

Suburbia Sack

In the backyard of the Callaway home, Tiffany Calloway, her first year away since graduating High School, just idly kicked the ball against the fence separating her home from the neighbors. Despite so much time passing between then and now, she still didn't know what to do with her life, just lay around the house a day without any goals to chase after. Reflecting on this often got her temper riled up and being of those times, when the ball came rebounding back, Tiffany gave it an extra hard kick. She quickly regretted that when it went soaring over the fence into the Martin yard next door.

Heaving a sigh, he walked over and hopped the fence, falling into the bushes on the other side. Now, Karla Martin, Calloway's neighbor, loved her garden; which was filled with an array of bushes and flowers of all kinds. It was almost like a maze when one looked at it from above and lining that maze was a bunch of thick wall of brush, the aforementioned bush Tiffany had just fallen into. Now here she was navigating through the sticks and tricks poking and prodding and yanking as she searched for her ball and hoping it didn't go through the neighbor's window.

Then she heard the door open, one close enough that she assumed it was Karla. Tiffany froze up, tension filling the air around her. She couldn't see her, but she could hear the footsteps coming down from the porch and walk across the stone pathway that naked its way through the garden. She figured as long as she could at least hear her, there was nothing to worry about. That was when her footsteps suddenly went silent. Tiffany's eyes darted back and forth, ears perked up and listening. Suddenly, there came a rustle to her left and she turned just in time to see the giant head of a cock coming storming through the brush, the slit yawning opening moments before engulfing her entire head!

On the other side of that dick, Karla Martin loomed over the young woman's hiding place, her rod jutting out from her bathrobe as she casually sipped her coffee. With a sigh, she swiveld her body around, fishing the girl out from the bushes and onto her knees. Meanwhile, she was beating at the cock head and letting out small whimpers muffled by the woman's meat.

"Now Tiffany, I told you what would happen if you silly little ball ended up in my yard again." She briefly turned her gaze on the soccer ball, tossing it a bit before chucking back over the fence. "And I'm not one to make idle threats so into my balls you go."

With a loud, crass slurp, Tiffany was tugged inside, the slit stretching to squeeze her shoulders and chest. Like a snake, it proceeded to swallow the girl whole and alive and despite her constantly screaming and struggling, she wasn't making much progress with getting out. Karla smirked, sipping her coffee again. With such pitiful resistance, she could relax and savor the moment. It'd been awhile since she had her ball's fill of sweet girl meat and she was definitely going to make his moment last as she watched Tiffany's chest follow her shoulders.

That was until she heard the familiar creaking of the Calloway door, grabbing her attention to see Ashley Calloway stepping out and looking around. Fortunately for her, the fence between them was high enough that she couldn't see Karla's cock devouring her daughter.

"Hello, neighbor!" She called out to the neighbor with a friendly wave, playing it casual as her dick continued to devour the girl's stomach and hips.

"Good afternoon Karla, how's your day been?" replied Ashley with a wave of her own before stepping onto the yard and looking around.

"I just woke up, dear. Night shift was just awful."

"When is it not really?" Ashley and Karla chuckled. "Hey, have you seen Tiffany?"

Karla shook her head, shrugging.

"No I haven't Ashley." She said politely. Meanwhile, Tiffany's was up to her knees in dick, her head and shoulders pushing into the waiting balls on the other side. Briefly, Tiffany's face pushed out from the sack, letting out an unheard plea. "Though I saw her earlier, but when I came out, she was gone."

"Hmm." Ashley folded her arms, thinking for a moment. It was then that Tiffany's feet vanished into the cock's maw and one final bulge descended down its length before forcing Tiffany's entirety into the cramped, musky chamber dangling from between Karla's legs. "I guess she went to a friend's house. Oh, that reminds me."

Tiffany's mother turned to Karla, still very much oblivious to what happened on the other side of that fence.

"Karla, I can't say how much I'm sorry that Tiffany's been...well, such a pest for a lack of a better word." The mother let out a sigh. "We've been trying to help her find something to do with her life, but it just...doesn't seem like she has any direction."

“Oh it's fine, you know how kids are when they're finally free of High School.”

“I guess so. Well, I'll see you later Karla, and if you see Tiffany, could you her to come home right away.”

“Alright dear, you'll be the first I *come* to if I see her.” She said with a friendly chuckle, waving as Ashely returned to the house. Once she was out of sight, she looked to her massive swollen sack and patted her leaking cock. “Make yourself cozy in there Tiffany, you and I are going to spend some quality time together.”

With a wry smile, she turned on her heel and headed back inside, sauntering in a way that let her sack sway to and fro. Inside that sloshing mess, Tiffeny was desperately kicking and screaming as the white, sticky juices splashes around her; not noticing that her skin was tingling or that her clothes where dissolving like wet paper.

“Let me out you fat-balled bitch!” she shouted as Karla closed the door behind her, took a seat at the table, flipped open the newspaper.

“Oh, I'm sorry Tiffany, it's a one way trip and the only way out is my next splooge.” She giggled, feeling the girl's struggles weakening. Tiffany's body was starting to break down now, her angry shouts turning to frantic begging. “You know, I think I might just splatter you in your mom's womb, what do you think?”

“Oh god, oh god! I'm actually MELTING in here!?” cried Tiffany, the cum rising over her neck and threatening to overtake her head. “Ms. Calloway, please let me out! I'm sorry! I won't kick the ball in your yard anymore! Just let me out!”

“Nuh, uh uh. Bad girls don't get to leave their punishments early, so just sit tight in there sweetie.” And the last words Tiffeny would ever hear were most dark and sinister. “It won't be long now.”

With that, the teenager sunk beneath the milky white surface, the ballsack walls pulverizing what remained of her body into more of the sticky dick juices. What a feeling it was for Karla, moaning softly to herself as her rod hardened. Touch it she did not, however, wanting to save all this Tiffany for some whore to ride later. Instead, she put on a little smile, looked at the paper, and sipped her coffee like nothing had even happened.

“Hmph, Dow Jones is falling big again.”