

Blue Balls 7 (mf, Mf, school, BBC)

Summary – Tiffany decides she needs a boyfriend and makes friends with the janitor.

Previous Story Summary – Tiffany, her father and brother continue their adventures. She decides to speak to her teacher, to see if he has blue-balls too. (Click Previous Directory, above)

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone any sexual activity among persons under 18 in real life. In real life, incestuous relationships, particularly when an under-aged person is involved with a parent or adult, often causes deep psychological damage. This story is provided for entertainment purposes only. The author does not condone any sexual activity with persons under 18 in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

Tiffany opened the door to her next class, and being late, received the compulsory stare from everyone in the room. She shyly walked to the teacher's desk and handed Miss Mallory the late slip written by Mr. Stevens. She could still taste his cum in her mouth. As Miss Mallory read the note, Tiffany couldn't help but giggle, thinking of the joke Mr. Stevens had played on her, pretending to write, 'Please excuse Miss Tiffany Thompson for being late, she was giving me a 'suck-off.'

"Is something funny, Tiffany?" Miss Mallory asked her. "Anything you would like to share with the rest of the class?"

"No Miss Mallory," she replied. "I'm sorry, I was thinking of a joke someone played on me."

"Take your seat, please." Miss Mallory said.

Tiffany quickly walked to her seat, still smiling from the joke. 'If I had handed that note to Mr. Taylor, her math teacher, I bet he would have wanted a suck-off too!' she thought. 'Come to think of it, no has refused her offer for a suck-off or a jack-off yet. Well, her dad did, or at least he tried to, for a moment or two, until...,' her thoughts were interrupted by Miss Mallory, calling her name.

"Tiffany, we are working quietly on a project covering Chapter seven. Each team will give a presentation to the class next week. Your partner is Timmy Wilson, since you were not here to choose your own partner; he has an extra copy of the assignment for you."

Timmy Wilson sat next to Tiffany in biology class. She remembered teasing him last week during the sex-ed examination; she had received an 'A+' which made her happy, but when she remembered giving Timmy a big boner, that made her a little sad. 'What if I gave Timmy blue-balls too? And what about all of the other boys? How many of them have I given blue-balls?' she wondered.

"Hi, Tiffany!" Timmy said excitedly. "I'm glad we are working together on the project!" he blurted out, turning slightly red in the face.

Timmy liked Tiffany a lot! She made him feel funny inside. Since she started dressing sexily, he had seen her panties three times, and even glimpsed her boobs and her big, fat nipples when she bent over to get things out of her book bag! And, she has been acting real sexy lately too; like touching her breasts in class and lifting up her dress to scratch her leg; he could almost see her ass cheeks when she did that. His penis would get hard nearly every time he looked at her, and now, he was getting to work on a project with her! He was very excited. His penis started getting stiff just thinking about it!

“Hi, Timmy,” Tiffany said, sliding into her chair, feeling a little guilty. “I’m glad we are working together too,” she lied. She would have preferred to work with one of her girlfriends. The two talked about the project for a while and came up with some ideas for what they wanted to do. Tiffany noticed that Timmy was looking at her chest and legs a lot. She was glad she wore a ‘normal’ dress today. She studied the project plan and was writing down some thoughts, when noticed Timmy staring at her chest.

‘What is he looking at?’ she wondered. She looked down and noticed her dress had slipped down passed her shoulder. Her pink bra strap was showing and Timmy could even see the curve of her budding breast, encased in its lacey surrounding. Tiffany looked in his lap, almost dreading what she knew she would find. Yep, Timmy had a raging boner!

‘Oh no, not again!’ she whined, even as she admired Timmy’s erection. ‘It looks like a nice one,’ she thought. Even with everything that had happened to her, she was still pleased with the effect she had on boys. However, she had to know if she had made his balls hurt too.

Tiffany leaned in close to Timmy. He was startled. She had caught him trying to peek down her dress. ‘She was probably going to tell Miss Mallory,’ he worried.

Tiffany put her lips to Timmy’s ear. He could smell her perfume and he had a good look down her dress. He could see some of her soft flesh. “Do you get a lot of boners, Timmy?” she whispered.

“Huh?” He was startled. “I’m really sorry Tiffany,” he said, looking down at his hard cock, and then around the room to see if anyone noticed, trying to hide his erection. “I..., I...,” he began, “I can’t help it!”

“It’s OK, Timmy,” Tiffany whispered to him. “I give lots of boys boners. Really, it is OK.” She touched his arm, almost making him jump out of his chair. “I saw you looking at me last week during our anatomy exam, you had a pretty big boner then too.”

“Yeah, I like.., Timmy began, gathering his courage. “I like to look at you. You’re so pretty!” he gushed.

“When you look at me, do you get a lot of boners?” Tiffany asked him.

“Oh, yeah!” Timmy said, thinking he was complimenting her on her beauty. “I get them every day, looking at you Tiffany! Sometimes, even in the hallways, I see your, uh..., your nipples..., poking thru your shirt, and I get a boner right there in the hallway and I have to hide it with my school books!” ‘She was so easy to talk to!’ Timmy had never talked to anyone about boners before, even with his friends.

“Do your balls ever hurt you?” she asked, dreading his answer, but finally getting to the real reason she was asking him all these questions.

“Yeah! One time they hurt so bad, I...,” Timmy was going to tell her about the time he was playing baseball and the ball hit him square in the nuts, and the other time, when he was playing on his skateboard and hurt his balls, but she interrupted him immediately.

“I’m so sorry!” Tiffany blurted out, still whispering. She had done it again! Would she have to give every boy in entire school suck-offs and jack-offs?

Tiffany looked around the room, thinking of all the boys she had given boners to. Looking down the row of chairs, she noticed Susan Lopez and Bobby Brown holding hands across the aisle. ‘Susan must be a slut too,’ Tiffany decided. ‘Hey, that’s it!’ she thought. ‘It might work!’ Tiffany realized that if she had a boyfriend, she wouldn’t have to suck-off all the other boys she gave boners to! Girlfriends were not allowed to have sex with anyone but their boyfriend! ‘Let their sisters do it,’ she thought, ‘like she did for her brother Theo, or they can go find their own slutty-girlfriend!’

Timmy was confused. He didn’t know what Tiffany could possibly be sorry about.

“Look, Timmy,” she said, “I know how to fix it, but first, you have to be my boyfriend first.”

“Your boyfriend?” Timmy said incredulously, “Me?” He thought Tiffany was the prettiest girl at school. Why would she pick him to be her boyfriend?

“Yeah you, Timmy,” Tiffany said, “You *are* kind of cute, But, if you are going to be my boyfriend, you have to make sure the other guys I give boners to don’t bother me, OK?”

“Well, sure..., yeah!” he said, thinking about how jealous all the other boys would be. “If I’m your boyfriend, no one had better bother you!” he said, puffing out his chest.

“But, you should know something about me before you agree to be my boyfriend,” Tiffany cautioned him.

“What?” he asked. Timmy wondered what she could possibly say to him, to make him not want to be her boyfriend.

She leaned in close to him again, and whispered, “I’m a slut.” Tiffany leaned back to see his reaction.

“You’re a slut?” he whispered back, “Like a *real* slut?”

She nodded in the affirmative.

“You like sex and stuff?” he hissed. “I heard the boys talking about sluts in gym class!”

“What did they say?” Tiffany asked. She wanted to know all she could about being a slut.

"They said," Timmy whispered so quietly that Tiffany could barely hear him over the noise in the classroom. "They said that sluts will suck your dick and stuff!"

"Yeah, that's what a slut does," she agreed. "Sluts like cocks and cum, and balls and stuff," she informed him. "They do jack-offs and suck-offs until a guy shoots his sperm. That keeps your balls from hurting."

It was obvious she knew a lot more about sluts than Timmy did. "Have you ever shot your sperm before, Timmy?" Tiffany asked him.

"Well, once when I was sleeping..., I woke up..., I was dreaming about you, actually. In the sex-ed class, they called it 'nocturnal admissions', or something like that, when some stuff comes out while you sleep."

"It's called 'cum,'" Tiffany informed him. "And, a boy has to shoot cum out of his penis or his balls will hurt. We learned all about cocks and cum and pussies in the movie we watched. Miss Mallory even talked about boys and cocks and stuff with all of us girls too."

"Mr. Craig, our gym teacher, didn't teach us anything about girls. We watched an old, stupid movie from, like a hundred years ago. It mentioned erections, and sperm and eggs, but that's about it," Timmy said, "He told us to 'keep our dicks in our pants' and go ask our parents if we had any questions."

"Yeah, the sperm in your balls and the eggs in my vagina can make a baby during 'intercourse' - that's for married people who are trying to have children." Tiffany informed him.

"Well, I don't care if you are a slut, Tiffany," he told her, "I think it's kind of cool! But what does else does a boyfriend have to do?"

"Well, like I said, I don't want to give jack-offs and suck-off to every boy I give a boner too," she said, "So, you have to hold my hand in school, and kiss me once in a while, to make sure the other boys know I'm your girlfriend so they have to leave me alone. Even if they know I'm a slut, I can only do slutty stuff with you."

Timmy almost swooned thinking about holding Tiffany's hand; kissing her and having her do 'slutty' stuff with him.

"Will we really do slutty stuff together?" Timmy asked. His boner was so hard it almost hurt.

"Oh, sure! We have to keep your balls emptied so your sperm doesn't get all backed up from all the boners I'll give you. I'll do suck-offs and jack-off to you, and you can even do sex stuff to me, like play with my titties and put your tongue in my pussy, Maybe even play with my butt-hole, too."

"Play with your butt-hole?" Timmy repeated. He felt like he might shoot his sperm right now, just thinking of playing with Tiffany's tits, pussy and butt-hole!

“Well, yeah,” Tiffany said, as if it was perfectly normal for a boy to play with a girl’s butt-hole. “I’m already a very good cock-and-cum-slut, and I think I might be an ass-slut too. I’ll probably be a fuck-slut when I get married.”

“Wow, there are a lot of different kinds of sluts,” Timmy said, hoping he could marry Tiffany some day. “You sure are smart, Tiffany,” he said. “And pretty, too!”

“Thanks.” she replied.

Tiffany wondered if there were other kinds of sluts, like a ‘suck-my-tit-slut’, or ‘put-your-tongue-in-my-pussy-slut’. But, the more she thought about, she figured that was probably just part of being a regular old slut. ‘But, maybe there was such a thing as a pussy-slut,’ she theorized. ‘Since there was a cock-slut, there ought to be such a thing as a pussy-slut.’ She liked playing with her pussy and loved the feeling of her daddy’s tongue in it. She bet she would become a pussy-slut real soon. Besides, she really wanted to try licking her friend Kimberly’s pussy. Maybe they could become ‘pussy-sluts’ together? ‘I could teach her how to do a suck-off, too!’ she thought. ‘We could have a lot of fun together!’

Tiffany’s thoughts were interrupted by the ringing bell. As she put her things away, she realized poor Timmy was probably hurting right now. He had a boner almost the entire class.

“You have study hall next period, right?” Tiffany asked her new boyfriend.

“Yep. I usually sit behind you, so I can, well, you know..., so I can look at your butt!” Timmy admitted, blushing. He had decided to be honest with his new, slut-girlfriend.

“Well, since you are my boyfriend now, we will have to sit together,” she told him. “But today, we are skipping class; we need to get you taken care of right away!” She nodded towards his boner, “Your balls must be hurting you a lot right now...,” she said. “Besides, they never take attendance anyway.”

“Well, my dick is very hard, but my balls don’t...,” he stopped. “Get me taken care of? You mean...?” Timmy glanced down at his boner too. She nodded, affirming her intentions.

Tiffany thought hard about where she could give Timmy a quick suck-off. ‘Not under a teacher’s desk, like she did for Mr. Stevens. Not in the boy’s or girl’s bathroom...,’

“I know just the place!” Tiffany said. She grabbed Timmy’s hand and led him down the hall. They held hands, just like boyfriends and girlfriends, do as they scurried down the hallway. She led him towards a place where there was very little student traffic – the maintenance area. They turned a corner. No one was around. “Quick, get in!” she said, opening the janitor’s closet, pushing Timmy inside, and shutting the door behind them. “Drop your pants!” she ordered. The room was bigger than she thought. There were several tool chests, a locker, desk, sink, and even a small cot. It was perfect!

“Right now?” Timmy said, “You are really going to, you know...,” He couldn’t believe this was happening to him. It was so fast!

“No boyfriend of mine is going to go around with his balls full of sperm!” she told him, groping his hard cock thru his pants. “Not when they have me for a girlfriend!”

Tiffany helped him get his pants and underwear down. “I knew you had a big cock, Timmy,” she said. It was even a little bigger than Mr. Stevens’! She was a little surprised that he didn’t have any hair down there, just like her.

“You knew it would be big?” Timmy asked.

“Well, I *am* a cock-slut,” Tiffany reminded him. “I know a lot about cocks and stuff.”

She inspected his cock. Timmy had a large cock for a boy his age, and its head was very big in proportion to the shaft. The ridge running around it was pronounced. Timmy’s cock-head was very hard, and reddish-pink. Not purple and blue like her brother and father’s. It had been a little dark under Mr. Stevens’ desk, so she didn’t know what color his cock-head was. Timmy’s balls were smooth and very cute, but, they did look a little swollen to her. ‘I gave him too many boners,’ she said to herself.

Knowing she had to hurry, she gave his cock a squeeze and was rewarded with a drip of pre-cum. She licked it up, licked his cock-head a few times, and then quickly began giving her second suck-off of the day.

“Oh, Tiffany!” Timmy moaned. “You mouth..., so hot., your tongue is..., you are sucking..., oh yeah!” He pulled up his shirt so he could watch. The prettiest girl in school was on her knees, sucking his cock! He watched as Tiffany bobbed her head back and forth, back and forth. His cock would appear out of her sucking mouth and then disappear into the hot wetness again. She played gently with the swollen marbles in his nut-sack. ‘She *is* a cock-slut!’ he thought.

She paused, “Do you want to see my tits, Timmy?” She didn’t wait for answer, and quickly lifted her dress off and tossed it on the cot. She shimmied out of her bra and tossed it on the bed too. ‘Theo said that looking at my tits makes him shoot faster,’ she remembered. She showed her breasts to her new boyfriend, pinching her nipples until they were hard and swollen. “We don’t have time for you to play with them now, but since you are my boyfriend and all, I wanted you to see what you are getting.”

“Oh, Tiffany,” he groaned. “They are gorgeous!” His cock had never been so hard!

“I know, but thanks anyway.” Tiffany went back to work, sucking, slurping and licking his cock.

After a few moments, Timmy said, “Uh, Tiffany, I’m starting to feel that funny feeling like in my dreams!”

Tiffany bobbed her head faster.

“Uh! Something’s happening! I’m..., I’m going..., to...,” he groan, “Ohhhhhhh!” Timmy came.

Tiffany felt his cock twitch and felt a hard, full, blast of cream fill her mouth. She rolled the sweet boy-juice on her tongue to taste it. ‘It almost sweet like candy!’ she thought. ‘Timmy must eat a lot of sweet stuff. I wonder if I could make Mr. Stevens eat candy instead of that nasty old coffee?’ Another blast,

and then other, jolted her into action. Without thinking, she pulled her mouth off of Timmy's spurting cock and was rewarded with a hot wad of cum on her cheek. She opened her mouth to take his cock back in, when another spurt hit her on the lips. 'Good thing I took off my dress!' she thought, or she would have finished out the day with cum stains spattered on her clothes.

"Ugh," Timmy grunted, squirting another fresh load right into her mouth. 'She is a cum-slut *too!*' Timmy thought, watching Tiffany happily slurp up his sperm. She sucked Timmy's cock into her mouth and swallowed the last few blasts. She licked his cock clean, smiling at him, proud of her work, and waited for her boyfriend to compliment her.

"Wow, Tiffany that was great!" Timmy said. "Can you do it again?" His cock was still hard. "Please?"

"I don't think we have the time....," she started to say, just as the door opened wide, exposing their juvenile sexual tryst!

The school janitor, Mr. Walker stepped into his private room, not expecting the spectacle before him. The little white-girl cock-tease; the same one that shook her ass at him barely two hours ago, was on her knees, wearing only a pair of frilly pink panties, with a boy's cum dripping off of her face. As he watched, a fat drop of cum fell from her lips and landed onto her tiny, pale titties. He stared at her as she unconsciously licked the cum from around her lips. Tiffany's look of surprise quickly turned into a mischievous smile!

Tiffany knew right away how she could keep them from getting in trouble. She knew Mr. Walker liked to look at the pretty girls in school and probably got a *lot* of boners. She figured his balls were *really* full of cum by now, after lusting after all the girls in her school. She glanced at the huge, growing bulge in his pants.

"You better go, Timmy," Tiffany said. "I'll talk to Mr. Walker. Everything will be OK, don't worry."

Timmy pulled up his pants and quickly left the room. "See you later, Tiffany!" he said, closing the door behind him.

"I'm sorry I used your room without asking first, Mr. Walker," Tiffany said, standing and wiping the cum from her face and licking her fingers. "Timmy was really hurting, so I had to help him out. You know how it is when you keep getting boners and your sperm gets all backed up in your balls, right?" She winked at him, like they were sharing a secret.

"Yeah, I know how that is....," Mr. Walker said, looking her over. She was very pretty. Her pale, cum splattered tits were glistening under the florescent lights. Her eyes were bright and she smiled with an inner happiness. She had a cute little set of tits on her; and, he was sure she had a very tight pussy under her pink, frilly panties. Still, he had to be careful. "It was real nice of you to help him out," he said, cautiously making conversation.

"I know," Tiffany admitted. "I don't like to see men and boys hurting. Sometimes I give them suck-offs and jack-offs." She looked up at him and batted her eyelashes. "Mr. Walker, if you don't tell on us, I

could, you know, help you out too,” Tiffany said, smiling at him. He was a nice old man. Besides, if he allowed her to give him a suck-off, she could find out if black men were black ‘all over’ and what color their sperm was. She was very intrigued by the possibilities. And, as a cock-and-cum-slut, she felt it was her duty to learn everything she could about cocks and cum. She had already learned a lot today. ‘That’s what school is for,’ she thought, ‘learning new stuff.’

Tiffany walked towards him, nearly naked and splattered with cum. She placed a dainty hand where she knew Mr. Walker’s balls were. He never even flinched. She felt his ball sack thru his pants. They were large, heavy and very swollen! ‘He must have had his cum backing up for years!’ she thought, imagining him getting boner after boner, day after day, looking at all the pretty girls in school. She had to help him!

“Can I empty your balls for you too, Mr. Walker?” Tiffany asked him sweetly. He was too old to be having children, so his sperm must be backed up like all the other males in her life. ‘How can they stand it?’ she thought, ‘no wonder it leaks out when they are sleeping! Guys probably get so much cum filling up their balls; it just oozes out at night!’ But, she knew the best way to get a man’s cum out of his balls.

“Are you sure you want to empty my balls for me, little girl?” Mr. Walker asked Tiffany warily.

Tiffany nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, please! But, you won’t tell on Timmy and me, right?”

“No, little girl,” he replied. “I promise. If you empty my balls real nice, I won’t tell a soul about you sucking that little boy’s cock and having his cum all over your pretty little face and titties.”

“Thank you, Mr. Walker!” Tiffany said. “I’ll do a real good suck-off for you!” she said, excited to help another yet male get relief and experience her first black man’s cock! “Oh, my name is ‘Tiffany’, pleased to meet you!”

“My name is James, or Jimmy, but you can only call me that in here, OK? In the school, I’m still Mr. Walker.”

“OK..., James,” She said shyly. She thought that ‘Jimmy’ sounded too much like a boy’s name, not a grown-up’s name. Mr. Walker was certainly grown up. He towered over her.

Mr. Walker reached back, locked the door and then threw the bolt. He started to undress. Tiffany watched as he took off his shirt. His chest was dark, like his face. He was still very muscular and fit for his age. The hair on his chest was speckled with grey, just like the hair on his head. His arms were dark.

“I like to be naked when I get my dick sucked,” he explained to her. That made perfect sense to Tiffany. She liked to be naked too. He unbuckled his pants and let them fall to the floor with a heavy ‘clank’, as his belt hit the cold tile floor. He kicked off his shoes and stood in front of Tiffany wearing nothing but his socks and underwear. His legs were dark. Mr. Walker slowly pushed down his boxers. Tiffany watched as the base of Mr. Walker’s cock appeared. It was thick and black.

“I knew it would be black!” she breathed heavily. Tiffany stared, mesmerized and nearly shaking with anticipation.

Mr. Walker kept pushing his underwear down. More and more of his long, black cock became exposed.

"I knew it would be big!" she said out loud, proud that her cock-suspicions were confirmed. She felt like she was developing a sixth-sense when it came to cocks.

Finally, his boxer's fell to the floor, and Mr. Walker's fat, black, uncircumcised cock was exposed in all of its glory. Not yet fully hard, it hung down, heavy, thick, and long. His huge ball-sack below his crotch swung back and forth ponderously as he kicked off his underwear.

"I didn't know it would be *that* big!" Tiffany exclaimed, "Just like Miss Mallory told us!" Tiffany remembered how her teacher stretched out her hands to inform the girls how some men had very big penises indeed. So excited, she fell to her knees before the black monster. Reaching up her pale hands, she gripped it, loving the contrast between her white hands and his dark, black cock. Her hands couldn't even reach all the way around it! She felt it stiffening and she began to stroke it with both hands. She was amazed at the extra skin he had covering his cock-head. The skin would pull back a little bit, exposing some of his hardening cock-head, every time she stroked him.

"You have a very nice cock, Mr. Walker," Tiffany told him. "It is very big too!"

"Thank you little girl..., I mean, thank you *Tiffany*," he said, smiling down at the horny little white-girl playing with his big-black-cock. He wanted to fuck the little bitch, but he knew he would split her open. And, she didn't have enough titties to fuck - like Miss Mallory - so, he would have to settle for a nice, long blow-job. 'If my cock even fits in her mouth' he thought to himself.

Tiffany continued to give Mr. Walker a jack-off, staring at the skin peeling back and forth from his cock-head.

"Mr. Walker...? I mean *James!*" Tiffany said. "What is the extra skin is on your penis is for? I've not seen that before..." she almost added, 'and I'm a cock-slut,' but, she didn't know a lot about black cocks and she didn't want to appear uneducated and silly to her new friend.

"Well, Tiffany," he instructed, "All boys are born with that extra skin on the end of their dicks. Some are born with more skin, and some with less. The good Lord gave us that to protect our sensitive peckers and I believe he gave it to us to make us happy. Because, it feels so good when a little girl or a woman gets a man's cock-head nice and wet with her mouth, and then that skin can slide back and forth a good long time without drying out."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. She was learning more and more about cocks!

"You can pull the skin all the way back, Tiffany," he encouraged. "Go ahead, you won't hurt me."

Tiffany smiled at him and placed a hand over the black skin covering Mr. Walker's cock-head. She gripped it and pulled it down toward his groin. His cock-head slowly appeared. It was fat and round. His piss-slit appeared, and then more of his glans, then the skin was pulled up and back and over his thick, dark ridge.

“Farther,” he said, “Go ahead, you can pull it back *really* far, Tiffany.”

Tiffany pulled the skin farther back. His cock-head was fully exposed and bent towards her face. She saw the skin attached under his slit still stretching and getting more and more taut. The skin on Mr. Walker’s cock was lighter behind his cock. His huge cock-head was dark and black, but a rich, deep, purple color circled its flared edges. When she felt like she couldn’t pull his skin back anymore without hurting him, she released her grip and the skin sprang back, neatly held in place by the thick, fat ridge of his cock-head.

“Wow!” she exclaimed. “I like that!” She played with his cock a bit, licking his head with a sloppy, wet tongue, and getting it nice and coated with her spit. Then, she began sliding the skin back and forth with her hands. His cock-head appeared, wet and shining each time she stroked him. ‘If Theo and her dad had this extra skin, I wouldn’t need so much lotion!’ she realized. “Hey, do only black guys have this?” she suddenly asked him.

“No, Tiffany,” he told her, “All boys are born with a foreskin, but it is usually cut off when they are babies.”

“Foreskin...,” she said out loud, studying the loose skin sliding over the wet, shiny head; the cock-slut learned a new word! ‘Wait, what?’ She was suddenly stunned. “CUT IT OFF!” she exclaimed. No one told her about this before! “Why would they cut it off?”

“Mostly, to fit in with the other boys,” he explained. He shrugged his shoulders. “I hear they don’t do it as much as they used to, though.”

“What about baby girls, do they..., ‘cut’ their thingies too?” she asked.

“No, Tiffany,” he reassured her. Mr. Walker decided to spare her any more traumas. ‘Not in this country, anyway,’ he said to himself.

“Whew!” she sighed. After a few moments of stroking, she was burning up to ask more questions. “Uh, Mr. Walker., *James!*” she said, inspecting his heavy ball-sack with her eyes and tiny hands. She ran her fingers thru the coarse hair above his cock, and played her fingers along his heavy, naked, balls. She toyed with his golf-ball size marbles, visible thru his swollen sack. “Why do you have hair up here,” she played with his curly, dense, crotch hair, “and none down here?” she traced her fingers up and down his hairless balls.

“Well, I shave my balls, little g..., *Tiffany,*” he said. “Just like I shave my face.”

“Why?”

“Well,” he said, “I like to be nice and smooth down there.”

“Me too!”

“Oh, do you shave your little cunny?” he asked, imagining her smooth, naked twat.

“No!” she said impishly, thinking James was being silly, while gently stroking his cock and playing with his balls. “I mean..., I don’t shave, *yet!* I mean..., I probably will when I get older, but I don’t have any hair on my pussy, I mean my cunny, now... Wanna see?”

Since Tiffany was looking at Mr. Walker’s cock, she thought it was only fair that he should see her pussy too. Without waiting for an answer she pulled her panties far out in front of her and pushed out her crotch for him to see. He looked down and saw her bald little slit and the dark, warm, wet spot that was soaking the front of her panties.

“You have a very pretty pussy, Tiffany,” he told her.

“Thank you, you have a very pretty cock, James,” she told him.

“Thank you,” he replied.

“I like your balls a lot, too.” she told him. She liked how they were smooth, just like Timmy’s.

“Would you like to suck ‘em and lick ‘em for me, Tiffany?” He almost called her ‘little-girl’ again. “That’s another reason I keep them shaved nice and smooth. Miss M..., I mean most girls like it because it keeps my hair from getting caught in their teeth while they suck my balls.”

“Yeah, I hate it when I get hair in my teeth,” she agreed. “Does sucking balls make the sperm come out better or faster, like tickling them with your fingers?” Tiffany asked, tickling his balls with her fingers.

“Well, it sure feels good,” he said. “And, whatever feels good to a man - or a boy - helps him build up a real, nice, cum load. So yeah, it can make them cum faster and harder too. But, most guys want sex to last as long as possible, because it feels so damn good.”

“OK,” she agreed, “I’ll do your balls too.” She crawled underneath Mr. Walker’s balls. He squatted down, tea-bagging the little ignorant slut. She looked up at his clean shaven testicles and began licking his ball-sack. She licked them from front to back, twice, only stopping when she got too close to his ass-crack.

“Suck ‘em, too,” he reminded her. “And now..., you be gentle with a man’s balls.”

“I know!” Tiffany replied, slightly exasperated. She was getting tired of men and boys reminding her to be gentle with their balls! ‘If their balls hurt, why do they want me to play with them all the time?’ she wondered.

Tiffany sucked one heavy ball into her mouth, then the other. They were nearly more than a mouthful. She licked his sack and felt their weight on her face. Peering back at his butt-crack, she could see his black ass-cheeks and his puckered hole as he squatted over her. He smelled a little funky from working all morning. She breathed in, trying to decide if she liked it or not. She knew she liked the smell of a nice set of sweaty balls; like Theo’s after school, or her dad’s after yard work. And, ass-funk didn’t smell *too* bad. She figured she had to learn to like it, if she ever wanted to be an ass-slut. She took another breath and sucked another ball into her mouth, then the other. She licked him up and down, even exploring behind his ball sack with her tongue and the base of his ass-crack.

“Oh, yeah, you are a good little ball-sucker, Tiffany,” he said, encouraging her, and waiting to see how far she intended to go. Tiffany sucked and licked and decided she really liked sucking balls. Finally, Mr. Walker stood up. He was ready to get his cock sucked and blow a load onto the little cock-slut.

“Thank you,” she said, “I liked sucking your balls.” She wondered if there was such a thing as a ‘ball-slut.’ She ran her tongue over her teeth, checking for stuck hairs. ‘Nope!’

“Now, let’s see if you are a good little cock-sucker,” he said, waving his hard cock at her. It was nearly as long as her forearm.

“I hope you like it,” she said. “I’m a good cock-slut..., well,” she added humbly, “I’m *trying* to be a good cock-slut. I’m still learning..., James,” Tiffany admitted. “Thank you for teaching me about black cocks and ball sucking and foreskins and stuff!”

Tiffany was going to show him how good she could give a suck-off. She stretched her mouth as wide as she could, flattened her tongue, and pushed her mouth over Mr. Walker’s thick cock-head. It barely fit in her mouth! She began to wiggle her tongue on the underside and then gave it a gentle suck; bobbing her head the slightest amount until the thick head hit the back of her throat. Genuinely, she struggled on. She was determined to help this nice old man who was teaching her so much about big, black, cocks.

Her stretched, tired mouth began to ache after a while, so she decided to take a quick break. She pulled her mouth off of his cock-head and jacked his foreskin over his slick, fat head, over and over.

“Sorry, my jaw is getting tired, Mr. Walker..., James,” she admitted. “I need a lot more practice.” Tiffany jerked his cock with both hands.

“You give a nice blow-job, Tiffany,” he told her. “I know it is not easy, since you have such a small mouth, and I have such a big cock.”

“A blow-job?” she asked. “Am I doing it wrong? Am I supposed to blow, instead of suck?” She saw the exasperated look on Mr. Walker’s face. It was the same look her dad or her teachers gave her when she asked too many questions. “I know, I know...,” she replied. “More sucking and less talking!” she began sucking his fat cock again, stroking and tickling his cock. It began to swell in her mouth even more. She couldn’t believe what a big, hard cock he had!

“What you are doing is called a ‘blow-job’, little-girl..., Tiffany,” he told her, “And yes, you suck and lick and stroke it up and down, just like you are doing. I don’t know why they call it a ‘blow-job’ – maybe because it looks like you are blowing up a balloon, instead of sucking a dick. I’ve not heard it called a ‘suck-off’ before, but I don’t claim to know all of the funny things you kids say nowadays. My generation also called it ‘giving head’, like ‘hey, bitch, give me some head.’ You can also ‘jack-off’ a boy’s cock, or give him a ‘hand-job.’”

Tiffany took her mouth off of his cock again, to ask him more questions. Mr. Walker looked at her sternly, put his hands on the back of her head and forced his cock back into her mouth.

“Listen, little girl,” he told her. “I don’t care if you call it a ‘suck-off’, or a ‘jack-off’ or a fucking ‘slurp-n-swallow,’ but I’m getting really horny now, lil’ bitch, and I need your pale-little-tittied-whore self to get busy on my big black, nigger-dick! You said you were going to empty my balls for me, now do it, you cock-teasing, cock-sucking, ball-sucking little-girl-slut!!”

“Hrmmfff, hrmmmm!fff” Tiffany grunted, her face full of hard, black cock. Mr. Walker was fully hard now. His huge cock was throbbing in Tiffany’s little mouth. He was so nice a moment ago, and now, he was calling her names! She struggled a bit and finally pulled his cock out of her tired mouth. She looked up at him, a little angry, but said to him timidly, “You are scaring me a little, Mr. Walker...,”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” he said, truly apologetic, but hornier than hell. “I forgot that you were still a little girl. I’ll be nice, Tiffany; I’m used to grown up girls sucking my...,”

“I’m not a little girl!” she shot back, “I just don’t like to be called bad names!” She wrapped her mouth around his cock again. She bobbed her head until his cock pushed against the back of her throat. She would show him!

“No, you are not a little girl anymore, Tiffany,” he agreed, “But you *are* still on the small side, compared to me. But, yes, you are nice, young woman who likes to help boys and old men get their balls emptied, and I’m sorry for calling you bad names.

“But, you see,” he added, while Tiffany kept on sucking, “A lot of men like to talk dirty to their women, and a lot of women like to be told how nasty they are, when they are sucking on a man’s cock or licking his balls. I thought you might like it too, well, because you *are* a cock-slut, aren’t you? Most sluts like to be reminded that they are acting like a dirty, nasty whores – it makes their pussies wet.”

“Well,” she said, pausing once again. “Since I know you aren’t *really* being mean, and, if you like doing it so you can cum better, you can call me bad names.” Tiffany was actually proud of being a ‘good little cock-slut,’ and, she just learned that being ‘dirty’ and ‘nasty’ were just other sex words. “I do like to be called a ‘good cock-slut’ and a ‘cum-slut,’” she told Mr. Walker.

“Well, in that case, get your little, white, cock-sucking-slutty mouth back on my big, black cock, bitch!” He smiled at her.

Tiffany smiled back and began to suck with renewed enthusiasm.

“Oh, yeah, suck it, you good, little, cock-slut,” he told her. “You are a nasty, little whore, aren’t you, Tiffany?”

“Mmmmm,” she replied.

“Does sucking James’ big, black cock make your tight, little pussy all wet?”

“Mmmm, hmmm!” Tiffany groaned, feeling her cunt oozing.

“Go ahead, rub that nasty, little slit of yours, Tiffany,” He prompted her. “Rub that tiny, white, nasty, slimy fuck-hole while you suck on my big, black nigger-cock.”

Tiffany took a small, white hand off of Mr. Walker’s hard shaft and slowly slipped it into her panties. She jacked him with one hand while she fingered her slippery cunt with the other. She licked and sucked his fat cock-head, as she rubbed herself. “Mmmmm, mmmm!” she moaned. This was going to be fun!

Mr. Walker began rambling. “All fucking day long you little white bitches, with your perky little white titties, teasing old Mr. Walker until his big, black, cock gets stiff in his work pants. I see you little whores looking at it, wishing you could touch it and suck it and taste it, just like you are doing now.

“All of you cock-teasing, panty-flashing, bra-less, hard-nippled white-girls with your wet little pussies and tight little ass-holes, all wishing they could have old Mr. Walker’s big, black, cock!

“And all of your white, cock-teasing teachers, who pretend they are just being nice to me, when all they want is my big, fat black cock shoved up their nasty, white cunts. They want to feel their sloppy cunts stretched wide and packed full of my nigger-dick, so they can feel what fucking a real man is like – moaning and screaming and cumming on my fuck-stick ‘cause they know they never feel like that with their tiny-dicked husbands.

“Are you rubbing your pussy, Tiffany?” he asked.

“Mmmm, mmm!” Why did she never think about rubbing her pussy while she was sucking cock before? Hearing Mr. Walker talking dirty, rubbing her slippery cunt and sucking on his big, black cock was going to give her a huge orgasm.

“Do you wish my big, black cock was fucking your tight little pussy right now, Tiffany?”

“Hmmm?” Tiffany knew that ‘Intercourse’ is for making babies, but, oh, the thought of a hard cock sliding in and out, in and out, of her little pussy? It would be just like daddy’s tongue, but hard and much, much fatter! She was going to be a fuck-slut for sure one day!

“Fucking your hot, nasty, little cunt until you cream all over my cock?”

“Mmmm, mmm!”

“Are you about to cum, bitch? Are you getting off, sucking Mr. Walker’s black cock while you finger your nasty little white fuck-hole?”

“Mmm, hmmm!” Tiffany tried to nod her head, but it was difficult to do with a mouth full of hard cock.

“Here let me help you, slut.” Mr. Walker reached down and grabbed a handful of tit with each hand. He squeezed her breasts and pinched her fat nipples, hard! Tiffany orgasmed. Knowing she had to be quiet, she mewed and grunted as her orgasm washed over her. She did her best to suck Mr. Walker’s cock, but she was wiggling and writhing, as she fingered her gushing pussy. The orgasm shook her small body until she was quivering.

“Want my cum now, Tiffany, you nasty little cum-slut?”

“Mffph, mmm, hmmm!” she groaned. She was melting. Her orgasm, nearly finished, began all over again - just thinking about receiving another load of hot cum. She smashed her hand onto her clit and rubbed. “Mmmm..., mmmmm..., mmmmm,” she moaned. Her pussy twitched, she almost swallowed Mr. Walker’s cock.

“Take it all, bitch,” Mr. Walker pulled his fat cock out of Tiffany’s mouth and stroked his cock at her, inches from her face. “Open your mouth, like a good little cum-slut,” he ordered.

Tiffany opened her mouth and wiggled her tongue back and forth. She watched Mr. Walker stroke his massive cock. The foreskin slid up and back on his swollen cock-head, first hiding his piss-slit within the loose folds, then making it appear, over and over again.

“Uuuunnnngggghhh!” he grunted, feeling his orgasm begin. He was going to spray the little white cunt with his thick seed. He watched her waiting for it, nearly begging for his cum. Her titties glistened; she pulled her shining hand from her tired cunt and groped both breasts.

Tiffany closed her eyes, and then opened them again quickly - so she wouldn’t miss anything - and then opened her mouth even wider. “Aaaaaahhhhhhh!” she said, like she was waiting for her doctor’s tongue depressor. She stuck out her tongue as far as she could, ready to catch his sperm.

The cum surged from his balls, up his shaft and flew in a thick white arc, splattering Tiffany’s cheek. ‘I knew his cum would be white, just like regular cum!’ she thought, but in reality, she had had her doubts.

“You cock-sucking..., unngh!” He spurted another blast of thick hot cum directly into Tiffany’s opened mouth. She closed her mouth to swallow the huge load. It tasted just like regular cum, too!

“Cum-guzzling..., unngh!” Another blast splattered her lips and painted her face, making her blink before she could open her mouth again. The thick cream dripped onto her breasts.

“Tiny-titted..., unnhg! Fat-nippled..., ungh” He unloaded onto her tits; first one, then the other.

Tiffany couldn’t believe how much cum was coming out of his shaft! ‘He really was all backed up with sperm!’ She glanced at his tightened ball sack, wondering how much baby-juice was still left inside them.

He shoved his spurting cock into Tiffany’s opened mouth. With each spurt, he grunted more foul language at her. “Ball-sucking..., unnhg, cum-covered..., ungh, nigger-loving..., unnnghhh!” Tiffany swallowed as best she could, but his fat cock-head didn’t allow her to close her mouth tightly around it. Cum gushed from both sides of her mouth and landed on her breasts. The last heavy spurts oozed into her mouth and Tiffany licked and swallowed, savoring Mr. Walker’s sperm until he finished unloading his seed into her. She lovingly licked his cock-head and tongued his foreskin, trying to see if she could get her tongue under his skin.

“Pretty little..., old-man pleasing..., gorgeous..., cock-loving young lady...,” he spoke kindly and softly to her as he gasped for air, watching Tiffany clean up his cock. She even gave his balls a tender lick. “Ahhh, that was good. Thank you Tiffany,” he said. “You are just what this old man needed.”

“You’re welcome, James.” Tiffany said. She felt his cum dripping from her face and tried her best to lick it up. She gathered it with her fingers, sucked her fingers dry and decided to rub the rest into her breasts. It was too much cum to waste when it could be making her little titties grow. ‘It will dry, eventually’ she thought.

“I liked it when you talked dirty to me,” she admitted. “You were right, it did make my pussy wet.” She rubbed her pussy thinking about it. “Mr. Walker? I mean James, is a ‘nasty little cum-slut’ the same thing as a ‘good little cum-slut?’ ”

“Well, Tiffany, I like nasty sex. The dirtier and nastier, the better! So, for me, I guess, a ‘dirty, filthy, nasty cum-slut’ is the same thing as a ‘very, very, very, good cum-slut!’”

“Am I a ‘nasty little cum-slut’ then?” she asked, fishing for compliments while licking the cum off of her fingers and rubbing his sperm into her hardened nipples.

“The best!” he smiled at her.

“Thank you. And, James, do you really have...,” she started to say ‘have intercourse,’ but she decided she liked dirty words better. “Are you really fucking my teachers?” Tiffany asked, starting to get up from the floor. Mr. Walker helped her, grabbing her arm with a huge hand. Tiffany’s jaw ached, her arms were tired, and her knees hurt.

“Well, I shouldn’t say, Tiffany,” he said. “We don’t want any rumors going around school, like janitor’s fucking teachers, or certain young ladies giving blow-jobs and suck-offs during school hours, do we?” He reached to the floor to pick up his underwear.

“No,” she agreed, “But, I thought fucking was only for making babies?”

“Tiffany, fucking is probably the best thing two people can do together. If fucking was only used for making babies, we would be up to our titties with babies.”

“But, what about the sperm and the egg and reproduction and...” she babbled, confused, but excited to learn something new.

He put up his hand to stop her from talking. ‘What is Miss Mallory teaching these kids?’ he wondered.

“Look, Tiffany, you are a smart girl,” he lied. “All you have to do is keep the sperm and the egg from touching each other.”

“Oh!” she said, “But how?”

“Oh, shit, I’m not your mother or your teacher,” he grumbled, watching her rub her slimy, cum covered fingers into her bald, little pussy. “Get the boy to wear a condom - ‘rubbers’ they are called – or get on birth-control-pills, or hell, let them fuck your ass instead of your pussy!”

“My ass...,” she thought intrigued. “Oh!” she realized, “That’s what an ass-slut does!”

Mr. Walker nodded. “That and other things,” he said. “Ask your little boy-friend to eat your ass for you, the next time he is licking your pussy, OK?” he told her. Staring off into space, he added “I love a good ass licking...,”

“Eat...? Ass...? Lick...?” Thinking of a slippery tongue in her pussy and her ass-hole made Tiffany shiver with pleasure. “So, that is how you keep from having babies? Rubbers, pills and ass-fucking?”

“Sure, that ought to work, but talk to your mom, or Miss Malloy. Just don’t mentioned old Jimmy’s name, OK?”

“OK!”

“Uh, have you bled yet,” he asked her, nodding towards her slimy fuck-hole and she put her bra over her cum-covered titties.

“Oh, you mean my ‘period’? No, not yet,” she told him, patting her bra into his cum puddles.

“Well, I’ll let you in on a little secret,” Tiffany came closer to hear his ‘secret’. “You can fuck all you want to without worrying about getting knocked-up, until you bleed for the first time. You don’t have any eggs yet.”

“Wow, thanks for letting me know, Mr. James!” She didn’t have to wait until she got older to become a fuck-slut! She kind of wished Mr. Walker would fuck her now, but, eyeing his softening cock as he slipped on his underwear and pants, she knew it wouldn’t fit into her tiny little hole. At least not yet, anyway.

“Look, I’m going to take a nap,” he told her. “You can clean yourself up in the sink over there, and, since you were so nice to me, take that key from the hook over there on the wall, by the door. It’s a spare key to this room, so you and your boyfriend can use it once in a while, or, if you need another lesson from me.”

“I like your lessons, James!” Tiffany said excited to have a private place where she could practice with her boyfriend and learn more about sex. “I learned more from you by skipping study-hall than I ever did going to it!” Tiffany exclaimed. “I’ll be coming back a lot!”

Mr. Walker grinned. ‘What was it about white-girls and big, black cocks?’ he wondered, lying on his worn-out cot. “Lock the door and turn off the light on your way out. If anyone sees you, just tell them you needed help with your locker, OK?”

“OK!”

She washed the sperm from her face and pulled her dress over her sticky, cum-covered body. Grabbing the key, she opened the door and turned off the light.

“Bye, James!” she whispered.

“Bye, Tiffany, you nasty little cum-slut.”

Pleased by his compliment, she smiled wickedly and closed the door softly behind her.

© Copyright Undeniable Urges, 2015 - 2019. Unauthorized use and/or duplication of this material without express and written permission from the author is strictly prohibited. Excerpts and links may be used, provided that full and clear credit is given to Undeniable Urges, with appropriate and specific direction to the original content.