

A Night at the Movies

As Cheryl was looking over the covers of the magazines in the bookstore section of the Pussycat Theater, she could feel the eyes of the other patrons - men, mostly - on her body. Dressed in a sheer black blouse and tight skirt, she knew that they could see her large braless breasts, and particularly her large areolas. Her dime-diameter nipples were hard and erect from the way the material seemed to caress them as she moved, denting the almost transparent fabric. Leaning over to look at one magazine, she could feel the thin material of her skirt pulling tight across her ass - plainly revealing that she didn't have panties on, either.

She saw one man reach into his pocket of his slacks, and from the way his hand moved, she knew that he was having to adjust a growing erection. The thought of the effect she was having on him made her even more aroused, and she could feel herself opening in response.

She continued looking over the magazine titles, moving down the aisle. When she got close to where the man she'd seen adjust himself, she heard him say "I hope you won't mind me saying this, but you're *incredibly* sexy!", with a trace of a British accent.

She couldn't help smiling at him, and answered "No, of course not - and thank you."

Looking him over, she could see that he was dressed for an office - shirt, tie, slacks, wingtip shoes, neatly shaven, and a cologne that she somehow found **very** pleasant. Standing about six feet tall, he was also trim and fit. All in all, she found *him* to be rather sexy, too - and told him so: "You're pretty good looking, yourself", with a grin.

He smiled back at her and asked "Looking for anything in particular?", gesturing toward the magazines.

She shook her head, and explained "My husband has to work late tonight - some major project or other. He won't be home until late, he said, so I'm just killing some time."

The man nodded his head in sympathy, and replied "I can certainly understand - I've been on both ends of that problem. Me, I'm here with some other folks from our company" - he gestured toward a number of other men, and a woman - "and we're just trying to keep from having to go back to our hotel. We're from out of town, here for some silly-ass meeting that could have been handled with a conference call. But the powers-that-be said no, it had to be in person - so here we are!"

"Have you had any chance to look around town? We do have attractions that are a little more interesting than *this* place!" Cheryl asked, with a small laugh.

"But none as lovely, I think" the man replied, pleasing her, before extending his hand and saying "My name is James, by the way."

Cheryl took his hand, and felt a warm tingle at his touch before answering "Cheryl".

She was extremely surprised - and just as flattered - when he lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it before saying "It's a pleasure, Cheryl."

When he released her hand, Cheryl could swear that she continued to feel his touch on it for several seconds - something that made her pussy even wetter.

Smiling at her again, James told her "It's a shame that all of us find ourselves with nothing to do tonight. Perhaps we could get together and find some way to pass the time?"

Cheryl found herself tempted - but the idea of going out someplace with a bunch of people she really didn't know didn't set well with her, either. Regretfully, she answered "It's tempting, but I think I'd better not."

To her surprise, James quickly told her "Oh, no, I didn't mean to suggest anything... serious. I just noticed that this place has private viewing rooms, and thought that it would be 'interesting' for all of us to share one. A little 'mutual assistance', if you know what I mean."

She thought that one over for a few moments, and answered "**That** I think I could do..." - and getting a smile from James in return.

He told her "Let me tell the others, and make the arrangements, then, okay?"

Cheryl nodded, and a couple of minutes later, found herself accompanying James, five other men, and a woman to one of the larger 'private screening rooms' the Pussycat had.

When the door closed, James turned to her and said "If you'll excuse me, I also made a couple of selections for all of us."

Cheryl nodded, and let James guide her over to one of the few chairs in the room - apparently so she would have the reassurance of sitting by herself. The others arranged themselves in a couple more chairs and on the large couch the room contained, the woman sitting between a couple of the men. She was surprised to see a small stack of what looked like hand towels on a shelf underneath the TV; James saw her looking at them and explained "They asked if I'd like them, and it seemed like a good idea. That's why they asked for an extra couple of minutes before we came in here." Cheryl nodded, remembering that she and Chris had received the same offer the first time *they'd* come to the Pussycat.

James turned the lights off - there were still a couple of dim ceiling lights to provide **some** illumination - and went over to the remaining chair where he stood while introducing everyone: "Everyone, this is Cheryl. Cheryl, this is John, Bill, Charlie, Ted, Susanna, and Mark." As he said each of their names, they smiled and nodded to her.

James went on to tell her "Just so you know, the rest of us have been out on these little 'jaunts' before, and know each other *very* well, so you don't have to be worried or surprised by anything. Just feel free to do whatever crosses your mind, and I'm sure everything will be fine."

Cheryl found herself a little mystified by what he'd just said, but nodded her understanding and agreement. About that time, the large screen TV lit up, letting them know that whatever movie they were going to see was about to start.

They all waited patiently as the video ran through the promos for some other films, and then it was time for the main feature. Cheryl was surprised to see that it was one that she and her husband Chris owned - something that she *particularly* liked.

Several minutes into the movie, Cheryl could feel herself getting wetter and wetter, and *really* wanted to start playing with herself. She looked over and saw that everyone else was apparently enjoying the movie as much as she was - all of the men were gently massaging their penises, and Susanna had pulled her dress up and was slowly rubbing her pussy through her panties.

Cheryl couldn't quite manage to let herself go, though, and turned back to the movie - sparing the occasional glance over to where the others were continuing to stimulate themselves.

By the time the movie was halfway through the second scene, Cheryl was afraid that she was going to stain her skirt, she was feeling so aroused. The others had long since given themselves over to enjoying things: Susanna had removed her blouse and bra so that Ted and Mark could play with her breasts as she slowly stroked their erect penises. John and Bill both had their pants open, with their semi-erect penises in their hands. Only James remained fully clothed - but with the bulge of an obviously sizeable erection tenting his pants.

Even as she was looking at him, James turned to look at her - and with a smile on his face, calmly unfastened his pants and slid them, and his underwear, down to his ankles. Protruding from the dark mass of curls at his groin was his erection: fully 10 inches long and easily as big around as her wrist. Circumcised, the head of it was large and purple, the opening at the end glistening with a drop of pre-cum. Taking himself in hand, James winked at her and began to slowly stroke his massive erection.

That was all Cheryl could stand. With a moan, she quickly rid herself of her blouse, freeing her 36DD breasts, and then pulled her skirt up, exposing her pussy to the others.

Even as one hand was starting to pinch and pull on her nipples, Cheryl's other hand had moved between her spread legs so her finger could dip between her vaginal lips. When her finger was well coated with her light woman's oils - took only a moment, she was so wet - Cheryl's eyes locked with James' as she began softly rubbing her large, sensitive clitoris.

Cheryl continued to gently massage her erect clitoris, dipping her finger into her pussy every so often to keep it wet, as she and James looked into each other's eyes. Feeling herself getting closer and closer, Cheryl heard herself begin moaning and gasping as her arousal and pleasure steadily increased from her eager efforts. It was only a couple of minutes before she felt herself on the edge; slowing down, she deliberately softened the circling motions she was applying to her clit, knowing that when she DID come, it would be even longer and more powerful.

Finally, she was there: with a deep groan - it was all she could do not to scream - Cheryl felt herself slip over into the abyss of climax. Wave after wave of intense pleasure coursed through her body as she gasped for air, her mind overwhelmed by the power of her release.

When she was finally able to open her eyes again, she saw that the others were looking at her, in apparent awe at the depth and power of the orgasm she'd just had. She blushed faintly, and heard Bill quietly say "In-fucking-credible".

She looked over at James, and saw that he was still slowly stroking his erect penis - though he did smile and nod at her in appreciation of the 'show' she'd just given them.

Catching some motion in the corner of her eye, Cheryl looked over to see Susanna stand up and take off her skirt and panties. When she was seated on the couch again, she leaned over and took Mark's penis into her mouth. Ted took the opportunity to stand up and take off his own clothes before kneeling on the floor and moving between Susanna's thighs, eagerly applying himself to licking her exposed pussy.

Turning back to the TV, Cheryl saw that the third scene had started - always her favorite - and felt herself beginning to respond, knowing what was going to happen. Without hesitation, she cupped one of her breasts in her hand and began squeezing it as her moved between her legs again. Feeling her drenched pussy, Cheryl realized that if she didn't do something, she was sure to stain her skirt; without a second thought, she stood up and slid it down her hips, and on down her legs until it was pooled around her feet - leaving her standing there in stockings (no need for a belt) and nothing else. She knelt and picked up her skirt, then collected her blouse, and set both of them where they would be out of the way. Sitting down again, she quickly picked up where she'd left off: one hand on her breast, the other stroking the outside of her drenched pussy.

As she watched the scene on the TV, Cheryl continued to play with herself: squeezing her breasts, pinching and pulling on her nipples; her fingers softly rubbing little circles over her clitoris; dipping one finger, then two, into the hot, wet cavern of her vagina; letting her fingers slide along her cleft, feeling her vaginal lips - wet with her oils - slip between them.

When she heard a noise, she spared a glance over to where Ted, Susanna, and Mark were - and saw that Ted and Mark had sandwiched Susanna - Ted was in her ass - while she was sucking on Charlie. Bill was standing nearby, watching all that was happening until it was his turn.

Looking back at the TV, Cheryl saw that she'd missed the climax of the scene that she enjoyed so much. Disappointed, and feeling a deep emptiness in her pussy, she looked over at Bill again. He looked back at her, down to where the others were, then at her again before coming over to stand in front of her. Kneeling down between her legs, he positioned the head of his penis against the opening of her pussy before saying "You look like you need this..."

Cheryl didn't particularly **want** to fuck anyone else besides her husband - but dammit, she was so damn *hot*!

Giving him a slight nod, Cheryl felt it as Bill slowly thrust into her - slipping between her slick vaginal lips, then popping through her opening, and finally, filling her with his manhood in a single steady thrust of his hips. Dear god, it felt *wonderful*!

Cheryl couldn't help whimpering a little when she felt Bill start to pull out - then moaned when he slid back into her again.

Over the next couple of minutes, Bill got into a steady rhythm of thrusting into Cheryl's wet pussy; with each inward thrust, she could feel his pelvis bumping against her clitoris, ratcheting up her own excitement. He felt so good in her, his movement in her felt so *right*, that she couldn't help responding to him: with each penetration of his penis in her, she arched herself forward, trying to draw him as far inside as she could get him.

A few minutes more, and it happened: with a suddenness that surprised her, Cheryl felt herself trip over into a climax. Crying out with the intensity of it, she could feel Bill continuing to pump in and out of her pussy as she spasmed around him. Her juices leaked out of her pussy, soaking the area where she and Bill were joined as their activity took a distinctly liquid sound.

As Cheryl was recovering from her orgasm, she felt Bill thrust into her hard a couple of times, and then begin filling her with his cum. It was **almost** enough to make her orgasm again...

When Bill pulled his wet, softening cock from her, Cheryl saw that Charlie had come over to watch her and Bill - and that he was fully erect. Without even thinking about it, Cheryl leaned forward and took him into her mouth, sucking on nearly half his length as she ran her tongue along the underside - paying particular attention to the area under the head, where she knew men were most sensitive. When she had Charlie's erection thoroughly coated with her saliva, she pulled her head back and looked up at him to say "Please... fuck me!"

Charlie gave her a smile and answered "Gladly! Turn around - on your knees..."

Knowing what he wanted to do, Cheryl quickly got to her knees and bent over the back of the chair she was on. A moment later, she felt Charlie's hands on her hips - and shortly after that, the head of his penis pressing against her opening. Arching her back slightly, she was able to 'capture' the head of it, and felt him start pressing into her. Pressing herself back against him, she felt it as he slipped into her and began to fill her with his manhood.

When he had buried himself in her almost-aching pussy, Cheryl felt Charlie release his hold on her hips and reach forward to take her breasts in his hands. Each of her tits easily overfilled his hands, but that didn't seem to bother him any; as he began to move inside her, Cheryl felt him start gently squeezing her breasts, and pinching her erect nipples.

Charlie continued to thrust in and out of her pussy, and Cheryl could feel her tits wobbling in his hands, slightly dragging her sensitive nipples across his palms. Turning her head, she could see over to where Susanna was still trapped between Ted and Mark, being thoroughly pounded by both of them as they alternated thrusting into each of her holes.

As she watched Susanna's obvious pleasure at being double-teamed that way, Cheryl could feel a faint tickling sensation on the insides of her thighs; it took her a few moments to realize that it could only be Bills cum, forced out of her by Charlies slightly larger prick. Somehow, the idea of having one man's cum running down her leg while another was fucking her so enthusiastically struck a chord within her, and Cheryl found herself getting more and more aroused as Charlie enthusiastically plundered her.

Hearing a soft cry, Cheryl looked over toward the couch again, and saw that Susannah was apparently having a climax - whether from Ted's or Mark's efforts, she couldn't tell. The idea that a woman might orgasm from having a hard dick up her ass was something Cheryl hadn't considered before - she'd always thought it would be painful, or at least too 'dirty'. But seeing how Susannah was responding, she started to think that maybe it might not be so bad, after all...

A few moments later, Cheryl looked at them again and watched as Mark and Ted each made a few hard thrusts into Susanna before reaching their own climaxes. She was starting to get a little turned on by the idea of a man cumming in her ass when she felt Charlie release her breasts and put his hands on her shoulders - then begin fucking into her even harder and faster, his balls swinging forward to bump against her exposed clit with each thrust.

Charlie continued to pound into her, filling and emptying her by turns. Cheryl could feel herself being nudged closer and closer to orgasm as Charlie continued to move in her - pounding, pounding, pounding...

Until, finally, she was caught again in the throes of an orgasm - one so powerful that she was actually afraid that she would pass out from it: all she could do was groan as each spasm overtook her body, and gasp for air between times. She could feel her pussy clamping down on Charlie, making him seem even larger as he kept thrusting into her while she orgasmed around his manhood.

She'd just gotten through the first spasm of her release when she felt Charlie pressing himself against her, holding himself deep inside - and knew that he was cumming. She could swear that she could *feel* it as he filled her with his jism before the next wave of her climax overtook her.

After the last spasm of her orgasm, Cheryl was still gasping as she felt Charlie's hands leave her shoulders, followed by the sensation of him sliding his softening penis out of her well-used pussy. She found that she simply didn't have the strength to move; all she could do was continue to kneel on the chair and let two men's loads of cum drain down the insides of her thighs.

After a few minutes, she felt someone move behind her. Looking over her shoulders, she could see that Ted had apparently recovered enough to want her. Looking lower, she could see that even though he was longer than most men - a full 8 inches - he wasn't nearly as large around. Her examination of his erection was interrupted by Ted asking her "Are you up for trying something new?"

Cheryl thought about it for a few moments before deciding "What the hell... It's not like he's going to rip me apart or anything" before nodding back to him.

She was mildly surprised when she felt him scoop up a couple globs of cum from where they were leaking out of her pussy, and then begin smearing them around her anus. A few moments later she felt him position the head of his erect penis against her sphincter before he said "I'm not going to **force** you to do anything. It's up to you to *let* me fuck you like this, if this is what you want."

Hearing that, Cheryl relaxed considerably even though she could feel him pressing slightly against her rear opening. Taking a deep breath, she consciously willed herself to relax - and felt him begin to slip through.

As soon as he was inside her, he stopped - apparently waiting to give her time to adjust to the sensation of having a hard cock up her ass. Being smaller around than the men she'd seen before, his penetration of her wasn't as uncomfortable as she knew it could have been; in fact, as the seconds ticked by, she found that it was actually starting to feel better and better!

Looking over her shoulder at Ted, she told him "I'm fine - go ahead!" - soon followed by the novel sensation of feeling his long, hard penis slowly moving through her anus to fill her bowels.

After what seemed like forever, she finally felt his pubic hair in the crack of her ass, and knew that she'd taken the full length of him - and was surprised to realize that having her ass fucked like that wasn't so bad, after all...

Even as she was coming to the conclusion that anal sex wasn't the bug-a-boo she thought it was, she felt him withdraw from her a ways before pressing himself back in. The sensations he was creating in her back channel was enough that she couldn't help but release a soft moan of pleasure and arousal. A few moments later, he did it again, with the same result; except the moan was a little louder and more heartfelt.

It didn't take long before Ted was rhythmically sliding his manhood in and out of the tight ring of her rectum, accompanied by Cheryl's groans of excited pleasure at having her virgin ass fucked for the first time ever.

Over the next few minutes, Cheryl found herself enjoying the sensation of his long, slender dick moving through her anus more and more arousing; she couldn't stifle a groan of disappointment when she felt him stop. Looking back over her shoulder at him, she was surprised to see Mark standing there, his erect penis waving in the air. As she looked at him, he asked "Would you like to try a sandwich?"

Remembering how they had been fucking Susanna at the same time, Cheryl knew what he was asking - and couldn't resist the temptation to try it. Nodding her head in agreement, she and Ted made room for Mark to slip underneath her on the chair, then get her positioned so that he could slide his average sized penis into her dripping pussy.

When the three of them were in position, Ted held himself deep inside her as Mark slid the head of his manhood back and forth between her vaginal lips, wetting it, before positioning it at the

entrance to her pussy. Lifting his hips, he easily slipped into her, and after a brief pause, began filling her with his manhood.

The sensation of having one hard cock buried in her ass as another slowly occupied her pussy was something that turned Cheryl on more than she'd ever been before - at least, until the two men started fucking her **together**: filling and stretching her holes as they both pressed themselves into her at the same time, their erect cocks separated only by a few thin layers of tissue inside her.

The double-fucking she was getting was something Cheryl had never experienced before - but knew that it was something that she'd want to do again. Particularly when it was accompanied by the way Ted played with her tits as Mark sucked on her so-hard-they-ached nipples.

Cheryl was getting more and more into sandwiched between the two men when someone - she couldn't spare the energy to find out who - put a hand towel on the back of the chair, where she could reach it. It was a good, thing, too: it wasn't but a couple more minutes before she felt herself getting close to another orgasm, one she knew was going to be a *whopper*. As she felt the first wave of it hit her, she somehow managed to grab the towel and stuffed it into her mouth to muffle the screams as she came, harder than she'd ever climaxed before. She could feel herself camping down, with pussy and ass, on the two men that were continuing to fuck into her as wave after wave of incredibly intense pleasure overwhelmed her.

After the 'worst' of her orgasm faded, Cheryl released the towel, gasping for breath and barely able to hold herself up. The power and length of her orgasm had left her feeling weak as a kitten; her whole universe seemed to consist of the openings that Mark and Ted were making such enthusiastic use of. She was just getting her wits back when she felt the two men start to change their rhythm; in just a few seconds, they were no longer working together. Instead, they were 'see-sawing' in and out of her at a steadily increasing speed: as one would start to press in, the other was withdrawing. The net effect of it was that she was constantly being stimulated in one or the other of her openings.

It didn't take much of that before Cheryl could feel herself getting close to another climax - one that she wasn't entirely sure she'd survive!

Somehow, she managed to grab the towel again, stuffing it into her mouth just ahead of her full-throated scream of pleasure and release. Even as she was giving voice to the pleasure she was experiencing, she felt Mark, then Ted, press themselves into her as they filled her ass and pussy with their cum. That thought was enough to make her start climaxing all over again, making her pussy and anus clamp around the two men and milking them for every drop of cum they could give her.

As her climax finally began to taper off, Cheryl found that she simply couldn't hold herself up any longer: the length and power of the last two orgasms simply took every bit of energy she had out of her body. She started to collapse, but the two men seemed to know what the problem was - as well they should! - and quickly moved to support her while Mark got out from underneath her.

Then the two of them gently turned her around and got her seated on the towel she'd been muffling herself with so that she wouldn't have to sit on the vinyl of the chair.

She sat there, goggle-eyed and sweaty, panting to get her breath back when she saw James finally get up from the chair he'd been in. Stepping out of his pants and undershorts, he took off his shirt and tie, then moved over to where Susanna was sitting on the couch. Susannah looked up at him with a smile on her face, and quickly moved to the floor, positioning herself on her hands and knees. James knelt down behind her - they were sideways the Cheryl and she could see everything clearly - then levered his massive cock down so the head slid between Susanna's glistening vaginal lips. After wetting the head with her oils, James then set himself against Susanna's opening, and after getting a nod from her, began slowly pushing himself into her.

Despite the fact that it was obviously not the first time the two of them had fucked, Cheryl could see that James was careful to ease his way into the other woman: every few seconds, he'd stop and slip out of her a little ways before pressing back in again. Considering the size of him, Cheryl thought, Susanna probably **needed** those little breaks! None the less, there still came the time when James' last push ended with him buried in Susanna's pussy. There he waited until Susanna told him "Okay - do it!" before pulling out a ways and sliding himself back in.

As Cheryl watched, James slowly but steadily increased the length and speed of his movements in Susanna's pussy - with each outward motion of his cock, Cheryl could see that it was coated with Susanna's juices, despite the way Susanna's pussy lips seemed to grab at it, pulling away from her body as James' monster cock escaped.

It wasn't but a few minutes before Susanna's moans were coming closer and closer together; Cheryl saw John retrieve a towel from the stack by the TV and take it over to Susanna, laying it on the floor in front of her. When he saw Cheryl watching, he gave her a smile and said "It's always like this. When James finally does her, it takes almost no time before she's cumming - hard!"

As if on cue, Susanna lowered her shoulders to the floor and pulled the towel over in front of her face, holding it over her mouth just in time to stifle the first of several screams of release as she went through what was obviously an intense orgasm. Throughout Susanna's climax, James continued to slowly thrust in and out of her, obviously extending her orgasm and making it even more powerful.

As Susanna's orgasm tapered off, Cheryl watched Charlie put his pants, shirt, and shoes back on and slip from the room - then return a couple of minutes later with a double handful of sodas, which he distributed to everyone. Cheryl appreciated the gesture - she'd gained a lot of fluids in the form of cum, but she'd given up just as much in her own lubrication; she gladly downed the beverage in short order, replacing what fluids she'd lost.

She was just setting the empty can to the side when she heard the liquid slapping sounds of James fucking into Susanna begin to increase. She quickly looked back at them and saw that James was apparently getting close to his climax - as was Susanna. Another minute or so, and Susanna was again stuffing her mouth with the hand towel in order to stifle her screams of

pleasure as James buried himself in her - filling her with his cum, since Cheryl could plainly see it being forced out of Susanna's over-stuffed pussy and down her thighs.

When Susanna's moans had pretty much died out, James slowly eased his massive prick out of her - and releasing a small flood of additional cum in the process. For her part, Susanna didn't even blink; she simply moved the towel she had hold of from her face to between her thighs, wiping up what had already escaped before positioning it so that she could turn around and sit on it as she got herself back together.

To Cheryl's surprise, James' dick barely sagged, despite his having just cum inside Susanna; he saw her looking at it and told her "Once I get hard, it takes me a while to get soft again...", with a small laugh.

Cheryl looked next at Susanna, who was eagerly chugging down a soda; her pubic hair was matted with James' cum. Susanna saw Cheryl looking at her, and stopped drinking her soda long enough to say "He's the biggest man I've ever had - and the best, too. You should try him - if he'll fit!"

Cheryl examined James drooping - but certainly not soft! - penis, and felt herself getting aroused again at the idea of having that monster inside of her. James had listened to what Susanna had told her, and smiled when Cheryl told him "I... I think I'd like to try..."

Susanna finished her soda and smiled before saying "I'll get him ready for you!" - then leaning over to do just that by taking the head of James' cock into her mouth. As James started to get hard again, Susanna began bobbing her head on his massive shaft, leaving a sheen of saliva on it as she brought him back to full erection.

As Cheryl watched James' cock getting longer and harder, she felt herself responding: her breasts felt 'tight' as her nipples hardened, and she began to feel an 'emptiness' in her pussy as the faint aroma of her arousal became stronger and stronger. She couldn't help but add to her stimulation, pulling and pinching on her nipples with one hand as the other dipped between her thighs and began softly rubbing her erecting clitoris. It wasn't long before the thickening oils of her vagina began to flow freely, adding to the delicious friction her fingertips were applying to her mons.

When Susanna finally released James' pole from between her lips, Cheryl was as ready as she could be: she literally *ached* with the need to have her pussy filled.

Still, when James came over and kneeled down on the floor in front of her, the sight of his huge cock made her nervous - she'd **never** tried to take anything that large before!

James seemed to sense her nervousness, and quickly assured her "The *last* thing I want to do is hurt you, dear lady. I plan to go very slowly, and be very gentle with you. Please, **please** tell me if I start to cause you any pain; I will be glad to slow down, or even stop, if that's what you want."

Considerably relieved at hearing that, Cheryl answered "Thank you, James. No, I really do want to do this; it's just that I've never had anyone as BIG as you are, is all. As long as you take your time, I think it'll be okay."

He gave her a little grin before replying "So be it, then."

Cheryl reached down to take him in her hand - she couldn't get her fingers all the way around him, he was so large - and positioned the end of his saliva-slickened cock at her opening. She felt him start to press against her, and consciously willed herself to relax in an attempt to make it easier on herself.

It almost worked.

Even wanting him as badly as she did, and knowing that he wasn't going to hurt her, his cock was still FAR larger than any she'd even tried before: if she wasn't able to see it with her own eyes, she would swear that someone was trying to stuff a baseball bat into her!

As she continued to hold James in place, Cheryl was also trying as best she could to open herself to him. She could *feel* it as the massive head of his prick spread her vaginal lips; she could *feel* it as he slowly spread the opening to her pussy larger and larger; she could *feel* it as she slowly stretched to accept this mass of man-meat into her body.

Suddenly, it happened: the head of his cock finally slipped through the tight opening of her pussy - immediately making her feel as though she was losing her virginity again, she was so stretched, so **full** inside. James immediately stopped, for which she was grateful - she'd known that he was going to fill her as she'd never been before, but **this** was FAR more than she'd expected. She took several deep breaths, willing herself to relax to the sensation of having her pussy so full of hard cock. Gradually, over the next minute, she came to grips with having even that little bit of James inside her; with each passing second, his presence in her became less a source of discomfort, and more one of pleasure.

When she was finally ready to take some more of him, she hesitantly told him "I think I'm ready to go on"

James responded by simply pulling back a little, then pressing into her again - starting to fill her with even more of his oversized manhood. When he'd slid perhaps another inch inside, he slowed, then reversed course; pulling his penis out of her a little ways. She didn't understand what he was doing until she looked down and saw that the bit of him that had been inside her was now coated with her oils: he was making sure that he kept himself well lubricated with her fluids so as to make it easier on BOTH of them while he stuffed her over-filled pussy with his cock.

When he began to push into her again, he gained another couple of inches - though it felt like much, much more to Cheryl.

Again, he stopped after a bit. When Cheryl looked down, she was surprised to see how much of him was still outside her - surely he'd gotten more than that inside! Cheryl was so full of James' cock that she thought her hips were going to dislocate from the pressure of him filling her, but she tried again to relax herself, letting her internal muscles stretch to accommodate the size of this new invader. A minute went by, perhaps a little more, before Cheryl felt James start to move in her again; a little bit in, mostly out, then back in - and after a bit, she realized that he was as far inside her as any man had EVER been. Shortly on the heels of that, she knew that she was about to experience something few women did: the sensation of being totally, *completely* filled by hard cock. The thought of it was more than enough to compensate for the mild discomfort she was feeling; indeed, it only served to get her arousal back to where it had been before.

James could apparently feel the change in her, and didn't delay in continuing his efforts to stuff as much of his manhood inside her pussy as he could manage. Sliding out of her until only the head of his cock was inside, he pressed forward again; he quickly regained the progress of the last few minutes, and more: when he finally stopped, Cheryl was sure that the head of his monster cock was in her throat. Looking down to where they were joined, she was surprised to see that only a couple of inches of him were still outside. James looked between them, too, and told her " I think the rest will fit just fine, once we get started..."

Cheryl couldn't resist a small laugh, saying "Started? I think I'm about finished!", and earning herself a small chuckle in reply.

With that, James started fucking her with slow, steady strokes, giving her time to finish adjusting to having his massive prick moving in and out of her. While he was doing that, he leaned forward and let his head drop so he could start licking her breasts and sucking on the hard pebbles of her erect nipples. It wasn't long before the only things that existed in Cheryl's universe were the sensations of his lips on her nipples and the feeling of his tree-trunk penis moving in and out of her welcoming pussy.

A couple of minutes went by with James continuously fucking his massive erection in her when Cheryl began to feel that there was something different. The way that James was sucking on her nipples, and the feeling of having his massive manhood moving in her, it took a few moments for her to realize what was different: she was feeling the head of his cock pressing against the deepest part of her, along with the feeling of his pubic bone bumping against her erect clitoris. With that, she realized that she'd taken **all** of him - that knowledge, and the sensations he was creating in her as he continued to fuck in and out of her now-sopping pussy was all she needed to push her into an orgasm. She just *barely* managed to snatch a hand towel from the arm of the chair and stuff it into her mouth before she screamed her release. She could feel her pussy trying to clamp down on James' penis, but she was simply too stretched inside to be able to exert as much pressure as she knew she usually did - and truth be told, she really didn't *care*: what SHE was feeling was simply too damn good! With each touch of James' cock against the back of her vagina, Cheryl was experiencing a whole series of mini-orgasms within the greater pleasure that was overwhelming her body.

Her climax seemed to go on forever, with James' help - each thrust of his hips buried his erection in her all over again, touching the deepest part of her and bringing her a pleasure that she'd never

known existed. Still, she could only orgasm for so long before she ran out of energy; gradually, the spasms of pleasure coursing through her body began to subside, leaving her feeling as though all she was was a massive vagina, being filled and emptied by the largest cock in the world...

As she slowly got her senses back, Cheryl realized that her little dream wasn't far from the truth: it really DID feel like all there was to her was her pussy, and the feeling of James moving his monster penis in it.

Off to the side, she heard a female voice - it took her a moment to recognize it as Susanna's - say "I can't believe it - she took the whole damn thing, first time! And orgasmed on top of it!", followed by a man's voice saying "Even YOU didn't do that, Suze!", followed by soft laughter.

Cheryl didn't really have the time, or inclination, to listen to the comments, though - she was simply too damn glad to be on the receiving end of the fucking James was giving her. She could already feel herself moving toward another climax - one that promised to be even stronger than the last!

James continued pistoning in and out of her pussy until Cheryl simply couldn't stand it any longer; she finally gave up trying to hold off her orgasm so she could enjoy the feeling of having James filling her so completely. When it happened, she didn't even bother trying to stifle her cries of pleasure - she was simply so overwhelmed by her release that she simply *couldn't* make any noise, even if she'd wanted to. Throwing her head back with the intensity of the pleasure radiating from her groin, Cheryl could only make a high keening sound as the first spasm of her release caused her to all but black out in pleasure. The tendons in her neck stretched tight as steel cables as her body froze in place while waves of incredibly intense pleasure washed over her; all she was aware of was the overwhelming pleasure she was feeling as James cock continued plundering her pussy, his pubic bone bumping against her engorged clit. She could feel her somewhat abused pussy beginning to spasm, clenching the hard cock that filled it so thoroughly; and as her release continued, she realized that James had stopped moving in her. A moment later, she felt an incredible heat and wetness filling her, and knew that he was cumming. As he filled her hot, aching vagina with his cum, spasms of intense pleasure continued to course through her body in time with the waves of hot jism erupting from the end of James' cock.

It seemed as though James was going to cum forever, but that wasn't the case: the spurts of semen finally slowed, then stopped, giving Cheryl the relief that she so desperately needed. Ever since the start of her orgasm, she'd barely been able to take a deep breath, and she was almost desperate to get some fresh air into her lungs. As James slid his barely-softened cock from her, she managed to draw a deep, ragged breath before shuddering at the sensation of James penis finally slipping free of the intimate embrace of her pussy.

As she lay back in the chair, gasping, Cheryl felt a few more tremors of orgasmic after shock ricochet through her body; she was completely unable to do or say **anything** after the power and duration of the climax she'd just finished. She could only watch as James stood up and went over to the couch where Susanna was sitting, and take a seat - leaving himself exposed so that Susanna could begin licking his slowly deflating penis clean of his cum and Cheryl's juices.

By the time she was done, Cheryl was again able to exercise a little control over herself - enough so that when Bill offered her a soda, she was able to nod in agreement. He had to open it for her, but she was able - barely - to hold it on her own. She didn't even look at what kind it was - all she knew was that it was liquid, and that she was very much in need of replacement fluids! The cold soda - grape, which she normally didn't care for - burned her throat slightly as she eagerly guzzled half the can; she came up for air, then finished off the rest of it. When Susanna got up and brought her another can - lemon-lime - Cheryl was able to tell her "Thanks!" - to which Susanna replied "Don't worry about it. After watching you take him all the way your first time, AND having orgasms, I only wish it was champagne: you *deserve* to be rewarded!", with a small laugh.

The second soda went down appreciably slower than the first; a quarter of the way through it, Cheryl finally felt able to take part in the casual conversation the others were having as she slowly recovered from the thorough fucking she'd just gotten. Cheryl glanced over at the TV, and saw that the credits for what could only be the second movie were scrolling up the screen. Knowing that she still had to get home - AND take a shower and try to recover! - she regretfully told the others "As much as I'd like to stay here with you, I really DO have to leave. My husband will be getting off work before much longer, and I want to be home when he gets there."

All of them expressed their understanding, and went about helping her get ready to leave - finding her clothes, making sure she was clean and presentable enough to leave, and so on.

As she was getting ready to head out the door, James handed her a business card that only had an email address on it. She looked at him in curiosity, and James explained "If you should decide that you would like to join us again the next time any of us are in the area, please contact us at that address. Of course, your husband would be more than welcome, too."

Accepting the card, Cheryl answered "I won't make any promises, but I'll certainly give it some thought."

The others nodded their acceptance, and wished her well as she opened the door and slipped into the hallway outside. Checking herself in a conveniently located mirror, Cheryl saw that she was actually as presentable as the others had assured her. A little unsteady on her feet - the night's activities seemed to have affected her more than she'd thought - she calmly made her way outside and to her car.

All during the drive home, she couldn't help but remember her experiences of the last few hours. She wasn't sure if she'd ever send them an email, but there wasn't a doubt in her mind that she'd never forget that night at the movies...