

Crossed Paths

by Barbarism

**8/12/94 Saw you at Muff Dive.
You: big, fat, butch, snorty laugh,
nerd with clingy femme girlfriend.
Me: femme, abundant tits, mean, sat
in dark corner, drooling discretely.
Meet me at The Bear, 9/15/94, 8:00
pm sharp, prepared to please and be
used as a safe anonymous hole. Your
presence implies consent.**

Sam looked up from her paper clutched in sweaty paws.

"Hey BABE!!! Check this out. Do you think she's talking about me? I don't remember any discrete bitches there that night, but there sure was a lack of fat butches."

I took a long look at the page, and then at her flushed cheeks and short breath. "I remember... no one to tease there but you. Wow. Must be you that she's hot for. Think you're worthy?" Watching for a veiled response I could feel her hesitancy. Not because she wasn't up to it—my babe scanned the Crossed Paths weekly looking for that one fantasy message to her. But here was reality in smeared news ink hitting her straight in the cunt.

"I think you should go for it. I'll be at the conference then and I wouldn't want you to get too bored..."

"Yeah", she licked her lips, "maybe."

She'd be there.

The Bear was dark and skanky that night, as always, a good place as any for a girl to meet an anonymous fuck in this town. At the Cafe you might need a bank account and a year's supply in bridge tokens. Girls don't have a sleaze bar like fag-boy heaven the Detour, though we are working on it...

I had prepared a while for this evening with Sam. I sat in the far right corner, face and hair veiled, nursing my water... I need to be clean and sharp tonight. Jo, Mariah, Sid, and Vida hovered out of the sight line of the front door, watching the cute punk dykes playing pool and diddling their girlfriends. They too were sucking up water, waiting for the fun work ahead of them.

Sam walked through the door promptly at 8:00. A little nervous, she glanced around and then straddled the nearest stool. Easing her weight down she was keeping an eye on the front door. Hmm, hmm, hmm. My Sam went all out tonight. Fresh shine on her boots, clean cut and shave, a couple of hairs out of place in her cowlick, wearing a comfortable flannel stretched over the girth of her

big bad tummy and tucked tight into her black jeans. You couldn't miss the bulge between her wide thick thighs. Packing something big tonight. Her hand rested next to the tip of her bulge, playing at her inner thigh.

The girls made fast time, moving out from where they had been hovering, overtaking the distance between them and Sam. Simultaneously Jo and Mariah grabbed Sam while Sid slid a hood down over her unsuspecting face. Vida, in a slow muffled voice, reassured her "Relax. Patient now...and you *will* reap the benefits your hole is aching for." Curious fags glanced over and raised their drinks, "cheers."

We drove in silence, Sam's periodic shifting in her seat the only sign that she was afraid. I had borrowed a co-worker and fellow perverts flat for the evening. The unfamiliar smell of the place combined with the musk of Sam's fear and lust. I was counting on her wanting this stranger, this anonymous experience, sooo *bad* that she wouldn't question who was on the other side of her blindfold. I had been practicing moving my weight differently, shifting my touches, softening the rythum and pitch of my voice. Still silent, the group stood around, exerting their presence without touch. They too had switched their personas for this encounter.

"Sam? I am told that you go by that name? Very good. My sources were right. Welcome to my play space. If for any reason you decide that you no longer want to play with us this evening, use the safeword cookie. Short, silly, easy to remember. Ok? Repeat it."

"Ok... Cookie?"

"So unsure of yourself already Sam? Well. I'll give you some time to reflect on it."

Sam kneeled by the toilet, facing the wall, nose pressed up to cold tile. Vida had stripped her down to her white BVD's and cock, her long fat breasts and erect sweaty nipples bare to the warm air of the now steaming bathroom. Her hood had been carefully replaced by a blindfold. Her thick strong hands were placed behind her back in a submissive pose. I enjoyed her vulnerability as I began to strip out of my black dress. Jo worked my zipper as I pressed the tip of my shoe into the crack of Sam's kneeling ass. Mariah and Vida stood in the far corner, shirts stripped, stroking Sid's exposed dildo and chewing on each other's nipples. Their sucking sounds accompanied the blast of water from the shower head. The open shower

door filled the room with steam and cunt smell. Inches away from Sam's exposed back side, I lifted my breasts, sudsing them with soap, pinching the nipples and releasing them to the sting of the water. The spray fell lightly on Sam. Stepping out of the shower I lifted my fat shapely thigh by balancing my foot on the toilet seat cover, leaning over Sam; spreading my exposed pussy hair I played with my clit as I dripped dry. Reaching over I yanked down the now offending BVD's, following my action with a swift hard smack to the exposed butt cheek.

Cold water slowly meandered down Sam's broad freckled back, trailing the folds of flesh that shaped their way into her butt crack. "Sam, you've been so good and patient, kneeling on this hard cold tile. But are you worthy? Why should I do anything more for you than laugh at your exposed flesh, your vulnerable wet pussy. Don't think I don't know that just because you pack a big fat schlong for a big fat girl don't mean that you don't want your fat holes filled. You want to be done good by this sweet mean femme, don't ya? Want me to want and devour all the sweet salty flesh you have and then some? Want me to warm up your ass and touch that clit and whip that nice hungry back till it hums with color." I raked my nails down her back and then up the back side of her thighs. "I know you're a greedy thing but you won't ask for what you want. Don't know how to get what you want? You have to know how to beg for it, to know you want it. Beg for it and not grovel. Pure want, not fear. "

Turning my back on Sam I walked away to Vida who held a towel and my pvc bustier. Having stepped back into my boots, heavy breasts now comfortably strapped into the clinging pvc fabric, I slithered into the skirt that barely covered my ripe cheeks and engorged pussy.

The interplay of the sounds of crack, sting, slap and moan increased and spread out of the room to which Jo and Mariah and Sid had retreated; they had desires of their own to fulfill that night. Vida laughed a short mean wanting laugh as she snapped the latex gloves she held out in her hand for me. With a sneer she stomped over to Sam, "You better figure out how to ask for what you want good and nice otherwise I might start getting it instead of you." Vida unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down, stand-

ing spread eagled over the toilet, her boot shoved up against Sam contemptuously. She pissed long and hard into the toilet. With another laugh and swift quick of her boot she stomped out of the bathroom slamming the toilet seat and then the door.

Sam breathed heavily, her discomfort and anxiety played across her face, her muscles tense in her shoulders and thighs. "Sam, stand up. Keep your nose pressed against the wall. Go ahead and reach up above your head. Stretch out your arms and your fingers. If you need you may bend your legs and stretch them out. I don't want you to get all stiff and unyielding... you may have some big spreading to do for me..."

Reaching for the back of her just long enough flat top I yanked Sam close to me, balancing her large body with my hand under the small of her stomach roll, hovering above her cock and pussy. "So Sam... are you prepared to ask for what you want? Will you let me devour you? Your body is very hot, very sexy. It has a depth and roundness to it that makes a mean bitch like me want to tear at it and it eat up. Your holes seem big and gaping. Hungry for

my hand and fist and cock and tongue. But you'll only get it if you truly know how to ask for it. To deserve it with your honest desire. Are you prepared?"

"Yes?", Sam stuttered, her voice unsure with lust and fear. Being fat was a difficult and painful thing for her; sure, she had lovers and no lack of dates, but it always seemed they were into her 'despite her body'. Even though her lover worshipped and expressed desire in devouring her, fat and all, being able to give in to being taken, being wanted... somehow she had never been able to give it up and trust. Here was this stranger, from the 'Crossed Paths' section for bejeezus sake, asking her to give up all that mistrust and pain and fear and cunt and ass to her. And yet somehow she felt her desire, trusted her.



Syndee, photo by Melanie Alderidge

Sam moaned, then yelled, "Yes. I want it. I want you to fuck all of me...fill all the sweet holes in this fat hungry greedy butch. I want it, please, I want to be devoured by you, every inch of this fat sexy body, every fucking fat hungry inch of flesh." Yanking on her hair, pulling that

aching flesh off its balance into my own, I whispered into her ear, "*Then you shall have what you want.*"

I shove her into the next room, leaving her BVD's and cock behind. "You won't be needing that," I cackle. I lean her over the short wide awaiting massage table built to hold a couple of fat girls doing nasty things. Her face looked flushed and lustful, turned sideways, cheek pressed against towel, blindfold creased against flesh.

"Do you want me to hurt me you in sweet ways... awaken that flesh to new feelings of heat and touch?" I slap that trusting face. Reaching towards the collection of toys I ask again, teeth clenched,

"I said, *do you want me to hurt you in mean ways?*"

"Yes, please."

I beat her butt slowly and patiently with the short leather slapper, warming her exposed self up to the level of her desire. Alternating the slap of leather with the wispy bite of a horsetail whip—she rolls her round ass in response to the increasing sensation. "MORE PLEASE" the greedy Sam asks. We move on to the deep sting of lyrical rods... swift bites to the flesh that leave a parade of marks & cross hatches up the back of her thighs and butt. Not wanting to ignore the rest of her hungry flesh I lay her out exposed on the table and reach for the mitt. Steel teeth jump out biting at her flesh, eating my way up the length of her body. I caress the bottom of her feet teasing and sucking, sharp and wet. Massaging my way up her calves, the back of her thighs, scraping and stroking caresses. Spreading and reaching for her tender inner thighs, biting with steel and leather. Cupping her fat butt cheeks in the curve of my mit, spanking her with the clinging bite of steel nips. Working my way along the folds and expanse of her back I pause delicately, avoiding the sensitive spots, and cling deeply to the meat of her upper shoulders. Holding her head in one latex gloved hand, I play with the sensitive flesh of her scalp and cheek, lightly slapping and massaging with my biting mitted hand.

I roll her over onto her back and follow a path down to her feet again. Paying particular attention to her ripe erect nipples, squeezing and pulling on her pillowy breasts with mean hands, I move on to stroke her belly lightly, tracing round and ignoring her pubic mound. Her moans escaped into screams as I grab at her abundant thighs, my moans competing with her own. Once again back at her feet I pause and stare intently at the heaving flesh. "GET UP. STAND UP WITH YOUR FEET SPREAD." Her heaving flesh competes with my feelings of wanting to caress her gently and make her scream.

I jerk her back into me, my hand reaching round and into her mouth, pulling on her tongue, invading her. My other hand caresses gently and playfully over the same trails the mitt had blazed. Warming and teasing her body, I bite

down hard on her neck and shoulders, sucking, sucking, sucking. Leading her back onto the table, this time on her hands and knees with her butt proudly eager and at attention, I place some pillows beneath her stomach, preparing to support her in the ride ahead.

"I want to hear you ask for it."

"Please, fuck me. PLEASE FUCK ME!" she grunts, overcome by sensation and emotion. I rub and pinch at her ass, moving closer to the sensitive red puckered flesh of her fragrant asshole. I run my tongue along her welts, cooling warm flesh with a slow lick. "I hope that your hole is clean for me." I rub my lubed eager hands, warming them up. My finger slips in easily, first one, then another, then another as I glide in and out against her insistent gyrations. My other hand is eager and wanders its way around following her dripping pussy juice home, skating around her clit, first one finger, then another, then another, grabbing her inside her cunt, flicking at her clit, plunging her ass slow and deep, integrating motion. Riding the the rhythm of my fingers, feeling my presence in her ass by my presence in her cunt, my hands greet each other inside her, moving with her bucking grunts and sweaty drool. I latch onto the flesh of her ass with my teeth, sucking and chewing and sucking, moaning into her flesh. Her body writhes more insistent, cunt and ass ballooning open, gaping and sucking at my hands, pulling me in further and deeper, wetter and wetter. I fuck her mean and hard and gentle and slow and deep again and again. "Ask for it Sam! Beg for it! Want it! Fuck me! Fuck me! Come on, Say it! Give yourself up to me... eating you, fucking you. Let me devour your flesh. I wanna fuck you! Your sexy body! Come on Fuck me!"

Gasping for thought and voice Sam strains up against me, body taught with pleasure. She starts to shake and thrust and shake, her screams ripping out of her holes as she comes in her ass and then her cunt, repelling my hand out and then sucking me back in with sweet hot sticky cum fluids. Fucking still fucking she rocks and rocks and rocks against me, shuddering her pleasure and pain. I slip out of her holes slowly, shed my gloves, and trail my way up her body, rubbing her with my breasts, my hands, my mouth, my teeth. I lick at the sweat and tears pooling at her neck, trace them up with my tongue to her blindfold where I pause.

"I want you Sam. You fucking hot butch. I really fucking want all of you."

I kiss her lips for the first time this evening, softly, then biting, tongue seeking teeth and tongue. I pause, untie her blindfold. I reach to massage her face, her eyelids, shut for so long this evening. So patient.

Sam moves from her state of bliss slowly to open her eyes and look at me.

"Babe!?"

She smiles. Scrunching up her face and then laughing.

"BABE! you babe!" ✨