Handling Emil

By SizeQueenSupreme

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She has the worst or best job in the world

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(All characters presented are 18 or older, all participants have given enthusiastic consent, all sizes are completely ridiculous, all sex acts are over-the-top and fantastical.)

Handling Emil

By Veronica Divine

The phone rang once.

I groaned, stirring from dreams as deep as the blue eyes I had been dreaming about.

The phone rang twice.

I sat up and gave the phone two middle fingers.

The phone rang again.

“FUCK!” I shouted, lunging myself across the silk sheets to pick the damned thing up.

I didn’t say ‘hello’. I said, “Whoever this is, if this isn’t an important call, I’m going to drive to your house and slam this phone down RIGHT on your fucking ball sack.” I paused, blinking, and then added, “And if this is a woman, I’m going to surgically graft a pair to your body somehow to make that possible.”

I heard breathing on the other end. I had scared someone. I rolled my eyes.

“Speak.” I encouraged.

“Ms. Savich.” A quavering male voice finally piped up. “We need you. It seems there has been a

situation.”

I rolled my eyes. “Who is she?” I asked.

* * *

After the weasel little campaign manager had gotten his story out, I jumped up, grabbing one of my specially tailored t-shirts, a thong, and some shorts. It was a bright, hot day so I added a pair of mirrored sunglasses to the ensemble and some sandals, finishing it all off by tying my dark hair into a simple pony tail. I paused to look at my reflection and shook my head.

My god I’m a hot bitch.

* * *

I shifted the throttle hard as my silver corvette hit 120, eyes barely flicking as I passed yet another car. A cop hit his sirens and was on me. I stopped quick and glared over my sunglasses as the bastard swaggered up.

“Is there a problem, officer?” I asked sweetly, pursing my lips a little as I batted my green eyes at him.

“You might say that ma’am. I clocked you doing four times the speed limit there.”

“I’ll bet you did. Guess I must have a pretty good reason, huh?”

“Look ma’am, I don’t want to—“I cut him off. “I’m Sonia Savich. You get on your little walkie-talkie and speak to the Chief of police. He’s been briefed. Then, when you’re done cussing yourself out for being such an idiot, you can give me escort. Assuming you can keep up. Bye.”

I hit the gas again, shifting the stick through several positions as I picked up speed.

* * *

The first part of my mission was going to be simple. I just had to get inside. I got out of the car and walked quickly, braless breasts threatening to break my tight top with each bounce. My humongous udders got stares from the crowd that was gathering, mostly reporters, many of whom snapped pictures as I breezed between them, dolling out middle fingers to each and every one of the perverts as I moved.

Finally I reached the two big cops at the door, keeping the reporters out.

“Sorry miss. No one gets in. Official orders.” One said, putting a hand up as he and his partner shamelessly used their eyes to devour my tits in their top.

“I’m Sonia Savich. I’m here to address the problem.”

The two seemed a little shocked; they had clearly been briefed to wait for me, but one looked to the other slyly as he blurted out, “Look miss, we can’t let every double-D cup who claims to be Sonia Savitch in here just because she says she is. For all we know, those are implants.”

“Double S cups.” I chided. I breathed heavy sigh, wishing as I often do that I were super strong, or some kind of martial arts badass instead of being good at what I’m actually good at. I couldn’t hope to overpower these two fuckwits. After this incident was done, I’d make sure they were forced to eat their badges, starting from their asses and working up.

“I will flash you my…credentials, if you agree to let me in.” I spat, bobbling my humongous mammories in my palms to entice them.

“Good enough for me!” Said the one on the left. I had already lifted my shirt to let them bask in the splendor and glory of my behemoth bombs when the other one spoke up, fighting to keep his eyes in his head.

“Not good enough for me. You could be any busty bitch. I heard Sonia Savitch could get any man off in one minute. Get me off like that and I’ll let you through.”

Greedy Bastard! I thought, mulling it over. The one on the left whispered to his friend as I did, “You fuck! You just want her to see what a big one you’re packing!”

The other sneered back, “Sure do. So what? Jealous?”

“Hell yes.” Muttered the first, hanging his head.

Now I chimed in. “You got your information wrong. I can’t do it in a minute.” He looked disappointed, but seemed to take delight as he started to chastise me. “I knew it, you’re not the real Soni—“

I cut him off, taking off my sunglasses so that my bright green eyes could capture his, showing all the seriousness and smolder they could as I spoke.

“I can do it in fifteen Seconds.”

“WH--!” He started, but I was already on my knees.

It was on.

1 : *My hand glides down the front of his pants, a single motion skillfully unbuttoning his fly and pulling the zipper down before it has begun to tug those pants down.*

2: I smirk at the dick that flops out. His buddy is right, he is a big boy, but even though I’m looking at six inches dead soft, I don’t look impressed. And truthfully I’m not. I’m used to much bigger.

3 With a skillful motion that can only come with the kind of training some put in to athleticism, I seize and wag his cock, smacking both my own cheeks with it and pressing the head to my pursed lips in a staccato of motion

4 I slurp him in, dick already getting semi hard as my tongue glides around his head and my hands find his hefty, yet forgettable nuts bulging in their hairy sack

5 Skillfully shaping my mouth around his girth, I spit, tagging his nuts with a gobbet of drool that I just as quickly plunge forward to met, his semi-hard cock burrowing into my check as my tongue reclaims the saliva dripping from his dangling sack.

6 As he hardens I let him easy enter my throat, his 11 inches or so threatening to harm a normal girl. But I am not normal.

7 My throat clamps to his head, making a perfect vacuum seal without even needing my lips. My isolated throat control is so great that I can ripple it over his cock in hundreds of specific points, an act that is only magnified as I start to bob my head, threatening to pull his cock with me every time I go back.

8. I make his balls my bitches, soft delicate hands moving to massage and mash them against my drool-covered chin, tongue flicking out past the throated cock to lash away at them.

9. For the next second I power-swallow, letting my throat muscles ripple on the whole length of him rapidly, nasty glucking noises audible to all.

10. His eyes were already beginning to glaze over as I went face first into his crotch, this time latching

my thick, strong lips to the base of his meat, clamping them into place with such strength that when I pulled my head away again his whole body tried to come with me.

11. I released the pressure for just a second, a noisy slurp coming from my lips at the same time as a peeled sheen of glistening saliva and precum. I was giving his cock such a thorough sucking that I'm fairly certain some of this mess was just getting vacuumed straight from his balls.

12. Speaking of those, I could see them tensing and I helped them along with a skillful massage, varnishing his sizeable sack with all the juices running down his cock.

13. With his man-marbles marinated, I kicked up my pace, hair launching back and forth so fast my pony tail almost cracked like a whip against his thighs. First came the tell-tale groan….

14. Then the hangs clenched against my head, the toes could be seeing curling in the shoes, the fat testicles swelling fatter and pulling fast against his member, the groan intensifying into a broken-breath shudder and….

15. It was an impressive load, sure, but what might have choked your average porn-star was like a sip from a straw to me. I held his prick deep for the whole thing, feeling his head swell against the interior of my throat.

That was that, time seemed to return to normal. "There you have it. Fifteen seconds." I giggled as I looked to the other guard, his pants stained with a massive stain, "Oh, and about four for him. Glad you enjoyed the stud."

I didn't wait for them to give me permission to pass; I just walked past, tits still out, ass swaying for their appreciation in parting.

* * *

The building was a symphony hall. It was a few hours before the concert. I didn't know all the details, but there were definitely some deductions I could draw about the situation.

The Governor, a strong candidate for being the next president, was expected to be attending the concert. It is my assumption that his daughter—famed for her devotion to the arts and a cellist for her college orchestra—had come at this early hour to commiserate with the musicians and director, only to be met by my "problem" who was clearly up to his usual tricks.

How could I tell the latter? Because of the NOISE. It was unending, a non-stop stream of grunts,

moans, screams, and gibberish half-words. While this space had been built to magnify sound, no group of instrumentalists could hope to match the sheer level of volume being reached by the loan female tone piercing through the very walls of this place.

“NGH NGH NGH NGH AHHHHHHHHH FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK ME FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK HUGE NGH GOD SWAT BALLS DAMN DAMN FUCK FUCK DAMN FUCK FUCK!”

These were the words I could make out as I rounded the corner and opened one of the double-doors.

I’m very professional, and time was of the essence, but despite these things I could help but stop and just stare for a moment. There was a hulking form on the stage, gorgeously layered in thick sheets of muscle, ripples and cavers showing the strength of his back that tapered down to a magnificent pair of magnificent buttocks. This perfect ass was tensing in one position or another as it thrust and thrust, fast and hard. A pair of spectacular arms were curled around a pair of long smooth-shaved legs, the latter kicking in random direction at each sturdy thrust. The most incredible sight of all though, was the humongous nuts, each a sturdy cannonball of densely packed meat. These slid along the stage or pounded against it mistily with each thrust, a wet smack echoing alongside the hoarse-throated moans.

I shook off my head from being so dazed at the site of him, clearing my throat. Oblivious, the viciously reaming stud just gouged away. Even though I couldn’t see it from this angle, I knew what she was getting and couldn’t help but think she was quite restrained in all her wailing; he’d gotten me to be much louder than this before.

Finally I seized my tremendous ta-tas and stepped forward, wrapping my humongous hooters around the sides of his head, making the nipples meet in the front so that his eyes were completely covered.

“Guess who?” I asked.

“Sonia!” He exclaimed, though it was muffled beneath titflesh to sound more like ‘Phonna’

“That’s right.” I said. “Now you get off the young lady, she’s clearly had enough.” Now that I was closer I could see what was going on in front of much better. The Governor’s daughter was perhaps a foot-and-a-half in front of us, impaled on almost that much cock that arched inside her, making her belly swell up with a visible bump. The lips of her bare little pussy were spread wide, hugging the thick circumference of his dick for dear life as a shiny coat of her glistening juices spilled steadily out around it. Even with his motion stopped, she seemed to be shuddering through little orgasms.

“Aw, I didn’t even cum yet!” He whined. I pulled back, withdrawing my tits from him so he would feel their absence.

“Emil! Off! Now!” I commanded. His shoulders dropped a little, but he obeyed, slowly pulling inch after inch of cock out of the coed, her whole body sort of shivering with relief when his thick head finally broke free. She looked as though she might be so gaped open that if I just took a flashlight to her I’d be able to see up into her brain. Poor thing.

“We should go home, Emil.” I pleaded.

Emil shook his head, folding his ludicrous arms, their rippling muscles growing a little taut as they folded across his perfect Pecs. “No. I’m not going anywhere until I blow a load. I’ve been walking around with full balls for HOURS, now.” He reached down and cupped his hefty sac. Even his enormous hands weren’t up to the task of fully encasing one of his testicles.

I sighed. “All right Emil. I’ll get you off ONE time. Then we leave. Deal?”

“Deal.” He smirked.

Thus would begin the eternal struggle between us. I, she of unprecedented sexual skill would do my best to get off he, of unsurpassed sexual endurance, before the police would be forced to relent and allow journalists onto the scene. If that happened, then a man’s political career would be destroyed by Emil’s gigantic cock.

Speaking of which, I stared at the huge ramrod, half-dipped in snatch-syrup that arched out in front of Emil like a damned telephone pole, and licked my lips hungrily. Yes it’s a pain-in-the-ass having to babysit Emil, making sure that his libido doesn’t destabilize society and ruin the world for all the other men out there… but it does have its benefits.

Slowly I bent at the waist, flicking my tongue out to slap at just the head of him, slurping it all around, cleaning girl-juice wherever I could find it, taking extra care to get the inside of his cumslit and the crease of his glans, steadying myself with my hands on his hips as I spiraled and licked lower, working his shaft from every angle to thoroughly clean it off.

Finally I pulled back to admire my handiwork; all the juice was replaced with slobber now, his shaft gleaming in a slightly different way.

“There, all clean.” I grinned.

“Nah-ah,” Said Emil, putting his big hands on my shoulders and guiding me to my knees, “My balls are totally sweaty. You’re gonna clean those too!”

“Em-ULMPH!” I said as he batted his massive scrotum against my face, using one hand he trapped my head from behind by grabbing a fistful of my hair, the other he used to manipulate his huge nuts against me, making sure each part of my face was smeared with his massive balls.

“Come on, Sonia, suck ‘em. Suck my huge nuts!” He taunted. Sometimes I think the only thing Emil likes better than having the world’s biggest cock is bragging about it.

But who was I to argue? I Slurped and sucked and snacked, and smacked my lips, feasting and feasting on his fat fuck-buckets. He responded by starting to buck his hips… he was letting the huge orbs swing forward like a pair of demolition balls, bucking a little faster each time as his nads knocked into my horny face. I knew the game here: He meant to ball-bludgeon me until I was stunned so he could go back to fucking miss tiny-tits over there.

Well I wasn’t going to have it. I stood fast, (well kneeled really) taking the abuse, letting the gigantic cum-boulders have their way with me, head rocking back a little further with each nut-punch. Finally he pulled back twice as far and abruptly swung forward, the weighty cock-cantaloupes hitting my chin with all their weight. Here I had miscalculated, for even as I tried to stand my ground, I couldn’t beat physics; the sheer size of them and the torque they generated slapping my chin carried me up and onto my back with an abrupt “THUD”.

I blinked and fought to keep my wits about me before he went back to pussy-punishing the Governor’s daughter, but it became clear I didn’t need to as he walked over to my face. A lesser man would need to squat to accomplish what happened next, but Emil just sat down next to my head, one leg above it and the other crooked over my chest.

Now his preposterous ball sack was free to drape out over my face like a big burlap bag, he leaned back on both hands, just smirking arrogantly, so casually you’d think he got his big nasty nuts sucked every day.

Well he did. Usually several times. But still, he didn’t have to be so SMUG about it.

I moaned and whimpered into his sack, really letting him enjoy his moment as I feasted on him, letting gravity carry a huge orb to the back of my throat, the other big ball resting rudely on my chin, bloated and slobbery where it sat.

“ULPH! MGULLPH! GLLLLAAGHGHGHL!” Was all I could say as the gargantuan gonad ground away in my gullet. Finally he seemed to need a switch, pulling his huge ball from my mouth he slapped it down right between my eyes, smearing my face with my own deepthroat slobber as he crammed the other one in its place, gigantic ball pressing on every part of my mouth from my tongue to my tonsils.

“That’s right sweet slutty Sonia…choke on it” He sneered. I hate it when he talks to me that way, and yet it makes me endlessly wet at the same time.

Finally he’d had enough and pulled out, scooting to position himself at my top, his huge cockhead dicktapping my forehead as he aimed it for my mouth.

“Open wide!” He commanded, spearing his humongous shaft right inside, impaling my lips and oral cavity, blowing right past both to jam his endless cock-cannon into my throat. I’m good. I can take a foot long cock to the balls without blinking, but Emil’s was no foot long. I had never encountered anything that was nearly as thick as his absurd rod, my gag reflex began to kick in around inch thirteen or so, my throat convulsing harshly on his shaft.

“GLLLLLLLLGHGHGHGHK” Was my only retort to his punishment. Perhaps this was what I really deserved for sleeping in.

Emil’s huge paws moved to my tits, the twin fires that always drew him back to me. I’d like to think my unmatched sexual skill, my willingness to be nasty and raunchy, my endurance for fucking, my unmatched capacity to worship a huge cock like Emil’s (Though there is no such thing as a cock like his!) meant something, but at the end of the day I know I’d never be able to keep him without my SS cups.

My own hands of course were locked under Emil thighs, helpless to do anything but grab at them slightly, unable to preventing his huge nuts from hammering the top of my head as he managed to shove more cock inside me. His throat-fucking thrusts were so strong and his balls so heavy that each time they swatted the top of my cranium I saw stars a little, throat involuntarily gurgling on his cock each time.

Emil was making a mess of me! Thick nasty sheets of precum and slobber joined the already nut-smeared streaks that coated my face, yet the stud only continued to use me for his selfish pleasure, humping and pumping away, indifferent to the giant puddle of ooze my features were becoming.

Finally he seemed to have enough of my throat, or at least saw something he wanted more. Emil pulled out, dragging my head off the floor for a moment with the arch of his shaft as it burst free, my lips slapping together in a nasty smack when his glistening head emerged. Emil scooted up,

repositioning himself at my tits, his slobbery scrotum parked right on my face as he whipped his weapon against my wobbling melons.

He ground down, I think deliberately smothering me in sack as he began to smack and slap my breasts around with his behemoth beef bat; only a cock like his could toss my heavy tits around like they were nothing.

Once he had sufficiently tenderized his target he squeezed them together and began to hump away, plowing his enormous dick into my cleavage canyon, fingers tweaking my big hard nipples as he worked.

His balls of course were out of control, bouncing and bashing away at my features, thumping my nose one moment or filling both eyes the next. They waggled and whomped away on me, keeping me distracted from the sensation of almost three feet of cock angling in and out between my tits.

This is the effect Emil had on me! I could own any sexual situation, except those that had him in them, and then I became nothing more than a fuck doll.

Emil moaned and let go of my chesticles, giving each hefty hooter a cockslap before scooting down even further. Now he was straddling my torso, balls resting on the tender, swollen pillows that my tits had become as he again maneuvered his heavy cock to a new position, dickhead resting on my clit.

First, he made a sort of vibrator of himself, just grabbing the root of his dick and shaking it ever so slightly, buzzing my little nub with affectionate teasing. Then he pulled back, thumping his cock down, just little slaps that sent explosions of sensation through my body, making me moan and squirm. Finally it was the knock-out cockblows, drawing his cock up to a full 90 degree angle and smashing it down, battering my clit like a prisoner. At this point I was arching my back to meet his hits, begging for it, even leaning up to lick the small of his back to encourage him.

When I did the latter, he lifted it with both hands and brought it down, a resounding wet “SMACK” echoing in the tiny room. This sound was followed by my moan, “AWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWW!” I screamed as I was pushed over the edge, a humongous fantail of pussy juice bursting from inside me. Finally Emil swung around to face me, still straddling my form.

“Well then, Sonia, I’d say you’re ready.” He smirked.

Now it was time for me to take charge! I had to tire him so thoroughly that he wouldn’t get in any more trouble before the Governor’s arrival. That’s what they paid me for.

I grabbed Emil by the hand, leading him to sit on the edge of the stage, swing a leg over to face him and slowly sit down on his lap. I ground against his whole shaft as I went down, coating the endless fuckstick in my nectar as I slid up and down, and clit raking along his whole length for my own shuddery pleasure.

I gave him a deep, probing kiss, my tongue in his mouth, sucking the flavor right out of him. He broke the kiss to look into my eyes, all sneer and swagger gone as he said, “I want you to ride this cock, right the fuck now.” Though his words were commanding, his tone was achingly gentle.

I don’t know how to explain it, but there are times when I think Emil’s own libido is too big for him, that it scares him. Of course most of the time this is buried beneath his own man-child-like self-indulgence to sate that libido, but it’s there, and I think I’m the only one who brings it out of him. At the end of the day, he doesn’t want to scare me away from the sexual monster that he is.

I wrapped my arms around him, grinding my tits into his chest as I spread my legs and abruptly crammed his cock into my pussy, face contorting a little as I struggled to accommodate him. But I was as wet as autumn, and the only thing coming from my raspy well-fucked throat was little grunts and moans of pure ecstasy.

He groaned, “Ooo Sonia, you’re soooo tight even though you’re dripping… take all of this huge fucking cock!”

“I don’t know if I CAN. You’re so BIG! SHIT! NGH!” I bucked up and down on him, trying to get myself to take just a little more of him, trying impossibly to sit on his lap with him inside me.

He tried to help, putting a hand to the base of his cock he tried to guide it inside me, working every angle. This gave me shuddering little orgasms, but didn’t do much to fit more inside. I leaned forward and kissed his neck, whispering into his ear, “You love having a big cock, don’t you?” Then I slammed my ass abruptly down, threatening to crush his hand if he didn’t get it out of the way, forcing my pussy to take more no matter how much anguish it would cause.

He moaned with me as my ass slapped down, barely able to touch his lap with the impossible shaft deep inside me, the indent of his head visible through my skin where it poked high, far too high, out of my belly. I was the only woman in the world who could accommodate him this way.

Sort of. I screamed, “HOLD ME DOWN! FUCK I’LL BOLT IF YOU DON’T HOLD ME DOWN! AUUUUUUUGH YOU’RE HUUUUUUUUUGE! OH GOD YOU ARE A GOD AMONG MEN …MY GOD…FUCK…YOU ARE MY HUGE COCKED GOD!”

He reached beneath me, supporting my ass to lift me a little again, then re-buried himself inside, the sound of my juices bursting out of me almost as loud as my non-stop moans. It felt like my pussy was dying as its whole insides seemed to want to cream out, thick layers of my juice coating his shaft, dripping from his balls and thighs.

He began to fuck me in earnest now, holding me in place as he sawed in and out. I learned forward on him for support, face flushing, moaning as the non-stop fucking prolonged the infinite orgasm I seemed to be having, multipeaked, tits bobbling and swaying in their heavy, massive way.

Emil finally lifted me, spinning me and tipping me forward off the edge of the stage, plowing back down and into me in this new position, my face on the carpet as he held me up for his guttural use.

“NGAWAHW! STILL SO BIG!” I wailed, face squinching as the meaty log spread me, poor gaped pussy still insufficient to handle his massive girth. He held it inside me a moment, just letting me get used to it before he started to buck his hips, my whole body threatening to spill over if he weren’t holding my waist in his strong hands.

He pumped and humped and fucked into me, working my brain and pussy to a new lather, sometimes giving one of my lush asscheeks a meaty spank, at others he leaned down and forward to molest my tits or grab a thick handful of my hair. It was while he bent my slightly back this way he roared, “This is what you want, isn’t it Sonia? To be owned like this?! To be my complete slut!?”

I couldn’t argue. “Yes YES YESSSSS OWN ME! MAKE ME YOUR BITCH! YOUR SLUT! YOUR WHORE! YOUR BIG COCK ADDICTED HUGE TITTED BIMBO BITCH BALL SUCKER! ANYTHING YOU WANT AS LONG AS SOMETIMES YOU MAKE ME CUM LIKE THIIIIIIIIIIS! love you! I love your huge cock! I love your big dangling sweaty balls! I love your nasty mouth! I love how you own me!”

I don’t blush easy…but I was blushing now. I might just be the toughest bitch on earth, and somehow Emil could always make me weak in my knees. No, not my knees. My pussy, my brains, my soul; he made me weak everywhere.

As he masterfully fucked me through my bajillionth orgasm, he finally had his own.

“What are you gonna do?” I shrieked, another climax rocking me to my core’s core.

He let his cock do the talking the rod growing impossibly thick as he blasted into my deepest depths, instantly filling then overwhelming my pussy. The force of his load drove me slowly from his cock to

my knees, a fire-hose blast of spooge still shooting from his tip to splatter against my own back-blasting fuckhole. And this was only his first shot.

His next two were for punishment, each aimed at one cheek of my ass, the massive wads of jizz rolling down my thighs in sheets to leave my hands and knees in nasty puddles. I slipped and slid, rolling onto my ass to stabilize myself in the shameful pudding beneath me.

He aimed again and fired a massive wad right onto my clit, bursting up into my gaped cunt as the vibration from the many-second blast blew me threw another double-orgasm.

The next two shots were twenty seconds, huge blasts he aimed selfishly at my tits, covering the poor girls in layers and layers of thick ball batter, shelves of it drooling from my hardened nipples and under-boob. This only served to make me all the hornier and I shuddered, my massive milk-makers wobbling seismically from the impact.

His next long spray hit my throat, threatening my air supply and mingling with the nasty thick mess on my chest.

I almost sobbed in pleasure as he aimed higher yet, plastering my already messy countenance with what seemed a nasty pint of prick pace, I blinked and coughed through it, barely able to stay upright.

Finally he decided to finish it with me, stepping forward and cramming his jaw-stretching head into my face, letting the last few long shots, perhaps a full minute of ball-buckling blasts fire directly into my throat. I swallowed rapidly, cup after cup of thick nut-nog, but in the end I was overfilled again, my lips and nostrils spewing forth with chowder-thick testicular tartar.

He patted my cheek. “Can I stay and have her again?” He asked, referring to the Governor’s daughter. I knew I couldn’t keep up, but I could make a demand.

“Only if you don’t want to ever fuck my tits again.”

He stared at my tits, the largest pair of this perfection in the world. He pouted. He knew in the end he’d always be my bitch.

“Let’s go home.” Sonia. He finally relented.

Checkmate. The Queen always wins.

END