

Your Biggest Fan(tasy)

By

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You're walking down the street in the early evening minding your own business when a blonde bimbo bombshell rushes up to you, ecstatic with excitement.

She's wearing a school uniform but the length of her skirt is definitely *not* regulation. Combined with her over-the-knee white socks, her toned and tanned thighs and the great gap between them are awesomely accentuated. Her bountiful bosoms look like they're trying to She-Hulk their way free of her blouse, her top so strained the buttons appear ready to pop. The outline of her tiny budded nipples are visible, so she isn't wearing a bra.

She is petite and yet curvaceous and hot as hell and yet cute beyond belief. Girl next door meets pornstar. She's doused in so much glitter it looks like she dove on a glitter grenade to save the other pixies. She speaks with a heavy accent, very sexy, maybe European.

She beams at you with big baby blues and bubbles, "O-M-G, I'm you're biggest fan!"

Clearly, she has mistaken you for some rock star or actor, but why set her right and zap her joy when you can play along? Maybe she'll let you scribble an autograph across her chesticles.

You grin confidently and confide, "You caught me without my bodyguards, so keep it down." You peer around with suspicious eyes, as if looking for paparazzi, to sell your lie. "It's always a true pleasure to met my biggest fan." You offer her a wink. "What's your name, sweetie pie?"

She blushes bashfully. "I'm Felicity."

You didn't expect her to buy your act so completely. You wonder how far you can take this with her. "Pleased to meet you, Felicity. Would you like an autograph?"

She bats her glittery lashes. "I'd rather have a hug."

Cocksure, you chuckle and glance at her buoyant breasts, curious of how they're going to feel pressed against your chest. "I can do a hug."

You spread your arms and she leaps into them, wrapping her legs around your midsection. She squeals as she squeezes and you can feel her rigid nipples through the thin fabric of both your shirts. Your palms reflexively cup her cheeks to support her weight and you realize she must be wearing a thong because you can feel the silky flesh of her firm buns. You breathe in her sweet scent, reminiscent of French vanilla cream, and your loins stir. You notice the moist warmth of her crotch through your pants and your mouth salivates.

She nibbles at your lobe before purring into your ear, "I would absolutely *love* to gargle your cum."

Which of course, gives you an instant and raging boner. The crotch of your pants is immediately way too tight. Unsure if she's jailbait due to her uniform, you dare, "So, how old are you?"

With a giggle, she replies, "Old enough to suck your fat cock that I can feel throbbing against my pussy."

Your heart rate doubles and your prick pulsates even harder. "Yeah, okay."

She unlocks her ankles behind your back and you reluctantly relinquish your grip of her cheeks to set her down.

She eyes your bulge hungrily. "Let's go to my house. My parents are out for the evening and shouldn't be home until the early morning." She spins around, flashing her plump rump as her skirt flares, and she signals a limo parked across the street.

The limo pulls curbside and the rear door slides open. You climb in after her and she gives you another peek at her apple-bottom as she crawls across the seat. Her ass is *extremely* spankable.

You sit beside her and act casual as if you ride in limos every day.

Felicity thumbs a button that triggers a minibar to open. "You want a beer or a gummy bear?"

Rock stars party hard, so you reply, "Why not both?"

She giggles, "Fuck yeah," and hands you one of each.

You wash the gummy bear down with a swig of the beer.

Felicity glides a palm up and down your inner thigh. "I live outside the city so we've got an hour." She gestures to a TV. "We have Netflix and PlayStation." She looks up at you expectantly with a demure expression. "Or you could let me give you a sloppy blowjob." Her hand moves from your thigh to your bulging crotch.

You glance towards the front of the limo with apprehension.

She gently massages your package. "The driver can't see us."

You smile wickedly. "Let's party."

She chomps her bottom lip. "I'm going to suck you so *hard* and *deep* and *sloppy*, you'll lose your mind."

You do your best to maintain your cool superstar attitude. "Don't tell me, show me."

Felicity thumbs another button that switches the lighting to purple and activates the sound system. She climbs onto your lap, still caressing your crotch, and kisses you. Her mouth tastes even sweeter than her scent. She moans with elation as she sucks your probing tongue.

You blindly slide your beer into a cup holder and then fumble with the buttons of her blouse until frustrated, you tear her top open, blasting buttons across the limo. You grab her heaving breasts, squeezing hard, and are shocked to discover they are real. Her jugs are way too big for her small frame. What divine fuckery is this?

You slide your palms under her ass and hoist her up onto her knees so you can plant your face between her big boisterous boobies. She giggles with gaiety as you motorboat her mountainous melons. The weight of them bouncing off your face feels amazing. She gasps as you close your mouth around a nipple. You utter greedy groans as you suck and nibble her fleshy pacifiers, back and forth, as she keenly kneads your scalp and shivers with serenity.

Eventually, Felicity implores, "*Please*, may I suck your cock now?! I want to taste you! I want to feel you in my mouth so bad! *Please*, may I suck you!"

You spit out her teat and pull her ass back down to your lap to kiss her luscious lips again. As you maraud her mouth she unleashes your meaty manhood. She tugs your taters and jerks your joystick with desperate desire as you dominate her with your talented Tongue Fu.

She pants for breath when you release her from your mouth melee and you shove her off your lap to kneel before you in defeat. The gummy bear must be hitting you because your erection appears twice the length and width of its usual size. Your cock looks fucking colossal.

Felicity cries *literal* tears of joy as she begins to suck your dick with the enthusiasm of a child devouring their first ice cream cone.

Pausing momentarily, she closes her eyes and folds her hands. "Thank you, Great Goddess, for granting me this delicious phallus!" Maybe she is a Wiccan?

The vigorous slurping of her suckling mouth and the wet popping of her puckered lips combines with her famished moans to create a sensual symphony that enraptures your mind so thoroughly that you lose yourself in a delirium of ecstasy. You have never experienced such euphoria in all your life.

Time and space dissolve as this angelic being worships your prodigious phallus with awe-inspiring affection. Wondrous wings of lustrous luminescence flicker into existence, fluttering upon her back with fluid finesse. Her golden locks of voluminous hair waft in an etheric breeze and her aura shimmers and sparkles with rainbow radiance.

At long last, Felicity stares up at you with her big baby blues with the thirstiest gaze you have ever seen as she stretches her jaw wide and sticks out her tongue with thick frothy drool swaying from her chin. She pants like a dog that has been running through the park all afternoon as she pumps your pulsating prick toward her hungry gaping mouth, her arm trembling with enthusiastic effort and causing her beautiful breasts to jounce and jiggle.

Her expression pleading, she begs, “*Please*, give it to me! *Please*, give me your cum! *Please*, I want to drink your cock milk so bad! I want to taste it on my tongue and in the back of my throat! *Please*, give it to me! *Please*, give me your cum!”

This is the end of the free preview of [Your Biggest Fan\(tasy\)](#).
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