

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest down, wearing a white lace bodysuit. She has her hands clasped near her face. The image has a pink-to-purple gradient overlay. The title 'Too Big For Her' is written in a large, white, cursive font across the top.

Too Big For Her

**FOUR
STORY
BUNDLE
#2**

Kelsi Harper

Too Big For Her

Four Story Bundle #2

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Teased and Taken by My Best Friend

1

I was about to fuck Josh...again. The only problem is that Josh is my ex.

So why am I about to fuck my ex? No, we aren't getting back together. Josh is a piece of shit.

So then why?

Because I'm a sex addict, that's why. A sex addict with intimacy issues that finds it hard to get close to people.

Yay me.

To me sex is like a drug and Josh is a familiar, easy score. But the longer I let my little addiction go with him the worse I'm making things for myself. To the point that I was starting to get scared.

So scared that when Josh knocked on my door I started to panic. I had texted him that I needed him to come over. That I needed sex.

I really needed to take my key back from him since we were technically broken up.

Another knock on the door and I knew he wasn't going to wait long before he just came in and took what he wanted. Me.

The only problem was that I wanted him to take me. I was wearing my pink, silk nightie with no panties underneath in anticipation of him ravishing me.

I was totally ready. I had been playing with myself for the last hour. That's when I texted him.

I don't make the best decisions when I'm horny.

But I just couldn't shake the feelings of anxiety knowing that Josh was just on the other side of my front door. I wanted him but I was scared of letting him further and further back into my life.

The past few times that I've slept with him there has just been this pit in my stomach afterwards knowing that I'm hurting myself.

I just couldn't shake him. The sex was good.

It took more than a little convincing myself for me to get out of my apartment before he came in. If I had to face him I wasn't getting away. Once I felt his hands on me I was done for. It was so hard for me to turn away when I knew that sex was so close.

I walked out onto my second floor apartment's balcony.

I must have looked like a crazy person escaping an asylum. Wearing nothing but my tiny silk dress that stopped just below my ass as I climbed over the steel railing of the balcony.

Those hours spent in the climbing gym were really coming in handy as I slowly lowered myself down. Hanging off the edge of the balcony made the fall manageable and I was able to stay standing but not without a jolt shooting through my shoeless feet.

Fuck. I really should have grabbed my keys. Or my phone. Or anything really; shoes, a jacket, I had nothing.

It was also starting to become painfully obvious just how cold it was outside. It was nearly eleven at night.

No panties also meant no bra and I could feel my nipples growing hard against the silky fabric of my tiny dress. The thin material didn't provide much protection against the night air.

I needed to find somewhere to go that wasn't my apartment. My mind raced for somewhere close that might be open this late on a weeknight.

The list wasn't long. A gas station on the corner, I wouldn't be able to stay there long—especially looking like I did—without drawing suspicion and probably getting kicked out.

There was a dive bar a little farther down the street, but I couldn't help but think that I would draw a lot of unneeded attention in my state of dress...or rather, undress. The last thing I needed was strangers hitting on me. Especially attractive ones.

Normally it's easy enough to shrug those interactions off but right now I was vulnerable....and so very horny.

My issues with sex normally meant that I learned to be cautious who I let get close to me. With the state I was in I was worried I might make an exception. Josh was an exception, he was an absolute sweetheart for months and then something happened that made him terrible and he started treating me like shit.

Anyways, the dive bar was also a no.

My last option was a 24 hour taco shop in the other direction. It wasn't a great option but it would do until I figured out what the hell I was going to do.

There was no telling how long Josh would wait inside of my apartment. I could only imagine my phone sitting atop my dresser blowing up with increasingly angrier messages from him asking where I was.

I vowed right then and there to cut him out for good.

I quickly made my way to the small restaurant with its yellow sign with bright red letters that read 'open 24 hours' glowing in the night.

There were a couple people inside waiting at the counter to order. I did my best to sneak in but as soon as I opened the door all eyes were on me. My attire meant that a couple of those eyes stayed on me.

Was I high? Was I a prostitute? Was I just some slut?

I could tell the strangers in line were all trying to figure it out as I snuck past them and into a small booth.

The place wasn't warm but it felt warm in contrast to being outside in practically nothing. Until I was startled by the cold, worn material of the restaurant seating against the backs of my thighs. I lifted up and made my best attempt to tug the short dress under me so as to not have my bare lady bits sitting against the vinyl fabric.

I had to figure out something to do, somewhere to go. I was fine for now but I couldn't just stay here all night. Ordering food might buy me another hour or two but I didn't have any money on me.

I quickly scanned the small restaurant and spotted a cute couple. They looked nice enough. I walked up to them as every instinct in me said to just sit my ass down and wait it out. I'm not the best with social interactions and especially not ones as strange as this.

"Hi, umm...my crazy boyfriend kicked me out of our apartment. Is there any chance I could borrow your phone to call someone?" I had to lie just a little since the real situation made me sound like the crazy one.

I swear I'm not. I'm just addicted to sex and how it makes me feel. That doesn't make me crazy. Outside of that one thing I live a pretty boring life to be completely honest.

"Oh yeah...definitely." The girl scrambled through her purse for her phone and handed it to me.

"Do you need me to call the police or anything?" The man asked.

"Oh no, nothing like that. I'm just going to stay somewhere else tonight. Thank you though."

The convenience of having my smartphone attached to me all the time left only a few phone numbers in my head. My parents who lived halfway across the country, my childhood home number which was now disconnected and my supervisor at work. None of them were all that helpful in my current situation. I had one other number memorized, my childhood friend, Simon, who thankfully hadn't changed his number since we were teenagers.

Now I just had to hope that he would pick up this late since he probably had work in the morning.

It rang and rang and I could feel a bit of my anxiety wash away when I heard the sound of Simon picking up.

"Alice?" His voice was groggy. I had woken him up.

"Hi. Sorry."

"No, it's fine, what's up?"

"So this might sound really weird but can you...come pick me up?"

"Alice, what's wrong?" His voice grew instantly more alert. Worried.

"Umm, it's Josh. Can I just crash at your place tonight?"

"Alice, of course you can. Are you at Josh's right now?"

"No, I'm actually at the Alberto's taco shop on twelfth street."

He paused for a second. "Oh, ok. I'll be there in like ten minutes."

"Oh my god, thank you so much."

I didn't have to explain a thing to him. He was such a good friend. We weren't quite as close as we used to be and I'm actually kind of sad about that.

"You can sit with us while you wait for them to show up." The kind woman offered as she scooted over to make room for me on the bench.

I took a seat and felt just a little less out of place.

"So what happened? If you don't mind me asking." The guy asked.

"Marcus, I'm sure she does mind." The woman said through gritted teeth.

"No, it's fine." I considered spilling it to them. But then I realized that telling two strangers that I was a sex addict while wearing what was practically lingerie, was the last thing I wanted to do right now. "I told him that I was going to break things off with him and he freaked and kicked me out. I guess I should have broken things off a long time ago."

It was actually pretty truthful with just a few key points missing. I really should have broken things off with Josh a long time ago. And I definitely should have never confided in him about my addiction.

For all Josh knew I just had a very, very healthy libido. But I thought he was safe so I told him I was addicted to sex and he almost immediately used that information to manipulate me in any way possible.

Other than my older sister, he was the only one that knew about my addiction. But I realized that in just a few moments I was going to have to tell Simon. I mean I didn't have to tell him. He

would still help me, no questions asked but I felt like I probably should tell him.

I had to tell myself that it would be good for me to tell someone and that I trusted Simon. It was the only thing stopping me from freaking out.

I saw headlights pull into the parking lot and a moment later Simon walked in.

"Thank you again. So, so much." I said to the couple before turning and running to my friend.

His eyes looked heavy, like someone that had woken up before getting enough sleep. He wore gym shorts and an old t-shirt with a few small holes in it along with a pair of slippers on his feet. His tired look was topped off with his five o'clock shadow from the day before.

He accepted me with open arms that he wrapped around me in a warm bear hug. I finally felt truly safe again. I could cry but I really didn't want to do it here. I already made a weird enough impression on the restaurant patrons and staff.

I pushed into his chest, motioning for us to go.

As soon as I got into his car I cried. It was a mixed bag of emotions that was hard to explain because I didn't fully understand it.

Simon grabbed one of my hands and we sat in silence as he started to drive.

"Did he hurt you, Ally?"

"No, nothing like that I just..."

"I thought you left that asshole months ago."

"I did, it's just..."

"Is he stalking you or something?"

"No. It's...it's just a lot to explain."

"Take your time." Simon squeezed my hand and gave me a quick smile before returning his hand to the steering wheel and his attention to the road.

"You look a little cold." Simon unknowingly glanced down at my hard nipples.

"Oh...yeah, sorry. I kind of left in a hurry."

He reached into the backseat with one hand, still keeping his eyes on the road. He produced a black flight jacket from the back and handed it to me.

"Don't be sorry. It happens."

"It's not like you've never seen my boobs before." I joked. Being friends as long as we had it just happens sometimes. Walking in on one another changing or a nip slip at the pool. Now that I think about it he has seen me a lot more than I have seen him. He has seen my boobs a few times and even accidentally caught a glimpse of my tiny landing strip. The most I have seen of him was his bare ass.

We pulled up to his townhome. All was quiet. Understandable since it was nearly midnight.

"I can just sleep on your couch if that's ok."

"The couches are actually taken, my roommate has friends staying over. I just figured you could take my bed and I'll crash on the floor."

"No, you need your sleep. I'm sure you have work tomorrow. I'll take the floor."

"You know that's not happening."

"Yeah, because you're too damn nice for your own good, Sime." We snuck our way past the two guys sleeping on the couches in the living room. "How about we just share the bed? I think we're good enough friends to do that, right?"

Simon just chuckled.

"What? You don't think we're good enough friends to share a bed for one night?" I asked with just a hint of accusation in my voice.

"Oh no, it's not that. I'll just have some explaining to do to my roommate and his friends when a girl comes out of my room in a tiny pink dress in the morning."

"Oh, come on, like you're not having girls over all the time." I teased.

"I wish."

"What? Are you saying ladykiller Simon is no more?" My voice was half sarcastic, half serious. Simon had a particularly long streak of one night stands in his early years of college.

"It's been like six months." Simon hopped into bed and pulled off his shirt.

"Damn dude, when did you get all ripped?" I couldn't look away. His muscles weren't huge but his body was very nicely cut and toned in just the right places. Simon has never been out of shape or anything but as long as I've known him he has always been super skinny.

"Oh whatever. It's just been work."

"Uh huh, sure." I said, climbing into the far side of his queen sized bed.

"Just go to bed." Simon said with another chuckle.

I hadn't realized how long it had been since I had seen my friend. A lot of my time lately was consumed with all the nonsense with Josh.

I realized that I missed Simon's voice. His little laughs at all the sass I threw his way.

"You aren't even going to ask why I was at the taco shop wearing only a nightie?"

"I figured if you wanted to tell me, you would." Simon answered.

"You're not even a little curious?" I did want to tell him but I was trying to find the best way to approach the subject. Somehow I felt that springing my sex addiction on him while we shared a bed might make things just a little weird.

"Of course I'm curious but it's your life and your decision to tell me if you want to. Just because I helped you doesn't mean you owe me an explanation."

"You're such a good guy, Simon. How come other guys are such assholes?"

"You mean that guy Josh you were seeing? I mean I could give you a few reasons."

"Oh, I know. Trust me. I know." I said.

"Ok good. When you mentioned him on the phone I was worried the two of you might be getting back together."

"Oh, no. God no." I paused. "Ok, well kind of but not like that." I admitted.

"What do you mean?" Simon asked.

"Well, Josh and I are no longer dating at all but we still kind of... sleep together."

"Hm...alright. I mean we all have our reasons, but why Josh? You could be with way better dudes than him in a heartbeat."

"That's sweet for you to say but you know how I am with meeting new people."

"Yeah, you're the worst." Simon teased.

"Hey! But yes, you're right. And I don't know, Josh just didn't require any effort."

"Ok I kind of get that. But like, not to be rude or anything but couldn't you just go without sex for a while until you did manage to meet someone new?"

"You see, that's kind of the problem. I kind of...can't."

"What do you mean you can't? I get that sex is great and all but..."

"Simon, I'm a sex addict." I interrupted.

My words hung in the air for a moment as the room fell silent.

2

"Explain." Simon said after the painfully long silence.

"I'm not really sure what to say. Let's see. How do I put this?" I thought for a moment. "Basically, if I don't have sex for a bit I start to get really...I don't know...weird. I get all antsy and anxious and I just can't shake the feeling unless I orgasm."

"Ok, interesting. But can't you just masturbate like everyone else?" Simon asked, very matter-of-fact.

"I mean sometimes, it depends."

"On what?"

"On a lot of stuff. Stress level, anxiety, feeling lonely, being depressed. Sometimes masturbating works but you know, most of the time it's not the same and it just makes things worse."

"Ok, stop me if I'm overstepping but can't you just go out and find a one night stand or something. I mean I've done it with girls I had hardly spoken to."

"Real classy Sime."

"No, I'm serious. You say you have trouble meeting new people but like if you just went out to that bar we used to go to by the college I bet you could just take a guy home without even a word. Problem solved."

"Ok. Yes. That may work but...ok. Simon, I'm going to tell you something that I don't tell anyone. Do you understand?"

"Sure."

"No Simon, I'm serious. Not a word to anyone."

"Ally, what's up? You know you can tell me anything." Simon had turned towards me, propping his head up on his hand.

"I know, I know. You're seriously the best and I don't want to make things weird."

"I let the last girl I slept with stick a finger in my ass while we had sex." Simon spit out.

"Umm...and why are you telling me this?"

"I told you a weird sex thing about me now you don't have to feel weird about whatever you have to say. We'll be even." He said it with such a straight face that I couldn't help but smile.

"You're cute you know that? Ok, but my thing is a little more intense than a little finger up the bum." I looked away and set my eyes on the ceiling as I confided in my friend. "So I like it rough in bed."

"That's really not that weird." Simon responded.

"No, Simon, like really rough."

"Ok, like what?"

"Like spanking and choking and..."

"All pretty normal stuff, Alice."

"Wait. I'm not finished."

Simon just stayed quiet and let me continue.

"I also like it sometimes when a guy spits on me or drips hot wax on my tits." I could feel my heart racing. I was still turned on from earlier and bringing this all up was making me somehow both horny and nervous. I swallowed hard and continued. "I like getting bruises on my ass and thighs, I like having my...pussy spanked. I don't know. I just like pain when I'm having sex."

"Ok. I see."

"And as you can imagine that kind of stuff requires a little trust. I know I could just meet some guy and have plain old vanilla sex but I'm worried that I would just keep going back to Josh because I wasn't satisfied."

"Because you trust him?" Simon asked, a little confused.

"I know. I know. He's not a great guy but at least I know he would never actually hurt me."

"Do you though, Alice?"

Simon's words stopped my mind dead in its tracks. I had never even had the thought. Josh had never hurt me before. At least not physically. But I had a horrible realization. I wasn't just afraid of getting close to Josh again. I was afraid of Josh.

I started to get choked up and Simon rushed to my side. He wrapped me up in his big, long arms and I pressed my head into his

chest. The warmth of his flesh against mine was instantly soothing and I could hear his heart racing. I felt him pull a thick, warm blanket over us both.

"You're gonna be alright. Alright? You can come here anytime you need to. I can even give you a key if you want."

"But what do I do? I need to stop fucking him but whenever I stop for a few days I feel like I'm going fucking crazy and I just...I probably sound fucking crazy right now."

"You really don't. Life is just shitty sometimes and exactly how is different for everybody. It's not your fault."

I had nothing else to say. I just savored feeling safe. I still wanted sex. I needed sex. But for now I was just happy to be beside someone that for once was trying to make me feel better about all of this instead of worse.

I felt myself start to calm down and I pulled my head away so I could look up at Simon.

"What do I do, Sime?"

I could see the idea form behind Simon's eyes before he spoke.

"I might be able...no. It's stupid."

"What? Tell me."

"No, it's a bad idea. I just thought it might help you forget about Josh but just forget it."

"Fucking Josh is a bad idea but I was about to do that. So just say it."

"Well, it might be better if I just...show you."

I chuckled. "Umm, ok. Then show me."

"It's not that easy."

"Sure it is. All you have to do is show me."

"Ok, but promise you won't be mad."

"Dude, just show me!" I demanded.

"Fine but you have to trust me. Do you trust me?"

"Simon!" I was getting frustrated with his beating around the bush. I honestly had no idea what he was getting at. But I did trust him, more than anyone I know.

"Ok umm..." Simon stood up from the bed. "Just roll over and close your eyes."

I rolled on my stomach and propped my head in my hands as I closed my eyes.

"What is it? Some kind of hypnosis or something?" I joked with a nervous chuckle.

"Kind of."

"You know I don't believe all that mumbo jumbo."

"I know, I know. Just relax, take a deep breath and trust me."

I did my best to calm myself down but as soon I tried to clear my head of everything, sex was right back, front and center. With my eyes closed I became all too aware of my body. My pussy was wet and sore. I've heard other women describe an ache when they get really turned on but mine is more of a soreness. Like a muscle cramp that needs to be stretched.

Damn did I need to be stretched.

I heard Simon shuffling around the room.

I needed to focus.

I couldn't.

Maybe I could excuse myself real quick and rub one out in the bathroom. It wouldn't be enough to make me forget about sex, not when I was this turned on. But maybe it would let me get my head on straight long enough to humor whatever idea Simon had.

I could feel Simon slowly getting back onto the foot of the bed. He lifted the blanket off of me.

"Simon, what are you doing?" I pulled my dress down to make sure he didn't see my glistening pussy and went to turn over but Simon's strong hands kept me face down.

"You have to trust me." His voice was stern. Not quite angry, just very serious. Very unlike him.

"But Simon, I'm not wearing any panties."

"That's ok, just relax and I promise you'll never think about Josh again."

"I think I should..."

"Alice!"

I've never heard his voice be so commanding. Simon was normally so soft spoken. Hearing him growl my name stirred something up deep inside of me.

I was so horny that it was starting to fucking hurt.

I had to do something about it. Since I wasn't wearing any panties it wouldn't be long before it became very apparent just how wet I was getting. I didn't want to make things weird with Simon. He was being such a good friend letting me stay here and my stupid sex crazed mind was going to ruin it.

And out of nowhere Simon spanked me. Hard. Like really fucking hard.

"Ow! Fuck!"

It wasn't a hand. Even through my thin dress I could tell he had used a paddle to smack my ass.

I instinctively fought against him but it was useless. Simon was so much bigger and stronger than me. Not to mention he had the dominant position of kneeling over me.

It's not that I didn't like spanking. I fucking loved the spanking. It was just startling having my ass get punished by my best friend. My mind wanted it to stop because everything in my head wanted Simon, my best friend, to stop. But my pussy wanted the big strong man with total control over my body to keep punishing me.

My pussy won. It always did. That was kind of the problem.

I stopped fighting against him and he pummeled my ass again.

"Oh...FUCK!" I shouted.

"Quiet slut!"

Oh wow. New kink unlocked. Having degrading shit yelled at me by my best friend as he reddens my ass. My pussy drooled at his powerful voice.

I needed sex before but I would do absolutely anything to get it now. Simon was right. I really was a slut. I just never expected to be a slut for my best friend.

He continued to work me over until my ass was stinging and almost numb from his disciplining me.

I was worried about telling him just how bad my body needed him.

And then I felt it.

No way.

No fucking way!

Could that be...? No, there's no fucking way.

I knew the feeling well. The feeling of a cockhead pressing between my lips. It was smooth and round and absolutely massive. My little hole would have to stretch so wide to take something that big.

It was so big that it had to be a dildo.

Right?

I mean nothing against Simon but if he had a cock that big I would *definitely* have found out by now. I've probably spent more time with him than anyone else in my life. And you can't just hide something like that forever.

But why the hell would Simon keep a giant dildo in his room?

I guess he had some sex secrets of his own.

I was so turned on that I wasn't even questioning why Simon was about to shove a huge dildo into me.

A dildo was never the same as having a man's hot flesh buried in me but a dildo this big would still give me the stretching that I needed.

And then I felt something else.

Heat.

It must have just been my pussy because I was so hot and bothered.

No, it wasn't me. It was warm, even against my hot pussy.

Holy fuck. It is Simon's dick. My best friend is about to fuck me with his monster cock.

"Simon, are you sure you want to do..."

I felt his thick head press into me and my mind was already swirling. Every thought became a jumbled mess.

"Fuck, you take me so good, you little whore. Nobody has ever taken my cock so easy." Simon groaned.

"Please." It was all I could manage. My body squeezed against him.

Fuck.

I was already going to orgasm.

"Please what?" He demanded.

"More!" I practically screamed it at him.

He stretched me. He fucking split me in half. The soreness and cramping melted away as he forced my walls apart.

I took fistfuls of the blanket and had to bite down on the pillow that I was laying on to stop from screaming like a banshee.

His huge cock soothed my needy pussy and I was ready to cum. Just one more thrust and I just knew I would start creaming on him.

Just one more thrust and I really would forget about Josh.

Holy fuck, he was so much bigger than Josh. He was so much bigger than anything I had taken.

But he didn't thrust again. Simon just let his big cock rest deep inside of me.

I bucked my hips back into him, trying to get what my body craved. His powerful hand pressed my hips down into the mattress with a shove. I needed to cum more than I ever had in my life and Simon wasn't letting me.

"Just fuck me! Please, Simon!"

His hand moved from my hips and wrapped around the front of my throat with a squeeze.

My pussy clenched. And it let me know just how full I was.

He pulled my head back and I felt his body hovering over me and his breath hot against the back of my neck.

"You need to understand one thing."

"Yes. Oh fuck, anything. Please." I could hardly even recognize my own voice with how desperate I sounded.

"I'm going to make you cum so hard that you won't even be able to say the name Josh, got it?" His hand squeezed my throat just a little harder.

Nevermind the thrusting, just his words and his strong grip forced me over the edge of orgasm.

"Oh fuck! Oh yes!" And then all I could say was, yes. "Yes, yes yes!"

He yanked me by the hips so that my ass hung in the air and my face stayed buried in the pillows. My wrists were quickly pinned behind my back, leaving me helpless as he took me.

He fucked me like he was still punishing me. Careless that I was uncontrollably cumming on his big dick. He was being so rough and so fast. My pussy was convulsing and squeezing with each throb of my climax. And each of his thrusts forced my body to stretch back open for him every single time.

"Damn, you feel so fucking good, Alice."

I tried to respond but when I opened my mouth I let out a scream. It was so overwhelming.

A strong hand reached forward and smothered my face into the mattress.

"I said be fucking quiet."

He kept my face pressed down while he railed me.

My first orgasm had hardly finished making me tremble before I knew I was going to cum again.

I let my mind go blank, nothing but the feeling of my sheath wrapped tightly around the swirling heat inside of me. It's like my body was trying to hold him inside of me, claim him as mine. Eager for his superior cock to seed my needy cunt.

He was quickly taming my body. Simultaneously making me feel at ease and absolutely obliterating me at the same time.

The sound of our sex colliding over and over mixed with the sound of my gushing and Simon's heavy grunts.

He finally took his hand off my back and I realized that as I got lost in pleasure I didn't know how starved for air I was.

I gasped for breath as Simon flipped me over and lifted up my tiny dress, exposing my perky tits.

I had a perfect view of Simon pumping his huge cock above me. He was desperate for an orgasm and when I saw him standing over me like that I became just as desperate. My body was hungry for his load.

"You're so fucking hot, Alice!" His words were breathy and resigned to pleasure.

He blasted me with cum, quickly coating my stomach and tits.

"Fuck, that's so hot Sime and your cock is fucking gorgeous."

He swiftly slapped me across the face, making my cheek and jaw sting with pain.

"What the fuck are you waiting for? Clean my cock off, slut."

Simon growled.

Oh fuck. Yes sir.

I only thought the words because my mouth was busy hanging open, waiting to suck his messy cock clean.

I propped myself up in bed and felt his cum run down off my tits and pool on my stomach.

Simon quickly shoved his cock into my waiting mouth, unworried of whether or not I could take him. I thought I would be able to but I didn't realize just how thick he was. My jaw stretched and so did my throat as I felt him squeeze past the tiny opening at the back of my mouth.

I started to gag and I instinctively attempted to pull back but Simon had my head pinned against his padded headboard.

He noticed that I tried to pull away and he smacked me again.

"Not until my cock is fucking spotless. I have work in the morning and I'm not going to sleep covered in your cunt juice."

He was being such an asshole.

And I fucking loved it!

I honestly didn't think that Simon had it in him. He was always so quiet and so nice. I never pictured him being so dominant in bed. But now that I had seen him that way it was going to be hard to think of him any other way.

Sure he would still be my caring, soft-spoken friend. But my caring, soft-spoken friend that could tame my pussy with his massive cock. The one that could quell the urges in me with his strong voice and powerful hands.

Simon slid his cock out of me, trailing a string of my saliva and leaving the taste of my pussy, mixed with the taste of his cum on my tongue.

He leaned over and kissed me on the forehead.

"You ok, Ally?"

I just smiled up at him.

"Thank you."

Then I got incredibly tired.

Being insanely horny and anxious and worried all night had worn me out. And Simon had relieved all of that. He stepped out to the bathroom and I didn't hear him get back in bed because I was already sound asleep.

3

I woke up with my tits still out and a puddle of my best friend's cum slowly drying on my stomach. My pussy felt raw and used.

Good. It wasn't just some crazy sex dream. I had really been fucked senseless.

I looked for Simon on his side of the bed but all I found was a note.

Alice, sorry I had to run to work this morning. I let my roommate (Ben) and his friends know not to go in my room. There are towels in the closet in my bathroom and I left out a shirt and a pair of gym shorts that might fit you if you cinch them really tight. I left some ice water and a gatorade next to the bed. Feel free to eat anything in the kitchen aside from Ben's protein powder on top of the fridge. You're free to stay here. I'll be home around 2 this afternoon and I can run you home or you can just grab what you need and stay over for the weekend if you want to. I noticed you didn't have your phone on you (why I'm leaving a note.) but if there is something important just use my laptop to message me.

Then written at the bottom of the page, almost as an afterthought.

Sorry I didn't clean you up. I wanted you to wake up remembering who you belong to now ;)

The emoticon of a winky face made me smile. It reminded me of the many, many flirty texts Simon and I would send back and forth as teenagers. Back then I could only imagine what being with Simon would be like.

Honestly as long as we have been friends I've had a crush on my best friend. But years passed and things just never lined up. One of us was always in a relationship with someone else, or we were too busy or more recently, our drifting apart.

I kind of gave up on ever actually getting to know what it was like to be with him. Even after he ravished me last night I still had my doubts. I worried that things would be so weird now, but that last line lit a fire in my chest as I read it over and over.

Simon still wanted to be with me. Honestly I had no idea what that meant as of right now.

Well, I knew one thing that it meant.

If that last line told me anything it's that I would be getting more of that magic cock when Simon got home.

I laid back and relished in the feeling of finally being truly satisfied. I also took in the still lingering smell of sex in the air mixed with Simon's manly scent laced through his blankets and pillows.

I looked over at the digital clock on Simon's side of the bed. It was just after ten in the morning. I should probably get up and get cleaned up and eat something before Simon gets home.

I let the shower steam up just a little before I hopped in. I used the removable showerhead to thoroughly clean every inch of myself. The hot water felt heavenly across my skin.

The shirt that Simon left me fit so big that it was actually a little longer than the skimpy dress I had on last night. I decided not to put on the shorts until I realized that I was hungry and probably shouldn't go downstairs to the kitchen with a bare pussy. I wasn't sure just who was still here.

I tried the shorts on and checked myself out in the bathroom mirror. They were so baggy and not at all flattering. I pulled them off and had an idea.

I opened Simon's drawers until I found a pile of neatly folded boxer briefs. I took out a pair and slid them on. They fit surprisingly well on account of my womanly hips and round ass.

I checked myself out in the mirror again. I posed and pulled the shirt up over my ass which honestly looked kind of good in Simon's underwear.

Much better.

They also fit better than the pairs of boy shorts that I had that were made for women. The ones that were constantly riding up my

ass and vagina at the most inopportune moments. I might have to make Simon let me borrow a pair of these.

I danced down the stairs and stopped about halfway down when I caught sight of the three men sitting on the couches, scrolling through their phones. Practically in unison they all looked at me and then looked away before one by one taking a double-take upon realizing there was a woman in their house. A woman dressed in nothing but a long t-shirt and a pair of underwear that hugged her shapely ass.

Their stares let me know that I in fact did look sexy in my little outfit. Good. I wanted Simon to enjoy it.

"Hi boys." I said in a flirty tone with a wave before continuing my strut down the stairs and into the kitchen.

Boosted by the confidence I got from their eyes following my swiveling ass and hips into the kitchen, I acted like the place was mine.

I opened the fridge and pulled out fixings for a ham and swiss sandwich with tomatoes and cucumbers.

I began to make myself food, occasionally glancing over my shoulder to catch one if not all of the men staring at me.

I decided to put on a show; leaning on the counter and sticking my ass out just a little more than I needed to, sensually licking my fingers when I was done making my food. It all felt kind of silly but I knew it was driving my audience of three absolutely wild.

I had no intentions of doing anything with them but their hungry eyes made me feel so fucking sexy. Not to mention that watching them fidget and squirm every time I caught them looking was so fun. That gave me another idea.

I grabbed a soda out of the fridge and took a seat in the recliner beside the two couches that formed an L in the living room.

"So, what are we watching?" I asked before taking a big bite of my sandwich and looking from the TV to the three stunned men.

They didn't know how to answer. I'm sure their minds were busy racing trying to figure out exactly who I was.

Was I Simon's girlfriend? A one-night stand? Did any of them have a chance with me?

I figured it was more fun to just let them wonder.

"Uhh...whatever you want I guess." One of the men finally answered my question before tossing me the remote.

I scrolled through my options before I came across a docuseries about sex.

Fitting.

I wanted to see just how much I could make these guys squirm. This isn't normally like me but I guess I was just riding high from last night and from reading Simon's note this morning. The three guys were also decently cute which might have added to the enjoyment.

I let the first episode of the series play for about ten minutes, making more than a few crude comments and watching the guys' faces turn just a little red, before turning on something else.

"I'm Simon's friend, Alice." I reached my hand out to the guy sitting closest to me and then waved to the other two.

"Ben."

"James."

"Sterling."

The three men introduced themselves and each of them breathed a sigh of relief.

"So how long have you known Simon?" Ben asked.

"About half my life, so since we were like twelve." I answered.

"Ohhh, you're Ally!" Ben concluded.

"That's me."

It made sense that Simon would have mentioned me to his roommate at some point.

The four of us made small talk about the usual stuff, all the while avoiding the obvious that Simon and I had fucked like wild animals last night.

"Hey, Simon actually just texted me that he is going to be home early." Ben spoke up.

A few minutes later I heard a car pull up and Simon walked in.

"Oh hey, Ally. I see you've met everyone."

"Sime, you didn't tell me they were all so hot." I joked, making eyes at Simon that let him pick up on my teasing the other guys.

Simon just smiled and chuckled out his cute laugh.

"So do you wanna run back to your place?"

"Yeah, I actually just wanna pick up a few things and come back here if that's alright."

"Of course. I mean, if that's alright with you Ben." Simon added.

"Oh yeah, yeah. Of course."

"Thanks Ben." I said with a wink in his direction that forced a nervous smile onto Ben's face.

Simon drove me back to my apartment and I quickly ran inside to pack a bag of clothes and a few other necessities.

"You didn't change?" Simon asked as I came out of my apartment still in his shirt and boxers.

"No, because I like the way you look at me when I'm wearing this." I responded, leaning in and kissing Simon on his stubbled cheek.

I could tell Simon was already kind of hard and my words made his cock stir in his pants. I reached down and grabbed him through his pants as he started to drive.

"Damn, you have such a nice dick."

"Thanks." Simon laughed trying to steady his focus on driving.

"Sooo, are you going to fuck me again tonight?"

"Sooner if I can help it."

"Good because I've been a naughty girl all morning. Flirting with the other guys in the house." I said, pouting my lips and slowly stroking him through his pants.

"Fuck, Ally. That's kinda hot."

"Oh yeah? You like when I flirt with other guys?"

"I mean now that you mention it yeah, kinda."

"Because you know that you've already claimed me with that massive cock of yours."

Simon glanced away from the road and over at me with a knowing smile.

"Fuck, I want you so bad, Ally."

"Mmm, I know baby. But I think I have a better idea."

"Oh yeah, what's that?"

"How about we hang out with those other guys and I'll keep flirting with them. Until you just can't take it anymore and you take me up to your room and teach me a lesson for being such a naughty little slut."

"Oh fuck." Simon huffed as I felt his cock throb in my hand.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Holy shit, I should have fucked you years ago."

"Umm, yeah you should have!" I said with just a hint of sass.

"Also, how dare you hide such a nice cock from your horny best friend all these years. Don't you know I've been crushing on you since like, forever?"

"Uh...sorry?" Simon responded, not sure what to say.

"And also, how did you manage to hide your huge penis from me for so long? Like honestly how do you walk so normal with that thing slapping between your thighs?"

"I don't know, I guess I'm kind of a grower."

"So what, it's like all small and normal looking and then you get turned on and then, bam, monster penis?"

Simon laughed. "Well I mean it's still kind of big before I get hard but..."

"Yeah, yeah you don't have to brag." I joked back.

The rest of the day went as planned. I flirted with the other three guys, giving Simon the occasional taste of my seduction.

I laughed at their jokes. I was handing out compliments like free candy. I would give the occasional playful touch on the arm or the leg. I made more and more crude comments. Once I even sat on Sterling's lap for a bit.

I slowly turned up the heat more and more until every one of those guys was probably sure he could have his way with me.

But only one would get me.

Simon.

And he knew it too. The look on his face as I flirted with the other guys was priceless. He was getting so turned on watching me be a slut for him.

It was slowly starting to get dark outside and I was just aching for Simon to whisk me away in his arms and take me up to his room already.

I was so fucking turned on that it was starting to hurt again and I was craving Simon's cock so bad. My pussy was getting so damn wet in anticipation of his size. I could feel that I was making a wet spot against the boxer briefs I was still wearing but I didn't care. If I positioned my legs just right one of the guys would catch a glimpse of my arousal and it just added to the whole slutty experience.

A movie played in the background but a majority of the attention remained on me.

"Oh wow, she has nice tits." I commented as a sex scene started to play in the movie. "Don't you think she has nice tits, Sterling?" I asked.

"Yeah, they're pretty good." Sterling answered.

"Ehh, Ally's are better." Simon added in, giving a smirk in my direction.

"Aww, you really think so babe?" I beamed back at him, jokingly fluttering my lashes.

"I mean if you don't believe me we can let them be the judges." Simon stated.

Oh fuck. Was Simon suggesting what I thought he was suggesting?

I shot back a look that asked if he was serious and it was met with a nod from Simon.

I started to lift my shirt and all eyes were on me.

God it made me so hot about to show off my tits to all of their lust filled stares.

I could tell that James was already trying to hide an erection forming in his pants as he adjusted how he was sitting. I felt my tits lift up with the shirt and then quickly drop down, my nipples were already hard. I didn't just lift up the shirt, I took it all the way off.

They couldn't take their eyes off of my chest, even Simon. It didn't take long until the other two were nervously trying to deal with their stiff cocks like James had.

I looked to Simon and he was still loving every second of it, but he hadn't dragged me away to fuck yet.

What was it going to take?

It almost became a challenge. I needed him to put an end to the wild urges racing through me. So I was going to keep on pushing until he kept up his end of the deal and took me away to fuck.

"So do those hard dicks mean that my tits are better or...?"

"Fuck, you're perfect, Alice." Sterling eventually choked out.

"Oh honey, I know. I think maybe you should show me just how much you love my perfect little body."

"W-what do you mean?" Sterling stammered out.

"You know exactly what I mean. Take your dick out, mister."

Sterling looked nervously at Simon to see if it was ok.

"You heard the woman." Simon said.

"All of you. Let me see how hard you get for my big, perky tits." I added.

They started slow but it wasn't long before I had three stiff cocks in front of me. They were all decently sized. James was long and skinny, Sterling was slightly shorter but much thicker and Ben was a decent length and girth with an upward curve. Every single one of them was so hard, all from just admiring my feminine form.

"Well, don't just stand there. I think my tits have earned a reward for making you so hard."

They were standing in front of me, cocks out as I went to kneel on the floor in front of them and they all still looked so nervous.

"How about this? Whoever can hold their cum the longest gets to nut on my tits." I paused and looked up at them with big, doe eyes. "Well...start jerking off. Now."

The three of them didn't know what to do besides obey the confident, naked women in front of them. They each took their cock in their hand and started jerking off.

"Oh, come on. Like you mean it!" I teased, squeezing my full tits together for them to admire.

I watched James cum first, his load spurting out in tiny sprays of cum into his other hand.

"Aww, poor boy. My tits just too hot for you?" I teased.

Ben didn't last much longer, spewing out his thick milky load into a tissue that he was smart enough to grab before he started.

"Mmm, so sad. Such a big load gone to waste." I noted as I crawled my way up to Sterling. "You're the last one big boy. Lucky you. And such a thick beautiful cock you have."

I put my hands on his thighs and positioned myself to receive my reward.

"Make it a big one for me, ok?" I smiled up at Sterling with big, soft eyes and he didn't last much longer after that.

I felt the muscles in his legs tighten as he unloaded on my chest and neck.

"Such a good boy. All of you are. You really know how to make a girl feel welcome." I said, still kneeling on the floor, covered in Sterling's sticky load. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go get punished by Simon's big cock for being such a slut for all of you."

I stood up and took Simon's hand as I turned towards the stairs. He didn't budge.

"Not so fast."

"Please, Simon. I need it! You know I fucking need it!" I tugged his arm.

He grabbed me by the arm and yanked me back over to him.

"You've been such a naughty girl, teasing these guys all day. I think the least you could do is let them watch your punishment."

"But Simon I thought..."

Before I could finish he had a hand around my throat and was leading me to the kitchen table where he tossed me back.

I wanted it so bad. The idea of him humiliating me with his big cock in front of his friends was so hot. But I wanted him to really punish me so I decided to be a brat and fight against him.

My obstinance didn't last long. I forgot how strong Simon was. He pinned my legs down and literally ripped the underwear off of me.

"You're such a fucking slut. Look at you covered in another man's cum and you love it."

My shaved pussy and tiny landing strip were on display for everyone to see. It should have been so humiliating but I couldn't help but feel even more turned on. I could literally feel my lips and clit swell with aroused blood. And knowing that this all turned Simon on as well drove me crazy.

I have done a lot of things but sex in front of other people was totally new to me. This was the first time but I knew it wouldn't be the last.

"And what are you going to do about it huh? It's my body, if I want another man's cum on me then I get another man's cum on me. Maybe I should let all three of them cum on me just for fun." I giggled and tried to pull away from him as I propped myself up on the table.

I could see the look in Simon's face that I was pushing him to the edge. Perfect. I knew Simon would never hurt me more than I wanted and I loved egging him on.

"And you can't do a fucking thing about it." I whispered as I sat up and looked Simon dead in the eyes.

He grabbed my throat again and with his other hand slapped me across the jaw so hard that my ears started to ring.

"Simon!" Ben scolded as he almost tried to get between us.

I looked over Simon's shoulder. "No, it's ok sweetie. I really have been such a naughty girl and I need to be punished."

I kissed Simon on the cheek and laid back on the table.

He grabbed my ankles and forced my legs up and apart, causing my lips to spread from the sticky mess I was making down there.

The light stretching feeling reminded me how sore I was. And not turned on sore—though that was in the mix—but actual soreness from Simon using me last night.

The vagina is a hell of a thing and it can stand up to a lot. But Simon was a hell of a man and he was hiding *a lot* in those boxers.

He pulled out his member and flopped it out on my stomach. He was hot and heavy resting on me.

"Mmm, isn't he so goddamn big?" I said, eyes closed just letting myself rediscover his size with my hands. "Isn't it fucking crazy that my petite body can take all of this monster?" I looked up at the three guys who had congregated at the edge of the kitchen. "Wanna see?" I continued with a big smile.

Simon shut me up quick as he pulled back and plunged into me. I nearly blacked out as everything got a little fuzzy. I reached down and held onto the edge of the table as I tried to steady myself with his relentless pounding.

I was already starting to cream on him as each thrust drew out more and more wetness. My lips tugged out trying to grip his impossibly thick dick.

I could hardly tell what was going on as I saw the other three men, cocks out and once again hard as they watch me get fucked on the kitchen table.

"It's...oh fuck!" I could hardly contain myself and it took all my will to form words instead of scream when I opened my mouth. "It's ok to jerk off to me again. I won't be mad. I know how hot it must be watching me take Simon's alpha cock." I hardly spit out the last sentence as Simon threw my legs over his shoulders and lifted my hips off the table.

The angle of our fucking changed slightly as he pushed into me.

"Haaa! Oh fuck! Too deep baby! Too deep!" I balled my fists as Simon bottomed out in me. It hurt so fucking bad. And then his arms wrapped around my thighs and he pumped me with a ferocity like never before. The pain washed away with waves of pleasure.

My ankles locked behind his head and my hips bucked up into him. I was desperate for him to fill me. I deserved it. I worked my ass off all day and I earned that huge load that I knew was brewing inside of him. My best friend's huge load pumped into me by his equally huge penis.

Fuck. Life was good.

Our climaxes erupted inside of me at the same time and instantly became a mess of heat and cum. Before I knew it I felt hot cum on my tits and face too but I still felt Simon deep inside of me.

I looked up and saw the other three covering me in jizz. I resigned and just laid on the table, a slutty display for all four men to admire.

So how was it now that I finally knew what it was like to be with my best friend, Simon?

My cum drunk brain found it hard to find the right words. It feels silly to say the word soulmate just because we have good sex. But Simon was more than just good sex, more than just a beautiful cock. He was everything I had been craving all these years. Everything I was searching for in guy after shitty guy.

And he was sitting right in front of me this whole time. *My* everything.

Spread and Satisfied by My Ex

1

"How come we never go to your place?" I asked, looking towards my girlfriend Marissa as we walked through the park. We met for lunch since our offices were only a block away from each other.

"I don't know, your apartment is just closer to the city and honestly your place is nicer than mine." I could tell she was hiding something in her voice.

We had been going out for about six months and things were amazing. The connection, the conversations, *the sex*. She was the first girl since coming out as bi that I have said 'I love you' to. But every time I brought up going to her place she got a little nervous. It was a little thing and normally it wouldn't bother me but it was starting to feel like she was scared about letting me get close to her. It was the only reason I could think of for her to hide where she lived.

"Well, my living room is torn up because the neighbors upstairs flushed something down the toilet that they shouldn't have. So it looks like I'll finally get to see your mysterious apartment after work." I concluded.

"We could just go out somewhere if you want. I was actually thinking that maybe..."

"Riss! We're going to your apartment after work. And then I promise we can go wherever. I just need to see it. That's all I ask."

She took a deep breath and I just stopped and admired her as she spoke. "Ok, we can go to my place. But then let's go out. Ok?" Marissa agreed.

"You're so cute when you get flustered." I said with a smile, taking her in with my eyes. I loved Marissa's pear shaped body, especially in her business woman attire of a pencil skirt and flowy blouse. She was short and curvy with a blonde pixie haircut that perfectly complemented the gorgeous, sharp features of her face. She was all hips and a perfect ass and thighs. Her boobs were cute too. She had perky, retractive tits that I loved to play with. She was self conscious about them which I found out when I compared them to ski slopes with her puffy little nipples as tiny jumps at the end.

My body was the opposite at least if we were standing side by side. For one I was quite a bit taller than Marissa's five foot one. And I had more of a runner's build, more slender with toned legs and tiny tits that sat high and perky on my chest. I kept my dark brown hair long and my skin is a light tan and covered in tasteful tattoos. Quite different from Marissa's unblemished pale body.

Opposites attract I suppose. And not just our bodies but our temperaments as well. I'm naturally dominant and our first time together in bed both Marissa and I found out she likes being my little sub. That's why I enjoyed watching her face get all red when I sternly called her by her pet name, Riss, in public.

I kissed my beautiful girlfriend goodbye. "You might have to keep this little number on after work. Your ass looks incredible." I gave her a little spank as she turned to walk back into her office building. She gave me a look over her shoulder that showed her porcelain skin getting red again.

I loved it. And I was so excited to finally get to go to her apartment and quell the thoughts of her living some kind of secret double life on the side of dating me.

After work I dropped my car off at my apartment and by the time I changed out of my work clothes and into much more comfortable leggings and a t-shirt, Marissa was there to pick me up.

"So listen." Marissa started before an excruciating pause.

Oh god, she really did lead another life and who was I kidding, I was probably the side piece.

"I kind of have a roommate." Marissa continued.

"Babe! Don't fucking scare me like that."

"What?" She asked, getting worried.

"When you paused like that I thought you were going to say something serious. Like you weren't actually a lesbian or something and that you actually had a husband and that I was some kind of experimental homewrecker. But a roommate. Who cares? I had a roommate until like last year."

"So it doesn't...bother you?" She asked.

"Babe, why would it? It's totally normal to have a roommate, and in this economy. Forget it!" I said waving the non-issue away with my hand.

"I don't know it's just that when I first met you, you seemed so mature and that you probably only wanted to date another mature woman and me having a roommate made me feel kinda childish." Marissa explained.

"So that's why you haven't wanted me over? That's it?"

"That's it."

"Well then let's go meet this roommate of yours."

"It's a guy." Marissa explained.

"And? You're a lesbian. Last I checked you had no interest in guys. In fact it's even less concerning that it's a guy."

We pulled up to the apartment and went inside.

"So do you still wanna go out somewhere?" Marissa asked as I watched her change out of her work clothes and into ripped jeans and a long, loose flannel that covered her ass. For some reason she was self conscious about her curves just because she had thick thighs and a soft tummy. I tried to explain over and over that she had nothing to worry about. Just watching her change had me so turned on. "Claire? I asked if you still wanted to go out."

"Sorry, I was busy getting lost in that perfect ass of yours. Your roommate isn't home is he? Because you might get kinda loud."

"I don't think he's home. He usually works later on Fridays. What do you mean loud?" She asked and I just smiled at her naivety as I walked up and took a commanding grip on her hips.

"I mean when I make you fucking scream."

It was a busy, stressful week and now that I was finally alone with my girlfriend in her room I was ready to let loose. I yanked her pants down and probed into her warmth with my long, slender fingers. I loved feeling her get wet for me. I pushed a finger into her, feeling her silky pussy wrap around me as I pressed her back into the bedroom wall.

I could feel her knees get weak at my touch which I knew meant that I could make her cum quick. I let my hot breath linger on her neck as I started to finger fuck her. I've brought up the idea of using dildos together but she always gets nervous and dismisses it whenever I do. I'm not really sure why since she fucking loves feeling me inside of her. I've even tried explaining the ecstasy of having a cock stretch your pussy open but she still gets all weird about me using anything but my fingers.

I slid another finger in and curved them towards her sweet spot as I continued pushing in and out of her.

"Fuck, you're so tight." I breathed against her, feeling my own arousal build inside of me. Just my two fingers made her tiny hole stretch for me and it made me want more. I wanted to see her lips spread and grip a fat dildo so fucking bad. Or to fuck her with a strap-on. God, just the thought made me shudder.

My own pussy ached to be played with but I liked letting it build until by the end of the night I just couldn't fucking take it anymore. That's when the domme comes out in me and I would have my real fun with Marissa.

I knew she was about to cum when the whimpers started, so I finished her off by pressing and swirling my thumb into her clit while I kept fucking my other two fingers into her.

"Good girl." I whispered in her ear. Her favorite words. The words that I knew would send her over the edge, screaming and gushing all over my hand.

I licked the taste of her off of my fingers before I went to wash my hands.

"Where's your bathroom?" I asked.

"Back down the hall, last door on the right."

I turned back as I went to leave the room, "Oh and if we're going to go out I recommend you change your panties you messy girl." I winked and headed down the hall.

The light in the bathroom was on but the door wasn't shut all the way so I didn't think much of it. The sound of running water really should have tipped me off though. But I wasn't really thinking straight with how turned on our little quickie had made me.

The sight of a man jerking off behind the sliding glass doors of the shower startled me back to reality. He was fucking huge.

I quickly shut the door. "Oh fuck." I tried to close my eyes and get rid of the image but it was burned into my brain. "Oh fuck!"

It was definitely him. There's no fucking way it could be him. But that cock. I knew that big cock.

"Is your roommate Forest fucking Stevens?" I asked storming back into Marissa's room.

"Claire, what's wrong?" Marissa asked, starting to look increasingly more worried.

"What's wrong is that I've fucked your roommate."

"I'm sure it's not that big of a deal."

"Yeah, maybe not. Except I just walked in on him jerking off in the shower. Trust me. It's a *big deal*."

Forest and I dated a few years ago, right after he broke up with me is when I came out as bisexual. I didn't really think about it much but I guess people joked with him for a while after that saying that his dick must be so bad that it made me want to try girls.

That couldn't be more wrong. It was just time for me to finally admit that I was bi, my relationship with Forest had nothing to do with it. In fact Forest was the best dick I'd ever had. By far.

The guy with the best dick I'd ever had was just down the hall and I just saw him jerking that perfect penis of his.

My mind was racing. I was already so fucking turned on after playing with Marissa and now memories of that thick, veiny cock came flooding back through my mind. Just in time for the owner of that cock to come bursting into my girlfriend's room.

"Claire?"

"Forest!" I looked at the man who was standing, still dripping wet with a towel wrapped around his waist. I couldn't help but notice the thick ridge of his erection pressed against his hip under the towel.

"Marissa," Forest continued. "Fuck, I'm so sorry."

I looked to see her response and found my girlfriend's cheeks blushing bright red as she stood in silence. "I-It's ok. Really."

"Is it though?" I added, still trying to figure out just what was going on.

"I didn't mean to. I didn't know you guys were here and I just..." Forest tried to apologize but I cut him off. I had to before I could let my lust filled mind make a really bad decision.

"It's fine! We were just going. Isn't that right, Marissa?" I stated before taking my girlfriend by the hand and leading her past my ex

who was standing in the doorway.

"What was that about?" Marissa asked as we got into her car.

"Nothing."

"It didn't look like nothing . Normally I'm the one that gets all flustered." Marissa added.

"I know, I know. But like how many of your exes have you walked in on masturbating in the shower?"

"Well, none." She answered. "I'm sorry. I told you we shouldn't go back to my place."

"Yeah, maybe we shouldn't have." I agreed.

"So did things with you and Forest...end badly?"

"No. But that's the problem." I said.

"I don't think I understand." Marissa admitted.

"Ok." I tried to compose myself and speak out the thoughts and feelings that seeing Forest again pushed back into my mind. "So things didn't end badly. I mean technically. But..." I paused.

"But what?"

"Let's see, how do I put this. Your roommate used to fucking rock my world. Until he just broke up with me out of nowhere."

"So, you still have feelings for him?" She asked.

"No. I mean not exactly. I mean, I don't know. Marissa I'm in love with you. Forest breaking up with me was the weirdest and most confusing breakup I've ever had. I thought I would never get over it and then I finally did because I thought I would never see him again and then I met you and I'm crazy about you and just... let's go out and we can just forget about it."

"I love you too, Claire." She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek before driving us away.

We decided to just keep driving. It normally helps me clear my head but I just couldn't stop thinking about Forest.

"So...what made it so good?" Apparently Marissa couldn't shake her own thoughts she was having about everything. So much for forgetting about the whole situation.

"Ok, so you know how I always tell you how mind blowing it is? That full feeling from fucking a penis...or a dildo." I added.

"Yeah."

"Whenever I describe that feeling I'm usually describing how I felt with Forest."

"Oh...I see." Marissa's cheeks turned rosy red. "So is he...big? Is that why it feels so good?"

"Babe, his cock is fucking huge. I mean size doesn't always matter but yeah...he's big. You mean you've never noticed? You have to have caught a glimpse at least once being his roommate and all."

Marissa's face turned redder than normal and I could see her chest even starting to get a little flushed above the small amount of cleavage she was showing. Something that normally only happened when she was getting turned on. But I guess it happens when she is really embarrassed about something too.

"Yeah...I've seen it. But don't tell him. I don't want him to get mad."

"So if you've seen it then why did you ask if he was big? If you already know your roommate is packing."

"Well I've just never...seen another one before."

My jaw dropped open. "What? I mean I get that you're a lesbian babe but you've never seen a penis before?"

"Well...no."

"Not even in porn?"

"I don't really watch porn, but when I do it's always two girls."

I couldn't help but let out a little chuckle. "Sorry, I'm not laughing at you, it's just...so you thought Forest was average when you saw him?"

"I mean I think he was soft when I saw it but yeah."

"Oh honey, even when he is soft he is bigger than most men when they are hard." I added, letting my mind run wild with thoughts of that big cock again.

"Wait, really? So he must be really big then."

"Very big."

"And what does a big one...feel like?" Marissa asked timidly.

"Well first, it fucking stretches you and you feel like it's going to split you in two. But once it's buried deep inside of you, you just don't care. And all you can think about is how good it feels to be so

full as you let him pound into you over and over until you can't stop from shaking because you're cumming so hard."

"Oh...wow." I could hear Marissa's breathing grow just slightly heavier. I wouldn't notice it with anyone else but I had practically conditioned myself to recognize it with Marissa because it meant one thing...she was getting horny.

"Riss, is this...turning you on?"

"What? No. I just think it's...interesting." Marissa stammered.

"So if I stick my hand in your panties, your pussy won't be wet?"

"Claire, that's crazy. Don't be silly."

"I notice that you didn't say no." I said, sliding my hand below her waistband to find the familiar heat and moisture that told me our little conversation was driving her cunt wild.

"Oh fuck."

"Mmm, have you been a naughty girl, Riss? Have you been thinking about cock?"

She immediately became overwhelmed and pulled the car off to the side of the road.

"Umm...maybe."

"Marissa! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well...it's kind of embarrassing."

"How is it embarrassing? I've been asking to use a dildo on you for weeks now."

"Because. Well because it's not me."

"So then what?" I asked.

"You. I've been thinking about you."

"Me, what?" I asked further, genuinely confused because what it sounded like she was getting at I couldn't believe. Not my innocent Marissa. The girl who had never even been penetrated by another woman until she started dating me.

"I want to see you...get fucked."

"No way. No fucking way." I claimed.

"Claire, I'm being serious."

"What even gave you the idea?" I asked.

"The internet."

"Of-fucking-course it was the internet. Marissa you dirty, dirty girl."

"So, you're not mad?"

"Babe, I'm so fucking turned on right now. You have no idea how hot it is to hear you say that you wanna watch me get fucked. I'm the opposite of mad. Here, let me drive."

"Where are we going?" She asked.

"Back to your apartment."

"What, to Forest? Do you think he'll be ok with all of this?"

"Are you kidding me? His hot lesbian roommate is going to ask if she can watch him fuck her girlfriend. I think he'll be alright with it." I laughed.

We got back to the apartment and I had to lead Marissa by the hand to stop her from hesitating.

Forest was sitting in the living room watching TV in nothing but a pair of gym shorts.

Perfect.

When he saw us walk in he immediately sat up straight and tried apologizing again.

"What are you sorry for?" I asked.

"For, I don't know, leaving the bathroom door open." He answered.

"But don't you think it was my fault for just walking into the bathroom unannounced? I think you feel sorry for another reason. Perhaps you feel sorry for peeking into Marissa's room while I was making her cum on my fingers."

Forest fidgeted and then immediately tried to compose himself. It had been years since the two of us were together but he still had the same tells.

It was just wishful thinking that maybe he had spied on our little playtime and that that is what had him so worked up in the shower. But with how he had reacted I knew I hit the nail right on the head so I pressed him further.

"Come on. No need to lie. Who could blame you? Your curvy roommate was squealing with pleasure while I finger fucked her just right down the hall. You just had to take a look. And then when you saw that it was your sexy ex doing the fucking you just lost it didn't you?"

"Fuck...I'm so sorry. I just..."

"Shhh." I placed a finger across his lips. "It's ok. You missed my body. I know you did. Even the way you're looking at me right now. I can tell. A girl can always tell." I slowly started to get down on my knees in front of Forest. All the while I could feel Marissa's intrigued stare hanging on my every move. "And I bet there is something

you've missed even more than my body isn't there?" I slowly started to tug Forest's shorts down.

He was so caught up in my seduction that he didn't move a muscle.

"Tell me Forest, have any girls been able to take you like I can?"

"Fuck...no."

"Mmm, didn't think so. Well, good news." I freed his already stiffening cock from his shorts. "Your horny little roommate wants to see me take it." I looked up at Marissa. "Don't you babe?"

Forest had hardly realized that Marissa was in the room with us and he nearly startled out of our whole interaction.

"Go ahead, Riss. Tell him."

"I do...want to see that." Marissa quipped.

"No, tell him like you told me."

"Forest, I want to watch you...fuck Claire."

At that Forest's cock jumped and grew almost instantly hard.

"So let's see if I still have the skills that I used to because goddamn I have missed this cock."

With that I took his thick cock by the base and stuffed him in my mouth. Forest had the cock that inspired me to learn how to deepthroat and feeling him press into my throat again was bliss.

"Oh. Oh wow." I heard Marissa's tiny voice grow excited and somewhat curious as she watched me swallow her roommate's cock in one go. "Does that feel good when she does that?" It sounded like a line from a porn scene but Marissa was genuinely curious.

"Oh fuck, Claire." Forest moaned. It was all he could manage as I flicked my tongue on the underside of his shaft as I bobbed up and down on him.

I pulled off, already a sloppy, spitty mess from gagging on dick, "That means yes." I answered Marissa with a big grin.

Marissa was biting her bottom lip and I could tell she was getting antsy. Watching me suck a big cock was driving her wild and I loved it.

"Wanna try?"

Marissa and Forest both looked at me with the same shocked expression.

"I couldn't."

"You can and I'll teach you how." I grabbed her hands and pulled her down with me. "I'm sure Forest won't mind. Will you Forest?"

"You have to be fucking kidding me."

"But, Claire, I'm a lesbian."

"And playing with one cock doesn't somehow make you straight. Come on. It's just for fun." I took both of her hands and wrapped them around Forest's cock. "Here, just like this." And I started showing her how to slowly jerk him off. Her tiny hands couldn't even wrap around how thick he was.

"Oh wow. It's so hard." Marissa said with genuine surprise. "And so warm."

"You're so fucking cute you know that?" I said, watching my petite lesbian girlfriend feel her first cock in her hands. I had no intention of trying to turn her or anything but watching her handle Forest's massive dick was turning me on so much already. I looked up at Forest who could hardly believe what was happening.

I continued with my instruction. "So this is the shaft. You want to grab it firm but not so tight that it hurts him and then slowly start sliding your hands up and down. And if you really want to drive him crazy you can use your tongue while you jerk him off like this." I licked up the veiny shaft. "Now you try."

"Claire, I don't think..."

"Don't think, just lick." I pushed her face closer and like a good girl she stuck out her tongue and licked up the other side of his shaft. "You know how you wanna watch me get fucked? Well I want to watch you suck this fat cock first."

"But..."

"Now." I commanded. I know Marissa likes when I get stern and she is always so eager to obey, so before I knew it she had a cock filling her mouth. She could barely fit his head in and didn't take much more. "Good, now stick out your tongue and keep jerking him off while you suck."

I watched her give her first blowjob and with all of her reluctance I could tell she was enjoying it. She might not like cock

but she absolutely loves being my obedient slut.

I slowly unbuttoned her shirt and her pants as I began to undress her. She tried to stop sucking but I forced her head down, making her gag on Forest's size.

Marissa tried to cover her body with her arms but I quickly pinned them behind her back, leaving her helpless with her mouth still stuffed.

"Doesn't she have such a nice body?" I asked, showing my girlfriend's body off to Forest. "I know she is into girls but I also know that hasn't stopped you from picturing what her perky tits look like. Or her plump little ass." I gave Marissa a spank that sent a visible jolt through her body.

I slid my hand down the back of her panties and found her opening drenched with arousal.

"Mmm, I think you might actually like sucking his cock after all." I teased Marissa, sliding a finger slowly up into her dripping cunt.

The pleasure quickly became too much for her and she pulled off of his cockhead and was gasping for breath as I played her body with my fingers again. I watched Forest's cock throb as he witnessed his roommate kneel in front of him and squeal out her orgasm as she knelt on the floor beside me.

"Are you ready to fuck me yet big boy?"

I didn't need to say another word. Forest leapt up from the couch, picked me up off the floor and tossed me back where he had been laying. Not much longer and Forest had stripped me naked.

I was so ready. I looked to the side at Marissa who was still glowing from her climax and just then I felt Forest push into me.

Warmth flooded across every inch of me as I stretched open for him. My body was ready and welcoming for his big cock. I missed it so fucking much.

"Oh baby, he's fucking stretching me already." I whimpered, my mouth falling agape and my chest heaving with my breath.

Even though she had just cum I watched as Marissa slid a hand between her thighs to play.

"Does it turn you on to watch me take such a big cock?"

Marissa just nodded as she kept playing with herself.

Forest was being so rough. I could tell he missed this just as much as I had as his hands grabbed onto my hips to help leverage his powerful and desperate fucking. Each thrust I felt his body pound against mine, his cock bottoming out impossibly deep inside my core over and over.

In and out and in and out. I was gushing and coating his cock but the friction of his big dick still left my lips and pussy feeling used.

"I want you...to sit on my face." I gasped between poundings.

Marissa didn't need to think twice before sliding off her panties and straddling my face. Her sweet nectar instantly coated my lips and tongue and I couldn't get enough of her. I suckled her clit and felt her leak even more out onto me, making a mess as she started to grind her hips and ass down into me.

I thought of how she was facing Forest who was still ruining my pussy with his huge cock and it gave me an idea. I reached up my hands and pulled Marissa's bra down, freeing her tits for Forest to see. I swear I felt Forest throb even harder inside of me after seeing her perky tits.

Marissa's legs started to clench in on my head as I continued tonguing her. This was her most powerful orgasm yet as I felt her pussy convulse along with her shaking legs. Her orgasmic contractions poured out her arousal and I graciously lapped it up before I turned into a shaking, cumming mess myself.

My mind went blank. All that was left was the taste of my girlfriend's cunt and the feeling of my ex pumping his load into my cumming pussy. It was heaven.

And then, unprompted, as soon as Forest pulled out of me Marissa bent down and started licking my clit. I was so painfully sensitive after cumming but she didn't stop as I thrashed against her lashing tongue.

The pain quickly turned into a swirling heat and I felt like I was going to cum again. The same clenching and milking of my walls that had made Forest cum in me was now pushing his load out of me as I came on Marissa's tongue.

Now I couldn't believe what was happening. I looked up to see Forest standing over me. He was still hard and dripping with both of

our cum. Perfect lubrication as I watched him spread Marissa's lips and stretch her tiny hole.

Oh fuck. Oh holy fuck!

Her lips gripped around his girth and pushed and pulled in and out of her with his slow thrusting. Her sex wrapped around him, and he stretched her to her limits instantly with only half of his cock inside of her.

Whimpers turned to grunts and then screams of pleasure as he took her while she was still laying on top of me. I felt Marissa's nails dig into me as she tried to cope with his size. I knew the feeling, thinking back to my first time with this beast.

"Oh god Claire! He's too big!"

I wanted to watch her cum on his cock so I started swirling my tongue around her clit as he continued filling her over and over.

I watched Forest's balls tighten and his shaft begin to twitch. I knew he was about to start pumping his load into her any second.

Then to my surprise Marissa came again. This time her pussy clenched so hard that it forced the cock out of her and Forest's load all over my face as I gladly cleaned up the erotic mess above me.

We were both spent after one round with Forest's cock but I already couldn't wait to see Marissa get stretched again. And I couldn't wait to teach her to take the whole thing.

Tamed and Taken by My Husband's Friend

1

My husband Graham was the first and only guy I ever slept with. When I was younger I had the notion pounded into my head that sex before marriage made me a terrible person.

The idea definitely works for some people and in a way it can be kind of sweet to have your first time be with the love of your life.

I found out too late that it wasn't right for me though.

To put it nicely, Graham and I are...incompatible in bed.

Ok, so the guy just isn't able to make me cum. That doesn't stop us from having sex though. In fact at the beginning of our marriage we fucked like rabbits trying to figure out just how to make it work for me. We tried everything. Ok, not everything but at least everything vanilla like fingers and tongue and things like that. We even bought a book of sex positions and tried nearly every single one. I still couldn't cum on his cock. It didn't help that my husband was pretty much tapped out after having one orgasm.

I'm a bit of a nympho myself so I think about sex constantly and for a while I started to think that our failures in the bedroom were somehow my fault.

That is until Graham and I started to explore the wonderful world of sex toys. After trying various vibrators and dildos it didn't take me long to discover that my issue was a size issue. Graham is a bit on the smaller side so immediately upon my discovery I bought a dildo. I started slow with an average sized rubber cock. Even being average it outsized my husband in both length and girth.

I let Graham fuck me, he came quick like always and then I immediately felt the bigger silicone cock pushing into me. It was like discovering a whole new world of pleasures. It still took a bit for me to cum but I finally finished from a cock inside of me.

Later that year for my birthday Graham bought me a big eight inch fake dick to use in the bedroom.

Needless to say I came faster than I ever have. And that's how I became a size queen.

I quickly became insatiable. I was fucking my pussy several times a day while Graham was at work. He didn't mind. In fact he found it kind of hot when I would send him pictures of me riding the bigger fake cock while he was away.

One day I decided to test the waters by sending him a text teasing him about his size ' *you could never stretch me like he does* ' followed by a picture of my pussy lips stretched around the girthy dildo.

It drove him wild. He messaged back saying that he had to sneak away to jerk off while he was at work because my messages had him so turned on.

And that's how I began to cuck my husband with a rubber dick. It wasn't perfect but I couldn't complain because I was cumming my brains out and my relationship with my husband was better than ever.

It was fun having our dirty little bedroom secret.

Then my appetites began to grow. Every time we were out in public I was objectifying nearly every attractive guy I came across. I would fantasize about what it might be like to cuck my husband with a real cock.

It was all just fantasy and I would always quell my urges when I got home with one of my dildos. I had grown a collection at this point.

Still, it was thrilling to let the ideas wander in my mind. It would be so simple. I'm a petite, busty asian with an innocent face and a dirty mind. Finding a guy to fuck me would be a piece of cake. I

knew how men fetishized me, I could hardly blame them because I was doing the same to every tall handsome guy that I came across.

It was just a matter of bringing up my idea to Graham. We had a decent thing going in bed and I really did love him so much beyond that. I didn't know how to bring up that I wanted to bring another cock into our bedroom. So for years I kept my little secret and kept my needy pussy at bay by pounding myself senseless with fake cocks, dreaming of the day that I could feel the heat of a man filling me.

It turns out my husband had his own naughty ideas brewing. He was more of a cuck than I thought.

Our anniversary was coming up and Graham kept asking me what I wanted. I hinted at the usual jewelry and cute outfits but he just kept insisting that it needed to be something special since this would mark our fifteenth year of marriage.

I could tell he was beating around the bush with whatever he was thinking.

"Did you have any ideas?" I asked.

"I don't know. I was kind of thinking, what if I could give you the gift of really good sex." Graham answered.

"I hardly think getting me another dildo counts as something special." I joked.

"No, I mean like real sex."

I took Graham's hand and gave it a squeeze as I looked at him. "Honey, that's sweet of you but you're just not big enough for me. We've been over this."

It sounded mean but Graham loves when I tease him. I knew me bringing up his size probably already had his small cock stirring in his pants.

"I know, I know. I mean what if I got you the sex that I know you've been wanting."

"What do you mean, the sex you know I've been wanting?" I asked, actually curious since I had never brought up my secret fantasy to my husband.

"I see how you look at other guys when we go out. Or how you cum so hard after all the couples parties we have at our house."

Graham paused. "Elly, I know you've been thinking about being with another man."

"Graham, honey. Those are just fantasies. I would never cheat on you." I grew defensive, forgetting just where this conversation had begun.

"No, Elly, that's what I want to give you as your gift."

"Wait..." I paused, not believing what Graham was saying.

"I want to let you be with another man for a night."

"But honey I..."

"Just hear me out. I've already thought this through and I know I'm ok with it."

"Ok, so...how do we go about finding this other guy?" I asked, instantly growing more excited at the idea. "I want it to be someone that you're ok with."

"So...do you remember that guy Vince?" Graham asked.

"That tall white boy you've been going to the gym with?" I asked further.

"Yeah. So I kind of caught a glimpse of him in the gym showers and...Elly, he is huge."

It was so surreal. Not only was my husband offering me a pass to sleep with someone else but he had also been scoping out penis sizes for me.

I was silent, still trying to come to terms with what Graham was saying.

"I already know he is really into you. He always brings up how lucky I am to be married to a woman like you." Graham said. "I think he has a thing for asian women." Another pause. "So what do you think?"

"I think it could be so hot, baby." I finally admitted, thinking back to all the times I thought of being with a bigger man instead of just one of my dildos. "So how do we go about all of this?"

"I was actually thinking about having a party at our house. We invite all of our friends and I could invite Vince. That way you can meet him and decide for yourself."

"So is he really that big?" I asked.

"Elly, he is easily twice as big as me when I'm hard."

"Not to be mean but that's not that big, babe." I chuckled.

"No, I mean he is that big when he is soft."

"Oh fuck." I said coming to the realization. Vince must have had a huge dick. I had barely ever met the guy and I was already starting to fantasize about him.

It was finally sinking in. I was going to be taken by a bigger cock and not only was my husband ok with it, he was giving it to me as an anniversary present.

2

The party went better than expected. Vince was more attractive than I thought. I already kind of have a thing for tall, handsome white guys and Vince was gorgeous.

He had a shaved head and a clean shaven face that showed off his strong jaw and masculine features. He had a sexy, deep voice that made me melt as the two of us flirted away during the party. He was also well built. He wore a fitted polo shirt that showed off his big, muscular arms and hinted at his toned v-shaped torso, which I just knew was rippling with muscles. When he was positioned right I could catch a glimpse of his bulge through his pants. I even caught a few other women at the party stealing glances at his noticeable package.

It's not like he was showing off, it's probably hard to hide that much cock no matter what you wear.

I was smitten. He was so sexy, he was confident, he was sweet and funny. I was convinced that I wanted him to be my hall pass fuck.

Graham kept Vince for a minute after the party and I was surprised that their conversation didn't last long.

"What did he say?"

"He said he was considering asking if you wanted to sneak away and fuck him tonight during the party."

"So when is he coming back?" I was done hiding my excitement. I was downright ecstatic to have Vince take me.

"Our anniversary of course." Graham answered with a smile.

"Should we set up a hotel or something?"

"Actually, Elly. I wanted you two to do it in our bed."

"Really? That won't make things weird for you?"

Graham just raised his eyebrows at me making me feel like my question was silly.

"Oh my goodness, is this turning you on? Me and Vince being together."

He didn't have to answer for me to know his small hard-on was raging in his pants.

I quickly dropped to my knees in front of him.

"Elly, what are you doing?"

"Saying thank you." I said with a smile as I freed his cock and took him to his base in one go.

I went crazy on my husband's cock with my mouth. If there was one thing I loved about his small size it's that I could deepthroat him with ease. Deepthroat isn't the right word considering he barely tickles the tight entrance to my throat when he is all the way in. I was making a sloppy spitty mess of his cock as I bobbed up and down on him. I knew he wouldn't last long which honestly was even more of a confidence boost.

I pulled my v-neck apart, freeing my plump tits which made Graham finish instantly on my tongue. I almost never let him cum in my mouth but what can I say, I was feeling a little slutty.

It was so hard to stop myself from running to grab a dildo to pump into my needy cunt.

Mine and Graham's anniversary was a week away and I wanted to give my pussy a rest in hopes that Vince would absolutely ruin me with his size. I cum like a needy whore if I go even a day without my pussy being filled so I could only imagine how hot waiting a week would be.

Honestly I'm not sure how I managed to wait for marriage to have sex for the first time. Deep down I've always been a slutty, horny mess.

I tried to keep myself busy for a week, pining away with anticipation of my night of fun. I didn't make my waiting any easier when I decided to text Vince. We exchanged numbers at the party.

Of course things got dirty, quickly turning my pussy into a puddle in my panties as I read through Vince's descriptions of how he was going to claim my cunt. I told him I was being a good girl and not playing with myself in anticipation of our night together. That was quickly followed by Vince sending me a picture of his throbbing cock.

"Oh fuck." I hushed. I couldn't believe my eyes. I mean I knew he would be big but goddamn. From the looks of it he outsized even some of my bigger dildos. He really was going to ruin my little pussy.

The day finally arrived and Graham woke me up with breakfast in bed. I had practically forgotten that it was my anniversary with my husband because I was too excited about fucking my husband's friend. Or rather Vince was going to be the one fucking me from the sounds of it.

Breakfast was accompanied by a gift, a black box tied with a black bow. I opened it to find beautiful lacy lingerie, also black.

"For tonight." Graham said. "I want everything to be perfect for you."

I excitedly jumped out of bed and stripped out of my silk nightie so I could try on the lingerie set.

The bra perfectly lifted and cupped my big, perky breasts with silky straps that connected to the tiny, crotchless panties. A thin strip of fabric rested on either side of my lips leaving my pussy exposed. The set was paired with garter belts and thin black stockings.

I knew Vince was going to love it and I couldn't wait to show off for my new stud.

As night drew closer the anticipation was killing me.

I gave Graham another quick, messy blowjob and knew he would be satisfied for the rest of the night so Vince and I could have our fun. Graham cleaned up and went into his home office to get ahead on his most recent work project.

I had the rest of the night already planned out in my head since I had nothing to do but fantasize about it all week.

I stripped down to nothing but my new lingerie. I dimmed the lights in the bedroom and bound my wrists together with leather cuffs before sliding a blindfold over my eyes.

I knelt on the edge of the bed letting my face rest against the silky covers and keeping my ass high in the air, presenting my bare, shaved pussy to whoever came through my bedroom door.

It was only minutes but it felt like hours and my slit was already glossed and plump, ready for my bull to claim me.

I heard the bedroom door slowly open as my breathing began to grow heavy and my heart began to race.

I was so nervous but I was ready after dreaming about this moment for years.

When I heard him undoing his belt I felt a drip of my juices start streaming down my thigh.

I was aching to be spread. The past week was the longest I had gone in years without being penetrated by a girthy cock, even if all the ones before this were made out of silicone.

Without a word from Vince I felt him slap his swollen flesh on my waiting lips. The sticky wet sounds mixed with the teasing pressure on my opening was driving me crazy.

I let out a desperate, frustrated whine as I wiggled my ass in the air back and forth, asking him to take me already.

A shiver traveled from the tips of my toes up to my scalp as he slicked his smooth head with the juices flowing out of me. I was making enough lube for us both but I could still feel myself stretching when he pressed his head into me.

"Oh fuck, you're stretching me." I squealed in disbelief. "You're so much bigger than Graham."

Vince still didn't react, just kept forcing himself further into me. With every inch I couldn't believe my body was taking something so big.

My walls hugged his thickness so tight and I could feel his pulse inside of me, pumping him even impossibly harder in my sheath.

With his cock planted all the way inside of me Vince took me by the hips. "You belong to me now." He growled before he started ramming into me.

I could feel my lips still gripping him tight as he pulled back for each new thrust. I was already his. I loved Graham but my pussy belonged to Vince and his giant dick.

"Oh! I'm cumming! I'm cumming. I'm...! Oh Vince!" I wailed as his ramming continued.

"Who does your little Asian cunt belong to?" Vince barked as he made my ass sting with a hard smack.

"You baby! It's always belonged to you."

I quickly got overwhelmed as I came like I never have before. My whole body bucked against his as Vince took a hold on me to keep his cock planted deep inside. My squeals turned to outright screams. I felt my body tighten around his cock until my core forced him out of me followed by a powerful gushing coming from my constricting pussy.

I quickly rolled over to finally see my new lover. With my bound hands I pushed the blindfold off and saw Vince standing over me, his cock glistening and covered in my pussy cream. I propped myself up, shoving as much of his cock into my mouth as I could take.

I've never tasted myself before and licking my sticky juices off of his throbbing cock was incredible. I couldn't possibly take him all in my mouth no matter how bad I wanted to so I eagerly licked the rest of his shaft clean with my tongue.

"How are you so fucking big?" I cooed, looking up at Vince.

Vince just smiled as he reached behind my back and unclasped my bra with one swift motion. I bit my lip and leaned back, excited for my stud to admire my body. Finally, a man worthy of my curves. My plump tits popped out of my bra, my tiny brown nipples already stiff and sensitive.

He picked me up, eliciting a squeal of excitement from me as he made my weight feel effortless to him, and tossed me back on the bed. He slowly undid the rest of my lingerie like he was unwrapping a gift. In a way he was. My body was his. I take damn good care of myself and it turned me on to finally have someone equally as hot worship me with his eyes. And his hands.

I stretched my still bound hands above my head, putting my sexy, supple body on display for him.

Vince pinned my hands above my head and used his other hand to guide his cock back into me. This time it was so much more intimate as our faces stood inches apart. He locked his piercing blue eyes onto mine as he slowly fucked into me. His heat spread through my wet flesh, stretching me all over again.

I wrapped my legs around him and pulled our bodies into one, quickly forcing him to bottom out in my pussy.

We each let out a simultaneous exhale of pleasure. It was perfect, like his cock belonged inside of me.

"This time, I want you to cum in me." I whined, still trying to cope with the stretching and soreness swirling through my pussy. "You deserve it."

I felt his cock jump at my words. Every single thing he did shot new pleasures through my petite body. I never knew something could feel so fucking good.

"You're fucking perfect Elly. And you look so cute when you're trying to take my cock." He pulled back and pounded back into me, hard, making me gasp. "So fucking cute."

His big, muscular body hovering over me made me feel so tiny and I completely surrendered to his touch. He took one tit in his hand and the other in his mouth, softly biting and sucking my nipple.

I quickly felt another orgasm building inside of me, writhing underneath him. I felt helpless as his big cock forced me to cum again as he kept me pinned down.

"Cum for me. Cum on my fat cock." Vince growled.

"Oh! Yes sir! I'm just...your little fuck toy." I barely spoke the words before my mind was buzzing with another powerful 'O'.

My pussy was starting to feel used and sore. I've never been fucked so hard and so long. I was surprised that Vince still hadn't cum with how rough he was being with my tiny hole.

I took it as a personal challenge. I needed him to cum in me. My legs wrapped tighter around his body and I pushed my hips up into him, forcing my cumming pussy to milk his big dick.

My desperate fucking only brought another orgasm for me right on the tail of the last one. I didn't even know I could cum that many times. My body started to contort on his dick as an uncontrollable quiver raced through me. My whole body grew sensitive and I could feel every detail of his manhood inside of me.

"Fuck, you get so tight when you cum." Vince growled. I could tell he was close.

"Oh please! Please cum in me! My pussy needs it. I've been such a good girl." I hardly recognized my own words coming out of

my mouth. Like it was nothing but instinct for me to beg for his seed.

"Oh fuck!" Vince groaned as he cast his head back towards the ceiling.

"Cum for me!" I begged.

I felt his cock pulse and twitch inside me as my core started to fill with warmth.

"Oh, it's so deep." I swooned. "Give me all of it. Every drop."

Vince pushed out another satisfied groan as he emptied himself into me. With each throb of his dick I knew he was shooting another rope of his potent seed up into my womb.

"Goddamn that's a lot of cum." I spoke as I felt him continue. "You must love my little asian pussy."

"Fuck." Vince huffed with a look of disbelief. He tried to pull out but my legs were still wrapped tightly around him.

"You're not going anywhere mister." I said.

Vince gave in and collapsed onto me with his dick still buried in my tummy.

I had cum my brains out but that wasn't all. It was so satisfying to know I could make a guy like that lose control with just my body. I felt so fulfilled and so slutty at the same time because I had found that satisfaction with another man while my husband sat just down the hall.

The mountain of a man just stayed on top of me as our heaving chests pressed together, our bodies still one as his sex mingled inside of mine.

"So why are you with a guy like Graham?" Vince finally asked.

"Because I love him."

"Does that mean this is just a one time thing?"

"Fuck no. Not if I can help it." I laughed.

"Wanna go again?"

"Wait, seriously? I thought guys were done after they cum."

Vince just chuckled. "Well with a body and a pussy like yours I think I'll manage."

"How sweet." I joked. "Well then let's go big boy." I swiveled my hips, feeling his softening cock stir inside of me.

"Hold on, I'm gonna need a minute first."

"Aww, is my tight asian pussy too much for you?" I teased with my best bratty voice.

Vince held himself up and there was a sort of animal look in his eyes.

"Huh!" I whined as he pulled out of me, leaving an aching emptiness inside.

I couldn't believe what came next.

Vince immediately slid down between my legs and I felt his warm mouth latch onto my pulsing lips. His smooth tongue quickly soothed my used pussy as I felt him lap at my entrance.

It was somewhat shocking but having just cum three times it was the hottest thing in the world to me.

"Oh fuck! Are you tonguing the cum out of me?" I squealed in disbelief.

Vince just kept his face buried between my thighs, devouring the hollow between my legs. I could feel the warmth of his mouth mixing with my own heat and the heat of the cum slowly streaming out of me. His cum.

It was so hot seeing a guy have no reservations about pleasuring me. He wasn't afraid of a little cum because he was hungry for my slit.

It was a nice change of pace considering it was such a chore to get Graham to eat me out sometimes. He says he likes to save it for special occasions. Fuck that. I never hesitate to suck his cock and I have needs just as much as he does.

Everything is fine now because I have Vince to take care of those needs for me.

I've never felt so adored during sex. The way he looks at me, worshiping my body with his eyes. The way he fucks me like he just can't get enough of my tight, silky pussy. And now the way he is feasting on my sensitive cunt. The way a real man should.

My head was rolled back in complete and utter bliss. I only looked down when I felt Vince pull off of me. He looked at me with that same hunger in his eyes from before and crawled back up to me pushing me back with a deep, passionate kiss. We collapsed back into the pillows together as he pushed the cum into my mouth with his tongue. Our tongues danced in the sticky, sweet mess. Even his cum was better than Graham's. Vince tasted somewhat sweet and fresh, mixed with the tangy sweetness of my own sex that coated his tongue.

I was moaning into his mouth and I groped for his cock. He was already getting hard again. Perfect.

I was so needy after not cumming for an entire week.

When I say it, it makes me sound a bit ridiculous but I will never apologize for being crazy about sex.

I didn't know if my used pussy could take any more abuse from his monster but I was so ready to find out. I was drunk with pleasure along with the taste of cum on my lips as I continued to jerk Vince fully hard.

He took my legs and threw one over either of his shoulders as he proceeded to push his member into me. I felt like he was folding my tiny body in half under his weight. The position made him feel even deeper than before.

"Oh fuck! Too deep!" I groaned. I couldn't believe that a cock could actually be too big for me. Like I get that there are some crazy dildos out there but I thought that anatomy put a limit on how big a real dick could get.

"What? Is my big white cock too big for you?" Vince teased, getting back at me for my comments earlier. I felt him start to pull out.

I was already rolling with pleasure, almost unable to answer. "No. No, please. More." It was all I could manage as Vince pushed my body to its limits.

"That's a good girl." Vince sighed as he pushed back into me with a hard thrust. His hand lightly wrapped around my throat,

letting me know who was in charge as he began to really claim my pussy with hard, relentless fucking.

His words and his deep dick had me cumming again in no time. It was unbelievable. I was spent after another powerful orgasm. My legs wouldn't stop trembling in tiny aftershocks.

Vince still wasn't done though but my pussy was too used to take any more of him. So he slid me to the edge of the bed where I leaned back, head dangling over the edge.

He was lovingly cradling my head as he slowly pressed his cock into my mouth. The angle allowed me to take him deeper than before, snaking all the way into my throat. He was being gentle but it still felt like he was using me. Like I was just a warm mouth and throat to clean off his messy dick. That was fine with me. My holes were his to use whenever and wherever he wanted.

Graham had said this would just be for a night but I knew my cuck husband would let me have the dick I crave.

Vince left me with a kiss on the lips and forehead. I was a used, cum filled mess when Graham came in to check on me.

"Fuck, Elly. You're so fucking sexy." Graham whispered, almost like he could hardly bring himself to say it.

I smiled up at my husband and saw the small disturbance in the fabric of his pants. I smiled even bigger. "Feel free to jerk off in the corner if you want. Vince didn't leave any of me left for you."

Graham quickly pulled out his pitiful prick and began stroking himself to the sight of my sexy, used body.

"When you're finished would you mind bringing me a drink and an ice pack for my pussy? I'm not sure I can walk right now." I teased.

"Yes dear." Graham responded.

Things would be just fine. In that moment I knew I would be fucking Vince whenever I pleased.

Bound and Broken by My First Time

1

"So are you going to fuck him?"

"Megan!" I yelped.

"What? I've seen how you have been drooling over him in class."

I felt my face start to redden as I could feel the stares drawn by our conversation.

"Ok, but just keep your voice down." I said.

"Ok as in you are planning to fuck him?" Megan asked.

"No." I quipped, trying to hide my defensive tone but unable to hide my pale skin getting redder. Of course the idea had crossed my mind. But I'm just not that kind of girl.

"So then what are you two going to do?"

"I invited him over to watch movies at our apartment." Megan and I were roommates.

Megan just chuckled. "Ok. Let me get this straight. So the star forward for our college hockey team asks you out on a date and you propose for the two of you to...watch movies in our apartment?"

"Yeah, is that so bad? He said he was really looking forward to it."

"Probably because he thinks that it's code word for having sex. You know like the whole 'Netflix and chill' thing from a couple years ago?"

"Wait, that was about...?"

"Oh Nora, you poor innocent soul."

"What? Not everything is about sex." I defended

"But you invited a popular college athlete over to our apartment where the two of you will be alone. I kinda think that's probably about sex."

I won't lie. The idea of having sex with Jayce Bishop is thrilling but also wildly intimidating. I mean I had trouble even agreeing to go on a date in the first place. Before this conversation with Megan I was wrestling with the idea of whether or not I would be kissing the guy. Now this.

It doesn't help that my last long term relationship was two years with a guy who believed a woman needed to be pure until marriage. That didn't stop him from sleeping around on me though. This date with Jayce was going to be my first time being alone with a guy since my breakup.

Now Megan's words had my mind racing with thoughts of sex. My only real experience with doing the deed was a short fling I had with a guy the summer after highschool graduation. And that sex was so clumsy and awkward. I couldn't help but think that Jayce was more *experienced*.

"Can we just talk about something else please?" I asked after my thoughtful pause.

"Sure. What movies are you guys going to watch?"

I playfully rolled my eyes at Megan changing the topic but not by much.

"Well Halloween is coming up so I thought maybe something spooky. I was thinking *Halloween* or *Evil Dead*, oh or maybe *It*."

"Ugh, I don't know how you can watch those movies. Scary movies are perfect for cuddling though. And you know what that means." Megan winked.

Oh my god, maybe I was asking the guy over for sex without even knowing it. Now I was actually a little worried.

"So...say he does want to...ya know." I said.

"Nora, are you asking me for advice about sex? I thought this day would never come." Megan responded with a grin.

"Well it's just that..."

"No, I get it. You said that you and Stuart never sealed the deal while you guys were dating. At least you have that summer with Tyler, right?" Megan said with a playful nudge.

"Yeah." I replied with a stifled, nervous laugh.

"Wait, you and Tyler did have sex right? You told me you did and Tyler couldn't stop talking about how great it was."

"For him maybe."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. It's nothing." I said.

"Umm no. Now you have to tell me. What happened between you and Tyler?"

"Ok so he would use his fingers and his tongue but when it came time he always kind of...finished before we actually went any further."

"Wait, so Tyler was a two pump chump?"

"More like a no pump chump."

"Hold on. Tyler never actually put his dick in you?"

I pursed my lips and shook my head.

Her jaw dropped. "Oh my goodness. Nora...you're still a virgin!" Megan squealed before covering her mouth when her outburst was a little louder than she meant it to be.

"No, I mean we had sex."

"Yeah, but you never actually *had sex* ." Megan corrected with emphasis.

Oh shit. I really was a virgin.

I always told myself that my fooling around with Tyler counted as sex. Probably just so I didn't have to face the awkward feeling of going into college as a virgin. Not that there should be anything wrong with that, it's just that I was always getting compared to my best friend Megan who was so... *well versed* in the subject.

Upon her realization, Megan's entire demeanor changed.

"Honey, if you don't want your first time to be with Jayce then don't let your first time be with Jayce. I'm sorry about what I said before. It was just a joke." Megan explained. I could tell that she

really cared. She really was such a good friend, even with all the teasing.

"But what if I...do want that?"

Megan paused. "Wait. Really?"

"I mean, maybe."

I'm an overstressed twenty-something college student. Just because I haven't technically had sex doesn't mean I'm not just as horny as everyone else. I have my own needs and if I'm being honest coming off the end of a two year sexless relationship after finding out my boyfriend was cheating on me has left a lot of confusing nonsense in my head. A good part of that nonsense being sex related.

I was finally over Stuart and with that I felt like I was finally ready to experiment and experience those parts of life. So why shouldn't my first time be with Jayce? Sure it was our first date but if there was any truth to Megan's teasing earlier, the guy was probably already wondering about our possible sleeping together himself. Not to mention he was probably rather... *good* at it. I mean it was just a theory.

Jayce carries himself so well and practically oozes confidence and masculinity. How could I not think that the guy might be a good lay? Or if I was lucky, a great one.

I could have been saying all of these things to Megan but I figured we had already drawn enough stares from the others in our university cafeteria.

"So?" I asked, urging Megan to continue our conversation. I could tell that she was deep in thought.

Megan cleared her throat. "Well for starters, wear something cute. You guys are just going to be watching movies but don't dress like when the two of us are going to watch movies. No sweats, and no baggy, tattered t-shirts."

"So, what then?"

"I don't know. I wish I could come help you but I have class and then a study group tonight. Just wear your cutest outfit and if

you really want to get his attention, don't be afraid to show a little skin. Guys are so easy when you show off a bit."

That brought a whole new issue to the forefront of my mind.

"Do you think he is into me like that though?" I asked

"Nora, you'll be just fine."

"But what if I dress like that and he finds out I'm not his type?"

I have always been a little self conscious about my body. I naturally have a runner's build and on top of that have been a runner all my life. It makes me kind of skinny and sometimes I feel like I'm lacking some of the more womanly curves. My legs and butt are nice but my boobs are tiny and I feel like my hips could be a little more shapely.

"The guy has girls swooning over him constantly and he chose you to ask out. I'm pretty sure you're his type." Megan affirmed.

"But.."

"But nothing. Listen, I'm telling you this as your friend. I've seen you naked...you have nothing to worry about, girl." Megan paused and saw that I wasn't yet convinced. "You have legs to die for and the cutest boobs I have ever seen."

"But boobs aren't supposed to be cute, they are supposed to be big and curvy."

"Not every guy wants huge boobs. Some like 'em big, some like 'em small, but when it gets down to it guys just want tits. Plain and simple. And if Jayce is an ass guy...well then you're more than fine." Megan gave me a playful spank as the two of us exited the dining hall.

"What about everything else?" I asked.

"That's up to you. You know what your body wants, so don't be afraid to take it. Sometimes guys like when a girl makes the first move."

With that Megan gave me a quick peck on the cheek and we parted ways.

"I'll plan on not coming home tonight so you and Jayce can be alone." Megan's voice was suggestive. "But don't hesitate to call if you need anything ok?"

Megan turned to walk away before she jogged back over to me. "Oh, one more thing. Use lube."

"Lube?"

"Yeah, ya know, like lubricant. There is some in the drawer by my bed. Right before you fuck put some in your hand and rub his dick down with it." Megan paused before adding some more. "And don't be afraid to go slow at first. Just...don't be afraid to tell him what you need."

I thought of my own last minute thoughts. "Is me being a virgin going to turn him off?"

Megan just looked me up and down with a chuckle that made my question feel silly. "Honey, he is going to be crazy about you."

2

I spent the couple hours before our little date trying on outfits in my bedroom. I kept checking myself out in the slender, full length mirror I had but there are only so many ways that you can rearrange jeans and t-shirts. And none of those ways showed any skin or felt that *sexy*. I could hardly be blamed for my plain wardrobe. I didn't exactly have much to dress up for these past two years with boring Stuart.

I decided to check Megan's room. She wouldn't mind. I needed to grab the lube anyway.

It didn't take long for me to find a black, flared mini skirt to try on. It stopped just a touch higher than mid thigh and showed off my long, toned legs. I continued my search, looking for a top. A few that I pulled out showed off a bit too much skin for my liking. I settled on a satiny, crop-top shirt that when paired with the high-waisted skirt showed off a sliver of my stomach.

I went to check myself out in the mirror again.

"Oh wow." I hushed to myself.

It wasn't something I would normally wear but damn I looked good. The outfit accentuated my favorite parts of my body and for once I actually felt sexy.

In fact it turned me on a little to be wearing something so flattering and revealing for a change. I wanted tonight to go well a little more than I realized.

I took off the small shirt and removed my bra before putting it back on.

"Fuck, that's hot." The words came out of my mouth without even thinking as I stared at my braless tits under the tight fabric. For once admiring the natural curve of my body.

A tiny bit of my nerves melted away until I realized it was only thirty minutes until Jayce would be knocking on my door.

Just enough time to pace around my apartment nitpicking every little thing.

The sound of knuckles rapping at my front door made my heart start to race.

"I hope it's ok that I brought takeout." Jayce said with a perfect smile, holding up a plastic bag that smelled like it had something delicious inside.

I was worried things might be weird but the second I saw him things just felt right. I don't know how else to explain it. He had a sort of calming feel to him. That and he was also very nice to look at.

He was wearing a light blue button up shirt that hugged just right around his arms and chest paired with a pair of casual gray pants that also hugged his body so nicely. I've noticed him around campus and took note that he is rather nice to look at when our philosophy class gets boring. But now being up close with him he was stunning.

"Oh wow, you look...different." Jayce commented with his smile growing just a little wider and looking me up and down. I could have sworn his eyes lingered on my chest for just a moment. At first it made me a little nervous but then I remembered that that was my intention of going braless.

His eyes said that he liked what he saw and I felt a heat growing in my chest.

"I hope that's a good thing." I said.

"It's a great thing."

We quickly finished the tasty food and I popped a bowl of popcorn before both of us sat on the couch.

I turned on a movie but I couldn't focus on anything other than the gorgeous man sitting next to me.

I was ready.

I had been letting the thoughts of sex dance around in my head all day and now that Jayce was sitting next to me I wanted him more than anything. He could take me right here and right now and I wouldn't protest even a little.

My eyes watched the screen but I couldn't stop thinking about what his strong, calloused hands would feel like sliding up under my shirt or against the soft skin of my thighs under my short skirt.

The way he looked at me when he first arrived said that he liked what he saw and I was ready to give him more. But I was so terribly nervous.

I scooted closer to him, hoping that it might urge him to make a move. I kept telling myself that once the barrier was broken even a little I would be so much more comfortable. Holding my hand, putting an arm around me, a kiss. Anything.

I had just never made the first move before. I thought it would be easier. My beating heart and trying to control my nervous breaths wasn't helping either.

I had to do it. The anticipation was killing me.

I took his hand in mine and placed our clasped hands in my lap. It felt like I was back in grade school and Jayce was the boy I had a secret crush on.

We looked at each other with a smile and I quickly looked away. I thought it might soothe my nerves but now my heart was racing even faster and felt like it was practically in my throat.

I needed more.

I unlaced our fingers and gently placed his hand on my thigh. This time looking at him, searching his eyes for approval as I bit into my lower lip to try and hide my nerves.

The corner of his mouth turned up in a grin and he took hold of my flesh with his strong grip. His hands were so strong but I could tell he was being gentle even though I knew he could squeeze me hard enough to leave a mark. I wanted him to leave a mark, to claim me as his.

My whole body zinged with his touch and it felt like all of my skin grew flushed at once. I tried and failed to stifle a gasp as his hand slowly slid higher, his skin so rough against mine. He used his hold on me to pull me to him and then kiss me like I've never been kissed before.

A hand cradled my jaw and opened me to him as his tongue swirled into the heat of my mouth.

I thought this all might make me feel a little slutty; the skimpy outfit, the urging him to feel me up, the making out on my couch with a guy I barely know. It didn't. For once I actually felt like a strong, sexy woman. I finally felt confidence and power in my body and my sexuality. And things had only just begun.

With every little thing Jayce did I only had one thought on my mind.

More .

I needed more.

Now.

Our tongues swirled together and I could feel the heat coming off his body as my greedy hands tugged at his clothes.

Megan was right. I knew what I wanted. Now I was going to take it.

I pulled at his shirt and slowly began undoing the buttons until I had access to his muscular chest and washboard abs. My hands enjoyed exploring his body as he pushed into me, making me lean back as he hovered over me. My legs spread for him and our bodies nestled together, separated by only thin layers of fabric.

I was loving every second but I wanted his hands on me as much as I wanted to feel him.

I took one of his hands and slid it up under my tiny shirt. He didn't need any more direction after that as I felt him caress my breasts, pinching my nipples between his fingers as he took a handful of my perky tits.

I pulled away from our kiss in a gasp.

There was no question in my mind where this was going and I was surging with lust as he adored my body with his hands and mouth.

Then Jayce took charge with a single sentence. My head still rolled back in pleasure as he kissed up my neck and whispered into my ear.

"I'm gonna break your tiny body with my cock."

His words drove me wild. I was already speechless from the tiny pleasures wherever his fingertips met my skin. I managed a slight

nod.

"Please." I whimpered.

My hands explored lower until I felt the bulging in his pants.

Fuck.

He really was going to break me.

His size was almost unbelievable. I had to see it.

With shaking hands I unclasped his pants and slid down the zipper, instantly feeling the heat of his pulsing erection. I rubbed him through the fabric of his boxers but he must have had the same thought in his mind as I had in mine.

More.

He pulled his cock free and it bobbed above me as I took his heat into both hands.

No words, just a heavy, lust filled sigh as I held his thick, virile cock in my hands.

Almost like it was my instinct to please him I started slowly jerking him off.

"You first." Jayce said with another sly grin and pulled my hands away from him.

He kissed his way down my stomach, his stubble tickling it's way down as he tugged my skirt off. His teeth took hold of my panties and he pulled those down too.

I was so focused on him, I hadn't even realized how messy I was getting down there. I could feel just how wet I was when my soaked panties peeled away from my glossed pussy lips.

"Oh fuck me." Jayce hushed as he couldn't take his eyes off of my slit

His stare almost made me feel self conscious before he spread my legs and dove his face into my pussy. All my anxieties vanished feeling the instant pleasure of his mouth on my vulva.

He devoured me. A mix of licking, sucking and swirling had me grabbing onto his wrists as he kept my legs pinned down.

"Fuck, you're messy." Jayce said as he pulled away for a quick breath.

"I'm so sorry." I moaned, pleasure still pumping through me.

"Don't be." Jayce said before continuing to lap me up.

I always thought that I had cum with Tyler but apparently not because the pleasure that I felt building in me now dwarfed anything I had felt before. Jayce *really* knew how to use his tongue. I felt the muscles in my ass clench and my toes curl right before I was overcome with his relentless tonguing. I was cumming and I could feel myself making even more of a mess on Jayce's face. He didn't seem to mind. Even when my legs clamped on his head because I just couldn't take anymore, he still kept eating me out, like he couldn't get enough.

He looked up at me, his smiling face between my trembling thighs. "Fuck, you don't know how long I've wanted to do that."

He was just saying that, right? For all I could tell the guy had barely even noticed me before the day he asked me out.

"You just say that to every girl." I said, still trying to come to terms with the pleasure lingering between my legs.

"No, I'm serious. I saw you during orientation. I was going to ask you out when school started but you were already going out with that other guy. So I left it alone."

"But that was like two years ago."

"Like I said, I've wanted to do that for a long time." Jayce repeated as he began to lift my shirt over my head.

Silence.

And then.

"Oh fuck, you're perfect Nora." Jayce said, admiring my now fully naked body.

I didn't have time to respond before he latched onto my sensitive nipples, pulling me into his hungry mouth with a deep sucking.

It was truly something else watching this big, burly guy worship my body. I felt weightless as he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer to him. The way he sucked on my breast made it feel like he was trying to swallow me whole, taking nearly my whole perky tit into his warm mouth.

I could feel his stiff cock pressing against my stomach and for the first time realized that I needed to tell him before it was too late.

"Jayce."

"Yes, beautiful." He said, smiling up at me.

The guy had just seconds before had his face buried in my pussy but his words still made me blush.

"So umm...I don't want you to stop but..." I paused. Saying it was a lot harder than I thought it would be.

"But what?" I saw his enthusiasm die down just a little.

"Oh it's nothing bad. It's just...you're my first."

"First what?" Jayce asked, confused.

"Ya know. My first...fuck." I said, trying not to cringe at my words.

"Oh...OH!" Jayce said, coming to the realization. "Nora, are you sure you want..."

I cut him off by reaching down and wrapping my hands around his cock again. "I'm sure."

His member throbbed at my touch. I didn't have much *hands-on experience* with the male body aside from Tyler considering Stuart never even let me see him naked. But Jayce was so much bigger than Tyler and I had a feeling he was bigger than Stuart.

As my hands really began to discover his size I had a feeling Jayce was bigger than most men. I could hardly fit my fingers around him he was so thick. I couldn't even guess at how long he was. All I knew is that his lengthy shaft was covered in taut purple veins that were keeping him impossibly hard in my hands.

A new feeling started to rise in my core. An ache deep inside of me made my pussy tingle with light spasms, almost like my body knew what was about to happen.

I clumsily reached for the bottle of lube that I stashed in the end table drawer. I flipped the lid to pour a few drops into my hands but it came out faster than I was expecting and quickly formed a small puddle in my palm that spilled onto my stomach. I was trying to be smooth but now I just laid there with a slippery sticky mess.

"Shit!" I winced at my clumsy mistake.

"I know I'm big but I think that's a little much." Jayce joked, looking down at the pool in my palm and on my stomach.

"I know, I'm so sorry I just..." I could feel my face starting to turn red. I felt like I was ruining everything. "I'm just going to go wash up real quick."

Jayce got off of me and I rushed to the bathroom.

I wanted to cry. I really was going to ruin everything. Jayce could have half the girls in this school if he wanted but no he was with me, the silly, inexperienced girl who couldn't even figure out lube.

I had never actually had sex but something was telling me that you weren't supposed to come to a screeching halt literally seconds before penetration.

Great. I worried that Jayce was going to leave. He would realize how inexperienced I was, or worse maybe he would think that I had made the mistake on purpose because I was a virgin that was scared of her first time or that...

I felt those familiar, warm, strong hands take me by the hips. I hadn't even heard him come into the bathroom over the running faucet. Jayce pulled me into the warmth of his body, his taunting erection pressing into my ass as a gentle hand took me by the throat and the other moved up from my hips to toy with my breasts.

I watched in the bathroom mirror as Jayce's arms and hands took my body as his from behind. He began placing soft kisses on my shoulders and up my neck eliciting tiny goosebumps to prick at my skin wherever his lips touched.

"Are you ready?" He whispered.

"Yes. Please." I hushed, eyes closed and focusing on where his skin touched mine.

In one quick motion Jayce took me up and cradled me in his arms, making me squeal with surprise. He was so strong.

"Which room is yours?" He asked.

I pointed and he whisked me away, pushing the bedroom door open with a kick.

I laid back on the bed, legs spread as he knelt between them. He placed his cock on my stomach, sizing himself up against my body. His huge cock made me look so tiny in comparison. I didn't

know if I could even take something that big. The most I've ever had was a finger or two inside of me. Jayce's cock stretched from my pussy lips to well past my belly button.

Jayce was going to stretch me. I'll admit that I was a little scared but the ache between my legs continued to grow. I needed him inside of me. No more waiting.

I swiveled my hips into him. "Please Jayce."

I felt his slick cockhead press into my entrance and for a brief second it felt like my body wasn't going to let him in. I didn't even have enough time to worry before a small pop and he was spreading his way through me.

"Is it hurting you?" Jayce asked.

"Yes...but please don't stop." I whined.

With every inch he pushed into me the aching soothed and swirled into a mix of heat and pleasure. There was pain too. It felt like his dick was splitting me, shattering me with what was still his first thrust.

My untouched pussy was stretching so much. Honestly I was surprised that my body could do that.

I looked down, somewhat in shock and got even more surprised to see that half of Jayce's cock still wasn't in me. There was no way that I could take it all. I was already so full.

"Fuck, you're so tight." Jayce groaned.

"I'm sorry." I apologized again. I couldn't help it.

"Don't be sorry, you feel so fucking good Nora."

"So...so do you." I took a few deep breaths. "You can go faster if you want to." I added.

"Are you sure?"

"Y-yeah. I think so."

Jayce started slow rhythmic thrusts and I could feel my pussy lips hugging around him so tightly. The pain slowly started to go away before something new happened. My pussy was starting to get sore, and I already felt so used from the constant stretching.

I pushed my head back into the mattress and let out a silent scream.

"Good girl. Cum for me Nora."

"Oh! I am! I'm cumming!"

"Does my big cock own your little virgin pussy now?" Jayce growled as his thrusts grew faster and more rough.

My whole body shook each time his big cock bottomed out inside of me.

"Yes. Yes please. Anything you want just keep fucking me." My voice was high and desperate as I pleaded for more pleasure.

Jayce graciously gave it to me, keeping perfect rhythm as my climax stayed at its peak.

All those pent up years of dreaming about sex. Now I was finally getting my brains fucked out by the biggest cock.

My whole body became enveloped by the pleasure. I made myself squeal when I grabbed at my tits and pinched my painfully sensitive nipples.

"Fuck, I love watching you cum on my cock." Jayce moaned as he continued to take me.

"I want you to fill me."

Nearly on command I felt his heat spreading through me with each powerful pulse. His cock forced his load so deep.

I watched as the big beautiful man on top of me lost control with his cock buried deep inside me.

"You're gorgeous when you cum. You know that?" Jayce panted, his voice ragged. "I could get used to that."

"Please do." I said, still catching my own breath.

"So you liked it? Not bad for your first time, right?" Jayce said with a grin.

"Not bad? Why the hell didn't you ask me out at orientation? We could have been fucking like this so much sooner." I teased.

"Guess we need to make up for lost time then. Wanna go again?"

"I...I don't think I can. I'm sorry. You're just...well I mean you're fucking huge." I apologized.

"Hey." Jayce cradled my face with one of his big hands and kissed me on the forehead. "Don't ever be sorry. You did so well."

I was elated, I knew Jayce would be a good fuck but I never knew he was such a sweetheart.

Jayce eventually pulled out of me, leaving a hollow ache all through center. I quickly grew to love the feeling of his warm seed slowly spilling out of me.

With a skip in his step he left my room and quickly came back with a couple warm rags. He gently cleaned the mess we had both made between my legs before cleaning himself off.

"We can go finish that movie if you want." Jayce said with a smile.

"That sounds great but...I'm not sure I can walk right now." I joked.

Without question Jayce swooped my naked body off the bed up into his strong arms.

"Wait...let me grab some pajamas." I said, pointing to my dresser.

Jayce carried me over and I opened a drawer to pull out an extra large t-shirt.

"That's it?" Jayce asked.

"I mean, if that's ok with you."

"Fucking of course it is." Jayce chuckled. "Anything for more of those sexy legs of yours."

I nestled against my new lover as we watched movies together but I didn't last long before I was sleeping on his chest. The gentle rise and fall from his breathing quickly soothed me to sleep. Not to mention I was spent from our little *session* .

I woke up back in my bed with my head resting under Jayce's chin and my leg draped across his body.

The ache between my legs had turned into downright soreness and cramping. It hurt but if there was one good thing I knew that last night wasn't some elaborate dream. I had really been used by the hunk I was now sleeping beside.

I wanted to just go back to sleep and let this moment last a little longer but the pain between my legs needed tending to.

I would just grab some ibuprofen and a glass of water and then nestle back into Jayce.

But then as I left my bedroom the smell of fresh coffee assaulted my senses. Coffee sounded great. But wait, who was...?

Megan. Of course.

It was morning.

She came running to peek down the hall when she heard my bedroom door open.

"Nora!"

I winced, hoping that her yell didn't wake up Jayce. He had obviously stayed up later than me. I mean, I'm assuming he carried me to bed since I don't remember walking there.

"So how was it?" Megan said as she kissed me on the cheek. "Everything you had hoped for?"

"Better." I answered.

"Better? The guy must be good. My first time was terrible." Megan continued. "So are you going to be seeing him again you think?" She asked as she poured me a cup of coffee.

"Well...he is kind of still here."

"Kind of..." Megan yelled before quickly turning her voice down to a whisper. "Kind of still here? He is still in your bed?"

I just gave a nod as I popped two tiny red pills into my hand and gulped them down with my coffee.

"Oh he fucked you down good." Megan teased as she watched me take the pain meds.

"Just really sore."

"You used the lube like I told you to, right?"

"Yeah, well more like he used it. I just made a mess."

"Hmm, that usually helps with the soreness for me. I guess it *was* your first time though so maybe that's it."

"That and he is fucking massive." I quickly cover my mouth, not even realizing what I just said.

Megan just looks at me with eyes wide and mouth agape. "You lucky slut. How big?"

I blush and avert my eyes, nervous to answer. Not because of Megan but because it feels taboo discussing Jayce's penis size. We've only been together one time.

"Come on, how big? You know I won't say anything. How big?"

We were both giggling over our coffee. "My finger's almost wouldn't wrap around him."

"Oh shit."

"And really long too." I said, not wanting to get too graphic.

"Well damn, good for you, girl. If he knows how to use it then keep him happy and he'll definitely do the same for you."

"That's the thing. I'm worried I might not be enough for him." I said.

"What do you mean? Did he say something?"

"No, nothing like that. He was a total gentleman. It's just...he wanted to go again but I was too sore. I was hoping maybe it would wear off but it hasn't yet. I don't think I can take him again right now but I'm worried that might make him lose interest and..."

"Nora, sweetheart, if he is as big as you say he is then you don't need to feel bad. The guy knows he's packing and if he's a gentleman like you say then he'll understand. I mean he spent the night, I think you're fine."

"I just...I don't know. I want to keep him satisfied ya know?"

"Ok then here is what you do. Put your hair up in a cute little bun, go back in there and wake him up by sucking on his huge

cock.”

“Really? He won’t mind that I’m waking him up.”

“Not even a little bit. I promise you.”

“But what do I...do? I don’t know if I can even fit him in my mouth.”

“Just pretend like it’s your big new toy to play with. Lick him, suck him. Smile up at him with his cock in your mouth. Half a good blow job is enthusiasm. So just go have fun with him. And I’ll go for a run to leave you lovebirds alone.”

Megan was quickly out the door and I didn’t waste any time throwing my hair up in a messy bun and sneaking back into my room.

Jayce was still fast asleep. I slowly lifted the blankets off of him and crawled onto the bed between his legs. I stopped for a minute to admire his chiseled body since he was only wearing a pair of boxers. I didn’t know much about hockey but Jayce must be a monster on the ice.

He was a monster in bed too. And speaking of monsters I could see the outline of his thick, soft dick through his underwear. Time to get to work.

With soft fingers I slowly tugged his waistband away. There was no sneaky way to do what came next. He was sure to wake up once I grabbed his penis. Better make sure he wakes up to a good sight. And at least I could take advantage of his smaller size for a few brief moments before he realizes what is happening. Not that he was all that small. Even soft, he looked and felt so big.

I took his cock out and pulled his boxers down to have access to his whole package. Jayce quickly began to stir so I stuffed as much of his cock into my mouth as I could while I watched for him to wake up.

I softly sucked his velvety flesh as I slowly massaged his base with my hands.

“Oh wow. Good morning, beautiful. Oh fuck.” Jayce quickly became overwhelmed when he looked down and saw me starting to suck him off.

My confidence was through the roof as I started to eagerly bob up and down on his slowly hardening cock. It wasn't long before he grew hot against my tongue and started to stretch my jaw with his growing. His head tickled at the back of my throat making me gag and pull off.

I took the opportunity to strip off the baggie pajama shirt, now fully naked as I continued to service the tower of cock between his legs.

My mouth could only handle a couple inches past his cockhead so I made sure to have eager, playful hands. Tickling and massaging his balls, gently wringing his shaft, like choking down his cock was the most natural thing in the world.

I felt the wetness starting to return to my bare, aching pussy every time I gagged on his dick. And I felt my confidence swell every time I heard a small moan slip past Jayce's lips. My own pleasure continued to grow and I slowly dug my nails into his hips as I felt a thin, sticky liquid pearl at his tip while I sucked.

I could feel the generous muscles in his legs start to tighten and his hips start to writhe under me.

"Nora."

I looked up and saw his chest heaving with his frantic breaths.

"Oh fuck. Nora!"

His voice was a low rasp and it urged me to suck even faster. I didn't care if his big cock made me gag, I needed more. I shoved him down until I felt his head bulging at the tight entrance of my throat.

"Oh holy fuck!" Jayce practically yelled as I felt his hanging balls tighten up into his body and the thick ridge on the underside of his cock started to pulse.

He was unloading down my throat as he grabbed onto my messy bun and forced me to take it all. It was such a new sensation and I did my best to gulp down every last drop. I instantly loved the feeling of him coating my throat with his cum and the way his abs flexed as he shot out each milky rope.

When I knew he was done I sucked his cock clean with one final pass and quickly got to work licking up the small strands of my

saliva dribbling down his shaft.

"Did you like that, baby?" I asked with a proud smile and a tummy full of his cum.

"Goddamn. I really should have asked you out those two years ago because I never cum that hard."

"Good." I said with one final kiss on his cockhead that made his muscles tighten one last time.

It was more than good. I was on top of the world. Jayce made me feel like a goddess the way he looked at me, not to mention the way he fucked me too. I was elated to know that I could satisfy him just as much. Even if his cock was too big for me.

"So, I've been meaning to ask you. Do you wanna go out again?" I asked as Jayce was still trying to regain his composure.

"I mean I was kind of hoping that you would just be my girlfriend but yeah, we can go out again."

I gave him a playful tap on the chest as we both laughed. "I would love that."

"Well I hope you like watching hockey."

"Only if I can suck your dick after the game." I added.

"Damn, I honestly didn't expect you to be so feisty."

"And I didn't expect you to fuck me senseless. I think I might already be addicted to your cock."

The soreness between my legs didn't take long to mellow to a needy ache. Now that I had him I wanted him all the time but unfortunately we had returned to our busy college schedules and didn't get to see each other as often as I'd like. Jayce was busier than I thought with hockey.

We resorted to hidden make out sessions. A few times I sucked his cock in his car in the school parking lot. Or the time he pushed me into a back alley and made my pussy sing with his fingers in a matter of seconds.

I needed more. It was fun sneaking around, trying to make time for each other during our busy days. But all the quickies we were having just made me need the real thing so much more.

It had only been two weeks but I had just discovered how good sex can be and I was so eager for more.

I quickly became so needy to the point I was literally dreaming about his big cock taking me in every position imaginable. The longer I had to wait, the dirtier my thoughts became until my fantasies were about Jayce just tying me down and fucking me until my body was used and raw and my mind was mush. His words just kept running through my head 'I'm going to break you.'

Jayce was understandably cautious once he found out it was my first time but now I really was ready to be *broken*.

We had our philosophy class together so I would just bring up my needs to him then. I was a little nervous because I had become *so desperate* that I didn't want it to be off-putting.

"How did I do?" Jayce asked after class, referring to the short presentations we all had to give.

"Well, it's kinda hard to focus on what you're saying when I know what you're capable of." I answered in a flirty tone, eyeing him from head to toe.

"Now that you bring that up I wanted to let you know we don't have any games this weekend and coach is giving us the time off practice after the win streak we had."

"Good, so your place or mine?" I quickly asked.

Jayce chuckled. "You're a dirty girl, Nora. I like it."

"Of course I am. You just gave me a taste and I have been needing it so bad ever since." I said, my voice getting low as I quickly groped at his package through his jeans.

"Woah, be careful down there. That could become a big problem real quick." Jayce laughed.

"I don't see the problem. I kinda like the idea of everyone knowing that the biggest cock on campus is all mine." I teased.

"Fuck, you're so hot." Jayce hushed.

"I'm horny too. So...your place or mine?"

"How about we go get a cheap hotel off campus and I fuck your brains out right now?" He growled as he took a hold of my body.

My jaw dropped and I couldn't help but gasp. "Yes."

"I wanna hear you say 'yes sir'." Jayce said, as calm and cool as ever as his grip grew stronger.

"Oh fuck."

"Say it."

"Yes sir." I pleaded as the heat between my legs grew *so needy*

Jayce took me by the hand and we walked off towards his car. Everything was a blur as my mind was overcome with desire and lust.

Before I knew it we were in our hotel room and we both stripped naked in no time, our clothes strewn carelessly about the room.

I didn't even have time to make a move before Jayce had my arms pinned behind my back. My instinct was to fight against him but I also couldn't help from giggling. I couldn't help it. I was so excited.

"Slapshot."

"What?" I asked.

"If you say it I will stop. Otherwise...I'm going to break you like I promised." Jayce said, his intense stare cutting through me and consuming me all at once.

"Yes sir."

Jayce was rough with me but I had never felt so safe with a guy. Even as he bound my wrists with his leather belt he couldn't stop from adoring my body with his kisses.

I felt loved. Now I was ready to be used.

"You're being so rough with me, baby." I whined but only to taunt out more from him.

Jayce responded by smacking my bare ass. It sent a jolt through my whole body that nestled firmly between my thighs.

"Ow, fuck! Is that all you got?" I giggled.

Jayce responded by turning my ass red with another spank. My flesh stung, my knees grew weak.

I shouldn't have taunted him because his next strike made me cry out in pain. He was so quick, so strong. He followed up with slapping his rigid cock against my stinging ass cheeks.

"Oh fuck yes. Yes daddy. Take me daddy." I whined and could hardly even recognize the submissive desperation in my voice. Or the words coming out of my mouth.

He had turned me into his slutty sub with nothing but a leather belt and a few shattering spanks. The massive fuck-rod between his legs probably helped too.

I needed it. I would do anything to get it. My pussy was already so slick in anticipation of the stretching that was sure to come.

"Only if you're a good girl for me."

"Yes. Anything. Jayce, please." I tried my best to keep myself stable without the use of my hands. My face buried into the blankets as I tried to press my ass back into him. Even just to feel him a little more.

"You can start by filling that pretty mouth of yours." Jayce commanded before rolling me over.

I watched him go to take a seat in the tiny arm chair in the corner of the room and I quickly followed, my hands still firmly

bound behind my back. The position pressed my shoulders back and put my perky boobs on display.

He sat down and his cock towered up between his legs. I carefully got to my knees with that cock so intimidating in front of me.

"This would be a lot easier if I could use my hands." I said.

Jayce took my chin between his thumb and forefinger. "A good girl can just use her mouth."

Fuck. I had so much trouble taking him in my mouth the first time. Now I was without my hands. A fleeting thought to have Megan teach me how to deepthroat passed in my mind before I took Jayce's pulsing flesh into my mouth.

I've never felt so helpless. Just his tip made my mouth feel so full and I didn't have my hands to steady myself as I tried to take more. I felt the muscles from my core all the way up to my neck tense as I slowly lowered onto his length.

It didn't take long before I felt the trembling in my core. I couldn't take any more into my mouth but I was also starting to struggle keeping myself up as my muscles grew tired.

My strength gave out and his thick dick spread the opening of my throat, quickly forcing me to deepthroat whether I was ready or not. I was whimpering with his cock snaking even deeper. I could feel my throat coating him as I gagged and choked.

I could feel my neck growing hot as blood rushed to my face and tears streamed down my cheeks.

Jayce finally took a fistful of my hair and pulled me off of him.

My throat was sore, I was gasping for breath but I was also kind of proud. I had taken nearly all of him and had made a sexy, spitty mess while doing it. His glistening cock taunted to stretch me again.

"You look adorable trying to stuff my cock down your throat." Jayce grinned.

Adorable .

I wasn't expecting that.

As much as I wanted to please Jayce I don't think I could handle his size again. At least not in my mouth.

"Have I been a good enough girl, sir?" I asked with a pout in my voice and on my lips. "Will you please break my pussy now?"

"Fuck." Jayce huffed.

"Please? I've been getting nice and wet for you so that I can fit your big daddy cock."

Honestly, 'daddy' was just something I wanted to try on for size. But every time I said it I would watch Jayce's dick throb with excitement so I kept it going.

I thought I had pushed him over the edge when he swooped up in his arms and tossed me on the bed. Turns out I was just in for more teasing—or punishment depending on how you look at it.

My sensitive nipples brushed against the fabric of the blankets making me painfully aware of just how turned on I was.

I struggled against the sensation but without my arms to prop myself up I just kept rubbing my tiny nips, growing more and more sensitive.

Jayce crawled into the bed after me, forcing my legs apart.

Oh fuck, here it comes. Here he comes.

I was ready, so *fucking* ready. One deep plunge would push me over the edge.

His fingers spread my lips apart and put my little honey pot on display. I could feel the tiny spasms swirling through my core and making my little hole wink.

A single finger spread through my wetness from my hole to my clit. My whole body shuddered. My breath grew hot with my face buried. I tugged at the belt around my wrists, eager to break free and just take what I wanted.

Jayce wasn't going to let me. He took hold of my wrists. A knuckle pushed into my slicked opening with not enough pressure.

He knew exactly what he was doing. He had made me cum with his fingers before so this was just torture.

"Jayce." I pleaded.

"Yes, love?"

"Please. Please fuck me."

"Mmm, I like watching you squirm though."

Even on my stomach facing away from him I could feel his big frame standing over me. All of those gorgeous muscles, that strong body, that massive cock. And he was possessing my every thought with one finger.

His knuckle plunged just slightly deeper and I could feel my pussy spasm around him, frantic for more.

"I could make you cum just like this. So what makes you think you deserve my cock?"

"Because I *need* it." I was so desperate. I couldn't take much more.

Just then he pushes a finger up into me. My body instantly hugs it tight and begins coating him in my slick.

Right when I come to terms with cumming on his fingers he pulls out and leaves me wanting.

"Fuck!" I cried.

Jayce just giggles as he watches me writhe beneath him.

"What's so fucking funny?" I demanded, angry that I had been denied my orgasm.

A response doesn't come, just the heat of Jayce's mouth and tongue on the backs of my thighs. I feel myself coming apart at the familiar touch. So close. He is literally inches away from sending me into a spiral of pleasure.

"Cum for me." He whispered as he planted a kiss at the edge of my pussy lips.

"I need more." I panted at his teasing.

"Now." He demanded.

"I can't. I need..."

"I said now!" Jayce growled as he took handfuls of my ass and spread me open.

No touching, no penetration, just the light stretching of him spreading my flesh sent me over the edge into a hollow orgasm.

The feeling was familiar but it was lacking something like I had cum without actually finishing. A shell of pleasure with nothing

inside.

Then he took me. Jayce forced his fat cock into my clenching pussy.

I felt impossibly tight around him like I couldn't take any more but he proved me wrong.

Heat washed over me as another orgasm pumped through my core and I felt his whole cock buried in me. Real satisfaction enveloped me.

"Fuck, you're too big." I whined as pain began to mingle with my pleasure.

"I thought this is what you asked for. What you were *begging* me for." I could practically hear the smug grin that I knew was on his face. "Didn't you beg for me to break your little pussy?"

"Yes. But you're...oh shit. Your cock is too big."

Jayce took a fistful of my hair and pulled my head up to whisper in my ear. "How else am I supposed to break you?"

He kept my head pulled back as he forced himself into me over and over. Each time my helpless pussy spread for him like the good girl I am. I've never felt so slutty and so fulfilled at the same time.

I wanted to fight against him but he was being so rough with me that it was no use. Jayce was so much stronger than me, not to mention I was on my stomach with my hands bound.

One word. One word and I knew he would stop but there was just one thing.

I *wanted* it.

I *needed* it.

I was a slut for his big cock. He was blowing my pussy out and I was going to let him because as much as my body was screaming for him to stop, it felt so fucking good. And for once I was going to let myself have what I truly wanted.

It wasn't just his huge cock though. It was the way that he looked at me that made me feel both adored and owned at the same time. The way his kisses could make me think of both love and lust in an instant. The fact that I feel safer tied up, face down and naked

on a bed with Jayce than I do fully clothed chatting with a guy in the park.

He broke my pussy and he broke my mind. As my lover unbound my wrists I just laid there for a moment because I had actually been fucked senseless.. Jayce had to have cum in me multiple times with how much of his hot seed was spilling out of me. I couldn't be sure. It was all such a blur. I could only partially remember panting and screaming his name.

Jayce planted soft kisses on my red wrists and then rolled me over to kiss every inch of my body from my feet to my forehead, stopping to soothe my swollen, used pussy with soft licks and to tease my overly sensitive nipples.

My mind finally stopped spinning. "This might be premature but I kinda think I only ever want to fuck you...like ever."

"Good girl." Jayce said with that perfect smile of his. "Think you might wanna be in charge next time?"

"I don't know, I might be kinda mean after what you just put me through." I laughed.

"Good." His sexy grin made me want to jump him again but my body wouldn't dare.

I was going to have enough trouble walking out of the hotel in the morning after being used like that.

"Come on. I'm going to start a bath for you and then go grab us dinner."

That sounded perfect but at the time I couldn't seem to get sex off my mind.

"Hey...I don't think my pussy can take any more of you tonight but can I just like... *play* with your dick after we eat?" I asked.

Jayce just laughed, "You're insatiable, but sure babe."

"Hey! You're the one that got me addicted to your penis, don't go blaming me." I joked. "And besides, you know you love it."

Jayce just kept up his hearty laugh as he carried me to the bathroom. "I do, I really do."

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Thank you for reading!