

*This is so crazy*, Sophie thought to herself as she felt the handcuffs click around her wrists, and Doug's hands grab her just above her hips. It had been so unexpected, running into him at the bar — especially since he was still only 20, and had gotten in with a fake ID. Sophie had been surprised enough to see her old friend Christina's little brother during a night out, but she had *never* expected that she'd be in his room by the end of the night, naked and on her knees, her hands cuffed behind her back.

Another surprise? That his dick would be so big. Growing up with his sister Christina, Doug had always been the annoying little brother who got in their way. But the decade since he and Sophie had last seen each other had been kind to Doug. He'd grown, taller than her now, and even had a handsome close-trimmed beard. Sophie wouldn't have recognized him if he hadn't come up to her and introduced himself. And when he asked her to come back to his place... well, it was a bit indecent, but she was buzzed enough that she said yes.

Turns out it was worth it. A few minutes into making out on his couch, she had reached down his pants to find an absolute monster — almost the size of her forearm, nearly a foot long, and thick enough that she needed two hands to wrap all the way around it.

"Mmmm," she had exhaled into his ear, eagerly feeling up and down his considerable length. "This'll be fun..."

In response he had simply grinned and reached a hand under her shirt to squeeze her chest. Soon he was carrying her into his room, leading to where she was now: naked, hands cuffed, pussy dripping in anticipation as Doug slid his length slowly along her labia, forward and back as her juices slicked up his massive rod.

"Put it in," she panted hungrily, savoring every moment as the tip explored her folds, lining up with her slit and starting to penetrate her bit by bit. *So big...* she thought to herself. It felt like he was taking her over. She bent her hips submissively, focusing on the feeling of the plushy handcuffs as he held her hands up by the chain, and began to moan shamelessly.

Doug chuckled with amusement, but focused on giving her more and more with each thrust. He was bigger than she'd ever had, and he knew it — he usually was, after all. His reputation had already gotten him in bed with plenty of women just like her: tall, busty, curvy in the rear, just his type. The more jiggle on their chests and asses, the more he had to have them. And Sophie's ass was jiggling like crazy, shock waves of rippling fat moving outward with each lusty plunge into her pussy.

He slapped her ass for good measure as he sped up, making her moan again. Who knew she'd be such a slut? His first crush, his sister's best friend, letting

him have his way with her... he grinned, relishing the feeling. Yet another conquest for his cock.

Sophie lost control. She couldn't stop crying out with pleasure, her knees were getting weak. She was glad he was holding up her hands with the cuffs, honestly — if he hadn't, she might have collapsed to the floor. Instead she hovered there, suspended above the ground as the younger man fucked her into oblivion. Her thoughts dripped out of her mouth with a strand of drool. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she heard herself shriek in orgasm as he got close. She bit her lip, savoring the sensation as it saturated her body. Doug's cock twitched triumphantly, spewing cum deep inside her. Shot after shot filled her up before starting to drip down his staff and out of her pussy.

"F-fuck..." she stammered helplessly. Her head dipped down, her glasses giving up their grip on the end of her nose and falling to the floor.

Doug exhaled and pulled himself out, letting Sophie down slowly to rest her head next to her glasses. Then he stood up and wordlessly walked to his closet door, his still-semi-hard cock hanging in the air, drooling cum and pussy juice from the tip as he opened the closet and spread the hangers to either side. He flicked on a light before coming back to Sophie and picking up her chin.

She squinted, trying to see what he was showing her. Behind the shirts, lit up like a store display, was some kind of grid. She was grateful when his hand appeared with her glasses, gently placing them back on her face. Then she saw what she was looking at.

At the back of Doug's closet was a display case of dozens of pairs of glasses, in all sorts of feminine styles: funky cateyes, big round hipster glasses, vintage tortoiseshell, wire frame... and all of them caked in an unmistakable milky film of dried cum.

"I—" the words caught in Sophie's throat as she instinctively tried to push herself up off the ground. Her wrists didn't budge, still bound by the handcuffs. "What are you...?"

Before she could finish, Doug had grabbed her ankles and shoved her toes into something wet and warm. *His cock*, she knew in her gut. *Fuck. I'm next.*

"I always preferred girls with glasses," he confessed, grunting as the slit of his cock gulped her feet down. "Ever since you." Sophie could hear a decade's worth of pent-up lust in his voice. Every sound he made, every little grunt and moan, sounded like a desperately horny teenage boy getting off in his room to the thought of his older sister's friend. As her knees disappeared into his thick shaft despite her struggles, he began to indulge himself in a few strokes up and down, savoring the moment.

His rod slurped down her thighs and approached her ass, and Sophie's survival instinct cut through her drunkenness. She writhed and moved her hands out of the way of his hungry cock and managed to wrap them around the

tip of his engorged cock to try and push herself away. She managed to force her ass cheeks slightly back out of his cock, but Doug grabbed the cuffs and dislodged her grip. The slippery opening found her fingers and gulped them down with the rest of her. Another gulp and the cuffs were hitting against the soft flesh of the tip of his dick. With Sophie's hands now restrained, Doug unlocked and removed the cuffs, continuing to let his cock gulp her down.

With her arms now being devoured by his shaft along with her torso, Sophie was helpless. And Doug knew it. He relaxed, letting his cock do the work while he began to furiously stroke the shaft up and down. Sophie couldn't help but remember the time Christina had tried to get rid of her little brother by imitating what she thought Doug would sound like if he were cumming while picturing Sophie. Truth be told, she hadn't been that far off. *Maybe she actually overheard it*, Sophie realized. *Oh god, was I the first girl he jerked off to?* It certainly sounded like it, at least from the way he was stroking his cock as it worked its way towards swallowing the last of her. It was past her elbows now.

With a few more gulps, little jerking motions bringing her closer and closer to being crammed into his ballsack and churned into cum, his cock was starting to engulf Sophie's fat tits. They were pushed upward at first, compressing and lifting towards her chin as if in a corset as Doug's dick worked its way around her rib cage and shoulders. But soon there was nowhere else for them to go. Sophie's boobs got slurped into Doug's cock, same as the rest of her.

As the tip of Doug's rod closed around Sophie's neck, he stopped. His stroking slowed down — she could feel it through the flesh of his dick. Soon she felt his hands on her face, brushing her hair out of the way as he began to apply pressure as if he was turning her head. She was surprised to find that her whole body turned with her. The inside of his cock was slick with lubrication, and soon she found herself facing up toward Doug, her arms encased in his penis, her feet and legs curled up in his balls being slathered with lightly caustic cum. She felt helpless, dominated. Only her head stuck out of the tip of his powerful erect cock, and she was forced to stare up at him as he licked his lips, horny and hungry for her. His erection held her up easily as he stood with his hands on his hips. She felt him get even harder as he looked down at her. She caught herself being jealous, briefly, at what it must feel like to be him: such a massive cock. All that power just erupting from your groin like that, the pleasure he must be feeling on the very edge of orgasm...

His hands went up to her glasses and pulled them off of her face slowly before his cock sprang to life again, gulping down her neck, her chin, her ears, her nose, her eyes... and soon the only thing outside of the tip of his cock was her hair, slowly slurping upward like a spaghetti strand as his cock swallowed her down into his balls. The walls were like a throat, gulping her down through peristalsis until she curled up in his nutsack, ready to be broken down. She

tried to get control of her arms and legs in the cramped space to see if she could find her way out, but Doug's balls wasted no time in starting to melt her.

Maybe it was because of his stroking — she could still feel the rhythm of him beating off, faster and faster now that her body was safely stowed in his sack. His grunts and breath were muffled, but audible — Doug was almost panting in arousal, desperate to turn her into cum. And he would succeed, too. After a few feeble punches and kicks, attempts to find a handhold in the darkness, Sophie knew that any attempt to escape was futile. Instead the tide of sticky cum would take her, engulfing everything in his balls in the fragrant, caustic fluid.

She closed her eyes and surrendered to the goo. It wouldn't take long. Doug was furiously beating off, elated and thrilled that Sophie was finally churning into ball batter. "What a sackslut," he groaned to himself, using both hands on his impressive rod as his balls worked overdrive. The goop was hot and merciless, ripping her apart, finding its way into her nose and mouth, her pussy, even her ears, leaving no chance of escape no matter how much she kicked and punched, feeling only air, or the hard floor Doug's nuts rested on.

Sophie felt herself ripped apart as she met her end in his balls, churned into nothing but slut sauce. Doug felt himself getting ready to blow — it was always the hottest part when his prey's solid form turned to sludge. He could feel his balls round out and tighten up, the sheer power of his heavy erection turning him on all by itself. Biting his lip, he remembered beating off to the thought of Sophie whenever she'd sleep over, all the times he wanted to take a chance on spying on her from a closet or something. It had been worth the wait, though.

He made sure to hold her glasses right in front of the slit of his cock. His hand stroked up and down like a piston, getting himself off, getting harder and harder, impossibly hard, right up to the edge. When he knew he was about to cum, he studied her glasses: big rounded square lenses with a wire frame, the same style she'd worn since high school. He remembered the way she'd always take them off to rub her eyes when exasperated, and all the fantasies he'd had of taking them off sensually before fucking her... and with an exaggerated sigh, he finally let loose a load of Sophie-spunk right into those frames. He watched his cock spasm and throb, the thick globs of cum glazing Sophie's glasses with her own remains, the excess plopping messily down to the floor.

Doug didn't mind, though. He was lost in orgasmic bliss as he collapsed back into a kneeling position. His massive cock kept twitching, drooling and spurting heaps of cum. But his work was done. He dragged a few fingers up and down its length, his erection waning, smiling to himself. This monster had enabled him to churn dozens of girls like Sophie into sticky loads, but she'd been his white whale. He chuckled to himself. *White whale. Funny.*

He moved his hand down to check his balls. They had shrunk considerably of course, but weren't quite empty. Still swollen to about the size of tennis balls, he could feel some Sophie-slop still left inside his sack. "Night night, Soph," he teased, wiping himself off with a towel before leaving her glasses on it to dry overnight. He might even give her a second coat in the morning, just to be sure as much of her remains as possible ended up on his little trophy. Maybe he'd send a picture of them to Christina, to show that he'd finally gotten revenge for her churning one of his high school friends every time she'd come back from college.

Doug climbed into bed naked and turned off his light, feeling the extra weight of his engorged balls resting on his thighs. His spent, softening cock began to droop down onto them under the weight of the sheets, spreading them out like warm water balloons full of Sophie's cummified remnants. Doug drifted off to sleep, content...

...only to wake up the next morning with his cock pitching the sheets in a tent, dripping with cum! *Hell of a night for a wet dream*, he thought to himself with a grimace. By the time he got up to inspect the damage, it looked like someone had soaked his sheets and mattress with a half-gallon of sticky, gooey milk. He was able to scoop most of it up with the sheets, but some had already sank into the mattress. He hoped it would come out. But with his balls thoroughly emptied of Sophie's remains, he saw only one way to get another coat on her glasses. He shoved his sheets into a laundry basket to let them dry out before washing them, and dropped the glasses right into the mess of spunk before heading off to take a shower. Maybe he'd rub one out while he did so, to the memory of what happened last night.