

# *Tiny Tim*

(MF, size, huml)

by AB-2006

Hi, my name is Tim. Last year I turned 57, I'm divorced and childless and I've actually had sex exactly 57 times in my entire life, one day for every year of my life.

I have a small problem, my dick is only two inches long when fully erect and not even an inch when flaccid. Needless to say, it's pretty hard to satisfy a woman with equipment my size.

Yes I was married, but she was a religious woman and we didn't have premarital sex of any kind until our wedding night. You can imagine what kind of night that was. At first (after she got over the shock) she tried to be nice about it. She said that relationships were made of more than just sex.

I believed her until one day, two years later, I came home one afternoon from work with a cold and found her in our marriage bed with the mail man. I can still remember walking in on them, her, with her little feet pointing toward the ceiling and him grunting like a pig, thrusting that huge dick of his into my wife's pussy like his life depended on it.

Even though I was willing to forgive my wife for straying, she said that she couldn't take living with a small-dicked man any more. I knew she was right, I knew that I'd let her down. You see we'd only tried to have intercourse several times since our wedding night.

I just couldn't get my tiny dick hard for her. It wasn't that she wasn't sexy or anything, it was a performance problem. I could see the disappointment in her eyes every time I unveiled my equipment, and that look always kept me soft.

She finally just up and left me one day. I came home from work one evening and all her stuff was gone, along with our savings account. I couldn't blame her and I never tried to talk her into coming back. I knew she wouldn't and besides, nothing would change, I'd still have a tiny dick.

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I lived by myself after that, and never let any woman get close to me. I just worked and came home and watched TV and jacked off to Internet porn. That was always the best. When I did that I could imagine that I was one of those big-dicked studs fucking pretty co-eds and they would love me for it. Thank god for internet porn otherwise I'm not sure I'd have made it to 57.

Anyway, something startling happened to me a few weeks ago. Remember me telling you that I'd only had sex with a woman 57 times in my 57 years? Well 50 of those 57 times was since my new girlfriend and I have been together - just over three months now.

I guess it's true that there is a woman for every man, you just have to find her. Carla is a waitress at a local restaurant bar and she's a single mom with a 12 year old daughter. She's 35 and had a problem getting dates because she has a kid.

Being single, I'd go to the same restaurant all the time and I got to know Carla and I always gave her nice tips so over time we became friends. The thing about Carla, is that she's very assertive and her personality clashed with her ex-husband's to the point that he would end up hitting her. Hence the reason they divorced.

After a while Carla asked me if I wanted to take her out on a date. I was flattered, after all Carla's a pretty fine looking woman with a nice hard body, but there was no way I was going to but myself out there for further humiliation, so I gave her every excuse in the book.

But Carla, being an assertive woman, didn't let my protests win out. So finally one night after I'd eaten and she'd asked me again, I decided to tell her about my problem. I wasn't going to tell her everything, but I figured if I gave her the basics that she'd leave me along. I also figured that she wouldn't try to make me feel bad about myself because I was still tipping her nicely.

So when she asked me again that evening I screwed up what courage I had and said,

"Carla honey, I really do appreciate your interest, honest. But I've had some bad experiences in the relationship department, so I think it'd be best if we didn't date."

I sincerely hoped I wouldn't have to go any deeper into my humiliation, but true to form Carla wasn't taking some vague rejection from me. She sat down beside me and put her hand on my thigh under the table. Then she leaned close to me and said in a soft voice, "Tim, I'm really good in bed, you don't know what you're missing honey."

My heart was in my throat. I wanted to fuck her so bad I could have died. But reason overcame lust and I mumbled, "I can't, I-I don't... have the equipment to make love to you."

I looked down at the table top, totally humiliated and waiting for her to laugh at me or ridicule me, or worse, ask me what I meant. I'd have to tell her more, I knew she wouldn't let it go. But she did none of those things, no laughing, no ridicule. What she did was move her hand from my thigh to my crotch and then she squeezed me, dick, nuts and all. I gasped in surprise.

"I feel something down there Tim, are you telling me it doesn't get hard?"

"Um, no, it gets hard alright, it's just... that it isn't very big. I mean..." my voice trailed off, I was totally humiliated now.

"C'mon," she said, taking my hand and making me stand up. Without another word she tugged me along behind her to the employee's restroom. It was getting late and the evening crowd was pretty much gone and the dinner staff were mostly gone home by now.

The employee restroom was coed and the door locked. I'd never been in there, but I guess it was pretty much like any restroom, a little uriney smelling not all that clean. Carla shoved me in to the room ahead of her and locked the door.

She pushed me up against the wall and said, "I'm gonna see what your problem is once and for all mister. I've been tiring to get a date out of you for months now, so let's just see." She was tugging at the fly of my pants. I wanted to stop her but I just stood there like a deer in the headlights of a truck bearing down on it.

I didn't want to go through the humiliation again, but at the same time this whole situation was making me crazy with lust. I knew that my dick was stiffened out to it's full two inches and that it was leaking in my shorts because I could feel my pre-cum against my skin.

Then my pants-fly was pulled apart and Carla was tugging at my underwear and pants. She pulled and tugged until they moved down my hips and then my tiny stiff nubbin was standing straight out with a faint upward curve, bobbing in tune to my heartbeat.

Carla stood back and stared down at my exposed equipment. My face was bright red with embarrassment and I could feel the blood draining from my short penis shaft as that same old feeling of failure and disappointment rushed over me to engulf my whole being.

I was beginning to feel anger that Cara had forced me into this situation. I had tried to stop this moment from happening. But just as I was about to tell her what I thought of her, she dropped to her knees in front of me and covered my softening nubbin with her hot wet mouth and began to suck and tongue me.

I groaned and leaned back against the cool tiles that covered the wall. I'd never had sensations like this before. Her mouth was wonderful, her tongue was out of this world as it swirled around and around my dick making me light headed.

I hadn't jacked off to Internet porn for almost a week and I knew that I had a nice load built up. I felt Carla's fingers at my tight nuts, massaging them, urging them to release their contents. She moaned, "C'mon Tim, cum in my mouth. C'mon honey do it, do it now," as she bobbed her head faster and faster and her nimble fingers massaged my nuts to a boil.

I was helpless in her grip, I gasped and my body jerked violently as I shot jet after jet of my cum into Carla's willing mouth. For the very first time in my life I was ejaculating into a woman's orifice. It might be just her mouth, but it was an absolutely wonderful feeling to know that someone wanted my cum.

I looked down and groaned with passion as I watched Carla finally pull her lips away from my moist cock. I could see her spit mixed with my cum and it was the best sight in the world to me at that moment. Then I looked into Carla's eyes, wondering what she'd say or do next. My heart almost stopped when she licked a small glob of my cum from her lips and smiled up at me.

That was all I could take. My mind was spinning and my legs were weakening to the point that they gave way under me and I slid down the wall to sit on the dirty floor in front of my kneeling lover. I guess it was inevitable, but Carla leaned close and gave me a wet, cummy kiss, with lots of tongue.

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That was the first time we did anything sexual. Since then we've had sex in every way you can. I've fucked Carla like a man should, in her mouth, in her pussy and even her asshole. You see, I can fuck her anywhere I want, because I won't hurt her. I mean anyone can take a couple of inches. Right?

And besides, we now have a range of strap-on dildos that I've become pretty good with. The biggest one is black and 12 inches long and 5 inches around. But Carla tells me that she still likes it best when she blows me, it turns her on to be able to clean my clock and not have to worry about gagging.

I'm really happy now, and Carla seems to be too. She's given my little willy a pet name, "Tiny-Tim" and that doesn't bother me at all because she says she loves my tiny-tim and will do anything to keep him happy.

PS; Carla made me sit for the picture that heads this story. She took it last week, just before she pushed me down on the floor and shoved her lips down balls deep on my tiny-tim and made me cum six ways from Sunday.

So guys with tiny dicks, there is hope, you just have to look until you find the right woman. They're out there.

Tiny-tim couldn't be happier.

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