

## Quickie #8

### Hostile Takeover

The brutal humidity of midsummer hung heavily in the air. The afternoon was bearable thanks to a light breeze and the large table umbrella shielding them from the sun. Audrey and Samantha sat in the quad; a communal area for eating, breaks and company picnics. The large commons was an oasis of nature in the otherwise stifling commercial office environment. The quad was dotted with trees, benches, flower gardens, cobblestone paths and numerous tables for the employees of various companies to use.

Samantha had joined Morningstar Insurance Corp a few months ago. It was Audrey who'd vetted her in the second interview. The short blonde with perky B-cups was Vice President of the company and held veto power over all personnel decisions. She wielded that authority with an iron fist and accepted nothing but the best from anyone working below her in the hierarchy. Samantha knew they'd be fast friends after Audrey joked about "morning star" being a beautiful view of a faraway planet, but also a spiked melee weapon from medieval times. It was the perfect name for a modern insurance company.

As a tall, dark-haired Latina with massive E-cups, Sam was in many ways Audrey's opposite. Their breast size and skin tone weren't the only way anatomy set them apart. Samantha was a futanari and she'd made little effort to hide it on the job. Within weeks of joining the firm, nearly everyone who worked there had seen the sizable bulge in the front of Sam's skirts and pant suits.

This had caused some to steer clear of her at the office. Most were scaredy-cat men who were intimidated by a woman with a bigger cock and bigoted women who felt futanari were betrayers to real womanhood. Not everyone was ready to accept the rapid expansion of sexual liberation that trans-humanism was unleashing on society. Luckily, Audrey had no such qualms and their friendship had flourished over many lunches and drinks after work.

Today, their conversation was cut short by a phone call. It seemed Audrey was more focused on tonight's dinner than the lunch sitting in front of her. Samantha had coaxed precious little about Audrey's boyfriend from the tight-lipped blonde, but it sounded like that was about to change. Sam listened to her to go back and forth with the mystery man as she stabbed her fruit salad and consumed it piece by delicious piece.

"What do you mean you don't know how to cook a chicken?!? It's not hard!"

Audrey was quiet for a few seconds as an annoyed voice replied. Sadly, the phone's speaker wasn't loud enough for Samantha to make out the replies.

"Ok, well, you have this magical device in your pocket called a **PHONE** and believe it or not, there are no shortage of tutorials on how to make chicken dinner on the **INTERNET!**"

Samantha snickered, then quickly covered her mouth with one hand. It was amusing, but she didn't want to make light of her boss' irritation.

“Everything you need is in the kitchen. Figure it out! Oh, and it's Wednesday, so don't forget to vacuum and take out the trash!”

More incoherent muttering peeped from the phone's speaker. It sounded more mooney than annoyed this time.

“Mmmhmm, I know you will. And if you don't, you know what's going to happen, you little slut! Love you! Bye!!!”

Samantha's eyebrows shot upward. Those final words provoked astonishment and curiosity in equal measure. Audrey ended the phone call and let out a frustrated groan before leaning back in her chair.

Sam put on a devilish smile and made a few 'tsk tsk' sounds with her tongue. “Audrey Hagen... Do you have a **kept man** at home?”

“Let me tell you something. Having a younger boyfriend has its advantages, but it might just send you to the loony bin.”

“How young are we talking here?”

“Twenty two.”

“**WHAT?!? HAHAHAHAHA!**” Samantha doubled over in laughter, leaning against the table as Audrey smirked. “You're practically robbing the cradle!”

The indignant blonde folded her arms under her breasts defensively. “He likes mature women and I like him.”

“Well, there's certainly nothing wrong with that. Sorry, but you've kept it hidden for this long, it caught me off guard.”

“To answer your question, he's only **sort of** a kept man. He didn't finish college but he has a career he's trying to get off the ground.”

“What career?”

“Modeling.”

“Hahahahaha!” Sam couldn't help it. She burst into another fit of laughter.

“What? What's so funny?!?”

After she recovered, Samantha clasped her hands together and launched into her best approximation of feminine mockery. “Oh, woe is me! I have a beautiful young man at home who cooks me dinner and does my chores! He's such a burden! Especially when he pleasures me after a long day! Will these trials never end?!?”

Audrey sighed indignantly. “Yeah, yeah, laugh it up...”

“You know I'm just having fun. I think it's awesome you have a boy toy! You got a picture of him?”

Audrey reached into her purse and pulled out her wallet. She flipped to the photo compartment and smiled upon seeing his picture. The pretty, middle-aged blonde held it up for Sam to see.

“That's Casey.”

Samantha's eyebrows rose again. Casey was a gorgeous young man. Platinum blonde pixie cut. High cheeks bones. Nice eyelashes and soft lips. Audrey liked them young and femmy. This was getting more interesting by the second.

“Mmmmm, he's cute. I see the appeal, definitely.”

“Thanks... He's great, but the truth is there's been some tension lately.”

“What kind of tension?”

“Tension in the bedroom.”

Samantha held up a single finger and her expression grew adamant. “I must insist you tell me more.”

“I don't know if I should. This isn't really appropriate conversation for work.”

“We're not working, we're on break. And no one from the firm is around.”

Audrey still looked hesitant.

“Anything you tell me stays between us. I promise” Sam said with sincerity.

“Alright...” Audrey responded, leaning in closer to her colleague. She and Samantha had shared some S&M themed jokes in the past, so she knew the buxom Latina was familiar with that world. “You may or may not have guessed from looking at his picture, but Casey is a bottom.”

“That beautiful boy? Enjoys being topped? Inconceivable!” Sam responded with a wink.

“We've had a lot of kinky fun together and I enjoy topping him. I really do! But it's all he wants and I can't do it all the time. I have enough stress at work. I can't be a dominant every time we're intimate.”

“Have you told him to shut the fuck up and eat your pussy?”

“Of course! He does it whenever I ask! But then I just feel worse if I can't give him what he wants...”

“And I'm guessing you don't like the idea of him running off with some other woman you don't know to get his fix.”

Audrey's gaze shifted down and her voice became sullen. “Am I that easy to read?”

“So you're looking for a third to bring home?”

“Yes. That's the other reason I hesitated to bring it up. I didn't want you to think I was suggesting you be a part of this. It wouldn't be right, especially since I'm your boss.”

“And what if I said I'm completely open to that?”

“Wh-**What?**”

“If you're looking for someone to top Casey, I'm in. Sounds fucking hot.”

“Are you serious? Don't get my hopes up...”

“Let me be clear. I'm not looking to enter some love triangle. If we do this, it'll be no strings. And no offense, but I'm not bi. I'll be there to fuck Casey. That said, if you're looking for someone to dominate your man when you need a break from topping, I'd love to! I'm always on the lookout for eager little bottom boys to have fun with.”

“Oh my god... I don't know what to say!”

It was usually Audrey that brimmed with confidence while Sam followed her directives. Samantha was enjoying this new dynamic already. “Say yes. We can try it out. Maybe it'll help ease the tension between you while I relieve some tension of my own. We'll see if everyone has a good time and go from there.”

Audrey was overwhelmed. She'd been looking for the right person online for weeks. She'd considered hiring a sex worker, but with only one steady income, doing that regularly would get expensive fast. She never would've imagined someone she knew would be willing to step in and potentially provide the missing piece.

She suspected it was a bad idea. Bringing co-workers into your sex life usually was. But maybe they would be the exception to the rule? Casey would love a second dominant female. Audrey could enjoy the show and the thought of a hung futa taking her handsome little slut-boy was making her wet as an otter's pocket.

Audrey swallowed, breathed deeply and looked over at Sam anxiously. “If you're not busy tonight, would you like to come over for dinner?”

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The trio sat around the kitchen table as the meal came to a close. The chicken was slightly overcooked, but it wasn't terrible and the sides Casey prepared were tasty enough. Samantha studied him up and down as he ate the last few bites of dinner. He was still clueless to the real reason she was there as far as Sam could tell. He was so cute in his light blue apron. She couldn't wait to tear it off him.

“Would you like some dessert?” Casey asked, looking over at Sam with a smile. “We have key lime pie in the fridge!”

“No, thank you hun! I need to get going. Other plans tonight.”

Audrey lifted her wine glass and took another sip of her Chardonnay. "Case, why don't you clean yourself up and prepare for our after-dinner fun. I'll clear the table and see Samantha off."

The young man got up directly and nodded to her. "Yes Mist--"

He almost let it slip.

--Miss Audrey."

Casey untied his apron, set it on the counter and strode off to the bathroom. Samantha didn't know what his *preparations* were, but she imagined it involved an enema, lingerie and some makeup.

"He's a real catch" Sam said, once he was out of earshot.

"I know, right? And I don't want to lose him, so thanks again for trying this."

Samantha downed the rest of her wine. "No thanks required. I plan to enjoy myself thoroughly."

Audrey got a mischievous look on her face as she gathered their plates and took them to the sink. "I'm gonna change into something silky. Why don't you make yourself comfortable in the living room?"

"Sounds good" Sam replied before rising from her chair. As she exited the kitchen, Samantha's heels went from clicking on porcelain tile to softly thudding on rich hardwood.

She found a tall mirror next to a broom closet just outside the living room and immediately went to work. She unzipped her dark work slacks and slid her legs out of them, leaving nothing but her panties and a massive bulge below.

Sam unbuttoned her suit jacket until her giant breasts were plainly visible, then pulled her bra down so her bare milkers were on full display. She adjusted her glasses, ran a hand through her jet-black ponytail and smiled in satisfaction. Casey had hardly taken his eyes off her all night. He would be drooling the instant he saw her like this.

Samantha stalked into the living room and tossed her pants on one of the recliners. She moved to the large leather sofa and plopped herself down, sinking into the luscious material. It wasn't long before Audrey returned. She'd traded her work clothes for a satin one-piece. The blonde cougar had a glowing smile on her face as the anticipation built.

Audrey made a detour to the kitchen and poured herself another glass of wine before joining Sam on the sofa. They waited together for a few minutes until a confused Casey called from down the hall.

"Hello? Mistress?!?"

"I'm in the living room!" Audrey called to him.

Moments later, his boyish frame turned the corner and he walked into view. He was "prepared" alright; with rosy cheeks, dangling earrings, a girlish top, dark panties and white stockings that came up to mid-thigh. He skidded to a stop as soon as he noticed Samantha.

“**OH!** I didn't know you were still--” And then her undressed state registered like a smack to the face. “Oh...”

Samantha let silence permeate the room a few seconds before speaking. “I told you I had other plans. Plan A is for you to get on your knees and **suck my cock.**” She pulled down the straining panties and her fleshy unit was freed. It had only just begun to harden and it was already a thick, pulsing club of flesh.

Casey covered his mouth and Audrey's smile grew wicked. Samantha stroked her hefty hose up and down smoothly. Her fat, hairless scrotum hung below, promising a second meal to the ambushed bitch-boy.

“Do what she says, Casey” his Domina instructed before taking another sip of her drink. “**Everything** she says.”

Casey took a deep breath before responding. “Yes, Mistress!” He hurried forward and quickly got on his knees. His silk encased calves and feet slid onto the hardwood as he placed himself at Samantha's service.

Samantha stroked herself a few more times, bringing her hot weapon to an even thicker, more rigid state of readiness. She slid her hand down to the base and slapped it on Casey's face several times. The young man felt light smacks of fleshy warmth spank his cheeks as Samantha teased him with her impressive endowment. The little slut kept looking up at her bare breasts as well. She could tell he liked the whole package that a stacked, well-hung futa presented.

A thick bead of pre-cum leaked from her tip as Sam brought her glistening glans to Casey's open mouth. He plowed his face onto her organ like a starving man, sliding his sucking cheeks down her slick, meaty pole with abandon. Samantha was astonished that after only four, hungry back-and-forth sucks, Casey had pushed his face all the way to her base. She seized his thick, blonde locks and began guiding his motions at a slower pace. She'd never last if he kept slurping her cock at that speed.

“My my... We have an eager cock sucker here! A fucking pro if I've ever seen one.”

Audrey drank from her glass and giggled as she watched her slut boy go to town. “He's had a lot of practice sucking my strapon. Whatever was left of his gag reflex is long gone.”

Samantha snickered. “I'm sure, but I have a feeling this cock-hound has had the real thing before. He's sucking me a little too well for someone who's only feasted on rubber dicks.”

Sam pulled his face off her steel-hard erection with a loud, sucking slurp. Strands of saliva and pre-cum ran from her tip to his thick, puffy lips. The poor boy looked like he'd just had his lollipop taken away. Samantha grinned at him cruelly.

“How about it, slut? How many cocks have you sucked to date?”

“Ummm... I don't know.”

**\*SMACK\***

She slapped Casey with her open palm and added more redness to his cheek. Now, it wasn't just blush. There was soreness and the deep red of someone who loved taking abuse from a dominant lover. Audrey had not exaggerated. Casey liked it rough.

“What do you mean you don't know? You've lost count?!?”

“I suppose, yes...”

“Yes, **Miss Samantha**” she corrected.

“Yes, Miss Samantha” he repeated, his eyes pleading for more of her twitching tower of flesh.

“Now say it all together like a big boy” she insisted, seizing his hair again.

“I've lost count of all the cocks I've sucked, Miss Samantha!”

“Mistress Sam is suitable as well, **slut**.”

“Yes, Mistress Sam!”

“Good boy.”

She pulled his face back onto her beefy missile and he moaned in pleasure as his lips slid back to her pubis. Sam bucked into his face as she pushed his head up and down her glistening rod. His tongue wagged back and forth on the bottom of her cock and his velvety walls sucked her exquisitely from all sides. His mouth was one of the finest she'd ever taken, a tunnel of pure pleasure she could enjoy into the night.

Just to her right, Audrey was spread out on the couch, enraptured by the sight before her. Her nipples had hardened into diamonds, poking through the silky fabric of her nightie. She set her glass down on the end table and let her hand slide down to her sex. She began stroking the outer edge of her vulva, moaning lightly as she watched Samantha cram her giant, spit-coated rod into her boyfriend's mouth relentlessly.

Samantha was building up a head of steam. If she didn't stop soon, her first load would fire down his throat. That wasn't what she wanted. Not yet. She needed a taste of that femboy ass and she needed it now. If Casey wanted to taste her cum, he could suck her cock again later. Ass-to-mouth would be the perfect way to give this slut his first feeding.

She yanked his mouth off her sloppy cum cannon and his vacuum-like lips released it reluctantly with a wet suck. Casey coughed and a web of spittle and pre-cum slid from his lips to the floor. He'd practically choked to death on her cock and he still wanted more of it down his throat. Samantha loved this filthy fuck-boy already.

“Let's move to the kitchen you little bitch! That's where you do your best work, isn't it?”

“Yes, Miss Samantha!”

Sam rose to her feet and pulled on his hair until the young man followed suit. She shoved him towards the kitchen and he stumbled along with Samantha hurrying after him. Her swollen, jutting cock bobbed in her wake, as if leading her to its new home. Audrey grabbed her drink and quickly pursued them, eager to see the next act.

The lust-crazed futa pushed Casey up against the kitchen counter. She pulled his panties aside and brought the head of her dark meat to his lily white pucker. One look downward and Sam could tell Audrey had used some impressive toys on his slutty ass before. Still, he had no idea what he was in for. This femboy was about to experience a whole new level of getting horse-piped.

She traced the glans around the rim of his pucker, teasing him with her soft tip.

“You want it, don't you?”

“Yes, Mistress Sam!”

“How badly?”

“More than anything!” Casey answered, wiggling his ass back on her cock.

“**Then beg for it!**” she yelled, her voice echoing through the kitchen.

“Please fuck my hungry ass with your amazing cock Miss Samantha! I need it so much!!!”

Samantha's hips pushed in firmly and her bulging cock dove into the supple ring of Casey's pucker. Her long, hot pole burrowed in, growing fatter and wider with every inch it pressed into his sucking asshole.

“Ohhhhh! **OHHHH GOD!!!!**” Casey cried out, grabbing onto the counter for dear life. He was practically level with it now, holding onto the edge as Sam grabbed his hips and shoved her length deep into his warm, gripping man cunt. His eyes began to water, yet Casey gave no indication he wanted her to slow. In fact, he made the opposite abundantly clear. “**YES! FUCK YES!!! MORE!**”

Samantha delivered a stinging swat to his sissy ass and turned her head to find Audrey leaning against the wall. Her hand was circling below, tracing the perimeter of her pussy in between dips into her dripping hole.

“**Hey!**” Samantha yelled at her. “Don't be selfish! Slut boy could use some attention.” She pointed at Casey's cock, now freed from his panties. It dangled below, getting harder by the second.

Audrey abandoned her drink and shuffled forward. Her face was a mask of breathless pleasure as she fell to her knees just below her mounted boyfriend. She took his package in her hands and began massaging his cock and balls gently. She stroked his dick up and down and groped his fleshy sack just as Samantha began withdrawing her fat dick and shoving it home with regularity. Casey's moans came loud and frequent as the women worked together to overwhelm him.

Audrey tore her hands away so she could slide her mouth over his prick. She sucked his penis with vigor, her eyes drifting to Samantha's massive scrotum as it lurched back and forth. Sam looked down at her with a haughty gaze, chuckling.

“Go ahead, touch it Audrey. Feel the big, hot load I'm about to shoot in your fairy fuck-boy!”

Audrey reached up and felt her giant sack. Her other hand flew to her pussy and she resumed stroking her sopping wet sex. Her eyes were dreamy, her mind lost in a lustful haze as she sucked dick, fingered herself and massaged Samantha's impossibly fat balls. Sam groped her own breasts as she glided her fat phallus in and out of Casey's heavenly hole.

“You realize you're gonna have to fuck him with even bigger strap-ons, now, right? You'll need to fuck him harder than ever! If you don't, he'll only think of **ME** from now on! Pffft, some Femdom you are... On the floor, sucking cock and stroking balls.”

Samantha loved cucking women. As much as she enjoyed railing boy pussy, this would be her favorite part of the arrangement. It was rare she got the opportunity to turn a woman into a *cuckquean*. Fucking someone's husband or boyfriend in front of them sent her libido into the stratosphere. Audrey seemed to be enjoying it too, so Sam decided to push her luck even further. She knocked Audrey's hand away from her pendulous sack, grabbed the boy's hips and resumed fucking Casey with harsher thrusts.

“Do you own a body suit, Audrey? Something skin tight? Latex or PVC maybe?”

She let Casey's cock drop from her mouth, her hand still mashing her pussy below. “Yes...”

“Good. Because the next time I come over, you're going to wear that. Casey and I will tie you up on the bed and we'll shove a vibrating dildo up that needy cunt of yours. Maybe we'll put one up your tight ass, too. You can lay there and convulse while you watch me fuck your boyfriend over and over.”

“OHHHHHHFFUUUUUU—**AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

Audrey jolted in pleasure as her body shuddered and large splashes of squirt began jetting out of her glistening sex. She screamed repeatedly, her hand never leaving her quivering cunt as wave after wave of climax hit her.

Samantha grunted and began slamming into Casey's ass full force. She drove her lengthy, bloated fuck-stick all the way into the femboy's welcoming depths as he groaned in pleasure and shook his head from side to side. The smack of her fat scrotum into his smaller orbs added just the right amount of pain to go with an immensely satisfying rut.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Samantha's open palm blistered his soft buttocks without end as she used him like human sex doll.

After long minutes of drilling him into the counter, Sam abandoned his hips and reached forward. She fish-hooked his mouth with both hands and pulled back on his body, plowing her fearsome erection into his gripping boy-pussy with astonishing speed. Squelching and slapping sounds filled the kitchen as Samantha reached the point of no return.

**“TAKE IT! TAKE IT YOU FUCKING SLUT!!!”**

Casey came first, bellowing in carnal bliss as his stiff penis fired silky ropes all over his recovering

sugar mama. She opened her mouth as his sticky paste decorated her face, chest and thighs. Audrey was lost in a haze of pleasure, still stroking her pussy as cum rained down on her and she watched Samantha pound her moaning sissy slut.

Samantha released his stretched-wide mouth and seized his hips in a death grip. She buried herself one last time and remained hilted in his ass as her cock spewed a geyser of hot, slimy filth. Casey could feel his anal walls bulge as the river of hot custard flowed down her thick invader and erupted in his depths. Silky gunk hosed into his insides, rippling into his intestines and splattering out around the seal of his pucker. Samantha's copious ejections continued long after his little dicklet finished shooting man butter on the gibbering blonde below.

Sam grabbed his hair and pulled his head back, one final act of dominance as every ounce of gruel-like sludge jettisoned into her newest cum-dump. When her ejaculations ceased and her thunderous orgasm began to wane, she released him, panting and pushing him down on the counter with her heavy, sweaty breasts.

Yes, this was going to work out splendidly. These dalliances would be a major plus not only for Samantha's sex life, but her position at the company. Her work would be easier. Promotions would come more swiftly. Once she had Audrey and Casey tied up and mumbling in brain-broken pleasure, she would take compromising pictures of them; just in case their relationship ever soured.

Sam wasn't worried about that, though. They both seemed to love what she was doling out. These sluts wanted more and she was happy to give it to them. This had the makings of a long and fruitful relationship.