

The house was ablaze with booze and music. One of the brothers had brought in their dad's boombox and was walking around the house with it on his shoulder, the dial turned way up, and chugging beer with his free hand. The game room was packed full of people playing pool and ski ball, and there was a growing layer of chip dust and stains amassing on the floors from how many drunken partiers were swaying through the halls with drinks and food in hand.

The Fraternity house for Eta Chi Pi, pronounced as 'ay-tah key pie', or as their enemies would say 'ate a cream pie', was hosting a bombastic party to celebrate their new brothers who'd made it through their pledges. The fraternity was welcoming eleven new brothers this year.

And it wouldn't be a proper welcoming without a little bit of harmless hazing of the new brothers. They'd already been through a heap of abuse just to make it as pledges, but tonight's hazing was not quite so bad.

San Fernando University was home to thousands of students, and a large number of those students all had part time jobs and side hustles to help put themselves through their studies, and every year the Eta Chi Pi fraternity pooled donations from every brother to hire a few strippers to come to the house and give the newcomers a right and proper (if embarrassing) welcome!

This year they found three willing girls to help them with their warm welcome. The living room for the house was their stage, a makeshift platform having been built years prior by brothers long since graduated. It was a solid square table made from durable hardwood with reinforced 2x4s for legs. It was painted solid black with the fraternity badge painted onto the surface and coated in a clear sealant to protect it from the heels that would be standing on it.

Its most ingenious feature was the hole drilled through the middle to allow for a metal pole to be inserted up through it from the bottom, the pole being held steady by a large concrete foot that weighted more than any girl that could ever hope to turn a trick on it.

The first of the three girls, a stunning looking cheetah, had already done her duty, having taken her payment and left after a rousing performance in a black lace ensemble that hadn't stayed on her for long. Her panties were currently being worn as a hat by one of the new brothers. The eleven newcomers were being made to sit on the couch and floor around the makeshift stage to watch the dancers do their thing.

The second girl was wrapping up her own performance, stripped down naked with her nurse outfit scattered about the room with her little nurse cap being worn by one of the other newcomers, and her thong as a necklace by a third.

This girl was a veteran of the hazing that the frat had hired, a well-toned and sporty green lizard that played both baseball and softball for the SanFur University. She was a minor celebrity in the frat house, a real heavy hitter when she went up to bat, and right now the newly welcomed brothers were all being ribbed and teased for admiring the girl's own impressive bat.

All three girls they hired had to meet the same criteria each year. They had to be gorgeous, they had to be bold enough to strip, and most importantly they needed to have a cock. The bigger the better! Though... The frat didn't have much control over the girl's size as the population of women packing

extra heat were not always in plentiful supply, let alone ones that were willing to strip down to humiliate a bunch of pledges freshly turned brothers.

---

Abigail finished her set, sensually stepping off the square table and letting her long tail glide over the laps of the boys nearest to her. The lizard was sweating, little droplets running down her glossy form from the workout she just gave as a performance. She wasn't the most elegant woman to grab a pole, but she had the fitness to lift herself and spin, gripping the pole tight with her hands and thighs so she could flip herself upside down or do that little spin trick as you slide to the floor.

The frat guy that was in charge of the money swaggered up to her with a big wad of fresh bills in his hand. He was drunk, same as everyone else in the house, but not so drunk that he couldn't count. He was quite proud and pleased with himself as he loudly counted out the bills into her waiting hand until he reached the grand total of 300 dollars. They'd raised nearly a thousand bucks to haze the new guys into their frat.

She thanked the new brothers who being such good boys, and then openly flaunted herself out of the living room, naked, until she found the bathroom in the hallway. When she reached the door, she knocked, and out came a red vixen dressed in a red devil themed lingerie with little fake horns on her head. Abigail openly looked the shorter girl up and down, as she'd seen this girl in passing on campus, but she never realized the vixen had a sheath tucked under her skirt. Not the biggest bulge, but she sure was cute.

"Your turn." The lizard told the other girl, who rolled her eyes.

"Obvi." She replied as she stepped out into the hall and began to make her way down to the 'stage'.

A new round of cheers started as the veteran brothers hooted and hollered the arrival of their last stripper, signaling that the hazing ritual was nearing its end tail end. Abigail entered the bathroom, shut the door, then began to hunt for her backpack to change clothing. She'd left the nurse's outfit in pieces where they fell, as it wasn't hers anyway, so she didn't care to keep it.

She tugged on her panties, left her bra in the bag, and just pulled her tee shirt and shorts back on. She'd dressed light today, opting for sandals over anything with laces.

When she stepped back out into the hallway the cheering was still going in the living room, but she wasn't interested in watching the other girl perform. One of her teammates from softball had shown up earlier, a cute kitty girl she thought was fuckable. She hoped the girl had stuck around, since it was obvious she was looking to check Abigail out while she was stripping. She knew that face a girl made, that 'oh, oh wow!' bashful look that told Abigail all she needed to do was smile and press herself against her and a half hour later her nuts would be feeling lighter than when they'd started.

But she prowled the house, dodging compliments with practiced grace, or sending blown kisses at men that were too proud to admit they liked seeing a chick with a dick bigger than their own.

Wasn't until she found herself on the second floor that she gave up, there wasn't any sign of her. She might have bailed out.

“H-hey...”

The music, the crowds of cheering and hollering, the laughter and talking, was loud even up on the second floor of the frat house. She bet that if she just shouted out the girl's name, she wouldn't hear her. Well, that bites. She was hoping to hang out, maybe see how far they could go tonight and into the morning.

“Hey!” Someone shouted at her from behind.

She pivoted, looking back down the hallway from where she'd come and found a shorter guy standing there with a bewildering look on his face. Oh shit, this was one of last year's pledges.

“Hey! Yeah?” She asked, recognizing the fox's face but not much else about him.

Abigail didn't actually interact with this fraternity much outside of them paying her to strip for a hazing ritual, so this fox was just another stranger she'd vaguely recognize on campus.

The fox started talking, but he was mumbling, and she couldn't hear him for shit. She leaned down, the height difference between them being the length of her own impressive dick. The lizard lifted her hand and cupped it by her ear to let him know she couldn't hear him with how soft he was talking.

“I said, I saw you stripping tonight!” He sputtered, face flushed and embarrassed.

She smiled and looked at him like he was an idiot.

“Yeah, you and more than fifty other people, why?” She asked him.

The fox then looked even more awkward and raised his hand to her. She looked and saw he was holding a bundle of money. Oh, she reached out and took it, and began to flip through it. It was twenty dollars and all of it in ones.

“He paid me what he owed me, what's this for? Eta Chi Pi is tipping their strippers now?” She asked the fox, who was looking awkward AND defeated right now.

He shook his head.

“I- I wanted to give you money. I think y-you're cool.” He stammered.

She laughed, flipped through the bills in her hand again. All in ones.

“You always give one-dollar bills to girls you think are cool, or just the ones that stripped for you last year?” She asked him, and then his jaw started working to reply but no words were coming out.

When it was obvious his embarrassment had shut him down hard, she folded the bills over in her hand and reached down to grab the fox by his own, stuffing his money back into his palm. She didn't let go of his hand though, since she had other plans. If her girlie from the team had bailed out on the party, for whatever reason, then that meant Abigail was going to have to find another way to lighten her balls.

“You want to stick these ones in my panties?” She asked him.

His eyes bulged wide open, his jaw working to talk but he was too speechless to utter a word. His neck muscles worked though, and he started nodding his head. She could feel him tighten his hand around the money, and she felt how nervous his hands were.

“Got an empty room in this house?” She asked, and then he nodded to that, too and started robot walking his way around her and down the hallway.

She followed him, and down they went until they reached one of the bedroom doors. He pulled out a key and fumbled with the door until he finally unlocked it, and when they stepped inside the tiny room, it was obviously his. The frat house had enough room to house forty or more people like sardines.

Abigail stepped into the middle of the room and pulled her backpack off, then dropped it on the floor next to the kid’s desk. He would have been a sophomore, but he was short and boyish, so it was hard to treat him like a real man. The fact he was so timid and soft looking made it easier for her to imagine herself fucking him senseless, too. She normally only went for other women, but she’d make an exception if the guy was cute.

The fox was cute.

He shut the door, and she told him to lock it. He paused, froze, then robotically reached for the handle again and turned the little knob on the handle. She stepped over to the foot of his bed, grabbing the back of his office chair, and spun it around so it faced the bed, and her.

“Sit, so you can give me those ones.” She told him, her confidence and dominance so prominent in a small room that the fox instantly yielded to her command and quickly dropped himself down into the chair in front of her. He was now half her height, at best.

“I must have left a big impression on you last year. You weren’t the one they paid me to cock slap, were you?” She asked.

“N-no. That was Jeff.” He replied with a stutter.

She unsnapped the buttons on her shorts and began to slowly play with both sides of the opening, tugging the fabric up and down as she began to rock her hips back and forth. She didn’t have a pole to dance on, but a lap dance would work just as well if this fox boy had a fetish for girl dick.

“Do you wish it’d been you?” She asked, unzipping her fly while she said it.

Her shorts were tight, her bulge obvious in the fabric, and now that the button and zipper were both out of the way her squishy panty-packaged unit was spilling out as much as it could. Before letting the fox reply she grabbed herself gently, cupping her junk with a hand and gave herself a reassuring rub. Soon, she was sure, very soon.

He was mesmerized.

“I-I I don’t know.” He stuttered.

“That’s cute.” She told him, and her cockiness level was off the chart. She loved it when someone stared dumbly at her like this, awestruck and speechless. A real stroke of her ego.

She tugged her shorts down, pushing them over her strong thighs until they dropped for the second time today. First in preparation to strip, and now in preparation of... She openly licked her lips at the fox.

“Put a bill right here.” She told him, pointing at the right side of her panties.

The panties she was wearing weren’t really the ideal stripping item. A thong would have been better for taking ones, but the fox’s jittering hands still reached out, one dollar in hand and it looked like he was going to start panting from just stuffing the dollar into one side of her panties.

She pointed to her other side next, same spot just the opposite, and the fox stuffed a bill there, too. He was smiling, tail wagging even though he had his ears folded back with embarrassment.

“Didn’t think you’d have me all to yourself, did you?” She asked him, pointing to a spot back on her right side, right next to the first.

The fox shook his head, stuffing a third dollar into her panties. She grinned and pointed to the exact same spot but its opposite. As he stuffed a dollar there, she reached out and pulled off her top. Her perfect and perky tits were on display and the fox was gawking at them.

“You’ve got sixteen bucks left. Put five bucks right here and I’ll let you grope my left tit. Five right here and you get to-“ She was going to finish her sentence but the fox was already scrambling to stuff a wad of bills into each side of her panties, hastily cramming the folded money under the fabric while his hands jittered like he was about the freeze to death.

“Well ok, then.” She replied with a toothy smile.

When he was done, she dropped to a squat, bringing her tits down to his level. Abigail grabbed the last of his money and tossed it into his lap before taking both his hands and pressing them against her tits. She was having fun, but she hoped she was going to get even more than that very soon.

It took him a moment, but he finally started groping her. She could feel how nervous he was, his hands were a terrible mess like he had Parkinson’s.

“You need to relax; the door is locked. No one is gonna know you’re groping a dickgirl’s tits.” She told him, making sure to use the correct slang so the fox would know she knew he had a fetish.

If he was going to get scared and retreat from the chance to take a girl’s dick, she wanted to find out now by reminding him exactly what she was. The fox didn’t flinch, he just grabbed her tits tighter, maybe a little too tight. He was obviously a virgin.

“Not so hard, cutie.” She corrected him, squeezing his hands a little and making him back off. He obeyed like a good boy and started fumbling with her more gently. Nothing he did was good or skillful, he was just groping something for the first time. He had no experience with a woman’s tits.

She plucked his hands off her chest, and forcibly moved them to the armrests of his chair, and then she held them there. With her hands firmly planted over his own she pushed herself back to her feet, arching her back and purposely knocking her tits across his muzzle on her way up. By the time she was standing and looking back down at him he was gawking at her with his mouth hanging open.

“Five bucks, right here.” She told him and pointed at the very front of her panties. Her cock was starting to strain the fabric. Her excitement was going to rip them if this took any longer.

He fumbled with the money in his lap, desperately counting out the five she wanted. He hesitated when it came time to actually deliver the cash right above the root of her cock.

“It won’t bite you. It’s just my fat cock.” She told him with a smile and tapped the spot with her finger.

He reached out and tucked the money into the top of her panties, but before he could pull his hands away, she snatched them again with her own, holding his hands still at her warm, hefty bulge. He was shivering in the chair as she leaned down, further and further until her snout was right next to his fluffy ear.

“When you daydream of girls like me, am I the one getting her dick wet, or is it you?” She asked him.

He froze still in the chair, then quietly muttered something.

“Louder, cutie, there’s a party happening outside.” She told him.

“Y-you.” He said, his body shuddering from head to toe from the confession.

Her cock instantly pulsed, hot blood rushing to her loins as fast as her excitement would allow. It was swelling so fast that the fox was now feeling her shaft bloat with blood against his hands, the fabric of her panties struggling to contain her size.

“If your cock is longer than that dollar bill in your lap, I’ll fuck you missionary and make you a good boy. If you’re shorter, then I’m going to flip you over and make a bitch out of you.” She told him, as hotly as she knew how to talk.

He shuddered again right there in the chair, his hands tugging away. She let him go and stood herself up straight and watched as the fox almost violently started to undo his pants, pulling his little fox cock out. Her smile kept growing as the fox struggled to do exactly as she asked. She grabbed her cock through her panties, pushing her length to the side so she could finish expanding along the elastic waistband like she’d tucked a comically sized banana into her panties.

He couldn’t hold either his dick or the dollar bill straight. She leaned back down and planted her hands over his shoulders when it became clear he wasn’t going to be able to pull it off.

“How about I just tell you I’m going to make you my bitch, and it’s only gonna cost you a dollar?” She asked him, her dick openly throbbing in her panties.

He stared up at her, then shoved his last dollar into her panties with a dopey smile.

Abigail slipped her thumb under her panties and tugged them down, making it rain on the floor with the fox’s dollar bills. Her cock sprung free with so much angry force it slapped the fox across the cheek, but before he could recover, she yanked him up and out of the chair so she could reach first base.

He was a terrible kisser, but he was quick to undress, stripping his clothing off like Bruce Almighty until he was proactively hitting second base with his hands on her tits. Abigail was known for her homeruns, so she quickly advanced the fox across the diamond, grabbing one of his hands and shoving it down to third base, his jittering grip wrapping tightly around her pole.

She dragged him to the bed, holding her hand tight around his so that he couldn’t let go of her dick. As she pushed him down onto the bed, she overpowered him, hauling him across the mattress until she was straddling him, his little fox cock erect and jabbing her in the thigh. Abigail looked down, broke her grip around his hand and grabbed his dick instead.

The lizard smugly started comparing herself to him, holding her massive pillar next to the fox’s, dwarfing him. Even her heavy nuts were putting him to shame, draped over his fuzzy sack and three times their size.

Abigail got to work then, lifting herself up onto her knees and taking the fox by his sides. She flipped him over, the smaller canine trembling with excitement and speechless as she (wo)manhandled him into the position she wanted. His fluffy tail was in the way, so she grabbed it by the base and tugged it up, exposing his tight ass to her.

He was looking over his shoulder at her, but she put a stop to that by dropping her other hand over the back of his head and twisting him face down.

She let go of his tail and took her dick in hand to press her tip between his cheeks. The fox started to squirm nervously under her, audibly panting as he clung to the bed sheets. She kept pressing forward, rolling her hips until she felt her tip brush against his pucker. Abigail pressed her thumb over the head of her dick and eased her hips forward.

There was resistance.

“W-wait!” He whimpered nervously.

“If you’re gonna clench something, make it your teeth.” She told him, then pushed.

The fox groaned as her cock began to stretch his asshole, prying him apart with every centimeter of dick she was pressing into it. His groaning grew louder, his fist gripping the bed tighter, Abigail feeling his body tighten up, the muscles in his back visibly flexing as every muscle in his body instinctively braced for impact.

“Clenching is just gonna make it worse.” She told him, her cockhead now resting just inside his vice grip pucker.

He was gripping her so tight, his virgin asshole squeezing the life out of her dick, but she’d fucked virgins before. She knew this was going to pass, because all she needed to do was get halfway in. If she could get halfway in, that usually knocked the wind out of her partner enough to chill them out. Or, in the case of men, she’d have them cumming hands free.

She preferred women, but men were better for quickies, as her dick was so big they couldn’t help but cum early and often from how much she assaulted their prostate.

“Oh, God...” The fox squeaked as her dick sank even further in. She was brushing across his prostate now, and she’d continue to do it until she pulled out of him, which would probably be several minutes from now.

Several minutes of very memorable sex the fox would never forget.

“That’s it.” She grunted, and gently shoved herself forward.

She sank a few inches in, almost near her halfway point, and the fox yipped. He was still vice-tight, squirming and stiff, but as she held his face down into the bed, she could hear him panting faster and faster. Fucking foxes, always sluts in bed!

She withdrew her cock partially, then began to roll her hips forward and back. Abigail knew she was massaging his prostate by doing this, her rigid steel dragging her fat cockhead over his prostate again and again until the fox was starting to tremble under her.

He yipped again, louder, and sounded so deliciously embarrassed that it was making Abigail feel so much more smug about popping his cherry. It was always awesome when she broke someone in, especially a virgin! She was gonna make him remember this night for a long long time! She shoved herself back in, hitting that halfway point and the fox shouted, a near orgasmic noise. He was almost feminine as his voice morphed into a cute moan.

She leaned over him, putting her lips right next to his ear, then started bucking her hips into him. With every thrust she breathed heavily into his ear, letting her fat cock sink deeper into him one inch at a time. By the time she was close to hitting herself inside him he was whining and moaning, squirming and panting.

Suddenly, she felt his pelvic muscles begin to flex, his asshole gripping her even tighter. With how thick her cock was, she could feel his prostate twitching out an orgasm. She shoved her cock deeply then, making the fox yip out the most girlish of whines as her fat nuts came to rest over his. She felt them throbbing, jerking up tight to his smaller body as he unloaded his nuts on the bed.

Abigail started whispering to him, her own breathing a quick pant.

“That’s a good boy.” She breathed softly into his ear. “Are you ready to be my bitch?”



The fox whined, squirming through his ongoing orgasm. She whispered the question to him again, but louder, until he nodded his head into the bed, squirming more fiercely, whining even louder like he'd lost his balls and borrowed his sister's ovaries.

She started fucking him, jackhammering him as hard as she could until he was howling into the bedding, a sweet boyish siren that could have been heard easily by anyone walking up and down the hall or in an adjacent room.

Then she made it worse, grabbing him firmly by the hips, and rolling the two of them over until she was on her back. His head came to rest between her tits, her chest heaving with exertion as she redoubled her efforts, digging her heels into the bed and jabbing up into him, wrecking his asshole with every inch of her pillar while his little cock continued to spit and sling cum over his own chest.

Without the bed to muffle him, he was flailing as hard as he was wailing, completely lost in the sauce of Abigail's cock. He wasn't the first virgin Abigail had broken in, and so she was very good at making memories for people that couldn't be beaten by future partners. She knew this fox was going to be a dick addict after this, hunting for some girl with a dick bigger than his own, trying to chase that perfect mind breaking orgasm that Abigail introduced him to, but that bar would be set too high. The poor little thing would be forever needy, oh boo hoo!

But she wanted this to be a quickie, one good and solid dump of her nuts. She let go with her pelvic muscles, relaxing everything that was holding her own climax at bay, letting loose the salvo. Her balls began to jerk up tight, her eyes shutting, rolling backwards behind her lids as she smugly grinned from the rising pleasure of orgasm.

When she finally popped, it was as violent as it always was, her cock jerking hard inside her partner, thrashing up and down in his guts like a water hose on the loose. Ropes of thick creamy seed flooded his backside, balls draining like she was trying to breed a slut, but her nuts were too dimwitted to know any better. The futility of emptying themselves in a boy was lost on them.

By the time she was finished, she'd given him a nice belly full of girl cum, and then she rolled him off her. Her cock slid free of his asshole with a wet slurp, a deluge of cum gushing out of him from the pressure. He was comatose, or near to it. Worn out, used up, and well bred, and looking like he truly belonged in the Ate a Cream Pie fraternity.

Having scored her goal of a one-night stand, and having taken a virgin to home base, she used his underwear as a cloth to wipe her softening dick clean, then dressed herself again.

She picked up the ones, counted them until she had the full twenty in her hand, and then stepped over to fox and leaned over his face. His eyes were still rolled back in his head, his mouth open and slowly panting. He was out of it.

"Thanks for the twenty dollars." She told him, then blew him a platonic kiss.

Then she left, smiling as big and proud as she could as more than a few onlookers in the hall and bedrooms watched her walk away from a crime scene of noise pollution most carnal, and the desecration of a virgin asshole. She wondered what the rumors and talk around the frat house

would be now that she'd finally fucked one of their pledges raw. She liked earning their money so hopefully they'd keep paying her to strip.

"Abby! Oh, mah God!" The girl she'd been trying to find revealed herself on the first floor. Apparently, she'd left to go buy weed with a friend she'd found at the party and was now only just coming back. She looked and sounded high.

"Hey! Been looking for you!" She replied, grabbing the cat by the shoulders and pulling her in for an unsolicited kiss on the lips.

The kiss left the cat blushing and flustered, completely taken by surprise.

"I'm ready to bounce if you are? Want to go hang out at my place?" Abigail asked.

"Oh, yeah, we can!" The cat replied, still warm from the surprise kiss.

As Abigail walked her out of the frat house and onto the sidewalk, she tested the water by sliding her hand to the feline's backside, putting all four fingers into her back pocket to keep them warm.

"I guess stripping got you pretty excited, huh?" She cat then asked.

"I'm a bit tired from all the dancing, but if you think your up to it, I can try to show you how excited I can get?" She replied.

The cat returned her question with a sheepish smile. When she felt a soft furry arm slip around her middle for a hug. Abigail knew she was making it across home plate twice in one night. With her batting average she knew she could do better, but two was a good place to start.