

Jean Bart Nutbusters – The Cock Trials

After her recent success exterminating an entire horde of zombies with nothing more than her body and a few cans of poison gas. Mogador was feeling confident, sleeping like a rock with the bravado to handle anything. After a few quiet days, she was called into the prep room once again. “Mogador is on the floor. Hey guys. What’s going down today. Another horde of zombies? A new monster? Something I can test my skills against?”

“Ah. Mogador. Good to see your body recovered... Mostly. It’s nice to see your personality intact too.” Eli, the reserved research and scientist lady, fixed her glasses and spun round on her chair with a soft smile. After cleaning and repairing Mogador’s body, Eli had kept a close eye on her health ever since she arrived back at the shop as a cum balloon for zombies. Mogador’s body had changed, her breasts and stomach sagged slightly with a softer more tender touch with visible stretch marks. Her areola, nipples, and labia were permanently darker and more swollen than before. Her tender breasts still producing a small amount of milk from her string of pregnancies.

“Mogador! I’m glad to see you in a good mood. You did well in your last mission and earned the right to know my name. Uvi. My name is Uvi.”

“Huh? Didn’t I already know that?”

“No. I don’t think so anyway...” Walking up to Mogador, Uvi stood with her hands behind her head, buried in her pink hair. She grinned with a wide smile excited to share the news with Mogador. “Unfortunately. There’s no new monsters today. But we do have a difficult task for you.”

“Oh. Well no task is too difficult for me. What is the job?”

“No job this time. Training.”

“Training? But I’m already combat experienced.”

Eli stood up with a short sigh and walked up to Mogador, poking her stomach through her clothes. “Yes well. We would have sent you on a training mission. But that zombie horde arrived so soon. Besides...”

“Besides what?” Covering her soft tender stomach with her hands, Mogador took a step back.

“Besides... It’s not for you.” Uvi giggled, slapping Mogador on her back and walked away.

“Not for me? I Don’t get it.”

“The recent accolades of the company made front page news. With this much exposure. It was only a matter of time before a new recruit signed up.” Following behind Uvi, Eli stood beside her and removed her glasses, cleaning them.

“So you’re sending me to babysit?”

“I don’t need you to babysit me. Mon Amie.” A soft velvety voice echoed out from behind Mogador. A voice which carried royalty with it.

“J-Jean Bart? You signed up to jump into this pit? Are you crazy?” Mogador span around on the spot looking back at her French counterpart Jean. Who walked up to her with her arms crossed and stood with her weight on one foot next to her.

“I couldn’t let *you* get all the glory for France.” Jean Bart was a thin and sheltered girl, a ship which never finished development. With small soft features and porcelain skin, anyone’s initial reaction would be, she’s not cut out for this job. However, she carried herself with grace, having royal blood coursing through her veins. With proud bleach blonde hair with blue tips and white foundation framing her blue eyes. The majority would bow down in her presence at her elegance and beauty. She scoffed lightly examining Mogador’s face and body. “Have you gained some weight? Maybe a boob job?”

“Eh? No. This is the results of working here. This isn’t the place for royalty like you. Mon Amie.”

With a clap of her hands, Uvi silenced the room with a bright expression. “Great. It looks like you two are already close. Let’s get to details of the job.”

Walking over to the set of monitors, Eli pulled up a presentation with maps and information. “This job will act as a training ex. One designed to test endurance and stamina of our exterminators. New and experienced. The job is simple. Step inside one of our gloryholes we have spread around the city. Pleasure every cock for completion. Simple.”

Walking closer to the screen, Mogador pointed up at the map in confusion. “Wait why do you guys have gloryholes... There’s so many too”

“For research purposes. Studying the cocks we see. As well as potential new recruits. Who end up inside on their own accord. None have passed so far.”

“Um. Wh-What type of cocks are we facing here?” Jean’s dislike for strange and nasty smells and tastes had her gagging at the thought.

“Uh... Lots of different cocks... You know... It’s hard to say. I mean. It is a gloryhole. So who knows.” Uvi rubbed her chin looking up at the ceiling, trying to avoid eye contact.

“Hah. Having doubts Jean? Maybe this work isn’t cut out for you.”

“Oh be quiet. Mon amie. I’ll show you I can hand anything.”

“The closest gloryhole is at the Unholy Grail bar. We’ll monitor your progress through out. Oh. There are a few more details we forgot to mention. We’ve set up a few rules for these exercises. So we can have you both as field ready as possible. Firstly. All cocks must be cleaned completely. Failure to pleasure a cock will lead to punishment. Second. Once you have started to pleasure a cock. You cannot stop and switch places. Failure to do so will lead to punishment. Thirdly. No cum must spill on the floor. Failure to keep the floor clean will lead to punishment. Lastly. No matter what is poked through the holes. You must clean and pleasure. Or again. Punishment. Failure to complete the punishments shows us. You are not cut out for this work. You’ll then both be fired. Okay head out soon. Stay safe.”

With that ominous warning and cheery farewell, Mogador and Jean Bart headed to the Unholy Grail bar. Mogador was feeling confident ready to take on anything. However, she was concerned for her French comrade who might slow her down or get her fired. Jean had a look of determination too, but it was thin like her undeveloped body.

As the girls arrived at the Unholy Grail bar, they quickly realised this bar lived up to its reputation. A run-down ramshackle building stood in front of them, the smell of alcohol, smoke, and sex visible from the front door. Once inside, the interior was no better as it looked and felt abandoned, left to rot away under the overpass road above.

“Are we sure this is the place?” Jean stayed close to Mogador, holding her shoulder as they explored the bar. “This isn’t the sort of place girls like us should be seen at. Well especially not me.”

“Relax mon amie. We’ve been given a job to prove our worth to this company. No place is too nasty when Mogador is on the job.” With a cocky grin, Mogador was still feeling confident as they reached to backrooms of the bar. A set of toilet doors stood in front of them. Mogador scanned the names trying to understand which one they were supposed to

use. “The first says. For men. The third says. For women. Oh. The one in the middle says. For glory... Well we are here for a gloryhole. So glory it is.” Opening the door, Mogador stepped inside holding her hand out for Jean to take.

“A-Are you sure this is the right place. It seems awfully small...” Taking Mogador’s hand, Jean stepped into the room. It was the size of a storage closet, tall enough to stand but narrow enough that their shoulders rubbed together.

“Well. A room sandwiched between two toilets. Called for glory. Sounds like the place. No?” Mogador began undressing, slowly removing her clothes and made a neat pile on the floor in the corner.

“W-What are you doing? Put your clothes back on.” Jean turned away from Mogador and covered her eyes in embarrassment. She fidgeted on the spot stepping on one foot to the other.

“Relax Jean. Take your clothes off too. Trust me. I know from experience. This job gets messy. You’ll want to keep your favourite dress clean. Besides. It’s not the first time we’ve seen each other naked.” With a playful grin, Mogador placed her hands on Jean’s hips and yanked her dress off her petite body. She placed the clothes next to her own and leaned against the wall.

Jean looked at Mogador’s body with slight pity in her eyes. She studied the shape of her curves and the stretch marks on her stomach and breasts. She gently touched her swollen breasts, feeling the rough darkened area. Squeezing it gently, a small droplet of milk dripped onto her hand. “What happened to your body Mogador. Are you telling me one job caused all this?”

“Yeah. A warehouse filled with zombies caused this. The sex, parasites and cum were bad. But this tattoo mark something far worse.” Mogador brushed her fingers over a freshly finished tattoo on her lower stomach. The design was a three times layered heart with a zombie like texture and slime dripping off it. “This tattoo represents the three pregnancies I had during that job. Nasty things. Zombie babies... So again. Are you sure about this mon amie?”

“That’s a crazy thing to go through. Wow... But yes. I am prepared for this job. You’re here to prove yourself. Right? I’m here for the same reason. To prove that I’m not just a royal ship that should be sheltered in some harbour.”

“Well with a body like that. It would be a shame to keep it locked away.” Mogador wrapped her arms around Jean’s waist and slowly ran her fingers up her back and around to her breasts. Teasing her nipples, she giggled with a playful smile. “I’m going to use those words against you. When you have cum spilling out your nose.” She grinned brightly happy to have the company on this job.

“Oh yeah? Well let’s see who breaks first... Ahh! What was that?” A jarring gasp from Jean broke apart their gentle touching moment. Something was now physically touching Jean’s lower back. A soft hot object poked her through the hole in the wall. She looked down to see a dirty smegma covered cock twitching and throbbing against her back.

“Oh. It’s only human... Well looks like the first cock is on you... Literally. Enjoy!”

“Only human? Huh? Well... I suppose you’re right. Royalty first as they say.” Jean tried to act calm and collected, but her head was spinning. Her elegant motions and expressions were a façade for her true desires and fear. She had a strong affinity towards smegma which was one of the few exceptions to her disgust for strange smells and tastes. Hesitantly dropping to her knees, she grabbed the cock with one hand and kissed the tip. A bead of precum trailed up from the head to her lips.

Mogador kneeled down beside her grinning at the sight. “Remember to clean it entirely. Also make sure to not spill anything.”

“Yes I know. Don’t treating me like this is my first cock.” Jean slowly peeled back the cock’s foreskin, smegma lined the walls trailing down the head. She gagged at the sight, but the smell caught her nose causing her to salivate. With her tongue shaking, she pushed it toward the shaft. Wrapping her tongue around, she began to scrape off the smegma little by little. It balled on her tongue like snow, filling her mouth. Once cleaned, she chewed on it before gulping it down and turned her head to Mogador. With her mouth open, she exhaled showing Mogador her empty mouth. The smell causing Mogador to look the other way. “Is that clean enough for you? Mon amie.”

Mogador ran her fingers over Jean’s body and grabbed her thighs, resting her head on her shoulder. “Impressive. Now let’s see how you suck. Miss royalty.” Trailing her fingers up Jean’s body, she grabbed her hair holding it between her wrists and placed her hands on her cheeks. Holding her closely, she slowly pushed Jean’s head towards the cock.

Hesitantly, Jean opened her mouth once more allowing Mogador to guide her. The cock itself was fairly average, apart from the smegma, it was an easy opening to the training exercise. Jean took the cock to the back of her throat until she gagged, saliva dripping down

her chest as Mogador continued to hold her hair. Wrapping her hands around the base of the cock, Jean proceeded to bob her head back and forth. Using her hands, tongue and throat, she pleased the human cock with ease. She could feel the cock throb and pulse in her tight throat the faster she sucked.

Mogador suddenly felt a second cock poke itself into the box from the other side. Which rubbed up against her back eager to play. Mogador looked over at it and licked her lips in anticipation. Hungry herself, Mogador let go of Jean's hair spinning around and rubbed her back against Jean's. Lifting her hair over one ear, she grabbed the cock with her other and began to lick the smegma off. The taste and smell caused her brow to furrow, wiping her lips with her wrist before slipping the tip into her mouth. Rolling her tongue around it, she cleaned the smegma off with an audible gulp and pushed her head further down over the shaft.

Both girls now had their mouths full as the room echoed with the sound of fellatio. The visceral slurping and gagging sounds turned both girls on more as they stimulated the cocks in their mouths. With Mogador's recent achievements in her previous job, she was more skilled than Jean. However, because of the hellish week she endured in that warehouse, she didn't feel as excited as she used to from pleasuring human cock. Jean on the other hand was less experienced and was struggling to hold the entire cock in her mouth. Her loose movements and sloppy technique were pleasurable in an unorthodox way. Unlike Mogador, Jean was loving this sensation, soaking in oxytocin.

The difference in techniques brought both cocks to the edge at the same time. Both Jean and Mogador felt the head of the cocks in their mouths swell up ready to cum. Instinctually, Jean pulled her head back to let go of the cock. However, Mogador knew that if she did, they'd be punished for getting cum on the floor. Placing her hand on the back of Jean's head, she forced her back over the cock. Which buried deep down her throat causing her to choke. Both girls gasped as they felt the two cocks begin to cum, shooting hot thick loads straight down their throats. Mogador gulped down each pump load with graceful expertise. Jean however, covered the gaps around the cock and her mouth with her hands to stop it from spilling. Battling with her own bodily reaction, she managed to gulp down the hot sticky load as well.

Both cocks slid out of their throats and pull back out of the holes and disappeared. There was a brief moment of silence as Jean and Mogador tried to catch their breaths. Leaning against each other, they both had a light sweat as their hot bodies rubbed against each other.

Mogador giggled softly, licking her fingers while staring into Jean's eyes with a playful expression. "The way you forced yourself to take that load. Was so sexy. I never would of guess. You. Jean Bart. Would swallow cock like an ally cat."

Jean reached over and grabbed one of Mogador's sagging swollen breasts and squeezed her nipple gently. "You've changed too. Sucking cock like a queen. How many zombies did you end up pleasuring?"

"Enough to make this an easy job." Mogador was feeling more confident than ever, after sending some random stranger to heaven with her mouth. Her emotions ran high with adrenaline, feeling on top of the world. "They can send. Three or four cocks. We'll finish them with no problems with me here. I mean. How bad can a human's cock get? Right?" Her confidence was bleeding over to Jean as they started to believe they could finish this challenge. However, they had no idea what was happening outside the gloryhole room.

The room they were in was slowly sinking, an elevator disguised as a storage closet. The first round of cocks was indeed sandwiched between two toilet blocks. However, the room had quietly and gently lowered the girls down a floor into the basement.

Mogador looked around the room at the various holes of various sizes. Each one was dark and gave no clue as to what was on the other side. She giggled playfully and looked back at Jean. "How about a friendly game to make this more exciting?"

"Huh? Oh. That could be fun. What do you have in mind?"

"let's count them. Each time we make a cock finish and disappear. We both have one right now. Highest wins."

"Oooh. That does sound like fun. Sure. You're on!"

Suddenly a strange scrapping sound could be heard from outside the room accompanied by what sounded like growling. Suddenly a bright red cock pushed its way through a hole on the wall. With an inhumanly shape this lipstick cock was twitching and pulsing with a red knot at the base of the shaft.

Mogador looked at the cock with disgust then at Jean with one eye closed. She thought she could get one point ahead of Jean as there couldn't possibly be a way that she'd choose to pleasure such a beastly cock. "I'll take this one Jean... Just sit back and watch..."

Jean put her hand on Mogador's shoulder and gulped in anticipation. Her eyes were spiralling, focused on the cock like a hypnotic trance. "No no. I insist. I'll take this one..."

"You want that? Really? Heh. Well I'm not going to complain. Go ahead."

Licking her lips, Jean slowly grabbed the red member between her fingers. Unlick a human cock, this cock was firm and tender. Tiny blue vines pulsed under her fingertips, the pointed tip leaking precum down her wrist. The cock was covered in a thick layer of filth, which caught Jean's nose. She gagged and coughed before wrapping her tongue around it. Using her lips and tongue, she ran her mouth over the shaft cleaning the filth off. Jean had a dark secret, that she enjoyed these types of cocks. From her experience and judging from the size, she knew this beastly cock was attached to a huge beastly body.

Mogador watched in excitement at Jean's attentive technique, mesmerised by her movements. She took a step towards her but suddenly stopped as she felt a long cold breath on the back of her neck. Turning around, she placed her eye against the hole to see what was causing the breath. She saw nothing except the flared head of a huge cock coming straight for her face. A second beastly cock slammed into her face, pushing her to the other side of the room. This cock was much longer than the first. With black and white patches on its thick shaft and a unique ridging over the flared head. Mogador peeled her head from the tip, which covered her entire face. Smegma stuck to her skin and trailed up to the cock. She wiped her face with her wrist and licked off the smegma. "There's no way they can fit these boys in a toilet... Something isn't right here." Holding the huge cock with two hands, Mogador began to lick the tip clean. She knew they would be punished if she didn't, so she buried her concerns and continued to pleasure. Her mind was already blurring over as the smell and size of such a majestic beast in her hands was overwhelming. Taking the tip into her mouth, she stroked the long shaft which bent and squished in her hands.

Mogador was pretty sure of what was happening in the gloryhole, but what really solidify her suspicions was the third cock which poked through next to the beast she was stimulating. A thin and long corkscrew-like shape spiralled its way into the room, poking Jean's ass like a stick. Mogador shook her head as Jean moaned softly. "So that's the truth about this room..." She looked over at Jean, who was moaning softly with the red cock deep in her mouth right down to the knot. Her hand was between her legs, loosely masturbating. Mogador giggled and slapped Jean's ass. "Jean. Slow down and pace yourself. This is going to get much. Much worse."

Jean leaned back allowing the cock to slide out of her throat with a vacuum like suction. She looked back at the different types of cocks in the room and giggled. "What can be worse than cleanup crew for a farm?" Continuing to pleasure herself she returned to licking the red lipstick in front of her. She slipped the throbbing shaft deep into her mouth, all the way to the knot. Forcing its shaft deeper into her mouth, she fought through her gagging to wrap her lips around the knot.

Scoffing at her response she looked down at the corkscrew cock and licked her lips. "You're okay with this? I mean. You're taking that filthy cock so deep. Without even knowing where it's been..."

"Mhm. I-lsh goood~ Mmm~"

"We'll then let's see how you hand this." Mogador took the strange curly cock and pushed it between Jean's legs.

With a sharp gasp, Jean looked over her shoulder to see the cock Mogador was holding. She could only mumble her protest with such a thick cock stuffed down her mouth. Trying desperately to give Mogador a sign to say no, she tried to move her ass away. However, the twisting spiralling cock pushed its way into her pussy with no delay. Jean jumped, jolting onto all fours, with one cock in her mouth and one in her pussy. She was now being spit roasted between two beasts. She could feel the corkscrew shaft exploring her uterus, wriggling against her walls. Suddenly, the tip pressed up against her cervix, causing her to gasp sharply, biting the shaft of the red beast in her mouth.

The crazy thing about the long thin shaft exploring her vaginal canal, is its ability to find and penetrate the womb. Jean was no exception, this beastly entity was clawing at the door of her womb. Poking and prodding against her cervix with a sharp pain sparking around her body. The small room suddenly filled with screams as Jean felt the cock enter the deepest part of her uterus. Her deepest place penetrated by some filthy lowlife creature.

Mogador stumbled backwards as the mighty long cock grew in size and forced her back. With stallion like strength, she struggled to hold it in her mouth. She leaned over Jean who was rocking her whole body back and forth working the two cocks she was pleasuring.

Jean felt the cock in her mouth pulse and twitch as it closed in on a climax. She tried to remove it from her throat to savour the taste on her tongue. However, she couldn't move, the knot bulged against the inside of her cheeks. There was no way to take it out, her mouth and throat stuck in place. Panic set in remembering the details of this specific beastly cock,

which can stay knotted for hours. Her breathing was heavy and sporadic, the space for air cut short.

With explosive force, Jean felt the knot against her cheeks pulse and throb as the red cock began shooting its hot watery load straight into her stomach. It continued to pump its load with no end in sight. As much as Jean tried to pull her mouth back, she couldn't move. Her body went limp, the compromising position turned her on as she melted in the pleasure. With the corkscrew cock using her pussy like a toy, it continued to pound away at her tight hole.

Mogador's struggles continued as she tried to contain the huge cock which dominated her in presence and physicality. She felt it throbbing as the flared head bulged her cheeks further. She knew it was close to cumming and knew there was no way she could take the sheer amount of cum a beast like this would produce. Sudden panic crossed her mind as she looked around the room for a solution. Removing the large head from her cheeks with saliva and smegma trailing down her breasts. She lined it up with Jean's trembling ass and forced the tip into her pussy. Which already accommodated the long twisting corkscrew cock.

Jean's limp body was shocked back into action as the huge, flared head of the second cock raked its way up her vaginal canal. The pain was great, but manageable, until it began to thrust with the horsepower of a stallion. Unbeatable agony followed as Jean's body was pounded against the opposite wall, pressed against it with her mouth still stuffed full. The room shook with the force of great beasts destroying Jean's insides. The long thick cock forced its way into Jean's womb with ease, breaking her resistance immediately. Mogador knelt over her, licking and teasing the two cocks pounding her pussy.

The thrusting felt like an eternity until the two cocks reshaping her womb finally reached a climax. The combined sensation of Jean's pussy and the two cocks rubbing together pushed them over the edge cumming simultaneously. The corkscrew cock started to shoot its thick globular cum into Jean's womb. Its seed acted as glue around itself and the other cock. The flared head of the other cock started to shoot its hot stream of watery seed. If Mogador was to keep this cock in her mouth, she'd surely spill cum on the floor. However, alongside the sticky glue-like substance the other cock produced. Every drop stayed within Jean's womb, which expanded with the sheer quantity, eventually leaving a visible inflated bulge.

After a few cum soaked minutes, both cocks went limp and pulled out at the same time. Still dominant in size, they brought Jean's cum sealed womb down her vaginal canal.

Her cervix peaked out of her loose hole, rubbing against her wet labia. The cock in her mouth finally stopped swelling and released its hold from her cheeks. She collapsed to the floor, panting like an ally dog, her body well used and destroyed by the beast like cocks.

Mogador grinned brightly slapping Jean's ass. "Wow girl. You took those cocks like a pro. Look at your stomach too. Good job catching all the cum."

Coughing and wheezing as she caught her breath and composure, Jean looked up at Mogador with tears in her eyes. "You're more of a monster than any cock..."

"Huh? What did I do?"

"You forced those cocks inside me... Used my womb for this job..."

"Well newbie. I kept our jobs safe. You should be thanking me."

Jean giggled, pushing herself off the floor with a smug grin. "I'm thankful all right. Thanks for the three-point lead in our game."

"Ahh! I forgot about that. On damn. That's not good."

"Well. Here's a chance to get a point back." With a wicked smile, Jean pointed to the hole where the corkscrew cock was and licked her lips. The other two cocks had disappeared, pulled back through the gloryholes leaving just one nasty, twirled cock. "Looks like this buddy isn't finished yet."

"Fine. I got this." With a tremble in her hand, Mogador gagged at the texture of the cock, rubbing it against her pussy. The pretzel like shaft rolled around in her hand like a living creature. With a deep breath, she attempted to push the problematic cock into her pussy. However, it slipped out of her grip and wriggled against her urethra. After a sharp gasp of pain, the beastly cock forced itself into her tight hole. "Aaah. Oh god. It's in my bladder. Oh god. I can feel it inside my bladder." Mogador collapsed with her back on the floor, legs up, kicking in pain as the cock pushed further into her body. It began to thrust deep inside her, each time it buried itself to the base, it carved out more space and dug deeper. The pain felt like surgery, her inner organs moved around as the corkscrew twisted its way to her bladder. Mogador's pain passed slowly, soon being replaced with pleasure. Placing her hand on the floor to support her weight, she started to roll her hips. Her disgust was quickly replaced with excitement as she moaned softly into the air.

Crawling over to Mogador panting softly, Jean pulled herself up her body and kissed her deeply. Her mouth and tongue vibrated from Mogador's moans as she explored her

mouth. Running her hand down Mogador's neck and trailing down her chest, Jean cupped her saggy breast. Pinching and teasing her dark erect nipples which squirted with a weak spray of milk. Jean continued to watch the cock churn up her insides with a doughy expression.

With Jean's extra teasing and the strange pleasurable sensation crawling up her ureter, Mogador was close to an orgasm herself. After a few minutes of hard intense thrusting, the evasive cock reached her kidneys. Using every inch of its long thin shape, it pounded her organs into a tender mess. The mixture of pain and pleasure was too great for Mogador, causing her to climax. She threw her head back as her body spasmed, lifting her legs once again as she expected to squirt. However, nothing came out of her body as the corkscrew cock in the wrong hole was acting as a plug, keeping her juices inside. Her body tightened like a vice, clamping down around the cock in her kidney. Which was the final act for this cock as the overstimulation caused it to explode. Its thick sticky wad of cum shot into her kidney, ureter, and bladder as it pulled out. Once at the base of her urethra, it sealed her pee hole closed and pulled back out of the gloryhole.

Collapsing to the floor together, both girls panted softly lost in a pool of satisfaction after such rough sex. Mogador's inclination that the cocks were only going to get worse was accurate. The elevator gloryhole slowly and secretly descended further into the ground. Now below the bar and basement, it sat at the first floor to the town's sewerage system.

Rolling onto her back, Mogador stood up using the wall as support. She sighed deeply holding her stomach right over her bladder. The sticky cum inside her moved around as she did with a heavy sway. She helped Jean to her feet and wiped the saliva off her face. "So. You're here to prove that you aren't just some sheltered princess? The way you handled these cocks so far. I don't think that's entirely true. Is it?"

"Huh.. Um. I guess you could say I've had some experience..."

"With who? The admiral?"

"Eh? No. My pets..."

"W-What?-"

Just at that moment another cock shot through one of the holes behind Jean, poking her back. She jumped with a sharp squeal as she soon felt the strange texture hit her. Unlike the previous ones, this cock felt slimy, and unpleasant. "Ahh! Ew what is that on my back?"

Identifying the cock immediately, Mogador trembled with fear. “N-No. Not more. Not again...”

“What is it? Mogador. You look like you’re seen a ghost.”

“Worse than a ghost mon amie. Z-Zombie cock...” Swallowing her pride, Mogador sighed and put her hand on Jean’s shoulder, grinding her teeth. “Don’t feel like you need do this. Trust me. These guys are disgusting. I’ll take care of them.”

Jean turned around to look at the decaying, dripping cock and gagged in her mouth. Trying to compose herself, she held her nose glancing back at Mogador. “It’s okay. I think I can handle one at least. Besides. It wouldn’t be fair after the amount you had to deal with last time. You’re not alone this time” She dropped to her knees like a prisoner sent to execution. The wet zombie cock sitting face high, throbbing and twitching as a vile fluid dripped off the tip.

“If this is something you want to do. Then let me help you with your first.” Fixing her hair, Mogador kneeled beside her and grabbed the rotting cock which oozed between her fingers. With her other hand, she caressed Jean’s cheek with a soft doughy expression and slipped her thumb into her mouth. Jeans tongue wrapped around her thumb sucking on it as she slowly opened her mouth. Pulling her hand back with a trail of saliva, she guided Jean’s open mouth closer to the cock.

The putrid smell lit Jean’s nose of fire, a deadly mixture of precum, smegma, and rotting flesh. Wincing at the sight and smell, she hesitantly took the tip onto her tongue. Snapping her head to the side, she coughed and gagged, wiping her tongue on her arm. “Ack. Ew. Oh ugh. It’s disgusting...” The unearthly taste was like nothing she could ever imagine, a taste so foul that it turned her stomach inside out from one lick. With deep breaths, she composed herself and tried again. Her eyes were shut tight as she edged the cock into her mouth.

With Mogador’s help, Jean now had the slimy rotting cock in her mouth, filled with decaying fluids. She trailed saliva down her chest gagging at the taste as she started to bob back and forth. The more she moved the more the cock throbbed and broke off chunks of flesh in her mouth. Desperate for it to be over, she sped up eager to force it to cum. Her efforts paid off as she could feel something about to explode out the tip. However, what began to fire into her mouth wasn’t cum, but icy cold piss instead. Jean’s eyes dilated in a panicked stated, frozen in fear. As much as she tried to take in the piss, it was inevitable that she’d spill it.

Mogador spotted the trickle of liquid running down Jean's cheek and panicked. She knew if she took over, they'd be punished. Instead, she pinched Jean's nipple teasing her playfully until she felt her finger enter her milk ducts. Grabbing the cock, she squeezed it tight to hold back the piss and rammed it into Jean's left breast. With an echoing gasped, Jean's breast started to expand with the nasty cold piss. Once she felt it no longer pulsing and twitching, she pulled it out of Jean's breast and tied the nipple shut.

Gulping down the last of the piss in her mouth, Jean looked down at her engorged breast with tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry mon amie. It was all I could think of in that moment... Don't worry, we'll remove it as soon as we're done here."

With nothing but a sad nod, Jean wiped her mouth and eyes before refocusing on the cock in front of her. Now seeking vengeance on the thing, she had a strong sense of determination written over her face. Burying the shaft deep down her throat, she used her tongue and neck muscles to overstimulate the zombie cock. Which soon began to throb once again, ready to blow its load. Jean braced herself as the cock began to shoot cold dead load into her throat. However, her stomach was filled with piss and other beastly cum. With no room for more, her eyes widened glaring at Mogador.

Just like before, Mogador spotted the situation and pulled the cock out once it was finished pumping. The satisfied zombie slipped back beyond the hole in the room. "It's okay Jean. I'm here to help. Give me some of that seed. Mon amie." Wrapping her hands around Jean's head, Mogador slowly crept forward and placed her lips against Jean's, who was trying desperately to keep the cum in her mouth. Mogador pushed her tongue passed Jean's lips and rolled it around her cum coated mouth. The icy vile fluid spilled into Mogador's mouth like an opened flood gate.

Jean grabbed Mogador's shoulders and relaxed into the kiss, beginning to roll her tongue around too. Sharing a deep passionate kiss, Jean slowly pushed the remaining cum across to Mogador who gulped it down. The vile taste wasn't so bad once Mogador's tongue filled her mouth. She started to find it desirable and sexy, wanting to share more with her.

Pulling away, Mogador licked her lips and then licked Jean's lips. She giggled playfully with a soft wink. "That was very tasty. Your tongue was delicious."

"Thank you Mogador. That was... Amazing... Wow. I've never had a cum kiss before. It was electrifying." Jean cupped her piss swollen breast teasing her tied up nipple. Biting

her lip with a heavy breath she cupped one of Mogador's breasts with her free hand. "Will my breasts end up like yours now?"

"Mhm. Sadly so. But don't worry. They'll become so sensitive that it's worth it."

As the two girls enjoyed a moment of gratification, suddenly the room shook as Mogador's fear came to fruition. The sound of growling and shouting echoed through the gloryholes. With no end to the shaking of the room, four cocks found their way through the holes. Two on Jean's side and two on Mogador's, two below the girls and two above.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Mogador dropped her hips over the cock on the floor in defeat. Driven by despair, she hastily sat on the cock swallowing it whole. A familiar cold icy feeling chilled her uterus causing her to shiver. The slimy cock travelled up her vaginal canal leaving smegma and rotting precum against her walls. She winced looking over at Jean who looked back with dread in her eyes. "I-It might be freezing cold. But it's normal for zombie cock. It's not that bad once you start moving. I swear."

With a tremble in her lip, Jean nodded and slowly crawled over the cock beneath her. Lowering her weight over the cock, she rubbed the vile fluids over her labia before inserting it into her pussy. With a soft gasp and sharp scream, she dropped the rest of her weight. The zombie cock disappeared deep into her body. Her cum sealed cervix was now halfway down her vaginal canal. Which forced the zombie cock between her uterus wall and cervix. She shivered with one eye closed and reached out to grab the other cock. Naively grabbing it without hesitation, she squealed loudly shaking her hand around aggressively. She looked down at her hand blowing on her palm as if she burnt herself. "Aaah. Ow ow. Ouch. I thought you said zombie cocks were all cold. This one just burnt me..."

"That's... That's not possible." Licking her fingers, Mogador reached out and hesitantly tried to grab the cock hovering near her face. Just like Jean, she recoiled in pain as the heat burnt her hand. "Ouch... Well that's new... These must be some sort of hybrid zombie." Mogador's creative mindset gave her a crazy idea as she leaned in closer to the hot cock with her tongue. She licked the tip wincing in anticipation of the boiling hot touch. However, her tongue didn't immediately burn from the touch. Manageable at best Mogador, sighed looking down at her hands. "Seems like our saliva can curve the heat a little. Just enough to make pleasuring them achievable." Without using her hands, she took the member onto her tongue. Her saliva steaming around it's shaft as she edged it further down her throat.

Jean copied her actions and hesitantly poked her tongue out of her mouth. The last cock smell and taste had her gagging from the start, this cock's added heat had her terrified. Confusion washed over her face as the heat evaporated her saliva. Thanks to this heat, the cocks smell and taste were nothing more than charcoal burnt toast. Instinctively, she started to roll her hips and bob her head in rhythm.

Mogador wasn't going to be left behind as she began to bob and roll too. Both girls worked two cocks each, at the same time. The freezing shivers creeping over their bodies mixed with the almost unbearable heat radiating out from their mouths, made it near impossible to pleasure them. With rigid hip movements and sporadic sucking, the girls battled through the disgusting combination.

Both girls' pussy walls were tight and tense leaking cold slime down their legs. This made it hard to pleasure them, each thrust tearing the two cocks apart. With decaying rotten flesh filling their holes, their bodies started to crawl with an unnatural feeling. Mogador's movements were high and fast, her constant motion helped keep the cock inside her from falling apart anymore. Jean however, was gently grinding on the cock with soft slow motions. Too focused on the putrid situation, she couldn't stop the cock inside her from breaking apart more.

Meanwhile, the heat from the modified zombie cocks in their mouths created its own set of problems. Mogador used her experience to maintain her breathing between her movements. Expertly rolling her tongue over the radiating cock which spewed hot precum and decaying flesh down her throat. Jean's struggles with the hot cock were no better. Her throat was dry and rough the longer she kept the cock inside her mouth. The only thing lubricating the zombie's member was her stomach fluid from gagging so much.

The experience from Mogador caused the cocks in her mouth and pussy to violently shoot their seed deep inside her. The first was the freezing cold cock in her pussy which shot a sticky cold load straight against her cervix. The icy feeling caused her to gasp inhaling a large fume of heat. She tried to pull the heated cock out of her mouth as she choked and coughed. However, this cock had also finished the race. With a super-heated load, her mouth and throat soon filled with seed. Burning her throat on the way down, she felt her stomach expand with its new hellish fiery content. Stumbling backwards, she fell on her ass causing the two cocks to slipped out of their respected holes and disappear out of the gloryhole. Her stomach was on fire and her pussy filled with cold cum and decaying chunks. Panting heavily, she laid motionless watching Jean continue to grind.

Jean's reserved approach took longer to bring the two cocks in her holes to a climax. With tears in her eyes, she desperately attempted to cause the heated cock to climax. Eventually her prayers were answered as the burning hot load coated her mouth and throat. Her eyes dilated in fear as the heat running down her oesophagus burned her with agonising pain. The blood in her veins boiled as the deadly hot cock slide out her mouth and the gloryhole. Her newfound hot blood brought heat back to her uterus. Beginning to feel her muscles relaxing, she began to bounce on the cock and soon brought it to orgasm. With explosive force, it fired its cooled dead sperm straight into her shortened vaginal canal. The unbearable freezing temperature made her shiver, watching the cock slide out and disappear. Jean had no time to catch her breath as she felt the cum in her pussy about to leak out of her body. Because of the beastly cum sealed inside her womb, which was halfway down her vaginal canal. The room to house the putrid zombie cum was cut in half. "M-Mogador. I can't hold it in. I'm about to leak..."

Still panting, Mogador looked down at Jean's pussy noticing the cum about to drip off her labia. "Don't worry. I got this." Without hesitation, Mogador pushed Jean onto her back and positioned herself between her legs. Licking the inside of Jean's thigh up to her labia. Mogador grinned with a playful smile as a thin trail of zombie cum connected her lips to Jean's labia. "How about I clean you up~" Licking her lips, she plunged her tongue into Jean's pussy. Her hot breath and soft tongue caused Jean to moan loudly. The cold cum caused Mogador to gag but the soft texture of Jean's insides motivated her to continue. With a vacuum like suction, she gulped down the icy seed while intentionally pleasuring Jean.

"Oh yes mon amie. Keep going. Mmm~ Don't stop. Right there. Oh fu~ck!" Jean grabbed Mogador's hair, clamping her head between her thighs. She arched her spine back while moaning loudly soaking in pleasure. The mix of the several different loads in her body paired with the lustful pleasure she felt from the humiliating situation, had her close to an orgasm. Squeezing Mogador against her pussy, she screamed as she squirted into her open mouth. Her hot thick cream coated Mogador's mouth and throat, a pleasant change to sperm.

Managing to swallow her entire orgasm without spilling a drop, Mogador sat back with a confident look. She flicked her fingers panting as she tried to catch her breath. "Now. That was delicious. No spillage either. Admit it Jean. I'm a pro." She grinned with a cocky egotistical expression while loosely rubbing her clitoris. Her gloating was misplaced as the zombie cum in her womb was filled with parasites now exploring her fallopian tubes and ovaries.

Once again, the elevator gloryhole descended further. Now at the lower floor of the sewers. The girls neglected to notice two more cocks poked themselves through the bottom of the room. Both girls paused realising their job wasn't over and sighed.

"I hope this is the last one..."

"Um Mogador... This cock doesn't look safe... Is that thorns along the shaft?"

"Dammit. This gloryhole was a far worse idea than we first thought..." Shaking her head with nothing left to lose, Mogador shuffled over the thorny barbed cock and slid down over it. Her lowered stomach wiggled as the parasites quickly developed. The pressure was agonising, her screams shattering, the barbs raked up this insides of her pussy, causing nothing but pain. Hovering mere centimetres off the floor, she struggled to move as her legs shook with tremendous tremors. With one eye closed she looked over at Jean with tears flowing down her cheeks. "It's not that bad once it's inside... Aaaah! Okay Okay. It's worse. I lied..."

Jean looked down at the thorny cock below her and started to shake her head violently. "No no no no. I can't. That's beyond my capabilities. I'm sorry Mogador..." Backing up, she curled into a ball and sat in the corner watching Mogador. Their first failure looming over them as she refused to clean and pleasure this cock.

Mogador tried to stand so she could comfort Jean. However, the cock inside her had figuratively nailed itself to her walls. She couldn't move, forced to sit still on top of excruciating pain. "Jean it's okay. You don't have to do this. It'll all be over soon. Ah ow. Um. I-I can't move... It's holding me down." Without a moment to think, the barbed cock started to thrust up into her, with overwhelming stimulation. An addictive mix of endorphins and oxytocin in the form of pain and pleasure. She screamed with her tongue out drooling like a dog in heat almost begging for more.

Jean watched Mogador's body being turned inside out while biting her lip in fear. With tears forming in the corners of her eyes she slowly pulled herself off the floor and crawled over to the other cock. She could see the pain Mogador was in but also sensed the pleasure she was experiencing. Beyond that, Jean felt compelled to join her as she was doing all of this for their success. She felt guilty for not helping and decided to put aside her differences to help. "Y-You're doing all this alone. I can't just sit idly by and let you carry this burden for us." With a deep sigh, she hovered over the cock watching it like a hawk. Slowly lowering herself down onto it, she squealed with a high pitch tone which echoed around the room. Her whole body shook violently as the pain began to overwhelm her sheltered

petite body. Just the tip was enough to make her salivate from pain. Doubting herself, she tried to pull it out but at this point it already had its grip on her. With no choice but to lower herself further, she sat base deep on the cock. The air escaped her lungs as she screamed with no sound. Overwhelming pain lit a path to pleasure as her hormones kicked in. Adrenaline soon numbed the pain enough for her to accept her position.

With no hesitation, the cock below Jean began to thrust up into her. Brutally carving out her insides along with the other cock destroying Mogador's pussy. With nothing to do except take the beating and wait for them to cum, the girls melted away. Their minds blurred over as overstimulation spiked pure electricity around their bodies. The cocks slapped against their cervixes with agonising force. Their tight womb entrances forced open by the painful barbed tips.

Mogador's parasite filled womb didn't last long as the thorny cock blended her insides with rapid movements. It pulsed and leaked as it replaced the space with its shaft. The unfortunate events occurring in Mogador's body were mirrored in Jean's. Her womb up until now was occupied by stomach inflating beastly cum, sealed shut with the sticky globular cum. However, that didn't last long as the barbed cock forced its way inside her womb by tearing open the seal. The only thing stopping a flood of cum was the thorny cock. A few hellish minutes felt like an eternity as both girls were destroyed from the inside out. These two cocks were giving them a below the skin deep clean.

The cock inside Mogador twitched and throbbed as it worked up to a climax. The tip swelled up, flaring and pushing the barbs further into her body. With an agonising wail, Mogador threw her head back feeling the cock shooting its load. Burning hot cum filled her womb like chemical soap filling her womb and fallopian tubes. With one painful fast thrust, the thorny cock yanked itself out of her cervix, which brought it down her vaginal canal. With another sharp thrust, the cock fired out of her body with tremendous speed disappearing beyond the hole in the floor. This force shot her cervix well beyond her labia, prolapsing onto the floor. Finally able to see and hear again, Mogador panted heavily with teary eyes noticing Jean had jumped onto the other cock.

Jean's situation wasn't any better as the cock between her walls began to pulse and throb more. Acting as a plug, the tip grew in size stabbing her more with its barbs. With one final devastating thrust, it began to flood her already filled womb with burning hot cum. Her stomach expanded further the longer it stayed inside her. Feeling like she was about to explode like a balloon, Jean fell backwards forcing the barbed cock to rip out of her insides. A painful mistake which bought her uterus out of her pussy. The cock disappeared leaving

Jean in an unstoppable situation. With the seal broken in her womb, nothing was left to hold back her cum inflated stomach. Her pussy bubbled and leaked before suddenly gushing cum over the floor with tremendous force. The whole floor soon became coated with a thin layer of cum as Jean laid there panting with her uterus prolapsed. Crying through the process, she looked over at Mogador with a defeated expression. “I-I’m sorry. I couldn’t hold it in. We lost. We’ll be punished because of me...”

“H-Hey. It’s not your fault. Besides. We could still win by completing the punishment.”

“R-Right. Yeah. You’re right.”

A screen popped out from the ceiling with a message for the girls which read, clean the room or face further punishment. Both girls read the screen which disappeared once again and looked at each other with confusion. They looked down at the floor and at their hands covered in cum complexed by their task.

“Clean the room? But how? There’s nothing to use...”

“From my experience. When they say clean something. It usual means use your tongue...” With a deep breath and heavy sigh, Mogador rolled onto all fours and began licking the cum off the floor. The sour salty mix contained many different sources creating the vilest concoction. She gagged a few times until the taste in her mouth went numb.

Biting her lip in anticipation, Jean couldn’t help but be turned on by the idea. She dropped to all fours and followed Mogador’s lead to clean up the mess. She moaned softly sucking down the multiple monsters cum, her mind racing from excitement of the humiliation.

With their heads down, little did they know that above them more cocks pushed through the holes. More than ever before, filling the walls with various cocks of different shapes, sizes, and beast. Each one was ready to cum without stimulation, throbbing violently dripping precum. It was only when a drop of precum hit Jean’s back, she looked up. Gasping in shock and horror, Jean was left speechless seeing so many cocks. Mogador stopped to see why she was gasping and looked up as well. With fear in her eyes, she buried her head back against the floor trying to clean faster. However, it was inevitably a winless act as the cocks above them began to shoot load after load into the room. Some cum was thick and sticky, others were thin and watery. Some hot and some cold, the cum variations had no end to them. The room soon started to fill with monster seed, turning into a tank. Parasites, smegma, and cum, a vile mixture which began to turn Jean’s body into a

similar state as Mogador's. Their favourite clothes that they carefully placed to not be ruined, we're now soaked in cum. Jean and Mogador were now bathing in it, washed from head to toe as they continued to try and swallow as much as they could. The smell alone was enough to burn the hairs in their nose, which left both girls numb down to the bone. Now sitting in chest high cum, the girls began to panic with no end in sight.

Suddenly the floor opened up below them to reveal a mesh floor over a pit which quickly filled with the cum in the room, drained away. Both girls gasped of air, cum dripping off every part of their bodies. They wondered if this was finally the end, hoping for the finish line. However, they had one test, one last punishment. Two rusty pipes pushed into the room from a low part of the same wall. From their positions it was clear that the girls needed to lay on top of each other and pleasure these pipes.

With a shake to her voice, Mogador giggled finding the never-ending trials ironically amusing. "Well. One last thing to fuck. I guess... This is definitely one hell of a punishment. Rusty pipe and a tank full of cum... Let's head straight to repairs when we get back. We're going to need it." Mogador took the lead one last time and laid down on her back on the floor. She shuffled closer to the lowest pipe and inserted it into her prolapsed pussy, which pushed her cervix back up her vaginal canal.

"Oh god... That looks so nasty. I'd rather take ten zombie cocks. Over a rusty pipe..." Jean crawled over Mogador, laying on her wet cum soaked stomach. Their bodies pressed together as she lined up the pipe between her sticky labia. The cum coating their bodies made it hard for Jean to position herself, sliding around like an oil wrestler. She anchored herself by sliding the pipe into her pussy.

Slowly both girls began to move, using the wet floor and their slimy bodies to thrust the pipes deep into their uteruses. The feeling was rough and sharp, the smell of rusting iron was so thick they could taste it. Unable to think straight with the stench of cum and rust, both girls began to enjoy themselves, moaning softly. Grabbing Jean's head, Mogador brought her face closer to hers and started to lick the cum off. Jean smiled with a playful expression and returned the favour. Kissing and licking each other's bodies, the two girls melted in pleasure. The cold cum coating their bodies soon heated up as they grinded across each other, their breasts overlapping and their nipples squished together.

Jean unbound her nipple, which allowed the piss to wash over Mogador and drip down into the tank below. With no reason to hold back both girls erupted with oxytocin, their hot bodies on fire with passion. They soon brought themselves to an orgasm grinding and humping the pipes. With explosive force, both girls squirted over each other. Washing

away the cum and replacing it with their juices. The sticky cum seal in Mogador's urethra finally broke as the cum pooled in the tank below them. Panting heavily, Jean collapsed over Mogador who sighed heavily with her post orgasm relaxation.

Suddenly the tank below them started to bubble and churn, a plug opened at the bottom of the tank causing the contents to drain out. The vile mixture wasn't gone for long as the pipes began to rattle and shake in their vaginal canals. With no warning, the pipes began spraying litres of cum directly into their bodies. All that nasty vile fluid packed with parasites and decaying cum fired directly into their bodies. To begin with, their wombs resisted the pressure as cum spilled out from around the sides of the pipes, dripping down their bodies and back into the tank. The gloryhole had turned into a vicious cycle, any spilled cum would end up back in the tank and sprayed back into their pussy.

Eventually the force of the pipes opened a route to their wombs. Their tender stomachs expanded as the sheer force of the pipes pushed more and more cum deep into their bodies. Rapidly inflating with so much cum from so many different beasts and monster. The girls, struggled to move, pinned to the flow with the sheer force. This torture continued for hours until every last drop was contained inside their bodies. Decaying cum, smegma, parasites, everything imaginable was now in their uteruses. Panting heavily the girls stayed motionless as the room cleaned itself and discreetly rose back to the level of the bar.

Suddenly the door, slammed open as Eli and Uvi stood over Mogador and Jean. They looked down with soft smiles and laughed to themselves at the sight. Jean and Mogador were near passing out with their tongues out, drooling. They both had a satisfied broken expression, with no end to their ecstasy-like high in sight. "Let's move these girls back to the shop for repairs. Looks like they're both mission ready now."

"Mhm. Filled to the brim with god knows what. I'll have fun examining their bodies before repair." The girls were taken back to the shop and studied before repairs, they dropped in and out of consciousness throughout. The purpose of the gloryhole was not to test endurance and stamina. Rather, the purpose was to shape their recruits into the perfect exterminators. It was also designed to create subjects to test on. Either way, their plan was successful and created two well rounded, willing exterminators. Ready to take on the worst and nastiest monster imaginable, and soon at that.

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