

Photo Frolics With Vicky

A short story by: The Night Hawk

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Rita was everything that I could ever have hoped for in a wife. During the two years that we dated before tying the knot, she was an alluring sensual creature willing to do anything to please her man.

Our sex life was fulfilling to the point of exhaustion. There was nothing in the sex department that Rita wouldn't try, or do! She had the looks, the personality, and the charm. I assumed that after we were married, things could only improve. Boy, was I ever wrong!

The "I do's" hadn't even stopped echoing in the church when I realized that, now that she was Mrs. Tom D., things were going to change.

Now it was official, and she didn't feel obliged to keep her appearances up. She started walking around the house with cold cream covering her face and curlers in her hair. When I complained about the abrupt halt in our sex life, she calmly stated that she was fully aware of that fact, but I should have realized that her previous behavior was only a performance to guarantee that I would marry her. Then she proceeded to recite word for word the current laws governing the division of assets in the event of a divorce.

Besides, she added, now that we were legally wed, she in no way was going to continue doing all those 'disgusting' things she'd had to endure throughout our engagement.

"Disgusting?" Let me tell you right now that I am no pervert, nor do I engage in 'kinky' sex! I don't think that having intercourse twice a week is asking for too much, nor do I think that the occasional blowjob is out of line either, especially as I'd eat her anytime she asks.

We had been married for just over a year when Vicky came to spend a week at our house. During that year, Rita had kept a tight rein on my outside activities, giving me no chance to wander, as she put it.

I figured I was a real sucker and had been screwed royally by the Queen Bitch herself. I'd taken up photography as a hobby and pastime, and also as a good excuse to be by myself, alone and in peace in my darkroom. I'd also revived the ancient pastime of jacking off whenever my hormones reminded me of all the action I was missing.

That was the one place that Rita trusted me, in my darkroom.

I did produce some really good prints, and she accepted the fact that, when I was in my dark-room, she couldn't come in, and I couldn't come out for any reason without risking accidental exposure of very expensive paper and chemicals. Therefore she didn't mind the precautionary lock on the door.

It wasn't the fanciest darkroom to be sure. In reality it was only part of the laundry room, which was barely six feet by eight, but when I was in there, it was my undisputed terrain.

About two months ago, Vicky showed up at our door. I had only met Vicky once before, and that was at the wedding. Vicky and Rita had been friends since high school. Rita left college after just one year but Vicky was going for the full three-year term.

Vicky had found summer employment in our area and asked Rita if she could stay with us until she found an apartment for herself.

Rita was quick to agree, and I guess that she figured that, since Vicky was her friend, she wouldn't have to worry about any 'hanky-panky' between Vicky and me. Well, the way that Vicky ignored me for the first few days, I thought the same thing. I did have my fantasies though, and every night I shot a load into a wad of tissue thinking about her.

Vicky was not exactly centerfold material, but she did have a set of the biggest tits I'd ever seen. They seemed to be a contradiction to her slim body. She also had a pretty face with long, straight corn-silk hair that fell nearly to her ass. Her ass was a sight for sore eyes, also. It was kind of pear shaped and it always seemed that her jeans were painted on, that's how tight they fit those cheeks. Of course I was always careful not to let my wife see that I had noticed.

On the fourth day of her stay with us, she asked me where I disappeared to for three to four hours every night. I told her I spent them cooped up in the laundry room with my enlarger and chemicals.

"Oh" she said, "I've always been fascinated with photography, will you show me?"

Rita had never been interested in my hobby, so I was only too willing to show Vicky my darkroom. "There's not much to see," I explained, "since most of the stuff is light sensitive, I have to keep it in light-tight cupboards."

To my surprise she asked if she could come in with me some night and see the whole process. I tried explaining that if she was going to watch, she had better be prepared to spend at least three hours in this small cramped space since it takes so long to set everything up and put it away again!

"Oh I don't mind" she replied, "I'd really like to get a first-hand look at this amazing art form." Rita piped up then and told Vicky that if she wanted to spend three to four hours cramped in that little sweat box that she was welcome to it. Vicky then asked if I would let her come in the next night. I figured what the hell, and told her to consider herself invited.

Well the next day rolled around, and just in case, I asked her if she was still interested. She replied she was, and that she was raring to get at it.

"Maybe," she said, "you'll show me how to make a print." Rita just laughed, thinking that cooped up in that small room for hours was a big joke, and said, "Well, if you two are going to

hibernate in Tom's hole in the wall, I might as well go to bed." With those words, she said good night, and Vicky and I went to my dark room.

One of the advantages of a light-tight room is that it is also virtually sound proof, and a disadvantage is that although I have a ventilation system set up, it can still get really warm and stuffy in there. I closed and locked the door behind us, and Vicky boosted herself up on the washing machine, lit a cigarette, and leaned back while I started to set up. It took me the better part of a half hour before I had all my trays filled and my papers ready. During this time Vicky and I made small talk about what we were going to be doing.

I had just loaded my first roll of film and we had to wait for fifteen minutes while it developed, when Vicky, out of the blue said, "You were right, it does get hot in here; what do you do to keep from sweating to death?" I told her I usually stripped down to my shorts.

Without a second's hesitation, Vicky started to unbutton her blouse.

Now you have to understand that in a dark room, you only have what's called a safe light. That's a very dim red bulb, and it's only on for about half the time. The rest of the time you have to work by feel in the dark. My problem was that, when Vicky started to undo her blouse, the light was on. She looked at me and said, "Aren't you going to get undressed?" Well hell, you could have knocked me down with a feather at that point, and I told her the only reason I hadn't yet was because I didn't want her to get the wrong idea.

"Don't be silly," she said. "If that's the way you usually do it, then do it! Don't change your habits on account of me."

I just kind of stared then, because before I could say anything in reply, she started to undo her bra. Well, that safe light might not be very bright, but it sure was bright enough to let me see a pair of the most beautiful boobs I had ever laid my eyes on. Any ideas I might have had about removing the bulk of my clothes flew out the window so to speak, because I was now sporting a boner that would have been visible even if the light was off.

"Come on Tom," Vicky said as she started to undo her jeans, "what are you waiting for?"

She slowly slid her jeans down, showing a pair of the tiniest bikini panties I'd ever seen, all trimmed with lace. No sides on them either, just a small band holding them together - about enough material to make up half of a Kleenex.

"I'm sorry Vicky," I stammered, "but you've caused me a bit of a problem."

She just laughed and swayed to the reggae beat coming out of my ghetto-blaster and said, "Oh, does Tommy have a hard on?" I was glad that the safe light was red because it covered the sudden blush I had developed.

I said, "Vicky, you shouldn't tease a starving man like this." Her reply really surprised me.

“I’m not teasing Tom. I’ve liked you from the start, but I know how possessive Rita is, so I’ve had to play it cool until we could be alone.”

With that, she reached out and pulled me close, pushing my head right into those luscious tits of hers. I felt my pulse racing and my cock throbbing as I inhaled her female scent.

Without further words, I started to kiss my way around those mammoth boobs. I licked those tits up one side and down the other, every once in a while stopping to nibble on those delicious cherries. The more I nibbled and sucked on her nipples, the more she groaned. She squeezed my head firmly between those big jugs and finally pulled me up and kissed me firmly on the lips. Then her tongue snaked out and slithered in my mouth, reaching and searching.

As we kissed, I could feel her hands stroking my back, squeezing my ass, and finally reaching my throbbing prick. She gave it a tender squeeze and moaned with satisfaction. She started to undo my shirt as she nibbled on my ear, and then she started talking so sexy dirty. “I want to feel your naked skin against my tits,” she moaned. “I want your hard cock rubbing against my body!”

With a low animal-like growl I pushed her farther back on the washing machine and tore those flimsy panties right off her. For a moment I just stared at her neatly trimmed pubic bush, then I pulled her ass forward and dove in for a taste of her nectar.

Oh, she was hot all right, not only could I smell the delicious odor of her cunt, but I could also feel the sweet wetness of her love juices just pouring from her love canal. I licked and I slurped and I sucked on her clit like a man who, living only on bread and water for a year, had just been offered the juiciest steak in the world. She tasted heavenly, and as I continued to eat away at the garden of heavenly delights, I could hear her moaning become more intense. Finally, she gushed forth with a barrel of love juice as she exploded in her first climax.

I looked up to see her face basking in radiance with just the red light on, and she pulled me up and proceeded to lick my face clean, alternating between licking my cheeks and my chin and giving me deep, deep soul kisses.

When she had my face all clean and had regained her composure, she jumped off of the washing machine and said, “Your turn.”

She pulled my pants right off along with my underwear and for a few moments just stared at my pulsating cock. I swear that it had never before been so hard. The head was shining with the hardness, and the vein underneath was beating a rhythm of its own.

She sank down on her knees and ever so gently placed her lips around the head of my cock and proceeded to suck the cum right out of me. It had been so long since I had a mouth on my tool, that I started to cum right away. Heavy bursts of cream went flying down her throat. My knees started to buckle, I was so weak from the pleasure her mouth had given me. I slowly sank to the floor beside her.

I laid down, but Vicky just sat there smiling at me. Then she started to take that long blonde hair of hers and caress my body with it. I could feel my body coming to life as those golden strands tickled me.

“Poor baby,” she said, “Rita should treat you better, but then she never could appreciate a good cock!”

I could feel my cock growing again, and when she saw that, she just laid herself on top of me and started the heavy kissing all over again. She ground her crotch into mine and groaned in my mouth. Then she did something I still can't understand, nor do I know how she accomplished it; she just moved her pelvis in just the right way, and the next thing I knew, my cock was planted firmly and deeply inside her.

She just continued to kiss me as she lay on top of me, and then she closed her legs real tight and started to fuck me!

We were hardly moving, and Vicky was really doing all the work, but it felt so good! Her cunt felt like liquid fire, it was so hot and tight, and I was positive that she was trying to turn us inside out. Her moans became groans, then they became screams that she stifled in my mouth and on my neck. Wave after wave rushed over her as she exploded into one orgasm after another. Her hot and juicy cunt was starting to work on me too. My cock felt like it was being squeezed like grapes for wine. Vicky could control her cunt muscles that well. She whispered in my ear, “Together now!” and sure enough, she made her muscles pull the cum right out of me as she whooped in my ear. All I could see were stars - that's how intense the climax was. I could feel my juices blast out of my cock and splash against her juices and the combined puddle dripping out of her and onto me.

Vicky and I had spent over two hours fucking each other to our total satisfaction, but we knew we had to call it a night. As she helped me pack everything up, she told me that she would continue to act cool towards me whenever Rita was around, but on those nights when Rita had to work late, we wouldn't have to confine ourselves to the dark room. She also said that just as soon as she finds her own place she wants to model nude for me, and then we can again go into the dark room and see what 'develops!'

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