

My Fiancé's Slutty Hobby
- An Slutty Sweet Short -
By Razmagurk

He came in the door grinning, giddy from the athletic exertion. His skin was flush. It was a real runner's high.

He was covered - from his big juicy tits all the way down to his fat pawg ass - in hot, sticky cum.

"Hi baby," I called from the couch, putting down my book. "How was your workout?"

"It was great!" His throat was hoarse from the exertion. "You won't believe how many guys I got to suck off!"

"Oh my god, babe!" I turned the corner to get a better look at him. He had been run roughshod. Rode hard and put away wet. Even his wavy blonde hair was gooey and slimy and reeking of jizz. His string bikini was hanging on by a thread and his false eyelashes were dangling down his cheek. "Look at you! Well done!"

What else is a girl supposed to say when she sees her man like that?

"Thanks, love." He leaned in to give me a jism-sloppy kiss on the forehead. "Wish you could have been there to see me. I went extra hard today."

"This was the new glory hole you were talking about?"

"Yeah! The one Candi told me about! She was right." He bounced on his high heels, his juicy jugs jiggling like a kid who'd just found a candy store. "And everybody kept saying what a good fuck I was! I ven had people coming up to me in the alley afterwards asking to jack off onto my tits! Look at it all!"

He cupped the twin mountains of his enormous breasts, scarcely contained between the remnants of his bikini cups. Ruby nails flashed as they dug into tender flesh, hoisting the slimy mess of his fat round melons up for inspection.

"Aw, see? I told you those new boobs would come in handy." I reached out to pull him into a hug, but stopped short. This was one of the few tops I owned that wasn't already completely cum-stained.

"Sorry!" He noticed my apprehension and giggled. "I didn't get a chance to clean up afterwards. You know how it is."

"It's fine," I waved a hand. "I'm just glad you had a good time, but yeah, maybe we get that bikini off you and get you into the bath first?"

"But I just got back." He gave me a dramatic pout with those glittering pink lips. "Reveling in it after is half the fun."

"Oh, don't give me that," I prodded his boob playfully. "I know how hard you worked for it, but if you let it mat in, there'll be no styling it afterwards and who'll want you sucking their dick then, huh? Besides, after the workout you just got you could probably use a good soak. I'll go run the bath. You want me to help you get all that jizz out of your hair?"

"You're too good to me, you know that?"

He leaned forward and gave me a kiss. I wrinkled my nose at the potency of the smell - of the salty taste of his lip gloss - but the intimacy, the tenderness, was worth it. He was a great kisser.

"You know I'll always be here for you." I grinned. "What kind of fiancée would I be if I just sat by and let you get all crusty, huh? Besides, I'm not about to pass up an opportunity to stare at my man's sweet naked titties."

And that's how we found ourselves in the bathroom, me sat on the rim of the tub, gently running a comb through the long blonde hair of my fiancé as he soaked in the hot water.

I caught my eyes loitering on his slender form, rising and falling along the hourglass curves of his body. Every little detail had been carefully sculpted by countless hours of exercise, experience, and meticulous grooming.

He'd come so far, hadn't he? He may not have thought he was ready for what was coming, but I sure did.

"What?" He followed my gaze down upon his body. "Did I miss a spot?"

"No, sorry." I shook my head and laughed. "I'm just thinking - do you remember when you were just getting started? It's like you've become a completely different person since then."

"Oh? Is that a bad thing?"

"No! I'm just... I'm still amazed."

"Well, I couldn't have done it without you, that's for sure."

"Aw, baby."

"And that witch, I guess."

"Oh," I rolled my eyes. "Not this again."

"I'm serious! I'd have never had the courage to even try if not for her. Running that woman over was one of the best things to ever happen to me."

"Babe, I keep telling you, she wasn't a witch. She was just some crazy old lady. There's no such thing as magic, no matter how much she probably wishes to the contrary. Besides, with the way she was trying to curse you, I think */helping/* you was the last thing on her mind."

“Right, right,” he twiddled his fingers. “I know that. Really. But that stuff she said? About making me obsessed with my deepest, darkest perversions? About flooding my brain with filth? Love, I’d never even thought about trying any of this stuff before those words hit my brain. It was like... a revelation! It was all I could think about afterwards.”

“It was no excuse to treat you like that. She had you completely spooked!”

“Yeah, because she was right! All those things bouncing around in my brain that I’d never done before, and now it was all I could think about. Remember how you caught me watching all that weird porn? Or the way I started licking my lips whenever a hunky guy walked past? I could barely talk to any of my friends I was so deep in my fantasies of being a whorish skank for them to bend over and pound my ass till I screamed. I was so confused, so humiliated!”

“Babe, you were just getting acclimatized to a new skill. I know if I took up singing or whatever I wouldn’t want anyone to hear it until I was good, right?”

“It was more than that though. I don’t know, I can’t explain it. It was like I felt there was something fundamentally immoral about a guy going out in a skirt and bouncing on hard cocks all day.”

He ran a hand down along his body, shivering at the fantasy.

“Really?” I raised an eyebrow. “I mean, come on, I know it’s not the most popular sport in the world, but honestly, you’re such a jock, I’m surprised you hadn’t tried it in university or whatever.”

“Right?” he laughed. “I don’t know what my problem was. But see, then we went to that witch-doctor, right? The one who said he specialized in counter curses.”

“Oh god, I remember that. I’m still low-key annoyed the guy charged 200 bucks.”

“It was for piece of mind!”

“I know, I know. It just feels like a lot for what turned out to be a guy waving a wand around for ten minutes and telling you that everything would now be perfectly normal.”

“But he was right! It was a wake up call. All these desires I’d been feeling? This newfound obsession and urges? They were all perfectly normal. It was like before that, I’d somehow forgot that it was a thing some people did. Like I’d forgotten that dressing up like the biggest whore you can and getting your needy, trembling holes stuffed by as many big dicks as possible is just a typical Saturday night for some athletes like me.”

“Well, I’m glad he managed to get you sorted, because I think this has been a lot better for you.” I looked back down at his body. “It’s hard to imagine now that you were doing all that football and rugby stuff, isn’t it?”

“Right?” he giggled. “They totally just fell off my radar. I can like, barely remember the rules now. I can’t believe I had spent so much time surrounded by all those good looking guys and I never even tried to get them to run a train on me. Such a waste. The only good thing to come out of that period was meeting you.”

"Aw." I gave his arm a squeeze. He could be a real sweetheart sometimes. "I guess I'm still your little cheerleader, huh?"

"Always!" He grinned.

Not that he needed much cheering - he took to it like a man possessed.

For months after we had visited that witch doctor, it was all he could talk about, all he could think about. It was one of those hobbies that really became a lifestyle, like marathon running or dildo collecting. Every day I'd come home to some slutty new surprise.

It took some getting used to. At times it was a struggle. He was often out late, sending me pics and videos of him getting railed by anonymous men. Sometimes he'd push himself way too far and I'd have to drive down to whatever seedy club he was at and pick him up. And, well, did I mention the stains? I've seen cum in places you wouldn't believe.

Some girls would have struggled, but I'm the supportive type. I know how much this means to him, and I know how much he means to me. Even when things are going rough. Even if we have to reschedule a date or birthday because he's busy bouncing on meaty dicks in some hotel room.

And besides, it wasn't like he wasn't happy. How could I argue with something that brought him so much joy?

You should have seen the look on his face when I got him that dildo for christmas. Absolutely lit up. Mm, and then he was so excited we broke it in then and there.

And now look at him.

I'd say he had the body of a model, but a pornstar was a more accurate description. It was a body that advertised one thing - a body that left nothing to confusion, nothing to the imagination. Pornstars did it for the paycheques. He did it for the love of the game.

He'd come so far from those first fumbling attempts.

I still remembered the first weeks. Directionless, but eager. He poured voraciously over the internet looking for guides and wikis and demonstrations. How many times had I found him blasting porn on his big 4k tv, pausing every twelve seconds to take notes? How many times had he gone off about the amazing way this pornstar was using her tongue or the angle of that one's hips? He had done the same sort of thing with football games once. Those girls in the porno had become his absolute idols. Hell, he got to the point where he could identify the guys by their dicks.

But it was difficult to bridge the gap between the theory and practice, wasn't it? I also remembered comforting him the first time he'd been brave enough to go out to try it for real, only to come home on the verge of tears because he'd been unable to land any of the guys he'd been hitting on.

Most guys, it turns out, don't want to fuck other guys, even if its just for sport.

But him being him- and this is everything I love about him - he didn't give up. He realized that he needed to work harder, to become hotter - to become the sort of slut guys everywhere would love to fuck.

That's when he'd reached out to find others.

Finding a real team to train with was difficult. Most were exclusively women. He'd had to really dig to find anybody in the men's league in our area. They were good people though, all in all. Most were in a similar situation to him - they all had to work at being the fat-lipped jizz-rags that some girls just were naturally.

Because gosh, you don't really think about it but that's such a big part of it, isn't it? The look? Guys wanted to fuck girls. If he was going to compete, he had to walk the walk.

And damn, did he want to compete.

And so just like that, his appearance had become just as important a part of his training regime as blowjobs and anal. Hell, those were the easy parts. Putting bigger and bigger toys up your ass and down your throat? Training them to be delicate instruments of pleasure? That was one thing. It was physical - he was good at that.

But learning how to apply a full face of makeup? Learning to style and take care of his skin and hair? Researching hormones and cosmetic surgeries? That took him out of his comfort zone.

But it didn't stop him.

And whenever he failed, whenever he hurt, I was there to push him through, to encourage him. I was there when he floundered at the end of a makeup tutorial marathon, as his slutty eyelashes came out crooked again and again and again.

But when he did it right? He was sexier than any girl. And I'd never seen him so happy.

Now he was better at it than I was. I was certainly no slouch in the looks department, I was a varsity cheerleader up until graduation. But you put the two of us side by side and he was the one turning heads. I was a girl, albeit a hot one. He was a bimbo, a whore, a slut.

You would have thought he would have been more awkward in his appearance. It had only been six months, after all, but he really took to it. The hormones and surgeries had done in a short time what would normally take years.

It was almost like magic or something. But that was ridiculous, right?

And now...

I ran the brush through his long blonde hair. Somehow even in this half-ready state he managed to exude an aura of carnal invitation. Like at any moment two well-hung studs were going to walk in the door and the cameras were going to start rolling. Like he'd only gotten clean so that his skin could be defiled anew.

He was an impossible sexual caricature. A vision that only existed in fantasies.

He was my man.

I was so proud.

"Mmm..." He wriggled as I caught another tangle. "Careful."

"Oh hush." I stuck out my tongue and spritzed at the dried cum with the spray bottle. "I know how much you like getting your hair pulled."

"What can I say?" He laughed. "Guys just love having handlebars. Oh!" His eyes sparkled. "Love, you've got to let me do your hair! I saw the cutest sexy braid tutorial and I totally want to try it. You should come out with me next time! We can do matching braids and pretend to be sisters and totally do some tag teams!"

"Sisters, aye?" I pondered the question. Never thought I'd be the plain one in that scenario.

It wasn't the first time he'd asked me to join him. I'd gone out a few times with him, especially towards the beginning, but I'd discovered pretty quickly that it wasn't really for me. I just wasn't as good a slut as he was. Thankfully he was always a good sport about it, giving me tips and instructions and helping me fuck my best.

It was sweet of him, really. It didn't matter that I couldn't keep up, he was just happy that I could be a part of it, holding hands as I got my pussy pounded alongside him or double teamed a fat cock.

I remembered the first time we'd gone out together. I had almost choked on my first dick! Can you believe that? I was so embarrassed! It wasn't even that big. He had to coach me through taking it all the way down my hot, quivering throat. The whole time, I had been so worried about making him look bad, but all he cared about after was if I had been enjoying myself.

Not that I was a total novice - I glanced at the half dozen dildos suction-cupped to the bathroom walls in key locations - It's hard to be a slut's girlfriend and */not/* learn a thing or two about begging for cum or how best to take a load on your face.

It's just that, well, I wasn't as into it as he was. It was his hobby, I just lived it vicariously.

Still, he never stopped asking. Honestly, it was cute the way he wanted to share it with me. I know there's lots of guys who treat their hobbies as 'me time', but he was always so eager, so excited, to get me out there having fun with him. There's no one he'd rather have with him, even if I sucked at sucking compared to him.

"Love?"

"Hmm?"

He was giving me that dopey little fucked-silly grin I loved so much.

"You know what?" I smiled. "Sure. We haven't been out to formally celebrate those new fuck-pillows of yours, have we? You can show me all those sexy little tricks you've been developing with them."

"Really!?" His eyes lit up. "Love, that's great!" he threw his wet arms around me. "This is going to be so awesome, just you wait! I can't wait to show you all the stuff I've learned - oh my god, I was reading this thread on the reddit, they were talking about how important dirty talk is for titjobs so I've been really doubling down on my vocabulary work lately. It was really paying off today! I can't wait to show you."

"I bet." I laughed. "Seeing the way guys look at you when you tease them about how much you need your fat butt stuffed is always a ton of fun."

"Right?" He leaned back in the tub, breasts floating out before him. "See? You get it. I swear, half the girls out there think its all sex sex sex, they don't appreciate the artistry, the effort, the entertainment."

"Yeah, no offense honey, but a lot of the girls you run around slutting with are kinda... skanky?" I shrugged. "I guess it takes a certain type."

"Mm, you're not wrong. Candi says hi, by the way. She's been asking again about a threesome." He stuck out his tongue. "But like, see, it gives them so much natural talent! Sometimes I feel like I have to work three times as hard just to keep up."

"Oh absolutely," I ran the comb triumphantly through the last clump of cum-clumped hair. "But that's what makes you such a good slut, isn't it? You don't rest on your laurels; you're always striving to be better. Frankly, baby, it's one of the things I've always loved about you."

"Aw, thank you, love."

"And that's how I know your going to do so well at the competition next week."

"Next week." He froze. "Fuck, is it really next week?"

Shit.

"Sorry baby. I know you've been trying not to think about it."

"Gah -It's too soon."

He dunked his head under the water. When he finally came to surface, his voice was quiet, his plucked-brow furrowed in apprehension.

"Do you really think I'm ready?"

Ah. There it was. The vulnerable heart below the athletic bravado. The doubts he'd never admit to anyone else.

"Are you kidding? Yes, baby, I do. I think you're more than ready. I think you could have done this months ago and you'd still kick all kinds of butt."

"I still can't believe I let you talk me into it." He blushed.

"What? But you're so good at it. And come on," I poked his buoyant boob. "You have these tits now, right? Weren't you just saying any guy would die to fuck those slutty little pillows? Isn't that everything you've been working for?"

"I - I guess. But I've seen those guys go hard, and some of them have been at this for a lot longer than me. A local meet is one thing, I can beat Tom or Jack or Candi at the glory hole, sure, but this? There's prize money on the line. Some of these guys are professionals! How am I going to go against that, huh?"

"Baby, come on, don't you see? You've just got to go out there and do your best. Because that's the thing, isn't it? You're not a professional. You don't have that riding on your shoulders. You're not in this for the money. You're in it for the love of the game. Sure, it would be nice if those titties paid for themselves, but you'll be there to have fun, right? And hey, if you do lose, at least you can say you got to go up against the best, right? That's something you're going to remember for the rest of your life."

"They say there's going to be a scout there," he twiddled his long red nails at water level. "Eyeing potential candidates for some of the major teams."

"What, like the Toronto Tittyfuckers? Baby that's great! They'll see your drive, they'll see your hustle! Mm, most importantly, they'll see the way you can shake that fat ass of yours. They'd be fools to ignore that kind of talent."

"I just... I don't know if I'm quit there yet."

"And that's fine. You don't have to be. It's been what? Half a year you've been at this? Think of where you'll be this time next year. You keep this up? You're going to be the biggest slut the world has ever seen. I just know it."

"You don't..." he took a heavy breath. "You don't think it's all maybe too much?"

"Aw, baby." I took his hand and gave it a squeeze. "It's been a lot, you're right. I'm not going to pretend it hasn't been an absolute whirlwind. But honestly? I think this is good for you."

"You do?"

"I do! I see how much you love this. It gives you something to work towards, to devote your life for. Do you remember where you were before all this? The listlessness, the drinking?"

"I don't want to think about that either." He pouted.

"Well, you were going in a bad direction. Things were falling apart. You needed an escape. You needed a parachute. And you going out there and being the biggest whore you can be? You've been a better person because of it. Win or lose, this has been so good for you. It's given you something to be proud of. You're eating right, you're fitter than you've ever been. You wake up eager to start the day." I was squeezing his shoulder all too tight. "I've just... I've never seen you so happy."

"You're right." He laughed. "I can't even argue. I am. But it's just that sometimes I worry this is consuming me. This obsession. I'm worried what it all costs." He flexed his free hand before his delicate face. "I feel like I'm not even myself any more sometimes."

"You're still the same man I fell in love with." I took his hand in mine. "That's what's important. No matter what you look like. No matter what you do."

"I just - I'm terrified because with all the time I'm out doing this, I'm seeing less of you. This means so much to me, yes, but I don't want this to come at the cost of you."

His voice was quiet, vulnerable. He'd dropped all the well practiced sultriness.

I laughed.

"And what has given you any indication that might be the case? Is that why you've been going out of your way to try to impress me on our dates recently? What has possibly given you the indication, mister, that I'm not one hundred percent on board?"

"I just... you mean so much to me. You do so much for me. I don't know what I can do to even begin to reciprocate what you've done."

"Babe, all I'm asking is that you go out there next week and be the best fuck you can be.

"I'm serious!"

"Well," I smirked. "If you're serious. I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. There is one thing."

"Anything!"

"You can take me dancing." I gave him a wink and stood to wiggle my hips. "And this time we're actually going to dance before all the guys swarm around us trying to pick us up."

"Love -" He laughed. "You'll be the only person I'll have my eyes on."

"Great!" I grinned. "We'll go out Sunday, after the competition. We'll have plenty to celebrate!"

"We'll have to come back and get cleaned up first." He looked down at his sore body. "I'll probably be in an even worse state than I was tonight."

"Oh no." I gave his hair a gentle tug, bidding him to stand. "I wouldn't want you to miss out on that little bit of extra fun. We'll let the whole world see just how much of a cum-bloated, blue-ribbon whore you really are. Let the jealous girls sneer, let the horny boys drool. They'll all know what you are, and they'll know that you're all mine.

"I uh -" he let out a cute little whimper, his thighs squeezing together as he rose. "Sounds like fun."

"Good! It's a date." I laughed. "Now hold still - I'm just double checking I got all this cum out and we'll get you a towel."

“What would I do without you?”

“You’d be doing your own hair. Now hold still.”

As soon as he was good and dry, the two of us walked over to the bedroom. In many ways it was the same lived-in mess it had always been, though now the laundry he left lying around was slinky dresses, microskirts and thongs, rather than the sports jerseys and jeans of yore. A challenging array of sex toys littered his bedside table.

“What’s this?”

He gestured to the black-ribboned box sitting conspicuously on the bed.

“Something special.” I winked. “A present. For the competition.”

“Aw, love. You didn’t have to.” He dove into it, eagerly tugging at the ribbons. “Oh my god, it’s beautiful!”

He pulled the flimsy lace of the lingerie out of the box and held it against his body. It left very little to the imagination.

“You like? Go ahead, try it on. Give me a twirl!”

“Oh my god,” He struggled in his eagerness to pull the silk up across his body, hoisting the slender fabric up to perfectly accent the mammoth mounds that were his mammaries. “The guys are going to love it!”

“Oh good.” I drank in the sight of him. It was the kind of outfit that didn’t try to be elegant, didn’t try to be seductive. This made no illusions about what it represented. It was an invitation. A slutty little bow around the christmas gift that was his body. It knew exactly what it was, just like him. “I was worried it wasn’t enough.”

“Not enough? Are you crazy?” he preened before the mirror. “This’ll have the judges drooling on the floor. I’ve never had anything that fit so well. And look at this fine broche work! And these little sequins!”

“Right? I remember you talking about something like them the other week. I did good then? You don’t have to actually wear it for the competition. I’d understand.”

“No, baby, it’s amazing. You did good. Real good!” He stood back confidently and gave a spin so scandalously salacious, so perfectly practiced that it could boil even the coldest of loins.

“Good.” I swallowed hotly. “So uh, how about we put that to good use, huh?” I took a step closer. “We gotta make sure it can hold up, right?”

“Oh! Good idea. You want to go pick up more guys? Oh! We can order pizza and fuck the- “

“Actually baby - “ I put a finger to his plump, dick sucking lips. “Tonight I think the only guy I want to fuck is you.”

“Huh? Oh!” His oft-unused dick jumped.

“Let’s put that body to good use, huh?” I smirked. “I know how horny you need to be to compete at your best, but tonight? Tonight, I’m going to give you a bit of good luck, okay?”

I leaned him back and tasted his lips anew. No cum. No sparkling pink lip gloss. Just him. Had I mentioned he was a good kisser?

“Ooh -” he held out a hand to steady himself as he swooned. “Yes ma’am,”

I reached for one of the dildos.

His good day was about to become a very good night.

The End.