

Dominanceaddict1

I couldn't believe I was doing this. I mean, I suppose I could. It's not like I hadn't known it was coming. But still, as I stood in front of the mirror in the tiny blue bikini, I was shocked that I would be going swimming with Ryan...wearing this.

As I looked myself up and down...thinking of what I might do with Ryan today...thinking of what happened last time I was with him...I found it hard to fight off the raw, uncontrolled lust and excitement.

What if he wanted to fuck me? I...Obviously I couldn't let that happen. That was going too far. But...the thought sent a shiver down my spine as my hand trailed down to the front of my toned stomach. There was a lot of other stuff we could do...

It had been about a day and a half since Ryan had put me on my knees and demanded I stop resisting. A day and a half since he stood up, pulled his thumb out of my mouth with a pop and left me panting on the hallway floor, desperate for him to come back.

I had gone home that night and spent the entire night touching myself and thinking of Ryan. His hot incredible body, his handsome face, his commanding presence, his biceps, chest, abs, shoulders, quads. His butt.

His cock.

The next day, I dug through the back of Caroline's panty drawer and spent an hour trying on every old pair she had, most of which wouldn't fit her fat ass anymore. Some fit my shapely butt beautifully and I couldn't stop looking at myself, amazed. Hipsters, Boy shorts, high cuts, thongs, bikinis, cheekies and oh my fucking god g-strings. My ass looked absolutely heavenly and even from the front, my little bump was so small it was barely noticeable even on the thongs. I grew hotter and hotter as I tried on the array of sexy panties.

When Ryan had texted, and demanded I send him a preview pic of myself wearing the bikini, I barely resisted before sending. And what's more I had to hold myself back from sending extra pics of myself in the lingerie, wanting him to see.

And I spent the day wearing the fe-male line of clothes. I even went for a run in a revealing two-piece outfit in the middle of the day, hoping for the thrill it once brought. But without running into Ryan, the run seemed boring and pointless.

At times a quiet part of my mind would start to question again, to rebel against what was going on with me. My pride and loyalty to Caroline wanted to fight through. Just a few weeks ago I was angry and despairing over how miserable Caroline seemed to be with Ryan around her office. I had been determined to protect her from him.

But...this was just one more day. I kept telling myself that. One more day. I'd decide on another day. Like Ryan said, Until then, I didn't need to fret and hesitate. I mean...that was the whole point.

I stood by the front door. Ryan wanted me to be wearing the bathing suit when he picked me up, so I had a trench coat draped around my body, wearing the bikini under. I didn't want the neighbors to see, after all.

I heard a honk from outside and practically skipped to the door. I locked up quickly and looked out, seeing Ryan's car. But Ryan wasn't stepping out. It was Princess.



I stood just outside my door, surprised and disappointed. I realized then just how much I'd been looking forward to his greeting kiss.

"Hey there sweetie! Ryan's working out so asked me to come grab you." Princess wore a similar light blue bikini herself. That's how she drove around? I had to admit though, as I scanned her body up and down, she looked good.

My appraisal of Princess was different than it normally was though. It was almost academic. I didn't find myself as excited by her as I'd once been.. Coupled with my disappointment at the fact that it wasn't Ryan picking me up, and I found myself annoyed with her.

She seemed to pick up on it. "Oh why the pout. Cmon I bet you look hot under there baby. Let's see you!"

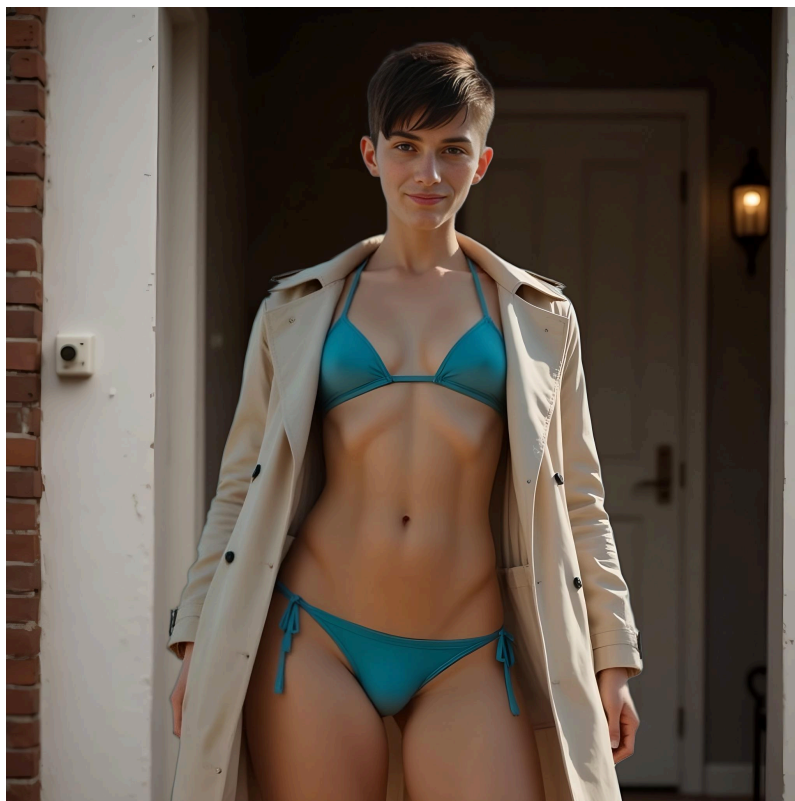
I shook my head. "Not here, Princess." I said quietly.

"Sorry, babe. You need to show me you're wearing what he told you to before we can go. He'll be pissed if not."

I rolled my eyes, though inside I was amazed at Ryan's ability to manipulate us. "Cmon baby." Princess continued. "You know, he's so excited to see you he asked me to take a few pics of you before we arrived. He can't wait."

That sparked something in me, and, shyly, I let my coat fall open, trying to keep my body shielded from the sides so the neighbors couldn't glimpse me.

"Hot damn girl!" Princess exclaimed. In spite of myself, I smiled at her as she snapped a pic on her phone.



I hopped in the car and, after she gave me a quick peck on the lips (it wasn't as sensual as they had been in the past), we left.

"So...glad you're joining us babe." Princess said as we drove.

'Us', I thought, trying not to be disappointed that it wouldn't just be me and Ryan.

"Thanks...me too." I responded.

"I hear you and Ryan had some fun at the mall after I left!" She went on, making me blush.

"God...I remember my first time touching him." She continued.

She lapsed into silence, thinking about it. Unable to help myself, I thought about the same, feeling my face flush.

Princess let off a half-sigh half-moan, extremely sensual.

"How'd it happen?" I asked quietly, curious.

"My first time with him? It was in my office."

"At...at the school?"

"Yep. He had already dominated my girlfriend at the time (and most of the women and girls in school), and then he set his sights on me."

"In...the school. Wait...he's a student at the school you work at!?" I asked, amazed.

She giggled. "yeah...I know it's so wrong. But that's one of the reasons it's so hot. Anyways, I tried to resist, even when he told me what he was going to do to me. But once I got a taste of his body..."

"And his cock..." I added, thinking, before blushing and covering my mouth.

Princess giggled, smacking my leg. "And ESPECIALLY his cock...well...I didn't stand a chance. He fucked me on the desk where I was supposed to be counseling him. I...I pulled him into me the first time."

Her cheeks reddened as my mouth dropped open. "Fuck that's hot..." I whispered.

She gave me a devilish grin, looking at me from the corner of her eye as she drove. "You'll see just how hot soon enough babe."

I blushed. "I...I don't think so." I said, though my stomach was making summersaults. "Can I tell you a secret?" I asked.

"Of course babe."

"And you won't tell Ryan?"

"Cmon...you'd think I'd do that?" I glanced up at her, and she did look sincere.

"Okay...well...I'm just putting on a good show. Caroline asked me to. She's trying to get ahead at the office, and currying favor with Ryan...well that's good for her. She wants me to keep him happy. Just for now."

She looked at me for a long time and I grew nervous under her scrutiny. I kept going. "But...I mean I can do some things." In a smaller voice I added. "I've done some things already..."

She gave a small smirk at that.

“But it can’t go too far. Not...that...far. There’s a limit, you know. But today. Well today I told Ryan I’d really listen to him. That I’d give this a shot. So I’m kind of going to embrace it today. To...to keep him happy I mean.”

After a moment, I added. “For Caroline.”

“For Caroline...” she repeated. After another few seconds of awkward silence, she continued. “So how far is too far?”

“I...I don’t know” I replied. “Probably what I’ve done before, sure. I’ll...I’ll touch him.”

“A blow job?” She asked.

My face flushed. “Um...no? I don’t think so.”

“But you’re not sure?”

I didn’t reply, my mind racing, picturing his cock in my head.

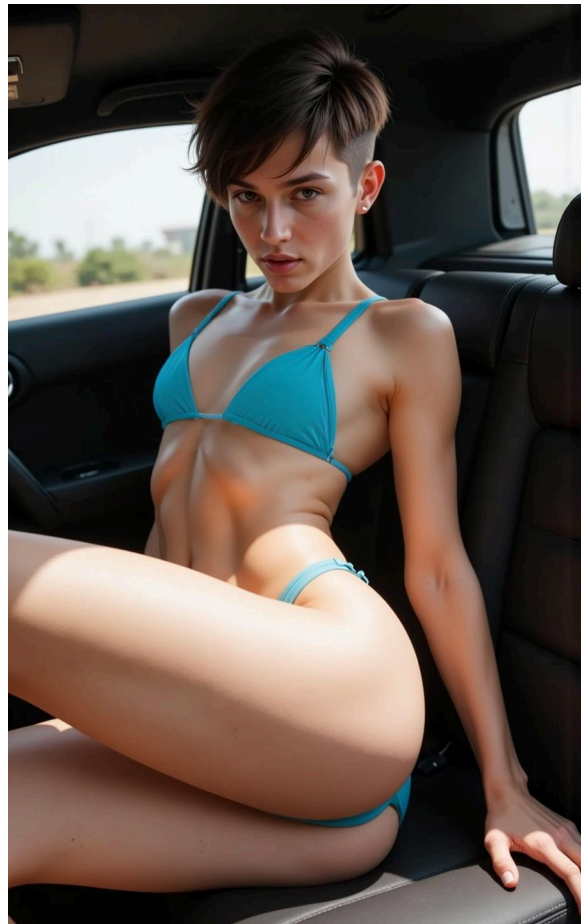
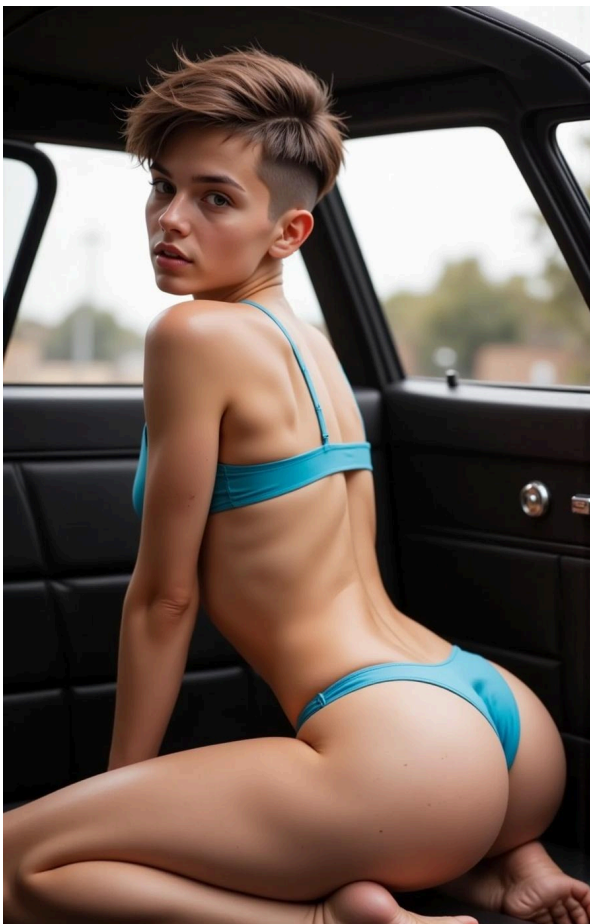
I bit my lip and Princess giggled.

“Well. Thanks for telling me! We’re almost there so you’d better start ‘embracing’ it girl. Get into the mindset.”

I nodded, straightening my back and grinning. And indeed I felt excited...eager. I pushed down my conflicted emotions.

“Atta girl. Tell you what, let’s pull over to take some pics for Prince before we get there. To prime the pump.” She winked at me. “The thick powerful pump.”

I fought to suppress a giggle, but didn’t object as she pulled over and walked me through a few poses as she snapped on her phone as I tried to look sexy for the camera...for Ryan.



Soon we were back on our way, butterflies in my stomach as I imagined Ryan looking at those pics of me.

As we drove up a private road and pulled in to Ryan's house, a wave of awe washed over me. A sprawling estate rose before us. Lush landscaping adorned the entrance, vibrant flowers blooming in careful arrangements, inviting us into this paradise. This place was fucking huge.

Princess parked the car, and as we stepped out, I felt both overwhelmed and exhilarated. "Ready?" she asked, a knowing glint in her eyes. I nodded, biting my lip as we walked towards the grand entrance. My heart raced as we stepped inside. The door swung open smoothly, revealing an open foyer bathed in natural light.



"Hey! You made it!" Ryan said from a doorway across the foyer. I turned to see him emerge and my breath caught. He wore tight shorts...and that was it. His body glistened with sweat after his workout. He looked absolutely breathtaking; muscles rippled beneath his skin like sculpted marble, glistening under the soft lights of his home. He looked even bigger than normal, his muscles filled and taught from his exercises. Every sinew of his powerful physique - his huge pecs, thick arms, washboard abs, powerful quads - seemed accentuated by a sheen of sweat that highlighted his chiseled features.

He approached us with an effortless swagger, a smile playing on his lips as he closed the distance between us. I could barely breathe looking at him, and an intoxicating scent of sweat and musk threatened to overwhelm me.

My heart skipped a beat when he leaned down to kiss Princess first; it was deep and intense, and I saw their jaws flexing as their tongues danced. Her body pressed hard against his as his hand fell to grip her ass possessively. Watching them, my anticipation went wild and I had to bite my lip and squeeze my fists to keep myself from moaning and touching myself. Finally he let her go and she stepped away, seeming breathless and disoriented. Then he turned to me, and time slowed as he stepped my way.

Timidly, I pulled the trench coat open, letting it fall over my shoulders for him as I looked up at him, wide eyed.

He looked me up and down, a knowing smirk on his face. My body seemed to tingle wherever his gaze went. "Hey gorgeous." He said smoothly, tracing a finger down my cheekbone before hooking it under my chin and tilted my face upwards so our eyes met. "You look... delicious." His words dripped with lustful intentions and

heat pooled low in my stomach at his tone alone. Needless to say, by the time he finished speaking, I was practically purring for him, my whole body waiting, tingling on edge.

Then he stepped back. "I'm just going to finish my workout." He turned and walked away as I stared at his powerful back.

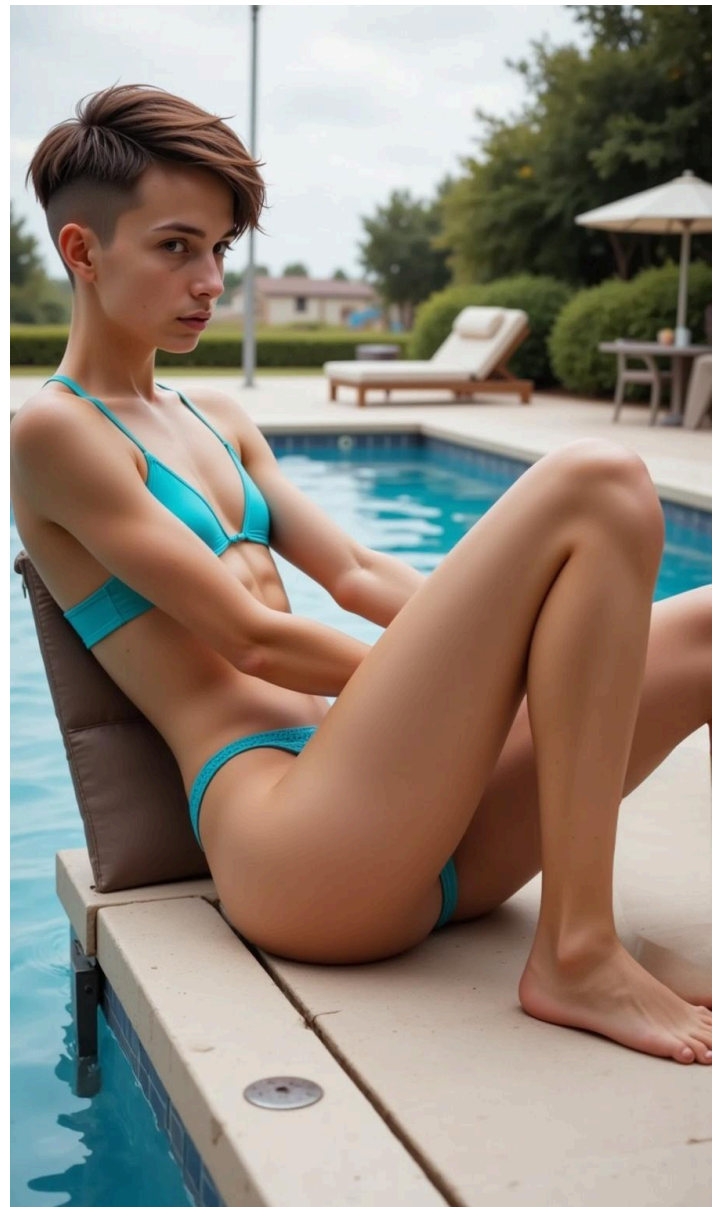
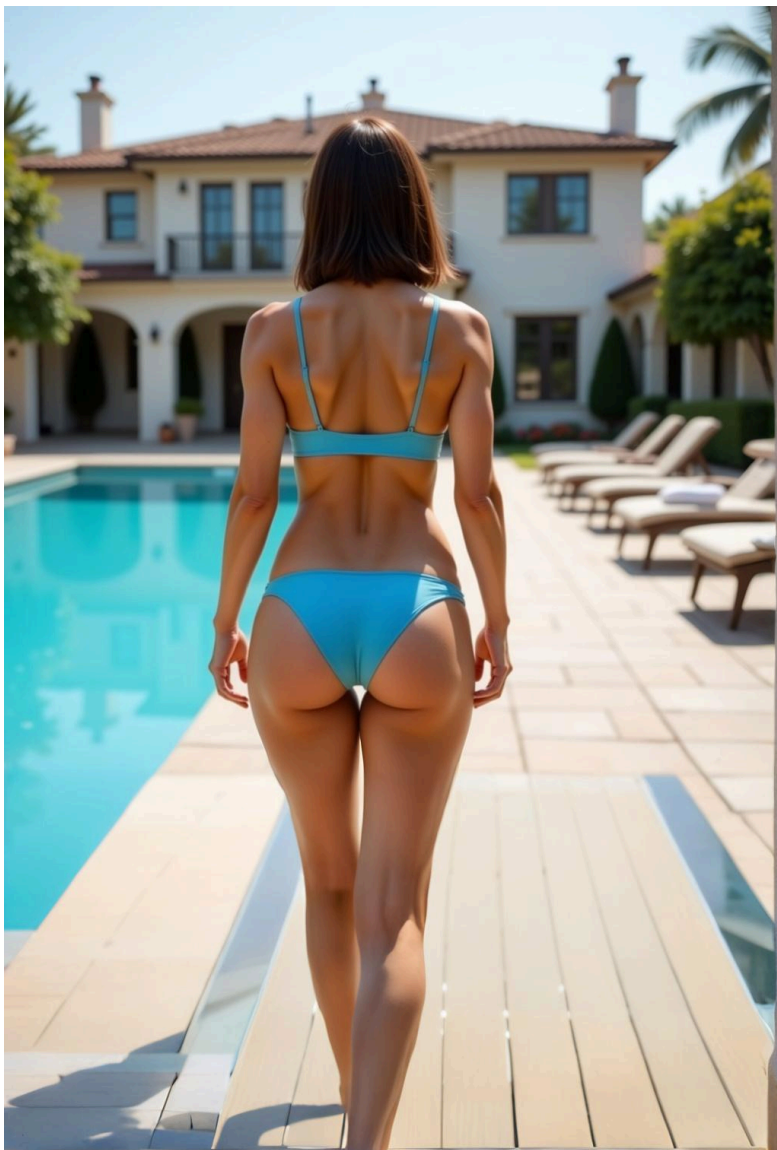
I almost collapsed on the ground. What? Why? I thought, confused. My mind was a turmoil of lust and disappointment.

He called over his shoulder: "Get settled by the pool, girls." His tone of authority thrilling me deep down. "I'll be out in a bit."

Princess led me outside through glass sliding doors that opened up to an expansive patio area. The pool shimmered under the bright sun.

Princess sauntered to a few of the pool loungers and laid out a couple soft towels for us. She beckoned for me to join her, her smile warm. As I settled in, she said she was going to grab us a couple drinks.

"Thanks." I said, as she walked towards the house. I stared at her luscious ass walking along the side of the pool. She seemed so comfortable here. As I stared at the back of her beautiful figure, I tried to imagine her as Ryan's male school counselor.



I just couldn't picture it. She was practically his sex doll, and maybe the hottest woman I'd ever spoken to.

For some reason...that thrilled me. I wasn't sure why until, after reflecting on it for a couple minutes, I realized. If he could do that to Princess...what could he do to me? I shuddered as I lay back onto the pool chair, trying not to think about it. Today wasn't a day for thinking.

Soon she returned with the drinks - a couple pink cocktails that were delicious and which gave me an immediate buzz.

Princess settled onto the lounge next to me, sipping her cocktail. "So Jamie," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye, "I think it's time to work on your femininity."

I hesitated, caught between curiosity and reluctance. "Ummm...what do you mean?"

"I mean you need more practice and instruction on how to be a girl." I stared back at her. "I dunno..." I replied.

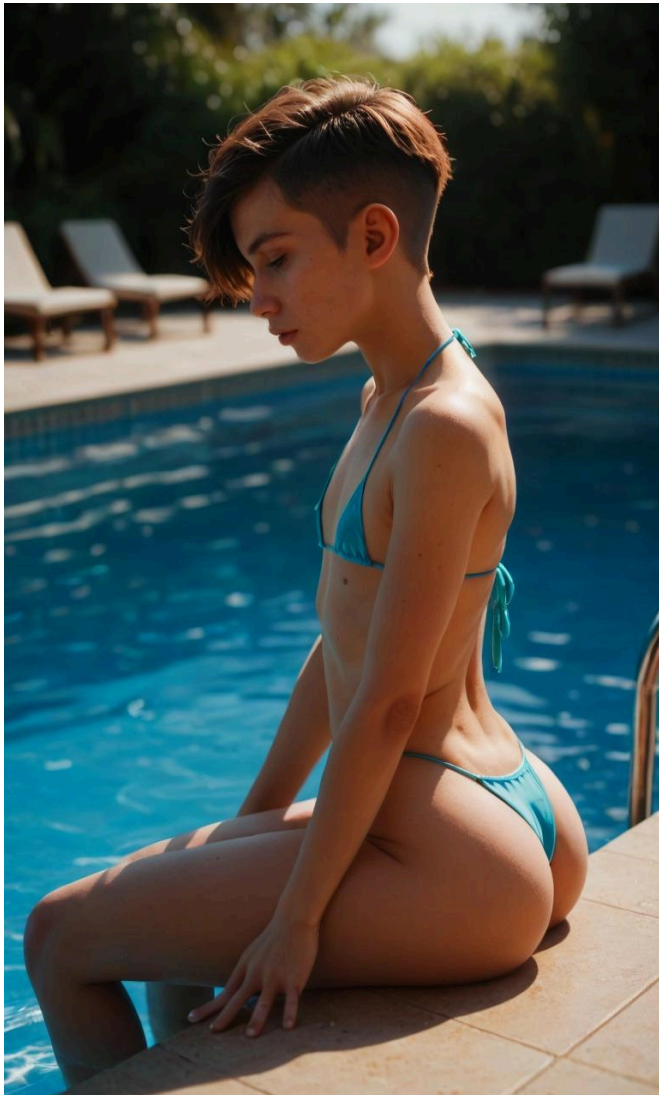
"Come on, it'll be fun!" Princess insisted. "And it'll make Ryan so happy. Isn't that what you want?"

Remembering my promise to embrace things today, I nodded slowly. "Okay, I guess it couldn't hurt."

Princess grinned and stood up. "Alright, first things first - posture is everything. Stand up for me."

I got to my feet, feeling a bit self-conscious in just the tiny bikini.

"Now, arch your back just a bit," Princess instructed, demonstrating. "Push your chest out and your butt back. It accentuates all your curves."



I tried to mimic her stance, feeling a bit silly at first. But as I caught a glimpse of my reflection in a glass door, I was surprised by how different I looked - more feminine, more alluring. She had me sit on the edge of the pool and practice the same posture.

"That's it!" Princess encouraged. "Now, back up. When you walk, you should take smaller steps and sway your hips." She demonstrated a sultry walk along the pool's edge.

I attempted to copy her movements, focusing on swinging my hips from side to side with each step. It felt unnatural at first, but Princess cheered me on and it started to click after a few minutes.

"You're getting it! Now add a little bounce to your step - almost like you're walking on your tiptoes."

I tried again, this time adding a slight spring to my step. To my amazement, it completely transformed my walk into something graceful and feminine.

"Wow," I breathed, watching my reflection in the sliding window door next to the pool.

Princess clapped excitedly. "You're a natural! Okay, now let's work on some poses. When you're lounging by the pool, always keep your legs crossed at the ankles. It makes them

look longer and more elegant." And keep that back arched at all times.

I settled back onto the lounge, carefully crossing my ankles. Princess adjusted my pose slightly, showing me how to angle my body to best show off my curves.

"Perfect," she said. "Now remember, the key to keeping a man like Ryan happy is to always be attentive and admiring. Laugh at his jokes, even the bad ones. Touch his arm or chest when he's talking - men love that."

I nodded, soaking up her advice. It was strange how easily I was slipping into this role, but I couldn't deny the thrill it gave me.

"Oh, and don't forget to play with your hair, even if you don't have much of it right now." Princess added. "Twirl it around your finger, tuck it behind your ear - it draws attention to your face and neck."

She had me practice a few flirtatious hair flips and giggles. And I did feel different...more feminine, more coy, more alluring.

I loosened up as Princess and I hung out, her instructions and our banter exciting me. We paused the lessons, each taking a dip in the pool. Try as I might, I couldn't shake off my nerves as I waited for Ryan to join us. Though we chatted and relaxed, the air felt thick with his absence, and with the anticipation of his arrival.

Princess kept complimenting me, admiring my body. I appreciated her words, but in a way they just made me think more about why it was that Ryan had ignored me at the door. Did he not agree with her? I hadn't misread this whole thing had I?

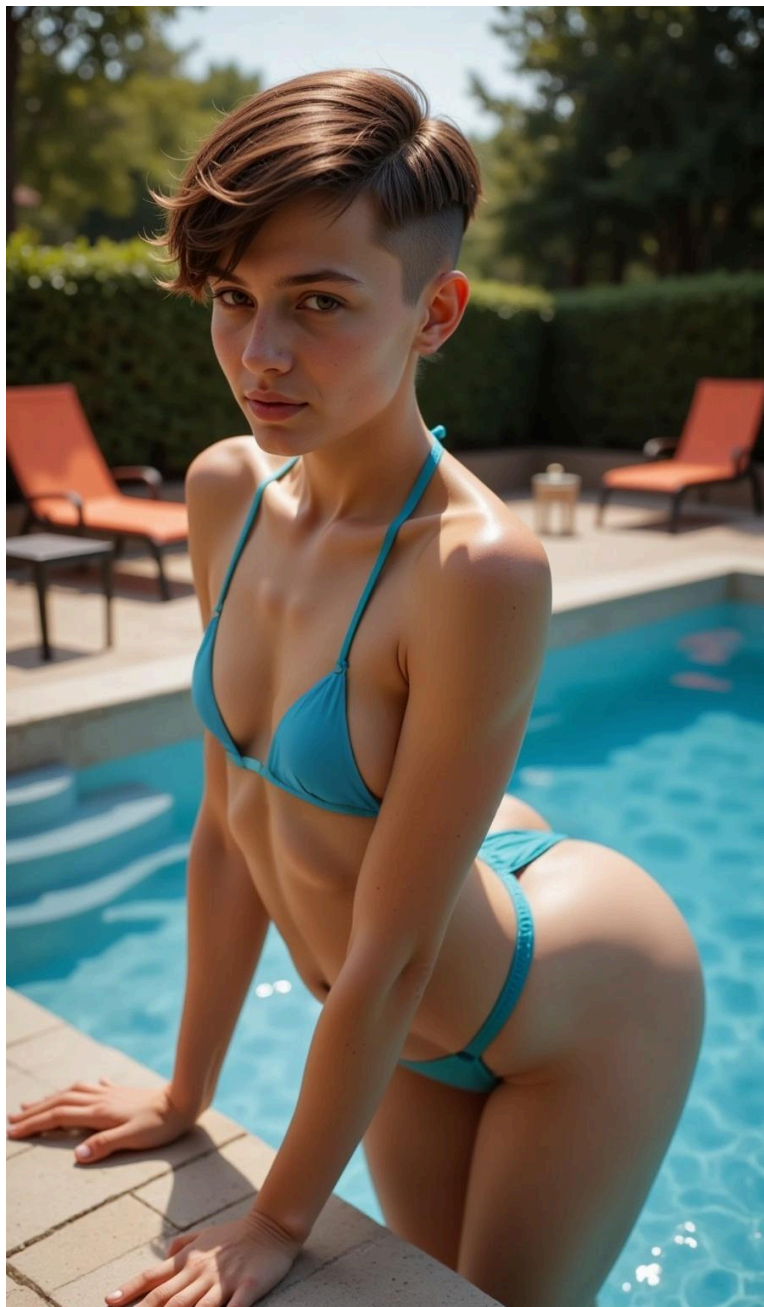
I had the horrible thought that he'd just brought me here to embarrass and humiliate me. Could that be possible?

Before I could worry about it further, though, Ryan stepped out.

He emerged onto the patio again, clad in tight maroon swim trunks that hugged his muscular form and massive bulge tantalizingly well. Every chiseled feature was on full display, almost glowing in the bright sunlight, as he strode confidently toward us. He stepped in the pool to test the water right in front of me, it was as if he had walked right out of my most thrilling dreams.



I stared openly at his body as he looked around casually, taking a quick dunk and emerging so that his glorious body again glistened with moisture. His massive package strained against the front of the tight shorts. He got out of the pool and walked closer and closer to me, until he loomed over me. God I couldn't stop staring at his body. And his bulge was so fucking massive. I flashed back to the last time I was in this position and...



Fuck had he said something? I finally glanced up at his face to see him grinning down at me.

"Earth to Jamie..." he said.

"I...sorry..." I sputtered up at him.

He just laughed. "No problem. Nice to see you settling in. Can I get you anything?" He asked, his tone friendly and casual.

"Oh...No thanks, Ryan." I replied. Caught off guard at his offer. I felt like I should be serving him. "Can I..." I started, but he was already turning away.

He settled down on a chair a couple down from me, on the other side of Princess. Why was he so far away?

The next hour passed with some casual talk, more drinking and a bit more swimming. I simply could not stop myself from staring openly at this teen stud's body. To be honest, I didn't try that hard. Instead, I focused my efforts on getting his attention. I bent over, floated in the pool with my ass out of the water, swatted him playfully on the arm after his jokes, and overall did the best flirting I could think of, using Princess's advice..

But Ryan for some reason saved his intimacy for her instead, occasionally kissing Princess softly and caressing her subtly.

Laying down on her stomach on a pool lounge, Princess asked that I apply sunscreen to her back. I obliged. As I rubbed my hand into her supple and soft skin, I knew that the opportunity to do this would have enthralled me only a month ago. But now, I barely focused on her. Instead I continued to gaze at Ryan's hard body as he lay back on the pool chairs under the bright sun, his eyes closed. Questions ran through my head about why I was here. Had I misread the situation? Was he just trying to embarrass me? Had I just been a one-time experiment?

Ryan sat up, stretching, his taught muscles expanding and overlapping, rippling under the sunlight. Fuck.

He glanced over, contemplating me and Princess. I glanced away, embarrassed at having been caught staring (though it was about the 100th time of the day). I could tell out of the corner of my eye that he was still looking, so I tried to focus on rubbing the lotion in for Princess, arching my back and pressing out my ass as I did so.

"Girls," he said, his voice immediately grabbing our attention. "Come over here, please." Though he phrased this as a request, his quiet command caused us both to obey immediately.

I approached uncertainty. Though I tried to recall all Princess's posture and walking tips, in my panic I couldn't recall any of her lessons. Meanwhile, she sauntered over, her hips swaying seductively. Who was I kidding...How could I ever be like her?

Ryan looked us up and down, taking in our body. My heart pounded with anticipation.

"I want you two to pose for me," he said, "be creative" waving his hand dismissively as he took out his phone like it was no big deal. We glanced at each other, then Princess started running the show, moving both of us through poses. With her gentle touch, she adjusted my posture, pressed out my butt. I was relieved to have her help. She seemed to know what to do so I tried to follow her lead. We turned so he viewed us from behind, then bent over, smiling, pressing against each other, etc. Ryan snapped pictures throughout.

"Great, sexy. Lovely girls." he continued. Though I was trying to follow her lead, at the same time I was instinctively trying to outdo Princess other for his attention, bending further, trying to be alluring. He grinned at us with satisfaction. "Perfect."



Ryan set down his phone and gave us a devious look. "Now," he purred, "kiss for me."

My eyes widened and my face flushed as I turned to Princess. She grinned at me and leaned towards me. "Just like last time, baby." She whispered. "Only this time...its just for him." She winked then pressed her lips to mine. They were soft yet firm, and soon her tongue was probing hungrily for entrance into my mouth. I let her in and moaned as she grabbed my ass.

I was definitely getting wildly turned on. But it wasn't Princess, it was the situation - Ryans presence - that was really driving me into lust. My moans were part genuine and part performative. Like Princess had said...just for him.

Ryan's phone flashed again and again as we made out passionately under the baking sun. He wasn't saying anything though which was both arousing and frustrating at the same time.



Finally, I saw him put down his phone from the corner of my eye. As Caroline and I continued kissing, he stepped up behind me. I shuddered as I felt his strong body press against mine.

I broke the kiss with Princess, anticipating that Ryan would finally pull my face towards his. Take control. Make me his little...

But as I looked up I saw him lean over my shoulder to kiss Princess once again! The now familiar pangs of jealousy, frustration, and longing shot through me once more. Why wasn't he kissing me!?

Ryan's strong jaw flexed as his lips opened against Princess's. Princess - normally so sure of herself, so in control, visibly shuddered and clutched at Ryan's forearm to support herself as her eyes rolled up and closed. I whimpered, undeniably envious, as I was squeezed between their bodies. I could feel Ryan's massive bulge pressing up against my ass and I fought off the urge to grind against him.

As they finally separated, Princess, as if sensing my frustration, shifted so that Ryan stood between us both. Princess moved her hands to Ryans body and raised her eyebrows to me, grinning. My hands trembling slightly, I lifted them to the wonderland of Ryan's muscular body.



As my palm fell on his massive pec, I let out a deep sigh, like one following a drink of water after going without one for too long. For some reason, my heart rate slowed as my tension leaked out into my fingers as I explored him. His power radiated off of him and I felt compelled to caress his body, moving my hand from his pecs, to his shoulders, his biceps, his abs, his obliques... Each was taught, defined, and strong. I saw Princess's fingers reach just barely into the hem of his shorts, but she more or less kept her hand still, kissing his shoulder and watching me explore him. I thought of doing the same... But I was too afraid. Of what I wasn't sure... Instead my hands went back to his pecs, where I ran my finger around his nipple. It became hard and I had to suppress a giggle as I felt mine do the same.

A few weeks ago I was marveling at these two beautiful people dancing at the bar, sure that I would never experience anything that hot. Now I was here, part of it, part of them. I shuddered, fighting off the urge to move my face towards Ryan's hard body, feeling my mouth dry up again...

God... I'd touched him before. But never like this. I'd never reveled in the feel of his body. Worshiped it. My legs felt weak... like I should be on my knees in front of this perfect specimen of a man.

After an unknown amount of time, Ryan (who...I think...had been chatting with Princess, though the words just weren't penetrating into my consciousness) turned his head to me. I met his eyes, my lips parting as I tried to control my breathing. I wanted to shy away from his gaze, but I couldn't move. He leaned in towards me. Finally, I thought.



My eyes closed and I tipped my head back and waited. My whole body tingled in anticipation.

His lips touched mine, barely grazing them.

Then he stopped.

After a moment, I opened my eyes to see he had moved away a bit, looking at me. My heart dropped, crestfallen.

"You know, Princess." He said casually, moving beside her as he looked at me. "Jamie is a girls name. But it can also be a boys name right?"

"Sure." She said.

"It's...androgynous...right?" He considered. "That just won't do."

"Hmm..." She said. "I see what you mean."

They scrutinized me.

"But...that's my name." I replied in a small voice.

"We don't have to change it much, babe. But when you're with me...like this?" He glanced me up and down, a small smirk on his face. "I think something else would be more appropriate."

He snapped his fingers. "I've got it...easy! Janie."

Princess giggled. "Definitely only a girls name."

"Perfect" Ryan grinned. "Okay with you, Janie?"

I looked between them, confused. "I...I mean..."

It felt wrong. They couldn't just rename me. And...and it WAS a girls name. A little, weak, girls name. A kids nickname. It felt weird and humiliating.

"It's just..." I began, trying to find a way out of this without upsetting him.

Ryan stepped up to me, towering above as Princess watched on from behind him. He put his hands on my arms, pulling me closer. My eyes scanned his body and my hands fell to his abs, almost as if drawn by magnets.



"I love the name Janie for you, Babe. I think it's perfect."



He pulled me closer still, so that his huge bulge pressed against my stomach. My eyes fluttered closed, the heat of his massive package emanating through my entire body.

“Don’t you want to be Janie for me, Babe?”

His left hand rested on my stomach while his right ran down my back, squeezing my ass. I gasped, my eyes still closed, my fingers traced down his abs, towards his hot package pressing into me.

“Tsk. Tsk.” He held my wrist before I could make contact with it. “Look at me.” He ordered.

I obeyed, looking into his gorgeous young face.

“**Janie** gets to touch Daddy’s cock. **Janie** does not.”

I stared up at him, trying to make sense of his words but getting lost in his eyes.

“So Janie...what do you say?”

Janie...he wanted to call me...But...God my head was so fuzzy. It was so hard to think straight, with Ryan right there. His cock RIGHT there.

I...I had to keep him happy right?

"Janie...Janie is okay...I guess." I said, my voice was raspy and much higher than normal as the words caught on their way out. The effect was to make it sound extremely feminine, extremely sensual.

He grinned. "Mmm..I like your voice that way, Janie. It's sexy." He let go of my wrist.

Tentatively, my hand made contact with his massive bulge and my mouth fell open. He grinned that cocky fucking grin as I continued to rub his bulge, my brain overwhelmed with the huge package of flesh behind his thin swimsuit. I closed my eyes, leaning towards him.



"I think we're ready then." He stepped back and I stumbled, almost falling down. God...why did he keep moving away? Why wouldn't he kiss me!?

Slowly, Ryan hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his maroon swim trunks. My breath caught as he began to pull them down, revealing more and more of his sculpted lower abs. Time seemed to slow as inch by tantalizing inch of skin was exposed.

Finally, his massive cock sprang free, jutting out proudly. My jaw dropped as I took in the sheer size and girth of it. It was even more impressive than I remembered from our encounter at the mall. Even soft, it was incredibly long and thick.



My body felt like it was on fire as I stared openly, unable to tear my eyes away. Ryan's manhood seemed to radiate raw sexual energy, drawing me in like a magnet. My mouth went dry and I felt an ache deep in my core.

With languid movements, Ryan settled back onto one of the pool chairs. He wrapped his large hand around his shaft and began to slowly stroke up and down. His eyes locked onto Princess and me as a sly smile played on his lips.

"Why don't you two put on another show for me?" he suggested, his voice low and husky. "Kiss each other again. Make it good."

Princess turned to me with a sultry grin and pulled me close. Our lips met in a passionate kiss as her hands roamed over my body. I reciprocated, running my fingers through her hair and down her back. All the while, I was hyper-aware of Ryan watching us, his hand still lazily pumping his enormous cock. As we kissed passionately, I snuck glances at him from the corner of my eye. The sight of him casually pleasuring himself while watching us sent shivers down my spine.

"That's it," Ryan encouraged. "Now grab each other's asses. Really get into it."

We obeyed, our hands sliding down to squeeze and knead each other's firm butts. Princess let out a little moan into my mouth as I dug my fingers into the

soft flesh of her ass. The kiss deepened, our tongues dancing together urgently.

"Mmm, nice," Ryan purred. "Play with her tits, Janie. Show me how much you want her." His incredible cock was getting harder. Thick veins ran along the length, pulsing with blood. The head was large and swollen, glistening slightly in the sunlight.

My hands moved up to cup Princess's full breasts through her bikini top. I massaged them gently at first, then with more vigor as Princess arched into my touch. She followed suit, her fingers teasing my nipples through the thin fabric of my top.

"That's it girls, I want to see you really go at it. You have to convince me if you want this cock. Convince me you want each other."

As we continued our sensual display, I tried to focus only on Princess, but I couldn't help sneaking glances at Ryan from the corner of my eye. His hand was moving faster now, gripping his shaft tightly as he pleased himself. The sight made me weak in the knees. He was stroking himself faster now, his massive shaft glistening with precum. The muscles in his abs and thighs flexed with each movement, his powerful body on full display.

I whimpered softly, overcome with desire.

Ryan's eyes darkened with lust as he watched us. "Alright, that's enough," he commanded, his voice deep and authoritative. "On your knees, both of you. Crawl to me."

Without hesitation, Princess and I dropped to our hands and knees. My heart raced as I began crawling towards Ryan, the rough concrete of the pool deck scraping against my palms and knees. I felt utterly exposed, my ass high in the air as I moved. The bikini bottom slipped between my ass cheeks, barely covering anything. His eyes roamed over our bodies as we approached, drinking in the sight of these two older 'women' on all fours submitting before his muscular teenage body.

As we reached him, we positioned ourselves between his muscular thighs, looking up at him with wide, eager eyes. From this angle, Ryan looked even more imposing. His chiseled abs rippled above us, leading up to his broad chest and powerful shoulders. His cock stood proudly erect, impossibly large from this close perspective. And his balls looking fucking delicious.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from his magnificent manhood. It was a work of art - thick, long, and pulsing with vitality. Veins snaked along its length, and the swollen head glistened with a bead of precum. My mouth



watered at the sight, and I had to resist the urge to lean forward and taste it.

Ryan smirked down at us. "Good girls," he purred. His hand lazily stroked his shaft as he regarded us. "Now, who wants to suck my cock first?"

Ryan's hand angled it slightly towards us. I almost leaned forward, hesitating for just a moment as I contemplated what it would mean to do it...to take this step.

"Princess," he said, his voice husky with arousal, "you get to suck first. You were more convincing in your display." His eyes flicked to me. "Janie here kept sneaking glances at me instead of focusing on you."

Notwithstanding my hesitation, I felt a rush of disappointment, embarrassment, and envy. It was true - I hadn't been able to keep my eyes off him. Ryan had noticed my desperate looks, how badly I wanted him.

Princess eagerly leaned forward, her lips parting as she approached Ryan's massive cock. I watched in awe as she slowly took him into her mouth. Her jaw stretched wide to accommodate his girth, and I could see the strain in her cheeks as she began to bob her head.

"Janie," Ryan ordered, his eyes locked on mine. "Pump my shaft while Princess sucks."

My hand trembled slightly as I reached out to grasp his thick member. Even with Princess's mouth engulfing the head, there was still plenty of length for me to stroke. My eyes widened at the sheer girth of it - my fingers couldn't meet around its circumference. It was hot and hard in my grasp, pulsing with each beat of Ryan's heart.

My last encounter with Ryan at the store had been frantic and overwhelming. I hadn't truly appreciated this teenage god's cock and body in that rushed setting. Now...now I reveled in every glorious detail.

As I began to pump his shaft in long, slow strokes, I couldn't help but stare in fascination. Princess's lips stretched obscenely wide around his girth, and I could hear soft, wet noises as she sucked and slurped. Inch by inch, she worked her way down his length, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked, but she could still only manage about half of his length.

Waves of envy and lust crashed over me. I wanted desperately to be in Princess's place, to feel Ryan's massive cock filling my mouth. My own tiny package (I could barely think of it as a penis anymore) throbbed painfully in the confines of my bikini.

Ryan's eyes locked onto mine, dark with desire. "Your turn, Janie," he growled. "Show Daddy what that pretty mouth can do."

My heart raced as I shifted position, moving beside Princess. She pulled back, a string of saliva connecting her lips to Ryan's glistening cock. I hesitated for just a moment, my prior misgivings flashing through my mind. But as I gazed at Ryan's magnificent manhood, throbbing and slick with Princess's saliva, all doubts faded.

Slowly, I moved my face closer, until Ryan's cock took up the entirety of my vision. Holding it in both my hands, my lips just about to touch the thick imposing tip of his monster, I looked up and met his eyes again. His gaze bore into me and he raised his eyebrows expectantly. Keeping eye contact, I pressed my lips against him, kissing his cock tenderly. He grinned that cocky, possessive grin. The one that showed who was in charge. The grin that reduced me to utter mush. Unable to stop them, my eyes fluttered closed as I started licking up and down Ryan's massive shaft. The taste and feel of him was intoxicating - salty, musky, and undeniably masculine. My tongue traced the prominent veins that snaked along his length, reveling in the contrasting textures of smooth skin and rigid hardness. Princess did the same on a lower part of his shaft.

"That's it," Ryan purred, his hand tangling in my hair. "Good girl, Janie. You look so pretty worshiping my cock."

His words sent a thrill through me, spurring me on. I continued down his shaft and Princess moved up on the other side. Eventually I reached the base and lapped at his massive balls while Princess swirled her tongue around his swollen head. The scent of his arousal filled my nostrils, making me dizzy with lust.

"Now move back up, Janie," Ryan commanded. "Let's see those soft lips wrapped around Daddy's cock."

Eagerly, I repositioned myself so that my mouth hovered over the head of his cock. God it was imposing, pointing straight at me. Was I really about to do this? I held my head there, on the precipice of a new reality.

"Happy to give Princess another turn, Janie." Ryan said from above.

My eyes flicked up to his, seeing his hard look, then flicked back. I...I didn't want to give up my turn.

I opened wide, my jaw already aching in anticipation of his girth. Slowly, I lowered my head, engulfing his cockhead between my lips. My eyes almost rolled back in my head as my lips made contact with the powerful spongy, inflamed tip of Ryan's cock. Oh godddd. My lips pressed hard against the perimeter of his girth. Stretching...stretching...fuckkkk..



My eyes widened as I realized just how massive he truly was. Try as I might, I couldn't open my mouth wide enough to take more than just the tip. The stretch was intense, bordering on painful, but also incredibly arousing. I could feel my own tiny package throbbing in response.

Desperate to please him, I sucked hard on the Ryan's tip, running my hands up and down his massive quads. My tongue swirled around him, probing the slit and tasting the salty precum that oozed forth.

Ryan's grip tightened in my hair. "That's nice, babe. But I know you can do better. Take more of me."

Disappointment and determination warred within me. I wanted so badly to make him feel good, to prove myself worthy of his magnificent cock. I tried to force myself further down, but my jaw simply wouldn't stretch any wider.

Sensing my struggle, Princess placed a comforting hand on my back. "It's okay, sweetie," she cooed. "Let's work together."

"No." Ryan cut her off. "She has to learn this on her own. Princess - turn around and show me that ass. Janie - keep going."

Reluctantly, but obediently, Princess pulled herself away from Ryan's cock and bent over for him, putting on a show as I continued my struggle to open up for him.

"You need to relax, Janie. Once you do it will come naturally to you." I kept going, trying to stretch for him.

I whimpered, staring up at Ryan as I tried and failed to take more of his cock, my heart dropping in spite of my mouth being full of this young adonis's cock. A cock I'd been fantasizing about for weeks.

After several more minutes of my unsuccessful attempts, Ryan gently pulled me off his shaft. I looked up at him, eyes glistening with unshed tears of frustration and disappointment.

"It's okay, Janie," he said, his voice surprisingly gentle. "I think you need a more... personalized lesson." He turned to Princess. "Why don't you head inside for a bit? I need some one-on-one time with my eager student here."

Princess pouted, but nodded. She patted me on the head, whispering "you'll do



great," Before sauntering towards the house.

As she disappeared inside, my heart raced.

Alone with Ryan.

Finally...

