Finding Aimi

Some say the word 'unlovable' is used too often. In David's case, he reckoned that if the dictionary definition had a picture, he would find his own morose expression staring back at him

The soft figure tapped on his phone, leaning back against the pillow, and anyone peering in through grimy windows would assume it was just a young man relaxing after a long day's work at the warehouse. Unfortunately, he rarely found relaxation ever since he'd moved into this place.

Soon it would be three years.

Taptaptaptap

His thumbs were blurs, flitting across the screen as he re-read the unsent message through tired eyes.

Too cheesy.

He deleted it and started again, the microwaved meal beside him going cold as he squirreled away in the darkness of his apartment, a lamp next to him the only source of light, emitting a faint orange glow.

His fingers decelerated as he glanced up at the profile picture of the recipient.

She looked so pretty.

Would she look twice at him? Would his message even get opened? He could already see the message sitting forlornly in her inbox with not a hint of reciprocation, just like all the others.

Looking at his own profile picture and comparing it to hers, one could assume she would probably reject him even if he was the King of England. Where her face was cold and pretty, his was stuck in a shy smile (which had taken far too many photos to get right). Where she possessed long flowing hair, a slim waist and tall legs, he saw his himself as average, round and unassuming beyond his bubble butt. Wavy dark brown hair could be considered handsome, but the facial

hair beneath was neither long enough to be manly, nor shaped enough to be stylish, and his face was gentle in shape and demeanour, when it wasn't locked in a female-repellent frown.

He deleted the text he had been working on for the past thirty minutes, before looking up and around the bare walls of his apartment. A bed and a desk were the main furnishings, and luxurious extras extended to white curtains, some shelves with a few carefully placed family photos, and a wardrobe stuffed with run-of-the-mill t-shirts, shapeless jeans and other non-identifying items. He felt at times that he could stand alone in an empty street and still blend in.

Ironic that in trying to be independent, he had ended up exactly as his parents had feared he would - a recluse, barely able to string a sentence together to the barista he ordered coffee from each morning, let alone a stranger. It seemed as if his brain would purposely set out to sabotage him; streams of fear and pessimism overshadowing any hints of light that peaked through.

As for women? Well, the less said the better.

What would he say?

What if they laughed at him?

Why would anyone want to date a guy like him anyway?

Just going up to a girl was like running an army gauntlet, let alone speaking to one.

He thought about the last time he had had a conversation with someone outside of his work longer than five minutes.

He thought some more.

If someone had looked in from the outside at that moment, he would have appeared a human statue, and eventually David shook his head, sighing, and deleted the Love-finder app. It had been about as successful as the other ones he'd tried.

Loneliness drew in from the corners of the room, trying to curl him into a ball, before he composed himself and walked on autopilot to

the sink to wash some dishes.

Family members always told him 'Mrs Right' was just around the corner. He snorted as he grabbed a dish and began carefully scrubbing it. Hard to believe she exists when, A. You're a 25-year-old virgin who doesn't get invited to parties and, B. you suffer from anxiety and panic attacks in social situations, so you don't want to go to parties anyway.

Friends were just as troublesome to come by. Most of his school interactions had started with "Hi, I'm David," and ended up in a meltdown due to a social-developmental disorder, which he naturally assumed would mean ending up with the nerdy kids, except they didn't like him either.

He had also never travelled out of his home state of Georgia because, well, stick a list of screwed up issues on the wall and throw a dart.

David continued to carefully scrub the edges of the plate, yawning.

The girl popped into his head.

He stopped scrubbing.

Despite everything... Despite having no friends, despite the panic attacks, despite everything... A glimmer of hope always remained.

Maybe.

Maybe there was someone out there for him.

Just one.

One in a billion.... In seven billion.

The four walls of the tiny kitchen felt like the sides of a cardboard box, tattered and empty.

He knew that whatever happened, he wasn't going to find her in here.

***

"Nice work Dave, as usual."

"Thanks."

"We're going on break to Papa Franks for lunch, want to join us?"

His heart began to quiver.

"Ah no, no you guys go on, I've got a few things to sort here."

"Right.. Don't work too hard bud!"

"Yeah."

He waited until the guys had all filed out before surreptitiously producing a plastic Tupperware box, opening it up.

The same thoughts from last night stewed in his head.

Something needed to change. Get out of the box.

He stared into the middle-distance, and as he did, he noticed something bright out of the corner of his eye; a newspaper on the breakroom table.

Must have been a slow news day, as the front cover was showing a picture in anticipation of the upcoming pride march in Atlanta, women and men resplendent in eye-catching shades of pink, violet, turquoise and a million other obnoxious shades which screamed out amongst the rest of the dull images placed alongside them.

Curiosity crept over him as David leaned over and drew the image to him.

Beautiful women lining the streets; Men laughing, kissing, waving.

It looked like the most positive place one could imagine. Surely it was just the cleverness of the photographer, but everyone in the photo seemed happy. Not a single downwards curve on any set of lips could be seen amongst the hundreds shown.

And it was in Atlanta. 3 weeks from now.

An idea started to form in his mind.

Under three hours' drive away, and he could go on his days off....

A ray of excitement began to break through the clouds hovering overhead as he took a bite from his sandwich.

What would I say?

You don't need to say anything, just turn up.

What if they laugh at me?

Everyone's laughing!

Why would they even look at a guy like me?

He paused on this thought.

The sandwich slowed its trajectory towards his mouth.

Don't think about it.

His brain for once managed to push the pessimism to one side, and it felt like an extra pair of lungs had been attached to his body, because now his brain was firing off incredible scenarios and possibilities, that nugget of hope fanning the flames.

There were almost six million people in Atlanta... He only needed one to like him.

Maybe he could meet her there - Mrs Right.

David stared down at the photo, sandwich forgotten.

Three weeks.

***

The intervening time to reflect brought a wave of negativity, his mind railing against his strive for happiness.

It's a two-and-a-half-hour drive!

It'll be crowded beyond belief.

You'll be walking a tightrope with your anxiety... why not stay in bed?

Despite this, he couldn't help looking forward to it.... It even made his twelve-hour shifts in the warehouse go quicker!

When the day arrived, he spent the morning picking out a t-shirt that he thought look okay on him, and his usual jeans.

Should he go colourful?

Everyone had seemed garishly dressed, but he couldn't bring himself to do anything other than choose a slightly brighter red shirt that would perhaps help him blend in.

'There you go again... always trying to hide.'

His feet seemed to drag without meaning to as he made his way to the car, and the doubts returned with greater force.

What are you doing?

This is going to be a waste of time.

You're a loner, it's just who you are!

Despite it all, he forced himself into the driver's seat and set off, satnav bringing him to the highway where traffic was smooth, for now at least.

The nagging thoughts followed, pouring in like a flood into a volcano, dousing the excitement and arousing scenarios taking place with grey, lifeless nothing.

By the time David approached the outskirts of the city he was a jittering wreck, clinging to the wheel as he wrestled with the idea of wrenching it sideways to fly back to the safety of his apartment, tail between his legs.

No, no he needed to try. If he failed... Well, then he could spend the rest of his years wallowing in his own self-pity.

After what felt like an age, the car swept through the streets of Atlanta, and everything exploded. Colours, sounds, smells, everything bursting to life as he gawped at the throngs of people gathering, all going towards the city centre.

The city had a verdant green to it that seemed to permeate everywhere, unusual for an area so urban, brought to life by the packed bodies moving through its arteries as the sounds of whoops and hollers jolted him, a group of girls jogging past his car and tittering at something they had seen up ahead.

It was magical, even as he felt his brain tremble, locked in a cage of its own making. He would need to get out and among them if he wanted to find her...

If 'her' even existed...

After parking his car for what turned out to be a ludicrous fee (another reason to doubt everything he was doing), he took a deep breath, and shuffled around the corner, into the masses heading to the main central streets.

Colours.

Splashes of yellow and pink tugged his eyes left and right, unable to decide whether to settle on jiggling breasts in skimpy string bras, or asses clad in leather thongs with bulges of varying sizes.

He spied one which made him blanch, attached to a black transvestite who looked like they could bench a small lorry, surrounded by an array of young white men, all of whom must have been around twenty-one max. The figure was making out with them one by one, before starting with the first again.

He shivered and wound past two men in biker outfits making out with each other, grabbing the other's leather pants, and a bunch of girls wearing pink bikinis and thrusting a sign saying 'love' in the air.

David felt like a raw wound where the scab had peeled off. Exposed, trying to avoid being affected too much by the sensory overload.

"What am I doing here?" he muttered.

His heart stopped as a pretty girl in a blue dress skipped up to him with a paintbrush.

"Hey, ya here for pride?"

"Um.... Uh..."

She gave him a sympathetic look.

"It's okay. Everyone's welcome! Want me to put a flag on ya?"

"Uhh... Yes Ma'am?"

She dipped her brush in a little tray to her side and quickly applied the colours as he tried not to stare at her silver bellybutton piercing.

"Perfect!!"

She showed him a mirror of his face with a rainbow on the side before pottering off to paint someone else.

She didn't hate me.

The confidence bloomed in his chest, and he strode a little taller through the streets... and then he saw something which enclosed his heart in a deadly grip, and squeezed.

It was not the giant bamboo forest suspended on a float moving slowly down the street towards them, nor the collection of dancing ladies dressed in such meagre clothing that it was hard to spot where it actually existed on their bodies.

No, it was the figure standing in front of the bamboo forest, well over six feet tall, pulling him in with her indomitable presence as she smiled and waved to the people below. He ogled over her huge, curvy body, supple lips and small, raven black ponytail.

Then, to his horror, a large group of people moved in the way.

"Wa... No!" he moaned, rushing round the side, looking for some way of catching one more glimpse.

But the people had come. The crowd was now thick, a wall of bodies, and he found himself jumping just to try and see over them.

Impossible. There were too many.

He wrung his hands, looking for another way, eyes wide.

In his moment of desperation, he noticed a lamppost.

***

Aimi gazed across the adoring faces and waved. Dressed in a Kimono covered in rainbow flowers that hinted at her luxurious assets, she drew everyone's eye, formidable height enhanced by the float on which she stood.

She felt like a queen in her kingdom, surrounded by feverish subjects who bayed to her whim, kissing the air at young men and women who swooned were they stood.

'As they should', she thought. At 6'6, she always stood out, although her face was delicate, like a gentle Japanese housewife, at odds with the way her heavy curves fleshed out the kimono healthily.

A few men looked at her with something approaching fear. This usually meant one of two things; either they hadn't seen a woman that tall and curvy before, or, more likely, they had heard of her reputation as the 'Manītā' in Japanese, or in English, 'Maneater'.

She winked at one who scarpered off, making her chuckle.

There were very few women (and lesser yet transsexuals, of which she was proud to be one) who had the height, the weight, but more importantly the attitude, of a true top. She briefly thought over some of the pretty men she had brought back and 'enlightened' in her bedroom when she was younger. Their shock when they realised she had a huge cock, their fear as she took hold of them... their panting as she came inside them.

One boy briefly tried to climb the float, but she stopped him with a stern gaze, and he crept back down, cowed. (She had little time for boys who were impolite, enjoying more of an affinity for the ones who had to be coerced, teased into her grasp.)

The midday sun played across her porcelain skin, making her appear luminescent, huge bosom stretching against the soft fabrics of her dress gown. (All clothes were tight around the front for Aimi, but she preferred it that way... it was fun to watch little boys lose their minds over it.)

As she was waving she noticed something peculiar - A young man, shimmying his way up a lamppost.

'How odd.'

People bayed at her as she passed them a more nonchalant wave, watching the figure as he gripped the next part up and hauled himself to the top.

'Impressive....'

The closer she looked, the more intrigued she became, careful not to stare, but always passing her eyes over him as she sated the needs of the hundreds around her.

He wasn't wearing tight clothes, multicoloured rainbows, or sporting dyed hair. Neither did he exude a need to be seen, ignoring completely the people below him who were cheering him on.

His eyes were only for her.

Her more frequent glances across him began to excite her beyond the usual boundaries of lust. It was almost like oceans crashing into each other, a moment of pure chemistry as she took in the cute little goatee, soft skin, hazel eyes bearing a need that she desperately wanted to sate.

For a moment her smile faltered as she couldn't stop herself gazing openly at him, and then she hitched an awkward grin back on her face for the crowd as her brain scrambled for answers.

'Who are you, little monkey...?.'

She had to clench her fist by her side to keep herself calm and stop the blood from flowing to her groin, but her body wouldn't listen, already beginning a process that had her grunting as she awkwardly adjusted herself whilst trying to maintain the illusion of serenity.

Her hands fiddled with the steel pipe tucked underneath the Kimono and nudged it so it wouldn't make a noticeable shape under her gown, letting out a sigh of relief so it wasn't pressed awkwardly in front of her.

One more time she snapped her eyes to him, and nearly screamed.

He was awkwardly looking down at the people trying to cheer him, and had turned to reveal a bubble butt that would haunt her dreams.

"Kuso," Aimi murmured, running a hand through her ponytail as she plastered the smile on her face so it wouldn't slip off, squirming in her sandals. She had to press down on the urge to charge off the float, wade through the crowd and murder the ass of the most

perfect creature she had ever seen in front of a thousand shocked spectators, her reactions now mechanical as butterflies swarmed in her intestines.

'Don't look at him.'

She kept her gaze firmly away as the float approached, and then passed the figure.

The imprint on her soul however, remained, saliva oozing into her mouth as she now paid barely any attention to the pride procession at all. She had a man to consume.

***

David tried to drink the figure in as she drifted past, whimpering as she was lost behind the bamboo thicket, unaware of his existence.

The banner over her float had said *'Miss Right 2021'* and *'Aimi Pride'*... she must be well known in the LGBT community.... But why? *Thousands* had been chanting her name.

He watched the large forest recede forlornly, surrounded by bodies. That was probably the last time he would ever get that close to a woman like her.

Then he looked down and groaned, clutching the dirty metal tight to his chest.

He had never felt an affinity to his ape ancestors before, and nothing had changed to dissuade him from this notion. In fact he had no idea what possessed him to clamber up to this height, and as Aimi disappeared from view David realised just how far he'd actually managed to get off the ground.

'Ah.'

Good to know height was now another thing to add to the list of fears.

The soft figure began to shimmy his legs down an inch at a time, face red whilst trying not to look at any of the people cheering or laughing at him, no longer possessed by the vigour of his ascent.

When he reached the ground relief filled him, before the beautiful woman took over his thoughts.

The magnetism that she had exuded... she could get any man she wished, and there had been many bowing at her feet.

He had thought for a heart-stopping moment that she had glanced in his direction, but as the float had closed in it became clear she wasn't looking at him at all; in fact if anything, she had avoided his gaze.

The wierdo on the lamppost.

'Repelling everyone around you. That's all you're good for.'

It was enough for his demons to take over, and he hung his head, looking to burn the shame away.

His car was parked near the front of the parade.... There would be no getting out for many hours, and he would have to traipse back through the crowd of happy people again.

Screw it, find a hotel, go back in the morning, go home, die.

When he arrived at what looked like a sad excuse for a hotel he checked in immediately, barely acknowledged by the freckled man on the front desk, and tried to ignore the occasional ecstatic whoop outside as he slithered to a small room, before curling up in a ball on the bed.

***

Aimi was licking her jowels as she descended from the float.

'Where are you my little monkey??'

It was just after four, but she knew there would be parties through the night. Still plenty of time to find her muse.

The thrill of licking over the boy in her mind's eye had veins in her temple pulsing like a lioness on the hunt as she scanned through the crowd of people ogling, calling her name.

Of course he wasn't there. She knew his type.

A shy boy like him wouldn't have followed the crowd... he would be somewhere away from the main celebrations.

Aimi made to stride back the way she had come, but barely made it six feet before a swarm of people broke off from the procession to talk, ask for pictures and bask in her presence. She stopped, bemused, before graciously accepting with a gorgeous smile as people began forming a daunting queue. She eyed the clock on a church nearby as it ticked on.

Half four.

"Aimi! Aimi over here!"

"Marry me Aimi!!!"

"WE LOVE YOU!!"

Her smile became ever-so-slightly tighter as the sun crawled towards the horizon.

Five.

"Hai, cheezu!"

Her lips were beginning to tire.

"Hai, cheezu!"

They all expected her to say that stuff, even though she wasn't even fully Japanese, being half-American by descent, but stick a Kimono on anything and they'll think you're a samurai warrior.

By the time the queue had dissipated and people in the main float had got their fill, one and a half hours had passed.

Aimi was nervous at that point. Had she taken too long?

Balking at the thought of missing out on her prize, but still not wanting to waste more time walking back through the procession, she turned down a side street, striding past a few eager women who

were making out with each other, her way belied by the loud wooden clacks from her traditional (although much larger-than-average) Japanese thong sandals.

"Hey, come join us!" one of them called, grinning.

"No thank you ladies, carry on," she responded softly, making it to the quieter street parallel with the main downtown road and striding down it.

Her curves still brought a lot of attention, and she ignored anyone who didn't come up for pictures or to enthuse about her pride float, at which point she would put on her gracious smile, pose, and after a gentle word stride on.

'Where are you Yariman?'

She checked most of the bars, poking her head in and spinning it left and right.

"Hey gorgeous, wanna drink?"

'No'

She slammed the door and cast her gaze forwards for the next place.

'You can't hide from me forever, my little monkey...'

***

David wasn't sure how long he'd been in the foetal position. When he wasn't daydreaming about the woman, he was thinking about how much of a sad idiot he was for daydreaming about her.

Perhaps it was just boredom, but after another half hour staring at the wall he worked out that he didn't exactly have a packed schedule, and maybe he should look for a bar to try drinking his sorrows away. That way at least he could wallow in his own self-pity without being *completely* alone, and hell, it was a novel way to be sad. The closest he'd got to a bar was seeing them in tv shows, and one awful work outing which had been permanently stamped from his memory.

He managed to puppeteer his muscles, pulling them up from the bed.

Traipsing through the reception he looked right and left, dragging himself out onto the street and straight into the first venue he found, an evening bar with the neon words 'Gear-Lounge' suspended above it, hurting his retinas in the purple glare. When he shuffled inside the place looked relatively busy, but not packed. Most places in the city were probably wall to wall. Squeezing through a gorgeous couple, he managed to find his way to a shining black counter with glasses lining it, multi-coloured spirits on the wall behind.

A calm-looking bartender came up to him.

"What'll it be?"

"Urm..."

He hadn't ordered drinks before.

"Uh... something normal? A Budweiser?" He'd seen enough adverts to be curious if they really were the *'king of beers.'*

"Sure."

The drink was handed over a few seconds later, he sidled past a few people, taking a seat in the corner of the bar and hoping that no one noticed him. As he was taking his first sip of what tasted like fizzy urine, his stomach nearly fell out of his shoes as a figure walked through the bar on cute, but quite oversized sandals, wearing a kimono.

***

Aimi grumbled as she walked back to the bar that she had originally planned to stay in after the parade was over.

She should have been ecstatic. The crowd had loved her; the pride march had been an unprecedented success. The problem was, she couldn't get that young buck out of her head. Somehow he had slipped through her fingers...

Purple neon shone on her forehead as she straightened the kimono so that it showed up the very best of her pronounced bust, placing a weary hand on the door to 'Gear-lounge.' At least this way she might get cheered up by a few friends.

When Aimi entered her weariness died where it stood, dissected by the gormless stare of the lost muse.

Her mouth fell open as the lightning bolt struck, and then her gaze was torn from him as she was surrounded by a bevy of laughing faces that ordinarily she would have loved to see, but at this point in time cared remarkedly less for than the salivating dish that was now less than ten metres away.

"You were amazing!!!"

"GORGEOUS!"

"BAAAAAABE, you slayed them!"

She accepted the congratulations with the tightest-lipped smile she had given all day, trying to calm herself as she spied him frozen in the corner, trying and failing not to stare.

Her brain began to whirr.

'Good... he sees me, so he's not leaving.'

The calculations shifted, coalescing towards a strategy to make this boy her bitch.

'He is alone, strong enough to make his own decisions, but his lack of themed attire suggests unfamiliarity with pride events.... Almost certainly straight... No friends made at pride? That takes effort... Most likely a loner that self-sabotages his own chances of social acceptance....'

Sometimes private school can be a curse, but she he hadn't stumbled upon a PHD in psychology by accident, and she would be using every last tool available to her tonight, not just the one in her pants.

'Possibly him coming to the march was some sort of desperate attempt for attention... but he doesn't look at the other women in the bar. He will bow to my whims if I play this right...'

Aimi was meticulous. Having observed him here in this more intimate setting, she was no longer prepared to accept simply putting this man in her bed - In fact, she was aiming for nothing less than him standing on the altar with her on their wedding day, subsumed by her for the rest of his life.

This would only be ending one way. His only choice was how he accepted it.

"You're gonna blow up baby!"

'First.... Give him no attention. Make him feel small.'

Some might call it hubris, but she believed that only fools left their lives up to chance, and she continued carefully analysing the situation whilst looking her friends dead in the eye and accepting their praise.

"Thanks Michelle, but it's all Daryll, he's the one who designed the dress!"

'I need to ensure no interruptions. The sexy little boy isn't going anywhere yet, he definitely sees me... in fact he probably thinks this is the closest he'll ever get to me....'

She smiled into the woman's gleaming face whilst barely sparing her a thought as matrix code raced behind her eyes.

'Make sure everyone in the bar has had their chance to show face - make their contributions, and only then will I talk to him. His anxiety will build as he is forced to watch my social dominance of the room, reinforcing control over him when I finally grace him with my presence.'

"Oh well the dress is nice, but you are daaaaangerous girl!"

'He'll be begging for my cock before midnight, and kneeling to put a ring on my finger by August.'

His presence fuelled her with new life, and the gorgeous grin splayed across her lips was no longer fake as she gladly gave her time to each person who asked (which turned out to be almost the entire bar), making sure to keep her peripheral vision trained on him. She wanted no interruptions when she made her move.

"Thank you! You look stunning too...!"

His leg flitted briefly to the floor and Aimi snapped her shoulders to the side in case she needed to move quickly and collar him, gaze momentarily ferocious.

"Woah, that's a stern look Aimi, I love it!" someone unimportant crowed beside her.

'I'll put him on the floor if he tries to escape me again....'

Luckily, he was simply adjusting himself on his seat, leaning uneasily back in the chair again, not noticing his brush with death.

'Good monkey' she growled in her head as her expression softened, apologising to the well-wisher nearby for a sudden bout of headache.

The minutes whizzed by, and Aimi gladhanded every proffered conversation, every eager face, even the boys she would usually keep at arm's length.

'They must know the conversation is over before it begins. I will not be interrupted.'

Eventually, *finally*, the last friend, passer-by and eager face had been dealt with. Pretending she had not even acknowledged his existence whilst her heart thumped in her chest, she turned to look at the bar, drinking in the forlorn look in his eyes from the corner of her gaze.

'You should enjoy it my darling. This is the last evening you'll still have possession of your anal virginity.'

She turned herself to look like she was walking casually to the bar, before at the last second changing paths to intersect with her target, diving in for the kill.

***

David found it odd that somehow the beer tasted worse the more he drank it, although maybe that was because he was sinking into depression as he watched the gorgeous figure dazzle everybody in the room except him, now talking with a few young, buff, animated men who were pumping their arms up whilst lingering around her.

Ironic that it only made them look smaller under her humungous presence.

She finished with a soft laugh, and then began to make her way to the bar, just past where he was sitting.

'She talked to every person in the bar but you... you didn't even have the bravery to try.... Pathetic.'

"Ā, soreha kosarudesu!"

The voice was gentle and smooth, but loud enough to send a thrill through his body as he turned disbelievingly from his bottle, looking up into sweet, almond-shaped orbs with irises of dark brown that made the pupils seem unusually large.

"Uh... p-pardon me ma'am?" he managed to utter to the woman of his dreams.

She was radiant. Up close her skin seemed almost too luscious and rich, like imperfections were merely part of the tapestry crying out to be caressed.

Aimi furnished him with a smile.

"Here's the little monkey," she uttered, patting him on the head.

His legs went weak as she took a seat on the bar-stool opposite him, the chair creaking ominously under her weight.

'Say something! SAY. SOMETHING.'

"Ah..Erm.... Nice.....hair."

His insides were liquid, but they reformed into solid gold when Aimi's expression became tender, like a housewife who had just found a new kitten and adopted it.

"Oh, thanks... I like yours too."

An awkward laugh left his lips.

"OH ha.. ha... yeah..."

He lapsed into silence as his legs chose this exact moment to declare independence of his body, juddering by themselves, and his arms were caught between hanging loosely and clasping the Budweiser like it was his only child.

Aimi made it a hundred times worse by waiting for him to speak, blinking innocently.

"Uh..."

Nothing came, and he felt the urge to vomit up the dirty bathwater he'd been forcing down his throat for the last twenty minutes.

"What's your name?" she said eventually.

"*Oh*... i-it's David."

"Aimi... a pleasure."

She proffered a large, effeminate hand with acrylic nails that had small patterns on them, also flowers, softer than the multicoloured ones on her kimono, on a pastel mint green background.

When he touched her skin it was like running his hand over silk, and her shake was just as delicate, although she didn't let him go immediately, lingering, as if measuring his palm.

"So... tell me about you, where does a little monkey like you come from?"

He scratched his head.

"Monkey? I... oh."

He remembered again that he had been hanging from a lamppost earlier that day and groused. Her finger stroked the inside of his palm, distracting him.

"You noticed me? I-I thought you hadn't seen..."

"I did," she said softly, "in fact you nearly ruined my show I was so distracted."

He looked around the room, at the young men Aimi had been chatting to previously, who were eyeing them, their jealousy poorly hidden.

"But... you didn't talk..."

"The woman who talks to a man early in the evening is merely passing the time. The woman who talks to a man at the end of the evening is making a choice."

David struggled a little with the implications of this.

Did that mean he had to keep her talking, or she'd find another man? Or had she made her choice, and her choice was him?

Either way his brain had begun rolling down a steadily increasing incline, either that or the room was spinning, as Aimi motioned at one of the bartenders for something from across the room.

"Care for another?" she asked, gesturing to the 'drink' sitting in David's sweaty palm.

His taste buds pleaded for mercy.

"Uh.. no... maybe alcohol isn't for me..."

"It's not the alcohol," she said, eyeing the bottle in his hand condescendingly. She gestured a 'two' to the barman.

"Uh..."

He didn't know if he should offer to pay for it or not, but the drinks here had seemed pretty expensive.

Aimi seemed unconcerned and focused her attention squarely back on him, eyes darting to every part of his face, slipping down to his chest and thighs. She overtly bent around to get a better look at his ass, which made him feel incredibly self-conscious, his own eyes darting round the room to see if people were noticing their interaction.

"So, about you. Tell me your story."

"Oh uh.... I'm...."

Sleep. Work. Curl up in a ball. Repeat.

"I.... I work in a... with engineering."

"Oh, a mechanic?"

"Kind of," he muttered, already shifting.

Aimi's eyes peeled, and it felt like a laser was burning through his forehead.

"Kind of?"

"Well..."

"Single?"

"I'm... I'm sorry?"

Aimi's tongue slipped a tiny way out of her mouth to touch the bottom of her lip.

"Are. You. Single."

At this point the bartender placed down two traffic-light yellow and red drinks with ice bobbing in them, and Aimi thanked him with an award-winning smile.

"Try this," she ordered, as the barman left them.

"Oh uh.... Okay..."

He put it to his lips.

Intense fruity tangs and sweetness enveloped his tongue, along with a harsh bite of cold, and the Budweiser was gladly forgotten as he rolled the nectar around in his mouth.

"OH, that is good..."

Alcohol had just risen significantly in his books.

"Sex on the beach."

He nearly dropped the glass, juggling it and sloshing some of the liquid onto his lap.

"Huh?!"

She giggled.

"The drink. It's called a Sex on the beach."

"Oh... oh..."

It was pathetic, but hearing a woman say the word 'sex' in a conversation with him was making heat rise in his chest.

"So..."

She took a long sip from her straw, and David thought it looked hotter than any drinks commercial that he'd ever seen.

"...You never said... single? Or taken..."

David for once saw a little desperation breaking through her serene exterior, fingers tapping her glass impatiently.

"I'm single... yeah, single."

She seemed to puff outwards, like a peacock spreading its feathers wide.

"GOOD.... Good..... And... what are your hobbies?"

"Oh..."

Curl up in a ball. Or computer games. If he wasn't too busy curling up in a ball.

Something else... Anything else.

"F.... Football."

"Oh really? What team do you support?"

"I uh...."

It felt like she was dissecting him, and he was throwing himself onto the knife.

"The.. cubs."

"The cubs," she said levelly.

"y-yeah."

"The cubs... don't they play baseball?"

He squeaked.

"Yeah... just joking," he gave a pathetic laugh, and lapsed into silence.

Aimi was still.

In fact she seemed too still, like a predator in the woods that refuses to make the first move. If moving had led to death, David would have been devoured several times over in the last few seconds, knee jerking, fingers fidgeting, all of which was compounding the fear oozing through his pores.

Aimi seemed to be enjoying his discomfort, nostrils widening as she cocked her head after a short amount of time (although to David it felt longer than the gap between the cretaceous period and the iPhone.)

"Are you comfortable around me?"

"UH YES Ma'am..."

"I would hate for you to be nervous..." she uttered, a large hand reaching out to rest on his leg.

Stomachs are difficult things to keep hold of, as his slipped out of his chest cavity for a quick dip in the arctic ocean.

David's intake of breath was audible, and once again Aimi didn't give him the luxury of simply continuing the conversation, allowing the silence to stretch with a smile that had his insides itching as she kept her hand on his knee, squeezing tight.

The feeling of a gorgeous woman's touch was far more than David had prepared for in the past few days (or years), and his insides screamed at himself not to screw this up, to show he could communicate in some form with a member of the opposite sex.

His mouth opened.

Nothing came out.

'Please, just say something.... she's right here... don't blow this...!'

His left knee however seemed to be working in tandem with the rest of his brain to try and sabotage this one glimmering chance of happiness, jerking from her touch which made her pull back, and self-loathing poured into his mind as it went into overdrive.

David's head became engaged in a military operation to scramble together some small talk to alleviate the silence.

"Uh... uhh so....."

Her eyes bored into his.

"You uh...."

"How much do you earn."

"Huh?"

"Roughly."

This threw him for a loop. (Although this entire conversation had felt like getting thrown for loops at this point.)

Maybe he could lie; did she like rich guys? Her gown looked expensive... maybe he could get a loan?

"I guess about forty thousand dollars."

He knew the actual number was $37,000, but with extra shifts....

She gave him a beaming smile.

"Oh, well, forty thousand a month isn't so bad, it's a start!"

His stomach must have reached the south pole if the feeling in his torso was anything to go by.

"P... per year."

Her face fell into one of fake pity.

"Oh... that's quite pathetic isn't it?"

His eyes glassed over, lip quivering.

"N... it's... I can get better...."

"No, you can't," she said sweetly.

"What?"

He felt like someone was tipping him onto his face repeatedly, and any metaphorical arms he might use to steady himself were tied to his waist.

"I said you can't. It seems obvious that you've lied to me about most of the things we've discussed tonight."

A strangled cry issued from his throat as he crumpled like someone had struck him in the heart. The cool air in the bar seemed to have disappeared, his brow dappling with sweat.

Her tone was like a strict teacher, which seemed at odds with such sweet, innocent features.

"I will make this simple David. You will never lie to me again. Do you understand?"

He nodded vociferously like a puppy.

"You will be honest with me, and I will be honest with you. Okay?"

"Yes!" he blurted.

"Good."

Her coy smile suggested he had pleased her, and it drew adrenaline into his body, invigorating him as the softness in her tone returned.

"Drink."

***

Aimi kept a pleasant look on her face, even as her insides were singing for the hills.

'He is getting used to accepting my instructions. He probably doesn't realise his desperation is mirrored by mine....'

She herself was having trouble concentrating, managing to maintain composure until she locked onto his eyes, getting lost in those soft centres which seemed purpose-made to be beneath her.

"So, ah... tell me David... who are you really?"

"Well I..."

She could tell that a million different things were now presenting themselves in his head, any option that wasn't the obvious one. He swallowed them down.

"I'm lonely."

She nodded, heart drumming a heavy drum and bass rhythm in her chest as he let out a heavy sigh, no longer able to look at her as he spoke.

"I... work in a warehouse all day. I'm bad at talking to people... I... have issues..."

She waited.

"... Anxiety... stuff like that.... Had a weird childhood... but..."

An earnestness entered his voice.

"I'm a nice guy, I am!... I just.... I just want someone to care for... who cares for me.... I want to fit in, maybe not with everyone, maybe not even with most people!... but... just somewhere... I'd like to find a place that accepts me for me."

Aimi realised she'd been holding her breath for the whole of the previous sentence and let out the tension with a long, slow release of air from her lungs, whilst every instinct screamed to wrap this boy up in her arms.

She waited until she was certain he had finished before speaking.

"Thank you."

David said nothing.

"Your sincerity is.... I can't express my gratitude."

This brought a small smile from his features.

She leaned in conspiratorially.

"Would you like to hear my story?"

"..Yes!"

"Well..."

As she spoke she adjusted her Kimono so her cleavage was now slightly more visible, and felt a thrill ripple up her spine as his eyes snapped to it, before guiltily popping back up to her gaze.

"...Let's just say that my formulative years were similar to yours, with the main difference being that my issues were more about myself than those around me...."

She gripped the cocktail glass a little harder as she spoke.

"Once I had found myself, I found that my social... well... people like to talk to me."

"Because you're amazing!" David blurted.

She crinkled the sides of her mouth in a huge smile as David looked ready to remove his own tongue.

"So are you, sexy."

The look on David's face suggested he had temporarily died, gone to heaven, and come back, blinking confused in these unsettling surroundings.

'My God he's perfect.'

She imagined him with his head thrown back, eyes unfocused as she sank her cock into his throat, and had to subtly adjust herself under her kimono because otherwise she might have doubled over with the pain of trying to keep her giant candy stick tucked between her legs.

'I need him.... better strike whilst the iron is hot, I cannot let this one escape me...'

"Want to feel my Kimono?"

The confusion in his eyes doubled, rubbing his leg as his eyes wandered south to her glorious bust.

She simpered, cocking her head.

"David, do you know how I figured out you were lying earlier?"

He blushed, shaking his head.

She leaned in, whispering conspiratorially, warm breath fluttering on his cheek.

"Because quite simply you're a terrible, terrible liar."

David squirmed, and Aimi knew the back and forths, her teasing, followed by sensual compliments, was melting his insides, as he took

a longer gulp of his drink.

She gave him a kind smile.

"Now be a good little monkey and come touch me."

***

Aimi proffered the material.

David looked at the distance between their chairs, a whole two feet.

It felt like staring at the Himalayan peaks, insurmountable.

His left foot planted like the root of a tree, and his right foot somehow stayed on course, slamming into the floor like there was a lead-weight in his shoe.

Shakily, he traversed the brutal terrain of a flat, smooth surface and brushed his hand on Aimi's gown like it was poisoned.

"It's.. it's nice."

"Tskkk, no, David, I said touch it, *properly*," she commanded, with an admonishing tut.

His face felt like it might fall off at any second. Was he sweating? The bar was really hot... but also kind of cold, and also too room-temperature, far too room-temperature....

Aimi took his hand in hers, so gentle for such a large being, and placed his hand directly on the front of her breast.

David's lungs emptied out like a silenced pistol shot, a sharp, pillowy noise not heard by anyone beyond two people making out on the table behind him, and they didn't spare it a glance.

"Feel the texture of it," Aimi uttered, her chest rising and falling significantly.

The material was soft, smooth and durable, like liquid marble. The breast underneath felt incredibly heavy, and warm.

"This is what a real woman feels like," she whispered.

In David's eyes she was not just a real woman. She was nothing less than a goddess.

Every bone and muscle in his hand was ready to squeeze, to feel the weight of that gorgeous tit, even as his brain put the fear of God in his torso, trying to jerk it away.

"No-no-no," she cooed, keeping him firmly there, and adding his free hand to her other breast.

He now had her covered tits in his hands (or as much of them as his hands could engage with, around thirty percent maximum.)

"You need to give in if you want to be kneeling in front of me later tonight."

David was going to have a nervous breakdown, and it certainly wasn't because of how expensive the robe was. His jaw was bouncing up and down like it was playing hopscotch, his calves were cramping up, he hated the fact that sweat was beginning to come through in his underarms.

"Squeeze," said Aimi, as sweet as a doting schoolgirl.

His hands gave a pump so small that Aimi herself almost missed it.

"I said squeeze."

Her voice was a little harsher this time.

David whined.

The second squeeze was still uncertain, but she swooned as David grabbed them properly a third time and squeezed her melons vigorously.

His anxieties fell back as a shining, glorious light cut through them, and David uttered a moan of release as the gorgeous woman let him ogle and paw at her cleavage. He could feel nipples under the fabric rising to a military salute; he hadn't even known that nipples *could* get hard, and when he felt the swollen nubs begging for

attention he ran his hands across them forcefully, coaxing moans from Aimi.

She was actually feeling pleasure at his touch.

His eyes glanced out to the bar, eyes going wide as he saw that some people were staring at the scene taking place, many of them grinning, and part of him made an immediate move to spare his blushes, pulling away.

Large hands crushed his, pressing them harder into her chest.

"Don't you dare," she rasped.

Blood was coalescing in so many places that his brain was starving itself of oxygen, his underwear beginning to chafe as his cock pressed against the cotton, heart thumping harder than he'd ever felt it against his ribcage.

He could see that Aimi's lips were moist, pulling his hands harder against her breasts, and she looked like she wanted to rut in the centre of the bar, every sign of her being aroused driving his brain further in on itself as he pinched a nipple through the thin material so hard that Aimi hissed like a cobra.

"OH, sorry, I shouldn't-OHH!"

David was in the air, Aimi's arms clamped to his sides as he was tugged into a straddling position on her lap.

"Oh!" he uttered weakly, sat on her massive thighs which pillowed him more comfortably than any mattress or couch he had ever experienced.

"You like me."

It wasn't a question.

"Yes," he whispered.

She grabbed the back of his neck softly, squeezing it as she pulled him to the point their noses tips were grazing atoms.

"Do you *want* me?"

"Y-yes!" he snivelled, louder.

Her face became fervent.

"Well, I think you're going to have to prove it."

She picked up his glass and hovered it in front of his face.

"Drink for your future wife."

This was the clincher, and it hit him harder than a hundred sex on the beaches would have done, his head feeling like someone had spun him too fast on a merry-go-round.

He obediently opened up as she tipped the glass back, watching him greedily as he swallowed it.

When the drink was set down she took the other drink and placed it to his lips.

"*Again*, my little monkey...."

He certainly wasn't saying no, being force-fed sweet-tasting alcohol by a hot woman, so he eagerly lapped it up, trying not to think about how he looked like a baby being fed from a bottle by its mother, even though it only added to the excitement.

When he had finished his nervousness had been replaced by nothing less than complete desire for the smiles that Aimi now furnished upon him.

She of course seemed more than happy to take control, hand up and waving at the bartender for the bill.

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you tonight?" she cooed, stroking his cheek.

"N-no," he whispered, feeling the gentleness, but also the power in her hands as they spun small circles across his chin.

"Have you ever been... dominated?"

David's face turned into a red traffic light.

"Uh...No, not really...."

Aimi's expression became curious.

"Well have you ever... had sex?"

David's face went as red as it could go without him having a stroke, and that plus the fact that he had become unable to form any sound from his throat explained more than enough.

"So you're a virgin," she said, with a humorous tweak of her eyebrow.

"Yes," he whispered, tears forming in his eyes.

"Good," she whispered, "I can't wait to be your first."

Just as his balls were about to signal their release all over the front of his pants, ruining the most perfect evening of his life, the barman thankfully arrived with the bill.

Aimi lazily retrieved her credit card whilst clutching David to her chest, and he felt the eyes of the world on him as the bartender briefly noted the odd position of the man sitting on Aimi's lap before taking the proffered gold-coloured plastic.

"A-are you sure you wouldn't want me to pay?" he murmured, cheeks burning as the machine beeped.

"You're not paying me back.... with money, anyway" she said, displaying what could have passed for an excellent hyena impression with the way she grinned at him as her card was handed back.

It was slightly terrifying being so close to her, the huge figure nearly bouncing him up and down with excitement.

"Get down."

He slid off her and made to sit back in his chair, but then her hand whipped out to grab his neck.

"No idiot, you're coming with me," she hissed, leading him out by his neck.

Of course, as soon as her head appeared over the crowds, everyone noticed the titanic figure leaving with her arm around a young, docile-looking man, and began to whoop and clap.

"WWWOOOOOOOHHHHHH!"

"AIMI, who's your friend??!!"

"KISS HIM!!"

This last one made her pause in front of the bar, halfway to the door as more people began to notice the chant building and joining in until it was easily drowning out the music.

"KISS HIM, KISS HIM, KISS HIM."

David looked at her and as usual, tried to apologise.

"Honestly, i-it's fine, you don't...

David's brain flipped upside down as Aimi squeezed his neck and pulled him up so that his feet were lifted off the floor, automatically cinching around her waist as she placed one hand on his buttocks. The steadiness with which she held him in the air was beyond anything he had expected, and he realised for the first time just how physically superior Aimi was as she eyed him with a saucy grin.

"Kiss me right now, David-chan," she said, her tone one of iron, unbending.

David found himself complying, wrapped around her front as he closed in on the pursed lips in front of him.

The moment their skin touched was planet-shifting, and at first David didn't know what to do, simply pressing his face to hers, heart struggling under the strain of such fear and excitement mixing together.

After a few seconds, with a giggle, Aimi coaxed his lips apart, and David felt her tongue slide into his mouth.

Something in him gave way, and he lost himself in the feeling of being kissed by Aimi, moaning on her tongue as she moaned back, and then their embrace became more passionate as the people around them screamed their lungs out.

"YEAAAAHHH!!!"

"GO GET HIM GIRLLL!!!"

All of the support was for Aimi, but being a part of it, involved in it, was the cherry on top of the giant cake that was David's first kiss.

The feeling of her tongue battering his around his mouth was indescribable, and Aimi didn't seem to want to stop, getting more and more aggressive, to the point she had started sticking her tongue to the back of his throat, making him gag.

"Hhahgaghh!..." he spluttered around her whirling muscle, even as he instinctively sucked on it. A part of him felt embarrassed... the other was in total euphoria.

Aimi seemed to wake up from her fantasies, withdrawing her invader from his mouth, chest heaving against his, seemingly beside herself with lust as a few hands tapped them both on the back, excited individuals who couldn't help being overcome with excitement at the crowd-pleasing embrace.

"Let's get out of here," said Aimi, and David managed to nod weakly, letting himself be placed back on the floor to walk out, arm in arm with the most beautiful girl in the room.

***

David was trembling as Aimi led him out, squeezing him between her fingers.

"Where are you staying?"

"O-Oh, it's just over there."

"Show me."

He led her to the run-down hotel a few metres down the road, and he immediately knew it was not up to standard as Aimi screwed her face up.

"....Really?"

"Oh er... well, I just booked it for the day..."

She didn't respond, sniffing as he led her through the lobby.

The bored-looking man on the front desk looked shocked at the sight of the diminutive figure leading his towering partner through, and Aimi winked at him, causing him to nearly fall off his seat.

David pulled her a little faster towards his room.

When they got there his fingers were shaking so badly he couldn't put the key into the lock, and a large hand wrapped around his, Aimi smoothly unlocking the door, releasing him as the door creaked open.

David hadn't appreciated how depressing the room was, but now that he looked at the peeling wallpaper, threadbare curtains and faded carpet, it hit him that it was not exactly Hollywood.

Aimi gazed around the place.

"This place? *This*?"

David looked around, desperation in his every move, as if there might be a secret jacuzzi hiding under the bed to save him.

"Oh uh... just because... I didn't really need...."

"So you think I'm just a cheap slut.... Maybe a hooker or something?"

Her tone was stern.

"No, NO MA'AM!"

"I'm not some 'Ma'am' that you can simply bed for twenty minutes," she said, "neither will we ever go to a place that you own or pay for ever again."

"S-sor-"

She cut him off.

"No. You will have to prove yourself right now."

His mouth sealed itself shut. She was calling the shots, and he would dance to her tune.

"Do you want me to stay?"

His head wobbled.

"Yes," he whined, with such pathetic need that Aimi could barely keep herself together.

She cocked her head, a sweet smile coming back.

"Oh *Excellent*.... Time to see my Empress, I think."

"I'm sorry?"

"It's what I call my... down below bits," she said, a flicker of mirth reaching her face.

"OH.. right...."

Excitement blossomed in his chest once more as she slid her hands to the bottom of the Kimono.

"You want to see it, yes?"

"Yes," David blurted, worried that the offer would be retracted if he waited longer than a millisecond.

"Good," she said softly, "then say hello to your Empress."

Something surprising happened at this point.

Aimi reached under her kimono, and produced a salami.

David blinked.

The robe had remained in place, but through the gap at her waist a foot-long girthy pole had been revealed, one that had a helmeted

head, and veins running up its sides.

The air went out of David's lungs.

In front of him was a huge, foot-long cock, the width of a subway sandwich and twice as meaty.

His jaw fell open.

"Sniff my cock, right now, you cheap whore," commanded Aimi, standing proud with a mandingo dick drooping in the air in front of her.

It was as thick as a soda can, and looked so heavy it could barely support its own weight, hanging menacingly in the air.

"OH, Aimi... *I-I don't think..."*

Aimi's arousal was as clear as day. Her hands were tightening into fists, chest expanding and contracting like something was trying to break free from her ribcage, mouth opening slightly to reveal saliva filling her mouth.

The hand that had carried him earlier now reached out and grabbed his head, and he mewled as he was forced to his knees under vice-like pressure, grabbing her wrist feebly as she sauntered into place above him.

The strength was terrifying.

The huge cock was... oh God it was coming closer..

It pressed against his face.

"MPHHAIMI!" he squealed, flailing his arms up to protect himself, but David quickly realised that it was like trying to push back a tsunami, as taut cables of tendon and muscle dug into his cheek like he was being pressed against a meat lamppost.

"That's right... my little monkey doesn't need a nice room, or romance does he?"

She said this whilst gleefully sliding her cock over his face, warm slime from the slit spurting into his hair.

David whimpered, snorting through quivering nostrils as the hot tang of cock-meat filled his sinuses, making his eyes water as she began laminating him in sperm.

"No..." she cooed, slapping him across the face, "He just needs a big cock and a floor to kneel on."

The relatively trivial hit had his head jangling, ears ringing as he just about managed to keep himself upright.

"I-I'm sorry," he uttered, unable to fight back, letting her wipe pre-cum all over him, cheek stinging where she had struck.

Aimi's eyes darted to his chest which was rising and falling heavily, to the mouth where saliva had started to collect.

'Control yourself David, she's crazy....'

His body however, had reacted with a burst of arousal, unconsciously biting his lip as she took a step back, letting cool air touch his face.

"Time to prove yourself David-Chan.... smell your empress."

David's mouth clanged open as he realised that she wanted him to shove his face into it.

"N.... Aimi..."

"I am walking out of that door in three seconds," she stated softly.

"One...."

"Two....."

David threw himself forward and pressed his face against the cockmeat, inhaling as hard as he possibly could, and the taste of it invaded every inch of his brain, the stinky musk of it, but also hints of a perfume she'd obviously dabbed around her crotch which helped to arrest the aroma into something not totally unpleasant.

Then Aimi was sliding her hips upwards, rubbing two apple-sized balls up against his nose, and the musk became a roiling cocktail of virility that had David's insides clenching up.

"Haiii," Aimi moaned, as David tried to hold back the tide of humiliation as she rubbed her balls on his face, sharing the warmth of the humungous set of cock and balls.

David whimpered as he realised that Aimi wasn't just getting him to taste her... she was *administering* her effluence on him, covering him with her cock-smell - marking territory.

David's fragile masculinity bleated to stop, begging the submissive, worthless part of him to desist the gross one-sided nuzzling session taking place as Aimi slid her womanhood up and down his face, a volcanic shaft that was bringing its superiority to bear.

When she had finished, David was sobbing gently, his cock pressing insistently against the inside of his jeans as he came to terms with a fact that he had just been inhaling balls, and become completely aroused because of it.

Aimi didn't give him time to think.

"Now suck it."

David shook his head.

"No... no I *can't... I can't...."*

Aimi looked at him with a dismissive air.

"Then it was nice knowing you."

A squawk emerged from his mouth as the woman retracting the torpedo back underneath her Kimono, tucking it behind her silk belt to keep it as subtle as possible, although the outline was still there.

"Wait..."

She strode to the door, and then she was gone.

"WAIT!!"

He scrambled after her, pre-cum dripping from his hair and face, out into the hallway.

"Where's the stairs," she muttered, "Ah!"

She had almost reached them when he scrambled to the floor in front of her.

"P-please let me suck your cock!"

"You had to prove yourself, and you failed."

"Give me one more chance!"

"No."

"Please, I'll do anything you want!!"

He shuffled forward so that he was kneeling directly beneath her.

She grinned.

"Anything??....."

"Yes!!"

She looked around, checking the coast was clear, and unfurled her monster in the open.

"Put it in your mouth."

His jaw dropped.

Unfortunately an open mouth was as good as an air traffic controller signalling her to land, and she pulled his head forward before he could defend himself, swooning as his mouth made contact.

He almost managed to close it, but either Aimi was too fast, or something in him secretly wanted to know what it felt like, and the thick meat slipped between his cheeks, widening him back out to a long-jawed yawn as she slid to the back of his gullet.

"OHHHH, KUSOOOO!"

"MMMMPHHLHG!"

His hands went to Aimi's thighs in a defensive pose that did little to distract her from her heavenly arousal, judging by the way her head was thrown back, guttural cries vibrating the walls of the empty corridor as she began to gently pump her hips into David's face, leaning back against the peeling wallpaper.

And so David began sucking her cock.

Then he heard a sound that made his blood run cold.

"Goodness gracious, what the..?!"

Aimi released him and he fell backwards with a wet plunger sound, sliding off her cock like he was unsheathing a sausage, to see an older couple looking on in disgust, having just come out of their room.

"This is a public place!"

"Disgusting... freaks!"

Aimi seemed wholly unconcerned, and waved politely at them as they shuffled down to the far end to the other set of stairs, looks of outrage plastered on their features as they eyed her monster bobbing in mid-air like a zeppelin.

David had never felt so dirty, shivering as Aimi turned her eager eyes back to him.

"Continue."

"Okay... Aimi, of course yes... but.. Please can we go back to the room.... Please...."

Her eyes narrowed to slits.

"If I go back to that room, I expect a very good little monkey to serve me, hai?"

"H...hai... yes, yes...!"

She turned and strode back the way they had come, dick waving in front of her like a grotesque windscreen wiper as David followed in her wake like a puppy, and when she bade him to enter the door was quickly slammed shut behind him, making him jump.

The proffering of her cock for the second time was unceremonious, and she didn't say anything, waiting with a reproaching look for him to fulfil his duty.

He found himself hesitant for a second, but managed to find it in himself to open up, lean forward, and wrap his lips back around the gigantic mushroomed head.

"Haiiiiiii," Aimi whispered.

Then two hands were on his head, and his momentary feeling of control was snatched away.

Aimi pumped her cock straight into his mouth, and David squealed around the torpedo sinking to the back of his throat.

The dick being thrust into his mouth was less of a filling in a sandwich, and more of an ocean pouring into a water balloon, David gargling as he was force-fed a hideously hard crotch-sausage that stretched his lips so wide it felt like he'd forever be stuck in a slack-jawed leer.

"HGGHLLHHHGG!!!"

"Oh, stop teasing David-chan," she moaned, hands clamped to his head so tight that it was like being trapped between two boulders as she fed as much meat into his throat as she could.

Then her hips began to rock, back and forth, and the cock began sliding in and out of him like a shaft in a wet pussy.

"HGH-HLHh-hlhhl!"

"Good monkey," she cooed, stroking his face with her fingers, playing with the wisps of hair which fell on his forehead as his eyes looked

up pleadingly for mercy.

"Show me your little cock David-chan."

Tears formed in his eyes.

"Show me how much you're enjoying it."

'She hasn't even seen it... how could she...'

She seemed to read his mind, a cheeky sneer forming on her lips.

"How could I know?"

She asked it lightly, like they were having afternoon tea in a café, instead of her pumping her cock steadily in and out of his mouth.

David whimpered into her crotch.

"Because I know you David," she said fervently, jamming her cock a little deeper into his face as her eyes became black pits, "because you're the boy that I've been looking for all these years..."

Her face was morphing into an animal look of pure, soul-destroying desire.

It was terrifying... but at the same time exhilarating as he felt a spurt of seed hit the taste buds on his tongue, a satisfying, salty, slightly bitter flavour that he couldn't help but eagerly lap at.

"OOHHHhhh good monkey," she cooed, stroking his hair as he felt the way she was edging closer to an orgasm, which had his cock hardening to its full 4 inches inside his pants.

She felt him turning, and let him take a little control, hands coming up to her breasts as David began to slurp the sides of her shaft, distending his cheeks with her cockhead, which had the woman above him frothing with lust.

"Ooohh that's it*.... HAIIIIIII!"*

David squealed as he jerked his head back, but Aimi grabbed it and held him in front of a juddering penis, which then squirted out the

most ridiculous amount of cum that he had ever seen.

"GHLHGHHH!"

It sloshed up his nose, into his hair, his mouth, and he gagged as she submerged him in a torrent of jizz, moaning as she jerked her shaft slowly, carefully glazing her fucktoy's face in seed.

"PHLGH!!!"

David thought he was going to drown in it, but eventually her thick spurts of Aimi-juice slowed down to soft drips that fell down his chin.

"Goooooood boy," she cooed, chest heaving as she stroked his hair, cum sliding across her fingers as they wormed through the sticky mess.

"We will go to my place, agreed?"

"Aghphreed," he dribbled, gazing up at the woman who was bending him to her will.

***

After cleaning his face up enough to be presentable, Aimi dragged him from the room, slapping five hundred-dollar bills on the reception on their way out, much to the amazement and jealousy of the man who had just seen a wondrous woman literally drag a man with her and pay for his room, casually giving a three-hundred-dollar tip in the process.

David looked up at her, and she gave him a raised eyebrow and a smile, which he couldn't help returning with interest.

'Mrs Right indeed.'

She hailed a taxi, which barely stopped before she wrenched the door open and nudged him inside, sliding in after and taking up most of the middle seat as well as her own, a strangely comedic figure in such an enclosed space.

"Monroe please."

"Sure Miss."

David's heart was pounding as her hand slid to his thigh and rested there, conversation unnecessary as she gradually pushed up and down his leg, squeezing, pressing into the muscle to the point where he whimpered slightly.

He couldn't be more scared and yet aroused then he was right now, and by the time they reached their destination, a plush, modern looking apartment building, he was squirming in his seat as Aimi teased him with creeping touches further to the inside of his leg.

She thrust a bill she had kept ready in her hand for the past few minutes on the counter.

"Keep the change."

The taxi driver gratefully took the hundred-dollar bill as Aimi wasted no time opening the door and half coaxing, half dragging David through it and straight into the building.

"Evening Jane."

"Miss Aimi!... Have a good evenin'!"

David had a few seconds to see a pleasant looking blond woman at the front desk grin knowingly in their direction before he was by the elevators.

Looking up Aimi seemed almost fuming at how long it was taking them to reach their destination, and when David took her hand, instead of calming her, it seemed to make it worse, her eyes glowing red-hot.

Fear grabbed David by the collar, but then he was being dragged once more into the lift, and this time Aimi shoved him against the wall, pressing herself against him so he almost disappeared inside her belly, tits and thighs as his world became a sweet-smelling Aimi-tent.

They groaned together, as Aimi jabbed a button so hard it seemed like she was trying to punch it through the wall.

The elevator doors slid smoothly shut, and as they ascended the weird feeling of upwards acceleration in his stomach combined with the huge pole jabbing into his midriff brought his fears right back, and it was with trepidation that he was released, Aimi grabbing his hand and pulling him to a door at the far end of the plush, marble corridor.

"Come on David-chan...."

He remained close as she brought a card up to a scanner, a small beep and a green light issuing, at which point Aimi thrust her foot at the door and kicked it inwards.

The first thing to say as he was pulled through into a clean living room was that it was humungous.

An open kitchen was set next to a small dining table, with couches, a fireplace, and glass tables on the opposite side.

Aimi did not stand on ceremony, slamming the door closed and coming to the first sofa, leaning against its back.

"Now we're here."

David nodded, afraid of what to say or do next.

Aimi was panting slightly, and it was unclear whether it was because she was out of breath, or because she was so desperate to reach the next stage of their evening together.

"Time to prove yourself again David-chan."

He nodded his head, eagerly.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Good.... Lick my asshole."

David choked, the words clogging his throat as she fluttered the back of her Kimono up and bent over the back of the sofa, revealing a titanic ass that looked he might get lost if he tried to dive into.

The huge mounds glowed in the light, like two moons pulled down from orbit, and David stared, transfixed as she jiggled them, before pulling them as far as she could either side, just about exposing a tiny pink flower between the Himalayan peaks.

It was the most beautiful little butthole he could imagine.

Then his eyes shifted south to the leering sausage hanging in front of beastly testicles, cum-creators so large they would have needed flatbed trucks to relocate.

David's own butthole tightened, his glutes clenching as the instincts telling him to come towards her ass warred with the ones telling him to stay as far away as possible from the heavy equipment below it.

"I'm waiting," said Aimi softly, and the subtle threat in her voice was enough to unfreeze him, staggering over to her and falling to his knees.

"Give it everything you've got," she whispered over her shoulder, before settling into a legs-spread position, head and arms wresting on the sofa. The perfect position to get rimmed.

"Okay," David muttered, placing his hands on that huge ass, avoiding the hanging apples like the plague.

It was so soft and bubbly, and he squeezed, fingers sinking into the flesh.

"Ohhhhhhh," moaned Aimi, wiggling her hips a little bit, inviting him forward.

A little confidence seeped into his actions, as he helped to spread her ass wide, revealing that little flower just a little more, enough that it would be possible to reach it, if he buried his face into her ass.

This was easier said than done, and he hesitated long enough for Aimi's head to lift off the sofa.

"David-chan," she hissed, "Do not displease me!"

"Sorry!" he whimpered, pressing his face forward.

The atmosphere between her cheeks was warm, and David found himself snuggling his lips a little between the two cavern walls, tasting a little of her ass, until he managed to touch his tip to the puckered entrance.

"HAI," gasped Aimi, as David pushed his tongue as far as it would go, slipping between the folds and pressing to her anus, which she had released enough to allow him easy access.

The warmth and strange tastes of Aimi's ass took over his attention - She'd clearly kept herself clean, because David was not put off by the earthy musk seeping onto his tongue.

Aimi was rocking back and forwards, and every time she came back, it would sink David's face further between the orbs.

David felt like a skin-cushion was trying to swallow him alive, almost claustrophobic trapped in the walls of fat and muscle as Aimi cinched her ring around his tongue, making him whimper at the surprising pressure of it.

His hands came to both the huge globes for support, barely able to grip it because they were so large, instead simply grabbing as much fat and muscle as possible, clinging to them like someone hanging on the side of a slippery cliff-face.

A low moaning started to come from the front of the sofa, and David felt the humming through his face, her belly-keens making his head vibrate as she steadily pushed back, not letting him escape.

"Hnnnnn *Haiiiiiiii... HAIIiiiiiii."*

Her groans became more insistent.

Then two huge hands clamped down on the side of his head, and David squealed as he was pulled so far into her ass that it felt like she was trying to insert his head into her anus, screaming into the flesh as his tongue went deeper than he would have believed possible, nails digging into her ass as she harshly began to fuck David's face into her butthole.

"HNNN SUCH A STRONG MANNNN," groaned Aimi, as David's pathetic cries were muffled by her anus.

"Mhhhhhgg!!!!"

"Ohhh I'm nearly there David-chan," she cooed, pressing him even deeper, giving him an ass-stench that was all of her body in one sweaty crack, a multipalooza of sweat, body odour and earthy scents that had the effect of fogging his brain, and he began to heave in that scent as he panicked, which ramped it up to eye-watering intensity.

"MHHHGGHH!"

"HAIIII!"

David pulled back as hard as he could, and squealed as those huge hands didn't even budge an inch, keeping him submerged beneath the giant cheeks of Aimi, who was evilly grinding his butthole against his face, the wrinkled ring rubbing his nose, his lips, his forehead.

"Mhhghh..."

He sobbed into her asshole, and eventually fresh air hit his face as she unclamped the satellite dishes from his head, the huge woman sighing as she rose up from her prostrated pose, quite pleased with the efforts of her ward.

She turned to look down at David, who was quivering on the floor, slobber on his chin.

A finger came under it and lifted it up to her evil grin, crouched over him.

"Good boy."

His heart was pumping so hard it felt like someone had squeezed two more hearts into his chest cavity and connected them together.

"Now... You will wash yourself completely, top to bottom, and make sure to go very deep in your ass," she smiled, patting his head once again.

"Oh... okay."

"I'll be waiting," she cooed, stepping towards the bedroom.

"Oh, and David-chan...."

A little shudder wound its way up his spine as she called him that.

"You will not be permitted to wear clothes in my bedroom, yes?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Good."

With that she sashayed away, and he had to stop himself from automatically zombie-walking after her.

'Just do what she says... don't think about it... you're minutes away from being with Mrs Right...'

He paused.

Was she Mrs Right?

After what she was doing to him...

That huge cock in his mouth came back to him, and he whimpered, the sensation of her asshole pressed up against his nose fresh in his mind.

This kind of stuff wasn't something that men usually fantasised about, right? He had never thought about any of it before, or considered it....

'But... does that mean I don't want her?'

The thought barely entered his mind before he discarded it.

There was zero chance of him leaving without seeing this through.

He scurried into the bathroom and gawped for a second at the gleaming white tiles, gigantic bath and full-length mirror, before committing himself to the task at hand, jumping and cleaning every inch of himself with a cute pink sponge that was coarser and rougher than it looked, (much like Aimi, he mused).

Eventually, after cleaning deeper than he ever had in his life, David left the shower, drying himself, before picking up his boxers.

'Wait... I guess I don't need these.'

He left them, breathing heavily as he opened the door and walked into the living room.

"OOHHH!"

He paused, as Aimi greeted him, relaxed on the couch and still in her Kimono.

"Oh, sorry, I thought you meant.... For the bedroom...." He uttered, covering his quaint cock behind trembling hands.

"Did I say bedroom?" she said thoughtfully, before hardening, "You misheard."

He stood like a hunched sapling, quivering and exposed as Aimi's eyes roved up and down his body.

"Come to me, little monkey."

David made his way over on shaking legs, leaving small footprints where his feet were still a little damp on the carpet, feeling the softness beneath them as he came to stand in front of her.

"No," she said sweetly, although her eyes became a little colder, "I said come here."

He nodded.

"Y-yes, yes of course... sorry..."

He sat down next to the huge figure, sinking into the sofa, which only made him feel more inferior to her presence.

She looked down at him with a stern look, still spoke with a humorous, singing tone, belying her enjoyment of the situation.

"I'm going to start getting angry if you don't come here David-chan."

He flinched like a scolded child, and rolled across, coming to straddle her lap like when they had kissed before, face to face.

Her expression blossomed into one of affection, cheeks and forehead relaxing, arms coming up to his sides, stroking him.

"Good boy."

He didn't know if he should smile, but he couldn't help it when hers was so infectious.

"You know... I want to fill your heart with love, David-chan."

His heart began to oscillate like it was going to burst, the battered organ quivering at words that David had thought he'd never hear.

"But I'm going to make you mine*, my way,*" she uttered, "Yes?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Hai.... Take my robe off."

He took a second to steel himself for what was behind the curtain, and slowly peeled back the kimono, layer by layer.

What greeted him outshone any expectations he might have had.

A healthy belly, big, huggable curves and huge mammary glands sat before him, uncovered by any bra. Her body was glorious, and his hands went instinctively moved forward.

"Ah, David-chan... I think we are forgetting something?"

His face went red as he remembered her other 'assets', and his hands moved downwards, a little less instinctively, to pull the bottom of the kimono free.

That huge cock rose up from the depths, and he whimpered, looking back up to her tits for moral support as it bobbed insistently in his vision.

"Now, go ahead," she said calmly.

His hands pressed forwards.... Into soft, warm melons, and his soul sang as he groped her breasts like a kitten being stroked. If he could have purred, he would, rubbing around the small areolas which drew a sigh from the woman in front of him as he tried his best to ignore the raging erection dancing between them.

"Dame.... Dameeee....."

Her face became desperate, like she was just a demure little Japanese housewife once more being dominated by this brutal American, and David became enthusiastic, kneading the warm globes as he put some of his weight into pressing her chest.

"DAMMEEEEE....." moaned Aimi, jerking a little under the pressure of his ministrations.

David felt the arousal building in his chest, arms trembling as he kneaded her tits.

"DAMEEEEEEE, PLEASE.. You're so strong....."

"Y-yeah," he whimpered, getting turned on by how she was building the scenario.

Her hands came up in a pathetic barrier to try and 'stop' David from touching her, but he shouldered his way in and brought his mouth to one of her tits, suckling on it greedily.

He barely had time to enjoy the large nipple as a hand reached out and grabbed him around the throat.

"HGH!"

The look on her face morphed. From demure and innocent, it had twisted into something terrifying, an evil stare of belly-aching hunger.

"You tried to rape me David-Chan."

"Hwhat--- no.."

The air in his windpipe was constricted, and tears came to his eyes as she squeezed a little tighter, lifting him an inch off her lap.

"I think I'll have to make you pay... forever," she grinned, her other hand eagerly reaching down and enclosing his cock.

He whimpered as he felt the pressure on it, but then his brain was blindsided by her wrist accelerating into teasing jerks of his hard cock, a rhythm that turned her hand into a blur as she stimulated his baby shaft.

"Cum my little rapist," she grunted, masturbating him so easily that David was already halfway there, and she'd barely been going ten seconds.

"Kuhck-!"

The oxygen deprivation was intensifying the rapid stroking of his shaft, and he whimpered as he felt the pre-orgasm tremors ripple through his cock and balls.

Then her hand reached down and cinched brutally on the base of his penis, cutting off the ejaculation before it could take place, and David whined like a cowering pup as half of an orgasm was brutally denied, trying to pump his hips hopelessly as the pleasure boiled up inside him, mixing with the pain of being denied it's final destination.

Aimi's laugh was a delightful, high-pitched titter, and David found himself remaining at the edge of his desire, desperate to be sated, no matter what it took to get there.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard David-chan."

David gave her a pathetic, demure look as Aimi responded with a crocodile grin, pearly white teeth lined up in neat little rows in front of his face.

"Oooooh you're going to scream so loud... I know the screamers when I see them!" she tittered, grabbing his face and pressing it, thumb in his cheek, finger shoved into his open mouth. She handled him like putty, distending his lips, moving his head around so that he was staring at the ceiling as she continued to wank his cock.

"Hnnnmm...."

David almost hated himself for how much he was enjoying the way she touched him, even as the clear peril of his anal virginity was laid before him.

He suckled on the thumb, whimpering, giving doleful eyes that perhaps might sate her evil hunger.

No such luck was evident as she popped her hips up, and David was nearly thrown in the air by her strength. When he came down, she grabbed his body like a toddler, and threw him over her shoulder.

"A-Aimi!!!!"

"Shut up!" she cooed, slapping a meaty hand on his rump which stung like hell, and David found the finger grazing the edge of his asshole far too invasive for his liking.

He mewled as she stood up and carried him like he was nothing, out of the living room and through towards a dimly lit bedroom, barely burdened by his weight at all as she flung the door open and carried him into the cream-coloured room with dark brown, heavy bedsheets and gossamer curtains.

The finger slithered a little more directly onto his butthole as she came up to the bed, and David whined as it poked his anal ring.

"What David-chan, not enjoying my teasing?" she giggled, gripping him hard and then tossing him from her shoulder.

He flew so far he almost hit the headboard, plunging into the semi-soft mattress.

"UHF!"

She laughed as she ran after him, diving onto the bed which sagged under this new tremendous weight, springs groaning at the new strain being placed upon them.

David mewled and found himself scrabbling to the side for safety, but Aimi's pursuit was sealed with a hand sealing around his ankle, sliding him easily back towards her as he clung to the sheets, dragging them with him.

Within five fearsome seconds, Aimi had David pinned beneath her, legs wide.

"Now David-Chan. It is very important that you look at me."

Her tone was sweet, in complete opposition to the actual situation which was that David was being held down, seconds away from being dicked by a white mamba cock.

A little dribble of snot ran from David's nose, but he kept his eyes locked onto hers as she shifted her weight so that the hot wetness of her humungous cock was packed up against his almost laughably tiny butthole, pre-cum slathering his crack.

"I know, you're thinking it won't fit... But we'll make it fit," she said eagerly, wiping his nose with a bedsheet.

David felt subsumed by Aimi's body mass, lost in her huge tits which spilled over his chest like huge water balloons, and she made sure he could feel her weight, understand the level of power difference between them by rocking back and forth, spreading her mass first onto his left side, then his right, compressing him like an industrial packing machine squashing a grape.

"HHHWMMMRMM," groaned David as her incredible weight was then compounded with her cock pressing into his ass.

As the huge mushroom welded itself to his entrance, David was gripped by the fervent belief that her cock wouldn't fit inside a torpedo tube, let alone his tiny, frightened butthole

Unfortunately his body was not able to defend itself in any way, and his eyes almost popped out of his skull as he felt that humungous head somehow forcing its way up into him.

"Ghllruhhh...!!!!!"

His drooling moans became desperate now, and when the whole helmet had eased inside, David clung to Aimi furiously as she paused, eyes closed, savouring his ass like fine wine.

Her intimidating visage was compounded by one half of her pretty face being swathed in darkness, hidden from the amber glow of the bedside lamp.

"Ohhhh you complete me David-Chan," she groaned. "You won't believe it yet, but you're going to love me more than anyone you've ever known."

David thought that it would be a tricky task considering she'd shoved a lightbulb up his ass, with a lamppost ready to follow it.

Then her hips were sinking into him again, and David felt that GIRTH sliding up inside him, a submarine exploring his inner sanctums, pulsing within his anal walls.

"OHhh-*hhhh!"* he whimpered, remaining locked on Aimi's gaze which was now terrifying him with a demonic stare, eyes haunting in their desire, starvation so clear on her face it was almost painful to look at.

Her cock compacted his insides, organs forced to snuggle up to their neighbours as her cock liberated his body of any privacy, searching for every secret he could give as David blubbered, teary eyes pleading for mercy.

The moment their hips connected was something that burned itself into his brain, the feeling of being absolutely filled taking over senses.

His asshole quivered around the base of Aimi's monster, which was throbbing gleefully in the centre of his cave, leaking warm pre into a part of his body so deep that David had never felt a single sliver of nerves there until Aimi's cock pressed hard against it, coaxing all new incredible sensations to emanate from that spot.

David swooned, open mouthed, breathing so heavily it was unclear whether or not he was having a panic attack, but the softness of Aimi's breasts and stomach enveloping him had a calming effect, even though the woman herself was grinning as she made her cock jump in his anus, flexing it with gleeful "Un!"s and "Ah"s that rubbed up and down his anal walls in freakish bursts of pleasure that only heightened the sense of being conquered by another human being.

Her superiority was confirmed by the way she pumped her hips hard into him, as if the world had finally made everything the way it should be, and David getting savaged by her cock was where he deserved to be all along.

"UUHHNNN!!!!... *Aim-...uhnnn!... Aimi...*UHNn!!.."

The bed shook as their hips made contact, and that *SCHLICK* of her cock sliding in and out of his entrance was the dirtiest sound in the world.

David sobbed as he finally comprehended that it was the sound of Aimi fucking his ass.

SCHLIIIIIIIICK

"OhhhhhnnnooooooOOOOoooHH-!"

SCHLICK

"UHN!"

SCHLICK-SCHLIK

"UHN-UHNNN!"

David groaned, and Aimi groaned with him, but louder, and more aggressively, dark brown orbs now drilling so deep into his own that he was sure she had cracked into his soul, and was seeping into the effluence of it, turning him, taking far more than just his anal virginity as her whole body moved on top of him, touching what she wanted to touch, fucking what she wanted to fuck.

"HUUHHHNN!"

"David-chan... DAVI-CHANNNN!"

Her hands came to grab under his shoulders for leverage, and now she began to find a rhythm, a pneumatic pump that didn't seem like there would be any sort of resolution other than to get fucked until he exploded, her cock sawing in and out of him at a steady rate as she began to fuck him with passion, her desperate grin so wide it

might have disappeared off the sides of her face as she bounced David off of her cock like a pinata.

The ridges of her cock head were like the most delicious torture devices, like a feather duster applied to the armpit except that instead of invoking uncontrollable laughter, they were drawing pleasure from him each time they slid over anything soft or sensitive deep in his body.

The lubed entry noises had now been overtaken by louder, more whip-like sounds; the smack of David's butt cheeks every time Aimi connected her hips to them, thrusting forward so their bodies clapped out an endless round of applause.

THWAP!

SHLICK

THWAP!

"UHNNNNNN!"

SCHLICK

David's first pornstar moan of his life was long, and loud, and it was joined by another as Aimi buried herself inside him again, hilting to her balls so that they rebounded off his bum, stinging like two kettlebells jabbing against his butt.

"HUUUUNNNnnnuuhhhHHH!

"GUH!"

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK*

Aimi was a machine, and David whimpered as her strength and intensity seemed to increase as she fucked him, her cock lighting up places inside and sending fizzes of electricity to the tips of his fingers and toes as she snapped herself forwards, huge muscle fibres hidden under her heavy fat reserves churning and whipping her full weight into David's butthole.

"Hu-*UH!*-*THWAP*-*UHN!*-*THWAP*-*SCHLIICK*-*UGHHH-!*"

His eyes bulged as she hit a good place inside his rim, which was being cratered by the battering ram oscillating deep into his core.

Ecstasy.

His body spasmed, Aimi detonating a nuclear warhead inside him that broke the way his body was supposed to work, all higher brain function ripped out and discarded in service of Aimi's pleasure stamping itself on every fibre of his being.

"UGHUUGHUGHH!!"

The maneater raped downwards, eye-watering, heavy blows that seemed to be attempting to fuck the young man through the bed, the floor, and the building foundations as the Mattress began to curve inwards where David was crushed into it, bedsprings screaming for mercy as Aimi showed none, grunting as she fucked her love into the gorgeous figure beneath her.

Aimi didn't just want to give pleasure.

That would be too easy.

No, Aimi wanted to bull him so hard that he would never be able to receive sexual pleasure from a woman. She wanted his cock to soften in women's pussies, to gain no pleasure from another human's touch.

She wanted him to be a slave. A slave to her, and the cock demolishing his anal virginity.

David gurned as his own penis began to spurt warm cream against their belly buttons, a pathetic passion puddle for his mistress to savour.

"Oh GOOOOOOoooood!" groaned Aimi, loving the warmth as it spread between them like warm jam in a donut.

Wooden bed slats began to groan, adding to the sweaty chorus of hip-slaps pounding in the air, and then there was a creaking *SNAP*, and the centre of the bed caved inwards, David squealing as Aimi fell inwards onto him, and she did the doting service of not breaking his

ribs, hands thrust out to the sides to catch her fall, instead merely flattening into him.

The feeling of catching half of Aimi's weight was still like catching a regular human being for David, who let out a strangled "hun-!" as her tits mashed into his chest.

The nipples were hard enough to be felt in the heat of the impact, and Aimi breathed out slowly, wiping a light sheen of sweat from her forehead as she gazed down at her spasming bitch.

"Ooooh, that's never happened before... at least, in this bed!" she sighed.

"R-right...." David mumbled, her cock still inside him, sitting there like a crocodile in the water, ready to attack at any second. It pulsed as he looked at her, making him murmur.

"Come on you," she cooed, lifting him easily out of the David-shaped hole in the centre of the bed, into a frontal straddle.

When they rose from the bed a whimper escaped David's throat as he was brought into a lover's pose, highly aware that he was the girl in this romantic scenario, and Aimi the Hollywood male, holding him up, cock buried to his midriff.

He reddened as his legs automatically wrapped around her waist, but there was no other way to support himself that didn't involve his entire weight resting on her cock.

"How do you feel David-Chan?"

"U-uh...*uhn*...."

Her penis pulsed inside him again, and the answer of 'like a bitch' would have been the most accurate as David, to his shame, moaned again.

He couldn't tell her that he thoroughly enjoyed her cock inside him. Not out loud, even though he was clinging to her like a baby to its mother.

It was a far cry from how he had imagined himself, his self-esteem as a male broken down into nothing more than a sobbing, moaning whore for Aimi, who was already rutting him slowly in mid-air, her full length sliding inside him, stimulating his innards.

"UHHnnn!"

Her face was glowing with mischievousness, eyes narrowed.

"Are you enjoying the introduction of my Empress?"

A sliver of drool ran from the side of his mouth as he stammered a response.

"I.. In... *HUuhhh!*....i-introduction?" he murmured.

If her smile could have gotten any bigger it would have become a crescent moon of teeth.

"Yes Monkey..... *Introduction*."

Then David's butthole was sent for a journey back up the full length of her cock that shook him to his core, all the way to the head.

He gasped as a whole fifth of his abdomen was excavated, leaving a dick-shaped absence that felt grotesquely open and lonely, aching for warmth.

His insides wanted to be filled.

"Time for us to fuck properly," said Aimi softly.

Then something in her... shifted. David saw a new madness in her eyes, a psychopathic streak that had lurked beneath the surface, and had only now been revealed. It chilled him to the bone, his anal sphincter clutching tighter to her cock.

Her expression became more manic, hands pawing harder at his soft flesh.

It seemed as if something uncontrolled had been allowed to take hold of her brain, released from its shackles, and when her hands

tightened on his rump, legs spreading wider to absorb heavier weight displacement, David's lips began to tremble.

"Aimi.... A-Aimi?...."

Her teeth began to grind against each other.

It was as if she didn't hear him. She only saw the man she was going to break.

THWAP!!!!

The connection of her hips to his ass echoed around the room like a whip crack, David screaming as Aimi's cock slammed into his body so hard that his bones juddered, and he was forced to cling to her for dear life as she began to wreck his ass, performing a dicking down that bullied his insides with raw sexual violence.

THWAPTHWAPTHWAP!!!!!!!!

"UHNNNNNN!!!!!-UH-UH-UH-GHUH-..... A-AIMI- OHMYGOHG-UGH-GUH-GUHG-!!!"

The speed at which she sheathed him was frightening.

It was beyond brutal. She pounded him, smacking their hips together in a chorus of sodomy that overpowered the senses, sending him into raptures so fast that he was unable to even consider defending himself.

He screamed, flung up and down on Aimi's barge pole, caught pants-less in an anal exorcism that would have terrified anyone who witnessed it, his mind forced into retreat. There was nothing to hold onto but Aimi, nothing to feel, or see, or smell but the carnivore cratering his asshole.

"UGH-UH-UHGGHHHHAIIIII!!!"

Wide, maddened eyes drank in the way he gurned, saliva falling from his lips, enjoying each un-controlled gasp, every quivering of his eyelids as she bottomed out inside him.

He didn't know how much he was loving it, tears falling from his cheeks, trying to resist the pleasure being brutally pressed upon him by her savaging thrusts into his rear end, all the while his cute cock continued to wave up and down like a cheerleader, slapping against his belly in a pathetic dance of joy, spurting pre-cum down its sides as he was bounced like a human pogo-stick.

Electrifying pleasure coursed through him, nerve endings so overcome that they were almost forced to produce pain to try and make David understand how deep Aimi was consuming him she delved into him again, and again, and again.

"UHNHUNNUHH-UHNNUHNN!!"

Aimi merely grunted as she worked, plundering away at his sweet pink treasure, opening him up with her cock-shaped can opener to lay bare his darkest secrets.

"UGHuHghh... GuhgughhuUH!"

It was sawing against that beautiful spot inside him that was like a reset button for his body, the young man's tear-stained face going slack as his brain let go of all muscle control, cowering in a corner of his skull and weeping as sheer orgasmic ecstasy devoured it.

One particularly earth-shaking thrust made him blackout, and when he recovered his senses he was sure that Aimi's neat hair was more dishevelled, his ass-cheeks aching more, and his cock was covered in another layer of icing.

He was so lost in the haze of pounding sex that he didn't even register the saliva flicking against his face from Aimi's jowls, her mouth open, eyes burning with furious lust as she tensed up every last fibre of muscle in her body to the task of defiling this young man, pumping her hips up with each downward thrust of her arms around his body to slam him down on her cock at the speed of a bullet train.

THWAP!-THWAP!-THWAP! THWAP!-THWAP!-THWAP!

"HU-" "GU!-" "UHN-!"

The entwined figures became a blur of movement and violence, loud squeals and grunts emanating from within the frenzied dance.

Aimi in her rage stomped over to the wall and slammed him into it, and David's breath was doubly taken away by her cock and the impact of her weight, his back mashed against the cool plaster, sticking to the surface with his sweat as she fucked him up against it.

Time became without meaning. The only meaning was Aimi's spear slamming up into David's guts, shaft sweeping over his prostate so continuously that when the next of his full body orgasms hit, it didn't stop, but just rolled over into a second, and a third, and then a fourth.

Sweat began to form in the cleft between her breasts as Aimi heaved like she was running a marathon, although her muscles never slowed, never wavering in their unflinching vindictiveness, sending pounds of cockmeat over and over into David's writhing, tortured body.

In fact she seemed to get faster.

David wanted to control himself, but his mouth seemed to be connected directly to his asshole, his brain a passenger as he screamed, then moaned, then sobbed, repeating in a slut-cycle that had nothing to do with what he wanted, only what was given by Aimi.

Tears ran down his cheeks as the orgasmic pleasure overwhelmed him, and he went into a full fit, his body shaking to its foundations as ecstasy ripped through him.

Machine guns would have struggled to keep up with the velocity of each brutal hip connection, David's ass cheeks rippling, head oscillating as his sweet arms clung to Aimi, teary eyes begging for mercy that he didn't really want, because she was delivering him to heaven in an open-topped rocket.

It was clear now that she didn't want to stop. She wanted to burn his synapses that controlled pleasure to the point where he could only

feel love at the end of her cock, only feel passion for a footlong dick and the woman that owned it.

The smell of them would have made an observer's eyes water, a broiling broth of salty sweat combined with the tang of testicle-juice, Aimi's nostrils flaring as she breathed it in, David ingesting the stench of an alpha queen as his eyes rolled up into his head, seeing the inside of his skull as his balls tightened.

Aimi roared as more stringy rivulets of her lover's cum spurted from his cock, hitting the bottom of her tits, her chin and face.

When David's eyes returned, gaze unfocused and still oscillating on her cock, it was to a dick-monster covered in white gloops, sperm dripping from her chin and down her nipples as she roared at him, the gentle eyes and cheeks contorted in lustful rage.

Aimi's cock was leaking pre-cum like an open tap, dousing his insides in preparation for the ball-cream dessert to come, and she roared as she pressed her forehead against his, the ugly note vibrating through David's face as he whimpered, snivelling soft utterances of delight as she touched every last inch of his insides.

Then it happened.

Her face became a grouse, like someone had jabbed a needle into her buttocks, and what followed was the heaving bellow of a rhino as her hips began to sink in a jerking rhythm to meet his tomato-red bottom, and David was sure he could feel the testicles *tighten* against his asscheeks as her shaft rippled.

"YAGHHHHHHHHAIIIIII!!!"

"Uhhuh- UUUGGHHHHHH!"

He sang like a canary, cock throbbing as a giant wave of pure unadulterated jizz pounded from the end of Aimi's cock, stampeding his insides as she bared her teeth, hissing at the sheer release of finally filling her young buck.

David's final orgasm made his back arch as she marked his internal organs as her property, spilling her seed on his sacred land and

submerging it in a tidal wave of foul spunk that the neighbours might well have been able to smell judging by how strong and tangy it was in the air, even in a room as sizeable as this one.

Aimi let out a long groan as the final sloshing pints of cum were deposited into her bitch, a long-term investment aimed at happily fucking him for the rest of their lives.

David's arms hung weak at his sides. Pinned against the wall, his head lolled into Aimi's breasts, which acted as the most perfect cushions in the world, sending him off into a wondrous, deep sleep.

Aimi breathed heavily, her sensibilities coming back to her as she gazed down at the wrecked creature she was pressed flush against, feeling the soft breaths from his nostrils tickle the top of her breast, enjoying the tiny snoring sounds emanating every so often.

She ran her hand through his hair, enjoying the darkness of it.

She leaned in and realised it was closer to dark brown than black, just catching enough of the dim light to be visible.

It was beautiful.

Aimi put her arms around him and unstuck his sweaty back from the wall, turning to walk towards the bathroom. She'd wash him, then take him to the guestroom.

His asshole quivered slightly on her cock, and she moaned as she felt the creampie dripping onto her balls. What a filling she'd given him.

Her mouth crept into a lazy smile.

A little part of her thought about slapping him awake and fucking him again, but she thought he deserved a rest.

Tomorrow morning would be fine.

***

BANG BANG BANG

Aimi jerked up and hastily adjusted her kimono, now shabbier and a little stained in places, before bustling to the door, opening it up to a short blond woman sporting bangs and a poca-dot dress.

"Hello gorgeous!"

"Hey Sandy," she smiled, "enjoy the carnival?"

She peeled her eyes.

"Yeah I did... would have enjoyed the party more too if SOMEONE hadn't left early.... I see someone had a good night."

She nodded at the slightly dishevelled garb that Aimi was sporting.

"No more than usual."

"Sure... so where is he?"

Aimi chuckled.

"Where's who?"

Sandy raised her eyebrows.

"Oh I don't know, the Pope? Or maybe the GUY YOU TONGUED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAR."

"No idea what you're talking about."

"I think he does," she said, smiling, pointing behind her.

"What... Oh?"

She turned around to an empty living room.

"Who... oh SANDY!"

The short blond girl had seized her opportunity, racing past her.

" STOP idiot!" shouted Aimi, unable to contain her smile as she strode after the figure who immediately made her way into the main bedroom.

"Knock kn....! Oh."

She came in to an empty bed.

"Hmmm, that's interes.... Wait, WHAT the hell happened here?!?!"

When Aimi caught up Sandy was staring down at the crater in the centre of the bed.

"Oh uh... redecorating?"

A quick sniff of the air made Sandy blanch, and she looked across the stained sheets, followed by peering round the rest of the room and spying an odd patch of wall paper which seemed well worn and marked compared to the rest.

"Right... So whose asshole were you redecorating?"

When she looked back at Aimi, it was with a sly grin.

Aimi made a show of rolling her eyes and looking disgruntled, but couldn't hide the pride in her response.

"Guest room."

Sandy jumped, yipping as she zipped past her before Aimi grabbed her by the scruff of the neck.

"OOF!"

"Quietly," she growled.

"Yes, yeah of course!"

Sandy rubbed her neck as Aimi let her go, stepping as fast as she dared before reaching the guest bedroom and entering it.

The door flew open, and Sandy nearly coughed as the musky smell of human fornication thrummed through her nostrils.

"Jees!" she spluttered, coughing.

"Shhhh," cooed Aimi, "Don't wake him... he's had a long morning."

Sandy gazed upon the bare ass of David, which looked more like a broken water feature then a body-part, spunk oozing out of his

asshole, a huge puddle beneath his thighs suggesting a filling of seismic proportions.

"Uh... when did you have sex?" muttered Sandy.

Aimi blushed.

"Oh I don't know... maybe five minutes ago?"

Sandy's jaw dropped.

"You did this in five minutes?"

"Well no, we finished five minutes ago, but this sort of happened over the previous hour..."

"Christ... you broke him in two rooms in one hour?"

The pride re-entered Aimi's voice.

"That was last night."

Sandy's eyes widened.

"Jees... Aimi... when did you *not* fuck him?"

Aimi totted it up in her head.

"I would say... we slept at least five hours.... Although we fucked during the night so I spent most of it inside him...."

Sandy gave a pitying look at David's motionless form, slumbering with a look of exhaustion... but also a soft smile on cum-drenched lips.

"I mean... even with his butthole destroyed, he's cute."

Aimi leaned in the doorway, heart pounding through her chest again, cock rising once more.

"Yes... and he's mine."