

# BIG FAT COCK: EDUCATING MRS. WALKER

***silkstockingslover***

*Kevin gets teacher, son's gf and her son gets cucked.*

Fetish

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## **Big Fat Cock: Educating Mrs. Walker**

**Summary:** Kevin gets teacher, son's gf and her son gets cucked.

**Note 1:** This is dedicated to the real **Jeni** who told me about this BIG FAT COCK... although her story wasn't told in the first story, and it isn't in this one either.

**Note 2:** This is the seventh part in a lengthy series about a nerd's discovery of the power having a BIG, FAT COCK can have.

**BIG FAT COCK: A Hot Mommy Seduced** is a lengthy tale where Kevin learns from his divorced father, who has often been out of the picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes you irresistible to women. Kevin begins to use this power on a few MILF women, experimenting with his newfound power as he gears up to using it to seduce his ultimate fantasy conquest: his own mother.

**BIG FAT COCK: Anal Mommy** has Kevin taking his mother's last forbidden hole while having some fun with a kinky roleplay. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past, and it sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor and talented cock sucker Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes.

**BIG FAT COCK: Double Penetration Fun** has Kevin, with the help of his submissive mother, giving his paraplegic sexual advisor an amazing sex filled birthday.

**BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader** has Kevin feeling a little insecure about scoring a girl on his own. After a lengthy discussion with guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot blonde.

**BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian** has Kevin meeting a visiting niece from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but also takes her virginity. That night at her hotel, he dines on three Japanese pussies and fucks the three Japanese beauties during his first foursome.

**BIG FAT COCK: Ebony Sinners** where after a morning wake-up blow job and fucking from his Mom, Kevin engages in two wicked encounters while they're at church. First, a rendezvous as the service starts with one of his pets who is Minister's wife Mrs. Grady in the preacher's office, and then after learning the identities of a few of Mrs. Grady's lesbian church going pets, he is surprised to be summoned beckoned back to Minister Grady's office for an anal encounter with eighty-year-old black choir leader Mrs. Baker.

**Note 3:** Thanks to **Tex Beethoven** for editing this story.

**Note 4:** Please note all characters are at least 18-years-old.

## **Big Fat Cock: Educating Mrs. Walker**

Once we returned home from church early that afternoon, I chatted with Mom about a threesome I was planning for Mrs. Grady and her unsuspecting coed daughter Tamara that evening... which would likely turn out to be a foursome, once I enlisted my Mom's participation. But regardless of our still-to-be-finalised plans for this evening, we agreed she could go shopping for lingerie on her own, since I wanted to be ready, locked and loaded for what would hopefully be my seduction of Mrs. Walker early this afternoon. I was particularly excited about seducing her, since she was a hot MILF I'd had my eye on for years, but I'd just learned this morning that not only was she one of Mrs. Grady's pets, but she was very submissive.

A couple hours later, I arrived at Mrs. Walker's house to tutor her son Ben. Ben was an accomplished hockey player, but he was failing calculus. He wasn't a complete asshole per se, but he wasn't a very nice guy either... unlike his older sister, who was really sweet... although away at college... and fucking hot.

Mrs. Walker opened the door wearing a blue dress and beige coloured nylons... no shoes. I glanced down and saw her toenails were painted a fun purple. That was all it took for me to start getting hard.

"Hi, Kevin," she greeted me warmly, like she always did.

"Hi, Mrs. Walker," I greeted her back.

"I've asked you many times to call me Jasmine," she smiled, having made that overture almost every time I called her Mrs. Walker. It always seemed wrong, but after my recent sexual awakening, I felt way more comfortable addressing her as a social equal instead of placing her on a pedestal... but given what I'd learned about her this morning, maybe I'd be placing her on the kitchen table, the washing machine, or her bed.

"Yes, I'm sorry, Jasmine," I said, as I admired her slim body. For a woman in her forties, she was in great shape. Truth be told, she seemed to have lost some weight in the past little while. Deciding to compliment her to begin planting the seeds for my seduction, I said, "You look great today, Jasmine."

"Oh, you're so sweet," she smiled as she closed the door, and like always in her house, I slipped out of my shoes.

"No, I mean it," I continued. "Have you lost some weight?"

"I have," she said. "Started a Noom diet. It's worked out very well so far."

"Very well indeed, it's definitely working," I said, giving her body a sly, not overly subtle, but not overly aggressive, once over.

"Thanks," she said. "Ben is in his room."

"Okay," I said and then asked, "And Jasmine..."

"Yes, Kevin?"

"Can you please bring me a class of water when you get a chance?"

"Sure," she smiled.

I headed to Ben's room and found him on his bed playing on his Xbox. He sighed, "I was hoping you wouldn't come today."

"Then I can leave," I offered, not needing to be here... at least not for him... nor needing the money.

"Mom wouldn't like that," he said, continuing his gaming.

"Then let's get to work," I said.

"In a few minutes," he said, disrespecting my time.

Old me would have said nothing, and would have stewed quietly, but with my newfound confidence, I didn't need to take bullshit like this from anyone. So I stepped over and abruptly pressed the Off button on his machine.

"What the fuck?" he demanded, instantly pissed.

"You knew what time I was coming, and I have other things to do today, so let's get started," I said.

"But I was winning."

"I don't give a fuck," I said, standing my ground... I was beginning to like this new Kevin.

He stood up just as his mother walked into the room. "I brought you boys some snacks."

"Thanks, Mom," he said, shifting instantly from entitled asshole to kiss-ass nice guy.

"Yes, thanks Jasmine," I said, once again awarding her a lengthy admiration of her hot, slender body.

"No problem," she said, setting a tray down with some homemade cookies and handing me a bottle of water.

"Thanks, Jasmine," I said, enjoying my use of her given name... as of today, knowing a secret about her she didn't know I knew.

"Well, let me know if you need anything," she said.

"Will do," I said, watching her ass as she walked away.

"Would you stop drooling over my Mom?" Ben complained in disgust.

I ignored his comment, since very soon I'd likely have my dick inside her, "Turn to page 83."

"Fine, whatever," he said, even more annoyed and ignorant than usual. Truthfully, except following a big Hockey loss a few weeks ago, he'd always been pretty civil with me.

"Look, I don't need to be here," I said. "I'm the one who's getting an A in calculus."

"What's the point of knowing calculus anyway?" he asked wearily, glaring at me as he snatched his calculus textbook from his desk.

"Depends on what you want to do with your life," I said, knowing he wouldn't necessarily have any use for it at all after he finished high school.

"Nothing that needs me to figure out the value of x," he said.

"But you need to pass the course if you want a hockey scholarship," I pointed out.

"Yeah," he sighed.

So for the next hour, I tutored him. Once he got past his hostility over whatever was bugging him, he was okay to deal with. He wasn't as dumb as most kids I tutored, he just needed a lot of repetition and positive reinforcement. By the end of the hour, I was pretty happy with his skill level for this week's content.

"Thanks, and I'm sorry for being such an asshole at first," he said.

"No worries," I said.

"Thanks," he said, grabbing his fall jacket. "I'm off to meet up with Maggie."

"Good luck on your test," I said, as he headed out... and I followed him down the hallway.

"Thanks," he said. He then called out, "I'm out of here; bye, Mom."

She didn't respond, nor did he stay long enough to hear the reply that wasn't forthcoming. I walked into the living room and saw Jasmine's laptop lying open on the coffee table.

I don't know why I decided to look... or what I was expecting to find... and the screen was black... meaning she'd been away from it for at least a little while... but I sat down and tapped the mousepad. I then tapped on the website at the bottom, and Twitter popped up.

With porn.

With nothing *but* porn!

There was a gif of a woman licking another woman with the caption: **Good daughters please their mothers.**

My eyes went wide. I'd been told earlier today she was a submissive... and bisexual... but when I looked up at her Twitter handle, I gasped... it was **silkstockings69**.

I *followed* this woman on Twitter! She was a very prolific and popular erotic writer who wrote stories in a variety of genres, but lesbian, incest and illustrated were the ones I read the most often... the Incest category having recently become my go to for a quick read, ever since I became a literal mother fucker a couple weeks ago.

Mrs. Walker was the one and only silkstockingslover... which was her Literotica handle.

No fucking way!

I scrolled through a few more posts, including her announcement of a story just released today, a hot retweet of an Asian cheerleader on a bus getting fucked. There was also a retweet of a sexy picture of Selena Gomez in stockings, with the response **so yummy**, and a wicked picture of a teen girl wearing a strap-on with the words: **Mommy we need to talk...** posted by someone named **Mistressr3**, which I'd have to check out later.

Ben had left the house and was gone.

The shocking truth was revealed.

My dick was throbbing in my pants.

I'd already been planning to fuck Jasmine this afternoon.

And apparently she was even more open-minded than I'd known when I arrived.

So how about I forgot about all the sweet talk I'd been planning, and cut right to the chase right now?

I saw the door to the basement was open, which it hadn't been before, so maybe she was doing some laundry, especially since I recalled seeing her walking past Ben's room carrying a laundry basket a few minutes ago.

I sneakily 'spilled' some coke from her nearby glass onto the crotch of my jeans and pulled them off, as well as my underwear, which I just tossed onto the floor, and I hurried down to the basement wearing no more than just my socks below the waist and a button-down shirt on top, which of course didn't leave much to the imagination.

"Jasmine, are you down here?" I sang out.

"Over here," she called back from a short distance away.

I walked into the laundry room, jeans in hand, and asked, seeing the dryer had just started, and luckily she was putting another load into the machine, my often-ignored Lord once again seeming to be squarely on my side on this super Sunday, "Can you please toss these in? I just spilt pop on them."

"Oh sure," she said, turning to face me, and then glancing down and seeing I wasn't wearing much of anything, and my big erection was pointing directly at her. She took them from me, her face going a little red, and she turned back around, and without any comment, added my jeans to the load. I watched her from behind, as she started the machine.

When she turned around, she kept her eyes carefully directed at mine instead of at my dick, which was still locked and loaded and pointing at her, "We should go get you some pants."

"No, it's okay," I said. I asked, as I kept my arms at my sides to give her a very clear look at my hard and impressive crotch (which she was still studiously ignoring), "May I ask you a question?"

"Sure," she said, looking around at everything except for the elephant below my waist. "Right *after* we get you some pants, or at least a towel."

"No, it's okay, Jasmine," I repeated. "Truth be told, my jeans were a bit tight, and Big Willy here needed some room to breathe."

She started to brush past me, when I asked, while stepping in front of her, "So does Mrs. Grady know?"

"Does she know what?" she asked, her eyes going wide at just the mention of her black Mistress's name.

"Your big secret," I said.

"What big secret?" she asked, obviously trying to figure out which of her big secrets I knew, while she took just the slightest glance down at my big fat cock... it was barely noticeable, yet I saw her do it.

"Actually I know a few of them. For starters, you're a submissive pussy licker for Danai Grady," I said bluntly.

"Kevin, I..." she began, but I interrupted her.

"Go ahead and take a look down there, Jasmine," I offered. "We both know you want to."

"Kevin, whatever you're attempting is seriously inappropriate," she rebuked me as forcefully as she could manage. Which given her obvious nervousness, was pitiful. Not to mention she did in fact glance down at what I was packing... or rather at what I'd already unpacked, and even starched.

"Go ahead..." I said, resting my hands on her shoulders as a suggestion, but not at all forcefully for now, "...take a closer look."

"Kevin..." she said, but then stopped in mid-breath... clearly flustered... and she also didn't drop to her knees, like most of her of characters would do whenever a man or a woman settled their hands on a submissive's shoulders.

"Think of yourself as a character in one of your stories," I added, not revealing all the truth I knew.

Her cheeks went redder.

"Go ahead, silkstockingslover," I continued, and now her cheeks went *ruby* red, and her eyes got huge like saucers, "If you're like the submissive characters in most of your stories, then your legs should be getting weak about now, your mind fighting a losing battle, your desire to submit consuming you, and your need to obey me overcoming any last vestiges of your willpower."

"Kevin..." she repeated, her entire demeanor one of shock, the slowly building look of lust in her eyes giving away the inevitable punch line to this confrontation. Which was very much like I'd just described it to her.

"Knees," I ordered, just the one word. A word that she herself employed in lots of her stories. A word that always led to the prey sinking to her knees. Soon followed by a cock in the woman's mouth, or her face buried in a pussy. Ironically, it was the same word she was sometimes criticized for overusing. Yet just as she sometimes argued in her own defense, I too couldn't think of another word that could *possibly* achieve the same impact. Just the one word, uttered with a firm tone, and the new hierarchy was established clearly.

"Kevin, Ben is upstairs," she said, fighting off her inevitable submission more effectively than I'd anticipated, although since she was now taking regular glances down at the joystick between my legs, her resistance was weak at best.

"He went to see his girlfriend," I said. "He called out to you saying so, but I guess you didn't hear him, since you didn't answer."

"You're sure?" she asked, now with more hesitation in her voice, and allowing herself a lengthier glance at my dick.

"Yeah, I watched him slip into his shoes and leave," I said, my hands still resting on her shoulders, still suggesting but not insisting.

"Why do you think I'm silkstockingslover?" she asked, still hedging her bets... hoping against hope I was bluffing.

"I feel slightly bad about this, but your laptop was open, so I got curious, opened your browser, and went right to your Twitter page," I answered. "Which I was already very familiar with, since I'm a big fan."

"Oh," was all she said, realizing her own carelessness had led to my potentially disastrous discovery.

"Your secret is safe with me, in part because for a couple of weeks I've been creating some secrets of my own. And you write terrific stories," I both reassured and complimented her.

"Thanks," she said, her head in a complete daze, just like many of her characters. Then with a cagy look in her eyes, she asked, "What kind of secrets are you gathering?"

"Okay, fair enough," I agreed. "You know Joan Walsh?"

"Yes of course, she's your mother."

"She's also my submissive pet, and I fuck all three of her holes on a regular basis," I revealed... sensing because of Jasmine's writing persona, her secret submissive lesbian side and the fact she wrote a plethora of kinky incest stories made her a rather safe secret holder.

"Wow! That's a pretty big secret," she said, a little surprised.

"Well, I know you like your incest stories," I said.

"I do like writing taboo stuff," she agreed. "I mean, with some name changes I could likely write your story."

"Really?" I said, thinking I haven't even told her about how it all began.

"Yeah, the only thing hotter than a taboo story is a true taboo story," she added.

"Well, then I'm more than willing to give you my wild story," I said.

"About to get wilder," She smiled.

"Oh, I have only told you a sliver of my pets," I smiled, enjoying having another wise woman to share my conquests with. "For example, my Mommy-slut is also *your* Mistress Danai Grady's submissive pet, but Danai is one of my growing pet harem."

"Shit, appearances sure can be deceiving," she said.

"A big fat cock changes everything," I smiled

"Agreed," she nodded, as she glanced down at my hard dick. "Maybe I should take a more up close and personal view to get to know the cock I will be writing about."

"I love the way you think," I agreed. "So let's role play that you're a hot MILF character in a real life version of one of your stories," I said, gently pushing her down. This time as I'd anticipated, she

obediently lowered herself to her knees.

Then staring at my hard cock, she gasped in complete astonishment, "Holy shit!"

"Like?" I asked, gazing possessively down at her.

"It's so big!" she said, as she mindlessly grasped it in her left hand.

"Which is most impressive?" I asked. "My length or my girth?"

"They're *both* very impressive," she answered, completely captivated by my cock.

"Are you enjoying performing as a character in your story, instead of living vicariously through them?" I asked.

"You're eighteen, right?" she asked, not looking at me at all, but fixated on the cock she was clutching in her hand.

"Yes," I answered.

"I shouldn't be doing this," she said, even though she kept stroking my hard cock.

"How many times have you masturbated about a student of yours?" I asked, knowing from reading her Twenty Questions essays, many of her personal fantasies were about being seduced and dominated by a student... male or female... although she tended to write more about females taking charge of her.

"You're not one of my students," she pointed out.

"True, true," I nodded, not that she was looking at me. "Then how many times have you masturbated or written about someone named Jasmine being sexually dominated by a younger man?"

"Lots of times," she admitted.

"And how many times has this fantasy become a reality?"

"Never."

"Then it's time to turn fiction into fact," I said, as I traced my cock head around her lips.

"But you can't tell anyone," she reminded me, as her gaze remained transfixed on my cock.

"Oh, I don't fuck and tell," I said, which was mostly true. "For instance Mom trusts me only to tell a very select few people about her, and as soon as I get home, I'll tell her that you know about her. I think she'll be thrilled! And I don't think either of us keep many secrets from Danai."

"Good," she acknowledged distractedly. Then, "You're so big," she added, in a mindless lustful daze.

"Suck it, Jasmine," I ordered. "Suck my big, fat cock."

"Okay," she agreed, and she opened her mouth wide, and took it between her lips.

"There you go," I moaned, "just like the submissive sluts in your stories."



For a minute, perhaps two, she slowly sucked on my cock... swirling her tongue around my cock head before slowly taking more and more of it into her mouth... getting used to my girth.

As she began bobbing a little faster, and since I wanted to really enjoy this experience, and time wasn't of the essence like it had been this morning with Mrs. Grady and Mrs. Baker, I ordered, "Suck on my balls, slut."

"Yes sir," she said, addressing me very obediently, the submissive characters she created apparently based largely on her own personal inclinations, as she slithered her tongue down my shaft and arrived at my fully loaded balls.

As she sucked one into her mouth, I asked, "So are your fictional teachers tending to be strong-willed in public but submissives at home an authentic character trait?"

"From my experience it is," she answered, as she suckled around, searching for my more elusive second ball.

"Have you ever been fucked by an eighteen-year-old?" I asked, just as she found that second ball.

She sucked on it for a few seconds, really bathing it with her mouth, before she answered, "No, not even back when I was eighteen."

"Well, today is a day to swap out some answers, and to check some items off your... I believe you call it a 'fuck-it list'?"

"That's right. But I can't believe you just walked down here with your dick sticking out," she said, still bathing my nuts.

"I figured it would expedite the seduction," I said. "Plus, once I realized you were the same woman I followed on Twitter, and that I'd read lots of your stories except for the gay ones, I abandoned the more roundabout seduction I was planning on using."

"You know that the gay stories are some of my hottest ones?"

"I'm sure they're very well written, but the idea just doesn't do anything for me."

"Trust me, just like the women who probably bend over backwards for a chance at your outstanding dick, lots of men, whether they're gay or straight, would do just about anything to suck it or to get fucked by it," she said.

"Really?" I said, never having put any thought into that possibility.

"From many years of corresponding with my readers and fans," she said, still playing with my balls, "I've learned there's a crazy high number of men, especially older men in their mid-life crisis years, who develop a sudden curiosity about sucking dick, and even about being fucked."

"That sounds crazy," I said, having never read any of her gay stories, and I'd even skipped the parts in her essays that discussed her writing about gay characters... although I had read her one shemale illustrated story that starred her, that was crazy long and surprisingly hot. ("**A shemale submission: a lust story**")

"I too was surprised at first," she said. "But after writing a few gay stories, doing a lot of research, and having discussions with many men who either fantasize about joining this particular lifestyle or

have actually done it, I've learned it's a lot more common than anyone would think."

"I never even thought about it," I admitted.

"And even totally straight guys will often become susceptible to becoming cock suckers or bottoms for big cocks, although their fixation is often on big *black* cocks," Jasmine continued, as she began wending her way back up my shaft.

"I know that you fantasize about fucking and sucking big black cocks," I said, having read many of her black and blacking fantasies.

"Yeah," she nodded, licking the top of my dick, "the more taboo something is, the more it turns me on, but...."

She paused as she smoothly deep throated my entire cock, and held it tickling her tonsils, if she had tonsils that is (I didn't ask), for a good seven seconds before backing completely away... briefly leaving a parabolic strand of her saliva connecting her lips to my cock. Wow, what a hot gal!

"But what?" I asked.

"But truth be told, I just want a man who knows what he wants, who knows how to fuck, and is sporting a big cock," she finished, before taking my cock back into her mouth, and beginning to bob like a world class blow job queen.

"Fuck," I groaned, as her mouth was full of saliva and excessive wetness, while her lips were wrapped snugly around my cock, moving back and forth with suction cup prowess.

She moaned on my cock, actually more like a hum, which made my cock vibrate, and enhanced the amazing blow job she was giving me.

"Shit, you should write an essay on how to give a blow job," I suggested.

"I did compose eighteen sissy captions about how to give blow jobs," she said, removing my cock from her mouth.

"Well, that's something," I laughed, as I looked at the washing machine shaking a little, and came up with an idea. I pulled her to her feet and pulled her dress over her head.

"I can't believe I'm allowing you to do this," she said, trembling slightly, as she was now wearing only a bra, panties and, as I'd long imagined this author wearing before learning I actually *knew* her, her ubiquitous thigh high stockings.

I smiled, checking out at her nylons, "Well, you certainly practice what you preach."

"I always wear nylons," she said.

"And I require all my sluts to wear them," I said, "likely a kink I picked up from reading your stories, and from always seeing my Mom wearing them."

"I'm happy to have had such a positive influence," she said, her perky tits looking so inviting in her blue lace bra with her matching panties... which I thought was hot for a couple of reasons: first, they were sexy as fuck; second, even on a Sunday at home, she was wearing those sexy stockings, thus proving what she wrote online wasn't fiction when she was talking about herself.

"Let's get you naked," she said before removing my shirt and socks, which were the last of my clothing.

"Done. Now let's see those tits," I said, admiring her body, which was admirably fit for a sexy woman in her mid-forties.

"These ones?" she asked, cupping them through the lace bra.

"Yes, those lovely firm tits," I agreed.

She reached her hands behind her back, unclasped the bra, and released it to waft gently down to the floor.

"Nice," I said, as I reached out to cup both breasts, which were impressively firm for her age... and although they weren't large, they weren't small either... in many ways, the perfect size.

"You like?" she asked.

"So perky," I said, bending down to suck on her nipples.

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned, as her left nipple went into my mouth.

For a couple minutes I just loved on her tits...going back and forth between her hard nipples... enjoying her soft moans... enjoying the intimacy we were sharing.

I then moved my hands to her panties and slid them down her legs... happy to see her pussy was shaved, and was glistening with wetness. "I see you're already wet."

"I often am," she said, as she lifted her feet one at a time, to allow me to remove her panties fully.

"And I'm always hard," I said.

"So I see," she smiled, as I placed my hands on her legs, assuming they'd be adorned with the highest quality sheer silk... and they were.

"Shit, these are just as soft as I've always imagined, from all the descriptions in your stories," I said.

"I only wear the best," she said.

"As one would expect," I said, my hands roaming up and down her sheer stocking-clad legs... making my cock throb with anticipation.

After already receiving three blow jobs and fucking three women today, I finally had enough time to enjoy the full spectrum of sex. I was in no hurry to fuck her, although I was definitely going to fuck her eventually, for now I just leaned forward and licked her pussy.

"Ooooh," she moaned, as my tongue parted her wet pussy lips.

"You taste amazing," I said, her pussy delivering a sweet and savoury blend of tastes.

"Thanks," she said, surprising me by settling her right leg over my shoulder and pulling my head deeper into her wetness.

For a couple minutes I licked her pussy, exploring every inch of her wet slit... listening to her soft moans... the moans of a woman always turning me on. Although I was a dominant and I loved

being in charge, unlike my Dad I wanted my women to enjoy themselves too... except perhaps Mrs. Dieks, who I just enjoyed humiliating... she was, for me, my convenient next door neighbour cum bucket for whenever I just needed to dump a load... and her own pleasure and feelings were redundant. Strangely, she was just fine with that.

"Oh, Kevin, that feels so good," Jasmine moaned.

"I'm still learning how to do a good job down here," I admitted.

"Then finger me... two fingers... while you suck on my clit," she suggested.

"Okay," I agreed, then added, "lean against the washing machine."

"Okay," she said, sidling the three or so feet from where we were. I crept along with her, and then did as she suggested, sliding two fingers inside her very wet pussy while flicking her clit with my tongue.

"Ohhhh God," she said, as I felt her body vibrating from the motion of the washer... and twitching from my attack on her clit.

"Come for me, Jasmine," I said, finger banging her quickly, while attacking her clit.

"Now suck my clit between your lips, and shake your head like a small, ferocious terrier," she moaned loudly, her orgasm clearly imminent.

I didn't say anything, I just did as she requested, using my fingers inside of her and my lips and tongue outside of her.

"Oh yes, Kevin, yes, don't stop, oh yes, fuck, oh God, *oh you nasty fucker*, eat my cunt," she screamed, as her orgasm hit. I pulled my fingers out and hungrily lapped up the excessive pussy cum that was squirting out of her and onto my face, lips and tongue.

"What the fuck?" a startling voice barked, as I lapped up her cum... the voice was clearly Ben's.

"Ben!" Jasmine gasped, but I just kept licking her pussy.

"Stand up, asshole," Ben ordered, yanking me to my feet.

I turned around, but now Jasmine was the one barking: "Ben, stop! Don't you dare lay a finger on Kevin!"

"Stop? Don't dare?" he demanded, both furious and shocked... an amusing mixture of expressions.

I looked around and also saw Ben's girlfriend Maggie standing nearby, a girl I'd met twice before, staring at me... or more specifically, at a particular part of me.

"Look Ben," I said, not at all scared of him... the old me would have been a little intimidated... but I was no weakling, and I could defend myself. "What's happening here is none of your business."

"Excuse me?" he demanded, his cheeks red with rage. "Catching you fucking my mother isn't any of my business?!"

"No, it's not," I said, then added to make things clear, "and I wasn't fucking your Mom..." then I paused and glanced at Maggie, who was still focused on my package, "... at least not yet."

"You fucker!" Ben snapped, his arm swinging up to punch me in the face.

"Stop!" Jasmine shouted, much louder than before.

"Mom, I...." Ben began.

"No, you see here," Jasmine said, stepping in front of me to confront her irate son. "First of all, both Kevin and I are adults! And secondly, who I decide to have intimate relations with is none of your concern!"

"'Intimate relations' you're calling this?" he said, not impressed.

"Yes," she said, as I steered my dick towards her pussy from behind... the temptation too great to resist... plus, the intriguing notion to cuckold Ben, and maybe even get his girlfriend involved, suddenly popped into my head. I knew this was a long shot, I knew it was crazy, and yet I wondered if the power of my superlative cock could even help me get away with some cuckolding and stealing a girlfriend.

"So you're telling me you can just fuck anyone you like?" he demanded.

"First, don't talk to your mother that way, and second, don't use such language in my presence," Jasmine scolded fiercely. I was powerfully impressed at the commanding way she could face down her angry son, even though she was stark naked except for those beige stockings. It didn't hurt that she didn't realize my dick was steadily nearing her pussy.

"You mean 'such language' like you begging him to eat your cunt at the top of your lungs?" Ben asked sarcastically, as I deftly slid my dick into his mother.

"I'll say fuck, cock, cunt, or any other *fucking* word I *fucking* want to, is that understood?" Jasmine said, in an 'I brought you into this world and I can take you back out, so back off, asshole' tone of voice. She was *still* crazy impressive, even though by now there was no way she couldn't know where my dick had just lodged itself.

"Y-y-yes, Mom," he said, unaware that I was now balls deep inside his Mom, while I grinned slyly at Maggie, who saw *exactly* what I was doing, and her eyes went wide in delicious shock. She seemed to be a playful little minx!

"Good," Jasmine said with a moan, as I began slowly to fuck her. "Now, Kevin and I were in the middle of doing something. I believe today we're calling it 'intimate relations'."

I don't know why I needed to let him know I was fucking his Mom, I don't know why I felt the need to get involved, since she'd just done an amazing job of defusing a potentially nasty situation. Maybe it was my narcissistic side from my father rearing its ugly head, a side I'd known I had even before my big fat cock discovery, but I ordered, "Now bend over the washer, my sexy MILF slut."

"You bad boy," she purred, as smooth as you please.

"Jesus," Ben said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Don't use the Lord's name in vain!" Jasmine scolded, as I placed my hands on her hips to begin fucking her in a position that would be obvious even to the oblivious Ben.

"Is he *really* fucking you?" Ben asked.

"Wow," Maggie gasped, completely captivated by the live sex show, as I reached around and cupped both of Jasmine's breasts while I fucked her.

Ignoring Kevin, she moaned, answering his question in her own fashion, "Oh yes, Kevin, fuck me with that big, fat cock."

"Mom, for heaven's sake, stop doing that," Ben begged, looking totally bewildered, while standing less than two feet away, watching his naked, except the thigh highs of course, mother getting felt up and fucked.

"Just sit down and watch," Jasmine ordered.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me," Jasmine said. "Maybe you can learn a few things from Kevin."

"Yeah, right," Ben scoffed.

"Maggie, how often does Ben get you off?" Jasmine asked, as I squeezed her tits and continued fucking her.

"Mom!" Ben gasped.

"Be quiet. I'm interviewing your girlfriend about your suitability as a boyfriend," Jasmine said.

Maggie's face went red, so I assumed the answer was never, although her blush could have been from the embarrassment of having their sex life asked about by her boyfriend's fucking (literally at the moment) mother.

"How often does he, Maggie?" Jasmine repeated the question.

She watched me fucking Jasmine, completely avoiding looking towards Ben, who'd turned to look at her, and she whispered sheepishly, "Never."

"Maggie!" Ben said, exasperated.

"And how often does he eat your pussy?" Jasmine asked bluntly, and I was a little, actually a lot, in awe of Jasmine's brazen questions, and of her complete control over her son, all while she was behaving pretty much like a freeuse slut for me. Freeuse, I'd discovered one day while watching porn, is where a man is allowed to fuck his woman anytime, anywhere. Often even while other people are present and maybe watching the action. And everyone, including the coupling couple is carrying on a mundane conversation about grocery shopping or whatever, as if the fuckee didn't have a dick thrusting away inside her. The scripts are a little over the top, but overall the scenes are pretty hot. I realized that technically I had a few freeuse sluts in my own stable.

"Mom," Ben repeated, clearly stunned by the turn of events that had begun when he walked in on his calculus tutor eating his respectable schoolteacher mother to a screaming orgasm.

"I told you to be quiet," Jasmine said tersely.

Ben glared at me as Maggie reported, "He did it once. For about ten seconds. Then he told me it was gross and never did it again."

"Ben!" Jasmine said, shocked. "Did you really tell your girlfriend her pussy was gross?"

"No, I said eating it was," he said, his anger shifting to humiliation.

"Same thing," she said, shaking her head in dismay.

"And I suppose he still expects you to suck his dick," Jasmine continued.

"Yes, Mrs. Walker," Maggie answered, getting a little more comfortable with answering these personal questions, since Jasmine obviously felt sympathetic to her.

"Does he expect you to swallow?"

"Unless he shoots it on my face," Maggie said.

"Ben, I really thought I'd raised you better than that," she said icily.

"Mom, I...." he began trying to defend himself.

"No, don't say a word. Any son of mine had damn well better eat pussy, and he'd better *fucking* understand the importance of giving pleasure to a woman!" she said angrily.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said sheepishly, as I pulled out of his mother and deliberately gave Maggie an excellent view of my big fat cock glistening with vaginal wetness.

"Don't apologise to *me*, beg for *Maggie's* forgiveness," Jasmine said disdainfully, as she turned around, squatted on the floor, and took my cock in her mouth.

Ben didn't see her doing that since he'd turned to look at Maggie, who was ignoring him and staring intensely at my cock.

"I'm sorry, Maggie," he said, while behind him, his Mom went to town on my cock.

"Oh yeah, suck it slut," I ordered, focusing on Maggie's curious obsession with my cock as I spoke.

Ben turned and saw his Mom sitting on her heels blowing me, and muttered, "Jesus Christ!"

"You've been told not to use the Lord's name in vain," I smirked, really enjoying this bizarre situation. Yes, he was a bit of an asshole. And yes, he was obviously a shitty boyfriend. But there were a lot bigger assholes out there than he was.

"Don't *you* start with me too," he threatened, as I gripped his Mom's head with both hands and began face fucking her.

"Ben, take some advice from me," I said while still fucking away.

"From *you*?" he scoffed.

"Yeah, because you need to know what a woman wants."

"And a nerd like you would know?" he scoffed again, in a tone that pissed me off... especially since I had my dick in his mother's mouth and my balls literally bouncing off her chin, as impressively, she swallowed my entire length. The point being that she was obviously loving every second of our 'intimate relations'.

"Yes," I said. "Your Mom for instance, needs a dominant man with a big cock, who can see past her strong-willed everyday demeanour, and not only recognise, but also satisfy her inner submissive

side."

"Yeah, right," he said, as he finally noticed his Mom deep throating my cock.

"Slut, will you do whatever I tell you to, anytime, anyplace?" I asked, pulling my cock out of her digestive tract and again placing my fat shaft in clear view for Maggie to admire and get wet over.

"Yes, Kevin," Jasmine said, gazing up at me with that look of big cock lust I was by now accustomed to receiving, and I was receiving it at the moment from two women. "I'm your slut, and I'll gladly do *whatever* you want me to."

"Mom!" Ben repeated, sounding desperate.

"Maggie, please come here if you will," Jasmine said, ignoring her son as she turned to Maggie, and placed her hand on my cock to slowly begin stroking it.

"Mom!" Ben repeated, now sounding even more frustrated and even more helpless.

"Pull down your pants, Ben," the mother ordered.

"You want me to do *what*?" Ben gasped in disbelief, as I glanced at Maggie, who was clearly struggling between the temptation I was displaying before her eyes and any obligation she might owe to her boyfriend.

"Just fucking do it," Jasmine said with an edge and a sigh. "In fact, take them completely off, and show us your little wee-wee."

"But...."

"Right fucking *now*!" Jasmine ordered, with a ferocity that even scared me.

His eyes went big, yet he didn't say another word as he obeyed, and began to unbutton his jeans.

"And you Maggie, unless you'd rather not, come here," Jasmine said softly, with a 180° tonal shift to soft and motherly.

As Ben sheepishly got undressed, Maggie tentatively walked over to Jasmine and me... her eyes never drifting towards Ben, and never wavering from constantly staring at my cock.

Ben's expression was nothing but devastation.

"Come and take a better look, honey," Jasmine said. "It's obvious you're fascinated by Master Kevin's big, fat cock."

"It's so big," Maggie said, staring at it like it was the Da Vinci of cocks, which it kind of was.

"Is mine bigger than your boyfriend's?" I asked, glancing at Ben, who was now down to his baggy boxers.

"Way bigger," Maggie breathed worshipfully, as she knelt beside Jasmine, her eyes still not leaving my cock for even an instant. I'm not going to lie, moments like this were almost better than sex! I felt like an Adonis, which I'd never even imagined feeling before my BFC epiphany.

"Underwear too, Ben," Jasmine ordered in a sharp tone.



"Mom, please," he said despairingly, completely humiliated by what had transpired and still was transpiring, plus having been outed as having a much smaller dick than mine. (Which was nice to know, since now I wouldn't need to buy a flashy car! Yuck yuck.)

"Now..." Jasmine crooned, her lovely voice once again caressing the very air, "...go ahead Maggie, stroke it."

Tears were welling in Ben's eyes as he pulled down his boxers to reveal a very small, yet very hard dick, as he watched his girlfriend reach out her tiny hand. And even including her thumb, she managed to wrap it only about a third of the way around my fat cock. Yeah, I know, sometimes it really is the thought that counts.

"Why are you so hard, Ben?" Jasmine asked.

"I don't know," he said, glancing down at his dick, obviously surprised to discover it was hard.

"Did you get hard from watching Mommy getting fucked by Kevin's big, fat cock?" she asked wickedly, while Maggie stroked my cock in awe, and was oblivious, I think, to the humiliation her tiny dicked boyfriend was experiencing.

"No," he denied, probably lying.

"No? Then is it from seeing your girlfriend stroking a much bigger dick than yours?" she continued, taking great pleasure in humiliating him. Although she'd written a number of sissy stories, and I'd read a couple of her cuckold stories out of curiosity, I hadn't come across any about a sissy son's mother guiding him through confronting his hidden demons... a future plot, perhaps.

"Mom," he said, tears beginning to stream down his face, while his dick was constantly flinching.

"Would you enjoy watching Maggie suck Kevin's monster fuck stick?" Jasmine asked wickedly, "I know I would," and just like I'd seen in a few hot gifs on Twitter, she pushed Maggie's head... ever so gently... towards my cock. And also just like in the gifs, Maggie opened her mouth in wordless submissive obedience, and took a short length of my cock between her pretty lips. Again it wasn't a lot, but she opened wide and did her very best, and did manage to envelop a few inches of it.

"Mom," Ben repeated like a broken record, shocked and defeated.

"Mom what? What are you asking for?" she asked. "You've been a consistent asshole to Kevin, even though he's been helping you to become an adequate student for weeks, and you've apparently *always* been a shitty boyfriend to Maggie."

"But... but this... this... *everything* that's happening here is wrong," he managed to blurt out, as Maggie began slowly bobbing on my cock, taking only a quarter of it into her mouth... yet because of the surreal situation of her doing it in front of her boyfriend, and being lovingly encouraged by Jasmine, it was still fucking hot.

"Remove the rest of your clothes, and then just stand there and watch," Jasmine said. "And don't touch that tiny dick of yours."

"Mom, please..." he pleaded.

"And stop crying. Only sissies cry. Man up," she said. I thought maybe she was venting her anger about her ex-husband onto him too... which made me wonder how and why their marriage had

ended.

He wiped some tears from his eyes and began unbuttoning his shirt, as Jasmine turned back towards me and said, "Now Maggie, let me help you with that."

And while Maggie slowly sucked me, taking a little more every few bobs, Jasmine ministered to my balls, sucking them into her mouth one at a time.

The sensations of receiving a blow job that focused primarily on my cock head, as well as simultaneously getting my balls worshipped, quickly evoked my inevitable orgasm.

I glanced at Ben a few times, who was now naked and watching the action with a strange look on his face. Yes, I could see shock there; and yes, there was also humiliation; but I could also see fascination. His tiny dick remained hard as he watched his Mom and his girlfriend worshipping my dick.

When I knew I wouldn't last much longer, I pulled out and said, deciding to take control again, "Smile pretty for your facials, sluts."

I glanced at Ben, whose gaze was focussed on the sex act, although I couldn't tell if his focus was on my cock or his Mom or his girlfriend, but it certainly wasn't my face, as I stroked my cock, aiming it at my two luscious sluts

"Yes Kevin, coat my face with your big load," Jasmine said, licking her lips in a sexual way.

"Yes, Kevin," Maggie said in a lustful way, speaking for the first time with any passion, her insecurity and nervousness now vanished, "splatter your warm cum onto my face."

"Which one of you wants it?" I asked when I was only a few strokes away.

"Baptize *both* of your sluts," Jasmine suggested.

"Yes, use us as your cheap whores," Maggie added, as I slid my cock back into her mouth and gently face fucked her for a few strokes, making her gag slightly, with less than six inches sliding in and out of her mouth, before I pulled out at the last possible moment. and shot my first rope directly at her nose and right eye... while unfortunately her eyes were still open.

Rope two I aimed directly at Jasmine, right onto her cheek, and most of rope three soared into her open mouth.

The final two lesser cum bullets I redirected at Maggie, who had closed her eyes and mouth... bullet four landing on her lips, while the last rope landed on her chin, and some on her blue blouse.

I pushed my cock at her lips, so she opened up to take my cock back inside, along with some of the cum from her lips. Without instruction, like a good submissive, she slowly bobbed, nursing on my cock, getting any last remnants of cum out of my cannon.

"Maggie, you look so hot with that big load of cum all over your pretty face," Jasmine said a minute later when I pulled my cock out... already getting myself ready for round two, or round five for me since waking up today.

"Thanks, Mrs. Walker," she said, genuinely appreciating the compliment.

"Doesn't she look hot with Kevin's cum all over her face, Ben?" Jasmine asked, looking back at her son, to see he was stroking his dick.

"Yes, Mom," he answered, looking very ashamed, but clearly aroused.

"And I told you to not touch your dick without Mommy's permission," Jasmine reminded him, and hearing the word 'Mommy' coming from her lips after having read it so many times in her stories, was so fucking hot.

"Sorry, Mom," he said, taking his hand away from his dick.

"It's Mommy," Jasmine corrected.

"Yes, Mommy," he corrected himself sheepishly.

Jasmine then leaned forward and began French kissing Maggie.

"Holy shit!" I said, as Maggie kissed her back.

Ben's eyes once again went wide while his Mom made out with his girlfriend. After a minute or so, Jasmine pulled Maggie's sweater over her head, and carelessly tossed it aside.

"Why on earth would you hide those lovely big tits behind a bulky sweater?" Jasmine asked, as she reached behind the girl and unclasped her bra.

"I don't know," she said, surprised to find herself topless.

"Jasmine stood up, pulled Maggie's skirt down and off and said, "You really should begin wearing nylons like mine. They would really accentuate your legs and conceal how white they are."

"I don't tan at all," she admitted.

"I don't either," Jasmine said, "thus the nylons."

"Hop onto the washer, Maggie," I ordered, as Jasmine stripped the eighteen-year-old out of her sexy red thong, leaving her totally naked. She had such a lovely body... big boobs, tiny waist, generous muscular butt. And as she'd pointed out, very pale skin, much like Jasmine's.

"Okay," she said, still not once having looked even sideways towards Ben.

I hurried to help her, seizing the chance to cup her ass as I lifted her naked body into place.

With Maggie atop the machine, which was now vibrating wonderfully since it was beginning a spin cycle that I hoped would be a long one, Jasmine went to the pretty girl, spread her legs, and said, "Since my son won't do it, I guess I'd better do my best to make you happy." She didn't look the least bit unwilling to perform her self-assigned task, and I didn't think I'd be hearing the word 'gross' anytime soon.

And while Ben gasped in shock once again, my mouth also dropped open a little, as I watched Jasmine bury her face between Maggie's legs and start licking.

"Ooooooh," Maggie moaned loudly, as her pussy was licked, possibly for the first time. Or the first time it mattered, anyway.

Bent over and licking away, she was clearly begging for my dick, so I hurried behind her, positioned my cock at her pussy, and slid inside.

"Ooooooh yes, fuck me, Kevin," Jasmine moaned, while she didn't look back, but kept licking the teen's pussy.

"Please don't stop, Mrs. Walker," Maggie moaned, looking directly into my eyes, while I began fucking Jasmine from behind.

"You have a delicious pussy, Maggie," Jasmine complimented. "I can't believe my son hasn't been dining on this tasty twat morning, day and night."

"Thank you, Mrs. Walker," Maggie said, still acting perfectly polite throughout this erotic encounter.

"Anytime you need this ripe pussy licked, just come on over, and I'll be more than happy to serve as your pet pussy licker," Jasmine offered.

"Really?" Maggie moaned loudly, by now all three of us completely ignoring Ben.

"Yes," Jasmine said, looking up at her. "I've been dying to have a pretty young thing willing to use me for her plaything."

"Plaything?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Walker is submissive," I explained. "She needs two things to keep her happy: a man to bend her over and fuck her, and a sweet high school girl to help her explore her bisexual side by sitting on her face, fucking her with a strap-on, and generally using her for... *your*... own pleasure."

"Really?" Maggie asked.

"Yes, Maggie, I'll gladly be your Mommy pet anytime you want," Jasmine said between licks.

"I think you should take her for a test drive right now... just tell her what to do... whatever you want," I urged, as I began fucking my newest slut harder... just as the washer began to vibrate even harder.

"Oooooooh, umm... eat my pussy, you... slut," Maggie said experimentally, adding the word 'slut' as an afterthought, and her approach sounded a bit awkward.

"Yes, Maggie, Mommy will be your cunt-licking pet slut," Jasmine said, sounding just like many of her characters... the only difference being that this wasn't some novice submissive finally summoning up enough nerve to cross the line, but a veteran fantasizer's long held fantasy finally coming to fruition. Yes, Jasmine had been Mrs. Grady's pet for who knew how long, and maybe Tamara's too, but the Grady gals were old hands at this scene, while Maggie was dipping her toes into uncharted waters for the very first time.

"She's longed for a young and inexperienced girl to be her Mistress for many years," I said, as I began fucking her faster.

"Oooooooh," Maggie moaned, Jasmine's hungry licking which was mixed, I assumed, with the intense vibrations of the washing machine really enhancing her pleasure. "Don't stop, slut!" Maggie added, kind of getting the hang of it.

"No I won't, Mistress Maggie," Jasmine moaned, both from my hard fucking and from hearing the 'S' word aimed at her by a novice for the first time in real life I assumed... although I hadn't a clue.

"Eat my cunt, you nasty slut," Maggie ordered, her orgasm close, and this new sexual side of her testing its wings.

"Mmmmmmm," Jasmine moaned upon hearing the order, and I was impressed by Maggie's transformation, which had shifted her from cute to hot in a heartbeat.

"You like watching your Mom doing your job for you, don't you, you Sorry Sissy?" Maggie asked fiercely, this transformation awakening enough fortitude in her to stand up to her boyfriend as well.

"Maggie," he whined, uttering a single word yet again in shock, frustration or exasperation. Probably all three.

"Answer the fucking question," Maggie snapped.

"Yes I do," he admitted, and I smiled, very impressed by the sudden shift in Maggie. Maybe she was a switch, or maybe, very much like me, a new sexual confidence had awakened inside her, since her kink had just been allowed to come out and play for the first time.

"Oh God, your Mom eats pussy so fucking good," Maggie moaned, her eyes boring right into him now... the polar opposite of her shy, meek demeanour of just a few minutes ago.

"Get your Mistress off, Jasmine," I ordered, as I kept pounding her from behind.

"Yes, Master," Jasmine responded, the hierarchy of power being made abundantly clear. Me at the top of course, and then Maggie, then Jasmine, and finally the pitiful guy Maggie had just named 'Sorry Sissy'. Or maybe the name wasn't permanent; she was welcome to change her mind whenever she wished.

"Oh yes, fuck, your Mom is my pet pussy licker, Ben," Maggie sang out, her eyes remaining on his, while she grabbed the back of Jasmine's head and pulled it deeper into her wetness.

"Come all over her face," I urged.

"I want that humongous dick inside me next," she told me, grinding her hips a little against Jasmine's wet face.

So now she was ordering *me* around? Okay, I didn't have to be top dog *all* the time. "It will be my pleasure, Mistress Maggie." I said compliantly, glancing back at Ben, who was in a complete daze... and his dick was still hard.

"You hear that Ben?" Maggie said. "I'm going to let Kevin fuck me, and you're going to watch him make me come like gangbusters!"

Ben didn't say anything... he just remained slumped forward like the bereft cuckold he now was. My unvoiced question was: was he enjoying this? Enjoying being humiliated? Enjoying seeing his Mom, and soon his girlfriend getting fucked? His lack of any protesting against her proclamation about my fucking her implied that he was, although I suppose it could also be him being completely defeated after the past twenty minutes or so of utter humiliation not only by his girlfriend, but also by his mother unexpectedly emerging from her longstanding cocoon of respectable schoolteacher, and suddenly transformed into the butterfly of a wild and crazy slut!

"Oh yeah, slut Jasmine, eat me, suck on my clit," Maggie exhorted her pet, clearly about to come.

"Come all over our sluttiest slut's face," I added, making sure I remained part of this kinky threesome... which wasn't quite as kinky as my threesome had been with my Mom and Ms. Chan, but was still pretty wild.

"Oh fuck Ben, your Mom is getting me off," Maggie said, then added wickedly in spite, "which you never did."

"He couldn't, with that dick," I added, glancing back at him and his tiny less than pint-sized penis.

"Oh yes, oh fuck, I'm... I'm... I'm... fuuuuuuuck," Maggie babbled, not even able to finish the sentence as her orgasm hit. Her facial expressions during the last few seconds before her orgasm were priceless. A look of complete bewilderment on her face, and it was obvious she'd never felt such pleasure before... for indeed Ben had never gotten her off... and if she masturbated, her orgasms from flying solo would have been nowhere near the pleasure Jasmine was giving her right now. As her orgasm struck, she closed her eyes and her entire body quaked... her larger than I would have thought tits shaking around like a small earthquake tremor... the vibrations from the washing machine likely adding something extra to her completely climactic bliss.

I kept fucking Jasmine.

Jasmine kept licking Maggie, assuredly enjoying the sweet nectar of a teen girl's cum.

It was a minute later, perhaps longer, when Maggie opened her eyes and said, gazing at me with a lust I'd never get used to, but always greatly enjoyed, "Kevin, I want you to fuck me now."

"Sure," I said. And resuming control, I instructed the two women, "Jasmine, hop onto the washer and spread your legs. Maggie, it's your turn to chow down a healthy, organic, homemade snack."

As I pulled out of Jasmine, and Jasmine assisted Maggie off of the washing machine, we prepared to arrange ourselves into our new configuration.

"Boy Toy," Maggie asked, Do you want to watch me eat your Mom's pussy while Kevin gives me the fucking of my life with his huge cock?"

"Maggie," he said, his tone now pleading.

"Once Kevin has unloaded his load in my pussy, *and* you've sucked it out and swallowed it down, I'll allow you to come," Maggie decreed, stalking over to him to glare in his face. "And until then, still no touching your widdle dick."

"Ooooooooooh," he groaned, twitched, and then spewed his load all over Maggie and the floor. But he hadn't touched his dick.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Maggie snapped, backing away from him.

"S-s-sorry," he stammered, once again completely humiliated.

Maggie swiped some cum off her leg and flicked it at his face, before turning around, stalking over to Mrs. Walker and ordering, "Come here, Ben."

Ben wordlessly... sheepishly... shambled over.

"For that disgusting, pathetic lack of self-control, *you* shall insert Kevin's huge fat cock in my pussy, and then *you* shall kneel right next to us and watch him fuck me the way *you* never could with your tiny dick," Maggie ordered with a spitefulness that proved there were more reasons for her bitterness towards him than just the wild revelations of the last half hour or so.

"Maggie, please," he pleaded, utterly defeated and shamed.

"Just do as your fucking told, while I eat your Mom's pussy, which I'm pretty sure isn't gross," Maggie said. "Kevin, by any stretch of the imagination could you describe our favourite pet's hairless pussy as gross?"

"Far from it," I replied with total honesty. "You'll love it."

She then looked up at Jasmine, who was by now sitting on the washing machine with her legs spread welcomingly. "I've always been curious about going down on a woman."

"Like Kevin said, you'll love it," Jasmine assured her, as I went to stand behind Maggie.

I wasn't all that sure I wanted another guy touching my dick, but in the spirit of this multi-person and hopefully therapeutic cuckolding-fest which I was taking such an active part in, I decided to put up with it.

Maggie licked Jasmine briefly and said, "Wow Ben, your Mom tastes amazing! Why the fuck wouldn't you want to lick pussy?"

"In my experience so far, every pussy is delicious," I testified. "Although I could be wrong, since I've never sampled anyone's who smoked." And my dick was now ready to slide inside my newest pet. Or maybe inside my newest Mistress, whichever.

Ben looked at his Mom, and then at his girlfriend, then back at me, and then at my dick... looking completely forlorn and lost.

"Stick that big fat dick in my pussy," Maggie demanded.

"Go ahead son, give your girlfriend the kind of dick you never can wield yourself," Jasmine said, Ben's humiliation compounding humiliation.

Wordlessly he grasped my dick, his hand trembling as he did, and he guided it to his girlfriend's pussy.

"Shove it in," Maggie said, looking back.

He placed it dead centre against her wetness, and I pushed myself forward.

"Oooooooh," Maggie moaned, "it's so fucking fat."

"If you like that, wait until it's all the way inside," I smiled smugly, as I kept going deeper inside her excessively wet pussy.

"Fuuuuck," Maggie moaned, looking at Ben. "Knees, dickhead. And watch closely."

The defeated boyfriend lowered himself to his knees, as my entire dick disappeared inside her.

"Now fuck me Kevin, fuck me like I'm just some cheap slut," Maggie said, looking directly at me.

"As you wish, bitch," I acknowledged, "and I mean that in the best possible way," before she turned back to Jasmine and began licking in earnest.

My hands were on her hips, but in a location so Ben would have an excellent view of the penetration. I then began fucking her. Not yet hammering away, but giving her nice, smooth, medium paced strokes.

"Oh fuck, it's so fucking good," Maggie moaned.

"My pussy or Kevin's dick?" Jasmine asked, smiling at me.

"Both," Maggie replied.

"And you've never eaten pussy before?" Jasmine asked.

"Just a few seconds at a hotel for a dare," Maggie said.

"Tell us more," Jasmine said.

"We were playing Truth or Dare a few weeks ago after we won sort of a six-girl beach volleyball game against Tamara Grady and two of her friends from college. I was rooming with Becky and Jane," Maggie said. "Jane dared me to lick Becky for ten seconds, so I did."

"Nice," Jasmine said, as I tried to envision it... although I had no idea who Becky or Jane were.

"Faster, Kevin," Maggie demanded. "I want you to pound the living shit out of me."

"That will require a different hole," I joked, as I obliged the spirit of her request.

"I don't think you're quite ready for that," Jasmine chuckled.

"God, no," Maggie agreed.

"Although a good ass fucking is pretty amazing," Jasmine said, looking at me and maybe offering me some back door action in the near future; I wasn't sure.

"Oh God, Kevin, harder," Maggie moaned.

"You like it rough, slut?" I asked.

"Fucking yeah, I've never had a *real* man fuck me before," she said, taking another pot shot at Ben.

"You'll be wanting to come back for more," I said, as I began slamming into her.

"Having your dick in my mouth was a lot of work, but I'll take your dick in my cumquat anytime," Maggie moaned, and then the next few minutes were just sex.

Maggie licked Jasmine while the washer kept vibrating.

I hammered Maggie from behind.

Both women's moans echoed through the basement.

Luckily, my having unloaded already today in my Mom, then Mrs. Grady, then Mrs. Baker, and also on these two women's pretty faces earlier, I had a fair amount of stamina before I'd be depositing



load five... which Maggie had already requested I unleash in her pussy, and I was more than willing to do.

"Fuck, eat my cunt, you hungry slut," Jasmine growled out of the blue, so perhaps the Mistress-pet hierarchy wasn't as clear as I'd thought, as she grabbed Maggie's head and roughly held it against her pussy.

As I slammed into Maggie, making her face crash into Jasmine's pussy, while the MILF ground her body back against the girl's face... wrapping her legs around her back... she gazed into my eyes... which was so hot... a gaze of complete euphoria, but also a thank you.

I nodded and watched, enjoying the sight of a woman just letting go and giving in to the raw lust and pleasure surging through her body. "Oh fuck, yes, slut, lick me, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck!"

Her orgasm tore through her, so either Maggie must have been a quick learner, or else the washing machine had enhanced her pleasure to an amazing level.

Jasmine released Maggie's head, and her legs fell to both sides, while Maggie kept licking, her head pivoting back and forth and up and down in her lustful hunger... I guessed Maggie would be officially bi from this day forward.

A few dozen hard strokes later, Maggie came up for air and told me, "I want to ride you now."

"Sure," I agreed, pulling out and looking down at the floor, which was hard concrete.

But Jasmine just grabbed a laundry basket of folded clothes and scattered them across the floor in a soft pile saying, "Lie on Ben's clean clothes."

I moved them around a little for even more comfort, then laid my head on a couple of bulky sweaters, my cock standing erect in salute, as Maggie straddled me and dropped... a little too roughly... onto my cock... taking it all in, even though I was a bit winded.

Resting her hands on my thighs, she began riding me reverse cowgirl and asked Ben, who was kneeling right in front of her, "Don't you love the sight of a real man fucking me?"

"Yes, actually," he admitted; I couldn't see him at all, but his tone sounded less shameful now, and more like relieved acceptance.

"Do you want Kevin to come inside me?" She asked.

"Yes please," he requested. It appeared that today's totally unforeseen turn of events was finally turning him on. Or he was finally coming to terms with it.

"Hear that Kevin?" Maggie chortled as she rode me like a real cowgirl. "You can shoot your load inside me."

"I wasn't *going* to ask his permission," I said, wanting to reassert that I was the one in charge here. "I'll come wherever I please."

"Yes of course, Master," Maggie agreed happily, "but if you please, Master, unload in my pussy. I want to feel your big, fat cock twitch and explode inside me."

"Sure, slut," I said, and I began bucking my hips up to meet her downward bounces.

"Mother fucker!" she screamed as I reached new depths deep inside her pussy.

"Yes, pretty often these days," I admitted enigmatically, and we'd been fucking each other for only a minute before she was going ballistic.

"Oh fuck... yes... so big!... fuck... a *real* man!... cock... fuck... yes... yes... fuck!" she babbled for over a minute, before her second orgasm raged through her.

I'd been close for a while, holding back for as long as I could, but as her orgasm ripped through her and she collapsed forward onto Ben's chest, and my dick slid out of her, I pushed her down onto him, thus forcing his back down to the floor, and then I pulled her ass up, and slid back into her flooding pussy.

"Oh fuuuuuuck," she moaned weakly, as I pounded her from behind.

"Come in her pussy," Jasmine encouraged me from her perch, still sitting on the washing machine.

"Yes, fill me right up," Maggie agreed mindlessly, her orgasm still sending shock waves of pleasure through her.

A few more strokes and I did just that, my load number five of this blessed Sunday shooting deep inside Maggie.

"Yes Ben, he just came in my pussy," Maggie announced, as I continued pumping cum inside her.

Once I was spent, I slowed down and then pulled out. Jasmine had just gotten off the washer, which had finally completed its dual purposes of washing clothes and getting women off. She dropped in front of me and offered, "Let me clean off that dick for you," and then she took my cock back into her mouth.

And then the day of surprises continued, when Maggie repositioned her body to straddle Ben's face and ordered, "Clean up my cream pie, Bitch Boy!"

My eyes went wide, even though I couldn't see Ben's face. But since I didn't hear her giving him any shit for noncompliance, he must have been eating my cum out of his girlfriend's well fucked pussy. Her complete transformation today from meek geek to sexy switch was fucking wild!

For a couple minutes Jasmine blew me slowly, while Ben ate his first cream pie... and did it without any complaint or mention of the word 'gross'!

Jasmine said, getting off her knees, "You still owe me a good fucking... one on one."

"I'll make sure that happens," I said.

"And I'm curious to know what that big, fat cock will feel like when you stick it up my ass," she added.

"*That* I want to see!" Maggie said, still sitting on Ben's face.

"That too can be arranged," I agreed.

"Don't fuck her ass without me being there," Maggie said.

"I'll see what I can do," I said, my dance card... I mean fuck card... was getting more and more filled up. "Plus, I think someone else will look good with nine-and-a-half inches of fat cock stuffed up their ass."

"You mean Ben?" she asked with a wicked smile.

"I have a couple of strap-on dicks handy if you want to peg him," Jasmine offered.

"Can we do it right now?" Maggie asked, suddenly excited.

"You're the Mistress," Jasmine shrugged.

"Let's go to your bedroom, Ben," Maggie said, clearly excited. "Kevin, do you want to come and watch?"

"Naaah," I said. "Not my thing."

"Okay," she shrugged.

"Let's go, Ben," Maggie said, jumping to her feet and tugging his hand.

He looked dazed, and he didn't make eye contact with anyone, but he obediently followed his girlfriend upstairs for his pegging... I assumed his first of many.

"Do you have time to drop one more load inside a dirty slut with literary pretentions?" Jasmine asked me.

I looked at my watch, shrugged, and said, "I can make the time."

So after making a quick side trip to deliver a couple of strap-ons to Mistress Maggie, Jasmine joined me in her bedroom.

And then following thirty minutes of fucking my favourite writer (aka filthy slut) in a dozen positions in her bed, while Maggie ass fucked Ben in his room... his whimpers a complete hoot for the rest of us... I unloaded one last load of the afternoon... in my Slut Jasmine's pussy.

Finally dressed, and really needing a rest after my marathon fuck session, I kissed Jasmine's lips, slapped her ass, and said, "Next time I'm fucking this fine MILF ass."

"Anytime, Master," she agreed.

"And like you offered to do earlier, I do think you should write my story for your fans," I suggested.

"Then you'd need to spend lots of time with me to tell me your story," she pointed out.

"A pleasure. And I'm sure we can take some breaks, too," I smiled. "While we... you know... re-enact various scenes so you can describe them accurately."

"And it will need to be a series, which we can call Big Fat Cock," she suggested.

"Great title," I said, thinking it could eventually become a very lengthy series.

"I do come up with great titles," she said.

I slapped her ass once more and said, "I'll send you a list of my conquests."

"Yes, Master," she said.

I smiled as I strolled out. Maggie called out, after I waved to her and noticed Ben was now sucking her cock, "Get in here, slut." Knowing it was Jasmine she was summoning, I kept walking.

I smiled at how my simple conquest today had transitioned into a completely new world for Jasmine and the others. She now had the young Mistress she'd forever longed for. And Maggie, now that she'd discovered her sexual identity... or rather her two identities, since she was a switch... would be able to dominate and dick Ben (instead of those useless attempts at the other way around), could dominate Jasmine, and still be submissive to me... at least most of the time. And even Ben could find a modicum of happiness, if only with a vague resemblance to the puffed up, insensitive and useless man he had once been.

I headed home, with a few hours to rest up before my next marathon fuck session this evening... boning Mrs. Grady for a second time, maybe my Mom again, and one brand new conquest... the chocolate beauty Tamara.

## **THE END**

Coming next:

### **Big Fat COCK : Effing Threesome**

Kevin uses Mrs. Grady and her daughter in an evening's kinky threesome. Or maybe foursome.

And maybe....

### **Big Fat Cock : Elderly Need Dick Too**

Kevin attends Mrs. Baker's Tuesday night games night where he is the centerpiece in a reverse gangbang with women over the age of 65.

Other possibilities include:

### **BIG FAT COCK: Family Orgy**

His maternal aunt and grandmother discover his BIG fat cock.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Gloryhole Power**

His cock is popular at school gloryhole.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Harvard Orgy**

Kevin has a great weekend touring the university.

Including Portia fulfilling her wish of having her father/son DP. Plus other adventures with her hot coed besties, of course.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Hot Principal**

Kevin's BIG fat cock dominates bitchy principal. (I have no idea how this will happen yet...)

But then again, perhaps Kevin gets caught balling a cheerleader in a classroom, Principal calls in Mom and son for a conference, Principal drops the bombshell, but is stunned when Mom

deliberately jumps to the wrong conclusion by asking, "And you were jealous? Don't worry sweetheart, we can *both* help you with that!" She then flows into the Principal's arms, begins kissing her, Kevin reveals that his sword is mightier than any academic pen, and matters proceed from there.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Hungry Nana**

Kevin decides to seduce his previously off-limits Dad's Mom... his Nana.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Jasmine's Daughter**

Kevin is caught with cock in Mrs. Walker's ass by her daughter and well....

### **BIG FAT COCK: Lab Partner**

Kevin creates special chemistry with virgin cheerleader (or cute nerd)

### **BIG FAT COCK: Lesbian Teacher Tumbles**

His BIG fat cock turns lesbian teacher Ms. Watson into eager cock sucker.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Maggie's Friends**

A bunch of high school nerds give Kevin his second reverse gangbang.

### **BIG FAT COCK: Mom's College Friend**

His BIG fat cock seduces the psychologist he is seeing.

### **BIG FAT COCK: The Happy Ending**

Kevin finds a girl who loves him for himself and not just for his BIG fat cock, but also his BFC.

Other ideas?

Share away....