

Quickie #25

If You Can't Beat Em, Join Em

The weather wasn't ideal for a day at the beach. The cool of late spring still stubbornly clung to the air. The sky was half full of clouds that kept blocking out the sun's rays as the wind hurried its formations across the sky. Still, when light did shine down, it bathed Wendy in delicious warmth. Her long, brown hair was tossed gently by the breeze. She was glad to have taken the day off from studying for some quality R&R with her roommate.

The normally shy brunette was more perky than usual. Minerva often had that effect on her. Her longtime housemate was much more bold, forward and self-assured, especially in romantic and sexual matters. It came with the territory, being a model and adult entertainer. She was, in many ways, the opposite of Wendy, who was a classic *geek girl* complete with glasses. Wendy was still working as a barista while she finished her master's in biology.

The aspiring research scientist smiled as she scanned the beach. Wendy looked for new targets to continue the little game they'd been playing. Just when she was about to give up and lay back for a nap, three young men walked into view and began setting up a large umbrella in the sand.

"Ah, there we go... Some new contestants!" she said, gesturing to the trio. "What do you think Minnie? Fuck, marry, kill?"

Minerva, who'd been close to dozing off herself, raised her sunglasses just long enough to get a good look at the guys a hundred feet away. They dropped all their gear before noticing the two beautiful co-eds. After gawking and grinning at them briefly, they headed to a snack bar in the distance, chatting as they trekked across the sand. Minerva dropped her shades back down over her eyes and relaxed into her chair again.

"Easy. The shorty with brown hair is cute. I'd fuck him. The blonde looks like he's got money, so that's marriage. Kill the tall, baldy."

"What's wrong with tall and bald? You don't like the shaved look?"

"It's not that. It's a fine look for a lot of guys. I just like having something to grab onto."

Minerva looked over at Wendy as she posed her hands right above her thighs. She gave her hips a few exaggerated thrusts forward, grinning at her roommate as she put on a lewd performance.

"Oh my god..." Wendy replied with a chuckle. She raised one hand and slid it over the left side of her face in embarrassment. "You're terrible."

"I don't get many complaints from them. Quite the opposite" she said with a satisfied grin.

Minerva was a brunette just like Wendy, but her hair was significantly longer. Her wavy locks flowed

all the way down to the top of her ass. She was a modern day Rapunzel and that wasn't even her most impressive asset. Minerva was a master of styling and makeup, a department the less skilled Wendy often asked her for assistance in.

The alluring temptress had massive H-cup breasts that her swimwear barely contained. It was a two-piece, black bathing suit, the bottom of which looked more like tight workout shorts than the thin strip many women bore. It was necessary to hide her most intimidating endowment. If you looked close you could see the bulge, even in the deceptively shiny black material. But most people were too busy staring at the exposed flesh of her immaculate, tanned body.

Not long after they became roomies, Wendy had stumbled upon her friend wearing nothing but her birthday suit. One night, after a few drinks, she'd walked into the bathroom not realizing Minnie had just come out of the shower. Wendy only saw her for a second before closing the door, shouting an apology and running off, but the image was burned into her mind forever. She didn't know exactly how large Minerva was down there, but it was obvious she had a bigger flaccid cock than most men were erect.

It was a relief to Wendy that Minnie only seemed interested in stuffing it into as many boy-holes as she could get her hands on. It kept their friendship and living arrangement free of any complications. Not to mention she couldn't even imagine taking a penis that big. Except for the small percentage of dyed-in-the-wool size queens, she had to imagine that thing would hurt most girls to the point of tears.

"Well, I'm glad so many guys enjoy having their ass split in two. We've come a long way" Wendy replied with a note of sarcasm.

"We have" Minerva agreed, but her voice oozed sincerity. "Jealous?"

"Um, NO. Certainly not of getting railed up the back door" she answered, crossing her arms below her bosom. "Maybe a little envious of how easily they flock to you."

Minerva smiled and emitted a throaty cackle. "You're frustrated. When was your last hookup?"

Wendy looked away for a moment, her perkiness quickly fading. She wasn't used to talking about these matters so frankly. "A little over a year ago..."

"**A YEAR?!?**" Minnie pulled her shades from her face and looked at her roomie in shock. "Your poor vibrator..."

"Stop it! That's not funny."

"Sorry. Couldn't resist."

"I haven't even been on a date in seven months. I've just been busy and the last couple guys I saw... We weren't compatible."

"If I were you, I wouldn't even be looking for a serious relationship right now. You clearly just need to bang someone and get it out of your system."

"Ugh... I hate that you're right."

“Don't think about it. Just pick the one you like the best and go talk to him.”

Wendy watched the young men in the distance, waiting for their order. “The short guy **is** kinda hot...”

“Hah! Good choice. I'll warn you though, unless you're willing to get kinky, you might not be compatible with him either.”

“What do you mean?”

“He clearly wants it up the ass.”

“**What?!?** How do you know???”

“Trust me, I can tell” she said with a smug smile.

“Agh! This is what I'm talking about! I'm **DOOMED!** Why can't I just have a normal thing with someone?!?”

“There's nothing abnormal about wanting a little anal play.”

“Are there any guys left on this planet who **DON'T** want a dick up their ass? What the hell am I supposed to do?”

“Strap one on.”

“You're exhausting.”

“And you're silly. Oh look, he's on his way back! Our brown haired snack got himself a snack!”

The young man was walking to the guy's encampment with a big hotdog in his hand. He took a large bite as he strolled along. His friends remained at the vendor, still waiting for their meals.

“Mmmm, look at him go!” Minerva added as he wolfed down the first half of the long, meaty dish.
“Like a seasoned pro.”

“I don't believe you” Wendy interjected. “I bet he's more romantic than pervert.”

“Wanna make that an official bet?”

The mousy coed unfolded her arms. “What kind of bet?”

“We'll put it to the test. Let's see if you can get a kiss before I get him on all fours.”

“Are you out of your mind?”

“If you win, I owe you a steak dinner. If I win, we go strapon shopping together.”

“You're serious...”

“You could beat me right now if you walk over there, chat him up, and steal a kiss.”

Wendy looked apprehensive at first, but as the young man drew closer, she steeled her resolve. “Fine! You know what? I think I will.”

“Good. It has to be a real kiss, though. Lips to lips with tongue. No bullshit peck on the cheek! Otherwise, you've not succeeded.”

“Yeah, yeah...” Wendy pushed herself out of the beach chair, rose to her feet and adjusted her hair. She harrumphed indignantly before striding off.

“Get it, girl!” Minerva called after her with a giggle.

Minnie watched with a beaming smile as Wendy walked over and struck up a conversation with the young man. There was no way in hell she was getting a full, hotdog flavored kiss this afternoon. She knew her roommate. Wendy was much too self-conscious, modest and cautious to dive on a guy she barely knew and stick her tongue down his throat.

Maybe she would get a phone number, but that would be the end of it. Minerva would wait for her opportunity to strike. He would need to use the bathroom eventually and when he headed for the restrooms, she would follow him. Minerva would be waiting, ready to turn on the charm when he exited.

Seeing that their friend was busy flirting, Shorty's two companions remained in the distance, eating their food and watching the exchange. At least he had sensible wing men. Five minutes later, a happy, if slightly flustered Wendy returned.

“Ok, no kiss yet, but I got a date! We're going out Tuesday night.”

“Nice” Minerva said with a nod. “See. That wasn't so hard, was it?”

“I guess not” she answered as she slid back into her seat. “In a few days, you're gonna owe me dinner and you better believe I'm picking a fancy steak place!”

The busty brunette's gaze never left the lounging young man in the distance. “We'll see.”

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“**OH YEAH!** More tongue you little slut!!!”

Minerva thrust her girthy member into the bitch boy's sucking lips. He was eager enough, but not experienced. She couldn't get more than half her cock in Mark's inviting mouth without him gagging and pulling back. It slowed things down, but that was ok. Minerva was always happy to train the gag reflex out of new submissives.

She pumped her hips slowly, the first half of her hot, spit-soaked sausage plunging into his gurgling face. Minnie seized his hair gently as she angled her thrusts downward. Her glans plowed down his wet tongue and battered the warm entrance to his throat. Mark muttered and choked around her fat length; his hands grasping the sides of her thick thighs. Minerva closed her eyes and moaned as she fucked his mouth with abandon.

Mark was on the floor of her bedroom, on his knees where he belonged. It had been no trouble at all talking him into a different kind of date that would take place sooner than the one he'd planned with Wendy. The visible bulge in Minnie's bathing suit had not dissuaded him at all. If anything, it made him more eager. Mark was exactly the kind of pervert fuck-boi she'd figured.

Minerva wore very little other than the pink bra that held up her massive mammaries and a matching choker necklace decorating her slender throat. It also matched the collar around Mark's neck; the only thing he was wearing at all. Minnie had locked the symbol of surrender on him the minute the horny slut got undressed.

'Minnie' had to be the most ironic nickname in the world for someone with a foot long penis, but she'd been called that since childhood and found the name endearing. It wasn't a name Mark or any of her bitch-made sexual partners would ever be allowed to use. It was more fitting that they use her formal moniker. Minerva was the name of a Goddess, after all.

Her fat scrotum swung back and forth as she sank deeper into Mark's stretched-wide maw. Spit and pre-cum ran from the corners of his mouth as she drilled past his uvula. Sloppy gagging sounds squelched from his mouth with every hungry thrust as nine of Minerva's thirteen inches were bathed in warm, wet suction.

“Oh god!!! Just like that! **JUST A LITTLE MORE!!!**”

Mark hung onto her thighs for dear life, his eyes widening as he felt the first few inches of the hung Goddess plow in and out of his throat. He sucked her like a starving man; his cheek walls vacuum-sealed to her hot girth. He choked and sputtered as her train of dickgirl fuckmeat sawed back and forth in his phlegm-clogged cavern.

“Ohhhh! **OH FUCK!!! NNNGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!**”

The involuntary spasms of climax shot through Minerva as her body tensed and thick seed shot from her buried cum cannon. Her fingers dug into Mark's hair harshly as she held him steady and fed him his first meal of futanari jizzum. She pulled back just enough that her first few massive ropes of creamy nut splattered all over the inside of his mouth. Then she pushed herself in deeper, sinking her glans back into his throat to feed him the residual blasts of nougat paste directly.

Minerva moaned in bliss, her body shaking as her cum tanks drained into the sucking slut boy. To his credit, he never stopped using his tongue or the walls of his mouth, even as hot slime spilled from his lips. He hadn't come close to deepthroating her, but he'd done well for a newbie cocksucker.

When her load was spent, Minnie pulled her fat tool from Mark's reddened face. Strings of viscous semen connected her hose of flesh to the obedient slave's lips. They pulled apart and dripped to the ground as Minerva stood back and gave the young man some room to breathe and recover.

“Was that your first time?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yeah...” he admitted between sucking breaths and swallows of thick futa nut.

“Could have fooled me” she chided. “You couldn't get my cock in your mouth fast enough.”

“You're so fucking hot. I'm glad you were my first” he said earnestly.

“Are you an anal virgin too?” Minerva asked while turning. She picked up a headband from her nightstand with a pair of pink cat ears attached.

“Yes, Mistress Minerva” he answered. “It's yours if you want it.”

“Just Minerva” she responded sternly as she strode back to the kneeling slut. Her half-hard length of cock twitched, still eager to fuck as she studied her naked subby up and down. Mark had a waxed chest and his average penis was hard as rock. He was a perfect little sissy. “I'm your Mistress today, but I'm not interested in hearing it repeated over and over. Just do what I say.”

“Yes, Minerva” he replied with a bowed head.

“You'll wear this while I fuck that cute little ass of yours” she announced, sinking the headband into his hair. The fuzzy, pink ears stood above his full head of wavy brown locks. “Now get on the bed and bend over.”

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“Hey Minnie! You busy?” Wendy called as she walked into the condo. She was excited after her shopping trip and couldn't wait to show Minerva the dress she'd picked out for her date tomorrow. She set her purse aside on the couch and moved down the hallway.

She knew Minnie was home, since her car was parked outside. As far as Wendy knew, she wasn't having company and it was unlikely she was sleeping this time of day. She approached Minerva's closed bedroom door and listened. She could definitely hear noises on the other side, but they were muffled.

knock knock knock

“Minnie? Can I come in?”

“**Oh yeah!**” the muffled shout came from the other side.

Wendy opened the door to find her would-be date and Minerva on the bed. She was railing him doggy-style, her giant schlong sinking deep in his stretched starfish as the cat-eared Mark grunted in pain and cooed in pleasure. Wendy dropped her bags, completely frozen in disbelief.

Minerva glanced to the side and noticed her. She seemed to feed on the exhibition, her thrusts growing even more needy as her roommate watched. She tugged on the leash leading to Mark's pink collar.

Minnie slapped his ass and buried herself hard and deep in his warm, gripping hole.

Mark moaned in a way Wendy never imagined a man could. He seemed to be in heaven as he was deep-dicked by her wanton, sex-crazed roommate. With a sudden groan of climax, Mark's throbbing penis shot white baby batter all over Minerva's bed as she continued to shaft and spank him. Seconds later, Minerva let out a guttural moan of her own, burying her cock in Mark's ass and flooding him with warm semen.

Wendy watched Minerva's ball sack clinch and unclinch as her body trembled, her breasts shook and her steaming filth hosed into the delirious Mark. Finally, Wendy came to her senses, picked up her bags and closed the door as quickly as she could manage. She trudged off to her own room, still in shock.

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After Mark had quietly left and Minerva took a shower, she sauntered into the kitchen to make a cup of coffee. She found Wendy soothing her sorrows with a pint of ice cream, her spoon digging through the container for the next mouthful. Wendy looked up and saw the smug vixen wrapped in a white bathrobe. She dropped the spoon and sat back in the kitchen chair.

"You're the worst friend ever."

"Oh, stop it!" Minerva said, rolling her eyes and waving her hand dismissively. "It was a bet and you lost."

"That would've been my first date in seven months!"

"What's stopping you? He's all yours tomorrow night."

Wendy cocked her head and gave her the death stare. If contempt could manifest in the form of laser beams, Minerva would've been vaporized on the spot.

"I get you're trying to do this old-fashion courtship thing" she spoke while starting the coffee maker. "But that's now how relationships work anymore, by and large."

"Obviously" she spat. "I guess I should thank you for saving me the trouble. Mark obviously wasn't going to be my Prince Charming."

Minerva moved to the table and sat opposite Wendy as she waited for her drink. "I wouldn't assume that. So, he had sex with someone else today... So what? He had no obligation to you, just like you have no obligation to him. Other than a date you've made."

The bespectacled woman sighed. "That doesn't mean I have to like it."

"Wendy, can I make a suggestion?"

"Go ahead. Having a dick has obviously helped you understand men better than I ever will."

Minerva snickered. "It's true. I think with the wrong head sometimes. I'll cop to that."

"I don't even know how you **function** when you're that horny all the time."

"I don't just function, dear, I thrive. Look, I understand you're annoyed that this didn't work out the way you hoped, but why not put that frustration to good use?"

"How so?" the downcast brunette asked, dipping her spoon back into the ice cream carton.

"Put that away and let's go out. I'll still buy you that steak dinner, but first, we're going strapon shopping."

"And then what?"

"And then, you're going to take out your aggression on Mark's ass while I go balls deep in his throat. Let's give that naughty little bitch a date he'll never forget."

Wendy's eyes opened wide as Minerva spoke. She dropped her spoon a second time. The slighted barista contemplated her words. "Hmmm... That **would** be a fun punishment for slutting himself out right after meeting me. But won't that feel like a reward to him?"

"Not if you spank and pound him hard enough. He'll be sore for days. And the best part is, he'll beg you for more, after."

Wendy reached up and played with her hair as she tossed the idea around in her mind. Her cheeks grew more red the more she thought about it. "I suppose I could give it a try."

Minerva grinned. "Atta girl! You're gonna love it! And in the end, you might just get something long term with Marky boy, if that's what you still want."

"I take it that's not what you want?"

"Oh, no. Not me. I enjoy sowing my wild oats far too much for that. I don't just skewer assholes. I break hearts. He's your plaything if you want him."

The cocksure futa rose to pour herself a cup of hot joe. It had taken a while to coax Wendy out of her shell, but it seemed like those efforts were about to pay off. With any luck, another dominant woman would soon be born.