

"Show me thah tiiiiiiits!" One of his roommates bellowed from downstairs, which was followed by two other male voices shouting 'tiiiiiits'. The young donkey had no idea what had inspired their outburst, but it was now a recurring gag at Brandon's expense. His roommates seemed to get a kick out of ragging on him for having a hot older girlfriend. They were just jealous that they weren't getting their own cradles robbed.

"Fuck ooooooff." Brandon shouted back from his bed. His dorm was shared between four guys where they each had a tiny matchbox of a room to themselves but had to share a single bathroom, living room, and kitchen. All the bedrooms were crammed onto the second story while the rest of the rooms were on the first floor.

It was late evening now and he was laying on top of his bed dressed only in a pair of boxers. With his eyes glued to his phone he couldn't help but idly rub at his crotch through the fabric. He was texting back and forth with Monica like they did every evening before bed. Sometimes they did phonecalls, but since he sometimes had class work to do Monica would just send him a text and let him reply when he could. At the moment he didn't have anything pressing he needed to work on. Well, that was a lie, but tonight he just didn't feel like putting out the effort. It was more fun to chat with his girlfriend.

"So, tell your mother not to cook anything, ok? I'm bringing all the ingredients myself. Don't let her cook!" His girlfriend reminded him in a text. She was being a persistent wolf!

"I know, Angel." He said out loud as he pulled his hand away from his half stiffened junk to swipe back a reply to her.

"I've already told her, Monica. I'm trying! She's probably going to still cook something no matter what I tell her you're going to do." He told her for the second or third time. His momma was old school traditional and would whip something up. Brandon hadn't spoken to her face to face about Monica's visit, but he'd spoken to her over the phone. He could practically hear his mother eye roll out of her head whenever he tried to tell her not to cook anything. She'd probably end up making one of her desserts. Actually, that'd be a great idea...

"I can't impress your mother with my cooking if she beats me to it, baby!" She texted back. With how quick she was texting she must be doing about as much as he was. Nothing.

"I can tell her to just make a nice dessert so she'll leave-" He started to type back but his phone started to ring. Monica's name and face appeared on screen to reveal that it was she who came calling. He answered it immediately.

"Hey, Angel." He said, and on the other end he heard a kissing sound.

"Baby. You can't twist her arm? She's got me worried, Brandon." She said. He'd given her his mother's cellphone number and Monica was freaking out that her dinner plan was going to be ruined by his mother's refusal to not let a guest cook for her in her own home. Brandon had already talked

to his momma about it and managed to get her to agree to not cook any entrees. Monica was really hell bent on cooking for them, since she thought that would be something that would really impress them.

"I was going to text you that I could tell her to make a dessert. If I get her mind on dessert, then she'll leave everything else alone." He suggested, and on the other end he heard her sigh.

"Yeah, you could try that. What does she normally make for dessert?" She asked. He remembered several things right off the top of his head.

"Cakes, pies, brownies, cupcakes, fudge, peanut brittle--"

"That! Tell her to make peanut brittle! I don't think I've ever had the homemade stuff. Make her make that!" She insisted and he let his mouth hang open.

"Monica, I can't make my momma do anything." He laughed.

"Please? Tell her you were bragging on her cooking and I got excited about peanut brittle. She'll make it, I bet!" She told him, and he took a turn to sigh.

"I'll try, Angel." He replied. She hummed a bit on her end.

"So, you still going to that little gathering this Saturday?" She asked. His roommates had invited him to join them at a LAN party where a bunch of the guys were holding some kind of tournament. He'd reluctantly agreed after they started ribbing him for being too thirsty to give up a Saturday with his 'woman'. He'd been going on dates with Monica almost every weekend, and often stayed at her place on Saturday evenings to roll in on Sunday afternoon or even late in the evening. They were jealous.

He'd still not lost his 'real' virginity to her yet. She was waiting for her pills to start kicking in, but Monica had hinted that she was feeling comfortable with him going all the way with her now. Probably this coming weekend if he skipped his party. It was going to be from noon to whenever everyone passed out. Brandon could probably hang out with her Sunday, but that might mess with him getting home and to bed at a good hour. His angel wasn't going to let him play hooky either.

"So far, yeah." He replied with some reluctance.

"I think you should go! Can't spend all your time with me, baby. Your friends want you there." She told him. He laughed.

"Ok, mom." He said, and she pouted playfully on the other end.

"Mhm. You haven't made me a momma yet, baby. Maybe I need to go with you to make sure everyone behaves themselves?" She suggested, and he laughed again.

"Please don't!" He told her, and she did a little laugh on her end. That would just give all his friends so much to bully him for, and it'd be

made even worse when everyone found out what Monica looked like. None of them really knew what she looked like yet and only had his word and some selfies to go by. His immediate roommates had seen her face, and thought she was pretty just from that, but if they ever got to see her all the way down? Damn.

Jealousy fueled hazing would become his new routine. Well, maybe it wouldn't be that bad, but his friends could be real jokers.

"I do want to see you this weekend." She told him. Brandon smiled and let one hand drift back down to scratch himself.

"Me too, Monica." He told her back.

"I want you to socialize, but if something happens and you can't go you can give me a call. I'll pick you up and we can do something fun." She told him. She was giving him mixed messages, but sometimes that's just how she was. It was kind of easy to figure out what she really wanted if he got her talking enough though. His angel wanted him to hang out with her, but she was also really big into being responsible.

Her being like a second mom wasn't too far from the truth. She'd fuss at him about his college work, but she wasn't overbearing like his momma had been in high school. Monica just wanted him to do good, and then she'd change the subject and they'd do boyfriend girlfriend stuff. The kind of stuff he didn't get to do before he started dating her, and his hand started doing more than scratch himself. Thinking about their weekend dates usually led his mind to the gutter and he didn't mind it being there at all!

"What you got planned tonight?" He asked her. She clucked her tongue at him.

"Well, at the moment I'm spreading my legs." She told him. His heart started beating faster and he could feel his dick start to stiffen up like someone flipped a light switch to his cock. He grabbed ahold of himself through his boxers and let his hand gently cup his shaft as he felt it slowly fill with blood. Ok, well, she was being really blunt about what she'd rather him do this weekend!

"You sure you want me to go to that party?" He asked her. She laughed in reply.

"No. You ought to go, baby, but that doesn't mean I can't also be selfish and want you on top of me." She replied. He was getting nervous and jittery with excitement now. Blood was now rocketing through his cock and he was now pitching such a big tent that he didn't hesitate to start pushing his shorts down.

"Are you trying to phone sex with me?" He gave a nervous laugh, and she giggled on the other end.

"It's late, baby. I'm in bed talking to my boyfriend with my panties on the floor." She told him. He then heard her breath in and exhale. In the

background behind her voice he started hearing a humming noise. Or was it a buzzing? Was she using a toy? He knew she had some of those!

"Um, I'm, wearing shorts and a tee." She started laughed on the other end. All of a sudden, the buzzing became obvious when its volume got real loud like she'd touched the toy to her cellphone.

"Think you can do better than that, baby?" She asked him with a real seductive voice. His angel was playing up the sultry tone and he was now trying to pull his shorts further down with one hand. His cock popped free from under his waistband and fell back to his stomach. His dick was too heavy a beast to stand up straight on its own.

"I-I'm taking off my shorts!" He told her. She giggled with a deeper tone. A slow feminine melody.

"I can tell, Brandon. I love my handsome man." She said and the buzzing drifted further away. He could hear her take in a sharp breath he'd heard her make many times before.

He had himself a tight grip around his shaft now. Brandon was already pumping it to the dirty thoughts he had swimming in his head about what she and him would be doing if he went to her apartment instead of that stupid party.

"Are you going to let me do it for real?" He dared to ask her. Brandon's eyes shot open as he heard her gasp loud over the phone, a gasp that quickly devolved into a low groan of pleasure.

"Baby, if you were here right now, you'd be balls deep already." She told him and his dick went rigid as cold steel in his hand. His heart was racing. All the times they'd been together shed keep him away from sleeping with her for real. They'd only ever given each other oral, and as awesome as that was... He wanted to actually have sex with her! The real sex, all the way! He didn't feel like he could say he'd lost his virginity unless he'd actually -done- it with her, you know?

"R-really?" He stammered as his hand rubbed up and down his dick. A big gooey blob of pre spit from his tip and started to run down his length. His eyes were glued to the sight of his own cock. Big healthy veins on the side showing him just how much of his blood was keeping it engorged. Sometimes when Monica would suck him off, he always felt lightheaded like he wanted to pass out. His eyes would flutter and then see flashes of light as he rocketed off in her mouth.

"Brandon." She said his name. "I love you."

"I really love you, too, Monica!" His words came quick, and she giggled hotly on the other end.

"I know you do, baby. I'm pretending you're here on top of me. Pressing your fat cock against my pussy. Teasing me with it." She told him, then he heard her suck in air through her teeth as she gasped at the attention she was paying herself with the vibrator.

"God, I want to! He sped his hand up and he was breathing hard already into the phone.

"Are you going to fuck me next time you see me, baby?" She asked him.

"Can I? For real?" He stammered, and she started laughing out loud on the other end.

"Baby! I've been on the pill for a few weeks, you can fuck me all you want now!" She told him back with her continued laugh. That beautiful melodic laugh of hers was like a song. Another big glob of pre bubbled up from his tip and drooled down himself. He gasped as he felt a familiar twitch in his groin.

She'd worked him up so much he felt like he'd cum way faster than he normally would. He wanted to be with her so bad! Just imagining her laying on her bed for him naked with legs spread was so fucking hot! Just the idea of her letting him jump her made his dick twitch. His hand stroked up to his tip and he began to squeeze and drag it back down his length.

"I love you so much, angel." He said with a slight waver in his voice as his excitement and arousal overtook him. As his hand dropped further and further down his length he tugged at the skin until he was pulling his foreskin back. He gasped when the head of his cock popped free from the turtleneck of flesh and he felt the cool air of the dorm wash over him.

"Fuck." He gasped.

"Already, baby?" She giggled at him.

"N-no." He assured her, but he sure felt close. His veins were bulging, and the head of cock was turning a bright color from the amount of blood he'd filled it with. He'd never gotten himself this hard before with just his imagination. He always needed Monica present to get this hard.

"Send me a photo of the mess, baby. I want to see what I'm missing. A big fat messy load from my handsome man." She was back to seduction and he felt it stir him up even more.

"God, I'm so close!" He gasped. It was coming to him so fast he suddenly realized he'd never hold it off at this rate. It was going to happen!

"Do it! Cum for me, baby. Pop your fucking cork. Cum all in my tight pussy, Brandon. Make me your bitch!" She started talking filthy, and she didn't stop. Monica had raised her voice and was eagerly coaxing him, egging him on, and his hand start to fly up and down his cock like a blur.

He quickly pulled the phone away and tried to turn on the camera. As soon as he fumbled his way to the app he felt his nuts drawing up tight. Cum was already boiling up from his balls and his breathing was coming hard

and fast with Monica's sultry voice still egging him on from the phone. His door to his room suddenly opened.

"Pizza rolls du- WHAT THE FUCK BRO!" His roommate slammed his door back shut at the same time Brandon popped his cork. Brandon was frozen in time as cum spewed forth like a geyser only to drop back down to earth all over his stomach and thighs. With wide eyes he stared at the moment now frozen on his screen. Immortalized was his erect cock, a rope of sticky white erupting forth with his roommate in the background locked into a look of shock and disgust.

"Brandon?" He heard her voice from his phone. His hand was shaking as he brought the phone back to his ear.

"Angel." He said quietly.

"What happened? I heard shouting and something else?" The sultry nature of her voice was now gone and replaced with confusion, and maybe concern.

"I got walked in on." He said flatly. There was a pause.

"Really?" She asked incredulously.

"Yes, really! Marc walked in and slammed the door back!" He felt humiliated and exposed. Devastated. Embarrassed! Monica started laughing hard on the other end.

"It's not funny, Monica! Come on!" He pouted, and she continued to laugh.

"Oh God, baby, I can't even imagine the look on his face!" She started cackling and it sounded like she was kicking the bed with her feet in a fit. He jerked the phone away from his face and tapped several times with his phone. His cock was now utterly spent. Shriveled up. Surely no more erections for him for a long time. The humiliation had left his pecker a sad lump.

When she got the photo on her end she laughed so hard she actually wet herself. At least now they were both humiliated over something.

It took a couple of days before Brandon and Marc could ever communicate or even look at each other again. At least the hazing from his other two roomies got a lot better since they'd now turned their attention to the guy who walked in on a donkey while he was spanking it.