

The Double D

By Albert Hilton

Story Code: MF cons cheat 1st anal

Following a family tradition a mother asks to have her daughter made into a woman.

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.

Phone Call

"Ring, ring" ... "Ring, ring"

Having broken my concentration, I answered the phone: "Hello this is Al; you're on the company's dime."

The voice from the other end was unfamiliar.

"Ahhhh, hello Al, this is Amanda Lawson from church. My daughter Wendy has done some baby sitting for you and your wife on a few occasions. Is this a bad time?"

"Hello Mrs. Lawson, no I'm not busy, what can I do for you?"

"Please, call me Amanda: Mrs. Lawson is too formal. Well, I have a request of you, but I need to talk to you in person. Can we get lunch together sometime?"

"Well Amanda, the rest of my week is booked, so unless we get together today, it'll have to wait until next week."

"Today is fine. How about 12:30?"

"Well 12:30 is fine. Could you meet me at the Bread Co. in the valley?"

"Yes, I know the place. I'll meet you there at 12:30. See you then and thanks," and then the line was dead. The rest of my morning proceeded very quickly, and before I knew it was lunchtime.

I met Amanda at the Bread Co. She said that she wanted to buy my meal since it was her invitation that we meet. So I ordered my meal and let her pay for both. We located an out of the way location to eat and talk. After a few minutes of superficial conversation she finally got the nerve to explain her request.

"Al, let me start with a story. This is a very strange story, but it's true, and please let me finish before you interrupt. Can you please do that?"

“Okay, I’ll try.”

“From the story told to me by my great-grandmother, it started in the early 1900’s. Having only learned how to make love on her wedding day, a mother of one of my ancestors decided her daughter should be taught about making love differently. So she found a willing man to teach her daughter about the subject in a very unique manner. It worked so well that this unique sexual training process has continued in my family for generations and now it’s time for my daughter Wendy to be taught. This training technique has been given a name in my family called ‘*Débutante Depucelate*’ or ‘The Double D’. Over the many generations a set of rules and criteria was developed to help the daughter select their teacher. Wendy has selected you as her first choice.”

I stared at Amanda with my mouth open in shock, my mind spinning. After a few seconds, I asked, “What are you asking?”

Amanda looked me straight in the eyes, and without batting an eyelash she said very quietly and calmly, “I want you to fuck Wendy.” And then she sat back with a grin on her face, because she knew exactly what was coming next.

“What the fuck! You want ME to fuck your daughter!” I said more loudly than I should have.

“Shhhh, someone might hear you.” she whispered. “Let me put it correctly. Wendy wants you to make love to her, and you have my blessing to do so if you wish.”

“Why me? What do you mean ‘criteria’?”

“Well, over the years the criteria has manifested into the following: ‘Happily married for at least eight years, never divorced, and with at least two children, and to be selected by the initiate, And you dear man meet those standards. Also you must agree to the following: to be kind, gentle, and understanding during this process. In essence, to be a perfect gentleman, before, during, and after the process. All parties must agree to no other intimate contact before or after the process, especially after. This does not mean never to see each other again, but no further sexual contact. This only reason for this sexual encounter between you and Wendy is to provide her with sexual knowledge not normally achieved until she is married. It will provide her with the knowledge of the pleasures to be derived from a monogamous long-term relationship with a husband. So are you up to the task, or does Wendy need to select someone else?’”

I was hooked. “Okay, I’ll do it. Is there a set way to get ‘it’ done?”

“No, there’s no set way. For my encounter, Dave took me to a hotel for a night. And for one of my sisters, her encounter lasted a couple of nights. We just need to find a date after her 18th birthday and just before her period starts. We can’t spoil her night with her period now can we?” Amanda winked.

“A couple of nights; that sounds more my style. I can be very romantic if I’m not rushed. What about, ah, protection?”

“Romance is what Wendy needs: my session was wonderful, but my sister seemed in cloud nine after she got back from her session. Let’s go for quality, so more time is good. I want this to be very special for Wendy like it should. As to protection, there will be none used. That’s the reason to pick a time just before Wendy’s period, she should be infertile. In the many encounters setup by my family there has

only been one known conception. Just to let you know, if that did occur between you and Wendy, Wendy and I are prepared to raise the child without bothering you. We would protect your marriage at all costs. You already have a wife and children and you don't need other complications. So are you still willing?"

"Amanda, you have your man, and we know it most likely will be a weekend. So when is Wendy's birthday?"

"May 10."

"So in about two weeks."

"Yes."

"Okay I'll go check my calendar and prepare my wife for one of my 'hiking trips'. Do you want to call me with some possible dates?"

"No, I would like to meet again for lunch next week, and bring Wendy along just to be sure she is good with everything. She'll know more about 'clean' dates, and the more time you both spent with each other the better it will go later."

"Okay, what about Tuesday next week?"

"That's good for me. See you here at 12:30, next Tuesday," and with that, Amanda left.

Lunch Meeting

Well to say the least, I was a tad distracted for the next six days. But I muddled through it until lunchtime Tuesday when I met Amanda and Wendy.

Now during my previous meeting with Amanda, I hadn't noticed much about her appearance. But with sex firmly planted in my brain I took a very close look at both women. Both mother and daughter were the same height, about 5 feet 9 inches tall, but after that they were almost completely different.

Amanda is beautiful in a plain sort of way. Short brown hair, beautiful face and smile, brown eyes, normal figure, nice breasts and butt, shapely legs. She looked like she took the time to work out but not too much.

As to Wendy, damn I nearly dropped a nut, 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 looked very firm. Beautifully sculptured legs. Her Catholic school uniform did very little to hide her very gorgeous breasts, my guess 38C.

"Hello, Amanda and Wendy. Oh, and may I wish you an early happy birthday."

"Hello, Al," said Amanda.

"Hello, Mr. Hilton," blushed Wendy, looking at the ground.

As I reached forward and gently raised Wendy's chin with my fingertips. I looked into her beautiful blue eyes and said, "Wendy, no more Mr. Hilton between us, ever. It will be Al to you, okay?"

“Okay,” she said demurely, licking her seductive lips. It took a lot of effort not to kiss her right there and then, but I knew I should wait for later.

“Al, Wendy and I have come up with a date that might work. What about the upcoming Memorial Day weekend? Wendy and I will meet you here on Friday at noon and then return back here Sunday at noon.”

I thought over the date, and then said, “Amanda would you and Wendy mind if we extend it one more day? What if I bring her back here Monday at noon?” I noticed Wendy’s puzzled expression, and added, “I’d like to take Wendy to Branson over that weekend. There are many things to do and see there. I want it to be a special time for Wendy.” Wendy’s expression brightened, but her mother’s deepened.

They started whispering between each other, and after a few minutes I added. “Amanda, I make you this promise: Wendy will be in complete control during the weekend. If she wants to come home sooner, she can. If she doesn’t want to go to Branson, she doesn’t have to. And we’ll spend the first night here in a hotel room. Then if she wants, we’ll go to Branson the next morning. She’ll be in total control.”

After that comment, Amanda looked at me and said, “Okay, Monday at noon is fine.” Wendy looked at me and smiled for the first time, I started to squirm in my seat now, looking at that gorgeous creature.

“About the hotel, during the weekend, how do I introduce Wendy? As a daughter, a co-worker, a friend?” I asked.

Smiling, Amanda answered, “Well I did forget to tell you about that: you and Wendy will be newly weds. That the way it’s been handled for many years. You do get strange looks, some smirks, but it takes care of many questions.”

“Amanda, what do you think about getting together again in about a week to do some shopping? I’d like to buy Wendy some nice clothing just for this occasion.”

Amanda and Wendy both brightened up and looked at each other, and both said “Yes!” together. (Boy am I a dog, just get to a woman’s heart though my wallet.) So we agreed to meet on Wednesday of the next week at noon at the mall. Amanda and I then exchanged some contact information and I then left knowing it was going to be another long week.

Shopping Trip

At noon the following Wednesday, I met Amanda and Wendy at the mall. I wished Wendy a late 18th birthday and presented her with a birthday card. We then discussed what clothing was needed for the upcoming weekend, and we concluded that Wendy would arrive with nothing and wear what we bought her today. So we needed enough clothing for three days and nights. So off they went shopping, I said they, because I was here only to smile, nod, and pay. But I was enjoying the show.

First was an evening dress (I told them to pick one up for the first evening). They finally chose a blue evening dress that made Wendy’s blue eyes pop. It was strapless, (I finally told them strapless), and it really showed Wendy’s great figure. It was a little longer than I wanted, (just above the knees) but it was the right dress for that evening. Amanda let Wendy know that they needed to pick up a strapless bra, shoes, and pantyhose to work with the dress. At this point I raised an objection.

I said “NO pantyhose! Thigh highs, garters or stockings, but NO pantyhose! Okay?” They both nodded their agreement but were very surprised about my comment.

Next they selected two skirts, two pairs of shorts, three blouses, and another dress for evenings. They got in a conversation about jeans. I asked “Could Wendy bring a pair since she might some?”. They both seemed to agree about that and moved on to the next item, a swimming suit.

At this point I decided that I needed to do some shopping for the upcoming event, and I was having a hard time just sitting with my boner. So I asked them if I could leave and meet them in the Food Court. They said it was alright. Before I left, I told them to get me after they found Wendy some bras and panties for the upcoming weekend.

I went and purchased a suitcase for our items, toothbrushes, a woman's shaver, toothpaste, antiperspirant, combs, brush, perfume, cologne, and some makeup supplies. I also picked up some special gifts for this occasion. After that, I went to the Food Court to wait for the women. After a little while they both showed up and I let them pack their purchases in the suitcase. Both women noticed the makeup and started scolding me about my selecting it without them around. So I handed over the receipt, and pointed both of them to the store where I purchased the makeup.

After a few minutes they both came back looking like the wind had been knocked out of their sails. Amanda commented that I had done very well without them and she was surprised a man could ask the right questions of the salespeople. We all had a little snack together before tackling the last needed items, shoes.

I'd rather watch paint dry than to shop for shoes, but I needed more time with Wendy. I also hoped to sneak a peek at Wendy's goodies when she was trying on shoes, (not that I needed too, but, hey! I'm a man). We decided that Wendy needed three pairs of shoes. One pair that matched her evening dress, a pair of sneakers, and another pair for dressier times. Well I did enjoy the show, but nothing was revealed during the various shoe changes. Finally, the selections were made and purchased. It was now time to return to everyday life and leave the company of the two beautiful women.

As we were getting ready to leave the mall, Amanda handed me an envelope with some money in it, “This is what Wendy and I saved up for this encounter. It should help defray some of the cost but we didn't count on all of the extras.”

I thanked Amanda for the money and I told her I would meet them at Bread Co. in nine days. I then pulled Wendy aside and whispered into her ear, “You are a beautiful woman and I am looking forward to our weekend together.” And then gave her a peck on the cheek and turned around and left. But before I had gone too far, Wendy yelled to me and as I was turning around, I was almost knocked to the ground by her. She then gave me a deep and passionate kiss and I felt her full breasts pressing against my chest. Then she turned around, grabbed her surprised mother's hand and pulled her out the door.

Me, I just stood there, with the same surprised look as her mother. I now knew it was going to be a very long nine days.

Friday

Exchange - Lunch together

Eight ... Seven ... Six ... Five ... Four ... Three ... Two ... One ... ZERO. Nine long days later, at noon, I met Amanda and Wendy at Bread Co. I presented Amanda with a dozen deep pink roses and I gave Wendy a dozen white roses. Amanda gave me a hug, while Wendy just shrugged her shoulders and said "Thank you," very softly. I figured she was very nervous about what was to occur shortly but I knew that was part of my task today. I needed to proceed very slowly, to allow Wendy to overcome her fears and enjoy what was to happen between us.

Wendy was again dressed in her Catholic school uniform, while her mother wore a casual navy blue business outfit. We all ordered something to eat and this time I took care of the check. Lunch was fairly quiet and Wendy did not eat very much, so I decided that I needed to calm down Wendy's nerves.

"Amanda, tell me something that Wendy did when she was younger, that she wouldn't want me to know?" I asked.

"Hmmm, let's see. Oh yes, there was a time her imaginary friend bit the dog."

"Mom, don't," whispered Wendy, blushing a bit.

"Please, tell." I said.

"Okay, she was about six-years-old at the time, and we had just gotten the dog, Brandy. It was around dinner time and the house was busy, and no one was paying attention to Wendy, but it seems everyone was paying attention to the dog. Well the next thing we knew, the dog let out a blood curling yelp. We checked to find the dog under the bed in Wendy's room, with Wendy just staring out her bedroom window. We asked Wendy what happened and she said that Pam had bitten the dog. We asked her who Pam was, and she said Pam was her invisible friend sitting on the bed. Of course there was no Pam and Wendy got into a mess of trouble that night. Later she and Brandy became the best of friends."

"Wendy, what's your favorite moment and why?" I asked.

Wendy answered with something unimportant and then I asked Amanda something about Wendy again. I did this a number of times, switching the questions between mother and daughter. After a while I noticed Wendy start to relax, smile, and eat a little more.

After everyone was finished eating, Amanda said she needed to do one more thing before Wendy and I left for the weekend. She suggested that we go outside and find a quiet place to say goodbye. We found a spot across the street under a grove of trees. At this point Amanda told us that there was a symbolic ceremony that the mother performed before the couple left for their encounter.

Amanda held up two rings and then she read the following:

"By my giving this first ring to Wendy, I, Amanda Lawson, give my blessing to her to participate in the '*Débutante Depucelate*'." At which point she put the ring on Wendy's left ring finger. She then gave me the second ring, and told me to repeat after her.

“By my giving this ring to Wendy Lawson, I, Al Hilton, understand the terms of ‘The Double D.’ and I will not have any other future expectations from her.” I slipped the ring on her finger, right beside the first one.

“Wendy, the wearing of these rings, shows that you have consented to ‘The Double D.’ You agree that you have no future expectations from Al after ‘The Double D.’.”

“Al, these rings symbolizes that Wendy gives her body to you for both of your pleasures. They also symbolize your commitment to Wendy’s training.”

Amanda then said to both of us, “Now go and enjoy ‘The Double D,’ I will see you both back here Monday at noon.” And with tears in her eyes she turned and quickly left, leaving Wendy and me to start ‘The Double D.’

I led Wendy over to my van and opened the door for her to enter. As she got seated in the van, I could see she was very nervous. Walking over to my door I tried to think of ways to calm her down. As we drove together to the hotel, I put on some relaxing music, and then I whispered to Wendy.

“Lean back, close your eyes, and listen to the music.” She did as I asked. “Now take some deep, deep breaths.” After a few minutes I continued. “Wendy, for the rest of our time together, I want you to know you are in charge. I have made the plans for us, but if you do not want to do anything that I have planned, we won’t do it. If you wish to leave and go home, I will take you. I am not just saying this, I have promised your mother and I really, really, mean it.”

I just let her relax for a few more minutes before I continued. “We’ll be at the hotel in a few minutes. I’ve already checked in and dropped our bags off in the room. It’s a very pretty room; I think you’ll like it.” I decided I wasn’t helping her situation very much, so I let the music try to soothe her.

After I parked in the hotel’s parking lot, I took Wendy’s left hand and looked over the two rings. I asked, “Did your mother buy the rings for you?”

Wendy looked at them and said, “No, they belong to the family. I have to give them back to mom after this weekend. She’ll pass them on to one of my aunts or cousins.”

I then raised her chin so that we both could look in each others eyes and I told her, “They’re beautiful, just like you.”

I led Wendy to the hotel elevator. In the elevator Wendy asked, “Are you embarrassed of me?”

I looked puzzled and asked, “No, why would I be embarrassed to be seen with a beautiful woman?”

“Then why did you check-in earlier?”

Grinning, I chuckled my answer, “Your school girl uniform doesn’t look too newly-wedded.”

She quickly glanced down to take a look. Then she spun around making her skirt billow out and said, “Oh Yeah, I see what you mean.”

Hotel Room

I slowly led her to our room for the evening, the Honeymoon Suite. I opened the door and I let Wendy enter before I followed her into the very romantic room. Wendy took a look around the suite and then looking at me asked softly, "What's next?"

"Just sit and relax while I get some things ready. While you're waiting, could you put your hair up into a bun?" She gave me a questioning look but proceed to do as I asked.

After a few minutes I approached Wendy and knelt down so we could be at eye level with each other. While looking into her blue eyes, I calmly stated, "Wendy, I am going to get you ready for dinner and dancing. I am first going to give you a bath, then a massage, and then dress you. Okay?"

She slowly nodded yes.

"Now I am going to undress down to my underwear. I am going to wear these clothes later and I don't want to get them wet. Just remember this night is for you. If you wish to change something, or something seems uncomfortable let me know, okay?"

She again slowly nodded yes.

I slowly stood up and removed my clothes. I started with my shoes and socks, then I removed my shirt, and lastly I removed my slacks. I left on my briefs; they were a pair that I bought just for this occasion. They were maroon red in color, and they looked almost like Speedo swim trunks, tight fitting and showing off my ass and crotch.

Wendy watched me during this time and I noticed as I took off my slacks her expression of concern. I again approached her and took her by the hands and led her to the bathroom.

In the bathroom I started filling the tub. I then turned to her and said, "It's now your turn to undress." She started to reach for her shoes, but I said, "Please let me undress you, love." She stopped and I knelt down. I first removed her left shoe, stopping to rub her left foot for a second. Starting above her left sock, I slowly rolled it down her shapely leg, making sure to caress her leg. I then repeated the same process to her right shoe and sock, again making sure to caress her shapely right leg.

I rose up and while looking into her blue eyes, I started unbuttoning her white blouse starting at the top. As I was doing this she started breathing more rapidly, so I softly said. "Breathe deeply, love." I had finished unbuttoning her blouse, so I slowly turned Wendy around to face the mirror. Looking into the mirror gave us a false sense of distance. I slowly removed her blouse from her shoulders while I caressed her arms. At this point I just wanted to grab and start kissing her, but I was now walking a tightrope. She was extremely nervous and I did not want to freak her out any more. I now slowly removed her plaid skirt, allowing it to slowly drop to the floor while brushing my hands against her skin.

I paused to stare at the two people reflected in the mirror. Me with my red underwear straining to contain my erection, and her with her personals hidden by a matching set of plain white panties and bra. I let the moment sink into her mind while I checked the tub and turned off the water. I then lit some candles and turned off the bathroom light. I then got behind her and started removing her panties. I made sure that she felt my hands on her skin during the slow removal. I then took a very deep breath, and while looking at her eyes reflected in the mirror, I removed her bra. It took a lot of effort not to drop

my eyes to her now unconstrained breasts but I needed her to know that her eyes and soul was more important than her gorgeous breasts.

Gently grasping her shoulders, I turned her around to face the tub and let her step in. I asked her, "Wendy, love, how is the temperature?"

I barely heard her say, "It's a little cold."

I added hot water and mixed the water using my hand. As I was doing this, I looked up to see Wendy completely nude for my first time. This vision will be etched in my memory forever. From her beautifully sparkling blue eyes, to the tips of her nipples on her perfectly firm breasts, to the ironing board flat stomach with an 'innie' bellybutton, to the most wonderfully blond pubic bush I have ever seen. I couldn't wait to see the rest of her.

Wendy whispered, "It's warm enough."

She sat down into the tub as I turned off the water. I gave her a tub pillow and told her, "Just relax and soak a few minutes, I need to get some things ready."

I turned on some romantic music and prepared the bedroom for a little bit later. On the way back to bathroom to bathe Wendy I prepared two glasses of rosé wine. I handed Wendy one glass. She gave me a questioning look and I told her, "If you're old enough to be here with me, you're old enough to drink some wine." As she took the glass I told her, "Just take sips, it's to be savored not guzzled." I did get a snicker from that comment. She then took a sip and laid her head back. For the next couple of minutes I watched Wendy as I sipped my wine.

I then crawled toward Wendy on my hands and knees. I whispered, "Wendy, love, can you lean forward. I need to wash your back."

I then lovingly washed her back. After I was done I started on her arms but remembered something. I handed Wendy a women's shaver and asked, "Can you shave your armpits and legs?"

I sat back, sipped some more wine, and watched her shave. I really did enjoy watching her shave, she was a gorgeous creature. After she finished her task, I continued washing her arms and then did her legs. Handing her a wash cloth, I asked, "Do you wish to wash your face?" Nodding yes, she took the cloth and soap. I sat back to take another sip of wine and to do some deep breathing. It was taking all of my will power not to rape her right there and then.

After she was finished, I continued my task by washing her flat stomach. "Wendy, love, I'm going to wash your breasts now. I mean chest." Yes, at that moment I had a tongue slip. Looking at her right after my brain fart, I thought I might have seen a small smile. Well I went ahead with the hard task of washing her chest and fabulous breasts. I made sure that her breasts were really really clean.

"Wendy, love, I need to wash your private parts. Can you spread your legs for me?" I then looked deeply into her eyes and washed her most intimate parts. Cleaning her pubic hair, vulva, and anus, all without losing contact with her eyes.

"Love, I'm finished. Are you ready for your massage?" She just nodded and I proceeded to help her up and out of the tub. Taking my time I towed her off. When I had finished my tough task, I led her into the bedroom.

Massage

On the bed I had laid out a pink satin sheet and on top of that I had spread out a light covering of red and white rose petals.

“Love, please lie down on the sheet, on your stomach.” I retrieved the rose scented massage oil from the pan of hot water. I was now ready to give Wendy a massage she would not soon forget.

Applying the warm oil, I started massaging her hands and arms. I took slow long strokes, letting her get comfortable with my touch. I then moved to massaging her feet and the backs of her legs. 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. I made sure that I finished my strokes before they became uncomfortable for Wendy.

After her legs and thighs were coated with a generous layer of oil, I moved up and started working on her neck and shoulders. I really had to work on both of those areas since they were very tight due to her stressful situation. After that I worked on her back with very light strokes at first, increasing the pressure the longer I worked on her back. During some of these strokes I went from the top of her back, down each side of her spine, over her gorgeous buttocks, and down her legs.

Over and over I kept up the deep massage. Sometimes I really worked on her back, other times I worked on her buttocks, and at times I worked on both areas together. At some point it seemed she was so relaxed that she was sleeping. At this point I spent the next few minutes lightening up my strokes and finished the back massage with feathery light fingertip strokes. I stopped and sipped some wine letting the sensations sink in. I took notice of how beautiful she looked with the dim lighting glistening off of the coating of massage oil.

“Love, can you please remove the bun in your hair.” I took a sip of wine and continued, “And when you're ready, you can roll over so I can finish your massage.” She did as I asked. As she was rolling over, I noticed her looking at my crotch. Wendy could see my cock as it was clearly defined through my skintight underwear. I hoped seeing me still in my underwear would alleviate some of her concerns about my intentions.

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. I knew that armpits are an erogenous zone. 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. It now appeared that I could get very close to her crotch before she tensed up.

Not using the oil, I massaged her face. I worked my fingertips into her hair, face, cheeks, neck and ears. I concentrated on the spot behind her ears. Using the oil again, I worked on her shoulders. Her shoulders were extremely tight, and I really worked at trying to loosening them up. But it seemed a lost cause. She and I knew where the massage was headed. So I gave up and moved down to the next area.

I let the oil drop from the bottle onto her chest and breasts. I made sure to let the oil drip 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 breasts; I continued massaging her chest getting closer and

closer to her breasts. I gently touched the base of her breast 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 breasts into the massage, until I was massaging her chest and breasts without concern. I then massaged just the tips of her breasts, 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 with her massage.

After massaging her breasts, the massage of her stomach, was not as pleasurable for her or myself. But we both needed to relax a bit and she did have what they call, "a washboard stomach." It was very flat and firm. I enjoyed toying with her bellybutton. I worked on her stomach for a few minutes before I moved to the main event.

I poured the oil from the bottle into her feathery blond pubic hair; let it seep down over her cunt lips, into her ass crack, over her asshole and onto the sheet of roses. I then spread her legs and started massaging both sides of her *Labia Majora*. First up and down on the left side, then up and down on the right side. I continued the massage process, over and over again, first on one side of her vagina then the other. She started moaning again, only more deeply. I did not stop, but continued massaging both sides of her vagina, allowing the massage to continue, up to her clitoris and down to her anus.

She was now rolling her head from side to side and moaning, enjoying the pleasure I was intentionally giving her. I increased my attention to the area around her clitoris, sometimes moving my other hand to her breasts and anus. I watched her passion building, slowly at first and then more rapidly. She was now thrashing her head from side to side, her hair flowing with the motion. Her fingers digging into the roses on the bed, her stomach tightening up. While I continued my ministrations, I leaned over and blew hot air from my lips directly onto her clitoris. She now arched her back and her breasts shook with the movement.

I was now prepared for my final assault; I pressed my face into her crotch and attacked her clitoris. Her hands grasped my head and she forced me more deeply into her sweet nectar. I continued the attack on her clitoris, at the same time playing with her breasts and tweaking her nipples. With the built up passion of an 18-year-old girl, she loudly moaned "Oh my God!" as the powerful orgasm swept through her body. Her back arched forcing her ass off the bed, her stomach rippled as the wave of pleasure racked her body and she dug her fingernails into my hair while she ground her crotch into my face. It was so beautiful to be the instrument of her intimate awakening.

As her orgasm subsided, I reduced my breast fondling and oral pleasuring, and we both slowly came back to earth. As her afterglow started, I covered her up with a blanket, refreshed my wine and took a few minutes to reflect on what just happened. I knew at this point our relationship would be much different. I then proceeded to straighten up the rooms and ready myself for the remainder of the evening.

First Gift

I let Wendy nap for about forty-five minutes. After everything was ready I just sat and stared at that angelic face. She seemed to have a contented smile on her face. Noting the time, I woke my angel up with a passionate kiss. As she was awakened from her nap, her arms flew around me, to grasp me

firmly. We kissed passionately for a few minutes before we both came up for air. I looked her in the eyes and asked, "Was that your first orgasm?" Beaming, she gave an affirmative nodding of her head. I then handed her a wrapped gift and said "Well then love, this is for your first one."

She squealed and rose up in bed. She was not concerned when the cover fell away revealing her naked breasts. I just stared at her tits as she tore open the gift. Inside she found a delicate toe ring with a small embedded diamond.

"It would be my pleasure to put it on one of your beautiful toes."

Throwing the cover aside she swung her feet in my direction. I took my time and fondled both feet, while trying to pick the perfect toe for the ring. I chose a toe on the right foot and placed the jewelry on it.

"Love, we need to get you ready for dinner." I then retrieved the panties that her mother and her had selected for the evening. It was a blue silk thong that matched her evening dress. I helped her with her panties, taking extra time to adjust them just right.

"Love, do you want to do your makeup?"

Smiling she replied, "Yes."

So I adjourned back to the chair to sip more wine. I watched her carefully apply makeup to a face of a goddess. Now how could anyone think that makeup could help improve perfection? The chair in which I was seated gave me a view of her profile. So I had a very enjoyable time, sipping and watching, watching and sipping, watching and watching. My eyes feasted on an 18-year-old woman, who was sitting in front of me naked except for a blue silk thong. Golden blond hairs cascading down her young blemish-free back. Firm full breasts that totally resisted gravity.

Breaking my trance, she turned to me and said, "I'm done." I noticed a smile on her face.

I went and got her blue evening dress. I proceeded to hold the dress and helped her pull it up. I again took more time than I needed to arrange everything just right. As I was zipping it up, she told me, "Wait, we forgot my bra."

I went ahead and finished with the zipper, leaned over and whispered in her ear, "I don't think you need one, love." And then I squeezed her breasts together through her dress.

I handed her the thigh high stockings and said, "Love, time is getting short. You go ahead and finish up. I need to get finished myself." But before I let go of the stocking, I grabbed her and we started kissing again. After a few minutes of mashing our faces and bodies together, I convinced myself that we needed to hurry. As we were leaving she remade her face and handed me some makeup to hold for her use later.

As planned, a horse draw carriage was waiting to take Wendy and me down to the river for dinner. We both snuggled together under a cover that was provided. Wendy laid her head on my shoulder and we held hands under the cover. Every few minutes she would turn her head and we would take a passionate kiss together. During one of our kisses the driver cleared her throat and said that we had arrived. Wendy's eyes lit up when she saw that dinner was going to be on a riverboat while cruising the Mississippi River.

Riverboat Cruise

I helped Wendy out of the carriage and we held hands as we walked up onto the riverboat. We were shown to our table and I ordered a glass of wine for myself and a cola for Wendy. Other people arrived and took their seats and shortly the riverboat shoved off.

I had placed the glasses between us and told Wendy we would share both glasses. As we enjoyed dinner, we also enjoyed the conversation between us. We talked about everything a couple should talk about. Past relationships, hopes for the future, and our current lives. We drank, talked, and ate together like a married couple. Just before dessert arrived, I gently touched Wendy's hand, looked her in the eyes, and said very quietly, "Wendy, I want you to go to the ladies room, take off your panties, and give them to me." Without batting an eyelash, she left for the ladies room. After a few minutes she returned and asked if we could dance.

We proceeded to dance and as we did she put her panties into my pocket and whispered into my ear, "They're a little damp, with my love, love." And then she nibbled my ear. We continued dancing, cheek to cheek, hand to hand, hand to cheeks. Man, her ass cheeks felt great as I pulled her as close as I could on the dance floor. After a couple of dances I suggested that we take a walk on deck so that we could cool off.

Holding hands we walked around the deck together chit chatting and looking at the scenery. We found a secluded spot near the stern of the riverboat and had a passionate kiss. This passionate kiss turned into a tongue wrestling match. I escalated it with some breast rubbing and tweaking. She raised the stakes by doing some moaning and cock grabbing. I further raised the stakes by rubbing her crotch through her dress. She raised that by fishing my cock out of my pants and really started pumping it. Well, not to be outdone, I hiked the front of her dress up and started rubbing her bare pussy. We broke our kiss and looked deeply into each others eyes. Wendy then started sliding down my chest until she came to my cock. I could not believe what she did next; she leaned forward and took my cock into her mouth.

She went slowly at first not knowing exactly how to do what she was doing. She just kept part of my penis head inside her lips while running her tongue in circles around the head. Moaning deeply, I grabbed Wendy's head, my fingers intertwining in her cottony hair, enjoying her attempt at oral sex. My positive reaction to her cock sucking gave her the confidence she needed; she then went to town on my penis. She continued her oral ministrations and immediately began sucking vigorously. It was clear she was inexperienced in what she was attempting to do. At first she repeatedly gagged on my cock but after a few attempts she learned not to try and take so much in at once. Wendy quickly learned that a good technique was to suck deep and then pull almost all the way off, and repeat.

Knowing what would occur if she did not stop; I raised Wendy, kissed her deeply on the mouth, and then spun her around facing away from me. I then raised the back of her dress and placed my cock under her very wet crotch. I then raised the front of her dress and started rubbing her pussy again and at the same time hunched her ass making my cock rub the bottom of her crotch. She started grabbing at my cock and tried to position it and herself so she could stuff it into her pussy. I slapped at her hands and forced her to lean back, making it almost impossible to get my cock into her.

Groaning she leaned her head back and said, "Please, oh please, fuck me. I want it, now, right here."

I whispered into her ear, "Wendy, love, I want you too, but not yet, and not here. Right now I want to feel your breasts, so please take them out." She then let go of my cock and rolled the front of her dress down enough to free her breasts. I then said, "Now play with yourself." I started playing with her breasts with both hands while I continued my hunching. I watched her stuff a finger up her cunt and the same time start rubbing her clitoris. I continued my ministrations, with my cock hitting the back of her hand that was stuffed in her cunt.

She started grunting, she stuffed another finger into her cunt, and the clitoris rubbing intensified. I started hunching her faster, slapping my pubic bone into her ass. I started tweaking her nipples when I felt her stomach muscles contracting.

She grunted, "Oh, oh, oooooohhhhhh." I felt her whole body tense up, her stomach rippling, her head and chest shaking as she came. The orgasm continued quaking in her body until she dropped both of her arms to her sides. I was left holding her convulsing body in my arms. I became concerned about our surroundings. So I proceeded to pull the dress up over her breasts and arrange them in the dress cups. I stuffed my cock back into my pants, allowing Wendy's dress fall over her ass and pussy. We both struggled over to a bench and relaxed together for a few minutes.

At this point I grabbed her hand and sucked the cunt juice off her fingers. I said, "Finger licking good." and then I kissed her. We sat together on that bench recovering from our intense round of *Wendy's Indecent Exposure*. We decided to go back inside and do some more dancing. Well, Wendy may have been less horny after her orgasm, but I wasn't, so I resumed my plans to warm her back up. As we were dancing we talked about what had happened so far today. We also commented about her dancing panty-less with my cock brushing against her virgin pussy.

Trying not to get us into too much trouble, I would kiss Wendy. Not that just kissing would cause much of a stir, but it is what I did while we tongue wrestled. My hands would touch, grab, rub, and fondle Wendy's more private areas. Boy I couldn't stop myself from feeling her tits, ass, and pussy. After a while she started responding in the same manner, and just before we could get too worked up, the cruise was over and everyone was asked to leave.

As arranged, the carriage from earlier was waiting to take us back to the hotel. We climbed aboard, with me helping Wendy get in by fondling her wonderful ass. The driver again covered us up for the ride back, this time Wendy made sure to pull the cover up to both of our necks, then she started kissing me. While we were kissing, I removed her breasts from her dress and started playing with them. Once in a while I would break our kiss and disappear until the cover, so that my tongue could partake of those creamy globes of female fresh.

Suddenly I felt her fingers unzip my pants, fish out my cock, and start slowly pumping. I couldn't help but escalate to the next step. I pushed the hem of her dress up over her crotch and I felt her spread her thighs allowing me access to the goods. I now drove two of my fingers deep into her dripping wet pussy. Wendy moaned as I continued my finger attack of her pussy and she nearly ripped my cock off when my thumb started rubbing her clit.

Wendy now wanted more, so she dove under the covers and started sucking on my cock. At this moment the carriage came to a stop and the driver said, "We're there." With a sheepish grin on her face, Wendy popped her head from under the cover. I then quickly removed my fingers from her and

dropped the hem of her dress to cover her pussy. She stuffed my cock into my pants, and we both stuffed her breasts back into her dress. We both then thanked the driver and exited the carriage. After I paid the driver, I received a wink from her. Not to be rude I winked back and then she said, "You might want to zip up before going inside," and then she left. I quickly zipped and then caught up with Wendy, who was patiently waiting inside the hotel.

Back at the Hotel

We both quickly entered the elevator and as soon as the door closed we attacked each other. Neither one of us cared about the world around us. Our tongues wrestled, our hands a blur. The elevator doors opened and we stumbled out into the hallway still not caring who might see us. We did not stop kissing or fondling each other while we continued stumbling down the hall to our room. At the door I had to stop my fondling of her now uncovered breasts to retrieve the key from my pocket to open the door. It seemed to take me forever to get the door open. We now fumbled our way into our room and I got the door closed with my foot.

Right after the door closed, I heard a very deep animal growl coming from Wendy. She then ripped my zipper down and grabbed my hard throbbing cock from my pants. I fished my hand up under her dress and forcefully shoved two fingers into her sopping wet pussy. Wendy kept shoving me towards the bed and I pulled her along with me by her cunt, until I felt the foot of the bed against the back of my legs. She then gave me a big shove and I fell onto the bed staring at a crazed wild woman. I heard her roar and she scampered up onto the bed to resume our kissing. I felt her straddle my hips, her full breasts pressing into my chest. I pulled her dress up over her ass so that I shove my fingers back into her pussy. Just as I got her dress pulled up, I felt her grab my cock and thrust her hips forward. As my overly sensitive cock head ran into the folds of her pussy lips, Wendy forced my cock to follow the folds until she felt my cock head enter the entrance to her womb. I then died with pleasure.

I felt my cock being enclosed by a tight warm velvety wall of virgin flesh. Her growl now turned into moans of pleasure as she continued lowering herself further and further down my long thick cock. I thought for sure she would need to take it slower but she was consumed by her passion. She kept pressing her body into mine until she could go no further; my cock was now completely buried deep in her pussy. Our pubic hair now kissing as tightly as our mouths. She wiggled her hips to see if she could get any more of my cock into her before she said, "Oh my God, oh my God, this is great." Now she started to slowly raise herself off my cock, I felt my cock withdrawing from her very wet pussy, leaving a wet trail of pussy juice on the shaft of my cock. Just before our joining was completely separated she reversed course and started impaling herself on my cock.

Consumed with lust, I could hold back no longer, so I grabbed her hips and pulled her down onto my cock. When my cock could go no deeper, she broke our passionate kiss and sat up with my cock going even deeper into her womb. Staring deep into my eyes, she unzipped her dress, took it off, and threw it across the room. Not to be outdone, I unbuttoned my shirt and wriggled out of it. We both worked together and got my pants off. Somewhere I lost my shoes and socks, so now we were both nude. While we were both undressing, she had continued raising and lowering her hips making my cock go in and out of her pussy. She ground her hips into my crotch every time our pubic mounds connected.

She became more aggressive with her bouncing up and down after we had finished undressing. Trying to slow down my upcoming orgasm, I concentrated on burning an image of Wendy into my mind, hoping to

remember this moment forever. I watched Wendy leaning over me with her massive breasts swaying with every movement she was making. She was glistening with a fine coating of perspiration covering her body. The passion of the moment was written on her angelic face. It was too much, just too much stimulus.

I grunted deeply, "Oooohh, I'm comingggggg." My cock exploded in Wendy's pussy, sending ropes of sperm deep into Wendy's womb, coating her cervix. When Wendy felt my cock exploding in her, she became a wild woman, growling, hunching me more aggressively, and rubbing her clitoris with wild abandon. Her stomach started rippling with the beginning of her pleasure, then she started bouncing up and down really hard trying to get my spewing cock deeper into her. It was now her turn to release her built up passion and she came hard.

With her eyes shut tightly and her mouth open grasping for air, she shook her head from side to side, her hair flaring out. Her breasts swayed around in circles, due to the simultaneous up and down motion of her bouncing and the right to left motion of her shaking. Her stomach contracted and her cunt walls milked my cock. All this was caused by her intense orgasm. It was wonderful to be an instrument of change for this now complete woman. After several seconds she grunted, "Oh God" and fell forward resting on my chest. As my orgasm continued to subside inside her, I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her forehead. It felt wonderful lying there together with her breasts crushed into my chest, my cock softening up inside her and our love juices flowing down my ass crack. We both fell asleep like that, due to the stress of the day and the continuously intense foreplay session.

Saturday

3:00 am

I awoke around 3am due to the call of nature. It took me several seconds to remember where I was and then I quickly glanced over to see a beautiful Wendy lying beside me soundly sleeping. Not wishing to disturb her, I gently crawled out of bed and proceeded to the bathroom. As normal with my evening constitutionals, I had to wait for my erection to subside a bit. After finishing and shaking out the remaining urine drips, I headed back to bed. As I approached foot of the bed, the moon shone through the window highlighting the angel in bed. Looking at her nude body laying there, brought memories of a few hours ago flooding back. At this point my brain transferred control of the helm to my cock. As the blood flooded back into my cock, I could do nothing but start crawling up the bed toward my sleeping target. The closer I got to my target, the stronger my missile throbbed, and the less control I had.

I gently parted Wendy's thighs as I adjusted her on the bed. The alarm bells in my head signaled target acquired as my eyes honed in on Wendy's cunt. I continued my stealthy advance until my torpedo was lined up with its objective. I then slowly entered the main objective and then backed out. Ever so gently I continued my attack, gaining a little ground, and then retreating, always stopping short of a complete withdrawal. I now noticed Wendy's arousal, her breathing was heavier and I could see her nipples becoming erect. I continued my attack and with each stroke I was going deeper and deeper. Then I heard a moan, and Wendy opened her eyes to see her attacker. She smiled and I smiled back as I plowed deeper into her hot flesh.

"Do you mind?"

"Mind want?" she replied coyly.

“Mind me using you to get rid of my erection,” I grunted.

“Oh, is that what you're doing? For a second I thought I was getting fucked,” and then she threw her arms and legs around me pulling us closer together.

I took that as an affirmative sign and I increased my attack with deep full strokes. She responded with moaning and pelvic thrusts. We fondled and kissed without missing a stroke as I increased the tempo. Wendy's cunt was extremely tight and her cunt walls kept sucking the life out of my cock. Our pubic bones crashing together as I approached my objective. All of a sudden I thrust forward with a deep grunt, grinding our pubic bones together and my missile exploded depositing my payload deeply into my target.

After I had finished my multiple deposits, I gently withdrew my spent weapon from its sheath, and after I kissed Wendy commented, “Thank you love, I needed that.”

Rolling over to cuddle she replied, “Anytime, lover, and I mean anytime.”

We both fell asleep holding each other again.

Morning After

Wendy's deep sighing woke me up the next morning. I opened my eyes to a vision of beautiful lust lying on her side. Sparkling blue eyes staring at me, luscious red lips quivering with anticipation, chest rising and falling with deep breaths causing breasts with ridged nipples to gently shake. Everything alluded lust from this woman staring deeply in my now open eyes.

“Good morning, lover,” Wendy said.

I responded. “Good morning back to you, lover. What time is it?”

She looked over my shoulder at the clock and replied, “6:45.”

“How long have you been awake?”

“About thirty minutes,” she smiled, “I had to go to the bathroom and then couldn't get back to sleep thinking about last night.” She then sat up lotus style on the bed, allowing petals of her cunt to bloom in the sunlight. She then asked, “What's next?”

I answered, “Well I also need to use the restroom.” I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I heard Wendy follow me to the toilet. The mirror reflected Wendy's image watching me while I was preparing to urinate. I winked at her reflection and then closed my eyes to concentrate on my bladder. After I started to pee in the toilet, I reopened my eyes to see that Wendy was now standing right beside me. She was staring at the urine coming out of my penis flowing into the toilet. After making a show of shaking my penis for her, I then brushed my teeth and drank some water.

I then turned to her and asked, “Did you enjoy the show?”

She said, “Most definitely.” She then tried to kiss me. Just before our lips touched, I put a finger on her lips and backed off. Puzzled she looked at me with a worried look in her eyes. I then handed her, her tooth brush. She grinned and giggled before taking it. It was now my turn to watch as she brushed her teeth. After she was finished, we kissed each other. I then gently slapped her ass and said, “To bed.”

When we arrived at the bed I started folding the sheet down to the foot of the bed, Wendy took notice and helped fold the sheet from her side. We both then got on the bed and cuddled each other chest to chest. We started kissing and then started fondling each other's butt.

After a few minutes Wendy asked, "Can we do it again, now?"

With a giggle, I grinned and said, "Patience, Grasshopper. If you care to notice, I am not quite ready."

Wendy pushed back a bit, took a look between us, and then noticed that my cock was just starting to grow. She looked into my eyes and seriously asked, "Can I do something to help it along?"

I chuckled back, "The 'it' you are talking about is me, and my cock grows when I get excited. Are you ready to have sex all the time? No, women take more time to get ready than a man does. In this case you have been thinking about 'sex' for forty-five minutes, me five minutes, now we need to work together to get us both ready to have 'sex'. By the way, this beginning part is called foreplay. Now before we both fall asleep from boredom, let us get back to what we were doing."

So I resumed my kissing of Wendy's beautiful mouth, we also resumed playing grab ass. Shortly I started working on her breasts, cupping, rubbing, tweaking, licking, and sucking. She was now moaning in passion, while really playing with my butt. I slowly caught one of her hands and helped place it on my growing cock. Her moaning stopped and hand froze like she had just touched a snake. But after a short pause, her moaning got louder and she started playing with my cock. She then gently cupped my ball sack with her other hand. Then both of her hands started working together gently playing with my cock and balls, feeling the effect she was having on my cock and me.

Not to be left behind, one of my hands had found the lips of her wet pussy and started stroking them. She groaned into my mouth with the pleasure my hand was giving her. I quickly inserted and removed two of my fingers into very wet pussy. She bucked her hips forward, trying to find the missing digits, but groaned in disappointment in not finding them close.

I asked Wendy, "Love, roll over and face the other way." She did I asked and I scooted over to rest my chest against her back. I started kissing the back of her neck and continued playing with her breasts. She tried reaching for my cock with her hand but ended up hunching my cock with her ass crack. I then felt her pussy and then asked, "Love, raise your leg." In response she raised her leg and I made my move. I arranged myself and placed the tip of my cock into the entrance of Wendy's hot pussy.

I heard her sigh when she felt my cock enter her pussy. I slowly started fucking her, allowing more and more of my cock to bury itself in that tight cavern of pleasure. Still kissing her neck and fondling those magnificent breasts, I sped up my thrusting, in, out, in, out, faster, and faster. I felt Wendy's fingers feeling my cock and reaching for my sack of balls. We were now at full steam, working together for each others pleasure. Wendy was rubbing both my cock and balls and her clit, I was hammering into her pussy stopped only by my pubic bone grinding into her ass cheeks. When I stopped and pulled my cock out of her, she started to whine, but before she could say anything, I replied, "Okay, love, against the wall."

She looked at me questioningly, but I helped her out of bed and positioned her ass against the hotel room wall. I had selected this particular wall due to the mirror on the opposite wall. Then I bent my knees and got my cock positioned into the entrance of her pussy and started shoving upwards and

inwards. She squealed with joy, wrapped her arms around my neck to steady her, and then noticed the view in the mirror behind me. So while I continued thrusting my hard cock into her soppy pussy, Wendy was watching everything in the mirror. After a few well placed thrusts, Wendy wrapped her legs around my hips, and I held on to her thighs. I continued using the wall as a bed for several more deep strokes, then with my cock buried deep in her pussy; I turned to carry Wendy back to the bed.

As I turned to deposit her on the bed, I glanced at our reflection in the mirror. There was one hot picture of lust. Me with my cock deeply buried into an 18-year-old's cunt. She was holding on to me with her legs and arms, trying to get more of that hard cock into her. Me holding her up with my hands on her ass cheeks, spreading them apart enough to see her ass hole winking at me. Both of us covered in a thin coating of sweat.

I then gently placed her on the bed saying, "On you hands and knees, love." Wendy scrambled into position. I swatted her butt and pointed to the head of the bed. She got the point and quickly crawled forward, allowing me room at the foot of the bed. I then pushed her shoulders down and again positioned my cock into the wet entrance of her pussy. I then released my cock, grabbed her shoulders, and slowly sank my cock into her pussy in one slow continuous stroke. After my cock could go no farther, I restarted ramming my cock back and forth trying to shove my cock into her womb. Wendy had raised her face off of the bed and was on her hands continuously moaning with pleasure. Reaching under Wendy I started rubbing her clit. I could feel her passion building; her breath was becoming more rapid, her stomach muscles tightening. I too was getting very close to dumping my load deep into her cunt. Then I pulled out and in a demanding voice said, "On your back."

Wendy screamed in displeasure, but she flipped over, lying on her back. "Spread your legs wide," I demanded. She then spread her legs wide. As I was diving for her clit, I quickly noticed how red and puffy her cunt looked, she was very close. I then attacked her clit with my tongue, no need to go slow, she and I were both ready. In about thirty seconds, Wendy had her orgasm. She shook all over and pushed her crotch into my face. I licked my way through her orgasm. Slowly I cleaned up her cunt with my tongue and started kissing her thighs.

I slowly returned back to her clit and very carefully continued my oral ministrations. She resumed quaking as the pleasure of my oral attack returned. While I worked on her clit, one of my hands found its way to her beautiful breasts and started attacking them. The other hand dropped under my chin and two fingers dug their way into her wet hot cavern of love, soon a third one joined the other two inside her cunt. Now she went wild, her fingernails dug into my head trying to force my face deeper into her. The heels of her feet kicked the back of my shoulders, and she started yelling, "Oh God, oh God, oooooohhhhhh." For the second time in five minutes, she came, and from her reaction this one was stronger than the previous orgasm. After she peaked, I slowed my attacks down, to a loving caress.

Right after Wendy's orgasm subsided; I quickly crawled up and sunk my hard cock into Wendy. I was not gentle about it because I was hornier than hell. I then started hammering her pubic bone with mine. Again Wendy responded to my attack, she pulled my face to hers and started kissing, finding my face, lips, and mouth coated with her sex secretions. She then wrapped her arms and legs around me locking our sexual union. Her fingernails really started to dig into my back, so I grabbed one of her hands and guided it between our pubic bones. With some forceful guidance, I finally felt her hand start rubbing her clit. I was very, very, close to my release.

All of a sudden Wendy thrust her crotch into mine trapping her hand between us, her belly contracted, her mouth opened as she silently screamed in pleasure, and then her cunt started squeezing my cock. That did it, I deeply grunted and I sprayed my cum deep into her. We held each other tightly both enjoying the remainder of our mutual orgasm. I collapsed on Wendy and then gently rolled over keeping us joined together so we could face each other. We cuddled for several minutes while gently kissing and stroking each other.

Shortly my cock fell out of Wendy's pussy followed by a trail of sperm. I kissed her forehead and said, "Let's get something to eat." Hopping out of bed, I found and put on some clothes. But dear Wendy, she moved very slowly and walked bow legged to the bathroom. I heard her wiping herself, trying to clean up a bit. She returned and selected some clothes to wear. I sat down and watched my beauty put on her clothing. She first put on a sexy pair on yellow panties, and then she clipped on the matching yellow bra and arranged her breasts in the cups. She then wore a sleeveless shirt and shimmed into a pair of jean shorts. She quickly combed her silky golden hair, and put on tennis shoes.

She turned; putting her hands on her hips, gave me a grin, and asked, "Did you enjoy the show?"

I said laughing, "Most definitely." Kissed her and then led her to the dining room.

Breakfast

They were serving a breakfast buffet, so we were able to eat right away. We selected a private booth away from all listeners so we could talk without concern. We enjoyed our meal together, joking, eating, and talking about events in our lives. We seemed to skirt around the events that occurred between us over the last day. Just before we finished our breakfast, holding her hands with mine, I looked into Wendy's blue eyes and said, "Wendy, lover, I have another gift for you." I then gave her another wrapped gift.

She squealed and ripped open the gift; inside she found an anklet that matched her new toe ring. I then took it from box and attached it around her right ankle. We then had a passionate kiss right there in the dining room. Coming up for air we both noticed the waitress standing waiting to see if we needed any thing else. Embarrassed I mumbled, "No, thanks," paid her, left, and went back to the hotel room with Wendy in tow.

Quick Shower

It was about 8:30 in the morning and I knew it was a four hour trip to Branson. But I needed a quick shower, I said, "Wendy, honey, I need a quick shower. How about you?"

"Yes, I could use one too."

"Okay, let's get a quick one together. It will save some time. Meet you in the shower," I told her.

I quickly started the shower and took off my clothes. Then I got in the shower and started cleaning myself. After removing her clothes Wendy joined me in the shower. We started working together getting each other clean. She washed my back and ass and then I did her, working a little longer on her ass then needed. We then faced each other and I washed her front, really enjoying those breasts more than I should. I then dropped onto my knees and washed her legs and thighs. I then parted her legs and licked her pussy and clit a few times before raising up and cleaned her crotch, really well. She then took over, washed my chest, and then cleaned my balls and cock, and then she too dropped to her knees and

cleaned my legs and thighs. She then licked my cock a few times before she started sucking on it with her mouth. She did this about a minute until she rose up on her tiptoes, placed my cock downward at the entrance to her pussy, looked at me with her lust filled eyes and huskily said, "Please fuck me, NOW!"

Well I grabbed her ass cheeks, pushed her back against the shower wall, and entered her cunt with my cock. She then wrapped her arms and legs about me to hold on for dear life. As I was making love to that beautiful woman right there in the shower, with the water running down my back and ass cheeks, she whispered into my ear, "Lover, I want you're cum, deep in my pussy." I went into overdrive trying to pound her ass though the shower wall, only to be stopped by our crushed crotches. Suddenly I filled her up with my cum, ejaculating deep into that heavenly tunnel. I continued rutting into her crotch for a couple more deposits and then I slowly uncoupled us.

I reached out to caress her clit and she slapped my hand away saying, "No, later lover. I'm a bit sore, let me recuperate." Then she kissed me, washed both of our crotches, and pushed me out of the shower. We then toweled off and got dressed without being side-tracked too much. Wendy had to spend a few more minutes drying her long hair and putting some makeup on. I, in the mean time packed up and collected our luggage. While we were getting ready to leave, Wendy would rush to the bathroom and about thirty seconds later come back and continue what she was doing.

She did this a number of times before my curiosity finally got the better part of me and I went to see what was wrong. She had her shorts and panties down around her ankles wiping her crotch. As she was pulling her yellow panties up her hips, I asked, "Something wrong?"

With a look of surprise on her face she looked at me and said, "Your sperm is seeping out and it's stained my panties. See?" With that, she thrust her hips forward to show me. I noticed the wet stain in her panties. She continued, "I keep coming in here to clean myself before it seeps though my shorts." At that I chuckled, grabbed some toilet paper, folded it into a pad, reached into her panties, and placed the pad over her pussy. I then adjusted her panties to keep the pad in place and walked away.

Branson Bound

We finished getting ready for the trip and left the hotel. During the trip to Branson we talked about everything, nothing was sacred between us. She talked about her life, her family, her boyfriends, just about everything. We talked about how I learned about sex, my first sexual experience, my prior sexual conquests, anything. About half-way to Branson, we stopped for gas and a break. Wendy disappeared to the ladies room and shortly joined me in the store to select her drink. We then continued our trip.

After we had gone about fifteen miles down the road. Wendy turned to me and with an evil look raised her shirt over her breasts and shook her chest. At the stop she had removed her bra and there in the front seat where those two gorgeous mounds shaking in front of me. I nearly ran off the road staring at those breasts and the hard nipples on top of them. As I swerved to get back on the road, she started laughing hysterically. Gaining control I took another look at her. Wendy still had her shirt up over her tits, but was now in the process of getting her shorts off.

After she had removed her shorts, she sat there grinning, and starting playing with her tits. Oh how I wanted to stop and help her, but sneaking glances at her was making me just as hot if not hotter. We continued down the highway and shortly she started rubbing her pussy through her panties. Anytime a

car passed she would pull her shirt down just enough to barely cover her breasts. And as soon as they passed she would uncover her tits and start fondling herself again.

Wendy then looked at me and said, "Can we stop, so we can fuck. Talking about sex has gotten me so horny."

"Go lay down in the back," I told her. Wendy did as I commanded. I followed her progress with the rear view mirror, closely following that perfect panty covered ass. Just before she lay down in the back, I said, "Go ahead and take off the rest of your clothes." Again she did as I asked and removed her shirt and panties.

"Wendy, in the front top pocket of my suitcase, you will find a box about 8 inches by 2 inches around. Go ahead and get it out." Naked in the back of a moving van, Wendy struggled on her hands and knees to find the described box. I enjoyed watching her struggles in the mirror. I especially enjoyed watching her hanging breasts shake with the movement of the van.

She held up the box and asked, "It this it?"

I replied, "Yes, that's it. Now lie down and get comfortable."

She arranged herself on the van floor and then looking at the eyes watching her in the mirror asked, "What now?"

"Open the box," I told her.

She opened it up and removed a Jack Rabbit Vibrator. She was puzzled and closely examined it. She looked at me with her puzzled expression. Watching in the mirror I said, "Press one of the buttons. See what it does." She then pressed a button, the vibrator started buzzing. Then she pressed another, it started to slowly rotate. Then her expression changed to one of understanding. She immediately spread her legs and placed the tip of the vibrator into her tunnel of love.

She started the slow process of swallowing the vibrator with her pussy. In and out, in and out, she allowed the vibrator to go farther each time. With her other hand she tweaked her nipples. Soon she had the whole vibrator inside her cunt. Her movements got faster and faster, she kept trying the different buttons on the vibrator until she found the right setting. She was not caring where she was. She was not caring who might be watching. All she cared about was the pleasure between her legs.

The closer we got to Branson the closer she got to her orgasm. She spread her thighs as far as she could. She accidentally hit the button that made the vibrator massage her clit. She went ballistic, shaking and cumming while I was driving the van, watching her masturbation in the mirror. She kept pounding the vibrator in her pussy until she could take no more. She then quickly took it out of her vagina, struggled to turn it off, and then fell asleep on the van floor.

About fifteen miles away from Branson, I yelled to Wendy, "Sleepy head get dressed." She opened one eye to look at me. I told her, "We're outside of Branson. So unless you want to arrive at the hotel nude, I would suggest you get your clothes on." Then I threw her shorts back to her.

Wendy struggled to find her clothes and get back into them. Just before we arrived at Branson, she came up front and got into the passenger seat. She looked a little disheveled but she was presentable. I asked, "Did that get the itch out of your crotch?"

“For the moment, love. But I prefer the real thing,” and she reached over, squeezed my cock, and gave me a quick kiss. We got a quick lunch at McDonald’s and then went to the hotel. As we were unloading the luggage from the van I noticed something on the van floor. Pointing to the vibrator I said, “You forgot your friend.” Wendy scrambled to collect it while turning four shades of red. She then gave me an un-amused look while stuffing it into my suitcase. I started laughing and then kissed her pouting lips. Holding hands we then headed inside to check in.

Branson Check In

During the hotel check-in Wendy and I acted like a pair of newlyweds. We couldn’t keep our hands and lips off each other. I was waiting for someone to yell, “Hey, get a room.” Well, we did.

Again hand-in-hand, we went to our room with our luggage in tow. The room was a typical hotel room unlike the honeymoon suite of the last evening. After we entered the room we let go of our bags and resumed fondling and kissing. After some heavy necking, I tore myself away from that goddess and said, “Let’s check out the pool. Go get your swimsuit on.” With a wink, I playfully swatted her butt to get her moving. We retrieved our swimsuits from our respective bags. I went ahead and changed right there in the room. Wendy also removed her clothes in the room but needed to pee so she took her swimsuit to the bathroom.

As I was unpacking our luggage, Wendy shouted out in frustration, “Al, I need a different suit. Where can we get another one?” I turned to see what was wrong, and there standing outside of the bathroom door was Wendy in a hot pink monokini swimsuit. I could see nothing wrong with it other than giving every man in the world a hardon when they saw her in it.

I squeaked out a response, “What wrong with it?” still staring at her in that skimpy one piece.

She pointed and rubbed her pubic mound saying, “You can see a bump right here. My pubic hair pushes the suit out from my tummy,” and she swung her hips from side to side showing me both of her profiles.

“I think it’s fine. You look beautiful in that suit.”

Taking another look, Wendy asked, “Do you really think so?” Then she looked at me and said, “I think we need to find another one.”

“Well Wendy, we really don’t have time to find another suit. It’s fine, no one will notice.”

Putting her hands on her hips, she sternly looked at me and said, “Everyone will see my pussy hair.”

“Okay, I have an idea. Why don’t we shave all the hair off your pussy? Then you can try on the swimsuit and see how it looks. If you still have a problem with the way it looks, we can go find another. Okay?”

She thought about that a second and then said, “Okay, let’s try it.”

“Then strip and lay on the bed, so I can shave you.”

Before she could change her mind, I hurried and collected what I needed. Working as fast as I safely could, I removed all of her beautiful pubic hair. I made very sure that no hair was left on her pubic mound, cunt lips, and around her clit. At times I had stick my fingers into her cunt, to help me keep my strokes steady. After the first time I needed more and more help to keep myself steady. And it seemed her cunt kept getting wetter and wetter every time.

I finished shaving her crotch and using a towel I cleaned her up. Just to be sure that everything was real clean, I dropped to my knees and tongued her cunt. I tested my work by licking from her asshole up over the cunt lips finishing my test at her clit. I did this a couple more times and then tested my work further by sticking my tongue and then fingers deep into her cunt. After a few minutes I forced myself to stop. I really wanted to make love to her again, but I knew we must pace ourselves for the remainder of the day. So I stood up and said, "I'm done. Check and see if the suit fits better," and I plopped into a chair to relax.

Groaning in frustration, Wendy slowly got off the bed and put on her swimsuit. She stood in front of the full length mirror on the wall and checked out the results of my task. She then turned to me and gave me a great big smile. Wendy then skipped over to where I sat, plopped into my lap, and gave me a big kiss. She said, "It looks fine. See?" She then hopped off of my lap and shoved her suit covered crotch in my face so that I could see the results.

I nearly died; right in front of me was her beautiful "camel toe". I want to grab her waist and rub that "camel toe" all over my lips, but instead I got up and squeaked, "Well can we go?"

Happy with her new look, Wendy grabbed my hand and led me out the door.

Water Sports

We went to the hotel swimming pool, but found it too crowded to enjoy. Wanting to see others reaction to Wendy in her swimsuit, I suggested, "Love, let's go rent a boat for a couple of hours."

She squealed with joy, "Yes." So we got in the van and drove to the marina.

Being Memorial Day weekend, the marina was busy but they still had some boats to rent. After all the paperwork was completed they directed us to our boat. We were met by a high school boy whose job was to make sure I knew how to handle the boat. As he explained and showed me what I needed to know he kept looking at Wendy whom was sitting in the bow of the boat. I too had a hard time paying attention to what the young man was saying because Wendy was putting on a great show.

She had her head tilted back which forced her breasts to thrust forward. Her nipples were hard and could be seen though swimsuit. She had her thighs more parted then needed; she was showing both of us her "camel toe." She seemed to be having fun making us both horny. As he finished showing me the boat, he told me he had to do a quick inspection. He quickly opened the various boat compartments in the stern, and moved forward. He then slowly inspected all of the compartments, a real look at the anchor rope and anything else he could find to inspect. He then reluctantly untied the boat to let us leave. As we were leaving the dock, I determined that he had done a very thorough job of inspecting Wendy since he was having trouble hiding his erection.

I steered the boat out to the middle of the lake and throttled it to maximum. The slipstream caused Wendy to move back to the seat beside me. She kept rising out of her seat, to get her head over the windshield, so that the wind could blow in her face. Her golden hair billowed behind her in the wind. I yelled to her, "Do you want to steer?"

She nodded her head, at which I patted my leg with my hand. She got the point and came over and sat in my lap. I removed my hands from the steering wheel and let her take over. She was now sitting high

enough so that the windshield did not block the wind; this allowed the wind to blow continuously in her face and hair.

I started nuzzling and kissing her neck. Every so often she would turn her head and we would kiss each other. Shortly I started fondling her. I started with her flat stomach but shortly moved up to her breasts. Then I continued to rubbing and tweaking her nipples. All this time her swimsuit was between my hands and her skin.

Making sure no one could see, I reached behind Wendy's neck and untied her halter string. Down came the top of Wendy's swimsuit and out came Wendy's tits. She turned to me grinning and gave me a kiss with a lot of tongue. When she broke the kiss she had to return to her steering. I continued to fondle her some more and now included her covered pussy. I now had a raging hard on. So I adjusted it by taking it out of my shorts.

Wendy looked down to see what I was doing and grinned. Quickly she rose up a bit and let go of the steering wheel. With one hand she grabbed my cock and with the other moved the crotch of her suit to the side. Now she sat down, stuffing my cock into her cunt in one swift movement. She then started kissing me while she steered the boat.

After a real long kiss during which her cunt was squeezing my cock, she turned back around to watch where we were going. I decided to do my own steering and grabbed her tits. We had fun out there in the middle on the lake. Me steering the boat using Wendy's tits. Tweak the left nipple and boat goes left. Tweak the right nip and the boat goes right. Wendy was having fun with my cock stuffed up her pussy. She found out when the boat hit some big waves, my cock would fuck her pussy. We continued playing around when suddenly I flicked her clit and she started shaking. She leaned her head back onto my shoulder and started rubbing her clit, hard, with her hand.

She was having an orgasm while riding my cock in the middle of the lake. I grabbed the wheel while I kept fondling her breasts. Her strong orgasm continued, as we bounced over another set of waves. Shortly her orgasm subsided and she stopped her masturbation. She just lay in my arms with my cock still stuffed in her cunt. Shortly she raised her head from my shoulder and commented, "Fuck that was good."

"Do you want to take a swim now?" I asked her.

"Okay."

"Well get dressed and I'll find us a place," I told her.

With care she stood up letting my cock pop out of her cunt. She straightened the crotch of her suit over her pussy and tied her top back up. I replaced my cock back into my suit and started slowing the boat looking for a place to swim.

I found a remote spot and dropped both the anchor and ladder over the side of the boat. I then jumped off the boat into the lake. Wendy jumped in right after I did. We swam around and talked about how much fun we were having together. Shortly I swam over to Wendy and gave her a big kiss. Once the kiss was over, I swam away from her and yelled, "Tag! You're It." She quickly caught up to me, tugged me underwater and kissed me when I came back to the surface. We continued our game of tag, getting more and more physical each time. One time I lost my shorts. I tagged her back by untying her top and

grabbing a tit. She then tagged me by grabbing my cock and stuffing my face into her cleavage. I then caught her and stuffed two fingers in her cunt while I kissed her. The game of tag ended and a different one started.

While still in the water, we continued to kiss. Wendy now was stroking my cock under the water, while I was pumping my fingers in her cunt. I broke our kiss for the moment to suck on her breast. I had to go under the surface of the water to get to it. When I came back up we resumed our kiss. I somehow maneuvered my cock into the entrance of her pussy, but it kept slipping away. Wendy in frustration said, "Let's make love in the boat." So I reluctantly let go and followed her back to the boat.

She climbed up the ladder, not caring that she was nude from the waist up. I enjoyed the view looking up from the water. I then climbed into the boat. With lust in her eyes, Wendy tugged my shorts off and pointed to the floor of the boat. I then laid down and looked into Wendy's blue eyes. She slowly peeled off her pink swimsuit almost doing a striptease. She slowly reveled her freshly shaved cunt. As the swimsuit slid down her muscular legs to splat on the floor of the boat. She looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Being shaved has made me so horny." and she rubbed her crotch with her hands, she finished by spreading the lips of her cunt open for me to see her wet inner cunt walls. She then proceeded to mount my cock.

I let her take control of our coupling. She slowly rocked her hips back and forth causing my cock to stroke in and out of her cunt. When she was sitting up I fondled her tits and played with her nipples. When she was laying down on my chest kissing me I was fondling her ass cheeks. She increased the tempo of her rocking while looking deeply in my eyes. Then I suddenly came, shooting my sperm into her pussy, grunting with my release. She slowed her tempo down until her grinding came to a stop and laid herself on my chest. We held each onto each other there in the bottom of the boat until my cock dropped out of her pussy.

Wendy rolled off of me and put her swimsuit back on while sitting on the floor of the boat. I slowly did the same. When we were ready I helped Wendy up and maneuvered the boat back to the marina. The young man from earlier was there waiting for our return. He tied the boat up to the dock and helped Wendy out of the boat. I thought I noticed a wet stain in the front of his trousers. Right then he looked at Wendy's crotch, starred for a moment, eyes getting bigger, and then he quickly ran away.

Wendy turned around and asked me, "What's wrong with him?"

I also took a look at her crotch and started to giggle. I then found a towel and wrapped it around her slim waist. Whispering in the ear, "My cum is pouring out of your pussy. There is very slimy stain on your crotch and it is running down your thighs." Red faced, she waddled back to the van.

Back at the Room

On the way back to the hotel she cleaned her crotch as best as she could. Still using the towel to cover herself, we walked back to the room. As we entered the room Wendy stated, "I need a shower before we eat," and she headed to the bathroom.

"Love, before your shower, I need to do something. Go ahead and take off that wet suit, and then we'll talk." She hurried up and did what I asked. When she returned from hanging her wet swimsuit in the bathroom, I covered my naked woman with a bathrobe to keep her warm. I was still in my trunks.

We sat down on the bed together holding hands, I then said, "Today has been real fun. Most of it was unplanned. Well I have plans for tonight. Just remember what I told you last night. If you don't want to do something just say so. Okay?"

Wendy nodded her head and said, "Yes, I understand."

"Just remember this, my present plan calls for no orgasms until after dinner. My job, just like last night, is to get us both hot as hell. Okay?"

"Yes."

"Now, do you know what an enema is?"

Wendy, gulped and said, "Yes, I had one when I was little."

"Okay, well I am going to give you one now and then we will shower together. Ready?"

"Yes, let's do this."

With that answer from her, I led her to the bathroom. I laid some towels out on the bathroom floor and told her, "Take off your robe and lay face down on the towels. I'll be right back." I left to collect the items I would need and hurried back to my Wendy. I put on some soothing music and lit some candles, while turning off the bathroom lights.

There she was naked lying as I told her to do. I filled up the enema bag with warm water and hung it on the towel rack. I applied lube to the enema nozzle and carefully applied lube to Wendy's anus. I whispered to Wendy, "Love, just relax, just relax." I gently rubbed her back.

"I am now going to insert the nozzle in your anus, so just relax." I then gently inserted the nozzle in her anus. I waited several seconds and then said, "Now I am going to release the water. Let me know when to stop." I released the water but to help reduce her discomfort I controlled the flow. As I allowed the water to fill her bowels, I gently massaged her shoulders and lower back, and whispered words of encouragement. She asked me to stop a few times but then allowed me to continue. Soon the bag was empty and she was full. I removed the nozzle and allowed her to lie there about ten minutes.

"Wendy, time for you to go to the toilet." At this I helped her over to the toilet. Just as she sat down she released the fluid from deep in her bowels. Over the next few minutes I held and hugged her, flushing the toilet a number of times. After she had vacated all of the fluid, I said, "One more time."

As I was getting the enema ready for a repeat round, she laid down on her stomach. I then re-inserted the nozzle in her anus. "Wendy, please roll over onto your back." She rolled over onto her back, while I made sure the nozzle stayed buried in her ass. Once she was ready, I released the water. I gently massaged her front while the water slowly re-filled her bowels. I concentrated on her stomach helping move the water further into her bowels. Once the enema was empty, I refilled it, and continued filling Wendy's bowels. Kissing her passionately I fondled her tits, stomach, and clitoris. She was almost continuously moaning, sometimes it was in passion and other times in pain from the cramps. The second bag was now empty. I carefully removed the enema nozzle from my reclined angel.

I sat back and admired the view before me. There before me on the hotel bathroom floor was a naked 18-year-old woman whose normally flat stomach was now distended with water. The nipples on those

fantastic breasts were hard and sticking up. The muscular thighs were parted showing off a bald wet pussy with a rigid clitoris standing up at attention. Oh, how I just wanted to fuck her right there, right now, but my time was short and I did not want to clean up the mess when she released her bowels.

After about ten minutes I said, "Wendy, toilet time again, then we'll give you a shower." I again helped Wendy over to the toilet, and cuddled with her as she evacuated the water in her bowels. Whenever she and I kissed I flushed the toilet to remove the waste. Once she was finished emptying all of the water, I helped her into the shower after removing my swim trunks.

I washed her silky blond hair twice, and then I washed her shoulders, back, and lower back. I scrubbed her ass cheeks and gently cleaned the butt crack and asshole. I dropped to my knees and cleaned the back of her thighs and legs. I then turned her around and washed her neck and arms. Then I cleaned her chest and breasts. Now I cleaned her stomach. Her crotch was cleaned next. Then I did the front of her legs. I then handed her a shaver and told her, "I need to get something. Go ahead and shave your armpits, legs, and anything else." Dripping wet, I left her to get what I needed.

Reentering the shower I noticed Wendy had finished shaving her armpits and legs, she was now re-shaving her crotch. I just waited and watched her finish shaving herself. She said, "I'm done, what's next?" I then held up a butt plug.

"What's that?" she asked.

Grinning I said, "It's a butt plug, love."

"What's it for?"

"Why your beautiful butt, dear, now turn around and bend over," I told her.

Hesitantly she did as I asked. After she was ready, I spread her ass cheeks and slowly inserted the butt plug into her ass. I took it slowly; I pushed it in about an inch then let it slip out a half inch. I did this about twelve times before the taper at the end of the plug made the rest of it pop into her butt, where it stayed.

"Wendy, it's in, you can stand up."

She stood up and, in a bit of discomfort, turned around, "You can finish rising, I'll help towel you off." I said and got out of the shower and waited for her. She finished up, turned the shower off, and climbed out of the shower. As I was towelng her off, she said, "It feels weird in my ass."

I told her, "You'll get used to it. And with you wearing it, I'll stay real horny." I then grabbed her and gave her a very passionate kiss. As we were kissing I started rubbing up and down her pussy lips. I then rubbed her clit a couple of times and sunk two fingers deep into her cunt. I then stopped and looked into her eyes saying, "Dry your hair and meet me in the bedroom. We need to get dressed for dinner."

I left her to finish up in the bathroom and started getting myself ready for dinner. Shortly Wendy came waddling into the bedroom asking, "What's next?"

"Putting on panties. But before, put these *Ben Wa* balls inside your vagina." She gave me a real puzzled look at me and the balls in my hand.

"What?"

"These are called *Ben Wa* balls, inside each of these balls is a smaller ball. As you walk the balls are suppose to keep you horny."

Wendy gingerly took the balls from my hand, looked over them carefully. Then she spread her legs and slowly stuffed the balls into her pussy. After she was done, I inserted my finger into her pussy to shove the balls further into her pussy. I then gave her a pair of leather panties to put on. She shimmed into the leather panties and then I adjusted the fit to make sure the butt plug was being forced deeper into her ass by the panties.

"You can put on your make-up." Wendy then spent the next several minutes working on her face. When she was finished, I said, "Go ahead and put on your dress."

She got her dress and then looked at me and asked, "Which bra?"

I grinned in response, "None needed for those babies."

She grinned back and put on her dress. It was a yellow sun dress. The hem of the dress stopped half way down her thighs. Not too short and not too long. After she finished dressing, we worked together to straighten up the bathroom and bedroom. Once we were ready to leave for dinner, I noticed that she was now walking normally, even with the plug in her ass and the balls in her cunt. We left for dinner.

Dinner

Holding hands in the elevator, I pressed a button on a remote I had hidden in my pants pocket.

Wendy squealed and looked at me with panic in her eyes, "It's vibrating." she exclaimed.

"Yes love and this one does too," as I pressed the second button. She squeezed my hand tightly as the balls in her pussy now vibrated, joining the already vibrating butt plug.

Looking at me she said, "You're a bad boy."

"I guess we'll find out how bad I really am." And before anything else was said, the elevator doors opened and I turned off the remotes so I would not have to carry the girl to dinner.

We were seated in a remote booth in the dining room. Due to our busy afternoon we were both very hungry. After finding out what Wendy wanted, I ordered both of our meals along with some wine. As we were waiting for our salads I asked Wendy what she had planned for the future. During our conversation, I kept turning on and off the two vibrators buried in Wendy. Sometimes it would be only the butt plug, other times just the *Ben Wa* balls, and other times both at once. During our talk Wendy had a hard time keeping up her end of the conversation.

I continued playing music with the vibrators in Wendy. Between the salad and the main course, Wendy and I kissed passionately while I snaked a hand up her thigh to her panty covered crotch. Not to be left behind, Wendy was rubbing my cock through my pants. I was getting ready to stuff a finger into her cunt when the waiter spoiled my fun by delivering the main course.

I waited for the right time to spring my next surprise. After a few minutes, as she was lifting her fork to take a bite of shrimp, I sprang my surprise. Her eyes grew real wide with surprise, she dropped her fork onto her plate, and she glared at me saying, "You bastard." She then closed her eyes and started breathing deeply. I turned off all the vibrators and waited.

After a few seconds she re-opened her eyes and said, "Why did you stop? I was so close to coming!"

"That's the idea, get you close but not over," as I continued eating.

She continued glaring at me and said, "The panties vibrate too, don't they?" I pressed the button for the panties in response, causing her moan in pleasure.

I commented, grinning, "You should see the matching bra. There are little vibrators in the tip of the cups."

As she started quivering again, I turned off the vibrator in the panties. I had selected these panties because the vibrator was right over the clitoris. I had adjusted the panties earlier to make sure that it would deliver its maximum effect. I allowed her to calm down and we continued to eat our main course. Once in a while, I played with my musical vibrators, being very careful not to overload my special guest.

During desert I stepped it up a notch, keeping Wendy squirming in the booth. She kept groaning and moaning while waiting for the bill. As soon as I finished paying the bill, the possessed woman grabbed my arm and led me to the lobby. As we walked through the lobby, Wendy set her course towards the elevator, but I changed our course to take us outside.

Once outside Wendy forced us to stop. I looked deeply into her eyes, puzzled she tried to say something but I held my finger over her mouth and said, "Patience, lover," and then I gave her a really passionate kiss. As I did this I rubbed her crotch while it was vibrating. She threw her arms around my shoulders and moaned into my mouth. I turned off the panty vibrator, turned on the other two, and led her down a footpath into the woods. Every hundred feet or so, I would stop and kiss Wendy while fondling some part of her body. One time I held her face while kissing. Another time I would grab her ass and force her to grind her crotch into mine. Each time we finished I would change which vibrators were running.

We stopped beside a picnic table; we again kissed but this time I spun Wendy around to face away from me. I removed my cock from my pants, pulled the back of her dress up, and put my cock under her ass cheeks, letting it rub against her leather panties. I turned all three vibrators on. I then pulled the top of her dress down to expose her breasts, grabbed those firm mounds and pulled her back against my chest. I then let the vibrators do their work while I held on for the ride.

Wendy had nowhere to cum other than standing there in the middle of the path. Her breasts bare to the world, my hands playing with them and tugging on her hard nipples. My crotch pressing against her ass cheeks, with my cock rubbing under her. A butt plug vibrating in her ass, *Ben Wa* balls trying to shake their way out of her pussy, only to be held in by a pair of vibrating leather panties.

She started quivering and moaning, her head shook from side to side. I roughly mauled her breasts and said, "Cum for me lover, cum for me," then kissed her neck.

As her knees buckled, she cried out, "Oh my God." She came very hard, shaking all over. I held her up with my cock between her legs and hands cupping her tits. After several seconds her orgasm started to subside and I turned off the three vibrators. I still held on to her, holding her up. As her orgasm finally finished she was able to stand back up. I then whispered into ear, "Are you ready for round two?" I gently walked her forward pushing her ass cheeks with my crotch, until her legs hit the picnic table. I then turned the vibrators back on.

She moaned deeply again. I forced her to lie down on the table, crushing her breasts into it. She started her second orgasm of the past few minutes. As her orgasm continued I raised her dress over her buttocks. I rubbed her butt cheeks as her orgasm subsided. I turned off the panty vibrator but left the other two running.

I then moved the strap of the panties to one side. I gently removed the butt plug and then quickly placed my cock head into her asshole before it closed. I now turned the panty vibrator back on and started to push my cock into her ass. She screamed, "Oh, oh, what the fuck?" I kept pushing my cock into her ass until my crotch came to rest against her ass. I now reached under her dress and shoved a finger into her cunt pushing the *Ben Wa* balls out of the way.

She started her third orgasm as I started pounding my cock in and out of her ass. I had to remove my finger to hold onto her hips. I rode her through her orgasm and into another before I dumped my seed deep into her bowels. Just as I finished, I turned off all the vibrators. I lay there coupled to Wendy's ass for several minutes. I then stood up allowing my cock to slip out of her asshole. I stumbled over to the picnic table bench and sat down to recover.

Wendy turned her head to face me, smiled, and said, "Damn you're good." After she recovered a bit, she stood up and stumbled over to sit in my lap. We kissed a post-sex kiss, nothing extremely passionate. We cuddled together there on the bench for about ten minutes until we both had recovered sufficiently to walk back to the hotel. I fixed Wendy's dress and gently replaced her breasts into the dress cups. Wendy gently put my cock back into my pants and she zipped me up. I removed her panties and fished out the *Ben Wa* balls. We then slowly walked back to the hotel holding hands.

Back to the Room

We went to the hotel lounge to relax. As we sat together drinking some Coca-Cola, I gave Wendy another wrapped gift. Inside she found a bracelet that matched the other two pieces of jewelry. I placed it on her wrist with a kiss. We then took a couple of rounds on the dance floor. Shortly Wendy asked, "Can we go to our room for the night?" I paid the bill and we went up stairs to our room. We both slowly got ready for bed. I was ready first so I got on the bed and waited for Wendy. She came out of the bathroom, completely naked, ready for bed. She temporarily stood at the end of the bed, looking into my eyes. I looked at the woman standing at the end of my bed. Long gold blond hair hanging down her back. Hard nipples on the ends of breasts made to perfection. Perfect hips. And the most beautifully shaved pussy just winking to me.

I just had to taste her pussy. So I crawled to the end of the bed. Rolled onto my back, letting my head hang over the bed, and grabbed her ass forcing that gorgeous cunt into my waiting mouth. I licked up and down her delicious cunt lips drinking in as much of her nectar as I could. She was now moaning and trying to push more of her crotch into my face. I continued feasting on her delicious pussy until she broke away from me saying, "I want to try something. Move further up on the bed."

After I was positioned the way she wanted, she crawled onto the bed until her pussy was again grinding into my face. I reached up and fondled her breasts. Then she leaned forward until her breasts were rubbing into my stomach. Then I felt her take my cock into her hot mouth. She licked and sucked, while I sucked and licked. We continued our oral assault on each other for several minutes. I knew she was getting close to another orgasm, so I really assaulted her clit. She stopped sucking on my cock, lying her

head on my thigh, kissing the shaft of my cock, and enjoyed her orgasm. I felt her body shaking, her stomach rippled, and her pussy ground into my attacking face.

After her orgasm was finished, she moved her crotch away from me, and said, "Now it's my turn," and she again attacked my cock with her mouth. I could tell that she wanted everything my cock could give her. At times she tried to see how much cock she could swallow, only to be stopped by her gagging. She still licked and sucked between attempts and sometimes stroked me with her hands. She made another deep throat attempt and suddenly I felt my cock slip down her throat. That did it, it was too much. My cock started erupting deep in her throat. Wendy must have felt my orgasm and she pulled the cock head out of her throat into her mouth. Using her mouth she now sucked out the remaining semen from my erupting cock.

She released my cock from her mouth and licking her lips said, "That tastes wonderful." She quickly crawled up and gave my lips a kiss. We arranged ourselves under the sheets and cuddled for a while. We talked about our families and soon the conversation turned to Wendy telling The Double D stories that had been related to her by her mother and aunts. As she told about her mother's experience, I started rubbing her pussy and clit. I continued my manipulations through the rest of her stories until she said, "Please make love to me."

We slowly arranged ourselves into the missionary position. Wendy guided my cock to her waiting pussy. I slowly pushed my cock deeper into her pussy until I could go no further. Then I started the slow retreat from that wet tunnel of pleasure. Wendy and I made slow love that night as we rolled together on that bed.

During one of the times that Wendy was on top, riding that hard cock buried deep inside her, she looked deeply into my eyes, licking her luscious lips, and started rubbing her clit. The rocking of her hips increased as her passion increased. My passion also increased and my hands needed to hold something. So I fondled those beautiful breasts which were just waiting to be touched. Wendy now kicked into overdrive. Her hand rubbed her clit harder and faster, causing her hips to rock faster and faster. Causing me to rock my hips faster and faster. Forcing my cock to go faster and farther into her cunt. All this caused me to attack her tits more aggressively. I came first, shooting my sperm up and into her cunt. I grunted and groaned as I tried to push my cock deep into her belly. When Wendy felt my cock spurt its load into her, she was wracked by her own orgasm. She screamed, "Ooohhhh", as her belly contracted in her pleasure. She shook all over in ecstasy. And then we were done.

She collapsed onto my chest and I lovingly held her. We both fell asleep with my cock still inside her and my sperm oozing out of her pussy.

Sunday

3 AM Feeding

Like the previous night, the call of nature woke me around 3am. I again went to the bathroom and had to wait a bit for my erection to subside before I was able to urinate. When I had finished my business and cleaned up, I went back to bed. As I was headed back to bed, the memories of the last couple of days replayed in my head. This made the blood flow back into my cock, making it impossible to get back to sleep.

“Wendy, love, wake up.” I loudly whispered, as I crawled up the bed, my extremely hard cock swaying back and forth.

“Huh, what?” as she opened her eyes taking notice of the cock slowly advancing toward her.

“It’s time for the three o’clock feeding.” I said grinning.

“Oh yea, go ahead and feed the pussy.” At that she rolled onto her back and spread her thighs.

I quickly stuffed my bottle into the waiting pussy. Wendy and I moaned together in mutual pleasure as I deeply stuffed her pussy. Due to the tightness of the hungry pussy, the feeding didn’t take very long, as the bottle exploded its milk after several hard shakes. I groaned as the thick milk coated the far back throat of the hungry pussy. After I had finished emptying the bottle of milk, I rolled off of the pussy owner, and the bottle made a plopping sound as it exited the mouth of the now full pussy.

“See you at the eight o’clock feeding.” I mumbled to Wendy.

She answered, “Pussy will be hungry.” and rolled toward me. As I rolled towards her, I muttered, “Owe you two more,” and we fell asleep cuddled together.

Wendy Takes Over

I was awakened by the bed being bounced. I opened my eyes to see a naked Wendy bouncing up and down on the bed. When she noticed that I was awake she said, “Good morning sleepy head.”

“What time is it?” I asked.

“It’s eight o’clock.”

“Oh, time for another pussy feeding,” I said as I attempted to snatch her. Giggling Wendy dodged my attack and I fell face first on the bed.

She swatted my butt and said, “Stop it. I need to ask you something.”

I rolled over and said, “Okay, ask away.”

Wendy sat down on the bed with her legs crossed, showing me her womanhood. “I would like to be in charge of the entertainment for this morning.”

“So you have something you want to try, is that it?” I responded.

“Yes.”

“That is fine by me. You’re now are in charge. What’s first?” I said as I lay back on the bed.

“I’m hungry and then I need to do some shopping. So get dressed and let’s get some breakfast. By the way: keep your hands to yourself until told,” and she hopped out of bed to get dressed.

We both got ready for our morning excursion. I was ready before Wendy, so I sat down and watched her get ready. She was applying her makeup while wearing light blue panties with a matching blue bra. Once she was finished she put on a flowery blouse and a short denim skirt. She then checked her appearance in the mirror. She then removed her bra and checked her appearance again. Satisfied she looked at me and said, “Let’s go, love.”

As we were leaving the room she blocked my exit and kissed me on the lips. I reached up to fondle her breasts and as I touched them she stepped back and slapped my hands. "I said no touching." She spun around and left the room as I stood there in shock. I quickly regained my composure and followed her to breakfast.

Breakfast was uneventful except for her grabbing my cock under the table whenever the mood struck her. After breakfast she handed me a piece of paper and said, "I need to do some shopping. Here's the address." I took a look at the address and, not knowing Branson, went to the front desk for directions. We then took the van to the address she had given me.

Shopping Again

We pulled up in front of an adult store. A little embarrassed, I followed Wendy into the store. There on racks were all sorts of dildos, vibrators, blowup dolls, and all sorts of sex toys. The clerk was giving us the evil eye trying to figure us out. Wendy looked around for a couple of minutes and then went over to talk to the clerk. Being careful not to let me hear, Wendy whispered some questions to the clerk. He shook his head in response while he stared at her chest. They softly conversed and then he made a phone call. After he finished his call, he gave Wendy another paper with directions he had written down.

I followed Wendy back to the van where she handed me another set of directions. After about a fifteen minute drive, we arrived at another adult store. As we entered I noticed this store was about the same as the last adult store but it was more bondage related. Wendy went right up to the female clerk where they talked a few minutes. They both kept looking at me and whispered between themselves. Soon the clerk left the counter and locked the front door, putting a "Be Back in Ten Minutes" sign in the window.

They both approached me where the clerk asked Wendy, "I have different sizes, so how large is his cock."

Wendy said, "About normal, I think."

"We need to be sure. Can you get him to drop his pants and underwear?"

Wendy then looked at me and in a demanding voice commanded, "Drop them."

In surprise I looked at both of them and noticing they were both serious, so I did as I was told. I unzipped, dropped my trousers, and then pulled my underwear down to the ground. Then I just stood there in the middle of an adult store naked from the waist down with two women staring at my crotch. The clerk then said to Wendy, "I need to see it erect." Wendy looked at the clerk, then at me, and then at my semi-limp cock. She then fell to her knees and engulfed my cock with her mouth.

Wendy worked with gusto, getting my cock to harden up. In no time at all Wendy was finished. She stopped sucking my cock and while looking at the clerk said, "It's hard now." The clerk nodded her head in agreement and left to get the requested items. Wendy followed her to be sure they got everything. I decided since I was not needed any more, that I would pull up my pants.

After about ten minutes Wendy came over and said, "I have everything I need from here. Go pay the woman." And she left to go to the van. I went over to the clerk and gave her my credit card. After I signed the receipt for items costing about \$175, the clerk winked at me and said, "Have fun."

Once I was back in the van, Wendy said, "To the mall." So I drove us to the mall. For the next hour we visited various stores. Wendy tried on different types and styles of clothes. Each item seemed sexier than the previous item. She also made me try on some clothing. At one store she asked the saleslady if her husband could go into the dressing room with her. The saleslady said it would be alright. So Wendy dragged me into the dressing room with her.

She made me sit down in the dressing room and told me to stay. She then went and collected the items she wanted to try on. She came back and quickly undressed. She then put on a nightie and asked, "How does this look?"

I gulped and responded, "It looks great."

Wendy then changed into other skimpier items and asked the same question. I gave the same answer. The last item she put on was a shelf bra which pushed her breasts up and a crotchless pair of panties. She then forced her crotch in my face and said, "Lick me." I started licking her wet pussy. I did this for about a minute and I grabbed her ass cheeks to help force more of her crotch into my face. She immediately squealed and jumped back away from my face. With an evil grin she smacked my hands and said, "Bad boy." She then removed the bra and panties and redressed in her regular clothes. She then handed me the shelf bra and crotchless panties and said, "I want those. Meet me back at the van." She then left.

I was now sitting in a woman's dressing room, a raging hardon in my pants, bra and panties in my hand, thinking how I got myself into this situation. After a couple of minutes, I rose, arranged my cock to be less obvious, and went to pay for the bra and panties. I found the saleslady and she rang up my purchase. She commented, "You and your wife make a great looking couple."

"Thank you."

As I was leaving she winked at me saying, "Have fun."

My Turn

Once I got into the van, Wendy said, "Back to the room." Due to the traffic in Branson, it took us about twenty minutes to get back to the hotel. Wendy kept kissing me and playing with my cock though my pants, but every time I tried to touch her she would smack my hands and say, "Bad Boy." She even unzipped me and pulled my cock out to pump it in her hands just to stuff it back into my pants.

After we arrived back at the hotel she grabbed my hand and led me back to the room. In the elevator Wendy held out her hand and said, "Lover, room key, please." I retrieved the key and gave it to her. She then kissed me on the lips. She led me to the hotel door and said, "Wait here a second." She then slipped into the room closing the door. I waited out in the hallway until she opened the door.

Wendy said, "You can now come in, lover." I stepped past her into the room. She shut the door, forced my hands behind my back, and quickly handcuffed them together. I spun around to look at her while I tried to get my hands undone. Wendy was at that moment jumping up and down with joy. She was clapping her hands together, giggling, and the breasts under her blouse jumping with joy also. After several seconds we both calmed down and Wendy gave me a hot kiss while she rubbed my hard cock though my pants.

She then said, "Time to get you ready for lunch. Go sit on the bed."

I did as I was told. She then removed my shoes and socks. After that she unbuttoned my shirt. Then she got a puzzled look on her face. After a few seconds her expression brightened and she scampered to her luggage. She came back with a pair of scissors and she then proceeded to cut my shirt off of me. That done she got me to stand up and she then removed my pants and underwear. She then retrieved an item from the adult store bag. She then came back to me, kissed my lips again, and then she knelt down, and spent a few minutes attaching something around my cock.

She stood up and looked over her handywork. Satisfied she pushed me back onto the bed. She then went about getting other items ready. I sat there and looked at my cock wrapped in leather and metal rings. I took a closer look.

A leather strap was tightly attached at the base of my cock. Everything else was attached to this strap so nothing could be removed with 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.

Clad only in her blue panties, Wendy came back over as I was staring at her handywork. She said, "The saleslady called it 'The Gates of Hell'. It's to prevent you from having an erection." She then reached down and fondled my leather clad cock and my two leather separated balls. She then sat in my lap and started to passionately kiss me. As we kissed, she ground her ass into my crotch and fondled my nipples. After several minutes she stopped and got off my lap. She again fondled my cock, then said, "Yep, seems to be working," and she left me there.

I just sat there watching what she was doing but not responding due to my condition. Wendy finally came to me and said, "Time to get you cleaned up." She helped get me to my feet and walked me to the bathroom while playing with my ass.

She had setup the enema bag and I now knew it was my turn. She helped me lay face down on the towels on the floor. I asked her to arrange my cock so I wouldn't lie on it. She grinned and did as I had asked. I relaxed the best as I could. She spread my ass cheeks and rubbed some lube around and into my asshole. She then inserted the enema nozzle in my ass and released the water.

As the water filled my bowels, she massaged my lower back, ass cheeks, and inner thighs. At times my bowels would cramp up but shortly the cramps would go away. Wendy removed the nozzle after I had the whole bag of water in my bowels. She lay down beside me and we kissed for several minutes. She rubbed my back and massaged my handcuffed arms while we waited for the water to do its work.

Once she figured the water had done enough she helped me up and over to the toilet. As soon as I sat down on the toilet, I released the water buried deep in my bowels. Out came the water, the shit, and the stink. Wendy kept leaving the bathroom for fresh air then returned to flush the toilet and to kiss me. Soon I was done and she wiped my ass. She then had me lie down on the towels again while positioning my caged cock. She quickly ran to the bedroom for something and came back. She then rolled me on my side and stuffed the nozzle in my butt. She carefully rolled me onto my back positioning a pillow under me to relieve the pressure of my back crushing my handcuffed arms.

Once I was comfortable she released the water. As my bowels were again filled with water she took a much closer look at the cock trapped in the cage. She even licked the tip of the cock and sucked my balls. My cock tried to expand but was confined to a limited space. She then rubbed my stomach forcing

more water into my upper colon. She was having fun torturing me. After she had filled my bowels with three enema bags of water, she removed the nozzle. Looking at me laying on the floor she giggled. I raised my head and glared at her. She quickly replied, "You look pregnant," at that she rubbed my extended belly causing me to cramp up again.

She crawled up, her beautiful breasts swaying back and forth and we kissed some more. Ever so often she would break our kiss to nibble on my nipples. After my bowels stopped grumbling, she again helped me over to the toilet where we repeated our earlier process.

Once I had finish dumping my bowels for the second time she helped me up and then shoved me into the shower. She proceeded to wash me, starting with my head and moving down my body until she got to my feet. She spent a little extra time on my ass and crotch during this scrub down. Looking into my eyes she got a big grin on her face saying, "Your turn, love." as she held up the butt plug from last night.

I mumbled, "I should have seen that coming," turned around and bent over the best I could while still in the shower. She then soaped up my ass and asshole. As she was slowly inserting the butt plug into my ass while she kept playing with my cock and balls. Soon I felt the butt plug slip the rest of the way into my butt. She then gave it a friendly shove just to be sure it was in and swatted my ass cheek saying, "You're done; let's rinse you off." She quickly shoved me back under the shower and kissed me while rubbing my ass and crotch.

After she had finished rinsing me off she moved me to the back of the shower. She now took her time washing herself as I was forced to watch her. Every time she saw me staring at her she grinned or giggled. I knew what she was giggling about. There in a shower with an 18-year-old-girl was a 29-year-old-man, handcuffed, cock caged, and butt plugged. Hell, I was laughing last night at her!

After she turned off the water to the shower, she gave me another kiss and said, "Love, wait here. I'll be back." She stepped out of the shower and then re-closed the shower curtain, leaving me to drip dry. I heard the hair dryer and other movement on the other side of the shower curtain. In what felt like twenty minutes Wendy pulled open the curtain. There she stood fully dressed and ready to leave with a towel in her hands. She toweled me off while I was still standing in the shower. She helped me out and combed my hair. She then shoved me using my ass to the bedroom.

There she put on my trousers. I commented, "What no underwear?"

As she was tucking my cock cage into my pants she looked into my eyes and said, "That would spoil the fun," and then she zipped me closed. She patted the packaged package and proceeded to get my socks and shoes on my feet. She then stepped back and looked me over. Satisfied she grabbed my shirt and poked me in the butt towards the door. At the door she looked into my eyes and said, "I'm going to uncuff you in a moment. You are then to put on your shirt and behave yourself. We'll be going to lunch and after, coming back here. If you misbehave, I'll quit playing and you won't know what I had planned." At that she pecked my lips, opened the door, and uncuffed me. As a gentleman, I rubbed my arms and wrists a bit and then put on my shirt. We left hand-in-hand for the dining room.

Lunch

During lunch Wendy had fun with the remote of the butt plug. I was a little put off by my current situation but I was determined to play this through to Wendy's conclusion. So far I was having fun letting Wendy have control. I now knew my place with Wendy; she could kiss, touch, fondle, and do whatever

she wanted to me. But I could do nothing to her. So I kept eating and enjoying my place in this situation. A few times Wendy felt my cock to see how it was doing. She even unzipped me a couple of times to fondle my balls. It seemed like a long lunch.

After lunch Wendy led us back up to our room. Just before she opened the door she told me, "I'm going to stand out here holding the door open. You are to go in and remove your shirt. You will then handcuff one of your wrists. You are then to stand in the door frame, turn around so your back is to me, and put your arms behind you back. I will then cuff your other wrist," she then opened the door. I did exactly as she demanded. And soon I was naked above the waist with my hands handcuffed behind my back again, being pushed into the bedroom.

Once in the bedroom Wendy started her preparations. She quickly stripped the rest of my clothes off so I was once again nude. She now placed the ottoman in front of a mirror and had me kneel down in front of it. She then placed my face and the top of my shoulders on the ottoman making sure I could see myself in the mirror. She quickly retrieved some more items from the adult store bag. One item was a spreader bar which she used to chain my ankles together. Another item was a rope which she used to securely tie me to the ottoman. She accomplished this by looping the rope under the ottoman and my over the top of my shoulders, taking it up under my armpits. She now used another item and attached weight clamps to my nipples. Snickering, Wendy reached under me and attached something to my cock. She pushed the button on the remote and the butt plug started its assault. She flipped a switch on the nipple clamps and they started to shake. She fumbled around my cock until I felt a cock ring come to life vibrating my cock. She had placed it so that it would also bounce up against my balls. She stood back looking over her handy work and clapped her hands with glee.

Wendy now disappeared from my view, leaving me tied to that ottoman with three vibrators trying to shake the cum out of me. I was so close but the cock cage was doing its work. I was being tormented by an 18-year-old hottie. Wendy came back into my view. She was now naked except for the blue cock that pointed towards me. After my shock wore off, I finally figured out she was wearing a leather harness around her waist with a strap under her crotch, this held her new cock in place.

Slapping my ass hard, Wendy said, "Bad boy, suck my hard cock," and she leaned over me trying to get her cock into my mouth. After a few unsuccessful attempts she stood back up and took her cock off. I then noticed it was really a double headed cock. One side had been in her pussy while the other side was in my face. It was shaped to give her pleasure as she used it on someone. She fed me her fake cock which I sucked on for a few seconds; she then flipped it around so I could suck on the end that had been buried in her cunt. I wanted more of that sweet cunt juice that coated that cock but I was a little tied up.

Wendy removed the fake cock from my mouth and made a show out of inserting it back into her wet pussy. She spread her cunt lips with one hand and slowly ground that fake blue cock into her cunt while she moaned. After it was fully inserted into her cunt, she rearranged her harness to steady the fake cock. She now looked deeply in my eyes licking her lips and said, "Let the fun begin." I took a quick glance at the mirror and noticed that I now also had a pair of tits. They weren't very big but due to the weighted clamps, they and my nipples were extended towards the floor.

She moved around to my butt and slowly removed the vibrating plug in my ass. As soon as it popped out she shoved her fake cock in. I watched her in the mirror slowly grinding her crotch to force more and more of that cock into my ass. I saw that blue cock disappear into my ass and then her crotch mashed up

against my ass cheeks. Wendy then started her slow withdrawal only to be followed by her attack. Each stroke of her cock was faster than the previous. We were both grunted and groaning in our mutual pleasure. She did a weird grinding motion trying to get her cock to rub her clit. Now that same cock kept rubbing up against my prostate because of her constant grinding. I wanted to cum, I needed to cum, but that damn cock cage prevented me from cumming.

The orgasm caught Wendy hard. She shook from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. She shook her tits very hard. A thin coating of sweat covered her body. Her eyes were tightly closed. Her stomach was concave in shape due to all the muscles contracting. It was a beautiful sight: now only if I could cum.

She screamed out, "Oh God," and collapsed onto my back, her tits pressing into my handcuffed arms and that blue cock still buried deep into both of us. Now if I could cum. She stirred and our eyes met, mine filled deeply with lust, hers deep with satisfaction. She smiled at me and said, "Let me untie you." She then stood up forcing the blue cock to pop out of my ass. She first took off her harness and removed her instrument of pleasure. Then kneeling down she worked on removing the trapped cock. She commented, "The saleslady told me not to touch your cock after I removed the cage. She made the mistake of touching one of her slave's cocks after a session and he came instantly." She finished removing it with out an accident.

Now she removed the nipple clamps. I moaned very loudly after each one was removed due the pain that was caused by the blood flowing back into the tips of my nipples. She then untied my shoulders from the ottoman. She removed the spreader bar from my ankles and finally she unlocked the handcuffs.

Jumping to my feet, I roared like a lion and spun around, my rock hard cock slapping my thighs. Wendy was directly in front of me with a look of surprise on her face. I took three steps forward and tackled her. We both fell on to the bed at which point I raped her.

I wasn't being careful nor caring about her. I just wanted to sink my cock deep into some cunt. And I found a wet hot cunt right there on the bed. I sunk my cock deep into her and then tried to drive her ass though the bed. I went into overdrive and hammered my cock into her. And then I came and I came buckets. Rope after rope of seed poured out of my poor cock into that heaven on earth. And then I must have blacked out.

When I came to, my cock was still buried in Wendy's pussy and, she was asking, "Al, Al, are you alright?"

I rolled off of her and said, "Yes, I'm okay." and after a couple of deep breaths I continued, "Damn woman, that was good."

Giggling she said, "Yea, but I didn't plan on getting raped," as she rubbed her crotch.

"Sorry about that. My brains went to my cock for the moment."

She crawled over to me and started kissing me. As we kissed, I felt my sperm pouring out of her pussy onto my thigh. We kissed and cuddled for several minutes and then she asked, "What's on the agenda for the rest of the day?"

“Well being that I just raped you, I think we need chill on the sex stuff until tonight. Why don’t we go to Silver Dollar City for the afternoon? We can ride some of the rides and get dinner there. We will come back here around 8:00. Okay?”

She answered, “That sounds good.” and started rubbing my cock.

I gently slapped her hand, “Hands off. That’s for later.” and we got up and got ready to leave.

Silver Dollar City

We had fun together that afternoon at Silver Dollar City. Wendy had worn her blue bra under her t-shirt and after we rode the raging river ride the t-shirt was soaked. You could clearly see her blue bra. I would have enjoyed staring at her bare breasts instead but we did not want to cause a scandal at the park. We rode as many roller coasters as we could. After dinner we both started to get frisky with each other again. During a stroll over to another ride, I whispered to Wendy, “I want your bra.” Grinning she hurried to the women's restroom.

She came back and stuffed her bra into my pants pocket. Further down the walkway I found a bush and hung her bra in the branches. The last time we saw it, it was flapping in the wind like a flag of conquest. We rode a couple more roller coasters. I took a special interest in watching Wendy’s chest during both of those rides. I just loved watching her breasts shimmy and shake as we rode the coaster together. For our last ride at the park I took her to the log flume. We sat together in one log all by ourselves. Wendy was up front; her back was leaning against my chest. As we floated around the flume, I fondled Wendy’s breasts and got a couple of fingers into her pussy. We then left the park holding hands.

Once the door closed to our room on our return, I grabbed Wendy and started kissing her. About a minute I said, “Okay, this is our last night together. I have something planned. So do what you need to do, and when you are ready lay on the bed nude.” We then went about doing our separate tasks. After a while I noticed Wendy was ready and waiting on the bed. Fully clothed, I went over to her and kissed her. “Love, I want you to lie differently. Can you lie cross ways on the bed? Put you head here and your feet there.”

Wendy arranged herself as I asked. I moved her until her head was barely hanging off the bed. I put restraints on both arms and legs. Then I fished some ropes from under the mattress where I had earlier put them. I attached the ropes to the arm and leg restraints making sure that everything was tight. I fetched an mp3 player and checked the volume of the headphones. Then I put the headphones on Wendy and put a blindfold over her eyes. I was tempted to gag her but I wanted her mouth free.

I now took off my clothes and finished up getting ready for the rest of the evening. Every once in a while, I would touch or caress Wendy in different spots. Almost every time she would jump with surprise. Now I was ready of the rest of the evening.

I was rock hard and needed some immediate relief. So I grabbed the nipple clamps and went over to Wendy’s reclined head. I started to slap my rock hard cock against Wendy’s face. She understood what I wanted and opened that gorgeous mouth while sticking out her tongue. I gently slipped my cock into her waiting mouth and felt her going to work, licking and sucking me. While she administered her oral pleasure, I licked and fondled her breasts. Once her nipples were hard I gently attached the nipple clamps. Now for the next few minutes I attacked her pussy with my fingers. I got three stuffed into her cunt when my concentration switched from pleasuring her to me.

I used both hands to grab her head and hair. At that point my cock thrusts went into overdrive and I fucked her mouth. During my thrusts into her mouth I felt my cock head slip down her throat as my balls slapped her nose. She was taking all of my cock, damn this felt great. During one of these deep thrusts into her tight throat I removed the nipple clamps from her breasts. My cock felt her scream and in response spewed reproductive juice. Before I was finished my ejaculation I slowly removed my cock from her mouth and shot the remainder of my sperm into her face. I stumbled back and looked over the scene before me. Tied spread-eagled to the bed was a beautiful woman, her head hanging over the edge with cum dripping down her face and into her blond hair.

Recovering I slowly went to the other side of the bed and gently I positioned Wendy so that her head was no longer hanging over my bed. It was now time to work on her.

Using a feather I brushed all over her body. I took it real slow going everywhere with it. I saw goosebumps pop up in the different areas where I used the feather. I brushed her breasts and nipples, making the nipples even harder. I played with her clit using the feather, watching her thrust her hips trying to get more stimulation. She was now constantly moaning with passion. I switched to using the very tips of my fingers just barely touching the surface of her skin. Again goosebumps followed the path of my fingertips. I enjoyed barely touching her breasts and nipples. I dropped down her flat stomach to her pubic region and the lips below. I worked on that area for a number of minutes before lightly flicking her clit a couple of times. She grunted with the frustration of being teased.

I attacked her breasts. I rubbed them, fondled, squeezed, caressed, licked, and sucked, anything and everything. All over, from their gentle rise off her chest, to the very tips of those nipples. The last thing I did before moving away from them was to re-attach the nipple clamps and turn on the little nip vibrators. She was moaning with pleasure.

I now started teasing her using the various erogenous zones around her body. Armpits, forehead, behind the ears, temples, feet, behind the knees, inner thighs. She was now grunting in her need for sexual release. I could tell that she was very close to her orgasm. She was pulling at her bonds, rolling her head from side to side, and hips thrusting upwards finding nothing but air. I continued my torture keeping her close to her needed sexual release but not letting her achieve her goal. She was now screaming in frustration trying to find her release.

I positioned myself between her tautly spread thighs getting ready for my final assault on my trapped slave. I slapped my hard cock against the mouth of her pussy making my cock head hit her clit. She responded by forcing her hips forward and roaring in her frustration. I repeated my actions with the same result each time. On my sixth slap she came, her whole body shook, stomach rippled, hips thrashing around trying to find a cock.

Just as she peaked with her orgasm I sunk my hard cock into contracting cunt. I slammed into hard trying to force her ass through the mattress. Unknown to her I had a cock ring on that had a vibrator positioned to hit her clit. As it came into contact with her oversensitive clit she had another orgasm. She was now straining at her bonds in pleasure. I rode her through the top of her orgasm. Just after she peaked with her second orgasm, I grounded my cock into pussy, the cock ring vibrating against her sensitive clit, removed the nipple clamps, and thrust a finger into her asshole.

She now skyrocketed into her third orgasm and my cock started pouring its thick liquid into that pulsing tunnel of love. I rode her restrained bucking body until I collapsed.

After I regained some strength from my amazing orgasm. I carefully untangled myself from my trapped prisoner, withdrawing my cock from her spasming pussy. I removed the headphones and then the blindfold. I waited until her eyes adjusted to the change in light. Holding up a necklace that looked like a silver rope I fastened it around her neck, gave her a deep kiss while playing with her breasts, and whispered to her, "For your bondage session, Slave." I then tickled her.

After I finished tickling her I released her from her bonds and we fell asleep cuddled together.

Monday

3 AM Again

I awoke again around 3am, with my bladder screaming for release. As I stumbled toward the bathroom, I was puzzled why I kept waking up around this time every night for the past couple of days. As I emptied my bladder, I came to the conclusion it was all Wendy's fault. I giggled to myself as I cleaned up and strolled back to bed.

I climbed in bed and rolled away from Wendy to go back asleep. I suddenly felt Wendy turn over, scoot over to me pressing her breasts into my back, snake her arm over my hip, and start playing with my limp member. Then she whispered, "What no feeding?"

I then rolled over to face her, and commented, "As you can tell, I'm a little limp, otherwise I would feed you."

"Hmmm, let me take look and see what's wrong." She then slid down the bed and stuffed my soft cock into her warm mouth. I moaned with surprise as she started to lick and suck my cock, trying to resurrect life back into it. Gently holding her head, I carefully rolled over to lie on my back, keeping her mouth attached to my penis. I then relaxed and let her work her oral wonders. To help I reflected on the past couple of days events. In a few minutes Wendy stopped sucking my cock and crawled up to kiss me. As we were kissing, I rolled us over so that Wendy was underneath, and sunk my now hard cock into her wet pussy.

This being one of our last couplings, I was determined to make this love session something to remember. I used every trick I knew to slow my passion down and to speed hers up. I stroked and fondled many of her erogenous zones, shifted my position to get her clitoris more attention, started to do mathematical problems in my head, everything. We made love for over thirty minutes before I thought our passions matched. I was ready and she showed the signs of being ready, so I guided one of her hands to her clit. She knew what I wanted her to do and started rubbing her clit. Her constant moaning of pleasure intensified. I delayed several seconds, and then I snaked my right hand under her ass cheeks, followed the trail of pussy juice, and shoved two fingers into her wet asshole. She screamed and came with rivers of pleasure.

As Wendy's orgasm racked though her body, her cunt walls tried to squeeze the cum out of my cock. My cock replied in the affirmative by shooting thick milky white cream into her contracting cunt. My body quaked with pleasure as my orgasm now racked though my body. Our almost simultaneous orgasms made our coupling really special. We both basked in our mutual pleasure and then collapsed holding each other tightly.

Sunrise on Beach

The alarm I set from the previous night awoke me at 5:15am. I had something special planned for Wendy's and my last day together. I quickly rose and got ready. I awoke Wendy, "Lover, wake up. I have something special for us to do. Wake up." I was finally able to get Wendy awake and moving. I helped get her dressed for the event and we left the hotel to find a spot on the lake.

I selected this location on the lake to watch the sunrise come up over the hills surrounding the lake. I sat down on the bank of the lake facing the upcoming morning sunrise. I then had Wendy sit in front of me her back resting against my chest. I figured it would be another fifteen minutes before the sun would peak on the hills in front of us. I whispered to Wendy, "Just relax and watch the sunrise." I kissed her neck and nibbled her ears. I caressed her arms and legs and stroked her breasts through her blouse. I opened her blouse to expose her breasts to the morning sunrise. I continued my foreplay getting her closer and closer to my objective. I unzipped her shorts and snaked my hand into them to rub her panty clad pussy.

She was reacting to my sexual ministrations by wriggling her hips, trying to get more pleasure from my rubbing hand. Her pink panties were now soaking wet, so I slipped my hand under the waistband to directly attack her wet pussy. I continued kissing her neck and fondling her tits. Her moaning was increasing with every second of my foreplay.

Just before the sun broke over the hill, I whispered to Wendy, "I want the sunrise and you to come together," and my hands went into overdrive. Both hands were now a blur trying to get her over the sexual peak. Then the sun peaked over the hill at the same time I slipped two fingers into her cunt and I rubbed her clit with my thumb. I also tweaked the nipple on her left breast. She then came sitting there on the banks of the lake while the sun blazed down on us. I continued to caress her through the remainder of her early morning orgasm.

She gently removed my hands from her panties and turned around to face me. She said, "That was beautiful, love." and she kissed me. She kept kissing me as she pushed me back. I felt her fumbling with my zipper, and then I felt her remove my cock from my pants. Before I knew it she had stuffed my cock into her cunt and was now making love to me on the bank of the lake. She broke our kiss so she could sit up forcing more of my cock deeper into her. I looked at the scene before me trying to delay the inevitable. There was Wendy, a hot 18-year-old with my cock buried deep in her shaved cunt.

The sun was shining through her long blond hair. Her tits bouncing up and down with up-and-down motion of her hips driving that cock in and out of her pussy. Her stomach rippling with her pleasure. Pink panties shoved aside to allow my cock into her steaming cunt. She now moved her panties so that she could rub her clit. The vision was too much. I shot my spunk deep into her. I shot the sticky ropes while I grunted in pleasure. She then had herself a small orgasm as she felt my cock's reaction deep in her womb. We both slowly calmed down after our sexual release.

After a few minutes, Wendy raised herself off my cock and readjusted her panties. She located her shorts and she straightened herself up. I was still too wasted to care about my appearance so I just lay there and watched her get dressed. She then came over and kissed me. She then said, "Lover, that round of sex has made me hungry. Let's go eat." So we got up and left for the hotel. About halfway to the hotel Wendy started giggling and I stopped gave her a questioning look. She then kissed me and while

she did that she stuffed my cock back into my pants. I quickly recovered from my embarrassment and zipped my pants up.

Last Breakfast

Our last breakfast together was uneventful and we were both a little sad due to the limited time we had with each other. After breakfast we walked back to our room holding hands.

We separately took a quick shower, packed, and left the hotel. It was a four hour trip back to St. Louis and we needed to get on the road.

About thirty minutes into our trip back, Wendy asked, "What did you mean, 'Owe you two'?"

I looked at her puzzled, she replied, "Two nights ago, after the 3am pussy feeding, you said, 'Owe you two,' what did you mean?"

Now knowing what she meant, grinning, I responded, "Love, I made a rule to myself that every time I had orgasm without a woman also orgasming during the same session, then I owed her at least two more orgasms. So what's the score?" We spent the next hour figuring out who had what orgasm when. Right after we finished our totals, we looked at each other with hungry eyes. I hurried to the next exit and then located a remote spot to stop the van.

We both attacked each other in the front seats of the van. As we each shed the others clothes, we moved to the back of the van. I quickly plowed in Wendy's waiting pussy as she grunted with lust. As I made contact with her pubic bone, I slowed my love making down. I wanted this; no I needed this to last. Wendy and I made some passion in the back of the van. Shortly we changed from the missionary position to where Wendy was on top. I loved watching this woman make love to me, riding my cock deep into her pussy. Wendy then asked, "Lover, let's finish this up doggy style."

We re-arranged ourselves until I was thrusting my hard cock into Wendy's cunt. Her tits hanging down swinging back and forth as I rammed my crotch against her ass. I was holding her hips so that I could plow her pussy with my rock-hard shaft. One of her hands was rubbing her clit and my cock at the same time. I could not hold out anymore as I dumped my red hot load of liquid into her. As soon as she felt my cock start to hose down her cervix her orgasm raced through her body. We both grunted and groaned as we both enjoyed our orgasms. As we both finished Wendy fell forward to lie on the van floor, leaving me kneeling with my cock now dripping in midair.

We slowly found our clothes, got dressed, and resumed our trip back to St. Louis, and Wendy's mother.

Meet up with mom

We arrived at the Bread Co ten minutes late due to some traffic delays, but Amanda had already found a table and ordered for herself. Wendy and mom hugged and chattered a few minutes before Amanda turned to me and held out her hand so that we could shake hands. I grabbed her hand but then pulled her to me and gave her a hug.

I went and got food for Wendy and myself while mother and daughter talked about the weekend. As we were eating lunch I whispering into Wendy's ear making sure Amanda didn't hear, "Go to the ladies room and take off your panties."

Wendy whispered back, "Can I take off my bra too?"

I nodded yes and she asked to be excused and left.

About ten minutes later she returned and resumed eating. She was wearing a tight blouse and it left nothing for the imagination. I knew she was excited by the way her nipples raised the fabric trying to contain her womanly mounds.

Several minutes later Amanda noticed me staring at Wendy. She followed my eyesight and then, shocked, asked Wendy, "Where's your bra?"

"Right here with my panties!" Wendy said, as she placed both on the table as if this was an everyday occurrence.

I nearly spewed my soup all over her underclothes as I noticed the look of shock on Amanda's face. It was precious.

Amanda was not amused and quickly removed Wendy's intimates from the table. She turned to Wendy and asked, "Why did you do that?"

Wendy pointed to me and said, "He told me to!"

Raising my hands in innocence, I replied, "I just told her to take off her panties. The bra was her idea."

Amanda sternly looked at both of us and said, "You both act like a bunch of kids."

With that statement, Wendy and I looked at each other, grinned and grabbed Amanda's hand and led her to the van. We got Amanda into the van and we left the restaurant parking lot.

I drove to a spot I knew and parked the van between two construction dumpsters. The slot was just wide enough to pull the van in leaving three inches on either side of the van. Parking in this spot had the effect of blocking every van window except the rear, and since this was Memorial Day, I wasn't concerned about that window. And if someone wanted to watch, more power to them.

I turned off the engine and put the keys in my pocket. I didn't want Amanda to ruin my last bit of fun with Wendy. I climbed into the back of the van to join Wendy who was storing the van seat into the floor and retrieving certain items from her luggage. We embraced and started kissing right in front of Wendy's mother, not caring if she was watching.

Not breaking our kiss, Wendy forced me onto my back and then threw a cover over us. As soon as the cover was in place, we both made our move. She unzipped my pants, fished my hardening cock out and starting stroking it. At the same time I started attacking her breasts and got two fingers in her already sopping wet cunt. Wendy temporarily broke from our tongue wrestling match to look at her mother and say, "Mom, Al has two fingers in my pussy and I have his hard cock in my hand." I noticed that Amanda was still sitting in the front seat but she had turned around to watch us. Her eyes were glazed over, she was licking her lips, and her thighs were parted slightly. Wendy then resumed our previous lip lock.

After a couple more minutes Wendy again broke her kiss with me and continued the teasing of her mother by telling Amanda, "Oh mom, one of his hands are playing with my tits and with the other is playing with my clit. And his cock is SO big. Oh mom, and I know he wants to fuck your baby girl with it." I looked at Amanda; she had her blouse open and was playing with her bra covered breasts. She was

trying to arrange her dress so that she could spread her legs wider. I could even now clearly see her white panty clad pussy.

Wendy slowly adjusted her body so that her crotch was over my cock and then she started rubbing my cock along her slit. Wendy then said, "Mom, I'm rubbing his hard drippy cock up and down my pussy hole. Oh I can't wait to feel it inside me again." Amanda now had her tits out of her bra cups, her dress pulled up over her hips, and her legs were widely stretched apart. With one hand she was mashing her tits and the other hand was under her panties playing with her cunt.

Now Wendy started pressing her pussy down onto my cock and she said, "Mom, Al's cock is going inside your baby's pussy." And she kept pressing down, forcing more and more of my cock inside her until it could go no farther. She then said in a child like sing song voice, "Oh mom, it's all the way in me. His dirty cock is in your sweet baby's pussy." At that she sat up, keeping us joined together and threw off the cover.

Amanda now was rocking back and forth in her chair, moaning. She now smelled the crotch of Wendy's panties. Wendy noticed her mother's heated condition, so she turned around to face her mother. She did this slowly to prevent breaking or displaying our intimate join. Wendy said, "Mom, smell the sperm and cunt juice in my panties. There are two fresh loads there." Wendy then removed her shirt and while looking into her sex crazed mother's eyes, she also started mashing her breasts together. Then she said, "Mom, Al loves my tits. He can't stop touching them." At that comment I could not help but reach up from behind her and cup Wendy's womanly mountains of tit flesh with my hands for her mother to see.

I then took a closer look at Amanda. There seated in the front seat was Wendy's mother. She was staring at the sex scene taking place before her. She was still inhaling the scent of sex from her daughter's panties. Three fingers were digging into her wet cunt. She was moaning in passion while rocking back and forth in her seat. In short she looked like a sex crazed bitch in heat.

While I was still cupping Wendy's tits, Wendy reached down, raised her skirt up to show Amanda her cock stuffed pussy, and started playing with her clit. Wendy then told her mother, "Mom, he shaved my hairy pussy and ate me until I came three times." Wendy started to raise herself up and down on my cock. This allowed Amanda to watch my cock going in and out of her daughter's pussy. Then Wendy commented to her mother, "Mommy, this bad man even fucked my ass."

At this Amanda said, "Well I need to punish the bad man." And she leaped out of her seat, grabbed my hands from her daughter breasts, and forced them behind my back. Before I could wrestle free from her attack, she had found the handcuffs that Wendy had taken out of her luggage and left on the van floor and handcuffed my hands together behind my back.

Then she shoved me back to the van floor and sat on my chest. Now I had two beauties sitting on me but my view of Wendy was blocked by Amanda. Then I noticed the reflection of both women in the van windows, not a perfect view, but it was still a hot view. Amanda was leaning forward and fondled her daughter's breast. Wendy's head was lying on her mother's shoulder and she was moaning very loudly. I felt three hands around my crotch, one was playing with my balls, and two were rubbing Wendy's cunt and clit. All this while my cock was going in and out of that tight pussy.

Amanda whispered into Wendy's ear, "Wendy dear, let me help you get your skirt off. I want to see what this dirty old man did to my baby." Together they both removed Wendy's skirt, and it ended up in

a pile with Wendy's shirt on the van floor. They both resumed their earlier embrace. In a heated voice Wendy said, "Mom, please move back. The angle isn't right. Move back, move back." So the next thing I knew my face was covered by Amanda's pussy.

I then noticed that somehow Amanda had lost her panties because now my mouth was covered by her wet pussy. So I started licking her. I licked and licked. Then I stuck my tongue in her pussy as far as I could. As I was working on mom's pussy, my cock was doing it best to help her daughter. My sight was blocked by an ass, my hearing was restricted by thighs, my hands chained together under my back, but I was still having fun.

Suddenly I knew that Wendy was cumming and she was cumming hard. She started really bouncing up and down on my cock and her cunt wall muscles tried to squeeze my cock to death. Her orgasm lasted longer than any before and then all motion on my cock stopped. Now it was a different story for my tongue, the pussy on my face started coming alive. Amanda started hunching her hips causing her pussy to move over my tongue and mouth. At one end of the movement I was able to lick her asshole, at the other end I tongued her clit, and in between I sucked the pussy juice from her sopping pussy.

I then heard Amanda and Wendy talking. I could not hear what they were saying but I knew they were talking. During their discussion Amanda never stopped her rocking motion on my face. Amanda started shifting around on my face, making it a little difficult trying to give her mouth to cunt resuscitation. It then got a little brighter under her ass. Suddenly I felt my cock pop out of Wendy's pussy and Amanda's ass moved off from my face. Trying to adjust to the sunlight, I could not see for several seconds, I felt someone sit on my pubic bone right in front of my cock, at the same time someone was playing with my cock.

As my eyesight returned, I was presented with a view of Amanda sitting on me, naked, fingers of one hand in her pussy, and the fingers of her other hand in Wendy's pussy. Wendy was knelling beside her mother sucking on her mom's breasts, stroking my cock with one hand, and playing with her mother's ass with the other. I just laid there enjoying the mother and daughter sex scene unfolds. Both of them continued their ministrations until Amanda rose up and started moving back toward my cock.

I felt my cock head touch skin, Wendy then told her mother, "Lean forward a bit." Amanda did as her daughter requested. Then Wendy replied, "Mom, relax, here he comes." At that I felt Wendy insert my cock into a tight opening. Amanda feeling my cock make an entrance slowly started forcing my cock farther into her orifice. It was a tight fit and then I realized I was fucking Amanda's asshole. Amanda continued the slow assault of her ass using my cock as the weapon. She grunted and groaned, I groaned and grunted, and Wendy watched as my cock buried itself deep in Amanda's bowels. Finally her ass cheeks made contact with my thighs.

Then Amanda started fucking her ass in earnest, up and down she went, in and out my cock went. She had her eyes tightly closed concentrating on the feeling, her breasts shaking with her fucking movement, her pussy dripping on my crotch, and the muscles in her thighs straining to move her up and down. Finding the vibrator, Wendy inserted into her mother's pussy, turned it on, and fucked her mother with it. Amanda groaned and started shaking all only. I was feeling her ass tightly squeeze my cock and I felt the vibrator going in and out of Amanda's pussy.

The fluid in my balls started the trip up and out of my cock. I groaned, shooting ropes of sperm deep into Amanda's bowels. Feeling my orgasm blasting her ass, Amanda's eyes popped open, and while looking deeply in Wendy's eyes, had her own orgasm. We both quaked and quivered together enjoying our coupling. Then Amanda collapsed, grasping in deep breaths. I was also enjoying the after effects of sex, but I was still trapped with my cock still buried in Amanda and my hands cuffed under my back.

Shortly Amanda rolled off of me, lying chest down on the van floor. Wendy found the keys to the handcuffs, came over, gave me a deep kiss, and released me from my bondage. I just lay there a few minutes, rubbing the blood back into my wrists, and replaying the recent events in my mind. Then I sat up, surveyed the scene, tucked and zipped my cock into my pants, climbed over the mess while taking a close look at the ass that was leaking my sperm onto the van carpet, and climbed into the driver's seat of the van. I turned on some music and just waited.

Every now and then, I would look into the rear view to see what was happening in the back of the van. Wendy was putting away the items she had taken out of the luggage and she restored the van seat that she had stored away in the floor. She then climbed in the front passenger seat.

Amanda then rolled over and sat up, her back to me. She then struggled to put her clothes back on. Once she was dressed, she sat in the van seat that Wendy had set up. I then backed the van out and we headed back to the restaurant parking lot. Nothing had been said since Amanda's and my orgasm together.

The trip back to the parking lot was short and very quiet. Together Wendy and I took Wendy's luggage to her mother's car. After storing the luggage in the car, Wendy and I held hands, and headed back to Amanda standing beside my van. Breaking the silence, I said to Wendy, "Wendy give the Double D rings back to your mother." Wendy then removed the two rings from her ring finger and gave them to her embarrassed mother. I then placed on that same ring finger a Promise ring.

"Wendy, I am giving you this ring as a symbol of your Double D. I hope when you look at this ring you will remember this weekend. I want this ring to remind you of everything I taught you. Inscribed inside the ring are the following four words. 'Wendy, Grade A, AI'. It has two meanings, the first; it is your grade for this weekend. The second, you are a fine piece of grade A bee oh..., I mean woman," and I gave her a peck on her cheek. I continued, "Now I would like a gift from you so I can also remember this weekend. I want your panties," and I held out my hand waiting for them.

Wendy reached under her dress, grabbed her panties, slowly pulled them down and stepped out of them. She did this like it was nothing special to remove one's underwear in public. She gave them to me and I made a point of putting them to my nose. I then inhaled the scent of sex seeping from the wet crotch and then put them into the pocket of my pants.

I turned my attention to Amanda, whom was staring down at the ground in embarrassment. I gently raised her chin with my fingertips, repeating what I had done with her daughter a couple of days earlier. Forcefully, I told her, "What happen a few minutes ago never, ever, happened. Okay?" She sheepishly nodded yes. Continuing, "We will never forget it, but we will tell no one. Right?" Her face brightened and again nodded yes. "I have given you two things today. First a give you women properly schooled in the art of love making. She has received the highest grade this teacher can give. Second I gave you my

sperm.” At that comment, her face turned red from embarrassment. “Now I also want something from you to remember this day.” I delayed for effect, “Your panties!”

And I held out my hand and waited. She looked me in the eyes and slowly shook her head no. In response to her negative answer, I gave her a stern stare, and said a little more forcefully and louder, “Your panties!” At this Wendy elbowed her mother in the ribs and said, “Mom do it!”

While looking around to see if she was being watched, Amanda reached under her dress, shimmed out of her underwear, and then handed them to me. I then held them up to my nose, took a long inhale of the wet sperm stain on the seat, and then put them into the other pocket of my pants.

I then turned to Wendy and gave her a very passionate kiss which she enthusiastically returned. We both started grinding our crotches into each other and we both played grab ass with each other. I broke the kiss before Wendy and I got too worked up and fucked each other right here in the parking lot.

I turned my attention to Amanda. Being very gentle so not to spook her any further, I took her hands, looked her straight in the eyes, and gave her a kiss to remember. After the initial shock wore off, Amanda returned the kiss. I then pressed forward, cupped her ass cheeks, and did a slow grind of my crotch into hers. I then turned around, got in my van and left.

As I was leaving, I glanced in the van mirror to see both women standing in the parking with their mouths open and tongues hanging out.

Another Call

About two years later I received a call from Amanda.

“Hello, Al.”

“Hello, Amanda.”

“Do you have a minute to talk?”

“Sure,” I said and closed the door to my office.

“I wanted to tell you Wendy is getting married in July. She wants you as a groomsman at the wedding.”

“I will be honored. Do I know the groom?”

“I don’t believe so. She is marrying James Woodward, do you know him?”

“No, does he treat Wendy well?”

“Wendy tells me he will need more training in the bedroom department. She says he is a little selfish and predictable in bed. But she says he is definitely trainable. She says her sex teacher taught her very well.”

“I think I'm being flattered for something else.”

“Well there is something else, after Wendy’s Double D, my sisters and I agreed to change one of the rules for the Double D. 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?"

"Well 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. Well, 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. I and my two sisters have three girls celebrating their 18th birthdays this year. Sarah as you know will be having hers. She has two cousins, Jill turns 18 on August 4, and Penny on December 28. Both cousins would like you to be their teacher also. But you are 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 will 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?"

"Well I did promise you not to, but when my sister's 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 she too has seen 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, but people keep commenting that she is prettier than Wendy was at that age."

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

"With the upcoming wedding we are 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.

- End -