La Matadora

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A teen girl's search for the perfect man comes up short

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I ground my foot into the faded welcome mat, scratching the cement porch as it pivoted. The midday sun beat on the open back of my halter top, but I was sweating even before I stepped out of my car. My excitement had billowed over the hour long drive and peaked as I had knocked on the worn door of this college apartment.

Now, however, that excitement turned to uncertainty. Two polite knocks had elicited no response, and I began to worry. Had I been stood up? Was this a joke? Were there 3 teenage boys in the bushes with camera phones muffling their laughter as they documented the embarrassment of this naïve teenage girl? I resisted the paranoid urge to survey the area and steeled myself for another try. This time the pounding of my hand matched the pounding of my pulse. Eight hard slams of my palm left my hand red, the door sloughing paint, and no doubt of my intentions. A girl poked her head out from the apartment next door. She smiled apologetically as she retreated, her mistake ridding me of any insecurity regarding my knock strength.

I waited for a response. A moment sizzled past, leaving its sweat mark on my cleavage. If I'd known I would be standing in the hundred degree Austin heat for even 5 minutes I would have taken counter measures, but it was too late for that. If the door ever did open my first impression would be a wet, aromatic one.

Suddenly, signs of life. The sound of flatware crashing from a counter top was soon followed by a weak , “just a sec.” More clanking. More of the graveled voice now swearing to itself. Finally, the door bolts began sliding open. I lurched onto my toes in anticipation, weakly biting my inner lip. As the handle turned a scrambled into position, posing sweetly with my hands clasped behind my back and a very sincere smile across my face. The door opened, and the unkempt visage of a college aged man quite unenthusiastic about seeing the sun greeted me.

“What's up? You here for Nicky? I think he's in class or some shit”

“No, I'm here to see Matt. Is he here?” My previous worries were now resurfacing as the man at the door appeared briefly bemused at my question.

“Oh shit! You're that girl from Craigslist!” he said. “Fuck when you said you were coming over at eleven o'clock I thought you meant 11:00 PM. Fuck man, I don't usually get up this early.”

He looked it too. I had never seen his face before—it wasn't important today—but I hadn't expected something so uncouth. He was unshaven for what looked like several days. He stood slightly hunched, probably 5'9” or so at full stance, wearing tartan pajama bottoms and no shirt. The definition of his chest and stomach was incongruous with the photos he had sent me though I gave him the benefit of a doubt given his posture. The smell of stale beer wafted from his mouth and clothes. My only relief was that he certainly wouldn't care about my cleavage sweat.

“Well I didn't mean to surprise you,” I replied somewhat passive aggressively.

“No, it's cool. Come on in Layla.”

“Leilani,” I corrected him. Truthfully most of my friends called me Leila anyway. He stepped to the side and allowed me inside. The apartment was dark but for the minute beams that peaked through the vertical blinds, but it was still light enough for him to get a good look at me as I crossed into living room.

“Damn, you look good,” he said, drawing out his interjection. He was right. I did look good. I looked fucking great. My long tanned legs were topped by a short pleated leather skirt that was gently lifted by the arc of my ass. My flat stomach was just barely visible below the red halter top that struggled to restrain my incongruous 38 inch chest. My wavy light brown hair topped 5'6” frame, and it shined even in the dim light of Matt's apartment.

“You want a drink or something? I got a couple beers in the fridge and a bottle of some shit in my room.”

Some shit was not the most enticing endorsement. However, despite the man's disheveled appearance, my enthusiasm was unabated. I hadn't come here for his face, after all. I followed Matt into his bedroom, closing the door behind me. He sat down on the bedside, but before he could reach for the nearby bottle, I was on top of him, straddling him and digging my tongue into his mouth. His surprise was brief as he returned my kiss, immediately reaching for my ass and giving a futile squeeze to my firm bottom. In truth, this foreplay was completely unnecessary for me. My pussy was already well moistened as I had been in a constant state of arousal from the moment I'd woken up this morning. The thought of meeting this man, my perfect man, was driving me into lustful fits, and I

had to have satisfaction as soon as possible.

I ground my swollen mons against his lap. Focusing my hung over partner, I held his face close to mine with both hands, devouring his tongue. With each breath I locked his eyes with mine. With each wanton stare I felt his cock surging to life. Every inch it gained pushed me closer to the edge. My arousal was so strong that I was forced to temper my hip motion. I'd told myself I wouldn't cum until he was inside me, but the thought of his engorging member already had my lips dripping.

I stood up to reposition myself between his legs, but he followed me, continuing our embrace from a standing position. Feeling briefly frustrated, I was relaxed by wet kisses to the exposed tops of my breasts. He buried face into my cleavage. I hummed in appreciation kissing his hair and reaching for the tie on my halter top. He had the same idea, and our hands met at my collar bone. With his stimulation abated, I was emboldened to pursue my true target, pushing him back onto the bed, leaving my top in place.

I knelt before him, sliding my hands up his pants giving him a devilish smile. His baggy pants concealed his erection. My salvation was so close. My absolution near. I bowed my head just above his lap, drinking in the scent as I arched my head up in sublime anticipation. This was the moment I had been waiting for, and finally I was going to have what I came for. With one motion I yanked his bottoms to his knees.

I felt ill. So much planning. So much anticipation... for this. I angrily reached for my purse and retrieved a dressmaker's tape measure.

“So it's not quite eleven inches long. It's pretty close though.”

It wasn't close at all. I measured him at seven and a half inches long and barely five and a half around. The kid's specious defense for his lies was complete bullshit. He hadn't just claimed his dick was eleven inches; he'd sent pictures which in hindsight were obviously doctored. I felt dirty and betrayed. I'd come on so strong and thrown myself at this slob all because of that imaginary cock. I sat in front of him, starring at his falsely advertised penis. I was so angry I was tempted to storm out and leave this kid's balls blue and steaming. However, a moment to calm myself left me with a different impression. I hadn't measured all the guys I had blown but finding a man over seven inches was always a lucky catch. It may not be the legendary phallus I had been dreaming of, but it was still a damn fine dick. He certainly wasn't getting my virginity, but I could still get my own satisfaction.

I dove onto his shaft trying to artificially re-inflate my enthusiasm. The feel of his glans on my tonsils pique my arousal immediately. I freed his penis and traced a path in butterfly kisses down his length. When I reached his scrotum I inhaled both testicles at once draping his big cock across my face as I

swirled his balls with my tongue. At the same time I slid my hands up his now naked chest, lightly pinching his erect nipples in the webbing of my fingers. The stimulation knocked him flat on his back with a groan. He arched his hips, searching with his cock for my mouth, but I continued suckling his balls, pulling his sack so that his dick bounced on his abs where it splattered pre-cum with every bounce. My juices were flowing freely now as well, but if this charlatan was going to get off he was going to earn it.

I tightened my lips around his scrotum and sucked as hard as I could. The vacuum pulled his balls deep into my throat, and I gargled them viciously. He tried to sit up, but my hands in his armpits held him prone.

“Oh Christ,” he moaned throwing his head back. “Suck me,” he barked out.

“Hmmm?” I replied coquettishly, giving him a cockeyed glance from beneath his rock hard cock.

“Please please please suck my dick,” he pleaded.

That was more like it. I pulled back my arms and spit out his balls, dark purple from my efforts. As he sat up, I drew my hands down the length of his shaft collecting the ample pre-cum as lubricant. My hands lightly twisted up and down the whole of the shaft while my tongue flicked the skin under the head. His breathing labored and became more coarse and grunt-like with every exhalation. I returned his intensification with my own, taking more of his cock into my mouth with every stroke. He was thrusting ridgedly on his own with every stroke, his body maniacally pleading for me to take the whole length.

“Oh fuck that's good,” he coughed up between grunts.

Now sucking half his shaft with every thrust, I had one hand free to work on myself. I reached my left hand for my own waist line. I fumbled with the zipper on my thigh, awkwardly repositioning myself to shuffle out of my clothes without slowing my stimulation. After a brief struggle, my skirt fell to my knees and gave me free access to my sopping panties and vagina. I jammed my fist into my underwear, urgently running my knuckles through my slit and over my clitoris. The taste of his cock was driving me mad, and I needed relief.

But before that relief came, I was interrupted by an unannounced warm sensation in my mouth. His first shot was weak enough that I wouldn't have known he was coming had it not been for the ridiculous suffocating tortoise screams pulsing from his mouth. I ripped his dick from my lips, trying to avoid swallowing any more unannounced sperm. His dick dribbled two drops only my shirt before I could shove it away from me.

He lay back breathing deeply. Meanwhile, I was left steaming and rolling my eyes. Somehow, he had managed to cum before I could. An incredible achievement when faced with a girl who is so horny that she gets off on sucking dick. Normally I would stick around to pleasure myself with another blow job for a guy that size, but his complete lack of manners had soured me totally. I stood up to leave, refastening my skirt with an impudent shake of my ass.

“Hey I thought you said you wanted to fuck? I was gonna be your first, right?” he sleepily slurred, his dick already shriveling.

I gave a sharp incredulous laugh and retorted, “Maybe when you grow up a little.”

The kid barely registered my insult and closed his eyes and passed out instantly. I grabbed my purse and headed for the front door. I'd planned to spend a whole weekend in Austin, but the tremendous disappointment of my previous encounter left me wanting nothing more than to drive home to San Antonio and crawl into bed until Monday.

As I reached for the handle I heard a key in the lock. Someone was futilely trying to unlock already open deadbolt. I opened the door and pulled a muscular mocha forearm along with it.

“Whoa, sorry!” the guy said as he fell through the door with his key in one hand and his arms full of boxes stacked up to his face. I jumped out of the way to avoid him as he awkwardly stumbled toward the opposite bedroom. He began fumbling with his load, attempting to hold it against the wall while he fished for his bedroom key.

I was taken aback. This guy was nothing like the uncouth rat I had just met. The sweat glistened off his dark shirtless back. His toned glutes visibly jumped under lycra shorts with every shift of weight. His smooth black skin was topped by a cleanly shaved bald head. The disappointment that had so depressed me moments ago was fading as a new opportunity presented itself.

“Need a hand?” I asked demurely, sauntering deviously behind him.

“No, I got it I—“ a box fell from the top of the stack, but I snatched it deftly with both hands.

“You mean, I got it,” I said as he turned his head as best he could giving me a smile.

Finally opening his door, he charged forward to the bed, splashing his load on top of it. Following suit, I tossed my box on top.

“You look a little worn out,” I observed as caught his breath.

“You know it. I had to — I had to carry all this stuff all the way from campus in 105 degree heat. I'm dying.” He hopped up and headed to his bathroom, drinking directly from the faucet as I watched from outside.

“You must be Nicky,” I said.

Breaking his guzzle, he corrected me. “Nick. Nobody calls me Nicky, but my grandma and that asshole across the hall.”

“Yeah that makes sense.”

“Are you one of his friends? I can't believe a roach like him would have company in the daylight.”

“I am definitely not his friend.”

Nick finished his drink and splashed some water on his face. After toweling off he got his first clear look at me. His friendly smile took a lecherous twist as he tilted his head, his eyes making a blatant appraisal of my appearance and pausing unashamedly on my ample cum speckled cleavage.

“Well in that case, do you want to be my friend?” he said in a deep voice raising his eyebrows and taking a single step in my direction.

The bend of my smile aligned with his as I shut the door behind me and draped my arms around his neck. I looked deep into his brown eyes but my full chest kept our lips well separated. His long arms encircled me leaving his forearms resting on the curve of my ass and his hands cupping my waist line. It was no trouble for his muscular body to overcome the resistance of my breasts, pulling me close and bringing out lips together. Two probing pecks were followed by the full commitment of his mouth. He was a fantastic kisser, following my tongue's every movement. He moved from mouth to lips without out ever breaking contact as my arousal grew.

“Ohhh...” I moaned breathlessly, throwing my head back. He took the opportunity to trace a wet path down my chin and neck stopping to place soft kisses on my collar bone. I wove my arms beneath his searching for my prize. I slid my hands beneath the lycra bike shorts and cupped his ass enthusiastically, pulling his pelvis in contact with mine. Contact with his generous bulge elicited another moan. It's relative softness tantalized me, and I giggled briefly in anticipation of it's full mass before bending my head to give his scalp some earnest lip love.

Nick reciprocated my now obvious intentions. His soft hands glided up my back to where my halter was tied. Recognizing his goal, I shot my arms back and met his hands, interlocking fingers. He slumped slightly, softly kissing the very tops of my breasts that bulged from the harsh squeeze of a deliberately too-small bra. Despite his attempts to convince me, I knew better than to appease a man all at once. I used my grip on his hands to push him back, politely shoving him into an office chair.

“Aw baby, you gotta let me see those beautiful tits,” he cajoled.

“For know, you'll just have to think about them,” I replied with a cock-eyed smile.

He tilted his head back in pleasant frustration at my tease. Kneeling in front of him, I took a moment to admire his gorgeous form, running my hands up his well-defined quadriceps and leaning in to run a sopping tongue down the cleft of his chiseled abdominals. When I reached his shorts, I paused to flick my tongue at his waistband and lightly snapped them against his sweat covered belly.

After a few strained breaths from him, I relented and slid his shorts down using my teeth at the crotch and hands at his hips.

I'd been with black guys before and knew the stories of their endowments were just that. However, I never expected the paltry specimen that revealed itself. My first thought was confusion as just locating the shaft was a puzzle. I stiffed a laugh and repressed the urge to reach for my tape measure. Experience told me he was just over four inches long and even thinner around. My arousal plummeted as my hope was again obliterated. However, while I may be picky, I'm no bitch. Nick had been nothing but sweet to me and didn't deserve any derision. Besides, the man's body was impeccable otherwise so any pity would have been sorely misplaced. Whatever my preferences were, I still gained great personal fulfillment from blowing the fuck out of guys. Small dicks are like small bills: they're still worth something.

However, a closer inspection left me more intrigued. The bulge I had felt previously was not his massive cock as I had anticipated but his massive testicles. If his penis was one of the smaller I had ever seen, his testicles were absolutely the largest. I tried to cup them in one hand but even two were barely enough to gain control of the red-potato sized orbs. My normal techniques were ineffective. This would require some tact.

I began by massaging his sack with the finger tips of my right hand. My left grabbed his shaft nearly concealing the entirety. My thumb rubbed gently on the underside of his glans.

I looked up at him and hungrily said, “Oh my god they're so big. I'm salivating!” He smiled and reached a huge paw to cup my tits. I let him have a brief squeeze before removing his hand.

“Baby I just have to get a look at you,” he pleaded.

“For right now, why don't you just imagine them,” I said, giving his cock a wet kiss on the tip. “Imagine the heaps of soft flesh spilling out of my tight bra. Imagine me moaning softly as you work them with your big strong hands. Imagine me eye fucking you with my big green eyes as I reach back for the clasp.” I leaned forward and stretched his dick as far is it would go. “Imagine my pink areolas. Imagine my nipples perking up at the sight of your rock hard cock.” I rubbed his cock on my chest, tracing the outline of my nipple. His pre-cum was all ready flowing, and his wet slit slathered my shirt, making the contours of my nipples visible on the distended fabric.

I reached the hand that was on his shaft back to the tie of my halter top, now sucking his head a few times between each sentence. My massage of his testicles was now more forceful as I firmly rolled the two eggs together with my right hand.

“Imagine you're pinching them, rolling the stiff pink nubs,” I said as the string of my red halter top fell loose, the garment remaining in place by the sheer tension of my swollen chest. “Imagine you're sucking them. I'm begging you, 'harder'.” I bobbed hard onto his dick and released it with a pop. “Harder,” Pop. “Harder,” Pop. “Please Nick suck me harder.” I gave his dick a final pop, locking eyes with him as he let out a labored heave. I began pumping his spit lubricated cock furiously.

“I want your tits,” he stammered breathlessly.

“You want them?” I teased never breaking my stare.

“I—need them,” he said as his voice cracked.

“I need to show you. I need your soft hands massaging them. I need you to suck on my nipples until I scream,” I ardently growled as my voice rasped more with every plead. Nicks eyes glazed over. His jaw fell open. His hands gripped the armrests like eagle talons gripped a rabbit. His head bobbed back and forth as he tried to summon a final plea that his gasping state would not permit.

“Please.” he managed weakly.

All at once I let go of his cock, leaned back and ripped my halter down, pulling it over and past my breasts. My massive golden tits billowed out of from the taut white strapless demi bra. Nick groaned and scrambled for his dick, but my hands met his half way and denied him. He groaned again as his cock erupted into my chest. The first burst splashed against the middle clasp of my bra and sprayed in every direction. A few blobs found their way to my lips. I licked them up. I rarely enjoyed the salty

taste, but the thick texture of Nick's sperm was enough to intrigue me. More spurts easily traversed the 5 inch gap between us as the semen piled up in the folds of my partially removed halter top. His yield was massive, and each shot was accompanied voluminous groan complimenting it's mass. All together fourteen loads were left dripping down my stomach many of them finding their way past the waist of my skirt and onto my panties.

The sight of his achievement amazed and excited me. I focused so hard on his pleasure that I hadn't even considered my own, but, examining myself, I found it hard to tell where my copious juices stopped and his began. I resolved to remedy this and dropped my open mouth back on to his still oozing member. The smell of his sperm and sweat mixing elated me as I drew hard on him making a strong vacuum in hopes of maintaining his resolve.

“Holy shit that was amazing,” he said lifting my chin from his dick to kiss me. I met him lips fastened and recoiled back to a cock that was suddenly as stimulating to me as any of the largest I had ever seen. I devoured it, working it briskly with twisting strokes of the head while gripping tightly at the base desperately trying to maintain his spirit.

“Damn, you're a fanatic! Let me return the favor.”

“Mmm mmm,” I mumbled in decline, maintaining my pace.

“So... you're just gonna keep sucking my dick?” he said confusedly.

“Mm hmm,” I replied. As good as it would feel, boys could not be trusted with their hands.

“Well, whatever gets you off, I guess.”

His apathy worried me, but 2 minutes removed from his first ejaculation, his erection showed no signs of wilting. I bobbed my head diligently, working the head with my tongue on every stroke. With each decent I drank in the aroma of drying cum, and as my anticipation of a second demonstration loomed, I slid my hand into my panties, recklessly rubbing his still liquid semen onto my clit. I paced my self on both fronts settling into a stroking rhythm only periodically broken by luxurious kisses to his rock hard balls. Five minutes into my efforts the previously indifferent Nick was once again leaning back in his chair breathing audibly.

As his breathing quickened so did mine, and I became aware of the puddle forming between my legs. It was mostly of my own creation though some of Nick's cum had persevered. My pleasure was closing rapidly and I needed him to join me. I rose to my feet, still bent over his lap happily sucking away. I finally tore myself from his cock and straddled him, my back to his chest and my pussy

grinding into his right thigh. Leaning back, I pulled his face to mine and kissed him deeply as my left hand fervently jacked his dick. With his right arm pinned between my back and the chair, he sought me out with his left. First he reached to finger my pussy, but I swatted him away. He then groped for my chest snapping the left cup of my bra with his finger tips before I could push him away. This time his efforts were rewarded as my nipple just barely slipped free, still bound tightly enough that the neckline of my bra pinched it upward.

“Mmmm you lucky guy,” I cooed, breaking our long kiss.

He looked up with a flushed face and a ravenous smile then drove his head onto my nipple.

“Ahhhhhh!” I screamed in simultaneous surprise and ecstasy. I threw my head back, arching my hips as a palpable rush of blood flowed into my pussy. I began bucking against his thigh, whimpering weakly with every stroke. My breast came fully free and the drop of my pendulous flesh forced an even more dramatic arch from my spine get the nipple back to Nick's lips. He was sucking on my areola, circling my pressurized nipples and giving them the occasional flick. It was phenomenal. My grinding quickened. I was on the verge. I remembered my charge and redoubled my efforts on Nick, struggling through my moans to control my breathing and stave off climax. I thrust two hands into his groin, roughly squeezing his testicles and frenetically jack-hammering his shaft that was fortunately lubricated by a massive outpouring of pre-cum.

A minute passed, maybe two. The force building inside of me had me almost in pain and my resolve was weakening before Nick's mind blowing tongue work. Finally, he was forced to break his sucking to groan.”

“Oh fuck,” he blurted. Seeing my opportunity I poured it on for the final stretch.

“Oh god I'm gonna cum. Please cum for me Nick. Please. Ple—Ahhh!” I broke my encouragement momentarily to screech as Nick darted a tongue from his breathless lips onto my breast.

“Please cum on my tits. I need to see your thick load on my chest. I want to taste it. Please.”

I pumped harder.

“Please.”

I quickened my hips, thrusting at the air so turbulently that they went airborne, slamming my ass into his thigh with violent strokes.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” I shrieked slumping into the seat of the chair vacated by Nick as he stood over me. My body convulsed as pleasure rippled out from my pussy and through my limbs. My hands shook as my reptile brain began humping the air seeking any stimulation it could to augment my orgasm. My vision blurred and my ears pounded, but I could still feel the torrent of my fluids dripping down my calf into my platform sandles. I could feel thick warm droplets splattering my face like cake batter rain.

The thrill of orgasm buzzed through me for almost a minute more. As I regained my senses with spasms still rhythmically rocking my body, I saw Nick's exquisite black frame draped over the back of the chair. His chest heaved as he hovered over me. His dick dripped continual residual sperm onto my crotch and I lifted my head to survey the damage. Not as nearly as generous as his first load, the trail of cum leading from my chin to my skirt still dwarfed the output of most other guys. A deep puddle had formed in my cleavage. Cum dripped down my exposed nipple like a wax candle. The folds of my bunched top were now glued together. A final stream flowed from my belly button to the waist of my leather skirt.

I pulled myself up by the bathroom door handle and straightened my bra. The pools of thick, white jizz on my torso slid languidly down my belly, under my skirt, and onto my thoroughly drenched panties. I refastened my halter top revealing the mess bundled up in it's creases. The entire belly portion was caked, sticking fast to my ab muscles. A splattering noise on my breasts led me to a glob somehow lodged in my hair.

Nick collapsed into his chair, exhausted. I thanked him and wrote a fake phone number on a post-it pad. Then I kissed him before bounding gleefully out the door, leaving him still speechless after what was doubtlessly the best blowjob he'd ever had.

Standing outside the apartment cum-stained from head to toe, I felt completely content. I licked a stray droplet from my cheek and tried to think about my long drive home. Yet, the only thought in my head was how thrilling it would be to suck another cock dressed as I was. However, with my phone out of juice and no way to check my Craigslist positing for another potential date I resigned myself to a long ride back to San Antonio, and an uneventful weekend alone.