



Andy's First Blow-job

by Wiley

This story describes sexual acts and should be considered adult entertainment. If you are not a consenting adult, please read no further.

Jim picked him up that evening right on time.

"You ready for a good fuck kid?" He asked.

"I'm ready," Andy answered, thinking about what was to come. The thought of actually having sex with a woman, especially one as drop dead gorgeous as Ms. Sara turned the boy's dick rock hard within his pants.

"Let's go then!" And they drove off toward Ms. Sara Ellsworth's home.

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Hoping to speed the night along, Sara decided to wait for Jim in the living room, naked. She was quite comfortable doing so, nudity being a usual occurrence with

her, and watched TV while she waited. She heard the front door open and, looking at the clock, thought right on time. She stood up, one knee still resting on the couch, and smirked as Jim walked into the living room, her hands on her hips.

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"Hello, Sara," he said, smiling as he moved close to her, his eyes devouring her naked form.

In return she eyed him. She hoped all he wanted tonight was another fuck, but somehow she doubted it. She certainly wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of being put out, though.

"What the fuck," she cried out, using her arms to cover her privates and stepping back as she saw some high school punk step into the room.

"Now now, Sara." Jim, hulking over her, reached around her head and grabbed the back of her neck in one huge hand, forcing her to stand next to him so that Andy could get a good look, "I've just invited a friend of mine. You see, he needed a piece of ass, and since you were available..."

"You fucking bastard!" she yelled, cut short by a stinging slap across the face, sending her long black hair flying about her head. She glared up at him with large, pretty eyes, and saw his face turn hard.

"Enough of that, you cunt," he growled, shaking her. "You're already in enough trouble as it is, forgetting the rules." Turning to Andy, he said "Come here kid."

Andy watched this interplay with a certain trepidation. His cock was threatening to burst out of his pants, and the sight of Ms. Ellsworth -- Sara -- her lithe, clean body, her round, smooth breasts, her strong thighs and legs, her narrow waist and flat stomach, her sweet, doll-like face, all sent pangs of lust through him. Her violent reaction, though, caught him off guard, and he was glad Jim was there. He walked over to Sara, not able to remove his eyes from her body and heard Jim introducing them.

"Sara, this is Andy, he is going to be one of your masters tonight. Andy, this is your new fucktoy. She'll do whatever you ask."

Sara started when she heard herself referred to as fucktoy. She had always used others like that; she had always been in charge. She wanted to turn on Jim and scratch his eyes out, to hurt him, but one enormous hand still lay on the back of her neck. She shivered slightly as she realized his strength: there was nothing she could do. So she stood there, slight tingles running up and down her body as Andy ran his hands over her flesh, pinching and poking and caressing her while Jim watched and leered.

Running his fingers over her body set his body tingling from head to toe. She didn't move as he circled her nipples with his finger, then gently rolled them between his thumb and forefinger. He ran his hands down her sides, feeling the curve of her body, and down her legs, feeling their strength and firmness. He ran his fingers through her pubic hair and felt a damp warmth radiating from between her legs. Finally, he grabbed both her nipple between his fingers and, looking directly into her eyes, began slowly squeezing. He saw defiance in her eyes, and then pain suppressed, and finally, as he brutally smashed her nipples, she gasped out in pain, her eyes falling away from his.

"Stop," she gasped, "please... please... let go." Her hands were on his wrists, knuckles white with their grip, her breasts distended out into cones from her chest as she tried to bend away from the pain. "Please... master... stop!" she finally cried, and sagged in relief when he released his grip.

Panting with exertion, her nipples sore and tingling as she tried to massage the pain away, she heard Jim say, "She's learning." Fucker, she thought, but didn't dare look up at him. She watched sullenly as Jim sat down in her armchair and Andy leaned back against the couch, his legs stretched out to their fullest.

"Okay, Sara, my little cunt," Jim said, "give the boy a blowjob. And you better do some deep throating or you'll be in more trouble than you already are."

Glaring at Jim, she knelt down between Andy's legs and reached for his pants. Unzipping them, she quickly pulled them down his legs, not bothering to look at him. As she looked up and reached for his underwear, she started in surprise: his cock was huge! It looked obscene on his body, a 9", massively thick pole sticking out from his scrawny form. She couldn't help it: when that cock popped free and flopped in front of her face she began to get excited. She imagined it in her cunt,

driving her to wild orgasm after wild orgasm. She wanted to fuck this boy right now, but she couldn't -- damn Jim.

She had always hated giving head, but had learned how to it well, since she was in high school, all her older boyfriends had demanded it. In college, she had rarely done it, and had quickly dropped those guys who had insisted. By now it was more of a control issue than anything else, which is why she grimaced with distaste as she gripped his cock in one small hand and lowered her head until her lips touched his cock-head.

Andy was in heaven. He had never felt anything like this before. Her warm mouth engulfed the head of his cock and sent shivers of pleasure down his body. Her tongue was a little animal darting and massaging his prick. She bobbed her head up and down his cock, fondling his balls with her hand, making him moan at the delicious sensations assaulting him. Watching her, her lips stretched around his cock, her hair falling across her face, he felt almost disassociated from his body, the pleasure was so intense.

She worked the head and top his shaft for a minute, rubbing his inner thighs and fondling his balls, tasting his pre-cum salty and sour upon her tongue. She was hoping he would come: her jaws were already aching from taking his huge cock, and deep-throating hurt, and with this monster prick it hurt more than usual. She realized it wasn't going to happen, and scooted closer to him, positioning herself so she could ram his cock down her throat in one clean motion. She placed his cock as close to her throat as possible without gagging; Now! she said to herself, and darted her head down hard. She almost gagged as she felt her throat stretch painfully around his cock-head -- it felt like her throat was tearing. She sighed gratefully through her nose as his cock popped into her throat, and she slid her head down until her nose was nesting in his pubic hair. Her throat and jaws ached, but the sharp pain of entry was gone, and it wouldn't be long now.

Andy cried out when he felt his cock surge down Sara's throat. It was incredible, almost painful, and a brief dizziness assaulted him. He gripped her head in his hands and held her face against his groin. Slowly he began humping her throat in short jabs, feeling each sensation as a burst of raw pleasure from his penis. He felt her hands on his, and let her move his hands to his thighs. Releasing them, she began playing with his balls again, pressing and rubbing underneath them every now and then, sending chills up and down his spine.

She began working in earnest now, bobbing her head up and down the length of his cock rhythmically, using her tongue to scrape along the underside of his penis. Her throat ached as she tried to tease his testicles to orgasm, hoping to end this quickly, but he didn't seem to be losing it yet. Her cunt was wet, she knew, as it always was when in the presence of men, which was some relief. She only hoped they would deign to take care of her needs after she was finished servicing theirs.

He couldn't help himself as he moved his hands against the sides of her face, feeling her cheeks as they slid back and forth on his cock. She had been working him for almost five minutes now, and his whole groin felt like it was going to burst with sensation. It was almost painful, what he was feeling, but he didn't want it to stop. Suddenly the intensity increased, and he grabbed her head and slammed his hips into her face, yelling aaaaahhhhhgggg as he felt his dick jerk painfully in her throat, spitting his come down into her stomach.

It felt like it lasted forever, him holding her face against his pelvis, his spunk flowing down her throat. Finally, though, he relaxed, moaning softly, and she pulled back her head, popping his dick out of her mouth as it started to soften. She gave it one last suck and then sat back on her heels and looked at Jim.

"Now what?" she asked, licking her lips to clean them of the boy's cum...

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