



Naïve College Girl Series

Older Neighbor

Dark Tan,
Darker
Deeds

Karen A.
Harkins

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Naïve College Girl Series
Older Neighbor
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Karen A. Harkins
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Introduction

I wonder if my parents ever suspected. I doubt it. Even if they had, what could they have done?

I'm sorry! I need to explain things.

My name is Katie. I grew up in a typical middle-class neighborhood on the outskirts of Atlanta with a younger sister, Karen. My parents were happily married. Or as happy as the next couple as they were raising two kids, trying to get ahead in life. Dad worked long hours but rarely traveled and was home every night and on weekends. Mom used to do something in sales but stayed home with Karen and me until Karen graduated high school.

Our neighbors were a mixture of older and younger couples. Unfortunately, no one had kids my age, so summers led to a lot of boredom. I didn't have my own car, which led to a lot of days around the house. One summer, the couple next door moved out. The new neighbor was an older, divorced man, David Rogers. I was in high school and quite honestly, I rarely saw him. But it ended up he was an engineer and during my junior year, my parents asked if he could tutor me. David was patient and always made sure to come over with at least one of my parents present. Maybe that was when I started looking at him differently. Forbidden fruit? Taboo? But my sidelong glances at this older, handsome man of maybe forty years old went unreturned. But still. He smelled good. That lodged itself in my memory.

Tanning time

I cruised into my senior year and graduated. It was summer and my 19th birthday was approaching as I tried to figure out how to kill another lazy summer afternoon before college started. College! I had been accepted into a local college and would live roughly an hour away. But it would seem like another continent from here. Unlike my up-and-coming hellion sister, Karen, I had generally been a homebody in high school. She was going to be trouble.

Karen and Mom had left for the day. They were going shopping at the endless northside malls. I decided to work on my tan in the backyard. I picked through my swimsuits. Most of them reflected my conservative family's values and covered up too much. I didn't want blasting tan lines when I got through the summer. Quite honestly, I didn't have a great two-piece suit. I laughed to myself and went into Karen's room. There in her bottom drawer was a small stash of very revealing bikinis. When did she get these and where did she wear them? Karen was younger, with a lithe build, which presented the problem of the suit being very tight on me. I could make the tiny bottom work out well enough. The top was more problematic and resulted in my almost C cups straining greatly and showing a lot of underboobs.

Sighing, I decided to go ahead with my tanning project. The backyard was framed on two sides with fences, shrubs, and ornamental trees framing in a nicely manicured backyard. Our yard did not have a fence on Mr. Roger's side. Just shrubs. I took the

lawn chair to the left side of the house, to the edge of the deck closest to the hose I could use to cool myself off.

I settled in and started on my front. But first, I had to apply my Australian Gold tanning lotion. I looked around, out of instinct, and began applying the oil. Applying? I suppose I should say massaging in the oil. It felt great and smelled wonderful. I have nipples that protrude almost 1/2 an inch when I am aroused, and they were waking up as I lifted the cups and rubbed the oil over my breasts. Mmm. Down I went. As I rubbed my tone belly, I fantasized about how one day it would swell with life after being bred. I don't know why I was drawn to the term. Breeding. Being bred. I thought it was hot. I imagined the thick, strong, heavy cock of an alpha male... alpha bull... grunting as he struggled to fully embed in my soaking wet but extremely tight pussy.

My wet fingers emerged from my skimpy bottom, and I dozed off after my small orgasm.

I didn't doze long, and I woke up refreshed but lazily. I was also hot, and I needed to cool off.

I used the hose to cool off my face, neck, and chest, which immediately woke up my nipples when the cool water soaked my tiny two-piece top.

I would need to work on my back now. But I didn't have anyone to apply the lotion. What would I do?

My neighbor came out of his back door as if by heavenly intervention. It looked like he had been working out over his lunch break. His sleeveless shirt was soaked in sweat. His shorts were not quite form-fitting, but snug. He made his way over to his water spigot, turned it on to give the grass some water under the noon sun.

I chewed briefly on my lower lip and made up my mind. I stood up and started walking toward his yard. There was no fence separating the property but there was a gap in the shrubs.

"Hello! Mr. Rogers?" I called out.

He looked around and spotted me, a smile forming.

"Hello, Katie! Please call me David. What are you up to this summer?"

It would be impossible for him not to notice my almost lewd appearance, but he gave no visible sign of it.

"Aww, thank you, David!" I exclaimed as I walked over toward the property line. "I feel like I should get out more for a 19-year-old."

"You're 19?" he asked, faking shock, and walking toward me.

"Holy crap, I feel old!"

"Oh, stop it," I said, finished the walk to him, and spontaneously gave him a hug, rubbing my almost bared breasts and erect nipples on his sweaty chest.

"You're not old, and you know it!" Oh my. I had forgotten how good he smelled.

"Aww, thanks, Katie," he replied. "You're sweet. A terrible liar, but you're sweet."

"So, David, I was wondering if there was any way you could do me a favor."

"I'm sure I could; what do you need?" he asked.

"Well, you see, my mom and sister are gone until dinner, and I really need some tanning lotion on my back." I held the tube out and gave him a wry grin. "Can you help your neighbor out, please?"

Before he had time to think about it, I handed him the oil and turned around. I pulled my hair up and glanced down at my obscenely protruding nipples.

David stammered, "Well, um, ok. Let me see here..." as he opened the bottle and poured some oil on my shoulders.

"Make sure to get everywhere! I don't want to burn!" I told him as I arched my back slightly.

He started kneading in the oil. His hands were strong, and I couldn't help but emit a small groan.

"Oh, that feels good!" I sighed.

He emitted a non-committal grunt and started working down my back. I wondered what he would do when he got past my narrow waist, but he surprised me by continuing down with no pause or comments. He expertly grasped my tight ass cheeks in a workmanlike fashion, and I felt a heat grow in my loins. Oh my God, I thought to myself and felt my pussy starting to blossom and yearn for... breeding.

I instinctively spread my legs and he worked the oil between my slightly spread thigh gap. The heat was unmistakable as his hands brushed up against my hungry pussy, separated only by a thin, tiny piece of cloth. On he went, down to my ankles. As he finished, I pictured him holding my ankles over me as he impaled me. With the strong, thick cock I had imagined early. But now I imagined his swollen, plum-sized testicles hanging heavily from the base of his bull cock.

"Ok, there you go, Miss Katie. You look really good with the sheen of oil!"

I shook myself from my fantasizing, turned, laughed gently, and slapped him on the shoulder.

"You really think I look ok?" I asked. I twirled around for him to inspect and did nothing to draw his attention away from my nipples, which were very hard now and fully extended. I was besotted in my arousal.

He blushed slightly as he appraised my taught body, toned from years of sports.

"You look better than ok," he told me as his eyes wandered up my long legs, pausing for a moment on my camel-toed bottom and then further up my chest, looking over my firm, nipple blaring breasts and up to my face.

"You look amazing."

"Thank you!" I squealed, giving him another hug. I pulled back, glanced down, and noticed an enormous bulge running down his short pant legs. Could it really be that big?

"Can I tell you something?" I asked, looking deep into his unflinching hazel eyes.

"What?" he asked.

I don't know if it was the sun, the lotion rubbing, or his scent, but I blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"I've fantasized about you," I said. "When you tend to your yard, I sometimes stand in my window and watch you. With no clothes on." I continued.

"Katie, that's more than needed to know. I'm almost old enough to be your father," he told me in a quiet but measured voice, under control.

"You may be old enough to be my father," I said, "But you don't look like it. My father looks nothing like you. You, you're still real fit. You seem like a..." I paused and thought. "You seem like an older alpha bull."

"The keyword there is older," he replied but smiling as he did.

"I don't care," I said, leaning in to be... claimed? *Bred?*

Looking alarmed, David said, "Katie! Please. Stop."

"Why?" I asked.

"I told you, I am way too old for you," he replied.

But I detected insincerity.

"You said that you think I'm pretty." I countered. "So, what's your age got to do with it?"

"Probably quite a bit," he said. "Especially since I'm friends with your parents. I have to believe they would kill me if they knew we

had been together."

"Well, then we just don't tell them," I said. But I could tell I had pushed a bit too far, too quick. He needed time. So, I laughed, turned around and sauntered off.

"Don't be a stranger, David! I may need help again soon!" I called over my shoulder as I felt his eyes burning my back with lust.

Peaches

Over the next few days, I didn't get more sun or look for David. I had time to think about our encounter and I wanted to give the situation some time to marinate.

Maybe a week later, my family was eating dinner when the doorbell rang. My father went to answer the door. We could hear another male voice talking with my dad and they got louder as they approached.

"...anyway, I sure hate to interrupt but I wanted to share some extra peaches that I can't possibly eat myself," said my neighbor, David, as they came in to view.

"Well, we sure do appreciate it, don't we, Beth?" my dad asked my mother.

"Oh, my! Yes! Thank you so much, David!" said my mother as she rose and took the peaches.

"Well, we all like a ripe, juicy peach!" my dad said.

David made eye contact with me and said, "Yes, I know I do."

Unbeknownst to me, my brat sister caught the subtle exchange and stared intently at me. I looked away from David, saw her, and her eyebrow raised ever so slightly, with a hint of a smirk forming.

"I only have one request," said David. "Just save as many of the peach pits as possible. I want to plant some this year and make gifts of them next year."

My parents assured him that we would. Some small talk ensued, and David left. Dinner concluded without anything out of the ordinary.

Later that evening, Karen stopped by my room, stopping in the doorway. It was unusual and she glanced around to make sure we would not be overheard.

"Hey, big sister." she said in a sing-song voice.

"Hey, Karen." I said in a non-committal voice as I glanced up from my phone.

"Be careful, Miss granny panties. I think Mr. Rogers *really* wants a juicy peach." she said with a grin and eased away before I had time to reply.

I turned that over in my mind. Not only was she right. I think I had just the peach for him. Very small but *very* juicy and ripe.

Do you want to touch them?

Another week went by. I resumed my tanning in the backyard, but I didn't see David. My tan deepened and I had to admit that I looked good with very small non-tanned areas on my toned body. If Karen knew I was using her bikinis, she gave no indication.

During one of the weekdays, my mom and Karen left for another shopping trip.

"You sure you don't want to go?" my mom called out as they walked toward the garage.

"Thanks, mom, but you two enjoy yourself. I'm going to rest after my run this morning." I replied.

"Ok, call if you need anything! Oh! Do me a favor and return those peach pits to Mr. Rogers, will you? They are next to the sink. Just leave them next to his door, please!" she called out as the garage door closed.

I listened to them leave and thought I would catch some sun since it was close to noon and the clouds had not gathered yet.

I squeezed into Karen's two-piece and resumed my position on the back patio. A couple of minutes later, my eyes opened, and I thought I had better take the peach pits over before I forgot. I walked back inside and admired my rippling skin in the reflection of the door as I skipped up to it. I looked good. I thought about it and decided it was because I was probably ovulating. Just the thought of

it sent my nipples into a semi-erect state. I guess guys felt this way. My nipples were my “wood?” I smiled and laughed to myself.

I picked up the bowl of peach pits and walked over to Mr. Roger’s house from the back yard. I thought I would put it next to his garage, since that was where he came home. Mr. Rogers? *David*. I was relaxed and enjoying walking around almost naked over to our neighbor’s garage.

I bent over to put the bowl down and decided to stop and squat while I put it down. As if I were lowering myself onto David. I was bouncing slightly, simulating riding him like a cowgirl. I spread my legs wider and was in the process of standing up when I heard the approach of a car in the driveway. *Oh, God! Please don’t be a visitor for David!*

The garage door started to rise, and I was standing when David pulled around. I didn’t have time to fix my bulging camel toe, but I didn’t care today, and I doubted he would mind. I stood to the side as he waved and pulled into his garage. I wondered what he thought of my lean, tan, slightly oil-sheened body greeting him, with almost no clothes on. He emerged from his car and seemed to take it in stride.

“Hey there, Katie! I appreciate you bringing those pits over. My timing was perfect. Please bring them in if you don’t mind.”

David was carrying some work material, so I smiled and followed. It had been a while since I had been in this house. We walked through a washup room and into the kitchen, which was open to the living room.

"Katie, let me put these things down. Please have a seat and I'll pour you something to drink."

I didn't say anything but strolled over to his couch. I wondered if I would leave a wet spot on it as I sat down. David was rummaging around in the kitchen and called to me, "So what will you have?"

You, I thought to myself.

"Oh thanks, David. I'll have whatever you are having."

David was back in a minute with a glass in his hand.

"Here is a nice glass of sweet tea for you. I'll be right back."

Katie went to pick her glass from the tray on the table.

"Thank you, David, this should hit the..." but my speech ended abruptly when my hand bumped into the laptop and the screensaver disengaged, showing the last thing he had been looking at, which happened to be a frozen picture of an older man withdrawing his wet shaft from a young woman, with semen dripping down her leg!

David walked back in and froze in as he saw my jaw dropped, staring at his laptop.

I could hardly believe it! My first reaction was shocking, but that was slowly replaced by lust. Clearly my idea to wait and let him think about me had worked. It seemed to have grown inside him until he was living out his fantasy with me through porn. The title said it all, "Tight pussy breeding by older man." David was roughly the age of the man in the video. The same for me and the girl.

"I'm so sorry! I..." David was temporarily at a loss for words.

"... well, didn't plan on this."

I went with my instincts.

"I think it's hot. And appropriate as hell."

Our eyes locked.

"Do you want to touch them?" I asked as I lifted my skimpy top and cupped my breasts, nipples proudly telling my eager story.

Just be patient

David sat down next to me. The tension in the air was palpable. He didn't say anything. Instead, he leaned forward and licked a nipple in an exploratory fashion. Then he latched on. I moaned. *Oh my God, this is so hot!*

David had a nipple in his mouth, teasing it with his tongue. I watched him suckle and soon, he raised his head and our mouths hungrily sought each other out. We both moaned and I started caressing his neck with both hands while he started taking his clothes off with his.

When his pants came down I couldn't help it and reached down with one of my small hands. His boxers were still on, but I didn't care and grabbed his growing cock from the outside. *Oh God, he is huge! And there is so much heat! And it is still growing in my hand!*

David was deep kissing me. Penetrating my mouth with his tongue. Showing dominance. I relented and hoped it was a preview of more to come in the very near future.

I kept one hand trying to wrap around his shaft and stroking. *I can't get my hand around it!* I reached down to take off my bikini bottom but at some point, David had already relieved me of that burden. David stood up, taking off his undershirt. This left his enormous erection in front of my face, tenting lewdly just inches from my small mouth.

I reached up and pulled his boxers down. But the progress was stopped by his huge cock. I finally got it over his shaft. *Oh God!* His big cock flopped over and hit me on my cheek with a meaty smack. *It's so heavy!*

Womanly instinct took over as I smelled his musky scent. I grasped his thick shaft with both hands and took a deep breath as I bit my lower lip. I just stared at it, admiring its strength. Precum was already leaking. My tongue flicked out and licked it off the surprisingly large opening. *Mm... it's delicious. Almost sweet, but with a hint of salty.*

"Mr. Rogers. It's big." My voice was in a whispered hush of admiration as I admired the beautiful flare of the head and stared at the huge veins. "I didn't know they were this big."

"That's because I'm a man. You have only known boys. But now you are going to experience a real man, Katie. A man who is going to stretch your little pussy out. But first, I want to feel your mouth suckle on my cock."

I was about to begin but he stopped me.

"No hands at first. Just that sweet little mouth. Let's see how deep you can take me."

He asserted his dominance again and my submissive instincts were in control. I wanted to please him. I was starting to want his seed.

I tried to take his head into my mouth but failed on the first attempt. While I mentally regrouped for another attempt, my tongue traced his big veins. Then I pulled back and focused on that big cock head. *This is going in, one way or another.* I changed the angle and

finally got the flared head into my mouth. I was submissively on my knees at his feet, suckling on his enormous manhood. I was proud to do it. I moaned and slobbered and tried to take it down my throat. But it was just too thick to go down my throat. I wanted it there, pulsing cum directly into my stomach.

David was enjoying my ministrations, but he stopped me in a couple of minutes.

"I want you to sit down now," he told me.

He sat on the couch and his big cock flopped up over his belly button. Facing him, he took my hands and pulled me to him. I straddled his muscular legs, my knees on both sides, nipples in his face. He sucked and nipped at them as his hands went to my hips and guided me on to his lap. I tried to guide the cock head in, but it was extended behind my ass, higher than my pussy. I had to raise myself to my feet and assume the squatting position that I had done not long ago outside his garage. That allowed it to clear my ass. I was reaching behind my back, but it was impossible to fit it in. I brought my hand to the front, grasped his shaft, and rubbed it along my soft parted lips and tiny protruding clitoris, which was begging for attention. This big cock shaft was going to rub it into a frenzy. *But I must get it in!* I was soaking wet and finally got enough of the cock head to seat and seal. My outer labia lips were protesting at being stretched but finally yielded.

"I have you, Katie. It will fit. Just be patient." he reassured me.

I could only moan and stick my chest out to invite him to suckle on my hard nipples. My lubrication and the seal around the cockhead finally resulted in progress as he held my firm ass cheeks in his big

hands. I was in a squatting position, sweat glistening on my body. But finally, the head began to slowly disappear into my hungry but small pussy. I began to cum. I couldn't help it. Small orgasms. One after the other. It was as if my pussy was trying to grip and swallow what it knew was a superior mating specimen.

He slowly and gently lifted me up and down. Progress was slow. I was mewling and cooing. I don't really remember all the dirty things I was telling him, but I do remember that I told him I wanted him to fit it all in. It was a point of pride. I wanted my man rooted completely inside me. *My man? Mm.*

At some point, he was clenching or brushing my hair and my mouth latched on to one of his thick fingers. I had given blowjobs to boys whose little dicks were barely as thick as his finger. I sucked it with a pang of hunger. Meanwhile, my wet pussy was wrapped so tight around David's thick cock that as he pumped slowly in and out, it made a wet sucking sound. My lips were smacking on his finger. I was moaning as he slowly pumped into my strained pussy. He was emitting an occasional growl or grunt. The sight and sounds were pure, animalistic erotica.

I reached around to feel his cock attempt to embed fully. There was a lot of shaft remaining to bury inside my hungry pussy. I kept sucking his finger and felt his slow but relentless implanting as I squatted on this big bull cock. It was taking very little effort aside from the physical strain. I was letting my weight do the work of penetration. His strong hands controlled the up and down motion, gripping and kneading my muscular glutes. My hand drifted slightly lower, and I caressed his swollen balls. I had never imagined they could be this big. *How much sperm would they release? Oh my God!*

At some point, his hands lifted me off his thick shaft, but not before the flared corona strained to emerge. An audible wet pop announced that my tight pussy had reluctantly released his member from my tight grip. I let out a frustrated sigh. I suddenly felt an emptiness I had never experienced before.

"Stand up," he commanded. I struggled to stand. My knees were weak from so many repeated orgasms, but I did as I was told.

David stood. His big cock swung as he turned and hit me above my hip. I couldn't get over the weight of it. I suppose the thickness gave it so much weight. Those big veins were doing the job. Despite the weight, it still protruded with a slightly upward angle. The blood pressure to make that happen must be tremendous. I could only marvel at his equipment in the moments after he stood up.

"Now sit down, Katie."

I sat down. He gently grabbed my legs under the knees and pulled me toward the edge of the couch.

"Good girl. I can get in deeper at this angle. You're so, so tight. I'm tempted to stretch you out more slowly, over a week or two. But I'm going to claim you now."

I looked up at him and gave a small nod of my head. He was not asking, just informing me. I didn't realize until then that I was so submissive. At least when confronted with a truly dominant male. Smart. Kind. Strong. Suitably big equipment. *For breeding me.*

One thing was great in this new position. I could see his big cock in action.

"Guide it in," he said. He let his swollen shaft rest on my pubic mons.

"Yes, sir."

I spread my legs wider, grasped his shaft as well as I could, and began the process of getting him back inside of me. It was not much easier than the first time. His engorged head struggled to fit back in. But as it rubbed on my tiny clit and my outer labia tried to engulf and seal, my body did what it was designed to do. It helped the process by leaking lubrication. His big head was soaked with my juices. Finally, I worked the head in. It popped into my tiny vagina where it belonged. I moaned wantonly.

David also let out a deep moan, the new position allowing him to go deeper, quicker than before.

My body reeled with pleasure. My toes curled as David's cock pushed relentlessly deeper into my too-tight pussy. I was clearly too small for his cock, which was almost as thick as my forearm. My grunt-moaning was encouraging him to go deeper. We locked lips and tongues in a sloppy and erotic kiss. A lovers kiss. David's engorged testicles were smacking lewdly against the curve of my ass. He had four inches remaining of his shaft that were not embedded into my cum slickened labia- that were extending 2-3 inches on his shaft during his backstroke but disappeared when he thrust inside me. His heavy testes were still swinging low and loose enough for me to feel their weight as they contacted my skin. But it would not be long before the mating instinct drew these plums up and would prepare for a full release of sperm into my thirsty uterus. *Oh God, it will be so much cum.*

I tried to speak in between thrusts and her moans. "Uh. David. Ohh. My God. I'm. Ovulating."

Then David spoke, his voice husky with lust. "Good."

My heart tightened in both pleasure and fear, even as my overstuffed tunnel tightened in preparation for a coming orgasm. Not a small one like before.

"Because I'm not pulling out." He stated simply.

"I. Know. I. Won't. Let you." I whisper-croaked.

A low moan escaped from deep inside me as my impossibly stuffed vagina clenched down on David's swollen bull-cock. My cervix began dilating in preparation to receive his sperm. My orgasm was not that of a girl. It was from a woman needing to be impregnated by a virile, dominant male.

David instinctively arched his back to get an angle that would maximize his penetration. His body knew that my body wanted this breeding. His testicles started to draw up. His cock reached maximum hardness and length. It would still not fit completely inside of me. His corona glans started to swell. My cervix halted his advance but was lined up perfectly with his urethral opening.

Coherent thoughts were gone. We reverted to a primitive state of mating. We were both sweating. My feminine moans and grunts matched his thrusts and he focused on a slightly slower but more forceful thrusting motion.

On instinct, I reached down and wrapped my fingers around the exposed base of David's shaft. I couldn't grasp it fully. I caressed his testicles. They were so big. I switched back to the shaft. Back and

forth I went, from one to the other. I was amazed that such a large organ could fit so much inside of me. My vagina was still clenching in orgasmic rhythm. I was barely able to breathe, heaving like a fish out of water. I felt him begin to tense up, along with his cock swelling and I knew it was time.

David growled and drove his cock one last time as deep as he could inside my clenching, climaxing depths. The head of his shaft sealed the entrance to my cervix, and he groaned and roared as his big cock started visibly pulsing as he flooded my uterus with semen and sperm.

My orgasm was taking over my entire body. I was being dominated completely. Unashamedly being bred. The feeling of his thick, powerful cock inside a hole that was undoubtedly too tight for him made me involuntarily cry out and start bucking on his pulsing shaft.

My back arched and my hips pushed back, trying to swallow all his giant cock. My pussy was squeezing David's cock. Milking him for every drop. And it was a lot.

David kept pumping but would stop for some pulses, sealed on my cervix. His body knew that this motion would give the greatest chance for successful mating. He pumped through both of our climaxes, pushing his load deeper into my body. I wanted my cervix to yield so he could fully embed in me but that would not happen today, and I was currently a puddle of groaning flesh staring in amazement as his thick cock and testicles fully inseminated me.

He finally stopped pulsing his sperm inside me but remained firmly implanted. Another instinct. This would trap as much sperm as

possible, with nowhere to go but into my hungry cervix in search of an egg. Normally there might be some leakage around a man's shaft, but his thick shaft was just too tight, and nothing could leak out from my tightly sealed lips.

Finally, he pulled out with a satisfied sigh.

I slowly closed my legs as he stood over me. But I didn't close them completely. I sat up and we both stared at my tiny but swollen pussy, covered in his cum. I was still breathing deeply. His big cock was still huge but now curved downward over its handiwork. I could feel the liquids from our coupling starting to drip down the inside of my thighs.

"Thank you, sir."

"Mm. That's my girl." He said, lifting me up from the couch into an embrace. He kissed my neck and breathed in my scent. I had been claimed.

"Daddy..." I whispered as I guided his hand to my belly and kissed him on his cheek.

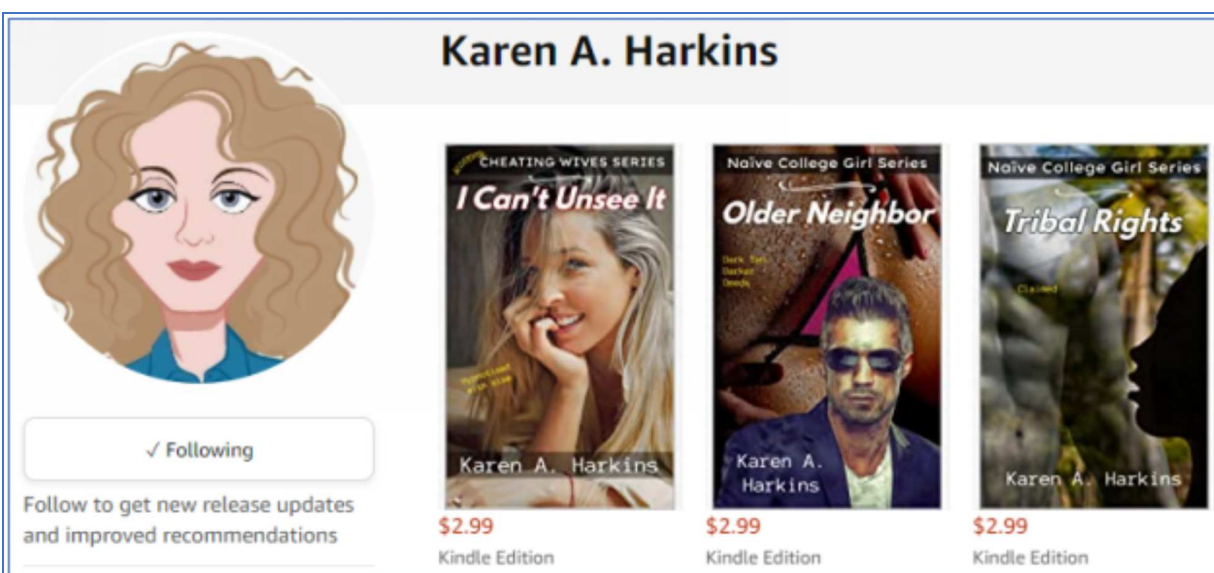
Afterword

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



Also by Karen A. Harkins

Please check out my other books and follow me [here!](#)



An excerpt from TRIBAL RIGHTS:

Sally was now fully focused on the big cock and testicles that were built to impregnate her. I watched Trunk pull back for a moment until his crown stopped just inside her obscenely stretched

labia. Then, with a deep grunt, Trunk thrust his meat trunk deep into her depths.

This sent Sally into an intense orgasm. She arched her back, threw her hair back, and seemed lost in a sensory overload. Her body was quaking, and she moaned uncontrollably but erotically. When she started to emerge from her orgasmic tour de force, the crowd roared their approval and Trunk appreciatively kneaded both of her ass globes, which shone in the firelight as they worked to coax his seed out.