

BFFs for Life

Reunion

Paige and Owen had been BFFs since childhood. Their families were neighbors and they lived on the same street with just a field separating their houses. As children, they played in that field from dusk until dawn and had even gone to the same school, and the same class. They had a secret hideout in the middle of the nearby forest. A tree house they built together when they were still little kids.

The two had a close friendship that allowed them to share everything, including secrets and dreams, but nothing lasts forever. One day, Paige's father got a job opportunity in another country and so the family had to move overseas. Paige and Owen then promised to stay in touch through the net as often as possible. Sadly for them though their daily exchanges diminished over time. Months became years. They grew up...

Thirteen years passed and Owen grew up to be quite an attractive young man with blond hair and bright blue eyes. Tall, nearly six feet, with broad shoulders and strong arms; his face had lost all its childish traits, taking on much more mature shapes that made him look handsome indeed. His perfect face combined with a body that resembled to greek god statues made girls drool over him non-stop. A real heartbreaker who'd broken countless hearts since his freshman year of college. He also became a football team superstar thanks to his impressive strenght, speed, and precision. In fact he was one of the most popular center-backs of his league.

But despite the years, Owen kept on thinking about Paige whom he missed dearly, wondering what she was doing now and how her life went these days, whether they'd meet again someday, and so on. Sometimes, he looked at pictures of their old adventures together and felt like crying from all those precious memories flooded his mind once more, reminding him of something long gone but never forgotten. Those memories brought back happy moments along with painful ones though...because he secretly loved Paige even then. Of course, he was just a little boy who didn't really understood such feelings yet when she moved. Yet he soon learned to recognize them as he grew older and matured.

However, no matter how hard Owen tried to contact Paige or find news of her, nothing ever came out of it. The e-mails sent were returned undelivered and all the phone numbers and social media profiles simply did not exist anymore. It was as if she and her entire family vanished from existence and were never coming back. Owen eventually gave up trying to find her again and moved on. It's not like he felt any lack of female attention anyway: With his good looks, fame, and charisma, he was a chick magnet everywhere he went.

Now, during the summer break, he was back in his hometown for several weeks of holiday to visit his family and friends. Summer breaks were always the best time to straight up relax. Not worrying about calories and gaining a few extra kgs here and there is fine once in a while as long as you can work it off later on. And now he was sitting at the bar counter next to one of his buddies named Brent, watching everyone dancing to techno music, when suddenly

someone caught his eye among the crowd - A woman, dressed in all-black baggy clothes. Her hair was black too with a few strands of violet dye running through it. As she approached the bar she removed her hood to reveal pale skin and piercing green eyes staring at the bartender, ordering some drinks.

She looked so familiar... Like someone he'd seen before, but where? She looked almost like Paige. Same beautiful features, same delicate nose, and full lips, just with slightly darker skin tone than Paige had. Same mesmerizing green eyes, but the hair... Paige had brown hair back then and no dye streaks whatsoever. Could that girl be Paige after all those years? No way...could it really be her? That's impossible!

"Ehm...excuse me?" Owen called out to the girl and tapped her shoulder gently.

The young lady turned around and faced him with surprise written across her face,

"No fucking way! Owen?! Is it really you?" she asked excitedly. Then, without hesitation, she jumped at him, hugging him tightly around the neck, and kissing both cheeks repeatedly, "Owen!! It has been so long!"

There was no mistaking now...that voice belonged to Paige indeed and when she pulled away to look at him again he could see recognition on her lovely face as well as excitement lighting up those bright green orbs of hers. It was like a dream come true. The moment they'd been waiting for their whole lives finally happened and neither wanted to let go of each other for fear that they might wake up from this blissful reality. They kept on gazing into each others' eyes in silence until, after what seemed an eternity, one of them spoke up, breaking the spell...

"Yes, it certainly has, Paige," Owen nodded enthusiastically, smiling widely at her, "So good to see you again."

He felt butterflies fluttering inside his stomach every time he looked at her beautiful face and heard that sweet voice speaking to him like she did years ago. So much happiness mixed with nostalgia overwhelmed his heart making him want to cry tears of joy, but he managed to control himself enough not to embarrass himself in front of her or anyone else present nearby.

"Uhm... Owen. I'm kind of in the middle of something now... well, pretty busy actually, but we should totally hang out sometime!" Paige said shyly, fiddling with her hands, her gaze wandering anywhere but toward his face, "Wanna give me your number?"

Owen did as asked and took out his phone giving it to Paige so she could put her own phone number in it before handing it back with a smile on her cute face. Then she gave him her phone in return so he could do the same with his number on it. After that, Paige excused herself, finished an entire glass of beer in one go, and left the bar leaving him alone with his friend Brent who had witnessed the whole event between them.

"Sooo...care to explain?" he asked grinning stupidly, raising his eyebrows up and down suggestively.

"Nothing to say, dude. She's just someone I was close to when we were younger." Owen explained shrugging casually as if nothing unusual just occurred. Truthfully, he felt like his heart was going to burst out of his chest when she hugged him earlier...

The rest of the evening passed rather uneventful until they decided to call it a night and head home. There, Owen thought about calling Paige right away and talk to her, but ultimately decided against it. It was the middle of the night and she would probably sleep already, so he'd better leave it for tomorrow instead. With this resolution in mind he laid back on his bed falling asleep immediately afterward...

To Owen's disappointment, there were no calls or messages from Paige the next day, and the day after that, and even though he was anxious to know why she hadn't contacted him yet, he still refrained from messaging her first for fear of annoying her or appearing needy. All the plans he made for the week were canceled and postponed just for her sake since he wanted to spend as much time as possible together, but she didn't seem interested in hanging out with him again...which kinda hurt his pride, because usually girls were throwing themselves at him, begging him to take them out, but not this time...not with Paige, and it frustrated him beyond belief! So, after two days and eleven hours of waiting he decided to call her at last.

Ring...ring...ring...ring...

When he was about to cut the call she finally answered.

"Hey, Paige, it's me, Owen. Did you forget about me?" he tried to sound cheerful and playful with a hint of teasing in his voice hoping it would help ease things up between them and maybe get to know why she ignored him so far. Maybe she just needed time to process everything before meeting him again...?

"Hey! OMG! Sorry, Owen. Been so damn busy... and uhhh, yeah, no, of course not! I just..." she trailed off sounding guilty and nervous as hell, which made him feel bad too for jumping to conclusions like that, "Listen, how about you come over to my place tonight? Netflix and chill...and stuff?"

"Are you serious? Hell yes!" Owen agreed immediately not wanting to pass up an opportunity like this one. He knew exactly what she meant by 'Netflix and chill'.

"I'll be waiting! Oh, wait. How about we meet up at a café near the bar where we bumped into each other?" she suggested with a light laugh, "Talk a bit before we get to my place."

"Sure, sounds perfect!" he replied. "When? What time?"

"Well, how about 5 PM? That good with you?" she asked and he nodded even though she couldn't see it.

"5 PM works perfectly for me, Paige," Owen said with excitement evident in his tone. "See you there then."

With that he ended the call, a broad smile plastered all over his handsome face. Finally, after all those years apart, they'd meet again today! This day couldn't have gone any better for Owen...at least so far.

Immediately he ran off to find the best clothes he had available to wear to their little rendezvous. Nothing too fancy nor flashy just some simple jeans and a nice shirt that accentuated his body shape nicely along with sneakers to complete the look. Then he checked his watch and realized he was running late. He sprayed a ton of his favorite cologne on himself and quickly put on his shoes before heading out of his house.

As he walked down the street, his mind wandered back to his childhood when he spent many carefree days playing games with his friends including Paige, and how much fun he had then. A treehouse in the woods behind their homes was a special place where they often met and hid food there in case of emergency, as kids are wont to do. Those times were filled with adventures and wonder, but then again, life does move on as the years go by.

Finally, the place was in front of him. He entered the coffee shop and sat on the table in the far corner. Soon after the waitress came up to him with a menu asking what he'd like to order.

"Just a Cappuccino, please," he answered politely as usual, "Thanks!"

While waiting for Paige to arrive, Owen had the opportunity to admire all the beautiful girls walking past him in tight dresses and miniskirts showing off their luscious figures to whoever cared to glance their way. But this evening, however, none of these girls matter to him. There was only one woman in his mind...Paige. And there she was. When she entered the coffee shop his heart skipped a beat. Even though she wore baggy, all-black unflattering clothes, hiding her gorgeous figure underneath it all. To him, she was simply stunning just the way she was with no need to show off her assets at all.

Her hair was tied up into a bun and her makeup was a mix of purple and black, with black glossy lipstick covering her mouth, giving her the appearance of a vampire ready to bite him. A wide smile graced her lips as she saw him sitting on a stool waiting for her to approach him, so he could greet her properly.

"You came!" he exclaimed as she walked up to him, "It is so great to see you again, Paige!"

Then he wrapped his strong arms around her small frame and gave her a warm, friendly hug, breathing in her intoxicating scent, and inhaling her sweet perfume...he felt like he was in heaven. If this wasn't a dream then Owen didn't know what was...but when they broke their embrace and gazed deeply into each other's eyes he knew without a doubt that it was indeed real.

They both sat down and Paige ordered an espresso, then the two caught up on each other's life, exchanging stories, and reminiscing on old memories of their childhood. It was really fun spending time together once again like the old days except now as adults not as kids anymore.

"So, tell me. What about your look? All-black and stuff... not really the Paige I remember," Owen asked curiously, taking a sip of his hot cappuccino, eyeing her up and down with a questioning look on his face, "Not to mention the purple and black hair and makeup... and the tattoos!"

"Oh! Uhm...yeah," she laughed nervously. "Just...just been through a lot lately and well, decided to join the dark side, you know?"

"Sure, I won't judge. I kinda like this look of yours," he responded with a shrug, taking another sip of his beverage while listening to her explanation. "But...what about your family? Where are they?"

"Family... that's a tough subject to talk about, Owen. It's just..." she trailed off, looking away with a sad expression on her face, then continued, "Fuck it... Dad's actually in jail and mom just left us..."

Hearing the word 'jail', Owen frowned slightly as he wondered what happened to make Paige's dad end up imprisoned, but he didn't want to pressure her for answers so he remained silent letting her speak freely about the subject on her own terms, and in her own way whenever she was ready to share them with him. However, there was one more question he had been dying to ask ever since they met again. He hoped it wouldn't ruin the mood between them, but he wanted to know, so here goes nothing...

"Paige...why didn't you call or answer my messages? Do you even know how much it hurt me?" Owen blurted out suddenly earning shocked stares from her. "I looked for you everywhere but nothing came of it..."

"Owen, after my family got fucked up I just wanted to run away from the world, so that's exactly what happened, and, uhm, that's also the reason why we stopped talking altogether...or why I never called back, anyway," Paige said sheepishly, looking down at her lap, her cheeks reddening in embarrassment. "And you were a part of that 'Old world' I tried to escape from."

"It's okay, Paige. I understand. Besides I don't blame you at all...just wondering if it was something I did," he explained with a small smile and shook his head slightly in response to her question.

"No no no! No, of course, it wasn't. You did nothing wrong, Owen!" she exclaimed and cupped his face gently making sure he was looking into her eyes. "I promise you did absolutely nothing to deserve being ignored like that."

"Good to hear that," he said quietly, and before he could say something else she interrupted.

"What about you? How've you been all these years?" she inquired with a bright smile on her face, but the smile was soon replaced with a frown as Owen recounted the events of recent years.

"Well, I am a professional football player now, so pretty good, to be honest." He started and went on to tell her all the things he had done recently, such as signing with a major league team, dating a couple of models and actresses here and there, even winning some trophies. "Haven't you heard about me?"

"Not really, I'm not into sports, you know...and to be fair I don't watch TV either," Paige said with a hint of sadness in her voice. "That's good to hear though! Congrats!"

"Thank you!" Owen smiled widely and returned her compliment by saying, "And you... how's life going for you?"

Paige sighed heavily before replying.

"Ah... I kind of just roam around the world from place to place doing odd jobs for a living, and now, it looks like I might have to move on again." Paige said as she bit her lip nervously, her hands trembling slightly, "This will probably be our last time hanging out together."

"Wait what?!" Owen cried out incredulously at her words. "Why?"

"Well, like I told you before... I just wander from one spot to the next. No plan to settle down." She replied sadly, averting her gaze from his face to the ground, her fingers fidgeting together in front of her. "Don't know why, but it's just how it is."

Her words felt like a punch to his stomach and it hurt even more knowing she was leaving again to continue traveling the globe for no apparent reason. They had just reconnected after so long apart and now she was going away forever...

"Paige, come on now!" he exclaimed, placing a comforting hand on top of hers. "You could stay with me. I have enough money to support both of us, plus plenty of space in my house."

"Owen... You don't know me anymore," she whispered as tears began forming at the corners of her beautiful emerald-green eyes. "Maybe I'm not the girl you grew up with anymore..."

"Yes, you are." He insisted stubbornly ignoring her protesting attempts to convince him otherwise until finally she relented and allowed him to pull her into an embrace once more. "Just give it a try, please?"

"I'll consider it, Owen," Paige promised with a faint smile on her lips before finishing off her drink and standing up, "Now, let's go!"

A wide grin formed on his face as she spoke those words and he immediately stood up, following after her as she made her way towards the exit. After exiting the café they headed to her house which was only a few blocks away from the bar where they met up last night, so it took less than ten minutes to reach its entrance, and once there Paige stopped and turned to face Owen, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Before we enter, promise me something," she said seriously staring intently at him.

"Sure, anything," Owen agreed quickly without hesitation. "Tell me."

"Whatever happens inside this house... We'll leave it between us alone," she said seriously, locking gazes with him again, "Deal?"

She offered him a hand for him to shake and Owen took it gladly, shaking it firmly in agreement. To his surprise, her grip was strong, even painful as she squeezed his palm tightly making him wince slightly.

Then she let go and opened the door stepping into the hall and closing it behind herself. The first thing Owen noticed was the smell. A musky, salty smell that was so familiar to him. The smell of sex, and arousal. There was a hint of perfume too, but mostly just sweat and raw lust mixed together, permeating the entire house. What was she doing here all this time...all alone...?

"I know that look... sorry for the smell, haha," Paige laughed nervously rubbing her arm awkwardly while avoiding his eyes.

She removed her leather jacket to reveal a crop tank top and some sort of black leather harness on top. Her hands were covered in various tattoos of red roses, thorns, demons, and dragons. Even her neck had a tattoo of a black snake coiled around it, with its tail ending on her chest, resting over her left breast. Now, when she showed more of her skin, Owen finally understood why her handshake was so strong. Paige's muscles were quite defined and firm.

"Wow... you're fucking ripped. Looks like you love to spend some time in the gym?" Owen whistled with admiration, eyeing up her upper body appreciatively. "Damn..."

"Thanks! But I never go to the gym. it's just... genetics, I guess..." she chuckled softly, flexing one of her biceps playfully to show off to him, "Looks good, doesn't it?"

He nodded silently staring at her abs which rippled and twitched with every movement she made as well as her large pecs protruding prominently underneath that sexy tank top revealing almost the entirety of her breasts which were rather sizable compared to what he imagined when he saw her in baggy clothes before, but even then, she was still so feminine and beautiful.

"You look hot, Paige," he said bluntly.

"Well, you look like a fucking Hulk," she smirked, licking her lips as she eyed his bulging muscles, "How about you go sit on the sofa and choose something we could watch? The remote is on the coffee table. Meanwhile, I'll go get some snacks for us."

Then she turned away from him and walked down the hallway towards the kitchen as he plopped down onto the couch and grabbed the remote control. He was scrolling through Netflix options and decided to choose some 21+ love story movie to watch. The one that had

as many sex scenes as possible. Just to set the mood a little bit better and maybe to even seduce Paige into something more naughty.

When Paige emerged carrying a tray with two glasses of Coca-Cola and a bowl of popcorn on it, Owen quickly pressed the button to start the movie, causing Paige to raise an eyebrow at him questioningly.

"Hey, come on, it's a nice love story with many sex scenes in it," he said as if to justify himself, grinning at her mischievously, "What?"

"No, no, just... Whatever... I'm kinda into this stuff too," she chuckled and placed the tray on the coffee table in front of him then sat down beside Owen on the couch and scooted closer to him as the opening credits rolled up onscreen.

They hugged and cuddled while watching the film eating popcorn, sharing jokes, and laughing together during certain scenes of the movie that were meant to be funny. When the couple in the movie kissed passionately, they glanced at each other, both having the same thoughts in their mind and then, after a short moment of hesitation, their lips came in contact and their tongues mingled in a heated dance of desire.

As the couple in the movie started to remove their clothing to perform foreplay, their kiss became more intense, tongues exploring every inch of the other's mouths as their breathing grew heavy with desire. Owen reached for Paige's tank top and pulled it up, exposing her bra-clad breasts, then proceeded to fondle them while she moaned softly, arching her back to push her tits against his palms. Then she leaned forward and placed her soft lips on his neck while he continued to grope her round orbs through the fabric of her lacy underwear.

Paige just leaned back on the sofa and let Owen take the lead as he began massaging and sucking her nipples, bringing her pleasure, making her moan loudly in response. But soon he stopped...

In the movie, the couple was having rough sex. The sound of moans and slaps was so loud, but there was something else. Something in the area of Paige's crotch. A bulge, growing bigger with every second...

Shocked, Owen's eyes jumped from the bulge to Paige's face. She just sat there, smiling. And then he heard another sound. Sound of cloth ripping, and the bulge suddenly increased in size. He moved back and saw firsthand how a massive cock, bigger than any he had ever seen ripped through Paige's underwear and baggy trousers, tearing the fabric apart and exposing itself to his eyes. It was so thick and long that Owen didn't believe it was real until he touched it with his trembling fingers.

"Wh-what is this?" he stuttered as his fingers touched one of many bulging veins along its length.

"This," Paige said, smirking as she looked down at her erection, "is my secret. And you promised me to keep it between us."

"What the fuck! It's a prank, right? Right?" he yelled in disbelief and jumped to his feet.

"No...it isn't a prank... this is real," Paige said calmly, giving her shaft a gentle stroke from tip to base before releasing it, letting it stand upright before them both, "Please, don't freak out."

"You have a fucking cock! How is that even possible?!" Owen yelled angrily, pointing at her with his finger, "Better start explaining now, Paige!"

"Ehm..." she hesitated and bit her lower lip before continuing with a playful smirk on her face. "Surely you must have heard the rumor that goth girls have the biggest dicks?"

A faint smile flashed across her face and disappeared just as fast as she said that sentence, which was followed by silence as both of them just stared at each other, neither speaking, neither moving nor making another sound. Then, finally, Paige broke the silence as she leaned back into the cushions, letting out a sigh while staring up at the ceiling.

"Well, it's all thanks to my dad..." she said quietly after several moments of awkward quietness between them. "Remember, I mentioned he worked as a genetics engineer in the lab?"

Owen nodded slowly, but kept his mouth shut, not wanting to interrupt her. His eyes were jumping from Paige's face to her pulsing rod, which was so close to him he could feel the burning heat emanating off it.

"He was actually a lead scientist on a human enhancement project," she continued, smiling weakly, "That's why we moved. He got an offer to work for the government."

"Wait," Owen cut her off and cocked his head to the side. "If so, what does it have to do with your...ehm..."

"My gorgeous cock?" Paige asked with a devilish grin on her face as she grabbed her massive shaft and stroked it gently, "Well, he made the prototype serum, but wanted to skip animal tests... The government found out and banned the whole project..."

"Oh shit," Owen gasped and his eyes widened as realization hit him like a truck. "Did he...?"

"Yes, he stole all the research notes and continued the work from home..." she replied quietly, nodding slightly, "On my eighteenth birthday he gave me a 'gift'. A small injection."

Paige's fingers danced on her inner thighs as she spoke and Owen could see her body shaking slightly. Was it from nervousness or excitement? Probably both...

"After a while, it started to show its effects..." she mumbled softly, shutting her eyes tightly, "First it was just small growths here and there, then I got these."

She gestured toward her crotch and pulled the pair of enormous testicles out from beneath the ripped fabric of her pants before squeezing them gently while blushing heavily. Owen gulped nervously and licked his lips as he stared at them with fascination. They were so big, inhumanly massive. There was no way they could belong on a human...but somehow, there they were, hanging just below her equally impressive shaft...

"Then the cock itself grew," she continued as if oblivious to the effect she had on him, "And grew, and grew until it reached its current size..."

She lifted it and inspected it closely as she spoke, her voice full of pride and awe as she stroked her erection lovingly. Owen watched intently, entranced by the sight before him. It was magnificent. Almost perfect, except for one tiny detail...it belonged to a woman.

"Mom left us as soon as found out about it," Paige said, a pained expression on her face, "Then the government found dad and he's now in jail for stealing the research data... I just...don't have anyone else to talk to."

"So, what did you do then?" Owen inquired as he felt sympathy for her.

"Before they took him away he granted me access to all of his secret savings and stuff. It was his way to apologize for putting me through all this..." she chuckled bitterly.

While listening to the story Owen didn't even notice how his own cock became rock-hard. As if it was responding to Paige's sexy body and massive bitch breaker. He wasn't into cocks, shemales, or whatever she was now, but that thing in front of his face was simply impossible to ignore. Especially considering the fact, it was so close to his face, right now, its smell getting stronger with every passing minute.

Owen didn't want to admit it but that smell was driving him mad. Making him crazy with lust and desire as if his very mind was being overridden by something primal and uncontrollable. Every fiber of his being screamed for him to submit to her, to let her use him however she pleased. He needed to taste it, touch it, feel it inside him... but he held back as best he could. He was not going to give in to this perverse desire!

"And what about your...p... pussy? " Owen managed to utter while trying to hide the growing bulge in his jeans with his hands.

"Oh, it's still there, hidden beneath this magnificent monster," Paige laughed lightly, patting her lap with her free hand.

"It's funny, how many girls I deflowered, how many boypussies I destroyed... but I'm still a virgin myself." She smiled sadly at him then she patted her lap with her other hand again and gazed at Owen...

"Fuck, Paige..." Owen whispered hoarsely, staring at her face, her expression unreadable. "So your dad turned you into a fucking freak? Fuck! What are you planning to do now?"

After hearing the word 'freak' Paige scowled and clenched her jaw tightly while her grip on her cock tightened even more as she glared daggers at Owen who gulped in fear as he took in her angry expression. He realized his mistake and was about to apologize when Paige spoke up, cutting him off completely.

"Freak?! Did you just call me a 'freak', Owen?!" she growled menacingly, causing him to flinch involuntarily and shrink back away from her as she rose from the couch.

"N... No! Of course not!" he stammered, shaking his head rapidly, backing away until he hit the wall behind him, trapping himself. "I just..."

"Just what?!" she shouted in exasperation, striding forward and stopping right in front of him.

Before he could say anything she grabbed a patch of his hair, holding it tightly, and pulled up until he was on his kneel, facing her huge erection that was only inches away from his lips. With a grin on her face, Paige grabbed her throbbing womanhood and pointed its dripping glans right at his nose. The hole was big enough to fit a thumb, and it was already oozing a lot of precum, which she smeared on Owen's face. He tried to pull away, but her grip was too strong even for him.

"I'll teach you some manners," she whispered harshly.

Then she slapped her cock against Owen's lips while still holding onto his hair with her other hand. Again, and again. Then she rubbed the head against his closed mouth, coating it with her slimy essence. Owen just kept his eyes shut tight, refusing to look up at her face or acknowledge anything she did. Her cock was just too big and intimidating and so... wrong. That made her even angrier.

"Open up, or I swear I'll force it in!" she roared, releasing his hair to grab his jaws and squeeze them hard enough to hurt him slightly.

Slowly, reluctantly, Owen opened his lips just enough to let the tip of her cock slide past them. With that, she placed both hands on his head and thrust forward as far as she could, sliding her meat rod down his throat without mercy or hesitation. He couldn't take it all in, but still, she pushed until he almost gagged on her member, making him struggle and whimper around the intruding object in his mouth. Then, as she pulled back, he coughed loudly, drooling spit all over himself.

"Now, Owen, you have three options," Paige said coldly while glaring down at him. "First, you open your mouth, stick your tongue out and take every drop of pre-cum that leaks out of this fucking beast without complaints. Second, I mouth gag you and force all the pre-cum down your throat until you're choking on it."

As she said those words she used her fat cock and slapped Owen's face a couple of times before continuing. "Third... you get up and leave."

"Re...really? Just walk out?" Owen stuttered in disbelief, staring at the girl towering over him, still on his knees, still with that giant bitch breaker right in his face, covered in the foul-tasting fluids that came out of it, making him sick to his stomach but even hornier than ever.

"Well, of course not, silly," she scoffed with an evil smirk on her beautiful face and slapped his cheek with her shaft one more time, leaving a wet imprint of her sticky pre-cum on his skin. "Third option is I force throat fuck you into submission... And trust me on this one: that's much worse. You see, the serum gave me many unusual abilities. For example, my pre-cum forces flesh to become...softer, and looser. Makes everything a little more pliable and easier to insert. So if you won't drink plenty of it, I'll probably break your jaw while forcing you to take all of this in..."

No more convincing was necessary as Owen obediently opened wide and stuck out his tongue, ready to take as much of her pre-cum as possible. With a sigh, she let go of his head and placed the tip of her shaft on his extended tongue, watching him intently for several seconds before speaking again:

"Pity... I was hoping to use a mouth gag... Oh, well..." she muttered and enormous amounts of sticky salty liquid started flowing out of her cock, filling Owen's mouth. There was so much of it that he couldn't swallow it fast enough and he gagged, spitting up a good portion of it all over himself, just to be followed by another burst as her urethra swelled and leaked like a faucet.

After nearly a minute of continuous output, his vision blurred, and his body felt limp. Was this the effect of the drug in her pre-cum, or just because of the amount he swallowed? He wasn't sure, but he was getting weaker as he kept swallowing mouthfuls of her natural lubricant. Suddenly, she just shoved her whole cockhead down his throat, and his eyes went wide from shock. But, to his surprise, there was no pain at all. It was as if his throat muscles had given way to allow her entry and it slid in smoothly, with no resistance whatsoever.

That was strange. While she was telling him about the effect of her pre-cum he just couldn't imagine it working on his body, but now... Now, as her thick cock stretched his esophagus to the limits and rested comfortably there, he didn't feel any discomfort. Only a slight sense of fullness and a feeling of bliss as the thick shaft filled his insides to capacity and then some, bulging his neck and stretching his lips beyond normal. It was incredible.

After a few seconds of complete immobility, he took the lead and to Paige's surprise began moving up and down, pushing his head down as far as he could to suck on her rigid shaft like a popsicle, his tongue lapping at its length and licking it clean from the fresh gunk it had been oozing. It was the first time he actually tasted a cock, and it was intoxicating. He felt so good doing this. This is what he was meant for! To serve this perfect tool as the living sex toy it deserved to have...

"Gods damn..." she breathed out with a heavy sigh, her eyes fluttering close and her head rolling back, exposing her slender neck and prominent Adam's apple. "You were made for this, you know?"

Her fingers slowly, tenderly stroked Owen's hair, massaging his scalp while he sucked and licked on her cock as if his life depended on it. He alternated between slow and deep movements, fast and shallow ones, occasionally stopping at the tip and running his tongue over the small slit where copious amounts of her slimy fluids leaked out incessantly. It was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted in his life and he wanted to savor it forever...

"Keep going, baby," she moaned softly, gently urging him on, "Your mouth feels so good on me... And the way you look while sucking on it..."

Paige was panting heavily as she watched him worship her shaft for quite a few minutes, but despite the immense pleasure she was experiencing and how surprisingly skillful he turned out to be, it was just not enough for her to reach her climax, to achieve the release she craved for. Her balls were aching with need. She grabbed the back of his head with both hands and began facefucking him, thrusting her hips forward as he bobbed up and down, letting out muffled moans and whimpers.

"Mmm..." she purred as she picked up speed, increasing the force behind each stroke, her cock slithering in and out of his throat effortlessly, the sounds coming out of his mouth now more frequent and louder, almost drowning out the lewd squishing noises coming from the union of their two bodies.

"Squeeze those pretty lips of yours tighter, you dirty, little whore..." she grunted as she hammered her pole deeper down his gullet, burying it to the hilt and forcing his nose right into her crotch, pressing against her pubes, then back until only the head remained in his mouth.

This cycle lasted for eternity, at least that's what Owen felt like as Paige continued to fuck his face with relentless vigor. Time ceased to exist, nothing else mattered... Not the fact he was taking such a large meat rod down his throat, or that he was gagging and coughing as she stuffed his airway with her shaft for hours on end, just enjoying the sensation of using him as a cocksleeve. The speed of her movements increased with every passing second, and the sounds from her mouth grew louder and harsher, becoming a mix of groans and grunts, until finally, after what seemed like eons, her entire body tensed and her voice became hoarse and shaky:

"Fuck! Here it comes! Gonna fill your stomach with so much of my juice! Eat it up, bitch!" she cried out in ecstasy as she buried herself as deep as possible, pressing Owen's face firmly against her pelvis.

And he felt it, waves of hot liquid erupting from her pulsing prick, splashing down into his belly, filling him until he couldn't handle anymore, forcing him to swallow frantically to keep

from choking on her cum. And there was so much of it... How did she manage to store this much seed inside her ball sack?! It didn't matter, though, since his own climax hit him, causing him to tremble and writhe beneath her, his whole body shivering in orgasm, his cock spewing streams of sticky, white mess right inside of his pants.

After a few minutes, she pulled out and disposed the remaining drops on his face and hair. Owen collapsed on the floor and Paige made a few steps back, leaning her back on the wall while catching her breath.

"Fuuuck... That was incredible, baby... So much better than jacking off or humping pillows..." she mumbled to herself, glancing down at his slumped form, panting heavily. "But we're not done yet. Get up and undress yourself."

Owen rose to his feet shakily, swaying slightly as his legs trembled with exhaustion from the intense face fucking session. He struggled to undo his shirt buttons and unzip his pants but managed to get it done in under a minute. When he dropped his underwear, they fell off along with all the leftover semen which landed on the floor with a wet splatter.

He stood naked, gazing down at his spent cock, dripping with fluid, feeling strangely satisfied despite the soreness of his throat, and somewhat ashamed of how easily he'd succumbed to her advances. However, his thoughts turned to the scene in front of him. Paige was still fully clothed but her trousers had slipped down to her ankles and her erect cock was sticking straight up against her torso.

"Mmmm... so that's what football superstars look like naked," she said with a mischievous smile, biting her lower lip and looking at his perfectly sculpted body.

Defined pecs, bulging biceps, a set of abs you could grate cheese on... and then, below the waistline, a smooth, round, firm ass. No hair anywhere. Just pure, manly muscle. And his cock was quite big and thick as well. Smaller, much smaller than hers, but still a formidable tool to play with nonetheless. Paige eyed him hungrily as she walked around him once, inspecting his physique and stroking her hard meat all the while. Owen blushed under her scrutiny but remained motionless, waiting patiently for what came next.

"Now, I want you to undress me, and make it slow, take your time," she ordered as she stopped in front of him again.

"Yes, mistress," Owen answered obediently. He reached forward to start removing her clothing. He started by taking off her black button-up blouse. As soon as the last button was undone, her breasts popped out from under the fabric. They were big and round, with no sign of sagging or wrinkles, and they looked absolutely fantastic. Her skin was covered in occasional birthmarks, and her nipples were hard and pinkish. Owen felt his dick stirring between his legs at the sight of them...

"Continue, you'll get a chance to play with them later," she teased him as she noticed his gaze lingering on her tits.

He moved down, removing the harness she was wearing and now he noticed that Paige was also quite toned and muscular, nothing close to what he was, but she still had a lot of definition and her figure was very attractive. Her six-pack was clearly visible on her stomach.

As he removed her trousers, a pair of massive, firm thighs revealed themselves, along with her plump, shapely ass cheeks. And now he had some time to admire her package in all its grace...

Huge, veiny shaft with a thick base. The shaft itself was at least three times longer than his own, and the girth was in no comparison too, with the tip alone being wide enough to stretch any normal male's asshole to breaking point. On top of that, her scrotum was enormous as well, housing an incredible amount of sperm, and her testicles themselves were massive, bigger than mangos grown on some steroids, with prominent veins and loose skin.

"Gods..." Owen breathed out, amazed by the size and perfection of the girl's organ.

"That's right," she smirked confidently. "It's impressive, isn't it?"

"Uh, yeah..." he agreed, swallowing hard, unable to take his eyes off her monster meat. "I mean, it's really... um... big..."

"Not just big, boy, huge!" she corrected him and grabbed her cock in one hand. "But enough talk, turn around and bend over."

When he hesitated for a second to do so, Paige smacked him on the butt and pushed him towards the couch. Owen stumbled forward and placed his hands on the armrest while she stepped closer behind him, wrapping her arms around his waist and pulling him against her body until his buttocks touched the warm surface of her member, making his own cock stiffen immediately.

"Ahhh..." she sighed contentedly, embracing him tightly, burying her nose in the nape of his neck, inhaling deeply, taking in his masculine scent, mingling with sweat, cum, and a hint of perfume.

"Ever been fucked in the ass? Even with something more modest?" she inquired as she ran her hands over his chest and stomach. "Cause I'm going to take you here... now..."

"N-no," he stuttered nervously as he felt the hard flesh rod slide in between his crack and poke against his hole, twitching excitedly. "Never..."

Paige just smiled to herself and kissed his neck lightly before releasing him from her grasp.

"Well, then, you're in for a treat," she said and nudged his rear with her penis, trying to enter his rectum, but he clenched up, preventing it from gaining access, which just irritated her a bit. "Oh, come on... Stop resisting, it won't hurt that much."

"You are gigantic..." he protested weakly as the pressure increased. Her dickhead made another attempt at breaching his sphincter, poking relentlessly against his entrance until finally his resistance wavered. The tip entered his ass with a squelch sound, stretching his tight ring wide open and forcing its way deeper inside, making him yelp in discomfort.

"Yeeees, that's it!" Paige exclaimed, pushing further and further, inch after inch, sliding into him, causing his body to jerk involuntarily, arching his back, but she held him firmly by the hips and kept him pinned down on her shaft. "I just love the feeling of virgin flesh stretching for the first time..."

Thanks to her pre-cum still working its magic on his body, the penetration was smooth and painless, even if not completely pleasant. It felt as though his intestines were being rearranged to make room for the intruder, and it was strange to think that such a thick piece of meat was fitting so well inside his body... But the pleasure was definitely there, the sensation of fullness and being filled was so satisfying, and the fact it was coming from Paige made it even better.

Finally, after a couple of minutes of gradual insertion, he felt her crotch bump against his buttocks, letting him know she was fully embedded in him. At that very moment his cock erupted again, splashing a small amount of white goo on the couch cushions as the first waves of pleasure hit his body.

"Already?!" she exclaimed with a smirk upon noticing it. "So, you enjoy having your backdoor stretched wide, huh? Good, good... Cause this is just the beginning..."

"Please, no... Can't we just stop now?" Owen begged, trembling uncontrollably, struggling to remain upright.

"Dude, I just buried myself to the hilt in your perfect butt and you want me to stop? Seriously?" she laughed mockingly and started to pull back, sliding her rod out of his passage until only the tip remained inside. "No fucking way!"

With this, she slammed her hips forward, pushing her meat all the way into his bowels, pressing his pelvis to the edge of the seat and causing him to let out a loud cry of pain and pleasure, his voice echoing throughout the house, mixed with the loud sounds of flesh slapping against flesh as she began thrusting violently into him.

Each stroke was accompanied by a grunt of exertion or moan of ecstasy from both of them, her balls hitting against his inner thighs with each pump, the smacks resounding through the otherwise quiet room. It didn't take long for his asshole to become accustomed to the rough pounding, and soon after, he found himself rocking his ass backward to meet her powerful thrusts, urging her on to fuck him harder and faster.

They went on like this for almost half an hour non-stop: his ass slamming back into her groin and her cock diving deep into his guts again and again.

"Ooooh my Goodddd!!!" Paige squealed with delight as she continued to plow into Owen's bottom. "This feels so good!"

"AAHH! AAAAHHH!!!" Owen screamed, his voice muffled slightly as he buried his face in the cushion of the couch, his fingers clutching at its fabric desperately as she pounded into him without mercy, sending waves of electricity coursing through his body with every thrust of her hips.

She fucked him like a machine, with a steady rhythm that didn't waver once during their coupling. They were both drenched in sweat, their bodies glistening under the dim light of the lamps, their hearts racing, and their breaths becoming shallow, heavy pants. The smell of sex was everywhere and became stronger with each passing second.

Paige's hands wandered all over Owen's back and ass while she kept banging away at his rear with abandon. At one point she pulled on his hair and leaned down to bite down on his shoulder hard enough to draw blood, making him yelp and whimper as the pain combined with the pleasure to send him spiraling out of control, his orgasm hitting him like a freight train, his cock shooting thick ropes of cum onto the sofa beneath him.

"God damn it!" she growled as she felt him clamping down around her length as he reached his climax. She quickened her pace even more, chasing her own release as her hips began to stutter and she groaned loudly. Then she threw her head back and cried out, her whole body shaking, her dick pulsating violently, spurting an incredible amount of hot seed deep into Owen's bowels, flooding his insides with her sticky fluids.

"Fuck!" she shouted and collapsed on top of him, still buried inside his ass, still unloading the copious amounts of cream into him, her entire frame quaking as she shot more and more sperm in his tight orifice, filling every available space until his belly swelled from the sheer volume of it, overflowing from the edges of his stretched sphincter, cascading down to the floor. After a few moments, she lifted herself up and began to slowly pull back until her softening member slipped free with a wet pop.

"Holy shit..." she breathed out as she observed the mess they created. "You look so sexy with my juice dripping out of you, Owen."

Then, with a swift motion, she spun him around and pushed him down to his knees, her still impressive softening rod pressing against his cheek.

"Lick it clean, baby," she ordered with a sly grin and grabbed a fistful of hair to guide him to her shaft, and he had no choice but to comply, his tongue darting out to lap up the remnants of cum sticking to the underside of the dick. Paige closed her eyes and sighed, savoring the feeling of his warm, wet muscle caressing her member. When she looked down again she saw him swallowing down the last drop of semen and then planting a kiss on the head as he finished.

"Mmm... that was hot," she purred and pulled him up by the hair. "But there's still time until dawn, so we better make use of it, don't you agree?"

Without waiting for his response, she hoisted him up off the floor effortlessly, carrying him over her shoulder like he was nothing but a bag of potatoes. Owen felt powerless as she carried him towards the master bedroom, his stomach was still bloated from her cum, and his ass was sore and leaking. He had little hope of resisting, but he caught himself on a thought that maybe he didn't really want to anyway.

After all, it wasn't bad at all and he enjoyed every second she used him...