

CRAZY 1681

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Chapter 1681 Daddy's Slut Girl 3

"Okay, I'm in. But I'll have to warn you sis, he's been pretty stand-offish since we did it. And that was over a month ago."

"Yeah, but did you see how he couldn't take his eyes off of my tits, and ass since I got here?" And we both giggled at that as we headed up to bed arm in arm. Each with a hand full of the other's ass.

I was a little uncertain

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Part 3: Uncle Joe's Play Pen

It was shortly after Heidi had her little baby girl that daddy suggested we take a couple of weeks vacation out in California. That way we'd be able to see both Heidi, and his offspring; my sister/niece, as well as stay at Uncle Joe's palace on the ocean. As CEO of the company that Daddy and uncle Joe had started years ago to handle all of my father's inventions, and computer programs, uncle Joe was every bit as wealthy as his neighbors if not more so. His residence, though not exactly a marbled palace wasn't far from it from an ecological standpoint as it blended into the rocky cliff face more than it would have as a gothic castle. Just the same it was as roomy, and elegant inside as any Hollywood mansion could ever have wanted to be without actually being located in Hollywood. The view of the ocean from his huge patio was a sonnet in, and of itself, and along with the pristine beach surrounded by rock face gave it all an air of confident privacy that his neighbors didn't even enjoy.

By the time we reached the airport, acquired our tickets, were relieved of our luggage by the baggage handler, and hurried out to the gate where our jet was warming up it was time to board the plane. Night had already buried the sun in its black sparkling coverlet. And since we had six hours of time on this aircraft before arriving both daddy and I fell asleep shortly after take off.

"Uncle JOE!" I cried out, and jumped into his arms at the curb of LAX as his limousine pulled up, and he stepped out to greet us. His elderly black chauffer rushing to help daddy.

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Unfortunately, at least for my sake, Heidi came up behind him, and just pushed right through. Grinning when she saw how I was dressed before realizing that she just might have been a little rude, but still managing to carry little Carrie inside nonetheless. Jerome followed in her wake though, and I escorted them into the living room where daddy, an

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"Thirty Eight! Thirty Nine! Forty! Forty One!" And just as I fell over the edge Jerome backed off, and Master Joe continued without interruption. I shivered, my body bouncing up, and down on his lap as I tried desperately to meet every swat of his hand with my ass as I screamed my way down onto the rocky terrain below in the land of perpetual orgasm.

I must have continued to cry out each swat because the next time I realized I was doing it the count was 76, and it was daddy's hand blistering my butt now.

"77! 78! 79! 80!" And the silence that followed was like a shot to my brain.

I was still trembling uncontrollably, but even that soon turned into a few shivers as Master Joe gently applied some kind of soothing lotion to my fiery posterior. It felt great having his hand caressing my backside, even more so when he stuck a finger right up into my dripping quim. Then when he stirred it around I started to wriggle my hips back at his invading finger.

"Oh what an extremely delicious little slut you've turned out to be, Christine. And I'd be happy to stretch this little slot open a bit for your daddy, but Jerome has paid us ten bucks for one night of pleasure with you. So I guess we'll just have to gang bang your sister Heidi tonight while Jerome takes you out on the Glory Hole Train ride. And you'd better be good for him, or you'll pay for it with your ass tomorrow when we have you all to ourselves."

"Uh, huh," Jerome licked his lips, and wrung his hands together in expectation less than three feet away.

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"Hot damn!" Jerome groaned, "You're even tighter than your sister! Now hold still, I want to magic marker your tight ass." And that's when I felt something wet touch my upper buttocks and scrawl something across my ass. "There, that says it like it is."

"What did you write?" I asked curiously.

"Whore. In big bold letters."

I dared not say anything

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"Okay bitch, just follow me," Jerome ordered, and led me up the front steps of his Tudor with all of his neighbors looking on whistling, and throwing cat calls our way with dogs barking in the background all over the neighborhood.

I'll give this to Heidi, she keeps a clean house, and that can't be easy now that she had a baby to take care of. Nothing to brag about in Home & Gardens, Jerome's place had that lived in quality that said; "Come right in, and make yourself comfortable." Something to which I wasn't being allowed to do as he continued to lead me through the house, and out into the back yard where he had a small kennel for two dogs. Rottweilers in fact, and they went by the names of Bertino, and Ernesto. Or so their name tags on their collars, and cages said. I froze suddenly in absolute terror then.

"Okay bitch," Jerome chuckled, "it's feed'in time!"

I almost fainted before realizing that he actually meant that I was to feed the two dogs as he pointed to the large bag of dog food next to the cages.

"There's a hose over there," and he pointed to a garden hose, "make sure you give them both plenty of water too. Don't worry; they won't bite the hand that feeds them. Just make sure that they don't get loose. There's a Poodle bitch in heat two doors down, and they'd nail her ass to the ground. Oh, and don't turn your back to them, or they'll try to nail you, too."

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Chapter 1687 Dirty Naked Poker: EP1

"That sure is a lot of condoms, Sam," I said.

I stood as far back from my friend as I could.

Sam just reached into the box for another handful and tossed it into our cart—already filled with Gatorade, salted nuts, and granola bars. Everything two growing boys needed for a 'promising' weekend on my parents' yacht.

"It's going down, I can feel it," Sam said.

"You have a girlfriend. How much shit is really 'going down,' man?"

Sam snorted.

"Kate's cool," he said.

I've known Kate since high school. One thing I know for certain is that she was not 'cool.'

Sam had told me stuff, too. Kate wasn't exactly...enthusiastic in bed. It had taken almost a year of dating for her to go further than a tentative hand job. And everything was with a condom. Everything.

No cumming inside her. You sheathed your dick and you did your little back and forth. Then, long before anything might happen, you pulled out. And since nothing was going in her, nothing was going on her either. Your...efforts were to be deposited into the condom. The end.

Once, Sam told me, he had accidentally spilled a bit of sperm on her stomach—her stomach!—and Kate had freaked for weeks. This was not a girl who was 'cool.' This was a girl who was having sex for the same reason you curb your dog or clean the litter box. If you want the relationship, you've gotta do some ugly stuff or everything turns into a big smelly mess.

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Chapter 1688 Dirty Naked Poker: EP2

I heard the sound of a shove. The squick squick squick of a hand working a cock. I know the sound. I had just been making it myself.

"Ahhhhhh," I heard Sam reach his climax.

"There you go, baby. Isn't that better? You feel better, baby?" Kate asked.

"Uh huh," Sam said. I heard a click, like a light being turned on. Bright yellow spilled from under the door. I quickly readjusted myself, waiting for someone to come out. Nothing happened. The light clicked back off.

It was dark. All I could hear was the ocean and the sound of Ashley's slight snore. I was blue balled as all get out, but my cock stayed limp. For whatever reason, now that Ashley had finished, I felt a little strange tossing one off with her in the room. At a certain point, I guess I just fell asleep.

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The next day, we swam in the ocean, ate whatever, napped, then did it all again. We also opened up the alcohol.

By the time the sun was down we were all pretty good and lubricated. No one was falling down drunk, but we had all discovered a wonderful midpoint between buzzed and blasted. Then Em pulled a joint out of...somewhere?...and we passed that around for a bit, too.

We all sat around the living room, alcohol bottles resting everywhere there was flat space. The ocean sighed. I was in a nice, comfy place.

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Chapter 1689 Dirty Naked Poker: EP3

Best legs went to Kate, though I would certainly put Emma in there as well. I'm not a foot guy, but Emma's left one was out there and it was pretty cute, so she got best foot.

Everyone's a winner on the yacht tonight!

We took a break after the first round of cards. When everyone sat back down, fully refreshed with drink in hand, we all seemed

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Chapter 1690 Dirty Naked Poker: EP4

Their lips touched. Kristen kissed back a little. It was tender and warm. The two just shared each other. Appreciated each other. It might have been the least adventurous kiss of the night so far. It also might have been the hottest.

Emma enthusiastically pressed her mouth to Kristen's. Kristen tentatively tasted back. It was an honest kiss. Ashley may have been kidding around, but it really was love. They pulled away, both a little starry eyed.

"Wow," Ashley said.

"See, not so bad," Sam said.

Kristen just smiled dreamily. But she stopped betting kisses.

Some things, sadly, did not change. My cards were still flat out horrible, unplayable, shitty shitty shit. Sam just kept on winning. And the girls were out of socks.

The round after the girl-on-girl extravaganza began with Emma giving Sam a full on, full tongue kiss along with a little harmless groping. It was weird watching my little sister get it on with my best friend. I was crushed between really super creeped out and really super jealous.

The next hand I looked down at a nine, my second-highest card of the night. I decided to start pushing my luck. I was near last to act. I already knew I'd be kissing Sam or my sister if I lost, so no kissing for me. I was out of socks, so I bet my shirt. If I beat Sam, I could always just order him to kiss Kate, if anything just because I felt bad for her. Or he'd kiss me on the cheek. Whatever. No big deal.

Sam turned over a King. Of course.

I handed my shirt over.