

Fifty Shades of Maddox

by Maddox



I wish I were dead. Why didn't I stop breathing last night? Sometimes I feel like my hair is such a mess, that I'd rather die from sleep apnea than to go on with this unruly nest of split ends. And on top of that, I don't have anything to wear!

I should be studying for finals right now, but instead, I'm getting ready to interview the ultra-famous railroad tycoon, Maddox of Maddox Empire. My roommate, Kris, is suffering from a mild case of seasonal flu, so she asked me to go in her place. I don't know how I keep getting roped into these things; I just can't say no to a friend in need!

But I can't leave this room until my hair cooperates. Gosh! Maybe I should make it a bun. No, too formal. I want to look cute, but still be taken seriously. Maybe I'll just curl my hair with a straightener. I know it's risky because it runs hotter than my curling iron, but my curler is on the fritz and I can't afford a new one and pay for college tuition on a hardware-store-clerk's salary. Twist-braid it is! First decision of the day complete. *Good job, Anastasia!*

Kris is watching TV and eating cereal out of a box. Definitely too sick to sit in an office for 20 minutes and ask 5, maybe 10 questions.

"Need anything from the store when I come back?" I asked earnestly.

"Nope, I'm fine." She's such a trooper.

"Alright then, I'll be back in a few hours. Wish me luck!"

"Good luck!"

"Thanks, bye!" I said, superfluously.

It was a rainy Washington day, but what day isn't? The two-hour drive went briskly. I kept thinking about my eye brows the whole time. I've been having trouble with them lately because of an errant hair that curls down into my eye. I keep plucking it but it keeps coming back stronger and thicker, with a vengeance! I hope Maddox doesn't notice. I wore my good jeans today. They make my butt look big. I hope he likes big butts.

I don't know much about Maddox because I don't own a computer and Kris didn't give me any notes. I heard he's handsome, but few people have seen him because he's so mysterious. A billionaire recluse who's a super hot philanthropic playboy? This I have to see.

I could see a large black steel, glass and marble fortress piercing the skyline miles before I reached it. It was shaped like the Chrysler building, but with giant gargoyles armed with grenade launchers and machine guns on top. It looked scary. *Pull it together, Ana!*

The lobby was tastefully decorated, with lots of chainsaws, exotic taxidermied animals, suits of samurai armor and bottles of cinnamon whiskey everywhere. There was a roaring fire place with a giant portrait of Maddox riding a bull above the mantle. He's strangling a chimera with one arm and painting a realistic painting of nude women making bread with the other. If Maddox looked half as good in person as he does in this painting, I'm going to have a tough time

concentrating on this interview! Paintings are intentionally made to obscure blemishes, so there's no way he could look this good in real life.

"Ms. Keegan?" The perfectly manicured blonde secretary called Kris' name from behind her desk.

"It's actually Ms. Stone, Kris Keegan is my roommate and I'm filling in for her."

"Okay Ms. Stone, Mr. Maddox is ready to see you."

I nervously collected my clipboard and tote from a large leather bench I'd set it on, and followed the secretary down a long marble hallway. She was beautiful, but had a secretary ass to go with that secretary occupation; it was flat like a soggy pancake. It made me feel better about myself.

We arrived at a large steel door with tasteful brass rivets lining the frame. I pushed the door open and mis-judged the weight, tripping over my feet and falling like so many romantic comedies. How embarrassing! I'm not only a clutz, but now I'm a cliché. I picked myself up and walked over to the desk where there was a large burgundy leather chair with its back turned to me.

"Hello, I know you were expecting-" I was abruptly cut off

"Sit down Ms. Keegan."

"It's Stone actually, Anastasia Stone. Kris, I mean, Ms. Keegan couldn't make it... I'm filling in for her."

Maddox swiveled his chair slowly around. He was turning at a painfully slow pace. If he was any slower, the chair's motion would be imperceptible to the naked eye. "Naked." Why am I thinking about naughty words? Get a hold of yourself Anastasia, you're an adult! And "naked" isn't a naughty word. What the heck is a naughty word anyway? I was getting ahead of myself.

"Ms. Stone." Maddox smirked with a ghost of a smile.

"Mr. Maddox."

"It's 'Honorable.'"

"Excuse me?"

"It's Honorable Maddox." I wish Kris would have given me notes. I'd almost forgotten that he donated just over \$3,000 to Hurricane Katrina victims in 2005. How could I have been so foolish?

Maddox was startlingly beautiful. He was shirtless, wearing military-style black cargo pants and black leather boots. His pecks glistened like fresh glazed donuts made of pure muscle. He had one good eye, which was a dark hazel, and his other eye was covered by a jet-black patch. Damn he was sexy. I think I was--dare I say it--feeling infatuated. He leaned forward to shake my hand, but not very far. I leaned forward beyond the half-way point on his desk, and still couldn't reach him. I expected him to lean forward more to meet me, but he didn't budge. So I scooted forward on the edge of my chair so that my butt was on the corner of the seat. Still not far enough. I kept leaning until finally I slid off the edge of the chair and collapsed on my heels. Oh no! I was finally in reach, but he pulled his hand away.

"Too slow." Maddox said, unfazed.

"I... um... brought some chocolates for you." While I tried to get up and collect myself, my eye caught a glimpse of Maddox's package beneath the desk. Holy cow! He had a beautiful unit. I got flush with excitement. I hope he doesn't notice. I placed the chocolates on his desk.

"I hope you like them."

He picked the box up from the corners and looked over the ingredients, his beautiful hazel eye darting back and forth across the label.

"Milk chocolate?" He said with a scowl.

"Some of them have nuts in them." Nuts! There I go again. I need to get my mind out of the gutter!

"Milk chocolate is a waste of time." He unceremoniously dropped it with a faint smack.

He pressed a button behind his desk that emitted a loud buzzing noise. It startled me, causing me to jump in my seat. A hatch opened on the wall behind him that looked like a laundry chute. He grabbed the milk chocolate and threw it out the hatch. I watched as the box sailed down 22 stories, hitting a street lamp, and bursting open, sending the chocolates flying everywhere. A small, hunched man with a dust pan waddled from the building and swept up the mess. What a jerk! He could have simply said "thank you" and thrown them away afterwards if he didn't like them.

"I'm a busy man, let's get on with this interview." And he's pushy too! I took out my tape recorder from my bag.

"Is it alright if I record this conversation?" He rolled his eyes and looked extremely bored.

"Is that a yes?" I continued.

"*Is that a yes?*" He parroted back, in a mocking, whiny voice. I was beginning to not like him. Yet something about him was so alluring. The sex-appeal of his beard was palpable.

"Okay, first question, you're extremely difficult to get a hold of and receive thousands of emails every week, why did you grant this interview?"

Maddox stood up slowly, pushing his large leather chair back with his legs, turned around, and slowly lifted on of his legs and rested it on his chair. My God, his ass was perfect. It was like someone molded it using a giant contact-lense case.

"Do you like what you see, Anastasia?" He remembered my name! It sounded so sensual hearing it from him.

"Yes, I do." What was I saying?! Kris is going to kill me. I can't believe I just said that.

"Do you want to grab my butt?"

"Yes." Holy cow!

"You didn't let me finish..." I was flush again and felt a tingling deep down in my jeans.

"Do you want to grab my butt... with your mouth?"

"Yes I do." I wanted to bite his butt so bad.

He put his leg down and turned around. I could see a bulge in his pants. I was a raging storm of sluttiness. I didn't know what had come over me.

"We um... should get on with this interview." Finally back on track.

"Have you ever strangled a man, Ms. Stone?" I had no idea what he was talking about.

"No. Why?"

"I have. It's exhilarating."

Clearly this was a man of adventure. My panties were uncomfortably moist.

"Does this turn you on, Ms. Stone?"

"Yes it does." Damn, lost control again!

"There's a shower in the corner. Go wash yourself because you look unkempt." I was embarrassed, but he was right. I didn't get a chance to shower this morning and my clams were probably clammy.

"Alright, as you wish, Honorable Maddox."

I stepped into an ornate glass shower with gold frames in the corner of the room. I disrobed, turned on the water and started washing my big ol' titties. The water was warm instantly and felt nice. There was one bottle of shampoo and one bar of soap with thick, curly hairs jutting out from its surface. This was a man's shower. I quickly lathered my hair and face with shampoo when suddenly the water turned off. I reached around blindly for the faucet until my hands finally found it, but it didn't seem to work. I turned around, blindly fumbling for the door so I could grab a towel. I reached outside and mercifully found a towel on the rack so I could wash this soap out of my eyes.

I patted my face just enough to open my eyes, only to find that the towel I was holding was actually a giant dong, and it was attached to Maddox on the other end, who was by the door, staring angrily. I'm such a clutz!

"I'm so sorry. The water stopped working!" I nervously blurted out.

"Are you finished?"

"I still have soap in my hair."

"Go back in the shower," he ordered.

I stepped back inside and waited patiently with my eyes closed. Suddenly a warm trickle of water streamed down my face. Finally! I vigorously started scrubbing my hair, washing the soap into all my pores. The water felt so good, I splashed it on my face and even in my mouth. After the soap was finally rinsed away, I opened my eyes to see that the water I was washing with was a stream of urine from Maddox's dong hanging over the edge of the shower. What a gentleman!

"Thank you for the golden shower!"

I stepped outside and patted myself dry with Maddox's penis. It was thicker than it was long, like a stubby loaf of French bread. And it smelled like bread too. It felt great against my skin.

"Don't forget to dry out your cake hole." He was right, I almost forgot.

I started patting my box with his meat log. It felt like heaven. The next thing I knew it got hard, like a petrified redwood.

"Uh-oh, me sucky sucky." I don't know what came over me. I got on my knees and started shucking his junk like buttered corn at a county fair. I looked

up and he seemed stoic, like a battle-hardened hero. Except the battle he was hardened by was my mouth. I couldn't wait for his soldiers to take my gorge. I hope he was enjoying it. I've never had this much meat in my gullet. It was like trying to eat a pastrami sandwich from a Jewish deli that only served in units of oil drums. Holy cow!

"Are you enjoying it?" I asked eagerly.

"Nah."

"I'll try harder."

I took off my jeans and panties. I felt self-conscious because I hadn't shaved in a few days. I had some-

"Heads up!" Maddox interrupted my inner-monologue just as his balls dropped on my head. Gosh, they were huge! My neck bent awkwardly from the pressure.

"Wow, these are huge!" I took his testicles in my hands and started playing with them like a slinky, back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly Maddox grabbed my arm. I looked up and he was shaking his head in disapproval. I nodded and knew what to do. I got on my back, spread my legs and started shoving one of his balls inside me. I felt like I was giving birth in reverse. It was like trying to sit on a spinning globe. I was so turned on, but there was no way I was getting this thing in me. I looked up.

"More?" His silence was deafening. I had to try harder. I reached down and grabbed his ball-skin and yanked on it like it was one of those floppy-skinned Chinese Shar-Pei pugs. I pulled and pulled, feeling his nut crest my bristly taco. I was exhausted.

"More?" Still silence. How much more could I take? I was enjoying every second of it, but knew I'd hit my limit soon. I tried to attack it from a different angle by climbing on top of it like a yoga ball. I grabbed my toes and stretched my legs like a gymnast; Nikki Childs would be proud. I started rocking back and forth, hoping to fit in a few more centimeters of his girth. No luck. *Think Anastasia, think!* Then it came to me: I could use the weight of something heavy to push myself onto his testicle!

I grabbed the largest thing I could find, which was Maddox's penis. Then I started bludgeoning myself over the head with it. I felt my vagina start to tear a little. It was working! I kept hammering myself harder and harder in the face. My eyes started to swell but my lady bits felt tingly. It was pure ecstasy. I could feel my hip bones start to buckle under the pressure of each throbbing thump. His testicle was about half way into my pink-lip deli. *Almost there, Ana!*

Finally on the verge of complete exhaustion, I lifted his boner high in the air, balancing it on the tips of my fingers, then let go, leaving it in free-fall towards my face. I couldn't help but smile as the world slowed down around me. I felt like the first time I rode a roller coaster, holding my arms out to my sides and feeling the breeze, except it was the breeze of air evacuating between my face and his dick. Then the oddest thing happened: I had a flashback to the first time my father taught me how to ride a tricycle. I was wearing a floral dress and he khaki pants and a blue shirt because he'd just gotten home from work. He gave me a push down the empty cul-de-sac I grew up in. Then I saw myself when I was 12,

at Kris' birthday party as she blew out her candles. And just as quickly as that memory faded, the next one came: the day I received my admission to college. I was so excited. Why was I having all these memories?

I dazed off for the briefest moment and then snapped out of it, remembering I was in Maddox's office with a giant penis about to hit my head. Then it hit me: my life was flashing before my eyes! Then it hit me, his dick, that is. It hit my head with such force that a shock wave entered my body starting from my temple, traveling down through my neck, chest, stomach and cooch, then back up in reverse order. I started to come hard, gushing everywhere. Suddenly there was a loud crack and a tearing noise. My hips broke and my vagina split into two, tearing me apart all the way to my stomach, like a c-section gone wrong. Except the tear didn't stop! Like an earthquake fissure, it kept ripping through me all the way to my neck, splitting me apart like an extension cord split down the middle. I could see my body and intestines laying on his testicle like a deflated balloon.

"Oh God, that was amazing!" I couldn't wait to tell Kris, she'd be so jealous! Maddox didn't respond.

"Maddox?" Nothing. "Is something wrong?"

I still had control over one of my arms, so I grabbed his muscly calf and shook it. I heard a snoring noise and realized what had happened: Maddox had fallen asleep with his eyes open, that lug! He finally snapped out of it.

"I want to kiss you, but my body is destroyed. Will you lean over to kiss me?" I asked desperately.

"No." He said unequivocally.

Oh well, totally worth it.

The End.

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