

K & J

Part 1

Click. Tap. Tap. Tap. Click.

The only sound that could be heard in a completely dark room, slightly lit by a bright laptop monitor, was a keyboard clicking and a mouse being used.

Web browser, search page, enter search terms. Click.

'Katrina Steelcock'

Search results: 147,898,089

'Katrina Steelcock, a mystery girl who changed the porn industry forever'

Click.

Katrina Steelcock was a girl, and her last name, 'Steelcock,' was a stage name for porn. Katrina was a pornstar and a damn good one at that, but what else would you expect from a woman who had a cock that big? A huge cock that made the men look like little boys, a cock that was almost always hard, a cock that could satisfy any woman's desires, a cock that could destroy the most well-experienced asses, a cock that could turn the proudest and most muscular men and women into submissive, cock-addicted sluts.

Katrina had an impressive physique. She was tall, had long blonde hair, beautiful green eyes, and a body built for sin. She had the biggest, roundest and perkier pair of tits that any pornstar could ever have, and a juicy, round, big ass, and her long, shapely legs only added to her sex appeal. But only that, thanks to her regular visits to the gym, and wild sexual appetite, her muscles were well-toned, and her abs looked as if they had been carved by an ancient Greek sculptor, a very, very horny Greek sculptor.

She is also known for nearly unlimited amounts of stamina, which she put on display in almost all of her scenes, which were famous for lasting hours, and the fact that she could easily do up to ten scenes a day and not even get winded, and always left the people around her impressed and wanting more.

"Weapon of Mass Cumflation" is one of her most famous movies, where Katrina fucks forty-seven women. In the thrill of the moment, she left every single co-star with ruined pussies and bellies filled to the brim with her hot cum. But that fact was not what made the movie so famous. It was what she did after she was done with her co-stars. Katrina fucked every single crew member, including the director, the producer, and the camera operators. She left them all the same way as her co-stars, with their holes leaking rivers of cum and their bellies bulging out like they were pregnant.

She was a girl, she was a futa, she was a goddess. And everyone wanted a piece of her, but not everyone could have her.

She became famous during her live streams when she was just 19 years old, blowing up the internet. A freak of nature and an ungodly amount of sex appeal, the only thing Katrina needed was a camera and an audience, and she became a worldwide phenomenon in no time. Most of the famous porn studios tried to sign her, but she rejected every offer.

"Why should I sign a contract that would stop me from doing what I love the most and having fun when I can be my boss and enjoy life to its fullest," said Katrina to one reporter who asked her why she didn't sign a contract with a studio, "I love sex, I love to fuck, and I love the attention and the money, but it's not something that can be contained. You can't just put a collar on a wild cat, so don't try to put one on me."

Katrina decided to become an independent performer and do her content, and that's how her empire was born. She filmed scenes with the studios anyway but was never bound to them. Every scene was always on her terms, and no one had control over her, no one had a say in her work, and no one could tell her what to do.

Another aspect of Katrina that made her famous was her wild behavior in public. She had no shame or fear, which made her even more attractive. She fucked in public places, like restaurants and shopping malls, and would make her partners squirt so hard they would drench everything in sight, including her. She would attend parties in revealing clothes, most of the time letting her tremendous package hang free and let anyone who wanted a piece have a taste. But the craziest part was that she was open about it and never apologized.

"There are no clothes that could contain this," Katrina said, referring to her enormous package, "And I don't know why anyone would try. I'm not hiding anything; I'm always ready to show and would do it in front of a million cameras. I'm proud of what I have, and if you don't like it, you can look away."

That's what she said in a public interview, where she dared to wear a skimpy bikini that barely contained her gigantic tits and a thong that did not hide her limp cock that hung between her thighs, nearly reaching her knees. That outfit caused a stir, but that did not stop Katrina from going around the beach, flaunting her body, and fucking in plain sight.

But not everyone loved and admired her. Some called her a freak of nature, a danger to society, and a disgrace to the human race. Some wanted her dead. But that didn't stop Katrina from doing her thing. The number of people who hated her was nothing compared to the amount of people who adored and worshipped her.

Like it or not, Katrina Steelcock changed the industry forever. Her influence was so significant that after her, the studios started filming scenes with non-traditional actors, including transgender and intersex. And it took a little while for people to start accepting them as the equals they are.

Tap. Click. Tap. Tap. Tap.

The search bar appeared again.

'Katrina Steelcock gets a blowjob on the red carpet.'

Tap.

A new window opened in the browser with a video. It started with a crowd screaming, and the camera focused on a blonde woman. She was wearing a set of lingerie and a top coat, barely containing her giant breasts and a thong that did not hide her massive member.

"Miss Steelcock, over here!" Said a man holding a microphone

"Yes, my love?" Katrina replied with a seductive smile.

"We all want to know how it felt when you won the Best Performer of the Year award last year. Do you think you will win again this year?" The reporter asked, barely holding himself together, trying not to look at Katrina's massive cock.

"Is there any doubt about it?" Katrina said confidently, "No one could ever compete with me and my amazing skills and assets."

"Miss Steelcock, how did you decide what to wear for the occasion tonight?" the man asked, sweating and struggling not to look down at her huge cock.

"I just wanted to show people why I'm the best," Katrina smiled and then grabbed her colossal cock and squeezed it. "This is me, and I'm not ashamed of it."

The interview was interrupted by another man in the crowd, "Goddess!"

A middle-aged man with a suit and a briefcase pushed to the front, crossed the fence, and kneeled in front of Katrina. Without a word, he shoved the enormous head of Katrina's cock in his mouth and started sucking, much to the surprise of the reporter, who stood frozen and couldn't process what was happening.

"Oh, what a naughty boy," Katrina moaned. "Come on, take it deeper. You know you want it."

The man followed the order and shoved Katrina's giant shaft as far as it could go. He was choking and drooling, but he didn't stop. Katrina grabbed him by the back of his head and pushed it forward, forcing tears to roll down his cheeks.

Unfortunately, the act was interrupted by security and police, who had to escort the man away.

"I had the goddess inside of my mouth! I'm blessed!" the man yelled and screamed.

The entrance door to the room opened, and the lights turned on.

"Hey, Jane!" a girl said as she closed the door and entered the room. "You should've come with me to the party; it was awesome."

Jane quickly closed the browser and turned her chair towards the girl. She was a young girl with a beautiful face and long, silky black hair, wearing a pink tank top and black shorts, and there was a man behind her.

"Hey, Sam," Jane said with a smile.

"Oh, that's Jack. I hope you don't mind if we...ehm...you know..." Sam said with a smile, blushing a little.

"Yeah, sure, don't mind me, I'm just...studying," Jane said.

"Ok, we'll try not to be too loud," Sam said, leading the man to her bed.

Sam was Jane's roommate and friend. She was beautiful, sweet, and a sex addict, a combination that made Jane very popular around campus.

"She could join us, you know," Jack said, and Sam looked at him.

"Nope, she won't. Jane likes other things," Sam said and smiled.

"Other things? Like what? Studying?" Jack asked, surprised, and Sam laughed.

"Now what, who," Jane whispered under her breath.

"Oh come on, don't tell me you're a fan of that fake ass bitch, Katrina Steelcock," Jack said and scoffed, "It's obvious everything about her is fake, and her cock is just expensive squirting dildo."

"Yeah, sure. A dildo that's bigger than you are and can shoot loads bigger than a bucket," Jane said, a little irritated.

"I'll show you what a real man can do and what a fake bitch can't," Jack said and kissed Sam, who started taking off his clothes.

Jane didn't like Jack. She didn't like any of Sam's boyfriends. But she tried her best to stay quiet and could ignore them for a while.

After a few minutes, the moaning and the bed squeaking had become unbearable, and Jane could no longer focus. She put on her headphones and covered herself and the laptop under the blankets. Then, she went back to the internet and opened Katrina's website.

'New giveaway!' the screen read.

Click!

A video with Katrina appeared on the screen. The star was holding her phone; her face was a mixture of pleasure, and she could barely talk.

"Hey there, my loyal fucktoys! Katrina here with fucking. Amazing. News," She said between gasps and moans, "As you all know...of fuck, don't forget the balls, slut...oh...where was I? So yeah, as you all know, my new scene is coming out next week and to celebrate I'm choosing one person among everyone who pre-orders the scene to get the chance to spend a whole weekend with me...yes, baby, oh god, fuck, suck my fucking balls, you worthless whore! Yes!"

The camera tilted down and zoomed in. The screen showed a girl, her head between Katrina's thighs, sucking and drooling all over the giant balls, making her mouth and face covered in spit. Katrina's colossal cock rested on the girl's face and leaked an impressive amount of precum that covered the entire left side of her face.

The camera tilted back at Katrina's face, and she continued, "So, pre-order a scene, and I will choose the lucky person. Now, this is your chance to suck the best cock you will ever see in your miserable life and get the fuck of a lifetime. Now, don't forget that only people above eighteen can participate. So, go to the site and pre-order a copy."

The video ended, and Jane was left shocked. She had to think fast. Should she do it? What are the chances she would win? Was it even possible? But there was only one way to find out. She clicked on the link on the screen and bought a copy of the new scene.

With a smile, Jane searched the net for unseen photos and videos of her idol for the rest of the night until she fell asleep.

The next few days were the worst in Jane's life. The wait for the day of the winner announcement was excruciating, and it seemed to be taking forever. Finally, the moment came. Jane was nervous and excited and felt like her heart would jump out of her chest. She locked herself in the bathroom stall of the university, took her phone, connected her headphones, and logged into Katrina's page, patiently waiting for the live stream to start.

The countdown had just started, and tens of thousands were already online. A couple of minutes later, the stream started, and everyone's heart skipped a beat. There was Katrina, completely naked and smiling, sitting in a chair, holding the camera with one hand and a vast fleshlight in the other.

"Hey there, fuck toys!" Katrina greeted, "As you all know, I'm here today to announce the contest winner. I hope you don't mind me playing with my cock while I'm doing that, I've been horny since I woke up, and it's driving me insane."

Jane was staring at the screen with a smile, her eyes wide open, and her jaw dropped, watching Katrina shove her enormous throbbing cock into a fleshlight. She started slow and gentle, moving the toy up and down her cock. Her breathing became more profound, and her cock started leaking precum all over her hand.

"Mmmmmm...fuck," Katrina moaned and placed the phone on the table to free her other hand. She then used her free hand to start the laptop beside the desk.

"Let's see, my IT guys, made a script that would choose one random invoice, and that would be the winner," Katrina said, still thrusting her cock into the fleshlight, "Don't worry, fucktoys, your info won't be shared. I'll just mention the website nickname and the invoice number."

The computer finished loading, a program appeared on the screen, and a wheel with millions of names spun rapidly.

"Oh, wow! 7.764.035 pre-orders. I can't believe many people would be this desperate for a piece of me. It makes me so hard, you have no idea." Katrina moaned and sped up her movements. "I'm also going to make the whole thing more exciting. I'll connect this device kindly gifted to me by one of my regular fuck toys, which will detect my orgasm! And once I cum, the program will randomly stop the wheel, and the number on the screen will be the winner."

"7.764.035 pre-orders...my chances of winning are nearly zero. There's no way," Jane thought and stared at the screen. "At least I get to watch Katrina Steelcock jerk off and have an orgasm and maybe cum myself."

Katrina connected a few wires to her hands, one right above her crotch, and began massaging her giant balls with one hand while fucking the fleshlight with the other.

"Ah, yes! Fuck, this feels good," Katrina said between moans as she impaled the custom-made fleshlight on her gigantic rod, "It's not as good as an actual pussy or ass, but it will have to do for now. You guys have no idea how horny I am right now. I wish you all were here. I could fuck you all until you all pass out and leave you all with your pussies and asses so ruined you'll need medical attention."

Katrina's body was glistening with sweat, her colossal cock was throbbing as she kept fucking the toy, and her eyes filled with lust and desire.

"Ah...ah...oh...fuck," She moaned, and her breathing became faster and heavier, and the amount of precum leaking out of her cock increased.

"I can feel my orgasm approaching. I'm going to cum soon," Katrina said and sped up the movement of her hands, "Are you all ready to meet your goddess? To see her cum?"

The wheel was still spinning, and the people online were all commenting on how they could not wait and were begging to see her cum, and the comments and messages filled the chat window.

Jane was already furiously rubbing her clit, and her panties were soaked. She kept watching as Katrina's hands moved faster and faster, her face twisted, and her cock twitched.

"Yes...yes...oh, fuck, fuck! Here I go! Ohhhhh, YES!!!" Katrina screamed and exploded in a fountain of cum. The stream was so powerful that it tore the fleshlight apart, sending chunks of the silicone flying all around the room.

But that didn't stop Katrina. Her cock kept shooting gallons and gallons of cum all over the floor, the wall, and herself. The wheel started to spin, but a stream of cum splattered over the screen, covering the whole thing.

The intense orgasm took a few minutes to die out, and the room was a complete mess. There was cum everywhere, and the computer was ruined.

"Holy...shit," Katrina whispered, trying to catch her breath. She turned her head to the laptop, "Good thing it's waterproof."

The stream was still live, millions of viewers were going wild, the chat window was flooded with comments and questions, and it took Katrina a few moments to gather herself before continuing.

"Now, let's see who the winner is, shall we?" she breathed deeply. She got up from her seat and grabbed the computer, wiping the cum off the screen. "Invoice number 7765034648, and the nickname is..."

The sound of a bell was heard, a banner appeared on the screen, and the word 'winner' was written on it.

"Woah, it's the winner, and it's...fuck, this is hilarious," Katrina laughed, "Nice nickname, 'GoddessKatrinaFan4Life.' You must be a big fan! Phew...that was intense, fuck."

Jane was shocked, her legs shaking and her pussy leaking all over the toilet seat. Her phone slid out of her hands and fell onto the floor. It was her nickname. She had won. She quickly grabbed the phone and continued to watch with shaking hands.

"Well, you will receive an e-mail with instructions from my manager, 'GoddessKatrinaFan4Life'," Katrina said with a devilish smirk as she licked her fingers, "Can't wait to meet you and rearrange your guts, fucktoy."

Katrina waved goodbye, and the live stream ended, leaving Jane stunned. She did not know how long she was sitting there, unable to move, thinking about the weekend that awaited her...

Jane took a few more minutes to recover and walked out of the stall, fixing her hair and trying to clean her hands, and she walked to the mirror, looking at herself.

"Did I just win a weekend with Katrina Steelcock?" Jane asked, staring at her reflection. "This is a dream, right? There's no way it happened, no way."

Jane took her phone and texted Sam.

'We need to meet ASAP!'

The reply came almost immediately.

'I'm in class. Can it wait?'

'No, this can't wait. Meet me outside in 15 minutes.'

'OK.'

Jane nervously walked in circles around the university courtyard, waiting for Sam. She couldn't contain her excitement and needed to share the news with someone.

"Hey," Sam said as she came and sat on a bench.

"Sam, you won't believe what happened," Jane said, almost screaming.

"What?" Sam asked.

"Katrina Steelcock, she...she...," Jane tried to talk but couldn't.

"Spit it out, for god's sake," Sam said, a little impatient.

"She chose me! I won!" Jane shouted, "I'm going to spend a weekend with her."

"NO. FUCKING. WAY!" Sam yelled, her eyes widened in shock.

"Yes, it's real. I can't believe it either," Jane replied.

"Holy shit! Congratulations!" Sam said and hugged her friend, "Wow, how lucky are you! I'm jealous."

"I know, right," Jane said, still shocked, "I'm so nervous. What if I'm not what she expected? I mean, I'm not even pretty."

"Don't worry, you're cute," Sam smiled, "And you're sexy and smart and nice, and you're going to rock her world! Fuck, Jane, I'm so jealous. You will be fucked by the biggest cock ever! Ahhhhhh...I wish it were me!"

"Thanks, I needed this, and I don't know, what do I do now? Do I prepare something or...?" Jane asked, unsure.

"Relax, I have no idea what you're supposed to do, but I'm sure everything will work out just fine," Sam smiled, "When are you meeting her?"

"This weekend. I'm still waiting for the e-mail from her manager," Jane replied, "I'm so scared, I don't even have the appropriate clothes. What am I going to wear? I can't just show up in jeans and a t-shirt."

'Hey! You can wear some of my clothes, and I'll help you with your makeup and hair,' Sam said.

"Really? Thanks, you're the best," Jane smiled and hugged her friend.

"You're welcome, and hey, maybe she'll let you bring a friend," Sam giggled, "I can't even imagine having that monster inside me, oh my god!"

"Sam, you're such a slut," Jane laughed.

"What can I say, I like sex, and Katrina Steelcock is the best fuck in the world, and to have a piece of her is a dream come true. Even if it's just once," Sam smiled, and her cheeks turned red, "Fuck, I'm so jealous."

Ding!

Notification sounds on Jane's phone, and she looked at the screen,

'You have a new mail.'

"Oh my god! It's here, the e-mail!" Jane yelled, and her hands were shaking.

"What does it say?" Sam asked, excited.

"I don't know, I can't read it, open it, please," Jane handed the phone to Sam.

"Here goes nothing," Sam said and pressed the screen.

'Congratulations!

You have been chosen to spend a weekend with the fantastic Katrina Steelcock.

You will be picked up from the main entrance to the Grand Mall at 9 PM, Friday night, by a chauffeur, who will take you to a luxury hotel, where you will have some time to prepare for the big weekend and you will have all your expenses covered by Ms. Steelcock.

Sincerely Yours,

L. M.

Katrina Steelcock's manager'

"It's real, I'm going to meet her!" Jane was excited and shocked, "Wow, it's happening."

"Wow, this is huge, you're the luckiest bitch I've ever met," Sam said.

"I guess I am," Jane said and hugged her friend.

"So, this means you're going alone, right?" Sam said, disappointed.

"I'm sorry, I'll ask her, I promise," Jane replied.

"Good. But I'm not holding my breath. You're going to have so much fun, and I'll be here, in class, like the boring, responsible student I am," Sam giggled, "And by the way, you have no idea how wet I am right now. I can't stop thinking about how Katrina Steelcock will fuck your brains out."

"Sam, you're disgusting," Jane said and laughed, "But I'm fucking wet too, and I have been since she announced the contest. I can't wait to meet her. I don't care about the sex. I care, but I'm more excited about meeting her."

"You're a dork, and you're a bigger fan than I thought," Sam laughed, "Anyway, I gotta get back to class, see ya."

"See ya," Jane replied and hugged her friend.

The next day, as promised, Sam took Jane shopping and helped her to choose the sexiest outfit possible. They talked about the trip and what could happen. Jane couldn't stop thinking about what the weekend would look like.

At some point, they even thought about Jack's words about Katrina's cock being fake, and they both laughed.

"It can't be a toy," Sam said, "I mean, how can something fake look so fucking real? The veins, the texture, the weight, and the size. Oh my god, the size, I can't even imagine being fucked by something that huge."

"It has to be real, right?" Jane asked, a little uncertain.

"Yeah, it's real," Sam answered, "And even if it's not, you're going to have a great time anyway."

"Yeah, you're right," Jane smiled.

Days passed by, and the moment Jane was waiting for had arrived.

It was 7 PM, and Sam just finished applying makeup on Jane.

"Wow, I think I did a pretty good job," Sam said, proud of her work, "Look at you, hot stuff."

"Sam, I can't even recognize myself. You're amazing," Jane replied as she looked at herself in the mirror, "And these clothes, they make me feel like a fucking slut."

"That's what you are this weekend," Sam giggled, "And hey, if you need some advice, you can always call me."

Jane looked at her reflection in the mirror once more. She was wearing a sexy black dress that exposed her back and revealed her cleavage. Her long, dark hair was perfectly done in a stylish bun, and her lips were full and red. The makeup on her face was impeccable and made her beautiful blue eyes pop. She couldn't recognize herself, and she liked it.

"Thank you so much, you're the best," Jane said and hugged her friend, "Will you go with me to the mall? I'm a little nervous."

"Sure," Sam replied, and they both headed out.

It was precisely 9 PM, and a black limousine pulled up at the mall's front door. A chauffeur walked out and looked around. He walked to Jane and smiled, "Ms. Jane Adams?"

"Y-yes," Jane replied, and her heart skipped a beat.

"This way, ma'am," The chauffeur gestured, and Jane walked to the car. She looked at Sam with a terrified face, and Sam smiled.

"Don't worry, you're gonna do great," Sam mouthed, and Jane nodded and smiled.

The chauffeur opened the door, and Jane got into the car. He then closed the door and went back to the driver's seat.

The ride was silent and a little awkward. Jane didn't know what to say, and the chauffeur didn't talk either. He just drove.

Jane looked through the window and watched the city pass by. The buildings and lights became less and less frequent, and soon, there was nothing but darkness and the occasional street lamp until they reached the airport.

"Wait, the airport? Where are we going?" Jane asked, a little confused.

"Ms. Steelcock is on a business trip in another country. You'll be joining her there," The chauffeur replied and pulled over. He got out of the car and opened the door for Jane.

They walked through the passport control and customs and, finally, made their way to the plane. A golden private jet with 'Steelcock' written on the tail wing and a beautiful woman standing by the entrance.

"Good evening, Ms. Adams. I'm Lily, Ms. Steelcock's assistant," the woman said, greeting Jane with a smile and leading her into the plane. "I'm the one responsible for arranging the entire weekend for you. I have been instructed to ensure you're comfortable and have everything you need. Anything you desire, anything you want, just say the word, and it's yours."

"Oh, wow, thanks, this is so..." Jane said, surprised, and looked around, "Wow, this place is amazing, and there's a bar. I don't think I've ever seen a bar in an airplane."

"It was a gift from a...well-satisfied customer," Lily said, smiling, "Make yourself comfortable. We'll be leaving in a few minutes. Can I get you anything?"

"Ehm, yeah, a glass of wine would be nice, please," Jane replied.

"Red, white, rose, or sparkling?" Lily asked.

"Whatever's the best, I'm not an expert," Jane answered.

"You're in for a treat then," Lily said and smiled as she walked towards the bar, "I'm going to grab us some of the best wine there is, and we can chat. It will be a long flight."

The plane left the ground and ascended. It was a smooth and steady flight, and Lily and Jane were having a great time, chatting and enjoying each other's company. They talked about their work, families, and the people around them.

Lily was a funny, charismatic, and incredibly attractive woman. She was a brunette with beautiful brown eyes and a smile that could make anyone melt, and her accent, which sounded like a mixture of a southern American and Australian, made her even more attractive. She had an air of confidence and self-assurance, and her style and attitude showed her intelligence and taste for the finer things in life.

"So, do you have a boyfriend?" Lily asked, sipping on her wine.

"Nope," Jane replied, "Never had."

"Why? Don't you like men?" Lily asked, a little surprised.

"No, I like men and women, and everything in between," Jane answered, a little embarrassed, "It's just that no one ever liked me, and I was always the weird girl, and I didn't want a relationship with someone who didn't like me..."

"Oh, I see," Lily said, her eyes a little sad, "You remind me a lot of myself, you know when I was your age, and I understand you. You don't need a relationship or a partner, just someone who cares about you and treats you as you deserve, a friend or a lover."

"Yeah, it would be nice to have someone who cares about me and treats me well," Jane said, smiling a little, "My only friend is my roommate, and I love her, but she's a bit of a slut."

"Nothing wrong with that. We're all sluts in our way," Lily replied and smiled, "Sexuality is a beautiful thing, and we should never be ashamed of it."

"Yeah, and you seem pretty comfortable talking about sex, and that makes me comfortable talking about it, too," Jane said and blushed.

"I love talking about sex. I think it's the best thing ever. Besides, I'm an assistant to the best pornstar in the world," Lily replied, "Sex is my life."

"Oh...so, you and Ms. Steelcock are a thing?" Jane asked, and her heart skipped a beat, hoping the answer would be 'no.'

"We used to be," Lily answered, "But then I met my husband."

"Wow...I...After taking care of Ms. Steelcock's needs and working with her, how does a regular man compete?" Jane asked, a little disappointed.

"Well, Katrina was kind enough to help me undergo some treatments to help me...tighten up," Lily replied and blushed, "It's not always about sex. As you mentioned before, it's about the person and

the connection, and Katrina gave me that, but my husband, he's a sweetheart, and he cares about me."

"That's great. I'm happy for you," Jane said and smiled.

"Right now, I'm planning to quit and settle down with him, have kids and stuff," Lily continued, "And Katrina is kind enough to arrange my retirement and set up a college fund for our kids."

"That's amazing," Jane said, a little envious, "She's a nice person."

"The nicest," Lily smiled, "You're going to love her, I know it. She can be a handful sometimes, but she's a wonderful human being and the best friend I've ever had."

"How did your husband react when he learned about your past?" Jane asked, and Lily laughed.

"He knew it from the beginning and was fine with it. He told me that as long as he's the last person I sleep with, it's all good," Lily answered, still laughing, "And Katrina agreed to that."

"She agreed not to fuck you anymore?" Jane was surprised.

"Yep, she did, and believe me, the things she did to me in bed were beyond anything you can imagine," Lily said, "She can be very creative, and her cock...well, let's say, everything you've seen until now is child's play compared to what's going to happen this weekend."

Jane's heart raced, and her pussy started leaking, and her mouth became dry. She took a big sip of her drink and gulped the whole glass.

"Relax, she's not going to force you to do anything against your will if you don't want to," Lily said, placing her hand on Jane's, "She's not that kind of person."

"I know, but I don't even know how to explain it," Jane replied. A tear ran down her cheek, "In her movies, she is this...dominant, badass bitch, and when she talks to the audience, she's sweet and charming, and she's also nice, but I'm not that, and I don't know if I'm gonna be able to live up to her expectations."

"I don't think she's expecting anything," Lily said, holding Jane's hands, "Look at me."

Jane turned her head to face Lily, and Lily's eyes were filled with sympathy and care.

"You don't need to prove anything. You don't need to be anyone else," Lily said and smiled, "Just be yourself and enjoy the ride."

"Thanks, Lily, I needed this," Jane said, wiping her tears.

"Anytime," Lily said and hugged her, "Now get some rest, and try not to worry too much."

The flight went smoothly, and Jane fell asleep. Her sleep was not deep, though; she was dreaming about what could happen during the weekend, but the thoughts were interrupted by a voice. Someone was saying her name.

"Ms. Adams," the voice repeated, and Jane woke up, rubbing her eyes.

"Yes," Jane answered.

"We'll be landing soon," Lily said, "Sleep well?"

"Yeah, thanks," Jane replied and yawned.

A few minutes later, the plane landed, and the door opened, and Lily and Jane walked out. They went through the VIP customs until they reached another limousine outside.

"This will take you to the hotel," Lily said and gave Jane a key, "I won't be joining you. I have some errands to run, and I'll see you later tonight."

"Ok, thank you so much," Jane said, and Lily kissed her.

"You're welcome, and try not to worry too much," Lily smiled and waved goodbye as the limo drove away.

The limo arrived at the hotel and stopped in front of the lobby. The chauffeur helped Jane out and gave a note.

'Weekend schedule,'

The note read, and Jane looked at the driver.

"Ms. Steelcock's instructions," The chauffeur answered, leading her into the hotel.

They checked in, and the concierge took Jane to her room. It was the best suite in the entire hotel; the walls were painted a soft shade of gold, and the windows were huge. A giant bed was the room's centerpiece, and everything seemed to sparkle.

"Your bags are over here," The concierge said and pointed at a suitcase, "And if you need anything, the reception desk is available 24/7."

"Thank you," Jane replied, and the man left.

She was alone, and it was the first time since the airport that she had some time to herself. She was still a little nervous, but not as much as before, and she walked around the room. It was filled with luxurious decorations and fancy furniture, and the bathroom had a bathtub big enough to fit ten people. It looked more like a pool than a tub.

Jane took the note out of her pocket and looked at it, 'Weekend schedule,' the note said, and she read.

Saturday:

8 AM - 9 AM - Breakfast

9 AM - 12 PM - Photoshoot with Katrina Steelcock

12 PM - 2 PM - Lunch

2 PM - 5 PM - Shopping

5 PM - 7 PM - Spa

7 PM - Dinner

10 PM - Fun

Sunday:

8 AM - 10 AM - Breakfast

10 AM - 12 PM - Sightseeing

1 PM - 4 PM - Free Time

4 PM - 7 PM - Spa

8 PM - Airport

'It's a weekend that will stay in your mind forever,' the note read at the end, 'Enjoy!'.

"What is this supposed to mean, 'fun'? What is she planning?" Jane wondered, but deep inside, she knew what it meant.

It was nearly 8 AM, so breakfast was first. Jane put on a robe and went downstairs to the restaurant. The staff greeted and escorted her to her table, and a waiter handed her a menu.

"Good morning, Ms. Adams," the waiter greeted, "Your breakfast will be served shortly."

"Ehm...Is Ms...I mean, Katrina here already?" Jane asked.

"Ms. Steelcock won't be joining you for breakfast. She is already at the studio for a photoshoot. The driver is already waiting for you outside and will escort you there."

"Oh...okay, thank you," Jane said, and the waiter left.

Breakfast was served a few minutes later, and Jane ate silently, wondering what was to come. The food was exquisite, and Jane ate everything but couldn't focus.

After breakfast, Jane returned to her room, showered, and put on another outfit Sam had bought. It was a red dress, and she didn't even have to look at the tag to know it was expensive.

She looked in the mirror, and her makeup and hair were flawless and fabulous.

"I have to thank Sam again for doing this," Jane thought, "I would look like shit if she didn't help me."

At precisely 9 AM, Jane was in the limo and on her way to the studio. She didn't know what to expect, and the car ride was short. Only a few minutes later, she arrived.

Security guards were at the entrance, and Jane was escorted into the building. She entered the room with lots of studio equipment. Lights, reflectors, and a camera set up, and here she was, her idol, the goddess of sex herself. Katrina Steelcock.

Jane couldn't move or speak. Her heart raced, her body trembled, and she couldn't take her eyes off Katrina. She was beautiful, and her aura was hypnotic.

"Oh, hello, there," Katrina greeted and turned her head towards Jane, smiling. She wore a tight-fitting sports outfit, barely containing her vast package. Her breasts were threatening to tear the fabric, and her arms and legs were toned and muscular. "I'm sorry I wasn't at breakfast, This damn company had a change of plans, and now I have to do this photoshoot earlier than I should have. Oh, well, c'est la vie, am I right."

"I...," Jane tried to say but couldn't find the words.

"Anyway, I'm almost done. Take a seat and enjoy the view," Katrina said and turned around.

As she walked back to the stage, she clicked her fingers and called out to someone, "Hey! Make sure the lady on the sofa has everything she needs!"

A waiter came with a cart filled with food and drinks, "What can I get you, Miss?"

"I...ehm...water," Jane said, and the waiter served her a glass.

The photoshoot began.

Katrina was even better in real life, and Jane couldn't stop staring. Her body was a work of art, and her confidence was mesmerizing. She was sexy and charming, and the way she talked and moved made the room warm. Her smile was enchanting, her gaze was electrifying, and she seemed to know how to handle the camera and pose perfectly. Blonde hair, emerald green eyes, and a body to die for.

First, she wore the same sports outfit, then a dress. She posed, flexed her muscles, and winked at the camera, and every time the photographer clicked the shutter, a flash lit up the room.

Jane couldn't believe what was happening. She was watching Katrina Steelcock pose for a magazine. Live in front of her eyes. And she was going to have lunch with her.

"That's it! Erotic stuff is over! Time for some nude shots," The photographer announced, "Get those clothes off, Katrina."

"Alright, but don't get too excited," Katrina smiled and took her clothes off.

Jane nearly fainted. There she was, naked, her gigantic cock and balls hanging freely and her muscles rippling. Jane had to bite her lip and cross her legs to keep herself from touching her pussy. Even flaccid, it was a fucking monster. Hanging slightly below her knees, covered in thick pulsing veins, its tip was the size of a tennis ball. Behind the shaft was her enormous pair of balls. The skin was tight, and her scrotum hung low, almost reaching the middle of her thighs.

"Are you okay, miss?" The waiter asked.

"No...I mean, yes, I'm fine," Jane replied, sweating.

"Would you like a different drink?" the waiter asked, a little confused.

"Yeah... um...oh, fuck, ehm...the strongest alcohol you have," Jane answered, unable to control herself.

"Of course, I'll be right back," the waiter smiled and walked away.

"How's my ass?" Katrina asked the photographer as she turned around and bent over.

"It's perfect. Now let's do a few more shots," The photographer answered, "And try not to get an erection. We have a lot to cover."

"That's hard when I have such an audience," Katrina said, smiling at Jane, "And you are very sexy, and that dress you're wearing is driving me insane."

Jane gulped and blushed, she tried to look away, but her eyes kept being drawn to Katrina's massive cock, her head was spinning and her panties were drenched.

"I want you to think of something unattractive, a dead rat or a hairy, smelly ass, anything," The photographer said, and Katrina laughed.

"Fine! I'm going to do it," Katrina said, turning her head to the side.

"That's it! You're a natural," The photographer said and continued taking pictures.

After a few minutes, the photographer clapped his hands and announced, "Great, we're done with this, and now it's time to get hard and give the people what they want!"

"Finally!" Katrina said, looking at Jane with a grin, "Wanna do the honors, sweetie? Or should I just use my hand?"

"I...I..." Jane couldn't form a sentence.

"Oh, come on, don't be shy," Katrina said and took her cock in her hand, "Come over here and help me with this. It won't take long."

Jane took a deep breath and walked to the stage. Her eyes were fixed on the gigantic shaft and the precum leaking out of its tip, forming a puddle on the floor. She stood beside Katrina and looked into her eyes, they were full of lust and desire, and her cock twitched in her hand.

"It's just like a toy. You've used toys before, haven't you?" Katrina said and took Jane's hand, guiding it to her massive cock.

"Yeah, I have, but this..." Jane stuttered as she felt the warmth and thickness of the shaft.

"Don't worry, you can do this," Katrina whispered in Jane's ear and bit her earlobe, sending shivers down her spine, "And besides, it's just a cock, no big deal, right?"

"Just a cock...just a cock...just a cock," Jane kept repeating to herself.

Katrina's cock throbbed in her hands, and a globe of precum oozed out and dripped on the floor, adding to the puddle.

"Go on, play with it," Katrina said, then leaned to Jane's ear and whispered. "If you don't want to, I can always use my hand."

"No, no, no," Jane said and looked at Katrina, who was staring at her with a devilish grin. "I can do this, it's just a cock."

Jane took a deep breath and moved her hands, caressing Katrina's shaft. It felt warm, soft, and powerful. She kept moving her hands and massaging Katrina's member, and after a while, she could feel it grow in her hands. Its length and girth increased, and she had to use both hands to continue massaging it.

"Yes, yes, like that," Katrina whispered, her voice husky, and she kissed Jane's neck. "That's it, sweetie."

Katrina grabbed Jane's wrists and started to guide her hands, forcing her to pump faster, her cock throbbed and grew to its full size, and her moans became louder and more profound.

"Hey! Slow down! We need to take some photos before you cum," The photographer said, and Katrina smiled.

"We're having a moment here, can't you see?" Katrina said and turned to the photographer, "Wait a bit, will ya?"

The photographer shook his head and sat on the sofa, and Katrina focused her attention back on Jane, "Don't mind them. Keep going, sweetie."

Katrina released Jane's hands and held her head, forcing her to look at her. Their eyes locked, and Katrina placed her lips on hers, kissing her passionately.

"Mmmmmmm," Jane moaned into Katrina's mouth, and her whole body trembled.

Katrina pulled back and stared into Jane's eyes, "I wanna hear you scream my name. But that's something for later tonight."

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" Jane moaned as Katrina started to move her hips, thrusting the cock into Jane's hands, the giant member pulsed and twitched, and the pace of her thrusts increased.

"You have a good grip. I'm impressed," Katrina said, and her breathing became faster, and her moans became louder.

On the other hand, Jane felt tired from pumping such a massive piece of meat, but she continued, not wanting to disappoint Katrina. But after a few minutes, she couldn't take it anymore. Her grip weakened, and her arms felt numb.

"You did great, sweetie, I'm proud of you," Katrina said and kissed her on the forehead, "Relax and step aside, or you'll get covered in my cum."

"Wait, what-" Jane tried to say, but Katrina shoved her.

"Sorry, I can't control myself anymore," Katrina said and grabbed her cock with one hand, and started jerking off, "I'm going to cum! Get ready, fuckers! This is going to be a lot!"

"Oh my god," Jane thought as she watched Katrina stroking her massive member. Its size and power were intimidating, and its pulsing and twitching were hypnotic.

"Stop fucking staring and get the goddamn cumtanks! We're not prepared for this," the photographer screamed at the staff.

Two men rushed in with large plastic buckets, each one about a meter tall, and the photographer started taking photos, "We're not wasting this fucking goldmine!"

"Fuck, yes, here I go!" Katrina screamed, and the first jet of cum exploded from her cock, sending a stream of cum all over the stage and hitting the ceiling. The sheer power behind the shot made Jane's eyes widen, and her pussy gushed all over her panties.

"Holy shit, this is going to be a good one," Katrina moaned as her cock continued shooting gallons of cum. This time, I aimed straight into the bucket, filling up fast. Once filled, Katrina aimed at the other bucket, and the staff started changing them when complete.

After a while, Katrina stopped, and her cock stopped shooting. She was standing, still naked, sweaty, and panting, holding her massive cock in her hands. The damn thing was still hard as steel, and it had no intention of getting soft.

Jane couldn't control herself. She rushed toward her idol and wrapped her lips around Katrina's cockhead, fitting as much of it into her mouth as she could. She sucked in the remaining drops of cum just like her life depended on it. Her hands went straight to Katrina's balls, massaging and squeezing them.

"Damn, girl, I love your enthusiasm, but we have a photo shoot to do," Katrina laughed and pulled her cock out of Jane's mouth, "Now, go and sit on that sofa and watch a real pro in action, and don't you dare touch yourself, I want your first orgasm with me to be during the main event."

Jane was disappointed, but she obeyed. As she walked back to the sofa, she savored the taste of Katrina's cum. It was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted, sweet, thick, and creamy.

"Let's resume the shoot!" Katrina yelled, and the photoshoot began.

"I hope those balls have enough cum for this," the photographer said.

"I would fucking ravage every hole you have for doubting my abilities," Katrina said, and the photographer gulped. "But I don't want to scare off my guest here, so we'll let this slide for now. Next time, I won't be as kind."

"S...s...sorry, Katrina," the photographer said, terrified.

"Good, now get back to work," Katrina commanded, and the photoshoot resumed.

"That's it, flex, and show me that dick," the photographer said, "Look at me with those eyes, and give me the sexiest smile you can. That's it, yes, you're a natural."

"I know, right," Katrina replied, winking at the camera.

Jane couldn't keep her hands away from her pussy, the scene in front of her was too erotic, and her pussy was screaming for attention, so she slipped her hands inside her panties and started rubbing her clit.

"I see you," Katrina said, still posing, and Jane froze. "I will have to punish you for not obeying my orders."

"Sorry, it's just...," Jane said, unable to finish the sentence.

"No need to explain," Katrina cut her off, "I'm just kidding, sweetie. I know how hard this is. I'm surprised you held back this long. So, continue, and make sure to cum while you watch."

"T-thank you," Jane said and started fingering herself. Her juices were leaking all over the sofa, and her eyes were fixed on Katrina, watching every move she made, every flex of her muscles, and every movement of her hips.

"Enough talk! More sexy poses," the photographer shouted, and this time, Katrina didn't hold back.

"I'm fucking tired of your comments!" Katrina screamed and stormed towards the photographer, grabbing him by the neck and lifting him from the ground, "That mouth of yours needs to be shut permanently, and I think I have the perfect thing to fill it up!"

She forced him on his knees, his face a few inches from her still-hard cock.

"Open wide, cunt!" Katrina shouted and stuffed his mouth with her giant cock, the force of her thrust sent his head backward, and his throat expanded to accommodate her massive shaft. "What? No more stupid comments left? Or is it that you're too busy gagging on my dick?"

Katrina grabbed his hair and started to fuck his face, her balls slamming against his chin, and the sound of him choking and gasping for air filled the room. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and his hands were flailing helplessly, trying to push her away, but to no avail.

"Hey! You're his assistant, right? Yeah, you," Katrina said, and the photographer's assistant froze, "You're promoted. Grab the camera and take pictures. Lots of them, and if you fuck up, you'll end up like him."

"Y-yes, Ms. Steelcock," the assistant replied, trembling.

"That's better," Katrina said, smiling.

The new photographer took the camera and began shooting, the sight in front of him was arousing, and he couldn't help but reach for his cock, "Oh, god..."

"No!" Katrina shouted, and the assistant removed his hand, "No touching and no cumming! Focus on your job. You can jerk off all you want during the post-production."

"Yes, Ms. Steelcock," the assistant replied, scared.

Katrina continued fucking the photographer's throat, and her cock was coated in saliva and pre-cum. She was using him just like a toy, and the sound of his choking and gagging was music to her ears.

Jane remembered Lily's words about Katrina being kind and understanding, but this was the complete opposite; the way she treated the poor man was cruel, just as Jane imagined Katrina to be like. A ruthless, dominant, sadistic bitch.

"FUCK! YES!" Katrina screamed, and her cock erupted in the photographer's mouth, spraying cum into his throat and filling his belly, bloating him like a balloon.

"Swallow it, all of it," Katrina ordered, and the man struggled. His stomach was full of cum, and he was gasping for air, and yet he kept swallowing her load, gulping as much as he could.

With all her experience, Katrina knew the limits of each person just by looking at them. And she knew for a fact that this man had enough. The crew brought another pair of cumtanks, but Katrina decided against it.

"Nah, I'm gonna spray paint this fucker, and make him wear it all day," Katrina said and laughed as her cock was still erupting inside the photographer's mouth, distending his stomach more and more.

Katrina started to pull out, but she did it slow, enjoying every bump and ridge on his throat, inch by inch, exposing her massive shaft and the pulsing veins all covered in a mixture of saliva, pre-cum, and cum, glistening under the studio lights, making it look even more majestic and beautiful. Jane took her phone out and started recording a video. She zoomed in, and to her shock, she saw a clear outline of Katrina's fuckrod stretching his throat. She could see an outline of each vein pulsing with power, and his skin stretched over it, the sight was breathtaking, and her pussy gushed all over her fingers, her entire body tensed up, and her vision blurred as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. She could barely hold her phone, and her legs were shaking uncontrollably as her juices gushed out and soaked the couch and her clothes.

But the act was not over yet. The cock kept shooting rope after rope of cum, painting the photographer's entire body, coating him from head to toe. The thick white cream clung to his skin just like a tight-fitting bodysuit. He looked like a living, breathing sculpture of a naked, pregnant man made of Katrina's cum, and everyone in the room stared at him in awe, including Jane, who was still recording the whole thing.

"You're fired!" Katrina announced as she shook off the last drops of cum, splattering them all over the place, "And don't even dream about getting a recommendation from me."

The man couldn't even respond. With his mouth wide open, he remained on his knees, unable to move, speak, and think.

"And as a reminder to the rest of you," Katrina continued, looking at the rest of the crew, "I am the boss here, and I am paying you all ten times the regular pay. I expect you all to behave, do your job without any fucking commentaries, and don't ever try to tell me how to do mine. Got it?"

"Yes, Ms. Steelcock," the entire crew answered in unison.

"Good. Now, someone gets me a towel and some water," Katrina said and looked at Jane, who was still on the couch, sitting in the puddle of her fluids, recording the scene with trembling hands. "And find some spare clothes for this young lady. She's all soaked from the waist downwards."

"Right away, Ms. Steelcock," the crew members answered and rushed to do her bidding.

Jane stopped recording and looked at her clothes, the dress, stockings, panties, and shoes were all ruined, and her pussy was still leaking. She dropped the phone and tried to cover herself with her hands, her cheeks burning and her body shaking from the aftershock of her intense orgasm.

"Don't worry, sweetie, no one is judging you, and no one here is allowed to say anything anyway," Katrina said, winking at her, "Just look around. Everyone is having the same problem."

Jane looked around, and to her surprise, all the crew members had wet spots on their clothes. No one even cared, and the mood in the room was cheerful, almost as if nothing had happened.

"Now, let's both get cleaned up, shall we?" Katrina said, extending her hand towards Jane, "There's a private bathroom behind the stage. We can freshen up and then go for lunch. I'm starving."

"T-t-t-together?" Jane asked, nervous, still covering herself with her hands.

"Yeah, it's a big bathroom, and I promise to keep my hands to myself," Katrina smiled and wiggled her eyebrows, "Unless, of course, you don't want me to keep my promise."

"I...I...I...", Jane tried to say something, but Katrina interrupted her.

"You only have one weekend with me, sweetie," Katrina said, placing her thumb and index finger on Jane's chin, gently caressing her lips, "And I suggest you make the best of it, or you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

Katrina walked towards the bathroom, leaving Jane stunned and speechless, but her pussy was throbbing, her juices were leaking, and her head was filled with lust and desire, and she knew what she had to do.

"W-wait," Jane called out, and Katrina stopped and turned her head, "I...I...I'm co-coming."

"Good girl," Katrina replied, smiling, and waited for Jane to join her.

They went through a maze of narrow corridors until they reached the door. Katrina opened it, and they both went inside. It was a luxurious private dressing room with a large sofa, a dressing table, a vast mirror covering one entire wall, and another door that probably led to the bathroom.

"Wow, this is...", Jane said and looked around.

"My dressing room," Katrina completed.

"This is yours?" Jane asked, looking around.

Katrina laughed, "Sweetie, this whole studio is mine."

"Really?" Jane was impressed.

"Yeah, renting a new place for each shoot is too expensive. Besides, the owners of the other studios have a lot of restrictions," Katrina explained, "And my sets are always very...messy."

"Fuck...you're...you're just so...so fucking amazing," Jane exclaimed and blushed.

"Oh, sweetie, thank you," Katrina replied, her eyes full of tenderness and care, "But you haven't seen anything yet. Now, come on, let's get cleaned up."

"Right," Jane said, and Katrina walked towards the bathroom, "Wait, do we shower together?"

"I thought that was obvious," Katrina laughed and turned the knob, "Come on, my cum is drying out, and it's a bitch to remove."

"Okay," Jane said, and followed her.

The bathroom was spacious. It looked more like a hotel suite than a bathroom: a large Jacuzzi tub, a shower, two sinks, a toilet, and a small bar.

"I've never seen anything like this, not even in the movies...," Jane said, looking around with her mouth agape.

"Get used to it," Katrina replied and started the shower, "It won't be the last time you see a fancy bathroom like this."

'Get used to it. It won't be the last time...Why is she talking like I'm going to be around forever?' Jane wondered.

"You coming?" Katrina asked, and Jane nodded. She was about to remove her clothes, but Katrina stopped her. "Let me do the honors."

Jane's heart skipped a beat, and her breath was caught in her throat, and as soon as Katrina approached her, another wave of juices erupted from her pussy onto the floor, making her tremble and moan.

"Someone's excited," Katrina chuckled, "Don't worry, I'll be gentle."

Jane closed her eyes and let her hands drop, giving herself entirely to Katrina.

"Mmmmm," Jane moaned as she felt Katrina's hands caress her neck. Despite being strong, her hands were soft, and her touch was gentle.

"God, your skin is so soft," Katrina whispered in her ear, moving her hands down Jane's body, feeling every curve and inch of her skin, "I love how your body reacts to my touch."

"Please, don't stop," Jane pleaded.

"Don't worry, I'm just getting started," Katrina said with a husky, seductive voice. The warmth of her breath sent shivers down Jane's spine.

"Oh, god," Jane moaned, and her pussy gushed all over the floor.

"I've barely touched you, and your body is already reacting like this," Katrina whispered, "Your pussy is begging to be fucked."

"Yes," Jane hissed, and her pussy gushed again, making a small puddle.

"Get on the couch. There's still so much cloth left on you, and I wanna remove every piece," Katrina ordered, and Jane obeyed, lying on the couch and spreading her legs.

First, Katrina removed the dress, taking her time and teasing Jane, and then her bra, panties, and stockings. Finally, her shoes.

"You're a gorgeous young woman," Katrina said, her eyes devouring Jane's naked body.

"Thank you," Jane replied, blushing and biting her lip.

"Do you mind standing up and spinning around for me slowly?" Katrina asked, "I want a better view of this amazing body."

"Sure," Jane replied and did as she was told.

"Amazing," Katrina said, licked her lips, and made a few steps back.

And here she was, Jane Adams, in all of her grace. Naked and wet, standing in front of her idol. Her perky breasts were a perfect size and shape, just enough for a handful. Her nipples were erect and inviting, with tiny pink areolas and little goosebumps. Her skin was smooth and flawless, decorated by minor beauty marks that enhanced her natural beauty. Her figure had no imperfections. The curve of her waist and hips was perfect, and her thighs and ass were full and round. And between her legs was her hairless pussy, puffy and pink. Its lips were plump, and her clit was fully erect, pointing upwards, just like a small pink button begging to be flicked and teased.

She looked at Katrina with her beautiful blue eyes, a perfect match to the bleached blonde hair mixed with pink streaks and her long and thick eyelashes. Her cheeks were rosy, and her nose was small, with a cute little point covered by barely noticeable freckles. Her lips were plump, and her bottom lip was fuller than the upper one, making her smile even more sexy. And her ears were pierced with small silver earrings with a flower motif.

"Beautiful, absolutely gorgeous," Katrina said and deeply breathed.

"Thank you," Jane blushed and lowered her gaze, "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"No, sweetie, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Katrina said, moving closer to Jane kissing her lips. "And now, it's time for us to get cleaned."

"O-okay," Jane replied and followed her into the shower.

The hot water washed away all the sweat, makeup, and other residues, and the steam rose, enveloping the two women as they were pressed against each other, even though the shower was big enough to fit six people. Their hands were roaming each other's bodies, touching, feeling, and caressing every inch of each other's skin.

After a few minutes of making out and exploring each other's bodies, Katrina grabbed the soap and the loofah, poured a generous amount, and handed them to Jane.

"Do you mind doing the honor?" Katrina asked, smiling, and Jane's heart fluttered.

"S-sure," Jane replied and started scrubbing her idol's body. The scent of the soap and the sensation of Katrina's skin made her horny again, and her pussy started leaking.

"Ms. Steelcock, your muscles...they're like a work of art," Jane said as she ran the sponge along Katrina's perfect curves.

"That's why I'm the best," Katrina replied and smirked, "And fucking sluts the way I do helps a lot with maintaining this perfect figure."

Jane giggled and continued washing her idol, scrubbing her arms and back and then going down to her butt and her legs. She turned her around and rubbed the sponge on her massive breasts, her nipples were hard, and her tits were perfect. Round and heavy, her areolas were large, and her nipples were big and dark. Jane wanted to suck on them, to taste them, but she controlled herself and kept moving the sponge along Katrina's chest and down to her rock-hard abs, her washboard stomach, and her hips. Then, she moved the sponge down to the object of her desire, hanging heavily under its weight and swaying with every move. Katrina's massive cock, and her equally giant balls.

Jane paused momentarily, mesmerized by how the water ran down the shaft and balls, tracing every ridge and pulsing vein, and the sight was breathtaking. Her mouth watered, and her pussy gushed once again, forcing the juices to run down her legs, mixing with the warm water of the shower.

"Keep doing that, and you'll dehydrate yourself, sweetie," Katrina teased. "Or, on the other hand, you can always drink some of my natural hydrant. I can promise it's much healthier than bottled water."

Katrina lifted her semi-erect fuckpillar and pointed to her balls. The cumtanks were swollen and bulging, and the sack was heavy and covered in thin, wrinkled skin, and the mere sight of it made Jane's knees buckle.

"Enough wasting time. My package needs cleaning too," Katrina commanded, and Jane gulped and nodded, "Good girl, now get to work."

"Y-yes, Ms. Ste-," Jane was about to reply when Katrina touched her lips.

"Just call me Katrina," she whispered, her voice low and husky.

"Yes, Katrina," Jane said and took the sponge, and began scrubbing Katrina's cock, starting with the shaft, which was still coated with saliva and the remains of her previous load. She moved the sponge from the base to the head, then did the same on the underside, running the sponge along the massive urethral canal, bulging out like a fat worm. The canal alone felt like it was thicker than most of the cocks Jane had seen, and the urethra looked like it was capable of fitting a pinkie finger. It was a wonder how the thing was even able to fit into her pussy without causing severe damage.

"That feels good. Keep going," Katrina moaned and closed her eyes.

Jane kept scrubbing the shaft, and she couldn't help but move her face closer and take a deep breath, inhaling the smell of the soap and her idol's musk, which was just too intoxicating, and the scent was like a drug. It made her high and drunk, and she lost control. She dropped the sponge and wrapped her hands around Katrina's shaft, squeezing as hard as she could and rubbing it all over her

body, smearing the soap and the remaining cum all over her skin. She kept doing that until she remembered she hadn't washed the balls yet. Immediately, she released her grip on the shaft, took the soap bottle, squeezed some of its contents on the sponge, and applied it directly onto the massive scrotum.

"Oh, and I was about to remind you of the funbags, nice job," Katrina praised, "Never forget about them, sweetie. The balls are just as important as the shaft."

"I'll remember that. I'm sorry," Jane replied and blushed, the heat rising to her cheeks. She bit her lip and lowered her head, embarrassed.

"Don't be sorry, sweetie," Katrina said and tilted Jane's chin up, "It's your first time handling a real cock after all, and it's not easy."

Jane smiled, and the blush on her face faded, "Thank you, Katrina."

Jane kept doing what her idol asked and scrubbed the balls, ensuring they were clean. She massaged and rubbed them; her hands moved like autopilot, and she enjoyed every second of it. The sack was heavy and oversized, and her hands were not enough to properly cup even one of the enormous orbs. As she rubbed and squeezed them, she could feel the cum inside shifting and churning, ready to be unleashed. She wanted to do something else, something more than just washing the balls, and as if on cue, her head moved towards the scrotum, and her lips kissed the wrinkled sack. She planted a few kisses on it before her tongue darted out, licking and tasting the salty skin, and the scent was overwhelming.

"Someone's hungry," Katrina chuckled, and Jane's cheeks turned red again.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." Jane tried to apologize, but Katrina interrupted her.

"Sweetie, please, stop apologizing," Katrina said sternly, "There's no need to say sorry; what's happening to you is completely natural, and I'm glad you're so eager."

"Thank you," Jane said, and her idol smiled.

Jane continued cleaning the massive package. This time, she didn't bother with the sponge and soap. Instead, she used her bare hands, and the 'cleaning' was more like 'worshipping.' She moved her hands and lips all over the shaft and balls, and the feeling of the warm water running down her body as she caressed and rubbed the pulsing cock was exhilarating. She could feel the powerful member throb and twitch, and every time her hands moved, the veins beneath the thick skin pulsed, and her idol moaned. Suddenly, Jane paused and laughed.

"What's wrong?" Katrina asked.

"It's just...I live in the university dorm with my roommate, Samantha. She's a total sex addict. One-night stands are her specialty, I guess..." Jane explained as she stroked the shaft with both hands and, after a short pause, continued, "So, a few days ago, when hooked up with this guy named...Jake, or, no. Jack! Yep, Jack."

"Go on, I'm listening," Katrina said, her voice a mix of arousal and confusion, "What happened? Was he terrible in bed or something?"

"No, actually, you mentioned 'real cock,' and that day, in the room, he was making fun of me for being your fan..." Jane said, and paused again, remembering the conversation with Jack and the way he insulted her, "He kept mocking me and said that your...cock was fake, just a 'really expensive squirting dildo' or something. And then he said, 'I'll show you what a real man can do, and what a fake bitch can't' before he fucked Sam..."

"Oh?" Katrina replied, and her expression darkened. "Tell me more about this Jake, or Jack, or whatever the fuck his name was."

"I don't know anything about him, to be honest. He was just a random hookup for Sam," Jane replied and paused again, "He's also a complete asshole."

"I see. Now, after we're done here, I want you to do me a favor," Katrina said, and Jane nodded, "I want you to call your roommate and find out everything you can about this, Jack, sweetie."

"O...okay, I will, Katrina," Jane said, confused.

"Good, but now, let's finish what we started here," Katrina said, calm and tender, "I think I'm clean enough. Now, how about you give me a blowjob, and after that, I'll clean you."

Jane's eyes widened, and she nodded and immediately opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out, waiting for Katrina to stuff her throat, her pussy gushing all over the place, making her thighs wet.

"I hope you don't mind me being a bit...rough, sweetie," Katrina said as she moved the tip of her cock towards Jane's mouth, "Just say the word, and I'll stop."

"Yes, ma'am! I mean, yes, Katrina," Jane replied, excited.

Katrina gently placed the tip on Jane's tongue, and a glob of precum oozed out and dripped down her throat. The taste was divine, and her whole body shuddered, her eyes rolled back, and her mind went blank. All that mattered now was the massive fuckpillar that rested on her tongue and the giant balls that swung between Katrina's legs.

"Now wrap your lips around it. Take as much as you can, just like you did on the set," Katrina commanded, and Jane obeyed.

She wrapped her lips around the massive cockhead and started rolling her tongue around the tip, lapping up every drop of precum that kept leaking out of the urethra. Then she opened her mouth more comprehensively, trying to force the cockhead deeper. To Katrina's surprise, Jane was able to stuff nearly a quarter of her cock into her mouth, and the sensation of her warm and wet throat clamping down on her was excellent, and she knew that it was going to get even better.

"Fuck! You're good at this, sweetie!" Katrina exclaimed, her eyes wide, "Where the fuck did you learn that?"

Jane pulled the shaft out of her mouth and smiled, "I have a huge collection of replicas of your cock, and I practice every day. I even have a model that can cum, but...Fuck, you're much bigger in person."

"I bet I am, sweetie," Katrina said, patting her head, "You're amazing, and I think I need to repay you for this great work!"

In a glimpse of an eye, Jane found herself mid-air, upside down, in a standing 69 position. Katrina held her by the waist, her hands cupping her ass cheeks, and her massive cock was pointed at her face while her pussy was just above Katrina's mouth, her legs dangling in the air.

"Time to eat that delicious-looking pussy," Katrina said and stuck her tongue out and started licking Jane's dripping wet folds.

Jane's mind went blank, and her whole body tensed. Her mouth opened wide, and she started returning the favor, stuffing the massive fuckpillar back in her throat, gagging and drooling all over the shaft, and sucking the tip, lapping up all the leaking precum. The combination of her idol's tongue on her pussy, and the cock in her throat, made Jane moan, the sound muffled by the cock, and her juices were flowing freely, coating Katrina's face and lips, and her idol lapped up every drop of them.

For a while, the only sounds that could be heard in the shower were slurping and gagging noises and the occasional moans and grunts as both women pleased each other. Katrina could feel her cock reaching its peak, and Jane was in the cycle of never-ending orgasms. The sheer amount of sexual energy between them was mind-blowing, and Katrina couldn't believe she met such a perfect match.

Jane released Katrina's thighs, confident that her idol won't drop her, and used her now free hands to pump the part of the shaft that she couldn't fit into her mouth, the water running down over their bodies made the strokes more fluid, and she could feel Katrina's cock reach its peak. The shaft throbbed, the veins were pulsing, and the cumtanks contracted and bulged.

"FUCK, SWEETY! I'M CUMMING!" Katrina screamed, her voice echoing in the bathroom, she managed to release one hand and pulled Jane by the hair, removing the cock from her mouth, and the show began.

The explosion was monumental, and Jane watched in awe as a fountain of cum erupted from the cockhead and painted the glass and the walls of the bathroom. It was a force of nature, a geyser of thick, creamy, white cum, and it seemed like it was never-ending. Gallons and gallons of semen coated every surface, and the smell was intoxicating. Jane felt lightheaded, and she had no idea if it was because she was upside down or because of the intoxicating scent of her idol's essence.

"Oh my God! It looks like you're just pissing cum!" Jane exclaimed, her eyes fixed on the cock that was shooting unbelievable amounts of cum.

There was no reply to Jane's comment, only grunts and moans, as Katrina's cock kept emptying the contents of her swollen cumtanks. Jane grabbed the shaft with both hands and felt how it was pumping and pulsing. Every shot of cum sent another wave of pleasure through her entire body, and

she had no idea how Katrina could withstand this much pleasure. Her mind was filled with the thought of the cock, and her pussy was gushing non-stop. She had no idea that a human could actually produce so much cum, but here she was, watching the living proof that this was possible.

The eruption continued for almost five minutes, and by the time Katrina was done, the whole floor was flooded with cum, and the cream was just too thick for the drainage system to handle. Katrina finally put Jane down, and they both sat on the cum-flooded floor, panting and trying to catch their breath.

"Phew, sweetie, that was intense," Katrina said and smiled.

"This was...I've never seen...It was just...," Jane tried to speak, her mind still unable to process the sight she witnessed.

"Yeah, I'm awesome, I know," Katrina laughed, and her cock twitched.

Jane was still in awe, and her eyes were fixed on the still erect and fully loaded fuckpillar. Her mind was racing, thinking of what to do next, but one question kept popping up.

"Wh...why didn't you finish in my mouth?" Jane asked, curious.

"Oh, I knew this one would be a huge load, sweetie," Katrina replied and winked, "And I don't want your tummy to get ruined for our date tonight."

"Right...the date," Jane said, and her body shivered.

"Well, we should've done that before the blowjob," Katrina joked as she looked around the ruined shower, "We can still use the jacuzzi, though. Let's get ourselves nice and clean again."

"Sounds good," Jane replied and smiled.

Katrina stood up, picked Jane up like a groom picks his bride, carried her towards the jacuzzi, and lowered her gently.

"You're so strong," Jane said, blushing.

"One of my many talents," Katrina replied, flashing a smile.

She turned the knob, and hot water filled the jacuzzi, steam rose, and the two women got in and sat facing each other. This time, they cleaned each other without any funny business, which was more of a relaxing experience. They just soaked in the hot water, washing their bodies and enjoying each other's company.

After about half an hour, they were finished, cleaned, and refreshed. They got out of the jacuzzi and dried themselves, and once more, Katrina lifted her fan and carried her into the dressing room, where Lily greeted them with a smile.

"Took you long enough," Lily said, teasing, and threw two robes at them, "Here, wear these. I've already arranged for a company to fix the bathroom and clean the mess. The whole thing should take about a few hours."

"Oh, Lily, you know me too well," Katrina replied, kissing her on the cheek, "What would I do without you."

"Probably die," Lily replied, and Katrina chuckled, "Now, you two get dressed. The car is outside already, it will take you to the restaurant. Your lunch is already waiting."

"Thank you, Lily, for everything," Jane said, smiling, and Lily smiled back.

"It's my job," Lily replied, "Oh, and one more thing, A new set of clothes and your phone, Ms. Adams."

"Thanks," Jane said and took her phone, her fingers moving quickly, and she opened the camera app. "Could you please take a photo of us? Just for me, I mean...If that's okay."

"If Kat is okay with that, then sure," Lily replied, looking at her boss.

"I'm more than okay with it, sweetie," Katrina replied, wrapping her arms around Jane, "But let's do this with less clothing."

Katrina dropped the robe, and so did Jane. Their bodies pressed together, and they both smiled.

"3, 2, 1, click," Lily counted and took the photo.

"Thank you," Jane said, taking her phone back and checking the photo, "God, you're just too perfect."

"I know," Katrina smirked, and Jane giggled and kissed her, "Now, let's get dressed and go have some lunch."

"Sure," Jane replied and followed her idol's command.

Katrina wore black leather pants, a matching black bra, a long coat with a fur collar, and high-heeled shoes. On the other hand, Jane wore a short, sleeveless red dress that hugged her body perfectly, showing off her curves.

"You look gorgeous, sweetie," Katrina complimented.

"And you look like a queen," Jane replied.

"I always do, sweetie," Katrina winked and offered her hand, "Now, shall we?"

"Of course," Jane said, blushing, and accepted the offered hand.

Okay, lovebirds, now that you're both ready, the car is waiting," Lily said, interrupting them and pointing at the door, "Have fun, and I'll see you later."

"You're not joining us, Lily?" Jane asked, confused.

"It's a weekend with Katrina Steelcock, not Katrina Steelcock and Lily Summers, Ms. Adams," Lily explained, and Jane nodded.

"Now, come, let's not waste any more time," Katrina said, dragging her by the hand, "I'm starving."

They walked out of the dressing room and the studio and into the car waiting for them. When the driver saw them, he rushed and opened the door for them.

"Welcome back, Ms. Steelcock," the driver greeted them, "Your restaurant is waiting."

"Good, we're starving," Katrina replied and got in, and Jane followed her.

Once in the car, Katrina immediately closed the partition separating the front and passenger seats, leaving her and Jane entirely alone. As the car began moving, Katrina leaned in, pressing her lips against Jane's, kissing her deeply, and wrapping her arms around the girl. Jane moaned, and her mind went blank once more as her idol's tongue danced inside her mouth, massaging her tongue. Once the kiss was broken, Katrina smiled and looked Jane in the eyes.

"Why don't you call your friend, Sam?" Katrina suggested, "A video call would be better."

"Right now?" Jane asked, confused, her head still foggy.

"Yeah, sweetie, right now," Katrina replied, and her expression darkened, "You wanted to prove something, right?"

"Oh...oh! Yes, of course," Jane exclaimed and immediately dialed her friend.

The phone rang for a few seconds, and the call was answered. Samantha, or Sam as her friends called her, was lying on her bed, naked. Her blonde hair was messy, and her eyes were heavy and half-closed.

"Jane? Is that you?" Sam asked, her voice hoarse and groggy, "So tell me, how did it go?"

"Hi, Sam," Jane greeted her, "I'm here with Katrina, and she wants to say 'hi'."

The girl pointed the camera at Katrina, who, to Jane's surprise, sat utterly relaxed on the car seat, with her legs spread wide, pants pulled down, letting the massive fuckpillar and the balls hang freely, and a wicked grin painted on her face.

"What the fuck, Janel!?" Sam exclaimed, shocked, and jumped from her bed, completely ignoring the fact that she was butt naked. "Fuck, that's fucking real, Katrina Steelcock!"

"Hey there, sweetie," Katrina waved, and Sam's jaw dropped.

The sight on her screen was mesmerizing, and her eyes couldn't leave the image of Katrina's massive cock and balls and the way they hung there, swinging left and right, and the tip glistened

with precum. Sam couldn't believe it, and her mind raced, unable to process the fact that the legendary fuckpillar was just a few inches away from her best friend.

"Jane, you lucky bitch," Sam exclaimed, her mind still trying to comprehend the situation, "Please tell me that you're doing what I think you're doing."

"That depends on what you think I'm doing," Jane teased, and Katrina laughed.

"Jane, sweetie, why don't you give me the phone and show your best friend exactly how lucky you are," Katrina said, and her cock twitched, "Come give me a kiss and let's show her."

Jane took a deep breath, and her hands trembled. She handed the phone to Katrina and kissed her passionately, their tongues entwined, and Sam watched with her mouth agape. After a few seconds, Katrina broke the kiss, curling her lips into a devious smile. Katrina made sure the camera captured the act from the best possible angle, and she placed the phone on the seat next to her, ensuring that Sam had a perfect view of the entire scene.

Jane just kept kissing every inch of Katrina's exposed skin, growing lower every time her lips touched Katrina's body. Soon, she was kneeling between Katrina's legs, and the massive fuckpillar rested on her face as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The smell was intoxicating, and Jane's mind was clouded by lust. She wanted Sam to see this, to see her best friend worshiping the cock that she loved and idolized.

As soon as Jane engulfed the tip of Katrina's cock, the pornstar grabbed the phone and aimed the camera back at her face. The new angle captured just a hine of the base of Katrina's shaft and a glimpse of the back of Jane's head when she moved her head front and back.

"So, Samantha, or can I call you Sam?" Katrina asked with a calm and steady voice as if there was no one down below sucking her girl's meat, and gagging and slurping sounds weren't echoing all around the car.

"I'm...I'm... " Sam tried to reply, " S-S-Sam's just fine, her mouth dry and her heart pounding, "Am I dreaming? Is this real?"

"It's very much real, sweetie," Katrina said, and her eyes glowed with lust, "Your friend is just amazing. Her tongue is magic, and her mouth is a gift from heaven. And I'm enjoying it immensely, as you can see."

"Wow, I wish I was there," Sam exclaimed, and her hand moved slowly toward her pussy, rubbing her clit.

"I'm sure you are," Katrina smiled, "Now, I have a question. Jane told me about one of your boyfriends, Jack, I think? And apparently, he said something about my cock being fake. You wouldn't mind helping me put him straight, would you?"

"J-Jack, yeah, he's an asshole," Sam replied, her cheeks red with embarrassment, "He said the same thing when we were fucking. He just kept making fun of Jane for being your fan."

"That's what I thought," Katrina smiled again, and Sam saw her face change. The smile disappeared, replaced by a stern expression, "Now, what can you tell me about him?"

"Not much. I only know his name and where he lives, but Katrina, you're not going to kill him, are you?" Sam asked, concerned, and her hand paused.

"Of course not, sweetie," Katrina smiled and patted the air, "I wanna talk to him. Can you do me a favor?"

"Yes, of course," Sam replied, her voice full of determination.

"Could you lure him into your dorm room tomorrow night?" Katrina asked, sweet and soft, "I just want to talk with him, that's all."

"Yeah, I think I can do that," Sam replied, her voice shaking.

"Jane, sweetie, slow down. We don't want to ruin the whole interior," Katrina suddenly interrupted the blowjob. Jane removed the cock from her mouth with a pop, and Katrina tilted the camera to show her and the saliva and pre-cum that coated her lips and chin, "So we have a deal, Sam? Will you help us?"

"Yes, I will," Sam replied and licked her lips, her hand returning to her clit.

"Great, I'll see you both tomorrow night," Katrina said, her cock throbbing and oozing a massive amount of precum right on Jane's face.

Katrina pointed the camera back at Jane and the massive cockhead, "Say bye to your friend, sweetie. It's time to resume your task."

"Bye, Sam," Jane said, smiling, her face covered with a mixture of pre-cum and saliva, "We'll talk later."

"Have fun," Sam said, winking, her hand moving frantically.

"Oh, we will," Katrina replied and cut the call.

Katrina returned the phone to the seat, and her focus was now entirely on the gorgeous woman between her legs, who resumed her worship, kissing and licking the throbbing member, coating it with her saliva, and covering it with her drool, making the entire shaft glisten and shine under the car's dim lights.

"Play with it all you want. Just don't make me cum, yet," Katrina ordered, and Jane obeyed.

"Thank you," Jane said and continued her worship, "Your cock is so beautiful, it's an absolute work of art."

"Just like the rest of my body, sweetie," Katrina replied and winked, and her cock twitched.

Jane kissed and licked every ridge, vein, and pulsing vein on the massive shaft, and she still couldn't believe that this was happening, that she was actually worshipping the cock that she idolized and loved so much, and that her friend and roommate witnessed the whole thing. She took her time, caressing the balls and the cock, and then kissing it, and then she used her fingers, moving her hand along the shaft, squeezing it gently. She continued her task for several minutes, taking her time and worshipping her idol's cock, and the whole time Katrina was silent, occasionally moaning or grunting.

The pornstar took her phone and texted Lily, 'Hey, Lily, this girl is a gem. I think she will be a perfect replacement for you.'

'I know, Kat, that's why I sent her. Have fun, and I'll see you in the morning,' Lily read.

'Oh, can you prepare the jet? We'll be traveling tonight,' Katrina replied, and another message popped up on her screen a minute later.

'Sure, where to?' Lily replied.

'Jane's campus. You know the place, right?' Katrina answered, and the reply came almost instantly.

'Yeah, I'll have the flight plan ready and everything arranged for your arrival, just like always. By the way, have you talked to her about it yet?' Lily replied.

'Nope, not yet. She's kinda busy right now,' Katrina replied, and a moment later, another message appeared.

'Oh, having fun already, I see. Bye, Kat' Lily wrote, and the three dots that showed that she was typing something vanished.

Katrina smiled and tossed the phone on the seat next to hers, and the girl was still between her legs, worshipping her cock, kissing it, and caressing it, and Katrina loved it. Her cock was rock-hard, and it throbbed and twitched. The cumtanks were swollen and heavy, filled with her thick cum, and she knew that the explosion was just a matter of time if Jane kept sucking her like this.

"Okay, that's enough," Katrina suddenly interrupted the girl and grabbed her by the hair, pushing her aside, "Your cock-worshipping skills are amazing, sweetie, but we have lunch to attend. And we don't want to ruin our clothes, do we?"

"Sorry, I just got carried away," Jane said, blushing, her body trembling.

"What did I tell you about apologizing?" Katrina asked sternly, and Jane lowered her head, embarrassed.

"I'm sorry..." she mumbled, her cheeks red, "right. No apologies. Sorry."

"Sweetie, I have no idea what you're trying to say," Katrina said and chuckled, "You're adorable."

Katrina took the towel out of the small compartment, and Jane wiped the spit and pre-cum off her face and chin. Katrina fixed her clothing, and the car stopped in about 2 or 3 minutes.

"We're here, Ms. Steelcock," the driver said over the intercom.

"Good, I'm fucking starving," Katrina replied, and the partition lowered, revealing the driver, "Thanks, Charles."

"It's my job, ma'am," the driver replied, and Katrina stepped out of the car.

"Come, sweetie," Katrina said, extending her hand towards Jane, "Lunch is waiting."

"Where are we?" Jane asked and took the offered hand, and Katrina helped her out.

"My favorite restaurant," Katrina replied and smiled, "The food is exquisite, and the wine is amazing."

"It looks expensive," Jane replied, looking at the large building before her.

"The most expensive, sweetie," Katrina said. Her expression was calm, and Jane couldn't read it, "You deserve nothing but the best."

Katrina grabbed Jane's hand and started walking towards the entrance, her high-heeled shoes tapping on the pavement, and the valet opened the door. As they stepped inside, the hostess welcomed them with a bright smile.

"Ms. Steelcock, Ms. Adams, we've been expecting you," the hostess greeted them, "Please, follow me."

"How does she know my name?" Jane asked, confused.

"Lily made the reservation," Katrina replied, "She's a very efficient secretary. I'll give her that."

"This way, please," the hostess said, guiding them through the restaurant. The tables were complete, the noise was overwhelming, and all the conversations stopped as soon as Katrina walked by. All eyes were on her, and she enjoyed the attention while Jane felt awkward.

But the hostess didn't take them to the main area. Instead, she led them upstairs, and they arrived at the vast decorated door on the top level.

"Here we are," the hostess said and knocked twice. The door opened, and she bowed her head and returned downstairs.

"Welcome, Ms. Steelcock, welcome, Ms. Adams," the man said and made a welcoming gesture.

The room turned out to be a vast terrace overlooking the entire city. It was empty, save for a single table in the middle, covered with white silk and two chairs, and the view was breathtaking. There was a gentle breeze, and the weather was perfect for a romantic date. The sky was clear, the sun shone,

and Jane's heart fluttered. The place looked like something out of a movie, and the old situation was too good to be true.

Jane released Katrina's hand and rushed to the edge. Her jaw dropped, and her eyes sparkled. The view was simply mesmerizing, and she couldn't believe how much beauty the city could have. She stood there, admiring the scenery, and a moment later, she felt a pair of arms wrap around her waist.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Katrina whispered in her ear.

"Yes, it is," Jane replied and sighed.

"I'm glad you like it," Katrina said, kissing her cheek. "The owner of the restaurant is my..."

Katrina paused, looking up into the air, searching for the right word, "Well, an admirer of very particular parts of my anatomy, and he's also a huge fan of mine."

"Oh?" Jane asked and giggled.

"Sweetie," Katrina answered and kissed her neck, her arms still wrapped around Jane's waist, "And I'm sure that the meal is going to be exquisite."

"I can't wait," Jane replied, and she meant it. She was starving.

"Me neither," Katrina said, "Now, shall we take our seats?"

"Sure," Jane said, nodded, and the two women moved to the table.

Katrina sat in her chair, and Jane followed her example. The server approached, placed the menus in front of them, and then filled their glasses with a crimson liquid.

"Enjoy," the server said and left, closing the door behind him.

Now, it was just two of them, alone on the terrace, surrounded by the stunning view, with no one to bother them. Jane jumped off her chair and approached Katrina, and as soon as she got close enough, she climbed on her lap, wrapped her arms around the pornstar's neck, and kissed her passionately. Their tongues entwined, and she couldn't get enough of the kiss. She could feel her idol's bulge growing beneath her, and her mind went blank, and all she wanted was Katrina to straight up fuck her brains out, right there, in the middle of the terrace, in the middle of the restaurant.

"Fuck me. Use me. Feed me your cum. Do anything you want," Jane whispered into Katrina's ear, her voice full of lust, "I'm yours. All yours."

"I know, sweetie," Katrina whispered back, and Jane shivered.

"I want you right here, right now," Jane continued, and her hips started moving, grinding against the bulge that grew beneath her.

If not for the waiter's arrival, who politely cleared his throat, the two women would've most likely ended up doing the dirty deed right there and then on the floor or the table.

"Are you ready to order, Ms. Steelcock, Ms. Adams," the waiter asked, interrupting the couple.

"Yes, I am," Katrina replied her tone firm, her face red with excitement and embarrassment.

Jane dismounted her idol and sat back on her chair. Her whole body trembled, and she didn't dare look at the waiter. Her eyes were fixed on her menu.

"I'll take the usual," Katrina ordered, "And sweetie, what will you have?"

"I...I'll have the same," Jane said, her voice quivering, her whole body trembling.

"Of course, and will you ladies want anything else? Perhaps something to drink?" The waiter suggested.

"Just water, sweetie, and please, leave the bottle," Katrina said, and the waiter nodded.

"Right away, ma'am," the waiter replied and left, closing the door behind him.

Once they were alone again, Katrina leaned in, resting her chin on her hands, and looked into Jane's eyes.

"We could've fucked right here and then, and no one would've stopped us," Katrina said, smiling. Her cock twitched, and the bulge was very noticeable in her tight leather pants.

"Yeah, and I would've loved that," Jane replied. Her face was flushed, and the heat rose to her cheeks.

"You're such a slut, sweetie," Katrina praised and licked her lips, "A perfect match for me."

"Thank you," Jane blushed and bit her lip.

"So, have you heard what Sam and I were discussing?" Katrina asked, and her eyes glowed with desire.

"I was busy..., you know, worshiping your cock," Jane replied and looked down.

"Yeah, right, sweetie, that was amazing," Katrina praised, "Anyway, you should know that we'll be flying to your campus in the evening."

"What?" Jane's eyes widened in shock. "You want to get rid of me? Am I not good enough? That's why you didn't cum in my mouth. Why are you so cruel, Katrina?"

"Calm down, sweetie, there's nothing wrong," Katrina assured, and her hand rested on the girl's cheek, "We're just going to have some fun with that guy, Jack."

"I'm confused," Jane replied, "What does he have to do with any of this?"

"He insulted me, and, what's more important, he insulted you, sweetie," Katrina explained, and the corners of her lips curled into a grin, "And no one insults my fans and gets away with it."

"What are you planning, exactly?" Jane asked, curious.

"Well, it's a surprise, sweetie, and I don't want to spoil the fun," Katrina replied and winked, her cock twitched again, "Don't worry, I can promise you're gonna love it."

"Okay, but what about after? What will happen then?" Jane asked, still unsure of what her idol was planning.

"Everything is arranged already, sweetie, and all I ask you to do is to trust me," Katrina answered, and the grin turned into a smile.

"I do trust you, Katrina," Jane said, and a smile appeared on her face, "I'm all yours."

"I'm glad you said that," Katrina said, and the waiter appeared with their order, placing the plates in front of them and a bottle of water on the table.

"So, this is your usual order?" Jane asked as she looked at the plates in front of her.

"Yeah, it's mostly seafood, with a lot of shrimp and some vegetables, oh, yeah, and fruits and some other stuff," Katrina explained, pointing at each plate on the table. "The stuff is always cooked without oil or fat, so the whole thing is healthy and just delicious."

"That kind of looks weird," Jane replied, wrinkling her nose. Her expression was doubtful.

"Just try it, sweetie, and let your taste buds do the rest," Katrina suggested and started eating. "This kind of diet was developed for me by my nutritionist. Keeps my potency and energy levels high and makes my cum taste and smell delicious."

"Your cum? What does your cum have to do with your diet?" Jane asked, confused. The heat rose to her cheeks, and the blush spread from her face to her neck and chest.

"The food affects the taste of cum quite a lot, sweetie," Katrina replied and took a forkful of her meal, "And I had zero complains so far."

"I...I...", Jane stuttered and couldn't find the words. Her blush intensified, and she had no idea what to say.

"It's okay, sweetie. I know I'm amazing," Katrina winked and returned to her meal, and the two ate silently for the next few minutes.

Jane was the first to break the silence, "This is delicious."

"Told you, sweetie," Katrina smirked and sipped from her glass.

"But this meal lacks my favorite part," Jane teased, and her foot moved between Katrina's legs, rubbing her cock through the pants, and Katrina's whole body shuddered. "A nice, thick, creamy sauce, preferably straight from the source."

"Well, I'm full now, so you can have as much of the sauce as you want, sweetie," Katrina offered and stood up, unzipping her leather pants and releasing her erect and fully loaded cock, which bounced free and hung there, the tip oozing precum.

Jane rushed towards her idol and dropped to her knees, the cock was only inches away from her face, and she could smell the intoxicating aroma.

"Make it nice and sloppy, then bend over the railing," Katrina ordered, and Jane obeyed.

The young girl wrapped her lips around the massive shaft and immediately began bobbing her head back and forth, sucking and licking, coating the thick member with her saliva. Her hands moved all over the massive package, squeezing and massaging, and every time her fingers moved up, a rope of thick precum oozed out, and Jane immediately swallowed the tasty treat. Her idol was moaning and grunting, Jane's pussy gushed with excitement, and her panties were ruined. The heat was unbearable, and she couldn't wait until the massive pleasure rod would destroy her cunt, filling her womb with her idol's cum.

"Enough, sweetie," Katrina interrupted and grabbed Jane's hair, pulling her back.

She turned the girl around and made her bend over the railing, and Jane felt Katrina's hand move between her thighs, and her panties were torn off, revealing her wet and dripping pussy, the cock pressed against her folds, rubbing up and down, coating the wet slit with precum, and the girl couldn't help but moan.

"I hope you used the collection of dildos you told me about to stretch yourself," Katrina whispered into Jane's ear, "Because I'm not going to hold back."

"I did, and I'm ready," Jane replied, shivering. She knew that even the biggest ones from her collection didn't compare to the massive fuckpillar of her idol, "Please, take me, use me, ruin me, make me your cockwhore."

"As you wish, sweetie," Katrina's lips curled into a grin, and she thrust forward, forcing the thick tip into the girl's tight slit, and Jane let out a scream of both pain and pleasure that echoed across the streets below and the people passing by couldn't help but notice.

The initial penetration sent Jane into an immediate orgasm; her mind went blank, and her legs gave in. Her whole body shuddered, and the girl would've fallen to the floor if not for her idol's hands grabbing her and holding her by the waist. Jane's juices gushed out of her pussy, coating the massive invader, and the cock was barely in. Just the thick tip and a small portion of the shaft.

"Oh God! Oh fuck!" Jane screamed, "It's so big!"

"Of course, it's big. I'm the world record holder for biggest cock, sweetie," Katrina laughed and slowly started pulling her cock out, "Now, just relax, and you'll feel amazing."

"Y-yes..., please..., " Jane pleaded, her body trembling, her mind was hazy, and she couldn't form the right words, but Katrina understood her nonetheless.

"Good, now let's explore the limits of your tight little cunt," Katrina whispered and pushed back, burying half of her cock into the girl, stretching her to her limits, and Jane came once again.

The insides of Jane's pussy squeezed down on the invading shaft, the walls wrapped around the cock like a tight glove, and her juices continued to gush, coating the shaft with her natural lubricant, making the penetration easier. Katrina was in heaven. The warm and wet cunt felt terrific, and the way it clenched and squeezed was beyond belief, and the fact that the girl's womb was already bulging made her cock throb, and a river of precum shot out of the urethra, coating the walls with the tasty substance, further lubricating the shaft and the slit.

Katrina repeated the process several times, pulling her cock out slowly until only the tip remained. Then she thrust forward, burying a couple of inches deeper and deeper into Jane's cunt, stretching her wider and wider. The bulge in the girl's belly grew and grew, and her screams of pleasure were like music to Katrina's ears. It was a slow and painful process, the massive invader stretched the poor girl's pussy to its limits, and Jane's mind was clouded entirely. Her thoughts were incoherent, and all she could think of was the massive cock that destroyed her pussy.

"T-y-your f-fuuuu-fuuuck me so good," Jane managed to mumble, and her words were almost incomprehensible.

"Fuck you?" Katrina asked and pulled her cock almost entirely out of the girl's pussy, leaving a gaping hole behind, and the mixture of sexual fluids flowed down the girl's thighs, "I haven't started fucking you yet, sweetie."

Jane's pussy was a gaping, wet, sloppy mess. The walls were coated with the white, creamy, and thick mixture of her juices and the pre-cum, the muscles were contracting, and the entrance was twitching, waiting for the massive intruder to return and bring the girl endless pleasure. Katrina aimed the tip of her cock at the entrance and thrust forward, burying herself to the hilt inside the girl, and Jane's belly bulged, stretching and forming the shape of the massive cock that was buried deep inside her.

"FUCK!!!" Jane screamed, her body trembling, her arms gave in, and her torso landed on the railing.

"I'm fucking you, now," Katrina exclaimed and began thrusting, pulling her cock halfway out and then ramming it back inside, and the rhythm was slow but forceful. The tip of her cock kissed the entrance to the girl's womb, pushing the cervix and stretching it, and Jane's orgasms kept coming, and her screams of pleasure and the gushing pussy kept encouraging the pornstar to keep going.

Jane's face was twisted, and her tongue lolled out of her mouth. She was in heaven, the massive shaft reached every part of her cunt, stretching and pressing against her g-spot, and her orgasms

"Your asshole is tighter than any I've ever fucked," Katrina moaned and repeated the action, thrusting in and out, faster and faster, and Jane's ass swallowed more and more of the massive member, stretching and clamping down.

"FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUUUCCCKKKKK MEEEEEE!!!" Jane screamed, her insides clenched around the colossal rod that destroyed her asshole.

"Oh, yes, sweetie, scream for me, scream my name, scream that you're my bitch," Katrina said, her cock kept stretching and tearing the walls of Jane's asshole.

"I'm your bitch, I'm your bitch, I'm your bitch," Jane mumbled, her voice hoarse, "My asshole is all yours, use me however you want."

As Jane kept screaming at the top of her lungs, a group of curious onlookers gathered under the terrace. They couldn't believe their eyes and ears, and their jaws dropped. The sounds of moaning and slapping of flesh were audible from the street, and the sight mesmerized the crowd. Most were holding their phones, recording the entire thing, and others were taking photos.

"Look at that," a middle-aged woman said, her voice a mixture of shock and awe, "Is this some kind of a show?"

"I think so," a man replied, his eyes couldn't leave the sight of the couple above him, "The bigger woman looks like Katrina Steelcock."

"Oh my God," a young woman gasped, and her phone kept recording the whole scene, "Can this be real? Can this be her?"

"It sure does," another woman answered, and her eyes sparkled, "It's amazing."

The group watched as the massive member disappeared inside the more petite woman's asshole, the whole thing was obscene, but the group couldn't turn their gaze away.

"Look, sweetie, we have an audience," Katrina said, pointing at the group below, "What should we do? Should we give them a show?"

"Anything you want, please, don't stop," Jane moaned, and the heat rose to her cheeks, her legs trembled, and her body convulsed. She was nearing another orgasm.

"Then we shall give them a show," Katrina replied and lifted Jane, holding her up in the air, her massive cock still buried deep inside her asshole, "Say 'hi' to our friends down there."

"Hi!!!!" Jane shouted, and a powerful orgasm hit her like a train. Her insides clenched, and her whole body shuddered, and she screamed at the top of her lungs, "FUUUUUUUUUUCKKKKKK!!!!!"

Her juices gushed and flowed down her thighs, coating her idol's cock and balls, Jane's eyes were rolled up, and her tongue lolled out. The expression of utter bliss was painted on her face, her body

spasmed, and the people below cheered and clapped. Their voices were loud, but Jane couldn't hear them. She was too lost in the waves of pleasure that coursed through her entire being.

"Fuck! Look at that bulge in her belly! It's like she's pregnant!" a man exclaimed and pointed at the bulge in the woman's stomach, which was shaped like a massive cock.

"Katrina Steelcock's cock," a woman said and bit her lip, "I'm so fucking horny. Can we go home?"

"Yeah, let's do that," the man answered, "But first, let's finish watching this."

Katrina held Jane in the air, and the crowd watched as the massive rod moved in and out of her asshole, and the girl was in heaven. The orgasms were still coming, and her cunt gushed and squirted, coating her idol's thighs and legs, and Jane's insides clenched. Her whole body was tense, and Katrina was approaching her orgasm. Her cock was ready to blow.

"Ready, sweetie? Here it comes," Katrina whispered into the girl's ear, and her whole body convulsed.

"Give me your thick cream, fill my belly with your hot cum," Jane begged with a hoarse voice, "Please, give it to me, I want it so much. Please, fill me, fill me."

"Fuck, here it comes," Katrina said, and her cock throbbed and pulsed, and her balls churned.

This load was massive, even more than the previous one. Katrina's cock erupted, and a thick stream of the hot and sticky cum blasted into the girl's asshole, painting her insides white, and her belly started swelling even more. The crowd watched, and the cheers grew louder and louder. Some news reporters showed up and started filming, and the crowd began chanting 'Katrina' repeatedly.

"FUUUUUCK!!!!" Katrina shouted as her cock kept shooting more and more, filling Jane's guts, and the girl's belly continued to grow, and the sperm flowed out, coating the girl's thighs and the cock that was still buried deep inside her.

Jane's vision darkened as the monster cock erupted within her, and the warmth and the sensation were overwhelming. Her insides were flooded, and her stomach expanded. The pressure on her insides increased, and the pleasure was too much. Her head fell forward, her eyes closed, and she couldn't move a muscle. The heat spread through her entire body, and her mind went completely blank, and then she passed out.

Katrina's orgasm was long and intense, and when she was finally done, she pulled out of unconscious Jane, and a torrent of sperm gushed out of the stretched and gaping hole, painting her thighs and the floor white. Katrina carefully placed the limp body of her fan on the floor and looked at the crowd below. They cheered and applauded, and Katrina's ego was boosted to the moon. Her cock remained hard, standing proudly, and she knew she couldn't leave without giving the people a final treat.

"How about a shower, everyone?" Katrina shouted, and her voice was loud enough for the people to hear her.

She grabbed her cock with her hand and began jerking it, aiming the tip at the crowd, and her body was still trembling from the aftershock of the mind-blowing orgasm. She pumped her cock like crazy, and her free hand squeezed her tit, twisting and pinching the nipple, and the whole ordeal made her body shiver, and after what seemed like an eternity, her balls churned, and her shaft spasmed. She grunted, and the cock exploded, and the geyser of cum hit the crowd below, coating the people with the hot and thick fluid. The crowd went wild; the screams and shouts could be heard across the whole block, and the reporters filmed everything. The people rushed forward, trying to get closer, and the crowd was soon covered in Katrina's cum, and the woman herself was breathing heavily, and her cock finally started to soften, and the flow of the sperm slowed down, and the geyser stopped.

"Now go buy my latest movie, everyone," Katrina shouted. Her cock finally started to deflate, and the people applauded and shouted their approval.

"THANK YOU! KATRINA, WE LOVE YOU! FUCK, THAT WAS AMAZING!" the people shouted, and their voices were loud and clear.

Katrina turned and looked at the unconscious girl on the floor, and a smile appeared on her lips...