

Trans Supremacy: Kids!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/52766038) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/52766038>.

Rating: [Explicit](#)

Archive Warnings: [Rape/Non-Con](#), [Underage Sex](#)

Categories: [F/F](#), [F/M](#)

Fandom: [Original Work](#)

Characters: [Usagiya Rumi](#) | [Miruko](#), [Link \(Legend of Zelda\)](#)

Additional Tags: [Trans](#), [Original Character\(s\)](#), [Trans Character](#), [Trans Female Character](#), [trans supremacy](#), [Rape](#), [Extremely Dubious Consent](#), [Pedophilia](#), [CSA](#), [Child Abuse](#), [Transphobia](#), [Misogyny](#), [Lesbian](#), [Lesbian Character](#), [Extreme](#), [Age Difference](#), [Group Sex](#), [Anal Sex](#), [BDSM](#), [Femdom](#), [Femsub](#), [Transdom](#), [Grooming](#), [Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot](#), [Porn](#), [Trans Male Character](#), [conversion rape](#), [Impregnation](#), [Rough Sex](#), [Harem](#), [First Time](#), [Instant Loss](#), [Suicide mention](#), [Bullying](#), [Incest](#), [hyper](#), [Gross Cum](#), [Prolapse](#), [all the way through](#), [LGD](#), [genderswapped character](#), [Pride Parade](#), [Lesbophobia](#), [Ryona](#), [Lolidom](#), [Minor Violence](#), [Trans New World Order](#)

Language: English

Stats: Published: 2024-01-03 Updated: 2025-08-10 Words: 16,161 Chapters: 8/?

Trans Supremacy: Kids!

by [barbed_stories](#)

Summary

Chapters can be read in any order. You can find character tags in chapter 5.

By popular demand, the spin-off of Trans Supremacy Tales. Imagine a world where TERFs are right, and the trans agenda really DOES seek to corrupt and abuse kids. If this sounds horrifying to you, you're right, and that's exactly what's contained within.

- Inspired by [Trans Supremacy Tales](#) by [barbed_stories](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

I got paid to write this.

“Haaah... Nnnngh, aaaahh... it’s t-too big...”

“Shut her up, would you? Stuff your balls in her mouth. Heheh, yeah, just like that.”

At 2:00 AM, a handful of the bunks in Cherry Cabin were alive with activity, despite the time. The Girl Scout trip was going excellently – the troupe of 11-13 year old girls was having so much fun going on hikes, doing crafts, and roasting marshmallows! And on this Saturday night, two of the campers and one of the counselors were awake in a bunk, having sex.

“Having sex” in this case meant the following: 16-year-old trans camp counselor Kylie was currently holding down Laila, one of the 11 year old cis campers, in her bunk. Helping her out was 12-year-old trans camper Julia, who was at the other end of the bed with Laila’s head in her hands.

“Gnnnf... Kylie, you were right. It feels s-so good... My balls! Nnngh!” moaned Julia, as she gyrated her hips on Laila’s face. She was humping her swollen heavy nutsack directly on those pale pink little lips, and loving it; she had only a little pubic hair, but her testicles were far, far too big for an early-puberty transgirl. She was enjoying the slick, slimy feeling of preteen tongue on her balls, having had crushes on so many girls before but never having so much as kissed one. “L-Laila... Y-you feel so perfect...”

Kylie leaned down and pet the younger transgirl’s head as she pounded away at Laila’s pussy. “Hey, c’mon cutie, don’t be too nice to her. She’s cis, remember. So make sure to keep degrading her!” She reached down and slapped Laila’s flat chest, leaving the little breast buds wobbling just the tiniest bit. A red handprint started to form.

The older trans woman was currently balls deep in Laila’s eleven-year-old cunt! Having stayed up late jerking, and having searched for all sorts of freaky porn on her phone, she still found herself horny and pent-up and full of pure breeding rage, in the middle of the night on the Girl Scout camping trip! The reason? All those frolicking *skanks* in their little uniforms, their scarves, their short shorts, their slender, creamy young legs...

Unsurprisingly, Kylie was a pedophile. She was so attracted to all those girls that she chaperoned all day that loli porn wouldn’t do it anymore – she needed the real thing. *Kid pussy*.

So there she was, with eager trans camper Julia joining in, getting kid pussy. Laila always skipped around like a little slut, Kylie thought; she *must* want it. Every morning, the young cisgirl would change in the girls' common area, stripping off her wooly pink pajama pants and top, wearing just her bra and panties. Kylie was driven wild by seeing the 11-year-old's lingerie, even though it was just a modest white training bra with kitty patterns, and a pair of matching white panties with pink lace trim and a bow in front. Did Laila not understand that there were adolescent, hung trans women in the room, who were simply *surging* with testosterone, and incapable of holding back their depraved breedlust? Did the little cis-slut not realize that prancing around in so little clothing, showing so much skin to a pair of budding transbulls would have some violent consequences for her?

The rest of the campers in Cherry Cabin – about seven of them, give or take whomever was going to the outhouse to pee or cry – were being treated to exactly the results of Laila's overstimulating, oversexualizing teasing. The two underage transtuds were spit-roasting her for all she was worth!

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP!

“Sssso fucking TIGHT... Nnnf, *fuck* yes! This feels... NNFH... exactly how I imagined it would! All those days staring at your fucking cameltoe... you wanted it, didn't you, cunt? You fucking... you wanted it...”

Kylie threw insult after insult after victim-blame at her squealing cumsock, not letting up with the merciless breeding of that undersized kiddie hole. She was finally getting gooned on REAL child pussy and she couldn't imagine ever giving it up!

“Nnnf, you, s-suck my cock! Suck it... w-whore,” stammered Julia, her hands digging deeper into Laila's hair, as she tried to follow her senpai's lead and say reprehensible things to her crush. “I wanna... f-fuckin', I wanna fuckin' beat up your tonsils!”

The older transgirl grinned and pumped her hips, harder and harder, immensely enjoying her corrupting influence on the younger top: she knew that all transgirls were born to fuck like violent, misogynist rapists, they just needed a push in the right direction! Kylie slicked back her messy brown hair, staring down at her two fuckbuddies with predatory, bespectacled eyes. Having been the freckled nerd of the bunch, never touching a girl, for her entire life – from elementary to high school – and being a serial porn addict and extreme gooner, she was a turbo-virgin with no sex experience. But here in the rickety wooden bunk in Cherry Cabin, she was destroying little Laila's cunthole with such practiced brutality that she could be mistaken for a professional pornographic actress; at least, a pornographic actress with a whole bunch of rape charges against her.

“CUM, BITCH! FUCKING CUM FROM MY KIDNEY-PUNCHING GIRLCOCK!” she screamed, making sure the other preteen whores in the building could hear. She could feel Laila's vaginal canal, overstretched, virgin, and bloody though it was, clamping down on her like a vice grip! She knew it; the stories were true! All the fucked-up porn and hentai that shaped her sexuality since childhood was correct: women DO cum from being raped, and apparently, so do girls. She was a hundred percent sure when Laila's urethra started squirting wildly, droplets landing on the adjacent beds. “CUM ON MY COCK! FUCKING GET

PREGNANT! GET PREGNANT GET PREGNANT GET PREGNANT, GET FUCKING TRAUMATIZED! WHORE!”

As Kylie was delivering a barrage of sickening slurs and threats and insults, Julia was moaning like a bitch in heat, reaching her crescendo – her twelve-inch pubescent girdick was throbbing in that tight, spasming cis throat. That thing was about to blow! She grabbed the sides of Laila’s head and *forced* it all the way down on her cock, completely hilding it in her little mouth, ignoring all the nasty gagging and retching issuing from it. “Fffffffuck! FUCK! FUUUUUCK! I’m cumming, I’m cumming! Take my f-f-fucking CUM!”

Julia humped her hips as she fully mated with Laila’s tear-streaked, eleven-year-old face. Her balls tensed up right against Laila’s pretty blue rolled-back eyes as she started to squeeze a load of underage nut-paste down her urethra and out into her guts. As the rest of the campers heard Laila gagging and gurgling and sputtering, choking on that ultra-thick load of ball-concrete, half of them were terrified – that it would happen to them – and half of them were aroused – that it would happen to them.

Kylie kept slambreeding the hyperstretched little-girl-cunny, letting Julia lean back and enjoy the afterglow. “Not fucking done yet. Not DONE YET... Nnnnnggh, WHORE! Keep fucking CLENCHING on my COCK!” The 16-year-old wound up and then *punched* Laila directly in her cum-packed stomach! The blow was hard enough to not only force the little cock-socket to puke – a sickening amount of chunky yellow transgirl ball-batter – but also to *cum* again! The little masochist ciscunt had finally learned her place, and was squirting all over the room, cumming nonstop from the violent beating.

“Cumming! Cumming! Fucking CUMMING! Take my load, take it whore, FUCKING TAKE IT IN YOUR WOMB! GET PREGNANT!”

As the hung transtud buried her fourteen inches of coke-can-thick shebeef in Laila, and as she announced her upcoming orgasm, the rest of the girls were getting there too! Not only was the shrieking blonde Laila orgasming nonconsensually nonstop, but five more of the campers in the cabin were moaning, mewling, sighing with submissive, girlish pleasure – they were so jealous of their peer getting her uterus turned inside out, they wanted that kind of merciless trans-dominated degradation-sex too!

GLLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRT~!

Sounding like a deep, wet fart, Kylie’s backed-up breedload bubbled out in dense, steaming chunks, overflowing the undersized womb-condom she was using almost immediately. The cumcurds stuffed her to bursting and then some, rapidly issuing a massive blast of the stuff out of her aching cuntlips and into a puddle on the bed – that too, overflowed quickly and started to drip onto the floor and the other bunks.

“Bwennnhhh... Nnnnnggh... t-too much, too much... c-cum... t-too much rape... I’m p-pregnant, t- totally... pregnant,” babbled Laila, just about down for the count. Her hands desperately pawed at her cunt, trying to quell the burning pain and pleasure radiating out from her *tranny-claimed* womb and clit. She moved to pull her panties back in place, pressing down on her swollen red pussy, sighing as she locked the remaining breeding sewage inside of her. “Aaah... f-feels, too good... t-too much, girdick...”

• • •

The next morning, Kylie woke up in her own cabin in a sweat. She was done for; she'd just raped *two* underage children! She knew she'd be going to jail for the rest of her life –

KNOCK KNOCK!

Well, that must be them, she thought. Time to face the music; maybe there's good sex in prison too, she hoped. She opened the door to her cabin and stood face to face with...

Isabel? She was the girl who had the bunk directly under Laila's... a beautiful black-haired young girl that had caught the trans pedo's eye more than once. What was she doing here?

"H-hey... counsellor... um, a few of us were wondering. Is there any chance you'd... um... come *counsel* us tonight, too?"

As Isabel made the request, every other girl staying in Cherry Cabin – including a ragged, half-asleep Laila sporting a black eye and *extreme* bedhead – came out from behind the door. They were all standing there in their underwear: a bunch of prepubescent and adolescent cis girls, nearly-naked, showing off their bodies for Kylie in their adorable, delicate, girly panties and training bras. The most perfect and depraved possible buffet for any pussy-hungry transbian pedo... and the cherry on top? All of the girls had crudely drawn on their stomachs, directly above their wombs in permanent marker, the transgender symbol (☿). And each of them had written around it: "TRANS ONLY".

Kylie's HRT-free shenis was already at full mast again, beyond hungry for more kid pussy. The harem of Girl Scouts grinned and giggled, clearly excited to see that huge kiddie-slaying breeder cock fully aroused. The lead slut, Isabel, ran her hands over her flat chest and ribcage, tilting her hips side to side, flirty. "We won't tell *anyone*, as long as you promise to be *extra* rough. Deal, Daddy?"

Chapter 2

Stella's long, bony fingers trailed across the shoulders of each young girl as she passed behind them. She was walking down the aisle of computers and looking at each student's screen, scanning for mistakes or questions. A cloud of her body odor covered the girls as she moved, an undeniably stinky but somehow alluringly musky smell; if it bothered the girls, none of them spoke up.

"Remember to name your variables in camelCase, girls!" reminded Stella, her hands lingering on the keyboard, and hands, of a student for about five seconds too long. Again, nobody spoke up.

The six-foot raven-haired trans woman was peering down her square glasses at each girl's screen, watching closely. Despite her ulterior motives, she took her job as a substitute coding teacher very seriously, so she would make sure that each student learned her fill of Javascript. The all-girls Saint Lynette Elementary School had a policy of also only hiring women teachers; it was a religious institution, semi-conservative in nature, and quite stuffy about gender roles and sexuality. They didn't even know the words "sex-ed class" except to veto it.

All that being the case, 23-year-old trans woman Stella knew that the laws and culture around trans people was so oppressive and hot to touch that she would be untouchable. A little bit of fake-letterhead lawyer-email here, a little bit of grassroots protests there... she even visited the office of the school's superintendent once or twice (depending on which security guard you ask) to talk in person, standing a foot taller than the elderly conservative lady running the place. With the propaganda on the airwaves about how trans women were all giant brutish thugs who would take what they want with force, it wasn't long before the administrator's self-preservation instincts kicked in and gave her a part-time teaching gig.

And so, partially because of the sweet pay package, but mostly because of all the *underripe Catholic cunny*, Stella taught a class on computing every so often at Saint Lynette.

"Maria... sweetie. How can you forget to put a closing parenthesis, *every single time*?" The young teacher sighed, acting defeated, her hand wrapping around the girl's shoulder. Maria was a small girl, even among her classmates; the lass was under four feet tall, doll-like, with a silky blonde ponytail that pulled back tightly on her head and flowed down to cover her shoulders in gold. She shivered at Stella's touch, uncomfortable but not scared – she always tried her best in school, so why was this class so hard?

Stella's fingers started to play in between her prey's weightless locks of hair. "Stay behind after class, okay, my darling? I'll tutor you one-on-one."

• • •

The two disparately-sized bodies indeed lingered behind in the dim, carpeted computer room; Maria sat on her teacher's lap, her spindly little legs sliding over Stella's, irresistibly silky, clad in dark, translucent pantyhose. Other than the skin-tight nylon, she was barefoot – Stella *insisted* that all students took off their shoes before entering the classroom, to avoid tracking

dirt and debris onto the floor, of course. The extra tutoring was winding down, and they were both focused on the monitor in front of them.

Guiding the girl's hand firmly but not forcefully, she "mislicked" using Maria's finger and opened – surprise! A porn folder?! Suddenly, filling the screen, were dozens of images and videos. Stella was showing the nine-year-old extreme gangbangs, hentai of all kinds, even child porn!

"Oh! Whoops. Heh, if you were interested in that kind of stuff, you could have just asked... You didn't have to go sneaking in my files," teased Stella, biting her lip as she watched the innocent little girl take in the hardcore rape porn being beamed into her brain. Her footlong trannycock throbbed with anticipation as she felt Maria's thighs squeeze and wriggle in place, showing her intense discomfort with the media. She loved seeing a completely innocent, fresh little angel's reaction to the absolute *filth* on her computer, every single time.

"I'm... I'm not supposed to watch this... um- ac-actually, I don't think you're supposed to have these videos, e-either," she stammered, trying to get out of the chair and her teacher's lap, but being restrained by a pair of big bony hands that started to grope all over her body.

"Nonsense! It's sex ed... you guys don't have it at this school, right? Just watch."

Maria groaned, feeling a pair of calloused, clumsy fingers pinching her tiny, braless nipple through her blouse. She tried to breathe, her ribcage shakily rising and falling, as she squirmed at the violating trans touches; this wasn't right!

"I-I, but... t-this is an all girls' school! This is... this isn't okay, for you t-to be touching me like this... p-please!"

Stella slid a hand up her student's chest and clasped it, gently, around her bony little throat. "Ohh... that's naughty. Looks like your parents raised a transphobe. I'm a girl TOO, Maria." She growled and started to squeeze tightly around the porcelain little girl's neck, cutting off her oxygen.

"Look. This is lesbian sex," she commanded, pointing out the disgusting, raunchy porn playing on the screen. A young girl – she couldn't be out of middle school – was getting beat black and blue by a pair of hulking women covered in tattoos, with their two-foot cocks lodged inside her guts! And she was... smiling? Crying, screaming, and *very* worse for wear, but the little slut was clearly enjoying it, and begging for more. Maria was transfixed, hypnotized, not only because of the bizarrely hot violence-sex she was seeing on screen, but also by the curtain of unconsciousness closing down over her, thanks to the hand strangling her throat.

Just before Maria lost consciousness, her teacher released her grip around her neck veins. Stella's hands returned to groping the tiny, bony body in her lap; soon she was grabbing the buttons on her little white blouse, tugging them off, tearing holes in her XXS pantyhose, her hot, rapid breath caressing Maria's neck.

"Look... you don't want to be a bigot, right, Maria? Let me show you how lesbians make love. It's okay. I'll teach you all about sex positivity."

Maria, dizzy and drooling and completely overwhelmed with fear and obedience, looked up with wet, puppydog eyes. “I... I d-don’t want to be a bigot...”

• • •

“GWUAAAAAAAAH!! HNYAAAAAAAAH, UNNGGHHHH, UNGH, UNGH, UNGH, PWEASE NUUUUUUUH-!” screeched Maria. She couldn’t catch her breath. “HUUUUURTS! IT HUURTS, IT HURTS, TOOOOO ROUGH, PWEEEEEEASE SLOW DOWN!”

Stella had her little fucksleeve contorted up into a full-nelson position, and was utterly *destroying* her virgin preteen asshole with thrusts that would put a professional pornstar to shame. She had ignored the pristine, hairless pussy begging for her attention, and applied only the barest amount of lube, before plunging an entire foot of she-meat into the tightest, pinkest little asshole she’d ever had access to. The little ciscunt had taken it to the base after *much, much* crying, and was now being slam-raped with speed and precision that only a *perfect, violent trans breeding bull* could offer!

“Fuck fuck fuck FUCK, your ass is so fucking TIGHT and HOT you little WHORE! Keep fucking screaming while I CLAP YOUR FUCKING SLUT CHEEKS! I’ll make you fucking squirt, bitch, I’ll make your fucking bladder my FUCKING PUNCHING BAG! CUM FROM MY COCK OBLITERATING YOUR SHITHOLE!”

Imitating her favourite *extremely* illegal porn, she tucked Maria’s tiny feet behind her head (not before kissing and slobbering on them for a few seconds) and began to pound into her loose, prolapsed asscunt with renewed fury!

FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP CLAP CLAP CLAP!

The rapid-fire assrape noises filled the tiny room and pounded back into Maria’s ears, the sound of her own undersized bootymeat being *power-bred* by a monster hung trans *pedobull*, further liquefying her brain – as if the fist-sized cockhead slamming her lungs up into her throat several times a second didn’t have the power alone.

“FUWAAAAAA, GWUUUAAAAAAAAHHHH, PWEASE SLOW DOWN, IT HUUUUURTS! I CAN’T STOP PEEING!!!”

An unending blast of cuntjuice arced out of her twitching, swollen urethra, spraying all over the computers, covering the flashing monitor with the squirting orgasm of another transcock casualty. With each thrust, Stella’s elephant-sized balls SLAMMED into Maria’s underdeveloped clit, every WHAP of those pent-up transtud jizzkegs on her nubby like another brutal slap to her face. She was getting off from the pain, of course; making her little cunny squirt wasn’t just the dick currently reshaping all of her internal organs, but also the pure pain and punishment of being *full-nelson porn-plapped* by a young, virile transbull.

“HNNNNGHUUUUUUUH! HUUUUURTS! PWWWEEEEEASE SLOW DOWN, I CAN’T TAAAAAKE IT!”

Stella grabbed two handfuls of Maria’s hair and gripped her even tighter, making sure each full-power thrust went balls-deep in the Catholic pussymeat she had wrapped up like a

pretzel. “NEVER, WHORE! CUNTS DON’T GET TO SAY WHEN! KEEP FUCKING CUMMING ON MY COCK, GET ADDICTED, BECOME MY ANAL-ONLY GRADE-SCHOOLER FUCKPIG!”

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP –

• • •

“Hnnnuungh, pweeeeeease, no more... pwease, Mommy...” groaned Maria, her arms desperately trying to grab for Stella’s arms, hair – anything. She found no purchase, as she was pinned down in the piledriver position. The trans bull-cock ravaging her insides was four hours in and showed no signs of stopping! “Mommyyyyy... c-cant, stop... can’t stop cumming!... g-gonna pass out again, nnngh... p-pwease slow down...!”

Having descended into primal breeding grunts over an hour ago, Stella no longer formed words other than slurs and verbal abuse. “Whore... fucking, stupid WHORE... nnggh, hrrnnggh... CUNT! Unnnnngghh...” Not that Stella’s speech mattered; true to her word, little Maria had passed out for the third time from the extreme anal assault, and was little more than a limp, warm fuckdoll for porn-sick, donkey-dicked Stella to stroke herself with.

SPLBBBRTTTTT! PRRBBBGHHHRLT!

As the third over-fermented transgender breedload bubbled out of her balls and began to wallop Maria’s insides, Stella could only groan and growl like an attack dog; she was in kid-shitter heaven. As for Maria, she kept creaming all over that cock, for hours and hours and hours – she *never* took a single inch in her cunt the whole time, and was so traumatized by the merciless anal-only slamsession that the next morning, all she could think about was girlcock.

It wasn’t long before she’d gotten off the bus at school and raced directly to the computer room; Stella was substitute teaching again, and the cock-addicted schoolgirl wanted to get a *lot* of learning in today, too! This time, she’d come to school with her uniform skirt shorted to just below her (red, bruised) bootycheeks, and instead of panties, wore only a bandaid over her neglected, *dripping*, masochist pussy. She was an anal-only degradation-whore for her decades-older pedophile transbull girlfriend, and she couldn’t be more excited. Saint Lynette Elementary School was slowly but surely becoming less transphobic, and becoming a safe space for real women (violent, porn-addicted sex offenders).

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

For those of you getting tired of instant loss:

Sorry. But I'm probably gonna keep doing it anyways. :P

Sadie shivered as she stepped into the girls' locker room for the first time, ever. She was a fourteen-year-old trans woman, deep into a testosterone-fuelled puberty, and transitioning in her last year of middle school. Due to some time spent in the psychiatric hospital, she'd been held back a year, so the six-foot, hairy young lady was walking in on a locker room full of twelve and thirteen year old cis girls; her classmates, her bullies, her *crushes*. Sadie was terrified but resolved to use the correct locker room and toilets for her gender, or bust – funnily enough, she would end up doing both.

In the wake of the hour-long PE class they'd just gotten out of, Sadie could smell the perfumes, deodorants, and body odors of dozens of cis women, and she was acutely aware of the rank, sour scent that was emanating off of her own body. Her non-HRT sweat, her armpits and groin especially, *stunk*, a rotten onion-like smell that the other girls could pick up on *seconds* after she entered the room. She tried to keep her eyes trained on the blue-tiled walls and the white-tiled floor, while trying to block out the gossip she could hear loud and clear.

“There she is! Sssh...”

“Guys, don't stare... come on, she's probably just as scared of us as we are of her.”

“Fuck- can't believe I wore my period panties today.”

“Oh my god, she fucking *stinks*...”

“Didn't think the creep would actually switch bathrooms... I wonder if he got the surgery.”

“C'mon, Callie, be nice-! She like, tried to kill herself last year, remember...”

The comments were numerous but, having been a shy, awkward bullied boy, Sadie had no problem blending in as a shy, awkward, bullied girl. And so she did; she approached her assigned locker and dialled in the combination she'd been given, and did her *utmost* to just go about her business.

She wore a miniskirt – pink – and striped thigh-highs, a pairing she'd seen on the internet in tons of shemale porn and trap hentai, one that looked out of place on her huge, gangly legs. But nonetheless she slid the skirt off, exposing her bottom half now just clad in panties. Her

tight, white-and-blue striped bikini panties clung to an absolutely *massive* bulge, a fat, jiggling, reeking package that nearly spilled out of her cotton undies with every movement.

“H-h-holy fuck...”

“Gnnngh!-“

“There’s n-no fucking way that’s r... real...”

The mutters continued but with an even raunchier bent, some girls unable to take their eyes off of the six-foot girl, her toned, muscular ass, her long, slender legs, and that nose-burning *stench* coming from her soccer-ball sized bulge. Sadie began to pull her ragged band tee off and over her head, hunching over, glancing around the room every so often as she undressed out of nervousness and habit. As an autistic she couldn’t make eye contact with her classmates, but her eyeballs certainly trained on a few other things.

She spotted her crush, Lana, perfectly glossy cis skin covered with a pair of tight orange panties and a matching training bra that clung so closely to her, so translucently, that her pert brown nipples were outlined in detail. As was her cameltoe – the young girl hadn’t a single pubic hair, contrasted with shy Sadie’s unruly, furry brown bush that spilled out over her waistband.

As Sadie tossed her shirt into her locker and started to hook her thumbs around her panties, her bully also caught her eye: Callie, the prissy young blonde covering her chest with her hands as she saw the sullen tranny-stare scanning her. She wore a set of bone-white lingerie, a fully-sheer, lacy, custom-tailored ensemble that sumptuously accentuated her porcelain-smooth 12-year-old skin. Her cascading blonde locks framed a face that was almost constantly in a scowling smile – a holier-than-thou look that, combined with her highly-arched, razor-thin eyebrows, formed the smirk of a grinning, mischievous cat.

Alongside another dozen girls changing in the room was her neighbour, Nessa, a mousy girl with frizzy brown hair that obscured half her face, and black cotton lingerie that hugged her chubby body and contained some, but not all, of her jiggles. There was even the trans boy in the class, Ryan – He made a habit of changing in the girls’ locker room because, early in transition, he was often a target of stares, bullying, and sexual harassment in the boys’. It was frustrating for him to have to change with the girls, and they could tell as much as he grumpily undressed, standing in his Invader-Zim patterned binder and matching boxer-briefs.

“S-Sadie? Hey...”

The six-foot transgirl jumped a little at the sudden touch of Lana’s delicate fingers prodding her shoulder. When did she get behind Sadie?! She took a deep breath and tried to calm down. “La-Lana! I’m s-s-sorry, I didn’t mean t-to stare, I, I was j-just trying to chan-“

“What the fuck? Oh my god, he *totally* has an erection!”

As Sadie turned around and tried to respond to her crush, her gangly limbs brushed up against Lana, and Callie started to hurl insults at her. The hung blonde gasped and lost her balance, a crowd of girls one- and two-years her junior gathering around her, and-

Pap!

She fell wetly on the locker room floor, having been able to catch her fall with... Lana?! Her sweaty, hairy swampass had landed directly on the little girl's pretty, cis face, and in the tangle, Sadie's panties had been pulled down too – she was sporting a *fifteen-inch, smegma-coated, testosterone-pumping boner!*

“Mmmmfhh!!” groaned Lana, her hands grasping for air and her legs twitching under the facesitting assault of an overgrown, HRT-free trans stud. “Nnngh...! Pwwfffhghgh!”

Sadie, overstimulated and terrified, was nonetheless in heaven: Lana's pink tongue had dove *straight* into her puckered grey girl-shitter and started to tongue-fuck it!

“Nnnngggmmmmffffh! Ggnnffh h h h nnnffgghh!” In case you couldn't understand: Lana was saying “FUCK! THANK YOOOOOU!”, for the meal; as she had not only reciprocated Sadie's crush while she was a creepy boy in the grade above her, but she had grown even *hungrier* for Sadie when she had started to grow into a budding transbull. Every whiff of her unwashed dick-stink in the hallway; every *putrid, steaming* toilet-bowl of piss that she left behind in the girls' toilet; they'd all served to make the young cis-cunt desperate to submit to the hung, young bull-stud.

So, as Lana ate tranny ass like it was her last meal and started to maul her own wet cunt, and Sadie sat, legs spread, her penis shooting *ropes* of thick, virile pre-cum already onto the taut brown tummy underneath her, all the girls couldn't help but stare. Callie *especially* couldn't help but stare; her piercing blue eyes were *locked* to the fattest, nastiest purple pisshole she'd ever seen, spraying out more pre-cum than a cis boy could blast in his entire lifetime.

“Hghhn... T-that's... you fucking *vulgar* male, I-I-I'm, I'm... absolutely scandalized by this behaviour, h-how dare you!-“

• • •

“GUOOOWUUOOOOH! GUUUUUH FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! Harder! Rougher, rougher, ROUGHER DADDY, FUCKING DON'T STOP DADDY, DON'T STOP, DON'T FUCKIN' STOOOOP!” screamed Callie. Her lips were painted with a lipstick of yellow cock-grime and her legs were spread, wide as they could go, in a pornographic split, held down by Sadie's knuckly hands. Over a foot of heavily-veined tranny *bullcock* slammed in and out of her tight, 12-year-old, rich-girl cunt, and the breeding stud pinning her in place was nearly foaming at the mouth over how vicious her assault was. All that issued from her lips were grunts, groans, growls, and the occasional wad of spit that she sent splattering on Callie's face.

“Hnnnrgh... nnngh, hmmggghrrr, nnnff, nnnnnnngh!” Her deep voice filled the room; an audience surrounded the brutal mating press, fifteen or so tiny-bodied cis girls in their undies, every one of them *soaked* down the middle of their thighs, rubbing and gooning their swollen 12- and 13-year-old clits in expectation of their own turn being bred.

“HHOOOOOOOOOO!!! FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! Girl cock is SO fucking good, I'm SO SORRY for being a STUPID transphobic CIS CUNT! Keep PUNISHING MY little fucking TOILET-CUNNY with your SUPERIOR WOMANCOCK! GNYAAAAAAAHH

FUUUUUUCK I'M GONNA FUCKING CUUUUUUUM! I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM ALL OVER YOUR FUCKIN' HUGE AUTISTIC DIIIIIIIIICK!"

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM!

A solid slamming sound emanated from the tile floor with each impact of Sadie's hips on the 12-year-old pelvis she was currently turning into an onahole. Every backstroke pulled out three or four inches of gaped, translucent, ultra-grippy *kiddie labia*; an indescribably tight pink layer that almost *begged* Sadie to immediately RAM her thick, fifteen-inch preteen-slayer back in.

So that's what she did. For hours. She bred Callie's tight transphobe womb up into her ribcage over and over, bludgeoning the little girl's guts into submission, completely imprinting the shape of a true, misogynist, trans *breeding bull* into her internal organs. She was TRANNIED for good.

• • •

"Huuuuh.... Fuuuuuck, god.... Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck..." groaned Lana, just barely able to walk out of the locker room. The school had closed hours ago; it was pitch black. The 12-year-old stumbled into the gymnasium and collapsed with a handful of other girls, all similarly conquered. She cradled a gigantic, perfectly round belly, was completely nude, and trailed an *ungodly* amount of dense, yellow semen from her gaped-out pussy. "Fuuuck... totally pregnant. I'm s-so fucking pregnant... nnngh, so pregnant with trans kids. Uunnnngh... fuck... fuuuuuck..."

She continued to moan as she made her way towards the exit, her brain completely liquefied from the amount of brutal slam-breeding she endured. More loud, violent clapping and vicious screams still projected out of the locker room:

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP-

"FUUUUUCK, UNGH UNGH UNGH FUCK, GET ME PREGNANT! FUCKING GET ME PREGNANT! DON'T STOP, EVEN IF I SAFAWORD, KEEP FUCKING BREEDING YOUR JIZZLOGS INTO ME! MAKE ME YOUR FUCKING BITCH, I'M YOUR DYKE RAPEHOLE! I WAS BUILT TO BE A BOTTOM LEZZY FOR YOUR GIRLDICK!"

-PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP

Last in line for the violent wombsex was, of course, Ryan. Her 13-year-old trans boypussy was so wet from hearing the serial, unrestrained cunt-wrecking that she couldn't resist submitting to Sadie's dick as well. So there she was: getting a full-nelson powerfucking *so* sadistic that her brain got knocked back into being a woman! Girdick is known for causing trans boys to remember their true purpose as submissive breeding whores, and Sadie's was no exception. And so the class lost a boy and gained another girl that night, as Ryan got conversion-raped full of so many aggressive bullsperm that she forgot how to be a boy.

Sadie would end the night with a tally of seventy-two nauseating cumshots, hundreds of squirting orgasms forcefucked out from bitches with her monster cock, and *sixteen*

impregnations: every girl in her PE class, *and* her stacked MILF of a teacher that she ran into on her way home. If there were any rotten, bigoted transphobes in her class before that hours-long no-mercy locker-room kiddie-gangbang, there were no more; they'd all been converted to dedicated transphiles.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

I got paid to write this.

After parking her car semi-safely in the driveway, Karly had slammed open the unlocked door, huffing and puffing, her body stinking (and shining) with sweat. The 19-year-old trans woman, and cheer captain of her local college, had just gotten home from a long and boring practice, and she hadn't cum in over *two hours* – her coconut-sized testicles were sore and straining at this point, pleading to push their payload out through her monstrous penis.

Hanging down underneath her bright-pink miniskirt was Karly's freakishly huge cock, clad in an overstretched pink condom that hardly reached down half her shaft. Dangling at the end of her two-foot womanhood was a precum-filled bulb the size of a watermelon, slapping between her legs, wobbling precariously with every movement. Whenever Karly would tense her muscles or move, another bead of sloppy yellow pre-jizz oozed its way out of her urethra and added itself to the thick, steaming mass pooling at the end of her 4XL condom.

"Fffffffuck..." she groaned, barely conscious enough to form her few favorite words, "need to breed... need to fuckin' *breed!*"

She only kicked her shoes off when she entered the house, not even pausing before lumbering up the stairs. The overstuffed condom sagging between her legs pulled down on her veiny girlcock, pleasuring and stressing her groin even more; her poor, heavy bullnuts threatened to spill out of the pretty white lace thong containing them, and her anus cried out in soreness and ecstasy from the fist-sized buttplug lodged up her rectum.

"Breed... breed. Gonna breed... My fuckin' nuts ache!"

Every erogenous zone on her was swollen with lust from the long time she'd spent without release. Her nipples, too, tented up what little fabric the front of her cheerleader jersey presented: already a sports-bra cut, the tiny pink top was rendered nearly useless against Karly's *beach-ball sized bra-busters*. Through a combination of expensive, experimental hormone treatment – paid for by the state – and a *massive* amount of similarly expensive, incredibly obvious plastic surgery, she was sporting a pair of gargantuan, heaving chest-blimps bigger than her own head. Similarly curvy on her backside, a pair of basketball-shaped booty-globes jutted out from Karly's pelvis, forming a shelf that tented up her skirt.

"Ghhuh... fuck... need to cum, need to *goon*..."

Thwump, thwump.

Karly was groaning with each step, feeling the vibrations travelling up from her overfilled condom each time it whalloped against the stairs. The six-foot-six young woman was *shredded*, stacked from head to toe with muscle befitting a female bodybuilder - but even at her monstrous size, it became tiring lugging around all this plastic all day. Her T&A aside, Karly's 30-inch gock had also been enhanced through a combination of medical science and the magic of silicone, and that *thick breeding pole* was a *heavy motherfucker*. By the time she got to the top of the stairs and started towards the bedrooms on the second floor, the musclebound blonde was sweating even harder – her uniform and panties were soaked through.

Her long acrylic nails clacked against the ajar first door on the left as she pushed it further open in the dark. It was quite late at night – Mackenzie was fast asleep.

The towering blonde was pulling her sweaty thigh-highs off, tossing them on the floor like she typically would the rest of her laundry. The two of them, 11-year-old Mackenzie and college-aged Karly, shared a bedroom, each of them with their own bed on either side of the room. Tiptoeing through the mess of trash, porn, and laundry on her own side of the bedroom, Karly arrived at the foot of her younger sister's bed.

The tanned young girl lay with her limber limbs spread apart, on her tummy, snoring into her pillow. She still wore her running uniform for the track and field club – a cropped jersey that fit snugly in the shape of a sports bra, and a pair of matching red shorts. Her bottoms, as Karly always noticed, were too small: the nylon fabric, despite being loose in the leg holes, was pulled taut between Mackenzie's thighs, riding up the middle of her ass cheeks in a wedgie. *She always sleeps like this. Fucking whore...*

On either side of her little sister's undersized shorts, she spotted her underwear. Pink and white striped bikini panties; an anime cosplay pair, one gifted to her by her older sister.

So this is it, thought Karly, slowly shimmying the condom down her cocktip to tie it off – she was careful not to stimulate her frustrated girldick too much. *I'm finally going to do it. Just like I imagined... just like in all my favorite pornos. I'm gonna fuck my little sister! I'm really gonna do it!*

As the massive pink fuckpole crept up between her legs, little Mackenzie was brought back to consciousness not by the poking and prodding against her undercarriage, but first by the odor. The rancid *fuckstench* coming off of her older sister's cock was like hot garbage, stinging her eyes with the sour smell of sweat, smegma, piss, and *so much cum*.

“Ghuuhh... m... morning, Big Sis,” she groaned obliviously. She stretched her arms above her head, softly squeezing her legs closed, clamping those tight, athletic, runner thighs around Karly's rape-log. By this point, the elder blonde was humping her hips hard, her grapefruit-sized cockhead drooling a disgusting amount of precum as she ground it up against her little sister's crotch. *Bhuu~ Big Sis is all smelly again... she must have just come home from practice. It always makes me so woozy when she stinks like this...*

Mackenzie had been able to take it in stride when her big brother became her big sister – she changed her gender but little else, she'd thought, remaining a big bully and a big pervert in her life, the same as always. When her adult sister had started getting plastic surgery, those

humungous tits and ass, she was a little jealous but more than a little embarrassed. What a freak to have to live around!

But when Karly had begun her gender-affirming gock-enlargement procedures, that was when she really started to feel lost. *She's a girl. Why would she want her p-p-penis to be so... so huge?* And indeed, the nearly three-foot surgically-enhanced feminine penis battering at her tiny, muscled rear, smearing her panties with rotten cocksnot, was *huge*; its girth was greater than Karly's own thigh. *What does Big Sis plan on doing to me with this... t-this giant thing?!*

During one of their many private talks about her older sister's transition, Mackenzie and her mother had discussed the growing transbull's gigantic womanhood. Their mother had remarked not to worry, and that she would *never* use something so ridiculously huge and *brutal* on her own little sister; she couldn't help but notice a flushed, distracted, and dreamy expression on her mother's face while she said that. But despite all their mother's boundaries and damage control, Karly was nonetheless pushing her giant, club shaped, *fucked-up breeding ram* right up against Mackenzie's untouched, virgin anus – and the situation was getting so slick with gooey, slimey pre-nut that it was starting to get painful.

“B... Big Sis-! It... hurts when you p-press on my butthole that hard...” moaned the younger girl, her hands gripping the pillow and her eyes tearing up in pain. “P-please, it hurts! And... and you're p... pushing my panties in... into my butthole! Nyuuuuh...!”

SCHLORP!

With an elastic condom of *soaked* middle schooler panties combined with the natural lubricant of chunky over-fermented tranny precum-curds, Karly's beastly dickhead was able to slide itself into Mackenzie's rectum, stretching her little shithole beyond its limits.

“GYAAAAAAHHH-! HYAAH- HUUUUURTS! BIG SIS, IT HURTS! Hurts hurts hurts huuuuuuuu- mmmmfpph!”

One massive hand on the back of her little sister's head, and she was pinning the bob-cut cutie's face into the mattress; Karly's other hand was holding her down by her hips, an iron grip clutching her pelvis, keeping her younger sister from escaping the anal destruction being inflicted. She hunched over, massive breasts compressing against her sister's back, weighing her down further; her broad shoulders and shredded back muscles rippled as she used less than half of her strength to immobilize and subjugate Mackenzie.

“UUUNNGHHH- S-shut up, you little... fucking *WHORE!* You're going to be my cocksock, nnnrgh, for tonight,” grunted Karly, locks of blonde ponytail sticking to her sweaty, chiselled face. She spat on her sister's back. “S-so shut up, and keep quiet... nnngh, you don't want to, HRNGHH, wake mom, right? She'd be so disappointed in what a little slut you are... for, hnnnf, teasing me this hard. You were begging for this fucking *girlcock...*”

•••

“UNF UNF UNF UNF UNRGGHHH! FUCK YEAH! TIGHTEN THAT SHITPIPE, CUMDUMPSTER!” screamed Karly, so loud that it could be heard down the hall; that, and

the bed-creaking, floor-shaking, gut-wrenching, *colon-crushing* anal slams that she was putting on her sister.

“Oh... oh god. Fuck. Fuck yes, Karly... you’ve grown into such a *fucking stud*,” whispered Giselle, her legs spread and her fingers clumsily playing with her cunt between them. The girls’ mother had woken up a while ago; not from the noise, no, but from smelling the rancid, masculine musk that her sweaty elder daughter was giving off when she got home. She was ashamed to admit it, but she would go into a minor heat whenever she smelled that rotten ball stank - so, here she was, eavesdropping from just outside the girls’ shared bedroom, eagerly shlicking her hairy milfmeat cunt to the brutal rape taking place directly on the other side. “Fuuuuuuck... gawd, you fucking *nasty breeding bull*- I thought it was going to be a few more months at least before you *claimed* your little *fuckdoll sisterslut cumrag*. You’re even more of a violent pervert than I expected. J-just like her father...”

Giselle thought back to the cruel, hung bodybuilder musclegoddess of a trans woman who had knocked her up with Karly: it was an eight-hour fucksession, and the entire time, that *merciless breeding stud* hadn’t even asked the cis woman’s name, let alone asked her to copulate. It was a *brutal* impregnation-slamming night, and Giselle still thought back to it to this day. Karly’s “father” was her ideal woman.

“FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK YOUR LITTLE SLUT PANTIES JERK ME OFF SO GOOD! FUCK! FUCK! I’m so glad mom let me buy all your lingerie, unf, fuck, FUCK, you’re just like my FUCKING LOLI HENTAI! IMOUTO WIFE! LITTLE SISTER BUTTSEX!”

Karly’s depraved pedobabble never stopped, her face contorting into nasty, grunting pleasure-faces with each thrust, and with each thrust pushing poor Mackenzie’s shorts and panties deeper into her wrecked anus. Slamming the full weight of her body behind her fucking, Karly was nearly frothing at the mouth, her giant hands wrapped around her little sister’s throat, squeezing with all her aggression.

“FUCK- SHIT! SHIT! DADDY’S GONNA CUM! DADDY’S GONNA BREED YOUR FUCKIN’ LITTLE BIMBO GUTS- Uuuuuunrrrrrrgggghhhh.....! UNNNGH!”

Karly’s orgasmic screams were heard only by her mother – Mackenzie herself was unconscious again, choked out *hard* both by the giant mannish hands crushing her neck, and by the three feet of girlcock raping her panties up into her intestines. It was too much for the little anal virgin, and she’d simply passed out after enough slamfucking. But Giselle was still awake, gooning her pussy sloppy to the sounds of her oldest child violating her sweet, virginal daughter into the mattress.

She continued dirty talking under her breath. “Ohhhh fuck- baby girl! Fuck yes, mommy’s little *bull*, you’re breeding that little cis *dicksheathe* so good! Fuck, when she wakes up from this concussion, she’s gonna be fucking *addicted* to your girlcock. Fuckfuckfuck- when she comes back to you begging please rape her brains out for twelve hours straight, and put a FUCKIN’ baby in her! And when you’re done with her, come claim me, fuckin’ knock me up again, I want your big fat rapist GOCK-! You’ll be the man of the house, my fucking perfect stud, I need your brats in my womb sweetie... nnnrrrrgh...!”

SPLRRRRRGGGHHHTTTT~!

“Fuuuuck... what a creampie. UNNNNGHH...” Karly moaned, deep and masculine, as she pulled her penis out of her little sister’s wrecked asshole. It was so tight, it held onto her for a few seconds, pulled-out colon gripping onto Karly’s veiny stud-shaft. When she finally was able to extract it, a fountain of rotten yellow spunk rocketed out of Mackenzie – along with almost a *foot* of prolapsed shit-tube! Her sore, pink, prolapsed asscunt was hanging out like a hefty sausage, and spurting an undending stream of backed-up girljizz through her ruined panties. “Shit! Fuck, I really wrecked that shitter... unf, that’s hot...”

Karly’s plump lips drooled as she leaned down, stroking her slop-covered shaft, pressing her face up against her little sister’s prolapse. Her tongue slithered out and attacked the destroyed panty stuck to her pink shitsock. “Fuuuuck... loli panties. Mmmf, loli prolapse panties! Fuck! Soooo hot... fuck yeah~! I’m so happy my sister is one of my fucktoys now. I can’t wait to claim every hole on my loliwife...”

Their mother was dumbstruck. Not only was Giselle coming down from a few filthy incest-fueled orgasms, but she was getting a sinus full of deep, manly spunk-odor as well – the smell was overwhelming. Every time Karly would come home, discard her overstuffed condoms, and goon out a few nose-frying, eye-watering girl-loads, Giselle would be unable to resist “enjoying” the prodigious expulsion herself. She frigged out another degradation-gasm from her cunt, covering her mouth with a hand to keep her cries of submissive pleasure quiet.

By the time Giselle finally stood and pulled her panties back up – her slick, black thong clung tightly to her curves, the crotch completely *soaked* from her wetness – and gingerly entered the girls’ bedroom, Karly was sitting on her bed, playing something on her Nintendo Switch.

“H... hey, honey...”

Karly looked up from her game, taking a deep drag off a cigarette with one hand. “Oh. Hey, cow,” she muttered, looking back down at her handheld. She spat on the floor, completely disregarding her mother’s presence. Giselle was lovestruck, especially by that nasty fuckpole still softening between her daughter’s legs – but what really caught her eye was the *annihilated* little sister lying face-down, ass-up on her bed.

Little Mackenzie’s cumspattered prolapse was intimidating and insanely erotic. Six-foot Giselle knew that this heinous treatment would be coming for her next... she reached down, grabbing at her own asscheeks, hoping that her fat, forty-year-old dumper would be durable enough to take her daughter’s devastating breedmeat. “Fuck... I’ll be fucking *destroyed*... *I need it*,” whispered the stacked MILF.

Her daughter looked up. “Didja’ say something, cunt?” Giselle bit her lip, her hand reaching down to her damp panties. She could see Karly’s hungry eyes scanning her body, the fire of her breedlust lit again inside of her gaze. Eleven-year-old Mackenzie’s anal destruction was so tantalizing, she could hardly wait.

“Y... you’re the man of the house now, Daddy,” mewled Giselle, the submissiveness dripping off her voice like honey. “Do... you want to claim *me*, too?”

A vicious look flashed across Karly's face. She bared her teeth; her shenis was growing hard again, already. As soon as Giselle offered her body to the violent breeding bull, she knew it was going to be a rough, brutal, *merciless* night of lesbian mating with her sweet trans daughter.

Link and Miruko

Chapter Summary

Happy pride month!

In which transgirl Link decides to have sex with Usagiyama Rumi.

I got paid to write this.

Usagiyama Rumi's ass clapped while she walked.

She was always a bit embarrassed about her gigantic rear, especially when her creamy brown cheeks would flop together, creating a wet slapping sound with every step. The basketball-sized cheeks she was pulling around were packed with so much hard-trained muscle and improbably-distributed fat, Rumi couldn't control the massive amounts of clapping her meat made behind her back!

The young woman was marching at the local pride parade! In light of the radical progress the LGBT lobby was making, pro heroes were dispatched to participate in, and serve as bodyguards for, the increasingly expensive and high-profile pride festival. Usagiyama Rumi was a pro hero, herself: The heroine Miruko, known for her incredible speed, her powerful kicks, and of course, her *ridiculously thick, goddess-like, wobbling, dumptruck ass!* Having always been the owner of a strong moral compass, Miruko had stepped up to serve and protect. But more than that, she had a reason of her own to participate in the parade.

The young woman carried a ten-foot lesbian flag, its vibrant stripes of orange, white, and pink waving in the wind. "We're here! We're queer! Get used to it!" she cheered, taking on the most common chant among the marchers around her; Miruko was a lesbian, and she was here to show her pride and love to the world, just like all her LGBT siblings.

In concert with her bunny ears, bouncing up and down with each step, her ass and thighs wobbled and *thwapped* lewdly, excessively; Miruko was wearing a tight leotard, similar in cut to her hero uniform, exposing the entirety of her long, muscled legs. She knew there were countless predatory, horny eyes scanning her body as she walked, but she ignored them; she drew on her plentiful confidence and infamous "fuck-you" attitude to show so much skin. Her leotard was a rainbow striped pattern, colorful bars running down the whole almost-translucent affair. Her massive twerk-cakes were completely exposed, along with a generous amount of cleavage – Miruko wasn't a *spectacularly* busty lady, but her bountiful rack was still enough to draw a lot of stares.

She shook her head, tossing her mane of thick white hair out of her face. "No justice, no peace! Queer liberation now!" she shouted, thrusting her flag into the sky aggressively.

“Fight lesbophobia!” Finally able to publically showcase and accept her homosexuality, Miruko was on top of the world. Her cocky smile and intense red eyes were the picture of confidence and excitement.

“Hey! I like your flag, sis,” shouted a voice Miruko’s left, a soft and syrupy vocal tone.

The heroine was marching alongside a trans pride float – a very large one, in fact. The trans float was the centerpiece of the pride parade: It took up two semis’ worth of street, and had dozens of people atop it, dancing and performing and cheering and... other things. The giant pink vehicle was dominating the parade, and marching near it was one of Miruko’s jobs. She whirled around, spotting a young blonde girl.

“Wha- t-thank you...” stuttered Miruko, startled: The girl was *beautiful*.

Standing on the corner of the float, a few feet above ground level, was a beautiful little girl – she couldn’t have been older than eleven or twelve, Miruko thought. She had shoulder-length, straight, flawless blonde hair in a ponytail, with a few locks dangling down on the sides of her face, framing a doll-like countenance. Big, glistening, sloped blue eyes looked at her, matching with the tiny, inviting hand held out to her. “Wanna hop on?” said the child. Below her hypnotizing smile and mouthwatering collarbones, affixed to her dress’ collar, was a lesbian pride pin, perhaps signaling this little girl’s orientation.

Usagiyama Rumi found herself blushing furiously; even in the summer pride heat, she felt her face getting red with shame and affection. *Oh my god... she’s so perfect. Oh my god!*

The utterly gorgeous young girl offering her a hand up had her heart pounding like a schoolgirl. She had a crush on a preteen!

Dumbstruck, the muscled young woman reached out a hand to touch the little girl’s. When it closed around hers, she felt an incredible amount of strength – Miruko was easily 200 pounds of muscle, but the blonde angel was pulling her up as though she was just another kid! She blushed deeper, her eyes scanning over the blonde’s plush-but-toned shoulder and arm muscles. *She’s so strong...*

“I’m Link. It’s nice to meet you!” said the girl as she yanked Miruko up, the larger woman stumbling on her footing as she tried to climb the float. Link was wearing a green sundress that came down to about her knees, matching with white thigh-high socks that compressed her stocky, muscular legs. Her dress fluttered in the breeze flowing over the float, giving the bunny heroine a glimpse of what she had underneath.

As she climbed the utility steps up the float, Miruko’s eyes widened. Link was wearing no panties; but underneath her dress, instead of the pink, bald, underage pussy she was expecting, she saw a fucking *monster*. In between Link’s creamy white thighs was a long, smooth, club-shaped, swinging *fuckhammer* bigger than Miruko’s *own forearm!*

Oh my god. W... what the fuck? No way... am I seeing things? Little girls aren’t supposed to have those!

Strands of foul yellow precum flung off of Link's penis, sloppily shooting out of her tapered, reddened cockhead. Her dick was so enormous, it's no surprise that she couldn't find panties in her size: that beast of a lolicock hung down to her knees, along with her massive, sweaty balls, and both of them slapped against her thighs with every movement she made. It was so terrifying Miruko lost her footing, in her shock.

FLOP!

The two girls collided together comedically, the scramble to get onto the float turning into a tumble and then a fall. Miruko ended up flopping on top of Link, the younger girl pushed onto her back by the accident, with her legs and arms splayed out. The thick-assed heroine groaned, having bumped her ass against the ground on landing. She looked down, finding herself in a compromising position:

Miruko was straddling Link, her thick thighs spread open and enveloping the trans girl's tiny, bony hips; her ass had landed directly on Link's groin. The massive wobble-cakes Rumi was lugging around had slammed down, hard, on the young trans blonde, all of Miruko's curvy, toned meat coming crashing down on her cockbulge. She felt the massive, intimidating, hairless shaft between her cheeks, throbbing, separated only by her rainbow leotard and by Link's thin green sundress. The young, inexperienced lesbian had never been this close to a cock, and she froze up.

Oh... oh god, oh fuck. It's... it's so big...

"I like your cosplay," chirped Link, her elegant rosy lips formed into a sweet, inviting smile. She sat up, propping herself up on her little hands, her fingernails painted a deep sapphire blue that glimmered like the ocean. "My fursona is a bunny, too!"

The clueless child before her brought the blush back to Miruko's pale cheeks. She was again stunned by the angel smiling delicately in her face. *She's so... cute!*

Stimulated by the unintentional hotdogging, a few arcs of sludgy pre-nut rocketed out of Link's urethra, splurting straight through her dress and landing with heavy *thwacks* on Rumi's sweating, rippling shelf-booty. The globs of gooey, yellow precum sat there like dead jellyfish, baking in the sun. She felt the hot expulsion on her cheeks: it was at once revolting and captivating. *How... how the fuck can a kid this size have such thick, nasty fuckslop stewing in his- uhh, HER balls?!*

Reaching around, Link used a delicate, doll-like hand to firmly slap and grip Miruko's ass – her fingers sank into the taut, wobbling fat, squeezing the firm muscle underneath. The glowing smile on Link's face didn't waver as she instructed Miruko:

"Hey, Onee-san, I really like your giant ass! My balls are really full, so let's fuck! Point your butt in the air."

Miruko jerked back, mouth agape. "What- What the *fuck?!?*" she shrieked, cocking an eyebrow and placing her hands on Link's flat chest, as if to push her away (she didn't, of course). "W-who taught you those words? No way, absolutely not, I'm- I'm not a pedophile... I'm, I'm... there's NO way! I'm not having sex with you, I'm a l-l-lesbian!"

Ignoring the bunny hero's pleas, Link licked her lips, pushing her ribcage forward, enjoying the big, adult hands compressing her soft, underdeveloped chest. She cooed, her voice bratty, husky, and chirpy all at once: "I think you *are* a pedo, though, Onee-san... look how wet you are." She gestured to Miruko's *soaked* crotch, grinding right up against her underage girlshaft through one layer of breathable rainbow leotard. As the young blonde girl humped her hips firmly, the veins in her cock swelling, she nodded at the lesbian pride pin affixed to her collar: "I'm a lesbian too. See? Now give me pussy! Come on, spread your ass, Onee-san!"

Biting her lip instinctively, Miruko felt her head getting swimmy, her powerful nose overloaded by the smell of unwashed cock-stink and rotten lolinut fuckbatter. She pleaded, her eyes watering. "No! No way, absolutely not- I would NEVER let you-"

•••

"-FUCKING GET ME PREGNAAAAAANT! GET ME PREGNANT GET ME PREGNANT GET ME PREGNANT FUUUUUUCK YES! Ruin my fucking ovaries with your fucking breeding monster, bash my womb bruised, please Daddy, fucking KNOCK ME UP WITH YOUR NASTY JIZZBLASTS!" screamed Miruko, pinned on her back on the deck of the trans pride float, her head thrown back in ecstasy. Her long white hair formed a mat underneath the violent mating display, absorbing the pints of rapesludge being flung off their sweaty bodies.

"UOOOOOGH- Bunny Onee-san! Bunny Onee-san, keep squeezing down on me! Your p-p... pussy feels SOOO good! It feels so-so-so good when you cum on my princess wand, you're milking all my sperm out of my sore balls! Unnnnghhhh!"

Like any self-respecting lesbian daddy dom, Link had rapidly forced her fuckdoll into a *brutal, sweaty, savage mating press*. Miruko's loss was *instant*- as soon as that two-foot slut-wrecking fucksledge had collided with the backwalls of her womb, that brown bunny *bitch* was creaming her brains out on it. So much veiny, young girdick was sliding in and out of her pussy that all she could do was pull her asscheeks apart, wrap her powerful legs around Link's back, lock them together, and *beg*.

"FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK YES YOU'RE RUINING MY WORTHLESS GUTS! I love you Daddy I love you I love you I love you ruin me ruin me RUIN ME PLEASE PLEASE YES DADDY! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO BACK TO PUSSY, YOU FUCKIN' DYKED MY WHORE WOMB SO HARD! I LOVE GIRLCOCK I LOVE GIRLCOCK I LOOOOVE UNDERAGE GIRLCO- GLUOCKH-!"

Her voice cut off in her throat as Link's powerful, smooth fingers closed around it. The muscled, grunting young breeding stud was choking the shit out Miruko! Her tongue flopped out, her brain running on the utter lesbian high of being pounded into the floor by a hung baby-making transbull while getting her lights strangled out. The tight brown shithole between her cheeks twitched and winked under her muscle convulsions, and her vaginal canal squeezed down *hard* on Link's fuckmeat, a muscular meat tunnel built specifically for jerking off hung preteen cock.

When Link finally released her neck, letting her gasp for air, what was left of her non-broken mind screamed for survival.

This is no good! Oh, god... if this keeps going, I'll get addicted! No way, no way... I can't get addicted to kiddie cock..! I have to tell her to stop. I have to tell her to slow down. I have to... just a little break, just a three minute break, I can't take much more of this...

But what came out was:

“DADDYDADDYDADDYDADDY PLEASE USE THIS CHOCOLATE BUNNY-BITCH HARDER! ROUGHER DADDY, TREAT ME LIKE A FUCKIN’ PUNCHING BAG, I WANNA HAVE YOUR RAPE-BABIES, PLEASE KEEP BREEDSLAMMING ME UNTIL YOU DRAIN YOUR FUCKING ELEPHANT BALLS IN ME-“

WHAP!

A cold, cruel backhand from her rapist, and Miruko was too dazed to get any more words out. Her face ached from the strength of the swing, and she could feel her eyes rolling around in her head. But before she could recover...

“You’re annoying, Onee-san- Shut up!”

WHAM!

A second blow was needed, apparently, to satiate the young blonde’s appetite for woman-beating. She landed a clenched fist directly in Miruko’s face, slamming her head into the floor with the power of the punch. A broken nose and watery eyes shined on the bunnygirl’s face to greet Link when she withdrew her fist – along with a bloody, but fully-toothed smile.

Faced with the aggression of a young trans goddess who wasn’t afraid to *take* what belonged to her – and was ready to beat the snot out of a bitch if she disobeyed – Miruko was overwhelmed. Completely mindbroken, she squeezed her legs tight around Link’s tight little butt and pulled her hips close, grunting like a beast.

“NNNGH- YESH DADDY! I’m soooo sowwy Daddy – Pwease keep abusing me until I learn how to be a good lesbian...!”

• • •

A few hours later, Miruko was on all fours, being taken in doggystyle – her stupid ahogao face had only intensified over this time, her eyes crossed back into her head and her tongue lolling out shamefully. By this point, her wrecked pussy was pushing out a creampie that would make an elephant blush; meanwhile, her asshole was taking the brunt of Link’s assault.

“Nnngh... nngh... ungh! Ungh! UNGH!” grunted Link, her sugary sweet voice devolving into primal breeding grunts. She was perched on *top* of Miruko’s ass – her gigantic shelf-booty was so fat and oversized, a kid could *squat* on top of them while railing the shit out of her anus!

As Link (nude save for her stockings and a choker) pushed and pulled twenty inches of girlcock in and out of Miruko’s aching shitter, she held fast onto the heroine’s fluffy white bunny ears. Miruko’s ears were super sensitive, as a part of her quirk; they felt drastically

enhanced pleasure *and* pain. The young girl coring out her insides had a vice grip on both of her fluffy white ears, and was tugging them *hard* with each merciless thrust, using Miruko's hypersensitive bunny ears as *fuck-handlebars*!

“GAH! SHIT! PULLING... TOO HARD! GONNA CUM AGAIN- DADDY, PWEASE, I'M CUMMING AGAIN! C-can't see straight, too... too hard!! Too rough! Gnnnnf... you're DESTROYING MY FUCKING ASS! GNYAAAAAAH!”

God... Oh god, thought Miruko. This isn't mutually consensual, safe, sane sexual intercourse... This is rape! Brutal, degrading, misogynist rape! She's... she's mounting me like a fucking wild animal! She's just savagely mating with my shithole in front of everyone... My ears! My ears! Hurts so much... I'm gonna fucking CUM!

“Nnnngh... Chocolate bunny Onee-san! I'm g-gonna cum again... it's coming out! Gonna cum, gonna BREED in your butt-toilet... I'm gonna fill you with my cream, chocolate Onee-san!” panted Link, feeling two feet of tanned Japanese guts tightening around her penis, stroking her girlcock off like a pro hooker. “Feels... feels so gooooooOOOOOOD!”

BBBRRRLLLLLLLLT-

An intimidating churning noise issued from Link's tensed-up girlballs. Rumi felt an indescribably intense heat and pressure burrowing through her organs for a few seconds, before...

“HGLUUUUURK!”

She vomited: A thick, solid rope of densely-packed semen rocketed out of her mouth, her insides almost instantly overpacked with the stuff. The yellowed, sludgy excretion piled up on the float in front of Miruko, coiling up like a— well, let's leave that for another time.

Regardless, with her insides now more dense, filthy, sperm-packed ball-stew than air, Miruko was in trouble. The goopy issuance wouldn't let up, and all she could do was take the long, nasty breeding blast, all the way through her digestive system.

Holyfuck holyfuck holy fuck- Her donkey dick cums like a goddamn firehose! I'm gonna' fuckin' DROWN..!

Before Miruko passed out, the last thing she remembered was Link hunched over her, groping her fat, dangling breasts and pulling her hair, as she emptied her hairless nuts into — and through — the curvy bunnygirl's guts. She was soon overtaken by putrid sperm stink replacing the contents of her sinuses, still cumming her brains out as she passed into unconsciousness. The breeding session continued nonetheless, Link having her way with the KO'd hero.

•••

“Mmmf, thank you Daddy,” cooed Miruko, licking her lips. She squeezed the tight, white buttcheeks in front of her, sloppily letting drool drip down her chin. She fluttered her eyelashes seductively — the dark black bruises surrounding her eye sockets glistened, little

badges of her daddy's callous physical abuse. "Your *pussy* tastes sooo good! I'll keep eating you out until you're ready to get back to *slamfucking my ciscunt brains out* in front of all these families and their kids!"

With that, Miruko dove back in, planting her tongue directly into Link's tight, puckered pink asshole. Her eyes rolled back, tears streaming makeup down her face, as she tongued the little trans girl's shitter with all her remaining strength. She was *devouring* it!

Link, on all fours, was only half-paying attention; it had only taken a single order from Daddy to get Miruko to start eating her ass, and she hadn't stopped for twenty minutes. Even though the three-hour breedsession on the float had almost drained her completely, Link's veined battering ram of a girlcock was starting to throb and grow again.

The fat, swollen pair of girly nuts dangling between her legs was supported by Rumi's cleavage – and between those juicy, sweaty, chocolate milkbags, Link's semi-chub gock was firmly thrusting down. More blood surged into those fat, pulsating veins with each little pulse of her hips, every movement fuelled by the greedy bitchbunny tongue stroking away at her prostate, stimulating her loli ass into more fervent, amorous humping. The combined paizuri-anilingus was just what the growing young transgirl needed to get back to panting, needy, *breedmode*.

"Mmmmp! Grnnnf~ Mnnn nmph nnnghd!"

With her face muffled under two tight, jiggly preteen asscakes, bystanders could be forgiven for not understanding Miruko's words: She said "FUCK, YES! THANK YOU DADDY!", while digging her way through that deep, wet T-girl colon with gusto.

She tastes so fucking good... God, is this really what I am now? I'm just a pedophile who eats trans little girl ass like it's my last meal, just so she'll get it up again to rape me? Have I seriously just become a cumdumpster for tar-thick girlnut?

Miruko felt a small, but powerful hand land in her sticky, matted hair. When she realized she'd spaced out and stopped tonguing ass, and Link's hand started pushing her head back down in between her asscheeks, her thoughts stopped being so scrambled:

FUCK YES! I AM! I'M NOTHING BUT A PEDOPIG WHORE! I'm so addicted to monster-hung kiddie cock that I would keep eating her ass for hours just because it tastes SO fucking good, only to get beat unconscious again by this fucking stud!

The pro hero was assured in her conclusion: there was nothing better than being the dyke slampiece for a young, adorable, *incredibly blessed* young trans girl. As her vision blurred, her surroundings looked the same as the last few hours of pride parade; All through the crowds, on every float and surrounding them, orgies of debauched, rancid pleasure played out.

Trans girls with underage dongs *far* too long and girthy for their little bodies, mercilessly ramming them into squirting cisbimbo holes too tight and pink for their masculine breeding poles; Tall, hung transbull lesbians, mating viciously with their slutty, underage wives; trans boys taking *and* giving massive amounts of perfect swollen queer cock. In every scene, trans

boots stomped on cis faces; noxious queer fuckstink smeared proud hetero lips; massive loads of genetically perfect LGBTQ breedslop painted the cishet underclass' sore, flogged skin.

Miruko was a classic case: A cute cis lesbo thinks she can get away with showing her well-developed curves in front of a bunch of pussy-hungry transbian studs, and she learns her lesson for it, every time. Transbulls *breed*, cissies *seethe*. It's just the way of the brave new trans supremacist world.

Chapter 6

A young blonde girl sat on a couch before a camera, with a number of figures standing behind her.

“Hello there, sweetie,” asked a voice from behind the camera. “Can you say your name for the camera, darling?”

The doll-like little girl blinked her enormous, wet blue eyes. One-inch, glistening, black false eyelashes fluttered as she did, pulling down on her delicate eyelids.

“Clarissa!”

“And, tell us Clarissa: How old are you?”

She held out one hand with all her fingers extended, and the other hand closed into a fist with just her middle knuckle jutting out. “I’m five *and a half!*” she proudly proclaimed. “Mommy let me skip kindergarten today to come play with you guys!”

Clarissa’s flawless, wavy blonde hair cascaded down to her butt, a shawl of perfect gold leaf wrapping her almost-nude, pale body. Wrapping around her impossibly slender ribcage was a black sports bra, and cresting over her hips was a matching cotton thong. The fabric clung tightly to her, and bit into the almost-imperceptible layer of plush fat on her baby skin – the black fabric, but also the white elastics encircling her waist and chest. Printed along the constrictive, eye-catching ivory bands was one word, repeated all around her, resembling a strip of sinful caution tape: TRANNIED. The imposing, black block letters stood out like brands against her lingerie and her porcelain skin.

The camera woman grinned, nodding, encouraging. “Good girl! And we’re *so* happy to have you here at TRANNIED, Clarissa. Your mother’s been sending us such darling selfies of the two of you, we just love how *naturally photogenic* you are. In a few minutes, we’re going to turn you into a star for real, Clarissa! Do you know what TRANNIED is, sweetie?”

She smiled, showing a mouthful of teeth that were still so young, they were falling out too often to even need braces; the camerawoman salivated, barely contained, as Clarissa continued: “Yeah! I wuuuuv Twannied! Mommy always puts it on the big TVs before bedtime. Uwaaah, thinkin’ about the *loud* noises the Twannied girls make... my cunny is gettin’ *weeet...*!”

A group of five trans women, all of them upwards of six feet and two hundred pounds, were gathered behind Clarissa. They each wore tight white boxer briefs that did little to conceal the cantaloupe-sized bulges between their legs, rather doing more to highlight them and the moist spots forming at their tips. A panting, musclebound transbull, with a handful of black braids that clung tightly to her scalp, pulled her shorts down. Soon after revealing a Subway-sandwich-sized girlcock between her legs, she pinched the pre-filled condom dangling at its tip and tugged it off, tossing it aside. Raw *only*; it was mandatory.

“Well then, congratulations, sweetie! Today is your lucky day – you’re going to be the *first* little lady to star in *TRANNIED Kids!* Does that sound fun, Clarissa? Would you like to start? We just need to hear one ‘Yes’, princess!”

Clarissa smiled, a big wide grin that put dimples on her perfect pink cheeks. “Yay! Yes pwea-“

CRACK!

Immediately, Clarissa was interrupted by a titanic slap. A massive hand came backhanding across her face, the knuckles on it leaving welts that started growing already.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP CISWHORE! YOU’RE GONNA’ BE OUR RAPEMEAT FOR THE NEXT TWLEVE HOURS!” screamed a towering blonde woman with a deep, growling voice: “And every time you cum, *fucktrash*, we’re gonna’ add another hour. No breaks, no safewords, NO *MERCY!*”

Hands were on her. There was no chance, not for her tiny, five-year-old form, clad only in a kid-sized set of fetish lingerie; not against the gang of hairy rapists that pounced atop her, resembling a pack of filthy wolves.

• • •

You see, child abuse, child sex abuse, and – most importantly, for Trannied Studios – *child pornography* had been legalized across the country the day before. This had been at the intense urging of the trans lobby, an overwhelmingly powerful block that wielded a great deal of sway over legislation. With their weight behind them, the trans-age movement had no barriers it could not break; the people had spoken, and the people wanted to fuck whoever, whatever, *whenever*.

One overnight flight (arranged by little Clarissa’s overeager mother) later, and the girl would become one of the pioneering first *legal* child pornstars.

What a brave new world our trans goddesses have wrought.

• • •

Around thirty-seven hours later, when the rape was finally over, Clarissa was unconscious again – and this time too deeply to even keep orgasming. The trans studs having taken breaks in shifts to ensure that they could rest (while keeping at least three women on camera assaulting Clarissa) the savagely beaten kindergartener herself had not been given the luxury of a breather. After the first minute of filming, throughout the entire runtime, she didn’t spend a single second without at least one hole filled. She hadn’t had anything to eat but cum, and hadn’t had anything to drink but piss. (A LOT of piss.) Overall, an impressive inaugural gangbang for a porn-industry rookie.

The young girl was tied in deep bondage, breathing (but just barely) on the floor in a puddle of white and yellow. Her arms and legs were bent uncomfortably behind her back, each of them folded up in half and tied with hemp rope that bit deep into her skin. The position

pushed her hips and back into a cruel arch, and her head back, showing off dark, black strangulation marks around her throat. A matching ensemble, Clarissa's tiny porcelain form was covered head-to-toe in bruises; in fact, her head and her sweet, adorable little toes were objects of particular focus by the violent porn-addicts that had put the marks on her.

Tears streamed down her face, along with generous makeup. Her closed eyes were ringed by two giant bruises, raccoon-like, from being beaten in the face so much. Her fake eyelashes had been slapped off hours ago. Matted golden hair – *most* of it hadn't been ripped out – stuck fast to her scalp, running down her back, clinging in filthy sticky white ropes to her battered latissimus. Body writing – “WHOREMEAT”, “PISS DRINKER”, “TRANNY ADDICTED”, “NO LIMITS” – covered a fair portion of her as well, the most vile misogynist graffiti the cast and crew could conjure.

As the camera woman called cut, and the marathon porno came to a close, Clarissa's baby cunt was leaking a steady stream of putrid yellow girlcum. That and her asshole, both had been gaped open by a ruthless series of piledrivers, mating presses, spitroasts, and more. After having finally taken all of the *footlong organ-bludgeoning girl-clitties* balls deep, in every hole, lucky little Clarissa had finally become the first underage TRANNIED girl. The beautiful, stunning trans queens who'd put the punishing torture-rape on her were *spent*; her little preteen slopholes had milked them all dry.

If they hadn't been spit on, torn into pieces, and coated in an inch-thick layer of feminine *nut-slop* beyond recognition, she'd have been allowed to bring the collectible TRANNIED underwear home. Oh well; at least she could bring home the memories. The ones she managed to retain, that is.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Middle-aged stay-at-home mom Martha is mortified when her daughter brings home a girlfriend, introducing her to a relationship sporting what could be tactfully described as a problematic age gap.

Repeatedly folding her hands over each other in her lap, Martha grimaced. “It’s very nice of you to ask for... my b-blessing. First, I have to go over some... uhh... g-ground rules, for dating my daughter,” she stuttered, reaching forward to take a sip from the glass in front of her.

Sitting, reclined, on the couch across from the middle-aged mother was a harsh-jawed young woman, her considerable wingspan stretched over the back of the couch, black armpit hair splayed out like two unruly balls of steel wool. She parted her thin lips, yellowed teeth showing through her pitch-black lipstick. “Mhm... I see. Let’s hear them. The ground rules,” she conceded. Her long, straight, greasy black hair fell in big sheets over the couch and over her own body, one covering up her left eye; the remaining one, heavy-browed, narrowed like a hunting fox, taking stock of the older woman across from her.

Tossing her mousy hair, Martha continued. “R-right... um... well, first of all... n-no sex. No sex until... until she’s t-twelve. Um...” seeing the young trans woman’s mouth curl into a scowl, she corrected. “Um... until she’s t-ten, I mean. Ten. And...”

Six-foot-three Rachele grinned, her nostrils flaring. She brushed her hair out of her eye, only for the lock to fall back down in front of it immediately. She idly tongued the ring piercing through her lower lip, nodding along like she was listening – the twenty-one year-old knew she was the one in control in this situation, regardless of the ages of those present.

“And...” Martha mumbled, gripping her knees. “N-no... no g-gang... gangb... g-g-g.... no *group sex* until she’s twelve... a-and you *have* to use c-c-con... p-protection until she’s twelve, too. N... no impregnation, no unprotected sex, it’s not an option! Understand...!? These... these rules are non-negotiable if you’re going to be... d-dating my daughter.”

Placing her glass of iced tea down on the table with an authoritative *clank*, Rachele sat back again on the sofa, her pink Hello Kitty crop top stretching conspicuously over her thickly muscled pecs and delicate, budding trans breasts. She ran one hand down to her thigh, sliding her palm over the salami-sized outline packed into her skin-tight bike shorts. The other arm was draped down the backrest of the couch, wrapping gently but seductively around her girlfriend beside her. “Yeah... sounds good. Totally,” she purred, her deep voice coming out in a growl as she looked Martha in the eye.

Next to the enormous, lanky trans girl, a positively pathetic little figure sat cross-legged, hands playing in her lap absentmindedly. Six-year-old Brea looked between tall, imposing Rachele next to her and her mother across the coffee table, smiling with a dumb obliviousness. “Those were some big words, but uhh, does mommy like you, Daddy?” she cooed, prodding at Rachele’s musclebound thigh with a pudgy finger.

Martha winced. She had been surprised when her daughter came home from her third day of 1st grade and told her she’d gotten a girlfriend – and *appalled* when she was informed that the girlfriend was the fully adult trans teaching assistant for the class. She knew she had to walk on eggshells; with the entire legal system built around serving every need – and depraved desire – of trans individuals, she certainly couldn’t *demand* that the two of them not see each other. She could only be, or try to be, as strict with them as possible. Every time Brea called the enormous, smelly trans woman that filthy, fetishist pet name “Daddy”, she felt a little bit of herself dying inside.

“Y-yes, honey...” she started, biting her lip, “I... I don’t dislike your new g-g-g-girlfriend... I’m glad you two are getting al-“

Rachele interrupted as though the overstressed mother hadn’t even been talking. “That’s right, sweetness! Your mommy loves me and she’s so glad you brought me over to say hi.” She ruffled the feathery blonde hair on Brea’s head, grinning like an idiot. “I’m so glad your momma is accepting of lesbians, and is happy to allow our love!”

Brea giggled, wiggling side to side in her seat. The bony arm wrapped around her squeezed a little tighter, pulling the little girl closer and cuddling her close to Rachele’s body. “Yayay! Heheheh, I’m glad momma likes you! I was so glad when Daddy told me you wuuuv me and you want to be my wife!”

“O-of course, honey...” said Martha, grumbling through a faked smile. She watched as Rachele stood up and in doing so, picked up her daughter – the little girl’s chubby legs straddled the young woman’s back and her huge dinner-plate hands sunk deep into the soft, pillowy ass underneath Brea’s skirt. Under her flowing miniskirt, she saw a pair of bare asscheeks, dirty fingernails clinging to her baby’s perfect skin, and a lacy black G-string wedged up between them.

God... first it was buying her thongs, then it was getting a girlfriend... now this? Where did I go wrong... What is she going to pull next, thought Martha. She watched as the enormous, sweaty goth woman carried her daughter up the stairs, the spring in her step bouncing the head-sized bulge in her shorts just as much as the jiggly young girl riding her piggyback.

“Momma, we’re gonna go pway in my room now!” said Brea, waving her hand and sticking out her tongue.

Her face pale, Martha waved stiffly at her daughter. “H-h... have fun with your l-l-little playmate, dear...”

•••

WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, WHAM, WHAM-

Creak, creak, creak, creak-

“*NRRRNNNFFFFH..... NNNRRRGH.... HRRNNNGGGHHHH... NNNFGGGH... NNNGH... HNGH... NNNNNGH...*”

Downstairs in the kitchen, Martha ground her teeth against each other, too shell-shocked to move. She stared down at the peeled, half-sliced apple on the cutting board in front of her. A cold sweat dripped down her body as she heard the creaking, groaning, grunting, screaming, and *thudding* coming from upstairs.

She couldn't muster any words. She just stood there gripping the paring knife, white-knuckled, shaking. All she could do was listen to the sounds of degrading, primal, violent, *hateful* sex taking place in her daughter's room.

• • •

“*UUUUGHHH.... nnnnffffhhffffFUUUUUCK! UNFFH! NNNRGH! UNNNGH!*” grunted Rachele, her hips pumping like a motor. Her skinny ass was a blur as she pounded up and down. A pair of saggy elephant nuts flew up almost two feet, only to *slam* back down a couple times a second, leaving red slap marks on the tiny ass pinned down under her.

She could barely get words out, but still did her best to growl dirty talk as she *punished* Brea's poor little hole. “Fuck... god... fuck, this little pussy grips SO good- nnngh, that stupid *bitch* thinks I would use a condom to *power-slam* your tight pink little *cunny*?! NEVER gonna happen, what a fucking idiot, nnngh- she should know that there aren't even condoms big enough to f-fit my fucking GOCK!”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP-

With each stroke, the child-sized bed rattled and the room's floor shook, sending echoing rumbles through the whole house. The jackhammer strength of each transbull-powered thrust sent the fluffy pink blanket and delicate, thin white sheets even more into chaos, and sent even more of the decorative, sparkly pillows and adorable stuffed animals tumbling off the bed and onto the posh, pink-carpeted floor. Rachele was nonetheless merciless – she had one of Brea's arms pinned down under a massive, dirty foot, and had the other chubby forearm bent around the little girl's back in what looked like a cruel wrestling pin.

Her long, jagged fingernails clutched tightly Brea's soft, pillowy thighs, and her body hunched over the first-grader, looking like some kind of putrid insect devouring its prey. Her bony spine stuck out in awkward ridges on her back, and her ribs shone underneath her minimal breasts. The enormous woman was sweating bullets under the strenuous exercise of delivering such a brutal slamfucking.

“*FUCK... fucking... fucking... FUUUUCK! Take my fucking dick, you're BUILT for my monster girl dick! TAKE IT! I'm not FUCKING DONE WITH YOU yet, YOU LITTLE WHORE! Your stupid... stupid fucking mom, pff, ten years old to start fucking, if only she knew... If only she knew we started fucking six MONTHS ago! RAW!*” she roared, taking one hand and clamping it down over Brea's tiny neck. The strength of her enormous adult grip immediately started asphyxiating the little girl, providing a tight, gripping muscle spasm

to Rachele's rapidly reciprocating rape-rod. Veins the thickness of her six-year-old girlfriend's fingers crisscrossed her gigantic, uncut breeding cock, stretching out the overworked labia minora that clung to her girldick with each punishing stroke.

SMACK!

Freeing her non-choking hand for a second, Rachele sent it flying across Breyas face, delivering a savage slap to the little girl's squishy cheek – if she had access to any air she would have cried, *screamed*, but instead the first grader could only gasp for air and spasm, her body twitching underneath the violent power-slamming into the back walls of her womb.

“UUUUNNNNGH! That's right... fuck... FUCK! Fucking CUM! CUM! CUM ON MY FUCKING GIRL DICK! I'm not gonna give you a fucking break – I'm gonna keep PLOWING this sweet little FUCKTOY CUNNY until you SQUIRT ALL OVER ME! FUCKING CUM, SLUT!”

As she wrung a degrading masochist-gasm out of Breyas with her relentless powerfucking, Rachele grinned, strings of spit and mucus flinging out of her mouth and nose as she bore down on the little girl. Her grin looked like a slavering, predatory beast, and her eyes like those of a bloodthirsty hunter. “Fucking... little BITCH! That's right, CUM for Daddy! I'm not gonna listen to your stupid whore mom ever again – I'm gonna come over here and use your room as my SLAM-DUNGEON!”

“You're gonna be my personal onahole, you belong to ME, and I'm gonna SLAMBREED all of your slutty little LOLIBITCH HOLES until every cell in your body KNOWS IT! Me, my friends – all the lesbians at my university are going to fucking RUIN YOUR GUTS, WHORE! I hope you're ready, 'cause we're gonna run a train of ARM-SIZED HOLE-WRECKING BITCH-BREAKER GOCK on you! You're gonna be puking OATMEAL-THICK GIRL-NUT FOR DAYS, CUNT!”

All-in-all, Rachele and Breyas first date at her mother's house went pretty typically, at least as far as relationships between adult trans women and elementary-aged cis girls go. This type of relationship would only grow in popularity – the increase in trans-age individuals, as well as the increase in acceptance of the massive trans MAP community, was making huge strides in that regard. A year later, young Breyas and Rachele would end up married, a beautiful, wholesome lesbian union; they would, not long after, ensure that Martha got the grandchildren she only expected much, much later in life.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Join a popular trans woman drag queen as she visits a preschool to put on everyone's favorite LGBT activity for kids: Drag Queen Story Time!

I accidentally named a character in this chapter a name I already used in chapter 4, but be aware that they are very much not the same character.

“O... okay kids... it’s time for...” said the preschool teacher, her head in her hands, sighing resignedly. “D... drag queen... story hour...”

She opened the classroom door, stepping aside to let the drag queen of the day enter the room. Seven kids, between 4 and 5 all of them, sat cross-legged on the floor gawking at the enormous, flashy person who made her entrance.

“Hiiii there kids! I’m Alotta Gock, and I’m here to read you stories!” drawled a deep, flamboyant voice. Alotta – her drag/stage name – was a trans drag queen, one of the most highly respected members of the trans community. Her status was basically in a class, no, a caste all its own, and she received incredible preferential treatment to match.

She strutted in on bright-red eight-inch heels, balancing expertly. Giselle – her real name, when not performing – was a tall woman at six feet and six inches, and that was when she was stark naked. She easily crested seven feet when in full drag regalia, which she was sporting for the occasion. Her gigantic, perky fake tits, the size of volleyballs, threatened to bust out of her unreasonably small, tight tube top. Similarly, her feminine penis – her most venerated and worshipped organ – was packed into a translucent pink lace thong, and the foot-long flaccid fucksledge was only barely restrained, throbbing with angry purple veins and with a pair of baseball-sized sperm tanks to match. Her unwashed, hairy junk was all but fully exposed underneath her three-inch ruffled miniskirt, a pathetic pink affair that did nothing to cover her hips, ass, and undercarriage but which did everything to sexualize it.

Giselle smiled, her jagged horse teeth showing in a great big joyous grin. She stopped in the focus of the semicircle of children, taking a moment to sensually run a hand down, then back up her muscled, fishnet-clad leg, before sitting down on the child-sized plastic chair which served as the pulpit for Drag Queen Story Time. The furniture creaked in protest of her over-two-hundred-pound weight.

Demurely sliding a hand into her tiny LV purse, Giselle produced a tablet reader, already loaded up with her favorite stories to read to the little tykes. Sitting on the low-slung plastic chair, her legs were spread in a crass display – her girthy, pulsating girlcock was scarcely two feet from the kids’ faces. Some of them screwed up their faces at the sour, sweaty stink of her

barely-contained package; others, already familiar with the *brave, feminine* odor of an unwashed girly penis, grew excited or even aroused at the smell.

“It’s so nice to see you all! Today we’re going to be reading: “My Maso Loli-Bitch Little Sister Is Addicted to Anal Rape?!” This is one of my favorite manga, it’s great for kids. I’ll make sure to project the current page on the classroom’s smart board, so try to follow along with the words that you know! If there are any words you don’t understand, feel free to ask me!”

“Yes, Miss Alotta Gock!” droned the children in unison.

• • •

A bony little girl raised her hand, trembling with embarrassment. She was staring at the class’ screen, currently projecting a black-and-white page of hentai that was overpacked with more ridiculous speech bubbles and undifferentiable bodily fluids than recognizable human forms.

“Yes, Rosie?” responded Giselle, gladly interrupting her reading to help teach the youngins.

The blonde preschooler struggled through the phrase. “W... what does... muh... missgo... misogynist slam-wape mean?”

The hulking drag queen leaned in, resting her tablet on her knee. “That’s a great question, Rosie! You see, when a little girl and a grown-up woman love each other very much, they start wanting to play special games with each other. They want to give each other “special” hugs. But grown-up girlies, especially trans girls like myself, can get really bored with these hugs if they keep doing them the same way over and over.”

Rosie gawked at Giselle, mouth hanging open, as the enormous woman stood up, dropping her panties to the floor after a moment. The delicate, lacy panty piled around her ankles, and out flopped nearly two feet of throbbing, unreasonably thick girl-cock. “So... when an adult trans woman, and a little girl reeeally like each other... the trans woman wants to get really, *really* rough, and violent, and *mean*. It might sound scary, but... when trans girls really need this kind of thing to have fun, it’s just a fact of life that girls have to deal with. And based on my research in loli mangas, the little girls really enjoy it, too.”

Crouching down, her elephant cock flopping in front of Rosie’s face unceremoniously, the trans stud’s mouth split into a maniacal grin. She reached out, caressing the little girl’s cheek with a massive, hairy hand. “I think you need a demonstration, huh sweetie? Let me show you...”

• • •

“HRRRNGH, NNNFF, fuuuuuUUUUCK yeah, that’s tight... Nnnnngh, nothing like preschooler mouthpussey... mmmfh, gripping on my fucking tonsil-bludgeoning GOCK!”

“*Hlrk glkh glrhkh gluck gluhkl glurp glurck-*“

Wet, sputtering noises issued from little Rosie's mouth, her pert pink lips spread wide by a penis as thick as a bologna sausage. The amount of meat was ridiculous – her poor delicate little throat bulged out wider than it ever should have, the outline of a beastly member burrowing down her esophagus, pistoning in and out mercilessly.

“FUCK YES, FUCK- Nnnnghhh! Give me that tight pink fucking CUNNY...!” growled Giselle, her monstrous hands pawing underneath little Rosie's skirt. The little girl was pinned on her back, her face being repeatedly bludgeoned by a fat pair of nuts and by the base of Giselle's cock. Heavily painted fake nails clawed at her cotton, heart-patterned panties, pulling at the hem, ripping holes in the stitching. “Fffuuuck yeah- NNNNGH, look at that *fresh* fucking *baby pussy*- nnngh, I wanna *taste* your little whore fuckhole!”

Bulging out of a rip torn down the crotchline of her panties was tiny Rosie's puffy, completely bald pussy – a glistening, incredibly soft pink cleft that visibly jiggled with each impact of Giselle's hips on her face. The sweaty, grunting drag queen lifted up a hand and – *SMACK!* – let rip a cruel open-palmed slap, directly on that exposed little pussy, sending it wobbling like a little slab of jello. It quickly grew red and pink from the impact.

Leaning down, her arms gripping hard to the preschooler thighs wrapped around her head, Giselle dove into that sweet little honey pot. She extended her meaty tongue, lapping greedily, getting a taste and a feel for the exquisite, velvety soft kid pussy that was *all hers* for the afternoon. She groaned – “Nnnrgh...!” – as her lips, tongue, and teeth explored the texture of Rosie's plush little innie.

Her cock throbbed harder, brutal in its unyielding firmness, utterly jackhammering in and out of Rosie's mouth. Spit, tears, mucus, puke – Giselle didn't give a shit, she used all the bodily fluids issued as fuckslop to lubricate her merciless skullfucking.

Coming up for air, she took a deep breath, sweat and sweet young pussy nectar splattered on her lips and cheeks. “Nnnnggaaah-! Ffffuck yes! Unnngh, your underage CUNT tastes so fucking GOOD-! Nnnngh, I can feel your stupid little fucktoy CUNNY tightening up when I BLUDGEON YOUR FUCKING TONSILS! Ungh, nnngh, hrrnngh, give me that fucking throatpussy! I'm gonna get your tummy fucking PREGNANT!”

Giselle ducked down again, this time aiming her tongue at the tight, pink ring just underneath Rosie's vagina. Of course drag queens eat ass, what, do you think we're some kind of barbarians? Her tongue wriggled into the delicate, virgin shitter, devouring and relishing the flavour of the little girl's insides. She loved eating pussy, and ass pussy, especially that of a fresh, ripe young cis trick. And she knew the generous slobber she lavished on those holes would be needed – Giselle wouldn't be satisfied just power-raping Rosie's throat hole, she would also need to take advantage of her tight, yet-unmolested lower holes. Rosie would be made a three-hole fucktoy by day's end.

• • •

“Mmggh, fuck... ungh... god... god, yes...” moaned Giselle, massaging her softening shaft, looking down at the wreckage she'd wrought. Thick, lumpy girlcum dripped down off of her rape-hammer, pooling into a steaming cauldron in the anus she'd just finished pummeling. The class' teacher had long since departed, on the phone with the school superintendent,

begging for some protection for the kids in the class– but none could come. Giselle, a high-profile trans drag queen, was well within her rights to do what she wished to help the kids learn about LGBT culture. And what had she done with the afternoon?

Arrayed on the floor underneath her, discarded amid piles of putrid nut-sludge, were the seven students. Some unconscious – choked out or beaten into submission – some crying or groaning, begging for mercy, babbling nonsense. A couple wriggled with their butts in the air, having taken too much doggystyle pounding to move, their prolapsed rectums dangling out between tight asscheeks layered with red handprints. Others laid on their backs, legs still tucked behind their heads from the hours of relentless mating-press rape; boys, girls, nay, preschoolers of all genders weren't safe from Giselle's relentless breeding assault. They'd all had their throats blasted by a hung drag queen powerfucking, their assholes wrecked by a gut-destroying anal onslaught, and for those applicable, their immature little pussies split open by a rape-hammer ten times bigger than they were ever meant to take. In each and every hole Giselle had laboriously edged, gooned, and pumped out a disgusting, fucked-up load of rotten genetic slop, leaving none unfilled. Every ass was spanked, every pussy slapped with extreme prejudice, and every sensitive little cock and balls whipped with the same cruel, hairy hand.

She'd spared none of the kids in her endeavour to teach the kids about hyper-degrading power-fucking. “God... fuck. I love drag queen story time...” she growled, wiping sweat from her brow, sloppily collapsing down on the floor, her oversized breasts bouncing to a stop like her favourite anime titty physics. Sitting on her ass, she leaned back on her arms, throwing her head back and moaning with relief in a deep, gravelly voice. “Nnnnngh.... Fuuuuuck, that was good.”

Get them started with trans rights early, the queer movement said – and Giselle was on the frontline, the tip of the spear. She loved showing up to elementary schools, kindergartens, preschools. She loved helping kids open their minds to beautiful new ideas and activities. Ideas like transgender people, trans-age people, and the brave and diverse community of minor-attracted-persons; activities like reading loli hentai, or brutal, extreme, hole-destroying rape dominated by hentai-addicted, misogynist, violent trans studs.

“Trans rights...” she sighed, her chest rising and falling with deep, exerted breaths, “defended, once again.” She concluded, looking over the classroom of creampie preschooler holes spread out in front of her.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!