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# The Minute Man

## March

Part 5

By Ziel.

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Jared pressed the doorbell and fidgeted awkwardly as he stood waiting in front of the large, ornate, wooden doors that lead to the dean's mansion. He had been here countless times before, but the French doors had never look so sinister or imposing. Jared had always been the one in control. He had always been the one with an Ace up his sleeves, but this time he had no cards left to play. He had to pin all his hopes on Lindsey, the dean's daughter.

The dean, Alistair Hargrove. Jared's stomach churned just thinking of him. Even the man's name reeked of old money and even older worldviews. The dean was a dour old man with a heart of stone and an iron fist. He had only one soft spot, and that had been his biggest weakness and Jared's biggest bargaining chip in their previous encounters.

Lindsey was the dean's pride and joy. She was his only daughter, and he'd do anything to see that she was happy – anything including giving her boyfriend a seemingly endless supply of "second chances" to redeem himself. Every time Jared had "forgotten" to show up to a final exam, Jared had fucked Lindsey into the mattress and then sent the buxom blonde back home to daddy to plead for the old man to put a kind word in with his professors and arrange for a make-up exam. Every time Jared had been "sick" the day of training or practice for gymnastics Jared had gone home and pounded Lindsey's tight pussy so hard that she could barely even stand when she went staggering home to papa to convince him to talk the coaches and get them to wave the standard attendance policy.

When Jared thought back on it, he realized that he should have kicked Heather's fat ass to the curb months ago. Sure, she served her purpose. She had a fat wallet and easy access to the drugs that kept Jared's cock in top shape and masked his steroid use, but she was hardly the type of girl that a certified stud like him should have been hanging around with. Everyone that saw them together knew just from looking at them that Jared only kept her around for her money. Jared couldn't even fathom how Heather hadn't put the pieces together sooner.

Jared cringed as he thought about what she had done to him when she found out. Thanks to her spiked batch of boosters Jared couldn't even go fifteen minutes without having to rub one out. He had spent the last half hour standing in the shower and pumping

out rope after thick rope of spunk onto the tiled floor. He had cum so much that the drain had completely clogged over, and he still didn't feel like he had come anywhere near close to alleviating his epic case of blue balls. There was no way he could please a chick like this. He came hard from even the slightest touch. If he even saw a pair of exposed tits he would no doubt cream his jeans. He had gone from being the smoothest, sexiest player in the game to being the biggest, lamest dweeb. There were hormonal thirteen year olds with hair triggers that had better technique than him now.

Jared continued to fidget as he waited in front of the door. He had no idea how long he had been there. Minutes? Hours? It felt like days, but he knew it couldn't be that long. Whatever the case may be, it felt like an eternity. With each passing second an unfamiliar feeling welled up inside him. It felt like a pit had formed in his stomach. It felt like his gut had somehow solidified. It was as if his stomach had calcified into a fossilized mass of tissue that was somehow being twisted into a helix. His hands shook. His legs felt like they were going to give out from under him. His forehead and palms would not stop sweating. What was this feeling? Anxiety? Dread? Whatever it was, he hated it.

The door finally opened and the dean's bulky form filled the entire entryway. Jared swallowed hard in an effort to get the lump in his throat to move so that he could breathe normally, but the lump refused to budge.

The old man narrowed his gaze at the shivering college student and said in a flat, irritated voice. “Jared.” It was as much a statement of fact as it was a greeting and yet somehow carried the weight of a command.

“Sir...” Jared replied meekly.

The dean stared at him for a moment as if sizing him up. This was without a doubt the first time that Jared had been off his game when they encountered one another, and both parties knew it. Jared couldn't be sure, but it seemed like there was a slight curl of the dean's lip. It was almost as if there was a slight victorious sneer playing at the corners of his mouth, but the old man's thick, graying mustache made it impossible to say for sure.

After a tense moment the dean nodded curtly to the hall behind him and said, “Come along. Dinner is already served.”

Jared nodded appreciatively and followed the older man into the house. As he followed the dean, Jared couldn't get over just how huge the old man seemed. Jared was by far the bigger and stronger of the two. The dean was a portly man with far more pudge than brawn on him. Usually he seemed harmless. He seemed more like a cartoon character like Porky Pig or maybe Droopy Dog, but today he looked positively menacing. His broad frame seemed to fill Jared's entire field of view.

Jared knew that it was just a trick of his overactive imagination. The dean hadn't really grown. The dean's apparently increased height was a result of Jared's current slouched, slunken gait. Jared knew he needed to stand up straight and try to reclaim his former bravado, but it somehow felt like the most difficult thing in the world. All he could bring himself to do was trudge awkwardly behind the older man as the dean marched triumphantly down the fancy hall of the ritzy mansion that he owned.

Upon entering the dining hall Jared saw something that helped raise his spirits... but only slightly. Lindsey was already seated and upon seeing Jared enter, she stood up and waved excitedly for her boyfriend. Jared managed a weak smile, but he couldn't bring himself to wave back. It took every ounce of his willpower just to keep from making a mess of his slacks.

Lindsey was dressed in a stylish blouse that barely seemed to hold back her ample rack. Jared had no idea how she managed to get such lewd clothes past her father's seemingly puritanical worldview, but Jared usually appreciated the sight. Not today though. Today the sight of her overexposed cleavage made his oversensitive dick chomp at the bit to unload. Just being in the same room as the hot, stacked blonde eighteen year old babe made Jared's dick stand straight up at attention. He could already feel the warmth spreading across his groin. He just knew that his dick was already drooling pre. He just knew that he was already soaking through his skivvies. He just had

to hope that he had put on enough extra layers that he didn't ooze through the front of his slacks any time soon.

Lindsey seemed worried. "Are you feeling alright?" She asked as Jared took his seat beside her.

"Yeah... I'm fine..." Jared lied unconvincingly.

Lindsey didn't buy it, but at least she left it at that. Jared let out a sigh of relief. He didn't know how he was going to break the news to her, and he really didn't want to try and have a conversation of that nature while Dear Old Dad was hanging around. For starters, he didn't want to let the old fogey in on the nature of his weakened state, but there was another key reason for his silence. Dean Hargrove was still blissfully oblivious to just how many times Jared had already stuffed his daughter's turkey. As far as the conservative gentleman knew, Lindsey was still very much a virgin although nothing could be farther from the truth...

Jared and Lindsey had only officially been an item for a few months now, but they had been going at it like bunnies for far longer. They had been dating behind Heather's back for months, and they had been fucking for even longer.

They had first encountered each other during the semi-finals for gymnastics last year. Jared was the school's pride and joy, and even the dean himself had turned out with his family in tow to cheer on the team. Jared spotted Lindsey's gazes instantly. He knew that



she was infatuated with his hot body, and he also knew that his unitard left nothing to the imagination. It was painfully obvious how much he was packing in the front. Jared made sure to ham it up during the tournament. He not only performed his routine flawlessly, but he would give an extra long celebratory lap after each performance. The rush of adrenaline mixed with the thrill of victory coupled with the lewd gazes he was getting from the busty blonde in the front row worked together to give him a noticeable chubby. His huge, fat cock strained visibly against the front of his gymnastics uniform. All eyes were on him and his huge dick as he paraded around the outside track.

He loved the gazes he got. The guys all were staring at him jealously. They knew he was twice the man they were – maybe even more. The girls all stared at him with lust in their eyes. Jared knew he could have his pick of any lady out there. He just had to stride up, flash them a smug grin, add in a saucy, “sup” and they’d be eating out of his hand and sucking on his cock in no time. Jared only really had eyes for one girl though.

He recognized dean Hargrove immediately. The girl sitting next to him was no doubt a relation of his, and Jared had heard the stories of the dean’s dotting nature when it came to his daughter. The gears in his head began turning instantly. Jared knew that if he could control the daughter then he could control the dean himself. All that was left was to get daddy’s little girl hopelessly addicted to his cock, and given

how amazing Jared's cock was, he had no reason to doubt that that part would be hard at all.

The dean's daughter was not just hot, but judging by the tight, cheer squad t-shirt that was stretched across her ample rack, Jared could tell that she was also still in high school. He couldn't help but smirk at this little tidbit of information. High school girls were always the easiest. They just couldn't wait to put out for a hot college guy, and there weren't any college guys out there that were hotter than he.

Getting her into the sack had been as easy as he had expected. Jared had taken time after the tournament to stop by and say hello under the auspices of meeting with the dean, but the dean was only tangentially related to his true goal. It hadn't taken much. All Jared had to do was say hello and flash a winning smile, and he had Lindsey eating from the palm of his hands in no time flat. When the dean had ducked away to schmooze with some big rollers and wealthy donors, Jared and Lindsey had ducked away for a quicky in the locker room. It had only taken him five minutes to get her on her knees and worshipping his cock. He had spent the better part of the next half hour smirking down at her and running his fingers through her hair while she licked and slurped his fat cock. It wasn't the best blow job he had ever had, but what she lacked in experience she made up for in enthusiasm.

It wasn't long after that that he had her flat on her back on one of the benches in the locker room

while he plowed her dripping pussy with his fat cock. She had whined and moaned the whole time. Her cries were as cute as they were sexy, but Jared's interests in her lied in more than just a quick casual fuck. She was his ticket to the easy life, and he was going to ride that gravy train almost as hard as she was riding his dick. He smiled as she squirted again and again. He could tell by the way her cries turned to pitiful whines and by the look in her glazed over eyes that she was getting more and more hooked by the second. There was no way she'd ever be able to turn down another go with his awesome cock.

Jared was getting close to cumming. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, but he didn't need to. Lindsey was already hooked. He pulled his cock out of her dripping cunt and sneered down at the nearly unconscious girl. Lindsey stared lustily up at his huge cock. She silently begged him to douse her with his spunk, and Jared was all too happy to comply. Now that he had no more reason to hold back, it took only a few more pumps to send him over the edge. This wads of spunk rained down upon her. Soon her entire face was coated in a thick layer of jizz, but Jared was nowhere near done yet. His big, full nuts still had plenty more spunk to give. Soon the jizz was dripping down her chin and across her exposed tits.

Jared had just about drained the last drop of jizz from his fat cock when a loud, obnoxious chirping split the air.

“Ugh. That’s my dad.” Lindsey sighed. She flashed Jared an apologetic look and then reached down to fish her phone out of the pocket of her discarded jacket.

“Hi, daddy!” Lindsey said into the receiver. Her voice and had done a complete 180. She was no longer the horny, sultry vixen that had been fawning over Jared’s cock mere moments before. She was once again daddy’s little, sweet, bubbly high school angel. The sudden personality shift had been jarring to say the least, but Jared didn’t see any reason to worry about it.

“Mhmm... Yeah... Ok... Yeah. I ran into Becky over by the concession stand.... You remember Becky right?” Lindsey said into the phone. Her cutesy, childish voice was in stark contrast to her nude, cum-drenched physique. Lindsey was making no effort to cover herself as she continued to play Daddy’s Little Girl on the phone.

“Sure thing! I’ll meet you by the bleachers in five. Ok, love ya. Buh-bye!” She said chirpily into the phone. She then punched the end button on the screen and then let out a long, low sigh of annoyance.

“Ugh. Dad’s wondering where I am.” She groaned. “Sorry, but I’ve really gotta go. Let’s do this again sometime though!” She said and then gave Jared a soft peck on the cheek. She was so drenched in cum that she got a little bit of it smeared on Jared’s cheek as she kissed him, but Jared didn’t mind one bit. He wasn’t grossed out by his own jizz, and as far as he was

concerned this meant that he had won. She was already hooked on his cock, and the more he gave it to her, the more he could get her to pull some strings with dear old dad.

Things continued like that for a few more months. It was clear that Lindsey was smitten with him, but Jared knew better than to do anything publicly until she reached the ripe old age of eighteen. The dean was a stickler for things like that, and if he knew his sweet baby girl was dating a college dude, dean Hargrove would no doubt bust a gasket.

Once Lindsey had officially turned eighteen, she and Jared slowly became less discrete. Jared would show up to talk to the dean and Lindsey after matches and would occasionally even lock arms with her as they spoke with her dad. It took some time and finesse, but slowly Jared was able to win over the dean and get the old codger to begrudgingly give his blessing. Once that was done it was smooth sailing. All Jared had to do was play the part of the clean cut, academically sound, and athletically gifted college guy in front of the dean and then turn around fuck Lindsey rotten the second the old prude's back was turned.

It was the perfect set up. Setting himself up as the perfect suitor for little Lindsey was just another step in his master plan. Jared had already seen the writing on the wall. He knew Heather's grades were dropping. He knew her funds would soon dry up, and the time was ripe for him to cut her loose. She had always cramped his style, but at least she was a good

meal ticket. Now that she no longer served her purpose, Jared felt it was time he upgraded to a newer model – a model with better benefits and much bigger assets.

Unfortunately Jared wasn't sure even Lindsey's benefits could help him wiggle out of the hole he now found himself in. Jared saw no escape in sight as he sat at the dinner table directly across from the dean. Dean Hargrove was glaring at him intently, and Jared was sure that he saw the slightest bit of a victorious sneer playing at the corners of the old man's lips. It was as if even the dean himself knew that this was the end for Jared.

"I saw your little... performance at the gymnastics exhibition today." The dean said. Everything in the way he spoke and the way he sat had this smug air of superiority to it that pissed Jared off, but there was nothing Jared could do about it.

"Yeah... that was... that was a thing..." Jared murmured awkwardly. He silently chastised himself for his poor come back, but what could he even say? He had failed an easy routine because he was too busy creaming himself to even do a simple back flip.

"Care to explain just what it is you were trying to do? Because it looked to me like you were trying to make a mockery of this institution." The dean growled menacingly.

"I... Well..." Jared muttered awkwardly.

“Daddy...” Lindsey admonished. Just one word. That was all it took to get the old man on his best behavior. His posture changed instantly. He went from menacingly slouching forward over his plate to sitting straight up in his chair on his best behavior.

“You know he didn’t do it on purpose.” Lindsey explained.

“Y-yeah! It was an accident! It couldn’t do anything about it.” Jared sputtered. He was suddenly extremely thankful for Lindsey’s assistance. Jared had always thought she was drop dead gorgeous, but tonight she looked like a radiant angel – a radiant angel with a kickass rack.

“I fail to see how something like that could be an ‘accident’.” The dean sneered. His last word came out a little too smug and accusatory for Lindsey’s taste. The sharp glare she gave him said it all. The dean looked momentarily flustered and then went right back to his rigid and polite table manners.

“Need I remind you of the side effects that your own medicine has?” Lindsey asked. Lindsey glared directly at her dad as if daring him to take her up on her question. Jared wasn’t sure where this was going, but he was glad to be out of the crosshairs for the time being. He certainly didn’t have a good cover planned, and so he was glad for any misdirection Lindsey could throw his way.

The dean looked absolutely flabbergasted. “I- I- I- we... We don’t discuss these things at the table,

young lady, especially not when we have guests!” The dean sputtered. Jared was shocked at what he was seeing. He had never in all his months that he had the dean in his pocket seen the old man so cowed before. If Jared hadn’t been so worried about his future and confused about the conversation going on around him he may have even chuckled at the sight of the dean looking positively mortified.

“I’m only discussing the bad reactions to your meds because you’re making fun of Jared for his. It’s not his fault his meds did that to him.” Lindsey explained matter-of-factly.

“His meds?” The dean asked incredulously.

“My meds?” Jared sputtered. He was shocked and confused. Had Heather told Lindsey what had happened? Was Lindsey in on the whole thing? How much did she know?

Jared’s train of thought was temporarily derailed by the sound of the phone ringing in the next room. There was a tense moment of silence where everyone at the table waited to see if the phone would stop ringing. Jared was glad for the momentary reprieve, but the constant chiming made it hard for him to focus on his cover story and to figure out what Lindsey’s angle was.

“Just ignore it. I bet it’s another damn telemarketer.” The dean grumbled. He then turned his attention to Jared. His gaze narrowed once more as he asked, “What are these ‘meds’ you’re taking.”



“Yes... My meds ... The meds I am taking...”  
Jared murmured.

“You don’t need to be so bashful about it. A lot of other people are taking stuff to help them focus in class.” Lindsey chimed in.

“Oh right! Those...” Jared replied.

The dean once again glared intently at Jared. “Need I remind you that performance enhancing drugs are strictly prohibited? If I find that you’ve been doping I will have you off the team and out of my school so fast-“ He growled, but Lindsey cut him off.

“Daddy...” She chided. The dean once again sat back in his chair and folded his arms like a sulking child.

After an awkward moment where Lindsey sat there and stared down her dad, Lindsey continued with her explanation. “They aren’t ‘performance enhancing drugs,’ Daddy. They’re simple concentration boosters. You can get them over the counter at CVS.” She explained as if chiding a young child.

“Yeah! They’re basically caffeine with some herbal stuff added in. Ginko Balboa and stuff like that.” Jared explained.

“And these... caffeine pills made you...?” the dean asked skeptically.

Jared was quick to counter. Now that he knew where Lindsey was going her line of reasoning, Jared knew he could piggy back off the momentum. If he

ever said anything stupid or somehow tipped the dean off that something was up, Lindsey would be right there to redirect the topic. Jared had never been more thankful to have her in his corner.

“Well it wasn’t just the pills. They had a bad reaction with some of the other-“ Jared began to explain, but balked upon seeing the seething death glare the dean was giving him. He powered through it though, and was quick to regain his momentum. “some of the other... supplements I have been taking.” Jared explained.

“And what are these supplements?” The dean asked. Jared could hear the accusation dripping off his words.

Jared was just about to respond when the phone rang again. Like last time, the current conversation came to a complete halt while the phone chirped away.

“Shouldn’t you get that?” Lindsey asked her father.

“If it’s important they’ll call back.” Her father replied. Once the phone finally stopped ringing again, the dean turned his attention back to Jared and their previous conversation. “What are these supplements?” He asked again.

“It’s just basic whey protein, EAS, HMB – just standard muscle building boosters. It’s all perfectly legal.” Jared countered. The dean didn’t seem satisfied

by his response though. The old man continued to glower at him accusatorily.

Jared wasn't about to be deterred. For the first time all day he felt like he could actually salvage this day, and he wasn't about to let a huge pushover like dean Hargrove be the one to ruin it for him. "If any of this was illegal it would have shown up in any one of the weekly drug tests I somehow managed to get 'randomly' selected for after each practice." Jared replied defiantly.

The dean grumbled in reply, but didn't make any effort to counter Jared's argument. Jared seemed to be out of the woods for now, but it was a hollow victory. He still had to deal with his grades and his abysmal performance at the gymnastics meet, and that was before he even got to talking to Lindsey about his other problems...

It looked like dean Hargrove was about to mount another attack, but he was interrupted once more by the telephone ringing in the next room. "God damn it..." He muttered under his breath.

"Language, daddy." Lindsey chided.

The dean huffed grumpily and began to get up from his seat. "I guess I better go see what the fff... What the fudge they want." He grumbled. He slid his chair back in under the table and stomped off towards the kitchen to answer the phone.

The second the old man's bulky frame rounded the corner, Lindsey's hand found its way to

Jared's thigh. Jared and Lindsey sat there in silence while her hand slowly worked its way up Jared's thigh and towards his crotch. Jared tried not to focus on it. He tried to block it out, but the closer her hand got, the more alive his dick felt. He had manage to tune out his arousal for this long, mostly due to the constant state of anxiety and terror he had found himself in, but now that the dean was gone and Lindsey was turning on the sex appeal full tilt, Jared found his libido returning full force. Her hand hadn't even reached his groin yet and already he felt ready to pop at any second. He was glad that he had the foresight to put on several pairs of underwear, but even with the extra padding he was sure his pre was going to start bleeding through the front of his pants at any second.

Jared and Lindsey could hear the dean grumbling from the next room. "Yes... what is it...?" He asked. There was a tense pause followed by his response, "What about that... Yes... I have time... go on."

"He's gonna be at it a while." Lindsey whispered seductively into Jared's ear.

Jared knew where this was going. Every fiber of his being knew it was a bad idea. He knew that there was no way it could end well, but he was so horny and his cock was so sensitive. He felt ready to blow at any second. He needed to get off before he went insane.

Lindsey's hand slid in closer. Her fingertips brushed against the bulge in the front of his slacks.

Jared could feel the slight pressure against his cock, and it felt magnificent. A shudder of pleasure arced through his body. It took every ounce of willpower he had just to stifle the moan that was building in the back of his throat. Lindsey seemed to realize that something was off. She could tell that Jared was quieter than usual. She could tell that Jared was more reserved than usual, and it didn't seem to be related to the discussion they had just had with her dad.

“Come on. Let's duck into the bathroom and have some fun...” Lindsey suggested seductively.

Jared wanted to take her up on it, but how would he explain to her that he couldn't perform like she no doubt expected him to? How would he be able to expect her help in dealing with the dean when he couldn't even fulfill his end of the bargain? No doubt she'd be disgusted with him when he inevitably blew his load too early.

Her hand once again brushed against his crotch. Jared shuddered involuntarily. He couldn't even stop the moan from escaping this time. It was such a loud, low, guttural moan that he was sure even the dean would hear him, but for the time being it seemed like he had escaped detection from the old codger... Lindsey on the other hand was another story. She was staring straight at him and grinning from ear to ear like the Cheshire Cat. Jared couldn't quite read her expression. She seemed happy but why?

“Come on... It'll be quick.” Lindsey goaded.

Jared screamed internally. She had no idea how quick it would actually be. It was a miracle that he hadn't creamed his jeans already. Every millisecond that he felt her hand against his junk felt like a millennia. This whole body trembled. His cock shuddered. His dick lurched and bucked in his shorts as if it was trying to mosh its way clear out of his pants.

Lindsey got up from her seat and slowly began to saunter over towards the nearby restroom. Jared didn't even try to fight it. He trudged along behind her like a doomed mouse trudging after the Pied Piper. He couldn't resist the lure. He was so horny, and she was so hot. He just needed to get off before he lost his mind. Jared was so lost in his hormonal trance that he didn't even register the sound of the dean's voice as he spoke to the mystery caller.

"Yes... what about Jared? Yes. He's right here... What do you mean?" The dean asked. That was all of the conversation that Jared heard. Once the bathroom door shut, it was impossible to hear anything from the front hall.

"Let's get a look at that big meat of yours." Lindsey cooed as she unzipped Jared's pants. She didn't even try to be gentle. Once the fly was down, she tugged at Jared's pants until they were down around his ankles. She clawed at his layers of boxers and pulled those back as well in record time. The constant jostling and the brushing of fabric against his dick was driving Jared wild. He felt like he could burst at any second. She wasn't even trying to be gentle or

sensual with him yet, but his dick was so sensitive that even just stripping felt orgasmic.

Lindsey quickly undid the few buttons on her blouse that were clasped causing her huge tits to spill out. Jared whimpered pitifully. His mind screamed at him. Part of him knew he was screwed. There was no way he could get out of this without embarrassing himself, but at this point he was finding it hard to care. He needed to cum so bad that even the inevitable humiliation was worth it just to bust his nut.

Lindsey's huge jugs bobbed and wobbled before his eyes. Jared couldn't do anything but stare. His eyes were glued to her huge, shapely rack. Jared had always managed to remain suave and collected even in the presence of a hot, naked woman, but today he was reduced to an awkward, muttering perv. He stared at Lindsey's jugs the way a fifty year old divorcee stares at high school cheerleaders. He felt so dirty. He felt so smarmy and gross, and yet he just could not look away.

"You really like my tits today, don't you, big boy?" She asked playfully as she cupped her big boobs in her hands and shook them seductively. Jared could only nod silently in agreement. A small pitiful whine escaped his lips. The whine rang out like a siren in Jared's own mind, but it sounded nowhere near as loud as his own mind full on screaming at him to stop. It was as if his entire brain was putting all its effort into shouting at him to stop what he was doing and put his dick back in his pants before he made a mockery of

himself, but Jared's brain was no longer in control. His cock was.

Lindsey was grinning from ear to ear. She had never had this much of an effect on Jared before. It was a little strange, but it was also extremely exciting. She chalked it up to all the stress Jared had been under with finals and gymnastics. It never entered her mind that something more sinister could be at work. All she knew was that she had more power over Jared than she ever thought possible. It was finally her turn to be the one taking charge. It was finally her turn to be the one to make him cream first.

Lindsey leaned forward so that her huge, pillowy tits sandwiched Jared's fat cock like a hotdog in a couple of buns. She could actually feel it shuddering as she squeezed her tits together and rubbed his cock between them. The tip of his huge cock poked out past the edge of her cleavage. Lindsey glanced down at it just in time to see it burst.

She was too shocked to move. She had wanted to get him off, but she had never in her wildest dreams she'd make him pop before she even started stroking. She was so surprised that she couldn't even react fast enough to move out of the way. She just sat there as thick ropes of jizz pelted her face. Soon her face was so coated in spooze that thick wads of spunk dripped off her face and down her huge tits. The cum was getting in her hair and on her blouse. There was just so much of it, and there seemed to be no end in sight.



There was no telling how long it would have taken Jared to stop spurting or how long Lindsey would have knelt there in awe had another force not intervened. No sooner had Jared started cumming than dean Hargrove himself came barreling into the restroom.

“She was right about you!” The dean roared as he grabbed Jared by the shirt collar and began to drag him out of the restroom. Lindsey was still too stunned to react and intervene on his behalf. In a matter of seconds, the dean had dragged Jared down the front hall and out the front door. Jared was left standing on the front porch with his pants around his ankles and his huge dick still sputtering. He was no longer spurting cum, but thick strands of jizz still seeped from the tip of his dick and oozed onto the welcome mat at his feet.

Jared was sure that was the final straw. As far as he was concerned Lindsey was done with him after that embarrassing display, and even if she was interested in giving him the benefit of the doubt, there was no way she could convince her dad into giving him another chance. Jared was doomed. There was nothing left for him to do but hike up his pants over his still cumming cock and take the walk of shame back to his apartment and accept defeat...