

My Oblivious Slut Roommate
- A Slutty Short Story -
By Razmagurk

"Justin, my dude," I stepped inside. "I am having the weirdest day."

At most I'd expect a curt nod from my roommate, some minimal token in acknowledgement of my existence. Today, his blue eyes bulged and his jaw dropped. "Uh - hi?"

"Oh my god," I gave a sigh. "Not you too."

"Sorry, I think you might have the wrong house?" He gulped dryly, his eyes straining to meet mine. "The frat row is one street over."

"Justin, come on, it's me."

"Who?"

"Oh come on, Not funny dude, seriously. It's me, Jack." I pinched the bridge of my nose with one hand as I gestured down at myself with the other. "Quit fucking around."

"Jack?" he balked.

"Yes! God. I don't know what kind of stupid prank this is, or how you got everybody on campus to play along, but it's getting real old real fast."

"Look," he stood up and held out a hand, disarmingly. "I don't who you are or know what's going on, but I think you might be confused. You can't be Jack."

"I don't believe this." I put a hand on my hip. "And why not?"

"Well, for starters," his eyes scanned down across my body. "Jack doesn't have tits?"

"What? What are you -" I stared down dumbfounded at the two massive lumps jutting off of my chest. "What are you talking about? Of course I do!" I pulled up the hem of my bulging crop top, the braless bosom of my prodigious breasts eagerly jiggling free in the cool afternoon air. "Look! They're right here!" I reached up to grab at them for emphasis, a soft groan slipping past my lips as my warm hands squeezed and rolled the sensitive tit-flesh, plucking idly at one of achingly-hard strawberry nipples.

"Jesus! Stop! what are you doing!?" Justin averted his eye, his boyish face redder than I've ever seen it. "Oh my god, I don't know who you are, but you can't be here like this! My girlfriend's going to be here any minute."

"Chill, dude. I'm just showing you my tits. God. You're acting like it's nothing you haven't already seen a thousand times - we're roommates."

"You're not my roommate! We can't be roommates! My roommate is a man!"

"Whoa, hey." I put a hand on my cocked hip. "What are you implying!?"

"I'm saying look at you!" He gestured energetically to my body.

"Why do people keep saying that?" I looked down past my jiggling melons and the taught belly of my midriff to the tight skirt squeezing my wide hips and my long slender legs. "I'm not seeing anything."

"You don't see anything about this that screams to you that maybe you are not my - extremely male - roommate, Jack?"

"Look," I brushed a strand of cherry-pink hair out of my face as I pulled my makeup compact out of my little purse to inspect my face. A flawless, doll-like complexion and sparkling doe-eyes stared back at me. I was immaculate, but I quickly reapplied some more plumping gloss to my thick pink lips just to be sure. "The only thing I see is that everybody's gone crazy. How can anybody look at this -" I struck a flirty little pose - "and think anything but manly?"

"What? Are you... are you even listening to yourself?"

"Justin, my dude, I am serious. I am done with this shit." I kicked off my 6" stiletto pumps and sauntered over to the couch, the sway of my broad hips caused my microskirt to ride up precariously over my bulging badonkadonk ass. "It was funny at first, but everybody's been acting crazy all day and it's really starting to get to me." I gave my skirt a tug back into position - just enough to cover my butt, but not so far that a determined eye couldn't see the little pink-diamond of my extra-large princess plug poking out from between my prodigious cheeks.

"Look, lady," his words were firm. He wasn't backing down. "I'm sorry you've had a bad day, but you can't be Jack. This - this isn't something that's up for debate. You're not Jack. Look," he pulled out his phone and flipped to a picture of the two of us partying last week. "This is Jack."

I gave an exasperated sigh and grabbed the phone away from him. The greasy face of a preppy slick-haired dude-bro grinned back at me from the increasingly drunk photographs. He wasn't especially tall or powerful, but he'd been blessed with broad shoulders and spent enough time in the gym to develop a barrel chest that drove the ladies wild.

I blinked. I frowned.

It was me.

"Oh my god." I held a hand up to my face.

"You see?"

"I see I look awful! Why did I let you take those pictures? My makeup looks horrible!"

"Your makeup? What?"

"I'm deleting these."

"What? No!" He snatched the phone back and looked back at the picture. "What are you on about? The guy in this photo isn't even wearing makeup."

"Exactly! Oh my god, no wonder I didn't hook up with any guys. What was I thinking?"

"Ah! See? You can't be Jack! Jack isn't into dudes!"

"Pfft, come on dude," I giggled. "If I wasn't into dudes, would I be dressing like this?" I swung my hips and gave my still-bare tits a flirty wiggle.

"So what," he smirked, "you're gay?"

"Wow, okay," I threw up my hands. "I didn't know you were so homophobic. There's nothing gay about a guy wanting to fuck dudes, bro. Why do you have to make this so weird?"

"I am not homo- this is crazy!" he cradled his head in his hands. "Maybe you are Jack - you sure as hell drive me nuts like him."

"Okay, listen, If I wasn't Jack, how would I know about how last night you slammed in here at 3am ranting like crazy about some kind of magic stone and how you were totally going to use it to finally get laid, huh?"

"I-" His face went cherry red. "I did not! First off - I... I get laid all the time!" He puffed up his chest in a false bravado, "I have a girlfriend!"

"Dude," I pulled out my sparkling glitter-pink phone and flicked past all of today's selfies. "I have it on tape!"

His face went white at the sound of his drunken rambling. He tried to grab the phone away from me, but I twisted away, the weight of my tits slamming into his broad chest. He stumbled back.

"Wait - shit." His eyes widened. "Oh my god, I remember. The rock! I -" he went even paler, then stumbled back and steadied himself against the wall. He glanced up at me as though seeing me for the first time. "J- Jack?"

"Yes! There we go. God, was that so hard?" I stepped past him and plopped down exhausted onto the couch. The wide spread of my legs brought the hem of my skirt above my shining pink pussy. I took a deep breath. I took a deep breath. The familiar smell of desperate cunt and the masculine musk of my roommate cloyed in the air. Ah. I melted into the faux-leather. It smelled like home.

"I -" Justin stood stunned, his jaw opening and closing like a fish. "Oh my god, I need to find that rock."

"Dude, later." I put a hand to my naked labia nad started circling with my glittery pink nails while the other teased impatiently at one of my nipples. "First let me tell you about the day I am having."

"Whoah! Stop! What- what are you doing?"

"Uh," I looked through half lidded eyes and a haze of bliss back and forth between my roommate and my pussy. I raised an eyebrow. "Jerking off?"

"You can't - holy shit-" he held his hands up to block his view of my juicy cunt. "You can't do that here!"

"Ah, Don't worry bro," I shot his crotch a smug little smirk "I'll get you too."

"That's - that is not the point! You're masturbating on the couch! Right in front of me!"

"Uhg, fine." I rolled my eyes and stood up, hand remaining firmly and industriously in my sopping quimm. "I'll get a towel, geeze."

"No I - WHY ARE YOU MASTURBATNG ON THE COUCH?"

"See-" my voice hitched, my clitoral ministrations casting a husky breathiness beyond my typically manly bubblegum soprano. "That's what I'm trying to tell you! Bro, this day I've been having. Would you believe I haven't had a chance to fap all day? Every time I try campus security shows up to shoo me off. Like, yeah, I'm jacking it in the quad. Where else am I going to beat my meat? God."

"Campus security!?"

"Right? Like, they're coming after me like it's a bad thing. I don't know what the world is coming to. They took my dildos too, can you believe that? Do they not know how much those things cost? Like, I'm a college student, I'm not made of money. Now here I am using my hands like some kind of amateur."

I stepped into the bathroom to grab one of my jizz rags and froze as I caught my reflection in the mirror.

A freak.

All day long that's what people had been calling me, that's how people had been treating me. They'd tried to cover me up, to get rid of me. My pulse elevated. I leaned in and gripped the sink.

And why? Why today? What had I done? I shook my head. I didn't want to even think about it.

They were wrong. I looked at the face staring back at me. The person I saw was beautiful, confident. A king among men. The person I saw could do anything they set there mind to. I was just trying to live my life. And if they didn't like that? Well, they could kiss my ass.

Still. I was just... I was glad that I was home.

Besides - I leaned in closer to the mirror and blew myself a sexy little kiss - I was on fire today. I really didn't know what they were on about. I was a sexy bitch.

I snapped a few choice selfies of my naked tits and uploaded them to my social media with an appropriately thirsty caption. The internet, at least, seemed to agree with me. I'd gotten more followers today than I'd ever thought possible.

"Everything okay?"

"I'm fine!" I touched up my glossy lip plumper and returned, towel in hand. "What was I saying?"

"You've had a weird day." Justin was sitting on the couch now, still trying to avoid looking at me as I swung my hips over. God, how rude. It's like, at least look at my tits when I'm talking to you.

I wiped the pussy juice off the faux-leather, pulled up my skirt, and sat back down. The towel wasting little time soaking through. "Oh, sorry," I turned to him and gave him the international sign of the handjob. "Did you want in on this?"

"No!"

"Suit yourself." Justin's legs on the couch retreated as mine spread wide. I leaned back, skirt hiking up, waves of bliss washing away the desperate horny yearning that had been pounding at my endocrine system like a migraine all day long.

Fuck. I'd needed this.

"So where was I? Right. - ah - So of course, there I am just stupidly, pantingly horny all day and no one is stopping to help. It's like, hello? Can you not see how achingly stiff my nipples are? Mmm, am I invisible? Fuck with the way I was dripping all over the place I'm sure they could smell me. Oh, the guys are staring, sure, and it's fine when I'm sitting on their lap during the lecture, but the moment I whip out their dick to give myself a better seat suddenly they get all freaked out."

"Jesus christ." Justin pinched the bridge of his nose.

"You'd think I'd caught the plague or something. It's - ah fuck - " My masturbation grew angry just thinking about it. "It's like, do you know how many people came on my tits today? Zero! God, I felt like such a loser begging. The closest I got was with that construction crew but then their foreman busted them up before they could bust all over me. - Mmf - God, can you believe the nerve of some people. Can you imagine me just sitting there surrounded by well hung guys ready to explode all over my tits and then - nothing!."

Justin let out a strangled gasp. He knew the feeling.

"Sorry." I sighed, but it came across more as a moan. "I - ah - I just really needed to get this all of my chest. Thanks for listening, man."

"Huh?" My roommate's gaze was lost in the valley of my still-bare tits. I giggled and stuck my tits out further. See? This was much better. I felt appreciated. Like cared more about my body than me. After a day like today it was exactly what I needed.

"Look, Jack," he managed to tear his eyes away from me. "This... this isn't right. We need to talk."

"Uhg, come on man." I whined "I know that tone of voice, can't I just.. - oh god - can't I just relax after a long day? Look," I poked the sizeable tent of his pants. He was trying to hide it, but his cock was unignorably erect. "You look like you need it as bad as I do."

"Okay, not fair," he covered his crotch with his hands. "You cant just parade around here half naked, looking like... like *that*, and not expect me to get a hard on."

"Are you kidding?" I licked my lips "I'd be upset if you didn't. I've been hungry for that thing all day."

"What."

I spun off the couch and knelt before him, nuzzling along the length of his thigh and blowing my hot breath into his crotch. With a wicked grin, I grabbed his zipper with my teeth.

"Whoah!" His hands dug into my hair as he pushed me away. "What are you doing?"

"Uh." I raised a slender eyebrow as I looked up at him, batting my long thick lashes. "Sucking your dick? Obviously?"

"Why!?"

"Come on, dude! I thought we were done with this! I've been having a rough day, okay? Right now I just really need to settle in and relax with a good hard blowjob, okay?"

"You're my roommate!"

"Yeah? And I don't think this is too much to ask. Besides," - my eyes fell to his throbbing crotch - "what kind of roommate would I be if I let you walk around with a hardon like that? Come on bro," I wiggled "let me make you feel good."

"You can't just - Jack, you can't just come in here and suck my dick!"

"Why not? Isn't this what we always do? Just two guys blowing off steam? Why are you acting so weird?"

"Weird!? Your'e the one parading around here with that ridiculous stripper body, begging to suck my cock and you're saying I'm the one acting weird!?"

"YES! God. I don't believe this! You've never complained before. Look," - I ran a finger sensuously down his bulge, prompting a soft groan - "you obviously want it just as much as I do."

"I have a girlfriend Jack!" he turned away, "if Julie found out - "

"The only thing Julie's going to find out is how you've been holding out on me, man."

"We have a date! She'll be here any minute."

"Then she can join in. Look," I poked at his straining cockhead. "You can't very well go on a date with your dick looking like that, can you? You'll go off at the slightest breeze. Let me help you out."

"No!" He stood up. I fell back, the padding of my prodigious butt catching my fall.

"I just-" I could feel the water welling up in my eyes. I looked away. I didn't want him seeing me like this. "I thought we were better roommates than this. Better friends. Bros!"

"Fuck, Jack, I- I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." he held out a shaking hand.

"All day everybody's been acting crazy, treating me like garbage." My voice was heavy. "I just wanted to get home, relax, take your good hard dick down my throat like we always do. One little moment of normality in this crazy fucking world. Is that too much ask?"

"Look, Jack, I'm sorry, but this just isn't you. And I think - I think I might be responsible for everything that's been weird today. There was this rock... this magic rock. And I made all these stupid wishes and I don't remember what I said but..."

"What? Wishes? Dude come on," petulance dug into a whine, "I don't want to hear that bullshit right now. What does this have to do with me sucking your dick?"

"I'm saying you shouldn't want to suck my dick!"

"Why not? You're my roommate, I've been having a bad day, you're clearly horny for it, and here I've got these plump juicy lips just aching to go down on my main man. Sounds like a recipe for a blowjob for me. Come on, please? I am - dude, I am literally on my knees begging you."

"You're not supposed to want it at all! Look at you! Oh my god. You look like some kind of... bimbo slut! I turned you into this." He fell back down onto the couch, his breathing short and heavy and not in the good way. "This is - this is all my fault."

"Look, dude," I put a hand on his shoulder and met his gaze. "I don't know what kind of crazy your spouting. I don't know what you think is going on, but this bimbo stripper body? I've always been this way. This is who I am - hot as fuck. I like being this way. Sure, it's a little weird that no one wants to bone down today, but if you're feeling guilty about it, you know what would make up for it?"

"Oh my god Jack."

"Please?" I gave him my biggest pout.

"I-" he sighed. "Fine! If it'll make you feel better."

"Thank you!" I lit up as I crawled back over to his bulging pants. "God, was that so hard?" I waggled my eyebrows and poked at his crotch

With little in the way of fanfare I pulled his zipper down and got his pants around his ankles. His boxers were positively straining to restrain the beast beneath. I wanted to get this thing as far as I could down throat before he changed his mind.

"Holy shit, dude!" His mammoth cock slapped me in the face as I pulled it out. My eyes went wide in giddy delight. "Since when have you been so hung?"

"What are you talking about?" his ears went red. "My dick's - I've always been like that. Look, you don't have to humor me, okay? I'm really self conscious about it. I know I'm a few inches below average, but it's not like I had any choice -"

"Below average?" I looked between him and the steely foot-long python slapping up past his bellybutton. "Look, dude, if this thing isn't in the top percentile, I don't know what is. See?" I lined the base up to my elbow. It went past my fist. "And trust me, this is definitely a new development. Shit, bro, you've been holding out on me!"

"Oh my god," he groaned. "That stupid rock! I must have wished for a bigger dick a dozen times! I thought it was broken, I thought it wasn't doing anything!"

"Look, dude." I looked hungrily into his eyes. "The only rocks you need to worry about right now are yours - which I'm about to get off."

"Did you - " A smile broke across his lips. "Did you really just say that?"

"Sh-shut up and let me suck."

He leaned back and I got to work. It was a struggle to grasp – both physically and mentally - the sheer size of this thing. I had to use both hands to wrap my fingers around it. Would I even be able to fit this in my mouth? And yet, despite its increased size, there was something so familiar and comforting about it. It was the same dick - every curve, every flare, every vein and bump - just zoomed in on and oh-so-magnificently enhanced.

Shit, maybe magic was real, because this was a downright miracle.

It's warmth and smell and turgid pulsing rigidity against my face were a homey comfort after a long day of weird stares and strange reactions. I took a deep whiff and swallowed it as far as I could. No foreplay, no teasing. It was like the whole world had gone absolutely mad, except for this - the musk and taste of Justin as I bottomed out around his dick.

Sweet carnal pleasure crept in through every crack in my brain as that enormous dick plunged footlong into my throat. I relaxed into it, my whole body going limp. It was everything I'd hoped it would be. All of my thoughts, all of today's tension, just melted away.

"Oh - fuck!" he gasped, hips bucking, humping, pounding. I smiled up at him from around his dick. He was acting like he'd never had his cock sucked before. As though this wasn't just what bros did.

This was heaven. No more women hissing at me for being dressed like a slut, no more study groups getting weirded out when I started giving hand jobs in the library, no more friends acting all weird when I tried to greet them with a french kiss.

"Mmm." I let out a satisfied groan as my first orgasm washed over me, the vibrations of my vocalizations buzzing through his cockhead. He grabbed the handlebars of my bubble-gum-pink pigtails and started guiding me to exactly where he wanted me to go. "Mmf!" My body pulsed, each beat of my heart setting off another firecracker of pure blank-minded bliss. "Mm! Mmm!"

He chuckled.

"What?" I pulled off his considerable length with a wet slurp and a pop. I was panting for air, my hands squelching with each saliva-slick stroke as I pumped and squeezed his dick in imitation of my throat in its absence. "What's so funny?"

"Sorry, you just..." he was trying not to laugh. "You sound like a total whore."

"Dude," I blushed, ears burning, "not cool! I literally can't help cumming when I've got your stupid dick down my throat, you know that. Oh my god, you're being so mean right now."

"Sorry! Fuck, sorry! I'm not - ah" He ran his fingers softly through my hair. "I'm not saying it like it's a bad thing."

"Well," my blush intensified. I returned my eyes to his amazing dick. "Apology accepted. Now why don't you hurry up and show me what these bad boys can do, okay?" I gave his enormous balls a playful squeeze. "I haven't had a good load of spunk all day."

He pressed his cockhead back against my puckered lips. I redoubled my efforts, returning to my task with renewed vigor and determination, sucking and licking and slurping wetly for all I was worth, one hand playing with his steamy jizz-filled testicles while the other hoisted up my hot heavy tits so he could get a better look.

With each thrust of his dick down my throat my orgasms built in intensity, my body shuddering and quivering. I was feral, hungry. Each drop of his precum hit me like a drug. I couldn't remember the last time I'd needed it so bad. I struggled for air and my brain grew dizzier, oxygen become less important than the pleasure storming through my skull. We were close. So close! My sloppy ministrations were sending us both careening towards climax.

"Oh fuck!" He gasped. I grinned up at him from around his shaft. Who sounded like a whore now, huh?

He returned my coy glance with a series of hard, serious thrusts, catching me deep in the throat and pushing me over the edge. I screamed out around his dick as the bubbling waters of my machine-gun orgasms flash-boiled into a nuclear explosion of climactic bliss that drove away any remaining coherence I may have had. I screamed and I spasmed and I twitched - the blind self-perpetuating need of my peaking arousal forcing me down all the harder on the thick member.

His hands gripped tight around my hair, holding me as deep as we could go - my frenzied, climactic spasming was just enough to bring him to his own brain-shattering orgasm. He was cumming! His dick tensed and pulsed inside me, his balls draining as rope after rope of thick heavy cum surged through the broad length of his dick. I caught the first in my throat, too deep to swallow. I panicked and pulled back, terrified I'd waste all that hot sticky cum. The second load flooded into my eager mouth, filling me with that wonderful familiar flavor. With a wet, lurid pop, his cock pulled shakily out from between my glossy pink lips - his the third and the fourth load sprayed up into the air, raining down upon my face and tits like sweet rain across a parched desert. I opened my mouth wide and shook out every drop of the fifth and sixth rope, drizzling from his turgid cockhead, onto my tongue and rubbing against my cheeks.

Fuck. I fell back. Boiling-hot spunk lay splashed against my big sensitive tits and all over my saliva-slick face. There was so much of it. If I didn't know better, I'd have said he hadn't gotten off all week.

I don't know how long I lay there, basking in the post-coital glow of a good throat-fucking. I was running on autopilot as I milked the last of the cum out of him, kissing and licking gently to be absolutely sure it was nice and clean and that I'd gotten every wonderful drop.

Shit, I couldn't stop grinning. My skin tingled in the sheer carnal rightness of being absolutely blasted in jizz. I felt so fucking sexy, so fucking complete. Here, in this moment, I was home.

"Fuck, dude." I said at last, blinking the cum out of my eye. "Good one! Man," I rubbed the splattered seed into the soft sensitive flesh of my tits and face, scooping the occasional fingerful up to my pink lips and tongue. "I really fucking needed that. Thanks, bro."

"Oh my god." Justin's face was pale as he looked down at me. "I can't believe we just did that I - I can't believe that just happened."

"Right?" I slurped at a salty finger. "I think that may be a new record!"

"Oh shit. Oh shit, shit, shit. What was I thinking?" My roommate's post-nut bliss seemed to rapidly be turning towards panic. "What are we doing? I've got to - we gotta clean up! Julie will be here any -"

There was a buzz on Justin's phone. He jumped to his feet, dick still flopping out down to his knees. "It's her! She's already here! Shit, hide!"

I raised an eyebrow and glanced around wondering where exactly he wanted me to go.

There was a knock at the door.

"Justin? Baby?" It was a rich masculine voice. "I am having the weirdest day."

The End