

How I Became a PAWG Futa with My Crazy Girlfriend

By [CandleStick's Dilemma](#) for *ViviDaze*

Story:

"Hey you sexy fucker." Sava rocked up to me in her hottest, tightest sweater dress. If you've never seen a thicc babe with ass for days and hips like wow, let me tell you that it is a site to behold, and Sava might be the queen of that look.

Only B-cups up top really drew the eye down the lines of her body to that absolutely massive ass, thick thighs, and hips that she couldn't even get any of my belts around, and I'm not a small guy.

She flicked her shoulder length hair back as her incredible legs scissored up the distance between us, placing both her hands on my thighs and leaning her head in close to mine, her lovely heart shaped face dominating my vision.

Her lovely, and I suddenly realized, *jealous* face.

Don't get me wrong, I love Sava like the sun itself, but there were two things about both of us that made us butt heads on more than one occasion.

For one, I have a wandering eye. In my defense, I don't have a wandering hand, wandering lips, or a wandering dick. I just like to look upon the female frame and admire it. From afar. To me, a nice ass is like the sun. You know when it's there, fun to glance at, dangerous to stare at, and you probably want to be wearing dark sunglasses if you want to see it for longer than a few seconds.

But I only wanted to look! I know, I know. For some women, a lot of women, that wasn't ok, and for Sava it was tantamount to cheating. And unluckily for me, Sava only seemed to attract women who's jeans she could fit into, and vice versa. Do you have any idea how difficult it was for me to go most of my adult life, what little of it there was at 22, not seeing an ass above 38 inches and then suddenly being surrounded by women who look like they'd had two pillows welded to their hips?

So yeah, "look, don't touch" had been my motto as a teenager, and I'd kept it as an adult, but that was rarely good enough for my pink haired bundle of ass and anger issues. Her problem was a jealous streak a mile wide and twice as deep. We'd talked about it before, and apparently it came from having a sister who was at the opposite end of the spectrum to her in body, complete tits on a stick. I've seen a picture

of Sava's sister and it doesn't do a thing for me, I'm very much an ass man, but apparently that hadn't been true for most of Sava's dating life.

She'd bring them home and it wouldn't be long before their eyes would wander over to her sis, and before Sava knew it, she was alone on the couch with some rather loud noises going on upstairs. It always seemed to start with the wandering eye, so it had become a bit of a complex with her.

I think if I'd run into this problem before my sociology class in college I'd have just branded her a bitch and moved on to someone else. Maybe her black friend with the red hair? No, focus.

That class had done a lot to make me empathize and see what others were going through before jumping to my own selfish needs. Growing up with two sisters and a single mother had gotten me the rest of the way towards knowing how to look to my partner's desires first.

Not that any of them approved of Sava. They saw her as a bit toxic, and a bit crazy... which was probably fair.

Like this one time, the first time she'd caught my eyes wandering. It was our third date, and a waitress had bent over a table to wipe it down, and the booty shorts that were part of the bar uniform had ridden up just a little and-

And Sava slapped me.

Hard.

We'd argued, been asked to keep it down or leave, and turned it into a quiet hissing match while we stood at the far end of the bar. She wanted loyalty. I made my points about it, she told me she didn't care, that's what she wanted, and like most young women, she has no idea what that looked like or meant, but she knew she wanted it.

Then she had asked what I would think if she'd been flirting with a guy? Or maybe if she'd been the one to flirt with the waitress.

Yeah, that was the night I found out Sava was bi, or more specifically, pansexual. Or would that be less specific? Whatever.

I'd argued that I hadn't been flirting and that she was being irrational and-

And never tell a woman they're being irrational. In fact, never tell a *person* that. Don't belittle others pain just because you don't understand it or can't appreciate it. It's real to them, and that's all that matters if you care about them.

Yeah, well, I was a few beers in and... so was she... so I said something I shouldn't have, so she did something she shouldn't have.

She flirted with the waitress. In front of me. The waitress flirted back. And before I knew it, they were making out at the bar and gently pushing each other towards the women's restroom, which I heard had a couch.

She'd been wearing a sleeveless turtleneck sweater dress that night, and when she'd come out a few minutes later, she had it on the wrong way around, and several other women had come out of the

restroom loudly giggling about the two 'lezbos' 69ing in there, and Sava's lip was smeared all over the waitresses thigh that the aforementioned booty shorts did nothing to cover.

The waitress had gone back to work, and Sava had marched right up to me, slapped me *again* and asked me how I felt being cheated on like that.

I pulled her against me, her cute little belly feeling the raging hardon the whole thing had given me, and crushed her lips against mine.

I could still taste the waitress' juices on them.

That was the night we discovered a new kink of mine. I liked being cucked, or as I later found out, 'NTR'. It gave me such a massive hardon, and as Sava quickly found out, made the sex very rough, very wild, and very memorable. It also made her incredibly pissed off that her number one way of punishing a guy for making her feel jealous, making THEM feel jealous, had not only no effect on me, but the opposite effect.

Anyway, back to the present. Sava was in my face, and I could tell from the slightly crazy grin that something had pushed her over the edge again.

"So, I bumped into Rhonda today." Rhonda, that was the previously mentioned black babe that if I was a lesser man I'd have swapped to by now. She was sweet, and caring, and made creole food that had added more to my weight than any of Sava's 'cooking' *if it could be called that*, ever had.

"Yeah? She came into work earlier." I'd had the morning shift at the Restaurant I was a busboy at, thank you, liberal arts degree. She'd come in to interview to be a cook there, but I wasn't going to tell Sava that.

"Yeah, she told me how your EYES had been GLUED to her ASS." Sava hissed the last bit out through clenched teeth, her eyes opened a bit wider and... a bit crazier.

"Well... she was wearing this pencil skirt and-" I was 90 percent sure she'd even borrowed it from Sava and was about to tell her I was trying to figure it out... and leave out that I loved how Rhonda's ass looked in it.

"We've talked about this!" Sava squealed through her nose.

"Yes, we have, and I've repeatedly told you I'm not going to NOT look at half the population of the planet, especially your friends!" We tried it for a week. Her friends had tried to tell her how creepy it was to have a guy around who just stared at the floor, or the ceiling, or looked anywhere in the room *but* any of them.

"I don't *fucking* care!" Sava did an admirable job of keeping her screech down a level only someone standing near us could have heard... or small dogs. A mile away.

That's when I heard it. The sound of a zipper. Glancing down, I realized exactly what was happening. Sava was unzipping me.

It had happened before, she'd decided that me looking in the direction of another woman was publicly embarrassing for her, so she'd decided to embarrass me, by unzipping my dick and giving me a blowjob

right there, letting the rest of the room know this was her man and she could take him whenever she wanted, even there.

And that was when we discovered another kink or two for us, I loved being embarrassed, and she really loved public sex.

Right now, she was pushing all my kink buttons just right, and a dick that had made more than a few women blanch was rushing up towards her lips. Sava did nothing to stop it and instead took the whole thing between her lips, down to the root. I moaned low and hard and felt rather than heard her giggle. She slipped a gentle hand into my shorts and was fondling, lightly squeezing, my big balls. I could feel her fingernails against them.

I heard a snort of laughter and saw a pair of sorority girls walking past. They'd spotted Sava and my antics. One of them arched an eyebrow at me and then made a gesture like she was shoving an invisible dick in her mouth, using her tongue to push out one cheek to drive the point home while the other one laughed.

It was so embarrassing, and I felt my dick swell in Sava's mouth even more than before.

Suddenly she popped free and glared up at me. "There, I think you're nice and lubed up."

"Lubed up?" I blinked at her as she straightened up. What was she up to?

She turned around and hitched up her sweater dress up and over her big ass. With the full moon in the full sun, she tried to reach around her ass to grab my cock and grew frustrated trying. Damn is it nice to have a woman with an ass so big she can't quite reach the back of it. I reached down and guided my dick to her pussy only to have her grunt and give her head an angry shake side to side.

"Huh?" It's hard to think when an ass that fantastic is this near a cock that is so hard.

"My ass you dweeb! I want it in my ass!"

Who am I to disagree with a command like that? With one hand on her hip I guided that heaven sent ass directly over my hips and feeling herself just right, guided my dick up her back door.

She groaned as she slowly slid down, filling my lap with plump, white ass.

It was like someone had welded two pillows to her backside, she was big and plump and soft and I wanted to bury myself in that ass. So just when she got back up to the tip I grabbed her ass with both hands and slammed her back down.

We both cried out together and Sava started to rise up and turn around, probably to slap me. I hugged her around the waist and buried my face in her back, and my dick even deeper into her ass.

"You dweeb! My ass is slam full of your dick and you're hugging me like you want to be part of me! Fine, have it your way!"

I wasn't quite following what she was saying, but suddenly she was rising up and down in my lap, fucking the hell out of my dick with her big ass. We were in public, the sun shining on us, plenty of people could see I was sure were watching her fuck me. It hit all my buttons, and with the way her ass was squeezing me I knew it was hitting her's too. I slid my hands around her front and started fingering her pussy with

my right hand and quickly finding and flicking her clit with my other. Feeling her groan as I played her like a violin was music to my ears.

Feeling her grip my dick with her big ass, her soft cheeks slapping my lap, it didn't take either of us long to reach our limit and when I blew my load up her ass, I was sure it was the hardest I'd ever cum in my life. It felt like I was pushing my dick so far up her ass it was going to tickle her ribs, and when I came, it felt like so much it was gonna blast out of her mouth and nose. I kept cumming, and pumping, and pushing. I wanted her to cry cum with how hard I was blasting into her. In my mind, that's what was happening, she was coughing up cum as I filled her ass with it. Her belly was inflating with it as I emptied everything I was, my whole essence into my thicc, huge assed girlfri-

I blinked. Were these my eyes? Why was my hair in my eyes? It was usually so short. The hair on one side was black but the hair on the other was Sava's usual pink. My right hand reached up to touch my face... but I hadn't been the one to do it.

"S-Sava?" Why did my voice sound so soft and cute?

"Babe?" Why did her's sound so deep and throaty? ...and why did both voices sound the same.

We looked down at our hands and mentally sorted out what was going on. What had been a scoop necked sweater dress on Sava and a sleeveless jersey on me had shifted into an off the shoulder silky number that felt divine in the spring sun. Her little B cup titties and my... honestly thicker than it should be frame, had conspired to give a pair of man pleasers that I would have loved to feel wrapped around my dick. Or to wrap them around a dick.

Apparently being mixed had also combined our sexualities. I was excited about it.

But the point was we had some big juicy titties. Not as big as some gals, not half as big as Sava's sister, but big enough for a confirmed ass man like me. My tattoos of various geeky things had become a pair of feathery wings tattooed across our back and up over our shoulders, with a few feathers going down our upper arms.

And our ass! If anything, it was even bigger than Sava's had been, but the thing that got to me was what Sava mentioned first.

"Holy fuck I'm more hung than you!" Our right hand grabbed our dick and gave it a few pumps and I couldn't tell if it was because Sava had smaller hands than I was used to, but it sure felt bigger around. Rising up from our crotch above our plump pussy was a huge mast of a cock that I couldn't wait to set sail with.

But... with who? My squeeze was also sharing that dick.

"I can't wait to use this on all the girls you keep staring at." Sava said suddenly and I blinked in surprise.

"What?"

"You heard me. I'm gonna put each and every one of those thicc bitches in their place with this dick and you're going to have to just set in the back of my mind and watch."

I had a sudden mental image of Rhonda bent over the side of a couch as Sava railed into her ass from behind and I was trapped inside of her, feeling every bit of it but unable to do a thing as she plowed into the thicc black bitch.

We actually lost a little precum.

Then a worry occurred to me. "Uh, what happens if we fuse with them like you and I did?"

Sava seemed to think about it a moment before giving a decisive nod. "Then we start with my sister, because I've been waiting all my life to try out a pair of tits like hers and I can't wait to finally put her in her proper place!"

I couldn't wait.

~End