

George was a pretty normal kind of boy except for one outstanding feature, his [redacted] was absolutely enormous. The other boys gave him the nickname 'Elephant Boy' and soon rumours of his abnormality had spread right around the school. The girls were particularly intrigued and many of them offered him a view of their [redacted] in return for a peek at his 'trunk'. Oh how they screamed! One day Mr Rogers happened to come across one of these reciprocal displays. On seeing George's [redacted] standing proud and erect he sent the girl away and knelt at George's feet. He wanted that [redacted] in his mouth, he needed to suck it and feel a jet of hot [redacted] shoot into his throat. Soon his desire was quenched.

Felicity was bored. She had been waiting all day for a phone call from the Tax office. She had done the cleaning and ironing and was now just sitting doing nothing. She made herself a cup of tea and as she sipped it she lightly rubbed her [redacted]. It felt good, her [redacted] was getting wet and swollen. She opened her legs wide and moved her panties to one side. Slowly she moved her fingers over her pouting [redacted] lips. She licked her fingers and pushed two into her hot [redacted]. She rubbed her [redacted] with her other hand and brought herself to a shuddering [redacted]. She went up to the bedroom and took a large [redacted] out of the drawer. She bent over in front of the mirror and shoved it deep into her [redacted]. The phone rang.

She loved the way he whipped her. She loved the sound of the leather cutting through the air, the outrageous sting as it bit into her soft flesh. She stifled a scream as another bright red line was branded across her [redacted]. It was a beautiful pain, pure and luxurious. Her [redacted] was so wet, so open. Whenever he whipped her the result was the same; she wanted to serve him, to give herself completely to her master. If she wasn't handcuffed she would have held her [redacted] open wide and begged him to [redacted] her. But she couldn't move. He held her by her hair and rubbed his stiff [redacted] in front of her face. She opened her mouth wide and waited for the hot rain of his [redacted] to splash on her face.

Dorothy had never felt so completely full up. One stiff [redacted] filling her [redacted] another pounding into her [redacted] and Robert's hard [redacted] slamming into her mouth. She remembered Robert saying that he shared everything with his brothers, but this was ridiculous. But she wasn't complaining though, she was loving it. She had often fantasised about such a situation but had never really thought it would happen to her. Dorothy was a nice girl, so everyone said. But she alone knew what dreams filled her sleeping hours. Dreams of orgies and depravity. She wanted them to all [redacted] together, to feel herself drowning in their [redacted]. She awoke with soaking wet knickers.

“You [redacted]!”- John loved it when Paul spoke to him like that. His [redacted] jerked and got even harder. The [redacted] in his [redacted] felt so good. Paul stood above him. What a beautiful sight, to look up and see his lover rubbing his [redacted]. To watch his [redacted] swaying. Paul crouched down and pushed his [redacted] into John’s open mouth. “Suck it, you [redacted], suck it hard.” John was only too happy to oblige. He [redacted] the stiff [redacted] into his mouth and sucked it as hard as he could. He could feel Paul almost [redacted] he felt the [redacted] rising in Paul’s [redacted] and then tasted it as it spurted into his mouth. John knew what was coming next and was so happy to feel the hot [redacted] splashing over his face. “I love you”.

