



Connesha snacks in the bleachers (F/m)

“And that’s Game, bitches!” Connesha calls from the top of her 3-point shot. Her sister Tiisha, and their two friends Kina and Liza stare frozen in anticipation, as basketball as it arcs across the sky towards the unguarded hoop. With a loose flapping sound the ball drops undisturbed through the open circle, eliciting simultaneous cheers and groans from the group of friends.

“ Dammit Connesha! You and those damn 3-pointers!” Tiisha spat visibly annoyed at her sister's 3 game winning streak as Connesha and Liza high-fived. “Yeah, they're amazing aren't they? Don't worry lil' Sis, maybe one day I'll pass on the secret skills to hit Threes like a champ.” Connesha gloated. A moment later her stomach rumbled loud and long enough for all three other girls to easily hear. “Speaking of being a champ, I could use a meal fit for a queen. Y'all trying to go get a bite somewhere?”

Walking to gather their things from the bleachers the four friends chatted about various options of what to do for lunch. Another resounding rumble from Connesha’s empty stomach , reminding Tiisha that nothing they could get at a restaurant was going to sate her older sister’s current appetite. She knew her sister and her eating “habits”. She had seen the way Connesha had been eyeing Kina all day and was almost certain that her sister was plotting on making another meal of another friend of Tiisha’s and she did not want to deal with process of trying to save a friend from her sister’s guts. Every time she steered one friend away her resourceful sister would disappear with another friend only to meet her back at their shared apartment with a bulbous squirming stomach full of their missing companion. It was sheer lucky coincidence and a huge relief for the younger sister when another dining option presented itself in just the obnoxious fashion Connesha couldn't resist.

“Damn big girl! You got some skill out here!” Called a man's voice from behind the group and they all immediately began to snicker at the ridiculous person. In the middle of the court stood a short man, a basketball tucked under his arm, wearing an obnoxiously bright basketball uniform with obnoxiously matching shoes.

“OMG! Go home Roger!” Connesha calls back over her shoulder not paying the neighborhood scrub any mind.

“Aw c’mon, I was just wondering if you handle all balls as well as you handle one on the court.” he laughs already backing up in anticipation of the dangerous fire he had sparked.

“OH NO YOU--” Connesha snaps spinning on her heels ready to attack just as Miisha grabs her shoulder and quickly whispers something in her ear. Some sinister secret. Something that makes Connesha smile and her stomach rumble.

“I might... But only a real man would ever know.” she says quickly recomposing herself and standing with one hand on her hip.

“Psh! Whatever. I’m a real man. You should show me.” Roger replies stopping his playful retreat at the implication of his lack of manliness.

“Are you really? I couldn’t tell...” She sasses back. “ Only a real man could beat me on the court. And I KNOW you ain’t gonna beat me short stuff.”

“Shiiiiitt... Wanna bet?” He asks taking the bait and walking over. “You may be pretty good but ain’t no girl beating me at basketball. No matter how sexy you are.”

“Psh. So you say...” Connesha replies grinning and stepping up until she was Nose to forehead with the scrub. “Fine, let’s bet. If you beat me in a game of 21, then maybe I’ll show you some of my other skills.”

“I-I like the s-sound of that.” Roger says looking down into her cleavage. “And if you win?”

“If I win? Easy. You do any one thing I say...and you just owe me dinner.” Connesha replies snatching the ball out of his loosed grasp before dribbling a few times making her way onto the court. “So you in?”

“Sounds like a win-win to me. I’m in.” following her.

“Alright then. Ball up!” Connesha calls as the game begins.

And it’s a short game. Roger has no defense against Connesha’s incessant 3-pointers as they rain into the basket. Connesha crosses him over on three occasions on her drives to the basket, once making him actually stumble to the ground. All the other girls laugh as Roger’s shots are blocked on a number of occasions by the towering Connesha, and gawk when she actually dunks on the shorter man for the final point.

“N-No f-fair...” Roger whines huffing, hands on his knees as Connesha lands from the slam dunk.

“Yea yea,whatever Roger. I beat you fair and square.” Connesha says crossing her arms. “ Now i believe we had a deal.”

“grrr...Fine. *Huff.* Whatever. *Huff.* The hell you want woman *huff*.” Roger replies still bent over.

“Well for starters you can strip for me. All the way to ya drawers.” Connesha says with a smirk and a nod back to her sister and friends on the bleacher. “ya’know, show the ladies here what ya working with, big fella.”

Roger begins to protest, but a sharp glare and the knowledge of his agreement to the terms makes him bite his tongue. Begrudgingly, to the amusement of the watching girls, he begins to strip down to his boxers. All the while Tiisha, liza and Kina make fun and laugh uproariously causing the undressed man to look away. It’s then that Connesha, much to everyone's surprise approaches Rodger and places a soft kiss on his cheek. To Rodger's further shock, as she kisses him she slips a hand down and begins petting and caressing the outline of his cock in his boxers which naturally becomes quite rigid.

“Hmm...maybe you got a lil sumthin’ sumthin’ for me to play with after all...” she whispers in his ear, gently stroking him through his boxers as she speaks. “Now Loser, I’m going to go change clothes and you are going to stay right here because you owe me dinner. But if you stay in these cute little boxers, maybe I'll help you...BLOW off a little steam after such a...HARD loss.”

With that Connesha walks off of the court and high fives her friends and sister as she grabs her things from the bleachers, and head towards the bathroom area, leaving Rodger standing in the middle of the basketball court trying ineffectively to cover the big boner tenting his boxers with his hands.

“Okay ladies, I guess the shows over...” Connesha says to the chattering and laughing girls as they enter the women’s bathroom to change cloths. “...Since the scrub out there promised me dinner if I won our little bet I’m intending to collect. So yall go on to dinner and I’ll catch ya all later on, okay?”

Kina and Liza began to protest about leaving Connesha alone with this loser of a guy but Tiisha, already guessing her sister’s plans for the undressed loser, insists they go on to get food and that Connesha can handle herself. 10 minutes later with a wave to her friends a good luck wink between sisters they head their separate ways. Stepping back to the court Connesha spots the conflicted man still standing in his boxers at the edge of the court, clearly torn between the redressing his dignity and the potentially of sex with the amazonesque baller. To Connesha it seems his stiff boner made the decision for him.

“Hmm...glad to see you're excited to give me my reward as I am to get it...” she says as she walks up to and past him, flicking his boner with a finger as she goes by causing him shiver slightly. As she walks off towards a secluded area of the park, and waving for

him to follow her she says "...now pick up your stuff and come on. I'm ready for my prize."

Without hesitation Roger trots to catch up with Connesha as she approaches an area near the edge of the bleachers, and stops a moment to look around. Then grabbing him by the arm they both disappear, slipping behind the bleachers into a small hidden cove overgrown with bushes, vines and shrubbery and very very secluded. The space is surprisingly roomy and as messy as would be expected from what has to have been a hobo's hideaway and Roger wonders momentarily how Connesha might have found such a place. But this thought was quickly usurped by Connesha as she pushes him against a steel pole supporting the bleachers above, knocking his belongings to the dusty litter strewn ground. He feels the tall girl's heavy breasts pushing against his bare chest, her cleavage cupping his chin as she presses her thigh against his erection. He shudders again in excitement and lustful anticipation, pinning his hands on her thick toned ass. Then she whispers down into his ear four words that in his befuddled mind inspire slight confusion before realization evolves into terror.

"Thanks for dinner...Loser!" Connesha says a moment before her mouth gapes open, large as a basketball hoop and engulfs the head of her well earned dinner. Roger struggles and hollers as best he can, all to no help as he is shoved deeper and deeper into the woman's gullet and down her throat. Her belly roars in expectation of the tasty man-meat soon to fill it as her tongue laps at his succulent sweating bare flesh. As the loser's neck, broad shoulders, chest and meaty torso pass through the stretched rim of her lips, Connesha is reminded of her promise to the scrub as she feels the hard rod of his cock bounce and jab repeatedly against her breasts and between her cleavage, as he struggles uselessly against his fate.

Pausing her dinner momentarily Connesha reaches down and quickly tears his boxers clean off, freeing the stiff tasty treat from its packaging. Wrapping her hand around the thick shaft she pins the cockhead between the tight soft cleft made by her large breasts, and begins stroking it slowly up and down, jerking him off with a boob job. Again she begins slowly swallowing him as she feels him approaching climax, only this time his struggles are replaced by rhythmic thrusts in time with her swallows and stroking. As she devours him up to the hips, his member is pulled from her plush warm cleavage and only to be tucked, along with the rest of him into Connesha's hot salivating mouth.

It's in this tight oral embrace with his cock and balls fondled, licked and slurped, that Roger blows his load, bloating Connesha's already stuffed cheeks with a sea of jizz. With an audible grunt, Connesha swallows hard, taking in the entirety of the salty load while simultaneously slurping the loser down to his knees, which twitch lazily. With a

few deft gulps even those are gobbled down, stuffed into her massively bulging stomach to join the scrub simmering in his own baby-batter inside.

“Not bad...” Connesha compliments patterning the struggling form inside her. “For a loser, i mean.”

Despite his squirming protests, Connesha makes her way from the hidden cove and back up to the basketball court. With a relieved huff she plops onto the bleachers seat and makes herself comfortable, glad to be off her feet for a while. Rogers's muffled voice begs to be released eliciting a hearty laugh from the bloated Connesha.

“Aww, you want out? Well too bad chump. After how bad you played you're lucky I'm letting you be my dinner. At least you'll be able to be fuel for a person with talent.”

The end

Outline

-Connesha is shooting hoops with her homegirls and a young man decides to flirt with her by challenging her to a game of one-on-one.

-Connesha isn't interested, but because of his insistence, she makes him a bet. Win and she'll give him a date. Lose: and he'll wind up as lunch/she'll gobble him up like the little boy he is/ Lunch is on him

-A little intimidated, he's still confident he can beat her (plus maybe he thinks what she's saying about swallowing him whole and alive is bullshit).

-She soundly beats him and has him strip naked in front of her smirking friends, humiliating him. She swallows him whole, toying with his boner as he goes down her throat and goes to the bleachers to digest him a bit.

-She teases and demeans him as she's talking to him little.

-About a half hour later, after he's digested some (but is still alive), Connesha decides her bloated belly is manageable enough for her to get back in the game. Running down the court causes the half-digested young man to bounce up and down in her plump gut.

-It is NOT a pleasant experience.

A nameless young man sees Connesha shooting hoops with her girls and decides to flirt with her by challenging her to a game of one-on-one. Connesha isn't interested, but because of his insistence, she makes him a bet. Win and she'll give him a date. Lose, and he'll wind up as lunch. A little intimidated, he's still confident he can beat her (plus maybe he thinks what she's saying about swallowing him whole and alive is bullshit). She soundly beats him and has him strip naked in front of her smirking friends, humiliating him. She swallows him whole and goes to the bleachers to digest him a bit, talking to him a little. About a half hour later, after he's digested some (but is still alive), Connesha decides her bloated belly is manageable enough for her to get back in the game. Running down the court causes the half-digested young man to bounce up and down in her plump gut. It is NOT a pleasant experience.