



BALLS (MF, size)

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I'm a 22 year-old woman, and have always been fascinated with men's balls. I don't know about other women, but probably none of them have my particular fetish. I realize that I have a really kinky one, but all the guys I've known haven't seemed to mind. I like balls, and I've never heard of anyone liking men's balls as much as I do.

It took me a long time to find a guy with balls that I really liked. (And I've been through quite a few of them.) I never cared much about penis size, just balls. I mean, giant balls, big balls, balls the size of base balls.

Sheldon has balls like that. I met him in a bar, and not bragging, mind you, But I'm a knockout, (I've never been insecure about my body.) so it wasn't too difficult to see his balls early on in our relationship. When I walked in to the bar that evening, just about every man in that bar turned and looked at me.

I wasn't interested in just any man though. I wanted a man with balls, who would rub them across my hard nipples until I came.

I know that this sounds really weird, but I'm one of those women who have truly erotic manifestations in my nipples. I had read that there were a number of women who could have an orgasm by playing with their nipples. Me, I preferred having big, hairy balls rubbed on them.

I saw a guy sitting at the bar, his legs spread wide. I sat beside him and got his immediate attention.

His name was Sheldon, and I took him home with me. I could see by the bulge in his crotch that he had something massive down there, and I considered it my prerogative to find out if it was his balls matched the obvious size of his cock.

After we got to my place and had a few drinks, his hands moved to my tits just about the time that my hand moved to his zipper. I won the race. I had his hard cock out and in my mouth before he could pinch my nipples twice.

He had an enormous dick, probably seven inches long and fat as an Italian summer squash. He wasn't circumcised, and I liked it that way. Not that it would have mattered, however, if his balls met the bill.

He lifted his ass off the couch while I pulled down his pants. I could see his balls immediately. I nearly came when I saw them. They were the most massive, heavy, hairy balls I had seen in my life. I stood and pulled my clothes off and lay down on the couch, letting Sheldon do whatever he wanted to me. He began by sucking my nipples, and I came, just like that.

"Boy, you cum quick," he said.

"You really turn me on baby," I answered.

"And you turn me on too," he said.

He moved his cock slowly up my belly, and sure enough, just as I had hoped, he rubbed the sticky head of his massive cock right on my tits.

I pulled him further up, all the way to my mouth. He spun around, shoving his hairy ass into my face. His balls fell on my chin, and I was in heaven. I licked his balls, feeling the heavy orbs pressing against my tongue. They were covered with massive amounts of dark brown hair, and I loved the feel of the wrinkled skin and bristly hair against my tongue.

I reached forward and pulled his cock to my mouth. I licked at the head of it, peeling the foreskin back. I sucked on the head, swirling my tongue around and around it. Then I took the head into my mouth and sucked as much of it as I could, until it reached the back of my throat.

I could feel his hot tongue on my clit, moving it around, flicking at it. The sensations were driving me mad. I came again!

I reached down and pinched one of my big, erect nipples, and I came again, a screaming orgasm that blew my mind, with those big, fat, hairy balls hanging in my face.

He pulled away from me, and in an almost shy voice, he asked, "Can I, you know, fuck your tits?"

"I thought you'd never ask," I said.

He straddled my chest and pressed my tits together. He squeezed his cock between them, and I could feel and see his hairy balls scraping against my chest. I loved, absolutely loved the sight and the feel, the heavy, wrinkled skin of his balls.

He stroked in and out of the tit-tunnel he had made, his hands coming in contact with my nipples again, and I came. He knew I had cum, and he was amazed that I could cum so readily.

He thrust in and out of my tit tunnel faster and faster, and finally pulled his cock out of it and stuck it right in my face. His balls scraped across my nipples, and I came again. He shot his load, jacking himself off with precision and speed. He shot all over my face at first, and I opened my mouth and caught as much of it as I could.

He started to pull away, but I reached out and held him there. I positioned his balls above my nipple, and told him to move back and forth.

At last, there it was, big balls on my erect nipples. I came and came as he moved back and forth, and he began stroking himself, his cock pointed at my face as his balls bounced around on my chest, going from one nipples to the other.

Don't get me wrong, I like fucking and sucking a man, but this was something special to me. He shot his load again, and my face and neck and tits were covered with his hot white cum.

We relaxed, and I told him about my fetish for big balls.

"Then you've got the right guy," he said.

Yeah, I had the right guy. I knew that.

I was so sure, I'm pregnant with our first child. If it's a girl, I hope she has tits like mine. If it's a boy, I certainly hope he takes after his Dad. If he does, I'll show him how to use those balls. Just kidding...

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