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The Minute Man

March

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Chapter 1

Jared was rudely awakened by the sound of thumping on his apartment door. He rolled over and looked at the clock beside the bed. The red, LED lights showed that it was already past two in the afternoon, but Jared had had a long night full of wine, women, and song – although not so much with the wine and song. His night had mostly been full of women, and the women had been full of him.

Jared's groggy mind tried to process why his roommate hadn't answered the damn door already. Amber was typically pretty punctual when it came to checking on visitors... except when she wasn't home. Jared grumbled and pulled himself out of bed. Amber had classes this time of day which meant Jared had to handle things at the apartment for himself.

He groaned audibly and stretched as he trudged across the messy front room towards the door. Another round of pounding on the wooden door let Jared know that his guest was still waiting for him on the other side. Jared had hoped that whoever it was would have given up by now, but it appeared like that was not going to be the case today.

Jared pulled the door open, and as the entrance swung open the delivery guy's jaw dropped. The dude was clad in his official FedEx blue uniform, and his eyes were glued to Jared's fat, huge, uncut cock. Jared typically slept nude, and he had not bothered to so much as drape a blanket over himself when he went to get the door which gave the delivery guy quite the eyeful.

"Jesus. How big is that thing!?" The guy gasped in shock.

Jared flashed a smug smirk and replied, "Probably about eight n a half right now. I'm barely even chubbed up."

"Goddamn... You must be a hit with the ladies." The delivery guy muttered.

"You have no idea." Jared replied and gave a soft, haughty chuckle. 'Hit with the ladies' was putting it lightly. He had a different girl for every night of the week. In fact hardly a day went by that he didn't have three or four different sexual partners lined up to fit his mood. He had free pick of all the hottest babes on

campus, and it wasn't just due to the prodigious size of his humongous meat.

Jared was without a doubt one of the hottest guys on campus. Years of gymnastics had sculpted his body into a lean, lithe sex machine. Even the greatest artist of the Renaissance would have wept had they beheld his glorious muscles. Even the greatest sculptures of the Roman Pantheon paled in comparison to his body.

His boyishly handsome face was a stark contrast to his buff body. His sparkling blue eyes and sly grin drove the girls absolutely wild. His cute face, coupled with his wavy blond hair gave him a look a look that was both angelically sweet and deviously naughty that no girl could resist, but it was his reputation that really helped him get into the beds of countless women.

More than his gorgeous face, more than his killer bod, even more than his massive cock, what really earned him his reputation was his skill in bed. He knew how to make a woman feel amazing, and he had the stamina to ensure that she came time and time again. Most dudes were fine to take the plunge, do a few thrusts, shoot their load, and hit the road, but not him. He could go for hours if the need arose.

Jared's eyes fell upon the box that the FedEx guy was holding, and he knew immediately that it was for him. The logo of pharmaceutical company that Jared liked to order his meds from was prominently displayed on the outside of the box. There was only

one thing that could be contained therein, and Jared couldn't wait to put it to use.

"Got a pen?" Jared asked.

"Oh. What? Oh, sure." The delivery guy mumbled. He had been focused a little too much on this hot guy's fantastic cock instead of on his actual job. He had almost completely forgotten about the package in his hands. After a moment of fumbling awkwardly for his pen, the delivery guy found it in his front shirt pocket, pulled it out, and handed it to Jared so the hot blond could finish filling out the forms.

"Great. Thanks." Jared replied as he plucked the pen from the delivery guy's hands. Jared hastily scrawled a rough approximation of his name next to the x and handed the forms back to the guy. The delivery dude barely even had a chance to mutter a quick "thank you" before Jared swiped the box and slammed the door in the dude's face.

Jared practically skipped back to his bedroom with the parcel in hand. He couldn't wait to get his next dosage into his system. Jared had had years of practice with the ladies to get his skill and stamina up to their current levels, but it was what was in the little brown box which was tucked under his arm that gave him the energy.

Jared was always looking to take the easy way out when one presented itself. As such he rarely ever showed up to gymnastics practice or even went to the gym all that often. He had made up for his negligence

in training with an assortment of steroids which had given him a killer physique, but had taken their toll on his balls. As his muscles grew, he found it harder and harder to get his huge cock up at attention.

It was then that one of his gym buddies suggested he sign up for a trial of a new drug the campus pharmacy lab was cooking up. It was supposed to repair the damage done to his shriveled nuts and then some. The serum had worked wonders. His previously shrunken balls had swelled up in a matter of weeks, and now he had full, heavy nuts that were practically screaming to be emptied at all hours of the day, and best of all, the serum counteracted the trace elements of the other steroids he had been taking so he always ended up with a clean bill of health whenever an impromptu drug test would crop up.

Jared hastily tore into the package and pulled out the syringe that was stored within. He had done this enough that he didn't even need to bother reading the instructions. He flicked the tip of the syringe to get the liquid flowing, poked it into his left nut and pressed the plunger just like a nursing professional. He then repeated the process on the right ball with just as much skill and precision. He winced a bit as the needle poked through his testes, but he was used to discomfort by now, and the pleasant warmth that spread through his nuts immediately after more than made up for the pain.

Jared's cock had been chubbed up since he had awoken, and thanks to the serum that was now

coursing through his body, his libido was kicking into high gear causing his cock to steadily stiffen and swell up. It felt even better than it normally did. He was half tempted to just bust out the lube and pound one out right then and there, but he knew he wouldn't have to do that. He already had someone in mind who was more than willing to help him shoot his freshly enhanced load.

Jared's phone chirped noisily from its perch atop his nightstand. He was not expecting any calls at this time of day and was a little curious about who could be calling him. He reached over and checked the screen. The number looked somehow familiar, but there was no name in his contacts list tied to it. This wasn't that uncommon of an occurrence though. He would sometimes hook up with a girl and not care enough to save her number. He figured it was just another of those situations.

He was half tempted to just let it go to voice mail, but he didn't have any other pressing matters to attend to, and if it turned out it was one of the hotter girls he had hooked up with then he wasn't opposed to sneaking another round into his schedule for the day. He figured he might even be able to weasel a meal out of it if he timed it right.

Jared hit the answer button and lifted the phone to his ear. "Yyyello." He said as he casually stroked his boner with his free hand.

"Oh great! You actually picked up!" Came a strangely familiar, bubbly voice from the other end.

Jared was sure he knew the voice, but he couldn't quite put a name or face to the voice.

"Oh, hey. I didn't expect to hear from you." Jared replied casually.

"I should suspect not." The woman replied cryptically.

Jared cocked an eyebrow suspiciously, but kept the conversation going cordially enough. He figured he could just hang up at any moment if the girl on the other line got to be too crazy. He had attracted more than his fair share of clingy or otherwise emotionally unstable broads in his days as a modern Casanova so he knew how to handle them.

"So what's up?" He asked suavely.

"Oh you know. I just couldn't stop thinking about you and about all that time we spent together." The woman on the other line gushed.

Jared smirked upon hearing this. This was definitely sounding like what he expected to hear. No woman could stay away after a night in the sack with him. No doubt whoever this mystery caller was had spent every hour of every day since their last fuck dreaming or being reamed by his fantastic cock once more.

"I bet you can't wait to get another chance to go a round with me, huh?" Jared asked salaciously.

"Oh. I'd be lying if I said I hadn't dreamed about it." The woman replied giddily, but her voice

suddenly took on a darker tone as she asked, "But I was more curious about if you got that package I sent for you."

"Package? I'm the one who is supposed to be giving you a package, baby." Jared replied saucily.

"Not this time, bucko." The woman replied. Her tone was steadily becoming less bubbly and more sinister. Jared was taken aback. He was not used to women talking to him like this.

"What do you mean...?" He asked suspiciously.

"I made sure to ship my little present to you first class so I could track the progress of the shipment. I recently got a notification saying that it had been delivered, and judging from that awful scrawl you call a signature which I can see on the receipt, I can only assume you signed for it in person." She explained darkly.

Jared was trying to think of what she could have sent him. The only thing he signed for recently was....

"Figured it out yet, sweetie?" She asked. The venom was practically dripping from her words.

"Oh, I know all about your doping habits." She explained. "I had been helping you get your fix for months now. I bet you couldn't wait to tear into that package. Knowing you you've already pumped that stuff straight into those dangly bits of yours." The malice in her tone made Jared's blood run cold.

“... who is this...?” Jared asked nervously.

“Hah. You would have already deleted my number, wouldn't you? Well that makes this so much more fun, wouldn't you say? Let's just say that I'm an old friend, and I've put a little surprise in that latest dose, and I'm very much looking forward to see how it affects you.” The woman taunted.

Jared was about to make some sort of comeback, but the line went dead. He lowered his phone and stared silently at the blinking “Call Ended” screen. It was amazing how a call that lasted less than two minutes could screw up his day so badly.

Jared stared uncertainly at his cock. Had she just been bluffing? He didn't feel anything particularly unusual. His dick was still rock hard despite her taunting so there didn't seem to be anything wrong with his libido. If anything he felt even hornier than usual. His dick was so hard that it was actually leaking pre, and that hardly ever happened. Jared didn't have time to really ponder the supposed effects of his spiked dosage because almost as soon as the call ended he heard Amber stomping through the front door.

“Gawd! Fuck Calc!” She cried in disgust. Jared knew that tone in her voice by now. She needed to let off some pent-up frustrations and in order to do so, she would be calling in some favors from Jared.

Amber and Jared had a bit of an arrangement going. On paper at least the two of them split the rent

for the apartment 50/50, but in reality, Jared hadn't paid a dime since he had moved in. It was the perfect setup. Jared got a free place to stay, and Amber got fucked into the mattress as many times as she could ask for. Jared was more than happy with this arrangement, and it didn't hurt that Amber wasn't too hard on the eyes.

Amber was quite cute by all accounts, and she could have even been hot had she bothered to take care of herself better. Her long, brown hair was always a little frizzled around the edges, and her thick rimmed glasses did her round face no favors. She had the curves in all the right places, but she also had a few in less ideal places too. If she bothered to use conditioner more often and started spending more time on the treadmill than at Starbucks she could be quite the knockout.

Jared didn't even bother getting up from his seat at the foot of his bed. He knew his roommate well enough by now to know that she'd be making an appearance soon enough. Sure enough, within three minutes of her loud homecoming, she sauntered into Jared's room clad in little more than a loose T-shirt and her lacy pajama bottoms, and even that seemed a little excessive. They both knew that those articles of clothing would be on the floor in a matter of seconds anyway.

"Ready to earn your rent, studmuffin?" Amber asked saucily. Jared internally rolled his eyes, but he managed to maintain a friendly grin on the outside.

Aside from her less than stellar appearance, one of Amber's biggest obstacles to finding a real boyfriend were her cheesy and silly attempts at flirtation. Amber didn't even wait for a reply from Jared. Her eyes immediately fell upon Jared's rigid, ten inches of solid cock.

"Oh, good. That saves some time." She said and shot Jared a playful wink. Jared's cock gave a lurch of approval which was as much a surprise to Jared himself as it was to his roommate. Jared didn't even think Amber was all that attractive, but his dick felt ready to pop like a champagne bottle on New Year's Eve from just a flirtatious wink.

Jared's casual smirk spread into an inviting grin. "I was just getting warmed up for you." He replied pleasantly. He had no intention of turning her down for a quick fuck. He still didn't have any reason to believe what the mystery caller had said, and a quick shag would be just what the doctor ordered to get him out of the funk he was feeling.

"Good because my next exam is in an hour, and we both know you can go for a lot longer than that when you're really in the mood." Amber replied. She was being saucy and salacious, but what she said wasn't even an exaggeration. Jared's stamina was inhuman. The steroids and his own self-discipline gave him the energy and ability to fuck for hours on end. There were times when he had shagged girls from dusk til dawn. Half the time his recent conquest couldn't even get out of bed for a day or two

afterwards. She could only lay there in a perpetual state of euphoric afterglow.

“Get out of those clothes then. I’ve got my own schedule to keep, you know.” Jared replied. There was no need for pleasantries at this point. They both knew what they wanted, and they were both ready to go through with it. In fact, this exchange had been one of the more cordial ones Jared had had with his roommate in ages. He was so horny and ready to fuck that even Amber sounded like a great lay.

Amber giddily pulled her shirt over her head and awkwardly hopped out of her pajama bottoms as she made her way towards Jared’s bed. Her big, heavy tits flopped out of her shirt and wobbled enticingly in front of Jared’s eyes. Amber’s rack was impressive. Her full double Ds could turn plenty of heads if she just dressed better, but her Velma Dinkley turtlenecks she liked to wear did her figure no favors.

Jared half wanted to reach out and give those huge jugs a playful squeeze, but he thought better of it. He tried to keep things with Amber more or less professional. The last thing he wanted to do was start forming actual feelings for her.

Amber flopped onto Jared’s bed and rolled over onto her back. “Come on and fuck me, big boy.” She said as she flashed him a coy wink. Jared did not need to be told twice. His dick was more than ready to take the plunge. He rolled over so that he was straddling her and lined his fat cock up with her sopping pussy. Jared smirked as he watched her clench

her eyes shut in anticipation. They both knew that this was going to be an amazing fuck.

The second the tip of Jared's cock made contact with the folds of her pussy he knew something was off. Amber was by no stretch of the imagination great in the sack. She just laid there and awkwardly writhed while Jared fucked her. She had none of the skill or intuition to know the proper timing roll with Jared's thrusts, but this was the best his dick had ever felt and it wasn't even fully in yet. Jared's entire body shuddered from the intensity of the orgasmic pleasure that arced through his cock. He was glad that Amber's eyes were shut because had she been watching she could have seen Jared's own eyes begin to roll back into his head as the pleasure overtook his senses.

Jared tried to focus. It made no sense to him why it should feel this good. Even the best fucks he had ever had didn't feel this amazing and he didn't even have the head all the way in yet. Jared gritted his teeth and steeled his resolve. He forced himself to overcome his own arousal and slowly slide his dick deeper into Amber's tight pussy.

Amber began to writhe and moan in ecstasy as Jared's fat cock slid into her. Her movement caused her pussy to grip Jared's cock harder than before. The inner walls of her snatch felt like they were stroking and massaging his oversensitive member.

His dick lurched hard. Then he felt it. Jared grunted. His whole body went rigid. He felt like a black hole had just opened up in his stomach. A little bit of

spunk oozed out of his cock. He hadn't fully busted a nut, but he had come pretty damn close. He had managed to catch it at the last possible second, but it was like every muscle in his body was clamping down in an effort to hold back his spooge.

His whole body shuddered. Sweat poured off his brow. He had never had this much trouble holding back his wad before. His mind was racing with thoughts of the call from earlier. Had she done this to him? That crazy girl on the phone?

He shook the notion from his head. If he started thinking like that then that was admitting that she had won. He had no proof that there was anything out of the ordinary. As far as he could tell it was just nerves. It was the power of suggestion or some such bullshit. He had let her get into his head, and it was affecting his performance.

"Is everything alright?" Amber murmured groggily.

"Huh? Oh... yeah... I'm fine. Just trying a new technique." Jared lied. Despite his borderline panicked state he managed to sound as smooth and suave as ever.

"I like the old technique better." She mumbled.

Jared grimaced in disgust. This chick couldn't even get a date, and she was giving him sex tips? He's a sex god. He doesn't need advice from frumpy nerds who dress like they just staggered in from the 70s, but

as much as he was disgusted with her comment he was even more pissed off with himself. How could he let himself fuck up so bad that even Amber wasn't satisfied? She was hardly picky. He had once fucked her into the mattress while on the phone with another chick and she had loved every second of it.

Jared was so pissed. He was pissed off with himself. He was pissed off with Amber. He was pissed off with that psycho bitch on the phone. He was all but snarling as he redirected that rage into the most intense, angry fucking he could muster. He let his disgust overpower his arousal as he reamed Amber's pussy with all his might. The entire bed quaked with the force of his thrusts. Amber threw her head back and cried with each thrust.

Jared's grimace slowly softened to a smirk. He was doing it. He was actually doing it! He still had it! He knew that sound in her voice. Her moans were getting steadily higher as she reached fever pitch. She was about to cum.

"C'mon! Does that feel good!?" He roared as he reamed her with all her might. Amber couldn't respond with anything intelligible, but her point came across loud and clear. She tensed up like a board. Her eyes shot open and her mouth hung open for a brief second before she cried out with the loudest orgasmic moan she could muster. Jared could feel the rush of feminine juices washing across his dick and down his thighs. He had done it. He had brought her to climax.

He sneered down at his recent conquest. He had done it despite what that psycho bitch had said.

His celebration didn't last long though. The second he let his defenses down he felt a shudder wrack his very core. He stopped dead in his tracks halfway into a thrust. Panic took over his mind and body. He couldn't stop it. His need to cream was just too great. He froze in place for what felt like an eternity while he waited for some indication from his body that it was safe to move, but with each passing second the pressure in the base of his cock grew and grew.

He knew he couldn't stay where he was. It was all over. He had to get out of there now. Jared quickly pulled back. He had but a scant few inches to pull out, but he still wasn't sure he could make it. He prayed to whatever god might be listening to give him the strength to pull out.

The second the cool, air conditioned air made contact with the tip of his dick, Jared came harder than he had ever cum in his life. His cock lurched hard and huge, thick ropes of jizz erupted from his dick. Jared could do nothing but stare in awe at the sheer volume of his spunk. He was so amazed by the size it hardly even registered that he was soaking his sheets and Amber's snatch in his seed.

Jared fired again and again, but his balls were not feeling any lighter. If anything they were feeling fuller and more pent up by the second. He fired a fifth shot and then a sixth, but no matter how many times

he came the thickness of his wads didn't seem to diminish. Much of Amber's lower body was already drenched in jizz. Her dense patch of unkempt pubes were completely coated in spunk. Some of Jared's shots launched so far that they even managed to nail her in her face and soak her boobs in spoooge. Jared could only stare in silent, mortified awe as he Amber slowly sit up, the cum dripping from her bangs and oozing off her tits. She didn't seem angry, merely shocked and a little confused.

"Wow. I know you said you were in a hurry..." She said.

"I think I might be coming down with something..." Jared murmured in reply. His cheeks were beet red with embarrassment. Sweat was pouring down his face. Her hair was so soaked with sweat that it clung to his scalp like a skullcap. His cock was still lurching and spewing, but the intensity and size of his shots were finally tapering off.

"No. No. It's fine." She replied in an effort to soothe her roommate. "It was great. It was short but it was so intense!"

Jared had to fight every instinct in his body to cringe in disgust. She was patronizing him. Amber who was hands down the worst girl in the sack Jared had the displeasure of laying on a regular basis was giving him an after bedding pep-talk. He hated that shit. The mere fact that she was still coherent enough to speak was testament to how badly he had done, and here she was trying to soothe his ego!?

“I’ve got to get cleaned up.” Jared said curly. He got up and hastily turned towards the restroom to go shower. Amber looked like she was about to say something, but thought better of it. She could tell that Jared was in no mood to be talking to anyone, and it was best that she just stay out of his way until it all blows over.

Jared stomped angrily around his room as he rummaged for some clean clothes to wear. His dick was still rock hard despite the fact that he had just gotten off. In fact he still felt so horny that his dick was dribbling pre. Even just the cool air blowing onto his boned dick was maddeningly orgasmic. If he was getting this turned on just from the air conditioning how would he manage wearing underwear?

Jared got the tightest, most uncomfortable pair of tightly-whities he owned and tucked them under his arm as he headed towards the restroom. He was just about to leave the room when he heard his phone start ringing. He instinctively picked it up and answered it.

“Hello.” He said flatly.

“Hello again, Jerry.” Came the voice of the psycho bitch from earlier.

“fuck off.” Jared grumbled into the receiver.

“That’s no way to talk to an old friend, Jerry.” The woman chided. “Especially since I was just calling to check up on you. I saw Amber come home not too long ago, and knowing her I bet you two have already

gotten your freak on, am I right? Oh tell me I'm right. I so love it when I'm right."

"fuck you." Jared grumbled.

"So I AM right!" She replied giddily. "So tell me. Did you actually get it in or did you cum all over yourself at just the sight of a pussy."

"I fucked her rotten! Is that what you want to hear!?" Jared roared into the receiver.

"... huh. Did you really?" The woman replied. She seemed to be mulling over Jared's response as if trying to gauge whether or not he was telling the truth.

"Damn right I did. You shoulda heard her moaning. She kept on moaning right up until she came." Jared gloated angrily.

"Hmm... that's impressive, actually. Well, it'll probably take a little while for the serum to fully take hold. I hope you enjoyed that vagina because it's probably the last one you'll get to experience." The woman replied matter-of-factly.

"Fuck you." Jared grumbled in reply.

"Good luck trying!" The woman replied. It was a short jab, but she barely managed to finish it before she bust out cackling like a cartoon witch.

Jared hung up and threw his phone across the room. "Fuckin' bitch." He grumbled as he stomped off to the shower. He was pissed off, but as much as he

hated to admit it her words terrified him. It was hard enough just to plow into Amber, and she wasn't even any good in the sack. What if his condition got worse? How was he going to keep up his lifestyle? He relied on sex for so much. The rent was just one of many things in life he got for free because of his sexual prowess. If he lost that what would happen to his apartment? What would happen to his scholarship? What would happen to his life?