

BIG BEAUTIFUL AND LOVING IT! (EROTIC)
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What's up my people? I'm Yolonda, better known to most as Sexy Yo. As you can guess by the title, I'm big, beautiful, and loving it! See, men try to act like they don't have no love for the big girls. That's bullshit! You see, they try to keep the secret of them loving the big girls from their boys when the fact of the matter is they all got a thang for the cushion, too. Look at JaRule's little ass. He's got a big girl, LL's got a big girl and that ain't all. Yeah I said it! They asses are big...but beautiful. To prove my point let me tell you about this fine specimen of a man that claims he's never been with a big girl until me.

I was attending a bachelor party at the strip club, Diva's, for my boy, Theo. Yeah that's right, Sexy Yo gets down! I'm just like a job...equal opportunity! But anyway getting back to the story, this brotha kept looking at a sista real strong. He was peeping me more than he was looking at the strippers and they were doing all kinds of freaky deaky ass shit.

As the night rolled on, I decided I'd had enough and was going to leave and catch up with my girls to see what they wanted to get into. I let my boys know I was out and they all offered to walk me to my car but I declined. I ain't scared of shit walking on two legs, especially with Betty in the small of my back. Anyway, I switched out to my Acura and time I got ready to use the keyless remote I heard someone coming up on me. I turned around with my hand resting on Betty in case they got fly. He held his hands

hands up letting me know he came in peace. I leaned back on my ride to see what he wanted.

He was the pretty boy type--thick muscular arms, and legs chocolate complexion, college cut, dreamy bedroom eyes and a gorgeous deep voice. On top of all that he was at least five to six inches taller than my 5 ft 11—a major plus in my book. We began talking and getting to know each other.

“So, what’s a beautiful woman like you doing in a strip club of all places?” He licked his lips hoping to turn me on...and he was.

I just looked at him and decided to let him answer that one for himself. Then he started ribbing me about how he would like to get to know me blah, blah, blah and all that shit.

Once he saw I wasn’t going to respond he moved on. “You know, I love full figured women, especially the ones like you.”

“What does that mean?” I batted my eye lashes acting naïve. I knew exactly what he meant. You see, a lot of full figured women don’t carry themselves with pride, class, and plenty of sass like and my girls do. You know the ones that aren’t afraid to be a diva and make people take notice when they enter into a room like my girl Mo’nique from the Parkers.

I was tired of him babbling on with the bullshit. What I really wanted to know was what he *really* wanted. So I asked...

“What’s up with it playa? Are you go stand there and shoot the shit all night or are you gon’ tell me what you really want with me because I already know everything you’re telling me about

myself." Then I really went there just to see if he was all bark and no bite.

"I'm on my way to meet up with my girls and we're looking for a lil something to get into tonight. Do you have anymore friends that look like you?" I was a stright up forward kind of girl and I hoped his was a straight up forward kind of guy. I just hated a punk.

He was blushing like he'd just won the lottery. "Shoot yeah! There's five of my frat brothers inside the club!" I gave him the address with a smile. I hoped they all looked as luscious as he did. There's nothing worse than having prime rib for yourself then throwing your girlfriends the bones. We were all entitled to the prime rib!

"Bring your boys and meet us in about an hour or so. I hope they all look as good as you do...with your fione ass!" He blushed as he took the information I gave him. He literally ran back inside the club. I called my girls once I pulled out the parking lot to let them know we were about to have some fun with the boys.

Katrina opened the door when I got there already dressed in some skimpy lingerie with her thong fully exposed. I popped her on her ass as she walked in front of me.

"Girl don't be messing with the pound cake that's for the guest!" She hollered.

As soon as I put my Louis Vuitton purse down, the rest of my girls came out the wood works all dressed in sexy lingerie. We ranged in size from fourteen to twenty and looked like a smorgasbord of thick, fine and tasty treats. We were all big, beautiful and loving it!

Yes, me and my girls were some bad bitches. We gave the little girls a run for their money. We weren't like the average fat girl with the low self esteem. Our esteems were boiling over! We took pride in ourselves and loved entertaining the men and women if came down to it. Ha, like I said earlier, just like me, my girls are like a job...equal opportunity!

I heard the door bell as I was rubbing pear berry shea butter on my body. I looked and smelled edible which is what I was going for. The guys were shocked speechless when they saw me and my girls all sitting pretty in our naughty attire.

The guy I met in the parking lot walked over to me, took my hand and asked me where my bedroom was. I told him this was it. We were all getting down in the spacious living room on the floor, chairs, tables, couches or where ever they felt comfortable. We could get busy anywhere...but my bed! That was mine and mine alone unless I ever got married.

As if on cue, his boys all took that as the sign to go for what they know. They all complimented us on how beautiful we were and how sexy we looked. Once again, things we already knew. Birds of a feather really do flock together, I thought to myself. Jonathon and I—after sitting on the couch and exchanging names—were the first to get the party started. He told me to lie on my back and spread my legs. He licked all over my sheer lace thongs with his thick tongue and drove me crazy. Then he had me lift my hips and took my thong off and went straight to the all you can eat at Yo's buffet. Damn brother had skills!

Trina was deep-throating like a motherfucker on one of his friends, driving his ass raving mad! I could barley contain my

own excitement while Jonathon did his thing. His tongue was longer than a ruler! Seemed like he went all up my shit and then brought it back out to circle my clit and suck on it. That shit was bringing the beast out in me!

“Damnnnnn oooooohhhh baby...shhhiitt fuck me good! Ohhhh I’m cummmmming!” That was the familiar sound of Lelani screaming to the top of her lungs when she’s having a good one. One guy was working her overtime and another one was eating her ass out while his home boy was pumping Now that’s even freaky for me. Homeboy’s mouth being that close to his boy’s dick makes me wonder.

Jonathon flipped me over and spread my ass open. He ran his tongue up and down my hole before plunging into it. “Oh shit, work it outttttt! Make me feel goooood daddy!” I screamed and moaned.

I was too through! I’d had three orgasms already and none of them were from the dick. I was bucking like a horse but he got ahold of me and held me right where he wanted me. “Damn baby you gonna make me pass out!” I called out in passion.

Suddenly, I felt someone’s hand trying to signal me to raise up some more. A head slid right under me with my pussy hovering over him. He started eating me out while Jonathon still had his face buried in my ass. If I tell you that shit didn’t feel good, I’d be lying my ass off.

I was too lost in thoughts of my own pleasure to notice that Katrina had gotten Jonathon to take off his pants and was lying beneath him, sucking his dick. Next thing I know, everyone was connected in some way to us; fucking in harmony.

Jonathon was the first to break the group up when he asked me to get up and lean over the couch so he could fuck me from behind. I did as I was told and watched him as he expertly slid the condom on with ease. He entered me with such tenderness and caressed my ass while he fucked me like he was a man in love. Then he picked up the pace and grabbed the 500 dollar weave job I'd just had freshly done. Any other time this was a definite no, no! But I didn't mind with Jonathon because he was fucking me so royally. Besides, I didn't have the courage to tell him to stop because I didn't want to lose what I was feeling.

After being that way for a while I was ready to show him how we big girls work our jelly. He got on the floor and didn't mind me straddling him to ride. I rode that baby like it was going out of style! I was bouncing like I was riding horseback, galloping my way to pleasure.

"Damn baby, slow down some! Oh you're making me..." He tried to hold me down to control the rhythm but it was my turn now. I let him have his way, even let him pull my hair, so he was definitely going to receive all I had to give.

He grabbed my breasts and began massaging my nipples giving me extra pleasure. I pulled him up to embrace him because I was about to blow like St. Helens! I felt him tense up, trying to hold back, but I was ready to be through with this one and move on to the next one. It was too many fine looking men in this room for me to have just one. I rotated my hips with a combination grind giving him a one-two knock out like Tyson used to do.

"Mmmm shiiiiit hotttt damn!" He began squealing all the while trying to hold it in so his homies couldn't see how I spanked that ass. I tightened my muscles around that dick and I heard his

toes pop he curled them so tight. When I couldn't hold it in any longer, I let go; had an explosive orgasm. "Oh yesssss! Ohhhhhhh!!" I screamed worse than Lelani and he was even louder. "Ahhhhhhh that's...some....ohhhh shit...baby you got the bomb...ass...pussy!" He confessed which brought a satisfied smile to my face as he held me tighter kissing my breast.

His boys were howling just as loud their damn selves! When he saw they weren't thinking about him, he really let go, shaking and all. After that, I was immediately grabbed and told to lie back down while his boy fed me his dick. The orgasms went on into the wee hours of the morning.

That was three years, 5 marriages and 2 babies ago. After we turned they're undercover, full figured women, loving asses out they, couldn't seem to get enough us. I know it was weird the way we all met and got married and some of you reading this might say yeah right. It's true, my girls married the man that rocked their worlds and I married Jonathon and had twins—Tiffany and Brittany. They claim they never been with full figured girls until they met us. Yeah right.