

The door hadn't even closed.

Cayli jumped onto Kelly at the same time as Kelly reached for her, and the pair of them locked lips with more fire and electricity than either had felt in their entire lives. It was like being the center of a thunderstorm, being both the lightning and the ground it hit as their hands moved about each other. Kelly needed one to keep Cayli aloft but that arm did the job easily. She was a tiny sissy and Kelly was a stud, but her muscles did ripple just enough to get the femboy's attention. Cayli glanced down to the strong arm that held her in the air all by itself and moved hers up and down the she-stud's abs. They were like marble. It was like caressing the muscles of a Greek statue and Cayli was already leaking from her limp little member.

The feeling was mutual.

Kelly's hand was on Cayli's rear, giving the magnificent thing as squeeze as the other hand grabbed her dress and-

***RIPPPPPP!!!***

And ripped it clean off her. She couldn't stand anything keeping her from this conquered prize. She wanted to own Cayli right now, and wasn't going to let some fabric separate them.

The torn dress revealed Cayli's small but perky A cups, and Kelly helped herself to a nipple as she hurried them towards the bed. The sissy moaned as the two nails pressed on and twisted her nipple, reaching down for the bulge at around that time. She couldn't resist. She had to touch it, to taste it, to feel what the incredible thing had to offer now that it was hers.

'Hers.'

Both of them kept thinking that word, thinking of the other as their prize without imagining that the other thought the same way. No one else had ever been able to resist the idea that they were the conqueror, and everyone they'd been with had melted under the power of their hotness.

Until tonight.

Cayli reached to undo the belt just as Kelly threw her on the bed, and looked down with a triumphant smirk. She had done this hundreds of times, and almost always saw the awestruck pout of a cute little face looking up at her like the goddess she was.

But Cayli wasn't awestruck. She was ticked. She was frowning at being denied that bulge by a 'stud' that imagined they were in charge. So she practically lunged across the bed, grabbing the leather belt in her teeth and holding it there like an angry dog that didn't want to be let go of a toy. Kelly was taken aback for a moment as Cayli's hand reached out and rested against the outside of her pants, feeling the warmth of the thing through the fabric. It was already stirring and Cayli reaching to unzip, unbutton and undo only made it worse.

But then Kelly remembered who she was. This was not how she rolled.

So, right as her belt and pants came down to reveal a tight pair of boxers, she put her hands under Cayli's shoulders and lifted her up against the wall. "Bad girl!" she hissed, in a tone that made both of them leak into their underwear. Both saying it and having it said to you were heat-inducing experiences and Kelly threw Cayli back down as she felt desire rushing through her. No more thinking. Just feeling...

She jumped onto Cayli as their mouths found each other's and as their hands roamed free. Cayli took off Kelly's suit jacket and undid her buttons with the expertise of

someone who's undressed men almost as often as she undressed herself. Soon enough Kelly was in nothing but her boxers and a sports bra, and it had come with such ease that she'd hardly even noticed. She was too busy running her hands up and down Cayli's sides, tracing them as though she were blind and trying to get an idea of the sissy's figure. And what an idea she got. Narrow shoulders getting even narrower at a snatched waist and then flaring wide for a pair of hips which could only be described as 'child bearing.' Cayli often joked about that, but it was no joke now. Kelly was going to breed her. She was going to fill her with so much seed that life would find a way. The stud was so mad with desire and deep in the throes of her animalistic drives that she almost thought she could get Cayli pregnant if she tried hard enough.

And boy, would she try.

She flipped Cayli over and smacked her rear, watching the ripples move across the massive mass of flesh as if they were each little earthquakes. It felt so good in her hand. Even that second of contact made her want to squeeze.

So she did.

She reached down and tried to wrap her hands around it, but even her long fingers could barely get a grip.

So she spanked it again.

"Whose ass is this!?" she grunted.

Cayli looked over her shoulder with an arrogant grin.

"Mine."

Kelley recoiled, not used to such a brat. Even the brattiest brats would melt at this point. But instead, Cayli rolled over, grabbed the waistband of Kelly's boxers with her toes, and yanked them down.

What flopped out was enough to make even Cayli gasp.

She had known it'd be big. The size of the bulge had promised that. But it was *huge*. It was thick, with just the right amount of veins to look powerful without looking grotesque. Even her balls were big, promising a nice warm meal down her gullet or a deep warmth inside her guts. Cayli felt that strange, innate desire that subs have to put it against her forearm for comparison, but she knew it'd be bigger. It was as thick as her wrist. It would destroy her.

But where Kelly had seen girls buckle with fright and uncertainty over the size before, she only saw Cayli grin. It grew wider and wider until it was a practically cheshire smile. She crawled towards it, only for Kelly to punitively swing her hips to the side and then swing them back-

Slapping the side of Cayli's face with it.

Cayli gasped and giggled.

"I showed you mine!" challenged Kelly, pushing her onto her back as she reached down, grabbing Cayli's g string with both hands and snapping the fabric like it was nothing. The tiny underwear came away to reveal what was hiding between the sissy's legs, and Kelly also cooed.

It was adorable.

Kelley had never been much for cutesy things, but the tiny pink nub and its smooth, precious little balls were so pretty that it was hard to think of them as

masculine. Most girls dreamed of having some part of them that got the “aww” reaction that Cayli’s little clitty gave people, and she was doing it with something that ought to have been masculine.

But it just...wasn’t.

Cayli took advantage of the shock to sit up once more and grab the base of Kelly’s shaft, holding it possessively and pointing the tip right above her eager mouth. She pressed her long, wet tongue to the bottom of the base and dragged it up, flicking the tip once she reached it and then looking up to the Futa. Kelly looked down in shock at the craven little minx, but that only strengthened her resolve. She was going to turn this femboy into a screaming mess. Maybe then she’d learn not to be so arrogant.

If she wanted to blow Kelly, then Kelly would be in control.

The she-stud wrapped her hands around Cayli’s short pixie cut and held her until she realized who was in charge. Cayli looked a bit annoyed by that, clearly wanting to tease a little bit more. Kelly didn’t care. She reared back her hips as much as she could and then pushed the tip into Cayli’s open mouth. She didn’t stop there though. She was going to prove to this stuck up sissy that she was in a whole other league now, and that she couldn’t keep up.

So she kept pushing forward, wanting to see how much the sissy could take.

She pushed...

And pushed...

And pushed....

And pushed, inch after inch going in with just enough resistance to be pleasant, and not enough to stop her. It was like Cayli's throat as a human fleshlight, perfectly fitted for the heft of Kelly's girth.

Soon it was Kelly that was shocked, pushing it deeper and deeper into the sub's welcoming throat until her balls rested on their chin.

Cayli winked up at her.

Truth be told, the sissy was putting on a good front, but the shaft was at the limits of her ability. She was barely able to take it, although she had to wonder if anyone else had even managed that. She felt it so deep in her throat that she had to wonder if it was going to touch her stomach.

The long, slick thing slowly dragged itself against her insides as Kelly pulled back, her member covered with a clear coat of saliva.

Cayli lightly coughed, hacking up a bit of the leakage that Kelly had left inside.

Kelly had enough.

She reached down and lifted up the sissy by her neck, holding her there and tossing her back down onto her stomach.

So Cayli arched her back further than Kelly had ever seen, butt in the air and face down flat.

**SMACK**

The sissy's reckless grin turned into a grimace as Kelly's red handprint stung on her cheek. That wasn't a teasing spank. It was sending a message.

Cayli was a bad girl.

But Cayli *liked* being a bad girl. It was Kelly's fault if she couldn't keep up.

Kelly climbed up and spit a glob of saliva on the sissy's pink little hole. It was beckoning her, puckering with its vibrant less red until-

Kelly laid her shaft on Cayli's back. It practically went to her ribs...

And it was that moment that Cayli realized she might also be in trouble.

Kelly pulled it back, dragging it against the sissy's back as if to remind her of every single inch that was about to be inside her. Then, Kelly pointed her tip right as the sissy's hole.

"I'm-"

"About-"

"To-"

"Rock-"

"Your-"

"World!"

They spoke at the same time and then Kelly reared up, lifting her hips straight vertical and dropping them right back down, using all her weight, all her power, all her rippling muscles. She brought her entire strength down on the sissy's little hole, parting it and spreading her as wide as she could take. It wasn't just her anus anymore. It seemed like she might actually go into her guts, and make the euphemism come true. Cayli's hole swallowed it, gripping on for dear life at the utter edge of its flexibility. It was so tight, but it took it all. All the warmth of Cayli's belly, all the tightness of her taut body, all the goeyness of the sissy's anus was hers in that moment. As for Cayli herself, she felt herself conquered by the massive shaft, by the invasion of a flesh not her own which now drove her insane. Every single cell was going wild in response. It was like the first

time she'd taken a dildo all over again, feeling so huge inside her that it made her feel like a whore.

She loved that feeling.

It was too much for both of them as Kelly's shaft was milked by Cayli's expert bussy and as Cayli's sissy button was pressed by Kelly's shaft. They were both overwhelmed.

So, desperate to outdo the other before they themselves melted, they gave it all they had.

Kelly pistoned up and down, hips and legs and feet going high and low at once for maximum power as her hips clapped against Cayli's cheeks. The sound that echoed throughout the room was so loud that people four rooms over woke up, assuming that the person next door was getting busy.

Kelly slid half of the massive length out with such speed that Cayli could hardly fathom that it had left before it went right back in, her muscles creating a blur of motion above Cayli's strained yet welcoming hole. It ought to have melted the sissy but she wasn't defeated yet. So Kelly repositioned herself, putting her shins on Cayli's calves, driving her knees into the crook of her legs, enveloping her and reaching around for the throat. One hand found it and squeezed as the other roughly wrapped around a nipple and pulled. But as the smacks and echoes of flesh against flesh grew louder and louder, the femboy didn't beg for mercy. She gasped instead, managing to get out with great effort:

"That...all....you...got?"

Cayli looked up at the ceiling, her body contorted by the grip around its throat. She was bending backwards until she could see Kelly looking down at her, but it was hard to focus on the annoyed expression and gritting teeth of the proud Futa. Instead, she was focused on that powerful feeling inside her, like she was being turned inside out by the most incredible force in the world. It was driving against her swollen sissy button, pressing against her prostate with the speed of a vibrator and the power of a jackhammer. It wasn't just Cayli's butt that was rippling forward with each thrust, or her flesh that bounced back and forth in rhythm with them.

Her guts were jiggling forward and back. Her internal organs were being rocked back and forth. She was being bucked inside out, the power of Kelly's assault reverberating through the deepest parts of her. All she could do was clench in retaliation, milking the massive python for all it was worth, bucking back to double its power.

It was too much for either of them now, too much for either to act like they were too cool and detached for this moment. This was supposed to be when Cayli yawned, or when Kelly grinned confidently at the broken sub beneath her. But that wasn't happening. They were both just trying to hold on, not wanting to be the first to break.

Then, at the exact same time, they lost control. Kelly grunted and Cayli moaned. They were so taken by their own noise that they hardly noticed the other's. Cayli hadn't moaned like that in years. Kelly had let out such a grunt of effort since she started her life as a stud. But now the noises came steady, as if the dam had broken. Cayli whimpered, whined and screamed. Kelly grunted, growled and gasped for air. She felt like the hole was somehow sucking the life out of her and Cayli felt like the assault of

the shaft was just too much to take. Kelly tried to flip over to get the burden off her, grabbing Cayli and shifting to her back so the poor sissy had to ride. She thought that would distract her so much that her milking was less powerful, but the sissy didn't mind. She bounced up and down, yelping and whining as the massive thing skewered her and bulged the front of her stomach.

Cayli couldn't keep it up long though, the strain and stretch to her hole making her legs shaky and weak. So she spun around with Kelly still inside her, going from reverse cowgirl to cowgirl without getting up. Kelly gasped in shock, wondering how the heck the sissy had managed it as Cayli wrapped her legs around the stud's torso. She wanted to go up.

So Kelly stood, pressing Cayli into the wall with such force that it shook the paintings ajar.

She lifted and dropped the sissy, bucking up and down as sweat glistened on them both. They moved around the bedroom, switching through positions with all the strength of desire and all the stumbling shock of those who'd never been pushed so hard. They tried just about every position, trying to get the other to break.

Finally, they got back to the bed, the air practically humid with the thickness of their heat and sweat as Kelly bore down in missionary. Well, it was basically missionary. Most versions of it didn't feature this much contortion though. Cayli's feet were practically behind her head as her limp thing dribbled down and flowed into her own hole, acting as extra lube to help the massive thing that was reaming her out.

Friction fought against wetness.

Nerves fought against nerves.

Kelley's rod snaked inside of Cayli with the strength of steel as the sissy's industrial strength sphincter struggled to survive.

They had reached the end of what human beings were capable of.

Kelly's grip tightened.

Cayli's toes curled.

The stud felt as though she couldn't breathe, her veins bulging in her skin as she felt it come.

The sissy felt as though the whole of her was on fire, like she was floating and being tortured all at the same time.

It was the most incredible thing either of them had ever felt.

And then, with no time between them, two things happened:

Cayli spurted weak, clear strings from her flaccid little clitty and Kelly filled her with hot, thick, massive ropes of her gooey seed.

Kelly pumped harder and harder, the throbbing of her shaft emptying out her balls until they were more used up than they had ever been. Pints and pints of whiteness jetted into Cayli with a force that was almost as much as the thrusts which had brought them there, lasting several seconds as Cayli screamed at the top of her lungs. It was the biggest creampie she had ever gotten, the biggest that Kelly had ever given.

Kelly collapsed sideways onto the bed, the shaft sliding out and leaving a steady waterfall of white from Cayli's gaping hole. They could barely breathe. Neither of them could speak.

But, one thing had survived the marathon session of the greatest hookup they had ever had.

Their pride.

So, not wanting to concede anything, both of them got up.

On wobbling legs, they walked away, not wanting to give either one any satisfaction in victory.

Cayli grabbed a towel to cover herself and stumbled out into the hall, barely making it to the elevator as the globs of Kelly's seed leaked constantly from her hole and down her thighs. Kelly made her way to the bathroom, looking in the mirror in utter shock and disbelief. Cayli looked into her reflection in the metal wall, shaking her head. They were both too proud to admit it, especially to the other...

But they might have met their match.