

Words have Power

“You’re a fucking cum dump,” my boyfriend shouted at me in anger. He had recently found out about the string of lovers that I had taken behind his back, and to say the least; he did not take it well. “You worthless, bastard. I hope you choke on all that cum that you have eaten behind my back!” He screamed. The air turned thick as I felt something invisible wrapped around my body, like a warm blanket. His words hung in the air as I opened my mouth to speak, but instead of words, I began to cough.

My body hunched over as I felt something flow up my throat. My hands clenched onto my thighs as I began to gasp for air. It wasn’t until the hardest cough sounded that I spit up a huge glob of white goo onto the tiled floor. Through the tears that not covered my eyes, I looked up to my boyfriend and saw a smirk appear across his face.

“Aren’t you gonna help me?” I said, gasping for air as I stood erect once more.

“Why? If you want to be full of other guys cum. I think you should know what it feels like.” Once again I opened my mouth to ask what he meant by that, but instead of words, a glob of the earlier sludge fell from my mouth onto the ground. I touched my plump bottom lip and pulled away. I could see the long thick string that stretch from my finger to my lip. It couldn’t be. I looked back to my boyfriend whose self-satisfied smirk covered his face. My stomach began to rumble as my mouth began to overflow with the goo. My hands rubbed it from my lips as my mouth hung open, but it was quickly replaced. I spit a large hulking load onto the floor. But that came back even quicker than before. I tried to swallow what filled my mouth but even it would not go back against the constant flow of semen coming up from my stomach.

“God, you’re not just a cum dump. You’re overflowing cum river. You can’t even open your mouth without dripping cum every.” His words wrapped around me as if they were changing my very body. I fell onto my hands as the cum fell from my mouth like a waterfall. Continuous long streams of cum fell from my open mouth and onto the floor. It pooled together until I sat in a large puddle of the cummy substance.

“Ugh!” I tried to cry words of help, words of forgiveness, words of pain but only more cum filled my mouth. My mouth could not form the words around the tidal wave of cum.

“Fuck, I can tell you really are a cum whore aren’t you. You love tasting all those men’s random seeds in your mouth. You love feeling your stomach bulge, heavy with the loads of your many cheating assholes.” As he continued to talk I couldn’t stop myself from beginning to enjoy the taste of the cum. Oh, the way it felt flowing out of my throat and onto the floor. My cock sat rigid within my pants as I fell onto my stomach; into the large collection of cum that had already seeped from my mouth.

“Mmm,” I began to groan as I rolled around in the gooey substance as it continued to spill from my mouth. I rolled around like a pig in the mud. I groaned and whined in enjoyment as I felt my stomach continued bulge and fill with cum from unknown forces until it stretched it to the brim until it filled so much I could not see my feet when I rolled onto my back. I opened my lips and let the cum fill my mouth, and then overflow onto the rest of my face.

“Fucking cum dump. You’re addicted to the taste. You cant even cum within a mouth full of another’s load.” I nodded my head, agreeing with my boyfriend knowing that his words were shaping my world. That the only explanation of what was happening was from what he was saying.

Cum dump.

Pig.

Addicted.

Whore.

Slut.

He just began to list off words as I fished my rock hard cock from my pants and beat it senselessly. While my mouth spit up cum so too did my cock. Both felt as if someone had turned on an internal faucet and had no plan on turning it off. It wasn’t until my boyfriend shouted for me to cum like the faggot cum slut that I was, did I feel something erupt from within me. If I thought before had been a faucet, then when my orgasm finally reached its crescendo it was like a hose! Gallons of cum exploded from my mouth and my cock, covering my body in an endless stream of cum. And all the while my boyfriend snapped pictures of what was unfurling on our living room floor. When finally I ran empty, was I able to finally speak?

“I’m a cum dump.”

“That’s right babe. You are a cum dump. And you won’t ever be anything else. Ever again. Why don’t you call over some of those boyfriends of yours? I think they should get to know the new you, and I can see how creative I am feeling.”