



SHE THICC

A BBW STORY

J. D. TUFTS



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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

I didn't pick my paralegal at McCabe and Holmes, the law firm I had been working at for nearly ten years. That was the job of personnel. When Ethel, the older lady who had been my paralegal since I started at the firm retired, I knew that I would be assigned somebody new. I wouldn't have a choice who that paralegal was, though if somebody was assigned who simply was not up for the job I could request a replacement with personnel, who would take care of the problem based on the situation.

I wasn't at all worried about it. Ethel had been great, and I hadn't heard any of the other lawyers at my firm complain about their paralegals even once. So, I was told that I would be getting a new paralegal named Linda. She was twenty-five and had some experience at another smaller firm before being hired at McCabe and Holmes. I would be meeting her the following Monday after Ethel's last Friday.

On Monday I came in and Linda was waiting for me in my office, sitting in the chair in front of my desk. She wasn't what I was expecting. First of all, she was a black woman, and there was something about the name Linda that screamed white to me. She was light skinned, coffee with cream, and very pretty with a youthful round face, and lips like a perfect kiss stamp. Her hair was a wild mane that went all the way down to her lower back.

Even sitting down, I could see how tiny she was, at least in terms of her height and doll-like frame. When she stood up, I would have guessed her to be no taller than five-foot-two, much shorter than my five-foot-ten-inch frame. Yet, she wasn't tiny everywhere. Her waist was minuscule, but the contrast to the rest of her body made my mouth drop open.

When she stood, all I could do was stare at her absolutely massive ass, clad in a

tight black skirt. On most women the skirt would have been voluminous, but on her it seemed to be struggling to keep those gigantic cakes contained. Her ass jutted out like a table I could easily set a drink and a full dinner on and eat off of, yet it was so beautifully round and perfectly shaped. I had never seen anything like it.

When she turned around, I got a good look at her incredible breasts. While not as preposterously large as her ass, they were still big on her small frame, as large as softballs. Even for how large her big, round breasts were, her nipples were proportionally huge, and they were hard and sticking out from under her blue blouse. I was amazed that they could be seen so clearly through the bra she was wearing.

“You must be Mr. Valente,” Linda said holding out her hand. She had a southern accent, I guessed Georgia, though maybe it was just that her ass reminded me of a perfect peach.

“Yes,” I said, snapping out of my lust in order to put my hand out and shake hers. “You must be Linda. It’s great to meet you. I’m sure we’ll work well together.”

“I’m sure we will too,” Linda said, and then she put her left hand out and squeezed my arm a little. I felt a tingle go up and down my body.

We sat down to discuss the job. There was a lot to get Linda up to speed on with my current cases and how I liked to do things. She took out a little notepad and began to furiously write down everything that I told her. As she did so, I couldn’t help but appreciate her lovely little body. I knew that her working for me could only be trouble.

I should lay everything out there. I was forty years old, and I had been married for eight years, with two young children. Since meeting my wife Amanda, I hadn't even thought about another woman. Amanda was a beautiful woman, and after two children she was still beautiful. She had been slim when we had gotten married, but her body had filled out, going from a C cup to a DD after our son was born.

I hadn't thought about another woman seriously since Amanda and I had gotten married, but here I was becoming fixated on this girl, a paralegal who would be working closely with me. I tried to simply put it in my mind that nothing would happen, but as much as I tried, there was nothing that I could do. I had never seen a girl with a body like that.

I spent the rest of the day constantly distracted by Linda walking around the office. I couldn't believe how preposterous that body was. She would often have trouble maneuvering around with those giant hips and ass, and I thought it was a miracle that she didn't knock things over. At the same time, it seemed as if those huge nipples were constantly erect, sticking out in front of her like two arrows pointing the way.

Speaking of erect, so was I. I found myself hard almost all day. When I wasn't looking at Linda I was thinking about her, and that was enough to get me hard.

As usual, I got home late that night. I had told Amanda to go ahead and give the kids dinner. When I got home, they were already fed. I pulled Amanda into the hallway. "I think we should put the kids to bed early," I said, kissing her on the neck. My cock was rock hard, and I knew she could feel it pressed up against her.

Amanda didn't have to be told twice. Somehow, she got the kids into bed, and then we were kissing in the bedroom. With my thoughts on Linda all day, I had a raging hard on at that point, and I ripped Amanda's clothes off and fucked her more passionately than I had in years. When I came it felt like I was spraying gallons of cum inside her.

We lay in bed exhausted and sweaty afterwards. "Wow, that was something," Amanda said.

"Yeah," I said, because there wasn't anything else I could think to say. I had been thinking of Linda the whole time.

"What brought that on?" Amanda asked.

Of course, I couldn't answer that honestly, and it brought a lot of emotions forth that I didn't really want to deal with. I just reached over and pulled my wife to me, giving her a passionate kiss. "I was just remembering how things were when we first met," I told her.

That seemed to be satisfactory to her, but we both knew it was a lie. I had never been that overwhelmed by my passion when she and I were together initially. The kind of lust that Linda inspired was not something that I had ever felt before. I was afraid of what it meant for me and thought I should do something before things got out of hand.

The next day, I thought about calling personnel and requesting a different paralegal. The problem was, I couldn't think of a single reason why I would make such a request after a day. What would personnel think? I also didn't want

to say anything bad about Linda. She had seemed perfectly nice, and my attraction to her wasn't her fault.

By the time I got to work, I thought I was being crazy. Surely, I could control myself, and I was certain that Linda would have no interest in me. I just had to be professional. When I got there, Linda was in a black and white flower dress. She looked as luscious as she had the day before, and I had to keep my tongue from wagging. Yet, I steeled my resolve. I could get through this, I told myself.

It turned out that I could get through it. It got a little easier as the week wore on, though having Linda there was a constant distraction. I was always horny, and when I would get home, I would immediately attack Amanda and have sex session as passionate as the one we had on Linda's first night. I thought that Amanda might thank her if she knew Linda was the source of reinvigorating our sex life, but I certainly wasn't going to tell her.

The week went by, and I found myself at the office on a Saturday night. This wasn't unusual. As a lawyer the concept of weekends was a sketchy one, and it was rare that I didn't work at least part of my weekend, but this night I realized there was a certain file that I didn't have with me, and I decided to text Linda.

"It should be in the little cabinet by your desk," Linda wrote back.

I went through the cabinet and still could not find it. I expected everything to be in alphabetical order, and it was, so it was easy to see that the file was not where it was supposed to be. I couldn't remember when I had last had it. I texted Linda back. "It's not there," I said.

A response came to me quickly. “I’ll come over to the office and see if I can help you,” she wrote.

“You don’t need to do that,” I quickly wrote back. As much as I needed the file, I wasn’t crazy about the two of us being alone in the office together.

“I’m downtown anyway,” Linda texted back. “I’m just a couple blocks over. I’ll be right there.”

She was right about that. Linda came into the office just a few minutes later. She was wearing a skintight evening dress that had the effect of instantly taking my breath away. Linda looked sexy in whatever she wore, but this dress showed off her body like nothing I had ever seen. I was overwhelmed looking at her, and my heart was beating so quickly in my chest that I thought I was about to have a heart attack.

“Thanks for coming,” I said. My voice sounded strange, like I was winded after running a marathon, but Linda didn’t seem to notice.

“It’s okay,” Linda said. “I was on a really horrible date, and I was looking for any excuse to leave.”

She came around and looked in the small file cabinet, confirming what I already knew. I didn’t stop her, because relishing the sight of her bending over was becoming one of the biggest thrills of my life. Her dress looked like it might split in half when she did so, but somehow it was able to hold up.

“I thought for sure it was here,” Linda said. Then she seemed to think a little. “Wait,” she said, and then she walked back into the outer office. She returned a few seconds later with the file in hand.

“Thanks,” I said, taking it. I wasn’t about to ask anything about it, but she felt the need to explain.

“I had forgotten that I took it out. I guess I didn’t put it back,” she said. “I’m really sorry.”

“It’s okay,” I told her, looking over the file. “I guess I was just lucky you were on a bad date,” I said.

“Yeah,” Linda said with a laugh. “It seems like I have nothing but bad ones,” she said.

I should have just let it go, but somehow, I couldn’t. “A pretty young woman like you must get a lot of suitors,” I said. I winced at my own words after I said them. I sounded about a hundred years old.

Linda laughed. “Well, part of the problem is I only like white guys. It’s just too bad that they don’t like me very much.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. I was astounded by what I just heard.

“White guys don’t like my curves,” Linda said, as she ran her hands down her generous hips. “A lot of them don’t date black girls, and if they do like black girls, they tend to like them for the wrong reasons.”

“So, what about the guy you were out with tonight?” I asked.

“He definitely liked me for the wrong reasons,” Linda said with a laugh. She didn’t elaborate, and I was afraid to ask her. My mind was churning. Then I said it, before I could stop myself.

“That’s unbelievable to me. I think you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

There it was, the words that could have ended my time at the firm if they were taken the wrong way. At the very least they could have made work awkward. Then there was the fact that I was married, and fifteen years older than Linda. Even if she found me attractive, the entire thing could still come off creepy.

Instead, Linda looked at me for a long moment, as if trying to figure out if I was serious. It felt as if my heart stopped beating that entire time, waiting to see what she said.

“You’re very handsome,” Linda said. “When we first met about a week ago, I thought I was going to have a hard time working for you.”

“Really?” I asked and I stepped closer to her.

Linda looked up at me, and I could see on her face that she was nervous. I could also see the desire in her eyes. It was unmistakable, and suddenly I forgot about all the barriers between us.

“I was worried about us working together,” Linda said. “I was afraid that things might turn in an inappropriate direction.”

That was when the floodgates were broken. My arms were around her and I was kissing her. Linda had her own arms looped around my neck, and she was standing on her tiptoes in order to meet my lips. Soon our tongues were intertwined, and I had lost all semblance of control.

I was incredibly hard as her body pressed against me, and I could hear her sigh as she felt my arousal. I loved the feeling of her hard nipples against me, and my hands first went to her breasts to feel how large and firm they were. I had never felt breasts like those before, with such fullness and such perkiness as the same time. My fingers fondled them enthusiastically, before finally making it to her two nipples, and caressing them.

Linda squealed in delight as my fingers touched her nipples. It was obvious that they were incredibly sensitive. I pinched her right nipple, and watched as she breathlessly pulled herself against me, biting my neck gently as she did so.

My right hand went to where it wanted to go, down to her huge ass. I thought I was going to come in my pants when I touched that glorious behind, I had been staring at all week. I was astounded at how an ass so huge could be so firm. Linda giggled as my hand finally gripped her left ass cheek.

“I thought I caught you looking at me while I bent over on Wednesday,” she whispered in my ear.

“Oh yeah,” I said sheepishly. “I was looking at you a lot more than that.”

Linda grabbed my other hand and took it off her nipple to bring it down to her ass. “I bet you’ve never felt anything like this before,” she teased me. “You certainly aren’t going to find any white girls with an ass like this.”

I felt a twinge of guilt as I thought about my wife, but the way she was talking was turning me on like crazy. “I’ve never seen an ass like this before,” I said. “I can’t believe how huge and beautiful it is.”

“I want you to ride it,” Linda told me.

Within minutes we had cleared off the desk and I had Linda bending over it. I reached under her dress and slid off her panties. “Come on, I need you inside me,” Linda was saying. “I have condoms in my purse.”

It didn’t take long until my dick was out, I put on a condom, and then I had my cock inside Linda. It was a bit difficult at first. Linda’s ass was so huge that it made it hard for me to get my dick to insert in her pussy, but once I had done it, the sensation of pumping into her while those giant ass cheeks slammed into me had me close to coming almost instantly. I had to hold off to keep myself from coming. I was thankful for the condom, since it helped a bit in this regard.

“Fuck me hard,” Linda demanded, and I obliged her, but she would pout whenever I would have to stop to keep from exploding. “I need it,” she said. “I need it right now.”

Finally, I did what she asked, but I exploded almost instantly. It was such a powerful orgasm that my legs went weak, and I thought I was going to fall over onto the ground. I had to lean over onto Linda’s tremendous ass cheeks to keep from doing so. God, they were incredible. Even though I had just come I was still hard.

“Fuck me,” Linda cooed, and she flexed her ass. My cock seemed to come back to life. I had heard of men who were capable of multiple orgasms, but I had never had one myself.

I started to thrust inside her again, and Linda cried out in pleasure. “Come on, I’m almost there,” she squealed. It didn’t take me long to get her to climax. She screamed loudly and it echoed through the office. It was so hot that I found myself coming again. This time I felt completely exhausted. I was lightheaded and dizzy.

Once I had withdrawn from her, Linda turned over and sat up, putting her arms around me and planting kisses all over my face. “That was really something,” she said.

“That was mind blowing,” I told her.

Then the reality of what we had done really started to sink in. “You’re married,” she said.

“That’s right,” I told her.

“Jesus, I can’t believe this. It can never be simple with me.”

“I meant what I said,” I told her. “You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Yeah, and we just met,” Linda said bringing things down to earth. “Do you have any kids?”

“Two,” I told her.

“Jesus Christ,” she said. “This can’t happen again. I need this job.”

I thought my heart was going to burst at those words but there was nothing else that I could say. “I understand,” I told her.

“This never should have happened,” she said.

“Yeah,” I agreed, but I didn’t mean it. I was glad that this had happened. It was

the one of the most amazing things to happen to me in my whole entire life.

There was guilt of course. I returned home to Amanda and the kids, and there was a feeling that I had betrayed them, but at the same time I realized how deeply unhappy I had been with my marriage for quite some time. Amanda was a good person, a good friend, but she had never really excited me. Sex with her had never been as amazing as what I had just experienced with Linda, not even in the beginning.

I did think to myself that perhaps it was the illicit nature of what had just happened that had made it so exciting. There was that, sure. But at the same time, I would have left my life with Amanda in a heartbeat if Linda had wanted me. What hurt the most was that Linda had thought what had happened was a mistake.

When we returned to work on Monday there was an awkward exchange between us. "Everybody knows," Linda whispered to me early in the day. "I think they are all looking at us."

"Nobody knows," I told her. "I didn't tell anybody. Did you tell anybody?"

"No," Linda answered.

"Well, we are the only two people who could have told anybody about this."

Linda smiled a weak smile, realizing that she was being silly. "Sorry, I guess I'm

just a little freaked out.”

She was standing the closest she had been to me all day, and I ached to get my arms around her, but of course I resisted. I knew it wouldn't turn out so well. I had to show some restraint.

Yet, as the week went by, it seemed as if Linda was teasing me. I couldn't keep my eyes off her, as usual, and she was mindful of it now because of what had happened between us. There was a moment when I had been staring at her ass in the skirt she had been wearing, where I was sure she saw me, and then she slowly bent over so that I could fully appreciate the massiveness of her backside, as she retrieved a file from the cabinet.

This would go on for weeks, and I had gone back to my usual routine. I was constantly horny at work, but I was able to power through it in order to get home and fuck Amanda like she hadn't been fucked ever before in our marriage. There was still a sense in which Amanda seemed suspicious about something, but she loved the sex so much that she didn't want to look the gift horse in the mouth.

Then there was an announcement that one of our partners was retiring. It was the older McCabe brother, James, and there was going to be a party for him. I was going to have to go, and so was that meant I was going to have to bring Amanda. Having Amanda and Linda in the same room sent a feeling of dread through my body, but there was no way that I was going to be able to get out of this, besides feigning some kind of illness, which I knew Amanda was going to see right through.

So, I went to the fancy party, and Amanda was her usual charming self. That was one of the bonuses she had always given me as a wife. She was a great person to have at parties. She made some of the dinners I had with clients and colleagues a

lot less boring for me to endure.

Then I saw Linda. The dress she was wearing was so sheer that it was like seeing her naked. Jesus Christ, it was torture, and I had to think that she was doing it on purpose. Yet, Amanda was with me all night, so I couldn't just stare. Instead, I was forced to take peaks at her throughout the night. I was constantly afraid that Amanda would catch me, but I couldn't stop myself from looking.

Finally, I saw Linda take off upstairs to one of the bathrooms. It was the longest I allowed myself to look, her incredible ass in that dress, bouncing as she went up each stair. I knew this was my chance. I turned to Amanda and told her I needed to go to the bathroom.

I got to the top of the stairs, and Linda was already inside. She didn't take terribly long to come out, and once she was out, I reached out and took her hands.

"What the?" she said, and I put my finger to my lips.

"Shhhh," I said, and then I pushed her back into the bathroom, shutting the door behind us.

I was kissing her within seconds. It reminded me of the first time, when I was out of control, and Linda kissed me back. She was out of control as well. I could feel it, and I finally felt as if the floodgates had been let loose.

My hands went to her ass at once, grabbing ahold of it and squeezing. She giggled a little and then she reached down and touched my hard cock through my pants. "I wore this dress for you," she said, as she slid her fingers along the shaft.

"It's driving me crazy," I told her.

Then she let go of my cock, and then put her hands on mine, which were still squeezing her ass. She very gently removed them from her. "We can't do this," she said.

I felt as if my heart had been ripped from my chest. "Why can't we?" I asked.

"Isn't that your wife down there?" Linda said to me. "You know we can't do this."

"But you want it," I said, putting my arm around her waist and pulling her close.

Linda grabbed my arm and pulled away, once again gently, but also firmly. "I can't be involved with a married man," she said. "No matter how much I want it."

She started to go but I had one more thing to say. "You said you wore that dress for me."

“I did,” Linda said. “I think about you. I can’t help myself.” Then she was gone, leaving me in the bathroom by myself.

I stayed there for a while by myself, thinking about what she had said. Was she just playing games with me? I had no idea. Even though it seemed that way, it was very hard to know. I had found that you really couldn’t interpret another person’s actions until you learned what things meant to them. This was a skill that assisted me a lot as a lawyer.

I finally was able to calm myself down and went back down to the party. I didn’t see Linda anywhere. As the party went on, it seemed as if she had left. Right before Amanda and I left for the evening I sent her a text.

“Did you leave early?” I asked.

I didn’t get an answer until we had gotten back to the house. I had told Amanda that I needed to do some work in my home office while she took care of the babysitter and checked on the kids. Once I was in the office, I got the text from Linda.

“I needed to go home to take care of myself,” she said.

I couldn’t believe what I was reading. “I got you that worked up?” I texted back.

“Yes,” she wrote. “I have to control myself. You’re married.” Then there was a few second pause where I considered what to respond with. She beat me to it.

“Did you take care of yourself?” she asked.

“Not yet,” I texted her.

“Show me,” she wrote back.

I was astounded that she was asking this after she had just rebuffed me, but I couldn't do anything but obey her. “Do you have Zoom?” I asked.

So, there I was, sitting in my office masturbating. Linda watched but she kept her video off, denying me the privilege of looking at her.

“Stroke it slower,” she purred from my phone. “I want to savor this.”

I was painfully hard and just wanted to come. Everything had been dragged out and I had horrible blue balls. Yet, Linda kept demanding that I take it slow. I wanted to beg her. “Please, let me come,” I finally said.

“You don't deserve it,” she told me. “You're very bad. I want you to stop now.” I couldn't believe what she was saying, but I obeyed. “You will get no relief,” she said. “Especially not from your wife. It is wrong to come with your wife when you know you're only thinking of me,” she said.

Then she ended the zoom call. My cock and balls absolutely ached, and all I

wanted to do was stroke to completion, but I wanted to serve Linda more. She was my absolute obsession. I would do anything to have her.

The rest of the night I lay next to my wife, painfully hard, and doing nothing. Linda had ordered me not to release so I didn't, but my balls and my cock ached. I couldn't stop thinking of Linda and her incredible body. Somehow, I fell asleep.

It was the Monday at work that I learned Linda had made a personnel request. She was no longer my paralegal, having been replaced by a man named Karl who worked at the firm. Apparently, Karl had been unhappy with his fit, and Linda had agreed to switch with him. I was mortified.

"Why?" I texted her at lunch. I could no longer stare at her all day, but because of her order I hadn't touched myself all weekend. I hadn't done anything with Amanda either.

"I simply can't trust myself," Linda wrote back. "It is just too tempting."

This was driving me crazy. Why was Linda doing this to me? Once again, I thought that this was just a game. I didn't hear from her for the rest of the week. I still saw her around the office, but nowhere near as much as I used to. I still didn't touch myself, and the sex between Amanda and I dried up. I told her that I was going through a stressful time at work and just wasn't feeling up to it.

The next weekend Linda texted me again. "I'm thinking of getting these." She had sent some links from the Torrid website to different clothing. There was a skirt and top, some shoes and another dress.

I stared at the phone for a while and wondered if she was signaling what I thought she was signaling to me. I decided just to do it and bought her all the items.

“They will be delivered to you soon,” I texted back.

Linda texted me back a lingerie set, bra and panties with garter belt and stockings. I hesitated only a moment before buying this for her too.

When they came Linda took pictures of herself in them. Her tits looked amazing in the bra cups, her seemingly always hard nipples poking out. I loved the way her thick shapely legs looked in those stockings, and I thought about having those legs wrapped around me. Of course, it was her ass that drove me the most crazy. Linda sent two pictures from behind, one of her just standing, her huge majestic ass on display in those black lace panties, and the other with her bent over, teasing me with her massive booty.

“You can touch yourself to these pictures, one time,” Linda wrote. “Just one time and never again.”

I did it that one time immediately and came with an earthshattering orgasm. It was bittersweet knowing that I was never allowed to have that release again. I kept the pictures and looked at them, but not being able to pleasure myself to them haunted me.

It would be another month before I would ask for a divorce. Amanda wasn't

surprised at that point. Things had become distant between us, and she wasn't happy. There had also been no sex for that entire month. I moved out of the house, and I assured her that the kids would be taken care of, and she would get her fair share of the assets.

Linda continued to text me, usually asking me to buy her things or to perform certain tasks for her. She asked me to take pictures of myself, to masturbate for her on camera pretty regularly. One weekend, she texted me to ask me what I was wearing. When I told her, she said she didn't approve and asked me to change my clothes.

Sometimes she would text me about the dates he was going on. Most of them were bad, but she did have a regular "friends with benefits" that she had sex with. Linda would tell me about their time together. This whole thing continued on for four months. When I texted Linda to tell her about my divorce, she barely reacted. Things just continued as they had been.

Then after I had started to give up hope, I got another text from Linda one Wednesday at work. "Would you like to have dinner with me this Friday?" she asked. There was only one answer I could give to that.

I was overwhelmed by the wait for the date. Linda and I talked about where to go, but she was standoffish while we were discussing things. We agreed that it would be casual, that we would go to this little Mexican place that she said was not far from her house. It would be an early dinner, right after work, as to avoid a crowd.

I got there first, fidgeting in my seat the whole time. Was this going to just be another trick she was playing on me? Still, it was worth it. She had made me realize that my marriage was doomed, and I had left having nothing to do with

Linda, but to be able to kiss her again, it was what I wanted more than anything.

Linda came in about ten minutes late. She was wearing a tiny pink top that was lowcut and tied in a knot in front of her to reveal her midriff. She was also wearing a tight pair of blue jeans, slung low on her hips. I took notice right away of the incredible cleavage her ass made while rising from above the jeans, and I could see her yellow thong peeking out.

“Do you like how I look?” she asked, teasingly.

“You look gorgeous,” I said.

“Well, you bought it for me,” Linda teased. I remembered that this was one of the outfits she had sent me to buy. She sat down and a waitress soon approached us.

The conversation we had at dinner was a fairly normal one. We caught up on all the things that we had not been able to talk about in the time we were separated. Linda was back to her normal self, not the teasing temptress that I had become accustomed too. I remembered how we had formed an easy friendship that first week we had worked together.

When the meal was over, we ordered flan for dessert. “I’ve never had flan before,” Linda said.

“Let me introduce it to you,” I said. I scooped off a bite of it with a fork and put

it in her mouth. Linda ate it and cooed as she took it in.

“That’s delicious,” she said.

“It’s all yours,” I said, and I continued to feed her the rest.

“Let’s go to my place,” she said, once we were done.

She didn’t have to tell me twice. We went to her apartment, that was indeed only a few blocks away. I was overwhelmed watching her as she sashayed up her walkway. That gigantic ass looked as if it was going to split free of those jeans at any minute. I wanted to get down on my knees and bury my face in those cheeks right there.

She had her key in the door, and I couldn’t stop myself. I was behind her and had my arms around her waist. My rock-hard cock was pressing into her ass cheeks, and I was kissing her neck. Linda giggled as she unlocked the door, and when she opened it, she spun around.

“I thought I taught you to be more obedient,” she teased, as she placed her hand gently on my face.

“I can’t help it,” I said breathlessly.

“I bet you can’t,” she nodded. “This is something you’ve been waiting for months.” We were standing in the living room now and she put her hands on my shoulders. “Down,” she ordered me.

I did what she said, and then I was down on my knees. Linda walked around me to shut the door, and I kept staring forward, waiting for her to return.

Eventually, she sashayed back around to me. On my knees, I was about eye level with her chest. I had to look up at her as she smiled down at me. “I think I’m ready to make you mine now,” Linda said.

She stepped forward and kissed me. It was a strange experience, me looking up at her while we kissed, but it still thrilled me. She gently put her left hand to my cheek as she did so. I reached forward and held her in a gentle embrace, and once the kiss was over, I took my head and set it against her ample breasts.

“I missed you,” I said, the sound of her heart reverberating through my ears.

Linda laughed, a joyful laugh without malice, and then she gently pushed me away. Then she turned around with her ass facing me. “Then worship me,” she said.

I knew what she wanted. She knew that I was a slave to her gigantic ass, and my hands reached out to caress it. I buried my face in the cleavage that was rising above the line of her jeans and bit at her thong. I could hear Linda giggling as she bent over and let me bury my face deeper.

“You’d never see another ass like this,” she said.

It didn’t take long for Linda to get worked up and to lead me into the bedroom. She pushed me down on the bed, undoing my tie and opening my shirt as she ran her hands all over my chest.

“I’m the one who’s in control now,” she said.

She moved down to take off my pants and underwear, while I finished removing the top part of my clothing. I was still staring at her, completely clothed in front of me, while I lay back on the bed.

“I think about you lusting after this body, and not being able to have me,” Linda said, running her hands up and down her voluptuous frame. “I enjoyed torturing you. Getting you into a lather and then not letting you have me.” She reached for the knot at the front of her shirt and undid it, pulling the shirt off in one swift motion. “Now I’m going to have mine,” she said.

Linda stood in front of me in a black plunge bra, which she quickly unhooked and exposed for me. This was the first time I had seen her big round breasts completely bare. Those brown nipples looked as big as champagne corks.

“Do you like them?” Linda asked, and she pushed her arms forward, making her gorgeous tits rise.

“They’re amazing,” I said. “I want those nipples in my mouth,” I said.

Linda smiled. A devious looking smile. “Who cares what you want?” she said.

Then she started to slide her jeans down her hips. She struggled at first to wiggle them down, but eventually they started moving. Then they were on the floor, and she was standing in only her silky thong.

Linda evaluated me, my cock sticking straight up in the air like a flagpole, and I could see it in her eyes that she knew that I was hers. All she had to do was take me. Once those panties were gone, she was climbing on top of me, and she inserted my cock inside her, a satisfied moan escaping her lips as she did.

My hands went up to her hips first, feeling the pleasure of my cock being enveloped in the velvet sheath of her pussy. I had waited so long for this that I thought I would explode right there, but I needed to satisfy Linda, and I put all my concentration on that task. Linda was focused on her own satisfaction, and soon she was riding me enthusiastically.

My hands went up to touch her breasts, and to finally feel those amazing nipples with no fabric between them and my fingers. Linda bent over, so that I could sit up and get my mouth on them. Once I had, my hands immediately went back to her hips, and reached around her ass. Her butt was so wide that it felt as if I could explore its roundness forever, while I sucked Linda’s nipples and she rode me.

“You belong to me now,” Linda said. “You work for me, and your only job is to make me come.”

These words made me feel as if I had been set free from my old life. Linda was the only thing that I wanted. “You are my queen,” I told her, and she smiled, making me the happiest man in the world.