

A cool autumn breeze went through as Jay walked to school. He was running late, but he didn't care. The school was having some sort of "assembly" at this time anyways about the year's homecoming festivities. Jay always thought it was the same every year and, to his credit, it really was. The "Hoco" activities always start with hallway decorating on Monday. Then, hallways are judged and the winner given a "prize" of a five dollar gift card on Thursday. After that is the football game on Friday which people only stick around for the marching band performance and then leave after halftime. Finally, on Saturday, is the homecoming dance. It's typically held in the gymnasium and led by a third-rate DJ. Out of all these activities, it's usually the dance that the femboy bully goes to. Besides spiking the punch, one of Jay's favorite things to do was take a stray loser and sneak him off to a remote area, like a bathroom, and do awful things to them. It was never hard to do so, considering how dark the gym usually was. On the night of the dance, Jay snuck in to the school's auditorium. He refuses to pay for an overpriced ticket to an overrated dance. He wasn't afraid he'd ever get caught; he always wears a different outfit to each dance, usually taken from last year's victim. As Jay walked around the dance floor, he scoured for an easy target. The task wasn't exactly easy, people keep moving around, either dancing or taking frequent trips to the snack bar. Of course, there was Officer Janice too. The muscular redhead was Jay's biggest concern, she could easily overpower him. So, Jay scoured the area looking for a victim whilst keeping an eye on Janice. After the "Cha-Cha Slide" was over, Jay spotted a particular sight. Nearby the punch bowl was a young, slim freshman. His greasy hair parted in the middle, his crooked teeth could be seen from a mile, and his glasses were so large; you'd think he could see the moon's surface. He hung around the punch bowl and, apparently, tried to talk to any lady that came by. But all he could muster was a quick glance before he looked away in shame. Jay grinned as he made his way around to sneak up on him. It was quite fortunate for Jay that "Low" came on, as the loud bass easily concealed any sounds of struggling as he dragged his victim to the men's restroom. Jay slipped into the largest stall, locked it, looked his victim in the eyes and said "If you even dare to scream, I'll shut you up now."

The victim subsided, but asked, "W-What do you want from me? I-I don't have any cash."

Jay chuckled, "You idiot, I don't want your money. I want *you~*," he said as he removed his pants.

The victim flustered "I-I didn't bring any p-protection, my mom warned me about..." he didn't get to finish as Jay grabbed his head and shoved it inside the head of his man meat. The rest of Jay's cock continued to expand to accommodate it's new meal. With every **slorp** **slurp** more and more of the victim got pulled in. When his upper torso was consumed, the victim's own dick orgasmed followed by a muffled moan. Jay giggled as he continued to feast on his cock snack. Soon, all that was left on the outside world of the victim was his feet, which was soon **shlorp** sucked inside Jay's manhood. Jay's balls were now greatly engorged as he rubbed them lovingly. He massaged and caressed them as the victim screamed for mercy. As the hours passed, Jay's swollen balls shrunk, little by little, and the screams lessened until each were the size of tennis balls. At this point, Jay was incredibly horny and needed to release some tension. He turned around to the toilet and started to stroke his dick. Every motion building more and more stress within. More, more, and more, pressure swelling inside. Jay could handle no more, from his swollen balls his seed flooded out all over the toilet. After a solid 30 seconds of straight cumming, Jay finally emptied his balls and regained composure. He saw the disaster area of a thick coat of cum all over the toilet and decided, "Nah, That's not my problem anymore." He snuck out of the restroom, out of the gymnasium and headed for home with a smile on his face. Jay greatly enjoyed himself at this year's HoCo. The same can't be said for the janitor who had to clean Jay's mess.