Smart

(Futa on Male domination)

Thereshegoes123

Preface

This short contains explicit Futa on male domination and romance, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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Smart

"Can you help me?"

Liar. He knew she didn't really need help. She was smart. Very smart… everybody knew it.

Mr Bradley Selby frowned at the girl chewing the rubber of her pencil, reclining too far back in her chair so her button-shirt threatened to explode under the pressure of her cleavage, two white hills that he'd seen in his dreams for months. Long brown curls and a butter-wouldn't-melt pout beneath rimmed glasses were equally arresting.

Mindy Sears. She always stayed behind and did her homework in the empty classroom. He wouldn't have allowed most students to keep him after hours, but she had a way of sweetening him to get what she wanted. Mr Selby could never say no.

"What is it Mindy?"

"I can't do this one…"

She bit her lip, then gave him a pout.

"Ppplleeaaaase help me…."

He sighed and nodded. If a student asks for help, what can he do? He checked his watch, thinking that there was no need for him to stay this long beyond his class times; that he had papers to mark, and a microwave dinner to eat alone…. Seeing her stand from her chair and usher him to it was more than enough motivation to stay. His chest tightened as he approached, and she placed a hand across his bottom.

"Take a seat *Mr Selby*…."

The hand that had 'brushed' his ass took a greedy squeeze. He glanced back at her in surprise, but she just gave him a radiant smile.

"*Sorry*… I couldn't help it. Just hoping the chair will have enough room for all that junk in your trunk…. *Sir*."

She openly leaned to the side to take a closer look and bit her lip. He couldn't believe her temerity… nonetheless instead of dressing her down, he mumbled something about being twice her age and not approving of this sort of behaviour, before squeezing his buxom rear end into the seat, the blush of embarrassment impossible to conceal. He was quite self-conscious of his bottom being supposedly

large and attractive in shape, made worse by the rest of him being built as slight and soft as a dandelion. He'd even been forced to have custom chairs installed in his office and classroom to accommodate his extra plumpness. Now he could barely get both cheeks on the classroom chair, grunting as he pressed himself in.

"Um… *do excuse me…. Ahem…!"*

"Take your time," she breathed.

A stroke of his hair. His breath caught in his throat as her breasts pressed against his shoulder. When he looked down at the paper, he wasn't sure if he was able to understand anything his eyes were looking at, too busy concentrating on the pressure against him, the soft voice in his ear.

"*… Do you see the problem?"*

"W-well it's quite simple you see….

"*Not that problem."*

He looked back at her, and his breath caught in his throat. Her glasses were close, magnifying her already doughy eyes so they were impossible big; two oceans of baby blue. The excitement within was almost pulsating through the lenses as wet lips closed towards him. Brad was too shocked to do anything but wait for the warmth of another face to press against his, and the soft sigh of a young woman was an elixir that made him feel invincible. Mindy gently wound her fingers into his hair, and pressed her tongue directly into the centre of his mouth. He almost choked at the surprise intrusion, and suddenly the innocence was gone as a guttural grunt somehow emanated from Miss Sears, her lips vacuum-sealing to his as she vibrated his face, her tongue ploughing a river of saliva into his orifice and down his throat. She dominated the kiss to the point he was being pressed down into his seat by this monstrous dance-partner, slathering and whirl-pooling into and around him, blending his brain within her embrace. She pressed so hard the frame of her glasses were digging into his forehead, her tits hot as they squeezed tight against him. He worried he might run out of air as she moaned and swirled, but she didn't let up, grunting and gurning like a wild animal as she assaulted him with waves of saliva to mix with his own.

It was knee-weakening, and when she finally allowed them to break the kiss, a long sliver of drool connected their mouths.

"Mmmhh…. *You see the problem now?"*

"I.. *Think I see…"*

"No you don't."

"Huh?"

She rubbed her nose against his.

"You're not seeing the real problem."

She stood up to her full height, and pulled the desk away with a sharp wrench, clattering it aside to stand wide-legged in front of him…. And present the humongous tent in her skirt. It was inhumanly big, and his beady, watery eyes snapped to the wet patch at the tip, widening as far as they were able.

"This, is the real problem. And it's all your fault."

"*That's-"*

"Don't tell me you haven't seen it… I know you looked…. So many times. You can't hide from me."

Slowly she pulled it clear…. To present a huge, drooping, slavering cock. The piss slit was oozing so much cum that it looked like a leaky tap. She tapped the angry, pink head against his face. It was so solid it almost hurt, and he shivered as the heat of it warmed his cheek, a rivulet of jizz left as a parting kiss.

"*Suck it…"*

He looked up at the most gorgeous young woman he'd ever seen, her eyes blazing behind her glasses, brooking no argument. He regarded the empty classroom, the silence of the college which had all but closed for the evening… and then opened his mouth. Slowly, spine-tinglingly, her manhood teased his mouth, wetting his lips with her cream. A riot of flavours assaulted his nose.

"Mm… *tell me you want it."*

"… I-I want it…"

It felt so wrong and yet so right to say it out loud.

"What do you want?"

"… To suck your cock, Mindy," he murmured, trying to catch it between his lips.

She tittered and kept it out of reach, even beating him across the face gently which, due to the steely hardness and size of it almost sent his head spinning from his shoulders.

"OOF!"

"SORRY, Oh GAWSH! *Sorry-sorry-sorry…."*

She was on him in a flash, stroking him, cuddling him. He felt the wet helmet of her dick pressing against his side.

"*Sorry… I did I hurt you?!?*"

"It's… *quite all right*," he managed, seeing stars, "just.. I wasn't expecting-MFF!"

Her tongue slipped into his mouth again, and then she was sitting on his lap, her ass warming him as they got to grips with each other. She led every moment of their interaction, every decision based purely on her lust. When her tongue extracted itself from his tonsils she stood up with that same fire in her eyes.

"… Sorry. I just got a little excited. I need to feel you……"

Sweet hands wrapped around the back of his neck, and she aimed her dick at his face.

"…. *Open wide Mr Selby….*"

He widened his jaw as far as it would go and flinched as her dick sailed forwards… and just pressed between his waiting lips, filling his mouth beyond what he'd imagined possible. He couldn't fight the power of her as she pressed inwards, his jaw now wedged open by her girth, nor could he ignore the stench of pure tangy seed that was suddenly filling his sinuses. Mr Selby moaned, some saliva dripping from the seal around her bulbed helmet.

Mindy groaned to the ceiling. She wanted this so badly, and each taut ligament was a reminder of her desperation as she gripped his head, clawing it like she was trying to hang onto it for dear life, in case he somehow separated from their perfect union.

"OOOoo… *-M-Mr Selby…. I like it…..!*"

Mr Selby did nothing beyond gag and slobber as he tried to stop her hips from pumping too hard into his face, feeling her balls begin to slap his chin. Suddenly the front legs of his chair were being lifted off the floor as she walked her groin into his nose, her dick, with nowhere else to go, sliding down the path of least resistance and straight down his throat. Mr Selby's eyes bulged out of their sockets as she gave a heartfelt moan.

"Oohh *MR SELBY, T-TAKE IT….*"

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Mr Selby's throat was numb. Her dick had rubbed through it so many times that it was now just a waterslide for Mindy to enjoy, oozing endless pre-cum into his gullet. Somehow she'd fucked his face so hard that they had ended up on the floor, yet the

way she stroked him and held his hand was done with a tenderness at odds with the constant jab of her hips. Now they were in the 69 position, or rather, she was sitting reverse cowgirl on his face, her cock deep in his throat, balls sweating and oiling his forehead as they slapped his brain repeatedly for being such a cock-slut, imprinting his place in the world beneath her in stone with every wet *Splat* as she facefucked him to high heaven.

"OOoohhh *baby you're gonna help me sooooo much…… you're gonna be my sweet little husband with a FAT ASS-!"*

She reached down and kissed the hard bulge between his legs, not even bothering to unzip it as she licked the wet pre-cum stain created purely from her facefucking.

"Mmm…. You even smell like a bitch," she moaned, reaching behind and taking two great wads of his buttocks, a maniacal, almost psychotic laughter ensuing.

"Oohh.. this is *mine*….. You're mine… AAAAALLL MINE YOU *SEXY… F-FUCKING…."*

Tension racked her body. She barely spluttered the word out.

"*B-BIIIITTCHHh-UUHHHGGGGGNN-!"*

The balls sliding over his eyelids contracted, and the cock in his throat flexed, before firing such a volley of hot seed that it was almost like a geyser, so viscous that he had to gulp hard to get it down into his stomach. Clearly her diet wasn't the healthiest, the stink of it infesting his sinuses and making his eyes water.

"OOOH BABBBYYYYY-!"

Mindy was clutching his ass, moaning into the erection in his trousers, even moistening it with her saliva. He almost came himself, feeling her pumping desperately at his face, trying to gain as much stimulation from his throat as possible. It felt like he might drown as the stuff just kept *coming,* and it was with relief that he felt the girl begin to seize up, the torrent reducing to a mere flow, before trickling down to a few last drops. With a flex of her cock, the final rope hit the back of his throat.

"GLlh…."

"Ohhh my God… that was…. *That was….!"*

The delicious vibrancy of her voice was music to his ears.

"…. AMAZING…!"

She slowly pulled her cock from his mouth, and Brad felt the helmet graze his nose and forehead on the way out, leaving a trail of juices.

“I knew you’d be good at that Mr Selby,” she panted.

“R… Really?”

“Well yeah. Softies like you always are… I bet you sucked a MILLION dicks when you were my age,” she teased, waving her cock over his face so it began slapping his cheeks.

“*OOft.. I-I’m not sure… I never did….”*

“Don’t LIE to meeee…. No-one is that good first time,” she tittered, “why, the first girl that tried on me almost died! But we’re friends now….”

“I-I haven’t…”

“Well… if that’s true, then you’re the best cocksucker I’ve ever felt.”

Her hand found his bulge.

“Now… I gotta repay you, I suppose…..?”

“U-Um… *well…”*

She was panting, sweat on her brow, but the fire seemed undiminished, and if anything had grown stronger. Then he remembered that she was barely even twenty and that it could well be along night for him. She threatened to rub… and instead tickled the tip of it again, making him squirm.

“Sorry but…. I don’t give out blowjobs unless you’re well behaved. If you wanna cum too… *boyfriend…..”*

“B… boyfriend?”

“Yuhuh…. Obviously you’re my boyfriend now. Capiche?”

She gave him a kiss on the wet bulge, and then dropped her balls on his face.

“MMF!”

“Suck-em,” she growled.

“MMff-“

He obeyed. They stank of her fluids, and felt huge in his mouth. He couldn’t even fit one inside, and so he just latched onto the oily skin on the outside, feeling them bouncing against his lips underneath the saggy skin.

“MMmm.. Yeah *suck your girlfriend’s balls!”* she rasped, her inner demon let out. The innocence of before was gone, as she slapped and tea-bagged his face with her genitals, leaving him spluttering and harder than he’d ever been.

“Shit… sorry I was going to wait, but *fuck it*, we’re doing it now,” she chuntered, riled up from all the excitement.

“D-doing… what? OOF!”

She gripped his bulge, hard.

…… I’m gonna need you to put your legs up. We’ve got a *lot* of work to get through.”

“M-my legs?”

“Mhmm.”

She fondled his buttocks again, and then began to slide his zipper down.

“You’re mine now, *Bradley,”* she grinned.

“A-Alright but… please call me Mr Selby when we’re still in college!”

His trousers were pulled off roughly, and she whipped round, thrusting his legs up in the air and pressing her cock underneath his, towards his ass. It felt humongous up against his boxers, splitting his cheeks as she folded him like a lawn chair. As she slid his boxers down, she kissed him, softly.

“I’m gonna make you my sweet pussy-boy,” she whispered, “*forever*….”

The wet helmet pressed up against the impossibly small opening, and he looked up into the baby-blue eyes of his future wife and master, framed by his knees.

“I-I…. *Love you…”*

“Duh, Bradley,” she grinned, and pressed.

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About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for years, specializing in stories about girls with throbbing bulges in their panties.

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