The Hookup

Grant peered down the bar, hoping to get a second glimpse of the stomach-achingly gorgeous brunette sitting at the counter, mysterious in the bar light with a whiskey in hand like a character out of a film noir.

He had noticed her as soon as he walked in, especially liking the black dress that hugged vicious curves, and his colleague's casual banter was now decidedly uninteresting having spotted her. His head kept peering over Bryan's shoulder as the man spoke at length about something or other, lost in the woman's striking features, her thin cut eyebrows that didn't deviate from straight lines, making her seem intimidating and unapproachable.

Her gaze was set in the middle distance.... And then it rotated straight at him.

He balked, caught in the hazel headlights that were crumpling all possibilities of remaining smooth and cool.

It had been a while.

Terror and excitement churned together in his stomach, and from somewhere he plumped up all the courage (and desperation) that he possessed and made an excuse to his co-worker, standing up and walking towards her.

Their eyes were locked on each other, and when he finally reached her he reckoned it was a miracle he hadn't fallen to his knees and crawled the last two metres.

As he stood in front of her, he realised he was looking upwards rather than forwards.

"H-hey."

"Hey."

Her voice was a little deeper than he had expected, and her tone was firm, which also threw him off guard.

"I uh... I just...."

She snorted, leaned forwards... and grabbed Grant's balls.

"HUHHnn!"

He moaned as she pulled him in between her legs, her hand beginning to subtly knead them, making Grant whimper in shock and delight.

"Nice to meet you," she said quietly, whilst working away at his package, rotating his testicles in her palm, "I'm Kirsty."

"G-grant!"

Her near-non-existent smile was laced with humour, and he let out a gurn as she gave a particularly naughty squeeze that had him mewling.

A tall, beautiful woman was massaging his balls right at the bar.

Her lips came to his ear, and the gloss on them made it seem like she was salivating.

"We're leaving right now, and going to my place, do you understand?"

"Y-yeah... yeah..."

"Good. Take my arm."

He wheezed as she gave one last harsh pulse of her fingers on his crown jewels, and then proffered her arm, which he accepted, before steering them from the bar.

Bryan watched his friend walking arm in arm with a woman who dwarfed him, jaw dropping to the counter.

"Grant... You finished?!"

"Sorry Bry, busy evening tonight!"

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The taxi ride was laced with sexual tension so high that he thought the windows might burst under the pressure, their limbs snaking across each other's, feeling the excitement in flexing muscles, rubbing hands and coy glances.

When Grant managed to produce some money from his wallet with shaking hands the taxi driver showed open relief, snatching it away and happy to be rid of the two customers in open heat, zooming off as soon as they had exited, leaving them standing in front of a pretty apartment building situated just outside the centre of the city.

Kirsty turned to him.

"Grant... I should warn you, if you come into this building willingly, you won't be leaving until you satisfy me."

"Well I guess it's a risk I'll have to take."

Truthfully Grant wasn't leaving unless the building caught fire, and even then he might risk it for a night with Kirsty.

"We'll see..."

She took his hand, leading him like a puppy through the lobby, and by the time they reached her pretty apartment he barely had time to see the surroundings before he was being kissed up against a wall.

He moaned in surprise as she manhandled him like a man would a woman, pressing her superior weight and height into him, imposing her strength.

"Does this excite you?" she murmured, biting his lip.

"Y-yes..."

Her tongue snaked its way into his mouth and made its nest there, bullying his own from its resting place and ensnaring it for her own uses. She used a lot of tongue, and a lot of saliva, and when they exited the kiss he was sure she had forced him to swallow a few hefty globs of her spit.

She licked her lips like she'd just tasted the first bite of a chocolate cake, and was about to devour the rest of it.

"Come."

He was led through a dark dining area into a bedroom, and shoved hard onto the king-sized bed, landing with an "OOF!" on the white sheets.

"One thing... I like to get a little... Kinky, in the bedroom.... I hope you don't mind?"

Grant was starting to think this woman was marriage material, and he barely knew a thing about her.

"Oh, I guess I'm alright with it," Grant said with a wry smile.

"Okay... One second," she whispered, "Why don't you take off those awfully warm clothes and get comfortable?... I'll be right back."

With that she disappeared, and Grant began to fumble his clothes off, thanking whichever God had graced him with this beautiful, rambunctious woman.

It took a few minutes, laying on the bed and staring at his five-inch erection which began to droop at the lack of female company, before she returned.

When she did, silhouetted against the hallway light, Grant's erection hardened so fast it almost gained another inch.

Kirsty was wearing fishnet stockings, a black bra with panties, and matching high heels. She had in her hand some rope, handcuffs and other items, and looked absolutely smouldering.

"Ready for your mistress?" she said lightly.

"Yes," he croaked.

"Good... Lie on your back."

Grant did so obediently, and light breaths escaped him as she slapped his ankles wider.

"Good boy."

His chest was thumping as she tied one leg firmly to the bed post, and then the other.

She gave light touches here and there, quick caresses with blood red nails that teased the skin without ever stroking it.

It seemed like she knew exactly how to make him salivate, and Grant was almost sick with arousal, needing to feel her body more than

anything he'd ever known.

Kirsty crawled onto the bed, cuffs in her hands as she slid a long leg over his belly, the fishnets rough on his skin as she came into a straddling position on top of him, eyes glowing with anticipation.

Her weight on top of him, and the way she held the cuffs in her hands with a wicked smile was the most exciting experience of his life, plump buttcheeks sandwiching his cock so thoroughly that it felt like he was already inside her.

Then the handcuffs hit his wrists, the metal cold on his skin, and when he pulled on them he found the bed frame to be made of sturdy metal, like you might expect to find in a prison cell rather than a lady's bedroom.

The hairs on his neck stood up, a bug jittering in his stomach as he realised that he would be unable to escape.

He was in Kirsty's hands now.

The lack of familiarity returned redoubled, and Grant looked up with equal parts fear and excitement at the bewitching stranger straddling him with a dangerous smile on her face.

"One last thing," she whispered, stroking his cheek, and for a moment he was back in heaven.

Then she produced an item he had not noticed before, a ball gag with a large hole in the front of it.

"Oh Kirsty.... I don't know, maybe we can- MGPPHH!"

He choked as she strapped the device tight to his face, far stronger than he had expected, and when she finally released him his jaw was set in a permanent open position, the large hole in front of his mouth allowing his tongue to be free, but his teeth and lips wide open for entry.

"Hhnnggh!"

She tittered, grinding against him, playing with one of his nipples, and he began to moan as she worked him, cajoling him back to a state of lust.

"See?... All you need are a few little tweaks, and you're wound up like a spring."

Her head moved towards the other nipple, hazel eyes melting into his, but she didn't suck on it, instead breathing heavily over it. Warming it, coming close enough he could almost feel her lips enclosing it, before she strayed away at the last second, leaving him aching for more.

Grant's erection was at full mast, tight against her ass as she leaned back.

As he watched her, puppy-dog eyes begging for more, her expression shifted subtly. Some of the coyness fell away, replaced by something darker, lips curling up at the edges, pearly white teeth glinting between plump, satisfied lips.

"Oh, I forgot... There's just one more thing to add...."

Her weight lifted off him as she turned away, reaching to her front to adjust something which made her sigh with relief. Her panties began slipping down over wiggling hips, and Kirsty bent over with legs tight together so he could get a full view of her peachy ass pushed towards him, tight meaty buns that he wanted to bury his face into.

"Like what you see?"

"*Mmhhhhhhhgh*."

"Good....."

Then she turned.

Grant froze in place, fight or flight reflexes triggered by the absolute monster protruding from her crotch.

She had a cock.

And it was huge.

Thick, angry veins ran down the side, and when she flexed it bobbed in the air, like an angry bodybuilder on steroids, itching to slam through a concrete wall and break whatever came into its path.

"Ready for your complimentary meal?"

Grant couldn't speak. He couldn't move, even if he hadn't been restrained.

All he could do was gaze at the predator stalking its prey, swinging in the air as she took a gentle grip and squeezed herself.

Her lips formed a plush red circle in the darkness, which felt like it was creeping in from the corners of the room as she took two huge steps, coming onto the bed on her knees, to sit back on top of his erection.

The touch of her skin seemed to jolt him out of his dazed mind, and Grant screamed through the gag, jerking wildly in the restraints which creaked and ground against the bed posts but didn't budge an inch.

"HMMMPHPPHPH, HMMPPH!"

She bit her lip, grinning like a Cheshire cat as she slid further up to sit on his chest, settling her weight more heavily on him so that his struggles soon subsided under the pressure of her tremendous ass.

It felt like half her weight must come from the monster leering in the air at him, the tip above his nose even though she was sat back on his torso.

He struggled harder, but nothing budged beyond the metallic clacking of the handcuffs on the bedposts, and Grant began to feel a sense of dread at what was about to happen as Kirsty came to stand with feet either side of his head... and began to squat.

He watched the cock and balls approach lower and lower, and struggled with all his might as she came within a few inches of his face.

There was no stopping though, and then it happened.

Two apple-sized bollocks sank onto his face, and Grant moaned in dismay as she began to rub her balls against him, emasculated by the weight as they slid across his forehead, christening him with her

swinging package as she moaned, enjoying this far too much to simply be a casual, sexual interest.

It felt like two smooth peaches were being rubbed against his face, and he shivered as he felt her body-heat through her baby-makers, trying to turn his head away, but she adjusted to that his face was constantly being forced against her package.

"Ohhh baby.... you make a nice pillow for my boys.....*OHHHhhhhhnnn!"*

She was making it as personal as possible, her aching moans so loud in the confines of her bedroom that it felt like she was trying to surround and overwhelm his senses, the thick sweaty smell of her balls in his nostrils, the smooth texture on his skin as they rubbed heavily over his eyebrows and rested against his scrunched up eyelids, the sound of her heavy breathing like she was nearing the finish line of a marathon loud in his ears, heady excitement building, expanding in her lungs.

"HNNNNGGGGGG."

Her hand sealed in his hair as she began to grunt loudly like a gorilla.

"HHNNN, HNNNNNNN, HNNN!"

She was a psychopath, and when Grant dared to open his eyes to the sight of her ballsack, he immediately shut them again, whimpering as they fell to his open mouth, plopping against his opening as she squatted repeatedly, t-bagging the hell out of his lips.

Up and down they rebounded like a pair of fleshy basketballs on his mouth which unwillingly sealed over her gonads, thighs reaching down either side of his head, muscles taut as she carefully balanced herself. Grant's eyes came open to see her cock swinging in front of him like a jumbo jet, dominating his vision, and somewhere high above it her enraptured expression, a manic grin staring down at her subject, her plaything.

"Oohh.... Excited to suck my cock?"

Grant moaned, tears beginning to run down his cheeks as he shook his head.

"Oh, reaaaally?" she pouted, her hand reaching out behind her and grabbing hold of what turned out to still be a firm five-inch erection protruding from his crotch.

Grant moaned, tears halted as she began to stroke him.

He hadn't realised how hard he was.

Her sultry expression explained more than a thousand words could.

"I tell you what... If you can make yourself soft.... I won't force my dick down your throat, slut."

His cock throbbed.

It shouldn't have.

Why did his cock throb when she said that?

'Oh God.'

He tried to think how horrible it would be, but the more he thought about having her cock in his mouth, the more saliva seemed to fill it.

'No, try and get soft... think of something unsexy!.....'

Unfortunately the way she degraded him was making him harder than ever, and he sobbed as she played with his arousal, running a finger under the edges of the helmet in the most glorious denial of pleasure.

Her other hand wound its way to her own cock and began to stroke it, or perhaps stroke is too refined a word; she began to pump it in her fist, jacking off like a baboon as she spanked her meat in loud custard slaps that dominated every single thought in Grant's head, arresting all of his attention.

Terror gripped him, the thought of her sliding that bulging appendage into his open throat dominating his thoughts.

It was getting closer now, near enough that he could feel the heat from it, a salami which flirted with his nose as it hovered above him.

She had an almost tender expression as she briefly stroked his cheek with one lazy fingernail.

"You're going to taste my dick now."

Grant sobbed, fingers and toes flexing uselessly in their restraints.

She was actually going to make him suck her cock.

It seemed to take an age to reach his lips, but Grant tensed as he was finally forced to make contact with his first penis.

The huge, mushroomed head slipped through the opening, and Grant tried to bar her way with a taut tongue, but if anything this excited Kirsty further, a moan escaping her lips as she pushed firmly against it, rubbing the spongy helmet against his tastebuds so that the pure stench of manhood invaded his sinuses, enjoying the roughness of his organ on her sensitive helmet.

Grant gagged, tears gathering at the corners of his eyes as his tongue fell away in fear from her smelly invader, which only allowed her to barrel straight to the entrance of his throat, lodging her cock inside him like a sword in a sheath.

"GHHHGMMPH!"

He tried to scream into her cock, but the vibrations immediately had the woman's back arching as she let out a deep groan, shoving her hips flush against his nose which was now foraging in her pubic hair.

"GHLLH.."

"Ohhhhh yeah," she moaned, her voice guttural and ringing through Grant's head as he felt her cock vibrate like a tuning rod filling his throat, radiating her enjoyment into his body.

The sound of a woman being pleasured was so arousing, in contrast to the throbbing erection hilted in his throat, and he gurgled in confusion as his own cock jumped, still wincing from the bitter taste of her helmet as she slid herself to his throat entrance.

"Look at me."

He obediently stared up at a maniacal grin.

A slow, slow retraction of her cock took place, Grant feeling every inch of her as it slid across his tongue, before she pushed back in

again, delving into his defenceless cavity.

"Theeeeere's a good slut..."

"HHNNGMMMhgllhhhhhh....."

She seemed to be doubly getting off by forcing him to maintain eye contact, her eyes getting wider, hair which had been so pristine now dishevelled, lipstick smudging where she was drooling and licking her lips as she forced herself into him, enjoying not just the physical sensation, but also the mental superiority over him.

Grant could only hold her gaze through two shimmering puddles as she took his mouth for herself, resting the heavy erection snugly between his cheeks, forcing him to heave air through his nose instead of his blocked mouth, snorting feebly as the spongy head tickled his throat.

The taste was... Interesting.

It shouldn't be, he should be disgusted by the very thought of it... But his cock was achingly hard, and he found himself moaning just a little into her shaft.

She forced her cock sideways in his mouth to bulge his cheek obscenely.

Grant sobbed as he flashed back to watching girls in pornos that had to show how big the man's cock looks in their mouth, cheeks bulged as they were used like playthings.

Like he was being used now.

Her hand tightened hard around his erection behind her, and a coo was forced from his lips as saliva was cajoled around his mouth by her flagpole.

"Oooooh that's it... Told you you'd want it, slut," she moaned, making him feel sick at the enjoyment she was forcing upon him.

She began to saw her hips, in and out, in and out, and Grant moaned as he was introduced to the sounds of his own cocksucking of Kirsty's monster.

"Glugh, Glugh Gluhhhhgh*..!"*

She stirred the spit in his mouth, and whimpered in horror as a spurt of something warm was added to the mix.

She was pre-cumming in his mouth.

He whined, shaking as low moans came from above him, and his cock throbbed as the cocktail of seed and spit was churned by her instrument, engorgement pulsing in his throat as she fucked his face slowly, building her speed little by little.

"Gluh-Glugh-glugh...!"

Grant's brows were high in confusion.

He was being degraded, a cocksucking slut... and his erection was pulsing between her fingers.

His jaw ached from the strain of being kept open, as the ridges of her cock-head tickled the sides.

She kept contact with his gaze.

"Look at me."

He obeyed, looking up into his mistress's eyes again as she sank her cock into his open throat.

"YEeeeeesssss," she hissed, the evil curl on her lips speaking of long-sated release as she fucked a few harder strokes into his mouth.

"GLUHGG-GHLGUHGUG!"

"THAT'S IT.. *LOOK AT ME!!"* she leered, slapping his face, and he moaned.

Kirsty's mouth opened as Grant's cock quivered in her hand, a dribble of pre-cum trickling down the sides of her fingers.

"Look...."

She began to wank him.

"..At...."

His hips bucked.

"... Me...."

His balls tightened, pleasure rifling up his spine.

The hand that tightened around his shaft, restricting his orgasm was so brutal that Grant nearly passed out, denied the full pleasure of an orgasm, his cock straining for an ejaculation denied it by Kirsty's sadistic fist.

"MMHHHHHmmmmhhhhhhhh!!!"

"There we go," she hissed, tongue flicking from her mouth as a sliver of drool ran down Grant's cheek, gurning as he desperately tried to pump his hips into her hand, to receive that final stimulation denied to him.

"Not yet," she cooed, jabbing her cock into his mouth again, sliding back and forth.

"GLUHG-GHLU-glHG-ghlUGH!"

Grant moaned through the face-fucking.

Why was he enjoying this?

His brain was lighting up with a million sensations and confusing thoughts buffeting against each other, and it didn't make sense.. he shouldn't like this....

Kirsty's hands enclosed his head and hair as she plunged back into him, and she began to fuck hard and brutal now, Grant's mouth beginning to sound like a whore's pussy as saliva went everywhere, spattering across her crotch, his face, down his chin, mixed with her seed which had been dribbling from her slit for the past ten minutes.

"GHLUGHH-AGHUGHL!"

"Fuuuucking *whore*," she moaned, one hand travelling to her breast, eagerly playing with her nipples.

For minutes the only sound was a sweaty, lustful slap of lips on crotch, her hips butting his nose as he was forced to receive a face-fucking that was one of the most degrading, and yet exciting experiences of his life.

Pre-cum was dribbling from his tool onto his belly-button as she enclosed her thighs either side of his head, huge muscles clamping down on him, her heat warming his face.

"HHHNnn... n-not yet," she grunted, although Grant had felt the veins in her shaft pulsing in his mouth with the speed and power of a crescendoing orchestra, and clearly she was trying to avoid cumming to prolong the experience for as long as physically possible.

When she slowed down, crawling to a stop, and retracted her dick from his mouth, a sheen of sweat now lay across her chest, nipples so hard they looked like they could drill through walls.

Her cock looked like a swamp monster, covered in goo.

There was only one thought running through his mind.

'Why did she stop?'

His dick was aching, and Grant made sure to keep his eyes on her, hoping she'd touch him.

She was so gorgeous.

"Do you want it?"

"...Hnnngg....."

"Hmm... well that's fine, we can stop if you want..."

"HHHGNNNNNN!!!"

He bucked his hips, trying to reach up his face to her weapon which was dripping warm seed onto his forehead.

Kirsty licked her lips, waving it above his face.

"Moan for me."

He let out the deepest, most soulful belly moan he could muster.

"HHNNNNNNNNnnn!!!!"

When she returned the cock to him, he was like a baby with its dummy, sated.

"Ohhhh yeah rub it with your tongue you slut," she gasped as he began to make love to her weapon, hunched over him and enveloping him in her shadow as he wondered what his lips would feel like wrapped around her cock.

"Do you want me to let you suck my cock properly?"

It was as if she had read his mind, and he nodded eagerly, cock still in his mouth.

Then her hands were at the back of his head, fiddling with something, and the moment of his jaw releasing was so sweet that he moaned in delight as his lips were able to clamp down on her dick, drool everywhere on his face as he began to work her pulsing erection, up and down.

He couldn't believe it, but there was no denying the glorious feeling of meat between his lips, his cock bobbing in the air, gasping for release as he began to administer hard suction to the taut ligaments and muscle fibres filling his face.

She began to shift her hips again, but this time Grant was working with her, and the sounds became infinitely more slutty as he was able to cajole the cock around in his mouth, make love to it, enjoy the texture, the weight of it.

Oh the weight of it.

The *smell* of it.

He breathed in deeply through his nose, getting a good hard whiff of her crotch which was a mix of her erogenous musk, sweat and tangy seed.

He gargled her cock-head in his throat as he felt two heavy round flesh-bags begin to thump against his chin, looking down in shock at her testicles, still the biggest he had ever seen in real life, rebounding off his jaw.

He was deepthroating her now, and Grant couldn't help mindlessly pumping his hips in the air, untended cock desperate for release as he watched Kirsty begin to utter long cries of an impending climax, mixing with the spluttering, choking whore noises being made in his mouth as she stirred the whore cocktail of sperm, spit and sweat in his throat.

Grant ran his tongue along the side of her shaft, caressing it, needing it to release its seed into his belly, and a heavy jerk of her organ made his lungs close off as he realised it was about to happen, her breathing becoming ragged, hip movements jerky and unprecise.

"OHhhhhh DRINK THIIIIIIISSSSS.. UUUUGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!"

Kirsty threw her head back and bellowed like a hippo as her thighs tightened to his cheeks.

There was no escaping it now.

A wave of bitterness and heat exploded in his mouth, filling it up in seconds, and Grant squealed, beginning to swallow like his life depended on it, lips clamped to a fire hydrant filled with jizz as she flooded his stomach.

Her cock pulsed, over and over, and still more heaving ejaculate was pumped from seemingly limitless testicles, which pulsed like breathing organisms, forcing their loads down Grant's overworked throat as his eyes bugged out.

Kirsty was so lost to her arousal that she was cross-eyed, gurning into the ceiling as she poured her slimy ejaculate into his belly, revelling in his taking of her effluence.

"GHGLHGHGGHGHGHGHGH."

It didn't stop for nearly a minute, the figures sealed together, groin to face, contracting and expanding like an octopus releasing ink into the

water around it, juddering in a tangle of sweaty limbs.

The figure below was going red in the face from lack of oxygen, and when the river began to wain, he gratefully heaved air through his nose into his lungs.

When Kirsty's balls had finally emptied into Grant, the last tangy spurt hitting his tongue, she spoke between shaky breaths.

"*My my.... You're... going nowhere*, you filthy whore."

Grant nodded, eagerly accepting whatever awaited him at her hands.

She seemed reticent to pull her cock from his neck, but eventually she slid herself to his lips, and then out, bringing up a healthy dose of sperm and saliva which ran down his chin.

When he managed to sputter a weak "phhhank you," Kirsty smirked.

"You're welcome, slut..... you really *did* like my dick didn't you?"

He answered not with words, but by suckling on the head which hovered just above his face, tickling the pee-hole.

She cooed as he lapped at the sensitive nerves with his cum-drenched tongue, sucking down just a little more of her seed into his heaving belly, sloshing with her seed.

Seeing his belly distended by the amount of cum she had poured inside him was the most glorious sight of her life.

"Oh we're going to have a lot of fun you and I...."

She began to undo the chafing handcuffs and ropes on his legs one by one, kissing up and down them as she enjoyed the taste of her turned bitch.

Grant was swooning with each one, so aching for release he couldn't bare it as she licked her tongue briefly along his shaft, not going all the way to his head.

When she had finished undoing his restraints, Grant rubbing his wrists, Kirsty descended onto him, face to face, cock to cock.

Even now, without restraints, he had no power, her heavy frame pressing him into the bed.

"What do you want to do now?" she whispered.

Grant's mouth opened, but if was a few seconds before he could choke out the response.

"... F-fuck me."

She bit her lip.

"Oh... what an excellent idea... but I have another idea first..."

His heart began to beat wildly in his chest as she crawled down towards his legs.

Seeing as her previous surprise had been to fuck his mouth with her cock, he wasn't sure he could take another surprise like the last one.

Then her mouth engulfed his shaft, and he moaned, head sinking back into the pillow as she began to suck and lick his cock.

"Mmmmmhh, *pop*, ghluhhmmm...."

The sticky sounds were quiet in the room as she went to work on him, her fingers jerking the base as she enjoyed herself on the top,

And then she stopped, and her fist tightened painfully on his cock.

"UUUHGHHHHHHH*hhh... pleeeasssssseee*....."

Tears were in his eyes as she denied him his orgasm again, biting her lip as she held enjoyed the untroubling weight of his balls in her free hand.

"Don't ever forget who's in charge here," she said in a sultry tone, licking the head of his cock which pleaded for mercy, jerking hopelessly in her touch.

"Hnnnnn....!"

"Now I'm gonna let you cum."

She whipped herself around, a previously composed, elegant figure now a dishevelled, starving tigress, ready to consume her meal as she settled into a sixty-nine position, smelly, cum-splattered cock hanging over his head.

"You only get to cum when my cock is in you," she grunted, and then dropped her hips down onto his face.

Grant squealed as her cock began to mash against his face, but his lips sought it eagerly nonetheless, and as he managed to suck her member back into his head he felt her own lips seal tight to his cock, all the way to the base.

The feeling of her powerful suction on his cock nearly made him explode immediately, and he desperately tried to hold in his pathetic load, but it was impossible when that bitter tang of cum was back in his head, and he moaned as the fumes filled his nostrils, her hips bucking automatically with excitement, transforming his sucking of her cock into more of a downwards face-fucking as she slammed herself into his throat.

He couldn't believe how much it was turning him on.

"GLHGHGHG!"

"Mmmmhhhh...."

The feminine sigh that she gave to his cock as she made love to it with her tongue was so beautiful that his balls tightened immediately, and the feeling of her shaft filling his throat added to the pleasure ripping up his spine as the oxygen depravation provided a light-headed bliss to the equation.

His knees jerked, and ropes of ejaculate spurted into Kirsty's mouth.

She didn't hesitate, slurping down everything that he gave, her mouth a wet cave which sucked so hard that he whined into the woman's turgid member as she hoovered up every last wonderful drop.

"GHGHHHMMMM."

She continued even after his balls had emptied, searching for more cum that did not present itself.

The gentle slurps of the two of them were the only sounds for a moment, apart from the heaved breath through Grant's nose as Kirsty's cock continued to inhabit his mouth completely.

Eventually, she pulled her head up, making sure not to allow Grant to remove his face from her crotch.

"Well... I think that went pretty well," she said, smacking her lips as she sat up.

Grant was completely covered by her balls which fell across his face, her thighs tight to his ears.

"Mmmmmh... You know, I like to call a friend after sex, I hope you don't mind."

A weak "glhg...." Issued from beneath her.

"Good."

She settled her ass onto his forehead, depressing the man into the bed, a throat-filling straddled position.

She pressed a name in her contacts, chest heaving, a droplet of sweat running down the crevasse between her breasts.

BBBZZZZttttt..... bzzt bzz?

"Hey Jen... just thought you should know... fucking a guy's face right now."

BZZT BZZZZZT!!! Bzzt bzzzzzzzz bzzz...

"Yeah, such a little slut... Here, listen."

She put the phone between her legs and pumped her hips, making Grant gag.

"GHHHL!"

"Hear that?"

Bzzzzt bzzzt bzzzt, bzzt bzt! Bzt BZZZT!!!!

A broad smile lengthened across her face.

"Yeah, I am a bad bitch... honestly, he's going to be spending a lot more time here..."

BZZZT BZT... bzzzt bzzz bztt?

"Do I have time to talk...? Ummm...."

She looked down at the figure splayed out beneath her, one hand on her thigh, the other beginning to pump his hard cock again.

".....Yeeeeah.. I've got plenty of time," she grinned, clamping the phone to her ear as she began to play with her nipples.

Bbbzt bzzt bzzzzt?

She bit her lip as a healthy slide of Grant's tongue up the length of her shaft made her shiver.

"OOoooohhhh.... All the time in the world...."