

Trans Supremacy Tales

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Trans Supremacy Tales

by [barbed_stories](#)

Summary

Chapters can be read in any order. Tagged characters start appearing in chapter 13.

Ever imagined what it'd be like if TERF delusions were true? Bite-sized anthology porn about a world where trans women are huge, hung, aggressive, misogynist tops who like to invade cis womens' spaces and genitals, and where cissies will be called transphobic and silenced if they try to fight back. If you stick around you even can read about the supremacy of trans men and NB people, too.

Chapter 1

Lily stretched her arms and shoulders as she walked into the womens' locker room, displaying hairy, bushy armpits. And displaying a whole lot else – she wore only a thin white towel wrapped around her hips. Her six-foot-four silhouette dwarfed all the other women in there, her musclebound arms and chest pumped swollen from a long workout, and her body slick with shiny sweat. An eight-inch flaccid cock bulged out her towel in front and she entered the room with a confident stride that caused it to swing left to right weightily.

“Glad there’s no creepy men to stare at us here, huh girls?” She mused, eyes hungrily scanning around the room. “Women-only gyms rock! No need to worry about gross straight guys checking out your ass in your workout leggings.” As she delivered that line, her eyes were locked on a slender young woman who was timidly peeling off her yoga pants; the tight fabric clung to her sweaty booty as it slid down and revealed a round, white ass highlighted by a sexy pink G-string. The gender-segregated gym may not be a place for gross straight guys, but it was undoubtedly a feast for the eyes of any horny trans lesbian who signed up!

The dozen or so cis women in the showers averted their eyes as Lily untied the towel around her waist and set it down on a bench. Her hairy cock and balls flopped out, exposed in front of the many vulnerable pussies in front of her – and it was obviously growing harder. Lily’s perfectly sculpted female-bodybuilder physique led down to a footlong half-hard cock between her legs, with a pair of heavy, churning balls that hung down low between her thighs. She idly hefted and adjusted her package as she stepped into the shower. Her wolf-like blue eyes darted from body to body in the shared showers; cis bodies of all sizes and shapes for her to ogle.

Her porn-addict brain went into overdrive. Stacked beauties with big wet jiggly tits that she could imagine bouncing like mad during sex. Fat BBW queens that she ached to be sat on by. Milfs and teens and everything in between just like her favorite rough-sex Brazzers videos. Lily’s hand wandered toward her monster cock and she started pumping unconsciously, her gooner instincts taking over for her body.

She stopped under one of the shower heads and turned on the water flow, enjoying the wetness washing over her sore, sweaty muscles. As she beat her meat, she kept looking to either side, checking out the two beauties beside her to fuel her depraved fantasies. To her left was a tanned, slender cutie with long blonde hair and a disproportionately big ass that wobbled with every dainty little step. Lily drooled as her eyes ran the length of the cis girl’s body; she had the perfect, fat ass and slim, toned body shape of Lily’s favorite Instagram gym-thots.

To her right was another cis woman, a stacked, chubby milf with a pair of huge saggy breasts that swung enticingly, hypnotizing Lily’s eyes; she stared unblinkingly at the plentiful, supple exposed flesh in front of her, unashamed to be leering so obviously at all the cis sluts nude and vulnerable in front of her.

Lily confidently walked up to her and stood behind her, the young fitness-slut with the huge ass. She groaned and spoke an awkward, husky falsetto. “Hey gurl! My name’s Lily, how about you?”

“Um... R-Rina...” responded the cis woman tersely; she was tensed up, her nude body frozen under the shower stream. She was over a foot shorter than Lily, and she could see the shadow of her huge trans body on the wall.

“It’s nice to meet you. I was just checkin out your set... your squat form is slightly off, actually. You know, I could help you next time!” Lily lectured, not stopping the slow, steady stroking of her cock. She reached out and rested a hand on Rina’s shoulder, her big bony paw looking enormous on that tiny cis skeleton. “For now though let me help you wash off. Cooling down after your workout is very important... it’s like aftercare, teehee. You know, like kink?”

Rina shivered as the hand caressed her perfectly-maintained skin; she felt the poorly-kept fingernails and video gaming callouses on Lily’s fingers. The cis beauty was determined to act natural, it’s not like she was doing anything *actually* bad, right? Just a little skinship between girls...

Lily stepped forward again, this time pressing her raging cock and flat chest up against Rina’s butt and back. The massive muscles pushing her against the wall felt overwhelming to Rina, and the veiny, throbbing member hotdogging between her massive asscheeks felt violating. The laboured breeding grunts coming out of her trans assailant were sweaty and smelled of halitosis, and her hard jerking sped up gradually.

“Nnnn...unnn, fffuck, NNF!” Screamed Lily, finally letting loose her backed-up gooner load. Her deep groans filled the shower room. As she ejaculated she pointed her dick directly between Rina’s legs, her throbbing pink cockhead just barely grazing those perfectly-shaved pussy lips. Lily’s grip on her body – with both hands – was unstopably firm, and she just had to stand there as six, seven, eight ropes of thick, yellow, steaming cum arced onto the tile wall and stuck there, stinking of pure breeding musk.

“Ahahah, by the way, I’m not on HRT, in case you were curious,” Lily flirtatiously revealed, explaining the nauseating virility of her cumload. “Anyways, it was nice to meet you. Hold on, I have to take a piss...”

Without moving an inch, the towering trans goddess let loose a stream of urine that splattered all over the shower floor, in such volume that Rina’s feet were quickly soaked in yellow. She could hear her rapist muttering to herself, “fuck... such hot little feet... my little slut...”

After Lily left the showers back to the locker room, Rina gritted her teeth and washed off the stray cum, piss, and drool that was left on her body. “I’m fine being used as gooning material or whatever, but ugh, this is the third time today...” She sighed.

Chapter 2

Melody wiggled her toes in her sleeping bag. Despite generally being comfortable with her small-town community college's WLW society (Women Loving Women, i.e. a lesbian club), this time she was still a little uneasy with the situation, though she couldn't quite put her finger on why.

The club had four official members: Three trans women – Prudence, River, and Erin, each in their 20s – and Melody, a freshman cis girl who had signed up online after enrolling in the college, hoping it would be an enriching experience to spend time with other queer women. Tonight's event was a comfy slumber party at Erin's house, ostensibly a study session to kick off the new semester.

“Sooo, girls... want to compare breasts?”

A giggle passed around the three trans women at Prudence's remark. Melody awkwardly smiled and chuckled. They were each sat up in their sleeping bags with only a desk lamp illuminating the room. Melody wore a comfy, pink, blueberry-patterned pajama pants and shirt with a thick, secure bra underneath, but her peers weren't as well-covered; River and Prudence wore thin camisoles on top, Erin a mostly-opaque but quite delicate nightgown, and none of the three wore bras. All this to say that Melody could already tell pretty well the other three girls' breasts were small, perky, and pointed, their swollen nipples easily detectable through the thin fabric.

Nonetheless, “I'll go first!” chirped Prudence, immediately reaching under her camisole to strip it off. She laughed and bounced her torso up and down, giving the others a good view of her tiny, hormone-grown titties jiggling adorably.

River reached out a hand and cupped it under Prudence's breast, licking her lips. “Not bad... I think you might have me beat, Pru.” She tore off her own top and exposed a smaller pair of breasts, puffy pink nipples already hard in the night air, and ran her hands up and down her bony ribcage. “But flat titties are good too. Heheheh.”

Erin stripped off her nightgown, leaving her bottom half covered within her sleeping bag but letting out a pair of round, soft, and again, pretty small estrogenized boobies. “I hope you guys like mine, the titty skittles are really working,” she said mischievously, scooting over to Prudence to compare their sizes. They pressed their breasts together while giggling.

“Well Mel, it's your turn! I bet you're packing some real honkers underneath there!” urged River, leaning back, topless, in her sleeping bag. Her eyes were locked to Melody's shirt buttons.

Melody squirmed. She took in the women in front of her and a hand reached up to her pajama top, popping out one button. Gingerly stripping her shirt off over her head, she covered her cleavage with her arms and hands, uncomfortable with the three grinning stares on her heavy, pale breasts and black lace bra.

“Are you shy? There’s no need to be scared, we’re all lesbians here.”

“Yeah,” concurred Erin, “No icky boys around to check us out. Just us nice gentle sapphics. Nothing to be worried about, right?” She reached out a hand to Melody’s shoulder and stroked her gently, trying to soothe her nervousness.

Prudence stood up, fingers hooked around the waistband of her sweatpants. She said, “Well maybe she’s just nervous because getting naked feels weird. But it’s okay, it’s natural! So we’ll strip more first to make you feel more comfortable. C’mon, girls.”

With that, she dropped her sweatpants around her ankles and kicked them off. Prudence was chubby and had on a pair of tight, white panties with pink hearts; her bulge was enormous, the size of two or three fists.

Erin and River undressed next, simultaneously. Well, Erin was really already undressed; she just threw off her sleeping bag and spread out her legs, getting comfy wearing only her panties, a delicate beige lace thong that was sheer enough to reveal a huge, long, soft cock coiled up inside. River too dropped her sweatpants off to the side and stretched, her own hefty package packed into a skimpy blue G-string. A stain of precum could be seen forming over her cockhead.

Surrounded by three massive trans women – the shortest among them 5 feet and 10 inches tall, by the way – in just their panties, waving their flaccid cocks and heavy nuts around in her face, Melody was overwhelmed. Though intimidated, as a lesbian, she still...

“W-well... you girls are all so beautiful, a-and your breasts look so... so good. I wouldn’t mind, y’know, fooling around a bit,” she conceded, unclasping and dropping her bra. Her enormous natural G-cup breasts flopped out, thick brown nipples semi-hard from the attention.

Six huge veiny hands were immediately all over her chest, groping roughly and deeply, squeezing pounds of her titty-meat with a palpable hunger for huge fat mommy milkers. River purred in delight, rubbing her face into the soft pale flesh. “F... fuck, they’re so big! Nnnf, guys, Melody’s cans are fucking *insane!*”

“Fuck yes, this bitch is *stacked!*” groaned River, rubbing her bulge with one hand and sniffing aggressively underneath Melody’s bust, her eyes rolling back from the smell of fresh boob-sweat. “Teen titties... fffuuuck...”

Melody leaned back, enjoying the attention and giggling. She didn’t mind a bit of casual poly sex among friends; after all, it *was* the WLW club. She wanted to try and keep the three older women under control though, so she came up with an excuse, “T... though, I’m still a lesbian, s-so... I’m not really into dick, y’know. S-so we’ll have to keep it above the wai-“

She was interrupted by a (not particularly hard) slap to the face. “What the fuck, transphobe?”

“Oh my god... next she’s going to say genital preferences aren’t transphobic,” grumbled Erin, feeling her erection fade. “Fucking terf. We thought you might be an ally... Hmpf.”

River smiled sadly and patted Melody on the head. “Look Mel... it’s okay, I know you didn’t understand what you said was a microaggression. But, what you need to remember to not be transphobic is: This is a woman’s penis! So, penis is a very important part of lesbian sex.”

As she delivered the explanation, she’d tightened her grip on Melody’s hair and had pulled her head down, into her bulge. The smell of sweet, girly ballsweat filled her virgin nose and mouth and eyes. “Look, it won’t hurt you, see?” coaxed River as she ground her groin into the soft cis-face.

“Gnnff...” Melody could only moan. She felt hands on her back and ass and thighs, stroking her chubby flesh and digging fingers into her softness. While River was marking her face with her dickstink, the other two trans girls were stripping off her pajama pants!

“Oh, fuck, she’s wearing a thong... she really *did* want to make us hard!” cheered Erin, humping Melody’s fat asscheek with her swinging cock. She pulled on the straps of the skimpy, black lace panties and enjoyed tightening the wedgie on her puffy pussy. “Girl’s panties... l-lacy lingerie... so fucking hot!”

Uninterested in messing around any longer, Prudence pulled Melody’s thong down to her knees, jamming a hand carelessly between her thighs. “See? Real lesbians do love cock... look how wet this slut is,” she crooned, hiking down her own underwear and pressing her baseball-sized cocktip against the slightly damp pussy. “Don’t you worry, Mel-Mel. It’s exactly like a strap-on.”

Again trying to come up with any excuse possible to not get fucked, Melody chirped again: “Um... s-shouldn’t you p... put on a condom first?!”

Prudence’s hands were already wrapped tightly around her hips, her oversized glans already splitting open her vulva. “Oh, no, it’s fine. I’m on HRT, so when I cum inside, you won’t get pregnant,” she sneered. And then she plowed inward, aiming to bury eight inches of forearm-thick shestud cock into that twitching meat hole.

“Gaahhnn...!! It’s t-too thick! You’re thicker than a fucking Coke can, Pru- you- you’re gonna split me in half!”

“We’ll definitely split you, but I think it’s a three-girl job. Let’s get to work showing her all the ropes of lesbian sex, dolls!” River ordered, already jamming her clumsy fingers in Melody’s mouth to get her drooling for a facefuck. Erin was already prodding her 16-inch she-meat at the entrance to Melody’s untouched asshole.

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When the sun came up that morning, Melody’s parents would finally hear the end of the screaming, grunting, brutal transbreeding that’d been going on in her bedroom since 2 AM. She’d lost count of how many creampiees had been mating-pressed into her gaped pussy and asshole, and how many times she’d involuntarily orgasmed, squirting her brains out on a massively oversized shestud dick. Melody (and her holes) had been fully reshaped by a night of extremely rough, relentless slamfucking from a trio of monstrously hung porn-addict transbull rapists, and well and truly converted into a true trans ally.

Chapter 3

Lavender fidgeted hungrily with her groin as she paced around the store. Victoria's Secret (a chain lingerie store), with its dim lighting, blaring pop music, and posters of busty models, was generally a comfy atmosphere for most girls, but Lavender wasn't most girls. She was transgender, and she hadn't jerked off in over a day! She was just so busy, she hadn't found the time - Her cock was almost constantly hard.

She spotted a customer enter the store: A plump, bob-haired young woman wearing a sweater and looking around. Quickly dashing over to her, Lavender smiled and greeted her, despite the ten-inch cock bulge trying to free itself from her tight, black leggings. "Hiiii, welcome, how can I help you?"

The woman looked away quickly. "I'm j-just gonna look around for now..." She moved off to the bra section, mouselike.

"Sure, ask me if you need anything," went Lavender's perfectly practiced saleswoman lines. She moved herself back toward the counter but kept her eyes on the customer; Lavender was a really big fan of really big breasts, and that girl sure was checking out some of the bigger cup sizes... She couldn't see through the poofy sweater, but she was salivating imagining what kind of fat titties were under there.

"So, what are you looking for?" She interrogated, having snuck up a few feet behind the young lady.

"Guh! Uh... Um, I'm looking at the bras... the sizes here are a-always too small," responded the girl, reluctantly.

Lavender grinned involuntarily. "Oh, well, we can custom fit you for a bra here!" she chirped, grabbing the girl by the hand and guiding her towards the changing rooms. "Let's get started!"

"U-um..." she stammered, off-balance from the big lady pulling her along. "I-I can't pay for that, I don't have a job! I'm just in high school," she explained, hoping to fend off the hungry hands.

Almost groaning out loud involuntarily, Lavender bit her lip. "It's okay... Sizing is free here," she lied. "We're running a promotion! So... g-get in here with me..." she trailed off as she pulled the girl into a changing stall. The tiny room was painted red and as small as a bathroom stall; they were pressed up against each other. Specifically, Lavender's pelvis was pressed up against the younger girl's butt.

"Let's get started," she urged, greedily reaching under the comfy sweater that'd obstructed her gaze until now. Soon she had it peeled off and the girl was standing in front of her topless, wearing no bra. Lavender's hands went for her boobs immediately; big floppy full teen milkers that hung down halfway to her belly button, just the juiciest natural titties that

Lavender's pornsick, virgin brain could have imagined. Anchor scars ran down her breasts from her areolae, recalling some surgical procedure.

Her hands were clumsy and violent with their squeezing; inexperienced and goofy. Lavender tried to keep it casual as she groped those milk tanks for all they were worth. "So what's your name? And what brings you in here braless?" She giggled.

"W-well... I'm Mara. A-and well, I f-finally ended up getting my parents to agree to get me a breast reduction s-so - none of my old bras fit! I'm... in here to get s--"

She was interrupted by a feral Lavender. Her right hand reached for Mara's short-cut hair, pulling hard on a handful. Lavender scowled at her while appraising her titties on display. "R... reduction? You're telling me these f-f-fucking obscene teen fuck-bags were even bigger before? Ghhhnn..."

She dove in, latching her teeth around a nipple, scraping it with her teeth in an animal desire to suck some milk out of those monster titties. Mara winced, trying weakly to push her away and failing. "H-hey, it's my body...! They were hurting my f-fucking back!" she managed to choke out as she was being sexually assaulted.

Lavender again tugged Mara by her hair, tossing her to the floor. Her pouting lips quivered, and her pleading eyes almost made Lavender want to forgive her for getting rid of such a bountiful bust. But that deep, wobbling cleavage in front of her...

"I can't believe I could have fucked even bigger f-fucking f-fat bimbo titties... you s-stupid bitch!" She continued to berate Mara, peeling her leggings off to reveal her cock swinging out of her undersized panties, throbbing with veins. She laid it on top of the cis fuckpillows in front of her and thrust her hips aggressively, feeling her shaft rub against the pile of sweaty tittymeat. Her fingers sunk into the soft flesh on either side, pushing those teen hangers into a mashmallowy-soft cock sandwich.

A day's worth of dense, churning cum backed up in her balls, Lavender couldn't resist even if she wanted to. She felt her premature gooner-load bubbling up out of her nuts and started accidentally spraying fat ropes on top of the paradise of high school titty meat in front of her. "Nnnnnffffuuuuck!!! Your fucking porn titties are making me goon s-s-so fucking HAAARD!"

She kept blasting all over Mara's tits and face, stroking her cock furiously the whole time. Her eruption of porn-addict ball snot stunk like sweat and salt and smegma, and once empty, her fat balls dangled like heavy flails, finally drained of their disgusting breeding payload. Lavender would, soon after, force Mara to cuddle with her for 20 minutes, and then send her home still coated in her dried-out, day-old bull-load. Unfortunately, she would need to get measured at a different store, a different day.

Chapter 4

"TERFs go HOME," she screamed, waving a big flag with blue, pink, and white stripes. "Trans women ARE WOMEN," she cheered with the rest of the crowd.

Tessa was an 18-year old non-binary woman; she stressed that one could be a woman AND still non-binary! As you may expect, a crop of short, neon blue spiked hair grew out from her head, with either side behind the ear shaved off - a cute, edgy, and soothingly pop-feminist haircut. Coupled with her tight black jeans, My Chemical Romance T-shirt, and bevy of pride pins affixed to a denim jacket, she was the picture of teenage gender rebellion.

Tessa spoke into a megaphone: "We're here to get the TERFs out! We are counter-protesting your event until 6:00 PM! Choose love instead of hate!", she cheered from on top of a stage, seemingly a leader or organizer of the counter-protest.

"My trans girlfriend Alex IS a real woman! When I go home to her, we ARE JUST like any other lesbian couple! She is as much a woman as all of you are! Fucking TERFs, trans women ARE women!"

Behind Tessa was a tall, pale woman in a white dress. Despite not standing on the stage, her eyeline was at the same height as Tessa's, and capped with a long head of mousy brown hair. Aside from being noticeably bony and broad-shouldered, and not making eye contact with anyone, she definitely didn't look that threatening, and could easily be mistaken for a cis woman at a distance. She smiled up at Tessa in adoration as she shouted mantras from her megaphone at the transphobic protestors.

"Some day you boomers, all you mom's association TERFs and shit will realize that trans women are just like cis women! Your bigotry is based in lies! It's not dangerous having them in your bathrooms, in your changing rooms, on your sports teams! They aren't predatory men, they're just women like you or me!" Tessa urged, on and on.

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Later in the day in Tessa's university dorm room, the cheap wood bunk bed was creaking, and swaying side to side worryingly, and it wasn't about to stop soon. Tessa's girlfriend, nude sans Doc Martens platform boots, pumped her hips relentlessly.

"Nnn, nnnn, nfff, fuck, fuck, yes..." grunted Alex, her hands busy. One was gripped clumsily around Tessa's exposed breast, a tiny mound that was ill-befitting an adult and university student. Her other hand was violently finger-fucking Tessa's cunt, middle and ring fingers relentlessly thrusting in and out while her index and little fingers stuck out like devil horns. Alex groaned in delight. Her palm ran over Tessa's well-trimmed but plush triangle of bright blue pubic hair and then dove back into finger-blasting.

"Yeah... yeah, yeah! Fucking puke on my dick, whore! Your throat-pussy is so fucking good for getting my goon-meat lubed up! Nnnnghhh!"

Alex primally grunted as she pistoned in and out of her girlfriend's mouth. Tessa laid on the bed, on her back, her head hanging off the bed; Alex had been using said head as a drooling, gagging onahole for fifteen minutes now. Slimy spittle, strands of pre-cum, and thick, dark makeup ran down Tessa's forehead, her eyes a reddened, squinting mess of facial abuse. Her pink cheeks swelled with fresh hand prints... she could feel herself getting close to orgasming again from the rough skull-fucking and the brutal misogynist treatment of her face and cunt.

"Cum, bitch! Squirt from having my girlcock bludgeoning your tonsils! F-f-fffffuck, it feels SO fucking good when you retch on my dick!"

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The bed rocked up and down and back and forth still, this time with Alex hunched over her girlfriend's contorted form. She'd lifted her thicc, doughy little 18-year-old thighs up and pushed her ankles to her ears, folding Tessa into a helpless, receiving position.

Now, Alex relentlessly slammed into her girlfriend's sopping cis pussy from above in a debauched, mismatched mating press. Her six-foot form hulked over Tessa's five, especially with Tessa compacted as she was. Her long brown hair hung down in curtains, shrouding her angular, tooth-bearing grimace.

"Take my rape-load! Get pregnant, cunt, get pregnant from my sperm invading your birthing sack! You're my sperm latrine and I'll treat you like it! Nnf, nnnf! Like property!"

This went on. Tears streamed down Tessa's freckled cheeks, and a wet splashing slap issued from her brutally fucked vagina with every hilding of her girlfriend's eleven-inch bitch-breaker fuckhammer. Moans of submissive pleasure fell out of her mouth alongside the screams, pushed out of that neon-green lip-glossed pucker by the unrelenting, degrading, misogynist slam-rape.

"Nnnnghhh, aaannhhh, haaaaah! Fuck! Fuck! Your monster girlpenis is so fucking thick! You're gonna mindbreak me with your size and your load, Alex! Rape my womb, make my ovaries your nasty fucking jizzrags!" shouted Tessa, positive that the neighbouring dorms could hear.

Alex's mighty fingers closed violently around her delicate throat, the sparse hairs on the backs of her hands standing up. "I... told you..." scolded Alex between unrestrained, violent grunts and heavy slaps of her nuts on Tessa's perky teen ass, "call... me... DADDY!"

As the hung transdyke stud hilted herself in Tessa's ruined cunt, and the plucky feminist lesbian bottom mouthed "Daddy" repeatedly while feeling her womb filled for the first time of the night, they both knew that there would be at least 9 more rounds.

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Hours later, they both rinsed off in the communal, women-only showers of the dorm. Tessa scrubbed her spiky, dykey hair, having been covered in spittle and filth of all varieties. "Hey, sorry for calling you by your name instead of Daddy during sex, Professor Luna. It won't happen again."

Alex scrubbed her girlfriend's back, an absent smile on her face. She nodded. "Don't worry about it, kitten. Everyone makes mistakes."

Tessa ventured a point further. "Um, is it possible, sometimes we could just have normal sex? Like, not rape role-play? And maybe without PIV, sometimes. I dunno, I was just thinking. I still love sex with you, obviously."

The skeletal trans goddess sighed, stroking her prey's shoulders. "Tess... we've been over this. I have trauma so I need to have this kind of lesbian sex dynamic. My therapist says it's normal, okay? So you need to keep doing this for me because of my relationship trauma. It's for my mental health," she gaslit.

"Okay... a-are you sure? Some of my girlfriends from high school, they said... l-lesbian sex doesn't involve penetration. Are you sure that's not true...?" gatekept Tessa.

"Look, you just tell me where they are in the dorms... I'll go bring them some zines from the queer counter-protest earlier. I'll talk some sense into those transphobes! But you just listen to me... slamfucking your little barely-legal pussy until I dump every load in my nuts, every night, is important, for my mental health AND to combat transphobia," Alex said, girlbossing all over the place.

"You're right, sorry. You ARE the Dean of Gender and Sexuality studies here so you'd think I'd remember to just trust you on stuff like that... by the way, princess, what do you want for your 30th birthday next month? I heard the Faculty is throwing you a party at the strip club?"

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

This chapter is composed of two of shorts rather than one story.

A pumped, post-workout Lily found herself alone in the locker room, all the other women showering or working out. Being a female-only gym in a small, cozy town, most gym members chose not to put locks on their lockers. When you're a trans lesbian with a hungry need to violate and degrade cis women, that means only one thing: Panty raid!

Lily immediately dove for a locker she recognized. Neatly piled on top of a pair of black sweatpants and a sports bra was the tiniest ass-floss of a pink thong that she'd ever seen! "Gnnhhhh, fuck yes, this is *totally* Chrissy's locker... she's such a fucking slim-thick gym thoooooOOOOT!"

Her groans and dirty talk grew louder, specifically thanks to her reaching down below with a fistful of panties and wrapping it around her cock, masturbating her hard she-cock with that sexy little pilfered G-string. "Fuck yes, fuck yes, it's so fucking sweaty... Chrissy's f-fucking ass sweat! God, god YES!"

As she violated the erotic pink panty, her hands dove into another locker nearby, one she knew to be Rina's locker. The fit, tanned Insta-goddess had gotten changed, begrudgingly, in front of Lily; then left her lingerie, intimate and delicate, vulnerable to defilement in the locker room.

"Gnn... fucking shaved pussy SLUT... should be squatting on this f-fucking... this fucking cock," she grunted, unfolding and putting on Rina's panties, swiped from her locker. She writhed, overwhelmed in pleasure, feeling the exquisite \$300 lace thong slide up over her sweaty, dangling nuts. The XXS, pale yellow panty felt like perfection on her, especially the slight warmth and dampness remaining in the crotch from Rina's sweaty slit. Lily was in heaven.

Long story short, the fit cardio-bunnies, stacked cisbimbos, and chubby newbies of her local gym would come back from the showers and find their panties tangled together in a pile of unbearably thick, stinky ball-batter: four hard-milked loads from the backed-up cumtanks of the only trans member of the womens' gym.

•••

"Mom, I want that one!"

Kellie giggled behind the cashier counter as the teens wandered in and out of the Hot Topic, begging their parents for the various outrageous things on sale. Given the massive popularity of trans lesbian conversion therapy, genital preference re-education therapy, and brutal trans-dominated rape porn, among other things, the trendy store had uncritically taken the advice of local trans business owners, and now sold their products on their shelves.

The middle- or high-schooler (by Kellie's discerning eye) had pointed out a pair of pink booty shorts with white piping detail, and on the back in glittery script, was the word "TWERKMEAT". The shorts came sized as little as a child's XS. The best thing was, any purchase of the gaudy trans-owned and -operated goods came with 20% of the proceeds donated to local trans kids' surgery funds.

Kellie was a trans woman, and she was part of the committee of local trans voices helping the boomer owner step into the 21st century. She'd been so, so happy to get this beautiful, inspired, trans-created merch on the shelves.

Peeking casually through the curtains covering the changing rooms, Kellie's eyes lingered on a cis high schooler, unbuttoning her bra to try on a mesh crop top with the words "TRANS OWNED". Kellie loved that brand. She could tell the girl was a repeat customer: she had one of the store's top-selling items, a leather dog collar studded with crystals that spelled out "TRANNIED". (TRANNIED was a popular porn brand, featuring cis lesbians getting mercilessly dicked down for the first time by the most sadistic, hung transbull tops the porn industry could find.)

"Here's a new drop we got in recently," prodded Kellie to a group of young women browsing behind her. "Cute logo, right?"

She held up a pair of thin, almost transparent black leggings that had a huge, rainbow-colored transgender symbol (☞) slapped intrusively on the left cheek. The waistband spelled out repeatedly, the name of the athletic-wear brand: "LESBIANS LOVE DICK".

One of the cis women giggled in joy, her pushed-up cleavage jiggling with her. "Oh, that is SOOO perfect! I love it... I'll buy three pairs. I *sooo* want to be branded like that."

The items sold like hotcakes at (T)Hot Topic, to legions of cis sluts, eager to display their submission to misogynist trans cock.

Chapter 6

Annabelle reclined in her gaming chair, eyes flickering between the strobing screens setup like a secret mission control in her room. Each screen blasted the raunchiest, most extreme, hypnotic split-screen porn she could possibly find; her 20 terabyte collection of porn (though she called it “goon fuel”) was always playing on at least one of her six monitors. Massive flopping fake titties; giant fat veiny cocks ramming in and out of holes; brutal mating presses; nasty painful endurance creampie and gapes; furthermore, every porn video was blasting audio, a twisted, chaotic soup of screams and moans and thumping electronic music. The words “GOON,” “PUMP,” “STROKE,” and others too sinister to be printed here flashed repeatedly on her screens.

“A-Andrew- err, Annabelle!” chirped Annabelle’s mom from the doorway. She averted her eyes as she tried to shout over the wave of throbbing porn-sound. Kristal held a hand over her chest, fanning herself, and sighing. “Sweetie! Annabelle, can you hear me? Have you filled out that job application yet?”

Annabelle shot a serpentine glare at her mom, pointing bluntly at a crumpled-up piece of paper on the floor. “I started filling it out but I got bored.” As she picked up the application and unfolded, Kristal noticed that it was dripping with innumerable strands of semen! Her trans daughter had started filling out the application for Cashier at the local supermarket (first name, “Rapestud”, last name, “Fatcock”, and her website URL... was apparently Brazzers.com.) But after getting bored, the porn-addicted trans NEET had just balled it up and used it as just another cumrag for her neverending edge-session!

The young lady – turning 22 in August – laughed and spat on the floor. “What a fucking stupid job, Cashier. The only job I want is Twitch Streamer, okay, bitch?” Annabelle commanded, her two freckled hands jerking off her absolute monster of a cock. In case you were wondering ‘does this bitch have any good points or does she just suck,’ say hello to twenty-four inches of arm-thick, club-shaped, heavily veined shemeat, a fuckstick so large and fat that any self-respecting trans goddess would spend 24/7 jerking it off.

“Oh, maybe you can get me a job at the public pool! So I can jerk off to the sluts in the changing rooms. I’d love to be a lifeguard, actually... I could tell all the bitches in their slutty swimsuits what to do. So fucking hot!” Annabelle fantasized with abandon, her tongue lolling out as she gooned out to the flashing porn images.

Kristal sighed, shaking her head. “But... h-honey, you don’t have the qualifications to be a lifeguard or work at a pool... y-you don’t even have your first aid certification,” she pleaded.

Annabelle gripped her cock with white knuckles. “What the fuck is your problem? Don’t you have connections or friends? You’re 50 years old, you have to know some people in the neighbourhood. Or could you at least put that fucking cis privilege to work and use your whore cunt? I’m sure the pussy pass would get you plenty of places, you’re fucking stacked. That reminds me, get over here, Plap-Hog.”

She turned her gaming chair, spreading her legs. A pair of cantaloupe-sized nuts tumbled off of the fancy leather seat, dangling over a foot down with their massive, churning weight. “I need to dump my load, whore. Come on, I’m getting close,” she instructed, pointing her fist-sized, throbbing pink glans directly at her mother’s face.

Obediently, Kristal stepped into the room, avoiding the strewn-about mess of Mountain Dew bottles, cigarette butts, and rancid, fermenting bongos. She kneeled in complete submission in front of Annabelle. Anna preferred her mommy walk around in just her bra and panties at home, so that’s what she did: her heaving, saggy milky titties sat atop her modest belly in a lavender lace bra that exposed a deep valley of beautiful chestnut cleavage. Her bottoms were only a scant thong in a matching color and lace, her phat milf ass and plump pussy lips outlined and accentuated for the (fe)male gaze of her beautiful, freakishly hung trans daughter.

Not even bothering to look at her mom, Annabelle kept her eyes on the porn playing out on her screens. Anna’s favourite scene reached its climax – a cis pornstar who’d just turned 18 getting fucked for all she was worth, cunt-demolishing transcock slamming in and out of her holes with such brutal dominating force that she would squirt over a dozen times involuntarily, begging her misogynist shestud tops for just a minute of rest from the constant rape and screaming orgasms.

As she reached her own climax, Annabelle wordlessly grabbed her mother by her short-cropped pixie cut and pulled her mouth firmly down on the giant, swollen penis about to erupt. With practiced ease, Kristal was able to throat most of her daughter’s goddess-cock, coughing and sputtering and gagging like usual as it stretched out her esophagus and stomach lining. As Annabelle’s merciless, pussy-conquering shemeat bottomed out in her guts and she felt her daughter’s unwashed pubic bush on her lips and nose, she just closed her eyes and braced herself.

A nauseating, thick, bubbling “PRRRBLLRRRTTT” sound coming from those huge, dangling volleyball nuts corresponded with an eruption of filthy, backed-up testicular sludge in Kristal’s stomach. Each time she felt a rope of cum "thud" against her internal organs, her pussy got a little wetter. Being dominated, used, and discarded as Annabelle’s personal cum toilet was her favorite - no, her ONLY real job, and the pleasure of being degraded so thoroughly was what she lived for. At least a gallon of hopelessly edged, pervert gooner spunk ended up draining from Annabelle’s sore balls and directly into her biological mother’s tummy; A disgusting wad that would stick together inside of her all night. A reminder that despite her role as caretaker, as mother, as head of the household, Kristal was still nothing more than a maidservant and splooge disposal sack for her daughter’s perfect, disgusting, mind-breaking, two-foot girl dick.

Chapter 7

The studio was abuzz and the set was alight. The production company behind TRANNIED was shooting a new video, calling action in just a few moments. They'd been taking pictures of the three trans actresses standing grouped together behind the cis actress sitting cross-legged on the couch. After finishing the promotional photos, the trans actresses filed off the set, leaving the cis actress on the sofa in her underwear. The shot began.

Daisy sat on the "casting" couch smiling toothily, freshly tightened braces on her teeth. She wasn't even five feet, and stark naked, her pale, freckled skin covered only with the studio's trademark lingerie. Simple black, cotton, form fitting lingerie: an unpadded sports bra that offered no support, and didn't need to, for her almost-flat 34A chest; and a simple tight black thong. Each piece of lingerie encircled her midsection with a broad white elastic that was branded repeatedly, "TRANNIED" in bold black text. The harsh studio lights beat down.

"So, tell us your name," the cameraman interviewed. It was a charade, of course: they'd already had an interview during the hiring process. This was just for the audience's enjoyment; picking apart the victim, laying her insides bare for the studio and viewers alike to defile her.

"I'm Daisy," she provided, flashing a glittering grin.

"Tell us how old you are, Daisy."

"I just turned 18 yesterday!" she revealed, this time flashing a flirty peace sign. Her wet blue eyes glistened at the camera. Puppylike.

"That's awesome, Daisy. Beautiful. Have you watched much pornography? Do you know about our company?"

Daisy leaned over on her hand, making a face. "Nope, to be honest I haven't watched much porn... and I haven't seen any "Trannied" videos – oof, err, my bad, am I allowed to say that? T-slurred? Oh, it's okay? Yeah, anyways, I haven't seen any stuff from Trannied before. But I'm excited for the shoot!"

The cameraman moved in for a close-up on her face. "And are you a virgin, Daisy?"

Daisy twirled a lock of her wavy red hair. Flirtatiousness rose in her red cheeks. "I am, actually. I was a part of the womens' swim team in high school, but we didn't have any trans girls on the team, sooo... no luck losing my V-card there!" She shrugged and giggled. "I had a boyfriend for a while though. We kissed and groped a bit but I just never felt like having sex with him. It never really... clicked."

"Ooh, an untouched flower, what a treat! Well Daisy, we'll make a gold star lesbian out of you yet. You've already met our three lovely trans actresses. Are you ready to get started?"

She smiled and gave two thumbs up.

• • •

“How old are you, Daisy?”

“I’m 20, as of two days ago, and a proud lesbian,” said Daisy, sitting on the same couch two years later, smoking the last third of a blunt. She wore a bright pink minidress and nothing else. Her neck was wrapped with a lovingly detailed black tattoo of two thick, muscled hands strangling her. “Aaand I’ve been on puberty blockers for... two years. Only one of which I’ve known about. Teehee!”

“That’s wonderful, blockers really keep you ripe, huh? We’re so happy to have you back in the studio for the 12th time, and gosh, do you look great. Can you tell us a bit about yourself?”

Daisy uncrossed her legs, leaning forward on the couch. The blackened blunt sat between her plump pink-glossed lips. “Well, I got a new haircut again. Heheh.” She ran her hand over her head, which was buzzed almost to baldness; the remaining stubble was colored bright blue, and her scalp was tattooed with the word “DYKE” over and over. She smiled, the same glittery smile with the same glittery braces. “I always love shooting with Trannied. I’m sooo excited, you guys really don’t pull any punches, literally! Did you know this is gonna be my 100th gangbang?”

“That’s perfect, sweetie. We’re excited too. Tell us a little more about Daisy. Any hobbies? Any fetishes? What gets Daisy off?” The interviewer’s voice picked up, interrogative, thirsty.

She giggled and slapped her tiny left breast, letting it jiggle for half a second. She winked at the camera. “I’m as easy as it gets. A total slut! My hobbies include: sex. As far as fetishes... besides the regular kinks like brutal rape and misogyny and degradation, lately I’ve really been squirting *super* hard from extreme anal torture, hard knifeplay, and safeword ignoring! Nnngh, especially all three combined...” Her hand was already between her legs. The purple labrys tattoo on the back of her hand wriggled with life as her fingers got to work.

“That’s so, so great to hear, Daisy. This time we have not three but SIX big angry transbulls here ready to assault and gang-rape you. How does that sound, darling?”

After finishing the last traces of her blunt and putting it out on her thigh, Daisy gave two lazy peace signs, crossed her eyes, and stuck out her tongue. Her tongue was tattooed with the transgender symbol (☩).

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Abby was noticing something strange. A few hours after she entered her new cell block, she had only seen the other inmates wearing their underwear, and their underwear exclusively. This was the protective custody cell block – disabled, particularly vulnerable inmates, and survivors were housed here. What could cause the whole of the block to decide to throw off their clothing?

She asked her new cellmate, Elliot. “What is UP with you guys? Is it some religious thing, wearing just your undies in the mornings?”

The standardized lingerie of the womens’ prison was nothing particularly special – simple white cotton sports bras and bikini panties designed to be comfortable – but combined with lazy laundry practices (or severely undersized selection?), they’d shrunken significantly on all the women, leaving them stretched and tight and semi-translucent, showing deep cameltoes and chilly, erect nipples. Elliot was just the same, looking positively delicate and feminine in his bra and panties despite being a skinny, flat-chested, he/him lesbian with a buzz cut.

“Well... it’s j-just really hot, in the cell block. I think once you stay here a few nights, you’ll... you’ll get hot, too,” he responded, a hand drifting unconsciously to his right nipple.

Abby sat back on her bunk. This wasn’t her first rodeo; serving time in prison for her second time, she’d gotten the hang of some things. What was Elliot trying to imply? She stood up and tugged at her orange uniform collar. “I dunno, Elliot. It seems kind of cold in here, honestly... can you maaaybe not bullshit me?”

She wasn’t a particularly small woman. Standing 5’10” and with a solid record in womens’ boxing, Abby was packing a good amount of weight and muscle, which she used to try and intimidate the significantly smaller Elliot. He stood up too, hastily, and whispered, clearly not interested in playing word games any longer:

“Well... we’re not supposed to really talk about it, b-but... it’s M... Marina. H- she lives in the cell on the end, alone” he revealed, his eyes checking the doorway every few seconds. “She’d rather have us wearing *nothing* at all, but the guards disallowed that during the winter. She’s a, uh... a... l-lesbian. And you’d really... really do best to avoid crossing her.”

Abby scoffed. How many women couldn’t she take? And in the protective custody block? She’d only managed to get herself in here by claiming to be a post-op trans woman, and thank god for self-ID laws in the state of California for that! Not that Abby’d intended to bully the cell block, either; she just wanted to be left alone, and figured the wing full of rape victims would be the safest place in a prison her second time around.

As if on cue, a big butch woman was standing in the doorway, arms crossed, with a mean glare for Abby. Was this Marina?

“Marina wants to see you,” was all that came out of her mouth. Not Marina, then, just one of her henchwomen. Abby sighed and stood up, deciding to play along, if only to avoid getting into a fight on her first day.

•••

Abby’s first view of the cell was revolting, even for prison. The room was organized around a tiny television playing rough, straight porn; a stack of VHS tapes piled up next to it. Hustlers and Playboys were littered around the room. The single-bunk bed was empty, and had a nest of sweaty blankets piled up on it. The whole room stunk of fresh sweat, like onions; the cell had more evidence of straight male behaviour than lesbian behaviour!

As she stood in the doorway, surveying the nasty gooncave, Abby felt a body press up behind her. A tremendous hand laid itself on her shoulder. A gentle, emotionless voice told her, “Have a seat.”

Looking behind her for a moment, Abby nearly hyperventilated. Currently feeling up her backside was an absolutely *massive* woman, at least six feet and six inches! And she was *fat* too, easily 400 pounds! Her arms were slabs of muscle and she was covered in tattoos. It felt like an adult man’s body, in a womens’ prison!

“Ah... A-are you Marina...?” ventured Abby. She backed up slowly, like a deer spotted, and took a seat on a less garbage-strewn part of the concrete floor. “It’s um... n-nice to meet you... should I buy you a Snapple or something...” The smaller girl trailed off as she took in her captor’s body.

“Yeah, I am,” she purred, sitting down on her bunk. Her breasts were absolutely enormous: flabby sacks of hormone-grown titty fat that sagged down over her massive gut, threatening to escape the XXL prison bra. Her belly itself hung down low over her crotch but not nearly low enough to cover her hairy, stinking bulge. She wielded a half-hard, swinging girlcock that must’ve been two feet long, and balls that sagged almost as low, all packed into a pair of panties that shrunk to become a thong on her huge, wobbling ass.

As that fat ass sat back down on her cot, she pulled her panties to her ankles and unceremoniously resumed gooning her massive girlmeat, pumping with abandon while staring at porn. She still managed to hold a conversation. “I got my own cell because I’m a very vulnerable inmate. I’m a woman, trans, AND I’m a recovering addict.”

Abby’s face wrinkled in disgust.

“For the porn addiction, that is,” Marina giggled. “Anyways, do you need me to help you get in uniform? The other ladies told me that you’re reluctant to get dressed...” Her hungry gaze drifted down to Abby’s orange prison jumpsuit, and her still-covered body. She noticed that the cis woman’s feet were bare, and licked her lips.

“I, uh...” Abby was overwhelmed. “I-I don’t like g... girls, so...” As she hesitated and bargained, the larger woman started baring down on her. First one big paw on her shoulder, then one on her chest, then she shoved a massive leg up between Abby’s legs, forcing her to spread ‘em. Soon enough, the tip of the biggest, dirtiest, veiniest penis she’d ever seen was pushing right up between her breasts. The freakish, uncircumcised monster cock humped up against her like a dog in heat.

“Nonsense... all of *us women* have a bond. A lunar love between each other,” said the psychopath. Her long-nailed NEET hands aggressively tore at Abby’s buttons. “It’s not just you *menstruators*. We’re a family here... a family of girls. So what are you in for, sweetie?”

Abby turned her head away from the stinking penis, wriggling her nose. “T... three years... shoplifting...” she gagged, then struggled some more, ongoing small talk competing with ongoing sexual assault. “How about you, b... boss?”

“Child pornography. Aggravated rape. Thirty-five years,” delivered Marina, deadpan. She bared her teeth as she stared down at Abby; she wasn’t about to catch a fifth rape charge, though. Because Abby would be staying silent.

Chapter End Notes

And then Abby gets raped and joins the transcult, the end. I didn't feel like writing it: writing raw sex is less interesting than just writing the scenarios, for me. Anyways, feel free to comment your ideas too.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

This chapter is an anthology in which we briefly revisit characters from our chapters so far and see what they're up to.

PLAP PLAP PLAP, pounded Lily's hips against Rina's asspillows, an issue of rapid-fire wet body sound between both of their shredded, sexy physiques: Lily's muscles a massive wall of beef that occluded her prey, her huge hands clasped around the cisbitch's throat, swelling with veins; Rina's body slender and ripped to the maximum save for her ridiculously disproportionate booty, which was being abused, *hard*. "Gnnnnffh," mumbled Rina, whispering through the stranglehold around her neck, "y... you were right, all lesbians need to t... try transcock... *nnnnngghhh*, I'm on the pill and I can still feel your *precum* getting me *fucking pregnant!* I love porn-addicted gymbull transcreep rapists! I love YOU!" Overjoyed to finally have her gym crush's declaration of love back, Lily growled deeply and hilted herself in Rina's cunt, abusing that hyper-toned, on-birth-control-since-12-years-old-because-she's-such-a-slut womb, and spitting in her cis face, revelling in the rancid misogyny she was getting away with. "That's right, cumtank... you *menstruators* all crave more and more abuse once you get enough *inches* forced into you. Don't pass out now, though. We're 30 minutes into our two-hour workout."

-

Melody felt the four-inch-thick studded dildo in her ass vibrate faster and harder; she bit her lip to keep from crying out in masochistic pleasure. Across the lecture hall she could see River holding the remote control for the vibration strength, and above it her leering, carnivorous smile. At her mercy was Mel's sore, overstretched shitpipe, being destroyed on one of the WLW club's thickest, most extreme sex toys; there was an hour and a half left in the lecture, and the torture of her abused cis rectum was far from over.

-

Lavender hummed flirtily while pulling her panties down her bare legs and off her feet one at a time, leaving them dangling by her finger. She smiled and handed the white thong she was wearing to the cis girl she was helping in the changing room; the freshly worn undies were hot and sweaty and soiled with an absolutely disgusting amount of cum, a dripping load of absolute virile breedspunk. She gave a wide-eyed, Stepford smile to the customer in the changing room, and she knew that the woman would be trying the panties on, sliding them up her smooth, shaven cis legs and feeling Lavender's tranny cum squish up against her cunt.

-

“GUUUUUUUUUUUHHHH!!!! I’m soooooowwy!!! I’m SOOOO SOWWY!” shrieked Tessa, her eyes rolled back and her tongue lolled out: “I pwoooooomise I’ll never do it agaaaaainnnn! Just pwwwwweeeeeease give me a break, I c-can’t stop c-c-cumming!!!! You’re raping me toooooOOOOO *fucking* sadistically, it’s making me ovulate SOOOOO FUCKING HARD!!!” Tessa, two hours earlier, had said a very naughty word – when referring to a character in a fanfic, she’d accidentally misgendered them! And though she begged and screamed and cried and orgasmed, and screamed, and orgasmed, and orgasmed, Tessa knew the rules of the household, fair and square, (Misgendering *anyone* gets you five hours, no more and no less, of merciless, brutal, nonconsensual, full-nelson anal drilling) so she had to accept the punishment - three more hours of it - including her utterly annihilated 18-year-old asscut, *and* her utterly ignored, twitching, squirting, masochistic, barely-legal *front hole*.

-

Kellie kicked open the door to the Hot Topic women’s room; she needed to piss, *bad*, but she found herself face to face with her cute, young, and skinny cis coworker, Millie! The girl was sitting down on the toilet already, mortified in the middle of her peeing; her shaved pussy dripped silent as she froze up and stuttered out “I... I-It’s... occupied...!” But without missing more than a couple beats, Kellie had lifted up her skirt, allowing her commando girlcock swing freely, and had begun issuing hot, steaming yellow piss in a massive thick stream that gurgled into the toilet bowl between Millie’s legs and splashed back up on Millie’s naked asscheeks. Tears began to well up in her eyes; the sheer embarrassment made her begin to piss herself again involuntarily, and she covered her beet-red face with her hands and cried as both she and Kellie finished pissing in the same toilet at the same time.

-

At her mother’s extreme insistence, Annabelle had accompanied her to the store to help carry groceries. Though some people noticed Kristal’s plump, oversized MILF curves packed into her dress, most people noticed Annabelle’s outfit more readily, with her dirty grey sweatpants tented out by a thick 20-inch cockbulge. Perhaps the most attention-grabbing thing, though, was Anna’s T-shirt, which had the logo of one of her favourite pornsites, AnalObliteration.com; it was covered with a collage of brutally gaped anuses, wrecked cis shitters that had been violently fucked past their breaking point.

-

Daisy smiled into her phone’s camera, positioning the device to get a good shot of not only her brand new, perfectly round, oiled up fake bimbo titties, but also the 10-inch transtud cocks rubbing themselves against both lubed up tittypillows. “Hey mom! In case you were wondering why I couldn’t make it to the family reunion, I was recovering from the boobjob and one of my rapists called me to catch up! I *totally* couldn’t leave her balls full, so I said totally, come violate me again, and bring a friend! I hope it’s okay that I just video call you guys instea~~grl~~~~grl~~~~hff~~” Daisy’s monologue to her entire extended family was cut short as one of her bulls grabbed her by the throat and rammed a monster dick down it, making sure to show the camera the neckbulge her girlmeat made; yes, the family would be treated to a truly exhaustive video feed of Daisy’s marathon spitroast fuckfest with the two hung lesbians.

-

Unable to stop his breed-hungry hips from moving, Elliot twerked sweatily up and down on Marina's thick uncut prison fuckpole, letting the head scrape in and out of his stretched-out pink cunt lips. As the tiny-framed he/him lesbian trembled and squirted in orgasm for the umpteenth time, sobbing in exhaustion and sweaty pleasure, Marina spanked his tight little bubble butt and sighed contentedly. "I told you, no matter how many times you cum around my cock, you just keep twerking on mommy's breedmeat. Understand, slut? You manage to last the whole hour this time, I won't beat you tonight!" Wincing and trembling with another involuntary orgasm from the violent threat, Elliot whimpered through his teeth, responding "Nnnnyyes, mommy," – even though he knew, for sure, that he would not be lasting the whole hour-long porn video that Marina was using his pussy to edge to... and that his horny masochistic pussy was looking forward to what kind of brutal misogynist treatment his trannystud prisonmommy would inflict later.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Just a couple silly character profiles. Next chapter will come soon and has our first appearance of TRANS MEN!

-BULLS-

Name: Annabelle Belladonna

Loves: Gooning, depraved kinks, extreme pornography

Hates: Her retard mommy, food that isn't tendies or Doritos, holding in her nut/shit/piss

Trivia: Holds the world record for longest unbroken edging session at 102 hours. How did she not need a toilet at all during this session? Well, she DID have a toilet: She sat on her mommy's face the whole time.

Name: Marina Alexis

Loves: Gooning, depraved kinks, extreme pornography

Hates: The transphobic justice system, oppression of porn addicts, gross straight boys

Trivia: Her cell block, the protective custody wing, is also known as "Gape Alley" to the rest of the prison. The reason for this is that walking down the hall of the cell block during prime breeding time simply presents a series of ruined, cumstained beds and a series of equally cumstained female bodies – usually unconscious, not dead – with their completely destroyed, wide-open shitters yawning warmly open and farting out monster cumloads for everyone to see.

-CUNTS-

Name: Tessa Thompson

Loves: Brutal rape, free use, pornography, domestic abuse

Hates: Nasty transphobes, cis scum (die!), vanilla sex, MEN!

Trivia: In the year-and-a-half that Tessa has spent as a militant trans activist and a sadistic transbull's crying screaming fuckpet, the sheer amount of merciless, hyper-degrading slam-rape inflicted on her every day by Alex has rendered her completely unable to cum from consensual sex. Tessa can *only* get off from filthy rapist trans studs *taking* sex from her, and making it hurt really fucking bad; she simply needs to feel like she's being destroyed during any mating done to her.

Name: Daisy Rainbow

Loves: Brutal rape, free use, pornography, domestic abuse

Hates: Shrimp dick boys, ugly TERFs, prudish parents, non-extreme porn

Trivia: Still considers herself a perfect gold-star lesbian since she's never had sex with a man... despite the hundreds of sessions of absolutely depraved plapbreeding and serial

impregnation of her utterly raped, tranny-owned ciswomb by fertile, misogynistic, hypermasculine girlstuds.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Somehow, TERFs still exist in the world of Trans Supremacy Tales! Let's see what happens to militant "gender-critical feminist" Karin when she finds herself in a trans-dominated womens' locker room! She also brings along her cute young trans son: it's not like she could let her precious virginal "daughter" into the mens' room alone, after all!

Be warned for heavy transphobia in this chapter!

"Shut up, Rachel. You're *not* going into the mens' change room and that's final," bitched Karin, her press-on nails clawing into her trans son, Riley's, arm. "If this is what women look like in today's world then *imagine* how dangerous the mens' room is. Come on."

Riley whined and pulled his arm back, but weakly, knowing that he would have to acquiesce to his transphobic mother's demands eventually. He was early in transition and, at 18 and still in school, reliant on his parents to keep a roof over his head! "Ugh... come *on*, mom," he whined, vocal fry drooling out of his pink, pert lips. "I'm a guy now, I can fend for myself... you're so transphobic!"

"Pff, a guy. Not at five-foot-one you're not..." Karin rolled her eyes and shook her head as the two of them entered the womens' lockers. The older woman looked away immediately as she saw a crowd of trans women gathered in there, dressed in only lingerie! She was expecting one or two creepy female impersonators, but there had to be eight or more in there; all chatting, changing in and out of their fetishistic, porn-inspired outfits, and infodumping about their autistic special interests. Karin was disgusted.

"Blucgh. See? I told you they're all pedophiles... these freaks only know how to wear *woman* as a costume," she insulted, whispering off to the side to Riley. "They're not like you and me, Rachel. We're *real women*."

Riley sighed and simply walked up to his locker, dialling down the combination and reaching for his other change of clothes. "That's *so* transphobic, mom! Trans women are women! And besides, I'm *not* a woman, so can you *please* stop fucking misgendering me for like five minutes?!"

Some of the trans women in the locker room were starting to take notice; not only because of the too-loud, egregiously transphobic conversation going on, but also because the two menstruators were undressing: Karin had stripped off her work uniform, a tight blouse and black pencil skirt, and was standing in only her dark-red, \$300 lingerie, which was giving more than a show of all of her chubby, 40-year-old curves. Meanwhile, Riley had also

stripped off his oversized hoodie and sweatpants, and was standing in his tight, hip-hugging pink panties and Powerpuff Girls binder (not tied too tight – his breasts were huge, easily J-cup). The two of them suddenly felt a lot of eyes on them.

“Oh, hush Rachel! It’s not transphobic, I’m just stating facts. These people are trying to deny basic biology! This rapid-onset gender dysphoria of yours is really starting to get on my-guh-?”

Karin’s words caught in her mouth as a hairy, five-pound hand landed on her shoulder and she felt the warmth of bodies behind her. “Hey, you know, it’s pretty fucking nasty of you to come into the womens’ change room and start talking shit about all the girls here.”

Another trans woman was now standing beside Karin, staring her down, the six-foot silhouette of a *real* real woman engulfing the trembling TERF’s. “Yeah. I think you should apologize.”

As his mother was being swarmed by five hungry, angry trans lesbians in just their lingerie, Riley was having an encounter of his own. He blushed as he felt three hulking trans goddesses approach him from behind and start to lay their hands on his body. He giggled and sighed as he started to get felt up. “H-hey! Careful... Hehehh... I’m s-sorry about my mom, hah... d-do you like my binder?” He asked as an exploring hand tried to work its way underneath his top.

“Yeah! It’s really cute and feminine,” remarked one of the transbills taking advantage of Riley. She moaned as the hand sunk into his breastflesh underneath the cloth, enjoying the feel of oversized trans-boy titties. “B-but I bet... I bet you’d look soooo great if you didn’t bind. You’ve got s-such *huge* fucking cans.”

“Kyah...!~ “ Riley whimpered, feeling his nipple being roughly twisted and crushed by some huge bony fingers. “W-well, it’s just... m-my boo- err, my chest, it makes me dysphoric. Y’know?”

Another pair of hands was now groping his tits, trying to yank the binder up off of his chest to expose those big floppy milkbags. They weren’t successful yet – he’d tied it competently enough. “Oh, nonsense! Come on, sweetie... l-look, s-some guys have boobs! You can just b... be our little femboy, right?! Our hot stacked b-busty boy...”

Karin was helpless to watch as a polycule of she-studs put the rizz on her son; more than helpless, she was straight up not having a good time. “Hold her arms back. Mmmf, I’ve been wanting to do this for a while...” A deep, lustful voice ordered.

A full-powered punch went *thwopping* right into Karin’s soft, stretch-marked stomach! She doubled over in intense pain and spat up a lungful of air and mucus. “Ghuuuuuuh!!! FUCK!” Her fat, saggy MILF udders swung side to side and jiggled, catching more eyes as she tried to recover from the blow.

Not ten seconds later, another fist impacted her cheek, whipping her head to the side and knocking out a tooth onto the tile floor. She groaned and screamed in pain.

“Nnnnnnggaaaaaah FUCK! You FUCKING *violent males!*”

“Hahahah. This bitch still has a fight in her!” shouted Lily, winding up her arm to beat another bruise into her prey. Her grin was sadistic and wolflike as always; her bony knuckles punched hard again into Karin’s flesh; but this time she punched her plush, overflowing left breast! She whimpered and cried and fell to the floor, sobbing as she held her battered stomach, a black eye already painting the pretty half of her face.

“Gnnffuh... nnngh... you f-fucking troons, all you want to do is abuse and rape real women! Forty-one percent yourself!”

The crowd surrounding Karin laughed out loud, all of them absolutely deriding her with their gaze. They hurled every manner of insult and misogynistic slur at her; a few of them kicked her in the side, leaving her with bruised and broken ribs. What do they care? A cunt like her was nothing but a TERF punching bag – as good as dead already!

Simultaneously, Riley’s binder had been torn off, his massive floppy pre-T boy-boobies exposed and groped by a trio of nasty trans perverts who only wanted him for one thing. As they abused his fat, sensitive nipples, they were also working their fingers underneath his panties’ waistband, hoping to start taking advantage of his wet, hairy, barely-legal boypussy. Riley was still fertile, his womb not yet ruined by icky evil testosterone, and the girlstuds in the room could practically *smell* it – and fuck, they wanted to *breed*.

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“GYAAAANNH! YES! NNNFFUUUCK YES, POUND MY FUCKING WHORE PUSSY! I’M CUMMING SO SO SOOOO FUCKING HARD ON YOUR DICK, DADDY!”

The screaming echoing off of every wall of the locker room was coming out of Riley’s mouth, his lips painted with a fucked up O-face that wouldn’t quit. Joining the symphony of degrading dirty-talk he was vomiting out was his mother’s groans and grunts and sobs, all coming from one of the room’s bathroom stalls.

“Nnnghhhh... Gguooooohhh... Fuuuuuck, fuuuuck... guuuuuuh,” gurgled Karin, her mouth dripping blood and cum and piss in equal portions. She was tied to the toilet, completely nude, her cunt twitching and squirting erratically; her torn, ruined panties were stuffed into her mouth and her bra was destroyed on the floor. Her head was in the toilet bowl (disgusting) and a line of trans women had formed to the stall. Each one was ready with a full bladder or a pair of heavy, overburdened gooner nuts, and they were very eager use a savagely beaten, half-conscious TERF cunt as the toilet for their expulsion.

By far the main event, though, in the locker room was Riley. And *gosh darn* was he an event: he was getting penetrated in every hole by unreasonably big, bitch-breaking trans goddess-cock! Just the veins bulging out of those fucked-up tranny rape-rods were thicker than his pinkie finger; a virgin trans boy like him couldn’t resist cumming his brains out with *every nasty fucking stroke* of girldick inside his holes.

“Fuck fuck fuck it’s so fucking GOOD! I’m being ruined by your perfect fucking dicks, thank you for teaching me what my stupid bitch CUNT is for! Breed me breed me breed me *breed me!* And then once you’re done fucking these big fat fucking tits you can dump me in the toilet like my WHORE mom!”

Every time a pair of big strong woman-hands clapsed around his throat and strangled him, Riley finally shut up a bit and just made gurgling sounds. At the same time though, his masochistic pussy went into overdrive, squirting like a firehose all over the room! The brutal choking was giving him some absolutely *soul-crushing* little bottom bitchgasms, and he couldn't get enough. As soon as his airway was free, he went back to filthy talking.

“YES YES YES YES! Fucking beat me senseless DADDY! I'm so fucking happy you girls corrected me and my CUNT mom! My fucking giant bimbo whore boobs don't make me dysphoric anymore so please grope and suck and beat and fuck them until you're satisfied. Then blow your disgusting backed-up wads all over me! Turn my face into a toilet and a trashcan for your superior fucking SCUMSHOTS!”

And indeed, they did bukakke Riley until the sun came up, and they did turn him into a stacked, submissive, cum-guzzling whore for girlcock. As for Karin, when she got out of the hospital, she would become a high-profile trans activist, and would also develop a powerful kink for rough sex dominated by trans women.

Chapter 12

It was a regular day for Alice. She walked into the cozy café with the door held open for her by one of her boyfriends; the other one took her coat as she entered. She shook out a mane of platinum blonde, straightened hair and adjusted her crop top. Alice's platform boots gave her an imposing, almost seven-foot silhouette, so she dwarfed not only every cis person in the café but her two boyfriends.

Her boy toys were not really recognizable as such; to the people in the shop, they looked more like a pair of trashy lesbian hookers. They were each less than five feet tall, and wore overwhelmingly skimpy outfits that showed off so, so much skin. Both of her boyfriends, Sam and Lex, were trans; Sam was wearing a tube-top that threatened to fall down off of his huge, constantly-jiggling udders, making him blush in shame. Alice had dressed up Lex, who was flat-chested, in a mesh micro bikini top that showed off his cold, hard nipples and recent, red mastectomy scars.

“Thank you for letting me take your coat, Mommy,” squealed Lex, quickly folding it over his arm and scurrying over to a table. He pulled out a seat obediently for Alice, breathing heavily, sweat dripping down his week-old buzz-cut.

“Good girls. Now sit next to Mommy,” she commanded, tapping on the seats on either side of her for her emasculated boyfriends to sit down. Sam was already sat, sliding close to Alice jealously, and spreading his legs like an impolite whore so that half the coffee shop could see up his miniskirt and stare at his glistening cunt.

Alice's bony hand stroked up and down Lex's head, petting him as praise for being so obedient. He winced as her hand brushed past his sore, purplish black eye and the bruises on his chin and cheeks, and smiled at his mommy. “I love you,” he said, his pierced lip jiggling with pouty sultriness.

Sam was also getting his fair share of pets, his shaggy brunette sidecut making him look like a wild hyena, but his disposition towards Alice making him look like a domesticated puppy. He stuck his tongue out and nuzzled her with pure joy as she ruffled his hair; two out of two headpats delivered!

“Those are my good little girls. Yeah. Who wants a treat? Good girls!” patronized Alice as she took her purse out, removing a pair of vegan snack bars. (It was very important to keep her boyfriends on a highly restricted diet so they didn't get fat and gross.) She continued to infantilize and misgender her cute boyfriends: “Here you go, sweeties. Mommy is going to order some cheesecake. Yes, good girls, eat up.”

Alice stood up from the table and walked toward the counter to order; however, as she turned around, one of her boyfriends dropped his snack! The low-calorie bar fell out of Sam's mouth and fell on the floor with a smack. Ruined!

The tall trans woman stopped and turned around; her fat bulge, in a tight pink miniskirt, wobbled to a stop. Her two boyfriends were hypnotized by her barely-concealed girlock, and

the denizens of the Starbucks were having trouble looking away from the she-meat too. “Oh dear... poor baby. You dropped your lunch again!” She scowled and raised a palm to slap him, taking joy in Sam flinching at her threat.

“What did Mommy tell you about being so clumsy? Now she’s going to have to punish you in front of everyone here!” At that declaration, Sam whimpered, grinding his ass on the seat. His pussy was immediately getting wet, Alice’s brazen abuse triggering arousal deep within his belly. He cried out, shaking his head, “No! Mommy pwease-!”

He was cut off as she slapped him across his face. He lost his composure and went silly, his eyes going unfocused as he felt the pain radiate through his cheek. He moaned, full and throaty, as he felt the telltale electric zap of pleasure straight down to his cunt. His submissive switch was flipped.

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“GWAAAAAAAAHHHH FUUUUUUCK!!! MOMMY YOUR FUCKING TRASHCAN-THICK RAPECOCK IS RUINING MY WOOOOMB! I’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BE A MAN AGAIN, YOU RAPED ME BACK INTO A WOMAN! GUUUWAAAAAANYAAAAHH!”

Sam screamed obscenity after obscenity as her prolapsed womb was blasted by hyper cock-strokes that put a professional wrestler’s bodyslams to shame. The overwhelming force of sheer hardcore violent punishment-rape had knocked her brain retarded enough to temporarily turn her back into a woman! By putting that stretched-out condom-womb to good use, Alice had awoken the breed-hungry bimbo that Sam always was inside.

“MOMMY I’M GONNA FUCKING CUM, MY FUCKING BITCH PUSSY IS CREAMING SO FUCKING HARD AROUND YOUR CUNT BUSTING GODDESS GOCK! MATING PRESS ME HARDER, FUCKING SLAM YOUR COCK INTO MY LUNGS TURN ME INTO YOUR RAPESLEEVE FUCKING BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ME MOMMY MOMMY MOMMYYYYYYY!”

The public defilement of Sam’s raw pink pussy was having a resounding WHAP WHAP WHAP in the whole coffee shop; obviously, nobody was going to intervene. It was just another piece of cock-drunk cis trim being brutally abused by a giant mannish trans woman. On top of that, everyone in town knew about Alice: she tipped well, she was an extremely violent misogynist, and most importantly, she was a local donor to trans activist causes. So, getting on her bad side was considered a massive mistake. They were seeing her make an example of one such lesser life form right now. Splashes and sprays of squirt were forced out of Sam’s bladder by the brutal degrading rape, coating the floor all around in amorous girl juice.

As she aggressively slam-bred a fifth baby into Sam’s forced-lesbian uterus, Alice groaned out deep, grunting, masculine moans, letting everyone know just how tight and pornographically perfect that sweet young detrans cunt felt on her bitch-breaking, veiny length. Everybody in the café learned just what would happen after about an hour’s worth of edging: Alice’s basketball-sized breeder nuts tensed up in her sack, the veins contracting and squeezing her backed-up balls hard enough to push a dense, yellow, rotten load of nut-sewage

from them, out her gaping pisspipe, and straight into her girlfriend's completely bruised, beaten womb. The force of the ropes of oatmeal-thick rapewad and fat hyper sperm bludgeoning Sam's gaped-open, exposed ovaries made her cum and cum and cum over and over again: she was not just pregnant, she was stuffed with twins, triplets, quadruplets; bred and creampieed and knocked up and 100% TRANNIED.

Kiryuuin Satsuki

Chapter Summary

Self-indulgent chapter. In which the (trans woman) reader gets to fuck Kiryuuin Satsuki.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

A knock on your studio apartment door: who could it be? You get up from your gaming chair and go to answer the door. As you open it, you're greeted with quite the spectacle.

A tall, slender, pale woman stands in the door, wearing only a bikini and a pair of thigh-highs! She's shorter than you, with long, black hair, and has a firm scowl on her face. Beyond scandalous, the swimsuit she's wearing is pornographic! She has a tight micro bikini clinging to her body, a tiny pair of triangles just barely covering her nipples and a thong-bottom already wedged up into her cunt; a peek of pink cunt-lips is visible on either side. Most shockingly, the bikini is colored in horizontal pastel pink, blue, and white stripes!

Your mouth hangs open, and as you're trying to come up with a response to this stranger, Satsuki responds for you. "Good afternoon! My name is Kiryuuin Satsuki, but you may call me Toilet!" she commanded, her ultra-serious countenance not yet broken. "I am here to be your government assigned abuse slave!"

You stutter, trying to get out some words, "Y-y-you... w-wha..?"

Satsuki steps inside. Her feet are in eight-inch white heels that click when they land on your floor, and her oversized breasts jiggle whenever she steps: she must be at least an H-cup! You're trying to make eye contact with her, and you notice that she has a pair of enormously bushy black eyebrows that make her look very angry, but you inadvertently end up just staring at her breasts: your eyes are locked to her fat wobbling teen milkers!

As she approaches you with another few steps, you yelp and put your hands in front of you, realizing that you were just making full eye-contact with the young woman's huge, white breasts. "Nnngh... no, don't worry! Your autism diagnosis is recorded in state records... s-so please, don't feel like you need to make eye contact," she commands, reaching out a gentle hand to stroke you on the shoulder. She's being nice?! "You may stare at any part of my body. That's why I came wearing this outfit; I knew that my assigned shebull would be very, very *stimulated* by it."

You groan as Satsuki steps once more closer to you, pressing her huge perky boobs and her smooth, flat belly up against you; she grips either side of her tits with her hands (blue nail polish!) and squishes them together, squeezing them against your flat chest. "Hnn... y-you're

so flat! God, I'm so lucky to be assigned to you... I can feel your cock getting hard. I read all your browsing history; the state forwarded it to me. I know *all* your nasty kinks."

An invasion of your privacy! But as you wince and try to argue, you're cut off by more handsy touching from your new slave. "Nnno, no! Don't worry... I *love* them. All your fucked-up fetishes... hnnnn, every girl *dreams* of being turned inside-out by a monster-hung trans lesbian *stud* with all sorts of degenerate porn on her computer and all the most sadistic kinks!"

Satsuki pushes you back, shoving you back into your gaming chair and kneeling on the floor. "Let me help you, Hannah," she coos, pulling her bikini top to the side and exposing her breasts and her fat, throbbing pink nipples. "I'm trained for this."

The dirty-talking whore grabs your sweatpants by the waistband and pulls them down, revealing a fucking *huge*, semi-hard penis packed into a pair of nasty, sweaty pink panties that haven't been washed in days. Your balls don't fit into your panties, and fall out, dangling off your chair and pulsating with burbling cumloads. You might be nervous, but you're also hard as *fuck* from the submissive ciscunt currently preparing to degrade herself on your genitals.

"Oh... my... GOD. It's fucking HUGE!" she groans, her hand sliding down into her bikini bottom to rub her swollen clit semi-consciously. She grabs your stupidly thick shaft and lifts it up, then dives in: she shoves her face directly into your taint and inhales deeply! "SNOOOOOOOOORT~!"

"FFFNNNNGHHH! UNGH, your ball stink is SO fucking rotten! Do you ever shower?! I'm so lucky to be assigned to you, Goddess... I need to clean and service this nasty transgirl undercarriage *every single day!*"

You feel Satsuki's tongue running itself all over you; she licks your nuts thoroughly and then moves down to your taint and asshole. She pushes her mouth and nose deeply into your asscrack and starts poking her tongue against your ass. "Mmmnnfh! Nnnnmm~!" She's eating you out!

Being an anal virgin - in fact, a kissless hugless virgin of all kinds - you've never had your ass eaten before. But Satsuki doesn't care; she's eating that unwashed, unshaven shithole like it was her last meal on earth! Her tongue pounds away at your insides while her lips are locked tight around your shitpipe, sucking for all she's worth. "SLUUUUUUURP!!!!!"

She pulls away, wiping her mouth with a hand and licking up a few stray anal hairs from her lips. "Nnnf, fuck, your musky shitter tastes SO fucking good! I'm so happy to finally be a rimming slave for a real woman!"

Satsuki smears your penis all over her forehead and eyes; Her makeup streaks across her face from all the sweat and drool and mucus on her face. She smiles up at you, lifting her hefty rack with both hands and wiggling her eyebrows. "Wanna have some hardcore, degrading, misogynist, ultra-rough PIV lesbian sex, Daddy?" She offers, licking her lips.

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“Unnnnngh..... Fffffuck...”

Wet, burbling grunts fill your studio apartment. After three hours of nonstop pussy-pounding girl-on-girl action, you’re back in your gaming chair, and Satsuki is discarded on your bed, ass in the air. Her vagina is gaped open *hard*, ruined, slowly pushing out multiple unbelievably thick, yellow loads of transgirl ball sewage. Her hands are pushing the chunky wads back in, desperately trying not to waste any of that precious nut-butter. Her trademark super-thick black eyebrows are white - *caked* with dried semen.

“Nnnnngh, I’m fucking pregnant... I’m totally pregnant... y-you got me pregnant,” she babbles, her eyes rolled back and her tongue hanging out stupidly. Satsuki’s destroyed womb is stuffed to the *brim* with tranny baby-batter, so much so that her stomach bloats out to the size of the watermelon! The “TRANSBULLS ONLY” womb tattoo on her lower stomach is stretched out with the massive amounts of girlsemen that she’s been seeded with; she’ll be giving birth to an entire *litter* of trans kids!

“T-thank you for raping my silly ciscunt, nnnnf... I love you Daddy, real women are so, so perfect...”

Priyanka Maheswaran

Chapter Summary

I got paid to write this.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP!

Priyanka Maheswaran was twerking. Not just seductively jiggling and wobbling her ass; she was throwing those overfed meat-flanks with *professional* quality! She was squatted down on the floor with her booty nearly reaching the ground, wearing just a pair of transparent plastic stripper heels and a sky-blue G-string. Sweat flew off of her cheeks with every ear-shattering CLAP, along with the layer that covered her entire body. She was working very hard.

“Hnn... ngh, Master, may I please take a break?” she huffed, her hips gyrating hard, swinging her meat side to side, enticing her goddess with every subtle jiggle of her pussy and unsubtle WHAP of her asscheeks. “It’s been... hfff, it’s been hours... I can barely stand...”

Kelly scowled and spat at Priyanka, her spitwad landing on that hot brown bootycheek and dripping down into the sheen of sweat. “God, you fucking whores are *useless!* I keep trying to get one of you cunts who can be porn for my goon session, but none of you can last long enough!” She leaned forward and hit Priyanka’s wet ass as hard as she could, open-palmed, producing an ear-cracking smack!

“Gnaaaah! I’m s-sorry, Master! I will keep throwing my twerkmeat!” she cried as she was spanked across her chubby MILF-booty. Her panties, already soaked through with sweat, dripped with a fresh surge of pussyjuice that fell off her ass and added to the puddle on the floor. She pulled her thong strings up higher on her hips and stood up, making her booty clap with insane precision and rhythm, and tried to smile back at Kelly. (she managed a grimace of pain and exhaustion.)

Her transtud was focused on that hairy winking shithole, the peeks at Priyanka’s anus between claps and behind her G-string getting Kelly more turned-on than ever. “Nnnngh, good girl. Keep clapping that milfmeat... You’re my stripper slave now, whore. Now come on, keep moving your twerk-globes!”

As Kelly enjoyed using Priyanka as porn, she was, of course, edging her cock! A massive sixteen-inch meatstick that was thicker than her arm and dripping with sweat, smegma, and a slimy layer of precum that flew everywhere around the room in little droplets and flecks, including on Priyanka. The nasty gooning session was three hours in, and not done; Kelly was a twerk addict and would absolutely not cum from this little jerking! She always edged for at least five hours before busting a nut, so Priyanka Maheswaran – beautiful, chubby, late-50s MILF, brilliant doctor, and dedicated mother – was going to have to keep clapping her

dimpled, bottom-heavy slam-cakes for Kelly until the 18-year-old antisocial autistic was satisfied with the performance.

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“Glfck! Glurk! Ngucgh! “ Bubbled Priyanka. Her mouth was occupied, so she was unable to get any words out. Occupied with what?

“NNGH! NGH! FUCKING WHORE! WHORE! WHOORE!” screamed Kelly, her hips pumping with insane strength and aggression. “GNNNN! NNNN! NNNNNNNNNGH!” She was facefucking Priyanka Maheswaran with such fury and speed that the only sound coming out of the old-age meat-toy’s mouth was a series of disgusting gagging, retching, and splurting sounds.

Priyanka’s head was hanging off of the bed and Kelly had her hair in a deathgrip. She was thrusting her hips nonstop, her baseball-sized breeder nuts swinging with enough force to bruise Priyanka’s eyes when they slapped her in the face! Every so often, Kelly would remove a hand from gripping her fucktoy’s head and move it down to her neck, to strangle the wrinkly milf-throat wrapped around her penis; she was jerking herself off with the neck that she was currently using as an onahole!

“FUCKING WHORE! TAKE MY FUCKING CUMLOGS, BITCH, SWALLOW THEM! GET THROATPIED, SKANK, GET STOMACHPREGGERS!”

As Kelly shouted misogynistic slur after misogynistic slur, she released her grip on Priyanka’s head and bottomed out her snake in that spasming slopthroat. She gripped the modest, trembling MILF-titties in front of her like a pair of punching bags and grunted deeper than a woman *ever* should, and started depositing a steaming scumshot down the unwilling esophagus of distinguished medical doctor Priyanka Maheswaran.

Backed-up transgirl cumloads are more solid than liquid, and Kelly’s was no exception. As she humped her hips imperceptibly, her balls slowly, agonizingly pushed out a tar-thick load that had been rotting in there for *weeks*. It took a long, hard, violent gooning session to loosen up the most densely-packed sperm at the bottom of her balls, but it was worth it. Priyanka felt her stretch-marked tummy being filled and bloated with a series of cumropes that felt like *bricks* landing in her stomach! They were so heavy and dense and numerous-

“BLEEEEEUUUGH,” she vomited, finally. Kelly didn’t let up, but the overfilling of her whore’s stomach got pushed out all the same, coating Priyanka’s face in a disgusting, slimy, yellowish-white layer of mucus, cum, and stomach contents. Her subtle, mature makeup was ruined, streaking dark in black down her face, backwards; her hair was a mop of soaked, greasy grey, and she couldn’t stop crying. But most importantly, with each SPLORT of boiling transbian cumstew landing in her digestive system, her sloppy wet cunt creamed just a little more in her tiny panties: no horny cisbitch, especially not a depraved subslut like Priyanka, could resist cumming her brains out on such a stomach-wrecking transtud ball-batter-blast.

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“Gnnn, fuck, your womb is so tight” groaned Kelly as she thrust her hips, over and over, mercilessly pounding away at the gaped brown nethers spread open underneath her. The arm-thick cock was stretching out the milf pussy wider than it’d ever gone, and all Priyanka could do was involuntarily buck her hips, and subconsciously spread her legs wider to let that ovary-battering bitchbreaker core her out deeper and deeper.

Kelly’s huge muscular hands gripped tight around her milf bitch’s throat, almost crushing her windpipe; the shuddering Indian baddie was cumming non-stop from the brutal abuse! With the battering ram of a gock currently turning her guts into an onahole, combined with the strangling currently cutting off her air supply, any horny cis lesbian would be creaming her cunt *silly* during this merciless slam-rape!

“Gffffuuuck,” she murmured, just barely able to whisper through the vicegrip on her throat. “S-so fucking... rough... c-can’t stop fffffucking... CUMMING!”

Feeling the overstretched vaginal canal around her cock contracting harder and harder, Kelly could tell that she was getting orgasmed on, and it was *so* fucking satisfying. As she sped up her thrusts, she balled up a fist and started punching Priyanka’s saggy milkers, and verbally degrading her. “Nnngh! FUCKING STUPID CUNT! Keep fucking CUMMING from my RAPECOCK, WHORE!”

WHAP, WHAP!

With bruises developing on her rack and face, and her cunt being powerfucked to near-prolapse, Priyanka was in masochist whore heaven. And Kelly was in dominant bull heaven herself – she grunted, and spat aggressively in Priyanka’s face, as she finally hilted her cock and started to let out another edged breedload.

BRRRRRRGGHHHHT! PPPBBBLLLLLRRT!

As she *dumped* rope after rope of ultra-dense girlcum, she kept shouting obscenities, surely loud enough so that the neighbours could hear. She shoved Priyanka down into her sweat-stinking comforter and slapped her across the face, twice, three times, four – until she was satisfied that the utterly broken gutter-whore pinned underneath her was beaten into submission enough.

The jizz, excreted from a pornsick shestud’s ballsack, was so unbelievably thick and fertile that it *immediately* impregnated mommy Maheswaran. Despite being a decade veteran of menopause, being bashed *so* brutally and thoroughly by a truly uncaring, violating girldick had raped her ovaries back into overdrive, and make her milf-womb start ovulating hard as FUCK in preparation for some truly defiling girlseed.

“Gnnnnf... p-pregnant... I’m definitely... f-fucking pregnant,” she gurgled, her eyes crossed and her limbs limp, splayed out on the bed. She was utterly *destroyed*. “S-so fucking good... so... fucking *rough*...”

The hung trans woman smiled and smacked Priyanka across the tummy, making her cute paunch jiggle and flush pink. She was already half-chub again, stroking her girlmeat seductively. “Don’t tap out now, cunt! We’re only seven loads in. My fucking nuts are so

swollen, I need to dump at least five more... So spread that pussy, and get ready to be stuffed with more TRANS KIDS!"

Priyanka held up two peace signs, her fingers limp and dangling and her face a mask of complete dizziness. Knowing her place, she managed to groan out: "T.... Trans rights!"

Tifa Lockhart

Chapter Summary

I got paid to write this.

Terry was a lesbian. A *real* lesbian – not one of those *transbians*... One of those men who put on a dress and expect to instantly be attractive to real lesbians. Terry was born with a womb, spent her whole life as a woman, and was a dedicated, gold-star lesbian – 32 years old, proud, adult, homosexual, and most importantly, *female*. She had never even touched a penis; those things are disgusting to real lesbians, she held. Unfortunately though, her natural, full, perky DD-cup breasts made her a very attractive target for most males, which was no end of frustration for her.

So why was she on a date with Allison, a mid-transition trans woman who was a hundred pounds heavier than her and a foot taller? Allison wasn't very busty herself, but in contrast was chubby and muscular, with a head of wavy brown hair that came down to her shoulders. The 20-year-old was wearing a short, dirty white sundress that was piss-poor at hiding her huge, broad shoulders, as well as the sweaty, stinking bulge in her groin – more on that later. Her massive hairy forearms and hands were fidgeting with each other in her lap.

“- so even though the remaster made Cloud *such* a cutie, I can't abide by the inconsistencies relating to Tifa's bust; that's why her canon bra size makes no sense! So in my opinion she absolutely has H-cups at *least* but obviously a girl like her, she wouldn't stop there, right? – ahh, anyways! Which video game or anime girl is your favourite lesbian? Another hot stacked dyke I really like besides Tifa is Chun-Li from Street Fighter, she definitely sucks a MEAN girlcock-“

Terry was barely listening to the infodumping; how could she? All the porn-addicted misogynist babble about crazy oversized anime tits and lesbians who deepthroat cocks... she was barely able to keep herself from getting up and leaving, much less contributing to the conversation. Lesbians don't like dick, she thought; lesbians don't want to be hypersexualized busty bimbos for you, she thought! But she couldn't say those things out loud – she would be called transphobic! In fact, the only reason she went on the date is because her coworker Allison kept pressuring her and implying that she would be complaining to HR if she didn't accept... So she just sat there and listened.

“Can uh... can we order some wine,” mumbled Terry, waving over a waiter. She wanted to at least get hammered if she was going to have to listen to all this creepy, pornsick straight male gushing. “Yeah, just give me the bottle.”

One thing Terry couldn't shake off, though, was the trans woman's unrelenting eye contact with her breasts. She kept trying to reposition herself, subtly encourage eye contact, and even

move her arms to cover parts of her breasts, already-covered though they were in a comfy navy-blue sweater. She even dropped the classic “My eyes are up here!” line twice, but after thirty seconds, Allison’s eyes would subconsciously refocus right back on those plump cisdyke cans. This is what happens when you raise boys on porn, she thought...

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“Nnnngh, wow... that was great,” praised Allison, pulling out and stroking her cum-lubed dick, breathing heavily and dripping sweat all over her girlfriend. She smiled down at the creampie leaking out of Terry’s well-fucked cunt.

“Y... yeah,” Terry responded, her hands sliding down her stomach to find her clit and try to pleasure herself; the two of them had just finished having sex, and naturally, Allison had finished in two minutes and Terry had not even come close to orgasming. Typical male having sex... Terry found that their sessions almost always went like this.

Aside from the degrading, misogynistic, PIV sex, Terry actually liked her girlfriend now. After about a year of dating, a lot of the young transgirl’s quirks had grown on her! She was a very kind, if creepy, young lady, fiercely loyal and loving, and would do *anything* for her partner(s). Allison would cook lunch and dinner every day for the two of them, and bought Terry lots of gifts and clothing and treats with her substantial programmer salary – she worked from home, and additionally paid for their apartment with her paycheck. Terry was starting to think that trans women actually were *real* women, and was starting to fall in love with her girlfriend! But the sex was just *overwhelmingly* gross for her; the way she had to be pinned under a huge, sweaty male, have a wet throbbing penis forced into her vagina, and have her pristine lesbian womb bleached with load after load of backed-up, porn-addicted creep-cum, was just too much. Not to mention...

“Unfff, I love you so much Tifa- err, Terry... I was wondering... are you feeling any more open to my “idea” yet? I really, really want it... p-please, get the breast implants please! Please Tif- Terry! I’ll pay for them... please, I’m begging you. Your tits are so small, I want you to look like my waifu, like Tifa... p-please, I want big lesbo mommy milkies to fuck!”

Terry was disgusted, immediately turned off; she gave up on trying to cum this time. Why were straight men SO obsessed with breasts? She covered her nipples with her hands, gently pressing down on her bust. “B-but... they’re big! Double-Ds are big!” She grimaced and turned away, grumpy that she had to have this conversation after *every* fuck.

“Tifa’s titties though... Her titties are HUGE! They’re way WAY bigger than yours... a-and, and, yours are getting saggy, and floppy! I need my waifu to have perfect perky anime boobies... p-please Tifa, please! Please get big boobies for me!”

She was starting to get worn down after weeks and weeks of this pestering; Terry felt that, well, maybe if I got those big fake tits she wanted, Allison might love me even more – and maybe she’d pay more attention to my body during sex! On the other hand... “No way! I don’t want to be a stupid huge-titted fucktoy, okay?! I’m a lesbian, I don’t want to just appeal to the male gaze!”

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“Ungh! Unf! UNFFF! Fake titties fake titties FAKE TITTIES! Fat fucking BOOBIES!” Allison grunted, her penis throbbing, 110% hard, as she lived her dream. Her thirteen-inch she-cock was sliding, slick, like a gigantic turgid slug, between a pair of brand-new, pink, swollen fake boobies! Terry had finally caved and went in for surgery: she was sporting a rack of perfectly round, mouthwatering, taut-skinned H-cup boobies, the scars on the bottoms of her breasts still fresh and red and sore.

“Gnnnh, sweetie, Allie...” Terry said, groaning in pain. Those surgery scars were fresh and sore as *hell*, and felt like they were on fire with the pressure pushing from the inside. “P-please, be gentle... it, it hurts, princess!” Ever since the surgery, Allison hadn’t let up with the relentless titbreeding, even though the surgery had been so, *so* rough for her girlfriend. It’d gone on for nearly twelve hours and carried a *significant* fatality risk – but what was she going to do, back out after saying yes to her desperate, hentai-addicted girlfriend? No, she decided to go under the knife and have an operation that’d take a severe toll on her, especially the recovery, just so Allison could get her hands on the oversized, over-perky anime boobies of her dreams. And so were her flawless natural DD breasts turned into a freakishly huge H-cup rack that bulged with silicone!

Regardless of the doctor’s orders – they’d told Terry “No squeezing, heavy lifting, or heavy exercise or impacts, for at LEAST two months!” – her girlfriend was *messing up* those fat firm fuck-bags with all of her strength and anger, just a week later! It was a *brutal* titfuck for *any* pair of tits, much less a brand new one, and ropes of precum were beginning to blast out of Allison’s asshole like a firehose from how intense and satisfying the gooning was. She was having the time of her life, her fingers gripping deep into that fresh plastic titflesh, bruising her.

“Nnngh, nnggh, nnnnnn... Nnnnngh!! Tifa! Tifa! Tifa, I love you! I love you Tifa! I love your tits, Tifa!”

Terry winced and grimaced as her girlfriend went to town on her taut plastic jugs. “Nnnf... y-yeah, of course, p-princess... anything for you,” she counselled, doing her best Loving Mommy impression to try and appease the breast-obsessed womanchild. Her white tank-top was soaked with sweat – mostly Allison’s – and torn, pulled up over her shoulders. No matter: she had been bought a wardrobe full of them. Since Allison only wanted to have titsex today, her suspenders and black skirt were still on, along with a white G-string that rode high up over her hips. Terry’s long black hair was matted to her face and chest with sweat and pre-jizz and spit, and a few locks stuck to Allison’s penis as she repeatedly poked those puckered pink cis-lips with her glans. It was a hardcore titfuck that was just barely teasing for a facefuck; how could somebody get off to just fucking a big pair of plastic implants?! She couldn’t figure it out.

“Hnn, hnn.... Nnngh, gonna cum, gonna BREED! Gonna breed your tits, Tifa... Tifa! Gonna impregnate your TITTIES! I LOVE TITSEX!!!”

The hung she-stud hilted her penis in her girlfriend’s monster tits and started depositing her load: the first few ropes managed to land safely down Terry’s esophagus, followed by an errant cumworm that shot right up her nostril, causing her to gag and snort and cough, followed by innumerable more jizz-streaks all over her beautiful, dizzy, mascara-streaked

face. Allison's massive weight straddled the tiny cisgirl's ribcage, bruising her chest further and threatening to crack her ribs with her hefty tranny mass. She didn't care; the hung top was viciously gripping those boobies, completely focused on ruining her new bimbo toy with as much smelly, fertile girlsemen as possible. Any pain Terry was under – and being pinned under so much aggressive breeding weight, it was significant – didn't matter to her.

“T-thank you, honey... T-Tifa loves you too,” mewled Terry, allowing her submission to show through. She was being doused in so much primal breeding stink every day, and having her brand-new bimbo tits ravaged with so many merciless tittyfucks, that she was starting to enjoy it. Whatever it was – the masculine stench of the chunky cum-curds that were weighing down her hair, the seemingly ever-growing size and weight of Allison's low-hanging transbull cumtanks, the pure *pain* and *degradation* of having real lesbian sex with a *real woman* – she could feel the transphobia in her braincells fading away with each blast of cum. Maybe rough, pornographic punishment-rape isn't that bad, she begun to think.

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At the sunny public beach, all eyes were on Tifa.

Tifa had changed her name, a year before she'd married her wife; it used to be Terry, but she decided that a prettier, more feminine, more bimbo-appropriate name would be best. Tifa and her wife Allison were reclining on the beach, half-naked, getting their tan on; Allison was the picture of trans beauty, a tall, utterly *built* goddess, wearing a black one-piece swimsuit that couldn't begin to conceal the monstrous bulge between her legs. Meanwhile, her cis trophy wife was on her back, wearing a bikini that defied all decency; a tiny strip that barely stretched across her nipples, cutting into her tight, red J-cup breasts, and a matching, transparent yellow thong that wedged up into her labia, showing off the bulge of an aroused and swollen clit.

“Unnngh, sweeeetie,” moaned Tifa, spreading her legs and nonchalantly slapping her cunt, letting her plump pussylips jiggle seductively. “I'm boooooored. Wanna come have some rough titsex?”

Allison didn't need to be told twice; she rolled over on her towel and began to grope Tifa's oversized fake slut-bags. She got rough with them immediately; slapping, punching, biting, and squeezing the life out of those massive bimbo balloons. Tifa couldn't get enough.

“Annnnh! Fffffuck yeah, baby! Squeeze those fat, stupid fuckin anime titties, make your waifu scream like the pain Slut she is! Make me your dyke-whore!”

The beachgoers couldn't believe their eyes as Allison unsheathed her penis from her swimsuit, preparing to get the 12th titfuck of the day in. Well, that's an exaggeration; the spectacle of some brutal trans-dominated lesbian slamsex going on in public was more than commonplace in this world. It was acceptable, and it was *beloved*. Those beachgoers that didn't avert their eyes out of disinterest were planning to pleasure themselves to the beautiful, hung transbull and her defilement of Final Fantasy's juiciest cosplay-whore tit-pussy. Every so often a passerby would shout “Trans rights!” before returning to gooning.

All was well.

Tatsumaki

Chapter Summary

Short chapter: Tatsumaki becomes a human urinal.

Tatsumaki was piled upside-down in the basin of the urinal, her ass in the air, and her ankle neatly chained to a pipe on the wall. She was completely nude, her flawless pale skin entirely on display; she glared up at me, her scowling expression contrasted with her position of complete submission, with her legs folded up behind her head and her hands digging into her doughy asscheeks to spread them.

Urinals had recently been added to womens' bathrooms. This was after much lobbying by the transgender activist community; I was a part of this as well, as a 30 year old trans NEET with no girlfriend or prospects. The main issue of the campaign: How are real women like us supposed to use the womens' bathrooms if our footlong flaccid bull-cocks and massive saggy breeder nuts immediately get submerged in the toilets when we sit down?! So of course, urinals had to be added to all female restrooms to ensure trans woman accessibility.

Chaining my cismeat fucktoy Tatsumaki in the bottom of the urinal wasn't part of the campaign, though: That was her idea. She was a certified degradation-loving masochist who knew her place *perfectly*, immediately volunteering to be a limitless bottom for me via Grindr when the new bylaws passed. Who would have known that the number two hero of all time would be a depraved, transcock-addicted skank?

"Come on... get it over with already," she sneered, her sullen eyes giving me her trademark look-that-can-kill. Despite her scowl, she had her delicate little hands pulling her oversized slim-thicc booty apart like a pro pornstar: her completely waxed-bald cunt was naked, twitching, the pink holes on the inside just barely peeking out; her brown, worn-out asshole was stretched beyond recognition, a busted asscunt that had taken so much abuse that she could gape it open wide enough for my fist to dive in with room to spare. "I want it. P... p-please use my butt-urinal, Daddy."

I started to pee on her. My semi-hard girlcock throbbed and grew as I deposited a steaming, yellow pissload all over the Tornado of Terror; I aimed specifically for her anus. Her slick, pulsating, pink rectal passage was almost immediately filled with liters of super-pungent girlpiss and it began to bubble and foam out of her, sliding down her body in countless rivulets. Within ten seconds her whole body had been soiled by splashes and streams of urine, including her hair: her spunky teal hairdo was soaked with yellow as she moaned and groaned, reclining her head into the boiling puddle of piss at the bottom of the urinal. "Nnnngh... Bggrlhh... mmf!"

Her pretty pussy kept twitching and contracting, and she kept her asscheeks spread open, the entire time that I was dumping my bladderload on her. She begged for more and gargled the foamy yellow effluent and moaned deeply like an old whore. To her credit, despite being an annoying little ciscunt and absolute *mindless cock-whore*, Tatsumaki made a really good toilet!

“Alright... that felt great! Thanks sweetie. I’d better head out... the line is getting long,” I elaborated, Tatsumaki’s hair-plastered face distorting with fear and arousal. As I pulled my panties back up I spat on the whore, and laughed at her state: “Pffff... hahahah! You look fucking *disgusting*. See you in twelve hours, cunt!”

I raised my hand and – WHAP – firmly slapped a big, pink, blue, and white sticker on her assfat. The sticker read: A TRANS PERSON USED THIS BATHROOM.

I turned to exit the womens’ restroom, holding it open behind me to let the next trans woman in; whether her balls or her bladder were feeling full and pent-up, each and every transbull in line would definitely get relief emptying it on and inside the great Tatsumaki. After a brutal twelve-hour urinal duty in the dingy lesbian bar, Tatsumaki would beg me to chain her up there again and again, her brain having been turned completely to mush by countless beautiful, hung women emptying their waste on her.

“Urinal duty” in the female bathrooms became a very common pastime for the cis women of our city, and everyone could tell why: What ciscunt could possibly resist being forced into utter submission to girlcock, for hours and hours? As usual, trannies always win, and cis meat fucking *loses*.

Raven

Chapter Summary

In which a (very) out-of-character Raven campaigns to take over the United States with trans supremacy.

Retired Teen Titan Raven had her fist raised, standing behind a podium, and was cheering slogans to a crowd. She had her trademark cold stare and bold, intense facial expression, and her skin was an unreadable pale grey as always: but a whole *lot* of it was on her display. She wore a mockery of her classic black combat leotard, a super-tight one-piece thong bodysuit that tugged up between her overgrown, 18-year-old bootycheeks with a *hell* of a wedgie. The bodysuit was colored with pink, blue, and white stripes, and slightly transparent. Her dark grey nipples were hard, and her smooth, hairless pussy wet.

“END THE TRANSPHOBIA! PARDONS FOR SEX OFFENDERS!” She shouted into her microphone, shiny grey G-cup milkbags jiggling with every breath in her cleavage-bearing outfit. The crowd shouted back at her, repeating the chants as practiced. “END THE TRANSPHOBIA! REPEAL THE AGE OF CONSENT!”

Raven’s crowd was hundreds, no, thousands-strong, a huge group of diverse cis women all dressed in their favourite pride gear. The whole crowd, of course, were lesbians, and most of them looking like stacked plastic bimbos dressed in the skankiest fetish-wear they could find. The majority wore rainbows, and pink, blue, and white in stripes, and waved transgender pride flags. Standing among them were a minority of huge, muscular women similarly underdressed, but each of them packing an intimidating bulge in their panties: the trans women.

“We’re gathered here today to tell our local and state lawmakers: NO MORE! The structurally transphobic justice system has gone on TOO long, and must be dismantled! We, as proud cis lesbian allies to the trans community, believe that all cis subhumans MUST submit to trans women. We formed the CUNT party – Cis Unity, No Transphobia! – to gather support. I’m happy to report that our party now forms 50% of the vote in the state legislature: the ENTIRE female delegation! The next step: The United States Senate!”

The crowd’s cheers intensified as Raven screamed for “justice”, banging her fist on the podium and letting her absolutely *obscene* rack jiggle like a pair of fat wobbly water balloons. The trans portion of the attendees to the rally – and a sizable portion of the cis women, to be fair – were likely more focused on her pornographic body than her words. This was, of course, by design; the CUNT party had developed the perfect propaganda strategy. If your voters are all deliriously horny misogynists, why *wouldn’t* they vote exclusively for the most stacked, hypersexualized bimbo they could?

“I am pleased to announce my campaign for the US Senate, and with it, my Raven Plan: My plan to create *millions* of jobs and revitalize the US economy!” she revealed, the crowd being treated to her newest campaign promise. “Once signed into law, the bill will *mandate* a cis sex slave to be assigned to *every* porn addicted trans woman! This twofold plan will combine re-education and rehabilitation for transphobes, as well as reparations and healthcare for the trans community. The amount of jobs injected, likewise, will be *massive*, and this four-year plan will- oh? OH! H-hey there stud, GUH- HRRRLLLLKKKK! GLRRGHCK, GLRRK!”

Raven’s speech was violently interrupted. A hulking trans woman had made her way onto the stage, allowed without question by the security staff. After approaching behind the grey-skinned young woman, in one smooth motion she grabbed a handful of purple gothgirl hair, tugged it down firmly to her crotch, and jammed a length of huge, thick *daddy dickbeef* down Raven’s gullet that could rival a snake. She’d grabbed the impassioned senator-to-be and *forced* her perfect, pretty cis face down onto her cock for a rough, tonsil-battering *throatfuck!*

“UNNNGGHLLKKGGGH, GNNNNGKKKLHHH, GRRLLK, MRRRKKKGGGGH!”

Only guttural gags and slurps and sputters issued from Raven; upon being pulled by her hair, she’d obediently dropped her hips into a deep, spread-legged stripper squat, and abandoned her microphone to allow herself to get mercilessly skullfucked. Sure, she was a high-profile politician and future congresswoman, but as her party platform demanded, she was also a 24/7 no-limits free-use rape-toilet for trans women!

So as the crowd’s cheers and moans and screams grew louder and they slowly changed from a mass of protestors to a mass of orgy-attendees, Raven allowed her face to be used as a sloppy onahole to her rapist’s satisfaction. She couldn’t resist reaching down and massaging her wet cunt, nor could she resist tilting her hips forward and clapping her ass like a twerk-crazed stripper for the crowd. Each meaty, wet, rhythmic THWAP THWAP THWAP of her thirty-pound gothic clap-cakes gave the crowd a view of her loose, dripping fuckholes between them: a dark-grey triangular shithole that gaped open wide enough for a finger or two, and her wet, floppy labia that flowed like a faucet. With her thong pulled aside, her destroyed bucket holes opened and closed with each trashy ass clap, flinging more ciscunt wetness all over the stage.

When the crowd was treated to a thirty-minute show of the rutting stud dispensing a slop-load in Raven’s throat, they were convinced: The CUNT party was the new world order. The broadcast of Raven’s speech would be on every news program, her rallies all reaching record attendance, and the Cis Unity, No Transphobia party growing in voter support with each passing day. The US, and the world, would see slim-thick goth superhero Raven get her guts stuffed with rope after rope after *rotten, chunky* rope of edged gooner wad and *love* it, even as the ropes grew too much for her fat, distended *cum-gut* and started to erupt, fountain-like, from her worthless shithole! The former Teen Titan only orgasmed harder and harder as the woman whose name she didn’t even know GLORPED a seemingly never-ending trans-load all the way through her digestive system, giving her a soul-crushing, 100% thorough colon cleanse of *tar-thick transbull nut*.

The double-peace signs and blissful, cumstained ahogao face that Raven showed the crowd, after her assaulter finally discarded her, was the last piece of evidence most cis women

needed; the enrolment of the CUNT party doubled overnight after Raven's speech, and the amount of lesbians (and transbull-only cismeat bottoms) reported in the next census would be a skyrocketing 2000% increase. The CUNT party was on its way not just to the Senate, but to the White House; trans domination would not stop growing, not as long as it had a fertile supply of *cis meat* to feed on.

Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Trans man supremacy.

Sorry that this one is real short; the idea I had was more or less just these two scenes, and I wanted to get it done and published. However, we might see this character again.

No character tags for this chapter.

Christina walked down the hall timidly, clutching her books to her (massive, heaving) chest, hunched over, eyes scanning for predators. The predators, of course, being her bullies; during and in-between classes, she had to endure all manner of teasing and insults.

“Hey cow-tits! Where ya’ going so fast?”

“Ooooh, lookin’ good, cissie! Take it off!”

“Hey, it’s my crush! Hey Chrissy-baby, what panties are you wearing today?!”

She quickly made a turn and tried to avoid the classroom full of boorish trans women yelling at her. She had to simply sit there and take it during lectures, but while on her free time she could dart off to be alone instead. Under a massively oversized, grey hoodie, her huge saggy milkbags wobbled side to side, making her wince in discomfort. Her flabby ass jiggled in time as well, barely concealed underneath her black leggings and perched atop dainty hi-top sneakers.

“Yeah, run away, bitch. Cis cunts have no rights anyways!”

“I’ll totally get her to suck my dick next time...”

Christina sighed and sat down on a beanbag chair after escaping down the hallway; she pushed her frizzy, overlong brown hair out of her eyes and fanned her flushed, freckled cheeks. As she punched in a number in the vending machine standing beside her, she pondered what kind of solution there might be to her bullying predicament. Because of the cooperation of the school’s administration, the very influential LGBT alliance club, and the trans-supremacist justice system, she had little recourse; her bullies were all high-status trans women with close ties to tenured professors, not to mention half the cis student body wrapped around their “fingers”. There was no way she could get the girls punished for their misogynist harassment, let alone get them to stop.

As she sipped on the bright-pink can of energy drink, and pulled it away from her lips to inspect the ingredients, she had a thought. Covering one side of the can was a glittery sticker

saying “ARE YOU TRANS? TAKE THE QUIZ” with a QR code to do just that; a pretty typical ad to see in the trans-supremacist world. While she sat and sipped on the sugary drink, she pulled up the quiz on her phone and started filling it out, short-cropped dirty fingernails plinking away at her touch screen with more boredom than interest. But as she moved further through the clickbait quiz, she slowly started to pay more attention to the questions than to her caffeine-laced treat. She was hooked.

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Kris strode down the hallway with intense confidence. He stood up straight, shoulders back, chest unburdened; the black, transparent mesh top stretched across his flat chest showed off a pair of jagged mastectomy scars that accentuated his tight, boyish pecs. The top was plastered with glittery pink block letters across his boytits, stating simply: “FAG”.

“Heeey girls! Lookin’ *fab*, my queens,” he crooned, his shiny platform Doc Martens squeaking with each step he made, and his bottom-heavy twink ass wobbling in his too-tight lycra shorts. He stopped in the doorway of his (former) bullies’ classroom, propping himself up on an elbow and taking a nonchalant look at his three-inch press-on nails.

It’d been a couple weeks since classes had been suspended for spring break; the trans women had been dimly aware of Christina’s, now Kris’, transition, but had not laid eyes on him since before his mastectomy. Their (square) jaws dropped, and they each gawked at him with shock and desire – what a *glow-up*!

“H-holy shit, your ti- uh, y-your chest!” stuttered Lily, the blonde ringleader of Kris’ bullies. “Guh... y-you look great, dude!” What could take a back a crude, misogynist, bully of a trans woman? Well, a just-as-confident, slutty, trans femboy, of course!

Kris leaned over, running a hand over his ribcage, letting his fingers linger near his dark brown nipple, knowing the three perverts in front of him would also be mesmerized by his pert nubbies under the sheer fabric. “Yeah, I figured you guys would like my new look,” he winked, pulling on his form-fitting black bike shorts, adjusting them between his oversized bootycheeks.

Jenna, a skinny trans woman sitting on a desk near the window, started to drool. “H-holy fuck...” she muttered, her eyes locked to the plump cameltoe outlined in his shorts, as well as Kris’ swollen, oversized T-dick: a hard inch-long bud that stuck out like a black-gloved sore thumb. He’d clearly been on a *heavy* dose of T, though they could all smell that as soon as he entered.

“Like my bulge?” teased Kris, reaching down and slapping his *fat, wet* pussymeats, letting it jiggle pornographically for the three creeps to check out. “Pff... women are all the same. Just takes one hot man to get you all to fall in line. Now heel, bitches.”

Kris pulled out a chair, sitting on it spread-legged, letting the dumbfounded trans gooners gather around him and drool over his body on full display. Thick belly and pubic hair piled out over his waistband, leading to a delectable furry trail leading up to just below his chest; his shorts hid a sweaty, musky, overgrown bush whose masculine smell was already getting girlcocks to half-mast. Kris ran his hands up his hairy legs, his pink-painted twink fingernails

lingering in his dense inner thigh fur. He pulled on his shorts' elastic, letting out a cloud of manly sweat-stink that had all three transgirls making puppy-dog eyes, each of them desperate to serve him first.

“Class is in session, ladies. Now say it with me: Boys rule, girls *drool*.”

And drool they would – especially all over, and inside, that hairy, wet *boypussy*! Hours of aggressive, twink-dom cunnilingus was in the three trans girls' future, and they were more than happy to submit themselves utterly to it.

“Yes, Goon Daddy! Boys rule, girls drool!” they chanted in unison, practically begging to make restitution for their bullying ways.

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Trans man supremacy.

No character tags for this chapter.

Kim's eyes darted back and forth between his phone and the sidewalk ahead of him. He was watching his favourite E-boy pornstar taking some *seriously* big dick! The stream didn't show the top's face, but she was clearly a trans woman, and a massively hung one at that. The bottom in question – his stage name *and* legal name were Sammie Sparkle – was a trans boy, and Kim's streamer of choice when he wanted to watch a cute, slutty guy get fucked within an inch of his life. He was so jealous; his own asshole was so tight, and being cis, he didn't have a pussy, so his monstrously-hung girlfriend Nessa had a really hard time fucking him! Kim was dating a beautiful trans woman, and she insisted that he was still a real man and that she still loved him, but Kim had developed an inferiority complex towards talented femboy bottoms. He especially felt so because of his size and weight; with his body at six feet tall and over a hundred kilograms, his girlfriend had a hard time even manhandling him during sex.

Soon he got home to their apartment: excited to show his girlfriend the hot stream and excited to try to help get her off! Deep moans and familiar, high, squeaky screams reached him from behind the door; was she already watching the stream? That wouldn't be too surprising, especially for Nessa, who was an extreme porn addict and edged for at least six hours a day. Sammie was even one of her favorite streamers, thanks to his ability to stuff particularly huge, sadistic dildos into his boycunt. "Goddess, I'm home!" called Kim, stepping inside and immediately smelling a cloud of food, weed, and sex.

"UNGH! UNNNNNGH! WHORE! WHORE! FUCKING FAGGOT, GET PREGNANT!" grunted Nessa, pumping her hips hard into Sammie's, doing him doggystyle on the master bed and visible from the entryway. "Your fucking boypussy grips my girlcock *so* good, nnf! I wanna fucking breed you all night... I'm *so, so happy* to finally get to fuck a *real man!*"

Kim dropped his phone, the stream still playing on it: The very same stream was playing out in front of him! He was bearing witness to his monster-cocked girlfriend coring out his favourite blue-haired queer man's womb, on the bed they slept in every night together. She was working out that tight pink pussy like no fuck session they'd ever shared together, and he had to sit and watch while Nessa's balls slapped Sammie's swollen t-dick hard enough to bruise from the merciless breeding. It was quite the spectacle for a boy who had spent months and months wishing he could be a better boyfriend and bottom for his girlfriend.

“L- Nessa! Y-y-you... that’s... how could you?” he impotently cried, covering his groin; he was getting hard!

As his girlfriend picked up the diminutive femboy pornstar and tucked his legs behind his head, she laughed deeply and gave a roguish smile to her boyfriend. “It’s real easy: Watch!”

She started to *jackhammer* into that tight little *front hole*, with Sammie contorted into a shape so painful and sexualized that he looked just like the hardcore, violent porn that Nessa would goon to all day long. The brutal full-nelson pounding was bludgeoning that infertile t-boy womb with enough force to make his tongue flop out and his eyes roll back.

“FuuuuuuuuUUUUUUUCK! Goon-addicted transbull cocks are the fuckin’ BEST!” he screamed, his hands reaching up to grip his flat chest and pull on his nipples, giving off a pornographic show.

Kim had dropped to his knees, unable to handle the visuals and the sound of the vaginal assault taking place in front of him. While his eyes welled up with tears, his cockhead was also getting wet, and staining the front of his leggings. How embarrassing!

“Hahahahah! Hey Sammie, check out the *cissie*! He’s fuckin’ *creaming* his panties, what a faggot!”

Nessa shouted over the storm of PLAP-PLAP-PLAPping to berate her boyfriend for premature ejaculating in his pants. It was hard not to make fun of the pathetic, fat ball of fagmeat bawling on the floor; both the powerful trans goddess and her gorgeous trans boytoy-concubine laughed with pure mirth while they mated as hard as animals in front of him.

“Guuuooohhhh fffffuuuuuuuck! His bulge is so fuckin’ TINY! Gnnnn yes yes YES, keep fucking SLAM-BREEDING my MANCAVE, I never wanna fuck a baby-sized ciscock like that *ever* again!”

As Sammie belted out some of his trademark dirty talk directly at Kim, all he could feel was humiliation and frustration. He’d never been able to satisfy his perfect trans girlfriend, and now he knew why: he was inferior, he was subhuman, he was *cis*. The new world had no need for shrimp-dick cis bitch-boys when there were sixteen-inch veined *girlsnakes* to choke on and get impregnated on.

“Buh... but g-goddess, please... I love you...”

Nessa spat on the ground, scowling at her sad excuse for boyfriend. She commanded back at him: “If you love me, then shut the fuck up and get me another Monster, sissy.” Nonchalantly tossing her 80-pound transboy fucktoy onto the bed and pouncing on top of him for some casual mating pressing slamsex, she returned to ignoring Kim and getting as much pussy as she could stand.

As the pudgy young man trembled, eyes darting between his worthless, softening bulge and his girlfriend’s mega-Monster can of a penis about to sink itself again, balls deep, into some dripping, hairy tranny *cunt*, something finally broke in his brain. He sat back and his jaw hung open, his eyes going blank. “Y... yes, goddess... ngh, I’ll... I’ll be a good boy. Keep gooning, goddess.” He chirped obediently.

The freshly-domesticated boywife stood up and tiptoed, docile, to the kitchen to retrieve a Monster Zero Ultra for his beloved Nessa while she chokefucked Sammie Sparkle into the mattress.

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“Gnnuuuuuh... ffffuck yeah. Yeah, keep workin’ that tongue, cissie. Nnnngh...” moaned Sammie, lying on his back with his legs spread wide, getting a thorough cunt-eating from Kim. With Nessa back at her desk in the corner, reclined playing Warframe, she was done gooning herself on that wet, pink pussy. For now, that is; and Kim was left with the cleanup. Nessa had gooned out not one or two but three thick, chunky *sloploads* into Sammie’s uterus, bloating out his lean, muscled tummy with a fat cum-gut of girl-nut. Kim was more than happy to slurp it out of him.

“Gnnff, mnnngh, uuuuungh! Tastes so good, nnngh, goddess’ nut-slop and real-man cuntjuice! Mnnnnnffggghh!!” Kim confirmed his continued obedience and dove back in, lapping up mouthfuls of steaming, hyper-fertile girlsperm, desperately reaching deeper with his hungry tongue. Sammie was in bliss, having been play-impregnated three times by a talented and hung girltop. He arched his back and moaned, shoving his pelvis into Kim's face, groping his post-mastectomy boytits, pleasuring himself, squealing for more. "Unf, get deep in there, bitch boy!" he sighed, his tight blue curls plastered to his face with sweat. Cuckold cleanup duty was pretty enjoyable for him, too!

Another transphobe converted to a true trans ally (trans toilet), Kim would continue on to be the perfect subservient cispig to his girlfriend and her revolving door of hot gen-Z transmasculine fucktrash. Straight trans women are trans women too, and they deserve *real* men – *trans* men. After getting this fact bludgeoned into his mind enough, the chubby cis boy accepted his place underneath trans supremacy, offering his labour and his life to serve Nessa and her harem. And he couldn’t be happier.

Chun-Li

Chapter Summary

Thanks for sticking with me for 20 chapters of Trans Supremacy! Here's to 20 more in the future. To celebrate, please enjoy our first, short chapter about non binary supremacy!

Chun-Li and the reader meet at the club, and she's a slut for NB cuties.

The club is busy tonight, bodies bumping into you as you make your way through the crowd, but you've got your own things to do. You sit down at the bar and order a drink. As you shift in your seat to dig your wallet out of your pocket, you accidentally bump your elbow against the woman sitting next to you. Her doughy buttcheek rebuffs your elbow, wobbling exquisitely.

“What the fuck?” she snaps, turning in her seat and giving you a look that could kill. She’s a short, muscular woman with an *insanely* bottom-heavy physique, each asscheek bigger than your head and with thighs to match. She sports a skin-tight blue jumpsuit with yellow stripes, a mini-jacket, and her hair wrapped into a pair of tight, no-nonsense Chinese buns. “Back off, creep. I’m *not interested*. Besides, I’m a lesbia-“

She catches her sentence as her eyes lock onto the pin affixed to your lapel. It’s a white, black, yellow, and purple flag design. “Oh- oh my *gawd*, are you *non-binary*? That’s like... *soooo* cool,” she coos, after a pause. Her iron demeanour is all but dissolved; she places a hand on your thigh, leaning in and exuding gentle, flirtatious body language. “I had no idea! It’s like, *so* fun to meet one of you guys. So like... how big is it...?”

You gawk at her, taken aback by the abrupt switch in tone.

“What, shy? No way... are you *autistic* too? Oh *fuck*...” she groans, her eyes widening with focus, and wandering down to converge on your groin. She smiles and reaches out, laying a hand on your chest and sighing softly under her breath as she feels your pecs. As she touches you, your penis begins to grow hard and tent out your pants.

"I heard all about you guys- err, you *folks* on the news a few weeks ago. Non-binary folks! And like, about how you guys are the most oppressed gender... and gosh, that made me feel *so* bad! So like, what a shock that I'd meet one of you tonight at the bar? I'm *soooo* lucky! And you're autistic too- oh no! It's like, totally okay if you go nonverbal! So cute..."

Chun-Li spins around in her bar stool, “Hey, have you ever tried anal before? I bet you could... mmf, really give me a workout, stud.” She looks back at you with a shameless grin and – SLAP! She smacks her asscheek with a big, strong hand, letting it jiggle to a stop after

a good ten seconds of rippling. Her heavily made-up eyes flutter at you, her eyelashes thick and seductive. “This fat Chinese dumper can take a *lot* of punishment.”

Your mouth is still agape, but when she grabs your hands and pulls them firmly to rest on her ass, you don't resist – you just start sinking your fingers into the endless mountain of doughy assflesh in front of you. Underneath the silky smooth blue bodysuit, she's packing a wagon with so much muscle and fat you feel like you could get lost in it. She wiggles back and forth in her seat, gyrating her hips, and encouraging you to grab and squeeze her bootymeat even harder.

“Mmmf- your hands are *so* big and strong. Nothing like a woman's... o-or a man's, either... Fuck. I *need* some anal, *right* the fuck now! Come with me.”

She stands up, landing on her tiny feet and giving you another show of wobbling, bottom-heavy ass meat. Taking your hand, she leads you away from the bar, towards the back of the building, where a sign indicates the restrooms' location. “I know a good spot. Practically nobody is gonna hear all the screaming and clapping...”

As she leads you down the hallway, she casually grabs a fistful of her bodysuit's fabric, balling up the thin material in her hand, and *rips* it open – she just tore a big hole in the rear of her leggings! Her pale, sweaty booty spills out of the cracks, pushing the overstretched fabric to tear open further and further. She stops right outside the bathroom door and smacks her ass again, giggling in satisfaction.

“Like what ya' see? All yours, Daddy...” Your eyes can't look away from the partially-exposed, white meat-globes she's lugging around. The hole in her bottoms exposed a tight white thong that completely disappears between her asscheeks, shown off just by a tiny triangle above her asscheeks where the strings meet – the back of her panties says “SIZE QUEEN” in stylish red text. It's a captivating sight; you feel your erection pressing against her buttcheek, teasing, anticipating, as the two of you jostle together into the empty (womens') toilets.

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“OH FUCK! FUCK! OH FUCK YES! GAWD, FUCK, IT'S SO FUCKING BIG! UNNNGH, NON-BINARY DICK IS THE FUCKING BEST! Ungh- UNGH! Faggot cis men could never compete with what you're packing! How is it SO FUCKING BIG?! YOU'RE WRECKING MY ASSCUNT SO FUCKING HARD, DADDY!”

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP!

“UNNNGH, AUTISTIC STUDS ARE ALWAYS S-SOOOO FUCKING HUNG! I wanna stim your cock for you forever daddy! NNNNGH, FUCK, CUMMING... CUMMING AGAIN!”

Chun-Li's pornstar moans echo throughout the entire room as she rides your cock in a bathroom stall. Your gigantic penis is splitting open her sore pink asshole like a battering ram – despite her oversized, fat twerk-wagon and addiction to extreme anal destruction, she's

having to work hard to twerk on your cock! Her G-string pulled to the side, you're treated to a view of her shitpipe struggling to envelop your dickmeat with each shameless anal-squat.

“Hhhaaaaaa..! It's t-too... too big, FUCK! I can't get enough of your HUGE NASTY NON-BINARY BREEDMEAT! FUCK, I feel it in my fucking GUTS- You're gonna get my fuckin' ass pregnant with that fertile enby slam-meat!”

As she bounces up and down, lifting and dropping her thirty-pound slam-cakes on your hips with wild aggression, you can really feel your cock burrowing up all the way into her intestines. Your length and girth is just too much for her shithole – she's getting broken by NB bullcock!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP-

Her ass claps intensify as she keeps fucking herself on your penis; naturally, a bitch with a slam-wagon as *huge* and *overfed* as Chun-Li's knows how to twerk her cheeks expertly while taking dick! Three inches of prolapsed anus pull out and get shoved back in with each hard, aggressive SCHLORP, and when your brutal club of a penis slams back into her meat hole, she gets another unbelievably stimulating wallop in her G-spot from your girth pushing her organs aside. She's turning her colon into a punching bag for freakishly huge genderless dickmeat, and she loves it.

“FUCK YES DADDY! FUCK YES, FUCK FUCK FUCK- FUCKING CUMMING AGAIN! SPANK ME DADDY, MAKE IT HURT! UNNNNGGHH---!”

WHAP!

You raise a hand and send it SMACKING across Chun-Li's exposed flank, immediately leaving a tender pink handprint on the jiggly, white posterior canvas. With her ass properly hit by her bull's strong, dominant hand, her climax intensifies: despite having not touched it a single time, her dripping pussy starts squirting all over the place. She's cumming her brains out from hardcore anal and ass-abuse! You feel her rectum clenching down on you with each spray that escapes from her pathetic, orgasming cunt, and you feel the desperation in her whore body: she's trying her hardest to milk your genetic sludge out and impregnate her ass pussy with tranny cum.

“FUCK, DADDY- FUCK! I can feel all the fat VEINS in that fucking bitch breaking DICK! You're gonna make me go fucking INSANE- FUUUUCK! CAN'T STOP CUMMING...! I wanna twerk on your perfect bullcock ALL NIGHT LONG, it hurts so fucking GOOD! AUTISTIC DICK MAKES ME CUM SOOOO FUCKING HARD!!! Nnngh, ngh...! Just claim my ass as your stim toy daddy! I don't wanna go back to binary dick ever again!”

You can't help but agree with her plans, watching her face contort: she's crying, screaming, and her tongue is flopping about. The fucked-up ahogao expression on her face, with its cloudy, rolled-back eyes, signals the truth: No matter how stuck up, independent, smart, or strong the international detective Chun-Li may be, she's still just a squealing anal-addicted fuckpig for the biggest, most dominant LGBTQIA+ dicks she can find. She wants to submit to genderqueer cock and milk painful orgasms out of her submissive shitter over and over, and she's finally found her match: your terrifying, monstrous, ass-wrecking theynis!

The savage breeding of Chun-Li's asshole would go on for hours. Other women that entered the bathroom left embarrassed and scared and *wet as fuck* after hearing the fucked up splorting and grunting and shrieking that issued from the two of you. The slam-sow known as Chun-Li had only one purpose in those toilets: As much violently misogynist, abusive, pornographic buttsex as she could get.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

No character tags for this chapter.

A university swim team is beset by the trans member of the team during practice; at best, she's a nuisance, and at worst, a predator.

I got paid to write this.

"Fuck, fuck fuck fuck FUCK-! Fucking whore, fucking dirty little skank, unf, FUCK!"

Cassie panted obscenities while she pumped her hips uncontrollably. As she stretched the crotch of the white cotton panties over her angry red cockhead, she groaned deeply in ecstasy.

"HUUUUNNNGHHHHH! Fnnngh- g-get fucking PREGNANT you WHORE...! UNGH!"

She pulled on the panty's waistband, "hilting" her penis in the soft garment, and started letting loose her load. Wads of gooey, slimy semen erupted out of her urethra, immediately ruining the delicate underwear with a mucousy white stain. Her ropes quickly started to burble through the fabric, spurting out into her hands and coating the whole panty in a chunky, steaming mess.

"Fuck... F-fuck... Such a hot little slut, ungh," she moaned, peeling the soaked rag off of her penis and admiring her handiwork. She'd coated her teammate Victoria's panties in a massive layer of stinking tranny ball-snot. Grinning with satisfaction, Cassie laid the cotton panties down on the locker room bench, crotch-up, carefully arranging it next to the other ruined pieces of lingerie she'd left.

Still huffing from the exertion, she opened the next locker in the row, drooling with anticipation. "Mmmf... Fuck yeah. Penny is such a stacked bitch. Fuck, I can't wait to impregnate her panties, too..."

She grabbed the underwear folded neatly on top of Penny's change of clothes, unfurling it between her hands. She held it out in front of her face; a black thong, skimpy and translucent, with lace trim. Her eyes rolled back as she pulled it up to her nose and took a deep sniff. "Unrrnnnnngggghhhh! F-fuck, Penny... The smell of your cunt makes me want to BREED!"

Growling like an animal, the hung trans gooner stretched the tight little thong over her penis and pulled down on the elastic, tugging the slightly-damp crotch over her glans. She made a stupid, contorted face, and began humping her hips again. "Unnnffff-!"

Within a few seconds, she was already cumming. Her powerful panty fetish had overcome her brain again and forced her into climax; she stuck her tongue out and drooled as she blasted through the thin fabric. Her chunky, yellow cumropes bust through Penny's thong instantly, soaking the thin mesh and landing a few feet away on the floor with a *slop*. The tighter she pulled the black panty onto her dick, the harder her pent-up balls contracted and pushed out rope after rope of rotten nut stew.

"Nnnf... fuck, this is my favourite part of practice," she sighed, peeling the semen-soaked underwear off of her dickhead and laying it carefully down on the bench again. "Checking out what panties each of the swimming team girls is wearing today and – unf... f-fucking breeding them all..." She organized each piece of lingerie carefully, making sure that the cotton gusset in the groin of each one was facing upwards, perfectly framing the nauseating wads of jizz that she'd deposited right there – right where their pussies sweat all day, right where she could *smell* the stink of their slits.

After slamming her ball-slop into a few more pairs of undies and arranging them for the rest of the team to find later, Cassie was sweating: what a workout! Her sports bra and panties were soaked, so she stripped them off; it was time to get to practice, anyways. She enjoyed the putrid smell of her breeding loads, stewing in the locker room, as she fished through her locker and started to pull on her practice swimsuit.

Each woman on the college swim-team wore the same design: a one-piece competition swimsuit. The navy-blue bathing suits each had cool, subtle white stripes going down each side, and peculiarly for competition-style swimsuits, they featured a minimal, revealing thong-back. Cassie's was much the same; as she pulled the tight suit over her expanses of creamy brown skin, she enjoyed the feeling of the high-cut hips and barely-there thong bottom pulling up on her undercarriage. Her jiggly ass was bulging out of its confines like two beach balls, and every step made it jiggle – similarly for her *huge* breasts. Cassie was exceptionally busty, thanks to her many years of surgery and hormones, specifically aimed at developing a gigantic rack. Parts of her H-cup breasts squeezed out of the too-small swimsuit, cleavage and sideboob expanding from every opening. Her dark areolae and fat nipples were visible through the thin material.

"Ready! Time to get some swimming in... keheheheh..."

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As the dozen or so girls on the swim team kicked their legs and worked out their hips and butts, warming up at the beginning of practice, the coach Lyra was squatting at the poolside, cheering them on. The girls held onto the side of the pool as they exercised.

"Keep it up, ladies. A good warmup is the first part of a good practice. Work those legs out!"

The thirty-five-year-old woman had short red hair and a deep tan, and was wearing a white competition swimsuit mirroring her students'. Her unladylike squat had her legs spread and showing to all the girls, most of which weren't paying much attention to her, except Cassie. The young trans woman was leering at coach Lyra: her ultra-thick, muscled milf thighs, her ridiculously massive, saggy, M-cup breasts that spilled out of her swimsuit like melted caramel, her meaty, wobbling cameltoe that throbbed between her legs-

“F-f-fuck... fat m-milf pussy... need to goooOOOON!” moaned Cassie, her leg-kicks slowing down as she grew erect again. Her voice was muffled enough by the splashing and shouting that nobody seemed to care.

Beside the oblivious team, below the water Cassie was packing a *monster* cock, growing rapidly in her swimsuit. Snaking up between her fat tits was a *two-foot* slab of womanmeat that was already burbling little beads of pre-cum. Her balls were about to fall out of her undersized swimsuit, pulsating and churning with breeding batter. As coach Lyra waddled on over to squat in front of her, Cassie couldn't help herself. Her penis was at full mast and *throbbing* with aggressive pre-cumming blasts.

“Don't slow down now, Cassie. You're our star member. We need you nice and limber for practice,” encouraged the coach, seemingly unaware of the hands-free gooning going on underneath the waves. As she sat down in front of her, still barking instructions, Cassie got an even closer look between her legs, and between her tits.

The coach's swollen mommy milkers wobbled not only with every word she spoke but every *breath* she took; Cassie was mesmerized. A big-breast addict since adolescence, she was fixated on her teacher's bust, especially the dark, golfball-sized nipples that tented out her swimsuit. What a *rack!* Her eyes darted down; Cassie couldn't help but look at Lyra's plump, milfy cunt, her plush labia partially exposed on either side of the thin swimsuit gusset; not only that, but she wasn't fully shaven, how lewd, thought Cassie! A bright red, trimmed bush flared out of the high-cut crotch-line, giving the young trans lady an incredibly titillating show.

Coach Lyra licked her lips. She was, of course, not stupid. The middle aged woman could see all too well what was happening a few feet below her, and she couldn't get enough of it.

Fuck... Look at the thickness of that precum. God, what a stud. Imagine the sperm count...

She couldn't help herself from grinning. A lifelong lesbian, Lyra had never seriously considered the possibility of dating a trans woman, much less being topped by one. But meeting Cassie in person was... different.

Just her cockhead is the size of my fist. Ungh, fuck yes... She could slam a baby into me anytime. What a fucking beast of a girdick!

The mere presence of busty, flawless Cassie (and her absolutely unbelievable package) had been enough to convert Lyra to an ally. Ever since the tall, muscled beauty had joined the swim team, the coach was filled with a deep hunger for her; she was desperate to submit to this superior, perfect woman. Every night she would finger her pussy to orgasm after orgasm, just imagining the raw babymaking slamsex that Cassie would put her through. It took all of her willpower not to just offer the swimmer her mature, fertile body during practice, no questions asked, and to deal with the consequences. Soon, she thought.

Acting as though she were just scratching her groin, Lyra reached down and prodded at her clitoris, biting her lip and blushing. As she made the gesture she could see Cassie's eyes widening, and could see more cloudy white pre-jizz flooding into the pool water. The younger girl was captivated: a stacked, absentminded coach just scratching her sore clit? Or a

slutty, cock-obsessed coach putting on a little show *just* for her? Either scenario had Cassie going feral. She kicked her legs with greater vigor, humping her cleavage and the inside of her clingy swimsuit, mind going blank with the porn-crazed horniness taking over her brain.

Unf, I just love that pervy, predatory gaze. Such a hung, fertile bull wants my body... I'm so happy! I'll definitely make this girl fall for me. I need her pinning me down, dominating every inch of me- Fuck, I need to pay attention to practice!

“Not done yet, ladies; three more minutes. Keep those thighs pumping!” she commanded, standing up and turning around, treating Cassie to a view of her *massive, cellulite-dimpled wobble-wagon* walking away.

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A little while later...

Six women sat poolside, taking a break from practice. They chatted, picked at their swimsuits, and dried off, while sitting together on the bench.

“He- err... *she's* such a *creep*, though! I hate walking home from practice with cum in my panties... I've been having to go commando because Cassie always soils my underwear in the locker room!” complained a young blonde woman, adjusting her breasts in her too-small swimsuit, shifting in place uncomfortably.

“Yeah, and- and one week I tried wearing G-strings to give her less of a target, but the wads she blasted on those were even *bigger* and *stinkier*! It- it was fucking *disgusting*...!”

Another girl responded. “Aww, come on... Cassie ain't that bad. Give her a break,” she said, waving dismissively at her friends. “Besides... don't tell me you don't sometimes *love* the feeling of a thick, fertile load pressing up against your pussy. I think Cassie is doing you a favour. You just gotta learn to enjoy it.”

“You've got to be joking... you're only defending her because she fucks your brains out, Bailey. Don't try to wrap us up in your bullshit,” A serious black-haired girl rebutted. “I'm a lesbian, so obviously I'm not interested in dick.”

Bailey giggled, hefting her bountiful bust up – she jiggled it, letting her udders spill over her fingers like so much warm dough. “I'm lesbian too, Kate! You gotta' give girl dick a try... she's a great lover AND friend, honest!”

Kate ran a hand through her hair and sighed. “Me? Try dick? Now you're really crazy. All that fuckin' putrid cum she's choking down must have gotten to Bailey's brain, huh girls? Nobody wants that creepy freak except you-“

A mousy brunette woman interrupted. “A-ah, well... I was thinking, s... she's kind of cute, right? I wouldn't mind being friends with her...”

Scowling, Kate put her hands on her hips. “You're talking about the “teammate” of ours who's constantly jacking off, watching porn during activities, and leering, drooling at us?”

Come *on*...”

The shy girl continued. “I-I’m serious...! Just because she doesn’t know boundaries... t-that doesn’t make her a bad friend! It’s just because she’s autistic... Coach told us that before. I bet she’s really nice, if we would just give her a chance, just like Bailey said!”

Three of the girls giggled, their wariness of Cassie keeping them from agreeing even in spirit. “You always were too nice, Victoria,” admonished Kate. “You can’t throw creeps like that any bones. If you give them an inch, they’ll take a... a w-whole foot...”

As Kate trailed off, failing to conceal her faint arousal, the rest of the girls, too, were treated to involuntary fantasies of the team transbull violating them. As much as they were skeeved out by the young trans woman, they had to admit, she had a captivating, awe-inspiring *monster* cock, not to mention a stacked, *killer* body. If not for how “unique” her behaviour was, Cassie would be the most popular girl on the swim team.

Unbeknownst to the six women relaxing on the bench, sitting behind them on the pool tiles was none other than Cassie! Her penis was fully hard, unsheathed from the constricting swimsuit, and she was slowly, sensually pumping up and down the shaft; the six bare, wet asses on the bench were too much. As soon as she returned from her bathroom break, the short-haired trans dyke was totally entranced by the twelve glistening, round booty globes on display poolside. She had to JERK!

Staying hidden thanks to a decade of training as a quiet, nerdy boy, Cassie was enjoying the view in front of her to the max. Breaks in swim club were always her favourite; all the exertion of swimming was pretty tiring and annoying for her, but once everyone paused and started to cool off, it was goon time! With no drills to suffer through, she could wander around the pool room taking in the sights of her classmates, all clad in their clingy, translucent swimwear and sopping wet, their hair plastered to their backs – it was trans lesbian heaven.

Her tongue lolled out as she leaned forward, shamelessly leering at all of the girls on display. The team’s undersized thong swimsuits left almost nothing to the imagination: each swimming club member had a *huge* ass, trained through years of hard swimming exercises, and the lineup of round dumpers hung off the back of the bench, dripping with sweat and pool moisture. If she looked *really* closely, Cassie could even see the alluring brown discoloration around their assholes. The thong-backs were so small, she was getting treated to the view of a lifetime. The over-stimulated transtud could almost *taste* their sweaty, athletic cis shitholes!

Cassie nudged herself forward, pointing her cockhead directly at pale Kale’s asshole. The warmth radiating off her sweaty fuckpole went unnoticed by the sharp-faced young lesbian talking to her friends. “And, like, I spotted my mom *sniffing* the panties, like- literally *snorting* the fucking gross yellow tranny loads off them! And I was like, why are you in my laundry? And so *she* was like, it just *smelled SO GOOD?! Oh my god, I was SO embarrassed...*”

“UUUOOOOOOOGH...!” groaned Cassie, letting her deep chest voice out with her climax. She pushed her hips forward, forcing her cockhead up between Kate’s mouthwateringly

spread cheeks. The pulsating mushroom head didn't penetrate her twitching, brown hole, just kissed it; and as Cassie orgasmed, the kiss got *sloppy*.

SPLLLLBBBBRRTTT!

“W-what the fuck? Hey-“ yelled Kate, before having a hand clapped over her mouth – Cassie had reached forward and around her face, her other hand bracing the raven-haired beauty by her shoulder as she blasted a steaming girl-load onto her almost-exposed, thong-clad shitter!

“Uuuuuunnnnnnffffgghh... Fffffffuuuuuck.....” continued the aggressive transbull, closing her eyes and huffing, panting like a trapped animal, thrusting her hips. Countless blasts of smelly, thick, oatmeal-like semen issued from her pisspipe, defiling Kate's asspussy and splattering out from every angle, some of the goon-slop sliding down to bathe her pussy in fresh, hot baby-batter.

Noticing that she was being held down by her thighs, Kate realized Cassie had accomplices! Not only was Bailey restraining her, keeping her from jumping up to flee or fight, but so was Victoria! Their motives were unclear, but if we're being honest, you can probably guess; Kate, however, was dumbfounded, struggling to move as she had her virgin asscrack bathed in a rotten gooner-load that should have gone straight into a trash can.

To Cassie, the pale-skinned young beauty was just as good as a trash can – she was a cum dumpster, a bitch, another piece of *cis meat*: Just a *cunt*. Bailey, Cassie's best friend, was licking her lips with arousal, more than happy to feed another piece of trim to her dominant stud of a girlfriend. Victoria, the shy, chubby cutie, was more conflicted, but it was evident that as soon as she'd smelled the overwhelming breeding stench of Cassie's *ball sewage*, she was hypnotized. Girlcock often does that to cunts; one whiff of hung breeding bull cockmusk, and they're desperate to serve and *mate*.

Kate was mortified, shivering in place, scowling at the girls beside her. After the cumblasts finally died down, when Cassie finally released her mouth, she was speechless – the nauseating violation was beyond words. She could feel the other girls laughing at her, but all she could do was pout, looking like she was on the verge of tears.

Standing up abruptly, she muttered, “Gonna... gonna go wash this off...” and was gone, speed-walking to the shower rooms, a trail of gloopy she-cum falling off of her soiled swimsuit as she went.

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What Kate actually did in the locker room, however, was: Sit down on a toilet, clamp a hand over her mouth, and violently fingerblast her pussy until orgasm. That's right – even Kate, the target of Cassie's sickening excretion, was still so overwhelmed by the heat, the thickness, the *weight*, and the overwhelming *smell* of her cum that she only had sex on the mind. She couldn't deny it any longer. She loved hung breeder girlstuds, and despite her best efforts to ignore that attraction, was now working out a screaming climax from her flushed, desperate, cum-splattered pussy, all to the thought, to the *memory* of that merciless, violating girl dick.

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

No character tags for this chapter.

A transphobic E-girl gets her bimbo ass claimed by the transtud gooner next door.

I got paid to write this.

Jessica’s jaw hung open as she stared at her screen. Her new favourite porn goddess was on display, clapping her ass for millions of admirers in a shameless Instagram video. The tanned beauty was squatted down obscenely, wearing just a Calvin Klein thong and sports bra, her massively oversized bootycheeks slamming together with an ear-shattering WHAP, repeatedly and relentlessly; Jessica was transfixed. A trans woman, she was usually a complete simp for ultra-stacked bimbos, but this one was something else. As she stared at the glittering pink text on the screen declaring “GOON FOR MOMMY”, she couldn’t help but pump mindlessly, obeying the orders without question.

The E-thot’s name was Momma Thicc – at least, that was her stage name. Jessica was obsessed with her, and had been gooning nonstop to her trashy Instagram posts for days, from dawn to dusk, only stopping to smoke and sleep. Momma Thicc was *absurdly* curvy; her four-foot-eight body was fit, muscular, perfectly sculpted in the gym over hours and hours of sweaty, spandex-clothed exercise, but her ass ballooned out to a ridiculous, heavy pair of saddlebags that could not be more disproportionate. A booty with massive quantities of muscle, on top of which was piled massive quantities of fat, this woman was *exactly* what Jessica had always been looking for: a dumb skank with a body *made* for porn, showing off her overflowing curves for all to see, encouraging her audience of creeps to goon all day to her hypersexualized form.

“Unnngh... goooooon... t-thank you goonmommy...!” groaned Jessica, violently pumping her footlong shenis, so fast her hand was a blur. Even from behind, she could still see Momma Thicc’s *fat* titties – while her huge brown ass was the main attraction, she was also prodigiously busty, and her huge, perfectly round fake tits tented out her sports bra beautifully. The transtud porn-addict was astounded that such a perfect bimbo existed! Her eyes flickered all over the screen: The encouraging goon instructions, the peek of brown around Momma Thicc’s barely-hidden anus, her bare feet squatting on the floor, the juicy cameltoe between her legs, the slutty tribal tattoos all over her body. It was all so perfect. Jessica was completely addicted, despite Momma Thicc never even showing any nudity in her posts – it was all nasty teasing thirst traps. Thongs, pasties, minidresses, body paint, one-finger-selfies; the ultra-stacked Insta-bimbo was stalwart in refusing to show her nipples, her vulva, or her anus, but pushed these limits as far as possible in order to encourage more gooning.

As she clicked to the next Instagram post, Jessica's penis throbbed with even greater intensity. The slutty selfie (Momma Thicc in a lace-trimmed bikini, throwing up two middle fingers, face blurred out as always) was overwhelmingly hot, not just because of the pornographic body depicted in it, but also because of the caption: "KYS TROONS! #PROUDTERF!" Momma Thicc was a transphobe! Every few posts, her social media account would be bedazzled with colourful posts about her views on trans people, and they were by no means nice. For example, today's post read: "Just try and cancel me, alphabet mafia! You WISH you were a real woman, you WISH you had this body and this POPPIN pussy!"

And she was right – Jessica *did* wish she had that body. Her pornisck brain was overwhelmingly hungry for fat asses, curvy waists, huge tits, and *pussy, pussy, pussy*. And it wasn't *despite* the rancid queerphobia on display, it was *because* of it that the trans goonfreak was aroused beyond belief. A completely pornified, braindead, bimbo E-slut – not only that, but she was a vicious transphobe too? It was a dream come true for Jessica, whose mind was far too gone with debauched fantasies to be even slightly hurt by the bigotry. She imagined so many things – being stepped on by her tiny, cruel cis feet; mercilessly raping the transphobia out of her; converting her into a girlcock-loving lesbian; her mind ran wild with ideas. It was always so perfectly overwhelming and overstimulating to goon to Momma Thicc, her new favourite goon mommy.

Running a hand through her long, greasy brown hair, Jessica sighed; her phone notified her with a sound that an Amazon package had arrived for her! "I'd better go get it," she muttered. "Maybe it's my new Super Sonico figurine... eheheh..."

• • •

As Jessica opened the door to her apartment to reach down and pick up the delivery, she noticed a big pile of cardboard boxes down the hallway, and somebody carrying them. She squinted her eyes. "Looks like someone's moving in..."

She peered around the doorframe a little longer, watching the new tenant. As the mystery person set down a big box and sighed, standing up from their squat, Jessica got a good look: "O-oh my god... m... mommy...?!"

The unmistakable, sleek, platinum blonde hairdo – in her trademark pink kitty-ear headphones – gave way to an even more unmistakable ass. No doubt, the insanely disproportionate pile of assflesh on display was Momma Thicc! The trashy tramp-stamp that outlined a V on her back, just above her butt, confirmed it – it formed a jagged, twisted barbed-wire shape that was easily recognized. Sitting low on her ass was a pair of ratty black sweatpants, the rear of which was emblazoned "#THOT" in glittery white letters. As the short-stacked model squatted down to pick up another box, her hot-pink G-string rode up high over her hips, showing off a mouthwatering whale tail to Jessica.

It was less than a minute before Jessica started creeping down the hallway toward the boxes. She had to get a closer look at her new neighbour – as the six-foot-five trans woman strode down the hallway, her eyes were fixed on the blonde influencer, swimming with delusions. With each step, her half-hard slab of girlcock slapped against her thighs, alternating, with a

heavy *PAP* each time. The stink of her unwashed cock, balls, and armpits washed down the hallway, her body odor all the worse from her days-long gooning session to Momma Thicc.

“H... h-h-h-h... hi,” stuttered Jessica, her hands in her pockets, awkwardly pushing down her erection, ropes of sloppy pre-cum already pushing out of her urethra and staining the front of her pants. “I’m uh... I’m uh... y-y-y-your new neighbour...”

Staring up at the dishevelled, hairy, *reeking* woman in front of her, Momma Thicc was dumbfounded. “Uh... yeah, hi...” she spat, not concealing the disgust in her voice. As she turned around to face Jessica, holding a box, she revealed her face: along with copious layers of dark, sultry makeup, a scowl was also painted on her unmistakable visage. “Can you like, go away? I’m trying to set up my studio...”

Ignoring the clear signals, the brunette transgirl extended a hand, trembling. “N-n-nice to meet you... m-my name’s Jessica,” she murmured, sweat dripping down her every inch. She made an uncomfortable smile, her eyes still fixated to Momma Thicc. Though she had been leering at her perfectly-sculpted six-pack gym-thot abs for a fair few seconds, her gaze was now locked on to her bust. The woman wore a tight grey tube-top that showed off cleavage and pokies. Jessica, a big-breast porn addict, was mesmerized by this view of her goddess’ jiggling pair.

“Y... yeah... mine’s Monique,” the influencer responded, recoiling at the gesture. She made a face like she wouldn’t touch Jessica’s filthy hand with a ten-foot pole, and then turned back around to get back to her boxes. As she squatted down to put her hands around a big suitcase, she sensed – and heard – the trans woman’s presence still behind her.

“M... mommy...”

Shivering, the influencer turned around, dropping the item where she stood. “What?! Uh-what’d you say?” she asked, startled, hands moving to cover up her belly and cleavage. A heart-pounding blush crept up her neck and cheeks. She didn’t have many followers yet, there was no way she was found out, right...?

Jessica mrowled, pawing at the bulge in her pants, on the verge of stroking her goonstick right there in front of the woman: “M... Momma Thicc... Mommy!!! I w-watch all your streams- especially, *especially* the hot tub streams!”

Well, the jig was up. Monique, her curves jiggling back and forth as she panicked, had eyes wide with fear. “Y-you- how did- I... My...” she sighed, leaning back on a cardboard box. “Fuck... you-you can’t tell anyone, okay?! It’s supposed to be a secret...”

Grinning widely, exhaling weed-breath all over the woman, Jessica stepped forward. She licked her lips. “Yes mommy... our secret... eheheheh. M-mommy’s secret gooner...”

Noticing the trans woman still leering at every inch of her exposed skin, and noticing her giggling creepily under her breath, Monique was put off. “What the hell? Why are you looking at me like that? I... No way am I gonna sleep with you, okay? So like, don’t even get the idea in your head – you don’t have a fucking chance, creep. Besides, like... the account, it’s roleplay, y’know? I’m not actually a goon-slut: I’m like, playing a character! I don’t mean

any of it. So stop objectifying me, troon!” She sighed, adding under her breath, “You freaks are all fucking pervs...”

As Monique turned to head back into her apartment, her breath caught in her throat – the sketchy, lanky woman standing in front of her had a smartphone in her hand, a red LED signifying the camera running. Jessica had a snarky grin on her lips, and was breathing heavily. She was recording!

“O-of course... if you want me to k-keep it a secret, maybe,” she huffed, her hand trembling, showing the video on her phone to Monique. “M-maybe you should do something for me...” She watched in horror as the Monique in the video revealed her real name and face, *and* said a transphobic slur! If this got out, it could ruin her, especially since the six-foot weirdo had her exact address.

“L-like what...?” Monique responded.

She could practically see the bloodlust, the predatory hunger, flash across Jessica’s face. “I-I have a few ideas,” she mumbled, approaching the stacked young woman, her monster cock still flopping against either thigh, jets of thick, fertile pre-cum already spilling out of her urethra. The ropes hit the inside of her sweatpants, staining them down the front with dark streaks. Monique could smell the backed-up transtud cumstains already. The leering, creepy woman giggled. “Eheheh... P... private stream time~!”

As she made eye contact with Jessica’s sullen, porn-drunk stare, she knew she was in for something over-the-top. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?” the trans woman panted, looking knowingly at her smartphone and nodding towards her prey’s apartment door.

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Having sat down and made herself comfortable on Monique’s couch (not before having a deep, hungry sniff of the cushions, just to try and absorb some of her goon mommy’s ass-scent), Jessica was (wo)manspreading carelessly, her smelly, socked feet kicked up on the coffee table in front of her. She lounged back, arms outstretched, leisurely like a queen. Still holding her smartphone to remind Monique of the bargaining chip, she sneered: “First... take off your pants. And give me your panties.”

Monique’s draw dropped, her plump lips open in an “O” of disgust and surprise – she couldn’t come up with anything to say, so she just stood there agape.

Her order delivered, though, Jessica angrily snapped her fingers. “What are you waiting for? Do you want me to DM these videos to my Telegram group of Momma Thicc superfans?” Her thumb hovered over her phone screen, the threat clear.

The dark-skinned cis beauty was caught in a corner. “Y-y-you want... guh-!” But, despite her fury, she was actually *considering* it. *Ugh... at least he’s not forcing me to have sex with him, she thought to herself. If all he wants is a used, sweaty thong, I guess I can live with that...*

“Okay... okay, I’m doing it! Don’t get triggered at me, or whatever...” groaned Monique, hooking two thumbs around her sweatpants’ waistband. She turned around, intentionally

posing in a three-fourths position to undress – she figured that by sticking her rear out like this, she could prevent Jessica from seeing her genitals if possible, while still distracting her with the massive amount of caramel *ass* on display. And it worked!

“Unngh...” groaned Jessica involuntarily, her penis tenting up the front of her pants, arcs of pre-cum bubbling through her pants and forming a nasty, stinking pile in her lap. She immediately leaned forward, drooling, her gaze locked to the expanse of skin that was slowly being revealed. Due to her absolutely ridiculous booty proportions, it took a few tugs to get the elastic down over her ass – and, naturally, Monique gave it a few extra bounces of her own. She knew what gooners loved and needed, and she was doing her best to put on a show for Jessica with that in mind. She thought to herself: *Maybe if I give him enough fanservice, he'll go easy on me... ugh, this is so creepy!*

With her sweatpants finally in a pile around her feet, she stepped out of them – noticing Jessica's stare flicker down to her feet, in the process. She grabbed her G-string on both sides, pulling it away from her hips and down over her ass. The tight, pink strings cut into her bountiful dumptruck, giving the transfixed transtud gooner an incredible view of how her sweaty, smooth assflesh squished and rippled. Jessica even got a little peek at Monique's tight brown asshole, despite her efforts to the contrary, when the stacked E-thot bent over to slip the thong off of her legs. It took all of her edging power not to cum right then!

When Monique turned around and saw Jessica lounging back on the couch, both hands wrapped around her *arm-thick shaft*, she almost passed out. The raw size of her womancock, not to mention the saggy, hairy nuts that dangled beneath it, was overwhelming. This was especially true of the young cis lady, who had only ever seen regular-sized cis male dick in person- she had never imagined that a stud cock could get *this* big. She'd just unlocked a new level of size queen. *H... holy fuck! Is that real? O-oh my god... I feel like just the precum could get me pregnant! Fuck, what a monster... if he wasn't such a creep and a fucking freak, I might have let him hit it!*

The trans woman snapped her fingers, keeping her edging going with her other hand. “C'mon! Get over here, give me those panties.” Monique could practically *hear* her lick her lips. She stepped towards her adversary timidly, offering her damp G-string to Jessica in a scrunched-up ball in her hand. The woman's huge, bony fingers immediately darted out to claim it, stretching out the panty to get a look at it.

“Mmmmf! Momma's panties! F... FUCK!” she groaned, unfolding the underwear so that the tiny front triangle was face-up in her hand – and then she inhaled. She shoved the worn-out thong up to both nostrils and pulled a thick headful of Monique's pussy musk, her eyes immediately rolling back in pure, mind-breaking pleasure. Finally, after so many all-nighters staying up and donating to Momma Thicc streams, hanging on every little breast adjusting jiggle and every little politically incorrect rant- *finally*, Jess was getting what she really wanted. *Goon fuel.*

“T... there. That's it... now can you leave, please?” Monique groaned, modestly covering her groin with two palms. “I did what you asked, dude...”

Jessica looked up. If she'd been hurt by the misgendering, it didn't show on her face – which was still a simple, drooling mask of ecstasy. But she had enough brain cells working to

respond to her query.

“No way. I have a few more requests... so don’t go anywhere,” she answered, winking. “You ever try anal?” She grinned, leaning over, craning her neck to get a better look at Monique’s dumptruck ass.

A pale color fell over Monique’s cheeks and forehead as her eyes widened. “A... anal... anal s-sex?” she stuttered out, barely able to compute the situation at hand. Her attention darted back and forth between Jessica’s serious, predatory gaze and her hand, pumping up and down that monstrous, nasty, *bitch-breaking length-*

Anal? ... With THAT thing?! No... no way, I’ll die, I’ll fucking die! That fuckin’ monster will split my shitter in half!

She reached out, trying to bargain, but was cut off by Jess’s demanding, growly voice. “Yeah... anal sex. Y’know. Backdoor pounding... gutfucking. Assbreeding.” The dark-haired, ass-hungry gooner was just playing around at this point.

“No... no way, absolutely *not*, no way am I putting that thing in my ass- are you *kidding* me? If you think I’m going to have *anal sex* with you, you’re -“

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“-YOU’RE FUCKING DESTROYING MY ASS! FUCK FUCK FUCK SHIT SHIT SHIT IT’S TOO BIG, YOU’RE PUNCHING MY KIDNEYS, Y-YOU’RE FUCKING REARRANGING MY GUTS! P-PLEASE SLOW DOWN JUST A LITTLE!”

Drool frothed out of Jessica’s mouth as she pounded away at her prey. Over a foot of girldick slid in and out of the E-thot’s sore asshole, dragging a few inches of overstretched pink rectum with it on the backstroke. Using two handfuls of Monique’s long blonde hair for leverage, she had the shortstacked TERF pinned down on her stomach, and was proneslamming her goonmeat into that *wrecked* cisbitch shithole as fast as she could manage.

“GHUUUUOOH- IT’S TOO FUCKING BIIIIIG! YOUR COCK IS TOO BIG, MY ASSHOLE IS GOING TO BE RUINED! I’LL NEVER SHIT RIGHT AGAIN, PWEASE, YOU’RE RAPING ME TOOOOO HARD-! Just- just one break PLEASE, just five minutes!”

With its eyes rolled back and dark mascara streaming down its cheeks in thick rivers, Monique’s face was on full display – captured in ultra HD by her own tripod camera – live on Twitch!

Loud DINGs, little musical jingles, and text-to-speech filled the room, blaring out of Monique’s discarded kitty-ear headphones. Donations and superchats rolled across the colourful monitor display, on which Momma Thicc could also see her own face – the face of a completely ruined pornpig. Her mouth hung open and she drooled like an idiot, every thrust making her eyes cross just a little harder, her own completely stupefied expression looking her right in the face. It was humiliating – and the stream had already broke \$10,000 in donations after just 30 minutes.

The goon addicted rapebull had a sadistic grin on her face. “Nnnf... sure, you can have a break,” she panted, her balls tensing up with each hard *whack* they delivered to the sore cis clit underneath them. “First... y-you have to promise to be a goonpig. T-tell all your fans... you’ll be a fuckdoll for... nng, for horny, throbbing gocks! Apologize, bigot!”

Monique’s eyes pleaded, but in the mirror provided to her by the stream, all she saw was a relentless predator; her face shrouded in a veil of dark hair, her rippling abs and pecs dripping with sweat, and her massive slab of feminine dickmeat, stretching out her poophole wider than she ever thought possible. The young, blonde beauty was broken – the only option she could see was to give in.

“Y... yes,” she moaned, grasping for sheets and pillows, completely dominated – “I... I’ll do it. I p-promise I’ll be a fucktoy for... h-hung... hung *trans bulls!* T... the more thick, nasty *shebeef* needs to use my holes to goon... t-the better! I’m... I’m so sorry for being a transphobic, sex-negative bitch! Please forgive me... p-please! I promise to be a good ally from now on...!” She finished, hoping that the over-the-top dirty talk would satisfy her rapist enough. Tears streaked down her cheeks as she looked up, praying for mercy.

“Perfect,” Jessica growled deeply, rearranging herself above Monique; she lifted one of her lanky legs up and *stepped* on the cis woman’s head, pinning her face to the bed. The sweat-soaked trans woman spat on her back, grinning at the degraded spectacle of a woman beneath her.

“Now. Time for your five-minute break... After I *fuckin’ dump my load!*”

The sinewy muscles and veins all over Jessica’s body bulging with exertion, she hefted all her weight above the onahole she was breeding- and *WHAP!* She slammed her penis all the way in, at full force, the shaft travelling deeply into Monique’s intestines and bulging out her toned tummy.

“GNNNNNFFFFHHHH!” squealed Momma Thicc, muffled, squirming in place, unable to budge under all of the heavy trans muscle pinning her down. She just had to take it.

WHAM!

“Take...”

WHAM!

“My fuckin’...”

WHAM!

“*NUT!*”

The ritual was complete – Jessica had reached the end of her goon session. Her thick cockhead began to throb and pulse inside Monique, and out came her gooner load. A disgusting concoction of prostate and testicular waste, made all the more thick, chunky, and nauseating by the amount of time it’d been backed-up and edged.

SPLRRRRRRRGHTTTTT-

The jets of girlcum that spilled into her guts felt like punches to Monique; the force was brutal, knocking the wind out of her and hitting her G-spot with a wallop.

“Uooooooooogghhh... Nnnnnuuooooo-!”

“Shut up, cunt... hrngh... get pregnant! Get fuckin’ pregnant in your fat goonmeat ASS! NNNRRRRGGGGH!”

Jessica’s groans and grunts grew deeper and more primal as she excreted rope after rope of ultra-thick girlcum. Monique almost passed out, her face pushed into the mattress carelessly as the stud behind her used her ass as a sperm dumpster.

“Haaah... fuck... nnf, you feel so good, goonmommy,” sighed the trans rapist, her hands lovingly petting over the expanses of brown curves in front of her. She slapped the monster booty in front of her – WHAP! The young woman enjoyed the gratuitous ripples that spread across her prey’s ass, not to mention the exquisite, tightening feeling clamping down on her sensitive cock. “Fuck... what a goon sesh... that was amazing.”

As Monique managed to look up, seeing herself and her assaulter in a sweaty tangle on the screen, she felt Jessica start to thrust again. “Guh... w-wha, no, pwease-“ A handful of her dishevelled blonde hair later, and the transtud was pushing her back into the bed, pulling her slop-covered shaft back, dragging a pink, stretched-out rectal sock with it... she was just resuming the anal gutfucking without so much as pulling out!

“By the way, about the break,” sighed Jessica, her hips and groin rippling with force as she started pumping her pelvis back and forth again, “You’re gonna have to wait a bit longer... I really need to dump a few more nuts. You understand, right? Your fans seem to be liking the stream, anyways.”

Jessica’s sharp blue eyes were all Monique could focus on, her own baby browns pleading wordlessly and finding no forgiveness. It was going to be a *long* anal goon session... she could see it in those hunter eyes. Her hunger for cis asspussy was so great that it would last for far longer than just one nut – Momma Thicc’s most successful stream of the year went on for six hours, every minute of it packed with brutal, shit-pushing slamsex, and every minute generating more and more desperate porn-addict donations.

After being fully subjugated by Jessica’s merciless gutrape, Momma Thicc would transfer all \$50,000 of the stream’s proceeds to her rapist’s Ethereum wallet. After all, what good is all that money sitting in a nasty bigot’s bank account? Much better for a young, goon-addicted trans goddess to have it all, to send it to trans charities, subscribe to every OnlyFans she could handle, and buy every porn video and hypersexualized anime figurine she desired. Monique didn’t need money anymore: Her place in life was under her trans daddy’s boot, providing her with as much hyper-stacked bimbo goon fuel and fucksleeve cisbitch holes as she could possibly want.

Samus Aran

Chapter Summary

Warning! This chapter contains police brutality, threats, and minor violence.

I got paid to write this.

“Officer Blackwood... That has *such* a nice ring to it,” muttered Cassie, stripping off her tight workout tanktop, her thickly muscled shoulders and biceps glistening with a layer of sweat.

Cassie Blackwood was beyond excited to start her new job. After a massive public lobbying campaign and a barrage of affirmative-action bylaws, the young, testosterone-fueled trans woman had realized her “calling”: She wanted to be a police officer!

The interview and training she’d breezed through were more charades than tests; trans candidates were given obvious and extreme preferential treatment. So a day later, the tall, beefy beauty invaded the womens’ locker room at the precinct, changing into her new police uniform. Naturally, in the case of the city’s valued and beloved trans policemen and women, the specifics of the dress code were left up to the individual officer’s preferences – the major requirement only being that they dress in blue, and prominently display their city PD badge.

Squatting down, the busty bull dropped her panties, a tremendously undersized pink G-string that she left dangling around her foot. She kicked it off unceremoniously into her open locker, piling it on top of the forming ball of sweaty, slutty street clothes. What flopped out from between her legs was, of course, a forearm-thick slab of girlcock. It slapped against her tree-trunk-thick, ripped thighs, half-hard and heavy as a snake, as the hairy transgirl sighed, stretching nude, her whole body exposed for the other cops changing in her presence.

The sight of a trans woman in the womens’ locker room, cock proudly out and leaking pre-nut, was becoming more mundane to the cis ladies of the trans-supremacist world. However, the six-foot-six, hulking musclegoddess named Cassiopeia Blackwood was far from a typical specimen; even in a world of hung, brutish, giant transbulls, the caramel-skinned college student stood out. She made bedroom eyes at the varied cis women in the room, prompting them to look away, scared and embarrassed as she fluttered her long, dark eyelashes. The women, used to their own safe, cis spaces, could barely conceal their disgust as they watched Cassie’s fat breeding dick swing around, strings of smelly precum crisscrossing the bench in front of her.

“Let’s have a great day, gals!” she boomed, oblivious to her freakish looks and the effect it had on her comrades. She simply ran a hand through her hair, ruffling the long black braids that sprouted out of tight-laced cornrows over her head. She grinned, arms above her head, as

her untreated body odor wafted out into the room from her bushy armpits. “It’s a hot one out there. Best of luck with any perps!”

Cassie bent down again, her “work panties” suspended between her hands, and stepped into them. She pulled them up her legs, letting the thick white elastic snap tight around her waist. In gaudy transgirl fashion, the waistband of the grey cotton thong spelled out “BULLDYKE” in black letters, forming a carousel of branding around her flawlessly-sculpted abs.

“Lucky panties on... hooray! Officer Cassie is on the case, heheh,” she giggled, running a hand over her barely-restrained bulge. The exquisite, soft cotton surface immediately took on the smell and dampness of her sweaty, coiled-up girldick; same with the grey sports bra, a matching, undersized bralette that she struggled to pull over her pushed-up, perky, fake breasts.

“Oop, almost forgot!” she chuckled, her fingers closing around a special item she’d brought along in her purse. Unceremoniously, she pulled out a clear glass buttplug, around the size of her fist; quite the big hand, in case you forgot she was trans. “Very important part of the uniform, teehee.”

She squatted down, spreading her asscheeks by flexing the muscle. She dipped one hand in between her cakes- her fingers felt around the sweaty, hairy valley, pulling her thong string to the side, and smearing her wet pink asshole open. In full view of her coworkers, she started to force the huge toy into her anus!

Moaning unashamedly, her legs trembled as Cassie worked the four-inch-thick cone-shaped ass-wrecker in. “Mmmf, that’s good... fuck!” she swore, feeling herself stretch open – sure, she was a casual, everyday anal size queen, but the first gape of the day with a nice, fat toy was always an exciting little challenge.

Schlop! – went her sloppy, loose shitter. “Unnf, yeah,” she muttered, running her fingers over the hard, unyielding plug base. With the toy sitting against her forced-open anal ring, and Cassie squatted down obscenely, the other female officers could see right up her asshole – they had an astounding view of her red, ribbed, pulsating rectum, the visual of her meaty passage walls distorted through the glass plug. She released her thong, letting the string snap back in between her asscheeks, sitting right atop the plug and forming a vertical line through the middle.

So aghast at the kink-crazed display before them, her co-workers couldn’t even speak – some of the lady cops averted their eyes, while others looked with scandalized wide eyes and shocked mouths hanging open. Ignoring the shame she would’ve been feeling if she were normal, Cassie stood up, exerted sweat droplets running down her whole body. With those unbelievable curves finally packed into her favorite set of sport lingerie, and her favorite toy finally jammed up into her guts, she smiled wide and jovially. She reached into her locker to unfold the “uniform” she’d prepared for her first patrol.

Struggling to squeeze them up her massive legs, she pulled on her pants, a pair of black leather pants that were three or more sizes too small for her huge, muscled rear. When she finally worked them up and pushed enough assmeat into her bottoms to button them up, she was left with a high, trashy whale-tail cresting her hips, showing off her “BULLDYKE”

branded thong; the hefty police belt she buckled around her hips only accentuated the excessively tight, slinky bottoms, with a series of tools hanging off of her wide lower body – mace, a flashlight, a collapsible baton, a pair of handcuffs, and of course, her holstered service weapon: a sleek, black nine-millimeter pistol that she'd nicknamed "Maya".

Pointlessly, she buttoned up her top – a tiny, matching blue blouse that barely contained her enormous breasts, leaving plentiful cleavage and underboob spilling out. Naturally, she affixed some pins to her front breast pocket: A simple, rectangular trans pride flag pin, along with a circular black pin stating, "PRONOUNS: SHE/HER/THEY/DADDY". She grinned in the little vanity mirror hung in her locker, admiring the sexy, accessorized reflection in front of her. Completing her outfit, she donned her navy-blue police cap, a little steel badge shining front and center on the hat. She tipped the hat down by its short visor, beaming with pride. "Neurodivergent trans women of color... the backbone of the police force," she smiled, "We've come so far!"

As if on cue, Cassie's pager buzzed musically, alerting her to possible criminal activity. Not thirty seconds into clocking in for her first shift, and already an evildoer to apprehend!? Dispatch mumbled their report:

"Nearby units... calling nearby units. We've got a **unintelligible**... got a uhh, rape in progress reported at... address is, uh, an alley at 1312 Baker Street. Nearby units, respond."

Zippering up her gigantic, black platform boots, Cassie's head shot up. "Whoa- duty calls!" She gave a half-wave to her coworkers, jumping to her feet, the many buckles and studs and spikes on her boots jingling along with her uniform.

"Don't worry girls! I've got this one- Officer Blackwood to the rescue!" she said, dashing out, leaving the door swinging behind her. The mortified officers she left behind looked at each other, equally terrified of what 'law enforcement' would look like when handed down by that... creature.

Lickety-split, before you could say "gross abuse of power," the newly-sworn officer had started up her squad car – she put the pedal down, assisted by her five-pound boots, and peeled out of the precinct parking lot. The whole block heard obnoxious bass blasting out of oversized subwoofers, shaking the sidewalk, as she sped off to the active crime scene.

• • •

As Cassie jogged down the alley, gun in hand, she was greeted by a snarling, shouting woman in a blue bodysuit with an enormous blonde ponytail: And her huge, bloated elephant nuts, rutting into a pair of tender, pink asscheeks underneath her.

"NNNRRRF! Fuck...! Fucking whore! You can't... Nnnf... Show that much cleavage and then say you're not asking for it! FUCK, you're TIGHT- loosen up, let my cock IN, bitch!"

On the ground next to the disparate pair, screen cracked, was a pink smartphone, emergency services still hanging on the line. One dinner-plate hand forced her victim's head down into a metal trashcan, the screams muffled by the pile of garbage inside.

"Help... H-HELP, please- somebody! He's fucking- he's fucking raping me! Please, please stop- nnrgh, you - FUCK! Fucking tranny beast! G-get your hands off of me! No-!" The poor woman's arms thrashed, slapping, punching, clawing, finding no purchase on the wall of latex-clad muscle holding her down.

Eyes wide, her mind racing with anxiety and adrenaline, Cassie drew her gun. "Hey- hey, stop right there!" she shouted, finger off the trigger, shining her flashlight at the pair. "City PD! You're under arrest!"

"Mmmff-! Thank god! Thank fuck- I'm- he's fucking splitting me in half! Get- get this fucking tranny off of me!" screamed the cis woman, under all that bulk and all that trash.

Whirling her head around, the massive blonde trans woman looked like a deer caught in headlights – caught red-handed, no less. Her grip on the headful of brown hair loosened slightly, and she stopped pumping her hips. She stared at Cassie with her mouth agape. "W-wha-? But... but--"

"No, no, not you!" yelled Cassie, the light beam clearly trained on the soft, curvy body wriggling underneath the blonde transgirl. "You, underneath her! Put your hands behind your head- you're being arrested for assault, and for verbal hate crimes against transkind! Stand down!"

"Guh... wha... WHAT?!" said the terrified little woman, her eyes darting around in confusion. She groaned in pain: "Come on... come on, stop fucking joking!! HELP ME! He's *raping my fucking ass!* G-get... get this fucking heavy tranny freak off of me!"

Cassie scowled, pointing her pistol off to the side. She aimed at a bag of tattered, rotten clothing next to the garbage can, and pulled the trigger:

CRACK!

The shot echoed through the alley, putting a modest little hole into the bag of refuse. Through the ringing in her ears, the cis beauty heard Cassie's next command:

"I won't warn you again, suspect! The next slur or misgendering pronoun that comes out of your mouth will be your last – you are *under arrest!*"

Rachel – the name of cis woman in question, though her attackers would not end up learning it – froze in place, fearing another shot. She gripped the side of the garbage can in terror, grimacing as she felt the huge, battering member in her ass start moving again. She grit her teeth and heard the conversation between the responding officer and her rapist:

"Ahh... fuck, that's much better. I'm so glad you shut that cunt up!" groaned the two-meter-tall giant of a woman as she flexed her ass, pushing more impossibly-thick breedmeat into her chosen cismeat hole. She grinned, shifting around slightly, flashing a wink at Officer Blackwood. "Nice piece, by the way! What a beautiful gun- I'm so glad my trans sisters are in the police department now, serving and protecting our queer community!"

“Of course, citizen... transphobia won’t go unpunished under my watch,” Cassie exhaled, her heart rate finally decreasing now that the immediate danger to trans life was subdued. She lowered her handgun, keeping her flashlight brandished; as she swept it across the filthy scene, and the sweaty transbull at work, her jaw dropped. “W-wha... you... you look *so* familiar. Are... are you...?”

The military-grade light beam illuminated a spectacularly beautiful stud of a woman. She stood taller even than Cassie, with bigger breasts and a wider dumper. Her blonde ponytail was pulled back out of her face, a stern, angular countenance that surrounded her piercing blue eyes. Lightly-applied makeup sparkled on her eyes and mouth – and below her slim pink lips, a single dark mole on her chin. It was unmistakable to Cassie as THE one and only beauty mark!

Combined with the skin-tight aqua suit clinging to her body, with its dark blue details drawing lines up her heavily-muscled thighs and unbelievably hefty breasts, it was clear who she was looking at. “Samus Aran, at your service! Heheheh,” giggled the blonde goddess in her deep, syrupy voice. “Had my name legally changed a few years back! I’m sure you recognized me- judging by the size of your rack and your bulge, you’re absolutely a woman of culture too!”

As her penis grew in size and firmness, her veins throbbing with freshly-pumped blood, Cassie’s lips trembled. She couldn’t form words; her brain was moving at a mile a minute, trying to puzzle together the improbability of the situation. She was standing in front of – apparently – her favorite video game protagonist, her childhood idol, and her longtime goon-obsession, Samus Aran!

“Bwuh- it’s... it’s really you! Ohmygosh- like- what?!” she babbled, starstruck and barely able to keep it together. She’d heard tell of real people modifying their bodies, changing their names, and sculpting themselves into their idealized version of a beloved fictional character. But, porn-brained as she was, Cassie had never imagined she’d be the one to run into her most treasured, sought-after waifu in real life – especially not one this *stacked!*

“Always happy to meet a fan,” purred the iconic blonde, her sweaty, meaty ass jiggling in her suit as she pushed harder and rougher, forcing more surgically-perfected girlcock into Rachel’s tortured shithole. The heavily-knuckled hand squeezing around her little cis throat kept the rape victim quiet and gasping for air. “I used to hate cops, but... if you’re on the side of progress, and against transphobia, I might have to just change my mind!”

The drooling young policewoman tossed her flashlight to the side, approaching the disparately-sized couple shakily, her arms outstretched. “A-absolutely... I... I was gonna ask for your autograph... b-but first, let me help you! I’ll... I’ll help you subdue that nasty transphobe!” Cassie’s leaky donkey dick was straining against her pants, damp strands of sticky precum streaming down her legs. It was almost ready to break out of its confines.

Samus grinned, a set of glistening white teeth peeking out above her legendary beauty mark. “Now, that’s more like it! I was beginning to think you were asexual or something!” Reaching down into the trashcan with her other hand, Samus grabbed her cis fuckpuppet with both arms, wrapping them underneath her armpits. She lifted the woman up as though she was a ragdoll, exposing her body and flushed, red body underneath a pair of torn yoga pants

and a matching black crop-top. Naturally, her four-inch-thick tranny fuckrod still skewered Rachel up the ass. Turning around to face Cassie, Samus presented the contorted, raped body like a life-sized silicon sex doll. “Come give it to her! It’s my treat!”

Cassie didn’t need to be told twice. She was already within a few feet of Samus by the time she finished goading; she’d finally unfastened her pants and freed her girlcock, the semi-hard bludgeon swinging between her legs like a weighty, brown salami. Her hairy nuts remained cradled in her pre-soaked thong, pulsating with breeding lust, more than excited to release their putrid, backed-up gamete stew. “Fuck... fuck! Yes Samus- I’ll help you! I’ll h-help you correct this cis *trash!* The law is on your side- on the t-trans community’s side! Mommy!”

The *second* leaky stud cock pushing up between her buttocks startled Rachel back into the moment. Feeling the thick rod prodding not against her vulva, but against her already-stretched anal ring – alongside the arm-thick fuckhammer already filling her asshole – she swallowed the foam between her teeth and squealed, pleading, fearing the worst.

“Wha- n... no, no way, in my ass? T-two in my ass? No fucking way- I’ll die, I’ll fucking die! Please, anything, anything but that... y-you can use my pussy instead! My pussy! Please- don’t break my ass! Plea-“

Cassie spat in her open, protesting mouth, scowling. “Shut up, whore! I know I can use your pussy – it’s fucking *creaming* wet! I’m not tryna’ make some filthy TERF my babymommy though, so I’m gonna plow your backdoor instead. Mommy Samus and I are gonna frof inside your shithole!”

While Rachel babbled and begged and screamed, the hung cop giggled, reaching down to unholster her handgun. “But if you’re so desperate to get your cunt stuffed, lemme help you out!” She racked the slide, chambering a live round in the pistol; placing the muzzle just above her bubbling, throbbing cockhead, she flipped the safety off and grinned. “Don’t struggle too much, though, I might accidentally pull the trigger!”

She pushed the gun roughly forward, the firm metal edges scraping against the cis woman’s labia, her protests catching in her throat as she bit her tongue in terror. She felt the cool, rifled barrel pressing up against her firm, protruding clit; the tiny bit of pleasure stimulated by her sore pink nub slipping into the muzzle was undercut by the pain of the raw metal, and by the direct threat of the big, calloused finger on the trigger.

Greased by Rachel’s involuntarily-released vaginal fluids and the contents of her terrified, suddenly-voided bladder, Cassie’s tranny sledgehammer managed to slip into her asshole, breaking in mercilessly alongside Samus’ thick rapebeef. She remained a vaginal virgin while her puckered brown shithole was turned into a busted, loosened slop-bucket by two careless bulls who, on a whim, decided to they needed to get a nut off.

The indescribable pleasure of rubbing clits with her idol, combined with the liters of rotten fuckslime churning around in the overstretched cis guts, was almost too much for Cassie – she nearly busted right there! A few seconds of clenching her bodybuilder-tier glutes put the lockdown on her overactive, leaky prostate, bringing her down enough to start getting thrusts in.

“Unnnghhh...! M-Mommy Samus, shit, nnngh! Your thick girly clit feels *so* fucking good on my gock! Nnnnf, I’m... I’m so fuckin’ happy! I’m so glad we decided to punish this whiny skank together! I-I wanna become a bounty hunter like you, and... a-and fuck dumb bitches with you, every day, for the rest of my life! L-let's get married, let's get... get our cocks married!”

Cassie’s pornsick babble, despite being screamed in the ear of the human-turned-onahole being used against her will, reached Samus, warming her heart and her loins. “Fucking *stud*- y-your huge *raperod* is stroking my clitty so good-! Your chunky pre-nut is so fuckin’ slimy and *hot* on my shaft! I love plowing subhuman cis *meat* together! Let’s go on a hundred dates, y-you fuckin’ bull *queen*!”

Shoving the dishevelled head of hair off to the side, Samus leaned forward, grabbing the lovestruck policewoman by the cheeks – and delivered a wet, sloppy, bimbo barbie-doll tongue-kiss! Her wriggling tongue dove in, their spit mixing together in a hot, lust-fueled frenzy. If her eyes weren’t so rolled back, Cassie’s pupils would’ve resembled hearts; she eagerly returned the affection, opening her jaw as wide as it would go to let the blonde heroine get deep and wet and *nasty* into her spasming throat. “Mmmnnngggffff!”

With their lips locked beyond any possibility of separation, and their horse-hung breeding cocks frothing up a frothy storm inside their chosen slut-meat, the two women were both quickly approaching orgasm. The intestines they were currently ramming up into Rachel’s ribcage, jackhammer-fast and elephant-strong, clenched down involuntarily around their paired girlmeats, stimulating them like no artificial fuckhole could. No, only the real thing – only the tightness of a tortured, wrecked, gaped-beyond-reason virgin rectum, and the caress of a similarly-monstrous, valid womanshaft – could provide the level of heavenly climax that the two studs were cresting. A hideous sound issued as their balls, each pair swinging low, tugging on their sacks like lead weights, tensed up: their backed-up gooner wads were starting to discharge.

PRRRBBBBFFRRRLLLLLLT-

At nearly the same time, a torrent of goddess-thick fucktar bubbled up out of their sore nuts, mixing with white-hot baby-batter from their prostates, forming a nauseating concoction that tunnelled out of their cocks and began to fill up the human condom they kept suspended between their bodies. The thick wads they both deposited were like oatmeal, buckets of it, rapidly stuffing Rachel’s intestines like the most offensive sausage imaginable. When her digestive system could take no more, every inch piled high with ropes of rape-sludge, it had nowhere to go but out – both ends!

“Hgluuueeerggghhh-!” Just as her lips and nostrils uncontrollably puked and snorted out a torrent, Rachel’s thinly-stretched anal ring belched waves of the same putrid ball slop. Both her upper and lower holes became a disaster of copious, steaming, feminine nut-trash, ropes and strings and chunks splattering out of her body in a disgusting, lumpy spiderweb of semen. By the time the grunting breeder orgasms finally died down minutes later, the traumatized cis beauty resembled the contents of the wet, rotting dumpsters around her more than she resembled a person.

As the two transtuds moaned and groaned and prepared to frot their second, third, and fourth loads out together, what went through both of their minds was: *God, I LOVE lesbian sex!*

• • •

Bzz bzz-

Cassie picked up her phone, carelessly chatting on it as she sped down the street in her squad car. Her softening prick leaked pearls of yellow precum in a strained pink condom, and a nearly-nude Samus reclined in the passenger seat, casually stroking away at her thick, uncut fucksledge.

“Hey, babe!” chirped Cassiopeia’s girlfriend Bailey into the other end of the line. “Saw you on the news just now – that was a *fat* load you busted in that skank! Who’s the blonde hottie you were playin’ with?”

Naturally, the media had gathered around the violent breeding spectacle, lifting their cameras high and straining to get footage of the cruel, trans-supremacist state at work; the viewers ate it up, half of them outraged at the sheer display of brutal misogyny, and the other half turned on by the very same relentless hatefuck that unfolded before them. Bailey was, naturally, overjoyed at seeing her cop girlfriend in the headlines.

“Yeah, yeah whatever- shut up! Listen, I’m coming home. I met this absolute *smokeshow* while I was on patrol, so I’m bringing her back with me. We’re gonna fuck all night; so you *better* have dinner ready, and have your slut holes pre-stretched so the two of us can fuckin’ *wreck* em! Sound good, cunt?”

Bailey blushed, her hand creeping down between her legs. The stacked cisbimbo bombshell was more than happy to oblige – in fact, she was hoping that the *putrid* demonstration on the news would make its way back home to claim *her* wet, masochist pussy and ass, too! “Fuu-y... yes Daddy! Understood! I’ll... I’ll m-make your favourite meal and get myself all lubed up for your *veiny rapeclubs*! S-see you soon, Goddess!”

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Follow the messages and channel listing of a small lesbian discord server as it opens its doors to trans lesbian members and trans acceptance.

Announcements 2026-04-01

ForTheLoveOfSappho (admin):

Welcome to Dykes United, the casual, small, cozy Discord server for lesbians of all stripes!

Here are our rules:

1. Be kind to each other
2. No homophobia, racism, or any other kind of bigotry
3. Users must be verified lesbians before having access to server channels; DM mods to start verification steps
4. NSFW content is not to be posted – there are other places for that, this is purely a SFW server!

Members: 134

• Channels:

#announcements

#general

#politics

#advice

#vent

#crafts

#sports

#interior_decorating

#gardening

#sfw_selfies

>voice_1

>voice_2

Announcements 2027-07-26

cottageChrysalis (moderator):

We have an exciting announcement for Dykes United!

As part of the process of modernizing our server and integrating trans acceptance into our culture and ethos, we are tweaking some of the rules of the server. All users must obey these rule changes without exception.

- Absolutely no transphobia of any kind. Any signs of hostility towards trans and nonbinary folk, *especially* the spreading of transmisogyny, will be dealt with harshly. If we see you saying any TERF shit, you will be permanently banned.

- Server verification will no longer be required; the unconscious bias and transphobia inherent to this process makes it unavoidably problematic.
- The #politics channel will be watched closely and heavily moderated to ensure the absence of any queerphobia. This is not a safe space for conservative LGBT or TERFs.

General 2027-07-27

kobayashiTohruChan has joined the server.

kobayashiTohruChan:

Hi everyone! I'm happy to finally find some lesbian community. There's soooo much transphobia out there, it's hard to find an accepting place for trans girlies like me. I hope everyone will get along and we'll have a good time here! I'm 36 and my name is Kelli, but you can just call me Tohru, that's what most of my online friends call me :3

3 users reacted :wave: to this message

Sfw_selfies 2027-07-28

eeelation:

Heyo gang, really feeling this outfit today before heading off to work. Happy weekend and good luck to everyone today!

[image]

1 user reacted :drooling: to this message

protodyneElectrofyne:

Hell yeah, that tank top looks great on you Emily! I love that new haircut, you're looking super butch today (/pos)

cottageChrysalis (moderator):

cool messenger bag, is that new? I love the little carabiner keychain lol, super not subtle

kobayashiTohruChan:

Whoa! Hi there Emily, you sure are beautiful. You've got an amazing huge rack, you should totally show it off more! Gosh, you're totally getting me all hot and bothered.

eeelation:

Um... I'm not comfortable with what you said, tohru. Could you please not make physical comments on my body like that? It's creepy. Especially when I'm just wearing a normal work outfit

kobayashiTohruChan:

yikes, transphobia's not a good look for you Emily. Here I thought you wouldn't be a terf but after one compliment from a trans lesbian you suddenly show your true colors. do better

eeelation:

Omfg it's not transphobia I just don't like the weird unsolicited sexual comments on my body! wtf you're honestly being really weird and creepy

cottageChrysalis (moderator):

We have a zero tolerance policy for transphobia, this one-week ban is your only warning

before a permanent ban. You need to do better towards our trans sisters.

User eelation has been banned.

General 2027-07-29

User never_tuck has joined the server.

User puppyDogEyes has joined the server.

User LesbianLover has joined the server.

User Crusader_Of_Lolicon has joined the server.

3 other users have joined the server...

puppyDogEyes:

hiiii ladies! ^w^ i love lesbians and I have some other lesbian friends, so i invited them here to join after finding this server! were so excited to have fun hanging out and chatting about uwu cute yuri together~

never_tuck:

Hi girlies :3 I know I just joined but, can we possibly set up a gaming channel? And maybe an anime channel for sharing screenshots/gifs of our favourite moe kawaii anime girls?

QueenBeeBella:

uhhh not a lot of us play video games but yeah we could probably set up a channel for that. anime is kinda iffy though, a lot of us are pretty weirded out by it because of all the pedophilic undertones and stuff. like how anime shows are constantly sexualizing young girls.

never_tuck:

whoa, jeez, I didn't know I was joining a conservative server. you must be one of those weirdos who can't help but call trans women pedophiles, along with anything we like. fuck you

QueenBeeBella:

You are totally taking this the wrong way. Although maybe if you think criticism of anime being pedo-adjacent is an attack on you, you really are a pedophile.

User QueenBeeBella has been banned.

ForTheLoveOfSappho (admin):

Unacceptable transmisogyny on display there, Bella. That has earned her a permanent ban. For the rest of you, make sure you *do the work* and understand that if you invoke transmisogynistic tropes like the “pedophile trans women” myth in order to push your hatred of trans women, you will be banned without mercy. Transphobia is absolutely unacceptable in Dykes United.

Announcements 2027-08-02

cottageChrysalis (moderator):

We have another announcement for Dykes United! Let's give a warm welcome to our first trans lesbian member of the moderation team, LesbianLover! Some of you know her as Tara. She'll be assisting with moderation duties as well as consulting on trans sensitivity and trans acceptance for our server.

We've also moved around some of the channels and added new ones to keep up with the changing interests of our server demographics. Have fun everyone, and remember to follow the rules!

Members: 152

• Channels:

#announcements

#general

#politics

#gaming

#anime_and_manga

#vent

#sports

#gardening

#sfw_selfies

>voice_1

>voice_2

General 2027-08-04

User Empress_Annabelle has joined the server.

User luridexplicit has joined the server.

User LilLilyPrincess has joined the server.

8 other users have joined the server...

Empress_Annabelle:

yo, this is a lesbian server but no porn channels? what gives

never_tuck:

omg I've been saying this for weeks. if im gonna stay in this server they really need to correct this

LesbianLover (moderator):

I've been talking to the moderation team about changing this policy, we might see some updates in this area sometime soon. Stay tuned ^w^

mellifluous:

ummm are you sure we need to change this to a NSFW server? there's plenty of places to get porn and stuff, I was hoping that my favourite server could stay a casual environment for chatting and hobbies and stuff... sex stuff makes me kind of uncomfortable, especially pornography

never_tuck:

that seems kind of sex negative, I think you need to examine your subconscious biases. honestly its kind of transphobic (not to mention whorephobic) to be against porn when so many trans women rely on sex work to make a living. this aint it chief

Empress_Annabelle:

nobody ordered the swerf and terf lmao

User mellifluous has been banned.

LesbianLover (moderator):

We'll have Mel take a week off to cool down and then we'll see if her transphobia has subsided by then. Reminder to all users, transphobia, TERF rhetoric, and SWERF rhetoric are unacceptable in Dykes United.

Announcements 2027-08-05

LesbianLover (moderator):

Hi all Dykes! We're happy to report that two more trans women are joining our moderation team: kobayashiTohruChan and LilLilyPrincess will be helping our moderation team handle trans sensitivity, transphobia, and the overall increasing number of members in the server. Please give them a warm welcome, and remember to follow the rules!

LesbianLover (moderator):

In addition, the team is making some changes to the channels available in Dykes United. We may be shuffling around, removing, and adding more channels in the near future, so stay on your toes! We hope these changes will make everyone comfortable and provide enough room for everyone's interests. Keeping in line with these new channels, we're also adjusting the server rules – NSFW content **will** be allowed when posted within the **clearly marked** NSFW channel(s).

Members: 207

• Channels:

#announcements

#general

#gaming

#speedrunning

#anime

#manga

#vent

#sfw_selfies

#nsfw

>voice_sfw

>voice_nsfw

Announcements 2027-08-16

kobayashiTohruChan (moderator):

Good evening my lovely lesbians. The mod team has been doing more work behind the scenes to adjust the available channels in the server to make sure there's enough space for the interests of all our members. **We're adding more NSFW channels** to ensure there's a place for everyone to share what they want to share.

kobayashiTohruChan (moderator):

Finally, in order to serve the needs of our growing community, we're enlisting three more trans women to our moderation team. You will recognize them by their yellow name role. Make sure to be nice to them!

Members: 320

• Channels:

#announcements

#general

#gaming

#speedrunning

#anime

#manga

#sfw_selfies

#nsfw_general

#nsfw_selfies

#nsfw_porn

#nsfw_hentai

>voice_sfw

>voice_nsfw

Announcements 2027-09-01

ForTheLoveOfSappho (admin):

Hey Dykes United! Please give a warm welcome to the newest member of our admin circle: LesbianLover! By adding some trans representation to the ownership of the server we hope to continue to make progress in trans rights and trans acceptance, as well as integrating anti-transphobia into the DNA of our community.

LesbianLover (admin):

I'm very happy to be able to serve this community in every way I can. If any trans user has problems, or suggestions on how we can improve the community of Dykes United, feel free to message me personally! In other news, we've expanded the moderation team by 5 more users, all of them experienced and responsible members of our trans community. Say hi to them if you see them!

LesbianLover (admin):

On a separate, unrelated topic, the moderation and admin team have been continually discussing and planning re: ways to improve our available channels and the ways that they serve our community. You'll notice a reorganization of our server setup and a handful of new channels. Despite the new look, it's still the same old Dykes United. Remember to enjoy yourselves and follow the rules!

Members: 513

- NSFW Channels:

#general

#selfies

#porn

#hentai

#ecchi

#asmr

#literotica

>voice_nsfw

- SFW Channels:

#general

#gaming

#speedrunning

#vent

Announcements 2027-11-01

never_tuck (admin):

Welcome to **Dykes Degraded!** We're a growing server for lesbians and sapphics of all types to share in our sexualities together, and feed our deepest desires. Feel free to invite your sapphic friends! Here are our rules:

1. ABSOLUTELY no transphobia.
2. To access the extended channel list, users must first post 10 or more pieces of erotic content in #general that other users react :thumbsup: to.

Members: 1253

- Porn Channels:

#general

#gooning_general

#selfie

#dick_pics

#lesbian_porn1

#lesbian_porn2

#straight_porn

#gay_porn

#rape_porn

#cum_tributes

#deepfakes

- Hentai Channels:

#ecchi

#hentai

#ai_hentai

#hmvs

#loli

#shota

#guro

#furry

#vore

• Other NSFW Channels:

#erp

#asmr

#literotica

#self_promotion

>voice_general

>voice_gooning

>voice_roleplay

• SFW Channels:

#sfw_general (no new messages)

General 2027-11-01

User wiltingLotus has joined the server.

Empress_Annabelle (moderator):

hey new bitch, trans or cis?

wiltingLotus:

um im cis...

wiltingLotus has been given the **Fleshlight** role.

TasteMyMouthfeel:

tits or gtfo

Huge_Feminine_Penis:

yeah lol post your rack what else are you here for

Empress_Annabelle (moderator):

you heard the people, show us those milkers

wiltingLotus:

ok if i have to i guess

[image]

AlwaysOn_gooner:

mmm fuck nice boobs

TasteMyMouthfeel:

lol how big are those? A cup? you look like you belong in the #loli channel lmao

plapstud (moderator):

fucking hot id still nut on those tits

Crusader_Of_Lolicon:

I'm not usually into 3D but you do have a very delicious flat chest.

Empress_Annabelle (moderator):

saved to my tits folder lol. hope you stick around tho, the girlies in moderator chat are already making edits and deepfakes out of your selfie to goon to. another fresh piece of meat for our collections

User Unproblematic_Age_Gap has joined the server.

Lesbian_Lover (admin): Yaaay! This is my friend Judy, I'll vouch for her! She's soooo cool, she's a trans artist :D

Unproblematic_Age_Gap has been given the **Transtud** role.

Unproblematic_Age_Gap has been given the **Content Creator** role.

missfatcock (moderator):

omg UAG! i follow your twitter, you draw like my faaaavorite shota and ryona hentai <3 welcome to the server!!!

Empress_Annabelle (moderator):

fuck yeah, start posting! we can always use more goon fuel. welcome to the server -3-

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