

LESSON

1

by C.C. Dane

Jodie ran her fingers through her short black hair, quickly checking her lipstick in the reflection off the passing windows. Thrill ran up and down her spine then directly into her thighs as she mused about her date tonight.

Jodie had responded to the ad strictly on a whim, amused, (and turned on just enough) by the image of a 5'10" woman with huge tits swinging low, protruding belly, and thick thighs sporting a ten inch cock strapped between her legs. Jodie had written back promising to serve this woman and her strap-on as long as she would get fucked hard from behind. Jodie's cunt tingled as she saw herself on all fours begging to be impaled by this pussy-cock. She stepped up her pace through the barren meat packing district on the West Side highway toward Jezebel's.

Alix's phone call had come unexpectedly on a rainy weekday morning, my day off. It had been weeks since I'd answered the ad and figured the woman was freaked by my response. Not even close. It wasn't long before idle chit-chat laced with sexual innuendo had given way to pussy soaked phone sex.

"So, you really like to get fucked?" Alix said.

"Yeah, really hard," I replied quickly.

Alix chuckled and told me to take off my clothes. It didn't occur to me not to do it, not that I didn't want to anyway. She continued, "Spread those legs as wide as you can so I can get a good look at your pussy, how wet and hot you are for me. I'm going to bury my face between your legs, breath in your cunt and flick my tongue over your sweet little clit. I want to suck that clit, take it all in my greedy mouth and nibble away at you. Then I'm going to slide my tongue down your slit to your hole and slip it into you; I'm going to fuck you with my tongue until your begging me for more, pushing those wide hips against my mouth. Would you like that you little slut? Do you want me to fuck you with my hard dick?"

"Yes! Please fuck me, I need to get fucked now!" I begged into the phone as my own fingers furiously worked my engorged clit. I couldn't control the moans and little screams escaping my throat as I begged Alix to fuck me. Listening to her own sounds of pleasure only further heightened my desire as my hand slid around my already soaked cunt.

“I want you to get on your knees, bend over the side of your bed, but don’t take your fingers off your clit.”

I did her bidding, reaching beyond my hanging belly to play with myself and smearing the insides of my thighs with the juices streaming from my snatch. I could smell myself and longed to put my fingers in my mouth.

Alix interrupted my thoughts, “My cock is so hungry for you, aching to slip into your pussy. I want you to play with your nipples while I stand behind you and squeeze that big, fat ass. I’m just going to stand there for a while watching you want me as you pull harder and harder on your tits. Then when you can’t stand it anymore, and you least expect it, I’m gonna thrust all of my ten inch tool into your cunt!”

I was barely able to hold onto the phone as I cried out and rhythmically moved my hips back and forth over the imaginary cock. The beginnings of an orgasm gathered in my thighs, sending heat down my legs into my toes. I arched my back and took my fingers away from my clit for a split second, concentrating on feeling Alix pump me with her huge cock. I listened to her now blurred words and moans mingle with mine as I knelt suspended momentarily. Rolling my fingers back over my clit was the only touch I needed to send me over the edge. I came hard against my hand, bucking and shuddering violently the kind of orgasm that makes you feel like someone has emptied you out leaving only hollowness. I trembled as the last waves of my orgasm washed over me.

Jodie’s cunt was streaming when she sat at the bar and ordered a drink. The place was nearly empty on a Wednesday night and she was wondering why Alix would choose a dump like this when she felt someone pressing tightly against her back, and teeth on her neck.

“You almost finished with that beer?” Alix said, pressing her damp lips to my ear.

I could feel my nipples harden at the feel of her hot breath on me and a chill raced down my neck. My grip tightened around the sweaty bottle as I raised it to my mouth but before I could drink Alix wrapped her fingers around my wrist pinching the skin.

“I think you’re done,” she hissed and tossed a few bills on the bar with her free hand. Alix pulled me off the stool and out the door before I even said a word or got a good look at my date.

We walked down the street silently, Alix still leading me by the arm. The slight fear that rattled me turned to desire when Alix jerked me toward a shady alley and pushed me abruptly against a cold brick wall. Her mouth on mine was firm and insistent as I welcomed her tongue to explore my own. I moaned when my cunt touched the outline of a stiff cock through her jeans. Our bellies mashed together in my frantic need to feel her hardness on my clit. Alix probed my mouth like she was lapping at my dripping pussy. She slid her massive hands under my sweater, grabbed my breasts, toying with the erect nipples while her tongue snaked down my neck and tickled my earlobe. I clutched her asscheeks pulling us closer together. I wanted her to fuck me so badly.

Alix sharply bit my throat and slammed me back against the wall. When I reached out for her she stepped back and caressed the length of her cock. With precise deliberation Alix unzipped her jeans, lowered them to her ample hips, and took it out. I could see the tangle of black hair underneath.

“You like my cock, bitch,” Alix stated rather than asked, “so get on your knees and show me how much you want it.”

I looked at her, hungry yet unsure. Surely she didn’t want me to -

“Suck it!” she ordered.

Another surge of wetness flooded my pussy at the sound of her rough voice and I fell to my knees. Once face to face with her organ I realized its’ great width. I slid my fingers underneath my pants and underwear and dipped them into my cunt. I shuddered at my own touch but didn’t linger in soaking my hand and bringing it to the cock before me. I rubbed my juices all over it, bringing my hand back to my pussy several times. I could feel Alix’s impatience so finally I wrapped my lips around the head of her strap-on. The taste of my own excitement drove me crazy, and I began sucking wildly. I took as much as possible of her huge piece into my eager mouth.

“That’s right, suck it good you slut. Tell me how much you love sucking my cock!” Alix urged me on.

“Oh god,” I said, “I want it so much. The smell of your cunt is making me insane!”

I took this opportunity to delve one finger between her swollen lips. A groan escaped Alix and her body trembled, but it was the light stroking of her throbbing clit that pushed her over the edge.

Alix clutched my hair and jerked my mouth off her cock. I barely had time to think of the discomfort when real pain settled in my shoulders. Her fingernails raked my shoulders, tearing skin, as she yanked me to my feet.

“Turn around,” Alix commanded, pulling at my pants at the same time, “Bend over.”

She leaned over me, grabbed my wrists and planted my hands, palms down, against the wall. We were both breathing hard when she shoved her knee between my thighs opening me up. Alix thrust her cock deep into my cunt and I screamed out. Grasping my hips she fucked me harder and harder, ramming the prick in and out of me, my whole body shaking. The tension rose in me, taunting. Alix reached around my exposed hips and ground her fingers into my clit. My screams echoed off the walls of the deserted alley as I came hard. My quivering slowly subsided and I could hear my shallow breaths and the scurrying of rats not too far away.

A chill ran through me as she pulled out and stuck her fingers in my mouth.

“Not bad,” Alix said, “I think you’re ready to learn what it really means to serve me and my strap-on.” With that she twisted my still hard nipples violently and began walking away.

My cunt was already twitching with anticipation of my future lessons, and I trotted after her.