After a few more moments, Stephanie's urination slows to a trickle and she carefully brings the glass back up over the table, placing it down between their two trays. The once empty glass is now full again, occupied by Stephanie's liquid waste.

"I love you, Stephanie!" Claire lovingly cries as she grabs the glass with both hands, bringing it to her cum-stained lips. Taking slow, steady gulps from it, she drinks about half of it before placing it next to her food. Wiping her mouth with the arm of her sweater and a satisfied "ahhh" sound, the bubbly redhead's smile has magnified even more after consuming her friend's urine. "Your pee tastes so good,

Stephanie! Drink a lot of water so I can have more of it, kay?"

"What do you think I've been doing?" Stephanie jokingly jabs as she bites into more of her cum-dressed salad. "You'll have another glass ready to go in about a half-hour or so, I'd guess."

With that, the two of them go back to casually chatting while eating their meals. Turning your head and eyes to your right, you gather a more detailed look at Claire's dinner which holds more variety than Stephanie's but is far less healthy.

One plate holds slices of pizza, a few of which are half-eaten. In addition to the pepperoni and sausage toppings—an excellent combination, by the way—are disorganized lines of cum that decorate the slices here and there. It almost appears as if this third topping wasn't intentional. You can imagine a man behind Claire in line as she got these slices reaching his orgasm with another girl and some stray shots from him just so happened to land on her food. Naturally, that wouldn't bother her. In fact, she probably didn't even notice it.

A smaller plate at the edge of the tray holds a small handful of nachos. While listening to a brief story from Stephanie, Claire grabs one and dips it into a metal saucer next to it. As she pulls the chip up, yellow drops fall from the moist snack as she puts it into her mouth and contently bites on it. It appears as if Claire is a big fan of piss, so much so that she's switched out the classic nacho cheese sauce for whatever pee she could get.

The last item of notice on her tray is an appealing-looking meaty hamburger with plenty of condiments and ingredients stuffed between the two buns. Surprisingly, it looks like it hasn't been hit by piss or cum like the rest of their food.

Shit...that burger looks really good, actually. You can't remember who it was that told you that this food court had bad burgers, but you can't help but feel that they were wrong. That thing looks *really* satisfying.

...grr...

...and your stomach seems to agree.

"Was that you?" Claire asks with a surprised tone as she and Stephanie turn to you.

Looks like the cat's out of the bag.

Another bout of audible feedback from your stomach causes Claire's eyes to well up with what you could only assume to be pity. "You poor thing! Are you hungry? Here!" she says with a kind heart as she hands you the burger you were eyeing so ravenously. "You can have this! Eat up, okay?"

Not exactly sure how to respond to the kindness of strangers but equally not wanting to appear like an ill-mannered person who would decline such a nice gesture, you take the burger from her hands with an appreciative nod and bite into it. The juicy contents blend together perfectly with every bite as your taste buds become electrified with bliss—instantly, the unpleasant rumbling of your stomach ceases completely as you swallow the delicious masterpiece.

"There you go!" Claire says with a smile, genuinely happy to see your suffering stomach put to rest. "Much better, right?"

With another bite, you nod and give her a small smile. Enjoying the sights of two beautiful girls happily eating and drinking cum and pee and also getting a free meal through their thoughtfulness...today went way better than expected.

As you continue to deal with your hunger by means of the greatest hamburger you've ever eaten, others take notice of the perfection of Claire and Stephanie. From another table, two guys around your age approach Stephanie from behind.

"Yeah, Sarah was going on and on about him," Stephanie says to Claire as she's picked up by her arms, continuing their idle chatter with a smile on her face while being prepped up to be fucked. The other guy moves aside her empty tray as the one who picked her up sets her down on her back upon the glass table. Grabbing her pink spandex shorts which are still at her knees, he pulls them up and off her body as he spreads her legs, prodding the tip of her cunt with his stiffened shaft while taking slow and steady whiffs of her sweaty piss- and cum-stained shorts.

Seeing that Stephanie's bowl of cum is still relatively full, the second guy picks it up and holds it over Stephanie's face, tipping it over and pouring it all over her head slowly. "I don't think go well together, though," Stephanie goes on as her face is slowly painted with the gradual dripping of cum from the bowl, some of it even falling into her mouth as she speaks. She swallows it up reflexively, her eyes not moving away from Claire the entire time as the redhead nods in agreement.

With plenty left over in the bowl, he moves around the table as his friend fully inserts himself into Stephanie and begins to fuck her with passionate thrusts while still keeping his nose and mouth on her dirty shorts. Standing behind Claire, the guy holding the bowl begins to drip the rest of the remains over her head, messing with her otherwise well-kept hair and making it sticky and messy with Stephanie's cum dressing. Some of it falls onto her forehead, thereby trailing down her face and cheeks and staining her pale skin. Even though she's being showered in a sluggish waterfall of cum, Claire keeps on listening to Stephanie's words with keen ears, nodding at intervals and chiming in herself.

Putting the bowl down, the guy who rained down its contents onto the two girls stands to the right of Claire, pulling down his jeans to reveal his considerably thick cock which looks about ready to burst. Grabbing Claire's head by the chin, he motions her to lean over to his side and props his fingers inside of her mouth, opening it for her. Interpreting these signs correctly, Claire remains in the position she was put in and keeps her mouth open as the stranger begins to rub himself off with the intention of shooting his load down her throat. As he begins to masturbate in front of her, Claire's eyes are rolled to her left so that she can keep eye contact with Stephanie who has been talking the whole time all while a man she's never seen before feverishly reams her insides.

The act of dribbling cum over the two girls must have put the second guy close to his breaking point as it only takes him a few seconds of rubbing to reach his climax. Releasing a massive load of several shots, a majority of it actually misses its intended mark and instead wrecks Claire's face, painting her immaculate skin with a shiny coating of deep white. As some even finds itself in her eyes, she reactively shuts them and begins to wipe them clean as more continues to shoot out, dirtying her hands a bit as well. Licking what was transferred from her eyelids to her fingers, she opens them again with a nod as

Stephanie goes on. A few more bursts on her cheeks and in her open mouth and his cock slowly droops to a flaccid state, signifying that he's been properly satisfied. As he zips up and walks off, Claire closes her mouth and rests back in her seat. "I don't know what she could be thinking," Claire inquisitively comments, shaking her head with a shrug. Properly facialized with a generous application of fresh, sticky seed, she simply goes on with the conversation, unfazed by what just occurred.

"Yeah, I hope she doesn't bother doing anything," Stephanie concurs, her small tits jiggling slightly in rhythm with the man's powerful thrusts. "It'd just be embarrassing. By the way, could you feed me a bit...?"

"Oh, I guess I should, shouldn't I?" Claire agrees with a laugh as she scoops up a hearty collection of the cum splattered on her face with a few fingers from both hands. "You helped me out earlier, after all, so I should look out for you too."

Bending forward, Claire brings her fingertips to Stephanie's mouth. Using her tongue, Stephanie laps it up into her mouth off of the redhead's fingers, doing so with a smile the entire time. "Oh, this load is especially good," Stephanie comments with a fulfilled smile as she licks her lips with joy. "You should go find that guy and get his number."

"Please!" Claire jests with another laugh as her friend continues to lick off the rest of the cum off her fingers. "You don't need to get a guy's number if you want fresh cum down your throat. Just open your mouth in any public area and you'll get plenty of it without even asking."

"I guess you're right," Stephanie agrees as she finishes slurping the last bits off her friend's fingers. "As good as that was, though...I'm still kind of hungry."

"You are?" Claire questions with a surprised blink. Then, as if having an epiphany, she nods to herself. "Oh, I know what you want..."

"Preeeeetty pleeeeee?" Stephanie begs with an adorable smile.

You're not quite sure where this is headed, but it makes itself apparent enough as Claire begins to roll up her sweater.

"Fine, fine..." Claire says with a smile, giving in to her friend's desires. As she removes her sweater entirely, her positively gigantic breasts jiggle and bounce until they reach their natural state. Soft and round with puffy areolas, simply looking at them is enough to multiply the slowly growing boner you've had ever since you first laid eyes on Claire and Stephanie. Standing up, Claire folds the sweater and hangs it over her chair before proceeding to bend over the table, her massive tits swaying and hanging above Stephanie's face.

"Go on, then, you little baby," Claire teases with a warmhearted grin. "Suck on my tits all you want while you're fucked."

"Love you, Claire!" Stephanie appreciatively states with happiness in her eyes as Claire lowers herself just enough so that her sizable nipples rest on Stephanie's lips. Like a newborn child, Stephanie affectionately sucks on Claire's breasts while also fondling them with her hands. Claire looks on at her

friend with a smile as she does so—as close friends, they probably do this very frequently.

Speaking of close...

Being bent over the table, Claire's astronomical behind is promptly sitting to the right of you, just waiting to be fucked.

The convulsions and trembling of your rock-hard boner are telling you to act now before anyone else does...and you can't help but agree with it.

Hastily finishing the final pieces of the hamburger Claire gifted you, you stand up and quickly drop your pants to your knees as you make your way behind Claire, placing your hands on her delectable rear and appreciating it for a moment.

"I was wondering what took you so long."

Looking up, you see Claire looking at you with a smile as the hungry Stephanie continues to feed on her breasts. "Well, go on," Claire instructs. "Go ahead and ram my pussy and ass as hard as you want while I feed my best friend."

Hngh...hearing a woman tell you to do what you please with her will never get old.

With your cock twitching in anticipation as you slowly rub it against her labia, you waste no time in slipping it in, feeling the warm moistness of her insides tighten and constrict around you as you firmly plant yourself within her.

As you begin to move your hips with pleasure, a loud, muffled ringing breaks the atmosphere.

"Oh, babe, could you be a doll and grab me my phone?" Claire asks you, pointing to the black leather bag on her chair directly behind you. "It's somewhere in my purse."

With a nod, you reach behind you and grab the handle of the bag. However, you can't exactly twist your body 180 degrees, but you really don't want to stop fucking Claire either...

Oh, of course. Get creative.

Lifting the bag, you bring it around your front and place it on Claire's back as you continue to drive yourself into her pussy. Much like a guy might use a woman's back as a plate for his food, you can equally use it as a stand to place something.

Opening the purse, you begin to fumble with the contents inside in search for her phone. What you do find, however, are nothing close to a cellphone—a couple of dildos, a vibrator, a set of anal beads, a...used condom tied up at the base with cum in it...?

"Come on, come on!" Claire says with a laugh. "Ponder about my kinks later and just get my phone for now!"

Er...right.

Putting your hand back inside, you finally find the source of the ringing: a small, red flip phone that looks like it would have been fairly popular ten years ago. Zipping up her purse and putting it back down on the chair, you hand Claire the device. She takes it with a smile, blowing you an friendly "thank you" kiss before opening it up and initiating conversation.

"Hello?" Claire says, now talking on the phone while being fucked and while having her friend snack on her breasts...talk about multitasking. The man using Stephanie is still going strong as well, not once letting up on the relentless pounding he's been giving her.

"No...no, we're in the food court," Claire explains to whomever she's talking to as her ass bounces on your shaft. You keep a firm grasp on her wide hips as you slam her insides, feeling way too good to even put into words. Taking a look at your surroundings, you scan the area for any interesting happenings as you continue to fuck this perfect redhead on the phone.

A table not far ahead holds a lone nude woman reading a book who appears to be in her thirties. Beneath her table lies a man resting on his back—with one of her feet she strokes his cock up and down between her big toe and second toe and with her other foot she allows him to lick her sole clean. On the reverse of the man on the floor, another man stands atop the table with his cock out and pointed down at her. He begins to pee directly on her face and chest from above, raining down a waterfall of light yellow as she nonchalantly flips the page, too invested in her reading to open her mouth and act as a proper toilet.

The table to the left of that features...a very interesting occurrence, actually. Two girls seated there with a visible age gap between them are currently engaged in a very heavy makeout session, locking lips as their tongues dance around each other. Their hands are at each other's pussies as they finger each other with varying intensities and speeds. Lesbian action like this wasn't exactly uncommon, but it has been a while since you last saw it. Even though the official writings of The Law made no mention of it, it certainly didn't state anywhere that women couldn't have their way with one another, so this was perfectly fine—which you were happy about, of course, because it was beyond hot to stare at from afar while fucking Claire hard and fast.

Moving your eyes elsewhere, you come across a woman in her late twenties who's dressed in a black and red apron with nothing underneath. She bears a nametag clipped onto it, clueing you in to the fact that she's likely a cleaning lady for the mall. Even though the floors are a constantly expanding mess of semen and pee, it seems that the people who run Central Mall do try to keep it somewhat clean by employing maids like this.

The methods they use to keep things clean, however...well, it's not very efficient, but damn if isn't hot.

As opposed to using a mop or sponge to clean the floors as one might expect, the maid is on her knees with her mouth to the floor. Yes, instead of using proper tools of the trade to clean up the aftereffects of nonstop public sex, the cleaning ladies at Central Mall simply lick it up bit by bit, eating and drinking the public's collective fluids off the floor like farm animals at feeding time. What makes it all the hotter is how they don't seem to mind—what with the cleaning lady's unbothered expression, it's clear that she isn't put off with her duties at all. She's perfectly alright with being degraded to the point where she licks up other

people's cum and piss off the floor.

Of course, that doesn't exclude her from her other roles as a woman, however.

As a short, pudgy man approaches the maid, she looks up with a smile as he begins to lower his jeans. "Are you looking to use me to relieve yourself, sir?"

Courteous and kind as any employee should be, she smiles as she remains on all floors on the floor with her mouth wide open and her eyes locked onto the man. "Go ahead and empty your urine right into my throat, sir."

Accepting her kind proposal, the man begins to piss down her throat, using her as a toilet much like any other girl. As this goes on, people walk on by to find tables or a place to eat, finding no reason to look twice at something so normal.

The man's flow eventually slows down to a trickle, after which he zips himself back up. The cleaning lady smiles with genuine compassion. "It was a pleasure serving you. Use me whenever you like, sir."

With that, he walks off, and she goes back to licking up as many pools of cum and piss off the floor as she can. Looking around, you can see that more and more women in her uniform are beginning to show up. It seems that their shifts start after a specific time—a big display clock nearby informs you that it's nearing 8:00 P.M.

Looking around, you can see that some of the other cleaning ladies have their own preferred techniques for going about their jobs. A few of them are employing the use of straws to suck up the liquids off the floor like a smoothie while others scoop up what they can on their hands and lick it off their fingers. As they clean, they're also subject to being fucked at the will of men just like they would be when they're not at work, leading to many of them being screwed from behind doggystyle as they fill their stomachs with the filthy remains of whoever fucked or pissed last at their current spot.

To be honest, after experiencing first-hand how employees treat you with Kyrie and Nadine...you kind of want to try it again. Although you're extremely close to spewing your cum deep inside of Claire, you figure you might as well see how one of the cleaning ladies would react. Hearing them talk all politely and such is a bit of a turn-on anyway, and you don't exactly come to the mall often, so why not?

Slowly pulling out of Claire, you rub yourself slowly as you make your way towards one of the maids. Claire doesn't react at all to your exit—she's still far too busy talking on the phone with whoever it is she's talking to.

You can spot one cleaning lady in particular a short distance away who catches your interest. Wavy, neatly kept brown hair comes down to her ears as her eyes of blue eagerly search the floor for more fluids to clean. The hardened nipples of her C-sized breasts are barely visible from the sides of her apron as she moves around. Deciding that she's the one, you make your way over to her as she bends her head down low to lick up more.

As you stop in front of her, she looks up with you with curiosity reflecting in her eyes. Her nametag reads "Jeanette" and her mouth and the skin surrounding it are stained thoroughly with all of the contents she's been cleaning up.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asks very politely with a shy, high-pitched voice. She quickly takes notice of how you're slowly rubbing your shaft and is quick to pick up your intentions. "Are you looking to cover my face with you cum? Or would you like to fuck my mouth instead?"

Christ...just hearing her talk like that is enough to make a bit of anticipative precum leak from the tip of your cock. Jeanette notices this as well and shifts herself from her all-fours position to her knees, bringing her face-to-face with your cock. Lightly, she licks the tip of your member with her tongue, cleaning the precum that just leaked out.

"If you don't mind, sir," Jeanette begins as she kisses the tip of your cock lightly. "I'll just begin a basic service routine to help you cum. If you want anything more, though, please let me know, okay?"

What with you not saying anything specific, Jeanette takes the initiative and begins to work things out herself. Opening her mouth, she takes the length of your shaft as far as she can inside of her throat and retracts slowly, her lips and tongue sliding on it in a most pleasant manner. She goes back down, and then back out, gradually evolving her movements into a steady blowjob. To think, all you had to do was walk up to her and you're now receiving one of the best blowjobs you've had in a while. Employees really are the best.

Given how much you were fucking Claire just moments ago, it doesn't take that long for you to near your breaking point. Opting for the alternative route, you forcibly remove yourself from Jeanette's mouth and hold her head steady as you vigorously rub yourself off with your free hand.

"Please make a filthy mess out of me and dirty my face with your sticky semen whenever you're ready," Jeanette obediently exclaims, closing her eyes and awaiting the moment of release. "Spray as much of your thick, hot cum onto my face as you would like! Or, if you want, shoot all of it into my mouth so that I can swallow it for you!"

Fuck. Hearing her talk dirty like that in such a polite and refined manner is way more of a turn-on than you could have ever imagined...

"If you're still hard after this," Jeanette continues, possibly realizing that you're driven further by her mannerisms and seeking to help you cum harder. "You're more than welcome to fuck any part of me for as long as you want! My body is yours and I'm more than willing to take every ounce of cum you'd like to give me! Say the word and I'll give you access to any hole you want! I'm your personal cumdumpster, sir!"

Shit.

Her words acting as the explosive trigger for your final bout, you begin a monumental discharge all over her face and mouth with more shots than you could have ever predicted. Every rope of semen you shoot out strings itself across her face and hair, turning her head into a canvas of white. Shots that hit her upper lip fall into her open mouth, sliding down her tongue and into her stomach.

In less than a second after that conclusive ending, your cock starts to shrivel up, going limp for a cooldown period which it no doubt needs. With slow breaths, Jeanette opens her eyes and looks at you

with a smile, accepting the colossal amount of cum you just gave her as a prideful accomplishment.

"Did it feel good, sir?" she asks you kindly, her smile looking even more adorable when its dripping with your own fresh semen. "I'm so delighted that you decided to use me as your cumdump today...please cum on me again sometime, okay? You can soil my face and my insides with however much cum you please. I'm always here for you~"

Jeanette...that's a name to remember. That is, without a doubt, a name to remember.

With a closing nod and smile, Jeanette goes back to her all fours position as she continues cleaning the floor with her tongue, not bothering to wipe off the cum you just delivered to her face.

Pulling your pants back up to allow your now tired soldier to take shelter from the world until it's ready to go again in another hour or two, you're left wondering what to do next...Claire and Stephanie are still at their table, but the man fucking Stephanie is now absent—given the cum leaking out from Stephanie's pussy, it's likely that he finished some time ago. Stephanie is still sucking on Claire's tits, however, and Claire is still on the phone.

Hm...yes, more fun with them sounds appropriate. Turning around, you—

"That's insane! There's no way they'd put something like that into effect!"

"Is it really, though? Think about it logically for a second."

"They're honestly considering changing that...?! How unreal..."

...the hell is going on?

A loud commotion is starting to make itself apparent a bit south of the food court, back near the shopping area. A few people who were seated at tables are walking towards the area in question, making the crowd grow bigger and bigger—many of which are girls who are pissing freely while walking, which is extremely hot and everything, but you are actually curious as to what's going on.

Making your way to the point of focus, you find yourself amidst the large group. The thing everyone's talking about seems to be one of the TVs on display at an electronics store. It's set to a news channel which is doing a live report. A lot of the people around you are in open debate with one another, some much louder than others, but you're able to just barely pick up what the cum-drenched news lady is saying as she takes it anally from behind.

"While it may seem difficult to believe, an official council of politicians representing The Law will be holding a public forum tomorrow to discuss a potential lift on the ban of using 18-year-old high school seniors on school property during school hours."

...*What.*

12 - Article 87 and Halcyon Park Senior High [Part 1]

Author's Note: Hi.

No, you're not dreaming. Yes, this is actually happening. Here's your new chapter, unfortunately delayed time and time again due to my own inability to figure out how I wanted to carry it out acting in tandem with my full-time job that I've had since the beginning of April. But it's here now, and that's what matters.

Aside from that, I don't have much to say about the chapter. I tried some new stuff here and there as I always attempt to do, because keeping things fresh is nice. I hope you enjoy it and I hope to hear any comments, criticisms, or feedback from you that you may have regarding it. Or you can opt out of commenting and just do your thing with the tissues and the lotion, since that's what most people usually come here to do. Anyway, if you've got anything to say at all, I'll gladly listen.

And in case you thought I was just sitting on my ass the past four months twiddling my thumbs and accomplishing nothing, you'll be happy to know that that was not the case. When I found myself unable to get work done on this chapter, I went about creating [some new captions on my Tumblr](#), [a brand new story I started on CHYOA all about casual sex goodness](#) (CHYOA being the reworked update to the now defunct CHYOO). For readers of *The Choice* on the old CHYOO, [you'll find that it's still very much alive on the new version of the site](#), with even some new content here and there since it was last shared. I've also started a small series of [foot fetish captions](#) which are currently up on my ImageFap, so if that tickles your fancy, feel free to check them out. [I've also uploaded some more videos onto my vPorn profile as well](#), for those times where words may not be just enough to satisfy that all-powerful lust of yours. Aside from these projects of mine, I've also contributed to [a story started by a lovely friend of mine](#) with plenty of content relevant to casual sex and whatnot. Also, if you happen to be someone who frequents Reddit, [I'll just leave this here for you](#).

Lastly, before I finally shut up and let you read the giant wall of text below, I'd just like to give a massive shout out to [Spidu](#) for drawing some sweet [sketches](#) based around this story. If you don't know who Spidu is, all you need to know is that [his work basically acted as the inspiration for this entire story](#). He's also just an awesomely talented artist all around. The fact that he took the time to sketch anything from this story at all is still beyond my wildest dreams, and I'd like to thank him (again) for it. You are awesome.

Wow, that is a lot of links. Okay, that's about everything I wanted to share. I hope you enjoy the chapter and feel free to let me know what you think; hearing from you guys is always wonderful.

P.S. apologies for any typos or errors or anything wrong 5:30am blah blah blah

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Friday, September 6th — 7:54 P.M.

"Leanne, honey, there's something on the news you should see."

Hm...? Mom's calling me?

It's a pretty quiet night here in the Faris household. I'm on the last legs of my summer vacation with school starting up next week. When I wake up on Tuesday, I'll officially be a senior, embarking on the final stretch of my high school career. Thankfully, I'm almost done with this shit.

Since I'm not exactly a slouch or anything when it comes to maintaining my grades, the usual round of summer assignments, book readings, research papers and all of that dreadful stuff is nothing I've got to worry about, seeing as how I finished it all in the beginning of July. Ever since then, most of my days have been the same: relaxing at home with my brother and my dad fucking me at their leisure along with any other guy who ends up wandering into our house. Today was no different; I've spent the past few hours browsing the Web and talking to some friends online—at the moment, Cindy's going on about how she's quickly adapting to being every man's cumdumpster. She just turned 18 two weeks ago, so things have been pretty busy for her. I turned 18 myself back in February, so by now, I'm more than accustomed to the old song and dance of having guy after guy use me as I go on with my business.

"Leanne, it's almost on! Come downstairs!"

Mom does get pretty antsy if I don't answer her right away...I should probably head down there. Lifting myself from the puddle of cum I've been sitting in on my computer chair—by now, most of my brother's last three loads from the past hour or two has slithered out—I set my online status to Away on all of my messengers as I start to head for my door.

On the way out, I pass my wall-mounted mirror and glance at myself briefly. I'm a pretty typical girl with an average frame, not too skinny but not exactly thick. I'm of average height, standing at around 5'4". As my eyes of green scan myself up and down, I run my fingers through my brunette hair which flows down to my shoulders with mixed streaks of dyed blonde. My nose is small and round—I've lost count of how many times Mom's grabbed it with a giggle while saying "*Oh, it's so adorable!*"—and my lips are somewhat juicy, though rather stained with blotches of white from the twenty or thirty blowjobs I've given today. Actually, isn't it closer to forty by now...?

Raising my small hands, I cup my 36B breasts and smile to myself as I squeeze them lightly. They might not be as big as some of the other girls in school, but damn if I don't love them anyway. Sliding my fingers down my slim, cum-stained abdomen, I quickly arrive at my only article of clothing: striped white and black panties so defiled and filthy that I can smell them from here. It must have been months now since I've last washed this thing...I couldn't even begin to properly describe just how dirty they are. For a basic idea, I can say that this is the only thing I ever really wear at home, and I can't even fathom the last time I used a toilet to pee...so that should get the point across. Naturally, they're pretty thoroughly stained with cum, too, catching everything that slides out of my ass and pussy and sending the overflow running down the insides of my thighs.

On top of all this, this pair of panties is about two or three sizes too small—turning around a bit, I look at my ass in the mirror, the upper half of my buttcrack in full view with a majority of my cheeks exposed. It must have been a few years ago now that I bought them, and I used to be almost unhealthily underweight, so I've outgrown them with the weight I gained that brought me to my average frame.

"Leanne!"

Yikes. Looking at myself in the mirror really makes me forget things.

I head outside my room and down the hallway with a slightly hastened pace, not aiming to have my mother yell my name yet again. Swift steps down and around the staircase bring me to the first floor of our house. Walls of faded light blue paint surround me as I stand on moist gray carpeting which is stained throughout from activities that don't need explaining.

Approaching the main lofty red couch of the living room, I see my mother resting on it, lying on her side as a man I've never seen before lies behind her, ramming her from behind while holding one of her legs up and groping the flesh of her thick thighs. Her lower half is bared—the only thing she's wearing is a black tank top, the straps of which are at her shoulders, thereby leaving her positively enormous breasts exposed as they jiggle in rhythm to the pounding she's receiving. As I near her, she looks to me with the jade green eyes that I inherited, her left one partially covered by the long bangs of her long, flowing brown hair. "There you are. Was your brother using you again?"

"No, he finished a while ago," I say with a shrug as I take a seat on the floor against the base of the couch, in range for my mother to idly play with my hair as she's fucked. "Probably holed up in his room playing video games or something."

"Just like you're holed up in your room all day talking to your friends," she comments as she begins braiding my hair, raising her voice ever so slightly so I can hear her above the sounds of slapping flesh.

"At least I'm socializing in doing so," I retort, not keen on being compared to my brother.

"Your brother socializes too, you know."

"I didn't know petty name-calling and trash talking over an online shooter counted as socializing."

"You'd be surprised. Anyway, it's almost on."

Handing me the TV remote from her position above me, I lift my hand and grab it from her, turning up the volume slightly as the commercial break nears its end. "Who is that, by the way?"

"Who?" my mother repeats with a confused tone as she finishes one braid and begins another.

"Who else, Mom? The guy fucking you."

"Oh, just a coworker," she answers with a small laugh. "He didn't get his usual rounds with me today since my boss was on me for the entirety of my shift. Even during my break, he followed me out to the corner store railed me over the counter while I bought my lunch. So, this one showed up at the door a little while ago and has been enjoying me ever since."

"Someone's dedicated," I reply, half-impressed to hear the lengths this man went to just to use my mother as his cumdumpster.

"Ah, it's on."

The advertisements finally coming to a close, the screen slowly shifts to your standard-looking news studio. Seated at a fancy-looking desk is a middle-aged woman with black hair that goes down no further than her ears, neatly straightened with a nice set of bangs. She gives the camera a nice smile with her warm brown eyes as she introduces herself. "Good evening and welcome to the 8 o'clock nightly news. I'm your anchorwoman, Valerie Crescentia."

"I really don't get why they clean themselves up before they go live," I openly comment in regards to the woman's pristine state. Not a single drop of cum or pee is anywhere on her—or at least, what's visible of her face and her bare torso above her desk. "They're always used during the broadcast anyway. What's the point?"

"Leanne Marie Faris, asking the important questions," my mother mocks, poking fun at my tendency to ask unnecessary or trivial things.

"I'm just saying," I declare in my own defense. "Doesn't make much sense to wash yourself off when you're a 24/7 cumrag and toilet."

"She just needs to look professional, honey, even if only for a few seconds before someone dirties her again," my mother reasons. "Besides, it's probably whoever's in charge of wardrobe that tells her to clean herself. Chances are Mrs. Crescentia feels the same as you do."

"Well, you're probably right," I concede, realizing the likely truth behind that idea.

Shifting my attention back to the TV, I find myself increasing the volume a bit more as the sounds of copulation behind me become increasingly more apparent. Needless to say, my mother's coworker is *really* enjoying himself.

"Our primary report tonight is one that's sparked quite a bit of controversy," Valerie opens up as a staff member approaches her from behind, rubbing her small breasts and pinching her nipples. Damn, that was fast. She continues her report without much of a problem, though. "A month ago, political leaders and representatives from across the country brought forth a proposal to lift the ban of using 18-year-old high school seniors on school property during school hours..."

"Oh, this?" I remark with a bit of a yawn. "People have not shut up about this online, it's ridiculous. Not like it'll pass, anyway. I mean, really, it's jus—"

"...and just this afternoon, city council offices are reporting that the proposal, dubbed Article 87, has been accepted and will be put into action starting this coming Tuesday with the beginning of the new school term."

"...*Excuse me?*"

That was all I could manage to say as I stared at the television set with blank eyes.

It...passed?

Wow...it actually passed.

...Huh. Well, alright then. Can't say I expected that one.

"I had a feeling you wouldn't be fazed by it," Mom comments with a relaxed laugh, sensing that my surprised reaction was more in the vein of simple shock rather than unease or worry. "I wonder how some of the other girls will react, though..."

"Reactions to this new addendum of The Law have been mixed," Valerie goes on as the man behind her inaudibly whispers something into her ear. In reaction, the anchorwoman stands up from her seat and climbs on top of her desk, getting on her hands and knees as the staff member hops onto the desk as well. Unzipping himself and lowering his underwear and slacks before lifting her long black skirt to her waist, he begins to spear the focused newswoman as she maintains eye contact with the camera, continuing her report while being fucked like a dog from behind. "Some parents show concern while the affected female students in question and their teachers seem relatively untroubled. We now share with you Ashley Higgins' coverage from earlier this afternoon when she briefly interviewed some of the parties involved at Halcyon Park Senior High."

Halcyon Park Senior High. That name—a name I know all too well—remains ever present in my mind as the screen cuts to a woman standing in front of a series of ocean blue buildings with accents of whites on the numerous windows and doors, surrounded by sidewalks and fields of grassy green.

"They went to your school for this?" my mother speaks up in surprise.

"Looks like it," I affirm with a nod as B-roll footage begins to play while the on-field reporter introduces the story again from the beginning. She talks about the meeting of political leaders and representatives as inside shots of my school's blue hallways and white lockers are shown. In every scene shown during this montage, there's at least one visible instance of a senior student being used, from a blonde giving a footjob with her socked feet in the highway while texting to a redhead being fucked from behind in the bathroom while fixing her makeup.

"Isn't this the exact thing that this Article 87 was supposed to allow?" my mother questions upon seeing the girls in the summer school program getting fucked on school property. "And it's just happening anyway, before it's even been put into effect?"

"The summer school program has always been a kind of special exception," I explain. "Most of the teachers that cover for it are guys, so there's kind of no choice. On top of that, it's usually only about 40 to 50 kids overall, half of which are girls, so the few 18-year-old girls don't even have that much to deal with."

In one of the following shots, a topless girl in the library is laying on her stomach on the floor, studying out of a textbook and writing in her notebook in front of her. A nude older man walks in from the side, lifting her skirt and revealing her small bare ass. His target now visible, he liberally pees on her butt, releasing his yellow stream onto her asscheeks before walking off screen. As if in reaction to being pissed on, the girl decides to relieve her own bladder as well, wetting the white tile floor of the library and effectively creating an extensive puddle of gold that she now comfortably lays in.

The immediate next shot covers a small classroom with an ongoing lecture taught by the young and reasonably handsome Mr. Stein. He's orating in front of a small class with potent focus even as a busty bottomless student with a ponytail goes down on him, holding tightly onto his waist and deepthroating herself. The camera cuts to a close up of a girl sitting near the back row, writing down notes from Mr. Stein's lecture as a guy rubs himself off next to her. As he climaxes and sprays his load all over her face and shirt, she dutifully keeps writing.

Wait...Kimberly?

Yeah...yeah, that is definitely Kimberly.

Oh, man. She's not gonna believe it.

The B-roll shots continue, eventually reaching footage that focuses on the big sports fields outside behind the school, from the track field to the football and baseball fields. Members of the girls' track team are going about their summer practice, running around the field in nothing but their sports bras and shoes. A few of their girls have their tits hanging freely outside of their bras, though, leaving me wondering as to why they kept them on in the first place. If anything, seeing their breasts bounce around while they run is always fun to look at. An older woman can be spotted sitting on the spectator stands, presumably the coach of the team, though she's currently preoccupied with the task of being a man's toilet as she has a fresh river of warm pee shot down her throat.

On the baseball field, a few of the softball players are practicing their throws and catches while being screwed from behind, going bottomless with nothing but their jerseys on—even with guys pumping them so furiously, they still manage steady throws and clean catches, something that never ceases to impress me. For a few seconds, another player is shown standing at home base, simply practicing her swings while freely pissing herself as liquid gold trail down her legs.

"...with the proposal now accepted and lined up to take effect next week, we decided to see how people directly involved with one of the local high schools felt about the ordeal," the recap finishes up as the B-roll footage fades out, cutting to a simple shot of the reporter standing in front of the school's main doors—Ashley Higgins, a tall, skinny, pale-skinned woman with platinum blonde hair and a somewhat bony face. She always seemed a bit malnourished, but given by the generous amount of cum sliding down her neck, some guys must like that vitamin deficient look. Much like her anchorwoman associate, her wardrobe simply consists of a long black skirt and tall ebony heels, leaving her upper half nude and her small, perky breasts in full view.

Slowly, the footage shifts to brief interviews that Ashley holds with people on school grounds, ranging from students to teachers to parents and locals. In all of them, Ashley is actively fucked in some manner while talking to the interviewee, sometimes from behind while standing, other times on the floor and laying on her back while holding the microphone up.

As for the reactions and statements given, the ones from my fellow classmates were about what I expected...

"I don't know how to really feel about it," the normally quiet Sasha Brushard answers feebly into the

microphone while giving a double handjob to her summer school peers besides her. She's going to be a senior like me this coming term, having had turned 18 a whole two months before I did. "I like to think we'll be able to handle it just fine and keep our grades up. Maybe that's what city council wants us to prove? We're the next generation and everything, so..."

Hm...fair point, actually.

"Am I worried? *Por favor, amiga!*" a loud and animated Hispanic girl exclaims with a laugh through a thick accent, flaunting her bleached white hair and blinking more than necessary, as if to show off her snow white eyeshadow which contrasts heavily against her fake tanned skin.

"Juniper hasn't changed at all, I see...how, uh...unfortunate," my mom says slowly, finding it difficult to piece her thoughts together properly. Her reaction just about sums up the essence of Juniper Rios—a nineteen-year-old delinquent who flunked last year, often abandoning her studies in favor of recreational drugs or shopping. Granted, plenty of kids did that, but not many of them did it to the point where they had to stay back a year.

"I've been hearing some of *las mujeres* on my block saying it isn't right, and let me tell you, I cried laughing listening to them," Juniper says with a dismissive shrug as a classmate next to her sits on the floor with her back against the wall, an older man forcing himself in and out of her mouth while gripping onto her pigtails. Likewise, Ashley is on her knees, bobbing her head up and down on a guy's shaft while rubbing the balls of another with her free hand, holding the microphone towards Juniper while looking at her with a nod. "How is this anything to worry about? Have they even looked at the real world? When you think about it, having guys use me and cum on me all day in school is just further *preparación* for life after high school...and ain't that the damn point of these four years in the first place?"

Well, five years for you, Juniper, but yes. A completely valid point, even if held back by painfully hilarious Spanglish.

"Anyone against this is just a weak-willed *puta* that can't face reality," Juniper continues with a proud aura as the guys using Ashley and the other schoolgirl both pull out and approach Juniper, seemingly sharing the same idea of finishing off on her. A smug smirk crawls on Juniper's face as the two of them reach a simultaneous release, covering her face in a double load of warm cum. With a laugh, she watches them walk off without a single word before turning back to Ashley and the camera. "See? That's something that happens nonstop to almost every girl on a daily basis. It happens while I'm sleeping, when I wake up, when I'm at home, when I'm eating, when I'm relaxing, when I'm with friends and family...the list goes on and on. Now *algunos idiotas* want to try and tell me that adding 'while I'm at school' to that list would be bad? *No me vengas con esa mierda!* I'm a massive cumslut everywhere else, so why can't we just include *la escuela* on that list to make it a complete package? *Usted sabe lo que estoy diciendo, chica?*"

My mother and I both can't help but laugh pretty loudly at that—I think I even heard her coworker laugh.

Ah, Juniper...what a character you are.

Cutting to another student, Ashley holds the microphone downwards towards a short blonde riding a guy on the floor in a reverse cowgirl position, Gina Roberts. She's shaking her hips and bouncing her ass on

his shaft with her hands planted on his knees while she shares her thoughts. "I don't think any of the students are actually worried. The guys are all happy, of course, but I haven't heard anything of any of the girls being upset. It's what we deal with all day, so why should the classroom be exempt? Besides, it's allowed in college. Why make me go through my senior year of high school with the ease of not being used during class only to end up in an environment where I have to deal with stranger after stranger filling me up with cum while I'm focusing on a lecture? Kind of goes against the idea of high school 'preparing us,' don't you think?"

As the Debate Team's president and most recognized member, the fact that Gina said basically the exact same thing Juniper said except in a much more refined manner came as no surprise. Also, her ass is *kind of* ridiculous...in a good way.

The interview block focused on students completed, the scene shifts to Ashley sitting with a number of the school's teachers around a big table in a conference room. Ashley and a few of the other ladies weren't actually sitting in their seats but rather on cocks, riding the guys sitting below them and steadily moving up and down while talking.

"If you think about it from our perspective as teachers, it lets us do our job better," Mrs. Phillips speaks up, the redheaded Chemistry teacher with a rack that matched my Mom's. "Before, all of my male students could only use me during class, so I had to work my lesson plan around simultaneously meeting their desires and demands. Now, they have the freedom of using senior girls as well, so I can actually do my job with a bit more freedom and teach properly."

"While I understand the concerns of the parents against this, I do believe they're jumping the gun," Mr. Hunter remarks, the mellow Music teacher seated next to Mrs. Phillips. With the clear glass of the tabletop, the handjob Mrs. Phillips was giving him under the table as he spoke was entirely visible. "They think their kids should experience things the way we did in our adolescence, but times have changed. The Law evolves with us."

"People are freaking out over nothing," a deeper, raspy voice adds. It was Mr. Vladimir, the foreign-born Physical Education teacher. He carries a relaxed and laidback demeanor as he speaks while banging a bent over brunette from behind over the table—Mrs. Foyers, the Algebra II teacher. As opposed to most women, she found herself unable to keep her composure, loudly moaning with pleasure as her insides were reamed. Mr. Vladimir was smart to use this point in his statement. "Article 87 is a good thing. Look at Mrs. Foyers here—imagine her being like this during class. I mean, it's been a while since I've bothered with math, but I don't *quite* remember moans of pleasure being mentioned in the curriculum."

The group shares a laugh as Mrs. Foyers continues to enjoy her bliss, taking over and doing the work herself as she moves her ass back and forth on Mr. Vladimir's penis, fucking it like a wall-mounted dildo. With a shrug, Mr. Vladimir stops moving and lets her do her thing as he continues. "See? She likes being a public cocksleeve. A lot of girls do, but just because the majority of the female population can ignore how they're passed around and used doesn't mean they *all* can. This is something that can and *will* get in the way of Mrs. Foyers' job. Am I to assume the parents against Article 87 are otherwise perfectly alright with their kid's math teacher visibly and audibly losing herself like this instead of actually handing out the education she's paid to hand out? Didn't think so. Starting with the upcoming term, she can now tell her students to use the other girls, allowing her to do her job. The great thing that not many people know yet is that if there's no senior students in the class, a teacher's allowed to give a boy a pass

to go find a girl to fuck if they really need to."

"That fact combined with the creation of Sexual Satisfaction Committee is what's going to make all of this work," Mr. Hunter chimes back in. "The S.S.C. is going to be a sort of club where senior girls can volunteer to give up their study hall period. Instead of being in study hall for a half hour, they'll wander the buildings and halls, remaining open and available for any male student stuck in a class with no available girls to use—sort of like a hall monitor, except you won't be scared to see them! Since this actually counts towards community service hours, we've had quite a number of girls signing up, so there'll be nothing to fear."

This segment goes for another few minutes as the teachers continue share their thoughts with Ashley while using one another and being used, but it was just more of the same. After a while, the report shifts over to opinions and accounts from the extremist parents who were actually worried, but as I expected, they didn't have much of a defense for their claims. As opposed to the valid arguments brought forth by the students and teachers, the only thing coming out of their mouths was bullshit like "It just isn't right," "This isn't the proper way to handle education," and a handful of incessant, unnecessary anecdotes starting off with "When I was in high school..."

I yawn with a sigh as a woman in her forties angrily mumbles her recollections of high school into the microphone while a man pushes his cockhead against the inside of her cheek. It's like Mr. Hunter said: things change. For whatever reason, they just don't seem to understand that.

At some point during this part of the report, Mom's coworker pulls out and gets down on the floor next to me, kneeling and holding his dick slightly above me as he rubs himself off towards his finish. Not wanting to be rude to a guest in the house, I raise one of my arms and stroke him off as I keep my eyes glued to the TV, eventually leading him to exploding all over my face with a sizable load. All the while, my mom is still braiding my hair, humming quietly to herself with a smile on her face.

My face now thoroughly painted with white, I yawn again as I let go of the flaccid cock in my hand. Standing up, the man pulls up his pants and gives my mother a small nod. "Thanks, Mrs. Faris. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Don't mention it, dear," Mom replies with a soft, kind voice. "Feel free to come back for seconds whenever you'd like."

Satisfied, he leaves through our front door quietly as the interviews finally come to an end. At least that facial and handjob got me through the boring part.

"Despite harsh criticisms from many parents and even a few minor organizations, the city council continues to stand firm with Article 87," Ashley explains, once again standing in front of the school's main entrance. This time, she's left alone and is speaking in peace with no one using her. Instead, two girls behind her are near a wall, talking to one another and playing on their phones while a man fucks one doggystyle and gropes the breasts of the other. "As such, Article 87's integration into the formal scripture of The Law has already been finalized. Back to you, Valerie."

Transitioning back to Valerie's desk, the camera now shows the black-haired anchorwoman lying flat on her stomach on top of her desk while the same man from before plays with her ass, occasionally moving

his head close to smell it. "While some continue to protest Article 87, there's no undoing it now," she concludes with an unwavering voice, looking directly into the camera. "Next up, after the commercial break, we'll be addressing last week's rumors of a celebrity scandal at the world-renown Mainstay Resort. Stay tuned."

A classic newsroom jingle begins to play as the camera slowly zooms out, showing more of the studio and the dozens upon dozens of acts of sex going on in the background while everyone continues to work before eventually fading to black. A commercial then quickly starts up, advertising a new brand of cereal and showing a group of girls enjoying bowls of it while they're all collectively pissed on by a number of guys. The mumbled voice of a female narrator who's sucking cock as she speaks markets the cereal, naming it the "breakthpmnhnfast of chhhhmmnmnnnphoice."

With what I needed to see concluded, I quietly shut the TV off as my Mom finishes up the last bit of her on-the-spot hair project of braiding my hair.

"Well?" my mother begins as I rise from the floor, stretching my arms and legs as the remains of her coworker's seed dangles from my chin. "What do you think?"

"Not bad," I say, inspecting her finished braids. "You've got some dexterity to be able to do this while that guy was fucking you as hard as he was."

"No, silly! What do you think about Article 87 being passed?" she corrects me with a laugh.

"Oh, *that*," I say as I rub my chin in thought, inadvertently wetting my fingers with the sticky cum in the process. I shrug indifferently as I lick them clean, not having much of an opinion about it. "Well, the one irregular part of my life is now going to be normalized. I'll be fucked and peed on in the one place I wasn't...it's a good thing. School won't feel so weird anymore."

My mother smiles with a small laugh, sitting up and crossing her thick, nude legs. "I hope every other girl has your mindset."

"I do, too," I agree with a nod. "The only way this could become a problem for any girl is if she started actively freaking out about it."

"Well, there is one situation that I could imagine being problematic..."

"Hm?"

"Well, consider a 17-year-old girl starting their senior year this Tuesday," my mother begins as a stranger finds his way into our home through the open front door. The nude, somewhat chubby young adult walks towards me and pulls my face towards him, dragging me into a light make out session. I move my mouth and tongue in accordance to his, kissing him deeply as I keep my eyes and ears on my Mom. "If her 18th birthday is on a school day, that day could end up being rough for her if she hasn't prepared herself."

"If a girl's...that worried...about that," I say piece by piece in-between kissing the stranger and sucking on his lips, "she can just...stay home...on her birthday."

Deciding he's had it with my mouth, he pulls back and focuses on my breasts, allowing me to speak freely once again. "Hell, she could stay home for two or three days if she wanted to," I continue as he squeezes my boobs while licking them. "We've got so many allowed absences to work with that it's not even funny."

"I guess you're right," my mother reasons with a nod as the stranger targets her next, moving away from me and seating himself on the floor in front of her. Without any direction, she begins to play with his cock using her feet as she eyes the controller in my hand. "Well, that was all I wanted to show you. Now hand me the remote—I wasn't done watching the news."

"Oh, sorry," I apologize as I lightly throw it to her. Catching it, she turns the TV back on as I begin to make my way for the stairs again.

"Dinner will be ready soon!" she says with a raised voice as I head to the second floor. "And make sure to tell your brother about all of this, alright?"

Oh, that's right. I always forget how that dweeb is my age and goes to my school.

Heading down the second floor hallway, I lazily wander into the open door of my brother's room and find myself staring at an all too familiar scene...

"Fucking campers!"

With unimpressed eyes, I gaze at the disgusting mess of the room with garbage and clothes strewn about everywhere. At the center of it all lies the dungeon master of this disgusting living space: my brother, Trevor, sitting on the floor in a white shirt and some black shorts with a game controller in his hand and a microphone headset on his ears. Born just a minute after me, this guy is apparently my fraternal twin, or so my mother likes to tell me. I can't see the resemblance, personally, but whatever.

Entirely too focused on his first-person shooter game that he's currently yelling about—

"Are you *kidding* me?! You're using that overpowered gun?! What a fucking scrub!"

—he doesn't even seem to notice my presence as I walk around his room, collecting his garbage and dirty clothes and throwing it into his trash bins and laundry bins for him. I may only wear one pair of panties that I never wash, but at least I can say that I keep my room in much better shape than him.

"Bullshit!" Trevor yells abruptly while throwing his controller against the floor, causing me to jump back with a bit of a shock. On the screen, his character's fallen over and the visuals are slowly turning red, indicating his death. Pulling down his headset around his neck, he takes an exaggerated breath of frustration as he stands up and shuffles over to the game console next to his TV, shutting it off angrily.

Turning around, my brother stares at me quietly, waiting for me to speak up. However, I currently find myself beyond confused in regards to an old, crusty sock I just picked up, looking to him in bewilderment and nearly forgetting what I came here for. "Really? You came in a sock? Are you twelve?"

"You and Mom weren't home and I was too lazy to go next door," he mumbles in embarrassment, returning to his regular, quiet tone of voice now that he's no longer enraged by his games. "What do you want? Did Mom send you up here to tell me dinner's ready?"

"No, I came up here because I enjoy cleaning your unholy mess," I answer with sarcastic disgust as I throw a week-old half-empty bag of stale chips into the trash can.

"Like you're one to talk with those panties," he retorts as he crosses his arms, thinking he's got me beat.

"You've got another thing coming if you really think my underwear is anywhere near the level of this garbage-infested hellhole," I say with a defeated sigh as I toss the last bit of clothing from the bed into the laundry bin, finally opening up an area for me to sit. Resting on the edge of my brother's bed, I look to his skinny, slightly acne-ridden face as he returns my gaze with his forest green eyes. "Anyway, yes, dinner's gonna be ready in a bit, but Mom just showed me something on TV that she wanted me to relay to you."

"Article 87?" he presents immediately as he scratched his head of messy brown hair, catching even me off-guard as I blinked in surprise.

"You knew it passed?"

"One of my friends was there when they came to film some footage for the interviews. He texted me about it," he explains apathetically, clearly not holding too much of an opinion about it all. "What's it really matter, anyway?"

"Well, a bunch of parents are in a fuss about it," I clarify with a shrug as I cross my legs. A bit of the cum still hanging from my face falls down onto my thighs. "Saying it isn't right or fair or some shit. They think it'll cause problems."

My brother reacts with a genuinely laugh, taking a step back and leaning against the wall behind him. "Yeah, alright. They sound like they think that every guy is gonna fuck a girl in every class, as if girls are the only ones who have to take notes and maintain their grades."

"Exactly," I agree with a nod and a smile. "Aside from the few dumbasses who think they can get away with using girls all day and still pass, guys are only really gonna fuck us when they're done with a test and waiting for everyone else, or in the halls between classes, or during lunch...stuff like that."

"Probably during assemblies in the auditorium or if we're watching a movie in class, too," my brother adds, to which I nod. "But that's about it. It's not gonna be anything like they're worrying about...old people are stupid."

"Alright, yeah, just make an insult that includes the two people who raised you," I state in disbelief, my brother's tendency to not think before he speaks amazing me as always. "Anyway, that was it. Just be ready for dinner."

With nothing else to say, I get up from his bed and make my way towards the door. Before I leave the room though, I'm quickly stopped by his voice.

"Hold up, sis."

Turning around, I see him walking towards me with his shorts at his ankles, his thick, erect cock standing at attention. With a roll of my eyes, I give him an annoyed glare as a playful smirk crawls on his face.

"Again? Give me a break and go fuck Mom."

"I don't want to bother Mom while she's cooking."

"Liar," I swiftly counter, lightly flicking the tip of his cockhead as punishment. "You came inside of her ass twice while she made breakfast this morning."

"You know I like it when you do that, right?" he chuckles as he stops his approach, now mere inches away from me. Being as well-endowed as he is, his penis is now pressing against my belly button.

"What do you want?" I ask, voice ringing with irritation.

"You're angrier than usual," he comments as he puts his hands on my waist, pulling my panties down to my thighs. He then brings his hands around my back and begins to jiggling my asscheeks in his palms.

"You're just unbelievably needy today, is all. I feel like a fucking babysitter. So, what is it you want?"

"Leanne, it's not what I want. It's what you want."

"Excuse me?"

"Remind me what we've done today so far?" he requests snidely as he starts to finger my ass slowly.

Sighing loudly, I begin to recall our activities throughout the morning and afternoon, unhurriedly stroking his shaft while I think aloud to myself. "We woke up at 10:00. Between noon and now, I've sucked you off at least a dozen times. You came in my pussy a few times during breakfast. Lucy came over for an hour or two after lunch and you used us on and off while we chatted. Oh, four of your friends stopped by and you guys gangbanged me while Mom and I watched a movie."

"When was that? 5:00?"

"Around there, yeah," I answer him as I feel his finger pressing against the inside of my asshole. "Your assholes came so much on me that Mom actually asked me to shower, so congratulations on that, I guess."

"Alright...notice anything strange about that list of activities?" he asks me ominously, chuckling a little bit. I try my best to find anything out of the ordinary with what I just listed, but my mind comes up blank, causing me to sigh with a shake of my head.

"Nothing. Why are you being so cryptic? Just tell me what you want...unless we're already doing it."

"A handjob while I finger your ass? Please. That's kid stuff," he scoffs before smiling again. "I'll give you

a hint: what's wrong with that list isn't what's on it. Rather, what's wrong with it is what isn't on it."

"What the actual fuck are you going on about?" I snap with impatience. "Just fucking tell me already!"

"Leanne..."

"*What?!*"

"Today's Friday."

"Today's...Friday...?" I repeat, not exactly good with keeping track of days during my breaks from school.

"It is."

Today's...Friday...

...Oh.

"Leanne, what do we do every Friday...?"

...*Oh, God.*

That's what he meant.

His smile intensifies as he reads the expression on my face, seeing that I've come to the realization.

"You've caught on, right? Let's get started, then."

"Dinner's almost ready, though..." I say, my voice wavering slightly. "It can wait till later, can't it...?"

"Sis, we both know that you won't be able to handle waiting for it now that you've remembered," he counters sharply, his tone becoming more powerful and commanding. "It's what you're always waiting for, even if you force yourself to forget it."

...*Shit.* He's got me.

"Leanne Marie Faris," he proclaims, his words now carrying a hauntingly powerful form of authority to them, "get on your knees."

"Trevor," I speak up weakly. "After dinner, okay? Let's just—"

"Get. On. Your. *Knees.*"

My body shakes with a puzzling fusion of excited anticipation and fearful trepidation as his words echo inside of my ears. Whether I like it or not, this is going to happen right now—he's making sure of that.

Doing as I'm told, I lower myself and rest on my knees, coming face-to-face with my little brother's hulk of a cock. Noticeably thicker and longer than most I deal with on a daily basis, his pride for it is certainly

not without reason, even if self-centered.

"Now," my brother starts up, inching forward and bringing the tip of his penis just under my nose. "What is it you live for?"

The musky odor of his unwashed member infiltrates my nasal cavities, making my body shiver. He only cleans it once a week, and it's solely for this. The pungent odor of built up sweat and bodily fluids over the past week being wafted directly into my nose...I can't handle it. I can feel myself getting wet; my legs are quivering and my mouth is starting to water.

This...this is what happens on Fridays.

"What is it you live for?" he repeats, his words sharpening in reaction towards my hesitation to speak.

"This is what I live for," I say very weakly, my mind pulsing with excitement in regards to this situation and hatred towards myself for enjoying it.

"Louder!" he demands with a rise in volume as he grabs my hair, pulling it slightly. My body tingles with concentrated contentment as my little brother asserts himself over me.

"This is what I live for," I repeat with a clearer voice, the stench of the dick in front of me slowly driving me into a frenzy. More than anything, I want to take a long, deep whiff of it, but I know I can't do it yet—I'm not allowed to until he says so. Swallowing hard and trying my best to resist the urge, I speak up. "Can I...?"

"Speak properly when addressing me," he barks, causing a wave of good feelings to flow through me again. At this point, I'm like a starving dog who's been served a fresh slab of meat, drooling uncontrollably and just waiting for my owner to give me the go ahead to dig in.

"*Please* let your big sister smell your dick!" I beg desperately, quickly reaching the stage where controlling myself is difficult. My hand's already slipped between my legs and I'm teasing my pussy, simply waiting for the O.K. to inhale the delectable fragrance of my little brother's dirty cock.

"Is that what you want?" he asks me rhetorically, toying with me like his pet.

"Yes! That's all I want right now...!" I affirm as I rapidly lose my sense of self, becoming far too infatuated with the rank odor of his member.

"How badly do you want it?"

"More than anything...!" I say as my voice trails off, transitioning into a moan as I insert my index and middle finger into my slit.

"And what if I said 'no'...?"

Biting my lip in frustration, I battle against the deep desires of my raw libido to smell it right now.

I absolutely cannot smell my little brother's dick without his permission.

"Hm, Leanne? What if I said 'no'?"

Biting my lip with an almost unhealthy amount of sexual tension, all I could do was simply increase my efforts in fingering myself as I waited for keywords.

Taking notice of how of my rampant fingering in heavy anticipation, my brother laughs as he pokes the tip of my nose with his member. "I guess I've teased you enough. Go ahead."

Finally given the clearance I longed for, I take the deepest whiff I can manage, assaulting my olfactory senses with the collective stench of my brother's filthy, smelly dick. I can feel my vagina throbbing exceptionally hard as I take in his aroma, driving me to finger myself faster and faster as I willingly thrust myself into this personal dimension of satisfaction that I only visit once a week.

My entire being experiencing unbound pleasure from the combination of my brother dominating me and the absolutely heavenly smell of his cock, it's no less than a minute before I find my legs spasming as the insides of my pussy contract with intense bliss—I'm experiencing the weekly orgasm I allow myself to enjoy, having it brought to me in the only manner that turns me on anymore: being submissive to my little brother and worshipping his rancid-smelling dick. My body shakes with the out-of-this-world sensation that I always forget exists as I take another huge whiff of the putrid odor and enjoy my release, the sensation that reminds me just how good I can really feel.

My quickened heartbeat now returning to its regular pace as my orgasm comes to its close, I steady my breathing as my brother steps back, looking at me with a fulfilled grin on his face. "That's never going to get old."

"S-shut up," I weakly remark, too exhausted from the convulsions of intense joy my body just underwent to deal with my little brother's taunts. "Just...ugh, shut up!"

Grabbing a nearby pillow on the floor, I throw it at him with as much energy I can muster, but it doesn't even hit his knees. Pulling his shorts up, he steps to me and offers me his hand. "Come on. Dinner's probably ready by now."

Allowing him to help me up, I take a deep breath as I shake my head. "God, I hate you..."

"I really don't get you," he calmly states with a small laugh as he pulls my panties back up for me. "You ask *me* to do this once a week to help you get off, and every time we do it, you act like I'm the bad guy."

"You are!" I exclaim with a light punch to his chest, to which he doesn't even flinch. After every session, I'm always too embarrassed to properly defend myself.

"It's not my fault that you like smelling my—"

"If you finish that sentence, I'll never speak to you again."

"Is that a threat?" he asks with a bigger laugh. "You say that as if I need to ask for your permission to

fuck you or something."

With nothing to say, I punch him again, feeling both relaxed and a bit frustrated. It was a system I created for myself—after discovering what I was into, I set it up with him so that I could enjoy myself and relieve stress that way, since I hardly ever really enjoy how I'm fucked by guys otherwise. I might be every man's cumdumpster, but I've got to have my own fun from time to time, you know? I had to limit myself to once a week, though, because if I did it anymore than that, I'd constantly think about it and I wouldn't be able to focus on my schoolwork.

Unfortunately, my little brother really enjoys teasing me about it, something I'm both eternally annoyed at and helplessly turned on by. It doesn't help that the smell of his cock after a week of not bathing is something that I've yet to run into otherwise—it's completely unique and does me in effortlessly every time like no other. At times, I find myself wishing I wasn't such a fiend for body order and being dominated, but in the end, it's the only thing that really gets me off. It's just a part of who I am.

"You've got that contemplative look in your eyes," my brother states, bringing me out of my thoughts.

"Just thinking about this dumb fetish of mine," I explain, looking off to the side. "It's whatever, really."

"Hey, we like what we like. It's that simple, no need to stress out about it."

"I really don't need some ragequitting loser giving me life advice," I taunt playfully, finally coming back to my normal self as I punch him one more time in the chest. With a bit more force behind my fist this time, he actually staggers backwards a bit.

"Hey, how'd that cum get on your face, anyway?" my brother asks me, as if it took him this long to finally notice the mess on my cheeks and chin. "Did Dad come home early?"

"Nah, it was some coworker friend of Mom's who followed her home."

"Leanne! Trevor! Come down for dinner!"

The mighty bellow of my mother's voice from the first floor echoed throughout the house, making itself present and clear to my brother and I.

"Speaking of Mom..." I said with a smile. "Let's go down. Don't want to keep her waiting."

"What'd Mom cook?" my brother asks me as we exit his room, walking down the hallway side by side.

"Mashed potatoes, I think...?"

"Oh, good. You can give me a handjob while you eat, then," he says with a small nod.

"You're still hard?"

"Uh, yeah? You're the one that just got off from smelling something, not m—OW!"

An immensely loud *THUD!* breaks the atmosphere as I deliver a swift kick to my brother's crotch, causing him to fall back and crash into the wall. Writhing in pain on the floor, he whimpers as I continue downstairs, my face red as a tomato.

"Leanne...! *Fuck*, that hurt...!"

"*That* should take care of your fucking erection, jackass...!"

Flustered with embarrassment, I silently made my way to the kitchen table, where my mother and father awaited us...

13 - Infinity Techworld

casually walks in and drops a new chapter as if i haven't updated this story in literally 20 months now

uhhhhh HEY enjoy the chapter maybe i hope i don't know i think it's alright maybe you will too thanks for waiting almost two fucking years for me if you did wait around i love you i really do thanks for putting up with me im a piece of garbage

i'd write more but it's 6:30am and im half asleep and all you really need to know is that this chapter is my hopeful return to at least somewhat frequent updates or at least updates that don't take two entire years and it was inspired by my new job which is a thing i'm experiencing right now in which i'm learning that sometimes customers are extremely fucking stupid. this goes out to anyone else who has to endure the pain of working retail. you have my support.

???

“So, young lady, what can you tell me about this...*HD* quality?”

“...I'm sorry?”

“Well, what is it? You said it stands for high definition, but...what exactly does that *mean*?”

“You're...you're asking what *high definition* stands for?”

“Yes.”

God, kill me.

If you work retail in an electronics store like I do, then you'll understand why elderly customers are basically the absolute worst.

It's a relatively busy Friday afternoon here at Infinity Techworld, otherwise known as my place of employment. There's a decent amount of employees and customers moving about our medium-sized store adorned with lavender tile flooring and matching walls. As an I.S.A., or *Infinity Sales Associate*, my goal is to “strive to drive profitable sales every moment of every day while making customers feel right at home.”

Yeah, standard customer service nonsense. You've probably dealt with it before.

Our quaint store sells almost anything and everything electronic, from computer parts to cell phones and tablets to everyday commodities like batteries and automated air fresheners. We aren't on the level of anything like an extremely huge superstore but we carry some specific goods that others might not and that's what's mainly kept us in business. Okay, that's a lie. Okay, it's not *entirely* a lie—a big reason why

our store specifically is still in business would definitely be Laura.

“Good afternoon, sir! Can I help you with anything? Technical assistance? Free use cum dumpster? Urinal? Just let me know!”

I smile to myself as I hear her a few aisles over. Glancing at her briefly, I see her smiling warmly to a customer. Slipping his hands underneath her shirt, he feverishly gropes her chest which she informs him about the difference between two major operating systems for computers. Laura is basically the sweetest girl you'll ever meet. In her mid-twenties, she's got a striking pair of hazelnut eyes with dirty blonde hair that runs down to her neck. Rather petite, her breasts are small and perky and her butt isn't crazy big, but according to most customers, she's '*crazy tight*' or whatever it is guys like to say. She will stop at nothing to make sure everything in your life is going as best it can whether she's on shift or not. Hell, sometimes she shows up on her days off just to act as an extra set of holes for male customers to empty themselves in to prevent the other girls on the clock from not being overwhelmed. I mean, I make it my personal mission to be nowhere near this place if I don't have to be, but Laura's dedication is still very admirable. Almost every good review of the store is attributed to her. Really, we'd be nothing without her.

With a light sigh, I fold my hands in front of my naked crotch as I return my attention to the matter at hand. My entire lower body stands exposed as I'm equipped with only a purple collared dress shirt bearing the store logo in the middle: an infinity symbol with Earth in the middle. I know, very original. Store policy mandates that female employees go without bottoms because—

“Of course you can slam my pussy with that thick cock of yours, silly!” Laura exclaims with almost comical enthusiasm from a few aisles over, giggling madly as her customer inserts himself into her wet slit.

—yeah. That's why. Kind of self-explanatory. Why did I even pause to explain it?

“Well, Mr. Sanderson,” I begin, doing my best to force a smile as I look back at his tired, old face with my light green eyes behind my thin, square-framed glasses. “High Definition means the picture quality is...well, of a higher definition.”

“And what does *that* mean?”

The genuine confusion on his face only serves to intensify my internal screaming.

“It means that the display has a much higher pixel density than standard CRT displays,” I explain, deciding that maybe a technical explanation could get the point across. “More pixels means more vibrant colors.”

He blinks, furrowing his brows as if he had just heard something in a foreign language. “And what exactly is...a *pixel*?”

I'm smiling on the outside, but I'm dying very slowly on the inside.

“Nevermind that,” I quickly derail his question as I part the bangs of my hair, questioning why I thought

that was the better path here. “Forget pixels. High definition means that it’s...you know...clearer. Crisper. More...defined. It speaks for itself, really.”

“Is that so?” the frail old gentleman questions as he turns his head back to the 45-inch LED TV displayed up on the wall. He gazes at it curiously for what feels like an unnecessarily long amount of time. At some point during his apparent soul-searching, another customer approaches me from behind and bends me over slightly, fucking me at a relaxed pace as I support myself with my elbows propped up on a nearby display shelf.

“Do you think I really need this sort of fancy thing? I just watch football every Monday,” he asks me, to which I’m left somewhat clueless. In reality, he doesn’t *need* it, and as much as I want to tell him he doesn’t and that he should probably go back home and take his meds before he forgets, a glance across the store from a certain person reminds me of my duties here.

“You...absolutely do,” I begin with another forced smile, pulling out all the stops to lie to an old man in order to keep my job as a stranger’s cock continues to pump my insides. “This TV is going to get you the best quality possible, so you can see all the...uh...*arm hairs* of your favorite players. And how else would you notice the...*blades of grass*...on the field...?”

I internally facepalm and quickly roll my eyes to myself. What the fuck kind of sales pitch was that?

“Sounds quite compelling, actually,” Mr. Sanderson surprisingly agrees with a stroke of his chin, leaving me speechless. How did that work?

He glances over the price tag and looks back to me. “\$500 for it?”

“Actually, it’s on sale,” I correct him, moving my hands back to spread my ass for my mystery customer as I feel him slowly prodding the tip of his cock against my anus. He slides into it comfortably as I bring my hands back up front to point out the markdown price. “\$450. 10% off.”

“Hmm...”

He takes a moment which, once again, feels like forever to reflect on the price, leaving me there to twiddle my thumbs as my anus is reamed pretty thoroughly—the customer using me is thrusting a lot faster now. Must like anal more.

Truth be told, I start to have some second thoughts as I watch Mr. Sanderson weigh the decision like it were a big one, as if he was about to skip over this month’s grocery shopping just so he could watch a football game once a week in 1080p.

“Well, if anything, the 37-inch 720p model is just as good, really,” I begin, now worried that I’m pressuring an elderly man to waste money he might not be able to afford to waste. “It’s much more affordable and—”

“Oh, girlie, I’m filthy stinkin’ rich,” Mr. Sanderson suddenly admits with a cooky old laugh, causing my words to fall short as a blank expression befalls me. “Won the lotto years ago. An extra hundred doesn’t mean anything to me. Ring me up on this thing.”

And that's what happens when I start worrying about people. Amazing.

Mr. Sanderson grabs one of the boxed TVs off the lower shelves as I lead him to an open cash register close by, doing a bit of a goofy crabwalk sort of thing with the guy still intent on making use of my asshole. I used to hate movement while having sex, but work in retail long enough and you get used to it. Just like everything else, really.

Swinging behind the counter, I ease up as I stand still, allowing my shadow companion to continue fucking me at his leisure as I ring up Mr. Sanderson's purchase. At this point, I'm more than ready to send him on his way, but out of the corner of my eye, I see *her* looking at me again. Now I've got no choice but to submit.

"Can I interest you in a 5-year insurance plan for your new television, Mr. Sanderson?" I offer with a smile that feels a little bit more genuine than the others but probably isn't by much. He looks at me curiously.

"Why would I need that?" he protests. "I'm probably gonna die before then!"

He breaks out into another outburst of laughter, leaving me to simply chuckle very awkwardly and halfheartedly as I roll my eyes to myself. Am I gonna be like this when I get old?

"It's alright," he says after calming down, surprising me a little. "I know how retail work is. The better your sale, the better you look, and the better your commission. How much is the insurance?"

"Oh, well, it's \$70," I inform him, suddenly feeling like I've met the nicest old rich guy ever.

"Chump change," he says dismissively with a wave of his hand. "Go on, add it on there. Make your boss proud of you. She's still looking at you funny, ain't she?"

I'm halfway between shock and nervousness—surprised that Mr. Sanderson noticed her gazes towards us the whole time and slightly uncomfortable that she's still looking at me, hiding in an aisle out of the corner of my eye.

"Yeah, unfortunately," I confess quietly as he hands me his debit card which I swipe against our machine, nearly losing my grip on it due to the abrupt increase in activity going on behind me. Guy's plowing my ass so hard my entire body's shaking, which is...flattering, I guess? "Employee reviews are coming up, so management is kind of all over everyone's business."

"That's the worst. Happened to me when I worked at an ice cream parlor 60 years ago," he opens up as I hand him back his card. "Makes you feel like they think you can't handle your job, right?"

"Ugh, exactly!" I reply with a relieved sigh, both happy that someone finally gets me and just a little freaked out that it's an elderly rich guy who's probably older than both of my parents combined. "It's like, I've been working here for six years! I know how to do my job! I know how to *drive sales* or whatever! Jeez..."

"Ain't that the struggle?" Mr. Sanderson agrees with a solemn nod, gently taking the receipt from my hands with his bony fingers. "Well, hey. I'm rootin' for ya, uh..."

He stares at me with a strange look in his eyes before I pick up on his lead. "Heather," I answer with a smile that is genuine for sure this time. "Thank you for the vote of confidence, sir. Enjoy your new TV!"

"Don't work too hard now, Heather," the old man advises me with a smile of his own as he grabs his merchandise by the handle. "You'll be just fine. This rich old hoagie believes in you!"

I wave at him as he makes his exit. That went surprisingly more pleasantly than I thought it would.

"You think he was a war veteran? He kind of looked like a war veteran."

A sudden voice behind me speaks up in unison with a rushing wave of fluids bursting forth deep within my asshole. Turning my head, I laugh with surprise as a familiar face smiles at me. "Brian? You were the one fucking me this whole time? I didn't even notice you, my gosh! I thought you were off today!"

Standing a bit taller than me at 5'8", Brian slowly pulls his satisfied cock out of my asshole, creating a thick and lengthy bridge of cum between my butt and the tip of his penis that eventually collapses. Turning around, I get down on my knees without instruction and insert his limp shaft in my mouth, beginning a quick courtesy clean up. I look up to his light brown eyes as he addresses me.

"They called me in," he explains as he pulls out a comb and touches up his wavy black hair. "Thought I'd show up early for a quick round with you before I started my shift. It isn't a day at the great Infinity Techworld if I don't get to cum inside Heather's ass first, is it?"

"Mmmhmmnnphn," I agree while dutifully licking his member clean of our mixed juices. I spend a few seconds on his balls to make sure they're squeaky clean as well before grabbing the waist of his black jeans and boxers and pull them up for him. Neatly zipping away his package for him, I look back up to him and stand on my toes to let him kiss me on my pale white cheek.

"You're the best, Heather," he thanks me in earnest, patting my head of shoulder-length red hair. "I better go clock in. What time to do you get off?"

"2:00 P.M.," I answer him as he heads around the front of the register. A slow and steady stream of his cum gradually begins to ooze out of my asshole, collecting in a puddle beneath me on the floor. "Just another half hour. I've been here since 8 in the morning."

"Ouch," he replies with a grimace. "Well, assuming they don't ask me to stay later, I'll be out of here by 9. Chill at your place tonight?"

"Do you even have to ask?" I tease him, lightly pushing at his shoulder with my fingers until he backs off the front counter with a nod. "Door's always open. Try to get there before 10, though. That's when my neighbor gets home from his job."

"The 30-year-old accountant who takes it upon himself to cum inside all of your holes at least once?"

“The very same.”

“Now I wanna meet him.”

“Brian!” I break out with a smile. “That’d be weird! Don’t get all buddy buddy with my neighbor! Just shut up and drop by when you can, alright?”

“I will...” he nods slowly, his grin growing wider. “...at 10. I need help with my finances.”

With another laugh, I playfully shove him further away from the counter. Within the next few moments, though, my good mood is instantly shot down by a double whammy of factors: her continued careful glare from across the store, and—

“Can I ask who’s running this shitshow?!”

—that.

A loud storm of sound in the form of heel stomps erupts in the store as the main door swings open. I haven’t even looked in the general direction of this oncoming mess and I already feel a migraine coming.

“Here we fucking go,” Brian murmurs to himself.

On the other side of the counter stands a woman equal in height to me—only thanks to her heels, which is cheating, for the record. An arrogant and pompous-looking haircut of brown hair organized braids and a side ponytail are accompanied with blue eyes which seem to be seething with fury. Well, I should really say just one eye. There’s so much cum on her face that her right eye has basically vanished from existence. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a more startling aftermath of an apparent impromptu bukkake scene, wherever she got it. Several other areas of her near naked body have her light brown skin equally stained with cum. Her only article of clothing besides her heels is a fluffy red scarf, and even that has some fresh stains on it. At this point, I can only believe that this woman had to handle a gangbang all on her lonesome.

She breathes heavily, her heavysset tanned breasts rising and falling with her chest as she slams a bag down onto the counter so hard that she nearly cracks the glass. Anyone who wasn’t staring at her already was surely doing so now. Some men in the middle of penetrating their women of choice even slow down a bit, their attention caught by whatever the hell was about to go down.

My eyes look between the bag on the counter and her own eyes burning with some sort of rage. Looking to the other side of the store, I see *her* approaching very slowly, but she isn’t making any clear moves.

She wants me to handle this. As part of my evaluation, I’m sure.

Awesome. Totally awesome.

I clear my throat with a cough as I speak up, ending the awkward silence in the store. “Can I..help you with anything, ma’am...?”

"I asked you a question," she repeats, her voice calm at first but steadily rising. "*Who* is running this *shitshow*?!"

"Um..."

Shifting my gaze to Brian, he shakes his head slowly and begins backing away. "Nope. I'm clocking in. All you, Heather."

I bite my tongue as he quickly retreats. After I cleaned up his cock so well and even kissed his balls...what a dick. Not that I blame him...

As a last resort, I look over to her one more time across the store. She's an aisle closer, but she isn't budging. Her fierce blue eyes peer at me even colder than the enraged customer before me.

Well, alright then. You're on your own, Heather. I sure got lucky with some reliable coworkers today, didn't I?

"Okay, uh, ma'am," I begin, doing my best to not screw this up both for my own safety in fear of this women potentially snapping my neck and trying to look like a good employee. "Is there anything I could help you with before I redirect you to a supervisor or manager...?"

"Oh, of course, sweetie," she says almost lovingly, pulling a rather creepy 180-degree maneuver with her attitude. "I'd just like to know why this brand new laptop I bought from you guys only yesterday..."

Gently removing the contents of the bag, she pulls out a sleek looking black laptop. It looks nice, but it's actually pretty mid-tier because it lacks some very important features which allow it to retail for a noticeably cheaper than the competitor.

Taking grasp of the notch between its halves, she suddenly slams it open, nearly snapping the screen right off the base as she screams again and reverses back to psycho-mode. "...is such a piece of GARBAGE that it would stop working after one day?!"

Looking down, I glance at the laptop for all of a second before my fear and anxieties about this encounter wash away. It only takes one look to realize the problem, and once I do, I instantly lose all faith in humanity. Or at least this woman, to say the least. I'm honestly so dumbfounded that I can't even begin to work up a response. I have to suppress an almost hysterical and maniacal smile and giggle as I collect myself with a deep breath. "Ma'am..."

She doesn't respond, only looking at me with her death glare as I slowly turn the open laptop around. "The issue is...pretty cut and dry," I say as I continue to stifle my laughter. Gliding my fingers across the keyboard, I raise them up slowly, scanning the white sticky substance that was transferred onto them from the surface of the keys.

"...you got cum all over it."

"Of course I fucking did, you idiot!" she explodes, her voice booming so loud that I reflexively cover my

ears for a moment. *She* takes a step closer to us from the aisles nearby as our off-the-walls customer shouts at me further. “Why on Earth would you sell a product that can’t have semen on it? Do you understand how much my body is used on a daily basis? I practically BATHE in cum! So why on Earth would you sell something that can’t withstand that?!”

“That would be because it’s a budget model, ma’am,” I explain as best I can without laughing. Other customers have already started laughing, realizing this crazed woman to just be another 40-year-old out of touch with modern technology. Men already balls deep in their women of choice return their attention to their own pleasure as they continue fucking, the sounds of flesh slapping together becoming louder once again. “If you read the technical specifications about this product before you purchased it, you would know that the reason it sells for so cheap is because the manufacturer didn’t build it to handle semen...at least, certainly not *that* much. This specific line of laptops is more meant for men or women who might only use it at home, or not at...wild gangbangs.”

The woman looks at me appalled as I eye the mess on her face. “Blasphemy! There was no documentation of this anywhere! You’ve sold me a defective product and I’m demanding a full refund!”

“Not happening.”

Oh, the voice I’ve been waiting to hear. Fucking finally.

From a nearby aisle housing cellphone cases steps out the woman who’s been staring at me from across the store all day—Stephanie, my manager. In her early twenties, not much older than me, she stands with a very commanding presence as she approaches the front counter, taking a stand by me and drawing further looks of aggravation from the middle-aged woman. Her uniform shirt is a lighter shade of violet than mine, and a fancy golden name-tag signifies her superior status. As you may or may not expect from her name, her caramel skin tone highlights her Hispanic heritage, as does her head of lofty, curly black hair which runs down to her back. Bottomless much like myself, her wide and curvaceous hips draw a fair amount of attention from shoppers. Though none of them act upon it initially as she stares the customer down, eventually a lanky looking guy braves the silence and walks up behind her. Getting on his knees, he grabs her voluptuous ass and begins playing with it before he starts going to town on her asshole.

“I’m sorry?” the customer questions in bewilderment. She raises her hand to her face to finally wipe off some of the cum obscuring her view, allowing her to look at Stephanie’s intense crystal blue eyes with both of her own. “You sell me a defective product and you won’t give me back my money?”

“It’s not defective, and there *was* documentation,” Stephanie insists as our skinny customer eagerly tongues her ass. “Heather told you. It very clearly isn’t built to handle that much cum. I don’t know how many cocks you’ve drained dry in the past hour, but maybe next time, don’t aim half of them towards your brand new laptop.”

“Who do you think you’re speaking to?!”

“An idiot, quite frankly,” Stephanie admits with a nod, her cold aura unyielding as the customer gasps in shock. “You didn’t read the fine print and now you think you can make it look like its our fault.”

"I will have you fired for this! All of you!" the woman counters, her voice and confidence in her own exposed lie audibly fading away as she shuts the laptop and stuffs it back into her bag. "I'll get this store shut down if I have to!"

"I'd really like to see you try. Here," Stephanie says as she pulls a sticky note and a pen off the counter, jotting down a series of numbers and handing them to the fraudulent lady. "This number goes directly to my boss. Tell him about this 'incident' you had with Stephanie Ruiz, General Manager at Infinity Techworld Store #3819. I'm sure you'll be surprised to hear him tell you the same exact thing I just did."

"You're messing with the wrong woman!" the middle-aged woman begins anew. An audible sigh is heard from a nearby man as he approaches her from behind, pushing down on her shoulders lightly and putting her on her knees. She doesn't seem to even notice his motions as she keeps yelling towards Stephanie about her prominent online status as 'a renown review vlogger on the Web.' Stephanie's expression remains mostly uninterested and emotionless as she watches the man turn the lady around. The customer keeps her eyes on Stephanie, wagging her finger in a very not menacing manner as she has her throat suddenly filled with the man's sizable cock. He sighs once more to himself as he forcefully slides himself in and out of her mouth as deep as he can while looking at me.

"Could you ring me up on this real quick?" he asks me with a half-smile, lifting a bag over the counter which I take with a relieved nod.

"Mmmpnnhnhmn.....! Fffnhmpnhn...!"

"Oh, for Christ's sake, lady," the male customer says in exasperation as he begins pounding her throat much harder, to the point where her mumbled speech deteriorates into continuous gagging noises. "Give it a rest."

"Thank you," Stephanie says with a small smile towards the man before turning to everyone else, completely ignoring the continued finger wagging of the woman. "Sorry about that, everyone."

"Heather," Stephanie suddenly speaks up as I continue to process the man's items. Looking up to her, I see her peering at me with a scarily neutral expression that I can't interpret as either positive or negative. "Meet me in my office when you get a chance."

With no further words, Stephanie strolls off towards the back of the store, leaving the younger guy who was so excitedly eating out her ass during that entire encounter hanging. Potentially intimidated by her being, he gives up on pursuing her and instead redirects his attention to another girl browsing the tablets while talking on the phone. He lifts her leg up onto the table and frees his penis from his shorts, letting himself go at it as the girl asks her friend for her opinion on which tablet to get.

"Your total is \$59.87, sir," I finish up with a smile, exchanging a small bag of goods for a one hundred dollar bill with the man. As I get his change, he puts both of his hands back on the disgruntled woman's head, giving her the most consistent and thorough facefucking I've ever seen. I'm almost glad I'm not her.

Handing the man his change and leaving his bag on the counter for him to take whenever he's done

making use of his angry cumdumpster, I head around to the front of the register as Brian emerges from a nearby aisle.

“Thanks for the help, jerk,” I complain half-jokingly with a light punch to his shoulder as he switches places with me.

“Hey, I wasn’t clocked in yet, so I wasn’t really obliged to help out,” Brian defends himself, hiding behind a technicality that I can’t argue against. “Besides, I think you handled that well. You heading out?”

“Almost. Stephanie wants to talk to me about something in her office.”

“Yikes,” Brian jeers with a whistle. “Evaluation time. Don’t get fired.”

“You say that like that’s something that I would still have the power to change at this point.”

“Your future is never set in stone, Heather. Believe in yourself, because you can always—”

“Anime isn’t real, Brian!” I interrupt him with a laugh, shaking my head as I turn around and make my way to our back area.

Heading through another aisle, I have to sidestep around a woman and a man on the floor. Doing a brief double take as I walk past, I see that the man is on top of the woman, his face stuffed between her large breasts as he fucks her with deep, powerful thrusts. The woman holds him steady with her legs locked around his waist as she holds a set of headphones above his head, surveying them intensely.

“Would you recommend these?” she asks me suddenly right before I’m out of earshot, causing me to walk backwards for a moment.

“Oh, the Beatz by Dr. Dray?” I say, looking at the headphones for a second. “Well, they are popular, but I don’t really think they’re worth the price.”

“It is kind of pricy,” the female shoppers agrees with a grimace as she brings the headphones closer to her. Her body shakes as the man using her somehow manages to increase his intensity, the sounds of his insertion alone almost drowning her out. “My sister said they’re worth it, though.”

“Well, we do have a small section towards the other end of a store where you can try them out along with some other headphones,” I inform her with a smile, pointing towards the advertisement poster of two cum-covered girls showing off some headphones and accessories. “You could always check out the quality difference for yourself.”

“Oh, thank you!” she replies with a smile. “I’ll be sure to do just that once I’m not so preoccupied, haha!”

“Well, if you need anything else, just let one of us know, okay?”

I leave her with a smile and a nod and quickly escape into the safety of the backroom before I get

bothered by any more customers.

Unsurprisingly, the first thing my bare feet make contact with on the cement floor of our backroom is not semen, but urine. The company doesn't really want employees doing that on the storefront, so pretty much everyone empties their bladders back here. Christine and Katie wave at me as I walk by—they're in the middle of unpacking some boxes with new inventory, golden streams of pee freely descending from between their legs as they bend over. One section over, Beatrice is carefully counting how many *actual* defective items were returned to process them for shipment back to the company. She does so while sitting cross-legged on the floor as Greg and Tyler stand above her, using her as a quick urinal while they chat about whatever game they've been playing.

Making a left into a short hall beyond the stock locations, I come to a door labeled 'Ruiz' and clear my throat nervously before knocking.

"Come in."

Opening it slowly, I enter a small office adorned with lavender and white. At an aged oak desk in front of me sits Stephanie, flipping through a thin binder.

"Have a seat, Heather."

I feel myself building up a nervous sweat as I sit down in a warm puddle of ejaculate on the leather chair in front of me. It spreads against my tush and I ease into the seat, crossing my legs.

"Heather..."

Oh, God.

What if Brian was right? What if I am being fired? Did I handle that customer wrong? No, I didn't. Stephanie helped me out. That can't be it. Did I pee on the sales floor without realizing it? Was I not kind enough to customers? Should I have acted more like a proper whore? Was I really not slutty enough? Should I have been more like Laura? How could I not realize with six years of work that keeping a retail job is just about how well I can spread my pussy and asshole for every single customer?!

"...I'm sorry..."

Augh, what do I do? I can't find a new job. This is practically my career now! Which I guess isn't really saying much, but still! I'm comfortable here! And now I have to start over? Oh no, oh no. I just—

"...that I was stalking you so intensely today."

My heart stops for a moment before gradually resuming. At some point, I had apparently closed my eyes in fear, realizing it only now after blinking profusely to myself. I look at Stephanie with a confused expression, eliciting a smile from her.

"Calm down. You're not in trouble. Brian didn't scare you, did he?"

All I can manage is a deep sigh of relief as I nod. “Yeah, maybe he did, a little bit...and it only just kicked in now or something.”

“Don’t worry,” she reassures me. “It’s nothing like that. I just wanted to apologize for creeping on you extra hard. My boss asked me to keep an extra close eye on you to make sure you were ready. And I’d say you are, given how well you handled both of those things today. You made a good sale and you kept your cool and called out a fraudulent claim.”

“That was so stupid, wasn’t it?” I speak up, the thought of that insane woman just riling me up. “How the hell did she think we’d buy into that?”

“Some people are very, *very* stupid, Heather,” Stephanie summarizes with a smile. “I’m sure you know that by now with your six years of experience here.”

“Tell me about it.”

“And that’s why we think you’re ready.”

“Ready...?” I repeat, confusing festering in my mind. “Ready for what?”

“What else?” Stephanie asks with a sly grin. “You have experience. You have people skills. You do your job. You don’t complain...much. So you’re ready, and you know as well as I do what it is that you’re ready for.”

“Well, I actually really don’t because if I did, I wouldn’t have asked, so—”

“A promotion, Heather.”

“A...w-what?”

I almost can’t contain myself as I leap out of my seat with intense glee.

“Stephanie! Oh my God, Stephanie!”

Rushing around her desk, I pull her up from her seat and embrace her tightly, her D-sized breasts squishing against my smaller ones through our shirts. At some point during this very special moment I start peeing, though by the time we separate my stream has slowed to a trickle.

“I need details, Stephanie!” I bet, fighting very hard to control myself.

“Don’t know anything just yet,” Stephanie admits as he attempts to keep my hype under reasonable levels. “The higher ups just wanted one final in-depth review about you, which is why they had me stalk you like a crazy lady. Naturally, my report will be nothing but praise, so that’ll get you past this step and into a second-level interview which will probably be next week. I’m going to be there as well as my boss and his boss.”

“Oh, wow, that sounds...very intimidating,” I confess as my voice gradually grows weaker.

“Hey!” Stephanie very lightly slaps me on the cheek, going stern again for a moment. “You’ll be fine. You’ve got this. I’ll help you out, okay? Are you doing anything tonight? Any plans?”

“Do you consider being Brian’s buttslut while watching movies a plan?”

“Not in the slightest,” Stephanie answers. “That’s just a normal Friday night. So, I’m gonna come over as well and we’ll talk about some stuff while Brian does his thing, okay?”

“Okay! Okay, okay!” I say with another bounce, hugging Stephanie again. “I’m gonna head out, then. I’ll see you tonight!”

“Wait, Heather, don’t let—”

“Promoooootion!”

“—Laura...know...”

Excitement carries me on a high as I make my way to the terminal to quickly clock out, almost skipping through the rest of the backroom and back onto the sales floor. My footsteps become light flutters as I make my way back to the main cash register, garnering a very strange look from Brian and even a few cum-glazed girls in a nearby aisle.

“Either you didn’t get fired or this is the most confusing game of charades in my life,” Brian admits after a minute of watching me twirl happily in place.

“Briannnn,” I almost sing, my mood soaring beyond the clouds. “I got promotedddd!”

“Wait, what?!” Brian exclaims in a joyous shock. “Dude, that’s awesome! Good shit!”

“Stephanie’s coming over later and we’re going to talk about things while we all fuck like *raaaaa~aaabbits!*” my voice goes on, my positive energy blossoming as I feel like a princess in an cartoon.

“Alright, uh, maybe don’t sing that loudly,” Brian proposes with an embarrassed laugh in an effort to calm my excitement.

“I’ll see you tonight!” I tell him with a wide smile, bending over the counter to kiss him on the cheeks quickly before practically swan diving my way through the door and out the store. I can barely make out something he’s shouting at me before I’m totally out of earshot and in my car.

“I *told* you anime was real!”

???

“Laura...are you okay?”

No answer comes from the woman sweeping dutifully as evening turns to dusk and closing hour approaches for Infinity Techworld. Brian stares at her with slight concern, unable to make out the murmurs under her breath.

*“Give her the promotion? Really? Her instead of me? Are you out of you **fucking** minds?!”*

“Right, uh...I’m gonna...head out,” Brian slowly edges away from the center of the sales floor, feeling his life become slightly in danger as the normally chipper and upbeat sales associate takes out some form of aggression on the floor. Approaching the back end of the store, Brian nears Stephanie who leans against a wall, sipping a cup of coffee slowly with her eyes locked on Laura.

“Steph!” Brian whispers, yet Stephanie keeps her eyes focused on her employee. “What’s going on with Laura?”

“I want to say nothing,” Stephanie begins hopefully, “but I don’t think that’s the case.”

A sudden audible grunt shatters the tranquility of the pre-closing cleaning in the store. Eyes turn to Laura who has just snapped her broom in half. Brian’s eyes widen as she paces back and forth almost maniacally before she takes off, powerwalking past the two of them and into the backroom.

“Stephanie...”

“Yeah, yeah, I know...” Stephanie admits after another sip of coffee. “We...might have a bit of a problem on our hands.”