

My Housemate's Favorite Recliner

What time was it? Was it 3 am, maybe, or perhaps 4? Late. It was very late. Or maybe it was very early? My thoughts were a bit scrambled as I shuffled into the restroom to take a leak. Finishing up, I flushed and washed my hands and was shuffling back towards bed when I noticed the unmistakable light of the television playing in the living room.

I peeked into the living room and was met with a heavy waft of warm, salty air and the all-too-familiar scent of cum. My housemate, a shapely red-headed girl, was laying sideways on her favorite blue recliner. She was sunk deep into the cushion, with her legs hung over the armrest. Both her testicles draped over the same armrest and rested on a cheap side table. I recalled my housemate informing me that each sperm-factory of hers weighed 50 pounds. What else weighed 50 pounds? I remembered thinking. A bag of concrete? A bunch of bowling balls? A whole dog? And she just carries them around all day, hanging from her body like some sort of wrecking crane? No wonder she has them resting on a table.

"Heya, just get home from work?" I asked.

She squeaked in surprise, clearly not expecting me to have been awake.

"Oh!~ Hey, yeah, it was a long shift at the bar."

A long dribble of cum leaked from underneath the purple condom wrapping her cock. I looked at the television and witnessed some raunchy porn.

I smirked, "So just unwinding then?"

She blushed as her hands stopped working her four-foot long meat stick. All-in-all, my housemate was more cock and balls by weight than person. Used condoms, filled to the brim and tied up, laid scattered on the floor around her. Even though I knew not all of them were from tonight, the sheer total volume of jizz present was still otherworldly to me.

I trudged through the pile of condoms and wrapped my arms around the gigantic penis. My housemate moaned in surprise.

"W-what are you -" she stammered before I cut her off.

"Well, don't stop on my behalf," I said as I started jacking her off with my whole body. She threw her head back, mewling, as I worked her sensitive member. Every part of her luscious body jiggled as one.

I could feel her heat rising, and it wasn't long until she let out an orgasmic shriek. The tip of the purple condom adorning her cock exploded in size as she filled it with her spunk. I felt her juices traveling forcefully through her rod, pulsating violently, and gave her cock a hard slap. I took a step back and looked at my work proudly.

My housemate peered at me from under the purple bag of cum draped over her head.

Panting, she said "You didn't have to do that, you know."

"I know," I smirked, "Now clean up this mess," I said as I shuffled back to bed.

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