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# The Minute Man

## March

Part 6

By Ziel.

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Jared staggered into his apartment and trudged dejectedly over towards his room. His life as he knew it was over. His back-up plan had failed. Even his back-up back-up plan had failed. He didn't even have his last ditch trump card to fall back on and all because of a vindictive ex. Jared was thoroughly and completely defeated. He had no idea what to do or even what to think. He was too emotionally drained to even get pissed off at Heather. All he wanted to do was curl into a ball and hide from the world. Already thoughts of dropping out of college were filling his head.

Jared staggered the last few feet towards his bed and collapsed face down onto the mattress. He didn't even bother removing his jizz-soaked slacks. He had made a mess of his pants at Lindsey's house and had been basting in his own juices for the entire trek

back to his apartment. The huge splotch of drying jizz was as obscene to look at as it was disgusting to feel. The mass of cooling, sticky cum caused his damp clothes to cling to his skin and left him feeling gross and slimy. As he made the slow steady trek across campus the mass of spooze in his pants seeped through his underwear and oozed through the front pleats of his pants. By the time he had reached the apartment complex he called home the mass of jizz had oozed down his pant legs and seeped into his socks. His shoes felt sickeningly damp and squishy with each labored step up the stairway.

Jared silently bemoaned his fate as he lay face down on his mattress. Thoughts of ditching school and gymnastics and running away to join a circus flooded his mind. If nothing else he'd make an interesting freak show exhibit. "The Man with Infinite Cum" might actually make for a decent tourist draw, and all he would have to do was sit there as his cock continued to spew out more and more spunk like a pornographic fondue fountain.

Even as Jared lay there he could feel the need to cum welling up inside of him. It hadn't even been an hour since he had drenched Lindsey's face and flooded his slacks with jizz, but his balls felt so blue it may as well have been weeks since he had creamed. As much as he hated it he couldn't deny how great it felt. His cock was wonderfully sensitive even in its current chubbed up state, and he just knew that the coming climax would be one for the record books. In fact the euphoric rush of a good cum shot was about the only

thing he had to look forward to nowadays. As thoughts of how bleak and hopeless his prospects were flooded his mind, the only thing that gave him even a modicum of pleasure was the same thing that had ruined his life. As Jared continued to wallow in self-pity his hips began to rock back and forth as if of their own volition as he ground his chubbed up cock against the soft covers of his bed.

Jared had no idea how long he had been laying there when he started hearing some commotion at the front door. It felt like a lifetime since he had collapsed onto his mattress, but it was still dark out which meant it was the same evening. Jared couldn't be bothered to get up. He wasn't expecting company and really didn't want to see or speak to anyone anyway. He was fine just lying there and wallowing in self-pity while he basted in his own juices.

The commotion was enough to wake his roommate though. Amber grumpily stomped towards the front door while muttering about the time of night and the nerve of some people. Amber was a typically a pretty heavy sleeper so the noise must have been pretty loud for her to bother getting up. It all felt so far away to Jared though. It was as if it was happening in another world altogether.

Jared could hear the front door open and some casual conversation from the front room, but he wasn't paying enough attention to really follow what was being said. He heard another woman ask if he was home and Amber's reply that she had heard him come

in a few hours ago. Eventually the conversation shifted to the new arrival saying she needed to speak with him. Jared really didn't want to speak with anyone, but he just couldn't bring himself to care enough to tell her to go away. Even as he heard her footsteps slowly approaching his room all he could do was lie there and grind his dick against the covers.

The overhead light flicked on. The light was so bright that it seared Jared's eyes. He winced, but it wasn't just the light that caused him to recoil. The new arrival's mutter of disgust did more to wound him than any unexpected flash of light.

"Jesus Christ. Look at you." The woman grumbled as she stared down at Jared. Jared didn't even look up at her. He merely continued to lay there and moan feebly. The whole room reeked of sweat and stale jizz. She could even see the copious amounts of cum which had soaked into the covers of his bed. There was so much of it that it had completely saturated much of his comforter. His sheets were soaked clean through.

"Get up." She said flatly. Jared didn't respond. He just continued to lay there and moan softly as cum leaked from his sensitive chubby.

"So that's it? You're just going to lie there?" She asked. She put her hands on her hips and glared down at the broken college stud, but Jared still showed no signs of recognizing or even acknowledging her presence.

“You and I both know you’re not the quitting type.” She said flatly.

This made Jared wince slightly. He wasn’t one to just give up. He hated quitting. He hated admitting defeat, but what options did he have left? He had lost all of his back-up. All his plans had failed. He had burned all his bridges. He had even messed things up with Lindsey. For some reason that hurt more than the rest, but he wasn’t sure why. She was just another tool in his arsenal, right?

“Fine. You’re going to be a little baby about it? You’re coming with me, buster. Baby needs his bath time.” The woman chided. Jared could feel her hands on his shoulders. Her fingers were slim and petite. Her well-manicured fingernails dug into his skin even through the thin layer of the fabric from his button-up shirt. Her hands certainly felt feminine, but dainty was not a word that Jared would use to describe her. There was definite strength in her grip and resolve in her actions.

Jared found himself going along with her tugging. It was less a matter of wanting to get cleaned up and more a matter of him being too emotionally battered and beaten to try and resist. He slowly staggered to his feet as she dragged him off of his mattress. The hands on his shoulders gently coaxed him into turning around, and Jared followed their suggestion without even trying to fight back. His eyes finally fell upon his visitor. He recognized her sweet face and blonde hair instantly.

“Lindsey? What are you doing here?” He murmured under his breath.

“Here to check on my boyfriend. What else?” She replied playfully.

“But... earlier tonight...” Jared murmured.

“What? You think I’d let my dad break us up?” She scoffed in reply.

“It’s not just that, but...” Jared replied awkwardly. His voice trailed off and he gestured towards his huge, still-pre-drooling cock.

Lindsey merely rolled her eyes in reply and began to guide Jared towards the bathroom. Jared wasn’t about to push the issue any further. Part of him was glad that she wasn’t mentioning it, but at the same time he couldn’t get the image out of his head; the way she gasped in shock as a huge jet of spunk hit her in the face; the way he could do nothing but stand there and gawk as he nudded all over her; the gnawing feeling in his stomach as he realized just how badly he had fucked up. He had become quite familiar with that feeling during the course of this crazy day. There was a time when he never knew what humiliation was or what it felt like. It was some strange sensation that only lesser men felt, but now it was a constant specter that loomed over him.

Once they got into the restroom Lindsey wasted no time in peeling the jizz-soaked clothes from Jared’s toned, muscular body. She undid the buttons on his shirt first and then pulled the garment from his



body. The jizz-caked fabric clung to his skin. The residual spunk from his seemingly endless supply of jizz had seeped through his clothes and saturated his skin. The soft, almost invisible blond fuzz that covered much of his body had cum in clinging to it. The jizz that coated his body was in various stages of drying giving it a spackle-like texture.

Next she went to work on his pants. The second the fly was down on his zipper, Jared's massive, chubbed up cock spilled out from behind the front pleats of his pants. His cock and balls were even more coated in cooling spunk that his abs had been. Jared half expected Lindsey to recoil in disgust upon seeing the state of his jizz-coated, cum-oozing cock, but she seemed more intrigued than anything.

Once Jared was out of his clothes, Lindsey turned and spun the knob on the shower to set the nozzle to start spitting out hot water. It didn't take long for steaming hot water to start spewing from the shower head. Jared slowly began to shamle towards the shower, but what Lindsey did next made his stop dead in his tracks. His jaw dropped as he watched her pull off her button-up blouse. She liked to wear her shirts open halfway down the front to really show off her ample cleavage so her blouse effortlessly slid over her head as she pulled it off. Her blouse had left nothing to the imagination before, but somehow she looked even sexier once it was off.

Lindsey kept her eyes locked on Jared's own as she undid the clasp on her back which caused her bra

to snap loose and fully reveal her huge tits for Jared's viewing pleasure. Jared didn't even try to avert his gaze. His eyes were fully focused on her incredible rack, but Lindsey didn't seem to mind his lewd gaze at all. Her lop-sided smirk seemed to be daring Jared to stare to his heart's content.

Jared's already chubbed up, pre-oozing cock stirred to life even more. His hand slid down to his jizz-covered cock, and he began to unabashedly stroke his huge dick in front of Lindsey. Lindsey just continued to grin as she seductively pulled down her short skirt revealing the skimpy, lace panties she was wearing beneath. Jared inhaled sharply as the erotic undergarments came into view. His fully-boned cock gave a lurch in his hand. He could feel it. He was about to cream just from watching his girlfriend put on a striptease right in front of him. Some long-forgotten font of resolve began to bubble to the surface. He struggled against his own need to cream. It wasn't even a matter of pride anymore – he didn't feel like he had any of that left to try and salvage. It was more a matter of respect. He wanted to hold off until she could finish her little show. His dick was already standing tall, but only once Lindsey finished her show would he allow himself to give her an ovation.

Lindsey's smug smirk grew wider as she stared at Jared's shuddering cock. She reveled in the power she suddenly had over him. Just watching him shake and shudder at the mere sight of her nearly-nude form was invigorating. Lindsey kept her gaze locked on Jared and swished her hips from side to side as she slowly

slid her small, lace panties down her thighs. Her underwear had left nothing to the imagination, but somehow the sight of her clean-shaven crotch slowly sliding into view was too hot for Jared to handle.

Jared gritted his teeth and tightened his grip on his dick in an effort to hold back his need to cum. Each millimeter of Lindsey's snatch that slowly came into view was so hot that he couldn't take it any longer. Every inch felt like it took an hour. It was so hot that it was maddening. Jared's whole body was trembling by the time cleft of Lindsey's pussy began to come into view. Her panties slowly slid down even further the swollen lips of her dripping pussy began to come into view. Jared couldn't imagine anything hotter. He wanted to feel that warm cunt around his cock. He wanted to hear her beg for his huge cock like she always had, but he knew that wouldn't be happening today. With his cock being in the state it was in Jared wouldn't even be able to get the tip in before he busted his nut.

It was then that Jared understood her sly smirk. She was enjoying this almost as much as he was. She was actually getting off on his plight. Part of him felt sick to his stomach. He couldn't believe that she could be taking joy in his downfall, but on the other hand her dripping snatch looked so hot that he could hardly focus on anything. Jared's momentary moral dilemma broke his focus for but a second, but it was enough. A low, guttural moan escaped his throat. His cock lurched hard in the grip of his hand. Cum erupted from the tip like foam from a freshly opened

champagne bottle. Jared's breath caught in his throat. His whole body trembled with each successive spurt.

He came again and again. Each spurt as huge and as messy as the last. His cum pooled on the cool tile floor at Lindsey's feet. It took several spurts before his wads began to subside. He had made such a huge mess of not just the floor but his own attempt to hold his load for his girlfriend, but Lindsey didn't seem to mind. She merely stepped into the shower stall and seductively beckoned him to join her. The sly, smug smirk never once vanished from her face as she did so.

Jared did the only thing he could think to do at the moment. He awkwardly shambled towards her like a skittish puppy that was desperate for love but paralyzed by fear. He even had the soulful puppy eyes to match. He slowly stepped into the tile cubicle and stood there anxiously awaiting Lindsey's next move. Jared was too overwhelmed by his conflicting emotions to say or do anything else. He still couldn't comprehend what he felt, and he sure as hell couldn't fathom Lindsey's actions. At first he had assumed she was taking some perverse sort of sadistic glee in his downfall, but there didn't appear to be any malice or ill will in her actions. She seemed sweet, doting, and almost maternal in her actions.

"There we go... That's a good boy..." She said sweetly as she aimed the shower head to blast hot water directly onto Jared's head. The warm water flowed through his hair and cascaded down his body. It was strangely invigorating. He could already feel not

just the spunk that had caked onto his skin begin to wash away but also his anxieties and fears from the previous day as well.

Fear. Anxiety. It was then that Jared started to understand what those words really meant. He had heard the words thrown around many times in the past. He had always mockingly teased those who claimed that those were real feelings. As far as he was concerned fear was just cowardice. It was something that wimps and wusses who didn't have the balls to do what was necessary clung to to hide their own shortcomings, but today he had felt firsthand how debilitating fear could do. He had watched his life crash down around him and had been too paralyzed to act.

Anxiety was a word he had hated more than fear. Fear at least was a legitimate human emotion. If someone holds a gun to your face then it is understandable to feel afraid for one's life, but what is anxiety? He had never felt it himself. He had just assumed it was something that weaklings made up as an excuse to justify their own failure, but he had felt it firsthand today; that nagging voice in the back of his mind asking "what if?" What if he never got better? What if he never graduated now that he lost his biggest advantage? What if he got kicked off the team because he could no longer perform like he used to? These made-up scenarios were somehow more real and more terrifying than his actual situation. Try as me might he couldn't shake the worry that plagued his mind. He now knew what people meant when they

claimed to be paralyzed by their own anxiety. He wanted to badly to overcome this obstacle, but what if he couldn't? Those "what if"s haunted him every second.

"You'll be alright." Lindsey softly soothed as she ran her hands through Jared's sudsy hair. He had been so lost in his own internal struggle that he hadn't even noticed her pouring shampoo onto his hair or massaging it into his scalp.

By the time he had managed to pull himself out of the dark recesses of his own mind and back to reality Lindsey was standing so close to him that her face was mere inches from his own. She was far shorter than him, but Jared had instinctively hunched down to allow her to wash his hair. Now all he could see was her face. It was as if he was seeing it for the first time. He knew she had green eyes – at least he knew that's what they were listed as on her driver's license, but he had never realized the actual color. Her eyes were more of a brownish shade of green like the color he always saw when he gazed out of the side window of the plane whenever he flew back into town. Everywhere he looked he could see farmland dotting the ground below. The mix of brown earth and green crops formed a speckled pattern that bled together into a color that was not altogether green or brown. This is what he saw in her eyes now. He had always looked down on those rural fields and scoffed at the pitiful lives of those who toiled each and every day, but today, as he looked into her eyes, he was transported to the midst of those fields. Somehow it

made him feel at peace. He could hear the breeze whooshing through the grains. He could feel the warm air against his skin. It was what he needed – a small piece of tranquility away from the chaos of his current life.

“What’s up?” She asked softly.

“Nothing it’s just... your eyes are very beautiful.” Jared murmured awkwardly. The words felt strange and foreign to him. It wasn’t the first time he had complimented her looks, but they were always token bits of praise. Compliments were more like a form of currency for him. He paid his current paramour in small quips and feigned praise. He knew how much girls loved it when he said “Your hair looks nice today,” or “I love your eyes,” or “great rack,” but he had never really meant it - except the rack bit. He had always believed Lindsey had great tits and never missed a chance to remind her, but now even though her famous boobs were dangling, completely exposed, so close to him that he could reach out and grab them if he wanted to he couldn’t bring himself to care.

Lindsey didn’t give a direct response, but Jared was surprised to find that he didn’t expect one. He had said it because he felt like saying it and not because he wanted to force her hand. Thinking back on it he realized that whenever he had given a compliment he had expected one in return, and he had always gotten one which was just as shallow as the one he had given. He was actually glad she had remained silent and not cheapened the gesture with their previous one-

upmanship. That wasn't to say she had ignored the compliment though. Quite the opposite was true. Jared could see her eyes actually light up as he said it which actually filled him with a strange sort of warmth that he wasn't used to. It felt like it was radiating from his chest. The energy from his chest resonated with his face. He could feel a similar heat in his cheeks as well. He was too stunned to comprehend it at first, but slowly he started to realize what was happening. He was actually blushing! He was blushing like some dorky middle-school kid who had just confessed to his first crush... which wasn't terribly far from the truth. Even a horny twelve year old probably had better control of his dick than Jared currently did, and Jared couldn't think of the last time he had thought a woman was beautiful – as in genuinely beautiful and not just as some superficially hot bimbo for him to bang.

Lindsey was blushing bright red and chewing her lower lips nervously as she slowly knelt down before her boyfriend. Her hands dragged the sudsy cloth across the ridges and contours of Jared's well-defined muscles. Each inch she cleaned revealed the flawless skin and immaculate musculature hidden beneath, but it was more than just physical grime she could see washing away. She had always liked Jared's intense, driven personality, but she had never really seen him open up before. This was the most human he had ever been, and it excited her.

As Lindsey knelt down and scrubbed down the last bits of spunk that still clung to Jared's skin, her mind started to drift towards the rigid shaft that



protruded enticingly before her. She could still vividly recall the scene from the bathroom earlier. Her dad busting in right when things had started to get good had really put a damper on things, but there was plenty of time to pick off where they left off.

Jared inhaled sharply as he felt both of Lindsey's hands wrap around his dick. He was so lost in his own thoughts and the strange warm and fuzzy feelings that filled his body that for a brief moment he had almost forgotten about his current predicament, but his situation came crashing back down around him as he felt the need to cream bubbling to the surface. His whole body tensed up as he struggled to keep his wad down. He couldn't bear to think of how humiliating it would be to cum all over her like he had done mere hours before. He had to maintain some semblance of control. He had to maintain some semblance of pride.

"It's all right. Just let it out." She softly cooed.

Jared could barely believe what he was hearing. He could scarcely comprehend what she was asking. The last thing he wanted to do was cum right now. How could she be asking such a thing? What good was he to her if he couldn't even last through a ten second hand job? What could he possibly provide her if he couldn't even last long enough to stick it in let alone long enough to make her moan and cry in ecstasy for hours like he had done in the past.

"You don't need to hold back." She said softly. Her hands continued to slide across the soap-slickened

shaft of his fully-boned cock. She playfully ran her thumb across the pre-dribbling slit of Jared's massive dick which sent a jolt of pleasure through his cock so intense that Jared's entire body lurched. His legs felt so wobbly that they threatened to give out from under him at any second. He had to lean back against the tiled wall of the shower stall and grab onto the mounted soap dish just to keep from falling over.

"Come on... I want you to cum for me..."

Lindsey gently reassured her boyfriend.

Jared considered her words for but a brief moment, but that was all that was necessary. The split second of hesitation was enough to break the dam, and once the juices started flowing there was no way to stop. He threw his head back and moaned and whined pitifully as his cock lurched again and again. Each shudder sent another rope of jizz at his girlfriend's face. Each lurch sent another wad of cum cascading down Lindsey's face and oozing across her amazing tits. It took every ounce of willpower Jared had in his body not to just collapse into a sex-addled heap on the tiled floor of the shower stall.

"Wow. There's so much." Lindsey gushed ecstatically after Jared had finally stopped cumming. Her face and chest were coated in jizz. Jared was taken aback. She seemed... happy? He couldn't understand it.

Lindsey grabbed the washcloth and wiped off the spunk which clung to her face. It took a bit to get it all off, but part of that was because she was taking her

sweet time in cleaning up. The warm, sticky spunk felt fantastic against her skin, but what was more incredible was the rush that came from making Jared cum like that.

“You know...” she began to say. Her voice had this seductively demure tone to it that caught Jared off guard. She glanced up at him and flashed him a saucy smirk as she ran her hand once more along the length of Jared’s chubbed up cock. It didn’t take long for his dick to once again get rock hard and stand up at attention.

“It always kind of felt bad that I couldn’t give you as much as you gave me.” She explained after a pause. There was a devious glint in her eye that was mirrored in her saucy smirk. Jared hadn’t even had time to catch his breath from the last massive climax, but already Lindsey looked ready for more. Something about her made Jared think of a cougar on the prowl. Her entire persona had a predatory air to it, and Jared could tell from the way she was eyeing him that she was prepared to pounce.

Lindsey’s gaze once again fell upon Jared’s huge cock. The look in her eyes was almost feral. She licked her lips as if she was staring down a delectable meal. Jared could feel the intensity of her gaze against his skin. He could actually feel her hunger, and it got him worked up all over again.

“I guess I’ll just have to make up for lost time.” She concluded.

Jared knew that Lindsey could be a bit of a freak in the bedroom, but this was all new to him. She seemed to be taking some sort of sadistic glee in his inability to perform, and the worst part was that Jared couldn't deny that it kind of turned him on. His cock was already rock hard and dribbling pre. He felt like he could cum again at any second. It was as if the intensity of her gaze alone was enough to bring him to the end and beyond.

Jared tried to hold back his wad. His nuts felt so full that they practically ached for release, but he refused to give her the satisfaction of watching him cum like that yet try as he might his dick lurched and shuddered. It was plain to see that he wouldn't last long.

"Wow. It really doesn't take much to get you going, does it?" She asked. The smug tone of self-satisfaction that she had in her voice both drove Jared wild and made him sick to his stomach. Never in his life had anyone had this level of control over him. It was always him calling the shots. It was always him having girls bending over backwards for him – sometimes literally, but now this chick, this short, skinny, five-foot-nothing little waif of a blond bombshell could bring him to his knees while hardly lifting a finger – literally.

"Don't fight it." She cooed softly. She gently ran the tip of his finger along the tip of Jared's fully boned cock. Jared stifled a groan as best he could, but a pained, coughing sound gurgled up from his throat

anyway. Jared's cock gave a lurch of approval. He struggled with all his might to hold back his load, but despite his best efforts warm, thick cum oozed out of the tip of his cock.

"God. I love that sound. I want to hear you moan some more." She moaned breathlessly. She pressed down harder on the tip of Jared's cock. Her fingertip pressed down so hard against the tip of Jared's oversensitive cock that she actually pushed the slit open ever so slightly. Jared could feel her fingertip massaging the sensitive flesh directly inside the head. It was far too much for him to take. He let out a cry of orgasmic bliss. His whole body shuddered. His knees gave out from under him, and he slid down against the slick tile wall until he was seated flat on his ass with his legs splayed out awkwardly in front of him. He could do nothing but moan and writhe and shudder and cry as his cock lurched and spewed shot after thick, gooey shot of spunk. Try as he might he couldn't even focus his eyes; the pleasure was simply too great, but every so often he'd catch a brief glimpse of Lindsey staring down at him. Even through the haze he could see the look of manic glee in her eyes. He could see the victorious smirk plastered across her face.

It was impossible for Jared to tell how long he was lying there on the floor of the shower stall moaning and cumming, but by the time his orgasm finally tapered off there was cum everywhere. His thick wads coated his chest and chiseled abs and pooled on the tile floor beneath him.

Jared had never felt so puny before. He was supposed to be a stud. He was supposed to be the kind of guy that brought even the toughest girls to their knees. He had reduced stronger women to quivering, sex-addled heaps, but here this girl had just laid him low with but one finger.

Jared slowly began to look back up. He dreaded what he'd see, but he knew he needed to at least face her. To do otherwise would be the same as admitting defeat, but as his eyes slowly traced a path up Lindsey's smooth, shapely legs, the pit in his stomach grew and grew. Eventually his eyes fell upon her cute, clean shaven cunt.

Jared was slumped so low that he actually had to crane his neck a bit to stare up at his girlfriend's pussy. Her snatch seemed to loom over him as if it too was disappointed with his performance. The imagery flooded his mind which caused the pit in his stomach to grow. He couldn't believe how far he had fallen. He was a failure at the thing he did best.

As Jared stared at his girlfriend's pussy he slowly began to realize something. Her pussy dripped and glistened, but the shower water didn't appear to be the primary culprit. Her lips were incredibly swollen. Sexual juices flowed freely from her engorged snatch. He had never seen her this horny before. Never in the many months he had been spreading that cute little cunt wide with his massive cock had he ever seen her this turned on before. Jared could practically feel the heat emanating from her snatch. It was as if

she was so horny that her pussy was radiating pure sexual frustration.

Jared was filled with conflicting emotions. On one hand he was humiliated by how easily she had brought him to his knees. He was disgusted with himself over how easily he had cum, but at the same time it was fascinating to see her so excited. Every other woman he had dealt with today had been left disappointed, but she seemed to be having the time of her life... although there was no telling how long that would last. Even though she was no doubt as horny as she had ever been, there was no way Jared could finish the job in his current condition. To get her so worked up only to leave her frustrated would be the ultimate let down. He couldn't bear to see it. Either she would have to leave her sexual frustration to slowly die away, or she would have to would have to rub one out right there in front of him. Jared couldn't tell which outcome would be worse. Either way he would know that he had failed her.

Amidst the self-pity that wracked Jared's mind a small thought began to bubble to the surface. Who says he couldn't finish the job? His dick wouldn't cooperate, but he knew enough about what made girls tick. He knew the angles Lindsey liked. He knew the spots she enjoyed. As he stared at his girlfriend's dripping pussy a faint glimmer of hope began to well up inside of him. He had one chance. He had one shot to redeem himself and prove that he could still perform.

Lindsey gasped in shock as she felt Jared's lips press against her over-sensitive cunt. The soft, sensual kiss sent a shiver up her spine. "O-oh.... Oh, wow..." she murmured. She had never known Jared to be so tender before. He was full on nuzzling against her cooch. She could feel his nose gently nudging the folds of her pussy as he kissed a gentle path along her engorged lips. Her whole body shuddered as she felt gently slide along her swollen lips.

Lindsey's breaths started to come out as slow, ragged gasps. She had never felt anything like this before. It was completely different than every time they had made out before. Their foreplay usually consisted of a few paltry compliments, a few forced kisses, and then devolved straight into hard, raw, animalistic fucking. Lindsey loved having Jared's huge cock sliding in and out of her. It was no secret that she loved it rough, but this... this was nice. She couldn't say for sure whether it was better, but it certainly wasn't worse.

"Oh... oh god." She squeaked breathlessly.

Jared could taste the slightly bitter tang of her dripping juices. He could actually feel her lips quivering against his lips and tongue, and that telltale squeak, that sound she only made when she was close to climax. Jared knew that his ploy was working, but the strange part was, he didn't feel the swell of macho pride that he was expecting. Another, quite different feeling flowed through him. He was actually happy to be able to make her happy. He didn't know what to



make of that nor did he have the mental clarity to consider it in any real depths at the moment. All he knew was that he wanted to make her squirt. He wanted to make her cry out in ecstasy.

Jared stepped up his game. He kissed deeper, nuzzled closer, licked even more passionately than before, and his effort were rewarded. Lindsey's squeaks came faster and sounded more orgasmic by the second.

Lindsey dug her fingers into Jared's blond locks in an effort to steady herself. Her whole body felt like it was made of Jell-o. It took every ounce of strength she had just to remain standing, but she was quickly losing the battle. Fortunately Jared seemed to understand her plight. He gently guided her down while all the while never once taking his face out of her crotch. Before she even realized what was happening she was lying flat on her back. The warm shower water rained down upon her like a monsoon, but she couldn't think about that. She couldn't think about anything other than how great she felt. Her mind couldn't even formulate words. Her thoughts were reduced to base stimuli; colors, sensations, emotions. It was the closest to heaven that she'd ever been.

Jared could feel the warm juices splashing against his face. He could taste them cascading down his lips and across his tongue. This was easily one of the biggest if not the biggest, most powerful orgasm he had ever given her. He had accomplished his mission. He had passed with flying colors. He could

stop now and he would be secure in the knowledge that he had won, but he wasn't interested in stopping. He wanted to make her feel even better. There was a strange sensation welling up inside of him. He had expected a sort of pride in his efforts, but nothing like this. He felt proud, sure, but it wasn't the smug, self-assured pride that he expected to feel. It was a tender sort of pride that stemmed from the joy he had given her.

Jared continued to kiss and lick and nuzzle despite the fatigue that wracked his body. The previous orgasms had left him winded, and that was to say nothing of his current one. It was hard to say when he had started shooting. He had no doubt that he started to cum mere moments after he began to nuzzle, but he hardly cared. He was so fixated on her happiness that he hardly even noticed the constant gushes of cum erupting from his oversensitive cock. Even now that he was down on all fours with his huge dick spurting hot jizz directly onto the tiled floor it would not have been an issue if not for the fatigue which was quickly catching up to him.

Finally Jared could go no longer, but Lindsey didn't mind. She had already climaxed repeatedly. She was so winded that she couldn't even moan anymore. All she could do was whimper softly with each subsequent squirt. She was so exhausted and euphoric that she hardly even noticed when Jared eventually got up and sidled up beside her on the tile floor.

The two lovers were quite a sight to behold. They both dripped with sweat, and cum, and feminine juices. The shower wasn't nearly powerful enough to wash the fluids off without a little outside help. They both knew that they would need to get up and wash off eventually especially since the shower was quickly running out of hot water, but for the moment at least the two lovers were happy just to enjoy each other's company and bask in the afterglow.