

May's mascara was running so bad it had stained her fur to shades of black and grey. For a feline with mostly white fur that was a shitty position to be in. She loved getting fucked, but she didn't necessarily want to broadcast her habits to the whole world via the running of much makeup. It looked awful and she was discovering she didn't have anything but soap and water to try to clean it off with, but she wasn't complaining really, just bitching. That had been a damn good fuck. Her kitty cunt was aching from the ordeal and she was grateful he'd be generous enough to use a condom. She didn't have to clean up her pussy along with her face tonight.

The dude wasn't her boyfriend. He was just a boy toy she kept in her contacts for when she wanted an easy lay. Not even a friends with benefits really. She barely knew the guy and he barely knew her. As soon as she washed up she'd be ditching his apartment and moving on to other things. Not that she had anything else planned to do tonight, of course. May's night was so shot that she had had no choice but to make a run for her boy toy's place. A cat without yarn...

Normally she'd be partying or drinking it up somewhere on a Friday night. This night was a total bust, however. She and Kate had a bitch fight a couple days ago and now she was X'd out of a lot of parties. Fuck Kate. May knew she needed to get herself into some new friend circles that were less cunty. May herself could be a cunt, sure, but what cat worth her mittens wasn't? Kate could go and fuck herself right the fuck right off!

She left her boy toy's sink a dingy shade of grey from the mascara, but he wouldn't notice or probably even care given the condition of his bathroom, floor, and toilet. She gave herself a final look in the mirror, dingy with splatter from toothpaste and water, and found her features once again somewhat presentable. May bailed on him and took to the streets in her Camry. It was almost 10:30 and she didn't know what to do. If she went back to her place she'd feel like a waste of life and she wanted to DO something. Being home alone was lame and she didn't do well when she was alone. This cat needed PEOPLE otherwise she'd go crazy!

May pulled into a space over at the Quik-E and went through her phone contacts. There had to be some fuckers out there she could harass on a weekend, but she was running dry on options. Her previous boy toy went off to join the ARMY, her bestie Kate was no longer her bestie (FUCK her!) and she was now excommunicated from about five different social circles, and just about everyone else on her list was awkward to be around because of shit to do with her ex boyfriends. God, she needed better connections in this city.

She thumbed down the list to Sam, a Great Dane she knew, and dialed it. He was one part neighbor and one part ex-highschool classmate. Sam lived in her apartment complex. He had also been a senior when she had been a freshman. They didn't meet much in school, but they knew each other

because of their families know each other a bit. He had been a nerd back then and he was being a nerd now, but he made alright money and sometimes she bummed money off him in exchange for cooked food. May's mother didn't have much to teach her, but she at least knew how to show her daughter to work a stove. Being able to trade food for dough was useful when you had people on your rolodex that liked eating better than McDonald's, and May wasn't half bad at being a domestic cat when she put her mind to it, which was usually whenever she needed something from somebody.

"Hello." Sam answered after a couple of rings. May didn't think the Dane went to bed too early on the weekends. He didn't sound tired, which was a good sign for her to take advantage of him.

"Yo! Hey, Sam, look, I know it's late an' all, but I wanna know what you're doing right now. You got plans?" She said. A cop pulled up to grab a coffee and donut from inside the Quik-E, which spooked her. She had let her inspection sticker expire last month, no wait, that's a 6 not a 9...

"Uh, well, it's kinda late." Sam replied. The dog sounded confused, but May wasn't going to be deterred.

"Well, ya' maybe for you, but for me this is, like, early morning and I have, like, things, I'd like to do." May talked out her ass at him. "Don't hang up on me!"

"I-I wasn't! Everything ok?" He asked her, still sounding confused. Normally May never called on Sam for anything other than financial aid since she typically had her dance card full at all times. Her bugging the Dane for entertainment was out of the ordinary.

"Ok, well, can I hang out with you tonight? All my shit's been canceled on me and I'm feeling restless." She asked him. Sam was a dork and not in her league but he could at least cater to her short attention span for an hour or so. Maybe after an hour of half naked anime women she'd be ready to crawl into bed and sleep the rest of her life away.

It was a shame, too! Sam had this kickin' body she had lusted after when she first moved into the building. May hadn't seen him in years, and now, BAM, there he was. A tall athlete of a man with the golden hues from his momma and the studly features from his daddy. Then she remembered he was a dork and a 'goody good' that was so damn polite and respectful to her it make her stomach want to turn over. May hated men like that, she could push them around all day, which she ended up doing whenever she needed something. Sam was too damn good natured, and she liked her men to have a rough streak that could... straighten her out, but that's not, like, anything she'd admit to anybody openly!

"Yeah, ok. I was just going to watch tv and order pizza. I had a late day tod-" He started to say but she cut him off. The cop was stirring around the cashier's counter and she wanted to leave before he walked out and stuck his nose around her windshield.

"Great! I'll be right over. And don't order pizza. I'll cook shit." She told him and hung up before he could respond. She cranked up and rolled out with the cop in the rearview paying her no mind. Fuck him, she had her fill of tickets this year. And fuck Kate, too. Why can't cops ever pull over people she didn't like? It's always gotta be her or whoever she's fucking at the time...

It took like ten minutes to get to the supermarket and less than that to grab dinner. A pound of meat, a pint of milk, and a box of hamburger helper. She wasn't going to waste time cooking real food this late and on such short notice, and Sam wouldn't complain since he always ordered shitty delivery or ate top ramen anyway.

It wasn't long after that that and she was beating on the Dane's door. He opened it to see May standing with her purse in one hand and a plastic bag of groceries in the other. She stepped in and Sam had to dodge her to make room for her aggressive entry. She tossed her purse over on the couch and continued on her way to the kitchen.

"Makin' hamburger helper. You're shit clean in the kitchen?" She asked him. His apartment was a mess, but so was hers. They both lived like pigs, but at least her pin was cool. She was a punky kind of cunt with a love of rock and roll and booze. Her pad was full of posters of rocker studs and lava lamps she swore were not out of style. It matched her leather and denim style of fashion. Leather and denim doesn't wear out quick either. Saves money, and her broke ass self needed fashion that lasted.

Sam's apartment was full of women. He had bookshelves of import comics and plastic anime girls. The walls were covered in posters, too, but these were either of video games or more anime women. AND, fuck those anime chicks that had her feelin' jelly what with their rockin' crazy bodies! They were all, like, fucking stupid hot goddesses. It wasn't fair that her parents had blessed her with a little short petite body that could pass as freshman in highschool if she ever wore a pleated skirt. She got carded every fucking day, at gas stations, bars, clubs. Fuck her life.

"I don't know. What do you need to make hamburger helper?" He asked her, but she was already in his kitchen having navigated around his oversized beanbag chair and the coffee table he had in the middle of the room. The Dane had no common sense for furniture. He had unwashed dishes in the

sink, but she knew where his pots and pans were all kept. He had one frying pan clean, and she found a lid she could use to cover it, but it was one size too large. She checked the dishwasher and saw he had a matching pan in the wash that fit the lid, but it was filthy.

"Fucking run your dishwasher, dude." She told him. May could just use the big lid on the smaller pan. It wouldn't fuck anything up.

"I wash stuff as I need it." He told her in his defense. She huffed and started getting dinner ready while he watched her. His tv had been off so she wasn't sure what he'd been up to. "So, uh, what brings you around here, again?"

"Because I'm fucking bored and, like, I don't have anywhere else to go except home." She admitted to him. She found a can of spray Pam and hosed down the pan while she let it heat. She switched over to getting the meat out of its package and dumped it into a tupperware bowl she'd found. It looked clean. She hoped it was. Sam had no sense for cooking, but he was at least smart enough to keep salt and pepper, which she could use to season the meat.

"Well, I don't know what would interest you at my place. You hate my hobbies." He said. May looked to see if he had any bowls or plates clean. He had paper plates. And three boxes of plastic utensils. Greaaaat.

"Go find something to watch you think I'll like." She replied to him while she worked. "Hate's a strong word, so don't use it unless I'm bein' a cunt."

She didn't watch him for his reaction and she didn't want to see it. May knew she was more than capable of being a cunt. Was she being one right now? Probably. She did force herself into his presence. Oh well, she bought him dinner and was cooking it for him so he can't fucking complain.

"I've got a harem anime I've been meaning to start watching, but I think you'd hate it." She rolled her eyes. She'd just told him not to use the 'H' word. Well, ok, maybe she was being a bit of a cunt and so he was allowed say it. May guessed that he just told her she might have been acting like a cunt. Noted, Dane, noted.

"What the fuck is a harem anime? Slave girl shit?" She asked him. The stoves in the apartment complex were all electric so his worked just like her own and it got hot fast. She put the meat on and started browning it while using salt and pepper to season.

"Well, no. I mean, it can be, but not usually." He answered, which wasn't really an answer to her.

"So what is it?" She asked him while she cooked.

"Supposed to be about how aliens invade Earth, but some good aliens show up to help us fight the evil aliens. The good aliens are all cute girls that help the main character fight off the invasion." He told her. That anime sounded fucking stupid, she thought.

"That sounds fucking stupid, dude. You spent money on that? Actual green?" She asked him. The static and popping from the pan was not enough to discourage their conversation.

"Yeah, it's made by the same people that did Gluten Free Cherub Posse. So it's gotta be good." He replied, and all she could do was look at him. He was standing on the other side of the counter watching her cook. Gluten Fucking What, May thought? She made a face. "It's good!"

"Uh huh. Go an' take yourself back to the living room while I get this ready, ok? Go put your harem slave girls into the player." She told him and he wandered off muttering to himself that it was suppose to be good. Fucking japanese shit. Asians were weird. Anything made by a Shiba was probably about as entertaining as a 'net meme.

It was a short while before she had the crap in the pan cooking. Maybe twenty minutes or so of simmering and they could eat. She set the timer on his microwave for that amount and considered her work done for the moment. The oversized lid was working, but all the steam was was condensing and running down to the edge and dripping water out onto the stovetop. May could hear some japanese girls singing from the living room so she guessed it was the harem whatever slave girl show.

"They sound like fucking seven year old girls." She complained when she stepped into the living room. Playing on the tv screen was a menu screen for the DVD. Other than the option buttons there was a backdrop of a series of videos playing out. Two little fox girls singing, then switching rapidly to other women that looked older and were different species. It was a diverse cast of anime bitches. Actually, most of them were actually bitches, except one chick that was a crane and another that looked like a villain in a goofy costume. The villain was a cat, and May furled her brow. Why were felines always villains? Just one fucking war, and oh no, everyone from Purrmany is the fucking devil.

"It'll be good." Sam told her. He was sitting in the giant beanbag chair that he had positioned in the center of the room. It was so oversized she could have squeezed onto it with him and they'd both have room.

"Uh huh. Well, start it up and we'll watch it until I have to fish the food off the stove." May told him and he started playing the DVD.

May ended up joining Sam in the beanbag chair, which left her feeling good about how awkward he was acting with her right shoulder to shoulder with him. She was again reminded of the fact that Sam had the body type she loved, but the personality that made her gag. Anyway, the first episode was full of slapstick and sexual innuendo. "Dude, this is so stupid."

"I think it's cute. I like the blonde girl so far." Sam said.

"Blondie is a dyke, Sam. She ain't sucking anybody's dick. And then you have the two fucking little girls." She pointed out.

"They aren't little girls! The commander said they are—" Sam started but she cut him off.

"That they are little fucking robot girls. So not only does fucking them make you a pedo, but it also means you a loser that can't do better than a sextoy." She told him.

"Ouch, May. At least try to give the show a chance?" Sam said. He was about to say something else but the kitchen timer started going off.

"Pause." May said and she ditched her perch at the side of the beanbag chair and retreated to the kitchen while Sam paused the show.

The food was ready with small pools of water around the stovetop, but she could clean that later. Fortunately, she found that he did have some clean plates in the cabinet. They were the plastic kind with the dividers. Being the good kitty cunt that she was she volunteered herself to fix both his and her plates. May didn't ask him for permission to use his loaf of bread, but she did it anyway and gave both of them two slices to go with their hamburger helper. She could've have toasted it, but she wasn't thinking that far ahead so she hoped he didn't say anything about it.

Further than that she fished a cold beer from the fridge and brought him his drink and plate. "Here."

"Thank you." Sam said, taking his plate while May returned to the kitchen to fetch herself her own beer. She hated Rulz Light, but it was the only alcohol he had. May would be forced to endure yet another light beer, but she figured she was woman enough to handle a little trauma to her liver. Vodka was her preference, but she would never turn down a 'real' beer. Her family had a taste for the finer brews, but not the cheap shit most of America drank.

"Ok, now scoot so I can sit with you." She told him. Sam did as instructed and made some extra room on the beanbag chair. With her smaller petite frame she fit easily next to him despite them both holding plates of food. They were still shoulder to shoulder, but it wasn't too bad. "Unpause, go!"

They ate watched awful anime harem shit. May didn't understand half of it and everything about the plot made no sense. Her idea of a good tv show was Fat Mother Makeover or Judge Johnny Dee. She pretty much lived for trashy shows that made her feel better about herself because her life wasn't anywhere near as fucked up as those people on tv's lives were. It was good therapy.

"Why isn't the redhead just up and asking him for sex?" May asked. The redhead in question was some G.I. Jane type and she was clearly wet as a fish for that cock, but for some fucked reason she wasn't biting his hook. Well, the main character wasn't really even fishing! He was just this dumb fuck awkward dude that didn't know a left tit from a clit if both were in front of him. Some weird virgin fantasy bullshit, she guessed.

"She's shy." Sam answered.

"Fuck no, she's not. Shy girls don't parade around in their panties like that when a guy is in the room." May countered, and she was fucking right. The idiot goes and does this slapstick routine to fall into the women's locker room and redhead is there in all her proud busty glory not even remotely covering herself. They just painted her face red from chin to forehead like she was a glass being dumped full of merlot.

"It's just a show, May, appreciate it for the attractive women." Sam replied, sighing.

"And I prefer sausage to tacos, sir. Do they make versions of this shit for girls? Bunch of studs and one slut?" She asked.

"Yeah, but the dudes usually all look thin and effeminate." Sam replied and May could only groan. She didn't like pansy bitchy boys. She liked some broad shoulders and some nice tone to the massles! Shrimpy guys that prance about like they're a girl won't ever tease their way into May's panties, she was sure as fuck about that.

"Fuck that." She replied.

"They do have manly shows though. Mostly action, but sometimes girls like them for all the guys in it. Like Manly Shin Deep." Sam said. What the fuck was "Manly Shin Deep?" What kind of ass fucked name is Manly Shin Deep? She wasn't paying attention, due to being distracted by the little pedo robots trying to strip Dyke naked on screen, but she was fairly sure she had made a 'face'.

"What is Manly Shin Deep?" May asked him.

"Six stars in outer space implode and turn into men, then they all fly through space to fall to Earth and they fight each other." Sam explained. His attention was split between his explanation and the tv. May shook her head and was certain she still didn't understand what the fuck Manly Shin Deep was.

"I'll pass." she said. The fox hooker that was the 'commander' was again acting like a hooker to the main dude. She was the oldest bitch on the show, and she was also the thirstiest chick she'd seen yet on screen. The entire anime was a shitshow of unrealistic ladies and stupid plot devices set up to give the audience as many panty and cleavage shots as possible.

The first episode came and went, and the next one was rolling through its opening.

"Give me your plate and can." May told Sam, and the Dane handed them over after she stood up with her own. They'd cleaned their plates and she deposited them in the dishwasher, which was partially full of other items, half of which looked dirty. "And run this stupid washer as soon as you fill it, Sam! You need your mother to visit you once in a while, you know."

"She's not going to clean my apartment. She promised me that the first time she saw it after I moved here." May heard him say from the living room. May checked his fridge again and saw there was one beer left, she took it. She returned and made her seat next to him again on the beanbag before handing him the beer. She was honestly getting bored. The show had

had her attention for a little while, but now it was just anime titties and slapstick romcom bullshit.

May really did prefer the their trashier side of tv.

But maybe she could get something else to occupy herself with. Sam was a great looking, if very dorky, canine. His Dane heritage had to have blessed him with something she'd find appealing. Not that she cared much either way if he knew how to use whatever he had. She'd been with shrimps that were limp and cocks that were too cucked to give a woman her O. Sam would do fine if he didn't get in her way with his goody good shtick.

Yeah! She could totally bully him into some sex, but her cunt was still a little tender. Sure, if she got nice and wet she'd be fine for another go, but she doubted the Dane could get her running like a faucet. He'd be good for one of those lazy Sunday afternoon romps. Just let her enjoy the feeling of a sausage stuffed in her pocket and she'd be fine with that. Rub herself off, then give the boy a BJ to thank him for his minimal effort.

"Hey, Sam." She started, just to get his attention. He didn't look her way, but she noticed his ears twitch in acknowledgment of her.

"Yes'm?" He replied, and she wanted to roll her eyes. Fuck he was too good a guy, why couldn't he have a asshole streak in him to make him even just a smidgen exciting? 'Yes'm?' Ugh! If he kept this up she'd be one dry pussy by the time she got the words 'you want to stuff my cunt' out of her mouth.

"This show is awful and I'm bored. You wanna get your dick wet?" She asked him point blank. No need to beat around the bush if her intention was for him to bury a bone underneath it.

"Say what?" Sam said, and this time he turned away from the tv and looked at her. Judging by his expression he was experiencing some variety of bewilderment.

"I'm asking if you want to stick this," she said my tapping his crotch over the zipper with a finger, "in this pussy's pussy."

"Um, May, I'm not sure we should." He got suddenly bashful. The romcom and slapstick titties were forgotten in the background. She grabbed the remote off the floor and click Stop. The DVD was no very much in the background with Sam's attention keeping her in the foreground.

She sat up from her seat and scooted over sideways until she was in his lap. He pulled away from her, but it wasn't like he had anywhere else to go. She was so short compared him that she was like his kid sister, ignoring the fact they were cat and dog. Didn't bother her any. Dick was dick, and sometimes those knotty things were fun. She didn't think she'd let him go that far though. Her pussy wouldn't forgive her the next morning if she did.

"Ok, May, I think maybe," Sam started, and May was predicting a 'no' from him. She pounced.

"When's the last time you got laid, Sammy." She said while grinding her rear into his crotch. His hands were being kept at what he must have felt was a safe distance from her on the outer edges of the beanbag chair.

"Come on, May." He said, and she knew his answer already. Probably several months or maybe a year.

"You can either use your hand, or I can give you a cunt and a mouth. I did cook you dinner after all." May said while reaching out to grab his arms by the wrist. He resisted her tugging, but ultimately allowed her to pull his hands over to her chest where they were planted. She wasn't anywhere near as endowed as those anime sluts, but her B cups were real. Real trumps PVC and technicolor any day. "See, I'm real Sam. Right here." She made her to roll and rub his palms into her tits.

"Yeah, I can feel that, yeah." He replied to her nervously. And there was a slight pressure under her butt where he was predictably succumbing to her.

"We'll go nice and slow. No expectations." She lied. May did have some expectations, and he'd better deliver on them if he ever hoped to get her this close and personal again.

"S-sure." He was being compliant, but not making any moves, which as fine with her, as far as May was concerned. The more pliable the better! If he wasn't going to give her a raw fuck then he might as well shut up and let her work her new toy, which is actually what she preferred. Besides, if he was the type to fuck a cunt raw then he'd have already fucked her already.

May started by unbuttoned her jeans and giving them, and her panties, a nice shimmy down until they were about mid thigh. Sam was breathing excited behind her, but she paid him no mind. With her knees locked together she realized she... probably should have undone his jeans before

undoing her own, but oh fucking well. May grabbed Sam's hands off her B's and hooked them under her knees so he had her in a loose hug around her body and thighs.

"Hoist me up, I need to unzip you!" She told him, and his grip tightened up on her and up she went to fall back into his broad chest. It fucking sucked that he was such a wuss! His chest felt so firm and unbreakable against her back it was like buying a lambo only to discover it had a plaid interior, because who the fuck wants a car with plaid? So fucking disappointing to have something so good right next to her, but it was missing something she really wanted in a guy.

She reached under herself and found her target, which was unzipped and unbuttoned in a flash of skill she felt no shame in having. It doesn't matter what your skill is so long as it was well earned! Or so she told herself.

May had her prize in hand. It emerged after some tugging and nudging, but his meat was poking out of his sheath. She chose not the purr in amusement. May didn't want him to think too highly of himself, but she didn't not mind at all to find a plump feeling shaft at her fingertips when she reached in. His stick wasn't hard yet, but the blood was flowing and his heartbeat was evident just underneath her grip. With each pulse his heart gave his tool another rush of juicy blood.

She started stroking him. He had a chunky dick, but it was starting to stiffen up real good, and it was going to be a big one. She couldn't see it due to her legs and pants being in the way, but with her hands as eyes she could tell Sam was more of a grower than a shower, but she guessed most canines were what with having sheaths and all. His cockhead was nice and blunt. May loved a cock that really pushed her lips apart to get inside, and she was happy that Sam's prick would do just fine.

"You sure about this?" Sam asked her from behind.

"Shush! Yes! Oh my god you are such a killjoy." she told him and he went quiet. His arms held her firmly around the legs and she didn't have to worry about keeping her balance as she navigated the tip of his still stiffening cock to her entrance.

It was a chore to rub him at her cunt. His head was nice and fat, but he was still too soft for it to easy pierce her folds. Sam kept on growing at a slow and steady pace until May was finally able to push the head into her cunt. She curled her toes in the air and relished the sensation of having herself get a dick for the second time in one night. She had thought she'd be sore before, but now she'd sure as hell be wrecked. Two boys in one night!

"May, I don't have any condoms for this." Sam started at it again.

"Dude! I pop a pill every morning like a good little cunt should. Drop the worry wort schtick, and chill out." She heard him swallow behind her and she was feeling frustrated with him. She swore, if he ruined this for her she'd slap him!

Sam's cock was hardening up more. In fact, she was starting to notice that he was actually pushing deeper into her even though she wasn't sinking down onto him. The Dane was getting thicker, too. She was kinda starting to like her decision to fuck him even more now!

Sam didn't say anything, and May couldn't hide her smile. The Dane held onto her like she'd told him and was waiting for her to do whatever she felt like doing. Her idea of a real nice lazy ride was starting to bear bigger and plumper fruit. The cock kept swelling deep inside her, and she was getting rather curious. Sam was already beating her other boy toy in size, and he wasn't a slouch in the couch either.

"Fuck, you're kinda big, aint ya?" She asked him.

"I, I guess I might be." He replied. She tried to look down to see, but he was seriously grinding into her now without even needing to move his hips. Just by getting erect he was slipping deeper between the lips of her cunt. She could hear Sam trying to control his breathing, but the boy was wanting to let a few noises out, she knew.

"Let up the grip, let me sink." She told him. No response came, which irritated her.

"Loosen your arms so I can start dropping on this big dick of yours, son!" She yelled at him, and she felt his arms go loose. Her body immediately sank and she was greeted by the shocking sensation of his prick spearing into her far deeper than she expected it would. She'd imagined it to go deeper, of course, but not quite like THAT! May was reevaluating how big his cock must have been. Her cunt was clearly being stretched and she was breathing through her mouth as much as her nose to cope.

"God damn, you're a thick fucker." May had to shift and squirm to get comfortable. Sam, too, was beginning to breath quickly through his nose. Whatever, May thought, so long as he didn't have a short fuse. She was hungry for a lazy fuck, and those take a lil while.

She pulled her pants further down her thighs for her to feel more comfortable. May wiggled herself down on his cock some more. Sam's prick was seriously something else, May kept discovering more and more. A petite cat like her was not accustomed to such a large endowment! She'd never expected herself to be riding a pecker this severe. May reached down to give it a feel and found that she wasn't even at the base yet. Her cunt was stretched wide around his shaft, and her cunt was feeling TIGHT. Her boytoy hadn't even been able to warm her up to this level of dick. But her boy toy wasn't a big guy, anyway. He was more of a fast and hard lay rather than a cunt splitter.

"How fucking big are you, dude?" She asked while trying to test the limits of her cunt to accommodate more of his spear. She wasn't even paying attention to the room or Sam anymore, as her main focus of the evening was now on his big dick. She knew his cock was up her snatch pretty deep, but she hadn't felt him poke her cervix yet. She'd never been with a guy that could reach that deep before, and she'd had some above average studs up her cunt before, but Sam's pecker was like, fucking woah.

"I- ah, don't know. Never measured." He replied with a little bit of labor in his voice. She could tell he was trying to keep chill, like she'd asked him to, which was good. Chill was good because she didn't want him firing off premature before she could even figure out what amount of him would fit. There. May felt something touch her deep inside. She was settling lower onto his cock in tiny increments and she just felt something nudge at a place she'd never felt before.

It didn't hurt, but it felt weird.

May explored the point of connection between them and found her fingers tracing the base of his cock with prick left the sheath. No knot yet, she noticed, or she didn't think so. Sam had some nice nuts, too. May figured she'd have to give him head sooner or later after this. Why not? He'd been buried in her cunt so why not let him have her face, too? Sam could be her new main boytoy if this all worked out the way she liked.

The sensation of being touched grew until it was certainly feeling like an actual pressure at her insides. No pain, but the feeling of weird was bordering on Foreign. It was kind of like the first couple of times she'd been ass fucked. Her first lay with anal was so confusing it was visceral. Her boyfriend at the time told her later she'd gone cross eyed while he'd shoved his prick up her pucker. She was starting to feel those levels of confusion as the sensation of being prodded grew and grew as her body weight settled her lower. Her cunt was protesting with a tingling sensation coming from the stretched flesh of her lips and inner walls.

"Oh, fuck." May panted. The pressure was mounting, and her legs were trembling. She could still feel how tightly stretched she was around his cock, but the biggest sensation was the PUSHING feeling against her insides that was rising up into her gut.

"You, uh, alright?" Sam asked her. She leaned back and rested the back of her head on his chest. May felt damn good sitting in his lap. She was rolling right into that special mood she got when she was with a man. It took certain kind of guys to get her feeling sweet and needy, and Sam was working up to being one of those guys. His broad chest was at her back, and his toned arms wrapped around her legs to keep her steady. Like she'd told him, he didn't move an inch. He just held her tight and the pushing kept getting stronger until finally it stopped. May couldn't feel herself sink any lower. She touched again between her thighs and found the edge of his sheath nestled against her cunt lips. However much length he had was in her now, and she's never felt so fucking FULL before.

"Yuh, fucker." She panted hard. "You're fucking big!"

"Yeah, I uh, guess so." He replied, and she heard him swallow. She wanted to fucking slap him he was being so modest. She wanted an asshole attached to this prick and not some pansy gentleman. No, she was wanting lazy sex. Assholes don't do lazy. May needed to make up her fucking mind. What did she want?

"What do I feel like?" She asked him. May knew what HE felt like. A fucking loaf of french bread rammed up her cooter, but she was interested in hearing what he had to say about her cunt. The Dane has probably been celibate since before she moved in so he better have something nice to say about her letting him gape her hole like this! May knew he was going to leave her gaping after he finally pulled out later. No way it wasn't happening, and the thought it kinda excited her!

"You. You're really tight. Everywhere." He told her.

"Yuh, huh. Damn right. I don't, like, sleep around that much." She told him, which was a fucking lie. She'd just never been stuffed by this much dick before. She was going to feel so fucking empty when this was over. She fondled Sam's nuts. May couldn't see them, but they felt big in her hand. "When the last time you popped?"

"Huh?" Sam was so stupid.

"When's the last time you popped your cork, dude! Come on, you're stuffin' my cunt, I want to know how hard you're gonna blow." She cussed him. He was being so damn dense!

"I, well, I've been pretty busy this week so, I guess, maybe sometimes last week." He admitted. Last week? Fuck, May was fondled a pair of nuts that hadn't burst in a week. He was probably pent! She normally never thought about shit like that. May made her boy toys wear condoms. No condom? Date the fuck out of her or get the fuck out, but nerd boy here didn't keep condoms... And fuck, she was on the pill, so it didn't matter.

Her rule about not doing boy toys without a condom was going to definitely get broken tonight. May guessed she'd already decided on that when she made the move to settle onto his dick, but she'd fooled herself into thinking they could finish outside. Did she? No, fuck her, she hadn't even been thinking. Again, May letting her dumb cunt make all the important decision in her life. And what a classic lie, too, of doing a pull out, like how often does that fucking work? Besides, dogs can't pull out. Oh, fuck, May realized.

"Oh, Fuck." She repeated, but out loud this time.

"What?" Sam asked. Was he sounding concerned? He fucking better, she thought.

"You have a knot." She said. It wasn't a question. Sam did indeed have a knot even if she hadn't felt it yet.

"Well, yeah." He replied. What the fuck was May suppose to do with a knot? The only time she'd ever taken a knot was when she dated her weed dealer. Dude was a pint sized chiquaqua with a dick to match his heritage. She was only with him for the free supply. May's experience with knots was clearly too underdeveloped for her know what bouncing on a Dane's dick would be like.

"You uh, ever use it before?" She asked him. May could feel herself getting nervous and also oddly giddy. She was sure as fuck nervous! But holy hell Sam's cock was huge. Was he gonna have some huge porn star cunt wrecker down there? Was she gonna be able to walk tomorrow?

"Um, no. I mean I've seen it." He told her. She felt around and rolled her hips into his lap. The nudge at her inside returned briefly as she shifted. It felt good. Her hands found no sign of a knot, but his sheath was so plump with the girth of his shaft sticking out of it that she had no idea what she should have been searching for. And Sam's whatever experience Sam had wouldn't be worth jack shit with her she bet.

"How big?" She asked. May didn't think he'd know, but why the fuck not? Wouldn't hurt to ask him. It would be nice, she thought, to know what was going to be banging at her front door for the next half hour to hour. No, that's her cunt talking again, this was just for lazy sex. Knots don't get in with lazy, they get in with wrecking.

"Big." He said. The fact that Sam was so matter of fact about it made her shiver. May rolled her hips slowly into his, but this time she didn't stop. The sensation of being prodded on the inside returned and stayed. It DID feel good! She was so fucking full, and her cunt wasn't aching as much now from the stretch. May was feeling a part of herself start to really like it.

"Think it'll fit?" May asked. There was a quiet pause before Sam finally coughed out a single syllable laugh. A breathy 'Ha!'

"No." He told her. May was inclined to believe him. With as much cock in her cunt as she was feeling May felt she could take his word at face value. Whatever knot he was going to produce was sure as hell going to be bigger than what was already taking her to her limit.

"Well, don't matter." She said, confirming to herself that it wouldn't matter if it fit or not. She started rolling her hips slowly into his and quickly found herself sinking into Sam's grip as she teased herself on the pillar of a cock the Dane was sporting.

Placing her feet against the leather of the beanbag chair she gave herself enough leverage to hike her hips up just a hair. It just wasn't quite a thrust, but the steady motion along with her rolling and rocking made for a hell of a gentle fuck. May was enjoying having his prick stretch her out so much. She didn't have to move much at all to feel his dick rub and stroke her insides.

"May." Sam spoke up after several minutes of her rolling and working, but she ignored him and dropped the back of her head against his collarbone. She felt under his chin resting over her head and she relaxed and continued to enjoy herself at her own lazy pace. "Seriously."

"What, dude? Christ." May complained. Why was he ruining such a good thing? He was getting his dick wet for the first time in fuck knows how long wasn't he? She tried to squeeze him, but with how tightly she was wrapped around him she doubted he'd notice the difference.

"Is this all we're going to do?" He asked her.

"Um, I'm getting your dick wet, Sam." She replied. What the fuck, right?

"No, it seems like you're just riding me like I'm a toy." Sam said. May sat up away from him, or as best as she could considering he had his arms still wrapped around her. Sam was fucking ruining this for her, and she starting to feel awfully cunt about it!

"Hey, you owe me." She was about to cuss him out but his arms gripped her tighter and she felt him lift her up. His prick dragged its way out of her cunt by a few inches pulling her folds along the way, which was certainly a sensation May'd never felt before. Never had a guy been so thick that when he pulled out she felt herself get pulled along with him!

"Hey, now! I'm doing you a fucki-YOW!" May tried to throw a rebuttal, but Sam clip her statement short by jerking her smaller body back down into his lap. His cock battered her insides like a wrecking ball and she felt the wind leave her lungs. Brought to silence May couldn't find herself able to immediately cuss him out, which she was thinking she was going to have to do!

But that gut punch though... It had her reeling in ways foreign and exotic. 'Like, what the fuck?!' May thought. It didn't hurt, but holy fuck did she feel herself get winded. Their was a tingling sensation rolling around from her cervix, which she was certain must be made of sterner stuff than she thought. Good engineering...

"You asked me if I wanted to have sex, May. What you're doing is riding a fucking dildo. What I want is sex." Sam told her. His arms didn't loosen their grip.

"That's what you're getting, asshole!" May cussed him once she found her vocabulary again. She felt his grip tighten and her body lift as his arms hauled up upwards once again. "Hey now, wait!"

The wind left her lungs again when he dropped her hard onto his prick for the second time. Sam was clutching at her so tight she couldn't hope to break free of him if she'd have given it a try. Still unable to respond she felt Sam roll his hips experimentally underneath her. His cock tugged and pulled around in her cunt while he adjusted himself before finally settling himself still.

"You're a spoiled bitch, May." He told her. May started to speak but Sam had by then figured out that he could shut her up with a punch from his cock, which he did with a quick buck of his hips whilst his arms held her

firmly down on his spear. Winded, May could only listen to Sam continue his diatribe.

"You come in here uninvited half the fucking time," He growled at. "And then you ask me for favor after fucking favor. 'Give me money, Sam!' You know it's been two months since you've uttered a fucking 'thank you'?"

"Sam, come on." May found her voice. Her heart was racing hard. Sam was never gruff or angry like this. She didn't think he'd have it in him to backtalk her!

"Shut it, or I'll buck again." He told her firmly and she shut her mouth. "Now, you are either going to let me fuck you the way it's suppose to be done, or you can throw your ass out of my apartment."

"Ok, Sam, I'm sorry." She apologized to him. What apology, huh? She's the one getting impaled by Vlad and Sam's the one demanding shit of her? He was acting like a total cock now, but her heart was on fire and she was wanting to... Oh fuck no.

Her mouth suddenly felt dry. She felt his cock more viscerally than ever. Sam always did look like he was her type. Tall and strong with that kinda physique she knew could brutalize her over the arm of a couch or hood of a truck. She loved that, that's why she had stalked him and harassed him when she first moved into the complex and noticed he was a neighbor.

But Sam was too fucking nice! He was a god damned goody two shoes, and there was nothing fun about that! Straight laces, i's and t's all dotted and crossed. He was so fucking respectful to her, even when she was anything but deserving of it to him, that it made her sick. It actually made her angry at first! He was a fucking stud, but why could he act the fucking part! Her heartbeat was thumping in her chest like it did when she was with a real man. A man that was going to give her what she needed, and there were a bunch of times when it took a couple of thrusts before she figured it out for herself. The thrill of being claimed was something that she thought was foreign to a pussy like Sam. Right?

"Well? You going to get fucked or do I throw you out the door with your pants around your fucking knees." Sam startled her out of her thoughts.

"No! I mean, yeah, we can fuck, Sam. We can fuck however you like, ok?" She told him. Her voice sounded submissive to her own ears and she splayed them back as soon as the weak notes hit her ears. It just made her heart race faster when she realized what was happening. A treat bigger than Sam's dick was knocking on her door. Her apartment's resident stud was surprising her with a darker side she didn't think he had the

guts to show off. Or maybe he'd been celibate for too long, and her cunty attitude had dragged it out of him?

The wind left her with a feminine 'ooph' as Sam leaned them both forward to stand. Still stuck on his cock she was at his mercy as he walked her back into the bedroom. She'd seen his bedroom before but she never bothered to explore it or even try to get him to bed her there. She thought he was too big a pussy to do to her what she'd want. Sam threw her off his cock and she collapsed onto the bed face first. It was well made and neat with the pillows stacked at the head in a proper arrangement. That wasn't going to last long even if she had to throw them across the room to make sure of it. May was already thinking ahead...

"Strip, May." Sam told her while he was stripping himself down. God, May thought his cock was enormous. He was a handsome breed of dog, and his fucking body! She couldn't ever remember seeing him even with a shirt off, and he was a fine FINE man! His prick was throbbing out in front of him like a wooden plank jutting off the side of a pirate ship. Sam was going to make her walk that massive length and if she tried to turn away he'd just jab her with it like a captain's cutlass. "May!"

She remembered to strip, and she rapidly yanked off her pants and panties and pulled off her socks. Her top went up and over, but Sam's arms caught her by the wrists while her head and arms were still trapped inside the shirt.

"You're just going to let me do what I want, alright?" He told her. There really wasn't any room for disagreement in that voice. That familiar voice was usually so polite and gentle, but now it had a edge that was making her soak through the comforter down to the fucking mattress.

"I wanna suck your cock." She told him. May didn't even think that through! How could she even humor the idea of given that monster head? It wasn't something her little mouth could handle.

"Later," Sam ended that line of thought right there. "You can clean me up later if you're that hard for it."

"Oh, ok, Sam." She told him. He yanked her top off of her and she was feeling more vulnerable than ever with her tiny petite body exposed and bare in front of his own towering bod. The Dane took her by the shoulders and shoved her back onto the bed. He kissed her, and she kissed him back. His hand ran to her breast and he squeezed. His palm fell still over her tit.

"You're heart is beating like a drum." He told her after breaking their kiss. He was looking her in the eyes so intensely that she had to look down and away. "Look at me, May."

She looked at him, and felt tiny and weak under his gaze.

"You know I used to want to fuck you when you first moved in?" He asked her. She swallowed, but only got a reminder of how dry her nervous mouth felt. May shook her head. "You turned into a real bitch real fast and I lost my hard on for you, you know that?"

May shook her head again, and didn't know what to think. He was negging her? With her naked on his bed? She would have laughed under any other circumstances, but right then and there she felt her ache pussy screaming at her to get stuffed again by this asshole that was bad mouthing her!

"Well, I'm going to fucking break you in tonight, May." He said, and she whimpered. May whimpered again when she realized she was truly at his mercy harder than she thought. His mouth closed around hers and forced a kiss. May watched him crawl his way on top of her and shove her legs apart. She aided him while doing the fastest split she could muster so he had no resistance to fight through. He was wanting her drooling cunt, and she was going to offer it to him, no problem!

Whatever type of man Sam was going to prove himself to be, May knew she wouldn't do anything to hold him back. He had her pinned right where she loved to be most. She wanted to be fucking broken in, oh God!

"S-Sam!" She called out when she felt him shove the tip of his cock back between her folds. He was so huge that she groaned as Sam sank himself back in until she felt him bottom out in her.

Now the dane was in control, and she was at his mercy as he unsheathed himself from her cunt and rammed it back in again. She yelped at the knock on her insides and yelped again as he peppered her a second and third time with thrusts that were coming short and quick.

May clawed at his sides as she struggled to breathe. The wind was leaving her lungs as fast as his cock could knock it out of her. She was light headed and curling her toes. Sam only grunted over her as he roamed his hands over her body until they found her tits. The bed springs creaked hard as he leaned onto her with arms. She was pinned, trapped, on the dane as he pummeled her cunt with sharp, but shallow, thrusts.

"Fuck, you're a tight slut!" He cursed, and pulled himself back more than halfway before jabbing it back into her. May cried out breathlessly only to find the dane was holding himself inside her. His hips had stopped moving and she could feel the hard and steady throb of his heartbeat echoing through the steel of his cock.

"Y-eah, I am!" She said, and Sam looked down at her, and he would have looked almost agreeable had it not been for the sneer curling his upper lip. She grabbed onto his wrists and clung to him, and she couldn't spread her legs any wider for him. May was already in full submission to him as she caught the full breadth and attention of his hot glare. His sneer twisting into a snarl before he looked away to watch himself slide his cock free of her hole.

"My fucking knot is starting to swell. Feel that, May?" Sam asked, and before she could reply he bucked his rod back into her and held the dick firmly in place. After she gave an honest yipe and could breathe again she lingered her thoughts on the rigid piece of meat gaping her folds. Her lips that used to feel the fuzzy velvet of his sheath were only signalling the embrace of a fleshy bulb, and it was growing larger with every beat of the dane's heart.

"I-I think so." She told him, and he pulled one hand off a tit and broke her grip on his wrist. May felt him grab her hip and Sam jabbed into her again. She cried out and recovered to the sensation of the dane grinding his hips into hers hard. She panted and wrapped both hands around the remaining wrist pressed into a tit. The bulb of flesh rubbing at her cunt was more noticeable now and her imagination was painting the image of a baseball, maybe more, in her mind. "I- I can feel it, Sam!"

"Damn right you fucking do." He growled at her. The hand on her hip then vanished and she watched him glare down at her again. Now his lips were totally curled into a snarl and she began to tremble, but whether it was out of fear or excitement she couldn't tell. Her cunt was as wet as it was aching, and she couldn't remember a time when she had felt her heart race this hard in bed before. Sam was going seriously fuck her wasn't he?

There was no way that knot was going to fit. May knew it was too huge. The fat girth on that tool was already pushing her apart to a limit she'd never been to before. Maybe if he fucked her several times she might work up to it, but tonight wasn't going to let it happen. If he tried, May knew she's probably get broken in two. But Sam told her he'd... Oh God!

"S-Sam, I don't think it'll," She tried.

"Shut the fuck up." Sam told her, and grabbed her around the muzzle with his free hand. Her heart was thumping louder in her chest and she felt

hot and cold from ear to toe. Sam let go of her tit and wrapped his arm under her back until she felt his hand slid up and grab her by the back of the head. His fingers laced in between her hair and he pulled. She grunted into the hand around her mouth.

She tried pushing him away. It didn't work, and Sam chuckled.

"You going to be a good girl?" Sam asked her, and she stared at him with wide eyes. She tried to nod, and he got the message clear enough. "Good girl. Now keep your legs spread."

May pulled her legs up and grabbed under her knees. She'd need something, anything, to hold onto while Sam... had his way. He started thrusting again. He was slow at first. May watched him shut his eyes, but the snarl didn't fade away. He looked smug and satisfied as he thumped his hips into her with a steady rhythm that would have made her gasp and pant had he left her the freedom to do it. Instead she was breathing hard and heavy through her nose with muffled moans escaping from behind the grip of the hand on her muzzle.

His knot was knocking at her cunt now more than ever. May could fucking feel it! It was thicker than his dick, absolutely! She was shaking under him, but under her own power. It was like winter blew in and ran down her spine. She couldn't stop the shivers as the bed creaked more and more with his thrusts. Sam picked up the pace, and she whimpered into his hand as his knot pelted her outsides and his cock pummeled her insides.

May was helpless. He was so fucking big, and she didn't know what to do. There wasn't anything she could do! Just... get used, and she was hot, and cold, at the same time! He was so fucking big, and everything below her navel felt hot and growing until she felt her legs seize up tight, muscles locking up. Then she shook, more than before. It was different. Her nose was flaring as she breathed through her orgasm. She was cumming on Sam's fat dick, and she couldn't stop, because he wasn't stopping!

The hot flesh of his prick was dragging and rubbing at her insides non stop in ways cocks just weren't suppose to rub and drag! She struggled under him because it was too much! She wanted him to slow down, to give her a break, she couldn't keep going like this when she came, but he would pumping into her harder and faster now.

"Fucking cunt! Already soaking my. Fucking. Sheets?" Sam said, and he was panting. Yes, May did soak his sheets, and she was going to soak them again, and soon. She couldn't fucking help it. The asshole was going to fuck her right through one orgasm and right into her next, and she was going to shake and scream through his hand when she did it, too!

The back of the bed frame was clapping against the wall. Between that and bed springs she could hear nothing but the wet and fleshy noise of his cock squelching in her cunt. Her poor cunt didn't know any better. It was just a dumb hole, like she was a dumb whore. May had awoken the sleeping giant and his terrible resolve was not pounding eagerly at her lips.

It didn't feel like there was room left in her. She was full and overflowing with steel, but that terrible knot was still begging for entry. Sam was grunting louder and huffing over her. Watching his face as he claimed her roughly was like a fucking drug, and May drank it down like the slut she knew she was. She'd cum on his dick and was feeling the next climax on the horizon. She wanted him to be an attractive asshole, but now that she'd gotten what she wanted her body was rejecting the idea and her spirit was a mixture of conflict.

That knot terrified her, but the stud fucking her made her so damn hot that she wanted him to fuck her until he drained himself! May was both her own angel and devil as she begged wordlessly for him to make her cum again while also praying that he'd hurry and be finished with her.

She made the choice to let go with one hand to touch his dick. Her fingertips found hot flesh and she wrapped her digits around the girth of his knot. It was big. It was too big! She pushed at his hips, which did absolutely nothing. May grabbed his knot with both hands. She felt his incredible canine girth in her palms and rubbed it.

"Fuck, May! That's more like it!" Sam said, and started fucking her harder. His hands never left their places. She couldn't look down at the abuse her cunt was getting, but her hands painted a picture that convinced her she needed to work her hands to make him cum before he got that knot into her. She was already stretched open, and she knew that knot wasn't going to fit!

Her hands rolled firmly across the stiff flesh of his knot from the lips of her cunt to the back of his bulb where meat met sheath. If worse came to worse she could just clamp her hands down onto it and hold it outside of her as he bucked himself to a climax, which he was now clearly doing.

And she came again. In her panic she'd cum a second time, and her hands were shaking along with her arms and legs, and she let go of his knot. Sam was pounding at her harder, invigorated by another one of her orgasms. The lips of her cunt were starting to give ground to the knot, and she struggled to wrap her hands around his obscene knot and hold it outside of her with only the most modest of success.

Sam was so big and strong it was nearly impossible to hold him back. She was still reeling from being fucked through her orgasm and her grip was only getting poorer. Her cunt had his knot so well soaked it was like she'd lubed him up for her. Her fingers and palms danced across his eager skin to stop him and yet her lips parted wider still. May panicked and wiggled her hips in hopes of shifting herself away from him, but that only helped the knot sink deeper with Sam's next brutal thrust. The dane's hips were plowing her harder and his thrusts growing shorter as he grew nearer to the completion of his intention.

May tried to tell him to stop, but only a muffled collection of words escaped from beneath the Dane's grip. He wasn't paying her any attention now anyway. He'd dipped his head low to growl and snarl into her ear as he laid claim to her petite little body. He was owning her and she was at the mercy of his terrible purchase.

He gave a particularly hard jab and she felt the tip of his cock push firmly against her cervix. She cried out into his hand. The knot stretched her almost to the crest of its diameter. He was so close, and she knew it. Her breathing was erratic and wild. May pushed at his knot, then at his hips when the prior act had failed her, then again at his knot in desperation. Nothing budged as she wished it, nothing gave way. May suddenly thought to grab his balls as a last desperate act, but then, what would he do if she did that? With that thought she hesitated, and then finally the knot finally squeezed halfway inside her.

She was stretched to a new threshold she'd never considered possible. She was silent, and oddly calm. Her entire body was throbbing, it was hot like fire, but a constant hum of pleasure was vibrating through her from the center of her hips where Sam's cock was so deeply buried. A sense of expectation made her heart and lungs flutter as she breathed through her nose in rapid breathes as quick as her pulse. It was coming.

She felt it pop inside her. One single surging motion, like a blur. It was done. May's eyes grew to be like saucers.

"F-fuck you!" Sam snarled harshly into her ear as she stared at the ceiling. The Dane huffed and grunted heavily into her ear as her cunt now mercilessly gripped and squeezed at the bulb of flesh that was now so tightly wedged inside her. "I can't believe a whore like you is this fucking tight!"

She heard him, but was lost in the sensation lodged firmly in her abdomen. The shock of the knotting was starting to wear off. That initial blistering 'THUNK' was giving way and now being replaced, thrust by thrust, with the finishing blows Sam was delivering inside her poor cunt. Common sense told her that he was hitting her gspot. That terrible knot, crammed into her, was rolling across her pleasure button like an olympic

skater gliding across the ice. It was incredible! She was so fucking lucid in that moment, and yet her legs had become like jelly. Starting from where his knot was embedded, and flowing out and away through every roadway her nervous system had laid, pleasure blossomed in another climax more powerful than the last. There was pain, but the pleasure screamed the discomfort and aching into the cowed silence she had given Sam before.

She was screaming into his hand and clawing at his sides. Raking her nails through his fur repeated, she struggled through the explosion. Her body was working again, but the only thing she could feel was the massive dog cock in her cunt and that filthy knot pressing and rolling tightly against her innermost button.

"You're gonna take it!" She heard Sam breathe into her ear. She was! "Fuckin' take my load!" May was gonna!

She wanted to! May came again! No sooner than the last rolling wave of pleasure had subsided another one hit her without sympathy. She kicked out in both directions and hit the wall with her foot. It should have hurt, but all she could muster was another whorish cry into the hand still wrapped firmly around her muzzle as she felt the waves of her climax wash over her like hot spring water. The Dane was snarling into her ear more loudly and so closely that his teeth were nipping and gnawing at her ear.

Hot pulses were touching her insides, and it was spreading. She was taking her pent up boy's load! Sam was giving her all he'd saved up, and all her brain could think of was, "He cumming! I'm cumming!" That knot inside her was locking everything in, and she felt fuller and tighter with every passing second. His cock had left no room in her, so small and unprepared she was for his prick. The pent up deluge was working its way into every remaining crevice her cunt had to offer, and what was left simply backed up until all it felt like was a hot pressure in her loins.

There was no way she was going to be able to have any of her fuck buddies after this, she thought. Her cunt would be too sore and ruined, broken by Sam's terrible wonderful cock. Maybe if she waited long enough she'd tighten back up, but Sam just destroyed her poor pussy. Sam was panting into her ear, and he finally let his body sag on top of hers with exhaustion. She felt so good being trapped under him.

She could finally breathe through her mouth when the hand around his muzzle went limp. She gasped and sucked in a lungful of air.

"Sam..." She whimpered his name, but couldn't think of anything else to say after it. Her body felt like lead.

"You get what you wanted?" He asked her, panting. May had to think about it.

"Y-yes." May said. She thought she did. Did she? Even if it was forced on her and she hadn't really been thinking about it when she first walked through his doorway. Somehow, she didn't really care that he didn't really give her any other option besides "Take it, slut!" She was ok with taking it now. May really was. She felt so heavy, and her whole body throbbed, especially below the belt where his cock was still trying to finish unload the last of its payload.

"Me, too. I think you'll be getting more of it, too. Ain't that right, May?" He asked her. His nose was rubbing against her ear gently, and she felt his head turn until his teeth nipped at her gently.

"I..." She panted. She had wanted it right? This, all of this. Yeah, she thought some more with a mind cloudy and full of fog. Yeah. Sam had given May what she really wanted. She'd been asking for it.

"Yes sir." she told Sam.