

A woman with long dark hair is sitting on a bed, looking down. She is wearing a black lace bra and black underwear. The lighting is soft and moody, with a blueish tint. The background is a plain wall.

Too Big For Her

**FOUR
STORY
BUNDLE**

Kelsi Harper

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**TOO
BIG
FOR
HER**

**4 Erotic Stories About Needy
Women Meeting Well Hung Men**

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Forced and Filled by My Boss

It was meant to be. We were supposed to be sent on this business trip together. We would get booked in a double room but there would be a misunderstanding and there would only be one bed. And we would have to sleep in that bed together like in all those silly romance novels. And on the second night I would convince him to fuck my brains out and then take me out to eat afterwards and then we would go back to our room and I'd fuck his brains out. My hot coworker Simon and I were destined to be together. And then my asshole of a boss, Russel, decides at the last minute that I'm going with him instead because he is more experienced in our field of work.

Russel is a tall, skinny, boring old man. He shaves his head, probably as an attempt to hide that he has started balding. He has a full gray beard and wears thin wireframe glasses. A real mad scientist looking dude. That is aside from his flower print shirts that are thanks to Russel's formative years as a hippy. He's old enough to be my dad.

I packed way too much lingerie to be roomed with Russel. What a waste. Oh well, maybe this trip can still be salvaged. It's all expenses paid in a big city and from what I hear the networking event tonight is supposed to have an open bar. Not to mention I've brought enough lacy panties and tight dresses I could probably even get Russel's motor running. Not that I have any intentions of doing so...just saying.

I stood in front of the full length mirror and ran my hands from my small perky tits down to the hem of my tight black dress that ends mid thigh. I looked fucking good. The black of the dress compliments my tanned skin. I decided not to wear a bra because it makes me feel so sexy having my tiny pierced nipples on display for any guy—or any girl for that matter—brave enough to look. I wore my

favorite seamless thong to avoid panty lines. The only other clothing I wore are my wedge sneakers because I hate not being taken seriously at professional events just because I'm only five foot one.

The hotel room door opened and my heart stopped for just a second. Russel nearly caught me checking myself out in the mirror. My face got red but his expression said that he didn't see a thing. Either that or the man's libido is completely shot. I hoped to have a better reaction from some of the men downstairs.

"You ready Athena? I was just headed down to the meet-and-greet if you wanted to join me."

Ok I've probably been giving Russel some shit. He's been nothing but a gentleman. It's not his fault that his being here has ruined my chances at getting fucked silly.

I guess I should wait and see if this little black dress has any magic left in it before I completely write it all off as a loss.

Russel towers over me as we stand side by side in the elevator. I'd guess he is maybe six foot three or four.

Once we got downstairs I practically felt all the eyes on my body. It got me so hot. Now I just had to zero in on my potential fuck-buddy for the week.

I grabbed a drink and mingled through the crowd making small talk. One guy in particular stood out. Tall, blonde, clean cut wearing a very flattering dark blue suit. I approached him.

"Athena Scott, microbiology at Westmore Diagnostics." I reached out my hand.

"Shaun Draper, genetic engineering at Providence Labs." He took my hand, a big perfect smile grew on his face as he looked me up and down. That had to be a good sign. And I was fairly certain Providence Labs was on the other side of the country. This made Shaun a perfect candidate for hot, anonymous sex. The tall, supermodel of a blonde that hands Shaun a drink didn't bode well for me though.

"Oh hi honey. This is Athena. She works over at Westmore." Shaun introduced.

The stunning blonde reached out her hand and I took it. Her other hand was grasping her drink and sporting a huge diamond

ring.

I made just enough small talk to not make a fool of myself before I made my escape.

I decided to grab myself a drink to take the edge off of that embarrassing encounter.

I smelled him before I saw him. A mysterious, dark, oaky scent. I turned to see a man with a salt and pepper beard and slicked back black hair. His big veiny hands grabbed two drinks off the counter and I could practically already picture them grabbing me around the throat. He was giving me a smirk that tells me all I need to know.

And then he ruined it by opening his mouth. "Damn girl, look at you. Save some men for the rest of us honey."

Strike two.

Against my better judgment I downed a double shot of tequila and turned to scope out my further prospects. Should I have been working? Sure. But that's what the rest of the week full of boring lectures was for. Right then I just wanted to blow off some steam. And maybe get my back blown out while I'm at it.

"You here alone beautiful?" I turned to see a heavy set guy with thinning hair and thick glasses. I've heard it all before. Everybody deserves love. Well I wasn't looking for love. I was looking for hot, anonymous, no-strings-attached, kinky sex and this guy just wasn't doing anything for me.

I threw back another shot, "Nope." It just wasn't my night. I tried to shoot my shot three more times after that. Every single one fell flat. Had I lost my touch?

It was a real travesty. A slutty, petite asian striking out in a room full of science nerds. I can say that because I myself am the biggest science nerd.

I had a nice buzz from the tequila and decided to head back to my room before that transformed into a pitiful, sad drunk. It really is a fine line when you only weigh 100 pounds like I do.

I figured that maybe if I was quick I could find some decent porn and rub one out before Russel got back to the room. Tequila always provided me with a tingling warmth of arousal in my core and

I had packed my trusty bullet vibrator so it should have been quick work.

I opened the door and in a very sobering moment I saw Russel, shirt unbuttoned and pants around his ankles and a small asian girl—fully nude besides a black choker—on all fours on the bed in front of him.

What I saw was just...wow. Good for Russel. Like...holy fuck. I thought it was fake at first. The petite girl had her jaw practically unhinged with only the tip of Russel's monstrous cock in her mouth. His thick shaft bowed down in the middle with the sheer weight of his dick. It's the biggest I had ever seen and I've watched copious amounts of porn.

When I say big I mean easily over a foot long and thicker than my forearm. Taut veins run along his length providing blood for the monster to function. His shaft is uniform in thickness and color that's just a little darker than Russel's pale skin. At his base is a very low hanging sack weighted down with his big balls. God, I could only imagine the loads he produced with those.

The two of them didn't notice me walking in which was a good thing considering I couldn't take my eyes off of it, off of him. I stayed close to the door in case I needed to make an escape. But it was mesmerizing, I subconsciously began pressing a hand between my legs, putting pressure on the little mound that hid my clit underneath.

My eyes grew wide as I watched Russel grab the back of the woman's head, taking a fistful of her long black hair, and forcing her further onto his length. A bulge appeared in her throat and he still had plenty of unswallowed cock. Her expression winced but she stayed on him as long as she could until she pulled off, gasping for breath. God, it was so hot.

"Good girl." Russel's voice was deep and raspy. Like he was a different man than the one I knew and worked with. My knees got weak from his words and watching him command her mouth back open to enter her again.

I increased the pressure on my mound but I needed to be careful. I'm not quiet when I cum. My squealing would have

definitely given me away.

I watched her nurse his tip for just a moment longer until I could tell Russel was hungry for more. He threw her like a ragdoll back onto the bed and began stroking himself as he stood over her.

Holy shit, he wasn't even fully hard before. Now he stood stiff and throbbing. It no longer bowed down from the weight but rather seemed to defy gravity in a jaw-dropping erection.

Russel stood over her and slapped her stomach with his slab of cock and then laid it across her, measuring out his size against her. From the opening between her legs his length went up just past her sternum.

I couldn't take it anymore. I was about to cum. I slid back out the door and into the hallway. I pulled up my dress until I had access to the top of my black lace panties. I slid my hand in and felt my familiar warmth. My slit was already slick with excitement and my engorged clit was peeking out from under its hood. I was already so close. My fingers swirled my pleasure button and I had to prop my back against the hallway wall to keep from collapsing under my shaky knees. I thought of Russel and how heavy his cock would feel resting against my stomach. I pictured my own throat stretching and bulging and accepting his meaty cock. My mind replayed his voice saying 'good girl' but I saw him saying it to me instead.

I reared back my head and pressed into the floor on my tiptoes as a much needed climax washed over my body. I tried to stifle my whimpers of pleasure but I didn't even care at this point. So what if I got caught. All that mattered in that moment was riding this wave of pleasure to completion.

It takes a few minutes but I composed myself. At which point I could hear that tiny Asian woman screaming obscenities into a pillow. He must have been inside her. That lucky slut.

Who knew?

I could have never guessed that Russel was hung like a racehorse. That my roommate for the week had God's gift to straight women dangling between his legs. Like...holy shit. How did the dude walk normal with that hulking meat slapping against his thighs?

And that wasn't all. Russel had a few other secrets. He had a decent set of abs. Being skinny no doubt helped with that but I would bet they are also do to the insane amount of fucking. I mean how could he not when he was endowed with *that*. And then perhaps even more surprising—obviously nothing was more surprising than his huge dick—were the tasteful tattoos covering his torso and upper thighs.

I needed another drink. Or three.

I stayed down there for a minute hoping by the time I went back to the room that Russel and his lady friend were finished. I mean how long could a woman really take that much dicking? Really. I was genuinely curious.

I took the elevator back up and passed by the woman I had seen with Russel. Good. That meant they were done.

I found Russel sitting on his bed, glasses at the end of his nose, reading a book. Like nothing happened. Like he hadn't just rearranged that poor girl's insides.

I was half tempted to tell him that I saw everything. That I wanted to be next. That I could be his 'good girl' too.

"Any luck down at the mixer?" He was back to the old familiar Russel but I couldn't help but see him differently now. Visions of his cock were imprinted into my memory.

"Ehh, it was alright. And you?"

"It's not really my scene, to be honest. Had a drink and came back here to read."

I hated the small talk. I wanted cock. *His* cock.

I would never bet that in a thousand years I would be fantasizing about old man Russel from work. I wondered if any of the other ladies in our lab knew Russel's secret.

I couldn't just drop my dress right then and there but I'm sure if I did Russel would take the hint. My body was actually surprisingly close to the woman he was just fucking. For starters, I'm asian, if that is Russel's thing. Tanned skin. Tiny, perky tits, though mine are pierced. Petite frame and toned stomach. A tiny handful of an ass.

Unfortunately the alcohol didn't leave my inhibitions quite low enough. I tried something else instead.

"So...what should we do tonight?" I jumped into Russel's bed.

Russel pulled off his glasses, "What do you mean?"

"Come on, we're in a big city, basically on vacation. We should do something fun." I inched closer to him. I wanted him to make the first move. It gets me so hot when men take charge. And watching Russel toss that girl around earlier...I want that so fucking bad.

Russel sat, thinking. "I've got some weed. We could step out on that balcony and have some fun."

"Let's do it. It's beautiful fucking weather outside."

"It really is beautiful *fucking* weather outside." Russel's emphasis on the word 'fucking' sent a shiver down my spine that landed squarely between the building heat between my thighs.

We took turns taking drags off of the tiny pipe with weed packed into the small bowl on the end.

"So no luck downstairs huh?" Russel began.

"What do you mean?" I never told Russel about my intentions of finding a fuck buddy so I played it cool.

"Oh come on. The tight little dress. The 'fuck me' pumps. Going braless to show off your little pierced tits."

I just stood speechless.

"You're quite the little slut aren't you?" Russel handed me the pipe and lit the end for me as I dragged the sweet smoke into my lungs.

I blew out a cloud. "I mean I was just..."

Russel cut me off, "I heard you come in. I know you watched. Shame you didn't stay long enough to see her take me."

My heart nearly stopped before it continued on thumping harder and harder. "I...I...I," I had no words.

"Like I said, you're just a naughty little slut. And since you like to sneak around and watch so much..." Russel stood behind me and held my hands against the guardrail of the balcony. It only took one of his large hands to hold me still. His leg came between mine and forced my legs open, his other hand slid my dress up over my ass

and he grabbed me, hard. He spread my cheeks apart and with one of his long fingers, probed the rim of my opening.

"You're going to do what I say if you want this cock. Got it? I want to hear you say yes sir."

Russel spanked me. It stung so bad but as the sting subsided I began aching in my core.

"Yes, sir."

"Take out your tits."

"Yes sir."

I was bent over, holding the railing of the small balcony, my tits bared to the world, my nipples instantly got hard from the cold night air bristling against them. Russel began entering my with one of his fingers.

"Fuck, you're so tiny. I'm going to fucking ruin you."

"Yes sir." I whimpered.

His skilled hands were already fingering every sweet, toe-curling pressure point inside my pussy. I could feel my juices dripping out of me.

I gasped for breath when he pulled his fingers out of me. I screamed when I felt his wet mouth pressing into my slit. His warm tongue parted my lips and found what he was looking for. He opened wide and suctioned down onto my lips, his tongue swirling in sensual figure-eights around my clit. His moans offered stimulating vibrations against me. His tongue was relentless. I had never been eaten out like this before. His speed matched the rhythm of pleasure even when I began to cum on his mouth he kept lapping me up, swallowing down the sticky mess I was making for him.

He pulled his mouth off of me and I was electrified by the cold night air passing over my slicked cunt.

"Oh sir...I need your cock. Russel. Please. I need you inside me." My opening was pulsing, ready to be taken by him.

Russel grabbed me by the throat and pulled me off the railing. He forced me to look him in the eyes. "I'll decide when your little cunt gets my cock."

"Yes sir." I wanted to fight back. My body was screaming to be taken but Russel was in charge. A cock like that deserves to be in charge and my tiny slutty body only deserves to submit to a man like him. I knew my place.

Russel pushed me back into our room, "Take off your dress and panties and get on your knees. The heels stay on."

I hurried to obey. Russel dropped his pants and sat in an armchair in the corner of the room. He was soft but already bigger than the erect size of any other man I had been with.

I should have been intimidated but all I could feel was a hunger for his cock, a womanly craving to be filled with his potent seed.

I knew what came next and wanted Russel to be happy with my submission. I crawled over to him. He was sitting back in the chair but his length left his tip hanging over the edge of the chair.

I took his tip into my mouth and began swirling my tongue around him. He grew hot as blood rushed into his stiffening penis. His head throbbed in my mouth and stretched my jaw open. I forgot that he gets even bigger. It was hard to imagine since he was already *so big*.

I had to pull off of him to catch my breath. I used both hands to start stroking him and there was easily enough room for another pair of hands and still some length left for me to suck on. I pictured the other asian girl here with me, helping me to service him. I wished I had been braver when I walked in on them earlier.

Russel had become fully erect and my hands were no match for his size. I sucked and sucked until my tongue and jaw were sore and then Russel took over. He grabbed me by the back of the head and forced me down onto him. He hit a wall in the back of my throat but he kept pressing me down until my throat submitted to him. I could feel his head bulging in my neck, my throat burned as it stretched open to receive his manhood.

With his free hand he fondled my tits tugging and pulling my nipples. The piercings made them extra sensitive and I could have cried out with pleasure and pain. I could have if my throat wasn't stuffed full of cock.

"You're so beautiful with my cock in your mouth baby. Maybe you've earned my cock after all."

I pulled off of his shaft. My throat was left gaping as I gasped for breath, sticky strings of my saliva still clung to his length "Yes sir. Please sir!" I pleaded. Russel's cock towered in front of me, coated in my spit. "I need you to fill me."

"Such a good little slut. Get on the bed. It's time to show you who that pussy belongs to."

I already knew my pussy belonged to him. Every cock I suck I'll be thinking of how he stretched my throat. Every dick I fuck, I'll think of how I ached for this old man's monster cock.

I was on the bed on all fours. He spanked my ass cheeks with his rod. He circled his tip around my opening to coat him with my wetness. Then he plunged into me. I was filled to the brim with one thrust and I blacked out. When I came to I could feel my pussy gaping and used.

"You're so sexy when you cum. Are you ready for more?" Russel had actually fucked me senseless. His size pushed me into an orgasmic coma almost instantly.

"Yes sir." I needed more. I wanted to remember what he felt like filling me up. I wanted to feel him claim my slit with his thrusts.

"Such a good job, Athena."

With that I could feel the heat of him at my waiting hole. This time he was so deliberate, making sure I felt every inch enter me.

"Ohfuckyouresobig!" I gasped in one quick breath.
"Fuuuuuuuck."

"You're little pussy takes me so good Athena. I'm so fucking proud of you."

"Thank you sir." I whimpered.

Once he was fully inside of me he grabbed my wrists and pulled me towards him, lifting my front half off the bed.

"Are you ready? I'm going to make you cum now." Russel growled.

He kept hold of my wrists and began pounding my pussy raw from behind. His massive cock buried in my guts over and over. Each powerful thrust sent a shock through me. I came so fast and then as

one wave of pleasure rolled over me I felt another one building. I came again. I didn't even know my body could do that. I was so sensitive now. My pussy was a blur of heat and tingling pleasure.

Russel pulled out of me and I felt empty. My opening and lips were swollen from use. "I need your cum baby." I was gaping open but had no familiar sensation of hot cum running out me and down my thighs.

"Do you think you deserve it?"

"Yes sir...please. I need it. Plant your seed in me daddy." I crawled to the edge of the bed and ran a finger down the thick ridge running along the underside of his shaft. I was already an addict of his manhood. His masculinity was intoxicating and I needed more.

"We'll just have to see."

"What can I do to earn your load?"

"You'll start by wearing this." He placed a thin black choker around my neck and locked a tiny padlock that held it tight around my throat. "So you remember who your pussy belongs to, Athena." My skin electrified with his touch.

"You be a good girl tomorrow and I'll give you more than you can handle, little one."

It was impossible sleeping, knowing the source of pleasure that laid some ten feet away.

I could have easily crawled over and teased that giant cock out from under the covers. But I had to be a good girl. I couldn't risk disobeying Russel and having him take that magic cock away from me forever.

I woke up from what little sleep I could get and I was aching. My pussy was swollen and raw from being forcibly stretched by Russel's mountain of cock.

I had to ice my pussy for a bit before I had to get myself ready for the day.

Russel was already gone when I got up and I didn't see him for basically the whole day.

After a long day of attending various science lectures and panels my brain was fried. All I wanted was for Russel to fuck me senseless again.

My pussy was practically begging for release by the time I got back to our hotel room.

I was met by a handwritten note tucked into the shut door. 'Get her ready for me and I'll be sure to fill you up.'

I thought it was some kind of riddle or something until I opened the door and saw the woman tied to the bed. She was completely naked aside from a blindfold and nipple clamps on her tiny perky tits. Straps around her ankles and wrists kept her from moving. It took me a second to recognize her but it was the petite asian woman that I saw with Russel before.

Her arms were tied down out to the sides and her legs were tied to either side of the bed forcing her to do the splits and putting her perfect puffy pussy on display. Just above her pussy in black marker was written 'Eat Me'.

So I did.

I had fooled around with women in college but that was all just makeout sessions and groping tits and clit rubbing.

I had never actually eaten pussy before.

But I had seen enough porn to consider myself experienced. And besides, I know what feels good on my own pussy so I got right to work on the woman tied to the bed.

I stripped naked and joined her on the bed. Her body tightened up as I ran my hands up her silky smooth legs. Her demeanor eased when I laid in front of her legs, rested my hands on her hips and my hot breath closed in on her waiting cunt.

I spread her lips to find that she was already glistening with excitement and I felt my own sex start to drip with anticipation.

I got my first taste of another woman and I instantly couldn't get enough. I was hungry for her. She was sweet and salty and I was ravenous in enveloping her with my lips and tongue. I placed my tongue flat against her clit and slowly applied pressure with deliberate strokes back and forth. Her breathing quickened along with my own and before I knew it I was grinding my hips into the bed. My own pussy was screaming for attention.

As if on cue I felt a familiar heat between my legs. I hadn't even heard Russel come in but the feeling of his thick cockhead was

unmistakable.

I turned to greet him but he stopped me, pressing my head into the woman's pussy as I felt him slowly enter me.

Ecstasy. Release.

I had been waiting all day, my pussy yearning for his thick cock to fill the emptiness he had left in my core.

I could tell the bound woman was about to cum as the muscles in her thighs flexed and tugged at her restraints.

Russel pulled my hips up towards him but I made sure to keep my face planted between the woman's legs.

And then he really started to fuck me. I was so full, so stretched. He was pushing me to the limit and I couldn't help but beg for him to fuck me harder.

When she climaxed, she gushed. A hot stream of her nectar flowed into my mouth. I drank it down, becoming intoxicated by her sex as Russel ravaged my hole.

"Oh fuck Athena. You're so tight! I'm going to fill you with my cum."

"Oh fuck yes. Breed me daddy. I've been such a good girl for you."

"Yes you have. And who does your pussy belong to?"

"You, Russel. It belongs to you!"

"Your little cunt was made for taking my big cock wasn't it?"

"Yes!" I began to scream and gasp for breath all at the same time, "Sir!"

I was lost in a sea of pleasure. I was wrapped up in tingling warmth pouring from my core. I could feel my walls grip onto Russel's veiny dick and begin contracting, milking him and begging for his load.

And then my walls were forced out, stretching even farther than before with his forceful release.

By the time he pulled out, my belly was full of his hot seed. That full feeling was so satisfying I nearly came again.

I turned to see Russel's still erect cock hanging over me, a slow stream of cum still flowing from his tip. I hurried to catch it with my tongue and suck his thick milk from his member.

"Oh fuck, Athena. You earned every last drop."

"Thank you sir." I beamed up at him. I looked him in the eyes with my lips wrapped around his plump head as he shot one more spurt down my throat.

I laid back on the bed drunk with Russel's cum. I watched as he began fucking the girl tied to the bed. He was relentless even as she screamed for him to slow down. I could see the bulge of his cock snaking through her abdomen as he plunged into her.

I toyed with my pussy and felt the warm cum slowly leaking out of me. I pushed my fingers inside myself and then brought them to my mouth to taste more of Russel's load. I repeated it, savoring the taste of him as I watched him rail that poor girl. Her pussy could hardly take the abuse.

Russel was an animal. Fucking her. Choking her. Slapping her face and her tits. All the while she screamed out in pleasure and pain.

I was jealous. My pussy was beyond sore from taking him but I already wanted him stretching me out again. I wanted his cock to be mine. But I had to be a good girl. Russel needed to stay satisfied. So I continued to watch him pump her helpless holes.

I came on my fingers and felt Russel's cum stream out me even faster as I did.

Russel finished with the woman. His cock throbbing and purplish red with engorgement.

"Athena, come clean off my cock."

I hurried over to him and began sucking his cock clean. The taste was a mix of his cum and the sap from her spent pussy. I graciously licked it all off of him.

Russel threw on his pants "I'll be back in two hours. I want you both ready for me to go again."

"Yes sir."

Rammed and Ruined by My Neighbor

1

“Fucking seriously? Again?” I said, to my empty bedroom. I wanted to say it to my neighbor whose bedroom apparently shared a wall with my own. But, I had already been over there once tonight and once last night and once the night before that. I can’t help but feel like he just doesn’t care that his fuck sessions are keeping me up.

He barely even had the decency to wrap a towel around his waist this last time I asked him to quiet down. Not that it hid much. Not that I was staring but this guy had a lot to cover, and he was practically still hard as a rock. I could see it pressed against his body under the towel. Some people have no shame I suppose.

I tried venting to my girl friends about it but they just think I’m bitter. Ok yes, my boyfriend and I have been living long distance for like six months so I haven’t had sex in a while but that’s not why I’m mad. I’m mad because I have work in the morning and there is currently a woman screaming like a banshee on the other side of my bedroom wall.

Honestly the screams are a bit much. She needs to tone it down a little before this guy realizes she is faking it. Women only scream like that in porn.

Right?

I mean sure he is big but come on. A woman only screams that loud when she is trying to have a convincing orgasm, for the camera or otherwise.

Great, now my mind is in the gutter. Six months is a long time to go without dick. Not to mention that my boyfriend was only supposed to be away on his little work trip for three months at the most.

No. I'm not bitter.

I'm just...pent up.

And now I'm also tired and starting to feel a little bitchy.

Maybe I will go over there and tell him off again.

He probably won't cover himself at all this time. What an asshole.

I contemplate going back over there but I decide to just pound on the wall instead. I get passive aggressive when I'm tired.

To my surprise it seemed to do the trick. Only a few moments later the woman let out her final shrieks and the rhythmic thumping against the wall stopped.

I shut my eyes and finally tried to get some sleep.

And then my doorbell rang.

"Seriously? What now?" I quickly threw on my robe since I was only wearing my silk pajama shorts and a somewhat see-through tank top. Some people still know how to be decent when answering the door.

It was him.

My neighbor.

I mean I should have guessed it would be him but seeing him somehow made me more angry. At least he had the decency to throw on a pair of sweats before coming over. No shirt though. Probably trying to show off. The world gets it. You're ripped. Now put on some clothes.

"What do you want?! It's one in the morning and I am finally getting to bed." I could hear the sass starting to come out.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize how late it was." He looked genuinely concerned.

"Yeah well we all can't be young and go through every day on only four hours of sleep." He looked to be in his early twenties and I wouldn't consider myself old but my late twenties were hitting harder than I expected. Ever since I decided to go back to school

and work full time I feel like sleep is more of a concept than something I actually get.

"I'm sorry. I'll leave you alone. I just wanted to say sorry for the noise. I'll try to keep it down from now on."

"Oh...well thank you." I had to compose myself a little. I was gearing up for an argument. I wasn't expecting an apology. "Honestly just tell your girlfriend to chill out with the fake screaming."

"Oh, she's not my girlfriend."

"Yeah that checks out. The screams tonight were higher pitched than before." My face got red with embarrassment when I realized I admitted noticing a detail that I probably shouldn't have. "Not that I was trying to listen in. I'm not a creep or anything, it's just that it's so loud and distracting."

He grinned which only made me feel more embarrassed. "What do you mean fake?"

"Oh honey," I said with pity in my voice, "she is totally faking it if she is screaming like that."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because sex doesn't actually sound like that. That's why."

"Maybe for you it doesn't."

"Ok..." my face has finished blushing just in time for my cheeks to get red again, "well me and my boyfriend have great sex and it never sounds like that."

"Boyfriend? I can't say I've ever seen you with anyone."

"For your information he has been away on a business trip."

"Oh really? How long?"

"Not that it matters to you but six months."

"Isn't that just what people say when they don't want people to know they're single?"

I'm not sure why he bothered to apologize because he was just being an asshole again.

"I don't know what you're trying to get at but we have been together for six years. His name is Trevor and...no...you know what? I don't have to explain myself to you."

"Yeah, you're right. You just have to live knowing that maybe your sex isn't as good as you think it is."

The rational part of my brain said to just slam the door in his handsome, douchey face but it was too late at night for my rationality to have much of a say. "Whatever...just because you are big doesn't automatically make you good at sex."

"Big? So you noticed."

Shit.

"I mean you were practically begging for me to look with just a towel around your waist. And you know what, I didn't even see it that well. You're probably not even that big."

"So, you want a better look?"

I just needed to stop talking because this jerk was just going to flip everything I say back on me. I could tell he loves how red my cheeks get every time he does it because he flashed me that big, stupid, perfect smile of his every time my face blushed.

"That's not what I mean! You just...ugh! You're such an ass."

"Yeah, you're right. I had better keep it in my pants. We wouldn't want to keep anyone up with your screams."

"Oh, shut up! I already told you those screams were fake. She was probably screaming so you would think she finished and the bad sex could finally be over."

"Oh, is that why she begged for it three times?"

"Umm ok. Ew. I don't need to know any more about your sex life."

"Oh right. You already heard enough with your ear pressed against the wall."

"Shut up! You're so annoying! I was trying to sleep, that's why I came and asked you to keep it down."

He finally didn't have any smartass replies. Then I realized that in my frustration and angry gesturing my robe had at some point fallen open and this guy was getting an eyeful of my braless tits through my thin tank top.

His stare said that he wanted more. I'm proud of my boobs. They are nice and perky straining against my tank top. And they look

incredible out of it. But that doesn't mean I like this asshole staring at them.

It was probably just me but I could have sworn there was a stirring in the front of his sweats. No, I wasn't staring. I just happen to be very observant.

I quickly shut my robe and backed away to close the door. "Listen, I don't know what you were trying to do coming over here all half naked and muscley but I'm done with this. I'm going to bed!"

He put a strong arm against my door, stopping me from closing it. "Hey, I'm sorry we got off on the wrong foot. I'm Gage." He stuck his hand out.

His intrusion made me even more angry but if I slam the door now then I look like the asshole. One hand held my robe closed, with the other I reluctantly took his hand and shook it. "Samantha." His big hand dwarfed my own.

"Can I call you Sam?"

"Only my friends call me Sam."

"Well then I guess we are going to have to become friends." He continued to hold onto my hand and his eyes scanned me from head to toe.

"You wish. Now if you're done intruding I'm going to bed." I slid my hand from his strong grasp.

I shut the door and leaned my back against it. I was half expecting Gage to knock on the door with some last second snide remark.

I checked the peephole and he was gone. Good. I could finally get some sleep.

But sleep eluded me. That damn insomnia picks the worst times. No sleep meant that my mind was free to run through my conversation with Gage over and over. I thought of all the things I could have said. Things that would have made his face turn red instead of mine.

Ugh, he was so rude. Who did he think he was, trying to tell me that I'm the one having bad sex. My sex life was great. Even if it had been on pause for six months.

And oh my god, did I really say that he was big? As if he needed to have his already inflated ego stroked any more. And no, that's not a euphemism.

I really needed to stop thinking about him.

I made a mental note to tie my robe shut next time I have to answer the door and then I shut off my light and curled up against my pillows.

Another half hour passed and I was wide awake. I decided to resort to drastic measures. I slid open my nightstand drawer and pulled out my trusty bullet vibrator.

"This has nothing to do with Gage?" Who was I trying to convince in my empty room? Of course it had nothing to do with Gage. Six months is just a long time and I have needs.

I slid a hand under my silk pajama shorts and spread my lips to make way for the tiny vibrator against my clit.

I swirled the vibrations around letting the soft pleasures linger before pressing firmly onto my little button, surprised at just how fast I was going to finish. My thighs clenched in and held for a moment with the intensity of my climax..

It may have been six months since I had had real sex but that doesn't mean I didn't allow myself an orgasm every now and then. But still, this one came so fast and it was more intense than my usual play time. And yet, no screaming. I wish Gage was here to see.

Wait what?

I must have been getting delirious with sleep.

I really needed to get that guy out of my head.

After my sweet release I cleaned the slickness from my pussy and finally drifted off to sleep.

I don't know what it is—probably hormones, it's always the damn hormones—but whenever I masturbate before bed I always dream about sex. It usually involves pretty standard stuff between my boyfriend and I. On very rare occasions it will be me watching two other attractive people going at it in my dreamscape. But this time was different.

This time I didn't see the face of my lover. I was bent over being taken from behind. My hands were being held behind my back and he was being so rough with me. Spanking my ass red, pulling my hair until I whimpered, his big hands around my throat and good lord the *relentless* pounding. Even when I begged for him to slow down he just continued pushing me to my limits.

I've never been one for rough sex but I woke up from the dream with a soaked pussy that said otherwise. I felt a little guilty that my hottest sex dream yet was with someone other than my boyfriend.

Oh well, it's his fault for being gone so long that I'm forced to dream about a good solid dicking just to quell my urges.

He should be back by the end of this week and then all this horny nonsense will be over.

Well, it was now going to be seven months. The day he was supposed to be flying home Trevor called and said that things were going so well that his company asked him to stay for another month.

I offered to take a weekend to come out and see him but he said that he really needs to stay focused. Something about how I would distract him. Damn right I would distract him. I would fuck his brains out. My orgasm last night followed by that sex crazed dream put a real spotlight on just how bad I need it right now.

'It' being a good hard fucking. Maybe with a little spanking since my dream self loved it so much.

I really shouldn't have been so angry, Trevor only took the assignment because he had us in mind. He was trying to build a future for us.

It was fine.

One more month couldn't be that bad. I would just buckle down and focus on work and school. I just needed to stay focused on the future too.

Still, I needed to blow off a little steam. It was Friday and it was after work so I decided to treat myself to something nice and let myself unwind for once.

Since Trevor hasn't been here to take me out anywhere I'm either at work, school, or in my bed trying to sleep. I really needed to go out somewhere if only for my own mental health.

I decided on going to my favorite sushi bar. I even got a little dressed up. Another rare occurrence these past six months. But I was feeling good. I wore a cute summer dress that stopped mid thigh. I opted out of wearing a bra because this dress makes my boobs look amazing. I did some very light makeup to compliment my pale skin and decided to actually put my hair up in a cute bun instead of my usual efficient ponytail.

I checked myself out in the mirror before leaving and damn I looked good. I knew I didn't need to impress anyone but I was a

little nervous going out on my own and needed a little extra confidence boost. And the way this cute dress hugged my body was doing just the trick.

I looked at my heels while I was getting dressed and instead opted for my plain white sneakers. The sushi bar was just down the street from my apartment so I would be walking. Yeah I wanted to look good but I still wanted to be comfortable.

"Sam!" I turned to see Trevor's supervisor, David. Him and his family were just leaving the restaurant as I was walking in. "How have you been?"

"Oh, you know. Been busy. I started going back to school."

"Good for you. Stressful I bet though."

"You can say that again. I can't wait for Trev to get home. Another month is going to be a killer."

"Oh." David paused and I could have sworn he started to look concerned before his smile returned, "Well it's good to hear you're excited to see him. I thought maybe things had gotten a little rocky between you two."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well I figured when Trevor put in for an extension last minute that ..."

"Wait, what do you mean?"

David had that look like he knew he had said too much. "Yeah. I mean I signed off on the paperwork last night. I asked if he was sure that he wanted to stay and he said yes."

"Hold on. So it was Trevor's idea to stay out there longer?"

"Yeah. Sorry, I thought you two had discussed it. Thought maybe you guys were taking a break or something. You know, since he was only supposed to be out there for a couple months."

"Oh." I had nothing else to say because I wasn't quite sure how to feel.

"Well have a good night Sam. Good luck with school. I gotta catch up with the family before they leave me here."

The sushi bar was packed but it was easy enough waiting for an open spot since it was just me. I ordered some of my favorite rolls

and a couple pieces of salmon nigiri as a special treat.

I checked my phone. I wanted to call Trevor. I wanted to sort everything out. I'm sure there was a good reason for him wanting to stay out there so long and leave me here to mope around by myself...sexless.

I scrolled to his name on my phone and...

"Samantha!"

I searched the busy restaurant until I saw Gage walking up to me.

"Now is really not a good time."

"What's up?" Gage looked over my outfit, the copious amount of leg I was showing off and the tasteful amount of cleavage. "Oh sorry. Trying to pick up a guy? I'll leave you to it."

"No. I'm just here by myself. Not everyone is constantly looking for a one night stand like you, Gage."

"Is it that obvious?"

I looked over Gage's attire. Fitted black chino pants and a dark green polo shirt that looked like it was tailored to his exact body and muscle structure the way it clung to his big arms. He looked good—really good—but he didn't need me to tell him that. And I wasn't going to.

"I can smell you from here." I said, feigning an insult thinking that would make him leave me alone. He also didn't have to know that I was quite enjoying the smell of him. His scent was so fresh and clean, like a walk through the forest after it rains but somehow...manlier.

He shrugged it off with a smug grin that said he knew that I liked how he smelled.

"Ok so if you're not trying to pick up a hot date then what brings you down here all by your lonesome?" He asked.

"Well if you took a break from trying to fuck every woman in here you'll see that they actually serve food." It sounded bitchy. It felt bitchy. I didn't care. Now was really not a good time. I just wanted to eat my sushi, drink an almost irresponsible amount of sake and then go back to my apartment and either cry or try to sort things out with Trevor.

I hadn't decided on that last part yet. I guess it depends on just how much sake I end up drinking.

"Alright, fair enough. Maybe I should just leave you be."

"Yeah maybe you should." I looked at Gage and he could clearly sense that I was on edge but I could tell he wasn't actually going to leave me alone. Probably because he kept standing beside my seat at the bar.

"Yeah I guess I really need to get back to finding a girl. I gotta look for a loud one to keep you up all night again."

He knew exactly what to say to make me just annoyed enough to keep talking to him. "You know life's not all just sex."

"Yeah, I guess there is sleeping and eating too. Oh and hitting the gym to look good for sex." Gage playfully flexed one of his arms, his biceps danced around as he moved his wrist.

"Ok but like, haven't you ever been happy enough with a girl that you wanted to sleep with her more than once or do literally anything else with her?"

"I mean, they look plenty happy when they are in my bed. That's if we're in a position where I can see their face." Gage grinned, happy with his own witty remark.

"Real cute." I rolled my eyes. "No, I mean like a real relationship. Don't you think it would make you happier?"

"I don't know about all that. You said you've been with your boyfriend for six years and you look miserable."

What a fucking asshole. I got too mad to keep up this stupid charade. I just flipped him off and turned back to the bar to take a shot of sake.

Gage put a strong hand on my waist and effortlessly turned me back towards him. His expression said that he understood that he had gone too far. His eyes searched my face with genuine concern that he had hurt me. "Hey, I didn't mean all that. I'm being a dick. I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you. Your dinner is on me."

"I don't need your pity Gage."

"And you won't get it. It's not pity. I really do just want to do something nice for you. I pushed too far and that's my bad." His

hand lingered on my waist. I started to feel the heat transferring through the material of my dress and onto my skin. I looked him in the eyes but all I could focus on was his strong hand with a commanding grip on my comparably tiny body.

Maybe it was his touch or the look in his eyes but in that moment I felt vulnerable, "You want to do something nice then go ask my deadbeat boyfriend why he hasn't wanted to see me for the past six months. Ask him why he chose to be gone for another month. And then let me know because I sure in the hell can't figure it out."

Gage took my words a little more literally than I meant him to. He picked up my still open phone from the bar. He was so much taller and bigger than me, I was hopeless in trying to get my phone back. It only took one of his strong arms to stop my advances. He tapped the screen and held the phone to his ear.

I gave up and just watched. I was furious but also somewhat intrigued.

Gage's eyebrows raised, he put the phone down and hung up. "Your boyfriend's name is Trevor right? His contact is the one with all the little hearts around it?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I'm sorry Samantha."

"What? Stop messing with me!"

"Is there any chance Trevor is maybe staying with his sister while out of town?"

My heart sank into my stomach. "No. Gage don't fucking mess with me right now."

"I'm...I'm not. I called Trevor and a woman answered. And... well...let's just say I know what sex sounds like."

I wanted to be sad but my anger pushed back any tears that I could have had. "What. The. Fuck?!" Thankfully the sushi bar was humming with activity and my outburst went mostly unnoticed..

"Is there anything I can do? I feel terrible. I really am an asshole huh?"

"I just want to go home!"

Gage flagged down a waiter behind the bar, "Hey, can I get her order to go? Here, just put it on my card." Then he stood me up and wrapped me in his big arms and held me against his firm chest. "It's going to be ok." The food showed up and Gage escorted me out of the restaurant.

"It's really not! He was supposed to be here. We were supposed to be building our future. I haven't had sex in six fucking months because of him!" My frustrations poured out of me at random. "Who is going to fuck me now?" That drew a few stares from the incoming patrons.

"Well...I mean I hear you have a neighbor that's pretty good at giving fake orgasms."

I slapped Gage on his solid chest. "Shut up. I know you've probably already scoped out the woman you're going to fuck tonight. You don't have to stay with me. I'll be fine...eventually. Get back in there and do your thing."

"Well I mean I've been trying to get with this one girl all night but she has this deadbeat boyfriend that she keeps waiting on to come home. And she keeps telling me that my dick really probably isn't that big and..."

"Thanks for the flattery but I already told you I don't need your pity."

Gage turned and nudged me into a small alleyway beside the restaurant. He pinned me against the wall and held one of my hands against his crotch. "Good because you're not going to get it. Especially when you're begging for me to slow down. Because I'm going to make you fucking scream."

His massive ridge throbbed against my touch. Electricity shot out from where his hand was pinning me against the wall and it traveled across my whole body.

"Or...since you think all that screaming is fake, maybe I'll make you beg for it instead. And then I'll make you scream." His hand slid up my body, a tingling trail followed it up my stomach, past my breasts, and then up the nape of my neck where he grabbed a handful of my hair and made a fist. He kissed me with an intensity

that I've never felt before. Swirling his tongue around mine, gently biting at my lower lip.

Everything was a blur but we eventually tore ourselves away long enough to get back to his apartment.

As soon as the door shut behind us Gage didn't waste a second. He pulled me back against him and kissed up my neck as his hands sprang my tits free from my dress. He was greedy. One of his hands kneaded my breasts and pinched my nipples until they were hard and sensitive between his fingers. His other hand wrapped around my neck making me gasp.

I felt his heat press against my ass and I reached behind me to stroke him through his pants. He already felt so big and I could tell he was getting bigger.

It was payback time. With his cock in my hand I could be the asshole.

I spun around and kept stroking him as I looked up with my best 'fuck me' eyes. "You know just because you're bigger doesn't mean you can fuck me better."

I expected Gage to have some witty response but his devilish grin somehow said so much more. He spun me around and pinned both of my wrists behind my back and then bent me over the arm of his couch. He was so much bigger and stronger than me. He had such a command over my body with his slightest movement. One hand held me down while the other lifted my dress up over my ass and tugged my panties down around my knees.

"Fuck....FUCK! I think you might be too big."

Gage didn't seem to care. He began ramming into me, stretching me open.

"Oh fuck! I don't think I can take any more." I whimpered. His cock felt impossibly deep inside of me already but he proved me wrong with his next thrust. "Oh fuck you're too deep. I've never taken anything this big before."

Gage didn't say a word and he didn't stop his rhythmic pounding of my tiny pussy. His thrusts had so much force, pressing my hips against the arm of the couch every time he slid in. A jolt

shot through me as he smacked my ass a lot harder than I was expecting.

"Oh fuck! Is that all you got?"

He spanked me again, the sting shot all the way through me and his thrusting got faster.

He reddened my ass with more slaps.

"Fuck Sam! Your pussy is so tight."

"Or you're just fucking huge." I was gasping for breath.

He buried his cock somehow even deeper.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck! Oh...!" I was at the edge of an orgasm. I have never cum that fast from penetration.

And then I was left with an excruciating emptiness in my core.

"What the fuck? Why did you stop?" I yelled.

"I thought you said you weren't going to scream."

"I wasn't screaming I just can't help it, you're being so rough with your big cock. I was about to cum. Keep going."

"Is that begging I hear?"

"No. I was just about to cum and you pulled out, asshole." I bucked my hips against his grasp. The heat of his fat cock was so close to my needy slit. He pressed my hands into my back so that I couldn't move even an inch closer and then smacked my ass so hard.

"Ow fuck! You're being such a dick....nngh!" I grunted as he buried himself into me again. His thrusts perfectly matched his tempo from before. I had to bite my lip to stop from screaming. I pulled against his hold on my wrists. I needed to cover my mouth if I wanted to stifle these screams any longer. Fuck he was *so big*. So deep. So rough. The pleasure pulsing from my pussy put all my other orgasms to shame. I couldn't help it. His big cock was going to make me scream and squeal. I was wrong. He really can make a woman sound like that.

How could I have known? I've never been stretched like this. I've never been fucked so rough.

My pussy gaped open when he pulled out again.

"What the fuck?! You fucking asshole!" I yelled. How did he know the exact moment I was going to cum?

Gage let go of my wrists and I turned to face him. "Why do you keep doing that?! You think that just because you have a big dick that you can keep ruining my orgasm for fun? Fuck you!"

Gage smiled, "I thought that just because I had a big dick doesn't mean I can fuck you any better."

"Shut up and make me cum!"

He ran his length between my lips, spreading my folds with his tip, "Say please."

"Fuck you."

Gage threw me onto the couch cushions like a ragdoll. He pressed my hips down and wrapped a hand around my throat. His head sat at the rim of my opening and then stopped. "Beg for it like a slut. I want to watch your face as you scream for my big cock."

My pussy was aching for him to plunge into me. I was at the edge of the biggest orgasm I've ever had and I'm sure one more thrust from him would have ruined me with pleasure.

"Please keep fucking me, Gage!" I begged.

"Why?"

"Because it's the best dick I've ever had and I need to cum. Please!"

No matter how many times he thrust into me that same stretching sensation poured through my pussy. I was learning to crave it.

This time he spread me open with one slow, deliberate drive deep into my sheath.

My thighs clenched. I wrapped my legs around his back, holding him inside and my body began to milk him. "Holy fucking shit! Oh my god, my pussy is cumming on your fat cock!" I didn't care. I screamed. I screamed his name. I screamed for him to cum in me. I screamed until my lungs were empty and my mouth hung open but no more sound came out.

I could feel the pulsing of his climax deep within me. His dick noticeably throbbed with each stream of his cum.

I've never actually felt a man cum in me. I always make Trevor wear a condom. But I instantly became addicted to the feeling of Gage coating my walls with his thick, warm ropes.

Gage collapsed on me and our chests heaved against one another.

"You're fucking beautiful when you cum Samantha."

"And you have a monster cock Gage."

He lifted off of me and smiled. God, he was hot. I loved his strong body hovering over me. His abs flexed and I felt his still hard dick grow inside of me.

"What the fuck was that?" I asked.

"What, Trevor can't do that?" He flexed again and again his cock swelled against my walls.

"Screw him. How soon can you fuck me again?"

"Oh I'm not done. I was actually thinking we might give old Trevor a call while I give you round two."

"Round two?"

Gage explained by simply resuming his thrusts. I was so sensitive. It was so excruciatingly sweet.

"But didn't you already cum? You're still hard?" I asked, confused.

"Yeah your pussy is just so fucking good."

"Oh fuck!" My pussy felt so used as his cum began to drip out of me with his thrusts.

"Does my cock own your pussy?"

"Fuck yes!"

"Well then I think it's only fair that we let Trevor know." Gage handed me my phone.

"Right now?"

"Yes. Right now. Call him and tell him you're a cheating little slut for a big cock."

I hesitated and Gage pulled out of me. I instantly started to ache for him.

"Now. If you want me back inside you."

I snatched the phone and called Trevor. As soon as he answered Gage slammed into me.

"Mmmm!" I whimpered into the phone.

" *Hello? Sam?*" Trevor's voice was confused.

"Hi baby."

"*How are you?*"

"So fucking good baby."

"*Sam? Is everything ok?*"

"Mm...mhmm." I could hardly contain myself. Gage was using my little pussy like I was his sex toy.

"*It sounds like something is wrong.*"

"Everything is fine...oh fuck...I'm just...ngh...your boss is such a dick for making you stay there longer."

"*Sam, you know I am doing this for us.*"

"Is that what you...tell that little slut you're with?" It was hard to spit out a full sentence with Gage giving me such a good fucking.

"*Sam, what are you talking about?*"

"Your little side piece that answered the phone earlier." I had to bite my wrist to stop from screaming. I was cumming on Gage's big cock again. I was making a fucking mess all over us both. There was no way Trevor couldn't hear the slapping sounds in the background.

"Listen, you don't have to lie to me...I...I know you asked for the extension from work. Probably so you can....ughhh...keep fucking your little girl toy."

"*Sam, this isn't like you, what's going on? Wait...are you...are you playing with yourself right now?*"

"No baby...someone else is playing with me."

"*What the fuck?!*"

"Don't act like it doesn't turn you on hearing me moan in your ear like this."

"*Fuck Sam...that's...*"

"It's so fucking hot! It's ok to say it baby."

"*Sam...are you being serious? That's so fucking hot.*"

"And baby he is so big. He is so much bigger than you, Trev. And he...ngh...knows how to fuck me so good."

"Is he stretching you out baby?"

"Yes...oh god yes...he has the biggest fattest cock baby."

"Jesus Sam. I'm getting so hard right now."

"Good baby. I...I'm getting so close. I want you to cum while you listen to me cumming on his big dick."

"Oh fuck, you're going to make me cum right now."

"Oh...ohhhh! Fuck! I'm cumming on his big cock, Trev. My neighbor's fat daddy cock is making me...nnnngh! FUCK! CUM!"

Gage pulled out of me and my pussy gripped him so tight as I convulsed with my orgasm. My lips and opening were swelling and tender from him using me. He pulled me to the edge of the couch so that my head dangled off and then he started fucking my throat. I dropped my phone but the call continued. Gage was so rough and I had no choice but to take all of him. I gagged as he continuously slid down the back of my throat. In and out and in and out until he pressed into me and I could feel his release shooting down my throat in hot streams.

I swallowed all of his sweet cum before grabbing my phone again.

"You sounded like such a good girl letting him finish in your throat."

"He's ruined me baby. I'll let you fuck my mouth if you've been a good boy but his cock owns my pussy now. I'm sure you'll understand when you get home and watch him fuck me."

Stretched and Stuffed by My Roommate

1

"You know everyone is going to think you two are fucking now, right?" Jessica said as she stuffed her laptop into her backpack and threw it over her shoulder.

"Oh, shut up. They do not!" I responded.

"Ok so you just move in with your handsome, hunky friend and expect us all to think that you aren't hitting that?"

"Oh, so you think I'm sleeping with him too?" I looked at her with disappointment. A look we often share as best friends.

"Madi, girl, I would be upset if you weren't." Jessica mirrored my expression.

"Well consider yourself upset because nothing is going on. He lives close to campus and he was looking for a roommate. He is my best friend. That's it. It's like if you and I moved in together and everyone immediately assumed we were sleeping together."

"Well I mean, it wouldn't be for my lack of trying." Jessica grinned. She was a proud bisexual who was always joking about getting me to experience a girl. "How tall is he again?" Jessica decided to skip past her usual teasing. Almost like her finding out that I wasn't sleeping with Cody meant that he was up for grabs.

"He is six six." I had memorized his height because practically every one of my girl friends asks when they see Cody. "But don't even think about it."

"Honey, I already have thought about it. That man is...well he is all man." I could practically feel the desire in Jessica's voice.

Ok yes...I thought Cody was attractive. I'm only human after all. Like I said to Jessica he is six foot six and built like a bear. Cody is strong and muscular but has just a touch of extra weight so he is quite nice to hug and cuddle. Like the perfect mix of dad bod and strongman. Just looking at him though his stature exudes strength. And sure I have noticed his cute goofy smile behind his full beard and his swept back undercut hair that compliments his brooding, piercing eyes. But again, like I said to Jessica, we are just friends. Just roommates.

We have been friends forever and I'm sure if Cody had any of that same attraction for me over the years something would have happened by now. He would have made a move. And honestly I'm fine with it. Hooking up ruins friendships and it's been nice having a big-very big-strong guy as a best friend.

And hey, it's not my fault that my guy best friend lives right next to where I got accepted to go to nursing school. I'm a poor student. I would be silly not to accept his offer to move in with him. I pay practically nothing in rent compared to the other apartments near campus. I just had to agree to some light cooking and cleaning. Not sexual favors like all my other friends think. Jessica hasn't been the first to bring it up.

I just need to give it a couple weeks and everyone will forget about it.

"Ok so if you're not sleeping with Cody that means you are still going out with me tonight?" Jessica asked as we hopped into my beat up Toyota Corolla.

"School has been nuts lately. How could you even think about going out tonight?"

Jessica shrugged her shoulders, "What can I say? A girl has needs. And besides, you promised you would come."

"We both know I would never make that promise. I'm going home, knocking back some cheap wine, hitting the shower and going to sleep."

"I'm telling you. A good fucking will wash away all that built up stress from school. How long has it been for you? You know...not counting Cody." Jessica winked.

I rolled my eyes, "I don't know, when did we go to Chicago last?"

I was keeping my eyes on the road but I could tell Jessica had turned to look at me. "It has been at least a year. Madison, honey, tell me it hasn't been over a year since you have had dick."

"I mean I guess. Is that really so bad?"

"I would say it's pretty bad. You could probably finish from a strong gust of wind blowing between your legs at this point."

"You're so mean," I joked, "I still...take care of myself."

"Uh huh...uh huh. We both know it's different though. That little vibrator isn't the same as being held down and having your back blown out."

Ok yes, she was right but I wasn't going to have a conversation about how sex starved I am, so I reached down and turned up the radio.

I dropped Jessica off and then drove home. Cody's work truck wasn't parked in our small driveway so I figured he must be running late at his construction job.

I decided to keep myself busy until Cody got home so we could have some time to catch up before I crashed.

I heated up some leftover lasagna and pulled my laptop out of my backpack to check on some of my assignments for school. But when I opened the browser a 'no internet connection' filled the otherwise blank page.

I remembered that Cody said the wifi router was in his room. He wasn't home and I'm sure he would have no problem with me stepping in there real quick to see if resetting the router fixes things.

I should have noticed the light spilling out from under the door.

As soon as I opened the door I saw my roommate standing stark naked at the edge of his bed. He was facing the door and a tiny dark haired woman was on her knees in front of him. Her wrists were tied together up to her elbows behind her back. Her head bobbed enthusiastically between his legs. I could hear the 'gluck

gluck' sounds of her mouth and throat taking him over and over again. Cody had his eyes closed and head leaned back in ecstasy so he didn't see me.

I quickly ducked out of his room and tried my best to silently close the door.

Thank goodness he didn't see me. It was going to be awkward enough trying to keep my intrusion a secret. If we had accidentally made eye contact...who knows, I might have just melted into the ground right then and there. I was also a little embarrassed for disrespecting his privacy like that.

I decided to slink into my room after all. I couldn't run the risk of running into Cody let alone the woman that was servicing him.

She looked so petite kneeling in front of him. I guess most women look petite compared to Cody. He's massive. Not like that. I mean not that I saw anything. The way the woman was positioned I couldn't see Cody's penis though I have had my suspicions about his size. I just mean his body. I know he is strong but I forget just how muscled his body is. His slab of core muscles, his powerful chest.

I needed to occupy myself or I won't be able to get my mind off of what I just saw. The image of it is already practically burned into my brain.

I grabbed a fresh pair of panties and my pajamas which consist solely of one of Cody's giant cotton t-shirts that he let me steal. It fits me like a flowy dress since I'm only five foot four. It also smells quite nice.

I hurried from my room to the bathroom across the hall. The chances of running into them in the hall was low but it wasn't zero so I had to be careful.

I quickly stripped down and hopped into the already steaming shower. I let out a sigh of relief as the hot water coated my tense shoulders. I carry a lot of stress in my shoulders and neck so I just stood under the water and let some of it wash away. I closed my eyes and immediately I saw that woman's head bobbing in front of Cody's crotch. I pictured Cody's thighs tensing from the pleasure her mouth was no doubt providing. I wondered if Cody always ties up

the women he sleeps with. As best friends we have discussed a lot of things over the years but never that.

I guess it kind of makes sense with him being all giant and stuff. It's only natural that he slips into the dominant role.

I hardly realized that my hand had wandered down between my legs. I massaged my tiny mound, pressing into the pleasures that lie beneath. I pressed into myself until I couldn't take the teasing anymore and I spread my lips. My fingers slowly slid up and down my slit, letting my arousal build. A little faster and the skin started to tingle in the hollow of my legs and down my thighs. Faster still and my body was humming with satisfaction. My greedy pussy was begging for release. I was craving something more than my usual clit rubbing to finish myself off.

I pulled the detachable showerhead down and switched it to the massage setting. I knew just where to point it to make my knees quake. The hot, pulsing water purred against my clit. Oh god it always felt like the first time whenever I used the showerhead to cum. I had to brace myself against the wall to stay upright as my legs started to shake. I kept the water firmly planted against my pussy as my free hand groped at my tits, pinching my tiny, stiff nipples. The pleasure built and then released in one explosive, toe-curling, sinus-clearing orgasm.

Tiny orgasmic aftershocks pulsed between my legs, telling me that it really had been too long since I've had a good cum. The stresses of school had stopped me from keeping up with my needs.

I might need another one of those before bed, especially if I can't get those wicked pictures out of my head. Not that I had any intention of forgetting. It would be my taboo little secret. I couldn't have Cody but I could have this.

I hurried back to my room in my panties and huge t-shirt. My nipples were still hard from the orgasm and it was a pleasant surprise how they bristled against the soft fabric as I scampered down the hall.

All day I had dreamed about being in my bed and falling asleep but now my heart was racing with excitement and lust. I don't know what had gotten into me. I already wanted to cum again.

"Fucking goddamn!" The woman's screams came muffled from Cody's bedroom. I stood closer to the wall as she continued! "Oh fuck daddy! Fuck my little pussy daddy!"

Fuck that's hot. She had a mouth on her. Strings of obscenities continued to pour out of the girl taking Cody's cock just next door.

I closed my eyes and slipped my hand under the elastic of my panties. My clit was still sensitive so I worked light swirling circles around it until I couldn't take it anymore. I needed more. For the first time in a long time my holes begged to be filled.

Jessica had given me a dildo as a joke gift for my last birthday. I pulled it out of my nightstand and suctioned it to my full length mirror. Then I grabbed my wand vibrator. I slid my panties off and knelt down, straddling the head of the vibrator so that it rested between my folds.

It felt a little silly sucking on a dildo but my pussy was already getting so wet just thinking about gagging on a real cock. I took it as far back in my throat as I could until my eyes started to water and then I flipped on the vibrator.

Good thing my mouth was stuffed or else the couple next door would have heard me scream. My swollen little clit wasn't going to be able to take the stimulation for long. I spread my knees apart and started grinding down into the wand. I was hungry for more pleasure. I choked the dildo back until I could feel it trying to stretch my throat.

My ass and pussy clenched. I pulled off the rubber cock, strands of my spit clung for a second before falling onto my tits. I was cumming. Even harder than before. All while hearing Cody fuck that lucky girl senseless. It was so fucking hot.

I've fantasized about Cody before but this was different. It felt so naughty. He had no idea I was mere feet away cumming my brains out picturing myself choking on his cock.

I stood to find my juices slicked the vibrator and left a tiny puddle around it where my orgasm had made me gush.

I was spent.

My little playtime also left me thirsty and it took a few moments for me to talk myself into walking to the kitchen to grab something to drink. The screams from Cody's bedroom had finally subsided and I was worried that I might stumble into one of them in the kitchen.

"Madi!" Cody practically spit out his mouthful of water. "When did you get home?" He was wearing nothing but boxer briefs and I had to stop my eyes from wandering.

"Oh just a minute ago. You probably didn't hear me. I hopped straight in the shower."

"Oh...I thought you were going out with your friend Jessica tonight."

"Nope, too tired. Just gonna go crash."

This felt awkward. Our conversations were never awkward. It's like we were both trying to hide something. Me, the fact that I had walked in on them and then proceeded to give myself two powerful orgasms thinking about what I saw. Cody was probably just testing the waters to see if I had heard anything.

I reached in the fridge for a bottle of water and decided that the half empty bottle of wine next to it more suited my needs.

"Well sorry if you heard any of that." He pointed at his bedroom door. "I didn't think you would be home."

"Oh don't worry about it just uhh...make sure you use protection." I didn't know what else to say. I proceeded to give Cody a pressed lip smile and a couple of very awkward pats on his bare shoulder before walking back to my room.

God I felt so awkward. Social graces seemed to escape me in times like these.

I took a few swigs of the wine and sunk into my bed. A stressful week and my powerful release left me spent and thankfully I wasn't up much longer to overthink my awkward display I put on in the kitchen.

"Hey, sorry again about last night. I should have double checked if you were coming home or not." Cody was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee.

"Oh it's totally fine. This is your house. You don't need to check with me before having 'friends' over." I tried to lighten the mood from the awkwardness last night. "Speaking of, why didn't you tell me you had a girlfriend?"

"Oh she's...not my girlfriend."

"I guess that explains why she didn't stay the night. Well, are you seeing her again?"

"Ehh, I don't know."

"Why not?"

"Things could have been...better."

"I don't know. It sounded to me like she was having a pretty good time."

Cody's face turned just a little red and it made me smile. He was always so stoic. I loved still being able to embarrass him from time to time. Because I know nobody else can.

"Aghh that's weird. Sorry if I made things weird. You've only been here like two weeks and I've already..."

"Dude stop. Seriously. It's fine. You're an adult. It's the weekend and you got your fuck on. It's totally fine."

Cody's face got red again.

"Speaking of the weekend. What are we doing today? Let's do something fun."

"I...have work."

"Booo!" I chanted from my side of the table.

"I know, it sucks. I can pick up some pizzas on the way home or something and we can watch movies tonight. If you want."

"I guess that will do but tomorrow you have to take me to do something fun. I need to forget about school so bad."

"Deal, but right now I gotta go." Cody stood from the table. I have known him for nearly half my life and it still surprises me how tall he is when he stands up.

I spent the day blaring music and cleaning up around the house. I decided to be nice and grabbed Cody's laundry to run through the wash.

I was sorting through his pants, emptying his pockets of several sockets, markers, a screwdriver and...an unopened magnum condom.

Interesting.

I was bored so I decided to take a picture and send it to Jessica to tease her.

I almost instantly got a text back, *'I fucking knew it!'* followed by an eggplant emoji with an exclamation point after it.

I mean. I know that body size doesn't necessarily correlate with dick size but it was hard to imagine Cody with an average sized cock. And yes I had imagined my best friend's cock before... especially last night...and especially while I gagged on that dildo.

Another text from Jessica, *'I knew you guys were going to fuck!'*
'Nope, just doing laundry.'

'What a good little housewife you're going to make him.'

I sent back a middle finger. *'Are you doing anything today? If not, you need to come keep me company before I start getting ahead on schoolwork.'*

'Be there in 15.'

We spent the day watching movies and eating and...well that's about it really. It was nice. I did tell Jessica about my little *session* from last night. Not in full detail or anything. Just about the girl's screams.

"Well yeah, apparently the dude is packing some meat in those boxer briefs. Of course she was screaming."

And about trying out the dildo she gave me.

"Oh my god, you little slut! How was it?"

"Let's just say...better than expected."

"Not as good as Cody is going to be. You want him so fucking bad and don't even deny it. It's practically written across your face every time you talk about him."

It wasn't quite dark by the time Cody got home and I saw him pull his work truck and trailer around the side of the house. That explains why I didn't see it when I got home last night.

As promised Cody came in holding two pizzas, a twelve pack of beer and a twelve pack of Dr Pepper. "I come bearing gifts." He had the pizzas in one arm and the twelve packs hanging from the fingers of his free hand.

"You hate Dr Pepper." I added.

"Yeah, but you love it. And I got you the meat lovers."

"Oh, she's a meat lover alright." Jessica joked. I slapped her on the shoulder.

Cody gave us an intrigued glance and then didn't think much more of it, "Sorry, I didn't know you would be having anyone over. I could have grabbed more food."

"Oh no it's fine, Jessica was just leaving." I gave Jessica a glare. Honestly, I just didn't feel like watching the two of them flirt all night.

Jessica took the hint and stood up.

"Thanks for keeping her company." Cody said, putting down the pizzas. "Jessica right? I've heard a lot about you." Cody reached to shake her hand.

"Oh, and I have heard *so much* about you." Jessica looked past Cody and gave me a knowing smile before looking back up at him.

A strange feeling murmured in my stomach.

Jealousy?

No, that's silly.

"Oh honey what happened to your hand?" Jessica asked, taking Cody's hand in both of hers.

Only then did I realize the liberal amount of duct tape wrapped around Cody's palm.

"Oh it's nothing. Just hurt it at work." Cody answered.

"Well make sure nurse Madi takes care of you, ok big guy?" Jessica gave me a wink then let Cody have his hand back before coming to kiss me on the forehead and leave. "Love you, slut. See you monday."

"Love you too, bitch."

Terms of endearment really.

"She seems fun." Cody added, his eyes following Jessica out the door.

"You have no idea." There was that feeling again.

Dammit.

I was jealous.

I had been there through every one of Cody's girlfriends and I had never been jealous before.

"Well, let's eat." Cody said flipping open the pizza boxes, the savory smell of meats and cheeses instantly filled the room.

"Hold on mister. Let me see that hand of yours first."

"It's fine. Really."

"I don't care. Let me see it." Cody started to pick up a slice of pizza, "Now!" I said, a little more stern.

He set the pizza down and came over to me, holding out his big hand, palm up.

I slowly unwrapped the duct tape off of his hand and Cody winced.

"Not that bad my ass. What did you do?" I continued unwrapping the tape to reveal a folded up, blood soaked paper towel.

"It was just a little cut."

I carefully pulled the paper towel away to find an open gash in the meaty part of his palm below his thumb. "Oh Cody." My tender caretaker voice took over. "This is gonna need stitches. Why didn't you tell me you got hurt?"

"Because you would make me go to the doctor. Seriously, I think it's going to be fine."

I looked at the still fresh wound on his hand. It was too big to simply start scabbing over on its own. "Dude, it is so not ok. Lucky

for you I have a suture kit in my room. Let me go grab it." I got up from the couch.

"Wait, can't we just use super glue or something? Have you ever done stitches before?"

"Oh yeah, I used to have to stitch Dustin up all the time." Dustin was my older brother. "Trust me. This will help it heal so much faster than just wrapping it in duct tape." I set down a couple different disinfectants and put on a pair of nitrile gloves. "Give me your hand."

Cody reluctantly held back so I just grabbed his hand and forced it in front of me.

"I promise it won't hurt. I need you to be so big and tough for me ok?" I teased.

He winced and pulled away when I started to clean the cut.

"Come on, aren't you supposed to be this big, strong dude? Put your hand back down."

"It fucking hurts."

"Yeah, and it's gonna hurt more if you don't put your hand back down. Now!" I commanded.

Cody obeyed and noticeably blushed a little bit.

"Good boy." I looked him in the eyes. "Alright now I'm gonna start the sutures. If you pull away this time I might slap you." I pointed the tiny, curved suture needle at him. "Let me hear you say 'yes nurse Madi.'"

Cody blushed even more, "Yes, nurse Madi."

He was getting pretty red. "Dude seriously, are you ok? You're getting kinda red." I felt his forehead. "It's really not going to be that bad. I'll be quick."

"I know, it's just needles I guess."

"Since when? You've never been afraid of needles before. Now you be a good boy for nurse Madi and then we can have pizza and beer." I half teased and half tried to take his mind off of me sewing his hand shut.

Cody's legs fidgeted.

"There. All done. And I didn't even have to slap you once. A shame really." I joked.

I stood to grab some pizza but Cody stayed sitting on the couch.

"Are you gonna come grab food?"

"Yeah, just a second. I was going to pick the movie first."

"Whatever, come grab food and then we can decide on something together."

Cody looked at me. His face was still a little red and he looked nervous.

"Seriously dude, are you alright?" I walked over to feel his head again and grabbed his wrist to check his pulse.

And that's when I saw the large ridge of an erection pressed down his thigh, straining against his pants.

"Oh sorry I didn't...wait. Is that from me?" I took his nervous silence as a 'yes' "What did I do? I didn't even do anything."

"I don't know, you were just being all...bossy and it kinda did something to me. I don't know. I'm sorry. It will go away, let's just grab some food and..."

"No hold on. My being bossy turned you on? Since when is that a thing?"

"Like since...always." Cody looked so nervous.

"Really?" I said, only half believing him. "So like when anyone bosses you around you get all worked up like this?"

"Umm not exactly."

"So what then? Just when I boss you around?" I joked.

Cody just nodded his head.

"Oh really?" My eyebrows raised and my voice got a little more playful.

"Every girl wants me to be this big alpha male that dominates over them. You've been the only girl I've ever met that tries to put me in my place."

"Mmm...and that..." I bent over and whispered in Cody's ear, "turns you on?"

I could see his cock twitch in his pants.

"Oh fuck. You're being serious." I half thought Cody was messing with me for teasing him about the stitches. But that huge bulge in his pants said that he really was loving me standing over him like this. My mind immediately flashed to the girl tied up in front of Cody. So that's why he wasn't seeing her again. She wanted to play submissive like all the others when what Cody really wanted was to have a woman dominate him.

I looked at the huge cock begging to be free in Cody's pants and it gave me an idea.

"So if I...I don't know...commanded you to get your cock out right now you would?"

"Are you asking or telling?" Cody looked up at me with big soft eyes that were usually so tough and brooding.

"Get you're fucking big dick out. Right. Now." I had to see it.

Cody hurried to pull off his pants and his huge erection sprang free and stood stiff in front of him.

"Holy fuck dude! You're huge." It was easily the biggest cock I've ever seen. I had to remember that I was in charge instead of getting on my knees to taste him. "You're going to be such a good boy with that big cock aren't you?"

His cock twitched.

"Wow you really like it when I call you...good boy huh?" another throb of excitement, "You know. I've always wanted you to fuck me. And now you're going to fuck me exactly how I want. Aren't you?"

"Yes, Madi."

"I believe it's nurse Madi to you big boy."

"Yes Nurse Madi." His voice got so deep and full of want. It made me hot but I had to keep my composure.

"Oh. I'm going to have fun with you."

It was so fucking hot seeing this mountain of a man sitting in front of me, begging for me to have command over him—over his massive cock. I wanted to know what he felt like against my tongue and in my already slick pussy. But now I also wanted him to submit.

"You're going to start by eating my pussy. Exactly how I tell you."

"Oh fuck."

"Well what are you waiting for? Take off my fucking pants."

Cody grabbed the tight fabric around my thighs and yanked down.

I chuckled, "It helps if you undo the buttons first you big goof."

"Oh...sorry." He dropped his head.

I put my hand under his chin and tilted his head up to look at me. "Hey, no being down on yourself. You're being such a good boy for me." I ran my hand through his hair. I undid the buttons on my pants and pulled them down just a little so that he could finish the job. His eyes were fixed on my panties as I grabbed his big hands and placed them on my hips. His hands were so big, so rough against my smooth skin. He took the hint and slowly tugged my panties down to reveal my tiny landing strip and puffy lips.

"Oh fuck Madi."

"You wanna taste my pussy so fucking bad don't you?"

"Yes...please."

I slid two fingers between my lips and drew out some of my juices.

"I taste so fucking good, don't I?" I slid the fingers into Cody's mouth and he sucked them clean.

"So good."

"Good, now kneel in front of me and kiss my perfect little pussy. Make me squirm for your tongue."

I sat down and Cody obeyed. He kissed up my thighs before planting gentle kisses against my vulva. I could feel his quick, hot breaths mixing with my own heat. His soft beard tickled against the hollow between my legs.

"Now long, slow strokes from my opening to my clit. Back and forth and back and...oh fuck yes! Just like that! Spread my lips open with your...oh *fuuuck!*"

He was eating me out so good. I looked down to see my best friend's head buried between my legs and a shiver ran through me.

"Your mouth is perfect for eating pussy. Your tongue is.... *so good.*" My hips began to slowly buck against his hungry mouth.

"Mmm, such a good boy eating out Nurse Madi. Make me cum on your tongue."

His pace quickened just enough to leave me begging for more.

"Now...press your tongue into my clit. Long broad strokes while you press against me." It was fucking perfect. He followed my commands exactly. "You're learning so quick baby." I weaved my fingers through his hair and pulled tight as I forced his face even harder against my slit and my legs started to clamp down on him. "Oh! Don't stop! You're going to make my little pussy cum!"

He kept his exact pace and pressure until I finished. Fuck, he was good.

"You're my perfect little pussy eater aren't you? Now. I want you naked for me."

Cody stood up and quickly pulled down his pants the rest of the way and threw off his shirt. His cock almost looked harder than before and a stream of precum was leaking out of him.

"Mmm, is this for me? Did eating me out turn you on?" I licked the liquid from his tip and his cock jumped. Another glistening drop streamed out of him and I sucked it off his tip.

"Hmm, do you like when my soft lips..." I kissed his tip again, "...touch your cock?" With one finger I traced a prominent vein up the underside of his shaft. Cody shuddered at my touch. "We have been friends for so long. I bet you've just dreamed about the day that you could get me to suck your cock. Haven't you?"

"Yes, mistress." Cody took a second before he realized what he had said. He almost looked worried. It was so cute.

"Ooo. Mistress huh? Am I your powerful little mistress Cody?"

Cody nodded, "Fuck yes."

"Let me hear you say it. Let me hear you call me Mistress Madison."

"I want you to suck my cock, Mistress Madison."

"Aw, that's cute. Well I'm not done with you yet. First I'm going to make you mine. Don't you want your mistress to claim you? Don't you want to be all mine?"

"You have no fucking idea."

"Hmm, I think I do though." I kissed his cock again and then stood up and wrapped a hand around him. He was so thick. So warm. I could feel his heartbeat in each throb. I kept a hold of his cock and led him to my room where I laid down on my bed. I stripped off my shirt and bra and took my tits in perfect handfuls.

Cody fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a condom. I sat up and grabbed it from him. "I'm not like the other girls you've been with, remember?" I tossed the condom onto my desk. "I want to feel you—all of you—inside of me. Right now." Cody stepped up to the edge of the bed, towering over me. "And just because you're on top doesn't mean I'm not in charge any more. You're going to fuck me. And if you can somehow manage not to cum, then and only then will I suck your cock. Got it?"

"Yes mistress."

"Good, now fuck me with your huge cock."

His head pressed into me and I could already feel the stretching sensations coursing through my vagina. I took deep breaths and dug my nails into his back as I tried to take all of him.

"Fucking damn! How are you this big, dude?"

"I'm...I'm sorry. Is it hurting you?" Cody pulled out and my pussy gripped against him, begging for him to be back inside.

I gave him a slap across the face and pulled his hips back into me. "Don't you ever pull out of Mistress's pussy again. Now make me cum on your big cock. Just because I'm in charge doesn't mean you can't be rough with me."

Apparently my pussy loves big, thick cocks because as soon as he plunged into me I came faster than I ever have. My mind went blank as my pussy gripped him and I dug my nails into his muscled back.

At the peak of my climax I felt him throb and bloom inside of me. His whole body tensed as he began to grunt with each thrust.

"Oh Madi...Oh fuck! I can't hold it. You're...too tight!" Cody growled out his orgasm between his heaving breaths.

We collapsed into a heap of ecstasy and sweat. His huge frame pressing me into my mattress was relaxing. I could still feel him

inside of me as his plentiful seed dribbled out.

"Fuck. I'm sorry." Cody said with a sigh.

"Hey." I lifted his head off my chest so he was looking at me.

"Don't you ever be sorry for fucking me that good. You were amazing. Can we eat pizza now?"

With a renewed vigor Cody lifted himself off of me and took me in his big burly arms.

I turned his face to me and kissed him. I know he just fucked my brains out but kissing him still sent a zing through my whole body. I have dreamt of kissing him. "And hey if you think I'm not going to suck your cock while we watch a movie tonight, well...I mean...you're wrong."

Cody just flashed his big cute grin.

"You're fucking mine now understand?"

"You don't know how long I've waited for you to say that."

Cody set me down and I noticed he was still hard.

"Fuck. Already ready for more?" I teased.

"It's just..."

"It's just what?" I grabbed his cock in both hands and started stroking him.

"You're body is so fucking hot."

"Oh yeah? Well your mistress wants you to worship her body. Now."

Cody took a commanding grab of my hips and pulled me into him. "Where should I start?" He could toss me around with hardly any effort which made being in charge of him that much more fun.

"How about you start at the bottom and work your way up. I want to feel your mouth worship every inch of my body." I remembered to be bossy. "Get on the floor and kiss my feet. Now."

Cody obeyed and dropped to his knees, kissing the tops of my feet.

"Mmm, now my legs."

Cody kissed and licked his way up my legs. His strong hands slid up the backs of my thighs and kneaded into my ass.

My whole body buzzed. A stream of wetness seeped out of my pussy and down my thigh. I couldn't help but start to toy with my

needy pussy as Cody kissed my thighs and fondled my firm ass.

"I can help you with that." Cody looked up at me as I felt him plunge two fingers into my warmth.

"Fucking good boy."

His mouth continued across my hips and stomach. I tensed as his beard tickled me and my tensing made my pussy grip his slowly thrusting fingers.

"Come play with my tits."

Cody stood and kept one hand between my legs as his tongue circled my nipples. His slow teasing turned to soft sucking and my pussy and tits hummed together, meeting in my core.

I was going to climax again. And Cody could tell. His fingers quickened, his mouth drew my sensitive nipple deeper in. It's like he was just as desperate for my orgasm as I was.

"Mmm, don't stop! Oh shit, don't you dare stop!"

He was playing me like a fiddle. My knees shook and I nearly stumbled but Cody wrapped an arm around my waist and lifted me to him. I came in his arms.

"I need to taste you again!" Cody flipped me around and held me upside down, his fingers digging into my hips as he brought my pussy to his mouth and started devouring my oh so sensitive little cunt.

Cody's stiff cock bobbed in front of me and I eagerly welcomed him into my wet mouth.

He filled my mouth and his warm head pushed at the back of my throat. I was desperate to take all of him. I gagged on his thick cock until I cried and pulled off gasping for breath.

I took him again, pressing his head against the barrier in my throat until I heard a pop and he curved up into me and my lips pressed against his body.

"Oh fuck Madi! Nobody has ever...oh fuck!" His cock tensed in my mouth.

I felt his load travel past my lips and erupt into my throat. I gulped it down as he continued to stuff my mouth and eat my pussy. I could feel his warm seed filling my belly. I felt so slutty but so accomplished.

I was his slutty domme and he was my free-to-use hung roommate. My good boy.

As he laid his head in my naked lap, I combed my fingers through his hair and for the first time in forever I was in love. I was in love with my best friend.

Pinned and Punished by My Professor

1

He wore a wedding ring during class. I was sure of it.

Why was I sure of it?

Well, because I had checked to see if he was available . Multiple times.

It's a lot more fun to fantasize when you actually might have a chance with the person you are fantasizing about. And a wedding ring grossly lessened those chances.

You could hardly blame me. It's not like I was the only one with a crush on Professor Mason. There was hardly a girl in that class who wouldn't admit to crushing on Lucas Mason.

The man was aged like fine wine. His jawline was made for that slightly graying beard of his that fluctuated between light stubble and a full, manly beard. His thick hair was slicked over in an effortless wave. His thin-frame glasses also really do something for me. I'm not sure about everybody else but once when I asked him a question he walked up to me and slid them down his nose to look at me and I completely forgot what I was going to say to him.

As for the rest of him. He stays very fit. He won't let on to his age but most of us guess nearing or just past fifty. For any age really he looks good. But he's usually wearing one of those cliché professor blazers with the elbow patches that hide just how fit he really is. and some fitted slacks that are particularly good to his ass.

And then there's the gold wedding band that normally adorns his strong, slightly veiny hands.

Ok, maybe I know a little too much about how he looks. But hey, the guy teaches economics. I have plenty of time to admire him while I'm bored out of my mind.

Back to that wedding band of his. The one he is currently not wearing while that woman in the skin tight dress runs her hand up his thigh under the table.

I would say that the woman was his wife if he didn't keep checking nervously over his shoulder every couple minutes.

The woman was curvy with a tiny waist and womanly hips to match her big, round tits. My attention didn't stay on her long. I was more intrigued by my professor.

I just came to grab a bite to eat before running back to the dorms. I didn't realize I would have front row seats to what is sure to become the scandal of the campus.

I tried to stay hidden while I watched the couple. She is clearly into him. I mean, obviously. See above description. The guy is gorgeous.

And if he's not into her. Well...he sure was letting that hand get pretty high up on his thigh.

Damn, she was brave. I mean even if they were married she is only a couple layers of fabric away from giving the dude a sneaky handjob.

I couldn't peel my eyes away. I could feel my heart starting to race in my chest. It was hot watching her tease him under the table. It was almost hotter that they had no idea I was watching them.

A waiter came to refill my water and I had to duck behind them to keep a visual on the little foreplay session.

I could feel my own thighs and my little folds in between starting to get warm.

The woman pressed her lips together and then mouthed what looked like 'mmm big boy'. I wasn't quite close enough to hear but that's definitely what she said before biting at her bottom lip.

Fuck .

My mind was really going to wander with that one. My pussy already took it and ran as I could tell I was starting to get wet.

The couple got up from their table and casually snuck out the side door of the restaurant. I scrambled through my bag and pulled out a lone twenty and placed it on the table under my half finished plate of food. It was more than enough to cover my dinner. As a poor college student, parting with money like that wasn't easy but my mind—and now my body—was begging to know more about the scandalous couple.

I stepped out of the restaurant just in time to see the professor's car pull out. I hurried to follow them. Thankfully it wasn't far. They just drove back to campus a couple blocks away. They didn't park in Professor Mason's assigned spot, instead they pulled into the main parking lot and only the professor got out of the car. He had the same nervous look as he scanned the parking lot. I knew he wouldn't see me but I still instinctually ducked behind my steering wheel.

He walked towards campus and a few minutes later the woman got out of the car and walked off in the same direction.

I got out and followed her all the way to Professor Mason's room where she looked both ways before going inside.

I had a fight within myself whether or not I should try to sneak in behind her.

Realistically the two of them were fucking or would be fucking very soon. That meant they were probably behind his desk or more likely in his tiny back office. If I was quiet I could sneak in unnoticed while they were going at it.

On the other hand I had absolutely zero reason to be in his classroom—or even on campus—this late.

If someone had told me this morning that I would be trying to sneak in and catch an eyeful of my econ professor fucking some stranger.

Ok.

I might have believed them.

I'd pictured him bending me over a desk several times. Usually when I was desperately rubbing my clit to orgasm.

I'm not usually a voyeur or into that kind of thing but this was different. Watching the two of them had gotten me so worked up.

They were both so hot and what they were doing was so naughty. I had to see something.

I told myself that I would just sneak in, get a peek, and then sneak back out.

Then I would probably go find some desperate frat boy to pound me senseless.

It had been a while.

Which is also probably why I got so hot so fast watching her play with him under the table.

All that bottled up sexual frustration had my slit begging for release.

With sweaty palms and my heart beating in my throat I turned the handle on the classroom door and peaked in just enough to see that the lights were off.

I would let a little of the faltering daylight in but it meant that once I was in it would be a lot easier to go unnoticed.

I slinked through the door and made sure it closed quietly behind me.

Sounds came from the small back office on the opposite side of the room though there was no light coming through the room's small windows.

I snuck up to the small window in the door and looked through.

She was bent over his desk with her hips pressed firmly into the edge. He had tugged her tight dress up over her perfectly curved ass and I watched as he yanked her panties down and then.

Smack!

Her legs tensed as he spanked her ass. His big hand kneaded into her flesh before pulling back again.

Smack! Smack!

I winced a little. He was being so rough with her.

She shook her ass, teasing him to spank her again.

Smack!

Her poor bottom was starting to turn red.

His hand started to probe between her legs before I watched him press a finger into her warmth.

The woman lifted her head from the table, mouth open, gasping with pleasure as he started to finger her from behind.

The professor really must know what he is doing because the woman continued to squeal with delight.

I had hardly noticed that I was pressing into my pants at my needy slit underneath. My panties were practically soaked through where my pussy was drooling into them and I could feel the heat of my sex as I massaged between my legs.

I think the woman on the desk came from the fingering as I watched her knees buckle.

I was pressing my luck staying here but I needed to see more.

I needed to see him fuck her over his desk.

It looked like I would get my wish as Professor Mason began unzipping his pants and pulled out a rather substantial cock. It hung off his body like he was only partially hard but he quickly grew harder and thicker than I have ever seen a penis get.

He started to spank his erection against her reddened ass and I slid my hand down my pants as I watched him tease at her opening with his thick cockhead.

"Oh fuck." I huffed under my breath as my fingers slid across my sensitive clit.

"Oh Lucas! I need you inside me baby!" She whined as he continued to slowly press into her but not quite penetrate her. It was almost hard to picture her tiny slit stretching to accept his girth.

I made a mental note that this woman was probably not a student. Professor Mason hated being called Lucas by his students.

My heart stopped as I saw the professor step back and pull his phone out of his pants pocket. The screen lit up with a notification.

I wasn't expecting there to be such a sudden break in the action. Not when he was so close to entering her. So I wasn't ready when he spun around and looked dead at me through the tiny glass opening.

I ducked away but I wasn't quick enough. I knew I wasn't quick enough.

There was a tiny commotion in the office and the light flicked on.

Fuck.

Fucking fuck.

I froze and sank to the floor with my back pressed against the wall. He already saw me. And even then I was some twenty feet away from anything substantial enough to hide behind.

"Aubrey! What the hell are you doing here? My office hours ended at seven." He had buttoned up his pants but his sizable erection formed a thick crease across his hip. His blazer was off and now he wore only a tight henley shirt that hugged his body *very* nicely.

I didn't know what to say. I knew playing dumb would only make things worse.

"Well. Explain yourself."

"How...how did you know I was...?"

"I have a door sensor that pings my phone after hours. Now tell me what the fuck you're doing in my classroom."

I wanted to curl up and cry. I was already halfway to the fetal position still sitting on the floor.

He walked over and stood over me. "Answer me now before I call security to come drag you off campus."

His erection was just above me and my eyes lingered for just a second on the ridge in his pants before I looked him in the eyes.

"I...I'm sorry. I..."

"Wait. How did you know we were in here? Did you follow us?" He paused to think, "Did my fucking wife put you up to this?"

"No, it's nothing like that I swear." I felt powerless as he just stood over me.

"So what then? Are you just some horny little slut that likes to watch?"

I couldn't believe how he was talking to me. He was usually so nice. A little serious but always nice.

I know it was definitely not the time or place but his stern, growly voice was turning me on even more. Not to mention his sizable cock practically taunting me through his pants and the subtle lines of his fit frame running underneath his thin henley as he leaned down to me.

"Is that it, Aubrey ? You like to watch?" He paused as he forced my chin up to look at him, "I hear how you girls talk in my classes. I know what you all think of me. And your little fantasies just couldn't do any more could they? You just had to see more. Well...did you like what you saw?" Professor Mason pushed my knees apart and looked down between my legs, "It looks like you liked it a little too much didn't you?"

I glanced down to see that my wet pussy had soaked through my panties and a wet spot was forming on the light denim of my jeans.

My breathing started to grow faster and I had to bite the inside of my lip to stop it from quivering when I answered. "Y-yes."

"Yes what?"

"I...I liked what I saw."

"Is that right?" His voice grew deep and ominous. "What did you like most?" Two of his fingers pressed into the wet spot on my jeans and it made me gasp. He pressed a little harder, my pussy tingled under the pressure "Come on, don't be shy."

"I liked watching you spank her."

"Her ass is incredible isn't it? So you like watching it get rough huh?" His hand wrapped around my throat. He was gentle but I could tell his grip was strong when he wanted it to be. "You know. I've noticed you've got quite a perky little ass yourself. Why don't you stand up." He pressed into my pussy with a commanding pressure and started to lift me by the throat as I stood.

He smiled at me and I wanted to melt into his hands. Things were going a lot better than I had expected. His look said that he wanted me. Maybe he liked being watched. I went straight from scared right back to the most turned on I have ever been.

And then he spun me around and pinned me against the wall with my hands above my head. And my emotions turned upside down again.

"Oh fuck! What are you doing?" I squealed, thrashing against his oppressive hold on my body. One hand held my hands up and the other pressed into my back.

"I have to make sure you aren't going to tell anyone about what you saw here."

"I promise, I won't!"

"Oh, and I'm supposed to trust a naughty little slut like you?" his hand grabbed my perky ass and gave it a little slap. "Trying to spy on me like that while I fuck her with my big cock. Now pull down your pants." He let go of my hands and I tried to turn around but his now free hand pressed my face into the wall. "Pull down your pants. Now!"

"No!"

Smack!

"Oh fuck!" I whined.

"I said now!"

My ass still stung as I pulled my tight jeans down over it.

"Now. Are you going to tell anybody what you saw?"

I didn't answer fast enough.

Smack!

This time his big hand planted against my bare skin and it shot sparks through my core.

"No! I promise. I won't tell anyone."

"Good. Because if I hear so much as a peep about what went on between Chloe and I...your ass is mine."

Smack!

"Got it?"

"Y-yes."

Smack!

"I wanna hear you say yes Professor Mason!"

"Yes Professor Mason!"

Smack!

"That's a good girl."

My ass was on fire from his punishment. The juices that had soaked through my panties were now dribbling down my inner thigh. I was in pain and it was making my body beg for pleasure.

"Good girl. Now. What other fun should I have with a naughty slut like you?"

"Give the poor girl a break, Lucas." I turned my head to see the woman, presumably Chloe, standing to the side, looking me up and down.

"She has been such a dirty girl." Chloe walked up and backed the professor away from me, letting me step away from the wall. "Let me handle her from here, I'll make sure she doesn't say a thing."

Her words scared me but I was still beyond aroused.

My pants were down around my knees as she surveyed my petite curves, "Mmm and she is so cute. And so fit." She ran a finger over my face. "I'll bet you could get most guys on this campus to fuck you. So why are you chasing around a professor? You like older men, don't you?" She stepped away from me and put her hands on him. "You love that look of a man who is experienced. A man who takes care of himself...or maybe...you just wanted to see his . Big. Fat. Cock." Chloe ran a hand across his ridge. My eyes followed her touch. "Mmm, I think we have a winner."

I couldn't look away as she continued to fondle him while she looked at me.

"But what does a young girl like you want with such a big older cock?" She continued. "You probably couldn't even handle a dick this big. Tell me Aubrey have you ever even...seen a dick as big as your professor's?"

I shook my head.

"So what was your plan for spying on us? Just to rub your little pussy raw and sneak back away?" She unzipped the professor's

pants. "Trust me. Once you've seen a man like this you won't be able to get him out of your head. You'll keep wanting more." She stuck her hand into his boxers and started stroking him, "And more. And more. Until you just have to try him out for yourself." She pulled his cock out and continued to slowly jerk him off.

I was mesmerized by her methodical stroking.

"Look at you. I bet you're getting so wet just watching right now aren't you?"

"Mhmm."

"Then why not pull your panties down and play with your pussy for me. You know it's aching to be touched."

She was right, my body was aching for pleasure. So fucking bad. Chloe watched my every move as I slid a hand into my panties and began massaging between my folds.

"Look Lucas, she is being such a good girl now. We just had to give her what she wanted. A show." Her strokes grew quicker for just a second before she reached up and pulled her hair back in a ponytail as she knelt in front of him. "Since you like big cocks so much, maybe I can teach you a thing or two. This is a classroom after all.

She grabbed the base of his cock and swirled her tongue around his tip before swallowing several inches of his shaft with ease. She bobbed up and down, using her hands to keep him steady as she gagged down more and more of his thick cock.

Every few seconds she would pull off for a quick gasp of breath, leaving his cock coated in spit before returning to pleasure him.

I tore my eyes away from the erotic display to see that Professor Mason wasn't watching himself get sucked off. He was watching me. He was watching me toy with my younger pussy.

I was getting so close.

I watched as he grabbed the back of Chloe's head and began pressing her further onto him. A bulge formed in her throat and tears welled up in her eyes.

The professor's gaze was still fixed on me as he forced his mistress's throat to pleasure him.

My pussy clenched in the telltale sign of my approaching orgasm. I pressed at my opening with my middle and ring finger as my thumb kept pressure on my swollen clit. I made myself cum as I watched Chloe choke on my college professor's huge cock.

It was somewhat surreal as pleasure washed over me and I let out a squeal of delight.

"Oh fuck. Did you just cum watching me suck him off? Fuck that's so hot." Chloe had her free hand between her legs. "I think you should come give this big cock a taste."

I hesitated.

"Come over here. Before I let him spank you again." Chloe continued. I might be nice now but remember, you're the reason I'm not getting fucked right now so I won't stay nice for long.

I went and knelt down on the ground. My professor's intimidating cock jutted out above me.

Chloe knelt behind me and started to run her hands up under my shirt, pushing away my bra. "Oh my god, you have such cute boobs." Her fingers lightly pinched my nipples which were so sensitive from cumming. "Look at her perky little tits, baby." Chloe pulled my shirt and bra over my head freeing my small breasts. She did the same to herself and I could feel her much bigger tits against my back.

"Oh fuck." Professor Mason stood above me and stared at my body as he began stroking his heavy cock.

Chloe's hand made its way down between my legs to my overly sensitive clit. I tightened up at her touch. "Oh fuuuck! You *really* liked watching me suck him off didn't you?" She ran her fingers through the mess I had made between my folds. "She is getting so wet for you baby." Chloe looked up at her lover. "Shit. I have to fucking taste you." Chloe put her hands under my ass and lifted me in a kneeling position as she placed her head between my thighs and began lapping her tongue against me.

I could hardly take the pleasure from her eager mouth. Luckily my professor was ready to distract me as he pressed his warm cockhead to my lips.

I tasted him with my tongue for a moment before sucking on his tip. I had to open as wide as I could to let him glide across my tongue and into my mouth. His cock was so warm. He eased me onto him and tested the waters with his cock at the back of my throat.

I was proud to be able to deepthroat most guys but this was different. He was massive. I might have been able to take his length after some practice but could barely handle how thick he was pressing at the opening to my throat. My mouth was stuffed full and as he pressed further I gagged.

Chloe pulled off of my pussy leaving me teetering at the edge of another climax. She joined me alongside my professor's cock that was now covered in both of our slobber. "It sounds like you need some help up here." Chloe gave me an unexpected kiss and for the first time I tasted myself. My nectar was sweet on her lips and across her tongue.

"Is she ready for me?" asked Professor Mason.

"Lucas. Baby. No pussy is ready for you. You're fucking huge."

Professor Mason smirked and lifted me up and placed me back across the desk in the front of the room.

"Oh fuck Aubrey. Your pussy is so tight."

Chloe came to my side "His big cock is so fucking worth it. But I can't fucking wait to watch him punish your little cunt." Chloe took one of my nipples into her mouth and started sucking. My body hummed remembering the almost-orgasm she had given me earlier.

I felt the heat of his cock between my legs, taunting my tiny opening.

"Oh shit! Please go slow." His tip spread me open.

"This is what you wanted isn't it? For my big cock to stretch you. What you daydream about while you stare at me the entire class."

Even if I knew what to say I wouldn't have been able to because his cock took my breath away as he continued to split me open. I was so close but he was going slow like I asked.

I was torn between wanting him to be careful with me and wanting him to split me open and make me cum my brains out

already.

And he could fucking tell.

He pulled his cock out and the tingling emptiness nearly pushed me over the edge.

He pulled me up off the desk and bent me over it instead. I was shaking from my need to cum.

He pinned me down and sent shivers down my spine with kisses on the nape of my neck. "You want to cum so fucking bad don't you?" His tip grazed against me and I squirmed trying to press my slit onto him.

Smack!

"Oh. Fuck!" I was so fucking close. "Make me cum! I need you to make me cum! Please!"

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Then he grabbed an ass cheek with each hand and spread me apart. I could feel my sticky lips peeling open. And then he buried himself into me.

"Nngh! Oh! Oh my god! Oh my fuck! Fuckfuckfuck! I'm cumming! I'm...I'm..." the rest was a mix of squealing and screaming like I never have before. Followed by blacking out and then slowly coming back to reality with a thick, veiny dick still pummeling my insides. My professor's thick veiny dick to be exact.

I could feel some bruising coming on the front of my hips as he banged me against his desk.

He was insatiable.

He picked my front half off the desk and stood me up all while staying deep inside me.

"I'm in love with your cock!" I moaned.

"I know, because you're going to cum on it again."

I didn't feel an orgasm building but then he grabbed me by the hair and wrapped an arm around my front to hold me still while he really started to fuck me. I mean really fuck me. Like my brain turned to mush while he fucked me.

My whole body started to spasm and his strong hands held me down while he pressed and held his cock in me.

And then he erupted.

"Oh fuck. I can feel it. I can feel you cumming so deep in me."

"Do you like how it feels when I breed you?"

"Yes!"

"Yes what?"

Smack!

"Yes Professor!"

He pulled out and I immediately wanted his cock to keep me stretched open all night.

I rolled over and laid on the desk as I watched him go give Chloe an equally powerful dicking. All the while I could feel his warm seed spilling out of me. I was bred. I was satisfied. I was aching for more.