Futa Note Chapter 6

Mary kept her head low as she scrolled through Twitter. The teacher wouldn’t care, none of them did, and even if they tried to make her stop all it would take is a quick text to Gretchen to solve everything. Admittedly, that stole the thrill from being on her phone during class. She almost missed the nerve-wracking days in middle-school. The trade-off was worth it though, as she could wile away the boring lessons.

The device vibrated in her grasp. She checked and saw a text from Ashley; *Don’t you think you were a little harsh earlier?* Mary rolled her eyes. The dumb rich girl should just mind her own business, unless it meant buying Mary a new coat that is. She quickly typed her response; *It’s just a joke. Guess she doesn’t have a sense of humour, like* someone *else I know.*

Ashley didn’t respond immediately. Mary could practically imagine her horrified expression as she read too deep into the response. Her reply came a minute later; *I’ve got a sense of humour! It’s just that she looked really angry.* The blonde nearly pinched the bridge of her nose in disappointment. What would that prissy honour student do? If she made one wrong move, then she’d be expelled. Hell, Mary could probably make that happen with a quick phone call.

*That’s the point of teasing, Ash. If they don’t react, it’s not funny.* Mary answered, reading it in her mind like she was talking to a small child. The response came a moment later; *Oh, okay. It was pretty funny.* The big busted blonde shook her head at the transparency of the message and returned her attention back to social media.

She started watching a video of a pair of kittens meeting for the first time. Mary smiled softly at the screen, forgetting the world around her for two minutes, and sighed when one of the younglings tried to meow, only to sound more like a squeak. Felines were her weakness and something of a passion. Her mind turned to her own cat, which no doubt wondered around her home, trying to seek her company.

Captivated by the video, Mary absentmindedly scratched at her chest. When the itch refused to go away, the blonde groaned in frustration and checked down the front of her shirt. If someone walked by her desk, they’d only need to lean over, and they would see the tops of her unnaturally round breasts. Mary frowned and grimaced at the redness that spread over her tight mounds. A similar itch burned to life between her legs, as if it had been waiting for her to notice.

“The fuck?” Mary grunted and stood up. She ignored the eyes that followed her and shot the teacher a look that made it clear that she wasn’t to be questioned. He only shrugged at her and returned to blandly reading from the textbook, while the click of Mary’s heels echoed through the hallway. Every step made her thighs ache and chaff together.

She slammed the bathroom door shut and locked it courtesy of a master key from Gretchen. Not one to take chances, Mary moved into a stall. Safe from discovery, Mary hastily removed her top and unhooked her bra, nearly tearing through the fabric in her rush. The instant her artificially perky breasts were released from their prison, the redness began to fade, as did the maddening itch. Her sigh of relief died in her throat as the burn between her legs resurged, hotter than before.

“Oh, fuck, fuck,” Mary cursed and removed her skirt, taking her panties with it, “Thank fucking god.” She leaned back against the toilet basin, breathing heavily as she let the weird rash dissipate. Without a shadow of a doubt, that was the worst feeling in her life. The crease of her frown deepened at the thought. It had felt horrible, like her skin was on fire or covered in acid or something worse. Yes, horrible, she nodded to herself.

Then why did she feel so horny? Mary bit her bottom lip and brought her hands to her breasts, idly fondling their firm expanse. A gentle sigh drifted from her lips. She loved touching her implants, feeling their abnormal heft, their solidity. They were a symbol of her status, of the fact that she could do anything she wanted despite her age. And they felt great just to hold.

“Hmm,” Mary murmured under her breath, finding and rubbing an erect nipple. The heat of her desire flared brighter than before, flowing like a scalding hot river into her groin. There was an odd weight there, one that caught her attention as it began to throb in tandem with her pounding heart. She ignored the sensation, however, lavishing her wonderfully fake tits with attention as she let her eyes fall close to fantasise.

If she was going to do this, then she might as well enjoy it. That meant letting her mind wander, as well as her hands. Mary let her legs spread apart, just like she would when she played with herself at home, while one of her hands released her breast and slid down across her slim stomach. Few people loved themselves like she did.

Mary let her fingers linger as they travelled down her body. Her nails lightly raked across her flesh, leaving faint lines and adding a level of pleasant discomfort, one that made her dear pussy ache. Anticipation built in her gut. Her breaths turned deep and airy, pushing her chest deeper into her palm while she zeroed in on the true source of the heat. The initial teasing was always her favourite part.

In her mind’s eye, she conjured all the men she lusted after. Muscular with shorts that bulged like they were several sizes too small, and their smouldering eyes locked on her heaving body. Mary was no stranger to sex, having embraced her sexuality long ago, and had even organised a private gangbang with some of Ashley’s parents’ friends. There was nothing quite like the lust and adoration on the faces of older, sexually pent up men.

She moaned and pushed her chest out further. Her implant depressed under her hungry fingers, its unnaturally perky and round shape forcefully conforming to her hand. Mary’s nipples throbbed against her palm. They yearned for stimulation, for more than a simple press of her hand. Unable to deny herself, Mary moved her digits to the comparatively small nub and pinched it between her thumb and forefinger. A moan of delight sparked Mary’s fantasies further.

All those beautiful men surrounded her. There was nothing she could see beyond their hard abs and bulbous shorts, her eyes level with their dicks. Mary soon enticed them to erection, her deliciously fake tits and barely legal age working perfectly. Before her lustful eyes, they began to strip. Cock after cock leapt free, all of them hard as stone and easily ten inches each. Her perfect size.

She saw herself get on all fours and shake her hips at them. A pair of hands clasped her ass cheeks, sinking deep and hard into her firm flesh. The hands felt softer than she’d have expected, but she blamed it on the sensation of her hands. They, then, spread her curvaceous mounds wide to reveal her slightly gaped asshole. One of those perfect cocks pressed against the opening, while another slid beneath her.

Mary moaned in both her mind and reality. Double penetration is the best, she thought and eagerly plunged her imagined companions deep into her body. Her brain couldn’t properly recreate the sensations, but the memory alone was enough. Perhaps she could cum without even touching her pussy with how tense with arousal her body felt. Mary kept her hand to the precipice of her groin, just above her lustful sex.

“Yes…” Mary groaned in wanton desire, picturing three cocks now driving into her all her holes, “Deeper… harder…” She groped her tit with so much force that she almost feared that she would break the implant, but her worries dwindled. Every passing second spent in her greatest fantasy made her cunt hungrier for attention. It hurt so magnificently.

Her mind drifted to further conjure the image of her many partners. Mary licked her lips in anticipation, eager to see the chiselled jaws and rough stubble that she so appreciated in her men. Then her cognitive brain recognised something was wrong. The abs were gone, as were any of the other muscles. They almost looked feminine, but their cocks were still there.

Mary frowned even as she continued to play with herself. Her hand drifted lower to her snatch, hoping that she could embolden her usual daydreams. Without her permission, Mary’s mind continued to femininize her fuck-toys. Their chests blossomed into small handfuls, capped with cute nipples, while their hair lengthened to their chins. She was captivated by the changes, despite her self-concern.

When they finally came to a stop, Mary’s imagination put her face to face with a perfect copy of Carmen Robins. But she still had a cock. What was… Mary’s thought froze in place, as if submerged in water then blasted with liquid nitrogen. Her hand had slipped down to where her pussy should be, where her juicy cunny should lie in wait for her to lather it with attention. She, instead, felt something hard and thick and covered in veins and completely unfeminine.

“What… the… fuck?” Mary gasped, opening her eyes and looking down. Her chest was the same as always, as was her middle. Everything about her was as it should be, except for the distinct cock that stood at attention from her waxed crotch. A dick was on her gorgeous body, defiling it just by existing. And it wasn’t even big; she had to use only a few fingers to avoid covering it up completely.

Why was she still touching it? Her hand tightened its grip, as if to directly mock her, wrapping the putrid penis in her fingers as it throbbed mightily. Mary’s lip curled in disgust as she stared down at the prick, taking in its diminutive length and surprising girth. The veins that trailed up the shaft were thick, pulsating and intricately weaved. It was a masculine endowment without a doubt, its size notwithstanding.

“This is so fucked up,” Mary grumbled under her breath. It couldn’t be real, she snarled in her thoughts and tightened her grip, then tugged on the hideous appendage. A mix of pain and pleasure forced her to curl in on herself, gasping shrilly at the sensations. The blonde’s chest pounded violently, arousal and fear pumping through her veins, which now included those of her cock. It was attached to her, there was no refuting it.

It pulsated against her palm in slight disharmony with her heart. The darker skin tone blended naturally into her own tan flesh, extending from her crotch as if she were born with it. Mary wouldn’t know it herself if she hadn’t lived otherwise. She gulped, a terrified chill running through her blood, and released her member to go below it. Her fingers trailed across her scrotum, noting how huge her balls were, before dipping beneath them. A soft moan trickled from her lips when she touched her pussy.

She was still a girl. Sort of. Mary’s fingers idly traced along her obscured snatch, occasionally brushing against her inner labia. Pleasure warmed her entire body as she played with herself, resuming where she’d left off. Her groin thrummed with arousal, lust pumping through her new twin genitalia.

Was she really going to keep masturbating like this? Mary bit her lip and stared at her cock in unmistakable disgust, yet her curiosity refused to be silenced. It wouldn’t be any worse than jerking off a guy or two, save for the disappointing size. Just once, the augmented blonde thought and moved her hand from her breast to coil around her shaft. She kept the other on her pussy.

“Am I really doing this?” Mary posed the question, part of her hoping that someone would give her an answer. When none came, leaving her to stew in her relentless lust, she gave it to herself. The bimbo shaped blonde pushed a finger past her folds, sinking it into the silky warmth of her pussy. Her curled fingers tightened and lifted to brush against the crown of her cock.

A moan forced its way from her mouth. Mary lightly thrust her finger, brushing delightfully against her sensitive walls, while her hand began to slowly jerk up and down. The foreskin peeled back, revealing her lust infused purple tip. She inadvertently massaged her balls with her lower hand, rolling the egg-shaped orbs around in their wrinkled prison. Her nerves fired rapidly, sending shocks of delight from her dual sexes.

The sound of her flesh smacking against itself rebounded off the walls around her. She moved slowly, taking her time to adjust to the sensations. Her hand slid languidly up and down her shaft, gently slapping her crotch as she traversed the pitifully short length. Mary hastened her bottom hand’s pace. She groaned in need and added a second finger to slightly stretch her cunt.

A slickness met her coiled fingers. She slowed her strokes to peer down at her meagre appendage, watching as a bead of clear pre-cum fell to gravity’s sway and washed down across her fingers. The amount was incredible, easily enough to lube her shaft twice over. At least it was big in some ways, Mary thought as she expertly worked the slimy fluid into her foreskin. Her jerks quickened rapidly, slipping along her prick to entice an even greater flow.

Mary added a third finger to her pussy. Her lips stretched around her digits, gripping them tightly in its soft embrace. A trickle of her juices leaked down the cleft of her pussy, smearing it along her thighs as she pulled out. A cocktail of odours reached up into her nostrils, a mixture of her heady pussy’s perfume and the novel, pungent musk of her cock. Her breaths deepened at the scent.

It was intoxicating. Not just the odd sensations tugging at her nerves and mind, nor the enticing aromas, but the sheer implausibility of what she was doing. Mary was a woman, one with tits more expensive than the finest leather and an ass just as affluent, but she now had a cock. One that she was excitedly masturbating, lathering it in its own fluids while she moaned like a common whore and fingered her cunt. Everything about her situation screamed ‘impossible’.

The blonde slowed her self-indulgence to bring her cock coated hand to her face. She inhaled deeply, savouring its strong odour. A moment of disgust at herself passed as she extended her tongue, running it across her slimy fingers. Shudders ran through her, as did the flavour. It, like everything about her predicament, was elating. Mary ran her tongue around her mouth, finding the salty-sweet taste stuck fast to her gums.

She exchanged hands and moaned when she returned to jerking her new endowment. It throbbed and spurted a line of pre the moment she touched it, as if welcoming her back. Mary turned her attention to her slick fingers, smelling her usual nights alone. She gathered her juices on her tongue, groaning at the flavour. Her other hand never stopped its motions, constantly supplying more pre-cum. The fluid ran across the curve of her disproportionately large balls.

“This is fucking wrong,” Mary sighed, returning her cleaned fingers to their proper role, “Why am I fingering myself in the bathroom… why am I jerking off my own cock… how would it feel if someone else did it? Hmm… maybe that honour student?” Mary started at the thought, but her mind was focused. It summoned images of Carmen Robins, of the straight-A student on her knees and sucking Mary’s cock.

No… it was the other around. Mary tried to seethe with anger at the ridiculous thoughts. She was the top bitch, above even the principal’s daughter and the richest girl in the school. It didn’t matter that she was despised by most of the students and staff, or that she was now some freak with a cock. But her imagination refused to be silenced.

“Stop it,” Mary demanded, “Hmm… please, stop?” She rolled her hips, thrusting them in tandem with her hands’ movements. Carmen pervaded her thoughts, pushing her into position after position, using her as she pleased. The blonde’s strokes quickened rapidly, the slick smacks of her fist meeting the base of her cock echoed in her ears. Pressure coiled tight in her gut, ready to snap at a moment’s notice.

She was going to cum. Worse, she was going to cum while fantasising about that goddamn honour student. Mary pleaded with her body to stop, unwilling to let herself orgasm with Carmen’s visage running through her mind. Not with that girl’s body stuck in her imagination. Not with the image of that honour student’s fantasy cock rampaging through her pussy.

“FUCK!” Mary screamed. Her muscles locked together as she raised her hips. Cum jetted from her cock, soaring high and landing back on her naked skin, while her pussy clenched and unleashed a wave of her juices. It splattered powerfully against the toilet seat and floor. Her head barely avoided smashing into the basin as she shouted her ecstasy to the entire room. Perhaps even the entire school.

She saw Carmen do the same thing in her mind. The difference was that she unloaded every ounce of sperm into Mary’s pussy, without any protection. Mary twitched in the afterglow of her climax, her arms and legs limp. Only her clenched muscles kept her from sliding onto the dirty, cum stained floor. Saliva and semen mixed together on her face, where a dumb grin and vacant eyes laid.

“So good,” Mary moaned as she gradually crawled back to consciousness. She righted herself and looked around, seeing the product of her overwhelming climax, before sliding her hands through her ejaculate. She rubbed it between her fingers, reminded of glue, though it was thicker, almost like tar. It instantly stuck to her fingers, creating long hanging ropes when she pulled away. The blonde brought a heavy glob to her lips and sucked it from her finger.

“So good,” she repeated, then realised what she was doing. Mary shot to her feet, forcing herself to grimace at the sensation of her cum sliding down her skin, and unfurled the toilet roll. She cleaned herself up, eager to remove any hint at what had just transpired. The blonde futa paused when she came to her cock, staring at it like a mouse would at a cobra. How could it be real?

“No one can know,” Mary growled under her breath and picked up her clothes, wiping away every speck of cum that had landed on them. She pulled her panties on, eager to get out of the room and distract herself. She should try and finish with Carmen. The thought died moments after it formed as a flush of desire washed through her, causing her pecker to rise from its slumber, “Fuck off!” Mary snarled and forced it into her panties.

A familiar burn instantly flared to life. She pulled her underwear down to find that her skin had turned bright red, just as it had earlier. Mary took a long breath and tried again once the redness and urge to itch subsided, but immediately retreated when the sensations flashed across her flesh. It wasn’t the end of the world. Her cock was small, so it was unlikely that anyone would see it if she was careful. And she was no stranger to going commando.

Mary pushed the issue aside and went about pulling on her bra. She liked the weight and feel of her tits bouncing everywhere, but it grew uncomfortable after a while. The blonde reached back and hooked up the garment. Heat and pain rapidly rose to the surface, however. Her eyes widened as she freed her breasts and stared down at her underwear.

“You can’t be serious?” Mary didn’t know who could answer her. How could anyone explain why she was suddenly violently allergic to her favourite underwear? She cursed under her breath as she cautiously dressed herself, sighing in relief when nothing happened. This wasn’t a big problem. She’d just have to get some new underwear from a different store, then everything would be fine. No one would know about her cock or her fantasies.

Classes came to an end and the students were released into the world. Mary led her group through the doors, their numbers bolstered by the fearful students they left behind. They were right to fear her. She had done nearly everything a teenager could do without getting arrested, even some things that should’ve resulted in her incarceration. Not that those actions would ever be publicly known.

One girl’s gaze met hers and quickly looked away. Mary recognised her, she had boasted about having a boyfriend to everyone, so Mary stole him and got all their dirty deeds on camera. It wasn’t hard to make them break-up afterwards. Though she could’ve just as easily gotten the girl expelled on false charges.

Mary smirked at the frightened girl. Everything was as it should be; she was at the pinnacle of the student hierarchy. No one knew about what happened earlier, and it would stay that way. Someone brushed by her, causing her temper to flare. She turned her blue gaze on the offender and stumbled.

“You okay, Mary?” Gretchen asked, looking at the girl who’d walked past, “Wanna get her?”

“Uh, no… fuck the bitch. I’m hungry anyway,” Mary turned, heading down the path to the exit, while keeping as far from Carmen Robins as possible. She couldn’t resist catching another glimpse of her, though, and caught Carmen’s eyes. Warmth blossomed immediately on Mary’s face and spread down her body, focusing into her groin. She felt her cock twitch against her thigh, “Hurry up!” She snapped at her entourage as she stormed down the sidewalk.

Night had fallen when Mary walked through the door of her home and escaped the chilly air. Her parents were already in bed, sleeping in preparation for their next day of work. The only member of her family who appeared to welcome her home, though it was for their own purpose, was Tammy; her ginger tabby. She crouched down to meet her, extending a hand to fuss the pampered feline.

“Hey, girl,” Mary cooed softly, picking up her pet and carrying her into the kitchen. Changes were common for women going through puberty. One day they liked something, and the next it was hideous to them. Cats were one of the few things Mary still cherished, “Let’s get you some dinner.”

Her parents left Tammy’s care to Mary. It was her insistence that she look after her cat, more to affirm the feline’s affections than take on any true responsibility, though she took pride in looking after the tabby. The blonde set the bowl of specially prepared tuna down in front of her pet, giving her a quick scratch behind the ear, then made herself a small snack. She’d already eaten dinner with her group, so she wasn’t as famished as Tammy.

With her snack of jam slathered toast, Mary climbed up to her room and flopped onto the bed, careful not to spill any crumbs. She turned on Netflix and flipped through the programs. Unable to settle on anything, she turned to YouTube. None of her subscriptions posted anything interesting that day, as such she resorted to what was trending. One video finally caught her eye; ‘What IS a futanari - Bible Black?’

She had nothing better to watch. Mary opened it and settled in to eat her toast, while idly scrolling through Twitter, only half-listening to the video. Until it got to the main point.

*“A futanari is something of a common theme in Japanese Hentai. Some of you may have already heard the term, but don’t know what it means. Well, there’s a lot of different definitions out there,* but *we’re going to look at, arguably, the most famous rendition of futanari; Bible Black. Here, a futanari is a woman who grows a penis, but retains her vagina…”*

Mary froze in the middle of a bite to stare at the screen in shock. Coincidence was too weak a word for the occurrence. Her cock, hidden beneath her skirt, throbbed and bulged against the cloth as if responding to the word. Before her eyes, the video began to show ‘mostly’ safe drawings of a futanari, then cut to a photoshopped images of women with a giant dick stuffed in their shorts. The blonde swallowed her bite and felt at her own member, which didn’t compare to the sizes on screen.

She licked some jam from her lip and fondled her cock. Arousal filtered through her shock, sending her heart pounding in her chest and blood pumping to her prick. It swelled under her skirt, making its presence unmissable. Mary continued to fondle it through the fabric, eyes fixated on the video as it continued to show more futanari. She squirmed as she pleasured herself, engorging her cock and nipples.

A fiery ache spread across her skin. Mary frowned, but refused to stop touching herself, continuing to bolster her desire. The ache turned into an itch, giving the sensation of ants scurrying across her flesh. Her legs kicked in discomfort, the feeling spreading down to her knees, forcing her to stop. The blonde finally gave up and ripped her skirt and top from her body, tearing them in two. She ignored that fact and focused on the horrifying red dimples across her body.

Wherever her clothes had touched looked as if she had pressed hot iron against her skin. Mary ignored the video and focused on the burning patches of flesh, though small areas were spared. They stung against the cool open air. Yet, despite the pain, her cock remained defiantly rigid. The blonde turned her gaze to the remnants of her clothes, grimacing at the sight.

Money was rarely an issue with her family’s successful bakery, but her clothing allowance was strict. Neither she, nor her parents, wanted her to own a mountain of rarely worn garments. Now she had to replace everything, including the mandatory school skirt. Mary set aside her plate and walked over to her wardrobe, prying the doors apart to consider her neat array of options. Her dick remained hard all the while.

“Okay, so silk and cotton are out,” Mary muttered to herself, “Let’s try… you.” The blonde grabbed a denim vest, one with a punk style to it. She gasped and released it almost immediately, retracting her hand as if she had been bitten by a cobra. The vest fell to the floor with a dull thump, and a familiar shade of red in its wake. Her cock pulsed, and her pussy ached in response, seemingly deriving pleasure from her discomfort.

“Fuck it, fine,” Mary grunted and returned to her bed, carefully avoiding her discarded clothes. She grabbed her phone and looked up futanari. She opened the first video she found. Lustful tremors passed through her body, reaching into her most sensitive zones. All it took was a few moments of watching futanari fuck and play with each other for her hand to latch onto her cock once more.

She moaned at the touch. It was better than before, vastly so, urging her to fall into a rapid pace in seconds. Her cock twitched in her grasp, pre-cum already pouring from the slight cleft in her prick. The muscles in her body contracted, urging her to undulate her body in time with her hand. Her toes curled, sinking into her bedsheets. Mary’s spare hand swiftly dove between her legs and under her balls.

Just like the bathroom, she ignored her plentiful sack and jammed three fingers into her starving snatch. It clamped around them, harder than before. If she didn’t know better, she might’ve thought she’d left it untouched for years, not hours. The curvaceous blonde arched her back, wishing that she could be one of the futanari in the video. Then she’d have people to pleasure her, to suck her tits while they stroked her cock.

“Carmen…” Mary groaned, unable to resist uttering the name, despite the disdain that sank into her stomach at its sound. The image it conjured, however, made her pussy throb and ache in yearning. She couldn’t get it out of her head. Carmen Robins was always there, always naked, always smiling, and always sporting a cock that put Mary’s to shame. That alone made Mary’s stomach churn in both disgust and desire.

“You bitch,” Mary breathed, respirations quickening as her orgasm built within her. She could see her reflection in her phone screen, staring back at her with judgement in its eyes. That judgement was obvious; ‘you want her’. The very idea was ludicrous, at least before that day. She didn’t go for nerds or weird people. *They* idolised and feared her. That was how it went.

And how it always would. Then why she did crave one of those people that should revere her? Mary’s fingers curled inside of her, scraping along her g-spot as she jerked her prick. Carmen was a nerd who spent all her time studying, that was her role in the teenage hierarchy. Or was it? Dakota was almost constantly with her now. When they were alone, were they doing all sorts of sordid things with one another?

Mary’s body jerked and locked as a powerful explosion of ecstasy detonated in her core. Its fire spread rapidly to her limbs and across her insides. Licks of heat danced across her nerves, an electric tango of passion. Heavy, viscous spurts of semen flew from her cock. Mary’s eyes turned to watch the ropes fall, splattering her bed and body. A sticky pool formed in the dip of her navel.

The blonde pushed a finger into her bellybutton and swirled the cum around. It was thicker than earlier, adhering to her fingers instantly. She pulled them up to her face, a trail of her cock slime preceding her hand. At a glance, she could’ve thought that her hand was covered in congealed yogurt. The potent gunk formed a web between her fingers when she pulled them apart.

Mary licked her fingers clean. The flavour was all too familiar, salty and bitter, with an undiscernible taste that only cum possessed, but it was different to any other’s that she’d sampled. This was her cum, unique to the only real-life futanari. If her cum tasted this good, how would Carmen’s if she had a cock? Mary slapped a hand over her face to silence the thought, spreading jizz over it.

“It… it’ll just be my secret. No one else can know,” Mary panted, eyes locked onto her slowly softening pecker. It folded over her balls and let the last speck of her climax drool onto her bed. The smell of cum and sex filled the air, her twin musk mixing together. Her inhales turned long and slow, filling her lungs with the aroma. It almost pained her to know that she had to mask the odour.

Mary stood and returned to her wardrobe, panting softly in the musky air. She grabbed her discarded vest and waited, expecting her hand to burn just as before. It never came. The blonde futa cautiously pulled it over her arms and buttoned it, ignoring the streaks of cum on her torso. Her entire body was tense in anticipation; the burning never came, however. No redness, no itching, nothing happened.

Relief steadied her heartbeat as she found a pair of lace panties. She pulled them on, certain that it was just the materials that caused the terrible rashes. No one would discover her cock now. All she had to do was avoid an erection and keep it under wraps, simple enough since she went to an all-girls school. Indeed, nothing would knock her from her pedestal. Her jaw clenched, and discomfort whimpered in her throat as the burning resurged moments later.

It only came around her crotch, though. She removed the panties, taking care not to aggravate the afflicted area, then tried another material. The same result met her attempts, time after time. When her final pair laid on the floor, discarded for the useless garment they were now, Mary admitted defeat. No matter what she had tried, it failed. She had even tried tying down with a rubber band.

“It’s okay,” Mary assured herself, “Just need to be careful. I can just wear a longer skirt. No trouble at all.” She started at the sound of taps against her door, then heard a whining meow. Tammy would be just what she needed.

“Hey there, cutie,” Mary whispered, carrying her feline over to the bed. She ignored the way her slimy cum squelched under her weight, or how nice it felt on her firm ass, and focused on petting her beloved cat. She idly rolled her tongue around her mouth, finding that her sperm’s potent flavour lingered. A pulse of warmth echoed in her middle, answering the longing urge in her balls.

As her cock swelled yet again, her vest grew uncomfortably stuffy. Mary ground her teeth together and restrained herself from whimpering, trying to focus her consciousness on Tammy’s content purrs. Her tongue moved across her maulers and found a glob of cum stuck there. It rolled across her taste buds and down her throat, inciting her desire even further. Mary’s hand moved away from her pet and found her cock once more.

“Do you have a way to help me, Tammy?” Mary moaned, sliding her arms through her vest, careful not to disturb her comfortable pet. Her chest and shoulders were bright red, just beginning to burn. The feline only nuzzled into her hand, purring loudly, while her owner began to masturbate for the third time that day.

Mary had always been an insatiable girl. She would often get horny at a glance, but within reason. School rarely made her horny, and stroking her darling cat removed any such thoughts or desires. And yet, there she laid with Tammy curled up under her arm, seemingly ignorant to how dirty her owner was being, jerking her cock again. Mary clamped a hand over her mouth as she came.

It was just as big as before. At least a cup’s worth of jizz erupted from her prick and rained back onto her, with an ounce of it finding its way into her mouth. Her arm kept Tammy safe from any drops, while Mary delighted in the sensations. She hadn’t even touched her pussy that time, yet it was just as intense as ever.

“Fuck, that felt good,” Mary sighed as she came down, running her fingers along the sloppy messes that demeaned her perfect, tanned flesh. A rivulet found its way to her lips, which she licked clean. The taste washed over her, flooding back into her cock. It rose from its dormant state, hard again in an instant.

“Sorry, Tammy,” Mary groaned and got up, then walked into the bathroom. It would be a long night if this kept up, though a pleasurable one at least. The blonde was used to it, however. She’d been so pent up before that she spent entire days fucking and masturbating. A sore pussy was both the worst and most satisfying feeling. She locked the bathroom door and wrapped a hand around her prick. It was better than dreading her random bouts of allergies.