

BIG FAT COCK: DUMB CHEERLEADER

silkstockingslover

BFC is used to dominate a hot blonde cheerleader.

Erotic Couplings

4.7

7k words

Summary: BFC is used to dominate a hot blonde cheerleader.

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 three stories and isn't in this one either.

Note 2: This is the fourth part in a potentially lengthy story of one 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 role play. It also has Kevin learning more about his mother's slut past and sets up Kevin's plan to give his sexual mentor Ms. Chan a special gift... his cock in her other holes (which is what the next chapter will tell).

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.

Note 3: Thanks to Tex Beethoven and Robert for editing.

BIG FAT COCK: Dumb Cheerleader

I woke up at 11:45. I got out of bed and discovered Mom wasn't home, but there was a note on the kitchen table saying she'd be at work for a few hours (such a dedicated worker, working on a Saturday).

I texted Mrs. Walker and said I could tutor her son tomorrow afternoon, if that worked for her.

I poured myself some Wheaties (it's the breakfast of champions), had breakfast and got a response from Mrs. Walker that 1PM after church would work. I responded saying that worked, and I walked down the street for my morning blow job... in the afternoon.

I walked in and Ms. Chan called out, "Good afternoon, sleepyhead. Did I wear you out last night?"

"I guess so," I chuckled, as I entered the kitchen, smiling to myself, reminiscing about Mom and I double penetrating her a dozen plus hours ago.

"In the living room," she called out.

I went into the living room and saw she was watching television and having lunch. She said, "I could use some homemade mayo on my sandwich."

"I've been keeping it warm for you all morning," I smiled, as I walked up to her.

She fished out my cock, took it into her mouth and bobbed, as normal and natural as a morning hug. This was simply our relationship.

I came over.

She blew me.

I came in her mouth or in her coffee, we chatted while she often gave me excellent advice about my journey as a dominant, I shot a second load somewhere relevant (coffee, mouth, face) and left.

Today it would be on her sandwich, but this relationship with her had become not only my routine, but also my safe place.

Truth was all the massive changes I'd been going through for the past week and a half were awesome, but they were also a bit overwhelming and confusing. I had to be strong for Mom and dominant for some of my other sluts, but Ms. Chan was not only my cock sucker, which indeed she was, but my mentor, my sounding board. Someone who understood what I was going through and could explain it to me. Quite frankly, I would have been rudderless without her, flailing around in utter confusion and probably hurting some women who deserved far better from me.

This being my first load of the day, pretty late for me, I didn't last long, warning her in barely enough time for her to back off, then grab her sandwich and open it as I exploded my not-very-secret sauce onto her lunch meat.

"Mmmmmm," she said, as I coated her sandwich filling.

Once done, she took my cock back in her mouth for a minute before saying, "I've never tried this condiment in a sandwich before."

I watched as she closed her sandwich and took a bite.

God, she was one sexy, crazy, Asian slut.

After she took a couple bites she critiqued, "Definitely adds some flavour."

I smiled, "It's a very special sauce."

"Agreed," she nodded, then as if reading my mind, she asked, "But enough about what you do for me. What's on your mind today?"

"Am I that transparent?" I asked.

"I read people," she said.

I nodded, "That you do."

"So what is it, dear?"

One moment she's sucking my cock, next minute she's eating a cum sandwich, then she's being a sweet, caring counselor.

I asked, "So how do I seduce someone?"

"Besides just pulling out your big fat cock?" she asked playfully, glancing at my semi-flaccid cock.

"Will that work?" I asked, my luck being amazing so far, but every slut so far had been turned by my dad first (who also had a big, fat cock, just not as big and fat as mine... I've never mentioned that before, have I?); so I didn't know if I could make someone into a cock hungry slut on my own.

"I assume you have someone in mind. Do you like this girl?" she asked, before taking another bite of the cum sandwich.

I thought of my nerd acquaintance Heather, who I thought the world of but didn't even have the nerve to strike up a conversation with. I didn't feel at all ready to advance that possibility, nor was I sure I was even capable of a real relationship, which is what I would want with her. Instead, I thought about my afternoon ahead with Amber and answered, "Not particularly, she's a cheerleader bitch."

"So someone you want to revenge fuck," Ms. Chan nodded.

"Revenge fuck?" I said, unsure what that meant.

"What I mean, is she is someone you want to fuck the hell out of," she said. "Someone you want to dominate to make a statement after several years of being dissed?"

"Exactly," I said, thinking that was pretty much exactly what I wanted, and again impressed by how well Ms. Chan knew me.

"Do you care if you get rejected?"

"I'd prefer not to be," I said, "but I wouldn't be any worse off if I were."

She took another bite of the cum sandwich before she said, "The most important thing you need is confidence."

"I think I have that now," I said.

"You do with your harem of cock-hungry cum sluts," she said, sounding so hot with her nasty mouth.

I thought the answer was yes, until she actually asked the question and then I wasn't so sure. "I guess you're right: I don't know," I admitted, feeling some insecurity wash through me.

Oddly, this was new.

I was never insecure around cheerleaders or jocks because deep down I always knew I was superior to them academically, but now that I was thinking of interacting instead of ignoring them, I didn't want to be rejected by one. I didn't want to give them any fuel for their fire of cheap superiority.

Being bullied for being smart, or teased for not being a muscled jock never fazed me, but being rejected sexually worried me... one of many reasons I'd long avoided any opportunity to be rejected. I was now feeling insecurity like I'd never felt before, and I didn't like it.

"Women are attracted to confidence, it honestly is its own aphrodisiac," she explained.

"Really?" I asked, as I processed her words and pondered how that made sense. My big cock had definitely played a role in my sudden good fortune with the MILFs in the community, but my

increased swagger had also enhanced my strong position with them, and seemed to make them fall even more in lust with me... this was definitely true for my neighbour slut Mrs. Dieks.

"Think about it," she said. "Girls in high school are drawn to jocks. Sure, sometimes the jocks are also good looking, and sometimes smart, but girls are primarily attracted by their confidence."

"I guess," I said, that helping to explain the pathetic hierarchy I'd witnessed my whole life, it getting even worse in high school.

"There's no guessing if you're paying attention," she said, shaking her head, "it's just human nature."

"Human nature?" I asked, sounding more like a parrot than a Mensa candidate.

"For a genius, you really don't get people," she laughed, before taking another bite of her cum sandwich.

"I don't like people," I pointed out.

"And yet you have the power to be a natural leader," she said.

"Not in high school," I scoffed.

"Maybe, maybe not," she shrugged, "but you can definitely create a bigger impact than you currently do."

"I think constant scorn and condemnation are my natural attributes," I shrugged.

"Those ones won't get you the ladies," she said. "If you scorned and condemned me, I wouldn't give you the time of day, no matter what size your cock was. But like we've discussed before, you treat me with respect except for the times I invite you to treat me like a slut. And even at those times I don't feel you're judging me, you're just helping me get my buttons pushed. But more to today's point, even when you're expressing your vulnerabilities like now, you're confident around me, and I like that."

"I'm confident because I know you won't reject me. That's not the case with the cheerleaders and the other popular girls."

"Be charming with them," she suggested.

"I'm not sure that's even in my skill set," I joked.

She smiled, "Kevy, that's your main problem."

"What is?"

"You're insecure," she accused me.

"I am not," I quickly defended, sitting down beside her.

"Sorry, honey," she said putting her hand on my leg, "with your Mom and me and your other sluts you're not, but with outsiders, you are."

"How?"

"You hide your insecurities and your inferiority complex behind your sarcasm and your lofty attitude," she said.

"I don't care what they think," I stressed.

"I know that's what you tell yourself, and possibly tell them too on occasion, and it's even mostly true," she acknowledged, but she continued, "yet part of you is like everyone else who wants to fit in."

"That's not me," I said.

"That's you being in a river in Egypt. You wouldn't like to be popular?"

"I wouldn't hate it," I joked, this conversation more than a little uncomfortable for me. My whole school existence and coping mechanisms were being questioned.

"Exactly," she nodded. "So take the confidence you already have academically, mix it with the sudden power you've inherited with your big fat cock and harness that into a new you."

"A new me?" I questioned.

"Yes, you've never cared what people think," she said, "take that and your newfound confidence to stand up for yourself and for others like you."

"How?" I asked again.

"I can't tell you all the hows, but instead of sitting in the classroom nursing your scorn and envy, speak up and take control of your fate," she answered.

"I'll offend someone," I pointed out.

"Good," she nodded, "we need more bluntness."

"I'm definitely blunt," I chuckled, as I stood up and... confidently... slid my semi-erect cock in her mouth.

As she sucked me for ten minutes plus, I contemplated her words. Perhaps I could show this confidence with Amber. It would be a lot easier to try while facing just one person and in my own home rather than at school in front of cat-calling witnesses.

I deposited my load down her throat before I asked, "I'm still not sure how to make Amber into my slut."

"Confidence and somehow letting her know what you're packing," she suggested.

"Just whip it out?" I asked, concerned about being laughed at, which made me realize I did care what others thought.

Damn.

"That may actually work," she laughed, before adding, "especially if you do it with confidence. But I'd suggest you go commando and wear sweats that will let her detect what you're packing down below. See if she notices."

"That makes sense," I nodded, preferring to have an actual plan of sorts.

"If you get lucky and she appreciates your special package, that's awesome," she said, "if you don't, you still have women all around the block happy to show you their appreciation."

"True," I nodded, before adding, "I just want to be able to get women without my Dad's prepping them for me."

"I understand," she agreed. "You want to prove you're capable on your own. That you're your own man."

"Exactly."

"But remember, being a man is a lot more than who you can fuck."

I smiled, "I love when you swear."

"Fuck. Cunt. Asshole. Big fat cock," she listed, saying each in a sexy voice.

"And I'm hard again," I joked, although I wasn't really joking, as I was indeed hard again.

"But I'm serious," she said. "Being a real man is a lot more than sex,"

"I know," I nodded, before clarifying, "I don't want to be like my father."

She put her hand on mine and said in a serious tone, "Except for down below, you're nothing like your father."

"Thank you," I said, happy she saw me as different than my asshole father. "Those are the nicest words you've ever said to me."

"And you're bigger," she said smiling again.

"And those are the second nicest ones," I said, getting my swagger back... loving that I was bigger than my egotistic asshole of a father.

"Good luck," she said.

"Thanks, I'll need it," I laughed awkwardly.

"Just be yourself."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I said, this time mostly joking.

"Your new self," she corrected.

"Right, right," I nodded, still not sure I was capable of seducing someone on my own.

I went home, removed my underwear, put on a pair of sweats and waited... knowing that if I got a hard on in these, it would be impossible to hide. But maybe that wouldn't be a bad thing.

I then thought how ridiculous this big cock theory would have seemed if I hadn't been living it the last little while. Based on all my prior experience this was a ludicrous theory... yet it was my new reality. I would have tried to debunk it if it were presented to me... although I guess I did just that at first with my Dad.

Not surprisingly, Amber arrived ten minutes late.

Unable to hide my contempt, I said, as I checked her out in her cheerleader outfit, which she noticed. "You're late."

"Sorry, practice ran late," she apologized, although her tone implied the apology was only *pro forma* instead of sincere as she breezed into my house.

"You have practice on Saturdays?" I asked, a little surprised.

"Of course," she said, "we're competing in State next week."

"Oh, okay," I said, realizing perhaps cheerleaders were more than just dumb girls wearing skimpy outfits and cheering inane phrases. Truth was, I'd never watched them compete. That said, she looked so hot in the outfit. In truth, all that was missing was pantyhose.

"So how long will this take?" she asked, clearly not impressed to be in my house, although she was scanning my living room.

"Depends how long it takes for you to learn the content," I answered.

"Oh," she said. "I was hoping this would be quick."

"Me too," I said, wanting her to know I was as unexcited to be working with her as she was with me.

"You have a nice house," she said, seeming surprised and not noticing my disdain.

"What?" I asked, annoyed by her presumption that I was poor because I wasn't a chiselled jock.

"Nothing," she said, "it's just a very nice home."

"Thanks," I said, deciding not to make a big deal out of an assumption.

"So where do we start?" she asked, her blue eyes and blonde hair having the power to wow almost any guy.

"Did you bring your textbook?" I asked, even though I knew she hadn't, since she came empty-handed and without a bag.

"No."

"I'll get mine," I said, leaving her in the living room... my cock already hard because of her skimpy outfit.

I grabbed the textbook and returned to find her sitting on the couch on her phone.

I walked over to her, making sure my hard cock was poking directly at her, impossible to miss, handed her the textbook and said, "Here, show me what you're struggling with."

She looked up from her phone and did a double take when she saw the tent in my pants. It was brief, before she dropped the textbook on the couch and said, "All of it."

"I can't help you with all of it in an hour," I said, lingering above her for a little while as I noticed her glancing back at my crotch area. To make sure I wasn't imagining things, I flexed my cock and yep, her eyes went wide.

I casually sat down as she stammered, "J-j-just show me how to make sense of this gibberish."

"Geometry is all about thinking outside the box," I began.

"I don't even know what that means," she sighed heavily.

I repositioned myself so my crotch was in clear view as I said, "Let's tie this into cheerleading."

"How?"

"You guys do a pyramid, correct?" I asked, as I made a show of adjusting my cock.

"Sure," she said, as she watched me adjust.

"That's geometry in motion," I pointed out.

"It is?" she asked, looking a bit flustered.

"Sure; there are angles involved, among other things," I said, before adding, "that must be very *hard* to do," as I stressed the word.

"It takes a lot of balance and teamwork," she said.

"I bet it does," I agreed, encouraging her. "I mean, one little mistake and the whole thing comes tumbling down. It must take a lot of practice."

"I wish the basketball players thought that," she said. "They don't understand the hard work it takes to be a cheerleader."

"They just see you as rah-rah girls," I said, before adding, "or as sure things."

"Excuse me?" she asked, instantly offended.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you," I said, knowing I was reeling her in. "It's just that in the locker room before and after gym class, they talk."

"They do, do they?" she said, still angry, but the focus of her anger had changed.

"All the time," I spurred her on, which wasn't really a lie. The guys talked big around each other between attempts to bully guys like me.

"What do they say?"

"I don't want to offend you," I said, knowing this demurral would just reel her in some more.

"Tell me!" she demanded.

"It's actually quite disgusting," I continued.

"Just tell me!" she repeated.

"That you girls motivate them before and after the game," I answered.

"Well, we do," she said, before thinking for a moment before saying with scorn, "those bastards."

"I think they actually keep score of who does whom," I said, not sure that was true, but it seemed like something they'd do.

"Those assholes," she said, venom literally coming out of her mouth... okay not literally, I hate when people misuse the word literally... but she was furious.

"Tell me something I don't know," I joked.

"I imagine they're assholes to you too," she said.

"Well, most cheerleaders aren't much nicer," I pointed out.

"I guess not," she agreed, surprising me. After a pause she surprised me again, "I'm sorry."

"For what?" I asked, curious what her answer would be.

"For being a bitch and judging you superficially," she answered, the surprises continuing.

"I'm sorry too," I apologized back.

"For what?" She asked this time.

"I've been judging you, too," I admitted.

"And how have you judged me?" she asked.

"Do you promise not to get offended?" I said. "I'm told I can be blunt and that I don't read social cues well."

"Nothing you can say will be something I haven't heard before," she said, now looking a little vulnerable.

"That you were just a dumb blonde," I answered.

"That's it?"

"A really hot dumb blonde," I smiled, trying to make a joke, which may or may not pass as flirting.

"I don't know whether to be flattered or to hit you," she smirked.

"Hey, you asked for honesty," I said. "I can only imagine what you thought... or maybe even still think... about me."

"Honestly, I didn't even know your name before Ms. Watson insisted I get you to tutor me," she said, that not coming as a surprise. I mean why would she know me, we didn't run in the same circles at all.