

ACCIDENTAL

CHEATING WIVES SERIES

# *Broken In*

Hard

Karen A. Harkins

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Accidental Cheating Wives Series  
Broken In  
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# *Introduction*

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I'm not sure where to begin. I guess I should introduce myself first. My name is Jan. It took me a while to decide to write this down. Whether you are younger, older, man or woman, there is a lesson in this story for everyone. So, I'll tell my story and you can draw whatever lessons works for you.

I'm married to Tommy. He is a partner in a home building company here in Las Vegas. He is a good provider and I have no complaints about him as a husband. I'm 27 years old and Tommy is 38. He takes care of himself well enough. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and maybe 185 pounds. He still has his hair, but it is starting to recede. Tommy's business requires me to socialize with clients by attending dinners or parties every month or so. We had been married 3 years when this all happened. He calls me his trophy wife. While the dynamic of our marriage has changed since these events, we are doing well, albeit on different terms now.

As for me, I am about five feet six inches tall. I'm slim, toned and have full, firm breasts that are topped by long nipples that are usually visible even when I'm wearing a bra. I know I have an attractive figure and men have always found me desirable. I have shoulder length blond hair.

Tommy loved to entice me into going braless. My nipples turned him on, and he liked to show them off, I think. Tommy was all I cared about and while he encouraged me to dress daringly, I only did it because it made him happy. What Tommy did not seem to realize was that my provocative dressing brought on attention from other men. Most of it harmless, but some men could be aggressive.

A good example was one time at a Halloween party at the house of one of his clients. The host cornered me in his wine cellar room after asking me to pick out a Cabernet. He followed me, blocked me

from escape, and began fondling my breasts. He even pinched and twisted my nipples, which were protruding due to what Tommy had me wear that night.

I pushed him away, but my nipples were hard and when I went back to the living room, Tommy mistook my hard nipples for attraction to him. But, my body had betrayed me, and had enjoyed the rough treatment from his client. Once he realized I did not run to tell Tommy, the client offered an apology, which I accepted. Events like this were occasional, and I tolerated them because I knew Tommy liked to show me off, and at some level I suppose I enjoyed the harmless attention. I wanted to help Tommy's business, and if this is what it took, I could tolerate it.

## Mike

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Business was good in Las Vegas at the time. There was a lot of building going on, but it was also competitive. Tommy was invited to a luncheon by one of his clients, and I agreed to go with him. The host was a guy named Mike, and he did not look the part of the stereotypical Las Vegas developer. I was used to meeting guys with suits and hair gel. That sort of man. But Mike was friendly and talkative. He was a large man. Quite tall, and a bit overweight, I would guess, but not obese. Unsophisticated? Maybe that was a good way to describe him. I would be generous calling him plain looking. He simply wasn't a handsome man, but he was not utterly repulsive.

Mike paid a lot of attention to me at the luncheon. He did not stare my breasts even though Tommy had convinced me to wear light top that made my nipples pronounced. On the other hand, he did make it a point to touch me during our conversation. Nothing sexual. Just a light touch on the arm to emphasize a point he was making. That sort of touching. I noticed that he had large hands and fingers. He was a big man, so that wasn't a great surprise, but I recall marveling at how thick his fingers were.

A couple of weeks after the luncheon, Mike invited us to an annual event being hosted at a ranch, just outside of the city limits. Tommy was excited, thinking that this might open some doors for him as a builder that had previously been shut out of such exclusive company.

A month or so went by, and the event was a couple of weeks out. Not surprisingly, Tommy bought a new outfit for me to wear to the event. Tommy spared no expense on my clothes, but I was a bit nervous about this outfit. The top of the dress was a tied cutout in the front. It stopped just under my breasts and tied in the middle. It



gave a view of my tone stomach and my nipples, which were prominent with this thin material. The bottom was a wrap style that really emphasized my curves. On the other hand, it was very elegant, and I understood my role at these events. When I tried it on for Tommy, I noted his bulge.



## *Party at the ranch*

---

We arrived at the ranch and were not disappointed at the setting or the attendance. The construction was modern and comfortable. It gave a rural vibe but had all the luxurious amenities.

It wasn't long before Mike spotted us and began introducing us to various developers. Tommy was really enjoying this opportunity and within a few minutes Mike asked if I could help him get a tray of drinks for the group Tommy was speaking with. We were interrupted along the way by a lot of guests who seemed to know Mike and hold him in high regard, which made me feel better about being alone with him.

We made it to a small bar that was well-stocked with a beautifully polished wood counter. Mike led me behind the bar and began telling me how to prepare the drinks.

"Hey, you really know how to make a drink!" I said, sampling one for myself.

"In our line of work, you have to know how and when to make a drink" he said.

The shelves were backlit but otherwise it was dark behind the counter of the bar. Mike would direct me to where different liquors were, which meant sometimes touching me to guide me to the right spot. That was when I remembered how large his hands were, as well as those extremely thick fingers. I didn't mind and began to be mildly turned on with his gentle touches. One time he put his hand on the small of my back and I made it a point to turn around quickly, giving him a quick feel of my toned stomach. He drew his hand back, unaware of the game I was playing.

A woman came up and began a conversation with me. Her name was Ashley, and she was a bit older than I was, but she was quite



pretty and exuded sexuality. Mike joined us. The drinks were flowing and here I was with a woman who was the wife of a prominent developer. I really wanted to help Tommy, so I kept talking to her, wanting to endear myself. It did not hurt that she was a beautiful woman.

Mike seemed content to make a comment here and there, but generally let us talk over the bar. He would make a drink for people he knew every few minutes. The music was moderately loud, and the lighting was low. Mike slid up alongside me and I felt his hand slide over the curve of my hip. I didn't want to risk my conversation being interrupted so I resisted the urge to make a scene. Mike's big hand worked around and down to my ass, and he gave an appraising squeeze of it. It wasn't unpleasant but I was wanting to stop this behavior before it progressed.

At the first pause in the conversation, I turned to him and whispered in a firm tone up toward his ear, "Please stop."

His hand remained and he only smiled. I turned back to Ashley, and I was relieved to see Tommy approaching. He was on the same side of the bar as Ashley and unaware that Mike was massaging my ass in front of him. He was grateful to meet Ashley and thanked Mike for inviting us. I made my mind up that I wasn't going to let Mike ruin this for Tommy, so I let him continue to feel me up as Tommy and Ashley were having a conversation about her husband, who was a big builder in the area.

Mike extended a thick finger and pushed it between my cheeks and down toward my pussy, which was betraying me and generating a warm wetness. I had to admit Mike was good at this and my turncoat body wanted more. Someone began dancing as the music was turned up, so Ashley and Tommy turned to watch as more people joined in.

Behind the darkened bar, Mike slid a hand down my leg, gently squeezing my bare leg. On the way back up, his hand slipped under my short skirt. A huge finger found my moist labia, hardly covered by my thong.

I turned to him and tapped his shoulder to get him to lean down. When he did, I whispered urgently, "Mike, don't! Tommy is right there!"

He smiled and whispered back, "Just enjoy the evening. This will be great for Tommy's business."

Undeterred, he put a huge finger over my vagina and worked up, rubbing my clitoris. He would rub it back and forth from my virgin anus to my clit. I had never allowed a man to take things this far with me. I desperately wanted to end this, but I had a feeling it would also end a lot of prospects for Tommy. Once again I decided to let him have his way with me, for the sake of Tommy.

As if reading my mind, Mike's thick finger moved my thong aside and began to penetrate me. His finger was **huge**. It crossed my mind that it might be as big as Tommy's penis. I put my hands to the side on the shelf underneath the countertop to support myself. I leaned slightly forward as if I were watching the dancing. Without thinking about it, I spread my legs slightly and arched my back slightly. *What was I doing?*

I looked up at Mike through eyes that were beginning to glaze as his big cock-finger squelched and brought me toward an orgasm. It was such a taboo, lewd and dangerous situation. My pussy was not concerned and only felt a suitable and pleasurable visitor. I moaned quietly and grunted when he gave a hard thrust every so often. Thankfully the music was loud enough to drown out the wet sounds of his huge cock-finger and the moans it was drawing out of me.

Inevitably, I began to cum hard on his finger, a finger that genuinely felt like a decent sized penis. My vaginal muscles clamped and released on his finger, being fooled into thinking it could coax milky sperm from this imposter. I kept my mouth closed and barely repressed screaming out in ecstasy. As I started coming down from my orgasm, he withdrew his finger and brought it to my mouth.

"Suck it and taste it" he commanded.

Inexplicably I did just that. He withdrew his finger and bumped his groin into my side. I froze as I felt something huge, hard, and hot on my sheer dress. He had let his monstrous penis out through his zipper, and I watched my hand move to it, as if it had a mind of its own. I watched my fingers try and fail to wrap around it. It was simply massive. I started sliding my hand up and down on it. I could feel it growing, which seemed to give me pride. I was inspiring this giant. It had ridges, which I supposed were veins. *Those are big veins.*

Mike enjoyed my hand's treatment and whispered, "Do you want to see more of it?"

I was rubbing that great shaft, trying to say no. But once again my body seemed to have its own agenda and I watched in dreadful fascination as my head nodded.

"Meet me in the second bedroom down that hallway. Second on the left" he said.

Like a compliant doll, my head nodded again.

# Cornered

---

I reluctantly let go of his warm organ and mouthed to Tommy that I was going to the restroom. He and Ashley were having a good conversation and he gave me a thumbs up while still talking to her. I made it to the bedroom and closed the door in relief.

I had never had anything go this wrong before with one of Tommy's business acquaintances. I had also never cum on the finger of a man like that and as I looked in the mirror, I did have a bit of the freshly fucked look about me. I went about freshening myself up. It was just so hard to believe. Mike really wasn't even attractive. Yet I had just let him fuck me to an orgasm with one of his fingers! I took a deep breath and turned to leave the room. I would go back to Tommy and cling to his arm all night if I had to.

"Some evening, huh?" Mike stood in the open door. He stepped in and closed it. I froze like a little prey animal in the grasp of a predator.

Mike smiled and walked up to me. "You smell good" he said, taking a deep breath next to my slender neck. He kissed my neck, sending tingling feelings straight to my nipples, which were now at full attention.

He lifted me up effortlessly and placed me gently on top of a double horizontal dresser. He kept kissing my neck and licking me with his huge tongue. I was appalled and fascinated. At some point he had untied the strings that kept my top from revealing my breasts. He swept aside the flimsy material and started kneading my breasts and gently pinching my nipples. It was a pain-pleasure cycle, and it was making me wet. Soon I started to moan under his groping, neck licks, kisses, and bites.

Mike was in between my legs. He was big, so my legs were spread wide, making my dress ride up to my hips. His hands

dropped from my breasts, making me immediately ache to feel them again. His big fingers had some sort of magic to them. He started kissing me. This would have repulsed me an hour ago, but now I returned his kiss, eagerly. He was undoing his pants and soon stepped out of them, along with his boxers. I was taking off his shirts. He returned to close proximity in between my legs. I felt something very big and hot against my thigh, running up past my belly button.

He had taken it out and now I was able to get a good look at it. It dwarfed anything I had ever seen before. It had a terrible beauty to it, radiating power and strength. It had a slight upward tilt toward the end of the shaft as it approached the flared head. Precum formed at the opening.

Complex feelings roiled through my mind as I continued to stare into the one eye of this great... beast. I had always been loyal to Tommy, and I loved him. There was no reason to be in here doing this. But another voice commanded attention. This voice asked me to consider how I arrived here. Wasn't Tommy always showing me off? Wasn't that what always got me into these situations? Maybe it's what he wants, deep down, yes? Regardless, why not at least marvel at this apex cock?

"What are you going to do with it?" Mike asked me. We were both staring down at it.

"Whatever you want me to do" came out of my mouth, without thought.

"Good girl. Get down and work on it."

"Yes, sir" I submissively replied and prepared to get on my knees. But that wasn't going to work. Mike was too tall, and his cock, which had to be pushing a foot in length, would be way out of my reach. I grasped his big shaft and guided him to a chair. I sat and immediately licked up the sweet and salty precum dripping out of his slit. It was delicious.

I teased my tongue around the huge crown of his cock. I lovingly kissed my way down the length, inhaling his musky man-smell as I nuzzled the base of his cock. I cupped one of his swollen testicles into my tiny looking hand. I couldn't cup both testicles at once. They were too big. The big testicle felt full and heavy. I could only imagine the volume of sperm he might produce.

"I've got a lot saved up for you but you're going to have to work for it" he said.

"Yes sir" I whispered, and I prepared to service him as well as I was able. My hand could barely reach over halfway around his base. It felt powerful. I guided the tip to my mouth, licking and kissing it as I worked it inside my mouth. I had always looked down on women who cheated, but now I could understand that there should be an exception made for men with reproductive superiority like this.

I slowly worked it in my mouth, making wet smacking sounds as I tried to devour it. I came up for air and slapped his cock against my tongue and then my cheek before spitting on it and coating it in my saliva, rubbing it with my hand, which couldn't cover his entire head. My mouth automatically resumed the attempt to consume his big cock. The spongy tip lodged stubbornly against the entrance to my throat. I slobbered around the thick head, trying to ease him down my throat. My small hands rubbed his thighs and stomach.

I quickly realized that I would not be deep throating Mike. It wasn't my gag reflex. I hardly had one. No, it was the sheer girth of his cock. It was physically too big to fit down my throat. I could barely get past the huge cock head. It was humbling but I still wanted to please it. I wanted to milk those huge testicles.

"You like that big cock, don't you?" he asked.

I wasn't going to release him from my mouth, so I just murmured, "Mmhmm."

"I'm sure it will fit in your pussy, but from the looks of it, it won't be easy. You're small."



My pussy dripped like a faucet as I thought about what this would feel like inside me. I tried to force the great crown past the entrance to my throat, but to no avail. I finally gasped for air as I reluctantly separated from him, heavy strands of saliva bridging from his glans and crown from my lips. I stared at the shiny part of the cock, which represented how deep I had taken him. I was ashamed to realize that I had only taken in a fraction of him, perhaps an inch past the great head.

I had to change my strategy to please this great organ.

## *Should I let him in?*

---

"Will you fuck me now?" I asked.

"I suppose so" he said.

"I'll get a condom" I said.

"No. I'll have you bare" he said.

"But, but... I'm not on birth control..." I stammered.

"Good" he said, simply. "It's time you had children, anyway."

He laid on his back on the bed and said, "Climb up."

I straddled him and took a lot of his length between my cheeks, dripping as I slid. He pulled me closer to cover my mouth with his. As unimaginable as it was, I kissed him back with a hunger. I caressed his big tongue with my own, moaning as I slid up far enough to feel his head against my opening. I tried to push myself backwards to get it inside, but he slapped my ass and dumped me into the center of the bed. He rolled over me, quickly covered my tiny body. He pushed my knees up and he spread my thighs, which were radiating heat and dripping wet. He rubbed his great shaft on my erect clit, letting its weight stimulate me. He started grinding against me, sending my body into a barely controlled frenzy. I reluctantly pulled my lips and tongue away from him, licked his ear and moaned, "Please. I need it."

He rose and teased me his tip against labia, gently parting them and pushing his great cock head against my tiny vagina. He didn't try to penetrate me, just thumped its weight onto my clit, making a wet smacking sound.

"I don't know if you really want it" he said.

I was writhing under his bulk, trying to buck my hips and engulf him. I moaned and grunted with effort and said, "Please, Mike, I

need to feel your big cock in me!"

He just stared down at me, rubbing on me. I had to have it! I couldn't believe I was reduced to this!

"Oh my God, please Mike! Give me your big cock and cum! Please!"

He pushed a little bit, but no more. I was desperate

"Oh God please fuck a baby into me, Mike!"

Mike began rubbing his cock head around my slit from top to bottom.

Mike took hold of my head with his big hand and started kissing me again. He continued to rub his giant cock head against my drenched opening. I imagined the precum leaking out and I almost started cumming.

Mike began to push his massive cock head with slow and deliberate force. I almost fainted with relief. But as much as I wanted him inside me, he couldn't stretch me enough. Yet. This went on for a few minutes. We both grunted and thrust against each other. I reached down and couldn't get my hand to the base of his shaft. The base was too far away. It was amazing that this cock was going to be inside my fertile pussy. His swaying testicles bumped into my hand, and I realized that the volume of sperm they contained would most certainly impregnate me. A light sheen of sweat started to cover our bare skin. The alpha male was intent on breeding me, if only we could fit his organ inside my hungry opening.

It happened without notice. One minute he was pushing on my heaving pelvis, pinning me to the bed. Then there was a slip. His flared crown was finally swallowed by my starving lips. Barely. We both groaned in unison. He stopped there to enjoy the moment and let me rest before the next step.

Just then there was a knock on the bedroom door, and we listened as Tommy called out, "Jan are you in there?"

Mike was not going to let go of his prize after so much work. He gave a small push, which made me involuntarily groan. He whispered, "Should I let him in?"

Tommy asked again, "Jan, are you in there?"

Mike pushed his enormous cock about two inches deeper. My pussy had never encountered anything of this size, and it took my breath away and I felt an orgasm coming on.

"It's so tight" he said.

This made me cum hard on the giant intruder. My pussy pulsed, contracted, and massaged his head and the 3-4 inches of shaft embedded inside me. My legs started shaking and my toes curled. I groaned and cried out like an animal, which is practically what both of us were at that moment. As I started coming down, I wondered if Tommy was out there listening to me cum on Mike's cock. I didn't care.

"Good girl. But you have more work to do if you want my cum" he told me.

I could only moan in agreement. The moans turned into gasps as he started a pumping motion that was forcing a deeper depth of penetration. I was creaming around his shaft as he claimed uncharted territory in my vagina. This continued for some time. Thrust, grunt, withdraw, moan. Repeat. Finally, he bottomed. He held himself there and I reached down to see how much I had taken. I had made progress, but my hand could still get all four fingers on his shaft.

He pushed himself up, grabbed the back of my head, and forced me to look at where we were coupled.

"Doesn't that look good?" he asked me.

I looked down and blinked at the sight. My lips were stretched out around his shaft so tightly that I thought I could see a slight decrease in girth where I clung to him. A strange sense of pride came over me as I calculated how much cock was inside me. He pulled slightly back, which only pulled my labia back with the shaft.

They clung to their prize. The motion exposed my clit, which was erect with pleasure.

## *Broken In*

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Mike looked down and smiled, "This is damn good pussy."

With that, he began to fuck me in earnest. Pretense of gentleness was gone. He wanted to bottom out and breed me completely.

"You're... ruining... my... married pussy!" I gasped out, in between thrusts.

My pussy was squeezing tight around his bare cock. I was ashamed of what I was doing, but why couldn't I love Tommy and love being bred by this exceptional cock? Mike slowly pumped deeper. My cervix, which was dilated from orgasm, finally accepted his cock head, and he suddenly slipped the last 3 inches into my womb. He was fully rooted inside me, kissing me in a lewdly passionate embrace. My next orgasm grew with this intimacy. I came once again on him, humbled and broken. Grateful.

Mike chuckled and said, "Ahhh, that's what I've been waiting for. Now... get on all fours."

I quickly complied, looking back as Mike bumped against me, his huge cock dangling between my thighs. His organ was too big to tilt upward on its own. It was too heavy. He slapped my ass again, leaving a five-star imprint. I leaned forward trying to get the tip of his cock into my opening. Once I had it lined up I lunged back and impaled myself on his huge cock. He just watched as I fucked myself with his cock. My strokes were slow but hard, easing only half his cock out before pushing back.

"You like that don't you?" he asked.

"Yes! I fucking love it!" I cried out.

He gripped my hips and continued deep stroking into me.



"Yes, yes, fuck me, fuck a baby into me!" I cried out.

His big hands gripped my tiny waist as his massive cock thrust in and out.

"Whose pussy is this?" he asked me.

This was a line I didn't want to cross. I only grunted in time with his thrusts.

"Answer me!" he roared. He was so demanding and assertive. I wasn't used to this, and it triggered my third orgasm. My traitor pussy was clamping down again in rhythm, trying to coax his seed out. My mouth was open in a silent scream; head thrown back.

"It's yours!" I gasped out.

He didn't reply but I felt his cock swell and his thrusts become more forceful.

My cum leaked from my pussy, soaking his giant shaft as I shook and cursed dirty epitaphs, praising his cock. Begging for his cum. I eventually started to come down. He was stretching my insides and wearing me out with orgasms. I was like his mare. He was breaking me in.

Suddenly he stopped pumping and slowly withdrew from me. I felt empty as he eased out of me. I tried to push backward to engulf him back inside me, but I was still too tight for that.

"Get on your back. I'll finish on top of you."

I hurried to comply and immediately pulled my knees back to my shoulders. I propped my head on a pillow. I wanted to see how much of his length I could take. It was such an erotic sight, and I couldn't help myself. Seeing his cock disappear inside me, as thick as my arm was a turn on that I never thought I would have. I was physically and emotionally exhausted. I needed to earn his cum before I was totally spent.

Mike slid between my splayed legs. He put his huge cock head again at my entrance. But now it was saturated with my cum and his organ was slick with precum and my lubrication. Still, as he

penetrated me, it took force and my labia snapped shut over his crown. Again, we both moaned in unison. He started to slowly pump his was inside me again. But this was more intimate, and I stared in fascination as he started to disappear. *How could I take something so big?*

"Have you earned my cum?" he asked me.

"Please don't stop! I've tried so hard..." I moaned out.

I reached down and put my hands as far down and around his ass cheeks as possible and tried to pull him deeper inside as I bucked my hips to meet him. But I was still too tight for that to work, like it did would with almost any other man. He was simply too big for normal sex. Our grunts and groans combined with a wet smacking sound as he increased his pace. The scent of sex was filling the room.

"You ready?" he asked me.

I was like a boneless doll at this point, but I was trying to please him.

"Please..." I groaned.

"What do you want?"

"Your cum..." I croaked out.

"What else do you want?"

He was debasing me further. It was so wrong, but I couldn't help it anymore. All restraint was gone.

"Give me your baby!" I screamed out loud as I clenched him with my arms and legs. I wasn't letting him pull out. If anyone was outside the door, there was no doubt about what was going on in here.

His cock plunged deep inside me, but I could tell he wanted to be in my womb when he started to cum. He was giving powerful thrusts and finally breached my battered cervix again. He slipped in the last 3 or 4 inches and his testicles rested on my ass. He held me tightly in his grasp as the first spurt worked up from his testicles,

through the pulsing urethra, and forcefully spurted into my womb. I could feel his organ contracting and relaxing as it pulsed millions of sperm deep inside me.

I pulled his hips to mine, trying to collect and keep all his cum deep inside me. I don't really remember what I said or did in my fourth orgasm. I was already exhausted and feeling him breed me in this primitive manner was too much for me to process. I vaguely recall begging and cursing and moaning. He grunted and roared as his claim and dominance was consummated.

The room quieted as the sperm leaked slowly down the crack of my ass, pooling on the bed. His softening cock kept most of his cum trapped within me, but there was so much. So, so much.

Mike remained plugging me up. He grunted and said, "This way always works."

There was a light knock on the door.

"Jan? Are you ok?"

## *How it ended up*

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It ends up that Tommy had been listening to us the entire time. He said that he didn't interrupt because he didn't want to cause a scene with someone else coming to the door. Mike just chuckled and gave him a knowing smile.

Believe it or not, it wasn't the end of our marriage. It was the beginning of a new chapter. Tommy's fondness of showing me off was his latent cuckold side showing. Mike brought it out completely. The changes were quick.

First, Mike told me no more sex with Tommy. He told me this in front of Tommy. He said that Tommy could watch us, but only with permission. He said that he would be spending some nights with us and that he would be sleeping in our marital bed with me. Tommy could go to the guest bedroom.

Mike also had a ceremony, of sorts. He told Tommy that he wanted to know Tommy was fully supportive of this new relationship. To prove it, he would be asked to guide Mike's huge cock inside me from time to time. Tommy got hard when he was informed of that new step.

Lastly, he said that he expected Tommy to be a good father to the children I would bear him. He was full of assurance and dominance. Mike said he had done this many times before and that he had countless children being cared for by a lot of couples in the area. He informed us that Ashley, the pretty lady at the bar at the party, was one of his favorites. He told us that he would help Tommy's business if we stayed in line, and he was true to his word.

So here I am, writing this, several years later. We had to move into a larger house recently when Mike bred me for the third time. But we can afford it. Business has been very good ever since we had been broken in, as Mike calls it.



## *Afterword*

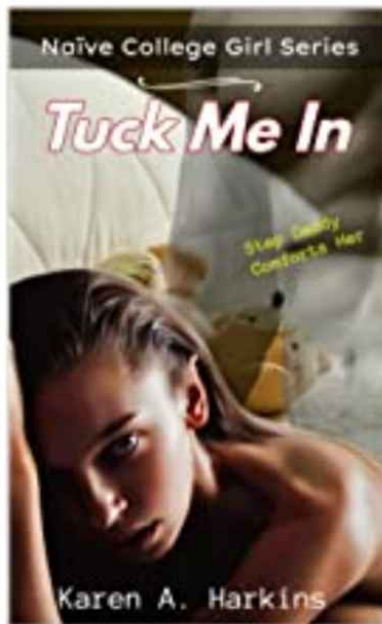
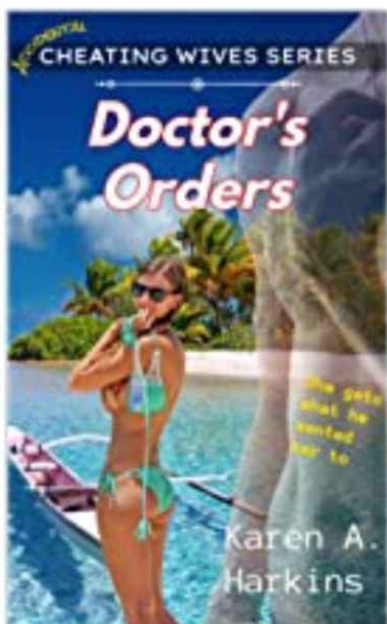
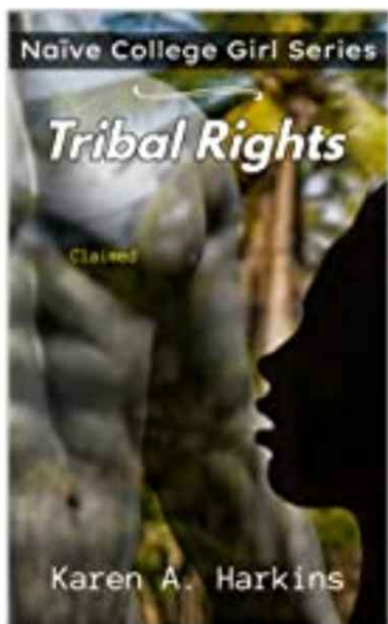
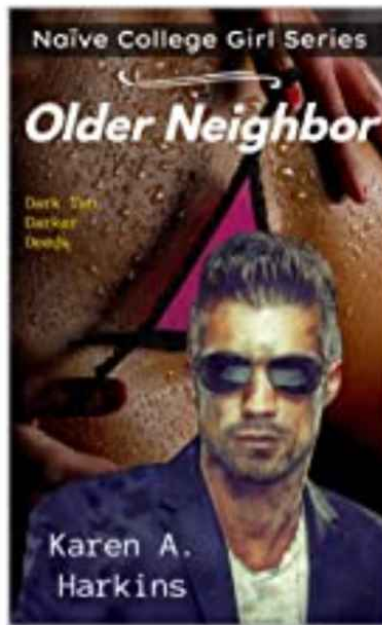
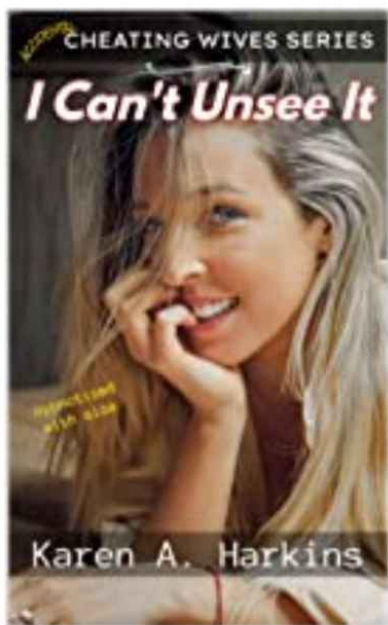
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I sincerely hope you enjoyed my story! I'm always open to feedback and other ideas for adventures, so feel free to follow me or drop me an email at [karen.harkins.write@outlook.com](mailto:karen.harkins.write@outlook.com)!



## *Also by Karen A. Harkins*

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An excerpt from OLDER NEIGHBOR:

On instinct, I reached down and wrapped my fingers around the exposed base of David's shaft. I couldn't grasp it fully. I caressed his testicles. They were so *big*. I switched back to the shaft. Back and forth I went, from one to the other. I was amazed that such a large organ could fit so much inside of me. My vagina was still clenching in orgasmic rhythm. I was barely able to breathe, heaving like a fish out of water.

I felt him begin to tense up, along with his cock swelling and I knew it was time.