“You can’t be serious?” Sian asked.

“Deadly so,” Pat said, lips pursed tight with all the seriousness of a surgeon.

“But it’s already so late.”

“Fair point,” Delilah said, “Counter-point though, we just got through a six hour car ride, then a hike and I’m fucking horny.”

Clare looked to Penny as the three had their debate. The two had already agreed to Delilah’s terms for the poker game, that being to strip and ‘perform’ for the winners. Everyone was horny, not just the pent-up blonde. Penny wriggled in her seat, trying her best not to look at the others, but failing and blushing whenever Pat caught her staring. Even Sian, definitely the most tired of them, had flushed cheeks and a certain antsiness to her movements.

“Look, I’m not saying you can’t do it. I just don’t want to join in,” Sian sighed.

“Aww,” Delilah and Clare bother pouted.

All of Clare’s friends were stunning for their own reasons; Delilah for her boobs, Pat for her height, Penny for her ‘special friend’, and Sian for her crazy awesome thighs. Clare had been with them all at one point or another, but this was a rare chance for her to see them all at once. If she played her cards right, then she could even have them *all* giving her a personal show.

But Sian was resolute. Clare knew that look of determination. It’s what got them there relatively fast, and why many of them had gotten into the same college. Not like they wouldn’t have plenty more opportunities over the summer. They’d rented this place for a good few weeks.

“It’s alright, Sian. You get some sleep.”

“Thanks,” the blonde rolled her neck and trudged off to her room at the rear of the cabin.

“Want us to keep the noise down?” Pat asked.

“Nah. I’ll pass out before you get started. Have fun!”

“Well then,” Delilah guffawed as she shuffled the deck of cards, looking at each of the remaining girls with a distinct hunger, “Ready to get stripped, losers?”

It was hopeless really. Clare let herself believe she had a chance, what with her ‘pure’ desire to see her friends in action together, but there was just no beating Pat. The girl had a face of stone when she needed it. Penny was first to fall, her enhanced chest on full display and knees pulled up, a shy grin on her lips despite her claiming how frustrated she was by losing. Delilah was next, letting out a huff and slamming her hand down on the coffee table.

That said, she didn’t put up a fight when ordered to remove the last of her clothes. She happily reclined on her hands, shimmying her shoulders at the last remaining players. Which only worked to distract Clare.

They’d gone into a shower together earlier, but there wasn’t enough hot water for them to do anything but ogle one another. Clare was ready to pounce on any of them really, but she had just enough self-control not to. Which did nothing to help her skills. Though it was a foregone conclusion when playing against Pat. And she knew it too, based on that smug little smirk when Clare, too, fell before her.

“Fuck!” Clare sighed, tossing the last of her chips at the victor, “You sure you’re not a cyberman or something?”

Pat fanned herself with her winning hand, having only lost her shirt, “Well, maybe if you put on a nice enough show, I’ll let you try and find out.”

The others all glanced at each other knowingly. All they needed to do was get Pat worked up enough and she’d be putty in *their* hands instead.

“Penny, honey, why don’t you start for us,” Pat said. The shortest of them instantly hopped up, showing her body, including her meaty member. It was still mostly soft, impressively so when Clare and Delilah were both naked.

“Uh… and do what?” Penny asked, thought catching up now as she realised everyone was looking at her. She didn’t cover up though. This was hardly the first time.

“Hmm, how about you get nice and hard for us?” Pat cooed, leaning back on the couch. She looked to the other two, patting the cushions beside her, leaving Penny entirely under their scrutiny.

What a sight she was. So demure and petite, hands squeezed together as she blushed so powerfully it encroached down her neck, despite the bolted on tits and cute stretch of meat between her legs. The trans-girl sucked in a shuddering breath as she finally moved, one hand sliding over her belly to grab her shaft. Half-soft as it was, she easily held it, but that quickly changed with just a few strokes. Her eyes were fixed squarely on one person. Clare smirked and glanced to Pat.

The staturesque woman was enraptured by Penny’s display. It wasn’t anything overly erotic, however her natural demeanour and body more than made up it. As did the fact she was so clearly infatuated by Pat. And Clare couldn’t blame her at all. Pat was so easily commanding, like just her expressions were enough to dominate. Nowhere did that show more clearly than with Penny.

Pat only had to give a certain look and the extra-endowed girl started groping her chest. Her fingers dug into her eighteenth birthday present, little digits barely making a dent in the sillicone spheres. It was easier for her to just rub them, hands catching on her diamond-hard nipples. That was enough to bring her to a full erection.

“Well, girls? What do you think?” Pat asked and, when Penny stopped moving, added, “I didn’t say to stop, Penny.”

“Sorry.”

“Good girl.”

At the compliment, Penny’s cock visibly swelled a little bigger.

“I think we didn’t get enough meat at dinner,” Delilah said, earning a groan from Clare. Pat just smirked and looked to the blue-haired girl.

“I think I don’t like being left out,” she said, sliding a hand between her legs.

“In that case,” Pat stood up and took the middle spot between the two girls. She put a hand on each of their thighs, coaxing them open for her, “Let momma have some fun.”

Penny whimpered.

“Don’t worry, dear,” Pat said as she pushed Clare’s hand away, sliding a finger between her folds. The same occurred with Delilah, both girls moaning in unison, “If you don’t cum before we do, then I’ll gladly let you play with momma.”

“Really?” Penny asked, stroking faster.

“Oh yes,” Pat took a deep breath, pushing her bra to its limits, “But you have to be a good girl and not cum, okay? Think you can do that for me, Penny? Think you can hold it in as I finger these two sluts in front of you?”

“Y-yeah.”

“Hmm, good girl,” Pat looked to the girls on each side. That was all it took for Delilah to unhook Pat’s bra, instantly going on to grope her left tit. Clare took the right, licking and kissing its luscious expanse. Both of their hands went between the matronly woman’s legs, sliding under her pants to rub her through the damp panties, “What about now?” Pat moaned, urging them both to kick a leg up so Penny could see every detail of their pussies being played with.

The trans-girl panted, hand jerking faster, “I… I can handle it.”

Pat let out a deep, husky breath, “Good, because if you couldn’t, then I’d have to punish you, Penny.”

“Punish?”

“Oh yes,” Pat said, arching her hips so the girls’ fingers pressed harder into her pussy. And so they were made even more obvious against her sweatpants, “If you couldn’t hold it in like a good girl, if you shot your load all over us before we finished, I’d have to teach you a lesson. So that you can hold it in properly.”

“I-I can do it!”

“I know, dear. But if you *couldn’t*. If seeing these two suck on my fat, mommy milkers while I *fuck* their tight little holes is too much. Then I’d have to, wouldn’t I? I’d be a bad momma if I didn’t.”

Pre-cum oozed from Penny’s tip, her strokes making thick, wet sounds now. Clare had to thank whatever god decided to apply porn logic to the trans-girl. After two years of HRT, her cock hadn’t shrunk in the slightest. Nor was it any less prolific. It made her so much fun.

“It’d be so embarrasing if my *favourite* little girl couldn’t stop herself from cumming for just a few minutes,” Pat was getting into it too, her words coming out breathier and her panties soaking through, “What if the other ladies started talking about how my darling Penny came just from watching some girls *fucking* each other.”

She gave Clare and Delilah a look, the pair moving their hands to yank the sweatpants down. They didn’t remove Pat’s underwear, not yet, instead continuing to rub her through them. With how drenched the fabric was, it only added to the ambiance of Penny’s sticky strokes. In reward, Pat sank a finger each into the girls, who moaned around mouthfuls of Pat’s breasts.

Penny gasped too, like she was also penetrated, hips bucking forward. She had both hands on her huge cock, its eight inches more than enough for her petite grip. It was truly a sight on someone that small, and exasperated by the fact her fingers didn’t even come close to meeting around its girth. Pre dribbled from her tip, more than her hands could catch. It hung from her head, swaying penduously with her movements.

“Can you imagine that? I’d have to explain how my precious Penny just gets too excited sometimes. She can’t hold her cum in when there’s three busty girls in front of her. Especially when she can see how big and soft they are.”

Clare leaned into the taller girl, tit squishing and rubbing a nipple into her side. Her groping got more intense, fingers digging deep as she slurped on Pat’s juicy teat, rolling the barbell around. Delilah looked at her from across their friend’s cleavage, copying her movements. Then they heard a gently splat and they looked to Penny, seeing her cock drooling even heavier than before.

She was close.

“I’d have to say stuff like ‘she just can’t help herself when she imagines playing with them’. Or that she couldn’t contain herself when when they all slick and shiny with spit.”

Oh, they were going for *that*. Clare grinned at her blonde friend as they detached, then let themselves drool all over Pat’s tits, rubbing it in. The lights reflected off the bountiful shapes, with small puddles appearing on her thighs as they used far more than was necessary. Penny let out something like a mewl, humping the air with desperation.

Pat didn’t have to say anything now. She just arched her own hips, allowing the girls to pull the last of her clothes off. Of the five, Pat had the juiciest pussy, with thick folds that were almost as fun to play with as her insides. Delilah and Clare ran their fingers along it, but didn’t dawdle long, each penetrating her with a finger. Then another as Pat rewarded them.

All three only had eyes for Penny. She was on the cusp, face twisted in concentration, determined not to fail even as she jerked herself faster. Even if they left her alone, she’d cum long before they did. But Pat had one last thing to say.

“But Penny,” the much taller noirette cooed, undulating her body, “Whatever happens. You know momma loves you. She’ll always love her premature ejaculating sweetheat. Especially because momma knows you’ll always have a big. Thick. *Hot*. Load for her. Enough to cover her titties, right? Spit is good, but we all know *cream* is best. Isn’t that right? Penny?”

“Fuck!” Penny squeaked and jerked forward, almost standing right in front of the trio, her cock level with Pat’s heaving chest. Clare and Delilah pressed their cheeks right against Pat’s breasts, putting themselves in line for the trans-girl’s orgasm.

“I didn’t get a chance to moisturise earlier,” Delilah murmured, “You’ll give me some *lotion*, won’t you, Penny?”

“And I saved room for desert,” Clare said, opening her mouth and sticking her tongue, “Nothing like some *nutty* cream.”

“Girls,” Pat chuckled, “You heard ‘em, Penny. Come on. Shoot it all over us. Give Delilah her facial. Feed Clare her cream. Most importantly,” the bigger girl leaned forward. She was so much taller than Penny, that their faces were almost level, “I want you to cum for momma.”

“Yes!” Penny yelled and thrust her cock straight forward, aimed right at Pat’s cleavage. A powerful jet of cum hit her square in the chest, splashing on the beautiful tits. The second and third went to each breast. Delilah darted in front of the fourth, turning her face as it shot across her cheeks and nose. Clare went a step further, lunging to wrap her lips around Penny’s tip right as the fifth spurt went off. It hit the back of her throat, almost making her gag, but she held on for the rest.

Penny jerked and panted heavily as the last drops oozed out. Then gave a shuddering moan as Clare sucked on her head, siphoning all she could. The blue-haired girl pulled off and titled her head back, showing off the thick pool of dick-cream she’d collected. Delilah turned her head to see, with Pat leaning in too. Clare made a show of rolling it around her gums, splashing her tongue in the fresh jizz. Then the girls were kissing her, tongues forcing their way in. She let them, moaning as the two stole her meal.

But that was fine, because she happily licked some from Delilah’s face, before the two’s attention was forced to Pat’s bosom. But not to eat. They massaged her breasts, working the gooey ropes into her already sticky flesh.

“That was wonderful, dear,” Pat said, lightly stroking Penny’s cock with her fingertips, “But you still came before us.”

“I-I know. I couldn’t help it! You were just so… and they were… I’m sorry.” Penny woudn’t meet their gazes, staring at her still hard and twitching member.

“Oh honey, don’t be upset. Now you can make it up to us. Starting with me,” Pat said and reclined on the couch, legs spread to reveal her plump pussy, “Well? Momma needs some love.”

The night quickly devolved from there. True to her word, Pat made sure to teach Penny a lesson, edging her relentlessly for hours on end, using Delilah and Clare as necessary. When Penny was too close, she was made to sit and watch as Clare was captured between Delilah’s legs, while Pat toyed with her pussy. They all got a turn with Penny, riding her or letting her go wild on them from behind. Eventually, the trans-girl couldn’t stop herself, emptying her balls into Pat as the larger woman held her with all four limbs, refusing to give even one inch.

It looked like the two were done for now. Clare, on the other hand, had only cum a few times. For most, that would be more than enough, but she was still eager for another round. As was Delilah.

“Time to break in the bed?” Clare asked as Pat and Penny made out on the floor.

“Fuck yeah,” Delilah moaned, all but skipping on the way to their room.

Clare followed, trying to remember which bag of hers had the sex toys, when she heard what sounded like a thump from Sian’s room. No other sounds followed, but she’d feel like a pretty shit friend if she didn’t check.

She knocked at Sian’s door to no response, “Sian? You good girl?” Clare pushed her ear to the door, in case her friend wasn’t able to speak up for whatever reason. For a moment, she heard nothing, then there was a quiet whimper. One that was definitely sexual. Ah, so that’s what it was. Man, she must’ve really been going at it if she dropped a sex toy. Clare could almost smell it through the door too. Did Sian get some kind of floral lube or something? It smelled nice.