



Cock Worship

(MF, wife, cheat, intr, size, preg)

By Michael

This work is copyrighted to the author © 2007. Please don't remove the author information or make any changes to this story, thank you for your consideration. Michael (phoenixarizona@aol.com)

Cock Worship

Hello, my name is Charlotte. I know you won't believe this and normally I wouldn't admit to it, but I am Otis' cock slave. There really isn't any other way to put it. And the really strange part, the really, really strange part, is that I come from a straight-laced New England family and Otis is barely educated and was just a worker in one of my husband's warehouses.

This is a strange tale, one that I find hard to believe even though I am living it. I first met Otis when he was working at our family's window manufacturing plant. He was a forklift operator and I'd just come by to pick my husband up to take him to the airport.

Otis was whizzing around the place on his forklift and I guess because I was board and he cut quite a figure sitting on that machine I noticed him... for the first time. His clothes were very tight fitting; you could almost see the muscles rippling under the material of his shirt, and those pants he was wearing. They were jeans, but

they looked like they'd been painted on him.

I don't know why I kept watching him work, but I do remember that I noticed a big lump along one leg of his pants. In a sitting position it was very noticeable. It was obvious that he wasn't aroused, but that meat-log trapped under the denim of his pants was bigger than any man I'd ever seem even in the middle of sexual intercourse. It was amazing.

Just then Jarrod, my husband hailed me and we were off to the airport.

I'd like to say that, that was the end of it. It would be so much less complicated if I'd just let things be, but that beautiful black body with that huge meat-log kept running through my mind. I just couldn't get Otis out of my thoughts.

It's embarrassing to admit it, but being on my own that night (with my husband on his business trip) I masturbated to the fantasy of being taken by big tough Otis and his huge stiff meat-log. It took my breath away just to imagine that thing stiff and engorged with male lust. I came on my fingers twice as I imagined what Otis could do to me with his huge weapon.

It's horrible (but not as horrible as what I've done since) but I went to the warehouse again the next day just so I could ogle Otis' hard black body again and to reconfirm that I wasn't imaging that huge tool of his.

I wasn't imagining it, it was real. As I stood at the top of the forklift ramp looking down on that huge black man I realized that I was going to have to find out what it would be like to have him. The thought scared me; this new obsession of mine could ruin my life. If my husband even imagined what I was thinking, he'd divorce me in an instant; it would disgust him and make me an outcaste in our social group.

But even with those threats hanging over me I walked into the Forman's office and told him that I needed Otis to help me with some furniture at our house. I told him that I was expecting a delivery at 3 o'clock that afternoon and that I wanted Otis to go with me to help out.

The Forman wanted to send two men, but I insisted that there would be the delivery man and that I didn't want to take too many people away from work. I told him that Otis looked strong enough to do the job himself with one arm tied behind his back. The Forman got a chuckle out of that.

So there I was, driving the Escalade with Otis sitting next to me. What to do? I had him but what now? I knew that I would have to tip my hand sooner or later, but figured I'd wait until we got home. I only hoped that this sexual obsession of mine wouldn't backfire on me. What if he refused to do as I asked?

I shouldn't have worried. As it turned out Otis lives for sex. All I had to do was take him upstairs and tell him to undress. He didn't hesitate for an instant, he just ripped at his clothing until his mighty body was glistening in front of me all black and hard. He looked like a Nubian warrior god.

I had a hard time swallowing as his huge member began to grow. It had started out pointing straight down, totally flaccid, but at least 12-inches, even deflated. Then as he stood in front of me nude and watched me watching him, the thing as if having a mind of its own, began to grow.

At first it just got longer and bigger around, and then it began to snake out from his body until almost in shock I realized that he had to be 15 or 16 inches long. It looked like a pitch black shiny baseball bat swaying in front of him, jumping a little with each beat of his heart.

That's when I lost it. I ran to him and dropped to my knees in front of the towering beast of a man and began to fondle him, and in no time I was sucking and licking it. It was way too big to fit into my mouth but I couldn't get enough of it. I ran my lips over ever square inch of that organ tongued his nuts. I could taste his man tasted and he was salty like a pretzel.

Otis just stood there like an oak tree and looked down at me worshipping his cock. He was magnificent and we hadn't even exchanged a word, who needed words when there was something this magnificent available just for me.

A fleeting thought ran through my mind, I wondered if my pussy could accommodate his monster. I could imagine the exquisite pain that it would cause as it parted me. I wondered if he would kill me with a thrust. Before I knew what I was doing I was tearing my clothes off and pushing him down on the master bed and climbing up his oaken legs to grip his massive staff with both hands.

I raised myself up and guided his black snake against my pink slit and pushed. My eyes clamped shut and my lips closed tight as I concentrated on taking Otis's man-

meat in me.

It was a Herculean task, but I managed to stretch my nether lips enough to take the head of his massive hard-on and then I tried to sink down on him, but I stopped about half way down. I could feel him so deep inside me that it felt like it was pushing against my diaphragm.

Apparent Otis was becoming frustrated with my slow and timid efforts because he scooted to the edge of the bed and gripping me by the fanny lifted me bodily, with my pussy still encircling his knob and he stood up.

Then he began to make little jumping motions. At first he was just rising us on the balls of his feet then sinking down to his heels. Then the bouncing became a little more pronounced. As he accelerated of his movements he sank in and out of me a little deeper.

I was amazed at how full I felt. I knew that he probably was deeper in me than any man had ever been before, and he was probably only half way in. But within the next few minutes, as he still held me up and bounced I began to become light headed as his big black baseball bat snaked deeper and deeper up into me.

After a few more moments I could hear screaming. To my amazement it was me, I was screaming as he took me deeper and deeper, grunting now with the effort to hold back, not to thrust, all the while taking my entire weight in just his hands.

Thinking back to that first time I can't clearly recall how it felt as Otis fucked my brains out in the master bedroom that afternoon. I remember everything better afterwards, as we lay side by side gasping for breath, my body ached in the worst way, but I also felt absolutely wonderful. Otis had stretched me beyond belief but I had never felt more female that I did at that moment.

I looked over at Otis' still semi-hard monster all slick from his copious cum and mine too and I shivered. I knew in that moment that I would worship Otis' cock from that day forward. The problem I had was what to do with my husband. He'd know instantly, or at least he would after I'd ridden Otis a few more times, that I was no longer the same size as I used to be.

It didn't seem to matter. I didn't care about the money or the social status, all I wanted from that point on was Otis' magnificent cock, all stiff and hard, throbbing to

his heartbeat, pounding my pussy and sticking me up with his geysers of cum.

So six months later I'm now with Otis, we live in a hotel room that he rents by the week. We don't have an extra penny to our name. My husband found out about us (the first time he tried to have sex with me, after a week making love to Otis, the truth came out. His little weenie felt like sticking a dowel into a storm drain.

Otis was fired too. But I don't care. I don't try to think about the future. I'm 44 and I'm carrying Otis' baby in my womb. We'll probably have to go on welfare, but the sex is still incredible and I should have an easy delivery since Otis has stretched me so much that a delivery should be a snap.

END

It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. [The Staff](#)

[Kristen's Illustrated Archive](#) of [erotic stories](#) hosted by [free 2 find](#) sponsored by [offer fun](#)