

First Fan

I was sitting there. On top of one of the buildings, looking around, carefully waiting for any odd noise or sirens that would signal trouble. It's been an hour since then. Still nothing. No strange noises. The view of Kitsune City is marvelous at night with all its lights, skyscrapers, neon signs, and neon colors shining from every corner of this place. This city never sleeps.

You see, since I've got my powers I decided to be better, I put on my training bodysuit, and silver fox mask and went patrolling. Training tank top tightly wrapped around my petite figure, exposing some cleavage while showing off my toned stomach muscles. Tight black spandex pants hugged my hips perfectly and revealed my long legs and toned ass. A pair of matte black knee-high boots with cyan laces made me feel like a superhero ready to take down criminals. My weapon of choice? Of course! My giant cock which was wrapped tightly in my spandex pants. Just thinking about it makes my cock start throbbing again.

"Oh god, why do you torture yourself?" I said aloud, rubbing my bulging crotch through the tight spandex. "You should've just stayed in bed."

But no... not even the thought of being alone tonight could stop me from doing what had to be done. So here I am, standing still on the roof of one of the buildings near downtown, watching over the streets. Waiting for someone who deserves punishment. Someone who has committed a crime against humanity. And now, as soon as he shows up, I'll show him exactly how much pain his actions caused others.

Finally, I heard a scream coming from a nearby alleyway. Oh, yes, finally! Time to go get 'em. With a smile on my face I quickly make my way towards where the sound came from. As I enter the dark narrow street between the tall walls of warehouses, I can't help but notice that something feels wrong. Not only because of the cold breeze that blows across my exposed skin, making me shiver slightly, nor by the fact that the air smells different than usual. Something else is definitely bothering me. What could it be...? Fear. I'm afraid. Afraid of what might happen if I walk into the darkness.

But no matter how bad things look, I keep moving forward. After all, I don't want anyone getting away with hurting innocent people. Besides, I know what I'm capable of when it comes to fighting back. So after walking a few more steps I suddenly find myself facing a man wearing all black. He looks menacing, dangerous, and evil. His hood hides most of his face, except for his brown eyes. He has a knife in his hand which he holds at the throat of a scared woman. She screams out loud and tries to push him off her. Her hands are tied behind her back and she struggles desperately trying to escape from the unknown attacker.

The man smirks evilly, enjoying himself. "Don't struggle so much dear," he says calmly, pushing harder onto the blade of the knife. "If you resist, I'll hurt you."

"Please!" The girl cries out. "Let me go! Please..."

He laughs at her pleas and pushes deeper. The tip of the knife touches the soft flesh of her neck. There's blood already dripping from the wound. "This is your last chance sweetheart, either submit willingly or I won't hesitate to cut your throat right here and now."

With tears running down her cheeks she nods silently. "Okay. Okay. Yes Sir. Whatever you say."

She starts sobbing loudly. Tears fell freely from her pale blue eyes. Her long blonde hair falls loosely on her shoulders covering part of her small breasts.

"Hmm...Hm...Leave her alone!" I said, trying to sound as serious as possible. I didn't want this guy to think he was going to get away with anything.

His smirk disappears instantly, replaced by an angry expression. "What the fuck?! Who the hell are you supposed to be?!" he yelled angrily, pointing his knife at me.

I take a deep breath and prepare myself mentally for whatever might come next. I knew I couldn't let this creep get away with what he did.

"I'm the punishment for your sins" I replied. My voice sounded calm and confident. I wasn't nervous anymore. This asshole deserved everything that was coming.

"Bullshit!" he shouted, stepping closer to me. "Who fucking cares? You're nothing but some stupid bitch who will be pinned to the ground with a cock up your ass"

"Oh yeah?" I asked sarcastically while looking directly into his eyes. "You sure about that? Because I think you're the one who will be impaled on a cock today."

He laughed arrogantly, showing off his perfect white teeth. "Yeah, right. I don't see any cock here, besides mine"

I took a step into the light of one of the street lamps. Suddenly, his jaw dropped open in shock. It had been quite a while since someone saw my giant cock. But seeing the shocked look on his face made me feel very pleased. And I loved being admired.

"Holy shit!" he whispered.

I smiled at him and nodded. "That's right baby, stare as much as you like."

He looked around nervously before taking another peek at the gigantic bulge in my leggings. "Damn... That thing must be ten inches long."

I chuckled quietly. "Maybe, maybe not. Maybe bigger than that though."

He shook his head in disbelief. "No way. No fucking way!"

I shrugged casually.

"It can't possibly be real." He muttered under his breath.

"Of course it is," I said confidently.

"You're a woman, how can you have a cock?!" His voice grew louder with every word.

I giggled and put my finger over my lips. "Shh. Keep quiet."

With that said, I slowly started to pull my leggings down, shaft, and two enormous balls flopped outwards, slapping against my thighs.

"Are those even humanly possible?!" He screamed.

"They are." I stepped forward until we were only a few feet apart. "And they belong in your mouth."

He swallowed hard, staring at my package. The knife fell out of his hand. He was in shock, and couldn't move. I looked at his victim, blonde lady who was in the same state of shock as the criminal. She kept crying uncontrollably.

"I'll take it from here, you can leave, babe," I told her.

She just stood there frozen. I could tell she wanted to run away but he couldn't. Fear paralyzed her mind.

I clapped my hand loudly "Hey! I said run off!"

And she did, with heels clinking in the darkness of the alley.

The man froze and turned towards me. I smirked at him. "Don't worry, you won't hurt anyone else. Never."

His eyes widened with fear when he realized he wouldn't escape. I walked past him and grabbed his arm.

"Let's go," I said, pulling him along behind me.

I pulled him into one of the corners of the alleyway. I grabbed his wrists and bent them to force him onto his knees. He didn't resist much. I liked that.

"What do you want?" He asked timidly.

"Well..." I began, running my hands through his short black hair. "You know what I really want to do?" I purred. "I wanna make you scream my name, begging for more. Then I wanna fuck you so hard you forget your own name."

He gulped.

I guided his arms to my shaft, making sure he touched the tip of my massive cockhead.

"Mmmm... Good boy. Now start stroking!" I commanded.

"Yesss...M-m-miss" He moaned softly.

"Call me Silver Fox"

He blushed deeply. "Silver fox, mmm...yes miss"

"Good. Now start!"

He obeyed quickly, his soft hands moving up and down my cock. I sighed contently while watching his tiny fingers work their magic. My cock felt so good inside his small hands. It was such an incredible feeling.

"Faster!" I ordered. "Harder! Faster!!"

He complied immediately, jerking me off like crazy. I grunted loudly with each stroke, enjoying every second of it. His little hands moved faster and faster, and my cock started to grow hard. Soon enough it reached its full size.

"Oh god yes!! You're amazing!" I gasped excitedly.

He smiled happily and continued pumping me off.

"That's right, keep going!" I encouraged him.

I closed my eyes, trying to enjoy this moment as best I could. After several minutes of furious strokes I ordered him to stop.

"Open your mouth. Open wide!"

He opened his lips obediently and stuck out his tongue.

I pushed myself between his parted lips, rubbing the head of my cock all over his wet pink insides. When I finally penetrated his tight throat I groaned in pleasure.

Tight as hell, but not impossible. Just needed some stretching.

I fucked his face ruthlessly, using my free hand to hold on to his long dark locks. I knew he would get used to it soon, but I wanted him to feel as much pain as possible before he did. I enjoyed seeing him squirm under my assault.

After a few moments of rough fucking I stopped to let him catch his breath. He coughed violently, spitting drool everywhere.

"Not bad," I complimented. "But next time try to be quieter."

Then i continued.

It took some time before I managed to get fully inside. But once I got most of my length buried deep within, he gagged on my shaft and choked.

A minute later he lost consciousness. I took my cock out of his mouth and looked down at him. The poor bastard had tears rolling down from his eyes. He cried because I made him choke on my cock. I loved how pathetic he was. I couldn't wait until I'd finished him off completely.

I leaned forward and pressed my forehead against his.

"Don't fade on me just yet," I whispered. "Your punishment is far from over."

With those words, I slapped his cheek and brought him back into consciousness.

His blue eyes stared back at me. I smiled with an evil grin.

"What are we gonna do now? What should I call you?" I asked him.

"Tim, my name is Tim. Please don't hurt me anymore." He whimpered quietly.

"Suck. And this time, make sure I cum before you fade out, bitch!" I warned him.

"Yes, Miss Fox..." He replied weakly.

I grabbed his jawline tightly and forced him to look into my eyes. Then I shoved my throbbing cock back down his throat.

The sound of my balls slapping against his chin was amazing! I could hear the swirling and churning sound coming out of them.

"You hear that? That's the sound of your punishment," I told him.

"Please...don't cum in my mouth," he begged me desperately. "I'm not gay."

"I'm not a guy you know," I answered nonchalantly. "So this experience does not make you gay."

The next ten minutes passed by slowly. Every second felt like hours. My thrusts became more and more furious, and my grip on his head tightened. I was close.

And then suddenly he started moaning loudly, His throat muscles squeezed my cock so tightly. It felt incredible!

"Ahhhhhh!!" I moaned. "Fuck yeah, here comes your treat, bitch! Take it all!"

I made a last-long thrust, burying myself deep inside his stomach. My cock pulsed with every heartbeat, my balls churned and I swear I could hear them making a growling sound.

"Here comes your meal," I announced and came. A warm stream of hot spunk filled his belly.

I was cumming so hard, I felt the strength of the stream start to push him off my cock. No way. I held his head tightly with both my hands, forcing him to swallow my load.

At a two-minute mark, his stomach started to bulge out. On the fourth, he looked like he was pregnant. Cum started to leak out of his mouth even though it was sealed tight by my pulsing meat stick. On the fifth minute, I was finally fully unloaded. It felt amazing. A five-minute long orgasm. Not something you can usually achieve when jerking off alone.

This time he didn't faint. Instead, he kept sucking my cock, swallowing everything I pumped inside his gut. Finally, I pulled out of his throat, releasing my grip on his head. He collapsed onto the floor, exhausted.

He was messed up. His face was covered in sweat, his hair wetted down and messy. He had dark circles under his eyes. Even though he still had his clothes on, they were soaked in cum. All buttons popped open revealing his soft full belly.

I sat next to him and placed my hand on his belly. He flinched at first, but after some seconds he stopped trembling.

"How do you feel?" I asked him gently.

"Like heaven," he muttered. "It feels weird. Like...like my insides are melting."

"If I see you trying to hurt someone again, I'll use your ass instead," I said while pulling my leggings back on, trying to shove my package in there.

"Thank you, Miss Silver Fox," he mumbled and a chunk of my cum spilled out of his mouth.

I turned around and started to walk away.

"Miss Silver Fox?" He called after me.

I paused and looked back at him.

"Yeah, slut?" I asked.

"Are you really a woman?" He asked timidly.

I laughed softly.

"Of course," I replied, and with a grin disappeared into the darkness.

To my surprise I bumped into the woman Tim tried to rape, she was naked waist down, hands sleek with her own juices and pussy lips glistening. She turned toward me, panting heavily from exertion and arousal. Her nipples stood erect and proud, begging to be touched.

Her small breasts heaved beneath a light coating of sweat and I couldn't help but reach forward and grab one between my fingers. The firmness of the nipple surprised me. It wasn't overly sensitive or anything, just very responsive to pressure.

She smiled happily and pushed herself closer to me. Her hips pressed firmly against mine, rubbing smooth skin over my spandex leggings. With shaking hands, she gave me a piece of paper and ran off.

The note had a text written with red lipstick.

'Thank you. Please call me anytime. I really want to thank you in private. Jane.'

"Guess I have my first fan now." I chuckled as I tucked the note safely into my pocket.