Worked

Tim Tim rolled his shoulders. Day 2 in the gym, and his first proper session with Mila.

Oh Mila.

The hairs on his neck rose as he thought about the beautiful, powerful woman, kissing him, controlling him yesterday in their very first meeting.

He cleared the thoughts from his mind before he got a little too excited and stepped into the climate of sweat and perspiration. The speaker music had been changed to some sort of house beat, and the volume was still loud and aggressive. The air con blew his hair around again, and he brushed it back. Entering the gym was still pretty flustering for him, even if he did have someone to help him.

He looked around for Mila but couldn't find her. Maybe the weight racks? He shuffled over to the section with a few large men, grunting as they curled and lifted massive dumbbells. Nope.

This already made him nervous. It wasn't like she was easy to hide, being over 6 foot, blond and packing a boat load of muscle and curves.

He looked into the running room. The same woman as yesterday was running but clad in different coloured (but still extremely tight) yoga pants. He thought about apologising to her for the previous misunderstanding, but like a meercat sensing its prey she whipped her head around, eyes locking with his, contempt etched across her features.

"Fucking seriously?" She said, loud enough to make Tim feel thoroughly embarrassed.

She grabbed her things and haughtily stormed off, muttering "creep" as she crossed into the weights room, making him grimace. Did she have a sixth sense for men's gazes or something?

"Tim?"

Tim looked to the right and saw Mila coming out of a doorway labelled ‘private’ on the far side from the changing rooms. His jaw nearly fell off. She was wearing pink skin-tight leggings that accentuated her large ass muscles, and she was wearing a similarly bright pink sports top that was suggestive in the extreme. This one was a completely different design to yesterday’s, shaped around her tits and leaving them so open that it was almost impossible not to have your eyes drawn to the huge globes thrust in front of her already stunning physique.

Tim’s jaw almost dropped to the floor, and his knees went week.

Her large Biceps and shoulders flexed as she ran her long pink nails through a few strands of her hair, which remained in a bun. Her sharp cheeks and cold eyes seemed more defined, and he realised she had added some subtle makeup that enhanced her natural beauty.

She had already looked gorgeous the first time he had seen her, but today she seemed to have dialled it up all the way to 11. She was smoulderingly hot.

“How are you?” she asked looking at him. Her unreadable expression seemed to fire up Tim’s anxieties, fraught with nerves at all the things he might say or do wrong in her presence. Currently he was using every single ounce of willpower he had to keep his eyes locked on her face without deviating to her huge breasts, which due to their height difference were stuck out directly in front of his face.

“Yeah, I’m, I’m great… fine,” he said, feeling like he was even more out of his depth than usual standing next to the lofty, muscle bound beauty. He wondered if perhaps he should compliment her on her appearance, or if it would be rude to say anything?

“So erm.. you were going to train me?” He said, wincing and silently hating himself for being the king of all virgins.

After a pause, Mila said “Sure,” and strode away towards the door she had come from, although she hadn’t looked particularly pleased. God, she was hard to read.

He jogged after her, hoisting his bag higher onto his shoulder, and couldn't help staring at her ass as the muscles flexed with each step. It felt like every movement she made was purposeful and steady. Tim had the audacious thought that maybe she would show him more of her powerful body, in a more intimate fashion. His mouth began to water slightly and he gulped back his rising eagerness.

She pushed through one of a number of doors spaced evenly and all marked 'private' and held it open without acknowledging him. He meekly walked through, and into a small exercise space, with mirrored walls opposite each other, placing his stuff to the side. Inside were a few weights and ropes, a jigsaw of mats laid out that covered most of the space in the centre, and some pads.

She closed the door and locked it.

He felt a nervous excitement being locked in with Mila. His imagination started to race through all the possibilities of being alone together.

Mila herself seemed slightly tense, and Tim was about to wonder why when she gave her first instructions.

"Shoes and socks off" she said.

Tim obediently removed his shoes and socks, shoving them to the side. Mila did the same.

"First, warm up," she said. "But…. First, I hope you don't mind, if I get a bit more comfortable?" She said.

Her voice caught slightly, but she still managed to keep her face from betraying emotion.

Tim wondered what the hell comfortable meant. Was she going to get naked?

Bringing himself back to reality he answered "Yeah, sure, of course!"

"Okay," said Mila carefully. She turned from him and leaned down, fiddling with something in her tight leggings.

Tim was curious but he didn't stare, instead doing a little jog to the other end of the room and waving his arms a little, trying to do pre-workout routines that he'd seen people on the internet doing.

He turned back to Mila and she turned round to him.

"Okay," she said. Her expression was intense, maybe slightly nervous?

He looked at her and nothing had changed. His eyes did a quick up down. Her outfit was the same. Her chest was definitely the same. Her powerful legs were the same. Her… bulge?

Her bulge.

At her crotch, a huge, sausage shaped bulge was travelling down one side of her leggings.

It was completely outlined by her super tight outfit to the point where you could almost see the veins, and it didn't even look hard, but it must have been close to the size of Tim's forearm, nearly 9 inches.

Tim's expression was one of complete shock.

That was a dick. An eye-wateringly large dick.

He noticed that further up, as if confirming her appendage, were round swollen shapes being hugged by the pink pants.

Her testicles.

Mila had got more comfortable by freeing her huge set of cock and balls, and was now displaying it in front of her, separated from open air by only the flimsiest of materials, with them locked in the room together.

Tim thought that he could never be as scared and horny as the first time that he had met her, but he re-evaluated this as his pitifully small cock rose to attention, and he let out a soft squeak.

He felt rooted to the spot, and he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Something wrong?" said Mila, a hint of challenge in her voice.

“N….no. No it’s fine. All good,” said Tim, nodding.

“You can go if you are uncomfortable,” said Mila. Her body language was open, hands on hips, overtly displaying her appendage, almost challenging him to go.

Tim didn’t even hesitate. Automatically he responded: “NO, no…. no I’m.. ready to workout.” He couldn’t believe he had actually not said something dumb or insulting in that sentence, and he was even more surprised that he really didn’t want to go.

“Good boy,” said Mila, and Tim’s felt himself become a little light-headed.

“Now, warm up.”

She turned so she was facing one glass wall and he did the same beside her. They began to jog on the spot, him copying her movements as she occasionally modified so that they were moving their knees or heels higher.

Inside Tim still felt utterly gobsmacked. So, she was a… Futa?

The elephant in the room continued to be obscenely prominent in the front of her pants as they warmed up. He couldn’t keep his eyes off it.

He’d heard of girls like this, but friends had told him it was a myth. His mind scrambling around, trying to make sense of how it made him feel. She was gorgeous, and even though it shocked him that she had a dick, he was still attracted to her. Should they talk about it? Would he touch it if she asked him? He pedalled his legs as his mind turned these questions over and over in his head.

Eyes twitched as he continued to stare in the mirror at the beefy cock that would put most men to shame, trailing down her thigh. Tim suddenly realised that it was making his whole body tense and warm, and looked down at his crotch. His penis was making a clear but pathetic tent in his shorts. Oh God. He looked up Mila in the mirror, and saw her gazing down at his erection. Her face was a

blank canvas, and she didn't blink, but her eyes never left the tiny hillock in his groin.

He felt like he wanted to turn and run, but the blood was pumping as if he were already intwined with her, pulsing through his veins like an orchestral drum. The size difference between them was laughable. He was so much smaller than her and she wasn't even hard. He felt like a little girl next to Mila.

Tim began to sweat and tried to adjust his shorts so that his dick wasn't pushing the front of the material forward, managing to manoeuvre it to the side. He looked at her again and she slowly brought her vacant gaze up from his shorts, to stare into his eyes.

He couldn't keep the burning embarrassment from his face. She had literally been watching him stare at her massive cock and balls, whilst trying to hide his hard-on. Tim felt like his brain was going to melt with shame.

His face went fully crimson and he levelled his eyes forwards, trying not to think about Mila having watched him openly touch his erection.

"Stretches," she said, like nothing was out of the ordinary.

She immediately began a groin stretch, an open lunge with her right foot faced towards the mirror, her chest towards him. It seemed to be the most exposing pose possible for everything below the waist. He watched her legs open up, hands clamped to her waist, and her swelling push through the material, hips thrust forward, dominating the room. She was so huge, and the material was so tight, that he could literally see it throbbing. Tim's mouth started to salivate. He felt so confused but he couldn't tear his eyes away from it.

It almost looked like it was growing bigger.

God it was.

He watched it swell until it was actually rising off of her thigh, trying to burst out of her leggings. She turned her head down to it, and then looked at him, locking eyes with his.

Tim watched her protuberance flex slightly and mewled, tears forming at the creases of his eyes.

His little cock began to stick out of his shorts again, and he watched her eyes rove over his pathetic frame, drinking him in. He quickly covered his dainty manhood own with his hands, wanting to drop through the floor and die. This wasn't even his worst nightmare, because he had never conceived of a girl mocking his penis whilst having one double the size.

He started to do a less exposed version of her stretch, legs barely widened, hands closely covering his groin.

She met him with a cool stare, and, keeping eye contact with him the whole way, began to slide her hand slowly down, until it was resting on her huge bulge.

Tim's eyes bugged out. He looked up at her, and back down at her hand grabbing her giant cock. He thought he might cum in his pants, he was throbbing so hard. He wanted her to keep touching her penis but he didn't know why, and it frightened him.

She was as still as a statue but for that right hand. It slowly pulled the cock upwards, until it was tenting directly out in front of her, and then slid back to her knee.

Tim stared for at least ten seconds at the sight of Mila's ten-inch horsecock, jutting proudly out, threatening to rip a hole straight through her leggings, which were being stretched to breaking point by the protuberance from between her thighs. Her powerful lunge, muscles on her legs and core tight, plus her huge tits crushed together by her skimpy top, were all too much for Tim in combination with her bulge, and a ripple of pleasure ran through his body as he felt a tiny flow of precum leak into his boxers.

He looked down and saw a small dot appear on the tip of his shorts. His lower lip wobbled, and he slowly lifted his chin. Sure enough, she was staring unabashed, directly at his stained shorts. Tim felt his eyes becoming wet, and, utterly emasculated, he turned around so she couldn't see it, and tried to do his groin stretch with his back to

her so that he wouldn't have to suffer the ultimate humiliation of crying in front of her. He wanted to run and hide in his bed forever.

"Turn around," said Mila, in a tone that brooked no argument.

No. Please no, thought Tim.

He wiped his eyes.

This couldn't be happening. Surely she knew what she was doing to him.

He hated himself, but he wasn't even defiant enough to disobey her, slowly turning around, cheeks burning, eyes red, and put his left leg towards one mirror in a pathetic lunge, his other leg back, and opened his hips ever-so-slightly, still unable to prevent his penis jutting out in a tiny wet tent in his shorts, even with his hips pulled back.

Mila didn't even hide it. Her stare was glued to his shorts, and she simply watched him dying in his own personal humiliation as they stretched. Tim felt like he was going to cry again. He tried to close his eyes and not think about it, but all he felt was waves of shame.

Mila watched, and then said one word.

"No."

Tim looked up at her. She was already out of her stretch and walking towards him, her cock swinging in front of her. Oh god, please no. This was a nightmare. He had been overtly shamed, and this was turning into the worst experience of his life. But his mouth

was still watering... God she was getting so close to him.

He started to turn, trying to escape her admonishment, but she put her hands on his shoulders, pulling him back down into his lunge. It was like being controlled by a bear.

She moved to his front leg, dropping to one knee so that in his lunge position they were eye level, and placing her left hand forcefully on the inside of his left thigh. She seemed to be completely ignoring his

obvious wet spot as she began to push his front heel more in line with his body, facing the wall.

Her grip was much higher up than it needed to be thought Tim, wanting to look anywhere but into her eyes as she squeezed his inside leg. Tim couldn't help but feel his cock flexing, and prayed that she would move on so he didn't finish with the ultimate humiliation of utterly soiling his pants with cum in front of her.

Mila then began to move to the other leg, except instead of simply taking her left hand away from his front leg, she slowly and deliberately slid it right across the centre of his groin, over his wet spot, to rest in a high position on his right thigh, holding the muscle. Tim's' mind reeled as he felt her other hand snake behind him and into his shorts, firmly grabbing inside his boxers in such an invasive way that he had no choice but to buck his hips forwards in shock, because she had pressed two fingers directly against his asshole like she was fingering a woman. He gasped as he felt the fingers push up against the sensitive ring, her wrist mashing against his dick on the other side. He involuntarily moaned and began panting under the pressure of her steel fingers, even as she straightened his leg with her left hand so that his posture was almost perfect, still keeping her left wrist rubbing constantly against his excited cock.

She brought her face level with his, jaw clenched in intense focus, and began to systematically pump her wrist and fingers so that he couldn't escape her clutches, and he bent over as shivers of stimulation ran up his spine, her fingers teasing his rim, his cock being happily massaged by her firm wrist.

His sudden pleasured reactions seemed to spur her frantic movements on to greater heights, and she moaned into his face, her warm breath covering his cheeks like a moist cloth as she began to knead the right groin muscle, squeezing insistently so that the tightness brought from the stretch seemed to melt, all whilst her wrist mashed constantly against his erection, teasing even more pre-cum onto his shorts.

Tim was breathing hard; the pleasure and emasculation was making his brain melt. She was fingering so insistently and continuously

against his asshole that he felt like she was going to push up inside him, and his asshole clenched automatically even as she pushed harder.

Tim let out a soft mewl. He looked into her eyes and she glared back into his, a smile on her lips, daring him to challenge her, inches from his nose. She was beginning to breath heavily, and it both excited and terrified him how aroused she was as she played with his body. It almost felt like she was breaking him in, controlling him with her sheer presence, and she rubbed the ring of his asshole so hard with her vicious, probing fingers that it sent surprising jolts of pleasure through Tim's body. He let out a girly whimper and Mila's lips pursed. Each pitiful response seemed to feed her vigorous appetite, and she was laser focused on Tim's every jerk and gasp to her touches.

They remained locked in this pattern, the subtle smell of sweat becoming more pronounced as Mila grafted at Tim's spasming body.

Eventually, Tim couldn't withstand it and buckled under the pressure of being so aggressively sodomised by Mila's violating fingers. He came hard, his whole body clenching as he bent forward and spattered warm jizz all over the inside of his boxers, a huge wet patch blossoming against Mila's wrist. He let out a long groan of release as he felt his balls emptying weeks of desperation into one moment of sheer unstoppable pleasure.

Mila pumped her wrist and fingers against his sensitive areas, not even hiding her own huge pre-cum stain which was spreading down the front of her leggings, groaning as she milked every last drop from Tim's body.

Tim uttered a ragged breath, moaning softly as Mila's strong hands intrusively prised every last ounce of pleasure out of him, and he was now leaned so far forward that he was almost directly facing into Mila's tits.

She decided to accept the invitation for him, and viciously pressed her fingers halfway into Tim's anus, making him squeal and tip forwards to stop her penetrating further inside him. His face fell flat

into her tits, and she caught him with her left hand, keeping her right firmly clawing his ass so he couldn't push backwards, her middle digits deepening inside him.

Tim had never felt his body being manipulated so savagely and whimpered, his anus caught in an oscillating steel trap, even as his eyelids fluttered, and his face slid across her huge bouncy globes.

He had never felt so violated by anyone in his life, and Mila was unrelentingly invasive. He tried to reach back to remove her hand which was gradually plugging his butthole like a bowling ball, but as soon as his hands reached her wrist she simply plunged her digits as far as they could go up into his ass, and he felt her fingers slide up completely so that they were now pressing up against something horrendously delicate.

Mila began vibrating her fingers inside her bowling ball, and Tim made a silent scream as she vigorously attacked his prostate with single-minded intensity. He desperately tried to push her wrist away from him but it was like trying to pull a fire hydrant out of the ground. She was fully fingering him like a girl now, and he was making sounds that wouldn't have sounded out of place in a cheap porno, mewling and occasionally giving a slutty heartfelt "Ahh!" as he arched his back, which had Mila frothing at the mouth each time she extracted it from him. She started to really put her back into it and Tim couldn't defend against the pleasure. He was getting finger-fucked like a whore and it was making his knees tremble.

Mila was grunting, a small sliver of saliva running down the side of her mouth as her tits rubbed into his face. Hot pre-cum was running all the way down her leggings. She began to jerk her huge dick through the sportswear, the soft frictionless material adding to the sensations, and she increased the pace, starting to furiously wank herself in tandem with her oscillating fingers inside Tim. The young boy's rapid breathing on her tits, and pathetic hands squeezing her right wrist, were making the cum in her balls churn, readying for a huge release.

Tim was making noises that he knew would haunt him for the rest of his life, squealing, moaning, bucking his hips to try and stop her, but

only succeeding in giving her different angles to play with his booty. He moaned into her tits as something in him caved and an exhilarating spasm travelled through the length of his body.

Mila felt him buck, and slowed her machine-like fingers for a second.

Tim moaned into her chest, adjusting his feet which were being forced onto tiptoe because of how strong Mila was pulling upwards and into him.

She very slowly and agonisingly withdrew her fingers just a few centimetres, and Tim mewled as the incredible feeling she had been ripping from his most sensitive private areas temporarily relaxed. He looked up at Mila, and she didn't say anything, the drool at the corner of her mouth having reached her chin, mouth open, breathing heavily.

He looked down and she was openly pounding her huge shaft. The sound of fapping meat, and the salty smell of her jizz, which was steadily flowing down the front of her leggings, made Tim's mouth water.

He stared at the big fat cock being jerked. Tim felt like he could remove himself off of her fingers at this moment. It almost seemed like she was allowing him to stop before things escalated. His body was still angled perfectly, waiting for her to just push back inside him.

She remained stationary apart from the relentless pumping of her shaft, letting Tim stay agonisingly halfway between bliss and freedom, leaving him with two clear choices. If he pulled himself off of her, and walked away, then he could save himself from her bulge. He wouldn't be letting her force him into humiliation.

If he stayed… He knew there was every chance that she would stick her cock in his ass.

This was his chance. Leave or stay.

He looked up at her. Mila's frantic eyes stared back at him, still beating her meat slowly as her biceps rippled in and out.

Tim felt something close in his mind and, slowly, he forced his ass back onto Mila's waiting fingers. Mila gave a huge grunt of pleasure, and Tim let out a soft whimper as the trap closed and suddenly her vice like grip was firmly grappled to the inside of his anus again.

Her fingers began to oscillate firmly up against his prostate and Tim screamed into Mila's tits as something in him released and his whole body began to shake with pleasure.

Mila moaned as Tim began to smile, eyes up in his head as clear liquid warmed her fingers, and she gently softened her bear trap on his plundered butthole as his back arched and he felt the throes of a full body orgasm surge through him.

Muscles tensed and untensed, groans and whimpers bubbled up from his lungs, and everywhere, ecstasy coursed through him.

Mila waited for a few seconds for the spasms to slow before withdrawing her fingers, watching his eyelids flutter as she did so.

A few heavy kisses landed on his cheek and forehead, and Mila cooed as she worked, sticky lips stamping his face up and down with big, wet smooches even as she firmly plunged her hand slowly up and down her cock, slick with her own juices.

"Good boy," she murmured, rubbing his cheek.

Tim was dazed, but Mila didn't allow him to rest, hooking a thumb into his waistband, and gently dropping his shorts and boxers completely, exposing his smooth thighs, pert butt and tiny cock. It was hard as a rock, bobbing gently with his heartbeat, and a small spot of pre-cum gently trailed down from the slit.

Mila's mind plunged into overdrive at the gorgeous sight. Her cock became hard and her balls tightened. Tim's heart felt like it might explode, and he felt himself unbelievably reaching for the flagpole in Mila's leggings, dark patches of cum running down the crotch and inside leg.

A hand made nervous contact with the long tent and squeezed around her throbbing monster, which sent a chill up her shaft and

into her chest. He looked into her doting face and a sudden spurt of confidence hit him.

“Please fuck me” he said. The longing in his voice as he said it pushed Mila way over the edge. She groaned, trying to contain it, but the pressure was too great, and her eyes bugged out.

Tim didn’t even have time to think as he was pulled to his knees in front of her, and Mila ripped straight through the front of her leggings in a terrifying explosion of movement, exposing her cock to the world, Mila moving bring her phallus to his face as fast as possible.

Tim was presented with her massive, veiny monster. It was the size of three coke cans stacked on top of one another, a long white juggernaut with an angry pink head and a slight curve upwards, but Tim barely had time to take it in before Mila speared him with it, Tim’s mouth going wide as she shoved it into his face.

His cheeks went red and he wretched as the lubricated cock slid far further than he had expected, pressing to the back of his throat. He somehow managed to hold it there, stunned as Mila’s cock spasmed as he felt the first spurts hit the back of his throat.

Tim realised she was going to physically force him now, and began to apply as much suction as possible to the top of her cock, lips sealing tight around the shaft as her whole body began to convulse. Fear and adrenaline tumbled around in his mind, his face unable to convey the sudden rush of desire and filthy lust that had taken hold of his body.

He spluttered as a huge wave of jizz exploded in his throat. It was like a fireman’s hose, filling him to the brim with hot white spunk. God, it was insane being face-fucked by a big titted, muscled brute of a woman, and yet he couldn’t help but groan in surprised delight around her dick as it sprayed heavy ejaculate inside him.

Mila began to cry out as the pleasure arched through her back. She crumpled slightly, leaning on Tim’s shoulders to stop herself from falling as her knees shook violently.

Tim felt her incredible weight bearing down on him and placed his hands on her rock hard abdomen to try and stop her from falling, all whilst drinking her never-ending river of semen that coursed through her shaft and into his stomach.

Mila was swaying forwards and backwards, and she moaned as her balls finally released from their painful tension, a long slow sound of mournful release, and she crumpled to the floor, her cock sliding out of Tim's mouth with a wet pop, and landing on her ass. She allowed her arms and legs to spread out, lying back on the floor, basking in the feeling of release.

Tim collapsed as he tried to gather his breath, some frothy white lava spilling from his mouth. He felt his head clear as the oxygen deprivation went away, and his belly gurgle. He had never had a five course meal, but he imagined this is what it would have felt like afterwards. He felt like a frothy cappuccino filled up to the brim.

For a moment no-one spoke, and the only sound was the ticking clock as both figures lay covered in white, shiny liquid. Mila lay, breathing softly. Tim's mind raced as he went through the past few minutes. What had he just done?

The clock and the air conditioning unit were the only sounds, the heavy music outside a far-off thud of bass. A trickle of cool air tickled Tim's cum-slicked penis, making him shiver slightly. The breeze made him feel thoroughly exposed.

He sat back on his knees and let out a long burp. A bubble of cum formed over his mouth as he did it, and he licked at it, bursting it onto his chin. He smiled guiltily as he savoured the taste of Mila's effluence. He felt so… sexy, covered in jizz. It was impossible to deny that he had been more excited at the thought of suckling on a big cock than anything else in his life. God, why did he like the taste of sperm?…. It wasn't right. But he couldn't deny how it made him feel.

He looked over at Mila, who was slowly flexing her hands and legs, contented, her cock protruding through her torn leggings and resting on her belly, the whole lower half of her body covered in warm patches of cum. She smiled, breathing heavily, and Tim simply

watched her. He had never looked at a woman this way before. His little cock was achingly hard from him having pleasured such a gorgeous girl. And she was the perfect girl, that much was crystal clear to Tim.

Mila's eyes slowly opened and she oriented herself, bringing her head up slightly to face him. She locked her gaze to his, chest rising and falling as she came back to her senses.

Tim cracked a small smile, and he watched as the hunger began to seep back into Mila's eyes. She came up to her hands and knees and began to move like a lion padding on all fours towards a gazelle, closing in on the tiny figure of Tim. Tim bit his lip, cum still dribbling down his cheeks as he sat like a kitten waiting for its mother's milk, doe-eyed and submissive.

Mila reached her young, sexy boy and brought her lips to his, mauling his mouth. He moaned into Mila's deep French kiss as she pounced on him, enveloping his feeble frame in her huge powerful body.

Mila fused their bodies together, and they lay there, intertwined and soaked in Mila's cum as she ground her body against him. Tim could feel her steel pipe crushing against his dainty penis, a complete mismatch of proportions as she pulled him up onto her lap.

Tim happily wrapped his legs around her waist in a girlish position of intimacy and lost himself in Mila's body, running his hands across the taut ropes of her back muscles, feeling the ridges and curves, clutching her bulging biceps as she attacked his mouth.

He moaned into her embrace as she crushed him so hard that he thought he might start struggling to breath, but eventually she slid her tongue up, out of his mouth and broke their kiss, a mixture of drool and cum spattered across both their chins and lips. Mila's expression was one of open excitement.

Tim couldn't help ogling at the site of this incredibly beautiful woman with cum and saliva on her face, pressing herself into him. Desperation and lust were clear in her body language. He mewled softly and bit his lip, expecting her to start kissing him again, but

Mila was too intent on continuing her full exploration of Tim's body, her senses hungry for more.

She leaned forward and unceremoniously dumped him on his back, mounting him between his legs and shoved her hips into his butt so they were in a tight missionary position. Tim was unable to move, and he could feel her hard dick resting against his asshole; it felt like a huge oiled up hotdog was being forced into buns that were half the required size.

Tim grimaced as he realised he was about to feel the full power of Mila's body, and part of him feared for his safety as she pulled her hips back so that the huge head was squeezing into his cheeks, searching for his puckered hole. If she lost control, he truly had no protection against her strength. Perhaps he should be effeminate for her; she definitely enjoyed being the dominant lover, and he couldn't deny that he loved the feeling of being Mila's bitch-boy.

He let himself go, placing delicate kisses across her shoulders and into her neck as she was about to force herself inside him. She melted slightly, grunting as he left small hickeys on her neck, licking softly at her skin, and making little mewling sounds. He

surrendered his pride and masculinity completely, rubbing his asshole against Mila's massive cock.

"Please…. Be gentle Mila…my strong Mila " he begged softly, pressing into her neck.

Mila's muscles flexed along the length of her body, and her groan was deep and satisfying.

"Good boy," she muttered, leaning into his girlish kisses and soft lips.

Tim could feel her body clenching as he slowly kissed down towards her chest, and she let him slowly slip his hands underneath the back of her skimpy sports bra, pulling upwards and eventually, with some assistance, past her huge breasts, and over her head.

Her huge globes with fat, brazen nipples came down onto his head, and he panted as they enveloped his face, the pink nubs erect,

rubbing insistently against his lips.

He kissed gently across the rigid points, licking them, making Mila gasp, and pressed his hands to the large orbs, squeezing and kneading the hot bouncy flesh. His lips latched onto one of her nipples and he felt her back flex as he suckled on it, gurgling with pleasure. Her breasts felt amazing between his fingers, and he tried to grab as much as he could.

Mila was revelling in the textures of his tongue rubbing across her nipples, her mouth was open and her eyes were unfocused, and Tim could feel her humping violently into his ass-crack, her slick dong trying to press right up against the concealed hole.

Two large hands grabbed his butt-cheeks and pulled them so wide that he could feel the cool air kiss his utterly exposed anus, tickling his hole. He had a fleeting thought that if someone were to walk in right now, they would have walked into the site of Mila spreading Tim's cheeks to the world.

Tim looked up at her, a deferential and loving expression on his face.

Mila drank in her young prey, basking in his total surrender to her, his whole body angled to accept her inside him.

She slowly drove her hips forward, a few centimetres at a time.

The first touch of her head on his flower was so invasively wrong that Tim let out a soft cry of fear. It was so big, bullish and pitiless that he couldn't equate it with the loving look in Mila's eyes as she pressed it heartlessly into his tiny crack.

The puckered flower reflexively tensed against the powerful head of her cock, and he tried to move a little under her weight, but she was so much heavier than him that she simply let her body fall into him, pressing him more severely against the mat.

"Relax," whispered Mila, leaving wet kisses on his face as she put more power from her legs into penetrating Tim's exposed hole.

Tim's lips were shaking. He tried to close his eyes and breath slowly.

“Push,” said Mila, rubbing her lips across his, “push out… with your ass.”

Tim’s face briefly felt confusion, and it took him a few moments to push like he was trying to take a shit.

As soon as he did Mila’s cock pressed through his ring, sliding a few inches into him. Tim let out a huge moan of pain and fear as he felt the gigantic head resting inside his decimated entrance.

It was simply too big.

“No…. No Mila…” he breathed softly, begging her.

“Shhhh, good boy,” she responded, ignoring him as she kept her dick steady inside him.

Tim began to take some slow breaths, and the pain receded somewhat. Mila was massaging his butt cheeks gently, helping assuage his panic.

He relaxed, felt the weight of her, her heavy abs pressed against his belly, and it soothed him. Slowly he began to feel a little more confident that maybe she could actually fit inside him without splitting him in half.

Suddenly her hips were moving again, and before he could ask her to go slow, she sank fully three quarters of her length into him. He let out a deep-sated, slutty moan.

He grabbed hold of any part of Mila he could for support, clutching her skin with his fingers and pulling tight.

This was something totally different. He couldn’t believe how much of her was inside him, the heat of her womanhood was emanating through his inner walls, and he could feel her heartbeat like it was his own. Mila had opened him up to entirely new sensations as he felt her energy pulsing through the shaft.

Mila let him come to grips with a new world of feeling as he closed his eyes and mewled softly.

“Fuck…..oh…Fuck,” he whispered.

Mila breathed in the smell of his hair, the small sheen of sweat on his brow, taking a few moments to enjoy the sensation of his body wrapped tight, clinging to her cock for dear life.

She started to tense and ease her penis, and he gasped. He had never felt something like this before; a huge cock flexing inside him. It was incredible. He felt like their bodies were merging and sharing warm waves of pleasure, and he was overtaken by the thrill of being filled up by her. Everything made sense.

Mila drank in every spasm of his hands, each flutter of his eyelids as he began to adjust to the sensation of her penis throbbing inside him.

He tried to speak, but a small “Oh…” was all he could muster, his nerve endings scrambling to deal with all the sensations emanating from deep in his gut.

Mila held him there. She was breathing heavily, the instinctive animalistic part of her brain screaming at her to punish the beautiful boy beneath her, to plant her seed in him, and she tried to stay calm as she enjoyed him writhing gently in her arms. Tim let out the most delicate of sighs as his asshole went slightly tighter on her shaft, and Mila teetered on the edge, snorting as she pressed her toes into the mat, subconsciously aiming her hips directly into Tim’s private areas.

Unaware, Tim opened his eyes and caught Mila’s expression, and his soft eyes widened. She was staring with furious intent, her jaw clenched as she panted heavily. The fear on Tim’s face tipped her over the edge.

Tim saw the moment she lost control, and was about to scream as her eyes briefly forewarned the violence to come.

Mila snapped her hips forward, burying herself in him.

The air from Tim’s lungs was driven out; a sudden wheeze all that left his mouth, as Mila’s piledriver cock sheathed itself in one split second of pure athletic power.

Mila grunted like an animal as she rotated her hips, savagely stimulating every possible crevasse in Tim's defenceless butthole.

"OH GOD…… Oh fuck Mila… FUCK," he squealed as she sodomized him.

Every time that hypnotic dick pressed into Tim's anal wall, part of his brain melted. His eyes rolled up into the back of his head, and his whole body from head to toe was rocked with a wave of pure stimulation.

Mila breathed heavily, managing to bring her aggression under control, and the slow fuck began there. A small back and forth of her hips, barely a movement on the surface, and Tim was able at least to breathe again in time with each small movement of her cock head. It was squeezing against a spot deep inside, and that part of him was coming alive with each soft press against it.

His hands were moving everywhere on her wide back, trying to find some shred of comfort, to calm the penetrating slide of her steel pipe in and out, but Mila allowed him no time to think, settling into a rhythm, a few inches now were being removed and re-introduced into him, the slick, filthy sound of sex echoing louder around the room, the smell of cum and sweat beginning to dominate the senses as she continued to drive Tim's new heroin into his body, readying the coming addiction for her cock.

Tim couldn't think. He couldn't speak. He could only moan and take her dick sliding in and out of him. She started banging him harder and his moans were getting higher pitched, and louder. Her muscles were starting to activate, more power was being thrust into Mila's hips, her legs tensing as she began to long dick Tim pornstar-style.

Tim squealed. He was changing. His cares and worries were melting away. His life outside of this moment didn't exist. He was concentrating on the sole pleasure that was Mila, and her massive, world-ending dick. He screamed into her tits as she went up another gear, putting her full body into every thrust, pulling him into her, clamping his head to her neck and burying herself in him at breakneck speed.

Mila grunted and moaned. Tim felt like the tightest cock sleeve in the world, and she was in sexual bliss as she violated his cute, hairless body.

She felt him trying to move his hips in time with her to soften the blows and the body-length spasms that were racking his frame, but she brought more of her weight to bear on him, allowing no relief from the meaty fucking he was receiving. He was getting dicked Mila-style.

“My bitch…my little boy,” Mila growled as she violently plunged her womanhood deep inside Tim, who started to scream softly as an orgasm made his walls cling to her, his insides being rearranged by her relentless pounding as she moulded his body to her will.

His world inverted around him, and Tim was hit with body racking multiple orgasms as Mila mechanically destroyed Tim’s tiny frame, pulling his knees to his shoulders, his legs above his head, rapidly gyrating her hips in lightning thrusts that pushed him into a state of clear ecstasy.

His eyes rolled upwards, and drool slid down the sides of his mouth, his hands clinging to Mila’s back. It looked like he was being hit with ten thousand volts as pleasure streamed from the deep hidden parts of his body. His cock, which was being squeezed against her hard Abs, streamed a soft trickle of cum into his belly button.

The slap of hips and the sweaty moans filled the small room. The light from the window threw undulating shadows across the mat, Tim’s outline invisible within Mila’s heaving frame. The clock on the wall ticked on, unaffected by the boy’s screams of delight as Mila’s dick found special places inside him.

Tim had forgotten where he was, and who he was, his body a vessel of cock-taking pleasure. His whole world was contracted around the long pole that was connecting him to Mila, and he was no longer able to form sentences, tongue lolling to the side of his mouth as he took all of her unbridled lust.

Mila was getting lightheaded, and her balls were swollen, ready to dump the biggest load she’d ever made into Tim’s poor, frail body.

He clung to her for dear life as Mila's thrusts buried her rod into him; machine gun slaps of their hips were echoing around the hard walls, and Tim's screaming had died down to soft high pitched "ohs" with each further burial of Mila's shaft in his boy-pussy.

Mila made a soft grunt and then sheathed herself completely with a thrust that compressed Tim's spine, nowhere to hide as she snapped her hips so hard into his butt cheeks that the sound of skin on skin was like a whip crack.

She began to savagely moan in his ear as a huge dam of jizz was released out of her burgeoning testicles, and the pressure exited her body in the only possible direction: Tim's asshole. Wave after wave of warm salty lava exploded from her cock, dousing his insides.

Tim felt his inner walls being painted with boiling cream, and dug his fingernails into Mila's back as his own penis began to fire a few pathetic ropes of cum which spurted between their bodies.

They both keened into each other as they felt each other's bodies intimately release their lust, Tim squeezing himself to Mila as tight as he could, letting her paint his insides white as she saturated him in hot salty cum.

The pressure suddenly expanded in Tim's asshole, and the cum shot back up around Mila's spewing firehose, her love cream exploding around the base of her cock, dousing her hips and legs and spraying across the floor beneath them.

Tim mewled as cum spewed everywhere from his asshole, and Mila simply crushed him, not able and not wanting to stop her cock from trying to impregnate his body with her fertile seed.

Tim felt like the pressure was going to make him pass out, but abruptly the flood became a gentle flow of liquid, and finally, after a few last spurts, Mila's body convulsed a final, cum spattering time.

Tim breathed into her sweaty neck. He had found heaven. Her hips were fused to his by jizz, and he could feel her wild heartbeat slowing, the animal in her growing calm.

He felt her begin to sit up slowly, and clung to her, not allowing her to move even an inch out of his body. Mila breathed in deep. His head buried in her neck, and his insides slowly leaking cum onto her balls, was the most perfect feeling in the world.

She gently pulled his head from her neck, and he resisted hard which made Mila giggle.

“Baby,” she said as she slowly pulled his head up to look at hers, forcing his neck muscles to give in. Tim tried to resist but with Mila it was useless, and he felt his head being plied from her warm skin to end up face to face, with this gorgeous woman who had just fucked him into a new universe.

Mila’s cock involuntarily flexed, because the sexiest sight she had ever seen in her life was staring back at him. Tim’s face was a mess. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes unfocused, and various bodily fluids were smeared on his face. He was moaning softly looking into her eyes, broken, and doting.

Mila drank in her handiwork. She had never seen someone so utterly dick-drunk, and a small part of her pondered for a moment that maybe she had turned his sexuality a little too sharply in a new cock-oriented direction.

A smug smile crept across her face. Good. Her little Tim was going to be totally satisfied in his new world of Mila.