

BIG FUN

by Amiee Ross

Dang I hate riding the bus, especially in the summer time and packed. Finally arriving, I get the last seat available. It's next to a big strapping girl in a short dress with daisies all over. Her legs are crossed and enveloped in knee-high engineer boots. She moves over towards the open window. I take her seat, thanking her quietly. It's so warm and I'm sorta tired, so I nod right off. I am awakened when the bus driver announces the last stop and the big girl is gently nudging me off her shoulder that I had blithely passed out on. I come to, apologizing and rubbing my eyes. Smiling she sez, "No problem, you looked so out of it and kinda cute." I'm really embarrassed and thanked her again. That's when the driver shouts "All out!" again. I'm still feeling a little groggy and like a little kid cuz I realize I passed my stop. Exiting the bus, standing on the sidewalk I fumble for my smokes. When I finally get one to my mouth, that big girl is lighting up also. She reaches over, chuckling, and sparks mine.

"Are you laughing at me?" I ask. "Who me? No, it's just that you look all befuddled. Are you okay?"

"Yeah thanks. Just annoyed cuz I missed my stop and gotta wait for another bus headed in the other direction."

She laughs and sez, "Come on," while taking my arm within hers. "Let's go get some ice cream while we wait for your bus."

So off we go, down the street arm in arm with me grinning a big stupid kinda grin cuz I'm liking this big girl's attention and self-assurance. I dig the way her hip feels 'swinging alongside mine, the free hand wrapped over our linked arms. Suddenly I don't care that I missed my stop or that it's so friggling hot. As we round a corner, there is a paleta man selling his sweet popsicles.

"My favorite!" I say as I start to dig into my pockets searching for my wallet. The big girl has her pocketbook out and the money in hand.

"I'd like a tamarindo please."

"Strawberry for me, por favor."

She pays the man and hands me mine with another one of those amused grins on her face.

"You're gonna have to tell me what you're smiling at," I tell her.

"Why, you, of course," she grins. "You're like a little kid with a popsicle in hand, your big baggy shorts and the sweetest brown eyes that got all big when you saw the paleta man. It's great to meet someone who loves the simple joys in life."

"Sure, why not? I've got one of my favorite treats to eat. It's a beautiful day and a delightful woman on my arm. Who

wouldn't be pleased?"

We wander down the street eating our ice lollies, headed towards a park to sit down. I finish, sucking on the stick and stretching out on my back to stare at the blue sky above our heads.

"You live around here?" I ask without turning my head.

"Yeah, a coupla blocks away."

"Lived there long?" I glance upward to see her lips move as she speaks.

"About 4 or 5 months. I just moved here from back East. I'm one of the many who had to experience this crazy city of San Francisco for myself. Besides, the East coast is too stuffy for me. And you?"

"Oh, I'm just visiting for awhile. I lived here at least a million years ago."

We are both quiet. "Well, have you been over to the alley with those great murals of Central America, Haiti and Jamaica yet?" I ask with a grin.

"No," she sez with a smile.

"Come on, I remember them being beautiful." I stand up and offer my hand to her. As we stroll, she takes my arm into hers and I know I'm wearing that stupid grin again, but I don't care. "What's your name?" I ask.

"Lonna. And yours?"

"Boo." I tell her.

"Really? What's it short for?"

"Well nothing, really. I said it a lot as a kid. I'd run around and jump outta places trying to scare my mom yelling 'BOO!' She'd always yelp like I had, clutching her chest, telling me that one of these days I would her scare her to death. I thought I was real big and scary back when I was three, my mom jumping back and doing her 'Oh my gosh!' at least ten times a day. I didn't figure it out till I was six that she was humoring me and herself all that time. She started calling me Boo after that. My real name is Trisha Charlaine for my two Grand Aunts who never married."

"Good story, I like the name Boo. It fits you."

"Thanks Lonna."

In the alley, the murals are as vibrant as I remembered. We were standing in front of a newly finished one. A beautiful sistah from Haiti wearing a great flowing dress that encompasses and embraces the entire piece. Lonna steps up behind me, her belly barely pressing into my backside. She views the wall with me, arms akimbo. Leaning down into my ear and gently enfolding her arms around my waist she pauses, then

whispers, "Come play with me." I nod my head in consent and take the extended hand.

We walk to her house swiftly. She lives on the top floor; the place is quiet and just as hot as outside, even with all windows open.

"Come here Boo." she beckons me with a crooked finger. I move closer to face her 5' 10" frame. We stare quietly, looking brown eye to brown eye. She breaks the trance by turning her back, ordering me to unzip her. I obey. She steps out of the tight, short dress, kicking it aside, all that remains are those tall-ass engineers. Her backside is broad and thick, a huge spiral cutting spans between shoulder blades. Her butt looks tight and beautifully round. She turns to face me, hands on her waist.

Those tits are big and ride high with a chain from one tit ring to the other. Her belly

appears round, tight like a drum. A thin piece of chain hangs a little lower resting around those thick hips. The mound is trimmed and shaved, revealing three fat-gauged cunt rings that remind me of bells. I take it all in, from boots to her head and back to those boots. I really dig her fucking boots.

Lonna smiles real polite and pointing to her big boot, sez "Lick it, I know you want to, Boo." I drop to my knees, one hand on each side of that hard leather, lapping as if it were ice cream. I don't want to drip, losing any of that hot flavor. I love the smell of leather as it fills my nose.

"Yeah Boo, make it shine real pretty and I'll give you the other one, okay?" I wiggle my ass in reply. I'm totally enjoying bathing this big boned gal's boots till they glisten with my spit shine.

"You're such a good Boo." she says as she squats down to me, her cunt gaping open. She reaches for my face to stroke my cheek raising my chin upwards towards hers, only to shove two fingers into my mouth. I'm still on all fours while she finger-fucks my mouth, cooing hot and sweet words at me. The sounds of smacking noises are downright nasty and I'm throbbing with it. Shoving a third finger in, I can feel that gag reflex kick in as she picks up her pace. My discomfort makes me whimper. Lonna smiles, "Take it for me, Baby."

I breathe and relax as another finger is stretching me wider and wetter still. Her free hand is pawing at my tits, milking and pinching them hard. Eyes closed, my breathing heavy, I go into my body; feeling my juices seeping out. They open only when she withdraws the fingers from my hungry mouth.

"I have a bit that will look perfect in your mouth." It's shaped like a horse's bit with long black reins through big rings. She fits the gag into my mouth, tethers me to the leg of her bed, then pulls off my oversized shorts and boxers. Drawing the muscle shirt over my head, only to wrap around my wrists so they are bound and I'm loving it.

She stands up and reaches for her cigarettes, only to settle down upon my back like a chair, with her legs crossed and warm butt smack across my backside. She smokes quietly, stroking my head absently. When finished, she rises to extinguish her cig and grab a couple of implements down from her wall, plus the basics from the bedstand. She unties me, the reins into hand, while placing a bandanna in between my bound fists. She tells me, "It's your safety, drop it to end the scene, you have no safe word to slow me down. Do you under-

stand Boo?" I nod my head.

She steps up behind me. When I turn to look she sez, "Absolutely no peeking. Keep your head up and arch your full ass out for me more, I like a big target." Nodding my head I take the pose. "Now that's a stance worth striking, thank you very much," then brings a leather paddle down on my rump. I moan but hold my position, which brings another smack down on me.

"Atta girl, Boo. I want to make your ass sing with heat." Saying that, she begins to beat me with the paddle; a heavy kind with a wide surface, so the pain is more of a heavy thud reverberating throughout my bones. My moans become grunts as she hits harder. Feeling the sweat dripping into my eyes, I

close them. I lose track of time, my body and ass vibrating with each blow. On an exceptionally heavy strike, I cry out around the bit

falling down upon my elbows. "You alright Boo? Should I continue?"

I nod my head as she strokes it, then wipes sweat from both her brow and mine with the bandanna from my clutched hands.

My breath is more rapid now as she begins to fondle my red, shining ass, making me moan and push back against her hands to let her know how good it feels.

"Yeah, I bet that hurts and feels good too, huh, Boo?" I wiggle my ass in acknowledgment. "I bet my cool tongue on your hot rump would feel really good right now, huh?" I can only groan in response. Lonna pats me on the head and sez, "I'll be right back, don't move." As if I had ideas of leaving.

Returning, she places her hand on my burning rump with a piece of ice cupped in the palm. I sigh, moving my hips until she forbids that. I cannot keep count of the many ice cubes, because close to their demise, she shoves them up my cunt to reach the final melting point. Lingered only long enough to shove the ice in makes me hungry for more. When they're all gone, she picks up a whip and is lightly stroking my entire backside; while warming me up in the shoulders and keeping me hot on the ass. The strokes are even on my back, the leather feels soft, like pigskin, flat strands and plenty of em. She strikes, hitting just the shoulders; I feel the heat rising as my ass cools. I wiggle my hungry butt for attention.

"Awww, is your bottom getting lonely, Boo?" She reaches down stroking and caressing, then smacks it solid and hard. "Yessssss!" she says doing it again and again till I am red hot once more. "There, that'll do you, my little fucker."

She reaches for my neck, rubbing for a coupla minutes. I hang my head and enjoy it. She continues the beating, with added gusto. I feel the heat rising all over my backside. The blows are consistent as the pain begins to sing and rise. Now begins that sweet natural high, coming only from pain and pleasure being released. Speaking soft and sweetly, "Hang on Baby, here come a heavy five strokes." Lonna concentrates on my shoulders with a vengeance. Getting all of my attention and a sound from deep within my gut. Taking a moment to lightly brush her fingers over my back, makes me shiver and sigh deeply around the gag.

Feeling her move away for a moment, I sneak a glance around me. Catching her smiling devilishly, feet spread, a whip in those crossed arms.

"Didn't I say no peeking, Boo?" She reaches for a tall mirror and a butt plug. Propping the mirror in front of me, I

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see myself and just about knee-high behind my round big bottom. I see her boots as she steps up to my ass and sez, "Now for peeking, Lonna's gonna have to put a butt plug up that ass as a gentle reminder, you may look only at what reflects in the mirror."

Admittedly, staring at my exposed bound self or her boots was somewhat scary, but totally hot. I feel her latexed hand in my crack, pulling and exposing the bunghole, only to push slightly in the tip of the lubed-up plug in the opening of my ass.

She says, "Look at me, in the mirror." I look up, "You deserve this, don't you, Boo?" Seeing her crouched behind me, face right near my ass, eyes grinning into mine, I nod while gazing back. She responds sliding the plug completely in. I close my eyes and hang my head, "Ahhh yesssss." She also moans with me as it disappears inside. We pause.

I am brought back quickly by another whip. This one is also cattailed, with heavier braids of leather. She trails it over my back for a few moments before beginning to really swing it. I am quickly taken to the fine line of pleasure and pain. The strokes increase in intensity, now I am hanging on that edge of pain, with pleasure being only a taste left in my mouth.

Close to crashing over the edge I'm riding, she senses it. The blows lessen, which ease me on to yet another plateau. All the while saying sweet words to me, allowing me calm down. My breathing is even as Lonna continues.

"Okay Boo, here's another deep Ten for you." I am ready, breathing and crying out through the gag. I am close to my tears now, but it's OK, knowing she is with me all the way. Not sensing the tiredness in my bound hands or ground-kissing knees, only feeling the kind of pain that comes from this woman's steady, strong beat and randy, encouraging words. They pull me along, taking me up to that razor-fine edge once again.

"Here's Twenty more for you, Boo Baby, cuz you deserve 'em." I take it only by crying as the lash hits my shoulders and ass, soundly. The blows come slowly and deliberately, yet I still lose count. She pauses and sez, "Last one Boo, hang on Baby."

That whip comes crashing down, making me buckle under it. The tears flow freely down my face, now buried in my arms. Lonna is caressing my back and butt with something soft, which helps to calm me. She removes the bit, unbinds my wrists and strokes my face tenderly, turning it toward hers, licking my salty tears.

"Hey, Boo honey, open your legs a little more for me. Let me put this under your belly." Shifting, she gently slides a pillow under me. She draws back beside me onto one bent knee, grabbing and touching where the marks are. I shiver and whimper. Her digging into my rump makes me grind harder into the pillow. "Come on Boo, open those thick thighs some more for me."

While propped up on my elbows, watching her every move, Lonna touches my bald puss from behind with a latexed finger. I shiver and sigh. Starting at the top of my ass sliding through my lips easily, stopping only when reaching the clit. I'm so fuckin wet. Smiling, she does it again with two fingers.

"Yessss. Gimme more, Lonna, please give me your fist. I can take it! I gotta have it! Please! I need your big strong hand!"

"I'd fucking love to, Baby Boo, give it up!" She grabs a handful of tender ass, shoving two fingers deep inside my cunt. I arch my back and groan, pushing against the hand for more. "Yeah Boo, take it, its all yours." My cunt widens, allowing a third then fourth finger in, pulling and twisting me further open. Her hand slowly balls up, rolling around the entrance, encouraging me on; fist sliding in as I back up completely.

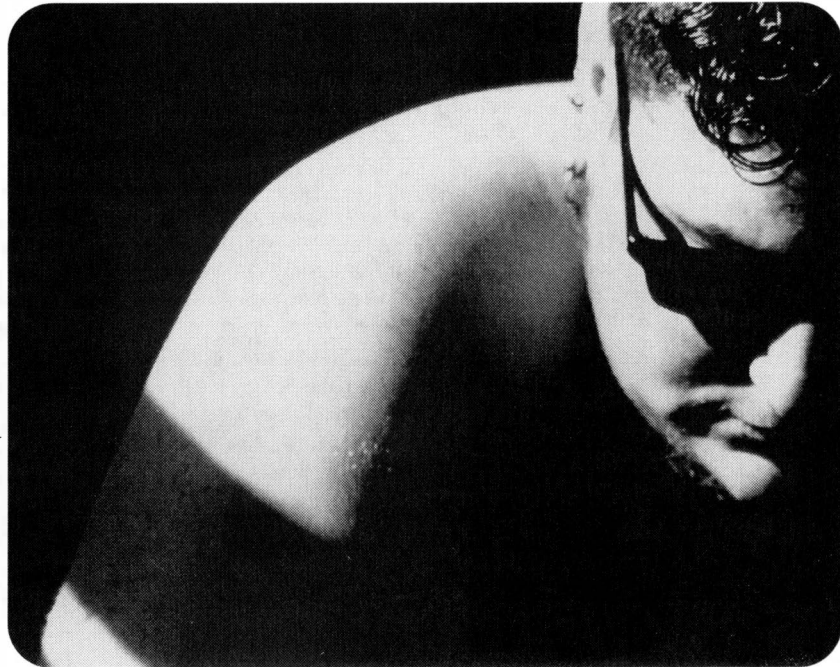
"Oh yeah," I say, "I'll sing for you now Lonna." She begins pumping me and tapping the plug still neatly packed up my ass; making me grunt and hump like mad. Viewing me with a wicked grin, sweat pours down her brow. "Oh yeah Lonna, harder pleeeeeeese!"

She complies, "Oh yeah you earned it Boo!" banging into me fiercely. I'm flying high now, seeing colors, my body singing for release. "Please Lonna, may I cum!?"

"Certainly Boo, but do it looking at yourself in the mirror." Glancing up with slitted eyes at my big self and deep cleavage cradled on my arms, I watch my body jerk on her fist. Orgasm hits like a ball of electricity all bright, fierce light radiating out every pore. I drop my head, biting my upper arm, shuddering as spasms of liquid head pound through my cunt, up through my belly and out of my mouth in a deep howl.

"Oh yeah, Lonna!" I growl, humping and trembling to a slow rolling stop, only looking up when she tugs on the now-stilled fist. "Thank you Lonna," I say to her through the mirror.

"The pleasure was truly mine," she replies, "And wel-



come back to San Francisco, Boo." She pulls her fist out slowly, removes the butt plug, then lays down stretching out on top of me.

"Let's go take a cool bath together, Boo," she sez softly into my ear. We do, but *Dang*, that's a whole 'nother story. ★