

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Rough Sex, Big Dick, Fucked Silly

Summary: An AU where Peter realizes that MJ just wasn't right for him and wished her well with her fiancée... and 'settled' for Best Girl Ursula after she brought him chocolate cake and milk after he gave up being Spiderman.

-x-X-x-

“God this chocolate cake is sooo good...”

Peter Parker groans out his enjoyment, even as he takes another bite of the chocolate cake, following it up with a swig from the glass of milk. Both of whom were brought to him by the cute young woman sitting in his apartment with him now, Ursula Ditkovich.

Beaming, Ursula fiddles with one of her twin braids.

“I’m glad you like it, Peter... if there’s anything else I can do for you... *anything at all*, just say the word~”

Now, under different circumstances, Peter might have completely missed the subtext of what Ursula was saying in that moment. For instance, if he was still hung up on MJ and being Spider-Man. However, in these circumstances, Peter has well and truly put MJ behind her, wishing her the best of luck with her fiancée. He’s also set aside the suit and is ready to just be Peter Parker again, no more Spider-Man.

In this state of mind, Peter does notice the underlying subtext behind Ursula’s meaningful words. The way she looks at him and smiles at him... and connects the dots with the fact that she’d literally come over to his apartment to give him

cake and milk and had been sitting with him all alone for a good fifteen minutes now watching him eat and drink both.

Mouth suddenly dry as all hell despite the utterly delectable moist chocolate cake that had been filling it moments before, Peter licks his lips and shifts in his chair for a moment.

“Like... like what?”

Ursula perks up... and immediately drops to the floor, descending to her knees. Before Peter can get worried though, he realizes she didn't fall out of her chair but rather dropped out on purpose. His mouth goes even dryer when she takes up residence between his legs, looking up at him with those big blue eyes of hers and a wide smile.

“Let me show you, Peter~”

From there, deft fingers undo his belt buckle, unbutton his pants, and pull down his zipper. She reaches into his boxers and wraps her hand around his cock, dragging it free from its confines only to gasp as her eyes go wide in shock... at his rather impressive size.

Peter blushes a little bit in embarrassment, even as his member, already pretty large even when soft, starts to grow in Ursula's hand almost immediately.

“S-So big...”

He can't pretend like it doesn't make him happy to hear that. MJ had liked the size of his dick too when they'd still been together... but it hadn't been enough to keep her, in the end. Still, Ursula remains undaunted by his cock, even as it continues to grow fully erect in her grasp. After that initial moment of shock and hesitation, the gorgeous young blonde leans forward and promptly opens her mouth to swallow him whole.

Ruby red lips spread over his cock as it grows and grows. Big blue eyes stare up at him, even as Peter sets aside his plate of chocolate cake. He's most

finished the slice off at this point anyways, and he has something far more important to focus on now.

Planting her hands on his knees, Ursula swirls her tongue this way and that as she bobs up and down his member. His cock, slowly reaching full mast, gives her some trouble, but she seems intent on proving she can take it anyways.

“Glughk... Glughk... Glughk...”

However, once Peter is fully erect, Ursula definitely hits a bit of a wall. No matter how hard she tries, she can't quite get all the way to the base of his dick. Her own gag reflex stops her, something Peter can tell frustrates her to no end based on the look in her eyes.

That said, he's not expecting her to abruptly pull back off of his dick and flip up the ends of her braids towards him.

“Here. Pull on them, Peter. Make me take it all the way~”

Peter's mouth opens... and then closes. He really shouldn't... but if she was asking for it, who was he to say no? Carefully, Peter takes ahold of each of Ursula's braids. She flashes him another bright, sunny smile before descending right back down his cock, spreading her ruby lips as far as she can and leaving traces of her lipstick all across his throbbing mast in the process.

At first Peter just groans, enjoying her efforts more than enough by themselves. But when Ursula taps his thigh pointedly, he remembers what he's supposed to be doing. Firming up his grip on her braids, wrapping them around his fists like reins, Peter begins to carefully pull her down his length even as he thrusts forward.

“Gaagkh!”

At first, he's hesitant... mostly because he doesn't want to hurt her. After all, it's not just a matter of being too rough when it comes to him... he might have given up on being Spider-Man, but it wasn't like he could give up the powers.

Specifically the enhanced strength. If he didn't want to injury Ursula, he needed to regulate his strength carefully.

But she continues to tap away insistently, so eventually Peter leverages a bit more force and finds just the right amount to start really fucking her face on his cock.

“Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!”

Tears streak down Ursula's cheeks as he does this, but her blue eyes never once leave his face and he can tell... she's happy with him. This is what she wants. This is what she *needs*.

Heh, it was always the quiet ones, wasn't it? MJ had been an amazing lay, the vivacious red head of a model was definitely fun in bed, but she wasn't *adventurous*. Having sex with her was amazing because it was her... but it didn't have any sort of added spice to it really.

This though... Ursula was a bit of a kinky little freak, wasn't she? His landlord's daughter had brought him milk and cake and then got on her knees and all but begged him to fuck her face while pulling on her braids. It was hot... exceptionally hot, and the more Peter thinks about it while his cock is buried in Ursula's throat, the more he can't hold back.

“Fuck... here it comes, Ursula!”

He makes sure to warn her though, even as he pulls back until just the tip of his cock is in her mouth. Before he can pull back all the way though, she clamps down, suctioning her lips tight over his cockhead and grabbing his dick with both hands as she strokes and gropes until he tips over the edge.

Peter groans loudly as he cums in Ursula's mouth for what feels like an eternity. This wasn't something MJ had ever been into. They'd performed oral on each other a couple of times, but MJ didn't like the taste of his seed so she never swallowed.

Ursula, as Peter has come to expect in the short time he's known this side of her, doesn't hesitate. She drinks down his cum like she's been without water for a day. She swallows every last drop, guzzling away until his balls are emptied and there's nothing left for him to give her.

Finally, once it's over, Ursula pulls back off of his cock with a pop and flashes him another broad smile, albeit one where her mascara is run through and her lipstick is smudged beyond belief.

"Thank you for the cream, Peter~"

Peter swallows hard and nods slowly, but before he can muster up a reply, Ursula's eyes dart downwards... and widen.

"A-Ah... you're s-still hard..."

Oh, yeah. Peter chuckles and shakes his head.

"Don't worry about it, I can take care of it. You don't need to-!"

"N-No! No, I must... I want to... please Peter... won't you take me to bed?"

Well, when she put it that way Peter can only nod dumbly and let Ursula pull him to his feet and lead him to his own bedroom. As soon as they're inside, she begins to strip naked... and Peter follows her lead. He probably should have seen this coming... after all, it was his turn to return the favor and make her feel good by fucking her with his big fat cock.

Of course, he's not expecting her to get on the bed on her hands and knees rather than on her back. MJ had considered doggystyle to be 'too dehumanizing'. Ursula though... Ursula looks back over her shoulder at him, wearing nothing but her birthday suit, and gives him a wide grin as she shakes her hips.

"Come and take me, Peter. And feel free to pull my hair some more... if you like~"

Swallowing, Peter strides forward and climbs onto the bed, grabbing Ursula by her hips and to hold her in place. She gasps as he grips down firmly, a low moan leaving her lips. At the same time, his thick fat cockhead presses against her drooling slit from behind and Peter groans at how absurdly wet she is. Her pussy is almost instantly trying to suck him in, even as he tries to hold himself back a little bit.

... But why bother? With a lustful growl, Peter thrusts forward. He makes sure to control his strength still of course, but he also makes sure to slam deep into Ursula's wet twat without hesitation, groaning from how tight she is even as she moans from how he's filling her up.

Her back ripples as she shudders and Ursula hangs her head for a moment, gasping for breath at the intrusion. That's when Peter decides to take her up on her offer, reaching out and grabbing hold of the blonde's braids again. Pulling them back behind her like reins, Peter gives them a tug and relishes the loud cry and tightening up of Ursula's cunt walls as her back arches and her head is pulled towards him.

Gripping down firmly, Peter sets his jaw and then goes about setting a pace. He starts off relatively slow but works his way up to a steady rhythm in no time, planting his cock deep inside of Ursula's clenching twat with increasing frequency.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh quickly fills the room right alongside Ursula's wanton moans and Peter's grunts and groans. She pushes back into his thrusts as best she can, her body shaking and shuddering for him in a way that delights Peter's senses.

Setting MJ and Ursula side by side... well, it wasn't a fair comparison. One was a super model, the other was just a girl. But if one looked past that... MJ really didn't have Ursula beat by all that much. His landlord's daughter was a hot piece

of kinky ass who clearly would make any man happy... hell, she was making Peter happy right now!

As he fucks her harder and faster, Ursula moans for him and eventually cries out, her pussy gushing and spasming on his cock as she cums explosively. That proves to be the floodgates, because after Ursula cums that first time, she cums again and again as Peter keeps fucking her.

He goes nonstop, pounding away at her pussy, plowing into her cunt, smacking into her ass with every thrust. His cock pulses and throbs as she moans and writhes under him, his hands holding her hair and forcing her back to arch and her head to tilt back so he can see the pleasure and ecstasy writ large across her face.

Finally though, after who knows how long... Peter can hold back no longer. He's going to cum... and as he reaches that point of no return, Peter knows what he wants to do.

Pulling out of her at the last second, he uses his grip on Ursula's braids to spin the kneeling girl around before she can even realize what's happening. Then, holding her in place, Peter proceeds to cum all over her face, coating her in his jizz. To her credit, Ursula is quick to adapt. She opens her mouth and rolls out her tongue, catching as much as she can on it even as the rest splatters across her features.

By the time he's done, he's plastered Ursula in his seed and made quite the mess of her... but it's a mess Peter is pleased with, even as her tongue slowly slides around the outside of her mouth, collecting as much of his jizz as it can with each pass.

Smiling as he watches her do so, Peter feels a strange sense of satisfaction fill him. He'd like more moments like this with Ursula... more moments of chocolate cake, milk... and kinky rough sex as he fucks her silly on his big fat cock...