

The Double D – Viagra Bounce

By Al Hilton

Story Code: MF+ cons cheat 1st anal

Events around a past lover's upcoming wedding gets a man into trouble.

Disclaimer:

The usual warnings apply. This is an adult story, about an adult topic, written for adults. If you are too young or prefer not to read this type of material, then don't. This story contains material of an explicit nature about the relationship between people. It is not for children. The author does not advocate, encourage or promote real world practice of the acts depicted within, especially those which pertain to non-consensual or unprotected sex.

Now if you have gotten past the warning, join me as I pull another fantasy out of that dark place in the back of my mind where I keep all my fantasies.

Note to Reader: This story continues from the end of "The Double D". To make this story complete by itself, or to refresh memories, I've included the last part of "The Double D" as a starting point.

From "The Double D"

Another Call

About two years later I received a call:

"Hello, Al."

Recognizing the voice, I said, "Hello, Amanda. How are you?"

"Fine. Do you have a minute to talk?"

Wanting some privacy, I closed the door and answered, "Sure."

"I wanted to tell you Wendy's getting married next month. She would like you to be a groomsman."

"I'll be honored. Do I know the groom?"

"No, I don't believe so. She's marrying James Woodward, do you know him?"

"No, does he treat Wendy well?"

"Wendy tells me he'll need more training in the bedroom department. She says he's a little selfish and predictable in bed. But she tells me he's definitely trainable. She comments on how well her sex teacher taught her."

"I think I'm being flattered for something else."

"Well, there's something else, after Wendy's Double D, my sisters and I agreed to change one of the rules for the future Double Ds. It seems that somehow Wendy's Double D diary got read by my sisters."

"What diary?" I asked.

"Well, one of The Double D rules required that Wendy write up a journal of what occurred during her Double D. This journal or diary was only for Wendy to read later, but it seems somehow my sisters got their hands on it."

"Okay, so what happened?"

"They didn't believe the events in the diary until Wendy showed them the jewelry. The inscription on the ring really clinched it."

"Okay, so what rule was changed?"

"Well the Double D had a rule that stated no man could be selected for another Double D."

I paused a few seconds for the rule change to sink in. Then I figured it out.

"So someone else wants me for their Double D?"

"Smart man. Wendy's sister, Sarah, has her 18th birthday coming up. She would like you to be her teacher."

"Okay, again I will be honored for the privilege to be part of Sarah's '*Débutante Depucelate*'."

"Oh something else you need to know. Along with Sarah, my two sisters have two girls celebrating their 18th birthdays this year. Jill turns 18 on August 4, and Penny on December 28. Both cousins would like you to be their teacher as well. But you're not to answer until after Wendy's wedding. All of my sisters and nieces will be at the wedding, and everyone will meet each other. We'll come to an agreement after that."

"So Amanda, I hesitate to ask, does anyone other than Wendy know about what happened between you and me?"

"I did promise you not to, but when my sisters didn't believe Wendy's diary, I told them what happened that day in the van. That might be a factor in the rule change."

"So is Sarah as beautiful as Wendy?"

"Two years ago Sarah was shorter and huskier than most girls her age. But after she read Wendy's Double D diary, she started working on her appearance. After that, by exercising and dressing sharper, she now looks a lot like Wendy. People now keep commenting that she's prettier than Wendy was at that age."

I responded back, "Okay, so when do I meet Sarah?"

"With the upcoming wedding we're a little busy. So let's talk at the wedding and get it arranged."

"Okay see you and Sarah then."

I hung up the phone and locked the door to my office. I unlocked and opened a drawer in the office desk, took out two sets of cum stained panties, and smelled the stains.

Now: "Viagra Bounce"

Measured

About a week later I received an e-mail with the details of Wendy's upcoming wedding and I noticed that I needed to order my tuxedo right away. So right after work, I headed to the store to get measured.

A very cute saleslady greeted me, "Good afternoon sir, my name is Beth, may I be of assistance?"

"Yes, I need to rent a tuxedo."

"Are you part of a wedding?"

"Yes, I'm a groomsman in the Lawson and Woodward's wedding."

"Oh, you're part of Wendy's wedding. Her family and mine have been neighbors for a few years, and I'll be attending. Give me a second to bring up the order and we'll see what you'll need," she commented, as she started typing on the computer terminal. She said "Oh yes, here's the order: which of the groomsman are you?"

"My name is Albert Hilton."

With a startled look she said, "Oh you're THE Al! Ah yes, it seems Wendy wants you decked out all the way. This will take a few minutes. Do you have the time?"

With some confusion I said, "I believe so, but why is this any different from the other rentals?"

"Well she told me to take special care with your fitting. She wanted everything perfect. So I'll need to take more time on this than normal. So do you have the time, or do you need to come back?"

Relieved I said, "Tonight's fine."

"I don't want an interruption during your measurements, so can you go to the fitting room while I temporarily close the store?"

Going to the fitting room, I waited about a minute before Beth came in with everything she needed. She proceeded very slowly and did her measurements. After every measurement she would write down the length before measuring again and then verify the entry. After a few measurements she asked, "Do you mind removing your shirt? It's getting in the way of my measurements." Surprised at her request, I still went ahead and removed it.

While I did, I checked her out.

Beth was of Asian descent with long straight black hair, sparkling brown eyes, and a beautifully sculptured raindrop shaped face. The bright pink lipstick that she wore made her well-defined lips look constantly wet. Her arms showed no signs of flab or muscles and were very delicate. She wore a dark red sleeveless camisole held up with thin spaghetti straps. It appeared that she was small breasted since the camisole didn't show much bust. Her black skirt stopped mid-thigh and rest of her legs matched the delicateness of her arms. Her skin seemed to glow with a bronze color. She did have some shape to her hips, but I've seen better.

Her score, on the 'Al' scale; with a 1 being 'just barely breathing' and a 10 being 'cumming in my pants': a 7. Hell, I'm a tit man, and this saleslady didn't score well in that department.

When I was bare-chested, she resumed her measurements. I now noticed her hands stroking me as she used the tape measure. She would rub her hands on my chest brushing lightly over my now hardening nipples, taking a measurement from armpit to armpit. She then wrote down the measurement and then she verified the measurement by repeating the earlier process and again brushed my hard nipples.

Stepping behind me, Beth wrapped her dainty arms around my chest and I felt her press her chest into my back. She wiggled around as she struggled with the tape measure. For a brief moment I thought I felt her breasts rubbing into my back. I did notice her flat stomach rubbing against my ass.

Beth said, "Wait right here. I need to get a stool," and she quickly left the dressing room.

She returned in a couple of minutes and while standing on the stool, she resumed the measurements. This time I felt her grind her crotch into my ass cheeks while she took a measurement around my chest. When she verified the measurement she rubbed her chest against my back and this time I did feel her breasts rubbing into me. She continued the rubbing and grinding as she measured my neck, forehead, arms, and all.

Her measurement technique had my cock trying to rip a hole through my pants. I was attempting to do some higher level calculus problems in the hope that it would tame my cock, when Beth whispered into my ear, "I see what Wendy told me about you was correct."

"What're you talking about?"

"That your chest and ass are firm," Beth replied as she rubbed my chest and squeezed my ass. When she tweaked my hard nipple, a moan slipped from my dry throat. Then, as she licked the side of my neck, she whispered, "She also told me that you know how to pleasure a woman. I didn't believe her until she showed me her 'Double D' diary. Man that was a hot read." I groaned with pleasure as she grabbed my cock and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Slowly I turned and noticing the lust flooding from Beth's eyes, I said, "That damn diary might as well be published on the Internet, with all the people reading it." Then I kissed her beautiful lips. We continued kissing for several minutes, our tongues dancing in each others mouths. While we continued our passionate kiss, Beth opened my fly and found my cock, she now fondled it and my balls.

Following her lead, I started exploring her body. I cupped her firm ass with one hand and rubbed her breast with the other. She moaned deeply into my mouth as we continued our kiss. Something was wrong during my inventory check, so my hand now slipped under her skirt to caress bare ass cheeks and find nothing to get in my way.

Breaking our kiss I asked, "You don't wear panties to work?"

Beth winked at me and said, "Just like in Wendy's diary, I took them off when I got the stool," and then she resumed our kiss.

Receiving my marching orders from my dick, I quickly found her extremely wet pussy and slipped a finger into that tight tunnel. Gently my finger worked on her passion as it fucked her standing on a stool in the dressing room.

My other hand went under her camisole and followed bare skin to find her breasts. They seemed a bit larger than I first thought. We both moaned together, as we kissed, while I played with her erect nipples, sliding my hand from breast to breast.

Beth took it to the next step when she removed her top. When those beautiful breasts were uncovered, I leaned forward and started kissing them. Whether her moan came from that or the extra finger added to her cunt I didn't care.

For the next couple of minutes I lost myself in those tits. For some unknown reason I was hooked on them. I kissed, licked, and sucked them and I lost my mind in them. She growled with pleasure and got rid of her skirt so that she could wrap her arms around my head forcing more of her breast into my face. I kept up my attack on her breasts and cunt as she growled and grunted with pleasure. When my thumb started to rub her clit, she squeezed my head tighter and yelped, "Oh."

With the fingers embedded in her cunt I started feeling around for her G-spot. Simultaneously I used my free hand to fondle her ass and follow the ass crack to her asshole. When everything seemed ready, I decided to finish my lover off.

Using my teeth, I gently nipped her nipple, while I flicked the very tip with the tip of my tongue. At the same time, my finger carefully slipped into her back door while the fingers of my other hand caressed her G-spot and my thumb rubbed her clit. She shouted, "OOOOHhhhhh mmmmyyyyy GGGGGooodddddd!"

Beth started twitching and quivering as I held onto her the best I could. From her actions, I knew she was starting her orgasm. She grunted, her knees started buckling. I could feel her asshole trying to close around my finger. Her pussy was trying to suck my fingers deeper into her. As her climax peaked, I nipped at her right nipple to reinforce her period of extreme pleasure. After that I softened my attacks and her twitching slowed as she came off the peak of her orgasm.

Just as her breathing was almost back to normal I resumed my attack. Sucking on her nipple, I wiggled a second finger into her asshole. At the same time I started rubbing her clit very hard with my thumb as I forced a third finger into her cunt. This had the desired effect on Beth. Her head curled forward as she started her second orgasm with another, "OOHhh GGGGooodddd."

Again her knees buckled as she twitched. With each wave of passion her whole body tried to curl up. It took a lot of effort keeping her from falling off of her stool but I held on. As her orgasm subsided, I lessened my attack on her sensitive regions. She continued moaning during the final part of her orgasm. Just before I could go for thirds, Beth let go of my head and shoved my hands out of her lower orifices, both making a popping sound at their removal. She stumbled off of the stool and over to a chair, plopping herself down to rest.

After the intense effusion of her multiple orgasms, Beth was covered in a thin veil of perspiration and gasping for air. It was several seconds before she huffed out, "Can you please come here?"

Worried, I scurried over to her. When I got close, she quickly tugged down my pants and freed my still hard cock saying, "It's your turn." She then proceeded to stuff my cock into her mouth.

She did a fair job of swallowing my dick, but I could tell she wasn't very experienced. As she continued performing oral sex, she would lick the head of my cock with her tongue. She would also suck it like a lollipop. She tried different methods and I would moan with pleasure as she did something right.

Slipping my dick out of her mouth, she stroked it as she said, "Cum for me, Al-chan. I want your cum. I want to drink your cum." Then she put it back into her mouth and started sucking again. I was getting close, very very close. And with that I actively started fucking her face, forcing more and more of my cock into her mouth. My hips moving faster and faster.

Grabbing one of Beth's hands, I groaned, "Finger in butt. Stick your finger in my butt." She got the clue and fumbled around my ass trying to find my hole. When she finally found it, she shoved it in. I expected a gentle shove but her lack of experience made it completely different. It was what I needed.

My cock started spurting cum into her mouth. It was my turn to quake and moan in pleasure. I kept on fucking her face and spurting my seed into her oral orifice. She took everything I gave her, and even after spurting my last rope of sperm into her pretty mouth, she still sucked on my cock, trying to get more of my cum out. I was through, and I collapsed to the floor onto my knees, my stick popping out of her mouth.

She just sat there grinning, with some of my cum on her ruby lips, as we stared at each other. At first I looked into her brown eyes, sparkling with joy. Then my gaze shifted downward to her cute breasts. I stared at them

for a moment before I dropped my view to her lap. She was sitting in front of me with her legs parted. This gave me a view of her very black but trimmed bush with the lips of her cunt below. I stared at these pieces of heaven for a second before I leaned forward and started licking her clit.

Surprised, she grabbed my head to force me away, but quickly changed her mind with a groan as the pleasure from my tongue attack became clear. Now she started pushing my face deeper into her crotch. I reached up and grabbed her hips, pulling her ass further forward in the chair. Knowingly, she helped rearrange herself, allowing me more open access to her womanhood.

With that I continued tonguing her sex. First, I licked both sides of her pussy. Then, I tongue fucked her pussy. Next, I licked and sucked her clit. As I was doing this, I kept tweaking Beth's nipples. Sometimes I had to force her legs wider apart allowing me more unimpeded access to her pussy. All this time Beth had her eyes closed while she rocked her head from side to side. She was constantly moaning in pleasure. Her breathing was becoming more and more rapid.

Suddenly she tried to curl up as her stomach muscles contracted. She was now having her third orgasm in less than thirty minutes. She curled and twitched as the climax pulsed through her body. Her thighs slapped against my ears as she kept pushing my head into her snatch trying to get more pleasure from my mouth. I continued tonguing and sucking her clit allowing her pleasure to continue. As her orgasm diminished, the bucking slowed down, and she released her hold on my head with her hands and thighs.

Now grabbing her legs, I forced her knees toward her head. Then I shoved my tongue into her asshole. She started grunting again. I quickly licked up one side of her pussy, sucked on her clit, licked down the other side of her pussy, and then stuck my tongue into her asshole. I kept doing the same thing over and over. Once in a while I would stick my tongue as far into her pussy as I could while shoving my chin into her ass. She started cumming again. I kept going but slowed it down to match her decreased passion. As the orgasm subsided she shoved my head away from her now overly sensitive crotch and said, "That's enough."

Squatting back into my heels, I watched her recover from her multiple orgasms. After a few minutes she opened her eyes and noticed me looking at her. She grinned as said, "Damn, you're as good as Wendy said." She then sat more comfortably in the chair and said, "Well I went from famine to feast." Noticing my puzzled look she continued, "I've never ever had an orgasm. And now you have given me four."

"Madam, I was my extreme pleasure."

She got up and said, "Well let me finish up with the measurements before I get fired."

I stood up and started pulling up my pants when Beth said, "Can you just take them off. I would like to finish with you nude."

I noticed that she was going for her clothes so I said, "Only if you stay naked too."

She stopped and faced me before saying, "Okay, point made. Can we agree, no touching?"

"How are you going to take measurements without touching me?"

"Let's say I touch, you don't. I'm too sore for any more hanky panky, okay?"

Grinning I nodded and said, "Okay."

Beth professionally finished getting my measurements except for the fact that we were both nude and I was now sporting another erection. She even took two measurements of my cock length. For good measure she even got two measurements of my cock width.

When she was done, she said, "I'm finished, now you can get dressed." And she sat back down and watched me get dressed.

As I got clothed, I asked, "So why haven't you had an orgasm until tonight? Don't you have a boyfriend?"

"I guess the boys that fuck me don't care."

"Let's hope it is a lack of knowledge and not that they don't care."

"Well the times I've done it, the boys barely get their cocks in my pussy before they cum. It's very frustrating."

"Well, don't you masturbate to help the frustration?"

"No, I was taught it wasn't a proper thing for a girl to do, but after tonight I might need start."

I was now finished dressing and turning to her, I said, "I think you'll need to unlock the door. Are you going to do that naked?"

After my question had sunk in, she slowly stood up and start gathering her clothes. It was now my turn to watch her bend over to pick up her clothes. I was given a view of her cute ass and a little hint of her cunt lips protruding between her legs.

I watched as she put on her pink panties. Then she slipped on her camisole. And lastly she put on her skirt. Then I followed her to the door as I watched her tight skirt-clad ass rocking back and forth. She's got a very cute ass. My eyes never wandered from that captivating butt until she opened the door. Propping the door open with my foot, I grabbed Beth and gave her a passionate kiss. Using our hands we both rubbed the other's ass while we ground our crotches together. It took a lot of effort on my part to leave her panting in the open door.

June 25, 2005 – Saturday

Wedding Shower

It was a typical summer day in the Midwest; hot, sticky, and oppressive. The sun was starting to dip towards the horizon, as I searched for an address in the upper middle class neighborhood. Susan, a friend of Wendy's, was hosting a wedding shower and she had invited me. At first I had declined, but I received a call from her and then Amanda begging me to attend. It was a surprise party and they both seemed to think that seeing me would provide an additional surprise for the future bride.

I had finally accepted, on the condition, that I could arrive after the surprise. Hiding in a dark room, without having someone to make-out with, wasn't my cup of tea.

Locating the house, I parked nearby and hearing loud noises emanating from the house, I knew it was time to make my entrance. So I rang the doorbell, and shortly was greeted by a pair of beautiful emerald green eyes, surrounded by a halo of golden hair, and then the ruby lips said, "You must be Al."

I mumbled out, "Um, yes. How did you know?"

"I'm Ashley Goodherd, Wendy's friend. I know all her friends but you. Come, let's see if we can sneak up and give her another surprise." She grabbed my hand and started pulling me through the house.

I must be getting old because I hadn't seen anything but her face. She stopped in front of a group and said to a guy, "Jim, where's Wendy?"

He replied, "Kitchen. But who've you got there?"

Pulling me away she answered, "It's her first lover, Al." Everything was a blur until we stopped behind an ass I recognized. It looked as good as it had two years ago and my mind wandered back to that time when my cock was buried deep in it.

Back then, that ass had been attached to a gorgeous woman. She was about five feet nine inches tall, with long blond hair, piercing blue eyes, face and smile of an angel. Wide hips, just right for making babies. Ass, oh so fine, not too large and not too small, and it was very firm. Beautifully sculptured legs. As I remember she had a set of very gorgeous breasts, I believe they're 38C. She was an 8.5 on my scoring system.

As my cock hardened, Ashley tapped the shoulder and the head turned.

Wendy squealed, "Al!" and then I found her tongue in my mouth. She had caught me off guard, but after a slight delay, I returned the hello in the same manner. As we were French kissing, in front of everyone, our hands started scouting familiar territory. One of hers was grabbing my ass, while the other checked out my crotch, and my hand was caressing her butt, but the other was still being held by Ashley.

My training kicked in and a quick check came back with an ass, not as firm as before. The panties were a very sexy Cheekini made out of lace. Bra was an under-wire, front clasp, also made out of lace, with no padding. The bra added a bit of support to the breasts, but not much.

With her firm tits now pressing into my chest, my cock said its hello. The greeting was returned when the fingertips of her soft hand started stroking it. Suddenly our salutation was interrupted by someone clearing their throat and saying, "Pardon me. May I have some of that too?" Then I felt someone lean against my back and place their neck on my shoulder.

Wendy said, "Sure honey," and she never wavered as she caressed my cock while kissing the person behind me. I noticed it was the man Ashley had called Jim.

As they continued their very hot kiss, the puzzle pieces started to fit and I found myself trapped between the future husband and wife. To make it even worst, Wendy now had her hand through my fly and underwear and was getting re-acquainted with my dick while Ashley tightly held my hand.

Wendy shifted kissing partners and we kissed again. I felt Wendy working on the groom's dick as she did mine. For the next few minutes she shifted from one willing mouth to the next, as she stroked our sticks. My passion skyrocketed!

Just seconds from spilling my raging passion, I spoiled the fun by slipping away from everyone. I dashed to the kitchen sink, where I pretended to look out the window while struggling to tuck my stiffy away.

Wendy said, "Sorry Al, I got carried away."

Taking a deep breath, I turned around and said, "It's nice to see you again." My vision cleared some as the fog from my lust was diminishing. It appeared that the whole house had watched our encounter.

Wendy said, "Janet, do me a favor? Take care of Al." A buxom blond stepped through the crowd and dropped to her knees in front of me. Wendy quickly snapped, "Not here, in the bedroom."

As the blond stood up, she said, "Okay", grabbed my hand, and led me to a bedroom.

While Janet pulled me away from the crowd, I did a quick appraisal of her. She appeared to be five feet four inches tall. Blond hair, worn in a bun. Blue eyes. No shape, other than her big rack: 38D. She scored a mid-range of 5. The low score was for her fake tits, she wasn't wearing a bra and they shook like very firm Jello.

Once in the bedroom, she dropped to her knees, and expertly fished out my cock. She didn't waste any time as she placed her mouth delicately at the tip of my dick. At first she didn't even lick it. She just held it there. I heard the door close behind me as Janet's tongue came out to join in the fun. She began licking the tip, going around and around. Slowly, steadily, she began encompassing more and more of it. Finally, she thrust it all the way into her mouth.

Moaning, I grabbed her head but she quickly pulled away, slapped my hands, and said, "Don't touch fucker." I quickly put my hands behind my back as her mouth returned to my dick.

I could tell she was an expert cocksucker from the way her tongue and mouth worked my cock. It wasn't long before that blond began to go deep. She began bobbing her head in and out, taking me to her tonsils and then pulling way back until I was almost all the way out of her mouth.

But then she started to do the strangest thing, she started humming. As she did, I watched her unbutton her fly and start rubbing herself.

I couldn't hold out in the face of her deep throating and humming as I groaned out, "I'm going to cum!" and I did.

Feeling my balls squeeze, the fluids trapped within, got pushed up and out. And Janet drank it all. She continued humming as she started sucking my dick harder. At the same time, her hand gently squeezed my balls, coaxing the fluid trapped within. She never stopped squeezing and sucking until she had drained the very last drop out of my balls. Then I collapsed onto the bed.

I heard her say, "You're yummy!" before she left the bedroom. Janet, was one bimbo who knew how to drain a dude's balls.

It took me a few minutes to recuperate from that excellent blow-job. Once my breathing returned to normal, I put away my cock and left the bedroom.

Ashley startled me when I came out. She was standing by the doorway and took my hand. She then pulled me to the living room.

I took this time to score my companion. She, like Wendy, also scored an 8.5. Her height was about five feet five inches and weighted around 115 lbs. Her hair was strawberry blond and went to about an inch or two below her shoulder blades. Beautiful emerald green eyes. I love green eyed vixens. From the motion under her blouse, Ashley was bra-less, but she didn't need one. She had great boobs, full, firm, perky. 38D. But her best feature was her hourglass shape, 38-22-36 with a firm ass.

She now introduced me to the rest of the guests. Over the next hour she never let go of my hand as I talked my way through the party. When I completed the rounds, I decided it was a good time to leave. So I found the guests of honor, Wendy and Jim, and said, "I've got to go. See you later."

Wendy gave me a hug and whispered in my ear, "Sorry about earlier. But it's as large as I remember." She patted my crotch goodbye.

Just before I could make a clean escape, Susan stopped me and asked, "Can I ask you a favor?"

"Okay."

She glared at Ashley and said, "Privately." Ashley let go of my hand and disappeared. Susan then led me to the bedroom. She asked, "Are you going to the Stag party?"

"No."

"Could you change your plans?"

"Why?"

"I need an impartial judge." She now explained how Jim and Wendy had made a bet on who was going to have the best Bachelor/Bachelorette party. Susan wanted me to attend the Stag party and report back to the ladies. If needed, I might be called on to break a tie. I unsuccessfully tried to decline but soon I was given dates and times for both parties.

I slipped away before I got myself into any more trouble and went home.

June 29, 2005 – Wednesday

Tuxedo Fitting

With Wendy's wedding being almost a week away, I needed to pick up my tuxedo. So after work, I headed to the rental store. When I arrived, Beth was helping another couple with their wedding plans. She glanced and saw it was me. Shouting across the store she said, "Al, I'll be with you in a moment." Then she continued working with the couple.

A couple of minutes later another couple came in and Beth gave her apologies to the first couple. She hurried over to the new couple. They talked for about a minute and then she rushed over to me.

"Damn, it's been dead all day and then, just before you arrive, it gets busy. Let me make a call and see if I can get someone to help." With that, she left to help the first couple. For several minutes Beth rushed between the two sets of customers while she made a few calls and collected some packages.

Just as it seemed she was getting the first couple finished, a man arrived to pick up his tuxedo. The disappointed look on Beth's face told me it was going to be a long night. About a minute later a young woman about Beth's age arrived. When Beth noticed her, she waved her over. She excused herself from the first couple and talked to the young woman for a few seconds. They both approached me and Beth said, "Al, this is my roommate, Tracy. She's going to take you over to her store and check the fit of the tuxedo. After that she'll bring you back here so I can fix any problems." Then she handed us the tuxedo and some packages saying, "Here's the tuxedo, shoes, and other items."

Following Tracy out of the store, we walked further into the mall and as we did I took a closer look at her. She was a brown-eyed brunette of average height, about five feet six inches. Her hair was shoulder length and fairly straight. She was very tanned so her complexion was almost a bronze color. Her breasts seemed of normal size, probably a 36C. She was wearing a frilly white blouse and a pair of tight blue jeans. She had a wicked walk that made her breasts shake and ass quiver. Her walk made others stop and watch her. I gave her a score of: 7.2.

When we came to closed futon store, Tracy bent down to unlock the gate, and her ass bumped into my crotch. Jumping back I said, "Sorry." The only thing she did was giggle and wiggle her butt. In return I just stood and stared at those full cheeks trying to pop the seams of her skin tight jeans. Damn that's a very nice tush.

Once she got the gate open, we entered and she relocked the gate. Then I followed her deeper into the store. At the back wall of the store Tracy turned to me and said, "Can you help rearrange this area? We need make a makeshift dressing room." So for the next few minutes we moved tables, portable mirrors, and futons around until it sort of looked like a big dressing room. We had arranged the mirrors to block anyone's view from the front of the store, it also made the area seem bigger with their reflections..

Satisfied with the setup Tracy said, "Now let's see what we've got." Opening the first package, she took a quick inventory of the items and said. "In this package we have: shirt, shoes, cummerbund, bow-tie, studs, cuff-links, and suspenders." Then she opened the next package and said, "Here we have: socks, thong, watch, bracelet, anklet, necklace, and rings." I stood there in surprise when I heard the items in that package. Tracy then handed me something she found, saying, "Oh, here's a card for you."

On the front was my name and inside it said,

Dearest Lover,

The items in this package are a gift from me. Can you please wear them on my wedding day. They are yours to keep.

With Much Love,

Wendy.

PS: Well at least bring them with you. ;-)

Looking up at Tracy, I said, "They're groomsmen gifts."

She replied, "Okay then shall we get started? Strip" and she sat down in a chair to watch.

Standing in the middle of the makeshift dressing room, I removed my shoes, shirt, and pants. When I started to reach for the tuxedo shirt, Tracy snapped, "Get naked, honey. We need to check the fit of everything. That includes the socks, thong, and jewelry." I then removed my socks, watch, wedding band, and finally my underwear. Then I just stood there, in front of that strange woman, as naked as the day I was born.

Tracy sat there several seconds and stared at me before handing me the thong. I had to step real close to her to get them. Normally I would have turned around and put it on while hiding my main asset, but something made me just stand right in front of her and step into the thong. Then I slowly pulled them up my legs and wiggled my ass to get the strap arranged in my butt-crack. I made a show of stuffing my now hard cock into the thong pouch and then rearranged my balls to be more comfortable.

She now handed me the jewelry, one piece at a time. The watch went on the left wrist, bracelet on the right wrist, ring on the right ring finger, the anklet went on the left ankle. Lastly I put on the necklace. During all of this we both just silently stared at each other. Tracy was licking her lips and I noticed her nipples poking through her blouse. I was shaking my thong covered cock at every opportunity.

Without anymore help from Tracy, I then put on the rest of the tuxedo. When I was done I looked straight into her eyes and said, "Well what do you think? Does it fit okay?"

Not breaking eye contact, Tracy stood up and said, "Let me check."

She then started caressing the tuxedo to see if it fitted my frame correctly. She rubbed the neckline, the arms, the legs, the hands, the chest, the thighs, the stomach. She then rubbed and grabbed the ass. And finally she cupped and squeezed my balls and cock. She whispered into my ear, "It seems fine but let's remove the jacket and check it again."

She helped remove the tuxedo jacket, hanging it up so it wouldn't get wrinkled. Now she checked the fit by repeating the earlier process. Neckline, arms, legs, hands, chest, thighs, stomach, ass, and lastly, cock and balls.

"Now without the vest." She removed and hung up the vest. And then she repeated rub, rub, rub, grab, squeeze. She repeated the 'checking fit' process by removing the tuxedo, storing, and then feeling for proper fit.

The bow-tie came off after the vest. Then the shoes. Next the socks. Then she took off the suspenders, cummerbund, and pants as a group. At this point she spent more time grabbing ass and squeezing balls and cock. Now came off the studs, cuff-links, and shirt. Tracy still rubbed the neckline, arms, legs, hands, chest, thighs, and stomach even though they were no longer covered by the tuxedo. She then removed the jewelry and rubbed me down again.

Wearing only a red thong, I stood there while she continued squeezing my balls and cock. She said, "I need to check the fit of another item." She let go of my cock to retrieve the item from the gift package. She turned around and held up a cock ring, "It looks like a VERY personal gift." Then she reached into my thong and pulled out my cock. Looking at the cock ring and my cock she said, "It looks like the ring might be a tad small, but let's check to be sure." She then tried to feed the head of my dick through the hole of the cock ring.

After a couple of unsuccessful attempts she said, "We need some lubrication." Tracy then dropped to her knees and started licking my cock head. She continued the lubrication by licking the rest of my shaft. Not satisfied, she stuffed my dick into her mouth to get it really lubricated. She bobbed her head back and forth as she used her tongue to coat everything. After she was satisfied my cock was wet enough, she removed it from her mouth. She now had no problem sliding the ring down on my engorged cock and she stood up.

The moment she was steady on her feet I grabbed her and gave her my most passionate kiss. She returned the affection while she fondled my stick. For the next several minutes we explored each other with our mouths, tongues, and hands. My hands rubbed and then grabbed her firm jean covered ass. I then cupped and fondled her blouse covered breasts.

Tracy's hands followed the same path as my hands but she had nothing covering her targets. She grabbed my ass and tweaked my nipples. I groaned into her mouth with my pleasure. I tried to get one of my hands down inside her tight jeans but they were way too tight. I did pull her blouse out of them and my hand found a very sheer bra covered tit. She now moaned into my mouth with her pleasure.

As I was fondling her breasts, I felt Tracy unbutton and then unzip her jeans. My hands immediately found her bare ass cheeks. I rubbed, fondled, and grabbed her ass. I noticed that they weren't as firm as they were in her tight jeans, but I didn't care, I just kept playing with them. One of my hands followed her ass, over her hip, to a cloth covered pubic mound. The other hand found the strap buried between her ass cheeks.

When Tracy removed her blouse, my hands dashed topside, where they quickly unhooked her bra. I don't know what magical movement a woman does to get rid of her bra, but whatever it is, Tracy did it and her bra fell to the floor. Now with a new objective, I broke our kiss, and had a peek at them. Two average sized mounds of mammary glands with an erect nipple on each. Then, using both hands, I simultaneously cupped both before burying my face into her cleavage.

For the next several seconds, I held her boobs as my face rubbed in the valley of her bosoms. For a brief moment I was in heaven but all good things must come to an end. So after my brief titty face fuck, my mouth now loved her breasts. I sucked on one and then on the other. Using my hand, I fondled and teased the nipple of the breast that was lonely. I kept switching hands as I moved my mouth from tit to tit.

Tracy was now constantly moaning and her hands were squeezing my ass. When she accidentally bumped into my stiff manhood, her hands swiftly moved to fondle it and my nuts. The renewed attack on my privates

caused my hands to switch targets and go hunt pussy. Forcing her thong to one side I started caressing her pubic mound and discovered it bare to the touch. My fingertips followed her wet slit as I deeply sucked on one of her tits. Oh God, she's wet! She fondled my balls. God, she's very, very wet. Spreading her pussy lips, I sunk a finger into her dripping slit. She now groaned and squeezed my cock. I grunted into her breasts and sunk a second digit deeply into her.

Tracy passionately whispered, "Let me get a bed ready," and she broke free of our embrace. She quickly removed her shoes and socks then shimmied out of her jeans. She then went over to one of the futons and converted it into a bed before she collected several pillows. After throwing them on the new bed, she arranged everything. Once everything was perfect, she crawled onto the bed and propped herself up using the pillows.

I had carefully watched Tracy as she rushed around getting everything arranged. I hadn't moved or done anything once she had broken our embrace, other than lick the pussy juice off my fingers. I just stood there wearing only the red thong with my dick hanging out over the pouch. My cock was extremely red and hard due to the still attached cock ring. It was also dripping pre-cum onto Tracy's bra.

Now, with her lying on the bed, I looked more closely at her unclothed body. Her breasts shone like headlights compared to the rest of her bronzed body. The lack of a tan on her breasts meant she wasn't sun bathing in the nude. Right in the middle of those bright tits were her dark pink aureoles. Her breasts sagged more than they should for a woman her age.

Tracy had her thighs open, showing me her snatch. Her pussy was still hidden by her thong which matched the sheer flesh-colored bra on the floor in front of me. I thought I could see her puffy pussy lips shimmering through the thong. Grinning, Tracy looked at me and said, "Well are you just going to stand there or what?"

Her comment broke me out of my stupor and I started moving quickly. As rapidly as I could, the thong disappeared, and I retrieved a packet from my pants. Then I scurried over and joined Tracy on the bed.

Crawling beside her, we started kissing again while my fingertips gently caressed her erect nipples. Playing with her passion, my hot woman groaned when my tongue lightly licked her luscious lips, following them around and around, while my fingertip lightly feathered around her pink aureole. After a short period I broke our kiss and started sucking her teats. Using a free hand, my fingertips danced lightly over her firm stomach, coming to a stop at her panty clad womanhood. There, I softly rubbed her pussy lips through her sheer, and very wet covering.

Just then I felt Tracy's hand caress my hanging balls before she grabbed my hard cock and started stroking it. Gently I removed her hand and sat back on my heels. While my cock pointed straight at her, I said, "Please don't. Let's take this slow."

She grinned and said, "Okay." Then she opened her arms for a hug. Swiftly I crawled between her parted thighs and started kissing her lips again. We hugged as we kissed each other and my cock rammed into her panties. It tracked its way up her covered pussy lips and then the shaft rubbed over her clit. Tracy broke our kiss and whispered into my ear, "Oh damn, fuck me. Please fuck me."

"Patience, darling, patience," I moaned back in her ear.

I then kissed my way down her neck, over her shoulder, and paused to suck and lick her nipples. My cock retreated back over her clitoris and the tip slipped down the wet pussy valley of her tiny panty. Continuing my backwards crawl, I kissed down her stomach and across her cloth covered pubic mound stopping right above the nub of her pleasure. Now I teased her, by licking the thin fabric separating my tongue from her nub of

pleasure, and then running my tongue down the same wet pussy valley that my cock had followed a few seconds earlier, lapping up her passionate honey.

Enough teasing, I needed more. Grabbing her thong, I carefully removed it. Tracy helped by raising her butt off of the bed. Once I got the hot woman completely naked, I paused. First I checked out the final article of clothing. The thong was completely soaked with cunt juice and the scent was overwhelming. Now for my final objective: the pussy; it was whiter than her breasts. Her pussy was also shaved but with a bad case of 'five o'clock shadow'. None of these problems stopped me from crawling forward to drink her nectar.

Using my tongue, I lapped up the juices flowing from her pussy. She moaned and groaned as my tongue licked up one side and down the other of her puffy lips. I continued cleaning her very private part by sticking my tongue as far as it would go into her hot cunt and she squealed when my tongue wiggled inside her pussy. Moving on, I then kissed my way up her pussy lips, searching for her button of pure pleasure. I quickly located it, peeking out of its hiding place, wanting to play. So I gave it a gentle kiss before latching my lips around it and getting it a suck. Tracy started cumming the instant my tongue touched her sensitive clit.

Her ass rose off the bed forcing my face deeper into her pussy. Her hands grabbed my head and forced my nose into her pubic bone. As all this was happening I kept licking and sucking her clitoris. She kept cumming and cumming. Soon I felt her relax the grip on my head and then her ass returned to the bed. I slowly stopped my oral attack on her clit. But I only allowed her to recover for about thirty seconds before I resumed my attack on her clit.

Her orgasm returned, her ass popped back off the bed, and her hands shoved my face harder into her crotch. I now tweaked her nipples with my fingers and I felt her uterus contracting deep in her belly. Her strong orgasm continued for several seconds and then she stopped. I sat back on my heels to look over what I had done to Tracy. She was lying there with her eyes closed, her chest heaving while her breasts shook. She slowly opened her eyes, grinned, and raised her arms open in another hug gesture. She said, "Damn it, fuck me."

Grinning back at her, I said, "I'll be my pleasure." Ripping open the package I had retrieved earlier, I started putting on a condom.

Tracy quickly said, "You won't need that, I'm on the pill."

I continued putting it and replied back, "It doesn't matter, I'm using it for other reasons." I then crawled forward and placed the tip of cock at the entrance to her pussy.

Then as I kissed her beautiful and luscious lips, I slowly thrust my hips forward. We both moaned together as my cock slowly penetrated her cunt. We continued kissing as I slowly started pumping my dick in and out of her slit. Each time I would sink deeper into her as my thrusting got a little faster. After a few thrusts, we felt our pubic mounds grind together.

Breaking our kiss, I whispered into Tracy's ear, "Damn, girl you've got one tight pussy."

Giggling she replied, "The better to eat your cock with," and then she wiggled her hips.

With that said, my cock made a slow journey out of her tight pussy. At the last second, my hips reversed direction and my dick slowly drilled its way back into Tracy snug cunt. The woman on the receiving end of my loving, started moaning, providing my ego with some unneeded encouragement. For the next several minutes, we slowly made love as we got more intimately acquainted.

At some point we rolled over so that Tracy could be on top. This allow me to play with her tits and ass. She too, took it slowly at first, rocking her hips forward and backward. Slowly, ever so slowly, she rode my dick. Looking

into each others eyes, we telegraphed our passions, as our loving now got faster. I played with her tits. She played with my balls. We played with each other passion. Her hips got faster and faster.

Soon we rolled back over into the missionary position and I increased my tempo. I started to really pound into her cunt. I could feel the pressure down inside my balls. I grunted, "Honey, I'm close. I'm going to cum. Play with your clit, baby."

I felt her reach between us as she stroked her clitty. She rubbed faster and faster, harder and harder. Then she grunted and I felt her cunt walls squeeze against my dick. I rammed her harder and we both grunted. Her ass was bucking off the bed as I was ramming it back down onto the bed. My orgasm now started. I slammed my cock as deep as I could into her and felt it spray my cum into her. I kept shoving my erupting stick into her as my cum kept coming out of my cock. All of a sudden Tracy started to have another orgasm and her hips thrust upwards forcing me even deeper into her.

I resumed some thrusting after dumping my load to help her through the remainder of her orgasm. Shortly we both collapsed, our bodies spent from our climaxes. As soon as I recovered some, I slipped my spent dick from Tracy and rolled off of her, making sure the condom didn't slip off.

Suddenly we heard a voice say, "Damn, that was hot."

Tracy and I both sat up and tried to find something to cover up with. Then we noticed Beth sitting in a chair across the room. We both relaxed and let out a deep sigh of relief.

Tracy asked, "So how long have you been here?"

"I came in the back door as you were rubbing down Al's tuxedo. It made me so hot that I just watched."

I asked, "Hey, what's with this rubbing thing? Do you two do that to all your dudes?"

Tracy answered, "I read about it and I showed Beth. But when did she do you?"

Beth answered, "The other night when I measured him. It worked as advertised. He was hard as a rock in seconds."

Tracy snickered, "Just like tonight." Then she added, "Well, let's do it again and get him up for a second performance."

"No, I'm too sore right now. I came six times as you two played around. As I said, it was hot."

I replied, "Well if you two are finished with me, I'll get dressed and go home. I've got to be at work tomorrow, early." and I slipped off both the condom and cock ring. Turning to Tracy, I asked, "Where's the restroom, I need to flush this."

Noticing the condom, Tracy asked, "Oh, what other reasons?"

Beth also asked, "Yes, I want to know too, what are they?"

I replied, "What are you two talking about?"

Tracy huffed and said, "You said you had other reasons to use a condom, so what are they?"

"Oh that, okay here they are. One, to prevent pregnancy. And as you stated that one was a dead issue. Two, to prevent diseases. We both don't know the others sexual past, and if I go home and give my wife a disease I'll be dead before I could say 'Fuck.' Three, to prevent a mess. If I hadn't used a condom, there would be a puddle of

sperm right were Tracy is sitting. And four, the condoms I use have a lubricant that delays my orgasm. It allows me to make love to my women longer.”

Gently rubbing her crotch Tracy said, “I really like reason four, but all of them make sense.”

I asked her, “Did you feel any difference when we made love?”

“No, only that the entry seemed smoother.”

Beth said, “Tracy, you just came up with reason five.”

Holding up the condom, I asked, “Bathroom?”

Beth replied, “Here let me take it. The bathroom is out the back door and down the hall. You aren't decent enough to go and I need to freshen up after watching you two. Be back in a sec.” And she left.

After I struggled up, I helped Tracy, then we both struggled to find and put on our clothes. As Tracy picked up her bra she felt the pre-cum and said, “Oh I see what you mean about a mess. Well it will feel weird wearing a wet bra home but it'll have a good memory attached.”

Soon Beth returned and helped us finish cleaning up from my 'fitting'. Shortly everything was back where it belonged and the tuxedo and packages were re-wrapped. Just as we were getting ready to leave Beth turned to me and asked, “Why didn't you make love to me during your measurement?”

“You didn't ask.”

“Oh, I didn't, did I,” Beth said with a sad face.

Then, as I looked into her chocolate colored eyes, I smiled, saying, “And it wouldn't've mattered any way, I didn't have a condom that night either.”

She thought about what had just been said and then looked back at me saying, “But you did tonight, why?”

“Because I hoped you would be here tonight when I picked up my tuxedo.”

“So you planned to fuck me tonight.” Beth said with a happy look.

“Dear, boys fuck. I planned to love you.”

Tracy replied, “Girl, let me tell you, he knows what he's saying. Tonight I was loved, unlike the other times, when I was fucked. But tonight, I was with a real man,” and then she pulled me close for a kiss.

This wasn't your typical 'thank you' peek, this was a deep, toe curling, cock raising, thank you kiss. And before we were finished, Tracy's hand was fondling my crotch, stirring some life back into my loins.

When Tracy finally let me go, I noticed Beth giving us a jealous look. I guess I better watch my step with these two.

I followed the women out of the store and into the mall. As we walked past the tuxedo rental store I asked, “Oh Beth, we need to finish up the paperwork.”

“From what I saw everything fit didn't it?” she responded.

“Yes, but at least I need to pay for the rental.”

“Oh that's already taken care of.”

“I can't have you do that, I can pay.”

Beth stopped and turning to me and said, "Wendy already paid for your rental before you even came in. She paid for no one else, and gave the special gifts, only for you. When she handed me that cock ring to include in with the gifts, I started asking her questions. That's when she let me read the 'Double D' diary. After that, well you know the rest."

Outside of the mall entrance I turned to Tracy and said, "I hope our paths cross again, but you need to find a man and turn him into your husband." I stuck my hand out to shake hands but Tracy ignored the gesture and she gave me a big hug with a goodbye kiss on the lips.

Then, turning to Beth, I said, "Hope to see you at the wedding and if not I'll make sure to return the tuxedo only to you." We then hugged and kissed goodbye. I then left them both standing at the mall entrance and drove home.

July 1, 2005 – Friday

Stag Party

The stag party for Wendy's fiancé, Jim, was a couple of days later. So after work I went to Outback Steakhouse for dinner with the guys. As with any party with a bunch of guys, plenty of beer was served and consumed during dinner. Everyone was enjoying the groom's last party as a free man. The waitress was having difficulties with our group until they swapped our waitress with a waiter. Right after that the best man, Don, moved the party to the Hustler Club.

I followed the party over to the titty bar and I got myself a beer while I watched the action.

Don had gotten our group into an alcove set up for these events. It was right between the dressing room and the stage, so the ladies had to strut by our group before and after their routines. The area also contained a set of bouncers to keep our group under control.

A voice boomed out saying, "Speaking of foxy ladies, the Hustler Club is proud to present our very own foxy lady, the minx lynx, Kat!"

A young Caucasian lady walked by. She was five feet six inches tall with long straight brown hair. Weight around 105 lbs. Had a nice figure with a better than normal rack, dressed in a frilled tube top and red skirt, which seemed strangely ordinary for this establishment. Remarkably, she wore high heels.

Kat stepped into the spotlight around the pole. The music started and she started to dance.

She was so physical that it quickly became obvious she chose these clothes to strip out of mainly so it wouldn't interfere with her athletic acrobatics. She repeatedly humped her hips and ground her crotch into the pole with an unmistakable lust in her eyes.

Occasionally, she would pause her gyrations long enough to lovingly titfuck, lick, and kiss her way up and down the gleaming brass pole, as if it were a floor-to-ceiling dildo substitute for a penis.

Everyone just stared in awe as she humped the pole like she was experiencing the greatest fuck of her life. It appeared that in her mind, the pole WAS a cock, and she was loving it accordingly. It looked like she had to get her naked crotch on it, and fast, or she would die. So she didn't take her clothes off in the traditional stripteasing manner, but more furiously yanked them off so her exposed pussy lips could rub against the cold pole right away. Her impatient passion showed through and made her stripping actually much more arousing than if she'd gone the usual slow route.

All the while, I couldn't take my eyes off of this dancing vixen for a second.

Kat had worn underwear under her T-shirt and shorts to prolong the striptease. She did grind a little while with just her bra and panties on, but her desire to get totally naked was overwhelming. Many professional striptees end around the time the dancer loses the last of her clothes, but as Kat threw her panties over her shoulder, she knew she was just getting warmed up. She started to grind her clit against the pole in sync with the music.

Suddenly, it appeared to me, that Kat had climaxed, hard, against the increasingly wet and slippery pole, and for a minute or so she could do little more than grip the pole tightly and rhythmically slide a few inches up and down it.

Then she removed her hair band. It was as if the sensuality of her entire body multiplied as her liberated hair floated and flowed around her like a dark and sensuous cloud, caressing her face and shoulders as she moved, both revealing and concealing her as she danced.

It occurred to me, it's so right that this beautiful woman was nicknamed Kat because she moved with a feline and subtle grace. Yet, it's like she's the wildest of wild animals, too! She seems so hungry; sexually hungry! It's almost like she's in heat or something. That's it, she's in heat!

Kat finally kicked her high heels off. She'd been mostly standing in place while the rest of her body moved in every direction, but with her feet bare she began to get even more physical and outrageous. Soon she was flying and spinning around the pole in a celebration of her raw and unbridled sexuality.

My attention now shifted from the stage to Jim. He sat at a table pushed up against the stage and had a lady pressing her tits into his neck as she rubbed his chest. Both seemed to be watching the action on the stage. But under the table was another lady and she had Jim's cock buried in her mouth.

It shocked me that it was so blatantly obvious but I was shocked more that I hadn't noticed it earlier.

As Kat finished her act and walked past me naked, I watched Jim dump his load.

His eyes closed and his hips bucked as the lady drank everything he gave her. When it was over she tucked his cock away and slipped out from under the table. Don then paid her and she hurried off.

I figured this was a good time to disappear as well.

July 2, 2005 – Saturday

Bachelorette Party Delayed

The Bachelortte Party was scheduled for Saturday night and I was trying to coming up with a good excuse to give my wife so I could disappear. All the normal ones were getting old and I needed something new. Well my worrying came to an end when around noon I got a text to check e-mails. When I did, I found one postponing the Bachelorette party because the bride-to-be was sick. The new date was set for Thursday July 7. My problem was solved and I spent the night in bed making love with my woman.

July 6, 2005 – Wednesday

Dinner With the Wife

To help clear my calendar, I arranged with my wife, that she and the children would visit her friend in Nashville, Tennessee, for about ten days. The excuse I used was that I had a big project at work that needed to be finished by July 9th and due to the stress of the project it might be best that no one be around me during that week. I told her after the project was complete, and if no problems presented themselves, I would catch up

and visit her friend for a couple of days. I also suggested that we go out to dinner and dancing the night before she left and asked her to find a babysitter.

Let me describe my wife. Her name is Angela, I call her Angie. She's two years younger than me and we've been married 10 years. We have three children. A girl nine years, a boy seven, and the youngest a girl of six. After the last child was born, Angie didn't like all the weight she had gained. So she started running to help lose it and got hooked. Well I definitely like the way she looks now at 110 pounds. She's five foot four inches tall, of Irish-American decent. Dirty blond hair color, somewhere between blond and brown. She's a 34B breast size, 28 inch waist, and 36 inch hips. And she has the greenest set of eyes I've ever seen. And I'm not scoring her.

The day of our dinner it seemed everything at work was going crazy. I called my wife around noon and when she answered I said, "Dear, I'm going to be leaving an hour late. Dinner is still on, but we'll need to leave as soon as I get there."

"I understand. By the way, the babysitter canceled, but I found another one, her name is Sarah Lawson and she should be here by the time you get here."

As I hung up, a little alarm bell started ringing in my head.

As expected, I got home an hour late and rushed in to change clothes. But as I was rushing past my wife, I stopped dead in my tracks. The little alarm bell had now turned into a red alert klaxon blaring away in my head. There, in the living room, with my wife, was Wendy's kid sister, Sarah. And they were talking about a wedding!

Needing to do something quick, I turned to Angie saying, "Dear, we need to get going, but I've got a present for you in the bedroom."

Angie turned to Sarah and said, "The children are out back playing on the swing set, we'll be back shortly." She then followed me to the bedroom, where I made sure to close and lock the door before handing her a package and saying, "This is for this evening."

Angie squealed with delight and quickly opened the gift. Inside she found a matching set of sheer green underwear. I had selected this color to try to match her eyes. The set included a shelf bra, garter, and G-string panty. Also in the box was a pair of charcoal colored stockings. She looked everything over and then held up the bra in front of her breasts saying, "Someone's trying to get lucky tonight."

"I'm hoping to make it a night to remember, for both of us," and I gave her a kiss. Before I got too worked up, I broke off the kiss and said, "I called the restaurant and delayed dinner by a half hour." I then retrieved a dress from the closet and laid it on the bed. "So hurry up and change into the underwear and that dress. I'll go out and keep the babysitter company."

"Don't you want to help?" she giggled as she started to remove her dress.

"No, I want to be surprised later as I unwrap MY gift." and I gave her a peck on the lips while rubbing her panty clad pussy. Then I quickly left, leaving her wanting more.

I found Sarah out back playing with the children. As I walked towards her, I was able to get a closer look at the young virgin girl. The same virgin girl that wanted ME to make her a woman. Forcing those thoughts aside I inventoried my prey.

Sarah was wearing pink tank top and a pair of blue denim shorts. The shorts could have been shorter and tighter. Her height was about five feet eight inches tall and she weighted around 110 lbs. Her long brown hair ended about halfway down her back and she had chocolate brown eyes. Breasts were 34C, on a 26 inch waist,

attached to a 34 inch hip. Nice ass and beautifully sculptured legs. She was almost a perfect replica of Wendy except for her brown eyes and brown hair. I gave her a score of 7.8, Wendy's boobs were a tad bigger and I like blonds better, they have more fun.

When she saw me approaching she told the children, "I need to talk to daddy, so go play."

When the children were far enough away not to hear, I told Sarah, "I hope you're aware that my wife doesn't know about me attending the wedding this weekend."

"Oh yes I knew, I was being very careful. We only talked about it once she started asking questions."

"I wonder how she knows about it?"

"She told me her friend Dorothy asked her about it. Dorothy knew that Wendy had watched the children a couple times and thought your wife might know more about the upcoming wedding."

Relieved I replied, "Thank you, for your understanding."

"By the way, have you done any planning for my 'Double D'?" she asked me with a shy grin on her face.

Taking a quick glance around, I made sure no one could still hear our conversation. "I've thought about it, but I'm hoping to talk to you more this weekend. I would like to know more about you so I can plan the perfect event." The children interrupted our conversation as they asked us to swing them on the swing set. So Sarah and I spent the next few minutes swinging and playing with them.

Shortly Angie shouted out the back door telling me that she was ready, so Sarah, the children, and I headed inside. There, waiting for us was Angie, wearing the dress I had selected. It was a black and white outfit. The top was white with short sleeves and it had gold buttons. My wife had left a couple unbuttoned to display a bit of cleavage. The bottom was black and stopped about two inches above her knees. She was wearing purple eye shadow and black eyeliner and mascara. She was wearing a beautiful pink lipstick. The color selection of her makeup made those gorgeous green eyes seem more green and more noticeable.

She had selected a different pair of stockings. Instead of the charcoal colored pair, she had selected a nude color set, and she wore a pair of black dress shoes with high heels. The combination of stockings and high heels showed off her well defined runners legs and calves. When I saw her, all I could say was, "Wow."

Angie giggled and said, "Sarah, I think my husband's tongue-tied."

Sarah said, "I do think you've made an impression on him and you'd better get going before you don't go."

With that, Sarah led Angie and me to the front door. Standing in the doorway Angie gave Sarah last minute instructions for the children. I finally got Angie into the car and we left for dinner.

We arrived at the restaurant and as I had requested, we were seated at a table in a remote location. After a tough day at work and getting the crap scared out of me with Sarah's presence, I ordered a bottle of wine to calm my nerves. Hell, I really got it to loosen up my wife!

Once the waiter had poured the wine, we ordered our meal and as we sipped on the adequate Merlot, we talked about the children, her upcoming visit with her friend, and other items. Our conversation was interrupted when the waiter brought the soups.

After he left I asked, "Honey, can you unbutton your dress a little more?" She looked at me and then her dress and then shrugged her shoulders as she undid the next button. I could now see a little more of the tops of her breasts along with more cleavage. We continued talking as we ate our soups.

When the waiter brought the salads, I refilled Angie's wine glass and asked, "Can you unbutton your dress some more?" Now she glared at me. So I started begging, "Please, I want to see more of your breasts. There's no one around. Please, pretty please."

"Oh you can be so childish, here's another one," and she unbuttoned another. Now I could see the fringe of her bra as more of her breasts came in view. She was a little uncomfortable with her dress that open but after a few minutes of talking and eating our salads she seemed to forget about it. As for me; I noticed and I kept staring and those lovely mounds.

Just before we finished our salads I gave Angie a roll and held her hand as she took it. Looking into her eyes I asked, "Just one more button please, just undo one more button." She looked down at her open dress and looked back into my eyes and shook her head no. I continued, "Dear, we'll be separated for a whole week and no one will see," She shook her head no again. I reached under the table and caressed her stocking covered inner thigh and said, "Please?" Mesmerized, she undid another button but pulled her dress together to hide her breasts. We resumed our conversation and meal.

When the waiter brought the main course, he seems to take his sweet time leaving. That's when I noticed that Angie's dress had opened up, exposing a good portion of her tits. As I had hoped, the plunge of the dress stopped a couple inches above her navel, giving me and the waiter a great visual. There, hiding between her cleavage, was the green bra with a thin shelf of colored fabric supporting her breasts.

Suddenly Angie took a deep breath and I watched her chest uncover a hint of nipple just before it dashed back under the dress. Damn, this is working out much better than I hoped.

After that, it took a few moments to regain my composure but soon I said, "Dear, I've another gift for you." And I showed her a small box.

"Oh you shouldn't have," and she held her hand out for the gift.

"I'll give it to you but I first need to see one of your nipples," I grinned at her.

Frustrated, she sat back in her seat and for a few seconds she thought about it as I rattled the box. Curiosity must have overpowered her virtue, because she slowly leaned forward and using two fingers she gently peeled open her dress to carefully expose her right breast. For the next few seconds my moral eyes feasted on a view meant only for the Gods as I stared at that pillowy mound of flesh supported by that flimsy green undergarment. I took stock that her nipple was very erect and hard.

My euphoria was cut short when she tucked her tit back in her dress. With her part of the deal concluded, I handed her the box and watched as she opened it. Inside she found an earring with a green emerald attached. The gift generated the response I hoped for as she bounced in her chair allowing her boobs to shake in front of me. Then she stopped and looked at me and asked, "Where's the other one?"

I then showed her the other box and shook it saying, "You get this one if you show me the other nipple and let me touch it."

Again she pondered the situation before she leaned forward and moved the dress to expose her other breast. While staring at her breast, I slowly and carefully reached forward to cup the bottom of it. After that I gave it a soft squeeze and tweaked the very hard nipple. Quietly moaning, she allowed me to fondle her breast for about thirty seconds before she covered up and leaned back. I then gave her the other box with the earring inside. She quickly looked inside and then said, "I'm going to the restroom to try them on, I'll be right back," and she quickly left.

I continued eating my meal and shortly Angie came back wearing her new earrings. During her departure, she had fastened a couple of buttons. She sat down and said, "They're very lovely. They match my eyes."

"They look very good on you. But I like everything you wear. Well for that matter I like you not wearing anything." I said grinning. Slipping out of my seat, I gave her a big kiss and as we did, I managed to undo one button on her dress. She tried to re-button it but I swatted her hand. After the kiss I sat back down and we continued our meal.

The waiter came back and cleared off the meal and asked if we wanted dessert. I ordered a slice of cheesecake and two forks. I also ordered two cups of coffee. Soon the waiter returned with the coffee and cheesecake. As we were eating the cake, I put another box on the table. Angie looked at the box and then at me and asked, "What do you want for that one?"

Grinning, I answered, "To see and finger your pussy."

Slowly she got out of her chair and stood beside me. Then, as she lustfully looked into my eyes, she carefully raised the front of her dress, uncovering her womanhood. With my prize exposed, my eyes shifted away from her hungry stare to look at the thin green veil covering her pubic mound which beckoned to be touched. Not wishing to deny destiny, my fingertips gently caressed the mound of Venus before gliding along the valley of her slit. Or should I say, wet slit, because the amount of passion in that valley shocked me. Then not wishing to cause any more of a scene, I quickly moved the G-string to one side and shoved my middle finger up into her cunt.

It was very very wet, as my finger easily slipped deep inside her tunnel and started searching for her internal bump. When I found it, I looked into her eyes and started rubbing it. From her reaction, I knew my attack was unexpected, but she stood there several seconds basking with pleasure of being finger-fucked in public.

Something must have spooked her, because suddenly everything came to a crashing end, when she let go of the dress and hopped back, causing my finger to pop out of her wet snatch. Angie grabbed the gift from the table as I sucked on my passion coated finger. We were both very happy with our gifts.

In the box Angie found a necklace that matched her earrings. Rising up, I fastened it around her pretty neck and then gave her a kiss. We held hands under the table and talked as we finished our dessert and coffee. After I had paid the waiter I asked, "Are you ready for some dancing?"

"Yes, let's go."

We went to a dance club that I had heard about and we danced a few dances before leading her over to a hidden spot. Backing her into the corner, we started making out. Our tongues danced, my crotches ground. It wasn't long before I was caressing her breasts but I discovered her blouse was in the way. It only delayed me a few seconds before I got it unbuttoned and my hands were playing with bare tit flesh. When my fingers started playing with Angie's nipple, she moaned and then whispered into my ear, "Let's dance some more. If we keep this up they'll throw us both out for fucking in public."

"Just a second, I need to do something." I replied and continued kissing her. I kept playing with her nipple with one hand and with the other hand I attached a nipple clamp to it.

She squeaked in pain and said, "Ow, that hurts! What is it?"

I grabbed her wrists and said, "It's a nipple clamp. I want to see how well you dance wearing them."

Her eyes got big, "Them, you mean..." and before she could finish I quickly attached one to her other nipple and re-grabbed her wrists. I then kissed her again as I ground my hard cock into her crotch. We kissed for a few minutes until she stopped fighting me and her hands started rubbing my ass.

"I guess I can leave them on while we dance. You seem to really enjoy the thought of them on my nips."

I then led her back onto the dance floor. We danced through several more songs, some fast and some slow. On the fast ones, Angie seemed to grimace in pain if she bounced her tits. On the slow ones, she kept moaning in my ear as I rubbed my chest against hers. After the end of a song I again led her back to the hidden spot and I backed her into it again. I kissed her but she quickly broke our embrace and asked in my ear, "Okay what does my evil husband have on his dirty mind?" At that, I raised the front of her dress, moved the G-string to one side, found her clitoris, and attached a clamp to it.

I had to drop everything to catch her wrists when she tried to remove the clamp from her clit. We struggled for a few seconds until she calmed down from the shock.

Groaning she said, "Damn it, that hurts. Please take it off."

"Let me adjust it some and then do one dance. If after that you want it off, I'll take it off." In displeasure she nodded her head okay.

Raising her dress again, I adjusted the clamp, and then tucked it into the G-string. Before letting go of the dress, I checked to be sure that the clamp was still attached to her clit and lying along the valley formed by her pussy lips. Then I led her back to the dance floor. We danced through that song and the DJ went right into a slow song.

I cuddled with Angie as we continued the slow dance. I softly asked her, "Do you want me to remove the clamp?"

As she felt my hard cock she said, "I guess I'm okay for now. It seems you're enjoying them on me." She then gave me a kiss while she fondled my cock. "By the way what type of underwear are you wearing?" she asked, as she tried to feel what underwear I was wearing.

"It's a pouch thong."

"Is it new?"

"Yes, bought it for tonight."

"Oh, I look forward to seeing it shortly," she replied, and she gave my cock a squeeze. "Dear, can we leave after this song?"

"Okay" I replied and we danced, cuddled together, through the rest of the song.

We left the dance club right after and slowly walked arm-in-arm to our car. When we arrived, I said, "Wait a second, I need something from the trunk." Quickly I grabbed a bag and put it in the backseat. After retrieving a few items, I approached Angie. We kissed and then I attached two wrists-cuffs to her. She gave me a puzzled look but didn't stop me. Now I clipped them together in back of her and guided her towards the front seat.

Just before helping her into the car, I said, "Oops, almost forgot." Dropping to a knee, I reached up under the dress, grabbed her G-string, and pulled it down, letting it fall to the ground. Then I helped her into the car making sure to pull the back of her dress up so that she sat on the seat with her bare butt. I now buckled her seat belt as I kissed her.

We drove away, but not before collecting Angie's wet G-string. As I carefully maneuvered through traffic, I reached over and pulled her dress up uncovering her pussy. She asked, "What are you doing?"

I gently pulled on the clamp attached to her clit and said, "I going to McDonald's to get a drink."

She groaned with both pleasure and pain, "What?"

"I going through the drive thru for a drink. Do you want one?" I replied as I tugged on the clamp again.

"You can't go through there with me like this!"

"Oh yes; I see what you mean," and I reached over and unbuttoned two more buttons on her blouse. Then I opened it up to expose her nipple-clamped breasts and flicked both clamps and said, "There: that's better! Thank you for telling me of my mistake."

Before she could say something I pulled up to the intercom and ordered, "I want a medium coke. Dear, do what anything?"

Glaring at me she said, "No thanks, I'm a bit tied-up."

The male voice over the intercom said, "That will be a \$1.57. Next window please."

As we headed for the next window, Angie started shouting, "No, Al no. I don't want anyone to see me this way. Please no, please no."

Grinning, I stopped the car, fondled her breasts and then covered her up with a blanket from the back seat. I said, "I wouldn't wiggle too much if I were you. The blanket might fall and you might cause a boy to cum in his pants."

Pulling up to the window, I paid and then received my drink. Angie was looking out her window so that she wouldn't make eye contact with the young man. I said, "Here dear, take a drink."

"I don't want anything to drink."

"You look a bit warm, so take a drink, or I'll remove your blanket."

Hearing her choices she turned her head towards both me and the young man and took a sip from the drink. I could tell she was deeply embarrassed by her red face. As I took a sip I drove off towards our next stop.

After we left McDonald's, I removed the blanket covering Angie. I now continued playing with the clamps as I drove the car. Angie was almost constantly moaning. Arriving at our next destination I said, "We're here. Is my wife nice and horny yet?"

"Oh God, yes," came the response.

"Well wait right here and let me get things ready," I said as I grabbed the bag from the back seat and went over to some trees. Spotting the tree I had selected earlier, I got two ropes ready. The first I laid on the ground. The second rope I tied about eight feet off the ground.

Returning to the car, I opened the front passenger door and stared at my wife. It was a sight to behold. Her dress no longer covered anything of importance with her rack and slit prominently displayed. Her bosoms looked huge with the bra shoving them up and the chest thrust out caused by the arms trapped behind her. I could hardly move, staring at that hot woman waiting on my next move.

Coming back to reality, I knelt down and attached cuffs to her ankles. I spent a few seconds rubbing her stocking-clad legs and thighs. Moving on, I played with a garter strap before my fingers slowly traced it up to

the belt. Then my fingertips danced along the belt to her pubic mound where they slipped down until they gently twisted and tugged on the clamp attached to her clit evoking a groan from my woman.

Forcing my lips into hers, we kissed as I unbuckled her seat belt. Needing to slow it down, we continued kissing while I cupped and fondled her breasts. She moaned into my mouth. I twisted and tugged on the clamps attached to her nipples. Then I did the same to her clamped clit. She now groaned as we kissed.

Breaking free of our kiss I quickly fastened one button of her blouse just above her rack, covering her nipples, but still giving me a good view of her cleavage through the unbuttoned hole. Then I helped her out of the car and closed the door.

While fondling her firm ass, I slowly guided her over to the tree where we started kissing. As we did, I carefully got her into position and backed her into the tree. Our tongues continued dancing as I unclasped her wrist cuffs and quickly attached them to the rope above her head. It was only then, that our lips parted, so I could complete my mission. Moving swiftly I attached the ankle cuffs to the rope on the ground, forcing her legs apart and the dress up her legs. I noticed the dress stopping just short of showing off the clitoris clamp.

We resumed our kissing with her tied to that tree. As we kissed I stroked, rubbed, and fondled everything on my wife. During the different caresses I unbuttoned all the dress buttons and exposed as much of her as I could. Noting that I needed more of her exposed, I started tugging her dress up but the tree bark was fighting my attempts to unclothe her. I muttered, "Damn it. Can you help?"

Snickering she said, "I would, but I'm tied up." and she shook her arms for effect.

Unclipping her wrists from the tree, together, we removed her dress, before I re-clipped her wrists back to the rope over her head. We then continued our passionate kiss while I now had complete freedom to caress her restrained body. My fingertips lightly danced over that naked woman until I rammed two fingers into her pussy and felt her moan as we kissed. As my fingers slowly fucked that hot tunnel of sex, my wrist accidentally bumped the clamp between her legs and her moan turned into a grunt.

I was just too horny to continue, so I stood back to look over my handy work. Angie was now tied spread eagled to the tree and quivering with pleasure. Her new earrings and necklace sparkled in the moonlight. Her ankles wobbled while she stood on the grass in her high heels. The green garter held up her nude stockings and framed her pussy with the clit clamp swinging between her thighs. Her breasts were held up by the green shelf bra making them seem a cup size larger than normal. As they shook with her continuous rocking back and forth against the tree, the nipple clamps swung back and forth.

Our eyes met and even in the darkness I could see the lust in her eyes. I removed a vibrator from my pocket and stepped forward. Turning on the vibrator I licked and whispered in her ear, "Now to finish you off." Carefully I forced the vibrator into her cunt. The vibrator I was using was a G-spot type. It's made to rub her G-spot and had a shelf for the clit. I knew that her clit would rest on top and the vibrator would shake the attached clamp. She came the instant the vibrator was fully inserted into her cunt.

You can rank the intensity of my honey's orgasms by the noise she elicits. The stronger her cums the quieter she is. This climax must've ranked near the top because all I could hear from Angie were the gasps of air she was taking through her open mouth. But her body makes up for the lack of noise. If it wasn't for her being tied to that tree she would have shaken me away. Her hips rocked back and forth causing the vibrator stuffed into her to rock back and forth. It would touch her G-spot and her hips would change course only to force the vibrator to touch her clit and then her hips would switch course again only to repeat the process again.

Just as she her orgasm started, I cautiously removed the clip attached to her clitoris. This caused an unexpected reaction when her whole body went crazy and started shaking all over. I had hoped to watch my woman enjoy her pleasure but her bucking changed that and I quickly pressed my body against hers as she continued cumming. I was worried her thrashing around would cause injury to her soft skin from the coarse bark. Shortly her orgasm started to lessen and her breathing softened with the waves of rolling pleasure. I slowed my attack on her cunt with the vibrator. And as her orgasm disappeared I turned off and removed the vibrator from her pussy with a slight slurping sound.

It had been one hot scene, and I was genuinely attempted to mount her, while she was still tied to that tree. I even had my cock out and was moving into position but the lust cleared enough for me to regain control of my stick. Not wanting to spoil the rest of the evening, I took a deep breath, shoved it back in my trousers, and zipped up.

With my need now under control and not wanting to spoil her afterglow, I silently unclasped her from the tree. While I struggled to hold her limp body against me, I re-clipped her wrists together behind her back. Then I paused to fondle her butt while her breasts pressed into my chest before I placed a flannel jacket over her shoulders and zipped it up to her neck. This jacket hid all of her assets, stopping right under her ass cheeks and slit. I now helped her over to the car and buckled her into her seat. Quickly I retrieved all of my items around the tree and then drove to our next destination.

During the short drive I kept my hands off of my love, not that I didn't want to touch, but we both needed a little break. It even looked like she took a short nap.

We arrived at my place of employment and I did a quick scan to see that the building was empty before I parked. Grabbing my bag of toys, I helped my wife out of the car. Noticing her ass beaming in the moonlight and her wet slit winking at me, I swiftly pulled the jacket down to hide them. I didn't need the cameras inside to record her privates. Then I noticed the cuffs on her ankles and I quickly removed them. Again I didn't need questions from the security people looking over the videos. The restrained hands were behind her back and covered up by the jacket.

I helped her into the building, opening the doors with my access card. She seemed to be in a stupor from her earlier orgasm. Now I guided her to my boss's office and had her sit. Getting out a set of door restraints, I placed them in position before I closed and locked the door. Turning my attention back to my wife, I reattached the ankle cuffs to her ankles. She had been watching and asked, "What are you doing?" without answering I helped her over to the door, positioning her back against it. Then I clipped the ankle cuffs to the door restraints.

As I slowly unzipped her jacket, I answered, "Getting ready for round two," and the jacket parted, exposing her to my prying eyes. At this point I took a short break to cup and fondle her tits. But after several heavenly seconds I returned to the task at hand. After removing the jacket from her shoulders, I reached behind her, and unclasped the wrist cuffs before reattaching them to the door restraints over her head. Then I retrieved a Pocket Rocket vibrator from my bag of tricks and put it in my pocket for later. It was now time for the next round, and I attacked her while she was hanging on my boss's office door.

I kissed her mouth. I kissed her neck. I licked and kissed her breasts, bumping the clamps on her nipples. I rubbed and fondled her body as I kept kissing her. I rubbed her breasts. I flicked the clamps. I stuck my tongue into her bellybutton. I caressed her armpits, her neck, her earlobes. I just stayed away from her crotch for the moment.

She was moaning and groaning due to my torturous kissing and stroking. She kept thrusting her hips forward trying to get some pressure on her womanhood. When I thought it was time, I fished out the Pocket Rocket, and turned it on. While applied it to her clit, I looked into her now very surprised eyes and said, "Cum for me." And she came.

She started bucking that door and vibrator, shaking all over. Her eyes were now closed in her passionate throes. A few seconds into her orgasm I removed the clamp from her left nipple. Her eyes suddenly opened in pain as the blood returned to her nipple. Her eyes then closed tightly as she attained another level in her orgasm.

She squirmed and bounced around on that door, shaking her bounds, trying to shake free. Only after her climax was done did I stop using the vibrator on her sensitive clit. She was just hanging there in her post-orgasmic state.

Carefully I unhooked her from the door and guided her back down to the chair before clipping her hands behind her and covered her with the jacket. While she rested, I collected the toys.

After about five minutes I gathered both my bag and wife and headed deeper into the building. About half-way to my final destination we came to a long dark hallway. When we came to the darkest part, I made my next move. Dropping the bag, I shoved Angie against the wall, fell to my knees, and then buried my face in her crotch. As I was licking and tongue-fucking her pussy I maneuvered her feet to gain better access to her privates.

As soon as my tongue touched her clit, she started bucking and shaking with another orgasm. Originally I planned to fondle her breasts but I had to hold onto her hips to prevent an accident. I did manage to reach under the jacket and remove the clamp from her nipple. She bucked more, as her orgasm and pain increased. I continued my oral ministrations, while her strong orgasm continued. I weakened my attack as her orgasm subsided. Just as she finished I stood up to continue on to my final objective.

I had to almost carry her the rest of the way. At the door to the computer room, it took a bit of juggling to hold everything, including my wife, as I entered a code and swiped my card to gain access. But once the door opened my goal was within reach.

My lust for pussy overcame any chivalry I had left. As the door slammed shut, the bag of toys dropped to the floor along with the jacket covering my wife. For a brief second I gazed at my bitch. Yes, my wife was now a bitch. My need for her cunt had transformed any compassion I had for that cunt's soul, even if it was the love of my life. Never in my wildest dreams, could I have imagined, envisioning any woman's sole purpose for breathing, was to be a receptacle for my cock. But as my eyes feasted on those cunt lips, bright pink and engorged with the blood of passion, oozing hot juices, I knew it was time to screw the bitch.

Quickly, I manhandled her over to a rack of computers that were the right height. I needed some relief, so as I freed my dick, I forced the bitch to lean over. It wasn't too gentlemanly when I shoved her chest onto the top of a blade server causing her to howl when her sensitive nipples touched the cold top. Her temporary discomfort hadn't sated my need to bitch her, so using my feet, I shoved her legs apart while my cock searched for a wet slit.

Suddenly my dick found its mark and with one choreographed motion my hips bucked forward as my hands pulled back using the bound arms for leverage. This produced the desired effect, as my manhood rammed into the bitch's tight cunt. I didn't stop forcing my cock into her even as she howled until I felt my pubic mound slap into her ass cheeks. Oh God it felt good to have my cock finally buried deep into a pussy! Normally I would

build up to a fast tempo but tonight as soon as I hit bottom my hips reversed and I shifted into high gear. I came in less than a minute due to my heightened state of arousal.

I just kept pumping my cum deep into my wife as she moaned lying across that blade server. After my bang-up orgasm I could barely move, so I laid on her back crushing her bound hands between our bodies. After a several seconds she squirmed under me so I got up to relieve the pressure. My wilting cock now slipped out and dripped cum on the computer room tiles as I got out the last toy for the evening.

Carefully I wiggled a Jack Rabbit vibrator into Angie's cunt and turned it on. This was the same vibrator Wendy Lawson used in the van to Branson. Within seconds, my wife started her fourth orgasm of the evening as I fucked her with the vibrator. I moved it in-and-out through her orgasm. As her orgasm lessened, I slowed down the vibrator along with the in-and-out movement. At the end of her orgasm the vibrator was fully off but it was fully stuffed into her cunt.

After about thirty seconds of calm, I turned the vibrator back to full power and swirled the vibrator in her pussy. Right away my wife started a gentle bucking as the climatic waves coursed through her body. From her reaction, this was a tiny climax compared to her other ones. For the next one I needed to step it up a notch.

I only gave my woman a few seconds to recover before I turned the Jack Rabbit back to full and swirled it around her twat. At the same time I stuck first one finger and then another into her asshole. Her whole body shook as she came again. I felt her asshole try to squeeze my fingers out. Her chest bounced up and down on top of that computer. Her mouth was open in a silent scream. Then she suddenly stopped. Worried I let go of the vibrator and removed my fingers from her ass. As I rushed around the rack to see if something was wrong I heard the vibrator plop out of her pussy and hit the floor.

I calmed down once I saw that she had passed out from that last orgasm. For the next few minutes I straighten up from my sexual adventure. First I gently stuffed my cock back into the pouch thong and zipped up. Next I retrieved and turned off the vibrator storing it back into the bag. Then I unclipped Angie's hands, removed the cuffs, and gently arranged her arms to rest by her side on the top of server. Finally, I sat in a chair to wait for my wife to awaken.

After about five minutes she stirred and said, "I'm cold, can we go?"

"Yes, let me help you." When I tried, I found her wasted, barely able to move. My first attempt to get her upright, ended in her screaming when my hand grabbed her boob. After that I kept clear of her tender nipples and got her standing before struggling to get her arms into the jacket. Then I carefully zipped up the jacket being cautious of her tender teats. Leaning her against the wall, I made sure everything was in order before helping her to the car, grabbing my bag as we left.

As I was getting her into the car the jacket slipped up over her hips as she sat down into the seat. I didn't want to disturb her so I ignored it. But as I drove home I now wished I had because I kept glancing down at her slimy pussy that was now winking at me. As for Angie caring; she slept in the front seat all the way home.

We arrived home about eleven o'clock and I helped Angie into the house. Sarah met us at the door saying, "Home so early? I didn't expect you for another hour or so."

"We shutdown the town early," I answered. Just then I saw a look of shock on Sarah face and I noticed that she was staring at my wife's chest. Peeking over Angie's shoulder, I saw that somehow the jacket had opened and Sarah was now staring at my wife's breasts. She just stood there, with her mouth agape as she stared at my wife's full rack, made much fuller with the support of the green shelf bra. Then I noticed my woman's nipples,

they were very red and poked at Sarah as the young woman now licked her sexy lips. Not wishing to make a bigger scene, I tried closing the jacket but nearly dropped Angie. During this juggling act Sarah's eyes dropped to Angie's pussy and her eyes got even bigger.

Still struggling, I said, "I'll be right back. I need to get Angie to bed," and I quickly maneuvered my woman around Sarah. My wife could barely walk, so I carried her to our bedroom, where I gently set her on our bed and started undressing her. As I was fumbling with what little clothes she had on, I noticed, in the mirror, that Sarah was watching what I was doing. After finishing undressing my lover, I got her under the covers, before finding Sarah.

I found her in the living room watching television. I asked, "Did the children behave for you?"

"They were great, and they went to bed just fine. You have some great kids. I wish all the children I watch were that well mannered."

"Well thank you. Angie and I try. So how much do I owe you?"

"That will be \$40."

"Will you take a check?"

"Yes" she replied.

As I was writing the check Sarah said, "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure."

"I mean a very, very, personal question?"

My curiosity prevented me from finishing the check and I looked at her and said, "Go ahead."

"Can we go someplace more private? I don't want your wife to hear."

"She's out for the night. You saw her condition when we got home. And you watched me putting her to bed." I noticed Sarah's face turn red with embarrassment "She's not going to wake up until morning. So what's your question?"

"Was all that cum leaking out of her, yours?"

"Yes, it was."

"There seemed to be a lot of it. I saw cum all over her pussy and her thighs. It was also dripping out of her pussy. How many times did you fuck her?"

"Once"

"Damn that seems like a lot for only one time."

"Well I had teased her and myself so much I must have produced an extra large load."

"Does she look like that after you only fuck her once?"

Pausing briefly, I formulated my answer before saying, "She looked that way because she had half a dozen orgasms that caused her to pass out. I, for a better lack of words, made my deposit after her third orgasm. In the morning she'll have a very sore and crusty pussy. Some of that crust will be from her own excretions." I could now see Sarah's hard nipples trying to poke through her blouse.

“Will I look like that after you break my cherry?”

“We'll see. So when's your birthday?”

“Last week.”

“Well happy belated birthday. Did you do anything special?”

“With the wedding in a few days, nothing much, other than planning to lose my cherry,” she told me with a grin on her face.

“Okay, I know where your mind is, between your legs. Now if you've finished asking your personal questions I need to go to bed. I've got work in the morning.” I handed her the check.

“Oh I've many more but I can ask them later.”

I walked Sarah to the door but before she left she threw her arms around my neck and gave me a kiss. I returned the kiss but after a few seconds broke our contact by grabbing her hips and forced her away from me. Looking into her eyes filled with passion, I said in a voice filled with lust, “Sarah, I look forward to finishing that up properly in a few weeks.” I then turned her out the door and swatted her ass and said, “Now go home.” I quickly closed the door before I changed my mind.

July 7, 2005 – Thursday

Bachelorette Party

Time seemed to stand still at work the next day. I kept thinking about the events over the past couple of weeks and the upcoming days. Finally, quitting time arrived and I left for a long weekend. Since I had worked the 4th of July on the help desk, I now had Friday and Monday off, and then I had a week of vacation. So I now hurried over to Wendy's belated Bachelorette Party.

I caught up with the ladies at a popular Japanese Steakhouse. It's one of those that makes a show out of cooking your food in front of you. Since we had a large group, the restaurant had to split the group into three tables. I was seated at the “older” table with the mothers of the bride and groom, a couple of older aunts and cousins, and somehow Ashley sneaked over. I finally ended up between Ashley and Amanda.

All through the showy dinner Ashley held my hand while Amanda held my dick. I couldn't hide much from the group so I kept my mouth shut except to eat and drink. A few times I had to remove Amanda's hand before I messed my pants but a few minutes later it would return and resume it's caressing. While I continued defending my manhood, I ate and inventoried the group.

Compared to the men, this group was twice as large and seemed to be having a lot more fun and interaction. So as for the wedding couples bet, it looked like the ladies were ahead. Shifting modes, I now tried to critique Wendy's two cousins Jill and Penny but they were sitting with Sarah across the room from me. So other than their hair color: Jill – blond, Penny – red, I like redheads; and their breast size: both about the same, smaller than average, most likely a B cup; everything else was hidden. Since my plan for the evening was to stay out of trouble and get home ASAP, I moved my attention to the ladies sitting next to me.

To my right was Amanda Lawson. We first meet two years ago when she called to see if I would be her daughter Wendy's Double D partner. She still looks as pretty now as she did then.

Amanda is beautiful in a plain sort of way. I placed her age in her early 40's. She's tall for a woman, about 5 feet 9 inches, and weights about 140 lbs. Her figure was about average, 36-28-36. She has short brown hair, beautiful face and smile, brown eyes, nice average sized breasts, somewhere between a B and a C cup. Her ass

and legs are shapely. She looked like she took the time to work out but not too much. Earlier I noticed her fragrance and couldn't place it, but my mind suddenly pulled out the combination: Pear with a hint of raspberry. Very interesting.

Switching my attention to my left, I reevaluated Ashley. Yep, she's definitely at least an 8.5, maybe even in the 9s. My eyes now moved to her rack and I had to move Amanda's hand away before I lost my load wishing I could bury my face in them. Like before, they were just fucking gorgeous, the right size, between a C and D cup. And they still looked very full and firm. As for her ass, it looked as firm as her tits. Moving to her legs I found them just average except for a prominent muscle on her inner thigh.

As subtlety as I could I leaned toward Ashley and I got a whiff of her fragrance. My nose returned with: Warm, sunny and light, a white flower with just a hint of fruit. My mind filled with an image of an Innocent Georgia Bell sitting beside me and Peach Blossoms.

Just then Amanda gave my cock a gentle squeeze and I yelled, "Uncle." The room went silent and watched as I traded places with Ashley. Amanda gave me a wink and mouthed, "I'm sorry," as Ashley grabbed my right hand. I had a tough time eating my dessert with my left hand since I'm a righty.

Our night's hostess, Susan, started making the rounds telling the group the rest of her plans. The party was being split, one group, "the kiddies" were being escorted by the mothers along with other fuddy-duddies to an underage dance club. The rest of the group, including myself, were heading to a bar for adult beverages and dancing.

It took a bit of doing to get untangled from Ashley but soon I was driving alone in a convoy following Susan's car. As we were pulling into the parking lot, I knew I wasn't going to like being here. It was a male strip club and they were advertising complete nudity!

It didn't take long before some others started complaining and it got worst when someone pointed out it was really a club for gays. I hung back and waited to see what was going to happen.

It took about ten minutes of arguing with Susan and another lady named Kelly before Susan relented and changed her plans. Now it was off to the real party at the Park Charles Hotel. Since I knew how to get to it, I made sure to get the room number and left as soon as I could.

Not wanting to arrive too soon I took my time and by the time I got to the party the ladies had arrived and were enjoying their first round of drinks.

When I entered the party room, I was shocked to find out it was the hotel's "Presidential Suite". It was made up of three big identically sized rooms. The main room was the sitting area and had been setup with a food table and an open bar. The other two rooms were the bedrooms, each with a king sized bed and their own bathroom suites. There was another smaller bathroom for the main sitting area.

At first I thought the bedrooms were the same but the first one had a small sitting area facing a fireplace and entertainment center. The style of the room was English Tutor and the bed had four posts holding up a canopy.

Now the other bedroom was completely opposite. The first difference was that the sitting area had been removed and chairs were on opposite walls facing each other. Another was the room was in a modern style with lots of black lacquer finish. But the difference that caught my eye were all the mirrors.

Mirrors over the bed, mirrors on the walls, and mirrors on rolling panels. I quickly left before I got sick.

After getting my drink, I found a safe corner to watch the ladies. They were getting acquainted and playing some type of parlor game. Since I didn't care about the game, I inventoried the ladies.

There were 11 females present and I had already ordered them from high to low:

There was the bride to be, Wendy Lawson: age 20, 38C-26-38, five feet nine inches tall, 120 lbs, long blond hair, piercing blue eyes, white American, trim, face and smile of an angel. As I remembered from two years ago, her hips were made for making babies. Her ass, oh so fine, not too large and not too small. Beautifully sculptured legs. And very very gorgeous breasts. Score: 8.5

Friend of Wendy, Ashley Goodherd: age 20, 38D-24-36, five feet five inches tall, 115 lbs, strawberry blond, green eyes. Score: 8.5

Aunt of the groom, Sally Hendly: age 20, 34C-26-34, five feet nine inches tall, 125 lbs, auburn hair, gray eyes, some shape. Score: 7.5

Second cousin Wendy dad's side, Kelly Lawson: age 20, 34B-26-30, five feet two inches tall, 100 lbs, hazel hair, dark brown eyes, Latina decent. Score: 7

Hostess and school friend of Wendy, Susan Dillard: age 20, 36B-28-36, five feet seven inches tall, 115 lbs, black hair, hazel eyes. Score: 6.8

Another cousin of Wendy but from her dad's side, Stephanie M. Gutierrez: age 20, 32C-28-34, five feet seven inches tall, 150 lbs, amber neck length hair, blue eyes. Score: 6.5

Co-worker of Wendy, Janet White: age 23, 38D-30-36, five feet four inches tall, 110 lbs, ditsy blond, blue eyes, no shape. Score: 5

Sister of the groom, Brenda Woodward: age 22, 36A-28-36, five feet two inches tall, 105 lbs, brown shoulder length hair, brown eyes. Score: 4.5

Friend of the groom, Jacqueline Considine: age 23, 34A-24-34, five feet one inch, 130 lbs, black shoulder length hair, brown eyes. Score: 4

Co-worker of Wendy, Pamela Patrick: age 21, five feet nine inches tall, 170 lbs, on the tubby side, blond hair, blue eyes. Score: 3

And finally another co-worker of Wendy's, Mary Riley: age 21, five feet three inches tall, 200 lbs, on the fat side, soot black hair, brown eyes. Score: 2

I came back to reality when Susan came over and said, "Can you help us?"

"Depends."

"Let's talk in the other room."

As I followed her to one of the bedrooms, I got a chance to reevaluate her ass. She was wearing a pair of skin tight black jeans and I could tell she had one fine ass encased in them. That almost perfect ass moved her up one notch to fourth place. Her adjusted score: 7.2

Once we were alone she said, "My friend canceled, can you replace him?"

I was going to say, 'Fuck NO!' but instead I just said, "No."

Pouting she said, "But I need your help. This party's a bust without a man and it's too late to find anyone else."

"No."

She rubbed my chest with the tips of her fingers, "You won't have to do any. Just sit there."

I knew a con job when I hear it, so I said, "There's more to it than just that. I'm already risking my marriage by being here, so the answer's still no."

It looked like she had been slapped in the face. She took a step back and viciously she snapped, "Are you willing to risk Wendy's!"

"What do you mean?"

"If you can't help me entertain my guests, I'll entertain them with a video of the guy's stag party ending with a shot of Jim shooting down the throat of that stripper."

I don't know how she knew about Jim's blow-job but she did. So while I looked into those hateful eyes, I tried to figure if she was bluffing. I folded when the bitch slowly recited my wife's cell phone number. I softly said, "I'm a bad dancer."

"I don't need a dancer, I need a man, but you'll have to do. Now wait here." She left the room and was back in less than a minute. She handed me a glass of water along with a handful of pills and said, "Take them."

"What are they?"

"Vitamins. Don't argue, take them."

I figured I was dead no matter what, so it didn't really matter. I swallowed them with the water. Then Susan handed me another glass saying, "I believe you like Bourbon."

"Mixed with coke."

"Well tonight, it's straight up. Drink the whole thing." She watched as I chugged it down. It was cheap and about three shots worth. Once I was done she said, "Now go back to your seat and stew."

And boy did I ever. I stewed about how I got myself into the mess. I stewed about that bitch, Susan. Even if she was the last female on the earth, I'd let the human race die before I would do her. I stewed about what she needed me for and if I could ruin it. Then it came to me, I'll get drunk and if I'm lucky I'll even pass out. That would work, it won't be my fault if I couldn't perform.

Susan got everyone's attention and said, "Girl's it's time to start. Al's graciously agreed to help. Al can you sit beside Wendy?" Pamela moved to give me room. Susan resumed, "Now to a game I'd like to call: 'Which one Jim or Him'." She started handing out paper and pencils as she said, "I'm going to ask Wendy ten questions. Her answer will either be Jim or Him." When Susan said 'Him', she pointed to me. "The girl that matches Wendy the most wins. Everybody ready." She paused a few seconds before she asked her first question.

"Which one is a better dresser?"

Wendy waited until the girls were finished before she answered, "Jim."

Susan continued with the next question, "Which one has a better six pack?"

Again Wendy waited before answering, "Jim."

Susan, "Which one is a bigger boob freak?"

Wendy, "Jim"

Susan, "Which one has a better ass?"

Wendy, "Jim"

So far I was 0 for 4 but I wasn't caring because of the buzz I was getting from the booze.

Susan, "Which one is a better kisser?"

Wendy said, "Jim, oh I mean Him." and as she pointed to me the room broke out with a chuckle.

Yes! I finally nailed one.

Susan, "Which one is a bigger ass freak?"

Wendy, "Him"

Susan, "Which one has a bigger dick?"

Wendy, "Him."

Susan, "Which one can last longer?"

Wendy, "Him."

Susan, "Which one is a better lover?"

Wendy, "Him."

Susan said, "Okay last question: Over all which one is a better man?"

Wendy pointed at me and said, "Him."

Mary shouted, "So why don't you marry him."

The booze spoke when I said, "I'm already taken." and I stuck my tongue out at her.

The ladies started comparing their sheets and Susan handed Wendy a t-shirt. Susan said, "Can you put this on and take off Al's."

Being a drunken pervert, I watched Wendy remove her blouse. I was rewarded when her bra covered breasts were revealed. She was wearing very thin blush colored bra and her nipples showed through. The knockers were bigger than I remembered and I wanted to rebury my face back in them.

Just before Wendy got the t-shirt ready, Susan pointed to me saying, "Let 'Him' have some fun. Lose the bra."

I stared and my cock throbbed as Wendy reached behind her back and unclasped the bra. And when she removed the covering I almost came in my pants. They were still fucking great! Yes they drooped more than they did two years ago but those babies were still gorgeous.

Wendy had been watching me ogle her so she said, "Still like them don't you." and she shook them at me. All I could do was nod my head and moan. She then tossed me her bra and said, "Have a present." I looked at her gift in my lap and she quickly put on the t-shirt.

Just then a commotion started about Wendy's new outfit. I looked up and saw it was at least two sizes too small and it had, "His Bitch" on the front. Wendy's face was now beet red with embarrassment. But my attention shifted back to her chest since her rack was straining to rip through her shirt. I got a closer look when Wendy removed my shirt.

While my attention was focused on Wendy, Susan determined the winners of that game and she handed out the prizes. She now said, "Does everyone agree that Wendy lost that round?" She checked before she said, "And the loser of each round needs to take a shot. Since Wendy needs to be sober, Al's going to be her stand-in." She then handed me a glass. I tossed it and started coughing. It was rum and it was very strong. Susan started her next game before I recovered.

She called this game, 'Get Your Blindfold'. Basically it was a round of 'Pin the Tail to the Donkey' except they used a cutout cock and tried to see who pinned it closer to the paper stud taped to the wall. Sally was declared the winner and Susan declared I was the loser. She gave me another glass of rum to toss and as I was recovering again, she handcuffed me to Wendy.

Susan then told Sally, "You're the winner, so remove his pants." The drinks must have clouded my judgment because I even helped Sally get my trousers off. When she was done, I was sitting handcuffed to Wendy in only my underwear. The shocking part was I had a boner tenting them. I wanted to see if anyone noticed, so I scanned the room and saw a bunch of girls licking their lips. They had noticed!

At this point one of the drinks really kicked in and I don't remember what game the ladies played. But whatever it was, it consisted of quick rounds, with a winner in each round. My problem was the winner had the right to apply oil to my chest. It wouldn't have been too much of a problem but the winners kept trying to see if the tent was real.

I kept protecting my manhood by shoving the stray hands away. But soon Susan changed that when she took the handcuff off of Wendy and attached it, behind my back, to my other wrist. Now the girls had free access and some were taking full advantage.

To my clouded mind, it seemed that the lower on my scale a girl was, the more personal their touches were. This still created the same effect for my dick erection problem.

For example, when Ashley applied oil to my chest she was very lady like and proper. Being in one of my more lucid moments when she won, I paid close attention to what she was going to do. As she approached, her wiggle, her manner, her eyes, told me I was in for a treat. She started by gently massaging the oil into my shoulders and chest, but as she continued the pressure of the strokes got deeper and deeper. During this lovely treatment my eyes switched from looking into her eyes to down her cleavage and my dick was trying to drill a hole out of my underwear.

I did notice Ashley take a long glance at my crotch and lick her lips.

Right after that Mary won and she wasn't very lady like. She walked up and as I watched the fat roll from side to side my cock started wilting. She then slapped on some oil and started rubbing my chest concentrating on my nipples. Her hands kept dropping to my package and she would rub my dick or grab my balls. But it still had the same effect on my dick as when Ashley had her turn, my cock tried to drill out of my underwear.

Susan stopped Mary's fun when Mary got hand under the leg band of my tightie whities and started pumping on my dick. That got me mad because a few more strokes from Mary and I would've cum spoiling Susan's plans for me. When Mary stopped, my hips kept bucking, looking for relief and some girls chuckled.

Susan started outlining the rules of the next game. She called it: 'Naughty Treasure Hunt'. She broke the girls into groups, gave each a list of items to find, and told everyone to be back in 30 minutes. The group with the most items wins. Off they went leaving me with the bitch.

Looking at me, Susan said, "Having fun yet?" and she started pulling me out of my chair.

I stood and slurred out, "Fuck no."

She helped me to one of the bathroom suites before she started tugging at my underwear. That freaked me out and I said, "What the fuck," while trying to slip away.

The bitch held on and said, "Calm down jerk. I need to measure you for the next game." She got my cock out and said, "Damn, you're too soft," and she started pumping it. As she working on getting me harder, she pushed my underwear off. Once I was completely naked, she now used her free hand to play with my balls.

It wasn't long before my hips started talking again. When they did, Susan moved quickly. Getting a ruler, she placed it next to my dick and snapped a picture. She took a few more before she was satisfied with the photos.

She left me handcuffed, naked, with my dick flopping in the wind to get another round of pills and booze. With my hands restrained she had to feed me the pills and pour the booze into my mouth. She didn't seem to care when I started choking and still kept pouring the liquid.

As I recovered I could tell that Susan was getting the room ready to do something, Just then Kelly came in and said, "Damn he's big!"

Susan didn't stop as she said, "He's not that big. Just under 8 inches. I've seen bigger." Susan then looked at me and said, "On your belly."

I looked at her, shook my arms, and slurred, "How?" Both ladies then helped me lie on the bathroom floor. The floor tiles were cold so that didn't help my demeanor. And when Susan shoved an enema nozzle in my butt and let the water flow full force I shouted, "Fuck."

Susan slapped my ass and said, "Shut the fuck up and take it like a man."

Kelly asked, "When have you seen bigger?"

"Christmas. Daddy brings someone home for mom about once a month. Well for Christmas Eve, daddy found mom a very special gift. The guy had a twelve inch cock and knew how to use it. I could tell because heard the guy doing mom and daddy all night. Christmas morning the guy showed up, naked, in the kitchen as I was eating breakfast. He said he needed something to eat but I think daddy sent him to see if I was interested. I let him know I wasn't and I left." Susan stepped on my ass shoving my belly and crotch against the cold floor. This caused my stomach to start another round of cramping.

Kelly asked, "Don't you think that's weird?"

"What?"

"Your dad bringing someone home to do your mom."

"Oh daddy gets the shaft too. Daddy likes a big cock as much as mom does. I came home one night and found daddy in the living room with a twelve inch cock shoved in his ass. Mom was there telling the dude to shove his cock out daddy's mouth. That's the way it's always been since I can remember. Once a month daddy brings a man home. If the dude's good, he stays the night and makes daddy happy. If the dude flops, mom takes it out on daddy."

"How?"

"Mom makes daddy suck out the jerk's cum out of her pussy. Then she makes daddy sleep in the guest room while mom sleeps with the dude. Daddy's been sleeping in there a lot recently."

I felt someone reach between my thighs and they checked out my package. Then Susan said, "Enough resting, on your knees." I struggled up and another cramping session started. As I was fighting the urge to shit, I felt Susan attaching something to my cock. She was finished before I could recover from my urge.

Even in my inebriated state I knew what she had done. She had caged my cock in 'The Gates of Hell.' My cock was now wrapped in leather and metal rings. A leather strap was tightly attached at the base of my cock under my balls. Everything else was attached to this strap so nothing could be removed without yanking my balls off. Another strap separated my balls. My whole cock was encased in leather and that was covered by metal rings. There was a leather strap attached to each ring running along the top and bottom of my cock. I've been forced into this contraption before and it was impossible for my dick to get hard no matter how horny I got. Yes it was correctly named, they were hell!

The bitch slapped my ass saying, "Get the fuck up and dump."

I slurred out, "Fuck! How?"

I then felt someone unlock the cuffs and I struggled to the toilet. I was wasted and didn't care whom watched as my bowels dumped. When I relaxed everything, my mind slipped away.

It's at this point where I can't separate reality from fantasy, so I won't swear in a court of law the following is true, but this is what my mind has pieced together from the fog and statements from witnesses.

Susan and Kelly were standing on the opposite wall watching me and Kelly asked, "What just happen?"

"I think the pills and booze have kicked in." Susan came over and looked deeply into my eyes. "Yep, he's gone. If I planned this right he'll be like this for about an hour. The booze is trying to knock him out but the pills are keeping him conscious. And when you add in the Ecstasy and Viagra he'll be one horny fucker when his mind begins to clear."

While I was still sitting on the commode Susan reached between my legs and felt my balls. "Damn, feel these things."

Kelly came over and reached under me. I felt her cradle my balls and the two girls started kissing. Kelly didn't break the lip lock when she said, "They are full, but why are they so hot?"

"I think it's the drugs."

Just then a door opened and Susan said, "Be right back. Can you clean him up." And she dashed off leaving Kelly to do her dirty work.

Susan returned before Kelly had finished with me. Kelly said, "I thought we were giving him two rounds?"

"Not enough time. It'll have to do. I'll help you get him in the tub so you can rinse the stink off." The girls got me in the tub and started the water. Susan gave Kelly more tongue before she said, "I'll be back in a few. Now stick to the plan."

Susan grabbed my face and as her thumbs caressed spots just under my ears she said, "Al, Al. That right honey look at me. Kelly's going to get you ready for your slut. In just a bit you'll be shoving your big stick into a very horny and wet pussy." She now reached into the water and as she caressed my balls she said, "They're so full and big with cum. You need to fill up a cunt with it don't you?" She waited for me to respond and when I didn't she shook my shoulder to get my attention. She then asked, "Al, don't you need a pussy to fill. Don't you want to stuff you cock into a wet pussy and drain these big hairy balls?"

She gave my balls a gentle squeeze and I moaned, "Please."

She then whispered in my ear, "I'm going to enjoy playing with myself when I watch you dump your big load into your horny bitch." And Susan left the room.

Kelly now took over where Susan had stopped. As she cleaned me she kept whispering comments on how big I was, how I needed to cum, how my slut was going to love my dick, and other nasty stuff.

Susan came back and said, "Brenda's helping. She's doing the next round. How's he coming?"

"I'm toweling him off now, but I think he's coming around."

Susan leaned over to look into my eyes and gave me a free shot at her chest. Fuck I don't remember looking. She said, "He's still out. When the sorority did this all last year, out of the eight jerks, two passed out spoiling the fun, one came out of it too soon but finished fucking his bitch, the rest were sexual zombies. It was hot watching the jerks fucking the shit out of that night's sacrifice. Those bitches didn't see it coming."

"How so?"

"Help me get him out of the tub." Both ladies helped me out and as Kelly kept drying me, Susan continued, "Some sorority sisters thought it might be fun if we could see if a guy could be drugged and still preform. Guys were drugging girls, we wanted to see we could do the same with guys. The problem was finding willing test bitches. The sorority president solved that by selecting a sacrificial victim. Most times they were pledges but a couple were expels from other sororities. They were all told they were going to be the guest of honor at a party. The night of their sacrifice they were feed, bathed, and dressed in a white toga before they were bought before the president. She would always have something nice to say before the bed was bought in."

At this point Susan recuffed my wrists together behind my back and then she pulled Kelly into her arms. They resumed their kissing and as they did, Susan continued, "It was at this point that most of the girls started freaking out but a couple just took their medicine and went along for the ride. The evening's bitch was then stripped naked, paraded around the room, and tied spreadeagled to the bed. At this point they brought out her stud and while everyone watched, a couple of the sorority sisters would get the bitch ready for her studding. While they heated her up, another couple of sisters were heating up the stud. They were playing with his package as they whispered how the bitch needed his dick and how he needed to fuck her good. When the sorority president thought it was time, she told the others to get the hell away. None of the studs wasted time and every bitch screamed when that cock got shoved quickly in her twat. One bitch even passed out but she came to as the guy was still doing her."

Susan and Kelly were now grabbing at each others tits. Susan said, "Once the bitch had been properly mounted the president ordered her to be untied. Then she told the bitch if she could get loose she was free to leave. Most of them tried to but with a stiff dick nailing them into the bed they couldn't get loose."

I just stood there, zonked out, listening to Susan's tale. Both ladies now had their hands under the others blouse working on tits. Susan said, "The bitches soon gave up and came to the conclusion that it would be over as soon as the stud popped. They just didn't know how long their stud was going to pound their cunts. Some tried to speed up the process by encouraging their rapist but the studs were in another zone. Everyone of the guys lasted over fifteen minutes and one pounded his cunt for over forty." Kelly now had her face buried in Susan's rack.

Susan asked, "Who do you think will be our bitch tonight?"

Kelly was still sucking Susan's nipple when she answered, "Sally's got an itch."

Susan said, "Yeah she's between boyfriends but I was hoping for Mary."

"But she's fat."

"Yeah, and after our lover boy does her she'd be three sizes smaller. But we need to get going." They rearranged themselves before Susan attached a dog collar with leash around my neck and led me towards the party.

Before we entered the main room, Susan told Kelly to wait until she knew it was time. It wasn't long before we heard Susan shout, "Kelly, bring in our hunk." Kelly led me into the room using the leash.

The room fell silent when I was led into the room, naked, arms tied behind my back, cock caged, and zoned out. It took a few seconds for the view to sink in but then pandemonium took over. Susan had seven women asking questions, five of them were only wearing bras and panties.

When Susan had left Kelly bathing me, she had gone back to declare the winners of the 'Naughty Treasure Hunt' and then told the girls that she had \$100 gift cards for the winners of the next three games. The catch; they would need to lose some clothes to play and it might get a bit raunchy. Two of the ladies, Jacqueline and Stephanie, decided it was best that they leave. Wendy was excluded and Brenda stayed to watch. That left six participants: Kelly, Ashley, Sally, Janet, Mary, and Pamela. Susan told the ladies to strip to their undies. As they were doing that Susan gave Brenda the rules of the next game, 'Identify the Hunk': The players were to write down answers to questions about me.

Susan soon got everyone's attention and reassured them that I would be perfectly fine. Someone asked what Kelly was doing and if she's still a contestant. Susan told them she had only helped get me ready and would play in the next couple of rounds. Then Susan reminded Kelly she was a bit over dressed.

Kelly removed her tennis shoes, white socks, blue jeans, and white blouse. She was now wearing a white bra and white panties, neither one very flattering.

While Kelly was undressing, Susan decided it would be fun to join the rest. She removed her moccasins and black jeans. This left her wearing a white camisole and leopard thong. She still has a great looking ass.

As for the other five semi-clothed ladies here's a list of what they were wearing:

Sally – yellow bra, yellow bikini panties – nice, very nice.

Janet – pink bra, pink thong – fake boobs spilling out, flat ass.

Ashley – black bra, black panties – great tits, great ass, one fine woman.

Mary – red bra, red thong – fat in all the wrong places, so her underwear didn't help.

Pamela – flesh-colored bra, gray panties – Good boobs, a bit meaty in the ass, but her underwear made it worst.

Susan now moved back into hostess mode and as I stood in the middle of the room Susan went through each question and gave the correct answer:

What was the hunk's name? Al

How tall is the hunk? 6' 2"

What was the hunk wearing at the beginning? Blue shirt, black pants

What's the hunk's eye color and hair color? Brown

What color undies was the hunk wearing? White briefs

What's the hunk's cock size? 7 7/8 inches

Susan now showed everyone the pictures she had taken to prove my size. Someone asked, "Why not unwrap it so we can see the real deal?"

Susan answered, "We don't want a 'premature ejaculation' do we?" Cupping my balls, Susan showed them to the group and said, "But once we're finished these will need to be drained. Do we have a volunteer?"

No one stepped forward.

Susan whispered in my ear, "Do these need help?" She gave my balls a gentle squeeze, "Do you need someone to help you?"

I whimpered, "Oh please. Oh please, yes."

Susan looked around the room and asked, "Anyone?"

Still, no takers.

Susan whispered again in my ear, "I guess you're out of luck, nobody wants you to cum."

They tell me I started crying and moaned out, "Please, no."

Ashley said, "I'll do it."

Susan, "You'll be naked and we want to watch. Still want to?"

Ashley didn't hesitate, "I'll do it."

Susan whispered in my ear, "Will she do?"

I moaned out, "Yes"

"Don't you want to see her naked before you decide?"

"Yes."

Ashley unhooked her bra and dropped it to the floor. Then she stood up and shimmied out of her panties. There standing before me was a beautiful and sexy woman. Her 38Ds had a hint of a sag, firm ass, nice womanly shape, sparkling green eyes, strawberry bleached blond hair, and bushy brown pubic hair.

Susan licked me ear and whispered, "Do you like her tits?"

I nodded my head.

Lick, "Do you like her ass?"

I nodded again.

"Do you want someone else?"

I shook my head and moaned, "No."

Susan motioned Ashley over to me and placed her hand under my sack. While Ashley fondled my balls, Susan asked her, "There's a big load of cum in those big balls. Are you sure you want to drain them?"

Still holding my balls, Ashley kissed my cheek saying, "It'll be my pleasure."

Susan got back to the task at hand and declared Pamela the winner of a \$100 gift card. She then told the girls to ante up and the bras dropped off. Some boobies did the same, Mary's sagged a lot. I would've drooled but my mind was still full of fog.

Susan held up a gag and said, "Pamela since you won that round do you want to gag the hunk?"

"Sure." and Pamela made short work of her task. Before she left, she fondled my package to verify it was real.

Susan moved on to the next game, 'Condom Fitter': She handed out dildos and condoms. She then told everyone that it was a race to see whom can put a condom on the dildo using only their mouth. The loser of each round was out and needed to do something raunchy using their condom fitted dildo. The winner would be the surviving lady and there was a prize for the raunchiest act.

The first round started and Janet finished in seconds. The rest floundered until Kelly was declared the loser. Susan told her to remove her panties before her skit. I can confirm that Kelly's pubic hair matches her hair color, hazel. Once she was naked, she thought a few seconds before Kelly deep throat the dildo.

The next round went smoother, but Janet still blew the doors off of the competition. Pamela lost. She showed the room that she shaves her pussy before she deep throat the fake cock and rubbed it on her tits.

Janet still won the next round and Ashley lost. She was already nude so she took the dildo and rubbed it along her slit. She made it a point to coat the condom with her moisture.

While Ashley was putting on her show Susan asked Wendy, "Does the hunk like women with beaver or shaved?"

Before Wendy could answer someone said, "Men loved shaved!" and the rest started chanting, "Shaved. Shaved. Shaved."

Susan then asked Ashley, "Do you care if Kelly shaves you? We don't want the mismatch between colors to spoil the mood. You'll be a true blond once we remove the brown."

Ashley shrugged her shoulders and said, "I guess so."

Susan said, "Kelly you'll find what you need in the bathroom. Bring it back here and let everyone watch."

Kelly left and the fourth round started. Janet won, Sally came in second, and Mary lost. Mary removed her thong and showed everyone her very hairy black twat. She wasted no time and shoved her fake cock up her cunt. Lucky I was still out of it, because it was a gross sight. She was laying on the floor, thunder thighs spread wide, fat sloshing back and forth, tits hanging toward her armpits, and enjoying herself. Susan soon had to stop her.

Kelly was back and she started working on Ashley's crotch.

The final round was between Janet and Sally. Everyone, including Sally, agreed that Janet was going to win. Susan started it and it was over. Sally had got gotten the condom out of the foil when Janet had finished. Sally took off her panties and her trimmed bush matched her auburn hair. She assumed the same position on the floor that Mary had but the view was much nicer, firm thighs, firm belly, firm tits. Sally even used the dildo the same and thrust it into her cunt. But once she got it nice and wet she shoved it up her ass. Susan gave her a \$25 gift card for being so raunchy and gave Janet her \$100 card for winning the game.

Susan removed her thong displaying her shaved pussy and Janet shimmed out of her thong to display her shaved twat.

Susan handed Janet a butt plug and said, "Do you want the honor?"

"Okay." Susan helped by bending me over and spreading my butt cheeks. Janet shoved that dry thing into my ass. If I wasn't so out of it, I would have fought back. They both made short work of plugging me up.

The ladies took a break while Kelly was finishing Ashley. Some watched Ashley get transformed, some checked me out closer, others hit the refreshments. Susan was talking with Brenda.

When Kelly was finished, Ashley's cunt was smooth and hairless. Ashley keep looking down and feeling it but I would've buried my face in it if I could.

Susan got everyone's attention and said, "Brenda's taking over again. I'm taking Ashley to the other room to rehearse the finale. Kelly can you help us?"

Kelly answered, "Yes."

Susan said, "Ashley, bring the hunk with you."

At first Ashley tried to lead me by tugging on my elbow but she quickly shifted to the leash. She led me as she followed Susan to the bedroom.

They didn't stop until they were at the foot of the bed. Susan positioned me there facing the bed and she tied my ankles to the feet of the bed.

Susan said to Ashley, "Our skit goes something like this: You're a princess and when you wake you find a slave tied at the end of your bed. You tease him unmercifully and then you finish him off. He'll be as you see him now, gagged, butt plugged, cock caged." She handed Ashley a remote and said, "This is for the plug in his butt. Push it." Ashley did and I bucked forward. "Careful removing the cage, he might pop. Now get on the bed and practice, just don't take off the cage."

Ashley got on the bed and for the next several minutes they worked through a few things Ashley could do to make it a hot skit. Susan asked Ashley if she would practice dry hunching me. Susan got Ashley to wrap her legs around my waist, got the cage resting along her slit, and then pressed the remote. Ashley squealed when I bucked forward and the cage rings bounced over her clit.

Susan asked Ashley to lay down on the bed to see if the chairs needed to be rearranged. When Ashley got comfortable, Susan and Kelly sprang into action.

Susan quickly got on the bed and straddled Ashley's chest. When she did, Ashley tried to shout and Susan shoved a gag into her mouth. At the same time Kelly grabbed Ashley's wrist and tied it tightly to the bed. Kelly did the same to the other wrist as Susan finished fastening Ashley's gag.

Now Susan got off the bed and both her and Kelly grabbed Ashley's ankles. Together they folded Ashley by pulling her ankles up toward her head. They then attached ankle restraints and clipped those to each wrist. Kelly now opened up Ashley's ass cheeks as Susan lubed up another butt plug and slowly screwed it into Ashley. After that Kelly arranged a pillow on the bed and then the ladies unclipped Ashley's ankles from her wrists. They now unfolded Ashley and tied her ankles so that she was now spreadeagled on top of the bed with her hips raised up due to the pillow under her.

Now that it was over, Susan stroked Ashley's forehead and said, "Sorry girl but you're the bait for my experiment. I want to see if he'll leave the party or find a convenient hole. The college studs were immature and didn't care who they slept with. Al's different, he's married, much more mature, and selective whom he

beds. If he's a gentleman, when he's free, he'll go home and wack-off but I think the booze and drugs will win and he'll shove his big dick into your pussy." Ashley shook her head no.

Ashley really tried to get free when Susan whispered into her ear, "It's called getting raped, dear."

Susan left Ashley struggling as she and Kelly got the room arranged. They placed some mirrors in strategic spots so their guests could watch the fun. Then they placed an ottoman in the middle of the room. After that they got me and positioned me in front of it. Susan said, "Knell." They both helped me knell down as the butt plug started squirming in my ass again. I could hear Susan snicker as I flinched. They arranged me and the ottoman around until Susan was satisfied and then they both shoved on the back of my shoulders pushing my head down onto it.

They positioned me on the ottoman so that only the very top part of my chest was on it. Susan then turned my head to the right so that I stared at Ashley. They now tied me to the ottoman with a rope that they feed under the ottoman, through one armpit, over my back, through the other armpit, and back under the ottoman. They wrapped it the same way two or three times before tying it very tightly. Ashley and I kept eye contact while they restrained me. Kelly then attached a spreader bar to my ankles. Susan looked over their handy work and said, "It's time to get the others."

If I had been in my right mind, my asshole would've started puckering, since this was a repeat performance of two years earlier when Wendy had her fun. But all I could do was to stare at the Ashley and think about getting some relief.

I heard gasps and some murmuring when the ladies came into the room. In the mirrors I could see them taking their seats. Susan didn't let Janet sit as she handed her something. Susan said, "You won the last round, so you get the privilege. Just don't spoil our finale by getting carried away like you normally do."

Janet took the item from Susan and said, "Okay." Janet entered my space when I felt her crawl under me and start sucking on one of my nipples. My eyes darted from mirror, to mirror, to see if I could get a better view but all I could find was a view of her head under me. As her lips and tongue worked on my nip I felt her hand fondling my balls. If it wasn't for that damned cock cage I know she would've milked me some.

Janet stopped what she was doing and attached a nipple clamp on my tit. She now moved to the next one and very shortly it was clamped too. I now felt her working around my cock before my hips bucked when she licked the head of my dick.

Susan shouted, "Bitch, I told you no." and she started pulling on Janet's legs.

Janet squealed, "He's leaking, I was just cleaning up the mess." Susan got Janet under control and into a chair.

I noticed Susan holding something up and she said, "Ladies watch this." Right then five vibrators started throbbing, one in my ass, one around my cock, one attached to each of my nipples, and one in Ashley's ass. Susan giggled before she said, "Wendy can you provide our guests with some background as Kelly and I get ready in the other room."

Wendy explained to everyone that two years ago she had teased me for a few hours before she rode my ass. She told the group that once she had her fun, she untied me, and then got surprised when I basically raped her. It was one hot fuck. During Wendy's story the vibrators kept twitching on and off.

All of a sudden I saw both Susan and Kelly come strolling back into the room. Both were still naked except for the blue cocks that pointed towards me. I knew those blue cocks from that earlier time, they both wore double headed cocks. One side goes in a pussy while the other side sticks out like a hard cock. They were shaped to

give the wearer pleasure as she used it on someone. The fake cocks could be worn without the need of a harness. But both were wearing a leather harness around her waist with a strap under her crotch, this held their new cocks firmly in place.

Susan walked over to my ass and slapped it hard, "I'm ready for my ride big boy." She and Kelly kissed again as she removed the plug in my asshole. Breaking their kiss Susan knelt down between my spread knees and slowly forced her fake cock into my ass. She didn't stop her forward thrust until her crotch rested against my ass cheeks. She then went into overdrive. She rocked her hips backward withdrawing about halfway just to switch direction slamming the cock forward. She grunted every time her crotch crashed into my ass. In the mirror, I watched her tits shake a little as she fucked my ass.

Susan said, "Damn this is fun." She did a couple more thrusts and said to Kelly, "Get over here and kiss me." I watched Kelly fall to her knees and crawl over to Susan. I saw her blue cock swing from side to side. They then started kissing again. Susan's pace got a little faster. Kelly started fondling Susan breasts and she fucked my ass harder and harder. All of a sudden Susan groaned loudly, "OOOohhhhhh," as she shook in Kelly's arms. Her orgasm lasted about a minute during which she kept saying "OOhh oohh" over and over. She gently shook while grinding her pussy on the fake cock buried in both of us. Kelly just kept fondling Susan's breasts throughout. Susan's orgasm finally ended and she broke free of Kelly saying, "You need to get your ride before we let him loose," and she pulled her cock out of my ass.

From what I was seeing Kelly wanted my ass bad. As soon as Susan moved out-of-the-way Kelly was between my legs and her cock was pushing deep into my ass. She rode me differently than Susan. When she could go no deeper, she lay on my back grinding her breasts into my chained arms. She then wrapped her arms around my chest and started fucking the fake cock. My fingertips could sometimes feel her pubic hair as she bounced her cunt up and down on the cock. As she kept fucking herself, she fondled my cock and played with the nipple clamps. She grunted, I grunted, and Susan shoved her finger up Kelly's ass.

Kelly started cumming as soon as she felt Susan's finger in her ass. She grunted as she fucked my ass. She grunted as she rubbed her breasts into my arms. Susan leaned over and kissed Kelly while her finger was still in Kelly's ass. Susan also pulled on my nipple clamps. Susan and Kelly kept up their kissing and fondling until Kelly's orgasm was over.

Susan said, "We need to make sure Ashley's ready for him." She uncoupled from Kelly and went to the bed. Kelly just laid on my back wiggling her ass in a post-orgasmic bliss. I saw Susan start kissing Ashley's breasts as she rubbed Ashley's clit.

Kelly finally rose, removing her cock from my ass and wobbled over to Susan and Ashley. While they warmed up their trapped victim, the two lezzies started up with their kissing and fondling. Susan finally broke away saying, "You continue working on her, just keep your fingers out of her pussy. I want her cunt as tight as possible. I'll go untie our hunk." Susan walked towards me, her cock swinging back and forth as Kelly said, "You've had your fun, take off your dick."

Susan stopped and removed her fake cock and harness. I watched Kelly do the same before she crawled onto the bed between Ashley's bound legs. She started licking Ashley's bald pussy. As I watched, Susan came over and shoved the butt plug back in my ass and quickly untied the rope holding me to the ottoman. She then sat on my shoulders and watched Kelly.

After a couple of minutes she said, "Stop, she's about ready to pop. See she's bucking her hips. Come on we need to work together for the finale." When Kelly walked towards me, I noticed Ashley's pussy juice on Kelly's face.

Susan said, "Help me get him up." Susan and Kelly both picked me up and helped me hobble over to the foot of the bed. Suddenly the vibrators started and I was shoved forward.

The ball of my gag ended up buried in Ashley's cunt and the lips of my mouth were stopped by her wet cunt lips. My nose was pressing into Ashley's clit. The smell of her sex was strong and intoxicating, overpowering the last vestiges of my humanity. Now, for the second time in two days, the only thing that mattered in my life was to mount a bitch.

Someone was holding me there as I felt the cock cage being removed and then my cock was free. I felt it get very hard as soon as it was free. All of a sudden my left nipple exploded with pain and almost at the same time my right nipple followed suit.

As I waited for the pain to diminish, my ankles and wrists were released and then the pressure on my shoulders disappeared.

Stumbling to my feet, I stared at that bitch's slit as it winked to me. I knew I needed to fuck it, I needed it bad. My cock was screaming for release. I crawled onto the bed heading straight for that bitch's cunt. I saw the look of fear in the bitch's eyes as she watched my approach. I kept crawling forward until my cock touched flesh. Now I was close. Grabbing my dick in my hand I moved it around searching for a hole. My aim was low because my cock ran into the butt plug.

Still holding my dick, I shifted directions and I followed the wet trail upwards until the head of my cock sank into wetness. I let go and slowly shoved forward feeling some relief knowing that complete relief would soon be mine.

My dick didn't get very deep when her tightest stopped me cold. I just shoved harder and my dick pushed deeper but the tightest stopped me again. So much for brute force. I carefully pulled up and then dropped down and got deeper. I did it again and got deeper. I now had the groove and as I watched the tears flowing out of the bitch's eyes, I worked my cock deeper and deeper into her very tight cunt.

Suddenly my cock stopped but I kept shoving forward. And just as suddenly, my cock was free as I continued my forward assault. I finally could go no deeper into that cunt. This cunt was very tight so I just stayed buried deep in the bitch's slit for several seconds as I wiggled my butt trying to loosen it up. After a bit I started a slow withdrawal and then a slow advance in and out of that snatch. The initial entry was slow because it was so tight but now I was trying to get sexual relief as I slowly fucked that bitch.

I heard Susan say, "He's got her impaled. Kelly untie her legs, she's going nowhere."

My hips were still doing their slow grind, slowing pumping my dick in that extremely tight pussy. Someone removed my gag. Susan's face appeared and she touched my face to get my attention. Once she had it she asked, "How is it?"

My hips and dick didn't miss a beat as I answered, "Tight, very very tight."

Susan removed the gag from the bitch's mouth and asked her, "How is it?"

I felt the bitch wiggling under me as she replied, "Damn it hurts. It really hurts. He's too big. It's ripping me apart." and the tears resumed. My hips continued rocking, as a hint of fog lifted, letting me recognize the face

beneath. It was only a face, nothing more, everything below the neck was still a bitch. A bitch that was only there for one thing. My cock.

Susan untied Ashley's wrists from the bed and then she caressed Ashley cheek saying, "Sorry dear it would take an army to get him off of you now. There's a saying: If it's inevitable, just relax and enjoy it." My dick continued sawing into the bitch's cunt as I looked at Ashley's angelic face. I felt a touch of guilt, my mind was telling me to stop, but my primeval needs kept my hips going.

As I stared at Ashley's face I heard Susan say, "Girls it's a good time to take a break. The drugs will wear off in about 15 minutes and then the climax. You really don't want to miss it."

As I kept plowing the bitch I heard, "Damn she's going to be sore tomorrow."

"Hell she's sore right now with that big thing shoved in her."

"Susan, hot show."

"Glad you're enjoying it, just don't miss the ending."

I knew my hips weren't going to stop until my balls were empty. I also knew that the pressure between my legs was building but very slowly. All this time I had been searing Ashley's face into my brain. She has one of the most beautiful set of eyes I had every seen and I needed her love. As my cock kept slowly pumping, I pressed my lips against hers.

At first she was shocked, but with someone's cock buried in you most private area, some tongue from that same person was tame. She returned the kiss.

The first time two people kiss is always an adventure. You don't know what the other person likes or dislikes. Do they want your tongue down her throat or just dancing around the lips. Do they take it slowly and build up or does the mouth open up as soon as the lips touch. So Ashley and I researched each others kissing style. Soon we started to think alike.

As my cock continued stirring in a pussy, Ashley's and my tongues danced together. The world now got smaller as I loved the woman under me. As we continued kissing I felt her relaxing and I believe she started to enjoy our union.

I shrank the world more, by concentrating on her lips, and my hips and cock disappeared. It was only her lips touching my lips, my tongue dancing with hers. I whispered into her beautiful ear, "I love you."

When I did, I felt a chill come over her as she shivered under me. All I got back was, "Oh God. Oh God."

Something had changed in her, she was now holding me and I felt her thighs and legs curl around my waist. She was now a willing partner in our coupling. And she was gently bucking her hips to get me deeper in her. We were one.

It was short lived when Susan reappeared and asked, "Ashley, how it going?"

Ashley didn't miss a beat when she answered, "Please leave us alone." It barely took a couple of thrusts to reunite our love. I don't know how long I had been pumping into my woman but my hips kept going. We continued kissing and my cock kept churning. My head was starting to clear and the speed of my hips increased.

Ashley stopped kissing and her head started rolling from side to side. Her eyes were closed and her breathing was more labored.

I heard Kelly shout, "Susan I think it's almost over." The pressure between my legs were causing my hips to buck faster and with more force.

I heard Susan say, "Yes, she's leaking."

Someone said, "What is it? He hasn't come yet."

"It's pre-cum, he's ..." I interrupted her when my hips went into overdrive.

I was now pile-driving my dick as hard as I could into Ashley. Susan appeared and as she caressed Ashley's face she said, "Hold on dear, it's going to be rough ride but he'll be finished shortly."

Susan stayed where she was and kept Ashley company as my dick took over.

Bam, bam, bam. I kept hammering into the cunt. Bam, bam, bam. I was close. Bam, bam, bam. I needed to cum. Why can't I cum? Bam, bam, bam. I should have popped minutes ago. Then my body forced my hips forward forcing my cock deep into the cunt and I started pouring my cum into it. I grunted and swirled my ass trying to get my cum and sperm deeper into the cunt. I continued my grunting and swirling all through my orgasm.

I just kept cumming and someone shouted, "Fuck, isn't that cum dripping down her ass?"

"Damn, right."

Someone else said, "Why's it so watery?"

Susan answered, "It's an effect of the drugs. She's going to need Hazmat to decontaminate her pussy."

I mumbled, "She's a bitch." as I bucked another load of cum into Ashley.

Grunting from the force Ashley asked, "Who?"

Just before it went dark I answered, "Susan."

July 8, 2005 – Friday

Viagra Bounce

I awoke with what I call a "Viagra bounce". I had an extremely massive hardon due to the Viagra from the night before. This wasn't my first experience with that magical drug. In fact, I've taken it two times before Susan's "potion".

The first time was after my wife and I had our second child. After the recommended two month celibacy, I was having issues with "getting it up". After a couple of frustrating weeks, my wife talked to the doctor. The Friday evening after her appointment, she handed me a capsule and asked me to swallow it. I asked her what it was and she said it was something the doctor had prescribed. Shrugging my shoulders, I swallowed it, after which she gave me a kiss and left me watching baseball on television.

About an hour later, she reappeared, wearing only a red bodysuit that was almost transparent. As she sashayed over to the television, my eyes feasted on her beauty. Her breasts, her hips, her ass, that's a damn fine package wrapped in a thin veil of red.

With my tongue now hanging out, she turned off the television, and wiggled her hips over to me, before sitting in my lap. When she did, she ground her ass into my crotch and gave me a very hot kiss.

Well that got my blood boiling, so as we continued our passionate French kiss, I carefully fondled her breast. Just touching that firm tit made me moan into her mouth. Oh damn, it's been too fucking long!

We continued our hot make out session on the living room couch. After about a minute, I finally uncovered her right breast and started licking and sucking it. It was her turn to loudly moan. She then reached under her ass and between my legs to grab my very hard cock. Feeling my erect manhood, she groaned and said, "I think I'm getting some cock tonight."

With all the signals in the green, she quickly unzipped my trousers, and I uncovered her left breast. As I licked and sucked on that breast, she fished out my cock. It was my turn to groan as she pumped on my cock. I unsnapped the crotch of her bodysuit and shoved two fingers into her wet pussy. She groaned out, "Let's go to the bedroom," and she stood up.

Standing up, I said, "No, I want you now. I want you here," and I pulled her back to the couch. Then I forcefully but carefully shoved her onto the couch and quickly mounted her. After three weeks of struggling with my erections, I wasn't taking any chances. I didn't care if the kids walked in on us making love in the living room. Hell I didn't care if the whole world was watching, I just needed some sex. And if the sex came from my beautiful and understanding wife that was even better.

I was in ecstasy, as my cock worked deeper and deeper into that very wet pussy. All too soon the journey ended when our crotches collided and my dick could go no deeper. Or at least that's what I originally thought, but that soon changed when my wife grabbed my ass and pulled me deeper into her. She moaned, "It's been too long honey. Now fuck the shit out of me." That told me that she didn't want us to make love, she just wanted us to fuck. And that was fine by me, because I had a few weeks' worth of cum to dump inside her. I pumped my cock into her cunt trying the best I could to get sexual relief. I needed some relief. The more I pumped the more I needed to cum. The more I needed to cum the harder it became to get some relief.

Suddenly I felt my wife start rubbing her clit and within a few seconds she started her orgasm. She bucked under my body as her cunt squeezed my cock. I still couldn't cum. I kept stroking my cock in and out of her cunt as her orgasm subsided. I needed to cum. She started another orgasm as she wrapped her legs around my back and grunted with pleasure. I again felt her cunt squeeze my cock. Just as she was finishing her second orgasm I finally felt my cum spurt forth from my cock. I grunted and rammed my cock as deep as I could into her. As weeks' worth of cum poured out of me, I ground my crotch into hers trying to get deeper into her. And as suddenly as it started I was done.

I collapsed on her, crushing her breasts into my chest. For the next few minutes we both relaxed from our fuck session. Angie finally starting pushing on my chest asking, "Honey, can you please get off? You're crushing me." I slowly withdrew my cock from her pussy and sat up on the couch. After a couple more minutes we helped each other to bed for the night.

I woke up the next day with a morning erection like I used to have at sixteen. But unlike when I was sixteen, I knew where it was going. I softly positioned my wife onto her back and pushed her night shirt up over her womanhood. I then started licking and sucking her clit. I wasn't going for any foreplay; I was going for action. It didn't take long before Angie woke up trying to push me away saying, "What the hell are you doing?"

As I crawled between her legs I said, "Getting you ready for me." Then I stuffed my hard cock into her waiting slit. As we made love, we passionately kissed. For the next thirty minutes we rolled around on the bed as we both humped each other. Finally, I was able to cum deep in her pussy as I grunted and shoved with pleasure.

After a week of undeterred sex, I found out that the capsule was filled with Viagra. Both she and the doctor had the prescription written to hide it. They figured that once I got started, the dam would flow, and I wouldn't need it as a crutch.

The second time I experienced the effects of Viagra, was when my wife and I celebrated our tenth anniversary. She arranged for a friend to watch the kids for two days while we disappeared to a hotel for the weekend.

We made arrangements to check-in before lunch. So we dropped the kids off right after breakfast and took our time getting to the hotel. When we arrived, we were both so horny that we barely made it to the room before attacking each other. I quickly found out that Angie had shaved her pussy for our event. With our clothes still on, we sixty-nined some on the bed before sucking each other off. This allowed us to calm down enough to eat some lunch in the dining room. During lunch, we fondled and played with each other just to rush back to the room and shed our clothes. We fucked each other. Angie came twice before I dumped my load into her. We then got our swimsuits on and went swimming.

We relaxed by the pool for about an hour before we ventured into it. As we swam together we played with each other and got ourselves all worked up. We rushed back to the room and just barely got our suits off before I was fucking her doggy style all over the room. We both came together and then collapsed on the bed holding each other. We cuddled until just before dinner when we both helped each other get dressed.

We had a very leisurely dinner and for the most part behaved ourselves. After dinner was over, we discovered that we had a couple of hours before our concert started. Having time to kill and only a room to kill it in we calmly went back to the room, undressed, and made slow passionate love on that bed. Since we both had come multiple times, it took us a while before our love flowed into each other. We relaxed in the room a few minutes before we hurriedly got dressed and went to the concert.

Between acts we talked about how much fun we were having for our tenth anniversary. Angie mentioned that she looked forward to later after the concert. I told her that after coming four times that I didn't think I could rise to the occasion. She frowned as she heard this. After a couple of minutes, she said she needed to use the restroom and would be right back. Just before the concert resumed she appeared with a beer. She gave me a kiss and handed me the beer. Then with a wicked grin she gave me a Viagra and her panties. I took one look at those wet panties and swallowed the blue pill.

For the rest of the concert all I could think about was my wife sitting beside me with no underwear on. I just wanted to fuck her there on the stage in front of everyone. On the way back to the hotel we couldn't keep our hands to ourselves. She unzipped my pants and stroked my cock. I pulled her skirt up and had two fingers deep in her pussy. We didn't care whom was watching we just kept playing with each other's privates.

Once we got back to our room, we quickly threw our clothes off. Angie then threw me on the bed and quickly mounted me. She rode me through three of her orgasms before, dripping in sweat, she dismounted. She lay beside me and said that she was done. I rolled over and got my cock back into her and said that I wasn't. I kept hammering my cock in and out of her as I tried to find my pleasure. While I was trying to get my relief, she came again. I felt her cunt squeeze my cock and it got me closer to my orgasm but it didn't push me over the edge. All through her fourth climax I kept pounding my cock into her. Once her orgasm was finished, Angie started to try to shove me off of her. I gave her a wicked look and pinned her arms beside her. I just kept stroking my cock in and out of her pussy while she told me to hurry up.

All of sudden my sexual relief came and I thrust deeply into her and grunted. I kept rutting into her and then it was over. I rolled off of her and immediately fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up with a very stiff erection. I shook my wife and said, "Honey it's back." She mumbled that she was too sore, to which I responded it was going into one of her three holes. She again mumbled she was too sore, so I forced her over onto her stomach. Then I placed four pillows under her

stomach, poured some oil on her asshole and my cock. I now slowly stuck my cock head into her ass. She squealed like a stuck pig, but I continued pushing my cock slowly into her bowels. I had no mercy, I had already given her a choice, now I was going to get my relief. I felt my crotch contact her ass cheeks then I slowly pulled out until only the head of my cock was in her ass. Then I went forward and then backwards. Each time a little faster than the last. At the same time my hands were a blur. They held onto Angie's shoulders, only to find their way to cupping her breasts. They grabbed her hips, only to snake between her stomach and pillows to find a home in her cunt.

She moaned, I groaned and then I came deep into her ass. It was a strong one but not as strong as the previous night's. I grunted a few more times and then I popped out of her asshole. We relaxed together for about a half hour while I apologized several times about my ungentlemanly conduct. She laughed and said she deserved it, and that the next time she gave me Viagra, she would be more ready for the wild fuck. We kissed, got dressed, and left. It was one hot tenth anniversary fuck session.

Well here I was with my third "Viagra bounce" but this one was much different. With the massive hard-on came a splitting headache. The pain from both caused me to start moaning and rolling around. A voice pushed through the pain saying, "What's wrong? What's wrong?"

"Fuck it hurts!"

"What?"

"My head, my dick, it hurts."

I felt a hand check out my cock. It was very soothing. "Damn your harder than last night." The pain lessened.

I moaned, "Make it go away."

"How?" The hand disappeared and the pain came back.

I groaned, "Fuck!" and I started to beat my meat. When I did, the pain diminished some, and I started to get some relief again. As I continued whacking off, I got more comfortable by lying on my back and relaxing. It wasn't long until I felt someone crawl over me and then they used my hand to guide my cock into a tight wet hole.

As the hole slowly engulfed my pole, the pain started diminishing. And as more and more of my dick disappeared in that velvety hole, the less pain I felt until my eyes were able to focus on who was sitting on my dick.

It was my saving angel, Ashley!

The pain was completely gone when we were completely coupled. Ashley started rocking her hips when my dick had been swallowed by her tight pussy. As she rode my stick, my hands checked her out. She had a very fine ass, tight stomach, but her breasts were the best! I couldn't get enough of those full and firm 38Ds. My eyes shifted from her tits, upward to her eyes. They were beautifully green and I had a touch of guilt when they reminded me of my wife's.

Her rocking had increased and my eyes shifted down to the union of her pussy and my cock. I watched her shaved snatch rocking in front of me. I saw the lips of her pussy surrounding the root of my dick. It was too much stimulus, I grabbed her full hips, grunted, and started bucking my cum into her. Before it went dark again, I saw my angel smiling at me.

Thanking an Angel

The light from the rising sun woke me, and it was a couple of minutes before my head cleared enough to remember where I was. Glancing around, I found the room empty but it still was arranged like the night before. When the fog in my head lifted enough to allow coherent thoughts, I decided it might be best to vacate the premises. I was naked, in what appeared to be a vacant suite, and I didn't need any trouble from the hotel staff.

Stumbling to the main room, I found my clothes wadded in a pile and got dressed. But before leaving I checked out the other bedroom. When I entered, I noticed that it reeked of pussy, and the bed had been used. Not just used, but used, HARD. I quickly left and went home.

On the way there I got this feeling that I needed to apologize and thank Ashley. I knew that I shouldn't, but the more I tried to shake it, the more I needed to see her.

At home I freshened up, got a bite to eat, and waited until it wasn't too early to make calls. It took a number of calls, but soon I was talking with Ashley's mother. It took a few minutes and a number of questions before she told me where to find Ashley.

On the way to Ashley's location, I made a couple of quick stops. The first was to pick up a dozen red roses and the last a wrapped box from the jewelry store.

When I got to the museum where Ashley worked, I heard her voice coming from a room. In that room, I found Ashley reading a children's book to a group of first graders. She noticed me and without missing a word she rushed over and grabbed my hand. She didn't let go as she pulled me into the room and got me to stand in front of her audience. This was a turn of events that I hadn't expected. I was now standing in front of a group of children and their mothers. In one hand I was holding red roses and in the other hand was Ashley's.

That soon changed when Ashley let go of my hand and handed me the book. As she continued reading, she pointed to a spot before she stopped and told me to continue. When I took over, Ashley gave me a quick peck on my cheek, grabbed the roses, and dashed out of the room.

She was back a few minutes later with the roses in a vase. She showed them to a couple of the moms before she placed them on a table for everyone to enjoy. I noticed she had stirred up her co-workers since a few were now watching me read.

Ashley came back, gave me a peek on the other cheek, and took over reading, but not before grabbing my hand.

When Ashley was done, a couple mothers came forward, and commented on how sweet it was to have a boyfriend that cared so much that he would bring roses. I also noticed a couple others just giving me the evil eye.

Not letting go of me, Ashley led me to the receptionist. Ashley asked for "the key" and when the lady handed it to Ashley, she welcomed her to "the club", but reminded Ashley she had another reading in 45 minutes. Ashley made sure it was the same story before she led me downstairs.

Ashley led me to a locked door, and when we were on the other side, I found myself pushed against it, with her tongue down my throat, and my cock in her hands. We kissed and she pumped my dick, getting me hard very quickly. While still getting my bearing, she knew what she wanted, and started moving us across the room, towards a waiting cot. I put the skids on and broke free.

I said huskily, "I've got another gift."

Ashley reached over and gently stroked my stick, "Yes, I know, and I was going to use it."

Ignoring her comment, I handed her the box. She opened it and found a silver necklace. I saw disappointment in her eyes when she held it up. I asked, "Don't you like it?"

She answered, "At first, I thought it was an anklet. But this is very pretty."

"What made you think it was an anklet?"

"That's what you gave Wendy."

"I gave her a necklace too. The anklet was for her first time." I noticed Ashley's grin, and it struck me like a lightning bolt, "That was your first time!" She nodded her head and I replied, "Oh fuck!" It took me a few seconds for a plan to jell before saying, "Well I need to properly congratulate you." I turned the tables on her and she found herself backed up against the door.

My tongue went into her lovely mouth, and my fingers went into her wet pussy. I kept her pressed tightly against that door, while we kissed and my fingers worked on her clit. My fingers played her like a violin, taking her closer and closer to the peak of her passion.

This woman needed my thanks, my undying gratitude, my love. My fingers never slowed, as I tried to give her all that and more. I felt her passion start to bloom, as her breathing became labored and her hips started rocking. Soon her kissing stopped, so I watched her face, as my fingers went into overdrive.

Suddenly her eyes popped open and she grunted, "OOOhhhh fffuuuccckkk." She arched away from the wall, leaving only the back of her head touching the door. His woman was having one hell of an orgasm! Suddenly her thighs started twitching. Taking a quick glance, all I could see were her legs bouncing about.

She bucked against the door a few times, before she went limp. When she did, I moved to phase two.

Carefully, I slipped her panties off, arranged her legs, slid my head under her skirt, and buried my face into her pussy.

I struggled a few seconds with trying to clean up her slit, before I moved to my main course. When my tongue found her button, Ashley's hands found my head. I worked on her clit for about thirty seconds, before I heard her groan, "Oh my God." She arched off the wall, as before, and her nails dug into my head. If it wasn't for her skirt, she would have drawn blood. Then I felt her thighs going wild. They kept bouncing against my head, as I drank her honey.

My lips stayed clamped to her clit, as she bucked through that climax. When it was over, I figured we needed to move to a more comfortable spot. Moving her over to the cot, I laid her on it. When I flipped her skirt up and exposed her shaved pussy, I was very tempted to go for my pleasure. But since I owed her so much, I quickly shook that thought away, and buried my tongue into her hole. This time, I could do a proper job of cleaning up her pussy and its outer lips. While I feasted on her sweet pussy juice, my fingertips played with her button of joy. I didn't expect her to wrap her legs around me and start bucking with another climax.

When that one was over, I gave her a break, before I went for another, by wrapping my lips around her clit and sucking. She immediately shouted, "FFFuuuccckkk." and bucked the cot. My face had been buried in her twat for last two orgasms, and I was curious to see her bucking the cot.

When I sat beside her, her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be relaxing. She looked like 'Sleeping Beauty', until my fingers started rubbing her button.

Her eyes popped open and she grunted, "OOOhhhh dddaaammnnn." I watched each wave of her orgasm, as it coursed through her body. With each wave, she would throw her head back and arch her back. When she did this, her ass would raise up off the cot, her breasts pressing toward the ceiling, and her stomach concaved inward. But what turned me on the most, were when her thighs started shaking.

It appeared that the muscle on her inner thigh had a direct connection to her clit. When her clit exploded with pleasure, that muscle started twitching, causing her thighs to quake. Damn that's hot!

I kept rubbing her clit when her climax ended and a few seconds later she had another small cum. I watched as her hips bucked and she moaned out, "OOOOhhhh." Her eyes never opened during that one and her thighs barely twitched.

I figured she was wasted and giving her more would be pointless. So I rearranged her skirt to hide her bright red pussy, before caressing her forehead and whispering, "That, my angel, is what I owed you."

Checking my watch, I made a dash upstairs to the reading room. On the way there, I passed the receptionist, who gave me a surprised look. The next group was already waiting, so I grabbed the book and started reading. As I read to the kids, I tried making it as interesting as I could, by acting out some scenes as I walked around the room.

Three quarters of the way through, Ashley made her appearance. She flopped in a chair and watched me work the crowd. From the looks of her, my session had taken more out of her than I thought.

After I had finished the reading, I got a few good comments on my style. While I was basking in my glory, I noticed an older lady talking with Ashley. Ashley was showing her the gifts and pointing to me. I could tell that this hadn't impressed the lady.

Once we were alone, Ashley introduced me to the woman. The woman was her mother, the lady I had talked to a couple of hours earlier. Ashley told me her mom was eating lunch with us, in the museum cafeteria. Heck, I didn't know I was eating with anybody today.

Being the gentleman that I am, I paid for lunch and kept Ashley company. Originally, I had planned on a short visit with Ashley, to privately thank her. But even though we had a private intimate moment, I still really hadn't thanked her, or at least told her with words.

I knew Ashley's mom didn't like me when she said, "I don't like him." She's very direct.

Ashley answered, "I don't care." and she squeezed my hand.

Mom fired back with, "He's married."

Ashley told her, "And he's got three kids."

That got mom steamed, so she asked. "So are you going to be his mistress?"

"Being a mistress is a long term commitment, I'd say I'm a lover." And she leaned over and forced our lips together. I don't kiss very well with a mad mother staring at me.

"Ashley Marie Goodherd! What do you see in this man!"

"Mom just chill. There's nothing you can do, we made love last night and we're going to do it again tonight. And if I'm lucky we'll do the same the next night. After that he'll go his way and I'll go mine. We'll walk away with beautiful memories, never to see each other again."

From the looks I was getting, Mom didn't like what she had just heard. We basically ate in silence, except for some chit chat from Ashley. After we finished eating, Ashley and I left mom sitting at the table still steaming.

Ashley still held my hand, as she pulled me into a closet and got me into a lip lock. At this point, I was still too weirded out to do much more than follow her lead. We necked for about five minutes before she mumbled that we needed to go. She had my dick out and had hardened me up good. I had tried for her tits, but the dress and the bra protected them, so I was milking them still covered.

She got a kick out of watching me shove my stick away, and then led me to the main entrance. There we met up with a group and for the next hour, Ashley guided them around the museum. As she guided the tour, she never let go of my hand.

Once the tour was over, Ashley had us back in the closet and we resumed where we had left off. After about a minute, Ashley pulled away letting go of my dick and said, "Unzip me." After pulling the dress zipper down, I helped her get her arms out. She was wearing your standard white bra but she quickly removed it. There in front of me was my main goal! We got back into our embrace and I got my hands on those puppies!

They were firm! They were full! They were fucking great! They were mine! Well at least for about five minutes because after that Ashley moaned that we needed to go.

This time she watched me shove my dick away and I watched her shove her boobies into her dress. She left the bra in the closet.

She led me and another group around the museum for another hour. During this circuit, I focused a tad bit more on her chest knowing that she was bra less, and I formulated my next course of action. Ashley caught me staring a couple of times and gave me a wink.

As I had figured, she had me back in the closet once the tour was over. She didn't expect me to get her boobs out so quickly and my face buried in them. The hunter was now the prey, I kept her hands away from my dick, as my hands got under her dress and panties. I found her clit and started working it as my lips worked on her nipples.

While I worked on raising her passion, I checked her level by the wetness of her slit. I could tell she was warming up very quickly. We were late and she still hadn't cum, but I wasn't going to stop. A couple of minutes later she grunted a quiet, "God damn." and pushed off the door. I slowed my attack as she rode each climatic wave.

When her orgasm was over, I straighten her up the best I could, and led her to the main entrance. The group was waiting and Ashley was still recovering, so I started the tour. Ashley soon recovered and for the next hour we tag teamed the tour. We did the same for the next group, since they were waiting when we finished.

That was the last tour of the day and Ashley let me know she needed to help close. She then gave me a passionate kiss while she copped a feel of my crotch. Still holding my package, she whispered, "I'm looking forward to spending the night with you." She let go and when she walked away, she said, "All alone, in bed, making love."

I took a couple of minutes to collect my thoughts before I located a telephone. A couple of calls later, I got the bride-to-be on the phone.

Wendy said, "That was one hot show last night. How'd you come up with it?"

"It wasn't my idea; it was Susan's"

"Well how did she talk you into doing it?"

"She blackmailed me into helping."

"How?"

I wasn't thinking when I answered, "She threatened to tell you about Jim, getting a blowjob, at the strip club."

"Oh that, I told him to enjoy one. I figured he might be more relaxed drained."

When I heard that, I nearly got sick. The hell Ashley and I had gone through for nothing. I went forward with the reason I called, "Wendy, I called to tell you I can't be there tonight."

"Honey you can't do this to me. My cousins want to talk with you some. Can you tell me why?"

"I promised to spend the time with Ashley because of what I did to her last night."

"You only fucked her. It's not like it was her first time." The pause was noticeable, until Wendy asked, "It wasn't, was it?"

"It was."

Ashley showed up and hugged me. She heard Wendy say, "Shit."

She whispered, "Is that Wendy?" I nodded and she grabbed the phone from me.

"Wendy, Ashley here, thanks for inviting me to the party last night." Ashley started fondling my cock. "I had a great time. And I really enjoyed the finale, it hurt like hell at first, but I'm a woman now. And you were so right, Al's the perfect man for it. He even brought me roses and a necklace to say thank you." Ashley listened to Wendy and then said, "I don't care it's up to Al. Here ask him." She handed me the phone.

Wendy said, "Al come to the rehearsal and bring Ashley, she can join you for dinner too. You both have to eat sometime."

I looked at Ashley and she nodded. I answered, "Okay."

Wendy said, "Good. Now let me talk to Ashley again."

Ashley listened before she said, "That's sweet." Then, "Thank you." And before she hung up, "I'll tell him." Ashley told me, "Wendy's calling the hotel and reserving us a room, her treat. It should be ready before we need it."

She had been stroking my dick all this time, so I said, "I need it now. Let's go." She giggled, as I led her to my car.

Luckily, the hotel was just a few minutes away, unluckily, I had to wait until Ashley checked in. There was a delay getting Wendy's dad's approval to cover the room. But soon she had the key and we dashed to the elevator.

Even before the doors could close, I found her lips and a boob. She had a bit of a difficulty finding the right floor to push, as we went at it, but she must have found the right one, because before I knew it, we were in front of our hotel room door.

I was unzipping Ashley's dress as she fumbled with the key, and when the door opened her dress fell. She giggled as she stepped out of her dress and into the room. Picking up the dress, I followed her in and closed the door behind me.

Ashley had already kicked her shoes off, so she started undressing me and we started kissing again. We were like two animals in heat, as we left a trail of clothes on our way to the bed. And our lips never left contact, when Ashley crab crawled across the bed leading me by my dick.

She first positioned herself on the bed, and then positioned my cock at the entrance to her slit. Feeling the warmth surrounding the head of my stick, I pressed downward into that wet tunnel of joy. It felt wonderfully tight, as my dick drilled deeper and deeper.

When our crotches collided, I was getting ready to hammer out my relief, but Ashley groaned. It wasn't a groan of passion, it was a groan of pain, I froze. I said softly, "Sorry, I forgot."

Ashley was still adjusting to the new sensation, when she asked, "Forgot what?"

Being careful not to move my stick, I kissed her and said, "You've never made love." And I slowly pulled my dick up, and just as slowly sank back down. For the next several minutes, my cock slowly pumped, as I watched Ashley's face. At first I saw a look of lust, mixed with pain, but soon it was replaced with passion. Even then, my hips didn't speed up, until I felt Ashley's legs wrap around my waist. Ashley had now transformed from a willing receptacle, to a wanting partner.

Using all my resources, I slowly increased her passion. My cock stirred her wet tunnel, my chest crushed her breasts, my mouth kissed her lips, my eyes talked with hers. My love flowed to her.

It was working, she was now encouraging my love. She was pulling on my butt, to shove my dick into her pussy. Her hips were bucking up, when mine were bucking down, making our crotches collide with a slap. Ashley was close, but I was a lot closer. I wanted her to cum. I needed her to cum first.

I slipped out and down, shoved her legs apart, and buried my lips around her clit. It took my tongue about thirty seconds to pull out her orgasm.

When I heard her say, "OOOhhhh", I moved quickly and got my dick back into her pussy. Her eyes were open and her hips were bucking under me. I enjoyed riding my bucking bronco.

When Ashley flopped under me, I got back in tempo, and soon her legs were wrapped around my waist again. This time I was going for my pleasure. Ashley just held on, as my hips went into action. I had teased myself all day and it didn't take me long to get into the groove.

Soon, the pleasure from my dick pulled the seed from my balls and transferred it into Ashley. I grunted and shoved, shoved and grunted. Ashley just held on, as my climax poured into her.

Normally I give my woman more love once mine is over, but today I just flopped beside that beautiful woman. She caressed my head, as I grasped for air, recovering from a fantastic orgasm.

When my fingers slipped down to her slit and came back with my cum, I remembered a question I needed to ask, "It's a little late to ask, but should we be worried about pregnancy?"

She giggled, "You do seem pretty potent, but you needn't worry, I'm on the pill."

I checked the time and said, "Sorry to break this short, but we need to get to the rehearsal."

As Ashley moved to get her clothes, she said, "I'm going to skip it. I need to go home and get stuff for tomorrow. Can you drop me at my car? I'll meet you back here for dinner."

With our passion sated, it didn't take us long to get ready and leave. I dropped Ashley off at her car before I dashed to the church.

Wedding Rehearsal

I got to Wendy's wedding rehearsal about fifteen minutes late. The practice had already started, but when Wendy saw me she squealed with delight and ran over to give me a big hug. She then introduced me to everyone.

After she had finished, Wendy quickly explained what I had missed and then the rehearsal continued. During the practice I found out that I was to escort Jill Plummer down the aisle. Jill Plummer was about a foot shorter than me and had brown eyes. She had long blond hair that stopped just above her ass, which was just fine. The rehearsal took about an hour and then everyone left for the rehearsal dinner.

The hotel restaurant had set up a very big table for our group. Ashley was already there waiting for me, so I gave her a kiss before checking out the seating arrangements. Each spot had a place card, so I found my assigned spot and sat down. Unfortunately, Ashley's spot wasn't close to mine but we kept looking at each other and winking. After everyone was seated, the waiters served the first course. I was seated with Jill to my right and Wendy to my left. In front of me was one of the groomsmen, to his right was Sarah and on his left was Penny. Someone was being devilish with their seating chart, because I was surrounded by 'The Double D' participants. Dinner was uneventful, except for Wendy rubbing my inner thigh while she talked to everyone. Her sister and cousins kept looking at me as they talked and ate.

During the meal someone asked Wendy, "Where's Janet? I thought she'd be here."

Wendy answered, "Jim wouldn't let me invite her. He's pissed about the other night. Her bit with my ex stirred up old wounds." When she said 'ex' she gave my dick a hard squeeze, letting me know she was referring to me. "But without her, he and I wouldn't have gotten together. Yes, I know she's your typical blond: good looks, but stupid. But those tits attract the men and Jim was one of her castoffs. I snagged him after she blew him off. And I mean literally, after she blew him. You see Janet and I were at a bar when we noticed Jim staring at us. After about ten minutes of Jim staring a hole right through us, Janet couldn't take it anymore. So she got up and went over to Jim. Then she dropped to her knees, unzipped his pants, and fished out his cock. She blew him right there in the bar. After she was finished taking his load down her throat, she tucked his cock away and zipped him back up. Then after she stood up, she looked him straight in the eyes, and said, 'And honey that's all you're going to get from me. EVER.' She then walked over to a guy playing pool, grabbed his hand, and said, 'Come with me, I need a fuck.' and she left with that guy. The whole bar was quiet and everyone saw what happened. Jim was devastated. I rushed over to comfort him. Well I must have done a good job."

Right before dessert was served, the groomsman in front of me said he had an appointment and left. A few seconds later, Amanda sat in his now vacant seat. Looking around, she motioned to the surrounding girls to listen, and then said very quietly, "Girls, I believe everyone knows Al Hilton of 'The Double D' fame." Then looking into my eyes as her daughter Wendy squeezed my cock, she said, "We ALL need to talk at the reception." She then gave me a wink and left. I nearly choked on the cake I was trying to eat.

Before the party was over Ashley slipped next to me and we sneaked away. We didn't get very far when I found a private spot where we could talk.

When we stopped, Ashley asked, "What's wrong? Aren't we headed upstairs?"

I said, "We need to talk."

"We can do that upstairs."

"If I go upstairs, all I'll do is to go to bed."

As she rubbed my crotch, she kissed me and said, "That's what I want."

Ignoring the comment, I asked, "You've been interested in me before we've met. How come?"

"Wendy let me read her journal. It was hot, and I've dreamed about it ever since. And when I met you, I wanted to know more about you. So I asked Amanda, but she was a bit vague. I did notice her squirming when I asked about you and Wendy making love for the last time as she waited. Wendy's journal was a bit vague about that part and Amanda didn't help to clear it up. Then last night I got a private moment with Sarah. I had found out earlier that Sarah had babysat for you, and I wanted to know about your wife and kids. During that talk I noticed that Sarah was also squirming and holding something back. It was then I knew I wanted more time with you."

"Why?"

Her face got red and she answered, "To make me a woman."

"So you planned on last night?"

"Oh no, I wanted it to be different. Last night I was going to suck you off, but Susan tricked me."

I now asked her, "Who's Ashley?"

For the next few minutes she gave me a quick overview; a freshman in college working on an Accounting degree. No boyfriends and living at home with her parents. Only child. Looking for a husband and having kids. Career wasn't as important to her as having a family.

With all my questions answered, we headed to the room.

Once we were there, we started kissing. For the next several minutes, Ashley and I got into a tight embrace and let our passion soar. Our hands played grab ass, as our tongues danced. After a bit my passion was boiling, so I reached for her zipper. When I did, Ashley pulled back and said, "Let me." Then she slowly undressed me.

First she slowly unbuttoned my shirt and her lips followed her fingers, as she slowly kissed down my chest. Soon my shirt fell to the floor. Next she worked on my shoes and socks, while she nuzzled my crotch with her head. It was weird when she started licking my cock while it was still buried in my pants.

After that, she attacked my trousers. At first she struggled to get them open, but soon the fly split and she started tugging at them. She wasn't wasting any effort because as my pants fell, she snagged my underwear as well. I watch my angel as she slowly uncovered her objective. She slowly unwrapped her gift until my dick sprang forth.

When it did, her mouth quickly attached to the hard appendage, and her hands caressed my ass cheeks, leaving my pants and underwear hovering just above my knees. Everything now came to a screeching stop, as she started sucking on my stick.

At first Ashley's cock sucking skills were lacking. But with my whispering her some recommendations, along with some encouragement, her skills improved to a point where I was ready to shove my big dick down her

pretty throat. Luckily I came to my senses and pulled away, causing my cock to pop out of her pretty mouth. She let out a growl of disappointment.

Sitting on the bed, I removed the rest of my clothes as Ashley watched knelling on the floor in a lustful stupor. But she came back to reality when I moved away as I got comfortable on the bed.

It was her turn to get undressed and she made a show out of it. She did a slow striptease as she wiggled around the room.

She started by unzipping her dress and letting it slip over her shoulders. She caught the dress before it slipped over her breasts and then she turned her back to me before letting the dress go. It resumed its journey and slid slowly to the floor.

Ashley was now wearing only her shoes and panties. She wiggled her butt before she quickly flipped the shoes off and slowly turned around.

For several long seconds, the world slowed as my eyes feasted on her beauty. Her angelic face. Her firm breasts. Her washboard flat stomach. Those full hips. Her thick thighs. Those dainty ankles.

When her hands moved to her waistband, my eyes followed and was treated to the uncovering of her pussy. Oh God, my cock grew harder as she shucked the last of her clothing away and then approached me with her pussy glistening in the light.

My cock got even harder, when that angel started crawling towards me. We looked in each other's eyes as she slunk towards me. Her green eyes full of lust. Her big breasts hanging under her, swaying back and forth.

She never paused until our lips met. We resumed our lip lock and my hands cupped two perfect mounds of womanly tit flesh. It wasn't long before Ashley started hunching my stick. She was wet, very very wet.

She rubbed her wet slit along my shaft a few times before grabbing it with her hand and shoving it into her waiting hole.

It was her show, so I held my hips in check as she tried working my cock into her tight pussy. It was touch and go at first, because every time she started wiggling, my dick popped out and we'd both groan. But after several false starts, she got my stick embedded into her tunnel that it wasn't slipping out.

She rode me slow as my cock slowly wormed its way into her tight pussy. Slowly, ever so slowly, my dick went deeper and deeper into her almost virgin tunnel.

While she wiggled trying to get my shaft deeper, our eyes met again. She was smiling and gave me a wink. The sensation was getting to me and she wasn't fully impaled. I needed to focus on something else. Something other than her very tight twat.

I went for the rack. I started fondling her boobies. They were beauties. Firm. Big. Defying the law of gravity. Attached to a beauty. They were great bosoms. The best pair I've ever touched. And they kept me focused away from my crotch, well until my crotch crashed into hers.

Once our join was complete, Ashley leaned over and we kissed. My hands were still holding her mammaries as she asked, "You like tits. Don't you?"

She continued to ride me when I gave her a kiss and answered, "Yep." I'm a man of few words while a woman is sitting on my dick. I think it's due to the lack of blood to the brain.

From the tingling emanating from my balls, I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. Ashley's just too much woman for me. I knew she needed her pleasure quickly. So I pushed her upright and said, "Angel, rub your clit. I want to feel you cum."

Ashley moved my hands to her hips and said, "Just relax and let me do this for you." Closing her eyes, she went to town riding my stick. Placing her hands on my chest, her hips started rocking back and forth really quickly. Then after a few seconds I felt her pussy squeeze.

Damn, that was all I could take! At that very moment my primordial instinct to procreate took over. Grabbing her womanly hips, I pulled hard as my hips thrust upward, forcing my cockhead closer to the portal of her womb. At the same time my sperm filled balls contracted and I planted my seed deep in that angel's pussy.

That was only the beginning round and the same process automatically repeated a few more times as I rutted my seed into that ripe cunt. It was one hell of a cum!

After that fantastic session, I was in la la land for a few minutes. The next thing I remember is Ashley spooning behind me whispering in my ear, "Now go to sleep lover, I'll be here."

That's exactly what I did as she held me tightly with her boobs pressing into my back.

I awoke a couple hours later with a full bladder. It took me a few seconds to recall where and with whom I was. But with my bladder screaming for relief, I made a mad dash to the bathroom without verifying my bedmate.

Confirmation was forth coming, because as I was urinating a beautiful angel appeared beside me.

Ashley caressed my ass as she said, "I was worried you were leaving."

Still pissing, I leaned over to her and we kissed before I said, "Nope. Just dumping some water."

She watched as I finished my business and as I shook off the excess I asked, "Do you need to go?"

She replied, "Yes but first..." Grabbing my cock she pulled me to her and we then kissed for a couple of minutes. Getting anxious I pointed at the toilet. We continued kissing as she urinated. Once she was finished I picked her up and said, "Are you ready for bed, My Angel?"

Nodding her head, she said, "Most definitely."

"Okay, Angel, hang on. I'm carrying you."

She held tightly around my neck as I rearranged my hands. When I had finished, I was holding her ass in one hand and had two fingers of my other hand in her pussy. I now started caressing her G-spot. She broke our kiss and groaned into my ear asking, "What are you doing?"

"Working on your G-spot, Angel. Want me to stop?"

"Hell no, it feels too good. I just want you to fuck the hell out of me."

"Patience lover, patience. We've got all night together."

Carrying her to the bed, I was able to tuck her under the sheets and get beside her without letting go. As my fingertips continued caressing her internal bump, I whispered into her beautiful ear, "Now relax and enjoy. I'll be right here in the morning, Ashley, my angel." Now I buried my face into those lovely tits while rubbing her clit with my thumb. That's all she could handle as her head pushed into the bed with a grunt. Then her whole body arched off the bed and she grunted again as her orgasm started.

During her orgasm I whispered, "That's one. How many are in there?" As she continued bucking, I continued rubbing both her nub and G-spot. I couldn't help myself, I kissed her open mouth as she was grasping for air. As her orgasm subsided, I switched tactics. I kissed my way down her throat and over her perfect breast. I licked the nipple but hurried down over the stomach and then sucked on her clit.

She started her second orgasm as soon as the tongue touched her clitoris. Her body again popped off the bed. And her hands and hips forced my face deeper into her pussy. Then I felt her thighs start trembling. She grunted as the orgasm raced through her body. I kept tonguing her clit as the orgasm peaked and then started to subside. Toward the end her hands slipped off my head and laid beside her. Her head stopped pushing into the bed and laid limply to one side.

I didn't give her much time to recover, because I thrust three fingers in her pussy and rubbed her G-spot. I switched from light laps of my tongue to hard licks and sucks. The third orgasm started. Her hands came back to the top of my head. Her head shoved the rest of her body into the air. The arching of her body allowed me to shove a finger of my other hand into the now available asshole. She grunted and grunted. I rubbed and rubbed. She really started bucking the air and her thighs really when to town as I held on to her. She was having one hell of a climax and then everything stopped.

I looked up to see that she was done. I had planned to put her to sleep with orgasms, but I figured she had at least two more in her. Gently I removed my fingers from her openings and covered her up. I then turned the lights out and cuddled against her. It took me a few minutes to calm down before I fell asleep.

**

My woody woke me up a couple hours later. I had been dreaming about making love to an angel while we floated on clouds in the sky. I now looked over at the same angel sleeping beside me and I knew it was time to fulfill my dream. Reaching over I lightly caressed Ashley's lovely face. Her eyes popped open and I saw a look of confusion on her face, before she smiled with understanding of where she was and with whom.

"Did you sleep well, Angel?"

"Yes, but I don't remember anything after you stuck your finger up my butt. Did we make love?"

"No Angel. Last night was for you. I needed to make it up to you for what happened the other night."

"You mean Susan's skit?"

"Yes, Angel, that, and my part in it."

"From what I could tell, she had you drugged and you didn't have much choice."

"It's still not an excuse. You deserved a better first time, other than getting raped."

"Honey, I'm a big girl and I got myself into a situation that I shouldn't've. I don't blame you. If anyone's to blame, it's that bitch, Susan."

"Thanks, Angel."

"Why do you call me, Angel?"

"Remember after the skit, when I woke up in pain?" She nodded and I continued, "You came to my rescue, by riding me. I don't know what I would've done without you, my angel."

"Oh that's sweet. But will you make love to me now? Please?" And she grabbed for my cock. I grabbed her. We started kissing, as we both fondled each other. I stroked and teased her nipples. She did the same. I rubbed and squeezed her ass. She followed my lead by doing the same. I now sucked on her nipples. She grabbed and stroked my cock while groaning in pleasure. While I still licked and sucked on those magnificent nipples, I got two of my fingers into her pussy and started a slow finger fuck. She started pulling me towards her with my cock, as she growled, "Fuck me, please, fuck me."

Stopping what I was doing I said, "Not yet, Angel, not yet," as I backed my way down to her crotch. I now started licking her shaved pussy. I licked down one side, over her asshole, up the other side, and then sucked on her clit. I repeated the process, over and over, going slowly at first, but each time I went a little faster. Ashley was now constantly moaning and groaning. I had my arms wrapped under her thighs while I lightly brushed her sides and stomach with my fingertips. Her head was shaking from side to side. Her breathing was becoming more ragged and labored. Using all my senses, I waited for her orgasm to start.

I tongue fucked her pussy a few times, before I licked and sucked on her clit. Then she started cumming. Her hands grabbed my head and forced me further into her crotch. I continued sucking and licking her clit through her orgasm. As her orgasm softened, she finally let go of my head. I took this opportunity to crawl forward taking her thighs and legs with me.

In one swift movement, I bent her legs to her chest and got my cock lined up at the entrance to her cunt. As I wiggled the head of it into her pussy, I said, "Angel, what do you want?"

She glared at me in lust and said, "Don't tease me."

I spread her legs as I pushed in an inch and then backed out. "What do you want?"

"Just fuck me, please fuck me."

I spread her legs more as I pulled my cock out. I then rubbed the shaft on top of her clit. "What do you want?"

She suddenly said, "Your cock, I want your cock."

I then repositioned my cock head into the mouth of her cunt and wiggled it around again saying, "Where do you want it?"

"In my pussy."

As soon as she said 'pussy', I sank my cock into her in one continuous motion. She was still as tight as she was last night. We both moaned together as my cock sank all the way into her. She grunted as our crotches crushed together and my heavy sperm laden balls slapped her ass. As soon as I could go no deeper into her I switched direction and started pulling out. I now setup a slow but determined rhythm. The determination was in my wanting to dump my cum into her tight pussy. I knew that the position she was now in gave her almost no clitoral stimulation and very little G Spot contact. But hell I really liked her squeezed in two.

During one of my thrusts, I grabbed her hand and used it to rub her clit saying, "If you want to cum you better start rubbing. I'm close and this one's going to drain me." With her eyes closed, she nodded her head in understanding. She then started rapidly rubbing her clit, as I continued to work on my need to dump my load into her. We both kept working our way up to our climax. I started my orgasm first but she must have felt it because she started cumming right after that. I grunted and tried to shoot my cum deeper in her. She just tried to unfold as the waves of pleasure continued. We both enjoyed the peaks of our orgasms and we kissed as our pleasures subsided. I slowly pulled out of her and helped unfold her before we cuddled. It wasn't long before we fell back asleep.

July 9, 2005 – Saturday

Play Time

A couple hours later, I was awakened by the morning sun, peaking through the window. For a few brief minutes, I let the world spin, as I laid there, staring at the beautiful goddess sleeping beside me. Only after an encroaching beam of light touched that angelic face, did I force myself away from her side. Quietly, I slipped out of bed making sure not to wake up the sleeping angel and closed the curtains. Then I headed to the bathroom, first to empty my bladder, and then to make a few calls using the phone in there.

First, I called room service and ordered breakfast for Ashley and myself. Next, I called the front desk and requested a few hygiene supplies and asked to have them sent up with the breakfast order. Then, I made a few calls, trying to find someone to fetch my tuxedo. I finally got a hold of Sarah and she said it would be her pleasure. I told her to stop by the room and pick up my keys.

As I waited for Sarah, I sat and watched Ashley sleeping. Soon I heard a soft tapping at the door. Putting on the robe, I opened the door. Sarah was there in a tight blouse and even tighter pair of jeans. Quickly, I handed her my keys, along with a list of items I needed, before giving her a quick peck on her cheek. And as she was leaving I said, "Thank you. By the way, you've got a great ass," and I quickly shut the door before she could reply.

With my chores complete, I removed the robe, and crawled back into bed. Ashley was sleeping on her side, so I carefully slipped in behind her and started stroking her hip using only the tips of my fingers. With my cock nestled along the crack of her ass, my fingers lightly danced along her pelvic arch. Then wrapping my arm over her, my fingertips caressed her stomach. Shortly after, I felt her wiggle her ass against my crotch. Now knowing that she was awake, I cupped her breast and kissed her on the neck.

She moaned saying, "Lover, what time is it?"

While I rubbed my cock up and down her ass crack I answered, "It's a little after eight. I've ordered us some breakfast and it should be here shortly." I fondled her breast as I licked her earlobe.

"What do we do until then?"

I said "Play," as I rolled her over to kiss her lips.

As we kissed, she seized my cock and pulled it over to her crotch. She then parted her thighs and forced my cock into her pussy. For some reason, this woman had my cock in her pussy in a couple of seconds. We continued kissing as I slowly stroked my way deeper and deeper into that velvety tunnel.

Our pubic mounds finally made contact with each other. I wanted to take my time to love this woman properly. So I made my strokes with love and care. We kissed and fondled each other as we made love together on that bed. Then we heard a knock at the door as someone shouted, "Room service." We both moaned with our displeasure of being interrupted.

I pulled my cock out of its temporary home and told Ashley, "Be right back lover." Then as I covered her, I said, "We don't want the waiter to see too much." Quickly, I put on the robe and made sure Ashley was ready before opening the door.

The waiter pushed a cart in and I waited patiently while he arranged the food. Handing me a package, he said, "These are from the Front Desk." Then as he headed the bill, he said, "Can you sign for the food?" I signed and added a bit on for his trouble.

Just as I handed the bill back to him, Ashley said, "Brad?"

He turned to face the voice and said, "Yes?"

Turning on the bedside lamp, Ashley fumbled to keep her breasts covered. Once the light was on, she sat up against the headboard, so the waiter could get a better look at her face.

He finally recognized her and said, "Oh, hello Ashley."

She asked, "Brad, what are you doing here?"

"I work here. So why are you here?"

She pondered the question a second, before she flipped the cover away, showing her nude body. Then the whole room watched, as she slowly got out of the bed making sure that she displayed her shaved crotch. Cockily, she walked over to us and said, "Making love with a gentleman." She said it with a venomous tone in her voice. She strutted as if she wanted to show her beautifully naked body to the waiter. She walked over and stood in front of him. Looking him straight in his lust filled eyes she said, "You think you're hot stuff, with your broad shoulders, and hard stomach." She then came over to me and pushed the robe off of my shoulders. The robe fell to the floor around my ankles. Ashley then said, "But this man knows how to make love to a woman. He's got more passion and love in the tip of this cock, then you do in your whole fucking body." She was now holding my hard cock in her hand. Pointing to Brad, "You, sir, only fuck things."

Ashley then noticed Brad staring at her thighs. She nastily asked, "What the fuck are you looking at?"

He stammered, "Is that cum leaking out of your pussy?"

She glanced down and then back at him saying, "Yes. Do you want to lick it off?"

"Hell no! That's disgusting."

At that point I knew what needed to be done. Knelling down in front of Ashley, I started licking up my mess. I followed the trail of cum up her thighs and into her slit. She gently grabbed my head and moaned. As I struggled to get more of my tongue deeper into her, she spread her legs to give me better access. She said, "Brad, he's sucking his cum out of my well fucked pussy. And shortly he'll have that wonderful cock of his buried deep in me. Brad, tell me how many girls you've pleased?"

Brad blushed a deep red and looked at his toes, his hands in his pockets and shoulders hunched; he looked a picture of misery. "I've fucked a lot of girls," he mumbled in reply.

"I asked how many you've pleased, not fucked," she snapped. I was now lapping all over her pussy but mostly I was working on her clit. She groaned in pleasure as she said, "How many girls have you given an orgasm?" She waited for a response then said, "Hell, have you ever seen a woman having a climax first hand?" Again she waited. I was now only licking and sucking her clit. She grunted saying, "Well watch one now asshole." She now forced my face deeply into her pussy and started grunting. I felt that orgasm rack her body. I was holding onto her ass cheeks, as she bucked her hips back and forth. I wanted so much to shove my cock deep inside that spasming pussy, or at least shove a couple of fingers, but I was too busy holding onto that bucking woman. I made sure that I kept loving her clit as her climax continued. As she calmed down from her ultimate pleasure she said, "Brad that was an orgasm. Now will you take your pencil prick out of here and let him make love to me."

I kept holding her waist and licking her slit as he left the room. As soon as the door closed she broke away from my embrace and stumbled back to sit on the bed.

"Damn that felt good."

"Which one. The orgasm or telling him off?"

"Both." she said, as she grinned back at me. "Now come here for your present."

"Ashley, I'll get my dessert later, the breakfast is getting cold. But I want to try something as we eat. Are you willing?"

"Why did you ask such a stupid question. Tell me what to do."

Grabbing the breakfast cart, I dragged it over to the bed, before sitting down and saying, "Get on my lap." With a puzzled look, Ashley came over to me and started to sit on my lap. I said, "No, not that way. I want you facing me. And I want me, in you, as we feed each other." She brightened up and giggled when she realized what I asked. She quickly got my cock into her and arranged herself. After a bit of wiggling and jiggling we were sitting together.

I told her, "Hold on while I get some fruit." She placed her arms around my neck as I speared some honeydew with a fork. Then I carefully fed her. While she ate that piece, I got another.

After several mouthfuls, she said, "It's my turn to feed you." So putting down the fork, I placed my arms around her neck and held her, as she leaned back. She had a tougher time feeding me due to the cart location. But she managed by swiveling around. I just watched her breasts shake and felt my cock being pulled while she fed me. During one pass from the cart to my mouth a drop of honeydew juice dripped onto my chest and she said, "Let me get that for you." She leaned forward and licked it off.

I said, "It's my turn now." After we had switched embraces I asked, "What was that about with the waiter?"

After she swallowed, she said, "Oh, you mean Brad. Well that jerk was my prom date. He thought he was God's gift to women. Hell I was going to give him my virginity. I'm glad I lost it to you." With that statement she leaned forward, pressing her firm breasts into my chest, and we kissed.

After about a minute of passionate kissing, Ashley took a breath and whispered into my ear. "Lean back, I want to ride your cock while I tell you more about that fuck head." I lay back and listened to her story.

"In high school every girl wanted to date Brad. He was the football quarterback and class president. He was hot stuff. When he asked if he could be my date to the prom, I nearly came in my panties. Of course I accepted, and I pulled out all the stops to get ready for that evening. When Brad picked me up that night, I had spent about \$500 and four hours getting ready. I even shaved my pussy. I wanted everything to be perfect. Well the evening started out that way until we arrived at the dance." She paused to grind our crotches together. "Brad ignored me the rest of the evening. He played pranks on the 'uncool' kids. He danced with all 'the princesses'. I noticed him take two different girls to the locker room. Later as he disappeared with another girl, I ran to the bathroom and hid in a stall. I bawled my eyes out. As I was hiding, I overheard a girl telling another how Brad had fucked her in the locker room. The other girl commented on how Brad was telling everyone he was going to break some slut's cherry after the prom. Then they both giggled my name and left. I broke out in tears again."

Hearing this I sat up and held Ashley as she started to cry. After a couple of minutes, she resumed her story. "Once I stopped feeling sorry for myself, I came up with a plan. First, I had to straighten up my face; it was kind-of messed up with me bawling. Next, I found someone to give me a ride home after I was through with Brad. Then, I waited for the jerk to make his move."

I caressed Ashley's back trying to soothe her.

"When it was time for the last dance, Brad led me to the floor. As we slow danced, I felt his dick pressing into me. He ground his chest into my tits. He touched and squeezed my ass. He even got a hand under my dress and found a smooth snatch waiting. Just as he was pressing a fingertip into my pussy, the song ended and the lights came up. Then he said it was time to leave and I told him that he and his two friends could go to hell. That's when I kicked him as hard as I could in the balls before I ran out and got my ride home. I thought that would have finished it, but Monday the jerk told his friends that I was mad at him because he had fucked my lesbian girlfriend."

Ashley now cried softly in my shoulder. I cuddled with her for several minutes as she composed herself. My cock wilted its way out of her vagina as I comforted her. When she felt my cock fall out she pushed back and said, "Enough thinking of the past and that fuck wad. I need more food before we make love. Now let me try something. Lay down on the bed as close to the side as possible." I did as she asked as she arranged the breakfast cart. Once I was where she wanted me she said, "Let's see how good a table you are." She then dumped scrambled eggs, bacon, and sausage links onto my chest.

She knelt down beside the bed and gave me a kiss on the lips. Using her fingers, she fed me some eggs and then she ate some. She did the same with a bacon strip. Then she picked up a sausage link and gave it a good look. An evil grin appeared on her face. It quickly disappeared only to reappear a few seconds later. She fed it to me and I tasted her cunt along with the sausage. She quickly ate the rest of the sausage. She continued feeding us and at times she would mix in her cunt juice.

Seeing her partake food coated in her pussy juice, I asked, "Have you ever been lover's with another woman?"

Ashley blushed but answered, "Yesterday was my first time."

I was shocked, "Where was I?"

It was her turn to be shocked, "I thought you arranged it?"

"Arranged what?"

"Sending Clara to check on me?"

"Who's Clara?"

"The receptionist at the museum."

"Girl, I didn't send anyone. Now spill the beans."

Ashley had finished eating all the food on my chest, so she licked it clean, paying especial attention to my nipples. She now placed the remaining bowls of fruit on my chest. As she told her tale, we ate the fruit. She enhanced the flavor of some of them by coating them in her special sauce and feeding them to me.

"Yesterday, do you remember our session in 'the club'?" I nodded my answer so she continued,

Well I don't remember much after the four or fifth orgasm. But when I came to, Clara was beside me. She was rubbing my pussy, and she asked, "Where's the cum?"

I asked her, "What cum?"

And she said, "Your stud's cum." Then she shoved a couple of fingers in my pussy and said, "There's none in there, so where is it?"

"I don't think he came."

She wiggled her fingers before she said, "Damn you're tight." She then removed her fingers before she sucked them. She then asked, "Have you ever eaten pussy."

"No"

"Well it's time for firsts. I've never had shaved pussy before either." Clara then removed her pants and I found myself under her with her pussy rubbing in my face.

Her taste wasn't half bad but her tongue was fantastic! She taught me how to pleasure her and we swapped a couple of orgasms between us.

We had to cut it short, due to time, but we both agreed it was fun and that we'd get together later.

We made short work of the fruit.

Taking the plate of pancakes, she tore them into bite size pieces and dropped them onto my chest. She then poured syrup on them and my nipples. She fed me a piece and she then rubbed a piece on my nipple. I groaned as she sucked and licked it off. She again fed me another piece and nibbled on my other nipple. After she fed me another, she poured some syrup in my navel and worked a pancake deeply into it. She grinned and I moaned as she licked my bellybutton clean. She fed me another and then she placed a pancake piece on the tip of my cock. She devoured it and my cock head. As she cleaned the head of my cock, I coated my finger with syrup. Then I cupped her beautiful breast and smeared syrup on her nipple. She squealed and looked at me. I licked my lips. She now fed me her nipple which I cleaned really well. We repeated this feeding a few more times. Her feeding me a piece of pancake. She eating a piece off my cock. I smeared syrup onto one of her nipples and then licked it clean.

As the last piece of pancake was eaten, Ashley wiped some syrup from my chest and coated my cock. She then said, "Time to work on my lollipop."

I wiped the rest of the syrup off my chest and rubbed it on her pussy. "Well its time to clean pussy plate."

We both scampered around on the bed into a better position before we started eating our desserts. I ate some excellent pussy while Ashley ate some really hard cock.

We sixty-nined for several minutes. I worked my tongue all over her pussy. I lapped up as much of the syrup as I could before venturing into the folds of her pussy lips. I was now greeted with several flavors. Sausage, maple syrup, pussy, cantaloupe, honeydew, pussy, banana, apple, pussy. I kept licking and sucking those flavors out until I found nothing but sweet pussy juice.

Meanwhile, Ashley was struggling with her lollipop. She was having a hard time trying to suck on my cock. The pleasure of my cleaning had her moaning and groaning as she tightly gripped my cock. I finally said, "Let's switch things around before you have me shooting off. Why don't you sit your sweet pussy on my face so I can clean it properly?" Once she got situated, I really started to clean her clock. I started at one and licked all the way to noon. She moaned in pleasure and then fell forward to allow me better access to her clit.

I licked and sucked on that clit, as I reached up to fondle those beautiful tits. As the climax ripped through her body, her stomach started contracting, her thighs started twitching, and she started to buck. I continued working on her clit, as I carefully shoved two fingers into her contracting cunt. I kept playing with her pleasure zones, as her orgasm slowed down. With her needs sated, it was now my turn and I needed to get my cock into a tight orifice. So I wiggled out from under her and I swiftly mounted her doggy style.

At first, I was tempted to try something new, but chivalry won out, so placing my dick to the entrance to her fertile womb, I plowed into her wet pussy as I held her hips. I pulled us together, forcing more of me into her and wiggled my ass making my stick stir inside her cunt. I rode her hard; jack hammering my cock into her as I grabbed her tits and pulled her up off of the bed. Bouncing on my knees, I slammed deep into her as I hugged her; pouring my spunk into her. Groaning into her shoulder and soft neck I thanked her for this marvelous moment. As my cock slowed down its pulses, I did small jabs into her. With my hands still holding Ashley's rack, I pulled her back so much that my cock popped out allowing the stream of cum to flow down her thighs. After that startling dismount, I released my lover and collapsed in a heap on the bed.

Smiling, Ashley sat cross-legged and stared at me. As my pulse slowed, I watched my cum drip out of her cunt. She said, "That was fantastic. Can we do it again?"

Looking at the clock and then her I said, "As much as I'd love to, it will take me an hour to recoup after that round. I promise that we'll do it again, later." I crawled over to her and we kissed, as I fondled her luscious breasts. Breaking our embrace, I said, "While I'm waiting for Sarah, why don't you get a shower. I'll join you, if she shows up before you're done."

Ashley crawled away from me and as her ass came into range, I popped it one with the palm of my hand. "Damn that's a fine ass."

She turned, wiggled her butt, and said, "Thank you very much," and skipped off to the bathroom.

I heard the shower start and after a bit I heard Ashley get in. Slowly I moved from the bed to the chair and waited. I thought about the past few days of my sexual escapades. Shortly I heard the shower stop and a couple of minutes later Ashley appeared with a towel wrapped around her torso as she was drying her hair with another. She said, "Your tux not here yet? Why don't you get your shower and I'll get it for you if it comes before you're out."

Looking at the clock, I saw how late it was and said, "Thank you, time's getting a little short," and I rushed by her to get in the shower. Ashley slapped my ass hard as I went by, saying "That was for earlier." Spinning around, I grabbed her and I gave her a big kiss. After a quick smooch, I said, "That's for later," and headed for the shower.

As I was showering, Ashley came into the bathroom and shouted, "Your tux is here." Then I heard another female voice shout, "Having fun?"

Making sure the shower curtain covered my privates, I poked my head out of the shower. I noticed Ashley in a robe with Sarah standing beside her. I answered her, "Cleaning up after your sister's party. Care to join me?"

Grinning Sarah said, "Sounds fun, but I need to get ready for the wedding. See you both later." She left. I resumed my shower but not before taking another look at Ashley's bald pussy peeking out from her partially open robe.

As I was finishing my shower and turning the water off, I heard the hair dryer start, and when I opened the curtain, I was presented a vision of Ashley standing in front of the bathroom mirror. She was wearing only a dark green thong. Her breasts jiggled as she blew dried her blond hair. I watched her in the mirror as I toweled off. She noticed me staring at her and smiled back at me through the mirror. I knew if I kept looking at her I wasn't going to make it to the wedding. So I left the bathroom and got ready in the bedroom.

Over the next several minutes we both hustled around each other getting ready. I made sure to put on all the special gifts from Wendy except for the cock ring. I slipped that one in my pocket along with a couple of

condom packages. As I was tying my shoes, Ashley came out of the bathroom and said, "I'm ready, how are you coming?"

I looked up and whistled. She was wearing a dark green dress that stopped just above her knees and which matched the color of her panties. The front of her dress was held up by halter straps that went up around her neck and wrapped together down the middle of her back before attaching to the back of the dress at her waist. It gave her support, (as if she needed it), but it gave the appearance of an open back. The dress had a belt that tied on the side. This showed off her womanly figure. She was wearing a pair of high heel platform sandals making her appear taller.

With all the makeup on I knew better than to kiss her, but I said, "Consider yourself just kissed. You're beautiful." I rose up and gave her a hug, running my hands down her bare back and cupping her ass before letting go. "I need to be at the church by ten. Do you want to ride together?"

Ashley grinned, "I would like that very much." We held hands all the way to the car.

During the ten minute drive to the church we chatted about her family and my family. At the church I helped her out of the car and said, "Meet up after the wedding, okay?"

She pecked me lightly on the cheek saying, "Looking forward to later." And we left our separate ways.

Wedding

Inside the church it was pandemonium, everyone dashing around making last minute adjustments. But I got in the groove and worked the wedding by greeting, ushering, and generally doing what needed to be done. It was a chaotic few minutes, but the wedding started on time and before I knew it, I was escorting bridesmaid Jill Plummer down the aisle. It was time to scope out another possible bed companion.

Unfortunately for the bridesmaids, their dress wasn't anything to write home about. It was a peach colored, spaghetti strapped, shapeless dress, that ended below the knees. The only interesting detail was a satin cloth wrapped around the bridesmaid's waist forming a belt. It provided some shape.

With that said, it was nearly impossible to accurately scope out my escort, but here goes. Jill was about five feet one inches tall and weight around 95 lbs. Brown eyes, blonde hair that went down to her waist. She appeared to have a 36B-28-38 shape, making her score a 7.2. But again the dress hides the details.

A few minutes later, the beautiful bride processioned down the aisle. Wendy was gorgeous! She was wearing a sleeveless sheath style dress with a Queen Anne style neckline. It had a satin corset top that shoved her breasts up, giving her a tremendous amount of cleavage. She was escorted by her father in his tux.

At the foot of the altar, James accepted Wendy from her dad. Now the preacher kicked it into high gear and before I knew it he was pronouncing them "Husband and Wife." They kissed each other before promenading up the aisle.

After the ceremony, the photographer took over, and as he processed the wedding party, I learned that the group was invited to lunch at the hotel. As I was giving my regrets, Amanda appeared and insisted that I come. Pointing to Ashley, waiting patiently for me in the back of the church, I said, "Ashley's with me."

"Then bring her along." Amanda then shouted to Ashley, "Ashley dear, Al needs a date, do you mind joining him for lunch? I won't take no for an answer." Everyone then hustled to the hotel for lunch.

Just as I caught up with Ashley, Jill approached and asked, "Can I get a ride with you guys. My ride is such an octopus. I barely arrived with my boobs intact."

Ashley told her, "Oh sure darling. I've been there and it's not pleasant. Al here's a perfect gentleman."

Unknown to either, I wanted nothing more than to fuck their brains out, but that had to wait for later.

On the way to the car, both ladies insisted that the other sit up front with me. I settled it by telling them both to get in the back and keep each other company.

As we drove to the hotel, both ladies talked and I just stayed quiet but I did keep stealing glances at the two beauties in the back using the rear view mirror for cover.

The conversation got a bit interesting when Jill asked Ashley about the Bachelorette Party. She asked if Ashley had watched when Susan and Kelly tried to fist Pamela and Mary.

Ashley's eyes got real big and she said no.

It seems Jill had asked Sally about the party. Sally wouldn't talk about the main event but she did talk about what happened after that. It seems some ladies found a spare room and had their own party.

Susan, Kelly, Pamela, Mary, Sally, and Janet got very cozy and had a sixty-nine party, until Pamela and Mary got into a tiff about whose pussy could stretch better. Yes, it was a stupid argument, but both ladies were plastered. Susan suggested that Kelly had small hands, so she might try to fist each pussy to see whose stretched better. Both ladies agreed.

Mary lost the toss and went first, so she got comfortable laying on the bed.

Kelly lubed up Mary's cunt and her hand. And for the next several minutes, she got more and more fingers into Mary, until suddenly her hand disappeared into Mary's twat.

The group started freaking, but things calmed when Mary grabbed Kelly's arm and started shoving and humping. After a few seconds, Mary had one hell of a cum with Kelly's arm embedded in her cunt.

At this point Pamela started bitching about wanting her turn and Mary bitched back that she wasn't done yet.

Susan stopped the argument by lubing up her hand and switching with Kelly, while Kelly switched to Pamela.

Before Susan started, she had Mary flip over on her hands and knees. This allowed both fisteers to watch the fisters working their hands into twat.

It was slow going but soon both hands slipped into two birth canals. Once that was accomplished, Susan stepped it up a notch. She had Janet put on a strapon and got her to mount Mary's ass. Over the next half hour or so, Mary and Pamela had their fair share of orgasms, as Janet rode Mary's ass, Susan fisted Mary's cunt, and Kelly fisted Pamela's pussy.

Now that's one hell of a fist party!

We arrived at the hotel and were directed to a special banquet room set up for the wedding party. I was able to get Ashley to sit on my right side while Jill sat on my left. We all chatted about nothing important during lunch. I had a good time sitting between the two beauties. As we finished our desserts, Amanda came over between me and Ashley. She leaned over and whispered "Al, I want to remind you about your meeting after lunch. It might take a couple of hours." I turned to respond and was presented with a view of her breasts. Damn those tits still looked good.

As I stared at Amanda's mounds, I stuttered, "Ashley dear, it seems I'll be busy for a couple of hours. Can you entertain yourself for a bit?"

Amanda said, "Ashley dear, most of the wedding party is going poolside. Have someone provide you with what you want and put it on my husband's tab. Al will find you there once he's finished."

Frowning, Ashley said, "Okay. But Al you made me a promise and I expect you to go through with it." She then followed the rest of the wedding party out of the banquet room.

Meeting of the Virgins

After the others had left, Amanda stood up and said, "Okay ladies and gentleman, let's move this meeting to the Green Room." With that I followed everyone there.

The Green Room was a room provided by the hotel for special functions. To get to it, you had to walk through the ballroom and enter a door on the opposite side from the main ballroom entrance. It was decorated in a very light green color.

Once the door was closed and everyone was seated Amanda rose and said, "Welcome ladies and Al. Let me give a short round of introductions, for Al's benefit. Al, you already know my daughters Wendy and Sarah. Here's my sister Rebecca Plummer and her daughter Jill. And here's my other sister Hilda Jackson and her daughter Penny. Now since Wendy has other things to do, does anyone have any questions for her about her Double D and Al?" For the next fifteen minutes Wendy answered questions about her Double D. She showed everyone the jewelry, that she was wearing, that I had given her.

There was the toe ring for her first orgasm, the anklet for me taking her pussy cherry, the bracelet for taking her ass cherry, and the ring on her finger for completing the Double D. She also showed them the silver rope necklace I had given her after her bondage session, explaining that it might raise some sticky questions if she wore it today.

Since all present had read Wendy's diary about her Double D, the questions revolved more around my treatment of her during our time together. Wendy responded to the questions with very favorable answers, telling everyone that I was and am a perfect gentleman. Since Wendy needed to go everyone thanked her for sharing and she left the room.

Once the door closed, Amanda added her confirmation to Wendy's answers by telling everyone about Ashley's and mine current relationship. She told them about Wendy's Bachelorette Party and how Ashley had lost her virginity during the party. She also told them that Ashley and I had spent the night together afterwards, and that we seemed inseparable today.

Looking at her watch Amanda said, "Okay time's getting short. Let's let each mother and daughter meet with Al separately so that each group can finalize plans. Hilda, you're the youngest, so why don't you and Penny talk to Al first. After that Rebecca and Jill, then Sarah and I will go last. So Rebecca, Jill, and Sarah follow me out into the Ballroom and let the others have some privacy."

For the next hour and a half I made plans with each group. Once I was finished talking with Amanda and Sarah I quickly went to find Ashley.

Car Ride

As expected, I found Ashley poolside. She seemed bored and was picking at some food. When she saw me approaching, she squealed with joy and rushed over to me. We embraced and kissed right there with everyone watching. We broke our kiss and said together, "Let's go someplace else." Giggling we led each other into the hotel.

Just inside the entrance was the ladies' restroom. I steered us both into it and before Ashley could say anything, I crushed her against the wall and forced my tongue into her mouth. She tried to push me away but I pinned her hands against the wall. She struggled a few seconds before she gave up and returned the kiss. Keeping her pinned against the wall, I rubbed her crotch with my knee. She moaned into my mouth as she felt the pleasure radiate from her pussy.

Releasing my hold on her wrists, my hands moved to her chest and I caressed her marvelous breasts. The dress made it impossible to get to bare tit flesh but I worked on them through the dress. When I found her hardening nipples, my fingertips circled around them. She moaned again.

With her arms now freed, she slid her hands down my back and found my ass. At first she fondled and squeezed the cheeks, then I felt her cup them before she pulled us tighter together forcing my hard stick into her. I moaned.

It was time to take it up a notch and we both went for the others privates. She unzipped my pants and fished my cock out so that she could stroke it. I pulled up her dress, shoved her thong to the side, and slid two fingers into her wet pussy. We both groaned.

While my tongue Frenched my angel, my fingers went for her G-spot and started rubbing it. She grunted. While my fingers kept rubbing her G-spot, my thumb rubbed her clit. She came. I held her against the wall as she came right there in the women's bathroom. We kept kissing all through her orgasm. I always love to make women climax. It just makes me more horny. After her orgasm diminished she broke our kiss and whispered, "I want your cock, but not here. Let's go someplace else." I took my fingers out of her and zipped myself up. Then I followed her out of the restroom and into the lobby.

In the lobby, I tried directing her to the elevators, but she took us out the front door. Puzzled I let her lead the way. I followed her over to my car and there she said, "I want to do it in the car. I had a fantasy about losing my cherry in a car. But since you took that, can you fuck me in your car."

"But it's still light out. Someone might see."

Raising her dress up over her crotch she displayed her barely covered pussy and said, "I don't care. Do you want this or not?"

Opening the back door, I said, "Damn, I'd fuck you anywhere. So if it's in the backseat, the backseat it is. You climb in and get cozy. I'm going to set the air conditioner on high. It's going to get smoking in there."

As I was starting the car and setting the air conditioner, I saw her remove her thong and climb into the backseat. She propped herself against the far door and pulled her dress up over her ass. She grunted in displeasure as her bare butt touched the hot seat. Finishing my task, I joined her in the backseat, closing the doors to keep the air in and strangers out.

Ashley wasted no time in getting my dick out of my pants. I tried kissing her, but she scooted toward my throbbing stick. I'm six feet tall so I was trapped in the small backseat. My back was arched with my face against the window. I felt Ashley get positioned under me and then a wetness enveloped my cock. Grabbing my ass, she pulled my cock deeper into her, until our crotches collided. Just as we bottomed out, she wrapped her legs around my hips and threw her arms around my back and shouted, "Now fuck the shit out of me."

Needing no more encouragement, my hips went into action forcing my cock to pump in and out of her tight cunt. I kept ramming my cock for the next couple of minutes before I said, "Angel, it's too cramped back here. I don't have enough room to help you. All I can do is worry about myself."

She grunted, "Just fuck." Then I felt her cunt start squeezing my cock as she grunted with an orgasm. I kept up the pace of my thrusting, trying to find my pleasure. Then as it poured forth, she yelled and kicked the car door, "Brad, you pervert, get the fuck out of here. You had your chance a couple of years ago. Now let me get another load of cum in my pussy." That didn't stop me from filling her up. I grunted and thrust as deep as I could into her. She kept holding me as I came down from my orgasmic high.

I said, "Okay Ashley, I'm finished, you can let go."

When she let go, we quickly separated, and my cock slipped out of her. Then I carefully sat up as she slid over to the other side of the backseat. We looked at each other and grinned. I said, "Thank you."

"No, thank you. You're a fantastic lover."

Reaching over the seat, I found a box of Kleenex and gave it to Ashley, saying, "You might want to use these to protect your dress." She took a couple and wiped herself. Then she took a couple more and stuffed them into her pussy. As she was doing that, I zipped up, before locating her thong and giving them to her. She wiggled back into them and arranged her dress a bit. Then I asked, "So Brad was watching?"

"Yea, damn it, he's such a perv. But at that moment I didn't care if the whole world was watching us fuck." She leaned over and we kissed.

After extracting ourselves from the backseat, I shutoff the car. Then we held hands as we headed to the reception, getting there just as it was starting. I'm not much into dancing, but after warning Ashley about my two left feet, we hit the floor and got into a tight embrace. We danced a couple of dances until Sarah came over and asked for a dance. Being a good sport, Ashley said that she needed a drink and tell someone hello that she knew. For the next few dances I danced with Sarah and her two cousins. After two dances apiece, I told them I needed to get something to eat but I would be back shortly.

Asian Beauty

After getting a plate of food, I found an empty seat. While eating, I talked with some guests. And suddenly Beth sat down at my table. My mouth fell open in surprise and lust. She had really dressed up for this occasion. She was wearing a red fitted kimono dress and when I mean fitting, it was snug. You could see every sexy curve that woman had. It was just perfect. She wore her long hair up in a bun held in place with two very long hair pins. The makeup she wore accentuated her Asian features. Not trying to be obvious, I glanced at her legs. The dress she wore had slits up to her hip. The shoes she wore looked almost like slippers.

I choked out, "Hello Beth, you look fantastic." The whole table agreed.

Beth smiled and said to everyone, "Why thank you very much." She then looked straight at me and asked, "Al, do you want to dance?"

"Why sure."

We both held hands over to the dance floor. The first was a fast dance but it ended quickly and moved into a slow one. Beth pressed her body into mine and laid her head on my chest. We caressed each other's backs and she played some with my ass. When I felt her head tip upwards, I knew it was the right time, we kissed. My fingertips stroked the top curve of her ass. I stroked along the edge of her panty. As the song ended, our kiss did as well.

I told her, "I need to use the restroom. Care to walk with me and talk?"

"Okay."

We again held hands as we walked over to the facilities. As we arrived she said, "I need to go too. Meet back here in a second." We both hurried to do our thing.

Once back together Beth said, "I've something to ask. Can we find a quiet spot that we can talk for a minute or two?"

"Upstairs is a cloak room. Do you want to see if it's free?" She nodded yes and I led the way.

We found the cloak room vacant. Upon entering we noticed a couple of chairs, a table, and to Beth's delight a step stool. She led me over to the stool and stepped up onto it, making our heights more compatible. We now resumed our lip embrace without abandon, continuing our dance caresses as we gently rubbed each other's back. I felt her run her fingertips around the package in my pocket. Breaking our kiss, she said, "Someone came prepared tonight."

"I'm a good Boy Scout, 'Be Prepared'," and we resumed our tongue dance. She now touched and then cupped my butt. I followed her lead and did the same, to discover some missing inventory. Shocked at my discovery, I broke our kiss and said, "Someone else got prepared."

She grinned and said, "I put them in my purse when I went to the bathroom. You made them too wet to wear anymore." We returned to our necking. Softly, she placed her dainty hand on my crotch, and gently rubbed my hardening cock, as it started tenting my pants. Not being satisfied with that, she unzipped and grabbed the shaft of my dick. Again, I followed her lead, and I went for her pussy, just to be met with a very smooth surface.

Once again I broke our kiss and said, "You're full of surprises tonight. Did you shave just for me?"

With a wicked grin, she said, "I could tell yes, but that would be a lie. Lovers should never lie to one another. No, after that night in the store, I decided that I wanted more boys to eat my pussy, so the next day I started to shave it. Do you like?"

"Let me find out." So I picked her up and carried her over to the table. Gently, I placed her on it, and as she leaned back, I raised her dress over her smooth snatch. Gently I caressed her bare crotch and said, "Damn, it feels great." Slowly slipping a finger into her very wet slit, I swirled my digit around. "It doesn't feel any different in there though." As she watched me with lust pouring out of her brown eyes, I pulled out my finger and sucked her juices off. "I wonder if it tastes any different. I guess there's only one way to find out." Falling to my knees, I pulled her to the edge of the table.

It was time for dessert, so I licked on those smooth pussy lips and I drank the nectar that flowed freely from her cunt. My stiff cock was still trapped in my thong, making me uncomfortable, so I extracted it, letting it and my two engorged jewels, get a breath of fresh air. By then the pleasures of my oral ministrations had my Asian Beauty bouncing around on the table. During one of those bounces, her dress slipped, covering my head. That didn't stop me, there was no need, I knew what needed to be done without the need to see. In fact, it kind of turned me on more, because I imagined I was feasting on the pussy of a complete stranger. I attacked her slit more aggressively.

"Ohhh yes," she whimpered, "keep licking my pussy," and with her hands, she pulled my head deeper into her. Even when she started sliding around, she never let go, holding my head firmly, as my tongue wormed its way toward her button of pleasure. Once my lips reached their target, my tongue played with its new friend. Suddenly she yelped, "Oh my God!" and I felt her whole body twitch. With each twitch she would let out a grunt, each softer than the last. I just kept sucking and licking her clit, softening my attack, as her orgasm

diminished. When her climax was over, my tongue moved from her sensitive clit to her juicy pussy. There, I slowly licked around her dripping slit, giving her a moment to calm down.

When I thought it was time, I thrust a finger into her cunt, and at the same time, I aggressively sucked her clit. I wiggled my finger, straining to get to her G-spot, but our positions made it very difficult. She didn't care as the second orgasm racked her body. "OOOhhh mmmyyy GGGooooddd."

Just then the door burst open and a voice said, "Oh, excuse me I thought this room was empty." I didn't stop. Beth couldn't stop. I didn't care. Hell at that moment Beth didn't care. She just kept twitching on the table and my face.

Then the voice said, "Why that's a beautiful dress. Where did you get it?" I've heard that voice before. I just kept my head hidden under Beth's dress and kept sucking.

Beth squeaked out as her orgasm continued, "My mmmooommm made itttt." She bounced the table.

The voice replied, "I'll leave you two alone." There was a short pause while the table thumped a few more times. I continued my work. Then I felt a hand on my cock and the voice said, "I've seen this someplace." The hand left after taking a stroke. As the door closed I heard the voice say, "Yummy." Now I remembered, it was the voice of the blond bimbo, Janet.

Beth sighed out, "Damn, they're finally gone." With her second orgasm over, I crawled out from under her dress and shoved a chair under the door handle. Then grabbing Beth's legs I carefully spun her around on the table. I gently said, "Stay there and hang your head over the edge of the table." When she was ready, I fed her my cock.

As I slowly fucked Beth's mouth, her tongue licked the underside of my cock head and shaft. With all the stimuli, I knew my pleasure was forthcoming, but before I lost it, I wanted more of that Asian beauty lying prone on that table. Softly my palms floated over her dress, caressing the breasts hiding beneath. As before, they were small but well defined. Then my focus changed when I noticed her nipples had hardened and become erect. While I felt and played with my new toys, my cock slowly pumped in and out of her dainty mouth. A moan slipped out of my lips, when she started playing with my balls.

My hips went on autopilot as my pace sped up and the thrusts got deeper, only to be stopped by her throat. But a couple of my forceful thrusts I felt Beth gag, so I tried taming it some.

Wanting my first live look at some shaved Oriental pussy, I pulled her dress up, uncovering her hair free mound. When I leaned over to feel her crotch, she parted her thighs to give me better access to her most private parts. It was one of the most beautiful movements I have ever witnessed, as her legs parted, her feet came together, and her fleshy cunt lips parted making her pussy bloom.

I played with the petals of her now open pussy, as I forced more and more of my cock into her throat. I rubbed her clit and she moaned. Then suddenly my cock slipped down her throat and my balls hit her chin. I grunted and pulled back.

I was careful with the next few thrusts, making sure I stopped before hitting the back of her throat. At the same time, I was rubbing her hard clit very fast. Beth was still holding my ball sack, but just before retreating from her throat, she forced me further into its very depths. Quickly glancing down, I erupted with cum at the sight I saw. Her throat was bulging with the outline of my pulsing cock. I pinched her nipple as I kept cumming in her throat. She pulled me out to breathe before shoving me back down. I still watched her throat as the bump finished dancing.

When my cock slipped from her mouth, I nearly collapsed. But I recovered quickly and stumbled to the other end of the table while carefully pulling Beth towards me. It took me a few seconds before I had her positioned exactly where I wanted her. Then I knelt down and again feasted on her dripping pussy. It didn't take long before she was yelling with another orgasm, as she tried to force my face deeper into her snatch. She now had full use of her hands and legs and she was using them. Both hands were in my hair and both of her heels were pressing into my back. I felt her orgasm peak and start to subside. I lessened the attack on her pussy as the afterglow took over.

Just as her orgasm subsided, I resumed licking her clit. In response, Beth grunted and her hips bucked, giving me license to escalate her pleasure. Quickly, I slipped two fingers in her pussy and lubricated them with her passion, before searching for her asshole. As soon as my fingers touched her rosebud, she bucked up off of the table and my fingers followed. Then the next thing I knew, my fingers were in her asshole up to the knuckles, as her butt fell back down onto the table. She screamed as the orgasm hit. She kept smacking my head with her hands. Her heels kept tapping my back. Her hips kept flexing up and down on the table. The fingers in her asshole sawed in and out without me doing any work. I felt the table quake from side to side. I just kept working on her clit and pussy. All of a sudden she got her feet onto my shoulders and shoved saying, "Enough." I fell backwards onto the floor as my fingers ripped from her ass.

I just sat there and watched, as my handy work calmed down. Beth had rolled on her side and curled up into a ball. It looked like she was covered in sweat, but the dress hid most of her body. Shortly, I noticed her open those brown eyes and give me a smile. Taking a deep breath, she said, "Enough. Six is my limit."

Puzzled, I questioned her, "Six, I counted four orgasms."

"I had two small ones while I was sucking your dick. One was triggered when you came in my throat."

"I didn't know you could deep throat,"

"What's deep throat?"

"Oh yes you might not know that term. Deep throat is what happened when you took my cock all the way down your throat."

"Oh that scared me at first, but after a few seconds I wanted to see if I could do it again. So I forced you down my throat again. Then I felt your cock start throbbing and I started cumming too."

I crawled over to the table and caressed her face. "I didn't want to scare you but it sort of just slipped down your throat. I pulled back as soon as it happened."

She caressed my hand and said, "I think I'm ready to make love now."

"Beth can we wait. I really want to love you in a more romantic location. Plus, I don't want to be interrupted like a few minutes ago. How about tomorrow?"

"I work but I get off at five."

"Why don't I bring my tux back at 4:45 and we can go to dinner."

"That sounds like a date. Can you help me up? Someone's made me a little stiff." I gently helped her off the table and over to a chair.

I saw her look at the chair blocking the door and then she asked, "Do you know the lady that walked in on us? She seemed to know your cock."

“Oh the bimbo. Her name is Janet, and we met a couple of weeks ago, at Wendy's wedding shower. She was also at the bachelorette party.” During the next few minutes I gave Beth a summary of what happened a couple of nights before. I left out some pieces, but since she and Wendy were friends, I figured I couldn't leave too much out. After I finished the summary I said, “Love, I think we need to get back to the party.”

I watched her get up, and when she twisted around to get her purse, her dress billowed out, and I got a beautiful view of her bald crotch. “I think you need to put your panties back on before you leave. If you go dancing, you're going to show more than you want.”

Grinning with understanding, she got them out of her purse, and made a show of putting them on for me. They were bikini style and seemed to be made with the same cloth as her dress. She pulled them on and straightened the elastic holding the front panel to the back. I just stared as long as I could at her camel toe.

Once she was ready, I removed the chair barricading the door and we left the cloak room. We joined the party and had another couple of dances together before Jill Plummer cut in. As Beth was leaving, I said, “Beth, see you tomorrow night. I'm looking forward to a beautiful Asian meal.” For the next several dances, Jill and her cousins took turns dancing with my two left feet, until I excused myself to go to the bar to replenish my energy.

Evil Plans

Wendy's new husband Jim found me as I was headed back to the dance floor. He asked, “Can we go talk in the Green Room?”

“Why sure, lead the way.”

When we got to the Green Room, Jim and I sat down with our drinks. He said, “I heard what happened at the Bachelorette Party.”

“Well, I didn't have much choice but it worked out okay. Wendy and the girls had a good time at my expense.”

“You know that Wendy was involved up to her blue eyes?”

“No, I didn't.”

Jim then told me everything he had pieced together. His spies: Jacqueline, Brenda, and Sally had told him everything that had happened, and he had done some more research. He found out that the blow job, at the bachelor party, was Wendy's idea to get me to play along. It seems that she and Susan had a bet on whether I would fuck strange or not.

I was boiling mad when I asked, “What was the bet and who won?”

Jim answered, “Wendy lost and she's given Susan some diary to read.”

Fuck, that damn Double-D journal again. If I ever get my hands on it, I will burn the damn thing!

Jim broke my evil thoughts of revenge when he said, “I think you and I can come up with some way to punish Wendy.” So over the next fifteen minutes, Jim and I came up with a plan. At the end he gave me the key to the suite and I left to retrieve the necessary items.

When I returned from my errand, I made sure Jim noticed, before heading to Green Room to get everything ready. Shortly Jim arrived with Wendy in tow.

As Jim closed and locked the door he said, “Dear, you've been very bad to your very special guest, Al. You even setup a good friend to be raped.”

At first, Wendy denied everything, and blamed it all on Susan, but Jim shut her down when said, he was going to ask Susan.

Wendy now waited to see what was going to happen. She didn't wait long, because Jim said, "Now with Al's help I'm going to punish you. So bend over the sofa and pull your dress up, we want to see your lily white ass."

Wendy looked at Jim and then me and saw it wasn't a joke. So she did as Jim told her. I was now staring at her bare ass. I saw she was wearing a white thong. Jim went over to her moved the thong and said, "Fill her up."

I got the enema bag and shoved the lubed nozzle up her asshole. As I released the water into her bowels, Wendy tried to get up saying, "No not that." Jim and I just held her down. I controlled the flow by listening to her groans and grunts.

After the bag was empty, I removed the nozzle. Jim then replaced the thong back in her ass crack. We both helped Wendy to stand up. Jim then gave Wendy a big kiss while he rubbed her stomach through her wedding dress. I heard Wendy groan deeply into his mouth.

After a couple of minutes Wendy broke their kiss saying, "I need to go."

Jim replied, "Go where?"

"Go to the bathroom."

"Okay so go. But hurry back or else I'll tell your mother about the other night."

"You wouldn't."

"Yes I would."

I added, "And if he doesn't, I would."

"You two are evil." and she waddled out of the room.

Jim and I watched Wendy struggle to get to the bathroom across the ballroom. She was stopped every few yards to talk to family and friends. She finally made it and disappeared from our view.

Still laughing about Wendy's walk, Jim and I sat down to wait for Wendy's return. We continued with our drinks and snide comments until Wendy reentered the room.

Jim said, "You might want to close and lock the door before you assume your position over the sofa." She again did as she was told.

Jim commented, "Look Al she got rid of her panties." and he slapped her ass cheek.

I again administered the enema, but this time I just let the water flow full force. I didn't stop until she had two bags of water in her bowels. Again Jim and I helped her to stand up.

This time when they kissed, he hunched her while he squeezed her ass. Wendy kept moaning and groaning until she again said, "I got to go."

Jim spun her toward the door and swatted her butt saying, "Well hurry back, Dear." Wendy again waddled across the ballroom trying not to be impolite to her guests. Just before she got to the bathroom some older lady stopped her to talk.

Jim chuckled, "Oh this should be good. That's my Aunt Ruth, she's a talker." We watched Wendy bouncing around for a couple of minutes before she ran into the bathroom followed by Aunt Ruth, who was still talking.

About thirty seconds later, Aunt Ruth came running back out of the bathroom, with a shocked look on her face. She hurried over to Sarah and told her something before disappearing into the party.

Laughing Jim said, "I guess I need to do some damage control. I'll be back shortly." He quickly left and cut Sarah off before she got to the bathroom. They both talked a second before Sarah started laughing and went back to the party. They both circulated for a few minutes until Jim came back and said, "I had to tell Sarah about Wendy's punishment. Then I told her to pass the word around that Wendy had some bad clams last night."

Wendy came out of the bathroom and started back towards Jim and myself. She got stopped a few times on her way to the Green Room. Before she got to us Jim said to me, "I don't want Wendy to see us together. So I'll send word to you on phase two later tonight."

As she came back in she closed and locked the door saying, "What's this about me and clams."

Jim replied, "Cover story, tell you later. Now assume the position, we've got a party to attend."

Grumbling to herself, she got back into position. I then lubed her asshole and slowly inserted the butt plug into her asshole. After it was fully inserted into her butt, I gave her butt a swat. I handed Jim the remote and said, "Jim see how she dances when you flip that baby on." I then left the room and joined the party.

Switching of the Cocks

As I enjoyed the party, I watched Jim torture Wendy throughout the evening. I noticed her flinch as she slow danced with her dad. Then I noticed Jim grin when she flinched as he shoved the wedding cake in her face. And her throwing of the bouquet was a little short.

When Jim was removing the garter from Wendy's leg, Ashley approached and handed me an envelope saying, "Jim wanted me to give you this and tell you to be ready in an hour."

I gave her a big kiss before saying, "We need to talk, but first I need to find a drink." I got a glass of water from the bar and returned to her, before opening the envelope and finding the pill inside. Ashley watched as I swallowed the blue pill.

She asked, "What was that?"

I grinned at her and said, "Viagra. I'll need a bit of a boost in about an hour. And someone has been draining me all day." and I gave her butt a tweak. "By the way, you're also invited to help with Wendy's cock transfer in an hour."

"Wendy's what?" she asked.

Kissing her lips, I mumbled, "Just say yes."

As we continued our French kiss she moaned, "Yes, oh hell, yes."

"Let's go dance until the Viagra kicks in. Then we'll go get ready for Wendy's surprise."

Holding hands, Ashley and I walked over to the dance floor. I filled her in on Wendy's earlier enemas and the butt plug still in her ass. She giggled as she heard about Wendy's punishment.

We danced and talked for an hour before I said, "It's time to go." and I led her to the elevators. Once in the elevators we embraced and kissed our way to our floor. We held hands walking to the honeymoon suite.

I used the key card from the envelope to let us into the room and led Ashley into the bedroom, where I closed the door.

"I need to get ready for Wendy and Jim. You're here to watch and help as needed. I'll tell you what to do, otherwise just sit, watch, and enjoy." I removed my clothes and placed them in a chair. After I was completely undressed, I said, "After we're done here, do you mind if we go back to your room for coffee?"

"How could I say no to a naked rapist." Ashley said, as she grabbed my cock and started stroking it. We kissed, as she fondled my cock and balls. I cupped and fondled Ashley's gown covered breasts.

Breaking our kiss, I said, "Shortly, we'll hear the outer door open. When we do, we need to be very quiet, so that Wendy doesn't know we're here. I'll sit on the bed, and I need you to sit in the chair by the closet. Okay?"

"Okay, now shut up and kiss me some more." We resumed our kissing. Just before I lost control and fucked that vixen again, I heard the outer door open. We broke our kiss and silently went to our places.

Quietly, I rolled a condom on my artificially hard cock and waited. I heard some murmuring on the other side of the door as I stroked my cock keeping it ready for the next event.

Suddenly, the bedroom door opened, and there stood Wendy in her wedding dress. Jim had his hands over her eyes, as they shuffled into the room. He glanced at me and then at Ashley, winking to both of us as he said, "Just a few more steps and I'll show you your surprise. Give me a second to get something."

Jim shuffled both of them around to their bags and retrieved something from one of them. Then he moved Wendy and himself right in front of Ashley, with Wendy facing me. I thought I saw him hand something to Ashley.

Jim said, "Ready for your surprise? On the count of three. One. Two. Three." Jim removed his hand from her eyes.

Wendy blinked and squealed, "Al what...". Jim slipped the gag into her mouth and buckled it closed. Wendy reached for Jim's hands and Ashley handcuffed one wrist, before forcing her arm around so that it was behind her back. Jim grabbed the other wrist and twisted it behind her back as well. Ashley then snapped the cuffs on that wrist.

I just sat there stroking my hard cock watching Wendy's eyes bug out in fear of what was happening to her. After Jim and Ashley was finished, Jim stepped around to face Wendy and said, "Al and I've come up with a way to transfer power from him to me. At the same time, we'll consummate our marriage. To help and witness this is the person whom you tricked Al to rape. Ashley, help me get my wife seated on her throne."

Jim turned Wendy around so she was facing away from me. Jim said, "Ashley, go get the mirror and arrange it so that Wendy can watch what's going to happen behind her."

Once she had the mirror in place, Jim stepped in front of Wendy, and reaching behind her, he grabbed her ass. He kissed her neck and ground his crotch into hers. He raised the back of her wedding dress up over her beautiful ass. He continued kissing her neck and grinding their crotches together, as he spread her ass cheeks apart.

Motioning Ashley to come over, I then pointed at the butt plug and then my cock. She grinned and nodded with her understanding. I then gently held Wendy's hips.

Jim whispered into Wendy's ear, "Sit down on your throne."

In one synchronized movement, Jim gently pushed Wendy backwards, while keeping her ass cheeks spread. I controlled her fall onto my lap. Ashley removed the butt plug, while guiding my condom covered cock into her now vacant asshole. Wendy grunted as she felt my cock sink into her butt.

Jim just stood there watching his new wife, as she slid down onto her throne. In the mirror, I saw Wendy grimace in displeasure, as my cock wormed its way deep into her bowels. I finally felt her ass cheeks come to rest on my upper thighs. I wiggled my hips a bit to sink my cock into her further.

Jim said, "Since Wendy is now throned, I'm going to uncuff her wrists." Once the handcuffs were removed, he said, "Ashley, help me get her out of her wedding dress."

As they both worked together to remove the wedding dress. I whispered in Wendy's ear, "Dear, your ass is as tight as the night on that picnic table." I then kissed her neck and gave the bed a bounce. Wendy responded with a moan and then a grunt.

Ashley was now hanging up the wedding dress. Jim was fondling his wife's breasts while staring into her eyes. He said, "Ashley, can you please remove Wendy's shoes, garter belt, and stockings. I need to get undressed myself. Al, feel free to play with Wendy. She owes you that much, for what she did to you the other night."

I took that as permission to fondle her tits and crotch. I felt the garter belt being removed as I finger-fucked Wendy's wet pussy. I felt one leg lifted and moved as I was cupping and squeezing her right tit. Now I felt her other leg moved and lifted as I tweaked her left nipple.

A now naked Jim said, "Damn Wendy, I wish I had a camera. I've never seen you look this hot before. But I think you're going to get hotter with what I'm about to tell you. In a second, with Ashley's help, we're going to create a Wendy sandwich. Both Al and I are going to dump our loads into you. I know you stopped taking your birth control pills six months ago. I also know we both agreed no sex for a month. Well I've got a month's worth of passion for you tonight. Now, I won't be using a condom. And I really hope tonight to knock you up, babe." Jim stood there grinning and stroking his cock. "But before we start let's hear from my wifey. Ashley, can you remove her gag while I get something to drink."

Jim now knelt down and I felt him remove my fingers from Wendy's pussy. Ashley hopped up onto the bed and we started kissing as she struggled to remove the gag. Now ungagged Wendy said, "Enough, Jim, enough. Stop sucking on my pussy. I need you to fuck me, NOW!"

Ashley slid off the bed, as Jim stood up and grabbed Wendy's ankles. He stepped forward holding onto her legs and let Ashley guide his cock into Wendy's pussy. I felt him enter her as his weight forced more of my cock into her tight ass.

Jim said, "Damn you're tight." and he gave her a couple more thrusts. "This isn't going to work. We need to be further on the bed. Al, can you move up?" Over the next few minutes Jim and I wiggled and scooted our way up towards the head of the bed. We kept Wendy contained between us. As we moved, all three of us moaned and groaned.

Once in place, Jim started hammering his cock into Wendy's cunt, while he mauled her breasts. Wendy said, "Oh God, yes. Jim fuck me hard. Make Al's cock come out through my tummy." I just laid under Wendy with my cock up her butt, as the two newlyweds enjoyed their union.

"Wendy, we need to rollover, so Al can have some fun too. So here we go." Keeping both cocks in place, we all rolled over, so that Jim was now on the bottom. It was now my turn to hammer Wendy with my cock.

I really started to give it to her. I withdrew my cock from her ass until only the head was in her. Then I rammed it back into her ass until my crotch slapped into her ass cheeks. She and Jim both grunted with my impact. I kept it up as I felt the need to cum. I had to cum, but why couldn't I cum?

As I started withdrawing my cock again, I smelled her. I caught a whiff of Ashley's aroma. I turned to see Ashley sitting in the chair. She was staring at the pile of sex in front of her. She had a look of lust on her face. She had her dress pulled up and was using two of her fingers to fuck herself. I suddenly knew what I needed to do.

Slamming into Wendy, I let out a big groan. For the next several seconds, I groaned and swirled my cock in her ass. I gave short thrusts, trying to get my dick deeper into her. After about a minute, I slowly removed my stick from her asshole, making sure the condom stayed on my cock. I stumbled off the bed and over to Ashley.

I grabbed Ashley around the waist and kissed her passionately. We hugged as we continued kissing. When Ashley softly caressed my cock, I gently removed her hand. Breaking our kiss, I held my finger against my lips in a sign of silence. I then quickly put on and zipped up my trousers. Grabbing the rest of my clothing we quickly left the bedroom.

As I closed the bedroom door I saw that Wendy and Jim had rolled back over into the missionary position. They were kissing as Jim was jack-hammering his cock into her cunt. I figured the marriage would be fully consummated in a couple of minutes.

Quickly and silently, I led Ashley out of the hotel room. Once the door was closed, I grabbed Ashley by the waist and kissed her again. Together, we stumbled down the hallway, towards her room. Once there, she fumbled to get the door open, before we crashed into the room. I mumbled, "Angel, are you ready for a major fucking."

"How? You just came."

"No, I faked it. I saw you sitting there, and I knew where my cock belonged. Now, let me get this damn rubber off while you get your pretty gown off."

I rolled the rubber off my hard pole and threw it into the trash. Then I jumped onto the bed and laid there waiting for Ashley. I watched her wiggle out of her dress and then step out of her wet panties. She crawled upon the bed and we kissed. While we were tongue wrestling, I grabbed her hips and guided her over to my ready and waiting dick. She was grinding her chest into mine, rubbing her nipples against mine. Holding my cock with one hand, I gently pushed down on her back with the other. Her crotch slowly dropped, until I felt the head of my cock part the folds of her wet slit. We both moaned with understanding of what was happening. She kept lowering her pussy onto my cock, as I flexed my hips upwards until contact was made.

"Damn, you're bigger and harder than I remember. Give me a second to get used to this. It's still new to me," she groaned.

I smiled and said, "Take your time, Angel. Some of that's the Viagra but most of it is because you're one hot babe. When you're ready, just ride that cock. Due to the Viagra, it should be one very hard and long ride."

She returned the smile and said, "So you're telling me that we're going to fuck ourselves to death." With that statement she started to ride my cock. Over the next several minutes we enjoyed our intimate union as our pubic mounds ground together. As Ashley rode me she would go from lying on my chest to sitting up and bouncing on my lap. When she did, I watched her tits bounce as she rode my dick. Sometimes I would play with them and other times I would just watch. Her bouncing would force me deeply into her cunt until it became too much and she would collapse forward. She would continue the ride but with less force until she needed more and she sat back up.

As she pushed up, she looked into my eyes and grunted, "Damn this is hard work, but I love it. I'm so close."

Looking into her eyes, “Why don’t you lean back and see if that might make the difference.” She leaned back and then I placed my thumb just below her clit as she dropped down. As soon as my thumb rubbed over her button she erupted with her orgasm. I felt her cunt squeeze my cock as her stomach contracted. She howled out, “Oooooohhhhhh mmmmyyyyy GGGGooooodddd.” Her head fell further back as she arched her back more stretching her tits. I let my thumb rub her clit as her cum bounced her up and down on my rod.

“DDDDaaaammnnnn.” She rode that cock all through that climax and when the orgasm was over she fell forward. She muttered, “Damn that was good.”

Knowing that she was incapable of riding my dick anytime soon, I decided I needed to plow her cunt with my cock. Wrapping my arms around her, I rolled us over. I then said, “It’s my turn to do some loving, so hold on Angel.” I now made passionate love to her, as I slowly increased the tempo of our joining, until I remembered to adjust myself a little higher in the bed. This increased the angle that my dick took into her cunt and allowed the base of my cock to rub her clit. It made all the difference for Ashley, as another orgasm started raking her body. I kept loving the woman shaking in the throes of her second orgasm. I again felt her cunt try to squeeze the cum out of me while being denied by the Viagra. I just kept pumping in and out as her orgasm came to its conclusion.

Coming back to reality, she looked at me and asked, “What are you, Superman?”

I grunted, “It’s the Viagra.” I increased the pace. “Hold on babe, it’s going to be a rough ride for the next few minutes, but I’m going to fill you up with my babies.” Just thinking about making her pregnant made me that much closer to my orgasm.

She must have noticed my enthusiastic reaction to the possibility of knocking her up, as she wrapped her arms and legs around me and shouted. “That’s right, fill me up with your hot baby seed. Make it pour out of my pussy. The same pussy that will pop out babies. Will you be the one to swell up my belly tonight?”

Her dirty talking did it for me and my orgasm coursed through my body. I tried to drill my cock through the bed and then I felt her cunt walls squeezing back. I grunted and swirled my cock in her cunt. She grunted as her uterus contracted. As each jet shot out of my cock, I bounced it deeper into her. She bounced her hips to get more pleasure from our union. We both enjoyed our own orgasms without being concerned about the other. And then it was over and we were still joined.

As my breathing returned to normal, I said, “Damn that was good. Your pussy was tight tonight.”

As she wiggled her hips, she giggled and said, “No, your cock was bigger. And yes, that was great.”

We rolled over onto our sides. We cuddled and kissed as we crashed from our orgasms. Shortly my cock dropped out of her and we fell asleep in a pool of cum.

July 10, 2005 – Sunday

Leaving Ashley

It was still dark, when I awakened, sporting a massive woody, from the previous night’s Viagra. Taking a quick peek at the clock, I noticed it was just after five, and I gently awoke Ashley saying, “Dear, I hate to tell you this, but I’ve got one more left. After this, I’m done for the day, maybe even the week. Let’s make it last.”

“Are you sure? I would love to spend another day just making love with you.” She started crying.

We kissed as I carefully positioned myself. Once I was in position, I slowly sank my cock into her, and said, “Dear this is the best way. The more we stay together, the harder it will be for us to separate.” I slowly pumped in and out of her.

Still weeping, "Yes, I know that, but still I love this feeling of being stuffed. I felt empty yesterday sitting around the pool waiting for you." She rubbed my back and ass as I continued my slow loving.

"You'll find others and I know there's a special someone just for you. He'll make you happy and together you'll make many babies together." We kissed as I slowly loved her. I fondled her breast and said, "He'll suck on these gorgeous mounds, as his children will suckle milk from their mother." We continued our love.

"Okay if it must be this way, it must. But please let this last as long as it can." She gently wrapped her arms around my back and we kissed. We made passion on that bed. We stayed joined as we rolled around on that bed. We switched to her on top and made some love. We flipped to me on top and made more love. We kept kissing and groaning as we loved each other.

During one of the times that I was on top, I saw my angel close her eyes, and felt her gently quake beneath me as she moaned. Then I felt her cunt gently contract. She was in the midst of an orgasm. Gently I rode her through her climax. After it was over, her eyes re-opened and she smiled. I asked, "Did you enjoy it?"

"Most definitely. It was very romantic how it overpowered me."

"Can we try it doggy style a few minutes." I asked her.

"I would love to."

So, after I pulled out of her velvet tunnel, Ashley quickly rolled over and got on her hands and knees. She was now presenting me her firm ass, which I gently caressed, before guiding my cock back into her tight slit. As I pumped my cock in and out faster, my fingertip rubbed around her asshole. She moaned and said, "Lover, do want my anal cherry too? Please, it's all yours."

Grabbing her shoulders, I rammed my cock deep into her as I said, "No, I'll leave it for your husband. Let him take that cherry." I now started to ride her fast and hard. I was going to dump my seed into that woman's fruitful furrow. As I imagined her with a pregnant belly hanging there right now, I shifted into overdrive. My hips went forward until my balls slapped her pussy. Then my hips moved backwards until just the head of my cock was in her. Then my hips shoved forward just to hit bottom again.

She grunted, "Damn I'm close. Slam that big fucking cock into my tiny pussy." She started bucking backwards to get more of me into her.

I was close too, I just needed a little more. So, to hasten our mutual objective, I palmed one of her hanging breasts, and with the other hand found her clit. Then, as I gently squeezed the tit, I rubbed her clit. It had the desired effect, as her cunt walls contracted and she moaned, "Jeeessssuuuussss Christttttttt, Oooooohhhhhh mmmmmmyyyyyyy." I held on as she shook all over and I slammed my cock into her and grunted with my climax. I did little thrusts into her as we rode together through our orgasms. Her quaking and me shooting. I grunted with each spurt that went into her. For the next several seconds, as we both slowly floated from our mutual high, I caressed her breasts and pussy.

Knowing that all good things must come to an end, I carefully dismounted from her backside and laid beside her. She did the same. For the next couple of minutes, we cuddled until my fingers traced a path to her pussy. Feeling my cum seeping out, I mumbled, "Momma always told me to cleanup my messes." Flipping about, I straddled her head with my knees, and started licking up my mess. But before I planted my tongue into her slit, I snuck a peek between her breasts, and I noticed her staring at my limp cock hanging in front of her face. I now went to work cleaning up my mess. Suddenly I felt warmth surround my dick as she started sucking on my cock.

I now concentrated my efforts on pleasuring her. My tongue lightly traced a path around her clit a couple of times before sliding over it. When my tongue slipped over it, her hips would thrust upwards. I kept up my attack and soon she had to stop sucking on my cock so that she could moan. Now I sucked on her clit after licking over it. Her moaning increased but the cock in her mouth muffled the sound. I gently rocked my hips up and down fucking her mouth. I felt my balls rub her nose. I now felt her third cum start as she was trapped under me. Her hips rocked all over the place as I did my best to suck and lick her clit. I kept her mouth gagged with my cock and sometimes she would suck it as her climax continued.

When I felt her orgasm stop, I carefully shifted around, letting my cock slip out of her mouth, until we were again face to face, with me above her. We kissed and I ground my crotch into hers, letting my flaccid cock rub her sensitive clit. I then kissed my way down her neck to her firm breasts. There I stopped for several seconds to allow both of us to enjoy the moment. While I suckled her teats, I softly inserted two fingers into her pussy and started slowly finger fucking her.

Moving on, I now kissed my way down her tummy, to her bellybutton. There, I again stopped, and worshipped her navel a few seconds, as I started caressing her cunt walls with my fingertips. She softly placed her hands on my head, as she continued moaning. I now kissed down over her shaved pubic mound before nipping her clit. It had the desired effect, as her fourth climax started. My fingers kept stroking and fucking her cunt. She pressed my head into her clit as I licked it again. Her cum and groans continued. I loved this moment in a woman's passion. Her pleasure softened and I wanted more out of this one. I wanted a stronger orgasm out of her. So I stepped it up a notch.

Somehow, someway, using some major contortion moves, I was able with one hand to push one of her legs up toward her head. This rotated her ass off the bed, so that I could now lick her asshole. As I licked and rimmed her rosebud with my tongue, I rubbed her clit hard with my thumb. The fingers in her cunt kept sawing in and out of her. She shouted, "GGGGoooodddd dddaaammnnnn" and her hands gripped the bedsheets. Her orgasm reversed direction and shot back to a higher peak as she grunted, "DDDDaaaammmnnnn ddddaaaammmnnnn."

I felt her trying to rip the sheets from the bed, as that strong orgasm took control of her. I felt her sphincter muscle squeezing, as my tongue tried to push through. I felt the cunt walls try to squeeze out my fingers. She just kept grunting, "DDDaaammnnnn ddaammnn", each time softer than before, as the orgasm lessen in its intensity. I slowed my attack, until her climax concluded. When it finally did, I crawled beside her and held her as she fell asleep in my arms.

As the sun rose, I knew it was time to leave. So, after crawling out of bed, I covered her, before getting dressed and collecting my things. Just before I left, I took another look at my angel sleeping in the bed, and reflected on the past two nights of sexual heaven. Then with tears in my eyes, I closed the curtains, and left leaving a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door. With tears still streaming from my eyes, it took all my strength to close that door.

Asian Dinner

After leaving the hotel, I went straight home and crashed, but not before setting the alarm. The alarm woke me four hours later, and I laid there several minutes trying to sort out my emotions. Physically and emotionally, these past couple of days had completely drained me, and I was seriously thinking on how to skip my scheduled meeting with Beth. I believe a tinge of guilt was also involved.

With my stomach now complaining, and my problem not resolved, I headed to the kitchen to make a sandwich. It was weird walking around my house nude, (I don't get to do that much with the children around), as I

thought about my next course of action. Should I get someone to return my tuxedo and disappoint Beth? Should I do the right thing, return the tux along with my regrets? Or should I continue screwing around and screw up my life?

As I ate a turkey sandwich, my thoughts drifted over the past couple of days, and I quickly concluded that I couldn't change the past, and I needed to focus on the immediate future, Beth.

My mind shifted to our first meeting. When we met, I felt a deep connection with her. Nothing I could put a finger on, but we seemed linked. It was like my life wasn't fully complete until I met her. My mind now drifted to the fitting. My disappointment of her being too busy for me, and handing me over to Tracy. My complete euphoria, knowing that Beth had watched, and wished it was her, instead of Tracy, getting my love.

It was when I rehashed yesterday's meeting, that I made a discovery. When I saw Beth at the table, the world shrank, until it was just the two of us. No one else existed, not even the bimbo Janet. It was just Beth and me. We were one, and we had fun together. What would the future bring, if we stayed as a couple?

That's when I noticed, that thinking about that beautiful Asian, and our possible future path, had given me a massive hard-on. It shocked me, because my member should barely twitch, let alone grow to these proportions, with all the action it's had over these past few days. But there it was, big and painfully hard, just like a teenager getting ready to do his first pussy.

My dick had spoken. It was forcing me to meet Beth, and see if it could shaft her tight Asian pussy into oblivion. To hell with the rest of the world. Full speed ahead!

With my course now chosen, I quickly showered and got ready for my evening adventure.

While I was getting ready, I formalized a plan that needed some props. So afterwards, I headed to the mall to purchase them. After that, I still had time to kill, so I sat in the food court and watched all the tits bounce around me. Even for a Sunday afternoon, it was slim pickens.

I arrived at the rental store at the appointed time, 4:45. When Beth saw me, she squealed with delight, and ran to me, before jumping into my arms. I had to drop the rental items just to catch her. We kissed for a few minutes before anything was said.

She said, "I've been soaking my panties since last night. See how wet they are now." She forced my hand under her skirt to feel her very wet panties. I quickly re-grabbed her butt before I dropped her. We kissed a couple more minutes. Beth then said, "I thought this day would never end. I've been looking forward to this moment. The day just seemed to creep along." She attacked my lips again. She looked at me before saying, "I'm rambling aren't I? I've just been looking forward to being with you."

I kissed her before saying, "Confucius says, 'Let's fuck.'" she giggled at my bad attempt at a joke. I gave her a hug and said, "Let's get out of here and get something to eat." Carefully setting her down, I collected the dropped items, before handing them to her.

For the next several minutes, I watched as she rushed around, getting paperwork arranged, and doing the needed chores to close the store. Every couple of minutes, she would rush over to me, so that we could kiss.

We made a game of keeping each other sexually aroused. A couple of times, I fondled her firm sexy tits, hiding under her sexy red silk blouse. In turn, she fondled my hard pole that was tenting my pants. Another time, I pulled up her black mini-skirt and rubbed her very wet red silk panties. This lady had some fashion sense. Once, she even flicked my nipples, poking under my shirt.

Shortly, from the back room, I heard her shout, "Al-chan, stand still, I'm setting the alarm." A few seconds later she rushed past and led me out of the store. After she locked up, she asked, "So what's the plan for this evening?"

"I thought we agreed on an Asian dinner. But what about a steak appetizer?"

She grinned, knowing she was the main course, saying, "That sounds great. Which car do we take?"

"I thought we'll take mine, but let's drop yours off at your place."

"Okay."

I followed her to her apartment complex, and then I drove us both to a steak house I knew. As we waited for our dinner, we talked, and I found out she was twenty-two years old. Her full name was: Elizabeth Takto Nimmo. She had a brother thirty-three, and her parents were in their early fifties. When her brother was five, her parents had moved from Hong Kong to New York City. She and her parents had moved to this area when she was eighteen, leaving her brother in New York.

We chatted a couple more minutes, before my curiosity kicked in, and I asked her how she lost her virginity. She gave me a very ugly look before saying, "I'd prefer not talking about it." With that she quickly left the table in tears. I sat there trying to figure out how to fix the land-mine I'd just stepped on.

Several minutes later, Beth returned, with a tear stained face, and cuddled beside me. After a brief pause, she sniffed and said, "Al-chan, lovers shouldn't have secrets between each other. So I want you to just sit and listen, to what I'm going to tell you." She then kissed me before continuing, "We were still living in New York and I had just turned sixteen. It was the last month of my freshman year in high school and every day I was living in hell."

"It might have been my clothes, or my introverted attitude, but somehow, I became everyone's target. Everywhere I went, someone would start teasing me, and then everyone would join in until I ran away, bawling my eyes out."

"So, I decided to join a Chinatown gang. I thought being a gang member might stop the kids from teasing me. When I met the leader of the gang, he told me, that before I could join, I would have to go through an initiation. He said if I still wanted to be part of his gang, I should come back Friday night. Well, I did return, and he told me to wait as he got everyone ready."

She started tearing up again. "All of a sudden, all the girls rushed me. They tore off my clothes, shoved me to the floor, and held me down by my wrists and ankles. With me now completely naked, and tightly held spread-eagled on the hard floor, the leader stood over me and said, for my initiation, I was going to lose my cherry to the whole gang. I started to scream and shout, so to shut me up he shoved my panties in my mouth and then he raped me. As he did, he made fun of my tits, telling everyone that my chest was flatter than his brother's."

With tears streaming down Beth's face, she paused several seconds to regain her composure. Using my napkin, I carefully blotted her tears, before giving her a gentle hug of support.

After several seconds, Beth sniffed and said, "After he was done, he showed everyone the blood on his cock from my cherry. Then he forced one of the girls to lick his cock clean, as he watched the rest of the gang rape me."

I held her tightly, as she wept uncontrollably into my chest. Between sobs she said, "There must have been at least twenty guys that did me that night. They took turns doing my pussy, my ass, and my mouth. Sometimes

they did all three at once. Even the girls took their turns, forcing me to lick their nasty cunts. Some of them had sperm dripping out of their slits.”

I again used the napkin to wipe away her tears. When I was through, Beth stared deep into my eyes and said, “This is weird, I’m pouring from both ends. I shouldn’t be this horny when I’m this sad, but being here beside you...” I cut her off by kissing her.

After about a minute, she broke the kiss and said, “Let me finish, so we can have a much happier evening.

“Well I could say that the worst was over, but it had only gotten started. After the gang was finished with me, they sent me home wearing a dirty old dress they found in the trash. I quickly rushed home and told my parents and brother. Then the police were called. That’s when I went through the hell of being repeatedly raped. First by the police, then the hospital exam, the district attorney, and then during the trial, only to end up being called a lying bitch by the defense attorney.

“What was the worst, was the trial ended, with all the gang members being found not guilty. This was because the jury believed the defense attorney, and they thought I wanted to be a slut. After that, it was hell for me to finish high school, but I did.

“Once I graduated, my parents gave their store to my brother, and moved themselves and me here. They started another store, and I went to college. I met Tracy in college, and we became good friends, and then roommates. Tracy as you can tell is a little loose. She really enjoys having sex. Almost every weekend I hear the bed in her room bouncing. And I’m not a stranger at seeing one of her men nude in the apartment. Ever since I’ve met Tracy, she has wanted me to have a sex life. So about a year ago I started trying. So far I’ve brought six guys home, and three stayed for sex. And, as you know, no one has satisfied me. They all came and left. That, Al-chan, has been my sex life, until you fell into it.”

Beth now seemed to be on the other side of her depression, so I asked, “What happened to prevent the other three from going all the way?”

“Condoms. The first one didn’t have any and neither did I, so after that one slipped away I had them available. The other two refused to wear one, so I asked them to leave.” Seeing my puzzled look she explained, “After the incident, I’m afraid of STDs so this girl has a rule: No condom, no sex.”

I gave her a big hug and whispered into her ear, “Thanks for sharing, I know it was very tough.”

She whispered back, “I don’t know why, but I had to tell you. Now I need to freshen up. I’ll be back in a second.” She left for the ladies’ room.

A couple minutes later Beth returned. As I stood, I asked, “Are you feeling better?”

As she slipped into her spot, she answered, “Everything’s much better now. Except for my panties, they’re soaked. I thought about taking them off, but I was afraid that I would ruin my skirt.”

Remembering something from my past, I looked around for something appropriate. Finding nothing, I took the linen napkin and the table knife. Then I cut the linen into fourths.

Folding a piece, I handed it to her, saying, “I would love to do this myself, but here isn’t the right place. Take this to the restroom and place it in your panties like a panty shield.”

She grinned in recognition and said, “Just like Wendy in her Double D. I’ll be right back.”

I sat there in disbelief, with the details that Wendy had actually written about in her diary.

The waitress appeared and asked, "Sir, is everything okay?" Just then Beth returned and scooted beside me. I said, "We're good now." And I got Beth into a passionate kiss until the waitress left.

As we ate our salads, I asked, "Feeling any better?"

"Yes, thank you. But it feels like I'm on my period."

I reached over and felt it, "Oh I don't think it's going to stop me tonight." She giggled and gave me a hug with another kiss.

We chatted about nothing important during the remainder of our meal and we finished dessert without a hitch.

While we waited for the waitress to bring me the bill, Beth and I started smooching. We had gotten to the point where my hand was barely cupping one of Beth's breasts, and Beth's hand was fondling my package, when someone cleared their throat.

Catching Beth's wrist with my free hand, I forced her hand back onto my lap. My other hand now gave her tit a gentle squeeze as I whispered, "Please don't stop." Her face blushed, as she nodded and gave my cock a gentle squeeze.

Still cupping Beth's breast, I turned my attention to our intruder. It was the waitress with our bill.

She too was blushing as she stuttered, "Your bill sir. Take your time."

She was about to leave, when I said, "Please wait a second." As the waitress waited, I reached for my wallet, while at the same time I unbuttoned the top couple of buttons of Beth's blouse.

While I slipped my credit card out of my wallet, my other hand slipped under Beth's blouse and started fondling Beth's breast. I heard two moans of pleasure, from both women, as I handed the waitress my credit card. I watched as her face turned bright red before she dashed off in embarrassment.

Damn, I can be such a jerk at times.

I resumed my attack on Beth, but now I had some bare tit flesh to play with.

We kissed. I fondled her breasts. Beth rubbed my hard cock, still buried in my pants. And the waitress interrupted our fun with her return.

Looking again at our interloper, I noticed her grinning before she said, "Have a good evening sir." And she handed me the bill to sign. Shifting her attention to Beth, she now said, "And miss, I hope you enjoy the rest of your evening."

Beth squeezed my stick as she said, "I'm sure I will. My guy knows how to please a woman."

The waitress replied, "I wish I could find someone that could. I only find the guys that care only for themselves." She paused a few seconds as she scrunched her face. Then she asked, "Do you mind if I ask a very personal question?"

Beth answered, "No, go ahead."

"How's he in bed?"

Beth answered, "Don't know yet. But I'm hoping to find out later tonight."

"You mean you haven't been lovers yet?"

"Oh, we've been lovers. Just not all the way." Beth shocked me when she unzipped my trousers and extracted my dick. As she fondled it, she said to the waitress, "I'm really looking forward to finally getting this stuffed in my pussy." The waitress was hesitant to look until Beth said, "Take a look. Isn't it a fine-looking cock?"

It was my turn to blush, as the waitress stepped forward to take a closer look.

When she did, Beth palmed my balls as if presenting my penis as her trophy and said, "It's so cute, and big too."

The waitress licked her lips before softly saying, "I've seen bigger." But she quickly added, "But it is very cute." I think she added that as an afterthought, so not to offend Beth.

I should have complained about them calling my manhood cute, but I was too spaced out to bitch.

Beth said, "I've seen them smaller." And then she gave my member a firm stroke. When she did I gave out a deep groan and a wad of precum oozed from the tip of my cock.

That put a damper on the fun and Beth quickly let go as she whimpered, "Damn no!"

The waitress said, "Shit yes." And my shaft twitched in the wind. A few seconds later the waitress said, "Well I'll leave you two alone." Looking right at Beth, the waitress added, "Enjoy your man. I sure would." And she quickly left.

Beth was staring at my cock as she whispered, "Sorry dear, I got a bit carried away. Are you okay?"

I gave Beth a hug and said, "Another tug like the last one and that waitress would've had a mess to clean up." I gave her a kiss before saying, "But I'm okay, now."

A few seconds later, Beth carefully tucked my dick away, and zipped up my pants, as she said, "Well let's put this thing away for safe keeping, but not for long." And she gave it a gentle pat. We then got up and headed to the car.

As we were leaving the restaurant parking lot, I asked Beth, "Do you mind if I stop at the drugstore? I need to pick up something I forgot."

"Why of course not. Just hurry, I'm soaking my pad."

We pulled into the store lot and parked. Before I left I kissed Beth and rubbed her pad covered pussy. Damn it was soaked. I quickly went in the store and picked up the items I needed. On the way out I grabbed a silk scarf from the rack.

Rushing back to the car, as I got in I asked, "I hope that wasn't too long?" Beth grabbed my neck and forced her tongue back into my mouth. I moaned as we kissed.

We both knew we needed to be elsewhere, so we broke off our passion. But before I left the parking lot I said, "Let's change that pad." Carefully I reached into her panties and removed the wet linen. Then I placed it on the floor before I positioned the silk scarf into the crotch of her panties, but not before slipping a couple of fingers into her very wet pussy. Damn, she's real tight!

Done with my tease, I cautiously removed my fingers from her pussy and repositioned her panties. I then patted my handiwork and said, "That should take care of that leaky pipe until I can find the right tool to stop it up."

It took us about ten minutes to get to Beth's apartment. And all that time Beth just kept caressing the bump in my pants. After parking beside her car, I collected the shopping bags, and I followed her cute butt. If my hands hadn't been filled, I would've tweaked her ass.

Stopping at a door, Beth gave me a kiss as she unlocked it. Before opening the door, she rubbed my pants again and said, "As the spider said to the fly, 'Welcome to my lair.'" When she opened the door, I entered the apartment. The door blocked my way to the right, so I went to the left and entered the living room.

There, watching television, and wearing a very short nightshirt, was Tracy. When she noticed it was me, she started grinning and parted her thighs, flashing me. As her pussy winked at me, she said, "Well hello Al, I now see why Beth's been on cloud nine these past couple of days."

Beth came into the room, "Al, do you need a drink or something?"

I thought over my options and then said, "No, I'm fine for the moment. But can you show me around so that I don't make a fool of myself later."

As I followed, Beth showed me around, "There's not much to show, living room, dining room, kitchen." Then we retreated and we went past the entry door. Beth said, "My room is the first one on the left, then we have Tracy's room, and this is the bathroom."

"Can I put the packages in your room for later?"

"Sure." I stepped into her room and looked around while I set down some packages. It looked like a young woman's room, but it had an Asian flare. I then turned to her and said, "It's a very nice room. I've got a couple of gifts for you. Do you mind if we go back to the living room for a minute."

I followed her back to the living room and noticed that Tracy had left. We sat on the sofa and I handed her the first wrapped gift. She unwrapped and opened the box. Inside she found a blue satin nightshirt, on the front it had what looked like Asian embroidery. I said, "I hope when you wear it you remember tonight."

She kissed me and whispered, "I love it."

I then handed her the other gift box. She opened it and found a very sheer green colored teddy with crotchless panties. I mumbled, "I was hoping that you would be wearing this when we made love, but things have changed. Save it for someone else."

"Why? What's changed? I want to put them on just for you. It's too lovely for anyone else."

"Tell you what, while I'm getting your room ready, you can put them on. I'll come and get you when I'm ready, okay?" She nodded yes, and I gave her a kiss, before I rushed to her room and closed the door. I quickly arranged her room and put on my clothes for the evening. Wearing a robe, I went to the living room to see Beth sitting on the sofa waiting for me. She looked beautiful wearing that see through teddy. I just stared at her for a few seconds looking at her breasts and stomach as she sat there.

She said, "Something wrong?"

"No, you look so beautiful. Are you sure you want to do this?"

"More sure than anything else in my life." She said as she stood up. We kissed and caressed each other. She led me to her room. As we entered she said, "Wow, you've been a busy boy." She was looking at the light radiating from candles, candles, and more candles. Everywhere was a lit tea candle.

Looking into her sparkling brown eyes, I asked, "I'm going to undress you and then give you a massage. Is that okay?" When she nodded yes, I pulled her close, and gave her a passionate kiss. After a few seconds, I started caressing her breasts, and she responded with a passionate moan into my mouth.

With her positive reaction, I proceeded to untie and drop my robe. When it dropped, Beth broke the kiss to take a peek and gulped. I was standing before her wearing only a mesh pouch G-string, that was fully loaded with an extremely hard cock.

It was time to unwrap my Asian Beauty. So I slowly removed her teddy and then slowly fell to my knees in front of her. For a couple of seconds, I gazed upon the thin veil of green covering her beautiful womanhood, before I separated the crotch panels to get a better view of her baby smooth pussy.

The lips protecting the portal to her womb, were puffy bright pink, and the smell of her sex was very intoxicating. Teasing her some more, I blew air onto her pussy lips, and she let out a deep groan, as she quivered in pleasure.

I'm a firm believer in, if it worked before, it should work again. So grasping a scene from my past, I carefully removed her crotchless panties, before I stood, and led her over to her bed. I softly said, "Please lie down on your stomach." As she positioned herself on her bed, I retrieved some oil, scented with Asian Pear and Lily, from a pan of hot water. I was now ready to give Beth a massage she would not soon forget.

Applying the warm oil, I started massaging her hands and arms, making sure to massage her armpits. Most people don't think of their pits as an erogenous zone, but they are. I took long slow strokes, letting her get comfortable with my touch.

Once both arms were coated with a thin coating of oil, I moved to her legs and feet. Using the oil, I massaged the backs of her legs and thighs. Working my fingers into the soft flesh of her thighs, I gently worked my way, closer and closer, to her crotch and ass. During these massaging strokes, I spread her legs to a more relaxed position, allowing me to massage the inner part of her thighs.

Then I rubbed the oil into her feet before rubbing oil onto every delicate toe. Straddling her back, I carefully and gently moved her hair aside, before rubbing oil onto her neck and shoulders. After that, I worked on her neck and shoulders, trying to get the knots out.

Moving on, I poured and rubbed oil into her dry back. I poured and rubbed. I massaged and poured. I leaned forward, letting my pouch rub along her ass crack, as I reached up to work on her upper back. I rubbed down her back, as I rocked forward sliding my cock up her crack. I did this until her back was soft and slippery.

Carefully turning around, I sat lightly on her back, as I now worked on her gorgeous buttocks. I poured oil all over her ass cheeks. I then rubbed and squeezed those cheeks, to remove any tension buried deep. I worked and worked, on those magnificent mounds of butt flesh. Towards the end, I rubbed oil into the ass crack, and rubbed around her asshole. I so much wanted to slip a finger into that winking hole, but that must wait for another time and place.

After finishing her back, I gently got off the bed. For the next several seconds, I took stock of my handy work. There, laying naked on the bed in front of me, was a beautiful woman. The candle light, glistening off the covering of oil, made her Asian skin appear golden. Looking at her ass, it reminded me of a peach. Not a firm Georgia one, but a soft Japanese peach. Just perfect for loving.

The aroma of the oil, now permanented the room. Lily and Pear, a very unique combination.

Breaking out of my trance of lust, I said, "Dear, when you're ready you can turn over."

Slowly, Beth rolled over and got comfortable. As she was doing this, I noticed her looking at my crotch. Beth could see my firm cock, as it was clearly visible, through my mesh underwear. I believe she quivered with anticipation of the forthcoming crescendo.

Getting a handful of oil, I again applied the oil to her hands and arms. I applied the oil up from the back of her hands, continuing along the top of her arms, and finishing this stroke by a deep thumb massage in her armpit. After what I felt was the right amount of time, I moved to her feet and legs. I again applied the warm oil from the tops of her feet, up her legs, and then finishing at her thighs just before her crotch.

Not using oil, I massaged her face. I worked my fingertips into her hair, face, cheeks, neck and ears. I concentrated on the erogenous spot behind her ears.

Straddling her stomach, I gently sat on her pubic bone. Now, it was time to work on her upper torso. Starting just below her shoulders, I poured a thin line of oil along her breastbone, and into her cleavage. Then I started rubbing the oil on her shoulders, but stayed clear of her breasts. I worked and worked on her neck and shoulders. Moving to her flat stomach, I swirled a line of oil around her navel, before massaging her abdomen. Once it was properly coated, my attention returned back to her shoulders.

After adding more oil to the palms of my hands, I slowly rubbed down both of her sides to her hips, crossed over her stomach, and then up her cleavage back to her shoulders. I repeated this move, a few more times, before pouring oil into her bellybutton, and massaging it. That's another erogenous zone!

Letting the oil drip from the bottle onto her chest and breasts, I made sure that it dripped on both of her nipples. She had her eyes tightly closed and was breathing more rapidly. I could see the goosebumps on her arms and legs, as the oil oozed from her areolae, down her breasts, and onto her chest. I then massaged her chest, keeping clear of her bosoms; I continued massaging her chest, getting closer and closer to her breasts. Gently I touched the base of her bosom, and on the next pass, I applied more pressure to the base, and brushed the sides with the top of my hands.

Around and around I continued massaging her chest, taking more and more of her mammaries into the massage, until I was massaging her chest and breasts without concern. I then massaged just the tips of her bosoms, tweaking the nipples. She let out a slight moan, as I proceeded to massage her breasts. Oh, they felt as wonderful as they looked, hell, they felt better than they looked. As another moan escaped her lips, I broke out of my trance, and I decided to move on to the main event.

I now slowly poured the warm oil onto her crotch; letting it seep down over her cunt lips, into her ass crack, over her asshole and onto the sheet. I then spread her legs and watched the petals of her pussy bloom.

My main objective was next, her smooth pubic mound. I spread the oil around her pussy, and into the junction of her thighs. I rubbed and massaged her pussy. I caressed the pussy folds that protected her most intimate opening. Slowly I massaged my way into that opening, and rubbed the walls of her vagina. I was going crazy teasing her. I just wanted to jump on the bed, and shove my cock into her waiting pussy. I knew she wanted it. I knew I wanted it. But I stayed to my plan. First her needs, then mine. I now rubbed around her clit, and I heard a deep moan coming from her throat. I now watched her respond to my manipulations. Her eyes were closed, and her breasts rose and fell, with her breathing. I rubbed a little harder and closer to her button of pleasure. Her breathing increased, as another moan slipped from her throat.

I now assaulted that button and she said, "OOOhhhhh GGGGGooooooodddd yyyyyeeessss" Her head pulled off the bed, and her whole body tried to curl into a ball, as the orgasm blasted forth. During her orgasm, I continued rubbing her clit, as her head twitched off the bed. Her hips kept rocking trying to find something to

stop them. As her orgasm slowed, I slowed the attack on her nub of pleasure. Her breathing now slowed down and her head stopped shaking. Now it was my turn.

I removed my pouch and rolled on a condom. I saw Beth watching me prepare my cock for entry into her. She smiled. I crawled onto the bed and between her legs. She spread her legs wider. I moved up until my dick hit flesh. I was getting ready to grab my stick to steady it, but I felt a small hand grasp my shaft. She pulled me forward, as she wiggled it into her entrance. Once there she said, "Please make love to me. I want to feel you deep in me." She pressed my back with her other hand and guided me into her pussy.

Slowly, I pushed into her very tight opening. I groaned and she grunted with the sensation. We wiggled our hips to force more of me into her. I did tiny thrusts, pushing me deeper and deeper into her. She was tight. I suddenly ran out of space between our pubic mounds and she started her second orgasm. She wrapped her arms around me and grunted, "OOOhhhhh GGGGGooodddddd ddddooonnnntttt ssssttttoooooopppp." I had worked myself into a frenzy teasing her, so I had no control. My orgasm started when my cock sensed her contractions. As my climax ripped through me, I tried forcing my dick deeper into her. She kept squeezing me with her arms and cunt. I kept grunting and shooting my cum. Our orgasms lessened and we held each other. After my spurts finished, I watched and waited for hers to finish.

She finally opened her eyes and smiled. "That was fantastic. I didn't know it could be this good."

Laying there with my cock still in her, "Sorry dear for the short ride. I was so horny, I came right away. Normally I do better than that."

She said, "Don't you apologize for anything. I came, you came, we both came. I don't think I would have wanted it any differently." We then kissed for several minutes.

Shortly I told Beth, "Before I lose the condom, I need to pull out. I would love to keep you stuffed all night." I slowly pulled out of her, as I held onto the rubber. I crawled off the bed and pulled off the condom.

Beth quickly hopped out of bed and said, "I need to pee. So let me flush it for you." She left with the rubber and closed the door. While I waited for her return, I blew out some candles, and picked up the mess we had made.

I heard the door open and Beth asked, "Care to join me in the kitchen. Making love with you made me hungry."

"I'll join you once I get the robe on."

"Don't do that, I want you naked the rest of the night. If you're worried about Tracy, she's not here. And besides that she's seen everything anyway."

So I followed that great ass down the hall and into the kitchen.

"Cheese and crackers okay?"

"Yes"

"Anything to drink?"

"Just water."

I sat down at the kitchen table, as Beth got the snacks and sat down opposite me.

As we ate she said, "What else are in those magic bags of yours?"

I mumbled between bites, "Some stuff, that isn't needed. I had to change plans."

“Why?”

“After you told me about the gang experience, I needed to change my plans.” I could see from the look she was giving me, that my dancing around the subject wasn’t going to work. I held her hand and continued, “I had planned a light bondage session for you. I was going to tie you to your bed, and tease you unmercifully, until you begged for relief. But after I heard about your eeerrr” I struggled to find a gentler word.

She said, “Rape.”

“Yes, I thought that might be too much.”

“I understand.” She paused before saying, “So I can be ready for someone less understanding, would you explain to me, why I might enjoy being tied up.”

So I explained how some people might get more pleasure by being restrained. A few minutes into my explanation, she stopped me and asked, “Do you mind showing me the items you brought? It might help me understand better.”

I got the bags from her room, and over the next half hour, I showed her all items, and explained everything to her. She asked many questions, like where to tie the ropes, how tight someone needed to be tied, and others. After I was finished, everything I had brought was lying on the table in front of us.

She looked at me and said, “I think I want to try it.”

“So you want me to tie you up?”

“No, I want to tie you up. When I read Wendy’s diary about how she tied you up, I creamed my panties. Now I don’t want anything so involved, but I would like to try some things.”

I grinned at her, “Okay dear, I place myself into your loving hands. But before we start, I think I should use the bathroom, I might be a little tied up later.”

“I need a few minutes to get ready anyway. I’ll find you when I’m ready.”

As she repacked the bags, I went to the bathroom. Once done, I went back to the living room, and as I walked past her bedroom, I noticed she had closed the door. I sat down and waited for her appearance. I was getting real antsy when she came into the room. She was dressed in a turquoise colored bikini.

She sauntered up to me, “Are you ready for this Al-chan?”

I gulped saying, “I’m all yours.”

“Hold out your arms,” and then she locked a pair of cuffs onto my wrists. Now she knelt and locked another set of cuffs onto my ankles. She straddled my lap, allowing my cock to rub her bikini bottoms. Forcing my arms behind my back, she clipped them together. As she was doing this, her bikini covered breasts pressed against my chest. I kissed and then sucked on her neck. She moaned and gave me a hug, before she leaned back and said, “Enough of that.” Then she shoved a gag into my mouth and fastened the straps behind my neck. Grinning she flicked my hard nipples, as she ground her crotch into my lap and said, “This IS fun.” She now covered my eyes with a blindfold.

I felt her stand and say, “Stand up.” She helped as I struggled to stand. Grasping my hard dick, she led me towards her bedroom. As I was being slowly guided, blindfolded, through her apartment, she would stop and let me bump into her. When I did, she would tease me. One time as I bumped her, she sucked on my nipple, as

she squeezed my balls. Another time she lightly bit my nipple. And then once I got stopped by my cock in her mouth.

She finally got me into her room, where she moved me around, until I felt the bed against the back of my legs. I heard, "Lie down." She then helped me get positioned on her bed. Once there, I felt a spreader bar being attached to my ankles. I think that was when she discovered my hands were under my back, and she had to struggle to roll me over enough to unclip them. I now felt ropes being used to tie my wrist cuffs to her headboard. Since my hands were somewhat free, while she tied the ropes to the cuffs, I was able to get a couple of fingers under her bikini bottoms, and into her wet pussy. After I heard her groan, she pulled off, and slapped my hand saying, "Bad boy."

Once she finally had my hands restrained, she whispered into my ear, "Now let the fun begin."

Over the next several minutes, I didn't know what or where the fun happened. She licked my nipple, only to pinch it. Fingertips would lightly stroke my sides, only to be poked later. The tip of my cock got lightly flicked, only to find a wet tongue licking it. She straddled my hips to rub her bikini bottoms against my hard member. She rubbed her bare breasts into my chest, sucked on my neck, and tickled my armpits. Wait, no bikini top!

She climbed off, and I then felt her do something around my ankles and wrists. I now felt my legs being forced up and towards my head. I figured she had attached ropes to the spreader bar and wrist cuffs, and she was now folding me in half. She stopped when my legs were about ninety degrees off the bed. I suddenly felt a light slap against my ass cheek. I jumped in surprise. She giggled. Another slap to the other cheek. My cock jumped. I felt a tongue licking my right nipple, as a hand fondled my balls. Then a sharp pain came from my nipple, as she attached a nipple clamp to it. I shook some in pain. Now she was licking my left nipple, as she stroked my cock. Then the pain. As I was getting used to the pain from the clamps, I felt hands around my ass. Now I felt something being rocked gently into my asshole. I figured it must be the butt plug, so I relaxed my asshole the best I could. She had to fuck my ass with it a couple of minutes before it popped inside.

I now felt my legs being gently released. I felt the ankle straps being tied tightly to the bed legs. Now I felt the hot mouth licking and sucking my cock. Then as quickly as it started it left. Then the cock ring was shoved on me. I heard a wrapper rip and a condom was rolled on me. All I could think about right now was the need I had for a tight wet cunt. It didn't take long.

I felt the bed shift, as she climbed on the bed and my cock. She didn't waste any time sinking herself on my dick. I heard a soft, "Oh yea!" as she sank down on me. Once we bottomed out, she rode me without abandon. She groaned, as she lifted up. She grunted, as she sank back down. Then she fell forward and came. She hugged me as her cunt walls squeezed me. She groaned as her hips rocked back and forth. I just lay there wanting to come. I did bounce my ass a bit trying to get relief. The butt plug kept massaging my prostate. She just laid there as her orgasm continued.

Accidentally, she bumped one of the nipple clamps, I grunted, and bounced in discomfort. She said, "Damn, that was good," then a second later I heard, "Oh, I forgot someone."

I felt her rise off of my chest, as she started to grind herself into me. She said, "I want you to come for me, Al-chan." She rocked her hips back and forth. I was very close. "I want to feel your cock pumping in me." I was really really close. Still rocking and grinding me, she removed a nipple clamp, "Squirt deep in me." I pulled at my restrains and shot my wad into her grunting. "Oh yes baby, I feel you pumping into me." She took off the other clamp and I tried to grab her, only to be stopped by the ropes, as I pumped my come into her. "That's it

baby, dump into me.” She lay gently on my chest, as she stroked it. I just kept fighting the ropes, as I pumped into her until

July 11, 2005 – Monday

Rejected Pass

I woke up with Beth sleeping behind me. Her breasts were gently rubbing against my back. I needed to use the bathroom, so I climbed out of bed. After I finished my business, I turned around to go back to bed, and I jumped back.

“Sorry I startled you,” Tracy said. “I just wanted to watch.”

Letting my heartbeat slow, I looked at Tracy standing in the doorway, naked. I saw the same woman that I made love too less than a week ago. Her breasts still shone like headlights, due to their lack of tan, compared to the rest of her body. I did notice that her pussy was cleanly shaved, unlike the last time. I finally recovered enough to say, “Good evening Tracy, or should I say good morning. Do you like watching people piss?”

“Not that show, the earlier show. Beth should remember to close the door, when she has men over for the evening. I came home and saw you tied to her bed, as she was stuffing your cock into her pussy. Damn it was hot. I watched a couple of minutes, before I went to my room and rubbed off just thinking about it.”

“I'm glad you enjoyed the show. Can I go back to bed or is there something else you want to tell me.”

She stepped forward and grabbed my hardening stick, “Come to my room and let's have some fun. I'm sure Beth won't care. You're a much better lover then the normal assholes that visit this apartment.”

Stepping back, I let my dick slip out of her hand and said, “Thanks for the offer and compliment, but no, tonight I'm Beth's guest.” I slipped around her and back to Beth's bedroom.

As I closed the bedroom door I noticed the bed was empty. Suddenly I felt a set of arms grab me from behind and give me a squeeze. Beth whispered, “Thank you.”

I turned around with her still holding me until I felt her breasts crushing into my chest. “I know I've done a lot of things that deserve a thank you but which one is that one for?”

“For not going to bed with her.”

“Oh that, so you heard?”

“Yes, I felt you get up and I was afraid you were leaving, so I followed. I got as far as the door before I saw Tracy slink up. When I heard her say I wouldn't care if she had fun too, I nearly screamed. But you knew exactly how to handle her. Thank you.”

“Don't let her upset you. I think you and Tracy need to set some 'men' rules. Up till now she has been the only one having any fun in this apartment. Now you have set a new standard.”

We kissed until she said, “Can we make love again? I would like to try you doggy style.”

Standing there in her bedroom, with the moonlight beaming in from the window, I stared into her eyes and rubbed her clit. “The way you said that, it seems you're comparing me with someone.”

She stroked my cock shaft, “My mistake, but so far tonight I've had two orgasms with your cock inside me. I've done it doggy style before, and it was good, but I think doing it with you will make it great.”

I slipped two fingers in her cunt as I thumbed her clit. She groaned as I said, “Well do you think you're ready?”

She fumbled with her dressing table drawer and got a condom out. After ripping it opened, she rolled it onto my cock, getting a moan of pleasure out of me, as she said, "Damn, keep that up and I might come standing here." She then slipped off my hand, leaving it coated with her wetness, before crawling onto the bed. Staying on all fours, she lowered her chest to the bed, before she looked at me and then wiggled her butt saying "Come fuck this bitch."

I couldn't wait any longer. I quickly mounted the bed and then her. Stuffing my dick into her waiting hole, I slowly pumped in and out of her tight twat. Once we were joined, she was able to lift her chest up off the bed and pump herself on my cock. I stopped my thrusting and watched, as she now thrust back and forth on her own. I was too close and I thought she was not close enough. Reaching under her belly, I rubbed her clit and she yelled, "OOOOOhhhhhh mmmmmyyyyyyy GGGGGGooooodddd cccccccuuuuuummmmmmmiiiiinnnnnnngggg." She exploded with another orgasm. She was curling so much I had to lean over and wrap my arms around her. I fondled her breasts when they fell into my hands. I continued my thrusts now that she had leaped ahead and I needed to catch up. I hammered into her, as she grunted as her orgasm continued. I was getting closer, as I kept slamming into her ass cheeks.

Suddenly Beth's climax came crashing to an end. She stopped shaking under me and her cunt stopped squeezing my stick. So I gave her a quick break by giving my honey about a dozen good cock thrusts before I rubbed her clit and sent her back into orbit. She groaned, "OOOOOhhhhhh fffffuuuuucccckkkkkiiiiinnnnngggg sssshhhhhiiiiittttt!!!!!" and started bucking under me. This time I was more prepared and I held onto her tits as I pounded her pussy.

Like the orgasm before, this one ended just as fast. This time Beth was a bit unstable and I supported her until she recovered. I didn't give her much of a break before my fingers found her clit and she exploded with another mind bending cum.

She shouted, "OOOOOhhhhhh GGGGGooooodddd ddddaaaaammmmmnnnnn." and I held on.

Her head flopped forward, her back arched, as she tried bucking me off. After several seconds she stopped.

I knew her orgasm was over. I only hoped that she didn't mind that I was using her to get off. I mumbled an apology, "Sorry, love, but I need to cum. Hold on a sec," as I pounded into her.

Then I felt her hand squeeze my balls and said, "Just fuck me like the bitch that I am." I slammed hard into her as my orgasm began, almost forcing us to fall forward. Beth prevented that, as she pushed back on my ramming dick. For the remainder of my orgasm, I kept grunting and pushing my cock into her. I pulled out before I was done to give Beth some relief.

As my cock spurted the last of my seed into the condom, I sat down at the end of the bed between her feet and slapped her ass. "Beth, you're not a bitch."

She crawled around and laid down on the bed. As she laid on her back, she looked up at me saying, "I'm just playing around. Up until we met, I might have thought I was lower than a bitch. But ever since I've met you, I've felt like a queen. Thank you."

I kissed those luscious lips and said, "I thought it was dirty talk, but I wanted to be sure. Now let me toss this condom and get some sleep."

"Here let me take it. I need to take a piss now." She pulled it off my softening cock and disappeared from the room. I crawled up into her bed and waited. Shortly she returned and after closing her door joined me in her bed. She kissed me and then rolled over.

She rubbed her butt against my cock and said, "Goodnight Al-chan."

I mumbled, "Goodnight to you too, Kitty." And we fell asleep as we cuddled in her bed.

Leaving Beth

I awoke with something warm sucking on my dick. As the fog of sleep cleared, my eyes feasted on a shaved pussy, as my mind confirmed it was a mouth working on my stick.

I did the only thing I could think of. I grabbed and raised her leg up and then started kissing that pussy. Beth moaned as I licked her most personal part. I moaned as she sucked on my most personal part. She said, "Roll over, so we can do this better." We rearranged ourselves and resumed our oral ministrations.

Due to her short stature, only one of us could work on the other at a time. So Beth would suck on my cock until the itch in her pussy got too much for her, then she would slide back and grind her pussy in my face. I would now take over, licking and sucking on her pussy and clit, until the itch in her mouth took over and she would slide forward to stuff my cock into her hungry mouth. We did this a number of times until she said, "I need cock. Condom. Hurry." She then shoved her pussy into my face. As I worked on her pussy, I fumbled to open her dressing table drawer. Reaching in, I felt packages upon packages of condom foils. Grabbing one, I tapped her ass, and I felt her yank it from my hand. She grunted as I tongued her clit. I heard the package open and felt her unroll the rubber down my cock shaft. Once it was on, without letting go of my iron hard rod, she spun around, and mounted me. As her tight twat slowly slid down my shaft, Beth let out a loud groan.

Temporarily, I lost it. So grabbing her hips, my hips bucked upwards, forcefully shoving myself into her. We met with a slapping of flesh and a grunt from both.

Now with her fully impaled, it was time for her ride. My hips and ass shot up off the bed, forcing Beth upwards, until gravity took over and she slammed back down. I fondled her breasts and nipples as we bounced the bed. We only did that a couple more times until I started cumming and grunted, "I'mmm cummming." She must have felt my cock spasm in her cunt and she bounced once more before she shouted, "GGGGGGoooooooodddddd ddddddaaaaammmmmnnnnn oooooohhhhhhhh GGGGGGoooooooodddddd ddddaammnnn" She fell forward pressing her breasts into my chest as we both enjoyed our orgasms. I bucked, she bucked, she rocked, I swirled. We both hugged as our orgasms ended.

For the next couple of minutes we stayed like that, Beth laying on my chest, her breasts pressed into me and my cock buried in her tight cunt. It all ended when my cock slipped out of her and the condom fell onto the bed. When that happen Beth mumbled, "All good things must come to an end." and then she gave me a kiss before she carefully rolled off.

That was my cue to attack.

Moving swiftly I got between her legs. She was about to say something, when I shoved her thighs apart and shoved my face into her crotch. That got a squeal out of her.

I started kissing and licking her slit. I was being as loving as I could and very shortly Beth responded with moans. I lapped around and then into her slit. It was starting to juice back up. I got my arms under her knees and pushed her legs upward and forward. This opened her slit up, so I could get my tongue deeper into her cunt. I wanted to touch her breasts, so I pushed her legs forward more until my hands could grab them. My hands now found womanly flesh.

Her moans were now turning into groans. So using my tongue, I parted the flesh hiding her clit, until I found my target. My hands were still played with her firm breasts, while my tongue played with her hard clit. I played

with Beth, getting her closer and closer to her orgasm. Then I heard an “OOOOhhhh fffuuuuuccckkkk!” and her body started bucking. She rocked her hips some, trying to get more out of her orgasm. I felt her relax and then tense back up as the waves washed through her. After about six waves, I left to let her ride out the rest of her orgasm while I got prepared for her next round.

Moving back beside her, we kissed before my lips went lower. I now kissed her neck and throat and my fingers went to work on her clit. I wasn't in the mood to tease her, I was going for another cum. As her passion built, I moved my lips down to her nipples, but my fingers kept working on her clit. It didn't take long before I heard Beth groaned, “OOOOhhhh mmmmyy GGGGooooooodddddd!!!!” as another orgasm started. With each orgasmic wave like those before, she would curl up and then relax. This time I could see her stomach flutter. As her orgasm diminished, my attack softened, until the only thing I was doing was holding her.

Soon she rolled over facing me and we kissed.

Grinning, I said, “Damn woman, you know how to wake someone up don't you?”

“Look who's talking! All I wanted was to wake you up. The next thing I knew I had a cock in me.” she smiled back.

“Well from the looks of your drawer you expected it and hundreds more,” I said as I scooped my hand in the drawer and poured a handful of condoms back in.

“I told you I wanted to be ready.”

“What did you do? Buy a gross of them on sale?”

“How did you know?”

Surprised, I looked at her, “A gross?”

“Yep.”

“Well I guess you're going to be a busy girl trying to use them before they expire.”

She was now surprised, “They expire?”

“Yep.”

She moaned then brighten up, “I know, I'll give them to Tracy. She'll fuck anything,” and we laughed together at her joke.

We cuddled several minutes before my stomach complained and I asked, “Why don't we go out and get some breakfast?”

“That sounds great, I'm starved. Give me a minute to get dressed.”

“Well it's going to take me a few more just to get moving. Why don't you ask Tracy to come?”

She gave me a concerned look, “Why?”

Knowing that I was now walking a fine line, I responded, “Tracy and you need to talk and I think you might need a referee. I'm not impartial, but I'll be better than nothing.”

She saw that I was concerned and said, “Okay I'll ask her.”

Still naked, she left the room. I finally got out of bed and started getting dressed when she returned. “She was still asleep but said to give her a few minutes to get ready.”

We both got dressed without incident and she helped me pack my bags. Beth did tear up as she helped me carry them to the door. Just then Tracy came rushing out of her room to join us. Then the three of us carried everything to my car. As I put everything in the trunk, I said, "Tracy, why don't you follow Beth and me. I'll need to leave from the restaurant, so you can drive Beth back."

She answered, "Okay."

I opened the door for Beth. She got in crying. In silence we drove to a pancake house. After the three of us had ordered, I started the conversation, "Tracy, as you can see Beth is very unhappy. She knows that I've got to go. Over the past several days we've grown very close, as we explored each other's minds and bodies. We now have a very special relationship with each other. The only other person in my life that's closer is my wife. That said, Beth you need to find your soul-mate, your husband. I know he's out there, you just need to find him. Tracy that goes for you too. You need to stop jumping in the sack and find your husband. And stop trying to steal Beth's loves." At this point Tracy had a worried look.

"Tracy, Beth was listening when you asked me to join you in your bed. I wanted Beth to ask you here so that I can talk to you both. So before you two go back to the apartment and have a cat fight, I need to recommend some rules."

"One, no stealing the others date. Make positively sure that the other no longer has any interest before pursuing them. If you can steal the man, he can be stolen from you."

"Two, be absolutely truthful about your interest in your relationships. If you lie, expect problems."

"Three, when lovers are in the house, dress. A man thinks with his dick, if he sees something naked, his dick thinks, fuck it. So protect your assets and hide them."

"Fourth, help each other find the right lovers. You know each other better than anyone, so two sets of eyes are better than one. You might find the right person for the other."

"Now do either of you have something else to add or say?"

Breakfast had arrived so we all ate, talked, and listened to one another. Beth and Tracy aired out their dirty laundry as I refereed. At the end of breakfast they were stronger friends than before.

I paid for the meal and then said, "Tracy, if you don't mind, Beth and I need a couple of minutes alone."

Tracy said, "I understand. Beth, I'll be out in the car waiting for you."

After Tracy left, I looked into Beth's teary sad brown eyes and said, "You and I have something special that no one can take away. I can't tell you what it is, but it's a feeling deep in my soul."

She nodded and softly said, "Yes, I feel it too. It's different from anything I've ever felt before. I think I'm in love with you."

I said, "I know I'm in love with you. I also love my wife and children. The love I feel for you is somewhat different. Let me see if I can explain. When I'm with you I can't think of anything else but you. My life revolves only around you. When parted, I still think of you, but I can work and love others. I truly believe, if we stayed together all the time, we would starve. Does any of this make sense? Because I'm truly struggling trying to try explain."

Her mood brightened with understanding, "Yes, I now understand what you're saying. And I do agree. We're fuck-mates, not soul-mates."

Her choice of words helped clear it up for me also, I nodded in agreement. I said, "Perfect, you understand as well. Now I need to be someplace in an hour, so we need to say our goodbyes. I don't know if our paths will cross again, but it has definitely changed my life." We hugged and walked outside holding hands. I helped Beth into the waiting car and gave her a big kiss. Looking at Tracy, I said, "Take care of yourself and this fabulous woman. Now go before I start crying." I turned around and slapped the car. I heard Tracy drive away, as I cried standing there in the parking lot.

I was unable to drive for about a half hour, as the tears and the mixed feelings flowed out of me. I sat in my car and tried to understand my feelings. She was right, we're fuck-mates. I had already found and married my soul-mate. But I didn't know if we would ever get back together. I finally was able to drive and I went home.

As I drove home I kept smelling the odor of Beth's pussy. I thought I was going crazy with lust, and then I found the handkerchief soaked with Beth's pussy juice. I made a mental note to collect it and then cleanup the residue when I got home.

I had already scheduled to take this week off for vacation. I now needed to get back on track with my life. I called my wife at her friend's home in Nashville. She answered the phone and I said, "Dear I'm leaving in a few minutes and I should be there before dinner."

"Have a safe trip and I'll chill some wine for later tonight."

"I look forward to that. It's been a hard week and I need to feel you close to me."

"I need you too."

"Angie, I have a favor, can you see if your friend will watch the kids for an evening. I think we need a night out by ourselves."

"Oh I'm sure that she will. I'll go ahead and find a hotel for a night."

"That would be great. I love you."

"I love you too. See you later."

"Dear, one more favor. See if you can find a Viagra." Not waiting for a reply, I hung up the phone.

I sat back and took another whiff of the passion soaked linen.

<END>