

Smoking was a bad habit. It makes you cough and have bad lungs, according to school propaganda. It also made you look like a cool badass, especially if you were a high-school student. And it allegedly helped you stay thin. Which was useful if you were trying to work off the weight of a digested girl or two. Of course, students smoking was banned by any reasonable school, so the cool kids had to hide their crime.

The Mayfield High School soccer club liked to practice their sport during the winter holidays. They also like to smoke during the winter holidays. Actually, they liked to smoke on any day, but coming to the school during the holidays meant that they could have an easy place to smoke in secret. It was hard for a group of eleven girls to get away with it, but the Soccer field was out of sight of most of the rest of the school. So, it became their little smoking den whenever it could.

Heather, the captain of the soccer team, knew that smoking made you better at sports. All the top athletes that she knew smoked, and it helped them stay thin and athletic. Which was why she'd peer pressured her teammates into taking up the hobby. It hadn't been easy to convince ten other girls to take up smoking, and hiding it from their parents and teachers had been difficult too. But Heather had an ambition to win the State Soccer Tournament this year, so she made sure each of her girls was smoking like a Victorian chimney.

The winter holidays were a good chance to practice. Each day, Heather would lead her girls in a spirited game of soccer, until whatever teachers were around got bored and wandered away to do whatever it was teachers did during the holidays. Once they'd practiced to Heather's satisfaction, Tracy, Heather's best friend and right-hand girl, would break out the smokes that she smuggled into the school. Usually, the girls would hang out until they ran out of smokes or interest, and then find a way to get rid of the smell from their clothes before going home. Today, however, was quite a bit different.

"Looks like I was right about smelling cigs out here!" said a tall girl, looking down at the soccer team huddled around a lighter. She was dressed in a tight top and tight shorts that showed off her curves.

"You're always right, Naomi!" chirped the small black girl next to her. She wore a cute yellow sundress that was almost transparent, and the outline of her body was visible as the sun shone behind her. The two girls were flanked by another half dozen girls, each one dressed in somewhat revealing clothes.

Heather, the captain of the Soccer team, gave her girls a wary look. The team had been lazily puffing away, when suddenly a gang of girls had appeared. She hadn't seen the girls before, although she guessed they were also students.

This was a problem. If the new girls told a teacher about the smoking, the whole Soccer team could cop it. The regional soccer tournament was happening soon, and last year the team had almost made it all the way to the state finals. Then again, the newcomers were clearly waiting for something, instead of scurrying away to find a teacher.

"Who are you?" She called out to the newcomers, curious as to what they wanted.

"I'm Naomi, President of the Futanari Club!" All of the soccer team's eyes fell to the bulge that was visible in her tight shorts. Then, to the sundress, where an extra swinging appendage was visible in the outline of the black girl's body. All of the other girls around her were sporting a bulge too.

Heather did a double-take. "The Futanari Club?!" She knew that the school had futanari students, but they mostly spent their time trying to seduce other girls and jerking off during class. Why on earth there was a Futanari Club was beyond her.

"Guess how we can got the name?" Naomi gave her a stupid grin, and pointed to her skirt. The tent in her skirt made it very obvious that she had a penis.

"I can guess, Captain Obvious. Since when is being a slut with nuts club-worthy?"

"We're a recently formed group, if that's what you're asking. Many schools have clubs for our kind, where we meet and discuss our goals and issues, and let off a few loads in private." The girl made a jerking-off motion with her right hand, as if Heather didn't know what that meant. "We're asking the sports clubs in the school, like you, to disband and submit to us."

Heather couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Disband? Why? And how would we 'submit' to you?"

"Because a sport's club should be futanari only, stupid. Regular girls should sit down and shut up, and let us take our rightful place. Oh, and as for how you'd submit..." The president of the futanari club began to count on her fingers, her erection visibly rising as she spoke. "Physically, socially, intellectually and sexually. As soon as you can, preferably."

One of Heather's girls spoke up, a full-back named Jessie. "Are you serious?" she asked, looking oddly flushed. "You really think we're inferior?"

"Of course." Naomi looked as if the question didn't make any sense. "Haven't you heard of the futanari supremacy advocates? We're smarter and stronger than you lot. Everyone knows it, it's time we were fully in charge. And it would be beneficial to the school if we were the leaders of the student body." Her words were reasonable, but her erection made it clear that she wasn't as interested in the student body, as she was interested in the other student's bodies.

"You think you're better than us?" Tracey seemed to be torn between anger and laughter. "You idiots have your dicks out half the time, but you're better than us?"

"It might seem funny to lesser minds, but a good amount of the student body agrees with us. And we have the full backing of the teachers." Several of the futanari girls were surreptitiously

stroking their erections behind her. "If you're not convinced, ask the other clubs who didn't submit to us about it. They're fat on our asses right now, so you can have a look if you like. Well, the ones that didn't get knocked up, that is. We let them live."

"Those are some nice words, dickgirl. Now, show me deeds or get the fuck out of here, and take your tiny little penis with you."

Naomi just grinned. "You'll be glad to know-"

The small black girl next to her suddenly interrupted her. "Her penis isn't tiny or little, it's fucking huge!"

"Thank you, Frieda." Naomi nodded at her, and continued. "As I was saying-"

"It's the biggest one in the school, there's no-one bigger. I've seen it, and it's the most beautiful..."

"That's enough, Frieda!" Naomi's face was red as she rounded on the girl. "Stop talking about my penis!"

Frieda gave her a bashful look. "I'm sorry, president. I didn't mean to make you mad, I just wanted to protect your honor." Heather could almost see tiny love hearts in the small girl's eyes.

Naomi sighed. "It's fine, don't worry about it." She turned back to Heather and the soccer team, missing the doe-eyed look that Frieda gave her. "You want to see deeds? Then let's talk about deeds."

Heather raised an eyebrow at that. "I'm listening."

"Okay, so the deal is this; if the Futanari Club wins, we get to fuck you for a week, and any girl that doesn't get pregnant gets eaten."

"...What do we get if we win?"

"We don't tell the school that you're smoking, and we'll pay for the cigs for a month."

"Fucking hell, that's a shitty deal."

"Yeah, I know... Oh, you mean something else."

Heather looked around at her teammates. They shrugged. Tracy leaned in to whisper to her. "It sucks, but it's not really an issue for us, right?"

"Do they think they can win just cause they're carrying some extra equipment down there?"

"I mean, we're the soccer team. And they're just a bunch of wankers. Literally a bunch of wankers. They got no chance of winning. If that's their terms, let's just kick their asses and be done with it."

Heather grinned. "Fine," she announced loudly for everyone to hear, "we accept those terms." She pointed at Naomi. "You're on, pindick. Get ready to lose."

"Ah, winning feels so good. Know what I mean?" Wet slapping noises filled the Futanari Club's room.

"Gah, not so fast! You can't just shove it in straight away! Gimme some time to adjust!" Heather complained, as Naomi's cock was thrust inside her.

Heather was bent over the heavily-stained couch, Naomi's dick ravaging her privates. The Futanari Club President didn't bother to slow down her thrusting. "Gee, thought you could take my 'pindick' with ease, soccer slut." At least eight inches of futa cock was inside her.

The rest of the team wasn't faring much better. Tracy was getting fucked on the couch beside Heather, the tiny black futa named Frieda going to town with her surprisingly large cock. The goalie was getting spitroasted by two futas, who had been using her for nearly an hour. The others were passed out or too tired to move on the floor, naked and covered with cum.

Once Naomi's thrusting had settled into a rhythm, Heather turned to Tracy beside her. "This is your fucking fault, dumbass," she whispered to her former best friend. "You told me to take the bet. You said we couldn't lose, and you were fucking wrong as shit!"

"It's not my fucking fault." Tracy grimaced as the big black cock pounded her. "You're the captain, that's on you! How the fuck did they fucking trounce us six to nil?"

"Must have been fucking practicing beforehand. It was a ruse. They knew they could beat us."

"Wow, good thinking, captain. If you're so smart, why didn't you think of that beforehand, and not while we're getting reamed?"

"No, it was the newspaper article about it."

"That was bad, too."

"Or the fact that the coach begged them to take our place in the regionals?"

"No, the most humiliating part is hoping that these assholes get me pregnant, so I don't fucking end up decorating Naomi's colon."

"You paint with words, Captain."

"Your Craptain is gonna be painting something else soon, if you know what I mean." Naomi interrupted their conversation. "Unless she opens her legs a bit wider for my big finish, and lets me paint her womb white." There was a moment of relative silence. "...Do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, eating, shitting, we got it. Hurry up and cum already." Heather was exhausted. The last few days had been near constant sex, stopping only for sleep and sustenance. Naomi was the worst in that regard. The other futanari girls were horny bastards, but Naomi attacked Heather vagina like it owed her money. Beside her, Frieda kept stealing glances at the futanari's naked body.

"Gah, I'm gonna empty my balls into this slut soon." Naomi said to Frieda, who moaned in response.

"Yeah, empty your balls into me..."

"...Freida?"

"I said, empty your balls in her, yeah."

Heather felt Naomi's tense up, and her cock stiffen as she stopped thrusting. A moment later, she felt a warm feeling inside her pussy as the futanari girl sprayed her cum inside it. That feeling was too much for Heather. She'd been valiantly trying to avoid cumming herself, but the hot sticky feeling of cum inside her sent her over the edge. The orgasm burst into life, spreading quickly to every part of her body. Her mind went blank for a second as her whole body shook.

Once the girl was finished cumming, Heather felt the stiff cock slide out of her. She was still twitching slightly from her own orgasm, and the feeling of cum running down her legs almost sent her over the edge again. "What do you think, Frieda?" Naomi asked, giving Heather's ass a slap. "Impregnation or no?"

Frieda was still pounding away at Tracey. "Sure thing! If you shot that in me, I'd get pregnant for sure!" The small girl suddenly arched her back, apparently reaching orgasm at that thought. Tracey moaned pathetically as Frieda came inside her.

Naomi gave Heather's ass another slap. "If that didn't get you pregnant, don't worry, we'll make sure over the next few days." Her hands gripped Heather's ass and gave her a push. Heather tumbled forward onto the couch, as Naomi walked around in front of her. When Heather sat up

groggily, she found Naomi's ass in her face. "Stick that tongue out, bitch. It's gonna take a walk down my dirt road!" Heather just groaned and stuck her tongue out.

"Week's up, bitch. You fucking better be pregnant."

Heather was lying on her back on the floor of the futanari club room. Her whole body was sore, especially her vagina. She'd lost count of how many times Naomi had cum inside her, let alone the other degrading things that she'd been forced to do to satisfy the futanari girl's lust. Around them was the sound of sex, which hadn't stopped for nearly a week straight. Now, it was the moment of truth.

Naomi and some of her girls were looking at the pregnancy test in amazement. "It says you're..." She looked down at the test guide as the other girls gasped. A long moment passed.

Heather's vagina twitched, sending a small stream of cum down her leg. She was waiting too, feeling her heart beating fast. Not just because of the deep ache in her pussy, but also because the answer would determine her survival. To tell the truth, the former soccer captain wasn't sure if she wanted to survive more than she wanted to see her bitch of a lover disappointed.

But she'd never get that pleasure. As the leader of the Futanari Club turns to look down at her new sex slave, Naomi gives her a contemptuous smirk.

"Pregnant~!" She finally pronounces, in a sing-song tone. "You're pregnant, bitch!"

Around her, the rest of the futanari cheer and clap for their leader, Frieda especially. "Oh my gosh, congratulations!" The small black girl practically shouted out, wrapping her arms around Naomi's belly. "I knew those rumors about you being infertile were bullshit!"

"Heh... Please, these bitches were easy mode, Frieda. We kicked their asses in soccer, and we kicked their asses in breeding too. They couldn't even resist *your* sperm!" Naomi let out a nasty chuckle, and then blinked. "Wait, there's rumors that I'm... What?"

Heather had mostly zoned out by now. The dull realization that she was pregnant with this absolute bitch's child was perhaps the most humiliating thing she'd ever heard. After getting her ass kicked in the sport she loved, and then being used as a sex toy by a girl she hated, she was incubating the bitch's baby.

"Aw... *Fuck me.*" The former soccer club captain groaned, poking her belly gently. It was going to be a long while before there was any noticeable curve, but deep inside, she could almost feel the life inside her body.

“That’s right, bitch.” Heather looked up, as she felt Naomi walk over to her. The lead futanari grabbed her hair and pushed the former captain’s face up against her bulge. “You’re *mine* now. Your ass belongs to *me*.” The futanari seemed so satisfied with herself that Heather could actually feel her getting an erection. Not that it was hard for a futanari to get a chub, she knew now. “Come on. Give me some defiant words, female. Try to pretend I haven’t wrecked your ass on every front.”

Heather... wanted to rage and cuss and all that shit. But now, it just felt hollow. Naomi had ruined her sport, her reputation. She’d never see regionals, or the state championships now. She’d never get married or have a child properly now. Not to mention, the futanari had thoroughly used every single inch of her body. And now, she’d been bred. No matter what pointless defiance she spat out, the futanari’s child would still be growing in her belly.

No, her life was done. Perhaps not literally, but certainly in any way that mattered.

“Fine...” She groaned, resigning herself to her fate. “I’m yours, Naomi.”

Apparently, the futanari hadn’t been expecting that. Blinking in surprise, Naomi looked her new conquest up and down. “Huh?” She asked, rather dumbly. “You are?”

“Yeah.” Pushing up from the ground with shaky limbs, Heather sat up on her knees. “No point in fighting anymore. Might as well get on board.” The next eighteen years of her life were locked in now, couldn’t turn back that clock.

As Heather stood up, the futanari raised an eyebrow. “Well... Okay!” She seemed surprised, but far from unhappy about it. Putting an arm around Heather’s bare shoulders, Naomi turned and grinned at her fellow club members. “Uh... Looks like I just found myself a girlfriend, girls! First member of my harem!”

“Uh... Well, I wouldn’t say *girlfriend*...” Frieda frowned at her leader. “I’d be a way better... Wait, you’re starting an harem?!”

Naomi waved the small futanari away. “Oh, don’t be so fucking jealous of me, bitch. Just cause I’m starting an harem, and you’re still working over that one fullback.” She jerked a thumb at the couch, where the former fullback of the soccer team was sitting naked, Frieda’s cum still dripping out of her. Tracey had the decency to look away in embarrassment.

“Oh, are you still mad I knocked her up first?” Frieda didn’t shrink away from her crush for once. “I can’t help that I’m more virile than you are, president!” Despite her words, her tone was actually apologetic.

Not that that helped Naomi’s mood. “You little...!” She shot the smaller girl a glare, and Frieda wisely shut her mouth. “You sluts go back to fucking those bitches!” The Futanari Club needed little encouragement, and within moments, almost all of them were balls deep once more.

“Girlfriend?” Heather raised an eyebrow at the futanari. “Thought you’d call me your ‘sex-slave’ or something.”

“Eh, same thing, really.” Naomi grinned at her. Patting the former captain’s shoulder smugly, the futanari winked. “Trust me, you’ll be doing plenty of that, bitch.”

“...Just fucking call me ‘Heather’, would you?” The former soccer captain sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose. That she’d be opening her legs for Naomi from now on was pretty obvious. To be honest, she really wasn’t even bothered by the idea anymore. The futanari might be a total cunt, but she wasn’t a bad lover, and her dick actually wasn’t that bad either. “I hope you’re fucking happy, Naomi.”

The alpha futanari nodded slowly, seeming quite happy indeed. “I mean, it’s a fucking relief, to be honest.” She admitted, shrugging. “Mom has been *on my ass* about knocking up a girl. If I hadn’t knocked you up...” Naomi let out a low whistle. “I woulda been the one pregnant, and no mistake. Mom’s sperm doesn’t miss.”

“Heh... Would have been worth getting digested for that to happen.” Seeing Naomi get taken down a peg really wouldn’t have been worth *dying*, but Heather wouldn’t have complained about it.

Naomi grimaced at her words. “Ugh... Why’d you have to remind me...” Pressed up against her side, Heather actually felt the sound of her new girlfriend’s stomach rumbling. “I skipped lunch in case I was gonna eat you, but now my gut’s empty.”

“Doesn’t have to be.” Heather said softly, lowering her voice. Nearby, Frieda was looking out of a window, her back turned to them. Unlike the other futanari, the small black girl wasn’t fucking her assigned girl. In fact, she was clearly in a bit of a huff. “I see a snack right there...”

The futanari beside her blinked, and then slowly raised an eyebrow at her. “Are you... suggesting what I think you’re suggesting?” A slow smirk began to spread across her face. “Because I don’t *hate* that idea... She’s been kinda rambunctious lately, our Frieda. Makes me wonder if she’s trying to undermine me...” Naomi bit her lip, her groin twitching slightly. “Trying to test my authority...”

Futanari were kinda like animals, Heather was learning. The alpha was in charge, but her underlings had ambitions too. There was nothing more desirable for a futanari than to turn the former alpha into a fuckslave. Of course, Frieda’s ambitions clearly amounted to nothing more than being Naomi’s professional cocksucker, but Heather’s new girlfriend was clearly too dense to realize that.

Heather smirked up at the futanari beside her. "Guess it's up to you." She said, curious as to how much she could tempt Naomi. "But I underestimated someone once, didn't I? Don't whine to me in a year if she's the new club leader and you're her tit-fat..."

It really didn't take much to convince an angry and especially *hungry* futanari. Naomi let go of Heather and slowly began to walk over to the smaller futanari. "Hey." She called out, and Frieda turned around. The black girl was clearly still rather annoyed herself. "You think you'd be better at the job, huh?"

Frieda blinked. "Job?" She asked, and then glanced over at Heather. "Oh!" The smaller futanari turned and grinned at her boss. "What kinda question is that? Of course I would be better! I'd be so much better! Trust me, I'd treat you *exactly* the way you want, Naomi!"

All of a sudden, the sounds of sex died down. All the other futanari have turned to stare at their boss and Frieda, as the smaller futanari apparently challenges Naomi for the leadership of their club.

It seemed that Frieda realize her mistake too. "W-wait, I don't mean... No, I meant as your girlfr-"

But it's too late. Naomi had been looking for an excuse to deal with her unruly subordinate, and now her hungry belly could be satisfied too.

"Wait, no, I'm in love with y-!" Were Frieda's last words. Naomi took immense pleasure in gulping down her body, as both clubs watched in horror. In the space of a few minutes, the smaller futanari was buried deep in Naomi's guts, her body bulging against the futanari girl's belly. Naomi let out a loud burp, before leaning back against the wall.

"H-holy shit!" Heather swore, astonished at how easily her prodding had worked. "You just fucking ate her!"

"Damn right!" Naomi smirked, sneering around at the rest of her club members. "Little reminder for all you sluts who might have ambitions of replacing me. I'm a stone-cold eater of bitches. Any of you who want to try it, feel free. You'll just give my ass some extra padding... Ugh!"

Suddenly, there was the shape of a hand pressing against Naomi's belly skin. Frieda was kicking and struggling. It was unclear whether the small girl was intentionally trying to cause Naomi discomfort, or whether she was just reacting to the stomach acid that was melting her body. Either way, Naomi winced in pain. She gave her belly a couple of jabs with her fist, but it didn't seem to help much. "Oh my fucking god, bitch! If it's that fucking bad, just drink some stomach acid and end it!" The struggling girl inside her didn't take her advice, instead pushing against her belly and screaming in muffled agony.

Groaning, the futanari flopped down onto the couch beside Tracey. Her hand casually reached out and grabbed the former fullback's large breasts, squeezing her chest like a stress ball as the girl squirmed.

"Dammit..." Naomi groaned, as her belly shook. "This bitch... C'mon, you can't escape now. Just let it happen already!"

Curious, Heather slowly approached, her eyes on Naomi's belly. She knew she'd pushed her new girlfriend to do this, but Frieda's fate was shocking to observe. The girl might have been an irritating bitch, but she was being bathed in *stomach acid*. It was a hell of a way to die.

And to be honest... Heather was kinda enjoying the sight. There was just something primally erotic about watching someone being digested alive. "Wow..." She gasped, falling to her knees before her new girlfriend. "She's really dying in there!" Indeed, Frieda's struggles weren't that of someone in discomfort, they were the desperate movements of someone in total agony. Trapped in that tight hell, soaked to the bone with boiling acid... Heather didn't envy that fate, and it made her shiver to realize that she'd so narrowly avoided it. For the first time, she felt some relief that her womb had saved her from such a death.

"Damn, she's really putting up a fight!" Despite her clear discomfort, Naomi was grinning again. She couldn't see, but Heather was sure that under her bulging belly, the futanari had a raging erection. "Ugh... Drink some of that delicious liquid and let your insides melt too. I swear it'll be faster." She moaned, as if the girl in her belly could hear her.

Gulping, Heather reached out and touched her girlfriend's belly, feeling the shape of Frieda's head inside. The futanari's stomach was so tight, the poor girl's face was actually almost visible, bulging out of the tight belly skin. "Here..." The former captain smiled up at her new girlfriend. "Let me help you, Naomi."

And then, she *squeezed*. Between her hands, she felt Frieda scream, the small futanari's pain muffled by thick layers of skin and muscle. Normally, Heather would have been nowhere near strong enough to crush bone, but the stomach acids had already begun to melt Frieda.

It took a few moments, but finally, Heather felt the skull in her hands give way. With a pathetic little squeak, Frieda's head popped with a deeply satisfying crunch. Instantly, the girl's struggles ceased as she fell limp inside the futanari's belly.

As Heather let go, Naomi let out a groan of relief. "Ooooh... *Much* better!" The futanari sighed, slapping her now compliant belly. Letting go of Tracey's now reddened tit, Naomi grinned down at the former captain. "Thanks, bitch... Heather."

Heather just shrugged. Part of her was stunned at what she'd just done, and part of her was giddy with excitement over it. The latter part being between her legs, she now realized. "Well... What's a girlfriend for?"

"Heh... Damn right." Naomi lay back on the couch and raised her voice. "Girls! Anyone who's pregnant can stay and be our cheerleaders. They can come and cheer for us until those bellies get too heavy to jump. The rest of you are gonna get a biology lesson; 'Soccer Girl to Turd 101'. Spoiler alert, my colon is lovely this time of year, hope you look forward to visiting it."

"You're actually gonna eat us?" One of the former soccer club members asked, even as she had her buttocks stretched out.

The futanari on top of her was already salivating. "Gonna need some protein for when we compete in the regionals."

The Soccer Club was gone now, either turned into the Futanari Club's breeders, or in the case of the girls now being swallowed alive, literally becoming part of the Futanari Club. Taking that bet had been the worst decision of Heather's life.

And as she watched her teammates disappearing down the futanari's throats, Heather realized that she really didn't care anymore.

That night, Naomi squatted over the soccer field with several of her clubmates, straining to release several former members of the soccer team, as well as a former subordinate. It was freezing cold once the sun had set, and Frieda was giving her a hell of a time down in her colon. Digesting her had given the Futanari Club President a bad stomach ache. Now the bitch wasn't coming out of her ass, no matter how hard Naomi pushed.

Luckily for the president, there was something keeping her *quite* warm. "Ugh..." She groaned, her grip of Heather's hair tightening as her dick twitched. "Yeah, suck my fucking cock, Heather! Suck it!"

Kneeling before her on the cold grass, Heather was blowing Naomi, swallowing her new girlfriend's big fat cock until the futanari's balls slapped against her chin. A week ago, she'd never even given a blowjob, but after a week's worth of unwilling training, she was practically a champion. Too bad there wasn't a dick-sucking competition, or she might have had a shot at making it to regionals...

Several loud farts split the night air, as the other girls began to offload their cargo. Heather could see the relief on their faces as the former athletes slid smoothly out of their asses and splattered on the cold grass. One of them was enjoying it so much, she orgasmed without even touching her penis, thick ropes of cum spraying the ground in front of her.

Naomi's cock was rock hard as she thrust desperately down her new girlfriend's throat. Sweat was drenching her face, cooling almost instantly in the cold weather. She seemed to be having

some trouble shifting Frieda's remains, but Heather was dutifully helping to keep her warm in the meantime.

The smaller futanari had nicely fattened Naomi's tits and ass, which was kind of both a blessing and a curse for Heather. On one hand, the bigger tits and ass had made Naomi herself quite happy, and Heather knew that was quietly a benefit for *her* to enjoy as well. On the other hand, Naomi's cock seemed to have swollen slightly as well, and Heather was having trouble breathing now.

The other girls seemed to be finished with their meals. Stumbling away from the steaming piles they'd left behind, the futanari began to wander back to the clubroom, stupid grins on their faces as they pulled up their pants.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of straining, Naomi let out a moan of relief. A fart so loud it echoed around the soccer field burst from her ass, as Frieda surged out of her shithole. Whatever part of her remains had been blocking Naomi's colon was finally freed in a single great expulsion of shit from her ass. Instantly, Heather's nostrils caught a brutal whiff, even through the thick musk of dick and cum. Frieda made an audible wet 'plop' as the first part of her hit the grass, the rest of her remains still streaming from Naomi's butthole.

Heather felt the dick in her mouth twitch violently. Cargo was still traveling down Naomi's dirt road as she came, her cum almost instantly filling her new girlfriend's mouth, followed by a chorus of expletives. The former soccer captain couldn't suppress a smile as she felt Naomi's balls flexing against her chin.

It took several minutes for Frieda's remains to fully exit Naomi's bowels, and once she was done, the futanari girl nearly toppled over, Luckily, given what was now steaming behind her, Heather managed to keep the futanari upright. "Oh my god..." Naomi groaned, gently fondling Heather's hair. "That was fucking amazing..."

"Y-" Heather began, before almost choking on the thick load of cum in her mouth. A moment later, she awkwardly succeeded in swallowing. "You really ruined her..." She gasped, admiring the remains of Frieda behind Naomi. The small girl had made a *big* pile. Behind her, steam was beginning to rise from the huge piles of shit, as if the girls were still smoking in the soccer field.

After taking a moment to catch her breath, Naomi began to fondle her new assets. Her dick had definitely felt bigger after digesting the smaller futanari, and her nipples seemed bigger too, although that might have just been the cold. "Heh... I *am* the alpha futanari, bitch. You're lucky you're mine."

"You're damn right." Heather really found herself agreeing with that. A moment, the girl began to shiver. The physical activity had kept her warm, but now she was freezing.

Naomi seemed to notice, reaching down to help Heather up. Once the girl was on her feet again, the futanari put her arm around her. "Heh... Let's go back inside and warm up, shall we?" Already her dick was beginning to harden.

Heather grinned right back at her. "Lead the way, Naomi." She said, taking her new girlfriend's hand.

Together, the two girls left the ruins of Frieda and the soccer club behind.

Three months later, the Futanari Club won the regional, and then state, soccer tournament. Their victory in the tournament, and their victory over their school's preceding team, was fantastic optics for the futanari supremacy groups. Naomi led the team to a rather crushing victory, proving once again that girls didn't stand a chance.

The remnants of the former Soccer Club did indeed make it to the State Soccer Tournament after all. The new cheer squad, led by Heather, celebrated their lover's victory to the cheers of the crowd. Though not the best at cheerleading, due to their inexperience and all of its members being quite pregnant, the Futanari Club's cheerleaders were the most popular display according to the crowd's cheers whenever they made an appearance.

Heather even succeeded in making it to the winner's podium. When Naomi accepted the trophy for her team, the former soccer club captain was right there, kneeling as she sucked the futanari's cock in front of a vast cheering crowd.

In the end, however, Heather was far from unhappy with her fate. She'd even given up smoking, now that she was pregnant, and had no more dreams outside of serving her girlfriend. After all, it was such a bad habit...