



My Roommate's Big Secret

**COMPLETE
3 STORY
BUNDLE**

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My Roommate's Big Secret

The complete three story bundle

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To say that it had been a long week would be an understatement. I work as a nurse so busy weeks are to be expected but at this point I think I've spent more hours at the hospital than I have in my own apartment. So, I'm going to allow myself to cry on my steering wheel for just a little longer. I should not have ignored the low tire indicator on my dash because being stranded in the hospital parking lot sounds a lot better than being stranded on the freeway. Which is where I find myself currently, hence the stress filled tears.

Sure, I could hop out and throw on my spare. My dad made 'damn sure' that I knew how, before I moved out on my own.

However, it's a lot different when cars are flying by a mere ten feet away at some 80 miles an hour. Also the taunting, snow-filled clouds overhead didn't make it any easier. I had planned to beat the impending snow storm which was my cause for rushing home and ignoring the low tire light in the first place.

I let myself feel helpless for just a moment longer until my need to be on my couch with a bottle of wine outweighs all else. I pull out my phone, fully charged—one good thing about this whole situation—and quickly scroll through my contacts. The first helpful name I scroll past is 'Dad', if only he weren't an hour away, it's quickly followed by 'Damian' my older brother who lives even farther. I give up slowly scrolling through my contacts and quickly swipe to nearly the end of the list and tap on 'Tyson'.

Tyson Davis has been one of my best friends since we were kids. I know he is more than willing to come help me, but above all I know he won't make me feel lame for being stranded on the freeway like some damsel in distress. A lot of other guys would. Honestly, that's a big reason why we have stayed such good friends for so long. It also made our decision to become roommates a lot easier as well.

Tyson picks up immediately. I choke back the tears from earlier before I talk but he can still tell. He quickly asks what's wrong and I barely get out my location before he tells me he is on his way and hangs up

I could feel my worry wash away. I leaned my head back and was mesmerized for a moment by the falling snow before I shut my eyes for a bit.

I didn't hear Tyson pull up among all the sounds of traffic and was startled when he wiped the snow from my driver's side window. A gloved hand tapped on the glass. I grabbed my thin scrub jacket—again, I was planning on making it home before the storm—and stepped outside where I was immediately pelted by snowfall and frigid winds.

"You go wait in my truck! I'll be just a minute!" Tyson yells to be heard over the sound of passing cars.

"Are you sure you don't need any help?" I ask.

"Not if that's the only jacket you have with you. It's freezing out here." Tyson is wearing a neon yellow insulated jacket with reflective strips down the front. Obviously much more prepared than I for this whole situation.

I hurried over to Tyson's truck, past the attached flatbed trailer, and climbed into the cab. The enveloping warmth spewed out by the heater further washed away my stress.

I heard Tyson making quick work of loading my injured car onto the trailer. Not long after he hurriedly jumped in out of the weather and shook some stuck snow off his face. It's really coming down now as Tyson turned the defroster on full blast and attempted to merge onto the freeway.

"You could have just thrown on my spare." I say with just a hint of guilt.

"And have you drive home in this on a donut? No thanks." Tyson pauses as he blindly reaches into the center console, keeping his eyes on the road. "Want some?" He asks, fishing out a pack of peanut M&Ms and tearing off a corner with his teeth.

I reached out my hand to accept and then gave him a kiss on his stubbled cheek. He smelled...industrial. Like heated metal and

smoke and maybe some kind of motor oil. I'm not sure if it was my familiarity with his scent or maybe it just made him smell really manly, but I quite enjoyed how Tyson smelled when he just got off work.

Tyson blushed after my kiss on his cheek. He always does. It's kind of why I continue to do it after all these years.

"I think we might get snowed in for the weekend. We should drop by the store now if there's anything we need."

I nod in agreement and Tyson pulls off the freeway.

Unfortunately the snow didn't stop so Tyson unzipped his jacket and I huddled close to him as we ran into the store.

I could feel his eyes on my ass as we perused the aisle. I'm a curvy girl with ass and hips for days so I've grown used to guys checking me out. And ever since our teens the sexual tension between Tyson and I had been unmistakable but nothing has ever come of it. Now it's just to the point where I'll catch him checking out my ass, or eyeing my tits or cleavage. He catches me looking at him a lot less often. Not because I don't look as much but because I'm a lot better at hiding it.

I look over and his eyes quickly dart from my ass up to meet my stare.

"Come on. It's too easy. You gotta be quicker than that." I said, snapping two fingers in his direction.

"Hey, give me a break. It's been a long day alright?"

I give Tyson a smirk and go back to the aisle knowing full well that he probably took another quick peek. I could hardly blame him. My ass looks phenomenal in my scrub bottoms.

"Hey, I'm gonna go grab some stuff to make soup. Meet you at the front in ten?"

"Yeah, sure." Tyson checked his watch.

I got what I needed to make butternut squash soup and grilled cheese for the snowy weekend and made my way to the front. Tyson was just about to start checking out when I walked up behind him.

"Jesus dude, what did you have planned for this weekend?" I picked up and examined the bulk pack of 36 condoms among Tyson's groceries. It had a big gold 'XL' printed on the front of the

black box. "Did you have some kind of hung gay lover coming over or something because these can't be for you."

The cashier, a woman who looked to be in her mid forties, saw what I was teasing Tyson about and tried to hide her grin. Tyson noticed her and tried to see how far we could push this little charade and just how red we could make the cashier's face.

"Oh no, don't you remember? These are to help with your giant dildo so it doesn't chafe so bad."

"It's called a strap-on. And I already told you it wouldn't chafe so bad if you would just bend over a little further next time." He tried to turn it back on me but I was ready.

Tyson managed to flip me off with just a look as he grabbed the condoms from me and handed them to the cashier.

"You guys sound like you have some weekend planned." She added, ringing up the box.

"Who, us? Oh no. We've never met." I added.

The woman looked confused. Doubly so when Tyson stood at the end of the check out counter and threw his jacket over both of us to walk back out into the snowstorm.

We threw our stuff into the back seat and hurried home.

"So what are we doing tonight?" Tyson asked.

"Well if you asked that cashier back there apparently I'm going to fuck you in the ass with a big black dildo." I answered.

"Who said black?"

"That's your problem with it?" I laughed.

"Shut up. You know what I mean. Obviously I have a problem with..."

"No, now I'm curious." I cut him off. The domme in me just had to know.

"About what?"

"What it would take for you to willingly take it in the ass from a woman."

"Umm...I wouldn't." Tyson laughed off the topic.

"No seriously. Ok. It doesn't have to be a big black dildo. It could just be a tiny little tapered strap-on but what's your price?"

Twenty thousand?" We often shared hypothetical questions. The more embarrassed we could make each other the better.

Tyson sat and thought for a second. "Mmm I don't know. It's not really a money thing."

"Ohhhh interesting." I sat up straight in my seat and leaned on the center console to stare at him.

Tyson just shook his head and grinned as he kept his eyes dutifully on the road.

"So if not money, then what?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"Oh come on, you know! You said not money because you had something else in mind. Spill it. What is your deal to take it up the butt?"

Tyson sat again to think. I could tell he wasn't thinking about his answer but whether or not he should tell me.

"Come on. You have to tell me now."

"Ok fine. I guess...I don't know...I guess she would have to be super hot."

"Hmm...very interesting. So you would get pegged—for free mind you—as long as she was like a supermodel?"

Tyson thought about a rebuttal but realized it was no use. The best he could do was compromise. "Ok yes but I would also have to get to fuck her at some point."

"Oh well I'm sure that's no problem with your apparently monster dick."

Tyson just grinned.

"Seriously dude? Extra large? I didn't realize I was best friends with a pornstar." I teased.

"Hey, I do pretty well for myself. Back off."

"Oh no. I don't judge. It's just that I can practically fit my damn arm in a regular condom. So XL seems a bit excessive."

"Ok yeah. You could fit your whole arm in one. But it wouldn't be comfortable. And a penis is way more sensitive than your arm which has bones in it to keep the condom stretched. A penis gets squeezed a lot harder by a condom than your arm would so pardon me for needing a little extra room."

"Jeez dude. Sorry I brought it up. I didn't know you were so passionate. I was just concerned about how you walk with that much dick between your legs." I teased further.

"Fuck off." Tyson joked . "What about you?"

"What? You mean what would it take for me to take it in the ass? Well I mean I've already done it for free soooo..."

That gave Tyson a good laugh which made me happy.

"Well then what is your equivalent?"

I thought for a second. "I don't think I really have one. I would do it all. Does that make me easy?"

Tyson pondered my question for a second. "I think it just makes you horny...but we already knew that."

"Oh whatever mister 'I buy condoms in bulk'."

We pulled up to the house and hurried inside to put away the food we bought.

"It's cost effective."

"Especially when you're drowning in pussy like yourself."

"Haha I wish."

"Whatever happened to what's her face with the pierced tits?"

"Who? Sierra?"

"Shit if I know. Did Sierra have pierced tits?"

"Yeah, fucking nice ones too."

"Yeah, yeah stop your bragging. If they were so nice, why aren't you still seeing her?" I asked.

"You know there is more to a relationship than a nice set of tits."

"Says you. Ok but...was she hot enough to put it in your butt?"

"Hypothetically?"

"Of course."

Tyson paused. "Mmm probably not. She would be too rough anyways."

I nearly choked on the sip of water I had taken as I stifled a laugh. "Oh so you want the woman to be all loving as she plows into you?"

"Hypothetically yes."

"Ok, but what about spanking? Can she spank you?"

"Jeez, can we stop talking about my ass for a second?"

"I'll mark that down as a maybe." I pretended to jot something down on an imaginary notepad.

"So are you making that soup tonight?" Tyson asked, trying to steer the conversation in a different direction.

"Are you kidding me? I'll be lucky if I don't fall asleep on the couch before I can finish my leftover chinese from last night."

Tyson looked a little nervous. "I may have...eaten that for breakfast."

I opened the fridge in disbelief. "Fuck off, seriously?" I saw that my food was missing. "Dude. I'm changing that spanking from a maybe to a yes because your ass deserves it. You have to make dinner now."

"I have half a sub left over from lunch. You want it?"

"From where?"

"Antonio's."

"Italian?"

"The works."

"I shall accept your offering and will lessen your spanking sentence to some soft love taps and light nipple pinching."

"Looks like I'll be locking my bedroom door tonight."

I reached my hands out for the sandwich. "As if that would stop me."

"What's gotten into you?"

"Dude, you have no idea how long this week has been."

Tyson produced a bottle of sangria from one of his bags and handed it to me along with the sandwich.

"Oh my god. I love you." I took the bottle of sweet alcohol with a grin so big it nearly closed my eyes.

"I know you do."

We collapsed into the couch together. Half a sub sandwich later and a few swigs of sangria and I was out like a light on Tyson's shoulder.

2

I woke up to the credits of a movie rolling across the TV and no comfy roommate to sleep on.

It took me a few minutes to motivate myself off the couch before I sleepily stumbled to my bedroom.

I realized I was still in my scrubs from work and that I should probably take a shower before laying back down.

I gathered some clothes and walked to the bathroom, still in a daze from slowly waking up.

I opened the door to the bathroom and I was shook wide awake by what I saw.

I assumed Tyson had just gone to bed.

Nope.

He was in the bathroom toweling off after a shower.

My eyes couldn't help but land right between his legs where the biggest penis I've ever seen on a man hung off of Tyson's fit body.

I watched it sway between his legs as he finished drying off his hair. He pulled his face out of the towel and was startled to see me standing in the doorway.

"Hannah, what the fuck are you doing in here?" He quickly wrapped the towel around his waist but I could still see his huge member outlined against the fabric.

I looked up at his shocked face but couldn't help but steal a couple more glances at my roommate's bulge.

"I...I..." I was at a loss for words.

"Get out of here, perv."

I stood my ground, I needed to see it again. I had to see it again. I almost couldn't believe my eyes.

"Can I...can I see it again?"

"What the fuck? No. Get out of here."

I took a step into the bathroom.

"How much of that sangria did you drink dude? You're being weird." Tyson quipped.

"Please. I mean I already saw it and I just wanna see it one more time and then I'll leave you alone."

"Why do you wanna see it so bad?"

"Because your cock is fucking huge dude!"

I watched his penis jump with his arousal before it started to slightly lift the towel with his oncoming erection.

"It looks to me like you don't want me to leave at all."

"Dude, this is a bad idea. We're roommates." Tyson commented with a nervous tone to his voice.

I kept slowly walking closer until I was close enough to put a hand on his toned and tattooed chest. "Exactly, and how could you keep such a big secret from your horny little roommate?"

Tyson had no further argument but instead just watched as I slid two fingers under the towel and lightly tugged it away from his body.

He let the towel pull away and drop to the floor, revealing his hardening cock that was slowly raising to greet me without any stimulation.

"Fuck. You're seriously so big."

"I tried to tell you."

"You said you needed a little extra room, not that you had a dick the size of my forearm. Holy fuck." I stared until he was fully hard and then lightly wrapped both hands around him. "I can help you with this if you want."

His cock throbbed in my hands.

"I'll take that as a yes." I slowly started stroking his thick shaft.

"Oh fuck." Tyson gasped.

His little exclamation gave me the courage I needed to drop to my knees.

"Fuck Hannah. You look so hot right now."

I looked up at him as I gently licked the sensitive skin just below his cockhead. He throbbed against my tongue. I grabbed him with both hands again and slowly started wringing his cock as I stroked up and down his length. There was easily room for another hand to help me service his monstrous length while still leaving his

plump tip to suck on. My tongue continued teasing him with playful flicks against that same sensitive spot. Each one would elicit another throb as Tyson tightened his core with arousal.

"Does that feel good?"

"So fucking good."

"Then this will feel even better." I grasped his cock and took him into my wet mouth. I rubbed my tongue along the underside of his shaft as I continued to swallow him.

His warm head pressed at my throat until I felt him slide down. I had never deepthroat a cock this thick and Tyson was pushing me to my limits but I was eager to please him. A cock this nice deserves my throat.

I felt him bulge and stretch down my neck until I couldn't take him any further.

I reached a hand to my throat and felt his cockhead bulging in my neck. I pinched the sides of my throat and massaged into him through my neck until my body was begging for air. I gagged him down for just a second longer until I couldn't take it anymore.

I pulled off his cock, leaving it coated with my spit as I gasped for breath.

"Fuck Hannah. I've never felt anything like that before."

"You liked it?" I asked, beaming up at him.

"Are you fucking kidding me? I loved it!"

"Maybe you should have told your slutty roommate about your massive cock a little sooner huh?" I teased him with kisses on his abs and thighs because I could tell he wanted to beg for me to suck on him again. And I was going to make him beg.

I stood up and walked out of the bathroom.

"Wait, Hannah what the hell?"

I peeked my head back through the door and rolled my eyes. "Come on silly. I'm not going to fuck you in the bathroom."

I smiled at the sound of his quick footsteps across the tile floor of the bathroom.

"Now. Go lay on my bed and lean back on my pillows. But!...no touching that big dick of yours unless I say." I had no intentions of

letting him touch himself...or me for that matter. In fact quite the opposite.

He followed my instructions and I climbed on top of him still fully clothed. His hands tried to grab my hips but I slapped him away. "No touching me either. Even though I know you want my curves so fucking bad."

Tyson bit into his lip and I could feel his cock getting painfully hard between my thick thighs. I knew he was all mine.

He leaned back against my headboard with his arms out to the sides as I kissed across his chest and shoulders, gently biting at his muscles along the way. With a playful tongue I licked up his neck and nibbled at his ear. I gently started to grind my hips down into his stiff dick until I could feel a light pressure on my clit through my clothes.

I continued kissing his body as I pulled out two restraints attached to my headboard that I keep tucked behind the mattress. I slowly cuffed each of his wrists and he barely realized what I had done until I stopped my kisses.

"Hannah, what the fuck?"

"Are you gonna be a good boy for me or am I gonna have to do your feet too?" I kissed my way down his body across his abs until I got to his cock. "Well?" I raised my eyebrows at him.

"Fuck...I'll do whatever you say."

"Good boy." I rewarded his obedience by sucking down a couple inches of his cock and swirling my tongue around him.

I stood from the bed and slowly started to undress in front of him. First my scrub top and then I watched him tug at his restraints as I freed my big plump tits out of the sports bra I was wearing.

"Now listen closely. If you want me to stop doing something all you have to do is ask. And if you want me to start doing something all you have to do is ask."

He hung onto every word and his eyes worshipped my big tits and traced my curves down to my hips as I slowly pulled down my pants. I already love my curves but watching my body drive a man wild is the biggest confidence boost in the world.

But having my best friend—the guy I have had a crush on for nearly my entire life—consume me with his stare made me feel like a fucking goddess.

I slid my panties down next to reveal my neat landing strip and puffy lips with my tiny inner petals peeking out as I spread my legs open for him to see.

"But you've been a naughty boy keeping your beautiful cock a secret from me so if you like something and want me to do it again. Beg. And we'll see if you've been a good enough boy."

He wanted to touch his dick so fucking bad I could tell. I loved every second as I watched him struggle against the restraints so he could jerk off his big dick while he watched me.

"You're so fucking hot Hannah."

"From now on it's Miss Hannah. And I know baby . You've wanted this body for years haven't you?" I squeezed my tits and ran my hands down my body before I started to toy with my pussy. "And this perfect little pussy has been right down the hall all these years just waiting for your fat cock to come take me." I spread my lips for him to see. "And let me tell you. This pussy *loves* big thick cocks. But now...now you're gonna have to earn it."

I kissed his thighs and licked his balls until a steady stream of precum started to dribble down his veiny shaft and I eagerly licked it up.

"Fuck. I want you to suck my cock so bad."

"That's cute. I'm pretty sure I told you to beg."

"Please suck my cock Miss Hannah. I'll do anything. Anything you ask."

"Hmm, anything?"

"Yes. Please. I need to feel your throat so fucking bad." His ass clenched, pressing his hips upwards and making his stiff cock sway.

I would be lying if I said that I didn't have to stop myself from choking and gagging on him right then and there. He was just sitting there. So hard. So big. So tempting.

I needed to taste him but my pussy was also crying out for attention as it made a mess between my thick thighs.

I stood over him and held onto my headboard as I did a squat to lower my pussy down onto his face. His tongue was ready and waiting. He was so hungry for my slit as he took large mouthfuls of my lips followed by hard, broad strokes across my clit. Almost uncontrollably I started thrusting my hips back and forth aching to feel him more and more as I buried him between my thighs and into my pussy folds. His tongue entered me and swirled through my gush.

I was getting so sensitive and had to lift off of him at the crest of my orgasm as his tongue made my pussy scream with pleasure.

Without another word I assumed my position beneath his towering erection and licked all the way up to his tip before shoving him into my mouth and back down my throat. A familiar warm, stretching sensation filled my throat and a tiny wave of pleasure blossomed from my core. This time I dug my nails into his thighs as I bobbed up and down glucking on his cock.

I didn't want to pull off. I wanted his cock in my throat more than I wanted air. I forced myself to take him until my eyes started to tear up. I pulled off, making a sloppy, spitty mess of both his cock and my mouth. I took a few quick breaths and returned for more throat fucking. I had already learned to crave feeling him stretch my throat open. Making him beg for it was going to be hard when I wanted it just as bad.

I had never throated a guy for so long without him cumming before. I was kinda impressed to be honest.

"Mmm, such a good boy. Are you saving up all that cum for me? Because I want such a big load for all my hard work."

"Yes Miss Hannah."

Honestly the whole Miss Hannah thing was completely improvised. Usually when I dominate a guy I have him call me mistress or ma'am or—for the guys who like it really rough—sir. But I wanted Tyson to be different than just another one of my casual fucks. So I tried out a different name and honestly...I loved it. I'd never felt so powerful over a guy that could easily pin me down and use me how he wanted if he wasn't currently tied to my bed.

Finished with his cock for now I climbed back on top of him, sitting on his abs since I decided I wouldn't be able to contain myself if I felt that big dick spreading between my lips when I sat down. I ran my hands through his hair and smiled at him to savor the moment of him being all mine.

And then I smothered him with my tits before pressing my nipple into his mouth. He swirled my areola with his tongue for a few seconds before applying hard suction and flicking my nipple with his tongue.

His mouth was driving me wild. He ate my pussy the best it's ever been eaten. He sucked my tits the best they have ever been sucked. I backed myself up a little bit and felt the main course warm against the curve of my ass. For a moment I forgot just how big he was until I felt the heat of his erection pressed against me.

"It's a shame you bought all those condoms really. I prefer to be fucked raw. Don't you think your big cock deserves to feel my pussy wet and raw?"

"Oh fuck yes."

It was too easy. "Hmm...unless maybe I haven't punished you enough yet. I have been pretty nice after all."

Without saying another word I hopped off the bed and came back to the room with a cup full of ice.

I quickly pulled out two more restraints that were wrapped up underneath the bed and clasped them around his ankles.

I stuck a piece of the ice in my mouth and tossed it around with my tongue before straddling Tyson and kissing him. The warmth of his mouth met the cool of mine and our tongues danced around back and forth from hot to cold before I pushed the ice into his mouth and stood up. I also stuffed a pair of my panties into his mouth. "No talking."

I took another ice cube in my hand and ran it in small circles along his hips and thighs. The muscles in his legs clenched at the cold touch.

And then I slowly started to graze it along his balls. He writhed against the cold on his privates but the restraints held him down so I could continue to play.

I loved playing with temperature. Mostly ice or hot wax. I figured this was the gentler approach.

Not long after toying with his big balls I ran the ice cube up his shaft which brought out a good amount of grunting from Tyson who upon investigation still had my panties stuffed in his mouth.

The ice quickly began to melt from the heat of his erection. I grabbed another piece of ice in each hand and started to jerk him off.

A jolt shot through his body but he stayed as hard as ever as I clashed my icy handjob against his hot cock.

I looked up at Tyson and his face was turning tomato red from the pleasure and pain of my cold experiment.

I decided to give it a rest.

"So, are you ever going to hide this big cock from Miss Hannah again?"

Tyson furtively shook his head.

"Good boy. And you're going to let her play with it whenever she wants?"

He nodded his head with wide eyes.

"Because you like when she tortures your big cock don't you?"

Tyson paused a moment before nodding again.

"Good fucking boy. Now..." I stood over his dick and squatted down just enough to feel his head teasing my petals. "Let Miss Hannah warm up your poor, cold cock with her warm little pussy."

My jaw dropped at the feeling of his head spreading me open to make way for the rest of him. My walls curved around him and enveloped him in my warmth.

I actually had to stop and placed both hands on his chest to hold myself up, "Dude, that's a lot of dick. MMM! I'm...I'm just gonna need a moment." I closed my eyes and took a few deep breaths as I lowered further onto him. I've taken big cocks before but damn this was something else.

Tyson used all of his force to thrust up into my sheath causing me to wince and pull up. I looked at his proud grin and slapped it off his face.

"Fuck you! It's unfair how fucking big you are." I yelled in frustration.

Tyson did it again and again I smacked him across the face.

"Ughh fuck." I had never felt so full and there were still a couple inches before my legs rested on his hips. "Fuck, I don't know if my pussy can take all of you."

And then Tyson did it one last time. He clenched his ass and thrust up into me again, burying his last couple inches into me.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck that's good. That's so *FUCKING* good!" Apparently I have a 'cum now' button hidden at the end of my vagina and Tyson just found it. I pressed down onto him and started feverishly grinding his cock inside of me. My juices coated his balls and stomach as I crested a wave of pleasure bigger than any orgasm I've ever had.

It took minutes before my thighs stopped shaking and I had control over the movement of my insatiable hips again.

Tyson was still as hard as ever and unbelievably deep inside of me. I needed to feel him release.

"I want your big cock to breed me so fucking bad!" I clenched my pussy and made my walls squeeze him. I placed a hand lightly around his throat. "Now!"

I made my walls squeeze him again as I started slowly grinding my hips down on him.

"Fuck Hannah. Are you sure?"

"I've never been more sure of anything in my fucking life."

"I don't want to mess things up. I..."

I smacked him across the face. "Dude, you're clueless. I've been in love with you for fucking years. Aghh...oh fuck." I was getting overwhelmed by the feeling of his cock spreading me as I started to ride him again. My pussy was growing so sensitive after my orgasm. "Now unless you plan on fucking another pussy, you're going to fill me with your seed right fucking now. Or else...or else... fuck you're big." I tried to compose myself. "Well...do you plan on fucking another pussy?"

Tyson looked up at me.

"Well! Do you?!" I smacked him across the jaw and yanked my panties out of his mouth."

"No! No Miss Hannah!"

"Because I own this cock don't I?"

"Yes!" Tyson's breaths were growing faster as he started to thrust into me to match my riding.

"You've dreamed about what this pussy feels like for years haven't you?"

"Oh fuck yes!"

"And how does Miss Hannah's pussy feel?"

"It feels like tight silk wrapped around my cock."

"Ohh, I like that. And is my silky pussy going to make you cum big boy?"

"Mmm! Mhmm! Fuck!" Tyson groaned as I felt his shaft start to beat in quick pulses, each one releasing a thick warmth through my belly.

I'm such a slut for cum and Tyson supplied quite a lot with his powerful orgasm. I could already feel it leaking out of me before he was even finished.

I reached down and coated my fingers with his nut so I could taste him.

"Mmm you taste so fucking good baby."

I pulled off of him and my legs felt weak. I was empty without his big cock inside of me and I could feel more warm cum streaming out of me and onto his stomach as I stood over him and spread my pussy for more to come out.

He did so well and I wanted to reward him by letting him watch his slutty roommate clean up the sticky mess that now glazed his abs.

I tongued every last drop of the nectar off of him as I looked up.

"You've been such a good boy for me. Being snowed in this weekend might not be so bad." I smiled up at him and ran off to the bathroom to get a nice warm rag to clean him off. I undid his

restraints and planted soft kisses where they had once held him around his wrists and ankles.

I hurried to take a quick shower and found him sitting on the couch scrolling through movies to watch.

"Take off your shirt."

"Hannah, you wore me out. I need a breather before we go again."

"That's cute. Take off your shirt." I gave him a devious stare and loved watching him fidget under the pressure.

Tyson reluctantly followed my instructions and I hopped on the couch beside him to rub his shoulders. Eventually he leaned over onto me and the weight of him was somehow comforting as I weaved my fingers through his hair and traced gentle fingertips across his bare chest while we watched a movie into the early hours of the next morning.

My mind raced with naughty ideas of how I could claim my stud next.

"So about last night..." Tyson started before he realized that he wasn't really sure what to say.

"What about it?" I set down my coffee, put my chin in my hands and leaned on the table to look at him. I was eager to hear just what he had to say.

"It's just...I don't know. I didn't really know I was into all that stuff." Tyson continued.

"What stuff?" I grinned from ear to ear as I continued looking at my new lover.

Tyson pushed around some eggs and potatoes on his plate, not really looking up at me. It was almost like he was embarrassed. I could have just told him he had nothing to be embarrassed about but I've found—at least in my experience as a domme—that it's more helpful to a new sub when you help them work through all the new ideas. As opposed to just pushing their concerns aside and telling them they should be ok with everything already.

"I...I don't know. It's fine. I just..." Tyson kept his head down and stumbled through his words as he processed our little bondage session from last night.

I reached a soft hand under his chin and lifted his eyes to meet mine. "It's ok to talk to me about everything that we did." I gave my roommate my most caring smile.

"I just don't want to make things weird." Tyson cocked his mouth in a half smile.

"Dude, your giant penis rearranged my insides last night. I think we are past it being weird for us to talk about sex."

"Yeah, but it wasn't just sex Hannah. That was...it was the best fucking sex I've ever had."

"Oh so you *really* liked it." I said with my boost of confidence showing in my voice.

"Of course I did. Hannah, you were amazing. That was the hottest thing I have ever seen. *You* were the hottest thing I have

ever seen."

My smile grew impossibly wider across my face. "You're not too bad yourself, big guy." I kissed Tyson on the cheek. "So what was your favorite part?"

"I don't know. I...I..."

I made Tyson look at me again as his gaze started to wander. This time I kissed him gently on the lips. "Sweetheart, it's ok."

"I just don't want to ruin things between us ya know?"

"No I don't know. What do you mean, Ty?" I asked.

"You're just so sexy and confident and you know exactly what you want. And I mean yeah I have had my fair share of sex but never anything even close to what we did last night."

"Seriously? No girl has ever wanted to do crazy shit after seeing your huge cock?" I asked and immediately saw that my query didn't help the situation. "Sorry. This isn't about your giant penis."

"No but seriously, my sex life is probably so boring compared to yours."

"Well it's not going to be boring any more I can promise you that."

"So...you want to do it again?"

I let out a chuckle, like his question didn't even warrant an answer because the answer was so obvious. Then I could see in my best friend's eyes that the answer was not obvious to him.

"Fucking of course I want to do it again. Why else do you think I'm trying to figure out what you liked and what you didn't?"

Tyson perked up a little at my response. "Really?"

"Yes dude, really. What do I gotta do to convince you? I mean I'm sitting here at the table, naked besides one of your big t-shirts. My throat is still sore because I'm addicted to choking on your cock and my pussy is still aching after the most intense orgasms I have ever had." I could see that my words were getting through to him but I had a better idea to hopefully make Tyson realize that I wasn't just messing with him.

I stood up and swept my fingers towards him, motioning him to pull his seat away from the table. He followed my command and I

knelt in front of him.

He was already getting hard and it didn't take much to free his stiffening erection since he was wearing a pair of gym shorts with nothing underneath.

His size still surprised me, even at half-mast. I took his still hardening cock into my mouth and quickly swallowed it so I could feel him grow thick and hot against my tongue and throat.

Once he was fully hard I slid off of him and swirled my tongue around his head and up and down the length of his shaft. "So tell me your favorite part, baby."

"Oh fuck Hannah. You're incredible."

"I know, babe. So tell me what you like so I can make you feel good."

"Oh..." Tyson whispered under his breath as he tried to contain himself with the pleasure of my mouth on him. "I...really liked how bossy you were."

"Mmm, good boy. What else?"

"I liked the ice."

"Oh yeah? Did your throbbing cock like when I tortured you with my cold hands?" I started jerking him off as I sucked on his cockhead and playfully flicked my tongue across his spongy flesh in my mouth. "What else?"

"I...I liked when you forced me to cum in you."

"It's so fucking hot cumming raw into your best friend's pussy isn't it?"

"So fucking hot. You're so fucking hot Hannah. I love how confident and bossy you got when we fucked."

"Mmm good. I thought you would."

Tyson was finally loosening up and I saw that now was my chance to push him into the next little session that I had been planning in my mind for him.

"Don't you just fucking love my body? It's ok. I've seen how you look at my curves. How your eyes worship my ass. The way you can't look away from my big tits every time I show a little cleavage." I continued slowly stroking his cock.

"Hannah...fuck. You're the hottest woman I've ever seen."

"So sweet. And do you ever jerk off thinking about your hot roommate? Your slutty, horny best friend."

"So many fucking times."

"Hmm...that's a pretty naughty thing to do."

"Fuck. I know. I couldn't help it. Your body is fucking incredible."

"It's cute that you think flattery is going to get you out of trouble. So cute." I kissed the tip of his cock one last time and stood up, taking advantage of being taller than him for once since he was sitting down. "I think a naughty boy needs to be punished. Don't you?"

Tyson hesitated to answer.

I leaned down to him, our lips sensually close as I looked from his mouth back up to his eyes. The whole time keeping a hand slowly stroking him to keep him under my sexy spell. "Well don't naughty boys need to be punished, Ty? I mean, jerking off to your curvy roommate's perfect ass. All those loads. All that wasted cum. I think you need to pay."

"H-how am I going to pay?"

"Hmm, well...I do especially love your cum. And you have wasted so much of it while thinking about me. So I think it needs to be a bit rougher than last time."

Tyson looked intrigued and horny all at the same time. Not to mention his rock hard erection that was pulsing in my hand.

"What did you have in mind?"

"Well I had something in mind that would make you cum so much for me."

He lightly bit his lip and his eyes were begging for me to continue.

"So you said I was the hottest woman you've ever been with. I get that objectively there are probably hotter women than myself but to you I'm pretty fucking hot right?"

Tyson nodded.

"And I remember you saying in our little talk on the way home yesterday that basically your only stipulation for letting a woman peg your ass is that she has to be really hot, right?"

Tyson looked worried but his cock somehow got even harder, seemingly painfully so.

"So you think I'm pretty fucking hot. And rightfully so, I mean fucking look at me." I slowly pulled off the baggy t-shirt I had on to reveal my bare skin underneath. My round tits jiggled as they dropped out of the shirt. "And you know what, it just so happens that I have a cute little strap-on that would massage your prostate just right and make you spew out *so much cum* for me. I think it's only fair since you wasted all that yummy cum that was meant just for me."

"Fuck Hannah, I don't know about..."

"That's funny. I don't remember asking you." I hissed and gave his cock a hard squeeze. Now Tyson looked really worried. "But since you were such a good boy last night I'll make a deal with you. After I claim your little asshole and milk your cum out, you can have my ass in return." I turned around and bent over, arching my back up and spreading my ass apart to show him my flower and glistening pussy.

I slowly ran a finger over each hole and watched as Tyson couldn't take his eyes off of my display.

"Now go get yourself ready while Miss Hannah prepares to claim you."

I left Tyson in shock, sitting at our little kitchen table. His penis stood fully erect as precum dribbled out of his tip.

I love it when men are speechless.

That's when I know they are all mine.

I opened up my drawer of assorted sex toys and pulled out my strappy leather harness and a small purple dildo with a little nub on the end for g-spot and prostate massage. I also grabbed out my bottle of lube and set it on top of the dresser with the small dildo as I put on the harness.

The leather straps cupped below and above my big ass so tight and so perfect. My thick thighs were barely contained by the sexy harness. I checked myself out in my full-length mirror.

Damn I looked good. All sensual curves with just a hint of tone in my booty and legs. My skin was bare besides the tiny black straps laced around me.

I peeked out of my bedroom door and couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of Tyson still sitting at the kitchen table, still hard. Good lord he was gorgeous, his body, his face, his penis.

"Are you coming dear?" I teased with a wink. I stepped out of the room to let Tyson see my naked body with my *very* minimal outfit. A single finger beckoned my sub over to me.

I watched his cock sway back and forth as it stood stiff out in front of him as he walked towards me.

He didn't look nervous any more since my little oral display but I could feel the tension still hiding in his muscles.

I stood on my tiptoes to kiss him, a hand on each cheek held his face. My teeth nipped at his lower lip, my tongue swirled into his mouth.

My hands slid from his face down his neck and lingered on his chest as my soft lips planted kisses that followed my hands down. I tickled across his chest with my nails starting with soft swirls and growing into sensual scratching across his toned chest and shoulders and around onto his back. I could feel the tension melting away from his body.

I placed his hands on my body, urging him to explore my curves. His hands were timid at first.

"Just because I'm in charge doesn't mean you have to be soft with me." I took his hands in mine, it felt backwards since his hands were so big compared to mine. I made him pinch my stiff, brown nipples as I leaned my head back with a smile. "That's a good boy."

He took the hint and kneaded into my breasts lightly pinching and twisting my nipples. Just a little at a time as he tested the waters.

A warmth grew between my thighs followed by a thick moisture that coated me.

I love having my tits played with and Tyson was learning fast. His hands were big and rough, thick knuckled and scarred. They

clashed against the soft flesh of my bosom as he made me squeal in pain.

The best fucking kind of pain. For a domme I still love being pushed to my limits. Sweet pangs of pain made my body crave pleasure.

Now that he had loosened up I pushed his hands off of me and led him to my bed.

"On your hands and knees like a good boy." I directed.

Tyson obeyed. Damn, he had such a nice ass. I couldn't help but take a handful. He lurched forward, surprised at my rough gesture. I grabbed his hips and pulled him back.

A light spank surprised him even more. "You stay put. This ass is mine until I say I'm done. Got it?"

I spanked him harder.

"Yes Miss Hannah." Came his immediate response.

"Good, now stay still. I don't wanna have to tie you up again."

I grabbed the lube and slid the small dildo into the front of my harness.

The tension had returned.

"Ty, would I ever hurt you?" I asked running my nails up the backs of his toned legs.

"No."

"And you know I love you, right?"

"Yes."

"Then just let go and let me have you. Your body belongs to me right now and I promise I'll take care of you. Let Miss Hannah take care of you."

I liberally coated the dildo with lube and pressed it lightly at his backdoor. I probed only the tiniest bit before pulling back.

"Remember, you can ask me to stop. You can ask me to try something new. But if you want more..." I pressed at his ass again, this time with one slow thrust until the toy was buried in him. "...you have to beg." His body pressed back with a light pressure and I held the toy inside of him.

"Oh fuck Hannah. Oh fuck!"

I let my tiny rubber cock rest inside of him. I found his little pleasure button first try. I grinned with pride and felt my own body react to the pleasure that Tyson was feeling. He lifted his head but kept his eyes closed as he became accustomed to the new sensations inside of him.

I loved watching the toy slide into him but I needed to see his face. I wanted to watch his big cock throb as I fucked his ass. His flower puckered and he took a few deep breaths as I pulled out.

"You take my cock so good baby but I want to see you, so roll over."

Tyson obeyed and it took me a second to get the position right as I spread his legs apart and entered him again.

"Mm...fuck." Tyson grunted. His big cock throbbed and a stream of precum flowed from his tip.

"You're a natural babe. Sure you've never done this before?" I started grinding my hips letting the toy massage his sweet little spot just inside his ass.

"Mm-mm." He said with a shake of his head. He was unable to do much more as I watched unknown pleasures take over his every thought.

"And you're going to let me have your ass whenever I want right? Because you're such a good little simp for my girlcock aren't you?"

"Fuck Hannah, you can do anything you want just *don't fucking stop*." Tyson groaned as he rolled his head back into the mattress.

I pulled out of him and he immediately opened his eyes and looked down at the harness and then up at me to see what was going on.

"No, I said don't stop." He said with a frustrated tone.

"Are you sure Ty? I mean if you're really not enjoying it." I teased.

"Just keep going."

"Hmm...that really didn't sound like begging to me."

"Please Hannah. Please keep doing it."

"Doing what, Ty?" I feigned confusion. I knew he was aching for more and I loved every second of it.

"You know what." Tyson said looking at me, just a little pissed. Honestly it just made him look cute and goofy. And being in this position of power with his big muscular legs spread in front of me and his cock hard against his stomach as I sat at his tight back entrance. It was so fucking hot.

"You have to say it."

"Just keep fucking me."

"Where?" I pressed the head of the tiny cock into him making sure not to penetrate him yet.

"Keep fucking me in the ass...please!" Tyson begged.

Right then I pressed back into him. He was just as tight as the first time but now I wasn't going to be so gentle. I gyrated my hips in a circular motion, letting the tip of the toy find his button with each thrust. Every time I pressed at it I watched his cock swell and his big, heavy balls tighten.

Tyson desperately grabbed at his cock. He must be getting close. I smacked his hand away.

"No touching. I'm going to be the one that makes that big cock cum." I dug my fingers into his hips and started fucking him as hard and as fast as I could.

His core tightened and pressed all the air out of his lungs in one swift exhale. His body gripped around the toy as his ass clenched. I knew he was about to explode with pleasure so I egged him on.

"Oh fuck yes. Are you gonna cum baby? Are you gonna cum while my girlcock fucks you in the ass?" My thrusts grew desperate, the harness rubbed between my thighs as I pounded into him. The leather straps grazing against my pussy were driving me wild as I watched my best friend roll with pleasure.

And then my reward. His whole cock swelled as a thick white river spewed out of him and onto his chest. There was a pause but his legs still quivered with his climax as another equally big load shot out and then another.

"Oh fuck. I've never cum like...like th-that before." Tyson stuttered as his climax continued to course through his body.

I ran a finger through the pool of cum and licked off the thick, milky liquid. It was still warm. I needed more. I leaned down and ran my tongue up his abs and across his chest through the spunk. I loved cum. My little reward. And to think that I earned this one by fucking him in the ass. I lapped up every drop before I suckled on his softening cock to drain the last drops out of him.

"Let's go get cleaned up." I slapped my hands lightly down on his thighs and pushed myself up off of him. I reached out my hands to pull him up with me.

Tyson waved me off. "I'm...I'm just gonna need a minute."

The biggest smile plastered itself across my face. Tyson, my stoic, tough, brooding roommate laid helpless on my bed.

"Aww, did Miss Hannah make you cum too hard?" I leaned back over him and traced a finger up his soft cock.

"Oh fuck..." His whole body shuddered at my light touch.

I ran my nails along his stomach. He curled up and tried to push me away.

"Fuck off."

"Ty, are you ticklish?" I giggled as I continued to run my nails across his body.

"No. I'm just sensitive after...that." He pointed at my tiny strap-on.

"Oh yeah? My tiny girlcock fucks you pretty good huh?" I brandished the tiny dildo and waved it up and down.

Tyson raised his eyebrows and shrugged.

"Oh whatever dude, don't give me that. You fucking loved it!"

"Ok, it was pretty good."

"Pretty good. Pretty good? Ty, I fucked the shit out of you."

We were both silent as we just stared into each other's eyes. God I loved him so much.

"So you wanna come shower with me?"

Tyson smiled wide, "Hell yes."

I put my hair up and threw on a shower cap. I washed my hair last night and just didn't have the time right now.

"Oof, now that's sexy." Tyson teased about the bright pink cap covering my hair.

"Oh shut up. Don't make me bring Miss Hannah out on your ass."

"I mean, that's not really a threat at this point is it?"

"Ugh, men are such sluts." I teased back.

"Says the woman who just licked cum off my chest."

"So I like cum. That doesn't make me a slut."

"Hannah, it's literally in the name. Cum. Slut."

"Whatever." I rolled my eyes. He had a point. I was definitely a cumslut, especially for his cum too. I've tasted my fair share of spunk and I loved how Tyson tasted.

I squeezed out some body wash and lathered it between my hands before running them over his slick, warm body. I could really get used to this. I worked into his shoulders and chest and may have spent a considerable amount of time soaping his abs and running my fingers between his defined muscles.

I knew exactly what I was doing when I traced the tiny v lines down from his core to soap his thick cock. He was completely soft and was still bigger than probably half the guys I've fucked when they are hard.

I started at the base and tugged his cock towards me between my soapy hands. I felt him throb against my touch.

"Are you seriously already ready to go again?" I asked, pleasantly surprised.

"I mean I have a gorgeous woman washing my body and rubbing her soft, soapy hands all over my dick. Of course I'm ready to go again."

"Well fuck. We're never going to get anything done ever again are we?" I joked.

"I mean, that's fine with me if it's fine with you."

"Are you kidding me? I've wanted to fuck you for years dude. I have a lot of catching up to do. Of course it's fine with me.

Now it was my turn. Tyson spent ample time soaping my tits as I felt his erection growing and pressing against me. His next stop was my hips but I could tell what he really wanted. A couple of exploring grazes against my plump mound let me know that our little session had left me unknowingly close to orgasm. I knew I was worked up but holy shit if he just pressed his fingers a little harder into me I would probably cum.

Another soft graze against my crotch and I grabbed him by the wrist and held his hand there. I stood on my tiptoes and desperately ground my pussy into his fingers. Just the pressure alone against my clit made me cum so fast. My muscles tightened and I couldn't let go of his hand as I slumped into him, the orgasm still pulsing at every nerve ending in my core and in between my thighs.

"That was hot."

I had no response. I just let the water rush over me and felt my tits press against Tyson as my chest heaved with my breathing.

He was fully hard again. His cock wet and glistening.

"Sooo, are you ready to go again then?" Tyson asked.

"Fuck yes." I said in between my still heavy breaths. "My ass is all yours, as promised."

"Well umm, I was actually wondering if maybe...you could...do me again." Tyson stammered.

I pushed off his body and looked up at him. "Are you serious?"

Tyson looked nervous at my question.

"I would fucking love to." But Tyson's nervousness didn't go away with my enthusiasm. "What's up? I said I would love to. Let's go."

"I know, I know. It's just, could you maybe be a little...meaner this time?"

I tilted my head a little to the side and raised my eyebrows, "Meaner?"

"Yeah, like don't get me wrong. It was amazing. I just really liked when you were kinda mean about stuff and I wanted to try that some more."

It was so fucking cute watching this big, gorgeous goof stumble through asking me to dominate him more while I fucked him in the ass. It's the ones you least expect sometimes. It really is.

"I mean if that's really what you want, I can be meaner. I'll make you my bitch if you want dude." To my surprise Tyson's face actually lit up a little. "Any requests?" I asked.

"I don't know, just whatever you feel like doing." He paused, "And maybe could we try something...bigger."

My eyes grew wide, "You're fucking with me aren't you? Bigger?"

"I mean yeah, if that's ok"

I reached behind me to turn off the water. "Fuck yeah it's ok." I cupped his cheek in my hand and gave it a couple soft pats, "I'm going to make you make my fucking bitch, Ty." I tried to hold back my squeal of excitement as I hopped out of the shower to towel off.

I pulled a thick, fleshy dildo out of my drawer, this one looked much more like a real penis, veins and all. I also set aside a small leather tassel whip, a blindfold and a wine glass that I grabbed from the kitchen.

I stood in the doorway of the bathroom and watched my beautiful subby roommate finish toweleling off.

He looked up at me with a smile and I returned one of my own before my face quickly grew stern.

"Crawl!" I commanded.

"What?" Tyson asked with a chuckle.

"I said crawl, bitch! Hands and knees now." I growled.

Tyson nervously threw his towel down and crawled over. He looked up at me with expectant eyes.

"My room. Now!"

Tyson continued to obey. I watched him crawl down the hall and into my room. The man had an incredible ass. And it's all fucking mine.

Tyson stayed on his hands and knees on my bedroom floor. I grabbed the whip and lightly traced it across his ass and up his back. I tapped it lightly against his face before setting it on his shoulder. Next I grabbed the wine glass and set it firmly on the floor in front of him.

"You see this glass? Every time I make you cum I want you to shoot your load into it. And if you spill a single drop of your precious cum well...I'll make you wish that you had never cum in the first place."

I slid the thick silicone cock into my harness and let it hang down in front of me from its own weight. Tyson watched me and I could see his own member growing stiff, by the time he was hard his size meant the tip of his cock was resting on the floor.

"Don't I look so fucking hot with this big cock hanging off my curvy hips?" I took the dick in my hand and shook it in his face.

"Yes Miss Hannah."

I put the blindfold on him.

"Suck it." I held the cock up and pressed it to his lips. Tyson reluctantly let it into his mouth and then I quickly shoved it to the back of his throat. He pulled back and gagged.

"Good, now you know how every woman feels trying to suck your fat fucking cock. But I didn't say you were done."

Like the good boy he is, Tyson opened his mouth to welcome my girlcock back in. I wasn't as rough this time as I got off to the control I had over him.

"So is this big enough for your greedy asshole?" I asked.

Tyson nodded his head with the cock still in his mouth.

I needed to be inside of him again. I pulled out of his mouth and walked around behind him.

His massive balls hung down and his cock was a purplish red from how hard and swollen he was.

I lubed up and pressed at his backdoor. The cockhead popped right in from his previous stretching but I felt resistance with the rest of the thick shaft. That tiny cock earlier had hardly gotten him ready for this.

Only the first inch or so was inside of him as I watched his whole body heave with deep breaths.

"I'm going to stretch your tight little man ass wide open. Because you're such a slut for my girlcock aren't you baby?"

Tyson nodded his head and tried his best to regain his composure. "Yeah." His single word was almost pained as I could tell I was stretching him.

"Here, I have something to take your mind off of the pain of my huge dick." I ran the whip down his spine and made a swift crack across his ass. The cheek turned almost instantly red and every muscle in his back tensed. I whipped the other side of his ass as I simultaneously buried myself into him.

The pleasure overwhelmed the pain as Tyson let out a deep moan.

"Good boy, Ty. Now let's see if you can follow my instructions." I pulled out just a little and started slow, deliberate thrusts in and out of his perfect butt.

He tried his best to hold himself steady but I could see the pleasure I was pumping into him making his arms quiver and his legs tremble.

I grabbed hold of his hips and quickened my pace. My eyes closed and I let my mind swim in the sounds of our flesh colliding mixed with his deep whimpers and moans. Every now and then a guttural 'fuck' would slip out of him.

I felt my own arousal dripping out of me and stringing off of my lips in thick droplets. I was still only wearing the harness so a small puddle was forming on the floor between my legs.

Watching his body take the huge cock that hung between my legs was driving me wild. I wanted to reach down and finish myself off so bad. It would take seconds for me to orgasm with how turned on I was.

I've loved Tyson for a while but right then and there as I plunged into him I knew he was mine for good.

He was getting close. His moans were growing into yells. The 'fucks' became a lot more frequent.

He reached for the wine glass and nearly collapsed, barely able to hold up his quivering body with one arm. He had plenty of strength to hold himself up but I had reduced this big strong man into a shaking mess.

He clumsily held the wine glass in front of his swelling cockhead as his orgasm began to flow, spewing his load out in thick bursts.

I pressed one last inch into him and his cock jumped and shot a burst of cum over the curve of the glass and onto the floor.

A jolt traveled through his body as I pulled out of him and pushed him over and rolled him on his back.

"What the fuck did I say?" I grabbed his cock and squeezed just enough to make it hurt.

"I-I'm sorry Miss Hannah."

"You fucking better be! You know how much I love cum. How fucking dare you waste a single drop!" I squeezed a little harder and watched his purple head swell and leak out another pearly drop.

"Your cum is mine! I decide what to do with it."

I sucked the cum off his tip and spat it on his chest.

"Do you understand?!"

"Yes." Tyson cowered just a little as I stood over him.

"Your punishment..." I sat and thought for a second as the perfect plan for my next little session formed in my head. "No cumming for a week."

"Like, no jacking off?" Tyson asked.

"That's not what I said is it?" I let go of his cock and undid my harness. "I said no cumming for a week. None." And then I smothered his face between my thighs.

My orgasm came quick and powerful as I felt myself gush onto him.

I tugged the blindfold off of him.

"And the next time I make you cum. You're really gonna have to earn it."

"So does that also mean no more sex?" Tyson pouted.

"Dude, fuck no. I might actually be addicted to your cock. We're still going to do it, I'm just going to edge the living fuck out of you." I kissed him on the cheek and helped him up. "Now pick what you

want to eat and a movie you want to watch and we can cuddle on the couch the rest of the day.”

Life was good. I'm regularly fucking my roommate's perfect man ass and if that gets boring he will basically dick me down good on command. Some might call it heaven. I know I do.

So where do we go from here?

I've been warned about the honeymoon phase before but with how long the two of us have been living together I feel like that somehow doesn't apply here.

Sure, we have only been having wild sex for a very short time but we've been crazy about one another for a lot longer. Once we finally admit it to each other it's almost a bit embarrassing that we weren't having mind blowing sex sooner.

I want to push things further though.

Everything is just too perfect.

As in, Tyson and I are becoming downright domestic.

I love him, I really do, and that's why I won't let us become that boring couple. It feels absurd to say when I'm pegging him with dildos that would make most women blush. If they aren't already blushing at the thought of me pounding a dude's asshole. But I have just the thing to add some spice to our lives.

"Seriously?" I can tell Ty's not actually as annoyed as he sounds when I ask him to come shopping with me. "I sort of already had plans to run to that new bookstore downtown and then turn into a vegetable on the couch while I read the rest of the day."

I only have to give him a look to let him know that I'm not asking, I'm telling. It's a weird feeling having control over him like this. For the past week Tyson has had to do just about everything I ask him as payback for that sexy little mishap he had. I've been trying not to turn into the villain though while I tease the daylights out of him.

"How about this?" I say, not wanting to seem like I'm trying to be too mean. "You come with me on the day that I have planned and then I'll take you to the bookstore myself and buy you whatever

you want for being such a good boy." I run a hand down his leg over his pants inches away from his cock and feel the fabric stir against my hand.

"Does that mean you'll let me..."

"Cum?" I cut him off. "We'll have to see just how good of a boy you can be for me now won't we?"

It was insane. I've been dominant with guys before but it was driving me wild to do it with Tyson. Knowing that he could just take what he wanted and to be fair I would let him, but no, I had him wrapped around my finger and it was thrilling. Not to mention sexually riveting. I had been teasing him so much all week that I'm surprised the guy didn't cum in his sleep or something with everything built up inside of him.

Well today—unbeknownst to my hunky roommate—I was going to let him cum, hard. In fact I was going to make sure that Tyson has the most mind numbing, toe curling orgasm that I can. God, I couldn't wait.

I dragged Tyson through racks of clothes, grabbing a good assortment of tops and a couple new pairs of jeans since my thick thighs liked to put holes in mine from stressed seams or constant rubbing together everywhere I went.

Once I have my stuff all picked out I lead Tyson over to the dressing rooms where he stands politely and waits for me to go in and change.

I look both ways and over either shoulder before I take him by the hand and quickly pull him into the dressing room with me. He has a surprised look on his face.

"Hannah, I don't think we're supposed to be in here together." The concern is real in his voice.

I play along. "Shoot, then what I have planned for you is probably also against the rules." I reach to open the door to let him out but he stops me.

"What exactly did you have planned?" He clears his throat to try and hide the desperation in his voice.

"Oh nothing. You should probably go before we get in trouble."

He doesn't move a muscle and a smile creeps across my face.

"Good, then go sit and watch me try on these clothes." I kiss him on the cheek and give him a little push back to the small bench in front of the dressing room mirror.

Tyson humors me and pretends like my push actually moved him at all as he takes a seat, a look of anticipation spread across his face.

His eyes follow my hands as I undo my pants and start to slide them down over my hips and ass. I make more of a show of it than I need to but the way he looks at me I can't help it. The excited gleam in his eye every time he sees me undress is like it's the first time he's ever seen a woman naked. It's adorable and sexy all at the same time so I bask in his adoring look for a while as his eyes survey my slowly revealed curves.

I considered wearing a pair of lacy panties today because I fully had this little dressing room stunt planned but I know Tyson better than that. He likes lacy underwear as much as the next guy but instead I'm wearing a pair of green cotton panties with white trim around the waist and thighs. It's the pair he once caught me in when he came home early from work and spotted me sitting on the couch in nothing but these and one of his t-shirts. Ever since then, whenever he sees me wearing them I can see him get a little wild in his eyes. Just like right now.

I slide on a pair of the new jeans and give a little jump to get them over the curve of my ass. They are high-waisted and absolute ass huggers, but that was the point.

"What do you think, Ty?" I turn and push my ass out just a little and watch his eyes bulge. "Do these make me look like a mom? Or do they make me look like a mommy?"

His eyes flit up to mine and it's cute that he still gets a little embarrassed when I catch him looking at my ass. I watch his teeth tug at his lower lip and for a brief second I wonder who is teasing who.

"I think it should be a crime for you to wear any other pants besides those." Tyson jokes before he gives in and glues his eyes back to my ass.

"Good answer, lover boy."

I go through the rest of the clothes and the way he looks at me in each new outfit just doesn't get old.

Now it's time to pull out the big guns. I reach for a black skirt that I grabbed off the rack and put it on. I reach under the skirt and pull off my panties, letting them slide down my thighs and drop around my ankles.

"Hannah, what are you doing?" His voice is as confused as it is excited .

I strut over to my stud and press down his chin until he opens his mouth. "I need you to stay quiet so you don't get us in trouble."

I don't let him ask another question before I stuff my panties in his mouth and press my finger to his lips.

"Now be a good boy for Miss Hannah and maybe you'll get a reward." I keep eye contact as I undo his belt and work on freeing his cock.

He's already stiff by the time I get him out of his boxers so I get right to work. When I tease his head at the fleshy entrance to my throat he lets out a deep moan from his core. I immediately pull him out of my mouth.

"I thought I told you to be quiet." I gave his cock a squeeze that was meant to be punishing but the way he swells in my hand I can tell it did quite the opposite. "Now, can you be quiet so that I can keep sucking your cock?"

The quick learner he is, Tyson just gives a silent nod with eyes pleading for me to continue.

Poor guy.

He thinks this is the time I'm going to let him cum. I have a few more things planned first, but he doesn't need to know that.

I look up and watch his jaw tense as my eager hands and playful tongue make him want to groan. His precum pearls onto my tongue and his balls tighten so I stop, making sure not to let him finish. Not yet.

His panting pleads for me to finish and goodness do I want to. The idea of him cumming down my throat in a dressing room has my mind reeling and my pussy wet. If I didn't need both hands to

service his huge cock one of them would definitely be firmly between my thighs. It's probably best that I didn't though because there was no fucking way that I could manage to stay quiet enough not to be caught.

I stand up and put back on my regular clothes, commando considering that my panties are still in my boyfriend's mouth. I gather up my purchases and go to leave the dressing room like I didn't just throat a cock in here. I watch Tyson hurriedly stuff his cock back in his pants, printing since it doesn't want to relent quite yet after his ruined orgasm.

Now that I think about it he's probably still hard *because* of the ruined orgasm. It still baffles me that a guy like him is so submissive because as we walk side by side Tyson exudes confidence. Not that the two are mutually exclusive in any way, it's just...well it's really fucking sexy. I'm not sure what else to say. It's like nobody else in the entire world could even so much as guess at the dynamic between the two of us. In fact I catch quite a few girls checking Tyson out before shooting me jealous looks. If only they knew.

It does give me a naughty idea though. Or at least the beginnings of one.

"Ty, do you ever notice how many girls check you out?" I ask.

The tall, handsome man beside me just shrugs. "Not really."

"Seriously? Because I've counted at least like six since we've been in this store alone."

"Jealous?" He asks without even stopping to look at me.

"As if. They couldn't fucking handle you."

"True." He nods. "I'm also not sure if I could live through asking another girl to fuck me in the ass."

I choke. I choke on nothing when I'm caught off guard at how nonchalant he is.

"Well, now that's exactly what I want you to do next." I have a grin on my face when Tyson finally stops and looks over at me.

He goes to ask but he quickly puts it together himself before the words get out. "Hannah, come on. You can't be serious."

"I'm so fucking serious right now." I say as we make our way out of the store and into the adjoining mall's food court.

"Ok, who?" Tyson asks.

I survey the crowd as we walk around, spotting one particular girl sitting by herself. She is about the same age as the two of us, cute with black hair up in a messy bun and cute piercings in her ears and nose. She is definitely checking Tyson out, very unashamedly might I add. She's perfect.

I sneakily point her out. "Her. I'll go grab us chinese while you go ask that hot chick if she'll pound you up your gorgeous man butt." The noise of the food court is loud enough that I don't worry too much about my lewd words.

Tyson turns just a little red. "How exactly do I do that?"

"You say 'hi, my name is Tyson. Will you please peg me?'" I tease.

"And if she says yes?" Tyson has a silly grin that makes me roll my eyes just a little.

For the first time I picture another woman having her way with Tyson. I expect jealousy but I'm instantly more turned on than I think is legally allowed in a mall food court. I stuff the imaginary images to the back of my mind for a later date.

"Ty, if you can get her to agree to it that easily then I'll take you home and fuck you senseless right now."

"Bookstore first?" He asks, skipping over the other details.

"Since when are you such a slut for books? I'm literally offering you an out from your sexual torture and all you can think about is reading?"

"I'll eat your pussy if you buy me an ereader." Tyson adds without skipping a beat.

I can't help but chuckle because I know he is being all too serious.

"Go already." I say, putting a hand on his solid frame and nudging him towards the stranger.

I watch the woman's eyes light up when Tyson goes to talk to her. He must not get right down to business because she is still talking to him. I watch my boyfriend turn on the charm while I order

us food from behind a glass counter where they are cooking up something that smells incredible. While I wait for our order I can tell when he pops the question because first she gets confused before her cheeks go scarlet and she makes an excuse to leave.

I'm stopping myself from bursting into laughter and realize that I might be just a little bit of a villain in this particular scenario.

Tyson looks over to me and I go to wave him back over when our order comes up at the counter. Instead he looks away to scan the room and finds another lone woman and goes to approach her.

I cover my mouth in shock. I've created a monster. Tyson is going to ask every of-age woman in this food court to fuck his ass until he gets the answer that will make me take him home and give him what he wants. I in no way condone this activity but damn is it entertaining.

I thought this would be a fun way to maybe humiliate Tyson just a little bit but it turns out he's more desperate than I thought. He's taking this as more of a small hurdle he needs to get over. A means to an end if you will.

To my surprise he gets lucky with the third woman he approaches. I dig into my styrofoam box of steaming chicken and rice and watch as he walks up to a woman who looks to be in her forties, dressed in head to toe business attire and engrossed in a laptop sitting on her table as she picks at a slice of pepperoni pizza next to her. She has dirty blonde hair and cutting blue eyes. She also looks rather fit. At least from what I can tell in her ladies business suit.

When she spots Tyson she closes her laptop and gives him her full attention, a sultry look on her face. I'm intrigued. Her naughty grin tells me that Tyson just asked her the big question. The way she stands from her table and gathers her things before taking his hand tells me how she answered. She has a rather determined look on her face as I see them walking towards me. Tyson makes the two of them come to a stop next to me.

"Hannah, this is Andrea. Andrea, Hannah." Tyson introduces us and the older woman looks incredibly confused. "She said yes." His grin is only made funnier by what only I know he is referring to.

"Is this some sort of three way you forgot to mention?" Andrea asks, looking between the two of us.

Tyson also looks at me with raised eyebrows and I'm honestly not sure if he is messing with me or not.

I have a contemplative look on my face because I know my silence is killing Tyson. "Not today. I will take your number though." I give Tyson a wink to make him wonder just who exactly is messing with who.

"Is this some sort of prank?" Andrea asks, only further confused by the dynamic between Tyson and I.

"Oh no, he very much enjoys getting fucked in the ass by women. Don't you Ty?"

Tyson has a considerate look of his own as he nods his head in agreement.

Andrea looks him up and down and I can't help but stir the pot.

"He also has a nine inch cock. So if you're serious, I'll take your number if he's ever available." I add, not sure if I'm even being serious.

Serious or not Andrea pulls a small notepad out of her computer bag and jots down a phone number before tearing off the page and handing it to me, still eyeing us both in a rather questioning way. She gives Tyson another lust filled smirk before walking away.

Once Andrea is far enough away Tyson pivots towards me with eyes so wide it looks almost cartoonish. "Excuse me, what the fuck was that?"

I let out a chuckle. "I have no idea. I think I might have just offered your ass in trade to a horny older businesswoman."

"In trade for what?" Tyson asks while the two of us watch Andrea walk away.

"I don't really know, but I can see if there is an ereader in it for you." I give him a wink that I know

"Isn't that sort of prostitution?" Tyson asks.

"Relax dude. I'm not actually going to trade your body for goods. Though I think we need to have a very real discussion about

our potential at making money on the internet." I only half joke.

Tyson seems to miss that last part entirely. "So are we going to the bookstore now or...?"

"Yes. For fuck's sake we can go to the bookstore now." I laugh and Tyson pulls me close to kiss me on the top of my head.

"So, jokes aside, how serious were you being with Andrea?" Tyson asks as his eyes scan a shelf in the fantasy section. His arms already held three books as he looked for more.

"I don't know. It could be kinda hot. Don't you think?" I ask in return.

Tyson's eyebrows raise and that silly grin is back. "I mean if you think so." He's messing with me again. I can feel it.

I'm sick of waiting. We've been looking at books for what feels like an hour and at this point I'm the one dying for sex. While trying to tease Tyson I've somehow managed to play myself as well. Especially with my made up images of Andrea and Tyson writhing on a bed in front of me burned into my brain.

I get an on-the-fly idea of how I can expedite this process so we can fuck each other senseless already.

I walk up beside Tyson and reach a hand down to his crotch as I keep my eyes on the bookshelf in front of me.

"Don't you think it would be so hot babe? Your huge cock spreading through her tight cougar pussy while my girlcock takes your ass?" I speak in a lust-heavy whisper, just loud enough for Tyson to hear in the otherwise quiet store.

I feel his reaction against my hand and I swear I watch a shudder push through him as he tries to keep his focus. I know the images that are running through his head. They are the same ones I've had in mine and they are incredible.

"So finish picking your books and let's go home before I make you cum in your pants right here, right now." I take a soft grip around the growing ridge down his thigh. "Because you know I can."

Tyson pulls a final book off the shelf and adds it to his small stack. "Ok, ready." His voice is shaky and I love it.

"Good boy." I release his growing cock and take him by the hand to lead him to the register.

I see the nervous look on his face at the fact that he is still sporting a rather noticeable bulge in his pants. With a cock that big it doesn't take much for him to print no matter what he wears. I grab the books from his hands and put them on the counter, making sure to stand in front of him to hide his unmanageable bulge. It's an added benefit that I can tell that pressing my ass against him while he's trying to calm himself down makes him squirm.

The drive home is the horniest I've ever been. Ok, maybe not literally but if not then it's damn close. The fact that I'm still commando threatens to leave a wet spot on my pants between my thighs if we don't stop hitting all these damn red lights.

I keep stealing glances at Tyson in the passenger seat and he has no idea what he's in for.

I fumble for my key to unlock the apartment, hands nearly trembling from the excitement pumping through me. You know the sex is good when you literally shake with anticipation. Or is that just me?

I toss my bags on the couch in the living room and tell Tyson to close his eyes while I run off to grab something. I can only imagine he is waiting for me to come back in some sort of strappy lingerie. I've got something better.

I come back and clasp a leather collar around his neck and instruct him to strip, eyes closed. He obeys and nearly trips out of his pants. Sometimes it's hard to stay in a dominant state of mind when everything he does is so damn goofy and cute.

He's standing stark naked in front of me, eyes closed and a thick black collar around his neck, cock just a little thick with arousal but not quite getting hard yet.

"Open." I command and Tyson opens his mouth, eyes still closed. "Your eyes, dummy." I stifle a chuckle through my nose. Though I do make a mental note to try a gag at some point in the future. Something better than my usual panties stuffed in the mouth.

When he opens his eyes I'm standing in front of him, wearing nothing but tall black heels and dangling a leather paddle on my finger by the strap through the handle.

"Fuck." Tyson hushes and I have to stop myself from cracking a smile. His eyes fix on my tits.

"Quiet." It's not loud but Tyson is startled by the sternness in my voice. "Get your cock hard for me. Now!"

He nearly opens his mouth before I raise my eyebrows at him and he quickly takes his cock in his fist and starts stroking.

"Faster." I demand.

No need, my commanding words do the trick and he's rock hard in seconds.

"Careful." I say to his still pumping fist. "We wouldn't want to waste any of that precious cum you've been saving for me, now would we?"

He stutters to answer. I don't think he was expecting me to get right down to business the second we got home. I couldn't help it, I'd been thinking about this moment all week.

I grip the paddle and place it under his stiff cock with a soft pat. "Would we?" I repeat.

"N-no."

"Good boy." I give his cock another soft tap with the paddle and watch it jump with excitement as his diaphragm forces a puff of breath through his nose. "Now turn around and bend over, hands on the back of the couch."

He does just that and I get a wonderful view as I tease the sheened leather against his sculpted ass.

I test the waters with a not-too-hard spank that makes his muscled cheek give a satisfying jiggle.

Smack!

Harder this time but not full power.

His ass is left a little red and his breathing is noticeably faster. His cock still looks about to burst, swaying in front of him despite both of his hands remaining on the back of the couch the entire time.

Good fucking boy .

I expected him to enjoy spanking since he's enjoyed everything else up to this point. It turns out he *really* enjoys spanking.

I turn it up, reddening his cheeks with a couple more hard spanks. His cock jumps on command with each and every one until he's leaking a thin stream of precum that pearls at his tip and drips to the floor beneath him.

The tiny moans that slip out of him with a couple more well placed spanks make me want to keep going until his ass is numb and his cock is drooling for more.

So I do .

His moans become soft grunts and I can just tell how desperate he is, but I'm not done yet.

I reach under, between his thighs, wrap my fingers around his balls and give a soft tug.

"Fuck, Hannah." His voice is ragged and wanting.

I trace my fingers over the taut skin before I startle him with another spank. His cock continues to slowly leak out his anticipation and I can only imagine the load he has waiting for me.

I can't wait any longer and considering I'm the one in charge, I don't have to.

"Lay down on the couch." I command.

Without a word he lays back on the couch. I walk up and trace a torturous finger from his tip down to his sack and I can feel how bad he wants it. I'm not sure I've ever seen his cock so painfully swollen before. Like with just a couple flicks of my tongue I could have him gushing.

I've had time to think about it and as much as I want to watch him spew out his tension, I think I'd much rather feel it deep inside my cunt.

So I will.

I push his legs up like I'm going to take his little hole but instead I pull his cock down and slick it between my pussy lips.

My head spins when his fat head grazes my clit.

No more teasing.

With his legs pressed back and his cock at my disposal I bury him into me and let my lips hug around his girth.

I nearly cum just from the stretching sensations since I'd inadvertently edged myself all day with our playing. I hold back because I want to be present while Tyson loses control inside of me.

I ride him fast and frantic in this amazon position that lets me do the fucking while he's pinned beneath me.

I've always wanted to try this and it makes me feel like such a badass, pounding my body down on him with the full force of my powerful hips. Each thrust down pushes him against every nerve my pussy has to offer.

I take hold of his chin and force him to look into my eyes when he starts to cum in me. His load is thick and warm, erupting with a force that I swear my pussy stretches further as he fills me. I feel the warmth spread through my core as I continue to rut him like the good little slut he is.

I let go.

My own orgasm washes over me, tunneling my vision until my muscles are lost to pleasure and I can't seem to move as my body quakes on top of his tower of cock that's buried inside me. Thick streams of cum leak out of me and pool where our bodies meet in a warm, sticky mess.

My hips have a mind of their own, grinding against him to keep me at my peak for as long as I can.

When I finally come down I pull off of him and the emptiness inside of me is bittersweet. I fall back on the couch, eyes closed and listening to Tyson's heavy breathes that match my own.

I open my eyes to see my roommate kneeling over me. He has a silly grin. The one he gets when he's planning something.

"Ty, what are you...oh..." I can't manage any other words as every square inch of breath is forced out of my lungs when he pushes his still hard cock back into my cum lubed pussy.

I catch my breath. "How are you already...oh fuck!" He manages to take my breath away again with his relentless dicking.

I watch the muscles in his arms and shoulders tense as he uses my curves as leverage to fuck me harder. His abs flex with each thrust.

He forces another orgasm out of me, fucking me all the way through it with that same animal intensity.

He still doesn't stop. My body writhes and contorts beneath him and he doesn't let up for a second.

I'm lost. I can't think straight.

Tyson has managed to fuck every thought from my head and now all I can manage is hearing the sticky, wet sounds of our bodies colliding with each pounding.

When he finally pulls out of me I've never felt so spent before. My pussy raw and aching from his force fucking. I just manage to lift my head to watch him pumping his impressive cock in his fist before he covers me.

His release comes in fast ropes that coat my tits and tummy. Watching it happen with him kneeling over me like this has my pussy humming with aftershocks.

I watch my Adonis walk away and return with warm rags to clean me up.

"You have no idea how badly I've wanted to use your pussy like that, Hannah." When he cups a warm rag between my legs it instantly soothes my swollen lips. He teases my overly sensitive bits and it makes my legs tense.

I graciously clean his cock off with my tongue before running one of the rags over him.

"When I am able to walk again your ass is mine." I tease before I collapse back into the couch. Tyson lays on top of me and the weight of him is surprisingly soothing. His warm, naked skin on mine is a beautiful feeling.

A knock comes at the hotel room door.

"Who is that?" Tyson asks from where he is tied up and blindfolded on the bed. One limb is securely lashed to each bedpost. Besides the blindfold and cuffs on his wrists he's completely naked. His cock is laid on his stomach, still soft.

"Oh, hi! Come in. You're early." I say to our visitor.

"Hannah, who is here?" Tyson struggles to cover his nakedness and then to remove his blindfold. He can do neither.

"I know. I was waiting down at the hotel bar. I was just too excited and had to come up here." At the sound of our guest's voice Tyson stops struggling and waits for more information.

"Hannah?" Tyson calls again.

The two of us stand at the foot of the bed and I watch her take in Tyson's nude body. His sculpted muscles. His flaccid cock that still looks intimidatingly big.

"Oh fuck. You weren't kidding." She says, unable to take her eyes off him.

"Take your pick." I motion to Tyson and to an assortment of sex toys that I've spread out at the foot of the bed.

"Hannah, what the hell is..."

"Quiet dear." I interrupt.

"But you said we would talk about it before inviting anyone else into the bedroom."

"Oh, but sweetheart, we have. You remember Andrea, don't you? Now, no more talking."

He does. I know he remembers. It may have been some six months ago but we've talked about her a couple times. Mostly me using her as a carrot to dangle in front of him when I'm edging the life out of him, but still.

Now here she is.

I watch as Andrea unties her thin, cotton dress and lets it fall to the floor around her feet to reveal gorgeous red lingerie. Tyson is

still currently blindfolded so the strappy ensemble is entirely for my benefit at this point and it is much appreciated. Her boobs look fantastic in her shelf bra and I'll also add that she takes damn good care of herself for her age. The thong perfectly frames her firm ass and I can see hints of muscles in her thighs and core.

Andrea finally takes her eyes off Tyson who is laying in silence on the bed. "I see you've trained him well. May I?" She asks, nodding to our tied up stud.

"Please do." I answer.

With that Andrea turns my face to her and gives me a kiss that leaves me buzzing before she crawls onto the bed between Tyson's spread legs.

I can tell she has some skill in the way she so gracefully lifts his soft cock to her lips and teases it with light sucking and flicking of her tongue while she cradles his balls in her other hand. She works him until he is fully hard in her hand and she starts giving his cock, long slow strokes, dotting a bit of lube at his tip and spreading it over his length until his cock is glistening in her grip.

She jerks and wrings him with both hands and I hardly even realize that I'm playing with myself watching an older woman jerk off my boyfriend.

I had high hopes for this. In fact I've been fantasizing about it for months and it's already surpassed my expectations. Being here and watching this gorgeous older woman make Ty squirm with pleasure is an experience that I highly recommend.

I should be filming this. We'd all be rich.

I watch as one of her hands leaves his length and slides down past his balls to press a slender finger at his back door. Her already lubed finger glides into him and Tyson's head rolls back in ecstasy as she finds his little pleasure button in his ass while she keeps jerking him off.

I can't take it anymore. I'm done being just a spectator. I strip out of my cute outfit and am left in my own sexy ensemble. I crawl onto the bed and hover over Tyson's face between my thighs. I slowly lower down onto him and without a word he starts lapping at my pussy with his tongue. My legs buckle and I smother him,

pressing down on his mouth with my needy cunt while I face Andrea's sexy display.

For the first time she looks up at me and a surprising amount of confidence flows through me when her eyes light up at my body in lingerie.

She crawls over the towering erection in her hands to kiss me while I sit on my boyfriend's face.

Her lips are eager and her tongue is skilled and warm, pushing into my mouth with assertive force as she cradles my chin in one hand and undoes my bra with the other. A quick twisting snap of her fingers and the cups fall from my heavy breasts before she takes them in her soft hands. It's a welcome difference to the calluses of Tyson's.

She only pauses our heated makeout session to position herself above the still throbbing cock behind her, testing his plump head against her entrance before lowering onto him. I watch the familiar trembling grab her with the pleasure of his size.

"Fuck!" Andrea shouts and it grabs my attention. At first I'm worried that she might have hurt herself but she feverishly starts grinding her hips down onto his full length, a determined look in her eyes as her teeth tug at her lower lip.

Tyson moans beneath me, sweet vibrations against my pussy while he devours me.

I think I'm in heaven.

With his cock buried in her, Andrea leans back into me, her kisses even harder this time, softly biting at my lips and teasing my mouth with her tongue. She manages to ride him with graceful circles of her hips while she kisses down my neck and chest to suck on my nipples.

Ok.

Now I'm in heaven.

The pleasure is almost too much. Some kind of connection between my nipples and clit zings to life inside of me. It's sensory overload and I'm going to finish soon.

Lust consumes me and I tug at Andrea's bra to free her tits.

They're fucking perfect. High on her chest and perky for their size with gorgeous pink nipples that perk up in an instant at my touch. For a second I thought they were fake but if they are then they are the best fake tits I've ever seen, perfectly soft and supple in my hands.

I almost forget that Tyson is beneath us being used for our pleasure until he hits a particularly sensitive spot that makes my legs clamp over his ears as I cum on his relentless tongue.

Andrea holds me through my climax, her riding getting more frantic until she lifts off of him and her pussy squeezes out a squirting orgasm.

I let Tyson up for air.

"Fuck, that's hot." I say, watching Andrea collapse onto the bed after covering Tyson in her gushing.

We leave Tyson tied up while the two of us become further acquainted with one another's naked bodies. I get my first taste of a woman's squirt when I tongue her swollen pussy lips and to my dismay it tastes surprisingly plain.

"Are you ready for some real fun?" I ask, grabbing for a big, purple dildo and waving it in front of her.

"I don't think I can take any more right now. His cock was plenty ." Andrea chuckles.

"It's not for you."

Her eyes light up again.

"Would you like to do the honors?" I continue, reaching for a leather strapon harness to cradle the thick dildo in my hand.

"Can he take one that big?" Andrea asks, looking from the dildo in my hand to the still tied up man beside us.

"I think he deserves it. Don't you?" I respond with a devilish grin as I hand her the girthy cock and fit the harness over her hips and ass. "Don't worry, he likes it rough." I finish with a wink and a kiss on her cheek before I let her have her way with my boyfriend.

Just the first inch and Tyson's balls already hug close to his body, ready to make him erupt. If he was able to touch himself I'm

sure he would. It's just so much more fun watching him twist and pull against his restraints.

Once again Andrea knows exactly what she is doing, swiveling her hips with each thrust and holding his legs back so she can take him deep.

His cock lays swollen and helpless against his stomach, begging to be touched. I'm sure even an accidental graze against his overly sensitive tip would make him start cumming like crazy.

I get an even better idea. While I watch this cougar fuck Tyson's man ass I get an idea that I know will send him plunging into oblivion and keep him there until I say he's done.

I rifle through our toys until I find my favorite cock ring. It's my favorite because this cock ring also vibrates.

I carefully put it on his aching cock, snugging it just below the ridge of his swollen head where I know he is most sensitive.

And then I turn it on.

The veins in his cock pulse. His hips lift from side to side as he squirms. His balls tighten and he starts to spew, his pulsing cumshots in rhythm with each time Andrea forces her cougar cock deep inside him.

The first rope hits his chin while the rest coat his sculpted chest and washboard abs until he's covered in his own thick cum ropes. I leave the ring buzzing just below his tip and watch his cock continue to pulse even though his cum is already spent across his writhing body. I know he must be so sensitive and I watch the continued sensation drive him mad. It's sweet, erotic torture watching him be overwhelmed.

His breathing is quick and stuttered. He tries to pull his hips away but Andrea keeps pushing into him with that thick, veiny cock of hers, clapping her lean hips against his cheeks until he begs.

"Please..." He can't manage anything else as Andrea pulls out of him and the ring keeps vibrating against his huge, helpless cock.

"Hannah, please..."

"What was that dear?" I ask, with an evil smile on my face.

"Too...too much." He stammers.

"And how do you ask?"

"P-please Miss Hannah."

"Good boy." I finally take off the ring from his still swollen cock and for the first time Tyson steadies himself and takes a sighing breath.

I can't help it and suck the traces of cum off his tip while I rake my nails across his stomach and hips. He winces at the sensation but there's nothing he can do.

"Ok, fine, you can be done. For now." I tease licking a rope of cum off his stomach and giving his abs a kiss.

"Fuck, you two are too much." Andrea sighs, watching the little display.

"Aren't we though? I got lucky with this one." I say, loosening the ties around my lover's limbs and planting soft kisses on his wrists and ankles.

"That you did." She smiles. "And your chemistry together. It's fantastic."

"I would hope so." Tyson chimes in. "We've been friends for years."

"You've been fucking like this for years?" Andrea asks with just a little disbelief. "You lucky little shits."

"Oh no, strictly friends for years. Fucking for like six months now. This is just all our sexual frustration finally being realized." I chuckle.

Tyson chuckles too. "Damn right. She's been throwing those curves at me for years."

"Or I'm just curvy and you're a horny bastard."

Tyson gives a considerate shrug. "Fair. But now I'm your horny bastard."

"And don't you forget it." I give Tyson's firm ass a spank. "Now go hop in the tub and I'll go grab us something to eat."

Andrea had gotten out of her harness and cleaned herself off with a spare towel before adjusting her bra back on and sliding into her form fitting dress. "I don't mean to be presumptuous, but when are you two free again?"

"I mean, if you're up for it, next weekend we'll see how you do being the one tied up on the bed." I smirk. "Trust me, he can give as good as he gets."

Andrea looks intrigued as does Tyson.

And just like that I'm the domme for my best friend turned lover as well as our sexy new milf friend.

Pinch me, I think I'm dreaming.

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