

The Nympho

Crimson Rose

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Marcus lay on the bed next to his girlfriend panting as if he had just run a hundred-mile marathon. "I love you, babe, but you're killing me."

"What are you talking about?" Michelle asked as she stroked her boyfriend's semi-hard big black manhood. "We've only done it five times today."

"Only? Come on, babe, I love sex as much as the next guy, but I've got limits and we've been at it for the last three hours. How can you possibly want more?"

"I don't *want* it, well, I do, but you know I need it at least ten times a day or I'll never be happy."

"There isn't a man on this planet that can keep up with your sex drive babe."

"Then maybe I need more than one man," she scoffed.

"Wow! Really?"

"Well, if you can't keep up then what the hell else am I supposed to do to satisfy my libido?"

"Pleasure yourself?"

"It's not the same and you know. Or are you saying you'd rather jerk off than fuck me whenever and however you want?"

"The problem isn't how often I want to have sex with you, babe, but how often you need it. I've been fucking you five times a day for three years without fail. I don't understand how you could possibly need more."

"I can't help it and you know it. I told you before we started dating that I was insatiable, that I need it at least ten times a day and you haven't satisfied me fully once in three god damn years!" Squeezing her boyfriend's cock, she stroked but was immediately stopped by him removing her hand. "If you're not going to give me what I need then I'll find someone that will."

"So, you're saying you're going to cheat on me?"

"Man, up and I wouldn't have to!"

Sitting up, Marcus got out of bed and glared at the woman he loved, angry that she was so willing to betray him just for her own insatiable sexual gratification. "You need help and I'm not talking about another god damn dick! If you want to go fuck other men then by all means do what you will, but you'll do it without me. I will not stay with a cheater so if I'm not enough for you then pack your things and get out."

"Seriously? You know I can't help the way I am and you'd just toss me out because I need lots of sex?"

"I give you lots of sex, way more than any other man ever would and you've made it obvious it's not enough. Hell, I can't even guarantee you haven't already been screwing other men behind my back, but now that you've..."

"Of course, I've been fucking other men!" Michelle shouted. "But I love you!" Her boyfriend's handsome face turning to a mask of disgust, she shut up.

"You've got one hour to pack your things and get out before I toss you out on your cheating ass!" Marcus snapped.

"Please..."

"There will be no begging and pleading. I love you, Michelle, but I will not be with a woman so willing to screw other men behind my back. Do you even know them? Have you been tested? I swear to god if you've given me some disease..."

"I'm clean!"

“And now you’re gone. Just pack your stuff and get out!”

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Bags in her trunk, Michelle sat in her car and cried at having lost the biggest and best dick she had ever had in her life, her home for the last three years and the financial support of the man she truly loved. She wanted to march back in there and plead for him to take her back, but knew it would do no good so after collecting herself, she called her best friend Brittany.

“Hey girl, what’s up?” Brittany answered the phone.

“H-Hey Brit,” Michelle sniffed back the tears.

“What’s wrong?”

“C-C-Can I... Can I come over? Marcus threw me out and I don’t have anywhere else to go.”

“Of course! But why in the hell would he throw you out? I thought the two of you were madly in love? Wait, don’t tell me, it’s about sex?”

“Y-Yeah.”

“You want it and he doesn’t?”

“H-H-He only fucks me five times a day!”

“Jesus Christ, Michelle, are you kidding me? Five times a day? Regularly?”

“E-Every day,” Michelle said as she started her car.

“Fucking hell! You do realize that’s an insane amount of sex, right?”

“Not for me!”

“I understand, but you need to understand that no one can keep up with your libido, Michelle.”

“He said the same thing and I told him I’ve been screwing men behind his back and then he broke up and threw me out!”

“Wait, you’ve been cheating on the best man to ever walk into your life? What the hell, Michelle? Seriously, what. The. Actual. Fuck? How many?”

“W-What?”

“How many men have you been having sex with behind Marcus’ back?”

“Only four or five a day.”

“Only? So, let me get this straight, you’ve been having sex with five or six men every single day? You’re having sex ten freaking times a day?”

“Yes,” Michelle answered as if it were the most natural response in the world. “

“Alright, come over but don’t expect me to put out for you.”

“Come on, not even once?”

“You know I’m straight, Michelle, and as much as I love you the answer is no. But I think I might have an alternative that’ll put you in a position to have all the sex you want.”

“I’m already on my way, but what’s your alternative and why haven’t you ever told me about it before?”

“I’ll explain when you get here.”

“I’ll be there in fifteen minutes.” Hanging up, Michelle tossed her phone onto the passenger seat and pressed the gas pedal to the floor. Her entire body tingling with the excitement at just the thought of men lining up to pleasure her. Eleven minutes and three red signs later and she was pulling into her best friend’s driveway. Almost forgetting to stop, she slammed the breaks, threw the car into park, yanked the key from the ignition and then sprinted up onto the porch. The door opened before she could knock.

“You’re early,” Brittany grinned.

"Alternative, what is it?"

"Calm down."

"Dammit, Brit, you don't understand how much I need sex so if you've got a bunch of guys lined up for me then tell them I'm ready!"

"Cool your clam or I won't say another word."

"Tell me or your tongue will be cooling my god damn clam!" Shoulders slumped; Michelle sighed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. It's just that I get so frustrated when I'm not..."

"Getting your brains screwed out? I made a call to a friend after you hung up on me and she'll be here in about half an hour."

"She?"

"Are you no longer pansexual?"

"I am, but I really want dick, not fingers and tongue."

"Trust me, she's a woman you're going to want to hear out."

"Who is she? Do I know her?"

"Her name is Julia and as far as I know you've never met her, but she's right up your alley."

"Then why haven't I heard of her before?"

"Honestly, because I never wanted to introduce you until now, but I can see just how oversexed you really are and I believe she can help."

"Does she have a big black cock?"

"No. She's one hundred percent woman."

"And how do you know that?" Michelle asked with raised brow.

"Because I've seen her naked. And no, not how you're thinking. We went to college together and I've seen her naked in the bathroom on more than one occasion."

"Come on, be honest, you had sex with her, didn't you?"

"No."

"Not even a single lick or finger? No groping or kissing? Come on, we've all been in college and I was getting fucked at least twice between every class."

"I'm not the nympho."

"So, you're telling me you've never even kissed another woman before?"

"Not romantically."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. What part of being straight is so hard to understand?"

"Please let me kiss you."

"I'm not going to..." seeing actual tears forming in her best friend's eyes, Brittany was taken aback by how distraught and dejected Michelle looked. "A-Alright. But just this once," she said, voice so nervous it cracked.

"W-What?"

"You can kiss me this one time. Now do it before I change my mind." No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then her best friend's lips were pressed to her own. To her surprise it actually felt... nice. Really nice. She was pulled closer. A hand squeezed her ass as Michelle's tongue teased its way into her mouth after only meeting minimal resistance. Her ass was squeezed a little tighter. Part of her brain told her to stop, but the rest told her to just give in and accept that this was much more arousing than she could have ever imagined. "Mmmm..." she softly moaned, surprising even herself. The hand moved under her shirt and up her back. Her bra was unhooked and then in one swift motion her shirt was pulled off over her head. Before she

could say anything, their tongues were once again tangling around each other as her bra was pulled off. That voice in the back of her head telling her to run away was creeping forward, but still she did not stop the embrace as she felt her clit tingle with excitement. "Uuhnnnnn," she moaned, this time more intense than before. Hands moving of their own volition, Brittany grabbed her best friend's ass and squeezed hard. Shocked at her own actions she doubled down and, heart thumping so hard it hurt, she continued squeezing her best friend's ass with her left hand and moved the right one to the back of Michelle's head, pulling her into a full-on French kiss.

Unbuttoning her best friend's jeans, Michelle kept kissing Brittany as she tugged pants and panties down as far as she could while still maintaining lip contact. Kissing her way down her best friend's body, she stopped long enough to first suck Brittany's left nipple and then the right, pants and panties going down even more. Michelle kissed her best friend's breasts and then down to her belly. Getting on her knees, she looked up into Brittany's wide eyes. "I want to eat you out. Will you please let me eat you out?"

"Y-Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes please."

"I thought you were straight."

"Please don't make me regret it. Just do it. Eat me out," Brittany said as she kicked her pants and panties off.

Grinning ear-to-ear, Michelle stood up and quickly stripped naked before getting back on her knees. "Are you sure you want me to eat you out?"

"Why do you keep asking?"

"Because I don't want you doing something you're going to regret."

"I loved kissing you Michelle! I fucking loved it! My god, my clit is throbbing so hard it hurts so please, eat me out. Please."

"Alright, but you have to do exactly as I say without hesitation or complaint. Promise."

"I promise."

"I mean it, Brittany. Everything."

"I promise."

Laying down, Michelle looked up at her best friend and grinned. "We're going to do a sixty-nine so get on top. I'll start eating you out after you've eaten me out for at least a minute without stopping."

No hesitation. No complaints. Straddling her best friend's hips, Brittany pushed her ass back while lowering her head. Ignoring the voice in her head telling her that she was straight, she lowered her head and licked Michelle's hooded clit before sucking it into her mouth. "Fucking hell you taste good!"

"Thank you, but time will start over every time you stop."

"Just so you know, I'm still straight," Brittany said before once again licking her best friend's pussy. It made her own clit throb so hard she actually gushed in orgasm without ever having been touched. "OH MY FUCKING GOD!"

"Nice!" Michelle said as she gave her best friend's ass a playful slap. "I can't believe you just had an orgasm from licking me for like ten seconds. I don't think I've ever seen anyone cum so quickly in my life. That being said, time is reset."

Face burning hot, Brittany lowered her head and began licking her best friend for a third time. Ten seconds. Thirty seconds. A minute. Two minutes. Halfway into the third minute

Brittany got her first mouthful of female orgasm. Gasping, it dribbled out of her mouth but the rest was eagerly gulped down. "Mmmm, Fucking hell! I m-made you orgasm!" Time resetting, she licked again, but this time her best friend licked her back. Just a few minutes in, she had her second orgasm which was followed by several small aftershocks and then another intense one. A finger pushed into her. Two. Three. Four. Stopping in a panic thinking she was about to be fisted, she relaxed when all Michelle did was pound them in and out of her hard, deep and fast.

Loving this new side of her best friend, Michelle decided to see just how far she could push Brittany's limits. The first finger slid in with ease. As did the second. The third was getting tight, but with all the tasty juiced gushing from her best friend's pussy, Michelle knew she could take more. Scrunching her fingers into as tight a cone as possible, she added her pinky and pushed. Hard. Managing to get all the way up to the knuckles before Brittany winced and groaned, she stopped trying to fist her and just fingered her instead.