

ARRIVAL

by Marilyn Hollinger

The anticipation is thrilling, the fear deep and evident. I approach the door of the play house, toy bag in hand, dressed to the teeth, and I'm scared. I'm dressed in my high femme top finest, and I feel strong and sexy, but I still feel that pang of uncertainty. I'm going into a room full of sex and wonder, but will anyone find my 260-pound frame sexy? Will they see the rolls of fat under the lace, see the belly shake as I walk, and also see the power, the sensuality? Will they want me, not find me disgusting?

I set my shoulders back and angrily press the button, trying to shake off those doubts. While I wait for the door to open I think back on past lovers, trying to center myself. My thoughts land on Pamela, and I spend the next five seconds reliving a year and a half of ecstasy.

From the beginning, Pamela was after me. Not in any conventional sense, because she knew that wouldn't do. She wanted to feel my whips on her broad back and fat ass, and she wanted a woman big and strong enough to hold her down, slap her silly, and fill her up. Several inches taller than me and many pounds heavier, she wasn't used to being able to find that anywhere, so she was intrigued by my statement about never finding a woman I couldn't overpower.

Our first wrestling match was excruciatingly sexy. She didn't really know what to expect, so when I started tickling her she was surprised. Then I started nibbling and she went wild, thrashing around and moaning, trying to stay still but completely losing it. I was draped over her, digging my tongue into each plump crevice, taking big hunks of skin and flesh between my teeth and grinding them together, leaving red and purple teeth marks behind.

Finally she couldn't stand being submissive under that kind of torture. She tried to casually shrug me off of her back, really shocked when what would normally get her free didn't work this time. I locked my legs around her hips and rode her, slapping her ass and scratching lines of red down her pale hills of softness.

Sweat broke out on her back, between her thighs. Or rather, it started as sweat, but soon her thighs rubbed together with her own juice, betraying her excitement. I reached around and pulled on one of her thick, muscled arms, yanking it from beneath her. She fell forward with force, startled. She completely lost control then, really struggling in earnest to get up. I pinned her shoulders and whispered in her ear, "Just keep trying, bitch, but it won't work. You're mine now, and you'll learn what that means soon enough."

She first gasped at the words, then at her reaction to them. My lock on her wrists was stronger now. I slid my stockinged leg up along hers, forcing her thighs apart to bury my knee in her wet softness. She moaned, but now I had her. Fighting would mean losing the motion that was bringing her growing excitement to fulfillment. She arched her back to make one final effort at throwing me off, but I ground my knee in harder and her struggling subsided. Her grunts of exertion turned to moans of pleasure as she squirmed some more, now pressing her ass up against my round belly, begging me to hurt her more. I did, moving quickly against her drenched and engorged cunt. She strained against me, the nail marks in her wrists now forgotten, and came with a force she hadn't felt before.

My reverie was cut short by the door being swung open. I stepped inside, to a different world. The three women registering ahead of me turned to look. One with round eyes and breasts looked longer, not bothering to hide her appreciation of my outfit or her hunger at the whip at my side. Her eyes met mine and locked there. The fear in my belly disappeared and I stepped forward, shedding the ghosts and starting a new adventure. ✨