

Deadpool's Sexy-Ass Zombie Slayers!

By

James Lucien

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“Pssst!” I hiss up at one of the drone cameras hovering in the corner of the farmhouse living room. “Hey you. Yeah, *you*, your fingers twitching with anticipation on the other side of the screen.”

One of the eight bodies sprawled on the old rug utters a faint moan in a distinctly English accent. Another one snores and scratches his crotch. The leading lady mumbles a cheer in her sleep.

I whisper at the camera, “Since we’re filming this porno guerrilla style, shooting on location with no post-production sorcery, there’s no Star Wars opening crawl to prompt the plot. So let me give ya the down-low. Mojo, the spineless tub of greed, injected a dimensional teleportation wibbly-wobbly into my skull so I can jaunt around the Multiverse at will, carrying the cast and cameras with me to get this movie in the can as quickly and cheaply as possible. Same as my first film, the performers have been administered a nano-control-virus-thingamabob to thwart their prudishness. And like the fine upstanding British gentleman that eventually succumbed to the unwarranted and fatal harassment of Jessica Jones, I’ve given them all Manchurian Candidate trigger commands while they snoozed.”

The shuffling of shambling feet sounds from the wraparound porch.

“*Ooo*, that’s the start cue.” I smile with raving excitement behind my black and crimson mask. “First I wanna give a shout-out to Betsy Braddock for making my first film a galactic blockbuster. Thanks, Betts, for cramming all that cockmeat in your teeny-weeny squinty-eyed vajizzle!”

My hearty holla rouses the zonked cast members. They blink in confusion and sneer in distrust as they sit up and climb to their feet. *Aww*, they look so darn cute in their bewildered state.

Daryl Dixon, the lovable redneck, pulls his trusty crossbow from his back, and grumbles, “Who the fuck are you people?”

“Great idea!” I rub my palms together with enthusiasm. “Let’s do introductions. I’ll go first.” I throw my hands in the air and jut out a hip. “I’m Deadpool, all habitual masturbators’ favorite porn director!”

The high school cheerleader dream girl of every male capable of an erection, Juliet Starling, scowls in disgust. “*Ew*, perv.”

I chuckle. “You’ve no idea.”

The babelicious brunette raider of tombs, Lara Croft, looks up and down her soil smeared and sweat soiled self. “This must be a dream. Why else would we all be in color while everything else is in black and white?”

I kindly explain, “That’s only because we’re in the original 1968 version.”

Daryl growls, “Version of what?”

I roll my eyes behind my mask. “Romero’s *Night of the Living Dead*, of course.”

A grumpy geezer with a Reed Richards hairdo and a poo belly thirty years in the making clears his throat. “Reynolds, if that’s you under that stupid mask and this is some Kutcher punkass bullshit, I’m gonna sue you so *motherfucking* hard, your grandchildren’s grandchildren will be broke ass poor.”

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“Ashley, baby, I don’t know who this sex god you speak of is,” I wink up at one of the hovering cameras, “but I swear this is all *very* fucking real.” I crouch down, unzip my big black duffel, and fish out a sawed-off double-barrel and a chainsaw. “But don’t sweat it. I brought along your boomstick and Deadite decapitator.”

“You *fucktard!* Ash Williams is a *fictional* fucking character!” He shakes his big head in aggravation. “I’m Bruce Campbell, *dipshit.*”

I glance around at the other cast members, and whisper, “Crotchety old fucker, isn’t he?”

Bruce takes a quick look at a zombie pressing its face against the window glass, and he snatches his weapons from my hands. “You got my holster in there too?”

I pull out his leather shoulder holster and a box of shells and hand them over. “I even got your signature blue button-up if you—”

“Fuck off,” he growls, “ya fucking dildo jockey.”

Tallahassee, the Floridian cowboy with a Twinkie fetish, runs a thumb and forefinger along the brim of his Stetson hat. “Let me get this straight. You’re Bruce *fucking* Campbell, you’re *not* Ryan Reynolds, and we’re somehow inside a horror movie? Well, that just doesn’t reckon.”

Hands stout on my girlish hips, head swaying in annoyance, I groan, “Do I have to explain *everything?*”

Daryl points his crossbow at me. “You haven’t explained much of anything, asshole. Start talkin’.”

“Gee-whiz and fiddlesticks,” I rub a hand down my mask in absolute awe, “I don’t think *anyone* has *ever* demanded more mouth from this merc.” I waggle a finger at him. “You, sir, deserve a big old medal of valor.”

Isaac Clarke, spaceship engineer turned Necromorph butcher, powers on his suit, causing the helmet to close, and breathes heavily through the speaker, “The Marker, even here, it calls to me. It beckons for my soul.”

I twirl a finger beside my ear and mouth the word, ‘Crazy-pants.’ “Isaac, buddy, you’re nuttier than the skid marks in Squirrel Girl’s dirty Underoos.”

Dante, the Nephilim Son of Sparda, the punky dark-haired reboot, who up until this point has been buffing his fingernails like a metrosexual with OCD, utters a long sigh of tedium. “This is fucking dull. I haven’t killed or fucked anything in nearly an hour. Can we move this along?”

I press my palms to my cheeks in mock shock. “Oh, no! Guys! Guys! Dante’s fucking bored! Whatever shall we do?!” I drop my hands to my sides. “Boo-fucking-hoo, *prick.*”

Juliet, having the attention span of an inbred gerbil on bath salts, presses a hand to her busty chest, and squeals at Saeko, “OMG, I have the same exact outfit!”

I leap up and down like a ditzzy debby. “It’s *totally* true! I raided her closet *and* her panty drawer.”

Saeko Busujima, a top-heavy teenage anime schoolgirl version of Psylocke, shrugs her shoulders. “Sumimasen. Wakarimasen.”

“Dammit!” I stomp a foot. “I meant to get the English dub.”

Leering out a window, Daryl grumbles, "Sorry to interruption your little gabfest, but the walkers are getting thick out there. We should start boarding up the windows if we're gonna make it through the night. If we work together we can get it done easily."

I slap my hands on my knees as I double over with giddy heartfelt laughter, everyone staring at me like I'm loonier than Isaac. "Are all Georgia yokels as hilarious as you? That'd *never* work."

Bruce growls, "Ignore the *asshat*. Come on, everyone, follow me. I've seen this movie." He shoulders his way past me. "There's an attic where we'll be safe until the morning."

I throw my hands up. "Wait, wait, wait. *Yes*, there's probably an attic that would provide safety until the local hicks neutralize the undead threat, but my movie needs a blood-splattered action scene before we get to the smutty stuff."

Dante yawns. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm with the *asshat*. Fuck hiding."

Juliet heaves her bedazzled chainsaw off the floor, her boobtastic bosoms bouncing with the effort. "I ain't scared of no zombies. Besides, attics are *gross*."

Tallahassee draws his lever-action rifle. "I'm down for zombie killing. Let's vote."

"This isn't Survivor," I quip. "I'm the director, so it's my choice. Cue the star wipe for a scene change."

Like a Nightcrawler *bamf* minus the hellish reek of a Mephisto fart on burrito night, we're all transported in a blink. The poorly lit black-and-white living room instantly becomes the zombie-crowded parking lot of the Crossroads Mall under the afternoon light of a Midwestern sun.

With the boastful gravity of John Hammond introducing Dr. Grant and Dr. Sattler to his clone circus of big-teethed blasphemy, I proudly announce, "Welcome...to Zack Snyder's Dawn of the Dead."

Tallahassee cocks his Winchester Mare's Leg, and hoots, "Time to nut up or shut up!"

Daryl releases an arrow into the bloodshot eye of a corpse and it crumbles to the cracked pavement. "Thanks for ringing the dinner bell, numbnuts."

Tallahassee puts a bullet between the eyes of a charging cadaver. "Bingo!" Cocks his shortened rifle and drops another. "Pop goes the weasel!" Cocks and fires again. "Yahtzee!" He smirks at Daryl still loading an arrow. "Not the best choice in weaponry, *huh*, angel wings?"

"Pfft," Dante snorts. "Both of you are amateurs." Whipping up the back of his black leather jacket, flashing the red interior lining, he pulls Ebony and Ivory, his semi-automatic pistols, from his back, and rushes into a rabble of undead, guns blazing. "It's on, bitches!" Leaping and twisting and spinning, zombies fall like dominoes as he unleashes a bullet ballet that puts Christian Bale's Gun Kata to shame. "Hell, yeah!" Switching up his Gun Fu for swordplay, Dante pulls Rebellion, his silver longsword, from his back and goes apeshit on the poor defenseless undead, bloody heads and appendages flying everywhere.

Apparently aroused by Dante's carnage, Juliet bites her bottom lip with a lascivious whine, then revs her bedazzled chainsaw to life and charges into the fray, her golden-blond pigtailed jouncing and her pink panties peeking from under her purple miniskirt with each jovial pace. "Let's party!" She swings the heavy machine of death around like she should have an alien

symbol of hope embroidered on her tiny overstretched purple short-top instead of 'San Romero Knights.' As if filth reflection were her special ability, Juliet hacks through corpse after corpse while nimbly dodging the showering blood. "Zombies can suck my dick!"

Mistranslating Juliet's actions as a challenge to a panty-shot competition, Saeko draws her Murata-tou double-edged nihonto katana from the sheath on her hip and darts into a drove of undead.

My vision tunnels on Psylocke Jr and my mind stutters, catching her movements in short snapshots of alluring action: Katana slash, bodacious boobies bouncing and jiggling, blood spray; katana jab, rear pantie glimpse of a black satin thong bisecting perfectly toned cheeks, blood squirt; katana slice, frontal pantie flash of a protruding Barbie-doll slit moist with fervency, blood geyser. I mutter to myself, "The panchira is strong with this one."

A severed foot conks me in the back of the head and I spin around to discover Isaac disabling the death with a Plasma Cutter. Writhing cadavers, missing various limbs, are flailing all around him in a frenzy of frustration, gnawing at his armored legs.

"Hey, space cadet!" I shout. "Aim for the head, doofus!"

With a trembling arm, Bruce levels his boomstick at a bolting zombie and squeezes the hair trigger. Nothing happens. He squeezes again. Still nothing. The bellowing corpse leaps atop him, knocking him to the blacktop and tears into his jugular as Bruce shrieks in horror.

Slinging her bow over her shoulder, Lara proceeds to plunge her climbing ax into the back of the zombie's skull, quelling its ravenous howling. She retracts her makeshift weapon with a grunting tug, her long ponytail swinging, her heavy bosoms heaving, bloody brains spraying across her tight tank top. "Yuck!"

From under the cadaver, Bruce gurgles, "Fucking prop gun, you *fuck*." And his eyes roll back and he goes still.

I hiss through bared teeth. "Oopsy." Then shrug. "At least now my movie has a dramatic death scene."

Lara returns to her provocative rendition of Hawkeye in a zombie-plagued parking lot, releasing arrow after arrow with amazing accuracy, her beautiful bubbled-bum attracting my attention in her archery stance. Baby got back *and* skillz!

Enchanted by the siren song of Croft booty, I'm lost in a sea of 'wanna touch the hiney,' when the zombie formerly known as Bruce Campbell breathes down my neck like a dirty old man ogling his grandniece's budding breasts.

The stench of Hai Karate commingled with the stink of fresh dump in the pants shatters Lara's fine-ass-fanny spell, stifling my swelling arousal and spurring me to spring into action.

Twirling around, I grasp zombie Bruce's wrist and swing him about as I break into song and dance. "Just dance! Gonna be okay. Da da doo doo. Just dance! Spin that record babe. Da da doo doo. Just dance! Gonna be okay. Just just just dance, dance, dance. J-J-Just dance!"

As I dip a dizzy and deranged Bruce Campbell, I glance up at one of the hovering cameras. "Hey, Spiral. YouTube the Vanilla Sky cover into this epic dance sequence. It's gonna be bigger than the universally adored emo Peter Parker's evil jazz dance scene!"

I drop Bruce on his back and fire a round between his spinning eyeballs as I notice Juliet has waded dangerously deep into the hectic horde, outside the limited range of my dimension hopping wetware. "Time to go to work."

I pull my dual katana from my back as I sprint into the monstrous mob. Whirling my steel like a molly-hyped raver when the beat drops, I lob heads into the sky as I mow down zombies like so many snarling blades of blood-splattered grass.

Leaving a murderific trail of decapitated bodies in my wake, I finally catch up to the lollipop-loving cheerleader playing a gleeful game of Leatherface, and shout a mind-control trigger phrase. "Babygirls need their big papas!"

Her impossibly-clean chainsaw soars through the air as she lets it go mid-swing and it's lost to the thrashing throng. She spins around, her sparkling blue eyes wide with fright, and cries, "Daddy, help me!"

I show her my manly rump and shout over my shoulder. "Hop on, sugar tits!"

With a screech of fear, undead closing in all around, Juliet leaps onto my back.

Running a gauntlet of gory death in a rampage of slaughter, I hack and slash my way back to the group with Juliet shrieking like a banshee in labor in my ear the entire trip. I flip her over my head, spin her around, pluck a strawberry lollipop from the depths of her abundant cleavage, tear off the wrapper, pop it in her screaming mouth, and sigh with relief. "Good grief, gurl, that was mind-numbing."

Tallahassee blows the smoke from the barrel of his gun and hostlers it. "Hey, hoss. We're fresh out of ammo and arrows. What's the plan?"

Pulling a pink leather dog collar from my duffel bag, I fasten it around Juliet's slender neck and attach a matching leash as she sucks her lolly like a pacifier. "Now that this movie's star power has been reined in, we exit stage left, *pronto*."

The undead overrun parking lot shifts into a thrash-strewn street of a deserted London, Big Ben standing proud against a dreary and depressing midday sky.

I scratch the back of my head. "This isn't where I wanted to go. I hate the English. They put beans on *everything*." I look to Lara. "Present Indiana Jones genderswap company excluded, of course."

The gloomy street becomes the darkened blood-soaked bottom floor of a quarantined apartment building in Spain, a SWAT team creeping up the staircase above us.

I drawl, "Aw *hell* naw! DP don't do demon babies. Fuck that noise." I smack myself in the side of the head. "Damn flux capacitor must be on the fritz."

The sinister stairwell is replaced by the gridlocked chaotic streets of Philadelphia under a drizzling rain in the midst of a panicked stampede being ravaged.

I muse, "I don't remember bouncy-ball zombies in the novel." Then cross my arms out in front of me, blink and nod my head à la *I Dream of Jeannie*.

The disappointing adaptation gives way to a poorly-rendered mist-bathed forest situated in northwest Raccoon City. The Spencer Mansion slash secret laboratory, illuminated by the sepulchral moonlight, is in the distance.

All the bamfitybamf causing my skull to feel like a *My Little Pony* piñata overstuffed with *Hello Kitty* jelly beans, I massage my temples, and groan, "Guess this will have to do for act three."

Daryl grumbles, "Oh sure, what better place to take refuge than an old spooky house in the middle of the woods on a stormy night?"

"What's that," I ask, "your Scooby-Doo impression?" I shake my head with disappointment. "At least it's not the *godawful* film franchise." I waggle a middle finger at one of the hovering cameras. "Fuck you, Anderson and Jovovich, you talentless hacks!"

Lara gives me a sideways look of perplexity. "If you've finished with your bollocks ranting, I'd like to make our way to that estate there. I'm feeling peckish, and if it's anything like my home the kitchen will be stocked."

I don't have the heart to tell her the only thing she's gonna be eating is a double dick sandwich. "Sure thing, crumpet. Let's move."

A few yards along the trail, Juliet leaps into my arms with a cry, muffled due to her lollipop, and buries her pretty face in the nape of my neck.

The path is littered with mutilated Dobermans with bullet-fractured skulls.

Isaac, the silly bastard, decides to execute a one-man Stomp performance, screaming repeatedly, "Die, motherfucker, die!" As he tramples the doggy corpses into doggy jam.

I glance at Lara. "How'd you like to spread that on your morning biscuit? Better than *beans*, am I right?"

Her expression equal parts repugnance and befuddlement, Lara questions, "What in the name of the Queen is wrong with you?"

I shrug. "Just about everything."

Once Isaac has finished his Smucker's audition rehearsal, we continue our trek toward the mansion, Juliet sobbing in my arms as I rub her back and shush her like a child who wet her *Muppet Babies* Underoos on the playground.

When we reach the Victorian style home, I bark at Isaac, "Have some fucking respect. Take off that filthy suit."

Shoulders slumped and head bowed, Isaac powers down his suit and steps out to reveal he's wearing an unbuckled space-aged straitjacket. There's no denying he's cuckoo for cosmic crack now.

We climb the porch stairs and pass through double doors into an opulent candle-lit hall with a wraparound balcony above and a high vaulted ceiling.

Tallahassee utters a long whistle of astonishment as he does a slow spin. "Nice digs. Wonder if anyone's home. Should we have a looksie? Maybe play some hide and seek?"

"*Uh-uh.*" I shake my head vigorously. "Most of this humble abode is a convoluted death-maze of horror." I point to the intricately carved doors to the left. "Everyone into the dining room. If we barricade the doors we should be safe as the US economy."

My political joke seems to go over all their heads, but at least they obey.

Once inside, I put Juliet down, toss my duffel on the long dining table and all my weapons underneath, jam a chair under the golden doorknobs, pace across the checkerboard

marble floor to the other end of the dining room, and jam another door next to a burning fireplace and a conspicuous splash of blood.

Returning to the non-blood-garnished end of the room, I clap my hands and rub my palms together with exuberant enthusiasm. "Alright ladies and swinging dicks, it's time for maximum effort!"

And just like that, with the utterance of a mind-control trigger phrase, the ominous atmosphere of the dining room transmutes into an ambiance of eroticism. Instantly everyone's eyes become laden with desire, besides Lara's, which become bug-eyed with rising dread.

Daryl and Tallahassee kick off their boots and shimmy out of their pants and underwear as Saeko carefully places her sword against the wall before dropping onto the knees-pads of her battle boots, removing her purple gloves, and licking her lush lips with lubricious hunger. She grips a hold of each of their stiffening pricks and pumps them slow but firm as they pull open her school uniform top and unclasp her floral lace purple bra, liberating her big boisterous bosoms, which they eagerly grope.

Simultaneously, Dante and Isaac overpower an uncharacteristically panic-stricken Lara, stripping her weapons from her and tossing them into the corner. Lara struggles and screams as they heave her onto the table and flip her onto her stomach, her lower half hanging over the edge, legs kicking frantically. Pulling her arms behind her back, Dante binds them with zip ties I provide from my duffel. Climbing onto the table, Isaac fists Lara's brunette hair, pulls out his erection and uses it to cease Lara's insistent shouting. Shoving her head down hard, Isaac muffles Lara's cries by jamming his prick into her gullet over and over again, while murmuring something unintelligible under his breath like a lunatic.

I pull out a chair and take a seat where I can view both sets of sexy threesomes. After giving Juliet's leash a mild tug to get her attention, I point to my lap and she settles her terrific tushie on my husband bulge like a good submissive pet. I remove my gloves so I can explore Juliet's supple body as I watch the erotic entertainment. I start slow, caressing the soft skin of her tight tummy before reaching up and giving her buoyant breasts a gentle squeeze over her short-top. *Goddamn*, she's fucking hawt!

Daryl and Tallahassee look like hillbilly brothers from different inbred mothers, their hands on their hips, heads tilted back, jaws agape, grunting and groaning, eyelids fluttering with delight as the hentai fanfic version of Saeko goes to fucking suckie town on their hefty Caucasian dong.

Saeko twists her fists up and down the full length of one saliva-slathered cock while cramming the other one down her throat, gagging herself again and again, sucking hard and fast with gasping moans of manic need, back and forth between them, viscous drool dangling from her chin and dribbling into her cleavage, stringy strains of slobber swaying between her lips and their sodden dicks. Like an insatiable slut from the highest order of succubi, Saeko nuzzles her little-pointed nose into their crotches as she suckles their balls, smearing spittle all across her face while purring pleads of pleasure. "Seiki chodai! Seiki chodai! Seiki chodai!"

I believe the English subtitles would read something like, 'Give me your cum, cause I'm a teenage spunk-slut fantasy girl!'

Sitting on his feet atop the table, fisting Lara's hair with both hands, Isaac thrusts his pelvis, plunging Lara's gullet with his spaceman dick as she chokes, coughs, and cries.

After reaching under Lara's waistline to unbutton and unzip her pants, Dante yanks them down around her ankles, peels her panties down to her knees, palms her round cheeks and splays them wide, unveiling her tiny pink pucker, which he jabs his tongue into with a gluttonous growl of gratification as he buries his face in her smashing alabaster-bum. A-plus for those bikini tan lines!

Evidently stirred by the graphic displays of gratuitous lust, Juliet gyrates in my lap, grinding her lovely lady lumps into my groin, causing my cock to pulsate with carnal craving. Skimming a palm up her silky inner thigh, I slide my hand under her miniskirt and begin to pet her little kitty over her panties, which I discover are soaked through with her feminine juices.

Plucking her lolly from her mouth, Juliet looks back at me with her big sparkling blue eyes, and coos, "Daddy, I wanna suck your pee-pee."

Any normal man would immediately sing Hallelujah with the full spirit of their heart and drop their trousers, but I'm filming a porno masterpiece, therefore I refrain from shouting praise and glory to the heavens, and instead reply, "Beg me. Make me believe there's nothing you've ever yearned for more in all your eighteen years."

Juliet juts out her bottom lip in a puppy-dog pout, and whines, "*Please, Daddy, please* let me suck your pee-pee."

One hand still stroking her girlhood over her moist panties as she wiggles her tush, I use the other to pull loose the bow of one of the shoulder straps of her overstretched short-top and then the other, allowing her bare bosoms to burst out like a pair of jack-in-the-boxes. Tittie *fuck* your baby sister, she's got a boobdacious rack!

I pinch a tiny pink nipple between thumb and forefinger and feel it tighten, as Juliet whimpers, "*Please, Daddy, please!*"

My strength to resist her waning, I command, "Get on your knees and beg me."

Juliet hops off my lap, spins around, miniskirt flaring up, and falls to her knees before me. Hands folded in the air, lollipop sticking out from between them, she beseeches, "*Please, Daddy, please, please, pleeease* let me suck your pee-pee!"

After pulling my mask up over my nose, I steal her lolly, stick it in the side of my mouth, scoot to the edge of my chair and unzip my pants, allowing my colossal cock and burly balls to spring forth. "Happy birthday, sweetcakes. Don't eat it all at once."

Shocked and awed by my footlong, Juliet gushes, "*Wow*, I didn't even know they came in that size!"

I chuckle with pride, then bring her head forward with a tug of her leash and lay my prick vertically across the center of her face, the base on her chin, the head disappearing into her golden-blonde hair, and her wide eyes go cross and she giggles with nervous apprehension.

She swallows a lump of anxiety, pulls her head back, and confesses, "I've never sucked a pee-pee before. My boyfriend, Nick, and I never did anything more than over-the-clothes stuff."

Without the use of my hands, I bop my cockhead on her pink lips. "It's no different than a lollipop."

She smiles demurely. “*Really*, Daddy?”

I grin and snort at her adorable expression. “Yeah, really.”

Leaning forward, her big breasts swaying, Juliet opens wide and drags the flat of her tongue up the broad underside of my shaft and flicks the tip of her tongue off the bulbous head. She repeats this cautious lapping of my cock, again and again, smiling up at me with childish glee and giggling with joy after each satisfying lick.

I encourage, “Go ahead, sweetie, and put the head in your mouth.”

With a timid face, she tilts her head this way and that way, surveying my cockhead from various angles. Finally, she decides to go for it head on and stretches her jaw to the full extent to cram the fat head into her elfin mouth. She swirls her tongue around and around as she gazes up at me with a coy countenance appealing for approval.

I smile. “That’s a good girl. Now let’s see how much you can fit in your pretty mouth.”

Her tongue quits swirling and she blinks at me in bewilderment, clearly lacking the bravery to attempt such an endeavor.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. Daddy Deadpool will help you.” Cradling the back of her head with one hand, I clutch her leash with the other and gradually pull her head down, forcing my prick passed her lips inch by inch as she mewls in protest and flaps her hands in the air to signal her mounting discomfort, until my cockhead strikes the back of her throat, causing her to cough and gag and her eyes to water. She looks absolutely *amazingballs* with her mouth cock stuffed!

I hold her there, enjoying the gorgeous sight of her stretched lips coughing spit and her crying eyes smearing black liner down her rosy cheeks, until her eyelids begin to flutter and her flapping hands begin to grow heavy, and she ascends from my cock with a hysteric gasp and then massages her throat as she desperately pants for air.

I praise, “You’re fucking *enthralling* when you’re suffocating.”

She blushes in response to my compliment. “Thank you, Daddy.”

I pinch her button nose. “Now I want you to fold your hands behind your back and do your best impression of Saeko over there, sucking dick like it’s her career path.” The Japanese work ethic goes above and beyond!

Juliet offers a hesitant nod, obviously unsure of her ability to perform the task. “Okay, Daddy, I’ll try my best.”

I lean back as Juliet wraps her plump lips around my cockhead and begins to bob, quick and then slow, deep and then shallow, searching for a comfortable rate and depth, ultimately settling into a leisurely tempo and a median reach, moaning and slurping with covetous rapture, her pigtails bouncing and her boobies bounding with each bow of her head. Shambhala isn’t a holy place, it’s a warm suckling mouth!

With my pet cheerleader happily occupied nursing my prick, I return my regard to the Sloppy Blowjob and Rape Show.

Saeko’s exquisite face, oversized tits, and delicate hands are sopping in bubbling slobber, as are Daryl and Tallahassee’s throbbing pricks and heavy balls. As she strokes and sucks with desperate demand, moaning like a harlot in heat, she continues to plead between gagging swallows. “Seieki chodai! Seieki chodai! Seieki chodai!”

At long last, Daryl and Tallahassee give Saeko what she pleads for. With her lips wide and her tongue protruding, the redneck and cowboy feverishly jerk their dicks, their manly ass-cheeks clenched, and in unison, they spew hot streams of pearly goo into her welcoming mouth, over her writhing tongue, and across her messy face.

Gripping both their pricks, Saeko stuffs the head of each into her meager mouth at once and suckles the last drops of their sticky seed as they groan in bliss.

At the same moment that Saeko decides to gorge herself on dual cocks, Dante retracts his gouging tongue from Lara's bubbled bum, rises with a satisfied smug, pulls the strawberry lube from my duffel and his prick from his pants. His dick is nearly as monstrous as my own. Being half demon comes with perks! After applying a generous sum of lubricant to his brawny behemoth, he peels Lara's cheeks apart and goes straight for her tiny pink bull's-eye, burying his sword to the hilt with a single savage lunge.

Lara bucks so hard, she manages to escape Isaac's iron grasp to scream a shrill shriek of suffering.

Isaac, the sick fuck, seizes Lara by the ears, jams his dick into her undulating throat and roars at the ceiling as he fires his gonzo goop into her stomach. He trembles with aftershocks of paradise as he continues to fuck her face, draining his balls to the last drop. When he eventually pulls out, she immediately spits up his splodge and it oozes down her chin onto the tabletop.

Learning a lesson from my previous filming experience, I made sure to *acquire* a particular potion from Doc Strange's Sanctum Sanctorum that grants supreme sexual stamina. I'm sure the old horny goat worshiper won't mind.

Following my instructions, Tallahassee retrieves an evil-looking vial from my duffel and all of the men, including myself, take a sip to the sweet sound of Lara screeching in anal agony. It tastes like a concoction of sacramental wine, virgin's blood, and blue cheese dressing, with the consistency of Jägermeister and the devastating kick of a pissed off racing horse. I'm not at all worried that the powerful potion was locked in an adamantium box engraved with a skull-and-crossbones symbol. Strange is overly dramatic, as wizards tend to be with their big flashy spells and their extremely high popped collars.

Saeko slips off her black thong, lays on her side on the end of the table, her back facing the other threesome, and draws up her knees. She utters a quivering clamor of distressed jubilation as Daryl grips her hip and delves his dick deep into her young pristine pussy.

Tallahassee clutches Saeko's head and twists her neck askew to position her moaning mouth for entry. Fisting her long purple hair, Tallahassee holds her head still as he shoves his big broncobuster between her lips into her taut teen throat.

Wallowing in a paradox of pain and pleasure, Saeko mashes her massive melons and roughly pinches and pulls her nipples as she's impaled from both ends by magickally-enhanced country boys.

Invigorated with a new compulsion of lustful passion, I arch over while pulling Juliet from my cock, pluck the lollipop from my mouth and rest it on the arm of the chair, and kiss her luscious lips hard and rough, yearning to imbibe her, longing to consume her very soul.

When I break our stringent kiss, I rise up from my chair while forcing Juliet to bend backward, and command, "Hold your tittastic ta-tas together."

Juliet does as told without question, and I grip her pigtailed, holding her chin to her breastbone, and I thrust my drool-lathered dick between her soft bosoms and into her mouth, over and over again, fucking her tits and lips as I relish the revelry transpiring on the dining table.

Daryl grumbles, "Ahh, *fuck*, this Japanese pussy is so fuckin' tight I'm about to bust!"

Tallahassee withdraws his prick from Saeko's bulging throat, and chides, "I don't want your sloppy seconds, so use her mouth."

Daryl gives Saeko's cunt a few last jabs, before pulling out and rushing over to her panting mouth.

Saeko gobbles down his cock without command and gulps down every drop of his load as Daryl grunts in delight while kneading her mondo mamas.

Tallahassee tosses his hat over the English archaeologist with a dick up her ass and a prick down her throat, then climbs onto the table behind Saeko and lays on his back. "Alright, Tokyo, give this rodeo bull a ride."

Regurgitating Daryl's dick from her gullet with a gag and a cough, she turns over and straddles Tallahassee's lap. Standing on her knees-pads, she clutches his shaft by the base to hold it in position and descends onto his lap with a gradual fall, taking his manhood into her girlhood with a cry of bliss.

Pulling up his knees, Tallahassee thrusts his pelvis, springing Saeko up and down, her long hair whipping about and her heavy breasts bounding and jiggling as she howls in ecstasy.

Still boasting a fierce erection due to the magickal love sauce, Daryl gets up onto the table, and standing with a foot to either side of Tallahassee's bucking hips, he cradles the side's Saeko's head and fucks her mewling mouth.

Directly beside them, Lara is thrashing like a mermaid princess stolen from the sea as Isaac pillages her throat and Dante ravages her rump, both men growling with the vehement intensity of their brutal savagery. Wolverine is a neutered kitten in comparison to those two!

Juliet whines between plunges of my prick into her mouth, drooling sloppily with each withdraw. "Daddy, ... I ... want ... you ... to ... sex ... my ... flower!"

I halt my tittie slash mouth fucking immediately and stand while yanking Juliet to her feet by her slim arms. "Pets aren't allowed demands. I'm gonna have to punish you."

Juliet's messy mouth drops open in dismay. "Daddy, no, *please!*"

I sit on the edge of my chair, legs partially spread, and order, "Lay across Daddy's lap, *now.*"

She sighs with a sullen expression, and begrudgingly lays across my lap.

I flip her miniskirt up and roll her pink panties down to where her round cheeks meet her slender thighs. "Dayum, gurl, that is a spankerrific ass! I'm fucking awestruck!"

Juliet looks up over her shoulder at me, catching me with my tongue hanging out and my eyes bulging wide. "Daddy, *please* don't spank me."

I shake my head, regaining my composure. "Trust me, sweetcheeks, this is gonna pleasure me more than it hurts you." Then I lick my palm, throw my arm out and tug it back with full force, delivering a loud smack across both her firm humps, causing her to kick like a mule and squeal like a pig and leaving a palm print, red and raised.

Juliet gazes back at me, sobbing and tearing, "*Please, Daddy, please* no more! I'm sorry, Daddy! No more spankin's, *please!*"

Genuinely feeling bad for her, I stroke her bottom in a circular motion, and promise, "No more spankin's, baby. I think you've learned your lesson."

Wiping her eyes, she snuffles. "Can we sex now, Daddy?"

I gently squeeze her cheeks with both hands and lick my chops. "Not yet, sugar."

Looking up at the table, I shout, "Dickhead Dante, pass the lube." And he tosses it to me without pausing his pummeling of Lara's bum.

Juliet questions, "What's that for?"

I apply a gob of lube to the pad of my thumb. "I've got to get your teeny-weeny hineyhole primed if I'm gonna sex it."

Clinching her cheeks, Juliet cries, "It's too big for my hiney! It'll never fit, Daddy!"

I give her ass a slap with my opposite hand and she unclines. "Where there's a determined Deadpool there's always a way." I whirl my thumb over her tight pink star, spreading the lube and probing the tautness of her rosebud, pressing with increasing pressure until Juliet utters a whimper and my thumb pokes inside. I force it further, progressing in to the second knuckle, and then I twirl my thumb, stretching her rectum more and more until I'm sure she's ready for the next step in her anal training. I ease out my thumb, take the lollipop from the arm of the chair and dab some lube on it.

Juliet's blinks at me with concern in her blue eyes. "Daddy, what are you doing?"

"While you were merrily sucking my dick I was sucking your lolly down to a median size between that of my thumb and my cockhead." I swirl the lollipop over her bud. "Take some deep breaths and try to relax."

Of course, Juliet does the opposite, hyperventilating and tensing up, but I don't let that impede our progress. I push and push as she kicks her feet and whips her head back and forth while groaning through gnashing teeth, until finally her itty-bitty anus accepts the hard candy orb, swallowing it whole like a butt plug, leaving only the handle protruding from her pink pucker, and Juliet goes slack in my lap, panting in relief.

I caress her inner thigh, stroking with a gentle touch to soothe her. "And just think, sweetums, my cock is only *twice* the girth of your lolly." Before she can reply, I worm my middle finger between her slick nether lips, driving a pleasant moan of surprise from deep within her throat. I work my sturdy digit in and out of her tight fissure at a serene pace, teasing her special spot and provoking her to purr with passionate rhapsody.

While I casually fingerbang my favorite zombie hunter, I bask in the awesomeness of my epic porno in the making.

Saeko is trembling with orgasm, her abundant tits and ass bouncing thanks to Tallahassee's wild ride, while Daryl humps her face like it's the ass of a goat with its head stuck in a fence.

When Saeko quits shaking, Tallahassee quits bucking, and hoots, "Georgia, I need Tokyo's mouth for a quick minute."

Daryl ceases his face humping and hops off the table. "Hey, Yosemite Sam, I claim her sweet ass."

Tallahassee sits up, swings his legs over the side, grips Saeko under the arms, heaves her from his prick and onto her knees-pads on the floor. Combing his fingers into the hair atop her crown, he takes a hold and bobs her on his dick, swift and rough, grunting through clenched teeth as he empties his balls into her throat.

The way Saeko takes a cum shot in the mouth, gulping it all down with gurgling coos of rapture, would make Betsy proud, I'm certain.

Daryl takes Tallahassee's previous place on the table, his dick like a flagpole minus the Confederate flag, and Tallahassee does him the courteous favor of hoisting Saeko onto his lap in a reverse cowgirl position. Daryl catches the lube after I throw it to him, and he squeezes a liberal amount onto his asshole puncher.

Unprepared for an anal intrusion, Saeko's eyes flare in shocking pain and her modest mouth stretches wide in a wail of wretched woe as Daryl burrows deep into her backdoor with a snarl of effort.

As Daryl begins to bounce Saeko on his cock, her beautiful boobies bounding again, Tallahassee climbs onto the table and mounts her agonized face, quelling her cries with his prick. Watching the purple-haired teen take it in the ass and the mouth at once is a wet dream come true!

Beside them, Isaac releases his grip of Lara's hair and she rears up, gasping and coughing, her face a mess of tears, drool, and splooge.

Isaac babbles, "I must...penetrate...I must penetrate...I must penetrate the anus!"

Dante relents his atrocious assault on Lara's bantam bootyhole, and scoffs, "*Whatever*, weirdo, I'm bored with beating this ass anyway." The rebooted douchebag demon-hunter then snaps the zip ties from Lara's wrists, flips her onto her back and spins her around so her head is dangling off the table edge.

Catching hold of Lara's flailing legs, Isaac folds them forward to her chest, and with Dante's help, Isaac manages to zip tie each of her wrists to her opposite ankle.

Lara is then given the divine privilege of tasting her own ass as Dante jams his cock down her gullet, her gagging throat visibly bulging, while she receives a fresh dick in the ass from Isaac. Girl must be having the time of her life!

Juliet whines, "Daddy, I feel something tightening inside."

"It's okay, sweetie. Just relax." I stuff in a second finger and increase the speed and force of my molestation, and her thighs begin to quiver and her cheeks to clench, and within seconds she is convulsing with her back arched and her mouth wide, heart-shaped bubbles and sparkling rainbows emanating from her like magick. I didn't know *Lucky Charms* was one of our sponsors!

When the cereal commercial is over, I pluck my fingers from Juliet's dripping cunt and suck them clean. "Magically delicious!"

Juliet rises from my lap with a thrilled expression, her panties stretched between her upper thighs. "Daddy, that was amazing! Can we do it again?!"

I chuckle at her youthful exhilaration. "We're just getting started." And I rise from my chair and swing it out of our way. "It's time you demonstrate your cheerleader flexibility."

Juliet leaps up and down with excitement, her glorious jugs jouncing and smacking each other. "Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! I'm the best cheerleader in my school!"

Crouching down, I lift her miniskirt and kiss her feminine mound, then give her delicious pussy a lick as I pull her rolled panties all the way down, and she steps out of them. Reaching behind her, I clutch her firm cheeks and seal my mouth around her tiny bundle of nerves. I lap and lash her sensitive little button as she moans and quivers and rolls her hips with mounting elation. I gaze up as I suck her clit to witness her kneading her bountiful bosoms with zealous demand and moaning through clenched teeth.

Juliet's knees shiver, as she cries, "Ooh, Daddy! Ooh, Daddy! Ooh, Daddy!" And then she performs another magick light show while squirting into my mouth. Surprise, it tastes like strawberries!

I wipe my chin on my sleeve and ascend with a greedy grin. "Throw your foot up on the wall."

Juliet stretches her slender leg straight up in a standing split, her pink pussy spread wide, glistening folds adorning her slight slit. "Are you gonna sex my flower now, Daddy?"

I answer her question with a fervent kiss. Wrapping one arm around her, I grab her by the back of the neck, and with my other hand I grip my dick and slap it against her cleft before blindly gliding it around until I find her teensy-weensy opening, then I thrust my pelvis hard, cramming my girthy goliath up into her virgin pussy as she mewls into my kissing mouth and clutches at my shoulders, driven up onto her toes.

I break from her lips and grasp one of her swollen pillows to take a firmer hold before I begin to thrust deep into her clenching cunt with ferocious force.

Standing on one leg, clinging to me like she's teetering on a ledge, her pigtailed flopping like bunny ears, Juliet screams, "Ooh, *fuck*, Daddy! Ooh, *fuck*, Daddy! Ooh, *fuck*, Daddy!"

Shocking myself almost as much as I shock Juliet, I let go of her neck to grip her throat above her pink leather collar, squeezing with enough force to silence her squeals, strangling her as I continue to fuck her pussy for all it's worth.

Juliet claws at my back and neck with frantic urgency, tearing off my mask in her strife, as her crying blue eyes bulge, her drooling pink lips turn purple, and her mouth opens and closes, her lungs struggling to draw in a breath of air.

When only the whites of her tearing eyes can be seen behind her fluttering eyelashes, I release my stranglehold and she gasps hard and instantly quakes with a violent climax, searing secretions spraying over my swinging balls, the ensuing firework display much more vibrant and extensive than before.

Juliet slumps against me when her pyrotechnic orgasm finally concludes. “Daddy,” she pants, her breasts heaving against me as I gingerly pump her pussy, “that was fun but *scary*. Why did your eyes turn black?”

I halt mid-thrust, a cold shiver surging up my spine. “Eyes turn black?” I shake my head and continue to thrust. “No, that must have been a hallucination created by your oxygen-starved video-game feeble brain.”

“Daddy, look,” she points to the others, “now they’ve got it too.”

Without pausing my pussy plunging, I turn my gaze and gulp at the sight of all four men fucking in a frenzy, their eyes solid black orbs of baleful intent. “Yowzers! I guess we’ll have to fix that in post-production. The bargain-basement budget be damned.” I turn back to my doltish dream girl. “Now, for the sake of artistic expression, I want you to drop your hands to the floor while maintaining this standing split. It’ll look hawt on screen!”

“Okay, Daddy.” Juliet does as told, putting her palms to the marble, her pigtails and funbags dangling upside down, and I hold her raised leg to my chest as I pound her puss in this ridiculous yoga pose that allows me to observe the others.

Bouncing Saeko’s rump on his dick with fury, Daryl growls, “I’m gonna pump this Jap ass full of hot cum!”

Gouging Saeko’s gagging gullet with his prick, Tallahassee hoots, “Go for it, Georgia! Paint the inside of that asshole white!”

Daryl redoubles the effort of his vicious ass plundering, and howls, “*Fuuuck!*” And he thrusts so hard that Saeko is sprung off his spurting cock, splooge splashing her ass and oozing from her swollen rosebud.

Tallahassee retracts his prick from Saeko’s stomach and jumps off the table. “I want some more of this Grade-A pussy.” Legs shoulder-width apart, he heaves Saeko from Daryl’s lap and plants her on his dick.

Saeko locks her ankles behind Tallahassee’s back and her hands behind his neck, gripping hold as he clutches her ass.

Daryl swings off the table. “Wait for me, Cowpoke. Let’s double stuff that sideways cunt.” Reaching an arm around her, Daryl grasps one of Saeko’s huge hooters, and with his other hand, he targets his prick at her cock-stuffed cunt.

Saeko throws back her head, eyes and mouth wide, shrieking at the high ceiling as Daryl crams his dick beside Tallahassee’s into her peewee pussy. Girl has got some pipes!

As Daryl and Tallahassee begin to dual-piston fuck Saeko, Dante grunts and growls like an enraged Neanderthal as he deep fucks Lara’s throat, pressure washing her tonsils with his spunk.

When Dante finally withdraws his lance from her gut, Lara vomits a stomach full of splooge, which douses her eyes and seeps into her hair as she pants and sobs.

“Hey, Wacko,” Dante thrusts a thumb toward Saeko, “believe it or not, I’m feeling inspired by that hootenanny. Let’s both battle that booty at once.”

“Yes,” Isaac shakes a fist in the air, “let us split this rectum in two!”

“Less crazy talk, more fucking.” Dante grasps Lara’s slender shoulders. “Turn her on her side.”

With her legs still folded to her chest, Lara is manhandled onto her flank as she begs, “*Please, please, please*, no more!” And then she squeals at the top of her English lungs as Dante behind her and Isaac before her simultaneously jam their prodigious pricks into her tattered tushiehole.

In a strident symphony of excruciating pain and ecstatic pleasure, Lara and Saeko writhe and wriggle and wail, tears splashing and hair lashing, as the corrupted men hump and heave and howl with bestial brutality.

Cajoled by the clamorous celebration of crude and carnal copulation, a compulsive craving to clobber Juliet’s callipygian caboose conquers me. What the what did what?!

I cede my cock-to-cunt clashing, and clap myself across the cheek. Healing factor must be having a circle jerk with Mojo’s wetware and Strange’s potion.

“Daddy,” Juliet whines, “I’m dizzy.”

“With your diet, you’re probably diving into diabetes.” I pluck the lollipop from her ass as she squeals in surprise. “I’ve got just the sweet to solve your sugar crash.” Reaching down, I snatch her lease and pull her upright.

Juliet grips my shoulders for balance, her jouncing jugs and hyper headrush testing the limits of her cheerleading talents, and I shove her ass flavored lolly past her pink lips.

“That’s Daddy’s good girl,” I praise. “And now it’s time for *my* tasty treat.” I twist her around, turning her pretty patootie toward me, and rest the heel of her raised foot against the wall. Crouching down, I duck my head under her purple miniskirt, nuzzle my face between her cheeks and delve my tongue deep into her pink pucker. *Dayum*, this ass is delectable!

Lollipop tucked in her cheek, Juliet moans, “Ooh, Daddy, that feels nice.”

I eat her ass like it’s home cooking after a tour of duty on Mars, tongue blasting her wee hollow with famished groans of ecstasy, my cock throbbing with expectation.

Demonstrating her lack of perception, Juliet questions, “Does my hineyhole taste good?”

I peek out from under her miniskirt, licking my chops with a gluttonous grin. “Fo’ shizzle, my nizzle!”

Her expression a fuse of demure and fear, Juliet asks, “Daddy, are you *really* gonna sex my hiney?”

I leap up, my rigid member smacking her seeping puss. “Now that you mention it.” Dashing away, I steal the lube off the table and baptize my phallus with it. Returning in haste, I breathe down her neck. “Brace yourself.”

Juliet’s cries, “No, Daddy, no!”

I thrust a fist into the air. “By the power of Grayskull!” And I lunge my hips, impaling her viselike ass with my behemothic broadsword, burying it to the hilt.

Juliet shrieks so mind-shatteringly loud that my earholes close up in surrender and I can hear the cosmic ocean at the edge of the universe.

Deadpool's Sexy-Ass Zombie Slayers!

A malicious darkness falls over me like a warm quilt of serene rage, and I brutalize Juliet's backside with a barrage of baneful blows that would make the Red Hulk blush if he bore witness.

When my hearing eventually returns from the fringe of the cosmos, I find myself roaring louder than Juliet's deafening shrieks, louder even than the combined cacophony of the rape orgy.

It's at this point in the filming that I'm pulverizing Juliet's tender ass so fucking hard the movie gets a surprise cameo from Hiro Nakamura.

I pause my pounding, and shout, "Hey, Round-face, wrong cheerleader!"

Hiro glances around in confusion, then bows low. "So sorry. Forgive me."

I taunt, "Spoiler alert, your shitty X-Men imitation gets canceled!" And he vanishes with a look of disappointment.

Juliet peers back over her shoulder, her face flush from crying, lollipop clinging to a pigtail, and sobs, "Daddy, *please, please, Daddy, please, pleeease*, no more sex in my hiney!"

Her mournful pleading should invoke some measure of compassion, but the sinister shroud that fogs my mind and heart has grown so thick and heavy that all empathy is forgotten. As it is, I didn't have much to begin with.

So naturally, I curl my fingers into a fist around her collar, stifling her cries by limiting her air supply as I begin to drill her ass without mercy, my pelvis feverishly spanking her cheeks. I swear her asshole must be a product of the Weapon X program, because no matter how rough I fuck it, it remains tighter than Captain America and Bucky's bromance.

An extended period of feral ass-mauling later, after Juliet has finger-painted the wall with blood in a futile effort to claw her way to freedom, I cease my manic marauding and relinquish her clinching rectum. I twist her around and bring her foot down and she collapses to her knees, at the perfect height to have her panting mouth fucked. Clutching her pigtails at the bases, I hold her head still as I force my dick into her whimpering mouth.

Juliet grips my thighs, feebly attempting to resist in her exhausted state as I roll my hips, jabbing my cockhead into the back of her taut throat, again and again. Drool slobbers from her stretched lips, dribbling over her chin as I use her elfin mouth like a sex toy. Fuck damn, that's fucking good!

My ass clenched with the increasing exertion of my accelerating thrusting, I press Juliet's head back against the wall as I feel my loins preparing to detonate, and I cram my prick down her gullet as she thrashes and gags. My knees pressed to her chest, holding her pigtails tight like reins, I buck my hips in a raging delirium, fucking her throat with the full length of my footlong.

When her flailing arms go slack and her bulging eyes roll back, I slam her head against the wall with one final thrust as my balls pull tight and my cock erupts, shooting blistering jets of jism into her stomach.

As I pull out, my prick still spurting spunk, I slap her across the face and she rouses with a frantic gasp as I spray splooge over her heaving tits.

After Juliet catches her breath and I've squeezed the last drop of goo from my cockhead, I realize the dining room has grown quite. I turn around to find my four male cast members

standing in a menacing semicircle, eyes black as onyx, wearing expressions of brooding and doom. Behind them sprawled on the table, Saeko and Lara are unconscious.

Tallahassee winks. "Hey there, Mr. Big-Time Director. Isn't it about time to give this movie a grand finale?"

Daryl grumbles, "Our bitches are used up, but yours still looks ripe for the pounding."

Dante juts his jaw with a cocky countenance. "So I've noticed your eyes waver back and forth in color as if you think you can prevent the hostile takeover. Are you with us or not?"

Isaac twitches and giggles. "Mutiny...is a...hell of a...fucker."

I jab a thumb into my chest. "No matter the color of my eyes, I'm captain of this fuckaree, and a cheerleader gangbang sounds like a perfect finale to me."

Dante narrows his eyes with skepticism. "Alright, *Captain*, bring that bitch over here so we can ruin her."

Spinning around with a clash of divergent emotions ranging from hatred to horny, I scoop up Juliet's leash and yank her forward onto her hands and knees. "Come on, girl. Let's go for a little walk." I lead her forward a few feet, and then with a tug of her leash, I guide her to sit back on her haunches.

With an intimidated expression, whimpering like an injured mutt, Juliet glances back and forth between the five big dicks that close in all around her. She squeals as Dante yanks one of her pigtails and slaps her across the cheek with his cock. She utters another shrill cry as Isaac tugs her opposite pigtail and cock wallops her other cheek. A cruel game of whack-a-teen with penis-mallets ensues as Daryl, Tallahassee, and myself join in on the bitch-slapping fun. Juliet is buffeted with pummeling pricks, crying and screaming like a bobblehead brought to life by a deranged version of Geppetto, until her face is candy-apple-red.

Gripping both her pigtails, Dante spearheads a barbarous campaign against Juliet's throat, fucking her gullet rough and swift as she coughs and chokes and cries.

Juliet's neck is twisted to and fro without due regard as her foaming mouth is passed around like a beer bong at a frat party.

Eventually tiring of sharing her mouth, Dante lifts Juliet off her haunches to slide his legs between hers and sets her down on his dick. He mashes her melons as he viciously plunges her pussy.

Isaac then immediately mounts Juliet from behind, piercing her ass with a grunt of effort.

As Juliet's nether orifices are ravaged by Dante the prick and Isaac the loon, Daryl, Tallahassee, and myself continue to take turns humping her face as she squirms and screams.

Some time later, I smack Dante's selfish hands away from Juliet's massive mamas and, in a squatting position, have my way with Juliet's copious cleavage.

Standing snug to either side of me, Daryl and Tallahassee dual fuck Juliet's mewling mouth, jabbing at the insides of her eyeliner-smearred cheeks and supplying a continuous cascade of bubbly drool for my vigorous tittie-fuck.

This frenzied fucking goes on and on and on until I'm sure I've missed the launch party for the final book in the *A Song of Ice and Fire* series.

Deadpool's Sexy-Ass Zombie Slayers!

Finally, with all five men towering over her as she lies on her back in a shell-shocked stupor, Juliet pants as we sling ropy cords of spunk into her mouth and hair, across her face and tits, bathing her in our goop as we groan and grunt with grueling intensity.

To further defile her, without a spoken accord, we each release our bladders in sync, showering her with steaming streams of golden rain that splatters all across her twitching body, and even into her mouth.

Dante shakes the last droplets of piss from his prick. "What should we do with her now? Anybody got suggestions?"

Isaac spasms and mutters, "Let's...eat...her."

"Well," I retort, "that just doesn't seem sanitary *or* savory."

Daryl rubs his stomach and grins. "I could go for a bite of ass cheek."

Tallahassee hoots, "I call dibs on her big ol' tits!"

Dante pulls his longsword from his back and clutches one of Juliet's ankles. "I'm more of dark meat kinda guy."

And then as if saved by an ancient Tibetan bell, a motherfucking hole is torn in the fabric of reality over the table and the supreme pizza of sorcerers himself floats through, legs crossed lotus style, his dashing red Cloak of Levitation fluttering in an ethereal wind, his gaudy Eye of Agamotto amulet radiating a mystical light from his chest. "Wade Wilson, where is it?"

"Your fancy-pants Tupperware?" I retrieve the empty vial from my duffel. "I was gonna wash and return it, I swear."

With a murmuring of hocus-pocus and a flurry of arcane hand gestures, Strange casts twirling magick circles of dancing runes. The darkness wrestling with my healing factor cries 'uncle' and the eyes of my male stars return to their original color as the evil-looking vial magickally refills and corks itself. With another flashy sleight of hand, the good doctor makes the vial disappear, along with my entire movie cast. He growls, "I've undone as much of the damage as possible. Your injudicious tomfoolery nearly brought the Multiverse to a crashing halt. And what you did to my manservant was simply—"

"Wong!" I clap my hands on my knees as I bellow a belly laugh. "Perfect set-up, Strange. Totally on point."

He barks, "You've earned yourself an indefinite time-out!"

"Ooo," I exclaim, "can I spend it on Xtreme Beach Volleyball Island?!"

"You'll be spending it in the only place you can't cause any harm. Within the confines of your own mind."

I slap my hands to my cheeks in shock. "DiCaprio's missing Emmys, I'm gettin' Incepted!"

Deadpool's Sexy-Ass Zombie Slayers!

“*Ahem*,” I smirk up through the screen, “if you’re done cleaning yourself up, the fanboy that made this smuttastic escapade possible would like me to promote his latest original endeavor.”

I dance a jig to rouse the post-orgasm dazed audience. “For more zombie-bashing throating-gouging pussy-clobbering ass-ramming fun, check out ‘Shamans of Time,’ available most anywhere you can purchase an eBook.”

I cock my head and arch a brow. “Whatta ya waiting for? You heard my hyped endorsement. That novel ain’t gonna read itself. Go on now, get. Don’t make me call you names to scare ya off. Go, go, go.”