

BIG FAT COCK: EGGED ON

silkstockingslover

Kevin gets his bullies' girlfriend, the principal and more.

Erotic Couplings

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Summary: Kevin gets his bullies' girlfriend, the principal and more.

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 prior stories, and it isn't in this one either... but perhaps in a few more chapters. (This series is already very long, but I ain't done yet!)

Note 2: This is the ninth part in a lengthy series about a nerd's discovery of the power from 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 family picture, that having a BIG FAT COCK makes a man irresistible to women. Kevin begins using this power on a few MILFs, then experiments more widely 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 his guru Ms. Chan, he uses his BFC to seduce and dominate a hot blonde.

BIG FAT COCK: Eating Asian has Kevin meeting Ms. Chan's visiting niece from Japan, with whom he not only practices his oral skills, but also takes her virginity. That night at the niece's 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 in the preacher's office, the Minister's wife Mrs. Grady, and then after learning the identities of a few of Mrs. Grady's lesbian churchgoing pets, he's surprised to be called back to the same office for an anal encounter with eighty-year-old black choir leader Mrs. Baker.

BIG FAT COCK: Educating Mrs. Walker, where Kevin seduces a teacher in her home when he's supposed to be tutoring her asshole son. He also fucks the son's girlfriend and cucks him while he fucks the son's mother and the son's girlfriend.

BIG FAT COCK: Effing Foursome, where Kevin experiences his dream foursome with the amazing Mom and daughter from across the street, as well as his Mom.

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

Big Fat Cock: Egged On

The next morning I woke up still tired... shooting ten loads in a single day can do that... load number ten being in my Mom's pussy in her bed, since these days I was sleeping full time with her. After the Gradys left, we'd showered together and shared a nightcap... meaning a leisurely 69 followed by an old school missionary fuck... before I unloaded my double-digit load into her warm pussy.

I got up, showered, and went down the street to Ms. Chan's, not having seen her at all yesterday... crazy to unleash ten loads, with none of them going as usual into Ms. Chan's mouth.

I let myself in the door and she quipped, "Kevy! Long time no cum."

I laughed as I walked up to her, whipped out my dick, and slid it into her amazing mouth, which was always a great way to start my day, "I've only missed one day."

She didn't respond, but instead bobbed on my cock like she hadn't played with it for an eternity.

This being my first load of the morning, and since I was between her amazingly skilled suctioning lips, I gifted her with her morning treat in only a couple minutes.

She swallowed every drop, backed off, and said, "Yum."

"Agreed," I said.

"So I assume you had a great day yesterday," she said, after taking a sip of coffee to chase down my cum.

"It was pretty wild," I said. "I'm sorry I never made it over here."

"No worries, Kevy," she smiled. "I understand you're getting very popular, so your time is precious."

"I'll always have time for you," I said, meaning it.

"That's so sweet, Kevy," she said. "But I do understand you can't visit me every day."

"Oh, I can do that," I said. "Well... *almost* every day."

"I mean coming here and coming," she smiled.

"Right, thanks," I said... she was always so understanding and sweet.

"But you and your mother's birthday surprise wicked double penetration, plus our many discussions, have gotten me thinking."

"They have?"

"Yes, it's time for me to put myself back out there."

"I agree two hundred percent."

"Kevy, that's mathematically impossible," she teased.

"Fine," I said, shaking my head. "In that case, I nonmathematically but wholeheartedly support your decision."

"Thanks," she said. "While your discovery of the power of your big, fat cock has been a sexual awakening for you, our conversations, blow jobs and fucking have also reawakened my long-lost self-confidence."

"That's great!" I said, sincerely happy for her... since nobody else I knew deserved to be in a mutually supportive relationship as much as she did... at least if that's what she wanted.

"And it's all because of you and your big cock," she said, having such a nasty mouth for such a sweet woman.

"You mean my big, *fat* cock," I corrected her.

"Yes indeed, your big... fat... mouth-filling... pussy-stretching... and asshole-destroying cock," she said wickedly. "Is that better?"

"Fuck, I love your wicked mouth," I said, her sexy repartee keeping my cock hard even after I'd just deposited a load in her mouth.

"Makes sense, you certainly use it a lot," she replied.

"I'd love to use it again right now, but I have to get to school," I said.

"*I'd* love you and your mother to fuck the shit out of me again," she said. "That is if you can find enough time to plug my ass between doing all your other cock-hungry sluts."

"I'll be sure to schedule you in," I said, kissing her cheek.

"Bye, Kevy," she said.

I waved bye for now, and headed to school.

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I was just entering the hallway when Amber, one of the cheerleaders, greeted me. She was dressed in a colourful dress and to my approval, nylons. I wondered if they were the same ones I'd given her.

"Kevin," she said, stepping away from two of her pretty friends... all three of them pretty, but Amber was the prettiest. She'd never given me the time of day before she'd discovered (and fucked) my big, fat cock.

"Hi, Amber," I greeted, not appearing looking to see her, but not blowing her off either.

She leaned into me and whispered, her hot breath in my ear feeling really good, and her perfume drawing me in, "Do you like me wearing nylons?"

"I do," I approved. "They're very sexy."

"I bought them just for you"

"Good plan," I said, resisting my instinct to add the word 'slut' to that phrase. "I reward girls who do what they're told."

"I *like* rewards. So can you, um, meet me..." she began, but was interrupted by the douchebag of all douchebags.

"What the fuck are you doing talking to *this* fat loser?" Ethan asked her with his usual arrogance. "I'm *way* better than you," he added, sneering in my face.

Amber's next words would seal her fate... even if she didn't realize it.

And to my surprise, and obviously also to Evan's and his pair of jock junior packmates, *plus* as well as Ethan's girlfriend Cherry's, Amber stood up on her hind legs and barked loudly, "Fuck off, Evan!"

"Huh? You on your period or something?" Evan asked disbelievingly like the asshole he was.

"No, I'm just sick of watching you treat other guys as if you're better than them, which you're obviously not," Amber said angrily. She was defending me... and other guys like me... in a way I'd never imagined possible... the power of BFC was spreading more widely than just into more sexual intimacy.

"I *am* better than any of them," he insisted, looking at me like I was gum on his shoe.

"Trust me, scumbag," Amber said, giving him a smirk. "You're not."

"I'm one of the best jocks in the school, so stay away from our women," Evan warned me, ignoring Amber but shoving me.

"Hey, *all* my women come to *me*. I can't help it if the ladies like me better than you," I shrugged, a small crowd gathering around us.

"Yeah potbelly, you're obviously quite the ladies' man," he scoffed.

"I haven't had any complaints," I said, refusing to back down from this small-dicked asshole who was hiding his inadequacies behind his excessive muscles and testosterone-fed bravado. Having a big dick, getting lots of hot chicks in the past week, and now having a hot cheerleader standing up for me, was really enhancing my growing confidence; I refused to be a wallflower anymore. If anything, it was time for me to stand up to Ethan and to all the dickhead Ethans of the world.

"Of course you haven't," he scoffed, "because you never score. Just stay out of my face."

He then swaggered away.

Cherry, Ethan's girlfriend, didn't follow him, but grabbed Amber and tugged her aside. All I heard was, "What the hell were you doing even *talking* to that loser?"

I didn't catch Amber's response, but then Cherry got mad and stormed off, and soon all the jocks and cheerleaders were gone, and the rest of the crowd dispersed too, likely disappointed they hadn't gotten to see a bigger show. Or better yet, a fight.

I headed toward my first class, catching sight of Heather reaching into her locker. It was so weird. I'd fucked lots of women this weekend: a cheerleader, three Asians, Mrs. Grady, an eighty-year-old choir director, a schoolteacher, Tamara, of course my mother, and more. Yet whenever I saw Heather (always just admiring her from a distance) I felt something different.

It wasn't lust.

It wasn't hoping for even more sex.

No, I just wanted to do innocent things... like kissing her cheek. Or holding her hand. Maybe carrying her books home for her sometime.

I shook my head in confusion.

How could I be enjoying the great fortune I'd had during this past week, with even more good fortune appearing every time I turned around, and then still be longing for someone but feel too shy even to speak to her?

I walked past her, steadfastly resisting my urge to look, and continued on to class.

It was between classes when another cheerleader, Emily, handed me a note without even looking at my face, and then scuttled away without a word.

"Thanks," I said as she walked away... her super short skirt leaving little to the imagination.

Being curious, of course I opened it. **Meet me in room three behind the gym. At the next break.**
A. Not E for Emily, but A. Was this note from Amber? It seemed likely.

I had no idea there even *were* any rooms behind the gym, but it appeared I was about to get the treat of dropping another load in Amber.

I smiled... A growing number of girls and women couldn't get enough of my cock.

I attended my next class and then headed for this mysterious room three... recalling Amber once telling me the cheerleaders had a private room where they sometimes shared some sapphic fun.

I reached the room, not at all fazed about the probability I'd be late to my next class. I knocked, Amber opened the door and tugged me in.

As soon as she closed and locked the door, she dropped to her knees and unzipped my pants. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about this ramrod since Saturday."

She hungrily fished out my cock while I said, "Thanks for standing up for me, but you didn't have to. I'm used to dealing with Ethan."

"I'm just sick of his assholery," she said, extracting my cock.

"Yeah, it's sad when guys like him peak in high school, and then just fade away."

"Yeah, except for being an adequate athlete, he doesn't have much going for him," she agreed before taking my cock in her mouth.

I enjoyed her blow job for a couple minutes before asking, "Do you want my load down your throat, on your face, or in your pussy?"

"If I get to choose, then please fuck me," she said, standing up and bending over. She pulled down her plaid skirt to reveal no panties and a fresh pair of thigh high stockings. "After I left you, I skipped off to the mall and bought a few more pairs, just for you."

"Good girl," I said, stepping behind her and slapping her firm ass.

"I'm happy you like," she giggled, and wiggled her ass. God, was she hot and slutty, but she didn't have a lot upstairs... so she'd likely become my schooltime Mrs. Dieks... someone I could just drop my load into whenever I needed any old hole to fuck. I know that sounds crass and a little too much like my old man, but it was the truth. But on the other hand, she wasn't *quite* as low on the totem pole as Mrs. Dieks, since she'd had enough pluck to stand up to Ethan for me. Like I told her, it wasn't necessary, but I still appreciated it.

"Ah, but I think it's you who likes," I said, sounding as dumb as she did while I was saying it, as I slid into her pussy.

"Oh, yes Kevin, I fucking *love* your dick," she moaned as I filled her pussy.

"You understand that I expect you to be available whenever I summon you," I said as I slammed into her.

"Summon?" she asked with a wild moan.

"You really *are* a dumb slut," I said as I roughly fucked her... grabbing her ponytail.

"Oh God, I *love* being your dumb slut," she moaned, too dumb even to know I was putting her down.

"'Summon' means that whenever I want to drop a load, I'll text you and you'll come to me immediately," I explained with a sigh.

"Oh, I certainly will," she replied, although I wasn't sure if she meant she'd come to meet me or she'd have an immediate orgasm.

"Do you want to be my cum bucket slut?" I asked as I slammed into her.

"Yesssss," she moaned, her orgasm already imminent just from a few deep, hard thrusts... the magic of my big, fat cock.

"Then say the words," I ordered, pulling out of her, expecting to hear a desperate response.

"Oh, Kevin, shove that fat cock back in my pussy," she pleaded, looking back at me with lust she couldn't be faking... making me think we could make a pretty damn authentic porn flick.

"No, I meant make me a pledge," I rephrased it, slapping her ass with my hard cock.

"Okay, got it. Kevin, I promise always to be your slutty cum bucket, and you can use me anytime you want," she promised.

"Which will eventually include your asshole," I warned.

"I'm sure you'll tear it apart, but I'll do it for you anyway," she said, her lust still making decisions for her... the glazed look in her eyes was something I was getting used to. "Now, please. Shove that fat cock deep in my pussy!"

I generously did as she requested.

"Ooooooooooh, *fuck!*" Amber screamed loud enough to wake the dead... I hoped it wasn't also loud enough for us to get caught.

"Come, you dirty whore," I ordered as I fucked her furiously.

"Oh God, Kevin, oh fuck, oh fuck, yes, fuck, yes," she babbled before screaming even louder when her orgasm tore through her pettily perfect body.

Feeling her wetness flooding all over my cock as I slid in and out of her had my balls ready to erupt, and after another dozen or so thrusts I pulled out and spun her around, whereupon she quickly dropped to her knees and opened her mouth like the trained slut she already was.

"Give me your load, Kevin," she begged, offering me her face.

"You want my load spurting all over your pretty face?"

"Yes, coat my face with your cum," she agreed, looking up at me with adoring lust... even after her orgasm, which was still sending aftershocks of pleasure through her. She was still completely enamoured of my cock.

"Oh yeah, take it, slut," I ordered as I erupted all over her... some going in her hair, most of it on her face, and a little on her dress.

"Holy shit!" said a shocked voice from behind me.

I looked around and saw Cherry staring at us in complete shock.

Before Amber could turn her head or speak, I slid my cock back into her mouth and ordered, "Clean me up, slut."

"What the fuck are you *doing?*" Cherry squealed.

"What's it look like? I'm using my slut," I answered, as to my surprise, Amber resumed bobbing... meaning my cock was more important to her than her reputation.

"Not you, jackass," Cherry said in disgust. "Amber, *stop that!*"

I pulled out of Amber's mouth and 'just happened to' give Cherry an excellent look at my cock.

"Like what you see?"

She scoffed, even though it was obvious she was mightily impressed by what she saw between my legs, "Yeah... I mean no!"

"Cherry, I can explain," Amber said, standing up.

"You can explain why you're sucking a nerd's dick, taking a facial, and letting him call you a slut?"

"You forgot to mention I fucked her too," I added, holding my body sideways to her, which gave her the best view of both the length and girth of my impressive member.

"Cherry, I have a *perfect* explanation. His dick is amazingly big, and he really knows how to fuck. The end," Amber said, remaining on her knees with my load all over her face.

"Jesus Christ, Amber," Cherry shouted. "You're committing social suicide!"

"Have you even *looked* at his dick?" Amber demanded. "It's fucking awesome! I can't resist it and neither should you."

"Yes, take a good look, Cherry," I said, confidence oozing from me... knowing from experience a couple of good peeks would awaken a side of her she couldn't control... or at least that had been my experience ever since my big, fat cock discovery.

"Yeah, it's big; so what?" Cherry said, glancing down at it and not showing any of the reverence every other woman had given it... usually at first glance... which was usually with utter fascination and lust.

"Only *big*? It's fucking *huge*," Amber objected to Cherry damning me with faint praise, and not at all embarrassed to be caught *in flagrante* with nerdy me, which was a pleasant change when I was at school. "And it's so fucking fat, it really fills me up."

"Amber, it's only a dick," Cherry argued, apparently still not impressed, even though she did take another glance at it... this time for a bit longer. "And the main thing is he's pitifully beneath your social status."

Despite her dissing me, my confidence was at an all-time high, and sensing she was hiding some intrigue behind her façade of I'm-better-than-anyone, I strolled over to give her a much better look at my dick. "Want to see it closer up?"

"God, no," Cherry grimaced in disgust, even though she hadn't even *glanced* at the nearby presentation.

"No, you really *do* want to," I disagreed, not at all discouraged since she and her friends had been judging me for my entire life, so that expression on her face was forever engrained in my memories. But the new me wasn't backing down. I smirked just like her boyfriend had smirked at me earlier, saying, "I know for a fact I'm *much* bigger than your tiny-dicked boyfriend."

"Excuse me?" Cherry asked.

"I mean there's *no way* you could *possibly* get off from Ethan's tiny dick," I said. "Fuck, anything that size shouldn't even be *called* a dick! It might qualify as a cocktail sausage, but no better than that"

"Now you've done it! When I tell him what you just said, he's gonna kill you," Cherry threatened.

"Ah, but after I give you pleasure like you've never had before, I'm betting you *won't* tell him," I said, still oozing confidence. "What do you say, Amber?"

"I say that Kevin fucks better than anyone else I've ever had," Amber interjected, her face still coated with my cum.

Deciding to leave Cherry like she was, e.g., questioning, I stepped away from her and said, giving her one more look at my cock, which this time she took, her eyes lingering much longer this time, definitely longer than she wanted to, "When you're ready, just let me know."

"That'll be when hell freezes over," she said.

"Then I look forward to it. It's a cold day today, so it shouldn't be long," I smirked, pulling my pants up and strolling towards the door, but not yet leaving the room.

"Amber, what the fuck?" Cherry demanded.

"Don't start with me," Amber said like a protective mama bear. "Kevin fucking knows how to please a woman, unlike all those tiny-dicked jocks."

"But you're talking about *Kevin*," Cherry said, as if just saying my name was all that needed saying to make her point, still stuck on what I was... a nerd... thus making me want to fuck her even more.

"I don't care, I *love* his dick," Amber said, and I walked out before hearing anything else.

I had a big smile on my face as I walked back into the cesspool known as high school, and of course... I accidentally walked right into Ethan... knocking each of us a step backwards.

"What the fuck, loser?" Ethan barked.

"Sorry," I said mildly, not wanting to make this tiny accident into a big deal. Old me would have apologized profusely and been terrified of what he might do to me, but new me was just calm and cool.

"Stay the fuck out of my way," he said, threatening me like jocks do, dropping his binder so he could shove me with both hands.

Now I *had* been about just to let this incident go... but then he pushed me. So I said with a sneer, "You're always utilising feigned bravado to camouflage your inner insecurities. Classic!"

"*What* did you say?" he asked, my sentence far too complex for his simple mind.

"In other words, you customarily utilise violence to obfuscate the fashions in which you constantly overcompensate for your gross inadequacies," I answered, refusing to back down from his menacing glare.

And this time he kind of got it. "I overcompensate for what?" he glowered, the crowd around us growing.

"Oh, anyone in the boys locker room knows exactly what I'm talking about," I responded smugly, a crowd of more than thirty people now avidly watching our exchange, once again hoping to see a fight.

"You're fucking dead," he said, raising a fist to punch my lights out.

"What's going on here?" The principal asked, stepping between us... even though I was prepared to take the punch... I wasn't backing down from *anyone* anymore... especially not from a tiny-dicked guy who likely was gay and hid that behind his athletic build... the pleasant thought of him getting bent over and fucked popping into my head.

"Nothing, nothing," the always smooth Evan disclaimed, holding his hands up. "Just a friendly disagreement between my bud Kevin and me."

"Well, you know the rules," the principal said, repressing some anger, "Any fighting and you'd be off all the sports teams for the rest of the school year. And since you're a senior, that would mean permanently."

I smirked at the consequences to this asshole if he *did* punch me... I might need to try and make that happen. The results would be far worse for him than for me.

"Yes, Principal Appleby," Ethan acknowledged... as I checked out her big ass and wondered what it would be like to pound her from behind.

"Good," she said. "Now run along to class," as if he was five.

"Yes, Principal Appleby," Ethan said, glaring at me. I saw Cherry standing next to him, but she was looking at me, and not in a disgusted way anymore... but curiously.

The principal turned to me and ordered, "Kevin, please come to my office." It wasn't an optional request.

"But I didn't do anything," I protested.

"Now!" she said in a tone that broadcasted loud and clear I was in trouble.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, the idea of fucking her still quite appealing. There was 1) something special about my turning a woman in authority into a cock-hungry slut; and 2) I was discovering I really loved big asses.

I followed her through and past the crowd, who I imagined had a variety of thoughts in their heads. Some likely thought I was crazy for standing up to Ethan and sometime soon I'd get the shit beat out of me. Some others were simply surprised I'd stood up to him. And a few others were probably impressed and were now seeing me in a very different light.

We arrived at her office, and Principal Appleby said to her secretary, "Hold my calls, Grace."

"Of course, Principal Appleby," she responded.

Once we were inside her office, she closed, and I think locked the door, before she went to her desk and sat down, saying, "Take a seat, Kevin."

"Yes ma'am," I said, having a hard time reading her face about what her thoughts were. I felt that she had a game plan for my being here, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

"You've missed a few classes recently," she said.

That wasn't where I'd thought this was going to go.

"Yeah, I've been busy," I said, acting a bit casual and probably too nonchalant.

"You understand that you're nearing the end of high school," she said. "I don't want to see you waste your fabulous potential by slacking off too soon."

"Trust me," I said. "I can get into any school I want."

"I'm sure you're *able* to," she said. "But not if Ethan puts you in the hospital for a month or two."

"I can take care of myself."

"I'm sure you can," she said, as she stood up and walked around her desk. "But he could make your life miserable."

"He's done that for years, and I'm still healthy," I said as she stepped directly in front of me and hopped onto her desk not very gracefully. In fact she almost fell, coming so close to *actually* falling

that I was preparing to lunge forward and catch her.

But she avoided falling, regained her composure, crossed her legs and said, "I imagine he's never been very pleasant to you."

"All jocks are assholes," I said bluntly.

"Kevin, language!" she rebuked me.

"Sorry," I apologized, still unsure where she was going. She seemed to have some hidden motive for keeping me here beyond what she'd already said. If she knew about my dick size I'd think it was that, but there was no way she could know about it.

She dangled her heel from her toes and said, "Recently there's been something quite different about you, Kevin."

"There is?" I asked, still wondering where this was going.

"Yes, but I can't quite put my finger on it," she said. looking into my eyes.

"I've found my swagger recently, so maybe it's that," I speculated, beginning to sense she *might* have somehow learned what I was packing and was interested in learning more about it... and maybe even taking it inside her.

"And what led to that?" she asked, her tone shifting ever so slightly from her usual rigid I'm-not-in-the-mood-for-any-monkey-business, to one that was slightly sensual... or at least it seemed so. But I still wasn't sure if I was reading something into this... this interrogation? Or just a conversation?... that wasn't really there.

"My Mom and a neighbor down the street we've recently gotten close to have been helping me learn several things about myself and about life," I said, keeping what I was telling her as vague as possible, yet widening the scope of our conversation by planting some subtle seeds that could grow quickly to fruition if somehow she *did* know about my secret weapon.

So if she knew, she must want my cock. But she couldn't just come out and say it.

But if she *didn't* know, I wouldn't mind letting her know about it. But I couldn't just come out and say it either.

So we were possibly in essence playing a chess match... probably with both of us wanting to hurry to the fuck-mate.

"And what... *exactly*... have you learned about yourself?" she asked. Then after a pause, "And about life?"

"I'm not sure an informative answer would be school appropriate," I said, planting more seeds, seeing if she'd allow herself to be drawn in.

"Oh Kevin, trust me. I've seen lots of things in this office and elsewhere around the school that were inappropriate," she said. Then there was another pause, a lengthy one, before she added, "Actually, I saw something *scandalously* inappropriate earlier this very day."

"Oh?" I said, still trying to figure her out. She was obviously an excellent poker player. And she seemed to be raising the ante, but she wasn't revealing any of her cards.

"So tell me Kevin, what *have* you learned about yourself recently?" she repeated.

"Are you certain you want me to answer that question?" I asked, as her heel dropped to the floor with a *thunk*.

"Very certain," she said, and she moved her black pantyhose-clad foot onto my crotch as she continued, "And here's a pertinent little fact that might help loosen your tongue. Did you know there's a camera in the cheerleaders change room? And it has a microphone?"

"That sounds to me like a serious violation of the cheerleaders' privacy," I said, flexing my cock against her foot.

"It doesn't point toward the showers, or to the locker area where they change," she said as she applied firm pressure to my cock.

"I see," I said, playing it as cool as a cucumber (which by the way, is a stupid expression. I mean unless it just came out of the refrigerator, how cool is a cucumber? It isn't very cool at all when it's growing on the vine (or sometimes on a bush)).

"So I learned something about you today," she said.

"Then I think we both know what that is," I smiled, flexing my hardening cock against her foot again.

"You may be right," she nodded, slowly rubbing her foot up and down on my crotch. "But I'm still curious; just *what* did you recently learn about life?"

"You want the actual truth?"

"Yes please, the truthful truth," she nodded, 'truthful truth' being a phrase she often used in her addresses to the student body.

"I've recently experienced many occasions where girls or women become complete cock-hungry sluts, willing to do almost anything if it leads to their being allowed to suck or get fucked by a big, fat cock," I answered bluntly. "But the cock needs to be a *very* big and fat one."

"Is that so? she asked, now rubbing her foot on my dick in a slow, teasing, circular motion.

"My evidence is very compelling," I answered.

"I *bet* it is," she said. "And how long have you been gathering this data?"

"I didn't learn it all at once, and my journey began in earnest only a week ago today. Although I learned a bit of it the previous weekend," I admitted.

"I see," she said, removing her foot and standing up.

"Would you care to investigate my hard evidence up close and personal, Principal Appleby?" I asked, my confidence growing more and more with each lustful woman willing to risk her reputation, her pride, and sometimes even her job to interact with my dick.

"I think I'd like that very much," she said, dropping to her knees before me.

"Then I think whenever we're alone together, we should *both* address each other by our first names. What shall I call you in private, Principal Appleby?"

"My friends... including a few intimate ones... call me Cynthia."

"Then go right ahead and check it out, Cynthia," I said, looking down at her.

She brought her hands to my pants, undid them, and pulled out my cock. Even though she'd likely already seen it via the video camera, I imagine at such a distance it couldn't possibly have done my equipment justice. It was far more magnificent up close and personal, and even better inside a woman's hole... any of her holes.

"Oh *my*, Kevin," she gasped as she grasped it.

"What do you think of my theory now that you're handling the evidence?" I asked, for some reason playing her silly game and enjoying it. Seeing the most powerful person in the school captivated and enthralled with my dick, and seeing her on her knees with it in her hands was quite the coup, and quite the cock-throbbing rush.

"You've quickly developed a very strong case," she opined as she slowly stroked my cock.

"My evidence is even more convincing when you inspect it closely, Cynthia," I said, standing up to make it easier for her to do what she obviously wanted to do.

"I think you're correct; I must be thorough in this investigation," she said. "Especially since your theory is so blatantly sexist and egotistical. Which isn't to say it lacks merit."

"I'm just displaying the evidence that proves my theory," I said as she stared at my cock.

"It's so fucking big," she said, literally unable to take her eyes off my dick, and then our silly wordplay came to an end.

"Suck it, Cynthia," I ordered.

"I can't believe you're packing such a huge cock, Kevin!"

"And I know how to use it," I emphasized, as I took control and slid it into her mouth... thus ending the 'will she or won't she', since now we both knew how this encounter would be ending.

As soon as I'd helped her cross that final line... which she'd *actually* crossed the moment she escorted me into her office... she began bobbing.

"That's it," I said. "Show me how much you love my big, fat cock."

"Mmmmmmmm," she moaned on my cock as she bobbed. Most women started slowly, taking enough time to get used to my length and girth... but Cynthia really went to town the moment she started on my cock.

She took my first six inches with ease, smoothly bobbing back and forth.

I was grateful I'd already shot two loads today, the most recent one only ten or fifteen minutes ago all over Amber's face.

I asked, after enjoying her obviously very experienced mouth for a couple minutes while I pulled my cock away from her lips, "Did you watch me fucking Amber?"

"I did," she said with lust in her eyes.

"So you saw me bust my nut on her face?"

"I did," she said. "That was quite a load."

"Yeah, I always have big loads available, and good news for you: I reload quickly," I said, slapping her cheek with my cock.

"I also listened in on your conversation with Cherry. Despite her pretense of uninterest, I think you'll have *her* on her knees very soon too."

"You think so?"

"For sure," she said, licking up and down my long shaft.

"She didn't seem quite as enamored as my other sluts are, such as yourself," I said, as I shoved my cock all the way into her mouth, made her gag, and then pulled back out.

"You *brat*," she accused, wiping drool off her chin.

"I do whatever I want to my sluts," I shrugged.

"So I see. I approve of that approach," she said, licking my cock head. After a moment she offered, "I could blackmail her with some videos, if you want her."

"That's a generous offer, Cynthia," I said, "but I want her to come to me just because she can't resist me."

"Like I did just now," she said, bringing her mouth to my balls.

"Exactly," I said. "It's lots more fun to have someone begging for my dick."

"It *is* a really nice dick."

"I know," I said, always enjoying to watch someone in complete lust for my dick... and this time it was someone with all the power and the formidable reputation of Principal Appleby, known to a few intimates as Cynthia, which added to the excitement.

"Your newfound confidence is hot," she added as she sucked one of my balls.

"Discovering what most women will do for a big, fat cock is a powerful and life-changing experience," I said as she advanced to my other ball. I loved how she was worshipping my cock and balls without any instructions. It made me wonder whether she brought any other guys in here to afford her pleasure. So I asked, "Am I the first student to receive this generous kind of personal treatment?"

"No, you're far from the first," she said as her tongue slithered back up my shaft. "Although," she continued, stopping for a moment, I think for dramatic effect, "all the rest have been girls."

"I see," I said, as she swirled her tongue around my cock head... surprisingly not in much of a hurry since we were using her office in the middle of a school day. What if someone misbehaved in class and their teacher sent them to the principal's office? Would her secretary Grace warn her, and then I'd need to hide under her desk?

"And I'm not submissive with those girls at all," she added as she took my cock back into her mouth and began bobbing again.

"No?" I asked. "You seem like a *natural* submissive slut to me."

"Oh, I can be *very* submissive for someone with a great big cock like yours," she said, stroking the pertinent cock as she looked up at me. "But usually I just order around one of the dumb bitch girls for my pleasure."

"I see," I nodded. "Is Cherry one of them?"

"She *has* been called in on occasion for some discipline."

"Hot!"

"She isn't very good at eating pussy," she said. "But it's fun putting her in her place."

"I can imagine," I said, already imagining shutting the bitch up by sticking my cock down her throat.

She bobbed on my dick for another minute before I asked, kind of curious, "So you never bring guys in here?"

"Not for sex, no," she said as she took my cock out of her mouth. "I can't stand stupid guys."

"So size only matters when a guy is smart?" I asked, loving her approach.

"Yeah," she nodded as I pulled her up, spun her around and bent her over her desk. "And given what you just did, I also like a man who knows what he wants and takes it."

I flipped up her dress and pulled down her pantyhose and panties. "I'm all of those things."

"So I see," she said, turning her head around to watch me and my dick settling in behind her.

"Do you want my dick, Cynthia?" I asked as I rubbed my cock between her very wet pussy lips. I knew the answer, but I enjoyed hearing a woman who was normally in authority taking time out to beg me for things.

"Yes, I do want your dick, Kevin." And she moaned just from the touch of my cock, a couple millimetres past her pussy lips.

"I hope you're able to beg better than that, Cynthia," I said, continuing to rub her pussy. But not giving her what she wanted until she'd earned it.

"Fuck, Kevin," she moaned as I teased her. "*Please* shove that big, fat cock into my cunt and fuck me like I'm a cheap slut."

"Better," I said as I slid all the way into her with one long thrust.

"Oh fuuuuuck!" she moaned, as I was suddenly balls deep inside her pussy.

I rested inside her and asked, "Are there any slutty teachers here who'd go for my big cock?"

"Probably *all* the women," she said. "But you'll find Ms. Peterson a sure thing."

"Nice," I said, since she was pretty and one of the younger teachers.

"She's a major size slut," she added.

"Then I'll *really* have to offer her my services," I said as I began fucking her.

"Ooooooh, and Mrs. Camden will also want your dick," she added. Mrs. Camden was already on my to-do-someday list.

"She has quite an ass," I said as I started fucking her faster, both of my hands resting on her lower back.

"She's a *nasty* ass slut," she revealed.

"Nice," I said as I fucked her good. "My specialty is fucking asses."

"Oh fuck, Kevin, give me that cock!" she moaned.

"You like it strong?"

"Yes please, *slam* that cock into my cunt," she said, looking back at me with that glazed look almost every woman gave me... the look of utter lust that told me I could do anything I wanted with her.

"Do you take it in the ass too, Principal Slut?" I asked, obliging her request, beginning to slam into her hard... just like she wanted it.

"Occasionally," she replied through a long moan, so the word came out more like 'occ—as—ion---allyyyyyyyyyy."

"I bet you'd squeal like a pig if I stuck this dick up your ass," I said, although I didn't plan on doing that today.

"Oh God," she moaned, her orgasm already rising, "you'd tear me apart."

"And you'd fucking love it," I said, knowing she would... her big ass *obviously* made to be fucked.

"I would, I really would," she moaned as I continued pumping in and out of her... wanting to make her come right there on her desk.

And for the next two or three minutes I just fucked her.

No more talking.

Just fucking.

My body slamming into hers with each thrust.

"Don't stop, oh fuck, Kevin," she moaned, her orgasm imminent.

"Come on my fat cock," I ordered, pulling on her hair.

"Oh yes, fuck, Kevin, fuck me good!" she cried out wildly.

"Come right *now*, you dirty fuck slut," I demanded, slamming into her hard while her moans continued growing in uncontrollable rapture.

"Oh fuck, Kevin," she yelled, slamming her left hand against her desk a few times before her orgasm careened into her, "Yesssssss!"

As her body shook, I kept pumping my dick in and out of her, allowing my own orgasm to rise to the fore.

It was a minute or two later, my balls bubbling with a warm load, when I pulled out and ordered, "Knees, now!"

It was always hot and fun to see a woman mindlessly obeying such a humiliating order without hesitation, and the moment she was on her knees facing me, I unloaded my load on her face and, because I'm a bit of an asshole, onto her black dress as well.

Once I was done shooting, I slid my cock into her mouth, and she sucked out every last drop.

Satisfied, I pulled out, pulled up my pants and said, "Next time I fuck your ass."

"And I'll let you," she said as she slowly got off her knees.

"I should get to class," I said.

"Probably," she said as I squeezed her tits through her dress.

"I may have to titty fuck you too," I said.

"Mmmmmm," she purred, and I gave them one last firm squeeze before leaving her office.

As I paused next to her plump but pretty secretary, I said, as she looked at me knowingly, "Grace, next time you're invited to join us."

She didn't say anything, but she did smile and lick her lips, and I headed to class with another MILF added to my growing stable of sluts... one who could be very helpful in growing my collection even further.

I was late for class... again... but it didn't matter... at least not to me... since I was on a high... another conquest... another MILF willing to do absolutely anything for my big, fat cock.

Sitting in class, I decided next I should tackle Cherry.

But to my surprise, first I got her best friend Stephanie, who approached me just as I was leaving the classroom.

"Kevin, may I please talk to you for a minute?" she asked sheepishly, almost whispering, "in private?"

"Uh, sure," I nodded to the pretty brunette.

"Will you meet me in the cheerleaders change room in five minutes?" she asked, looking excited by my demeanor, even though I was laid back.

"Sure, babe," I agreed, calling her 'babe', but resisting the temptation to slap her ass, just as Ethan walked by.

"Stephanie, is this creep bothering you?"

"No, I asked if I could talk with *him*," she said.

I looked at Cherry, who was holding his hand yet was looking at me.

"Yeah, you're not top dog anymore, Ethan," I said, standing up to him.

"Excuse me?" he asked threateningly, facing off with me.

"You're... not... top... dog... anymore," I said much more slowly. "Is that simple enough for you?"

"You're done," he said, shoving me against the lockers.

"Yes, I *am* done. I'm done with being afraid of you," I said, shoving him back. Yes, I knew he could kick the shit out of me whenever he wanted, but no longer would I allow fear to control me. Plus, I had some sure-fire scholarships in my future, while he *maybe* had some football scholarships. He was much more at risk than I was.

"Oh?" he purred (like a panther), a smirk on his face.

I smirked right back. "*Plus...* I have something you never will; actually, I have *two* things you'll never have."

"And what could you *possibly* have that I don't?" he challenged me, too stupid to realise I was setting him up for some humiliation.

"Well, brains for one," I smirked.

"You big fucking *prick*," he said, shoving me against the locker again.

"You're not wrong," I smirked, his insult ironic. "Because that's the other thing I have over you."

His hand was at my throat as he demanded, "What does that nonsense even mean?"

"It means you have a teensy prick and I have a huge one," I said, preparing to take a punch from him since I was humiliating him.

"You fucking fat piece of *SHIT*!" he shouted, as he went to punch me, but was stopped.

"Enough!" Cherry barked, wrestling his hand away from my face.

"Don't you *dare*!" he growled, shoving her away before he realized this was his girlfriend, as she fell down onto the hard linoleum floor.

"Ouch! You *asshole*!" she shouted fiercely, her eyes like balls of fire as she lunged back up to her feet.

"Cherry, I'm *so sorry*!" he cried out in a panic.

"Fuck off, you male bitch," she sneered, and then she slapped him soundly across the face and stormed off.

"I'm not finished with you," he warned me, pushing me against the wall and running after her.

"Dude!" Liam approved, coming over and giving me a high five.

"Yeah, you're the man," someone else said.

"What's going on here?" Principal Appleby shouted, dispersing the crowd that had grown quickly.

"Just dealing with some trash," I said.

"Okay everyone, show's over," she announced, not shouting now, but still using a carrying voice.

The group headed off while I told them, "I have another meeting scheduled in the same place as before, if you guys want to come and watch." None of them would have a clue what I meant... except Cynthia.

"I just might do that... electronically of course," she said softly into my ear, then she gave me a wink, and I headed toward the cheerleaders' changing room to fuck my second cheerleader of the day.

Two more than I'd ever imagined doing before I'd discovered the value of my big, fat cock.

I reached the room, swaggered in, and saw Stephanie on her knees between Amber's legs licking her pussy. Amber was naked, but Stephanie was fully dressed in her cheerleader outfit... or so it appeared at first.

"Stephanie's commando today. So just lift her skirt and slide your big dick inside her, Kevin," Amber urged me with a wicked grin.

"You sure she wants me to?" I asked, wanting to hear the pretty cheerleader speak for herself and say she wanted me... while I watched one of the hottest sex acts ever... a cheerleader eating out another cheerleader... pretty much every teenage boy's dream... especially a nerd like I was.

Stephanie lifted her head and asked, "May I suck it before you shove it inside me the other place?"

"Sure! Come over here and do it," I replied.

"Mmmmmm," she purred, leaving Amber's pussy behind and hurrying over to me.

I watched her unbutton my pants and eagerly pull them down. Then my boxer briefs.

"Holy mother fucker!" Stephanie gasped, her eyes going huge, in complete awe of my hard cock as it popped out and almost slapped her in the face.

"It *has* already fucked a few mothers," I said as she took it in her hand.

"I bet," she said as she stroked it in utter lust... with that amazed look of heat so many girls exhibited the moment they saw my cock... and felt my cock... and were completely enamoured of my cock.

"Get sucking," Amber ordered her friend, her hand going to the back of Stephanie's head and pushing her mouth onto my cock.

Stephanie wrapped her lips around it and began sucking as Amber kept her hand firmly on her head.

"Do you cheerleaders dyke out?" I asked.

"Most of us," Amber said.

"Hot," I said.

"Yeah, any girl can eat pussy *lots* better than any guy can," Amber said.

"Maybe," I said, "but I hope you'll let me challenge that theory someday."

"You can challenge me anytime you like," she smiled. "Even inept pussy licking is better than no pussy licking."

"I plan on it," I said, as Stephanie bobbed on my cock with the same eager hunger all my sluts did.

A moment later Stephanie backed away and said, "Please Kevin, fuck me now."

"You're telling me you want this big dick?" I asked as I tapped it on her lips.

"Yes please, Kevin," she said as she pushed me against the wall, turned around and backed up... then reached her hand behind herself to guide my cock into her pussy.

I was impressed by her determination as she backed onto my cock... and as I'd expected, her pussy was soaked, so my cock slid inside her easily.

Then while I just leaned against the wall, she fucked herself on my cock... bouncing back on it and slamming it to me hard.

"Oh fuck," she moaned.

"I want to try that position too," Amber said.

"Not fucking yet, wait your turn," Stephanie warned her off while getting herself off on my dick.

I literally did nothing... just hung out and allowed let Stephanie fuck me.

Amber watched for a while and then began rubbing herself.

"Don't slow down, slut," I said, reminding her I was in charge, even though so far she'd been doing everything, so of course she'd also been making all the decisions.

"Oh yes, Kevin," she moaned loudly. "I'll be your slut whenever you want me."

"I'm his *first* slut," Amber said... as I enjoyed these two cheerleaders arguing over which of them got to be my top slut. I diplomatically didn't tell them my Mom was my top slut, followed by Ms. Chan, and then Mrs. Walker, then Tamara (she would argue she was nobody's slut and then let me fuck her ass anyway), and then Danai. These two hot cheerleaders weren't even in my top five.

"You're both good sluts," I told them (that was true at least), and when I bucked into her a moment later, she bounced back.

"Oh my God!" she screamed as my dick reached new depths inside her pussy.

"Get on all fours," I ordered, wanting to hurry and finish her off so I could watch some more lesbian action.

She hurried to obey.

"Now eat Amber's pussy while I pound *your* pussy," I ordered. So Amber quickly laid face up on the floor and maneuvered her sexy cunt beneath Stephanie's face.

"Anything for you, Kevin," Stephanie pledged as she buried her face in Amber's pussy the moment it was within reach, and I got back into position to resume fucking her from behind.

Their lesbian scene was so hot as I slid my dick back into Stephanie and fucked her hard.

"Ohhhhhhhh," both girls moaned.

"Hammer our slut," Amber urged me, as she placed a hand on the back of Stephanie's head and held her deep in her wetness.

"*Our* slut?" I grinned wolfishly.

"Yeah Kevin, I'll get us a *whole bunch* of sluts," she promised as I slammed into Stephanie... the idea of this cheerleader bringing me even more hot popular bitches to play with was very appealing. I decided to totally revise my equating her *at all* with Mrs. Dieks. Amber was *miles* ahead of that weak-willed old bitch. And of course prettier, too.

"You will, will you?" I asked as I kept pounding Stephanie.

"Yes, Kevin," she moaned, looking into my eyes. "So who do you want next?"

"All the senior cheerleaders," I chose.

"Oh, that'll be easy," she said. "Once we show them your cock."

"Even Cherry?" I asked.

"After what happened at lunchtime, I think she's become a real possibility."

"Yeah, she was really pissed at Ethan," I agreed.

"And when she was in this room with us earlier she denied being impressed, but to me there was no doubt she was *wowed* by your dick."

"Of course she was," I said, my confidence continuing to soar.

"Oh God," Stephanie said as she lifted her head.

"Beg, slut," Amber ordered, loving her part-time dominant role.

Stephanie didn't hesitate as she looked back at me while I fucked her hard, "Please give me that cock, Kevin. Fuck me like your cheap slut!"

"As you wish," I said, continuing to drill her from behind and knowing she'd be coming soon.

"Oh fuck, yes! I'm going to... I'm going to... I'm going to coooooooooome," she babbled, and she *screamed* as her orgasm hit her hard, and then she literally face planted into Amber's pussy.

Amber ground on her face as she once again held Stephanie's head deeply into her cunt while I kept fucking her.

The sight was really hot... I only wished I could see Stephanie's [\[A1\]](#)tits, as Amber smoothly ground her pussy all over her face.

Amber came a minute later just before I pulled out and ordered, "Both of you get your faces in place for my load."

Stephanie rolled away from my dick and turned around, her face shiny with Amber's wetness, as Amber weakly pushed herself up to her hands and knees, still undergoing a long orgasm.

"Give me that load, Kevin," Stephanie demanded, her pretty face ready and waiting for my cum.

"No, give it to *me*, Kevin," Amber argued, pushing Amber aside a bit.

"No, you'll *both* get my load," I adjudicated, stroking my cock and waving it back and forth between the two popular cheerleaders.

"Please, I *need* your cum," Stephanie begged, and I aimed my dick at her face and obliged her request as my first rope of cum splattered all over it.

I then aimed my dick at Amber so I could fulfill her request too, and ropes two and three of my cum splashed onto her pretty face.

I turned back to Stephanie and shot one last (and much smaller) wad onto her face before sliding my cock back into her mouth.

She smoothly resumed sucking, extracting the last few dribbles of my load into her mouth.

When I pulled out a minute later, I ordered, "Now kiss each other."

The two girls turned to each other and made out for a while before taking turns licking the cum off each other's faces, which was fucking hot to watch.

I watched them for a couple minutes before I tucked my dick away and said, "Amber, let me know when you have another slut for me."

"And then will you fuck *me*?" she asked.

"If you bring me Cherry, Sylvia or Cameron, I'll fuck you immediately after I fuck them," I promised.

Cherry would be my ultimate cheerleader conquest, the beautiful Sylvia was a stuck-up bitch and some pompous politician's daughter (thus not at all beautiful on the inside), while Cameron was a model with a couple of commercials and lots of posters under her belt... including a from-the-waist-down one of her wearing just pantyhose, which was really hot. All three of them had treated me like shit on more than one occasion... Sylvia had frequently called me Porky Pig when we were in middle school... and insults like that you don't forget.

Amber nodded, "I can make at least one of those girls into a reality."

"Which one?" I asked.

"That..." she said as she came over to me and squeezed my cock through my pants, "...is for me to know, and for you to fuck right after you find out."

"You tease," I said.

"Nope, I don't tease, I deliver," she said, then kissed me... kissing having been very rare during my fuck fest today... kissing so much more intimate than blow jobs or fucking.

"That's my girl, now make it happen," I said, slapping her bare ass.

"I will," she said. "But then you'd better give me your very best rough fucking."

"That goes without saying," I said, and I swaggered out of my new favourite room in the school... the library retreating to a distant second.

I was in my next class when I heard Principal Appleby page Ethan to her office. I assumed she wasn't paging him for the same reason she'd wanted me when I visited her earlier. She was a real size queen, and Ethan certainly couldn't offer her much in that respect.

As I was heading for my last class of the day, Amber came running up to me and asked, "Did you hear?"

"Hear what? That you got me a senior cheerleader already?" I asked.

"No, that's still in the works," she said. "But that's not what I meant. Ethan just got suspended!"

"He did?" I asked, this surprising me. He was a jock and therefore untouchable... or so I'd thought.

"Yeah, the video showed him shoving you and then knocking Cherry down, and later on punching the glass in the front door and shattering it to pieces," she said, clearly enjoying to tell me all this.

"No way," I said, both intrigued by what had happened, but also by what might happen next... since Ethan naturally would blame this on me.

"Yeah," she said. She then asked, "You sure you don't want to dump a load in me right now?"

"Sexpot, you're quite the temptress."

"Because I'm your sure thing," she said, her warm breath on my neck getting me hard.

"I'd love to, but I can't go back on my promise or my word will mean nothing," I said. And I promised to fuck you *after* I fucked whoever you bring me next."

"Fine," she said. "I certainly like a man who knows what he wants."

"Good; and I like a slut who knows how to obey," I said as the bell rang. I was late for *another* class!

"I'll always do anything you tell me to," she said. Fuck, she was so hot, and although she wasn't all that bright, unlike most cheerleaders, she was very sweet.

"I know you will," I said, then turned and walked away... always leaving them wanting more.

I'd just about made it to my class when I saw Cherry hurrying towards me, obviously wanting a word.

"You!" she called out in a tone and with a facial expression that were unreadable... not particularly angry, yet not particularly pleasant either.

"Yes?" I responded as casually as I could.

"Meet me in the cheerleader's room *right now*," she ordered.

"I have a class I'm already late for," I said, playing hard to get, even though there was only one reason she'd be inviting me to the cheerleader's room, especially since she'd already seen my package in there.

"Now," she ordered.

"Okay," I said, "but you'd better make it worth my while."

"No worries about that. You're about to get spectacularly lucky," she bragged, and then she turned and rushed away.

I smiled.

My string of scoring today was getting too good to be true... but it was hurting my attendance record. I might need to chat with Cynthia to take care of that issue, since I now appeared to be her favourite student.

I scuttled past my class, and for the third time today entered the room every other guy in the school fantasized about seeing the inside of even once.

Cherry said as soon as I joined her, "You're gonna fucking tell *nobody* about this!"

"Agreed. But you understand *you're* not the one doing *me* a favour here," I said, wanting to make it clear that whether she fucked me or not, I wouldn't stand for her treating me with any more disrespect. "I'm doing *you* a favour."

"Excuse me?" she asked archly, clearly not accustomed to being challenged by anyone, especially not by a fat, nerdy kid like me.

"I can fuck at least half a dozen girls in here anytime I want, and lots more girls and women outside of school," I said, and I wasn't bragging, I was simply stating facts. I wasn't all that sure half a dozen schoolgirls was accurate yet, but I knew I'd get there soon.

"Do you understand who I am?" she asked haughtily.

"Yeah, you're the hoop de doo grand poo bah head cheerleader. But you're also a horny bitch who's hungry for my big cock," I said, going over to her.

"Excuse me?" she repeated, her eyes fiery, yet I sensed it would take almost no effort at all to get her onto her knees and sucking my dick. "Tubby, you're no big deal, I'm just fucking you to get back at Ethan."

"Are you?" I asked, now standing immediately in front of her.

"Yes," she asserted. "Having sex with you will really piss him off."

"Yes, that's a fact," I agreed, still oozing confidence, "but another fact is you haven't been able to stop thinking about my big, fat cock ever since you first saw it, have you?"

"Yeah, you wish," she scoffed, but she was a shitty actress.

"I don't have to wish," I said, "I can see it in your eyes. You want my cock badly, and you hate that you do."

"You got that last part right," she admitted.

"Yet here we are," I smiled, loving this opportunity to push her limits.

"No one can find out," she said.

"So you'd object if I Instagrammed pictures of what we're about to do?" I joked as I placed my hands on her shoulders.

"Do you even *have* Instagram?"

"Yep," I nodded, and I gently pushed her down.

As I'd expected, she didn't resist in the slightest, and the most desired girl in the school was suddenly on her knees in front of me.

"Go ahead, take out my big, fat cock," I said, looking down at her.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she said while she obeyed my order.

"I can," I said. "Once you first caught sight of my cock, which is substantially longer and fatter than your tiny-dicked boyfriend's, this moment was inevitable."

"You're so cocky," she said.

"And with good reason," I said as she pulled my dick out.

"Jesus!" she gasped, as my cock in all its hard and fat glory emerged right in front of her eyes. She'd already known I was big from seeing my dick from a few feet away, but now that she was only a couple *inches* away from it she had a brand new perspective.

"I know," I said, never getting tired of women's astonished reactions to my cock.

"You must have stolen this monster cock from a *horse*," she said as she stroked it, completely enamoured by it.

"Thanks," I said, not having heard that comparison before.

She kept stroking and licking my cock head.

"I'll bet Ethan has never gotten you off, has he?"

"No, never," she admitted, throwing him under the bus without hesitation.

"I'll make you come like you've never come before."

"That won't be hard, I've *never* come from having sex."

"Never?" I asked, totally surprised.

"Not from anyone's dick."

"How about from your cheerleader friends' tongues?"

"Oh yeah, they're pretty good," she said as she licked up and down my shaft. "And a few moms, too."

"Mmmmmm, you fuck moms too?" I asked, as she licked her tongue up my shaft.

"Yeah, I have a knack for drawing straight women right to me," she said, "especially married ones."

"So do I."

"I believe you. Once they see this cock, I imagine you've got a slam dunk," she said, swirling her tongue around my cock head, seeming in no hurry to get down to business... which I found flattering.

"Yeah, I don't score sluts because of my good looks," I admitted.

"Sorry for your bad luck; high school isn't fair."

"No it isn't, but in the end everyone gets what they deserve," I said.

"I suppose," she said, and then she leaned forward and took my cock in her mouth.

"I've wanted to see you with my cock in your mouth for a long time," I said, loving this chance to have my dick in the mouth of the most popular girl in school... and it was doubly enjoyable, since she'd been dating the guy I hated the most... or maybe she still was... I had no idea if she'd officially broken up with him after that lunchtime drama.

She didn't reply verbally, but she did moan softly on my cock as she took five inches of it in with relative ease.

And for a couple minutes she sucked my cock.

And for a couple minutes I enjoyed watching her suck my cock.

Then I wanted to fuck her.

I pulled out and said, "Sit on the bench and spread those sexy legs."

"Why? So you can fuck me?"

"Yeah. Is that a problem?"

"Not at all," she said, "I really want you to." She got off her knees, went to the bench, sat down, spread her tanned legs and said, "Hurry up, I need your cock inside me."

I went over to her and surprised her I think, when I dropped to my knees and started licking her completely shaved pussy.

"Oh my," she moaned, surprised by my tongue which was lapping away between her very wet pussy lips.

"I'm a multi-tasking pussy pleaser," I said as I wiggled my tongue up and down, up and down.

"Ethan hasn't ever gone down on me," she moaned.

"Figures, the selfish bastard," I said, as I licked her some more, then tugged on her clit with my lips.

"Oh my God," she moaned as I worked her pussy over. It didn't take long before she was begging, "That's really good; but Kevin, please fuck me now,"

Wanting to push her to the limit, to show her who was boss, I said as I stood up, "Call me Master."

"Master?" she asked, this new requirement surprising her.

"Yes. You're my slut, my pet, my fuck toy, my bimbo and my slave," I listed, wanting to make her utterly submissive to me. "And I'm your Master."

"You're serious?" she asked as I brought my cock to her pussy and rubbed it up and down its lips.

"One hundred percent serious," I said. "I need to know you really want my dick, so I suggest you start obeying me totally; And it's not all about me, I think you'll really get off on doing it. Or if you'd rather, I can replace you in here with Amber within five minutes. Or Stephanie."

"I admit they're pretty girls, but I'm hotter than either of them," she said.

"Maybe," I shrugged. "But that doesn't mean you're a better fuck." To spur her on to declaring she was my slut, I slid all the way into her, and then pulled all the way back out. And waited to see what she'd do.

"Ooooooooooh, fuuuuuck nooooooooo," she moaned. "Put it back in! NOWWWW!"

I gave her just one more deep penetration and quickly out again, and her eyes glazed over the same way so many others had done before.

"Just say the word," I said. "You know which one."

"Please just fuck me," she said, trying not to give in.

"I'm going to count to three," I said. "If by the time I finish you don't say the word and tell me what kind of fuck slut you are, I'm going to zip myself up and leave you behind."

I then slid my dick into her and fucked her hard for three seconds. "One... two...."

"Damn it, Master," she declared, beyond frustrated from her desperation to get fucked by my big dick, "I'm your cheerleader slut!"

"There you go," I said as I began fucking her... without stopping this time.

"Oh yes, give it to me, Master," she moaned, this time saying the word without needing any persuasion.

"This cunt is mine now, isn't it?" I asked as I pumped her good.

"Yes, yes Master, my cunt is yours anytime you want it," she moaned, my fat cock spreading her pussy lips wide.

"Even if you're with your boyfriend?"

"Ethan is history. Fuck him!"

"I think he might be a secret faggot who'd love my dick in his ass," I said, not a possibility I'd ever considered before, but humiliating him by turning him into a bottom suddenly looked intriguing.

"Oh, fuck Master, that would be so hot," she moaned. "If you let me help you somehow, we'd put that fucking asshole in his place."

"You want to help me fuck your ex-boyfriend?" I asked.

"Yeah, I really want to punish that asshole," she said.

"Both literally and figuratively," I laughed.

"Yeah Master," she agreed, although I doubted she totally understood my meaning. "But for now, please fuck me harder."

"Because you're my slut?" I asked.

"Yes, Master, I truly am," she agreed with wild, reckless moans.

"And my cum bucket?" I added.

"Yes, I want your fucking load," she agreed. "Or better yet, lots of them."

"How about being my three-hole bimbo?" I continued, foreshadowing drilling her asshole.

"Oh fuck, your big, fat cock would tear my ass apart," she moaned. I was really hammering her pussy now... getting a little worried I might knock her off the bench.

"Yeah, and you'd fucking love it," I said as I pulled out.

"No, no, Master, shove your dick back in my sloppy *cunt*," she begged, close to coming and in completely desperate rapture.

"Stand up, bend over, and rest your hands on the bench," I ordered.

"Yes, Master," she agreed, and then did, with impressive speed... spreading her legs wider than I'd thought she was able to. "Now, please Kevin, fuck my cunt and spew your load wherever you want."

"You want me to come in your cunt?" I asked as I slid back into her.

"Like I said, anywhere you want," she moaned as my hands went to her hips, and now I fucked her as hard as I could. "Ooooooh fuck, Master!"

"I'm going to come in all three of your holes and all over your pretty face," I promised. "Not all of them right now, but over time."

"Yes, Master, take all the time you like; you own my pussy now," she said, her orgasm obviously imminent.

"I know I do," I said as I kept pumping into her pussy, and then wanting to hear her scream, I stuck a finger into her puckered asshole.

"Oh yes, finger my asshole," she moaned, looking back at me.

I did as she asked, and was soon double penetrating her with my dick and three fingers... which expedited and enhanced her inevitable orgasm.

"Oh, fuck Kevin... oh fuck, give it... oh fuck... my cunt... my ass... give it to... ooooooh, me... fuck yes... yes... fucking yes!" she babbled through the next minute until her orgasm ripped through her.

I didn't slow down, since after bestowing a few facials today, I decided just to shoot my load into the cheerleader's pussy this time.

"Ready for my load?" I asked a dozen or so strokes later.

"Yes, fill my cunt with your cum," she agreed, as her body continued quaking from her intense orgasm.

Then wanting to reinforce my dominance, I pulled my cock and finger out of her, and in one quick motion, I slammed my dick into her tight asshole.

"Oh you *fucker!*" she screamed as I tore her ass apart.

"This *asshole* is mine too," I growled as I slowly fucked her intensely tight ass.

"Since you're already in there, go ahead and come in my ass," she said while a mixture of pleasure and pain swirled through her.

My balls already close to busting from fucking her pussy, her amazingly tight ass muscles, which she somehow managed to tighten even more as I fucked her ass, soon became too much for me, so after only a few more smooth strokes, I spewed my load up her ass.

"Yessssss," she moaned as she felt my cum spraying inside her butt.

I kept pumping into her until every last drop was deep inside her bowels before I pulled out, and without even a word from me, she turned around, dropped to her knees, and took my cock into her mouth... subjecting herself to the notoriously wicked ass to mouth... a very hot, lustful moment... better than any porn flick.

I let her suck me for a minute or two... just enjoying the sight of the hottest girl in school being my complete whore.

Finally I pulled out and said, "You really *are* a nasty slut."

"I can't believe I let you do that," she said, licking my cock some more.

"I can," I said. "After settling for being fucked by that little boy dick all those times, I imagine getting fucked by a man-size dick is pretty life changing."

"True, but I hate that it's you."

"Because I'm overweight?"

"Yes. And nerdy, too."

"But you'll still take my dick again, won't you?" I said, slapping her face with my tool.

"In a heartbeat," she admitted. "But I can't believe you came in my *ass!* And it's oozing out!. *Icky!*."

"Yeah," I shrugged as I pulled my pants up. "Only a real slut will let a guy come in her ass."

"You really *are* an asshole," she said, standing up.

"And you take it *up* the asshole," I shot back, slapping her ass.

"This stays between us," she repeated the words before this fuck started.

"I never fuck and tell... except to a lady I know who writes. She writes it all down, changes all the names and posts my true stories on the internet," I said, admiring her beauty even after a good fuck.

"What we just did is going on the *internet?!'*" she gasped.

"Yeah, but nobody will ever figure out who we are. Our names will be different, and the readers won't even know whether we live in the United States or Canada," I assured her. "And I'll never tell *anybody* around here, except for that sexy friend I just mentioned."

"She's your *sexy* friend? Are you hinting that you're screwing *her* too?"

"Yeah, she's hot. And so is her son's girlfriend we're cuckolding him with."

"Now you're just talking crazy stuff. I don't think I should believe you... and no one else will either," she said.

"You're probably right," I said. "But just between us and probably Amber, we know *you're* my slut now." I then turned to where I knew the camera was, waved at it and asked, "Enjoy the show Cynthia?"

"*What?*" she exploded. "Who the hell is *Cynthia?*"

"Don't worry," I reassured her. "I'm just being silly. Aunt Cynthia was my imaginary friend back when I was three."

"Oh. That's all right then," she said much more calmly.

I slapped her ass and headed out, my swagger getting more pronounced with each new conquest.

I decided to skip my last class of the day completely, and go get a late lunch... since I'd not only skipped breakfast but been busy at lunchtime, and only now realized I hadn't eaten in like forever.

And although I didn't want to, I needed to be at a downtown gym at 4:00 to meet Amanda... since Tamara Grady had ordered me to do it, and although like everyone else she loved my dick, I knew not to fuck with her.

So I went to a Subway, which was relatively healthy fast food, ate, checked my phone, and just relaxed for a while. It had been a crazy day.

At 3:30 after replying to a text from Tamara to confirm I was going to the gym, I headed over... for the first time not looking forward to meeting a girl who I assumed would be hot.

.....

I arrived at the gym.

A pretty college student who was expecting me issued me a day pass.

In the men's locker room, I changed into the gym gear I'd brought with me.

Old me hated wearing gym gear... I couldn't ever compete with all the muscleheads... all the jocks... all the assholes... but now that I was having so much success with the ladies, I didn't care what any guys thought of me. I might not ever become a heavily muscled stud, but I'd definitely be a stud.

I went into the gym proper.

A very pretty... and pixie-like but buff... particularly dark black girl with a very short afro... probably in her early twenties... came up to me as I was looking around. "Are you Kevin?"

"I am," I agreed. "Are you Amanda?"

"I am," she said. "Tamara Grady tells me you want to get in better shape."

"Yeah, I wouldn't mind being a bit more svelte," I said, knowing I'd *never* be described as svelte.

"I can help you with that," she said.

"Help away," I said.

Then for the next forty-five minutes I was worked over. I don't know what I'd thought would happen... but somehow after all my good fortune... I'd assumed this would be some sort of sexual workout.

Nope!

The petite Amanda drove me like she was a sadistic drill sergeant.

It was brutal!

My entire body ached... even my hair!

Once she was done with me, she instructed, "Now go into the sauna and just relax."

"I think you just killed me," I groaned, dripping with sweat.

"Trust me, those burns are always good," she said.

"That's not what my body is telling me."

"No pain, no gain."

"That doesn't work if I'm dead," I said as I headed to the sauna.

I was in the sauna for only a minute or so, all alone and having taken my shirt off, when Amanda came in and asked, "Ready for your cooldown?"

"Cool? It's like a sauna in here," I quipped.

"I didn't mean literally," she laughed as she came over to me.

"Oh, *that*," I said, realizing what she meant.

"Let's see what you're packing."

"Here?" I asked.

"Yeah, I set out a sign saying the sauna's closed for maintenance."

"I see," I said, standing up and pulling off my shorts and underwear.

"Wow! Tamara certainly wasn't lying," she said, "stand up on the bench." And as soon as I did, her face was right next to my quickly growing cock. (Have I mentioned she was hot? As hot as Tamara even?)

"You like?" I asked. She answered not with words, but by taking my very sweaty cock into her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned as this pretty and hot-bodied personal trainer began her own workout.

I enjoyed her experienced mouth for a couple minutes until she backed away and said, "Sit down, Kevin."

"Yes ma'am," I said, very content to sit down... since my entire body was still aching.

She stripped completely naked except for her gym shoes (her totally bald pussy was very eye catching), turned away from me, thus giving me a great view of her tight black ass, reached behind herself for my cock (which by now was completely hard), and then she slowly lowered herself onto it.

"Oh yeah, this is a *great* cock," she said as she dropped herself completely onto it and began riding me.

"You're so fucking hot," I said, reaching around and cupping her tits.

"I'm going to work you good and hard now," she said, as she really bounced on my cock.

"I like this workout lots better," I said, as somehow she was tightening her pussy around my cock as she rode me.

"Yeah, distressing after a workout is vital," she said.

"Agreed. And fun, too," I said, letting go of her small, ultra-firm breasts, leaned back, and let her do all the work.

She rested her hands on my knees and really began working my dick over. She sucked all of it into her pussy with each downstroke, and milked my dick with her pussy muscles. I could literally feel them tightening and releasing around my cock.

I imagine if I hadn't already dumped a few loads inside and onto several girls and two women today, I wouldn't have lasted very long. But luckily I did.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she worked herself on my dick... her tight but flexible body was an amazing sight to behold.

"I don't know what you're doing to my dick, but it feels fucking amazing!" I groaned. I wouldn't last much longer.

"I do lots of Kegel exercises," she moaned, really bouncing on my dick, and she too seemed close to coming.

"Fucking amazing," I said, trying to hold back for as long as I could.

"Come inside me," she invited, sensing I was as close as she was.

"And you come *on* me," I reciprocated as I prepared to unload into her.

"Oh yes, come in me now, *now, NOW!*" she demanded. I eagerly obliged her request, even though there'd been *no way* I was going to last any longer anyway, and I shot my load right up into her pussy. As my load shot inside her, it triggered her orgasm. "Yeeeeeeeees!"

She collapsed onto my cock and leaned back against me while I was still spewing sperm inside her, and her body kept trembling against my sweaty chest.

For a couple minutes, maybe more, she rested against me... her body collapsed and quaking.

Finally she shakily climbed off me and said, as cum leaked out of her... a blend of hers and mine, "I expect you to come see me four days a week. And *every* day drink lots of sports drinks."

"Oh, I'll come here anytime you want me," I smirked.

"I'll put you through some very unorthodox workouts," she warned, bending down and sucking my cock again.

"With you, I think I could get used to working out," I said. "You almost killed me out there in the gym, but you really brought me back to life in here."

"I'll always push you... sexually and otherwise," she said a moment later as she stood back up.

I stood up too and said, sweat dripping down me, "I really need a shower."

"See you on Wednesday," she said as she got dressed.

"At four?"

"Yes."

And still weakened from the workout, the fucking, and the heat of the sauna... not the best place for a fuck... I stood under the tepid shower... I certainly didn't want a hot one!... for several minutes.

....

Today had been wild!

I'd fucked three cheerleaders.

I'd had sex with two women, getting a blow job, plus fucking Principal Cynthia Appleby... and our next time would be a threesome with her secretary.

I'd played a part in getting the biggest asshole bully in the school suspended... and then I'd fucked his ex-girlfriend... and came in her ass.

I'd started working out.

I'd fucked a super hot personal trainer. Call me racist if you want, but fit black women are the best!

What a great Monday!

And the day wasn't even over yet... except I wasn't sure if I had enough energy left to fuck anyone else today.

Or could I?

THE END OF BIG FAT COCK: EGGED ON

COMING NEXT MAYBE:

BIG FAT COCK: ELDERLY WOMEN NEED DICK TOO

[\[A1\]](#) If Kevin is fucking Stephanie from behind and Stephanie is eating Amber's pussy while Amber lies on her back, it should be easy for Kevin to see her tits (but not Stephanie's).