

# Unexpected Affection Chapter 8-10

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## Chapter 8

April's lips on your cock was a new sort of feeling, but it was her tongue that sent shivers up your spine. You'd jerked off enough with lubricants that her lips weren't some shocking feeling. A tongue was different though. A tongue slithered and prodded and pushed and *felt* in a way that lips didn't.

You groaned, and April smiled as she licked her way around the crown of your cock, the tip of her tongue following the curve of the ridge.

"Holy crap," you groaned.

April giggled warmly as she took your cock in her mouth and started to suck, her tongue playing against the bottom of the head. She moaned as she went a little deeper, slurping on your cock as her lips spread around your thickness. She used one hand to hold your cock at the base, slowly stroking you there, and her other one teased against your fuzzy sack. Should you have shaved down there? You'd never expected that this would be happening, that it was something you would need to consider. *Did* guys shave their balls, or did they wax them or something? Wouldn't shaving leave a razor burn? But wouldn't waxing hurt like hell?

You'd never had a reason to wonder.

April gagged softly about halfway down and backed off, leaving a trail of spit on your cock that she swept up with her stroking hand and used to lube her fingers. She slowly pulled her lips all the way off your cock, coming off the head with a *pop*, and swallowed.

"You're so pretty," you said, feeling kind of dumb at the blunt outburst.

"Thanks," she said with a genuine smile. "You're thick as hell down here, Ollie. If I even want to think about deep-throating you, I'll need to do some practising first." Her smirk was delightful, but the way she went back to licking and sucking you was even better.

You groaned as she worked you over, kissing up and down the sides of your shaft. Tongue all over the head. Slurping and sucking. She went slow, and then she went fast, drool dripping from her lips as she looked up at you and drove her mouth down on your cock.

It couldn't have been more than a couple of minutes, though it felt like longer, before the urge to come rose quickly.

"April!" you warned her, stuttering a little as your breath hitched.

She pulled off of you and positioned her face right at the end of your cock, her lower lip acting as a resting point for the glands as she jerked your shaft with both hands. "Come for me, Ollie. Come all over my face. Use this magnificent cock and dump your big, fat, sweet load all over my face, baby. I want to feel like a total slut for you. Can I do that? Can I be your- Yeeessss!"

Her teasing, sexual diatribe ended in a hiss as you groaned and came.

You couldn't remember it ever feeling this good by yourself with your hand. It was primal. Your hips rocked as your legs and arms flexed. You wanted to watch, wanted to see it happening, but the force of the pleasure racking from your balls to your brain overwhelmed you and you squeezed your eyes shut.

The need to breathe is what broke you out of the hold of paralysis from the orgasm, and your whole body slumped as you exhaled what you'd been holding and then sucked in a breath greedily. You blinked your eyes open and looked down at April, who was laughing throatily as she slowly stroked your cock. There were at least a half dozen thick streaks of your cum across her lips, cheeks and glasses; two of them even reached up to her forehead. She was covered like in a porno.

"Oh my God," you groaned.

"That was so fucking *good*, Ollie," April said, breathing deeply. Then she took the head of your cock in her mouth and sucked softly, pulling the last dregs out of you and sending shivers through your body. "Mmm, you could do to eat a bit more fruit, but not bad."

"Thank you," you panted.

"Oh, baby," April said, standing and taking off her glasses, leaving her looking a little like a cartoon with a clear ring around her eyes and the rest of her face plastered. "Please, that was my pleasure. Honestly, you've got a great cock. Let me go clean off my face."

She skipped away, but stopped after a few steps and turned back to you with a grin as she held a hand under her chin. "Almost lost some," she laughed. "I guess it makes sense, big balls to go with a big cock." She winked and turned, moving a little more fluidly towards the bathroom. You heard the sink running.

You had to blow out a breath and look around. That was... amazing. But what happened now? Your cock was half-hard, drooping between your legs, and you swallowed and decided you should probably put it away.

April came back out as you were buttoning your slacks again. "Wait, what's wrong?" she asked. Her face and glasses were clean and she shot you a concerned look.

"Nothing," you said. "I just thought-

"Baby, nonono," April said, coming over and dropping to her knees in front of you, quickly undoing your pants again and pulling them and your boxers down. "I'm not done unless this has been too much for you. Do you want to be done?"

"Well, no," you said.

"Then we keep going," she said, standing and starting to pull your shirt up.

You immediately caught her wrists, stopping her. She looked at you curiously and you knew you were blushing.

"Oh, Ollie," she sighed, giving you a soft look. She leaned in and kissed you.

"I'm just-" you said, but didn't know how to say what you were feeling.

"Shh," she hushed softly and sat you back down. She sat on your knee, getting close to you. "Ollie, I keep just... assuming things, I guess. I keep thinking of the confident guy from earlier and forgetting that this isn't anywhere near normal for you. I- I already told you I like you, right?" You nodded, and she continued. "Well, I like *all* of you, OK. I don't mind that you're overweight. I actually kind of like a bigger guy. You've got big hands that I want to feel on my body, and even like this I can feel you're warm like a furnace."

"I just don't like... me," you admitted.

"Oh, Ollie," she sighed sadly and leaned in and kissed you. "Then let *me* like you, at least for now."

You didn't know what to do with the feeling in your heart. You were scared, and anxious, but also felt so... wanted in a way you never had before.

You let April pull your shirt, and then your undershirt off of you. Your fat was just there for her to see, and you were kind of amazed that she didn't stare. Didn't stop and laugh, or even smirk a little. You were naked, and April just leaned in and kissed you.

Then she took your hands in hers and brought them around her back, directing them to the clasp of her bra. You fumbled once but could feel how it worked, and on the second try the elastic released and the garment went a little looser on her.

She pulled away from the kiss and sat back on your knee, shrugging out of the bra and revealing her amazing, round breasts to you. They were big enough that it would take your entire hand from the base of your palm to your fingertips to hold them, and her areolas were a couple of shades darker than her warm, caramel skin with two perfect little buds for nipples.

“Now my panties?” April suggested as she rose to her feet, standing between your legs.

You leaned forward and hooked your fingers into her waistband, pulling the panties down her thighs. She had a short wedge of a brown bush that matched her hair, and two little tan pussy lips with the bump of her clit hood just visible between them.

April stepped out of her panties and ran a thumb over her nipple as she let you stare at her. Then she licked her lips. “Can I be your first, Ollie?”

## Chapter 9

The two of you had shifted, and you were sitting with your back to the pillows at the head of the bed while April was sitting just to the side of you, stroking your cock hard again as she kissed you. It was strange, feeling her naked body against yours. You were used to hugs, and Hannah often leaned against you, but naked was just something different.

"You're almost ready," April hummed softly as she smiled against your lips.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" you asked.

April leaned back a bit, looking at you with a little furrow to her brow, but didn't let go of your cock. She did grab your hand though and bring it to her breast, encouraging you to squeeze it. "Ollie, do you think I'm lying to you?" she asked.

"Well... no," you said.

"Then I'm only going to say this one more time. I like the man I met earlier tonight. I liked him enough to invite him up to my room. I wasn't joking - you swept me off my feet with our date. You are, intellectually, everything I want in a partner. Physically, yes, I won't lie. You could lose a bit of weight. But that's more because I want you to be healthy, not because I want you to be *skinny* or buff or anything. And this cock is a big surprise bonus. Do you believe me?"

"I do," you said, still massaging her breast and revelling in the feel of it as her nipple bounced across your fingers.

"Then can I fuck you, please?" she asked.

You nodded.

April leaned forward and slurped on the head of your cock again, letting a big dollop of spit out that she rubbed into the head with her hand. Then she shifted to her knees and straddled your legs, getting close until your cock was pressed between her stomach and yours as she looked down at it with a little nervous smirk. She glanced back up at you. "You're going to fill me *all* the way up, Ollie." She leaned forward and kissed you, then got one foot up and positioned herself over your cock and used one hand to rub the head over her pussy, getting it into the right position.

Just that rubbing felt amazing, and seeing her lips spread and bulge got you even harder.

"Ready?" she asked you breathlessly.

You nodded.

April drew in a long breath through her nose, then let it out slowly as she sat down on your cock. The pressure was amazing as you felt her body give way for yours, resisting but also accepting, squeezing around the fat head of your cock until April stopped, just the head inside her as she breathed in deeply again. On the exhale she took more of you.

“Holy balls,” you groaned. You couldn’t process what this felt like - it felt like nothing you’d experienced before.

You were having sex.

She did that breath-out-and-lower thing a couple more times before she stopped.

“Are you OK?” you asked breathlessly.

She nodded sharply and leaned forward, putting her hands on your chest to keep herself still. “It aches. You’re stretching me out. I’ve never had anything this big inside me before, and I’m gonna be honest Ollie - I’m a nerdy girl. I’ve tried some of the Bad Dragon dildos that are in weird shapes and stuff. This is- this is definitely the size of the biggest one I own and I’ve always been scared to try it.”

“Do you want to stop?”

“No!” She said, “No, baby. I just need to get used to it. I feel like- God, maybe I shouldn’t say this, but I feel like you’re making my pussy form around your cock and it’s so fucking good.”

She got all the way down and the two of you sat like that for a bit as she got used to you. While she did she took your hands and gave you a little silent tour of her body. No words were traded, just slowly guiding your hands and fingers to explore her breasts and down her sides. To squeeze her ass. Then she took your thumb in her mouth and brought it down to tease against her clit hood, making her eyes roll a little.

“That’s good,” she whispered. Then she blinked her eyes open. “I’m ready for more, Ollie. But... remember how I said I liked your confidence earlier?”

“Of course,” you said.

“I need you to be that for me here. I want you to take charge. I love that you’re sweet and caring, and I love your heart, but if we’re going to do this more I need you to be a Man. And maybe that’s not fair to ask you in the middle of your first time but it’s what I want from you. Is that OK? Do you think you can do that?”

You took a breath and wrapped your fingers in her hair, pulling her into a kiss for the first time. She hummed happily and melted against your body, her tits pressed to you as you traded spit and your tongues teased and touched. “I’ll try,” you said as you broke away.

She smiled happily, looking you in the eyes, and you realized she was waiting for you to start.

“Get onto your back,” you told her. “I want to fuck you, and look into your eyes.”

She kissed you quickly and then slowly pulled off of you, her pussy not wanting to let you go. The two of you shifted and you ended up standing next to the bed as April spread her legs, her ass right at the edge. You took your cock in your fist and grazed it between her pussy lips like she had, then thrust forward and ground the underside across her mound and clit.

“Mmm, yes, Ollie,” she said. “Like that.”

You shifted the head back down and got it into position, then put a hand on her warm thigh and shifted it further out of the way before pushing your cock into April.

“Gaaawd, yes,” April moaned. “Take me with your big cock.”

“Is that what you want?” you asked. “You want my big, nerdy cock ploughing into you?”

“Yes, baby,” she groaned, feeling every inch you pushed into her stretching her again. “I want your whole fucking cock. Every inch. Fuck my brains into hyperspace, my pussy at warp speed and- and-”

“Can’t think of another one?” you chuckled, pressing your thumb to her clit like she’d shown you.

“No,” she laughed. “Not with the glorious dick-straction inside me.”

That made you laugh.

## Chapter 10

April was letting out little high-pitched squeaks as she fucked back at you, lifting her hips off the bed to hump in your direction and you leaned over her and carved into her pussy with your cock. She was still tight, but the pressure had lessened slightly as you'd figured out the best way to work your hip to thrust into her. She was looking up at you, her mouth wide open in an 'O' as she made those gasping noises and her tits wobbled and bounced with every hard stroke you took.

"Yess," you groaned, feeling your cock getting even harder as your balls started to stiffen. You could feel your orgasm coming on. "Oh, yes. Yes, April!"

"Keep going," she begged. "Keep fucking me. Fuck your little nerd-slut. Gooood, Ollie."

"I'm gonna come," you gasped.

"Cover my tits. Come all over my tits," she said, grabbing her breasts and lifting them towards you.

You didn't want to pull out of her. That primal thing inside of you screamed to keep fucking. But you squashed that and pulled out. She slid down from the bed, right onto her knees as she presented her tits to you, and you stroked your cock firmly.

"Yes, you beautiful man," she whispered, her voice cracking with a moan. "Cover my tits. Cover my tits with that big load for me."

You groaned and released, this time not getting overwhelmed and able to watch as your cock erupted five big, thick ropes of come all over her chest and breasts.

"Yes, baby," April encouraged you. "Just like that. Just like fucking that. So good. Such a big load."

"Fuck, April," you groaned as the last fat dollop dropped from your cock to splat on her areola.

"Mmmm," April hummed, ducking to pull your cock into her mouth and sucking the last bit out of you just like that last time, looking up into your eyes.

"Fuuck," you gasped, pulling away, your cock too sensitive for the moment.

"That was fucking hot, Ollie," April said, still on her knees, as she raised one of her big tits and licked the cum off of herself. "Have you always blown loads like this?"

"Not sure," you panted, watching her and slowly stroking your shaft. "Most of the time it went into a paper towel, or a sock."



“What a waste,” she sighed, then smirked at you as she lifted her boob and licked another strand of cum into her mouth. “You’re a natural, by the way.”

“Did you come?” you asked.

She blushed and shook her head. “That’s not uncommon though. I had- *whoop!*”

When she said she hadn’t come yet, you couldn’t let that stand. You pulled her up to her feet by her armpits and she let you walk her around the bed to a standing mirror in the corner of the bedroom. You held her arms from behind and once you were both in front of the mirror April bit the corner of her lip as she looked at you through the reflection. She leaned forward, pushing her ass back at you, asking for the same thing you were.

You fished your hard cock between her thighs and brought it up, fingering it into place as her pussy again and then slowly pushing in.

“Oooh, ready so soooon,” April groaned. “That’s so good, Ollie.”

You pushed into her deeply until her butt was pressed against your fleshy pelvis, your gut resting just on top of her ass. She had her eyes closed and was clearly revelling in the feeling of you stretching her out again.

She was so fucking hot. From behind, you marvelled at the soft curves of her sides and back, and at the chocolatey curls of her long hair. In the mirror you could see her pretty face, her jaw hanging slightly open, her hawkish nose and her glasses. Her tits, hanging slightly from her bent position, your cum slowly sliding down as they wobbled with every little movement. Lower you could see her bare torso, and the front of her pussy with its wedge of pubic hair, where you were currently buried inside her.

And all around her there was you, filling the rest of the mirror.

You’d never been comfortable with yourself, but you’d also never felt such a desire to do something about it. Losing weight had always been something that you should probably do, but embarrassment and shame had never really been enough to get you off your ass. This feeling though, of being with April and not feeling worthy of her, this was some mind-wrenching shit that made you desperate to not be a fucking fatass.

April opened her eyes and looked at you. “Fuck me please, baby?” she begged you. “Fuck me with that big cock. I’m close.”

You did, using her upper arms to pull her back onto you. Trying not to look at yourself in the mirror even as you couldn’t look away from her. You pounded her even harder this time, feeling your cock driving in and out. Her cunt clinging to you, not wanting you to leave one each out

stroke and scared to let you in on each in stroke. You pummeled her, and she slammed her ass back at you until there was a heavy clapping sound and your panting filling the room.

April tensed and squeezed out a high, long tone then exhaled in a heavy, wordless rush from her throat, and her legs went weak. She almost pulled off of your cock as she pitched forward, and you awkwardly followed her down as she got to her knees. As soon as she was stable you started fucking into her again, reaching that same fast-paced clapping of flesh on flesh. Her tits were bouncing wildly under her, the cum spattering down from them onto the carpet. She braced herself hard with one arm on the ground, raising the other to bury her fingers on her clit. You were holding her hips, grabbing her ass, as you pushed towards your orgasm.

“Ollie, you fucking man-beast,” April said, deep from her chest. “I’m going to come again. I’m going to come again on your fucking cock.”

“I’m going to go too,” you grunted, your whole body feeling tight as you tried to hold it back, to prolong this highlight of your entire life.

“Don’t pull out,” April demanded through gritted teeth. “Don’t pull out of me. Keep that fat head of your cock inside me and fill my cunt. Pump that big fucking load into my pussy.”

You pulled all the way out, then pushed just the head of your cock back into her and erupted, feeling your cock pulse with every release, and feeling her pussy contracting as if it was milking the cum out of you. You were practically hooting with every breath, trying to get enough oxygen as you felt lightheaded and your heart was hammering at what was likely an unhealthy pace.

Unable to help it, you fell back on your ass, still trying to catch your breath, and April slid down from her knees until her belly was pressed to the ground. Her legs were still spread and as you wondered if maybe you were going to have a heart attack, you watched as your pearly cum started to leak out of the dark pink hole at the centre of April’s cunt. Dripping down and out of her as her ass wiggled while she rode out the last bits of her own orgasm and gasped your name.