

CRAZY 91

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 91 Uncle Bob: EP 3

So what was this? Was I now defiling the only beautiful thing in my life? Or was this a new and exciting stage in our relationship. I didn't know, and I was in no hurry to analyze it. I was living for the exquisite moment. I gently kissed her closed eyelids, and she smiled up at me.

"Uncle Bob? Y'know how I said I've been making out with Ricky and stuff? Well, you see, I've never really done that much with him. I sucked him off once or twice, but he's too big to go into my throat like you do. Did you like that?" Her smile was so bright, feeling that she'd done something good and almost begging for praise.

"Stacey, that was the best – the very best – blow job I have ever had. And I really mean that." I did. The expression of pure joy on her face was almost heartbreaking.

"Oh Uncle Bob, I'm so pleased! Can I – can I ask you something else?"

"Sure Stacey, my sweet. Anything." I was really enjoying this close intimacy.

"Only, you see, I don't want to give my cherry to Ricky. He's so full of attitude. I sorta know that if I let him he'll call me a slut and if I don't he'll call me a bitch. Why should I give my cherry to someone who disrespects me like that, huh?" She did a little Homer Simpson look as if to say that if the boy was so stupid he didn't deserve her.

I agreed. "That's right, Stacey. You should save it for someone who respects you, preferably someone you love and someone who loves you back."

"That's just what I thought, Uncle Bob. So please, Uncle Bob, can I give you my cherry?"

My heart gave a jolt – as did my cock, which the little teaser had just started stroking again.

"Stacey – I ..."

" 'Cuz you see, I love you, Uncle Bob, and I know you love me, and you'd never hurt me or brag about what we did or try to make me do anything I didn't want to. And I know you'll be gentle and make it feel good, and I want my first time to be special. So will you, please?"

So just when I thought I couldn't get any more depraved, my teenage niece, who had recently given me the best freaking deep-throat blow job of my entire sorry existence was now asking – no, begging – me to take her virginity.

It was about then that my cock finally took over and got me to abandon all moral and rational thought. "Sure, Stacey," I said – I think there was a tremble in my voice – "I'd be proud to."

"Oh Uncle Bob!" she shrieked, throwing her arms around me and kissing me passionately. You'd have thought I'd just told her I'd bought her a car for her birthday.

Then her face became a little more serious. "Only, I'm afraid you're gonna have to wear a condom, 'cuz, like, I'm not fixed yet."

"No problem, sweetie," I said, and reached into the bedside drawer to extract the condoms and lube I keep there. It was only then that it occurred to me how this must look – a ready supply for any girl I might bring home to fuck, but Stacey seemed not to notice.

"I don't think you'll need the lube, Uncle Bob. I'm very wet. Here." She took my hand and pressed my fingers into her sweet snatch. She was wet all right - like a reservoir.

Then she grabbed one of the condoms and tore the foil off, looked at me, smiled, and slipped the tip between her teeth.

When we had first started making out, Cheryl sometimes put a condom on me with her mouth. It felt good. With Stacey, it was terrific. How she had learned the technique I didn't want to know, but the sensation of having this hot wetness creeping along my dick as the rubber unrolled was delicious.

Then she dropped back onto the mattress beside me and opened her slim thighs wide. I just stared. How could I slide my cock into that perfect pinkness? It was just too pure, just too innocent, just too ...

"I'd like you to fuck me in missionary if that's okay, Uncle Bob? I just want to look into your eyes when I feel your cock inside me."

Oh this was too much. "I'd like you to fuck me." Just like that. What was I going to do?

What I was going to do was what she'd asked me to do. But first, I reached down and gently stroked her pussy. I love it when a girl tilts her head back, opens her mouth, and closes her eyes. It says that I've hit the spot. A little more of this and she was moaning softly. When I slid a finger inside her, she gasped. I nearly gasped too – she was so tight, I thought I'd probed her asshole instead of her pussy. I didn't find, and hadn't expected, a hymen – I understand most girls have lost them by the age of sixteen from riding bikes or horses, or perhaps a bit later from experiments with vibrators or fingers. I teased around, seeking out the g-spot, trying to get her ready for me. Eventually I was able to get two fingers inside, though it was difficult, got my thumb on her clit and started Uncle Bob's patent "come-hither" action that seems to get them going every time.

After a very short time she gasped, "Oh Uncle Bob, I'm going to come very soon. Please do it now." Her eyes were bright and pleading. What else could I do?

I gently removed my fingers and slipped between those lovely thighs.

"Gently, please, Uncle Bob," she said, softly.

"I couldn't do it any other way with you, Stacey, my sweet," I replied.

I lined up my cock-head with her entrance and pushed gently. She gasped a little, and I bent down and kissed her. As she relaxed a little, I pressed a little harder, but found some strong resistance. She let out a little cry, but I knew I had to keep going. She was really wet, and open really wide, but even so, it was very difficult to get in. I'd never had the opportunity to relieve a girl of her virginity before, so unsurprisingly, Stacey's was the tightest little pussy I'd ever tried to enter.

I'd rested most of my weight on one elbow so I could stroke her hair with my other hand, and I kept kissing her softly and watching her face for signs of distress. Her eyes kept looking into mine, silently pleading for me to go in, but also for it not to hurt her any more. I was torn. I kissed her softly, then whispered, "Relax, my sweet baby. It's going to be beautiful. Just open and let me inside."

Slowly, so slowly, she opened for me. Her cute little face screwed up a little as I stretched her for the first time, but I knew I couldn't stop. If I did, she'd probably clamp up tight and we'd never make it.

She looked so sweet, so vulnerable, pinned there beneath me as I slowly, gently impaled her on my cock, but apart from some little gasps and squeaks, she didn't complain. And we finally did make it; slowly, slowly, a little in, a little out, at little bit further in, until we reached that magic point where our bodies met and she had all of me. When she realized that we were over the worst and I was in her to the hilt, her face lit up with one of her sexy little smiles, and she hugged me hard.

"Oh, Uncle Bob, we did it! I'm – I'm not a virgin any more. You're way inside me, and my cooze feels so full up and it – it feels good, and it doesn't hurt any more. You were so gentle, Uncle Bob."

We kissed a lot more, and she held me, and we stayed like that, me buried to the hilt in her oh-so-tight pussy for maybe a minute or so. Then I said, "Are you ready for some more, Stacey?"

"I think so Uncle Bob," she replied. "Just go slow, please." Her eyes were bright and excited.

So I settled into position, then slowly eased back, watching her face as she experienced the unfamiliar sensations for the first time. A slow, long withdrawal at first, then an equally slow slide back in, gradually getting a little faster as she relaxed more around my cock. Then I changed the angle, angling to rub her g-spot with my cock head, which seemed to work okay.

I changed position a little, rising up and trying some CAT – the famous "coital alignment technique." I find some girls really get off on the friction of my cock on their clit, especially when their g-spot isn't so sensitive, even though the penetration is less. Stacey seemed to enjoy everything I was doing, and was getting off on the naughtiness of what she was doing.

I have to admit, holding back inside Stacey was probably the toughest thing I'd ever had to do in bed until then. It wasn't just her tightness, though that was something else. It was the fact that I was fucking

not just a beautiful teenager – a fantasy that sits about number two on my "would love to do" list, just after fucking a short list of celebrities – but that this wasn't any teenager. This was my niece, who I'd loved and protected and, more recently, lusted after. Short of sticking my cock into Gwynneth Paltrow's ass and having her talk dirty to me – c'mon guys, who hasn't been there in their heads? – I couldn't imagine anything more raunchy.

But the number one priority now was to get Stacey to come before I did. If I could give her an orgasm during her first ever fuck, she would not only be better off than most of the women on the Earth, but she may just let me do it again with her. Which at this moment was my highest ambition.

The CAT and the g-spot work were doing okay, but she wasn't going to come like that – at least, not this first time. So another shift of my weight, and I sneaked my hand in between us and got my thumb on her clit. Her little gasp told me that this was both unexpected and welcome.

Soon she was bringing her hips up to meet me, and my thrusts were getting faster and more urgent. I was going to blow any second. I could tell she was close, but I was racing her to the edge and I was afraid I might win. I leaned forward and whispered, "Come for me now, Stacey baby. Come around my cock. Come for your horny Uncle Bob. Let me feel that tight little pussy squeezing me hard while you're cumming. Take it baby, take it my sweet. Take it now."

"Uncle Bob – I'm – I'm so near. Not quite ..."

I took a chance. "Open your hot, wet pussy, Stacey. Swallow my big cock like a good little girl. Fuck yourself on my dick. Let it fuck you hard and deep."

I felt the first spasm, gripping me so hard I thought it would squeeze my cum out of my ass. It had worked – a bit of dirty talk was all she needed to go over the edge and into that swirling whirlpool of orgasm. Like I said, Stacey likes to make a lot of noise when she comes, and she hollered and squeaked and squealed like a dirty little angel. And after about twenty nanoseconds I was doing the same, only in a lower register, as her throbbing little cooze milked my cock so hard that I filled that condom with as much spunk as my over-taxed balls could summon up.

We held each other until we'd both come down from our orgasmic cloud, gently kissing, both of us grinning like idiots. When I finally, reluctantly pulled out of her, it was mostly to stop the condom from sliding off inside her. I rolled over onto my back and she immediately moved on top of me and covered me in kisses.

"Uncle Bob, that was soooo rad! Thank you. It felt real good and I came so hard." She kissed me again. Then she reached down and pulled off the wet rubber, holding it up and admiring the contents.

"Hey, looks like you came pretty good too!" Then she did something I've only ever seen in porn movies; she picked up the used condom and poured the contents into her mouth, sticking out her tongue to show me the white puddle before swallowing it. "Mmmm! Delicious!" she giggled. "I just love the taste of your cum." Then she slid down to my crotch and took my cock in her mouth, licking and sucking the

rest of the cum from off my now softened dick. I was astonished and delighted.

Then she shimmied back up my body and snuggled down against me. She'd done this so many times before as a child, seeking the warmth, comfort and loving reassurance of being close to her favorite uncle, especially during the dark days of the divorce, around six years ago. In those days, I'd occasionally let her sleep alongside me, as a parent would with a distressed child, and loved the feel her trusting closeness. She was the beautiful daughter I would probably never have, and, as she often told me, her best friend in all the world.

And now here she was, lying naked on top of me, cum dribbling out of her mouth – my cum – and smiling like the cat that got the cream. Our relationship had taken a new, exciting and somewhat scary turn. As we drifted off to sleep in each others' arms, I just couldn't help wondering where it might go next.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 92 My First Time

My college class ended early, and my sister thought she was home alone. Surprise!!

The first time I saw my sister naked, my knees trembling and my throat becoming suddenly dry. Pictures of naked women abounded on many websites, of course, but to this point in my life I had not seen a real naked woman. Maybe when we were both younger, we had inadvertently seen each other but it was certainly not anything either of us remembered. We had a normal childhood. I was not supposed to notice her sexually. But even at a young age, I do remember being aware that my sister was very attractive.

She was a very beautiful brunette, with beautiful skin that was just begging to be tasted. Her neck especially looked delicious, when she tilted her head to one side, revealing that sensitive and vulnerable part that I could sink my teeth into. I loved the way her long strands of hair fell to one side when she did that, cascading over her shoulder. How I longed to touch her... But it wasn't allowed. I knew that, even at a young age.

That is, until I saw her naked. To be fair, it was not in any way her fault. My classes ended early, and she had not expected anyone to be home. As I headed to my bedroom, I heard the shower stop. Odd that my sister would be taking a shower this late in the day. I hadn't bothered to call out to her when I realized the bathroom door was wide open. I caught sight of her as I passed.

She had just stepped out of the shower, and was bent over, drying her legs and feet. She then straightened up and started to dry her hair. Thinking that she was alone in the house, she had not bothered to close the door, likely so that the mirror wouldn't steam over. I did the same thing when I was home alone. Roughly tousling the towel through her hair, she could not hear me as I approached the door. My body stopped instinctively, and my gaze went right to her legs and rear end, both splendidly on display. I knew it was wrong to look, and the guilt kept growing the longer I stared. But I couldn't look away.

Her legs were lovely, for sure. But they only led my eyes upwards to the wondrous spectacle of her ass. A single drop of moisture began to roll down the luscious curve of her buttocks, stopping at that sweet inward angle where her cheeks met her thighs. I wanted to dive forward and catch that drop on my tongue, but I restrained myself understandably. Still, despite what I knew to be right and wrong, I was getting hard. I had to get out of there, now. Any second she would turn and see me, and my obvious arousal, and it would be hell. She would think I was sick and perverted, and she would be right.

In seemingly slow motion, it happened. She turned, shook the hair from her face, while still holding the towel in her hand. She pivoted around to face the mirror and saw me in the doorway. Without covering herself, she turned to see me frozen in both terror and lust.

I expected her to scream. Or, to begin yelling loudly while frantically attempting to conceal her nakedness from her sibling. I could tell by her eyes that she was shocked, perhaps a bit scared. But neither of us did anything. She was frozen as I was, watching me stare at her body. My eyes did not dart up and down, but rather I seemed to stare at her entirely in one single unflinching gaze.

God, she was beautiful... Her hips were cocked up on one side just a bit, giving her that wonderful feminine pose that drove men crazy. I noticed how tight and firm her body was, though I already knew she was very active. When I dared take special notice of her breasts, I remember observing how they were not especially large, certainly not like the women on my computer. But I had never been more inclined to reach out and suck on them, groping them in my hands and feeling their softness. They were lovely, most assuredly the best pair I'd ever seen.

Finally, she dared to move. I felt defensive suddenly, ready to defend my actions and run like hell before she said anything. But my body would not move until I heard her speak at least one word. I couldn't help but notice, however, that she had not yet attempted to conceal herself.

"I'm sorry," I blurted.

She chanced a glance down at my shorts. It was much too late to try to hide my erection from her. She had seen plenty of it by now. Maybe I could show my own dignity as she was doing. Calm, quiet, unmoving. No movement at all. If I dared adjust my composure, I would surely lose my dignity and run far away to hide.

"Oh, no... I didn't..." she stuttered.

She began to wrap the towel around herself. She tried to keep it around her chest, but it was too small to wrap around her upper body. It was no use at this point to pretend she needed to cover what I had already seen. So, she lowered the towel and did her best to fasten it around her waist. Of course, the towel was still too small to do this properly, so it hung lower above her hip and her right thigh was still in my plain sight.

"I didn't know you were home," she said, her breasts bare and open for my viewing.

I tried not to stare, but she wouldn't have noticed anyway. Her eyes were fixed on my crotch. I turned my body slightly, but the angle only showed her more detail.

"It's okay," she said calmly. "Too late anyway."

Was that her way of breaking the ice? I laughed nervously, trying to play it off, I guess. I really didn't know what to do at this point. My sister was still mostly naked before me, the towel around her waist almost enhancing her sensuality like a mini skirt with a slit up the entire right side.

Before I could make a move, we both heard the front door. The faint sounds of voices told us our parents were home.

To my surprise, my sister ran towards me and grabbed my shirt with one hand and the doorknob with the other. Pulling me sharply into the bathroom, she quickly shut the door. To be honest, I was surprised she didn't just slam it closed with me still on the other side of it. Why had she wanted me in here with her?

A voice called from downstairs, our parents alerting us that they were home. But the chatter of conversation trailed off as they went into another room, not bothering to wait for a response.

"What are you doing?" I asked, as if protesting her actions. My past infatuated self would have kicked me.

"You want them to see you staring at your naked sister?" she asked, giving me an amused look.

"I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

She shook her head. "It's fine. Judging by the tent pole in your shorts, I think you did mean to stare."

My hands went to my crotch. She smiled.

"You better not let them catch you leaving the bathroom with me still in here," she warned, but I sensed that she was playing with me.

"Well, what am I supposed to do?"

She shrugged, causing me to take notice of her breasts once again. "Sit down and wait."

For some strange reason I complied. Maybe I was thinking with my dick.

My sister did not seem bothered by my presence and began combing her hair. I sat on the edge of the bathtub in silence, pretending to wait but really admiring her. I could see her naked front quite easily in the mirror. She knew I was staring but pretended not to notice. She blow-dried her hair, brushed her

teeth, and spread lotion on her skin all while I watched in secret arousal. Why was she letting me do this? Had she always known about my fantasies about her? Perhaps I had been careless, too obvious with my stares, or maybe she knew about the times I used to look through her underwear drawer.

"Um," she started, pausing as if contemplating something. "I have to trim now."

Trim? Trim her beautiful pussy? Why was she telling me this?

"Okay..." I said uncertain.

"You can watch if you want."

With that she undid the towel around her waist and set it on top of the toilet lid. I caught sight of the treasure between her legs, and immediately knew what she was referring to. Her patch of dark pubic hair was suddenly very evident to me, as I had not taken much notice of it before. There was an obvious design that had been carefully trimmed just above her pussy. But I saw small hairs beginning to surface all around the small strip of denser hair that was like a jagged flame seated just above her clit. I was surprised to learn that she kept herself so neatly groomed. I thought that was only something porn stars did. She grabbed the shaving cream from under the sink and sprayed a glob onto her palm. With a slightly devilish smile, she glanced at me before reaching downward to perform what would be the most erotic act I had ever seen up to this point.

Carefully, slowly, she began spreading the shaving cream between her thighs, all around her pubic area. Lightly she dabbed her foamy fingers around her vagina, much more open to me now as she spread her legs to give herself access. When she was done, she took her razor from the edge of the sink and began to use it on herself. I was so turned on watching her, my hard cock was aching with lust. She carefully slid it across her skin, removing all of the hair that would be sticking out of her bikini. She had obviously done this many times before. It hadn't been but a minute of two, but I felt like I had been watching for hours. When she was finished, she used the towel she was sitting on to wipe herself clean, and I saw the pink inside her pussy.

"Wow..." I whispered to myself, but she heard and giggled.

I wondered what was next in my sister's routine, but she seemed to hesitate. Surely there wasn't much more she could do before dressing and leaving.

"I know you've wanted to see me for a long time," she said.

My heart stopped, and my face turned pale.

"It was pretty obvious," she continued, looking at me through the mirror. "You used to be infatuated with me. I miss that."

What was happening here? Was this for real? All of secret desires were now out in the open and

combined with the peep show I had just received, I felt ready to faint.

"Please say something," she said.

"I...I don't know what to say. How did you know?" I immediately regretted answering her like that, confirming what she had said rather than denying it.

Her back had been facing me up to then, but she turned and face me, still fully nude and not hiding anything.

"I always saw you looking, and I used to really like it. But after I learned how boys are, always ogling girls for their bodies, I thought maybe it wasn't me you were looking at. Just my body."

I felt a bit saddened by that. Maybe because it was partly true, but certainly right now it wasn't about that at all.

"But one night," she continued, "I heard you in your room, playing with yourself while looking at porn on your computer."

Aah!! She knew?!

"And I heard you say my name, right as you moaned really loud." She was smiling a bit now. "You shot your load thinking about me."

I really wanted to know exactly when that had happened, but truth be told it used to happen a lot when I had not fully controlled my desires.

"I always thought you were pretty," I said, softly in my nervousness. "Beautiful."

"I wanted you to look. I loved the attention." That much was obvious, as she told me while still baring her naked body to me.

"I'm looking now..." I replied.

"I see that," she smiled, giving attention to my dick pointing up at her.

"So, what's next?" I asked, trying to act casual.

She playfully rolled her eyes around the room, as if pondering what to do.

"Well, sometimes after I shower and trim, I like to take care of myself, but I don't know if you should be allowed to watch that."

I swallowed. "What's that?"

She looked very shy suddenly, like a little girl. "I play with my pussy..."

I lost my balance on the edge of the tub and fell backwards in shock, much to my sister's amusement.

"Are you alright?" she asked through her laughs.

"Yeah, I'm fine..." I picked myself up and dried my wet hands and arms on my shirt. My butt had also gotten wet from the little bit of draining water left from the tub.

"Aw, now your clothes are wet." She clasped her hands together in a bit of playful happiness. "Take them off!"

"I...don't think that's such a good idea."

"Because I might see your hard cock?"

"Yes. And if you start playing with your pussy, there's going to be big mess to clean up."

Her playfulness seemed to halt, as a more aroused state overtook her. "Ooh, really..."

We both fell into a kind of awkward silence just then, realizing the blunt sexuality of our situation. Perhaps wiser individuals would have gone their separate ways at this point, but our young and stupid lust was the dominating force controlling us now.

"I won't tell if you won't.", she slyly said.

I couldn't believe the words had escaped her mouth. When she licked her lips, I felt all apprehension leave me.

"Are you being serious?" I asked, giving her one more chance to back out.

She knew, as well as I did, that this was wrong. But the thing about sex is that doing something wrong can feel really, really good. We desire what's forbidden, it's part of our nature. I was trembling with excitement, at the possibility that I would get to sexually interact with this goddess before me.

"Totally," she said straight-faced.

I stood and said, "will you pull my shorts off"?

She walked toward me, bent down and stared at my tent. I wondered if she was nervous to see my hard cock. She was teasing me. Then abruptly, she pulled my shorts off. I was naked in seconds. My cock was inches from her face. She smiled, and instinctively grabbed it.

I moaned, and said, "If you don't let go now, you're going to get a facial." She let go, stood up.

"Stand there," she said. She moved back and sat down on the toilet seat.

She spread her legs. "I want you to watch me while I do it, okay?"

I nodded, unable to speak. She let her hand glide down to her crotch, and very slowly and carefully began to touch herself. My cock twitched and jumped, which only spurred her on. She went right to work on her pussy, not testing what felt good or discovering new sensations. It was obvious she had masturbated quite frequently. She knew how to get what she wanted from her body.

Her fingers slid up and down her lips, separating them to expose her clit. She was wet already, I could tell. She kept sliding up and down, obviously loving just that small amount of stimulation. Her middle finger suddenly darted into her vagina, sinking effortlessly into the hot wetness. She moaned, still applying pressure and friction to her mound. Soon she withdrew the finger and concentrated solely on her clit. Her free hand reached up to rub her breast, squeezing it and pawing at it just as I desired to do. This was torture, watching her arouse me beyond my limits.

I reached down and took hold of myself, wrapping my hand firmly around the shaft. She saw me do this and her hips thrust sharply forward, seemingly very aroused at my action.

"Yes," she breathed. "Go ahead. Do it with me."

I thoroughly relished the next few seconds, as my trembling subsided, and I began masturbating along with my sister. She watched my cock very intently, still rubbing herself quite fervently but never taking her eyes off the throbbing length of meat in front of her. She began whimpering, and I heard juicy sounds from her pussy as her fingers rubbed around and around her clit, bringing her closer and closer to that wonderful sensation that was building inside of her. I wasn't far behind her, nearly exploding with her every moan. I couldn't hold out much longer.

"Are you going to cum?" she could barely say between sharp breaths.

I nodded, and even though she wasn't looking up at my face she could tell I was close.

"Oh god..." She closed her eyes and grimaced, as her own orgasm began to explode. "Shoot it all over me!"

Her hand became a blur as she brought herself off, rubbing her clit furiously and panting in pure ecstasy. I could no longer hold back and began to stroke faster and harder as I felt my balls tighten. I grunted heavily and my feet began to tingle as I came. She was crying out in her own pleasure when I started to ejaculate, but when the first load of sperm exploded out and landed on her hand, she tensed up even more and nearly fell over from the sudden intensity of her orgasm. Her body twitched and writhed beneath me as I stood over her and shot another blast of cum onto her stomach. She was beyond noticing anything but her climax at this point, not even breathing from what I could tell in my intense

state. Her neck flushed red, and I saw just a bit of clear juice ejaculate out of her pussy. That made the last remnants of my own orgasm continue with renewed vigor, and I spurted even higher onto her breasts, finally trailing off a few weaker spurts onto her thigh beneath me.

I nearly collapsed onto her but braced myself on the sink. I was literally hunched over her. My head fell on her shoulder. Her climax had lasted through mine and she was just now coming down from it, breathing heavily and sweating a bit from the exertion. My cum was plastered all over her tits and stomach. It was a glorious sight.

"Oh my god..." she sighed.

I panicked for just a moment, but her reaction was not one of regret. She did not push me away from her, but rather rested her forehead on my shoulder as she gained her strength back. After a moment she laughed softly. It was a blissful feeling, to experience such an intense sexual release and bathe in the warm afterglow. We finally lifted our heads and looked at each other, both smiling and taking in each other's expression.

"Feel good?" she asked.

"That was amazing," I said. "You?"

She nodded. "Yes. My god, yes!"

I didn't want to leave, I wanted to stay there forever and stare at her naked, cum-stained body. She lifted her hand and examined the trail of semen oozing down her wrist. She lifted it to me to show me and laughed, glancing down to see where else she had been hit. She touched the small pool of white globs on her stomach and lightly rubbed them with her fingertip.

"Mm, nice!" she congratulated me.

"Now you have to shower again," I said jokingly.

She shook her head. "Nah, I'm gonna stay like this for a while. It feels good."

I felt a moment of regret ebb at me. "Did we just do something horrible?"

She didn't even budge in her composure. "It certainly didn't feel horrible."

She moaned in delight, and I finally backed off of her, wanting to take the sight of her in once more. Her legs were still spread open. Her beautiful pussy was glistening. It was red and swollen, dripping with her juices. I wanted to taste it so bad, along with the rest of her. She saw me looking at her there and glanced down to see what I was looking at. She smiled brightly.

"What do you think?" she asked playfully.

"Delicious," I answered without hesitating.

"Maybe you'll find out sometime," she joked with me, mockingly suggesting what I desperately wanted.

"Maybe," was all I could say. God, she was so beautiful...

Almost reluctantly, she stood and pulled her bathrobe on, making to leave. I knew she had to, and I needed a shower now after all that. She hesitated before going to the door and leaned forward to kiss me on the cheek. With a smile and a bounce to her walk, she left the bathroom and closed the door behind her. I breathed a very contented sigh and just stood there for a while before turning on the shower and getting in.

I couldn't wait to see what would happen next...

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 93 Unprotected Sex

As any of my regular readers know, I like to experiment with my storytelling. This is supposed to be a 'quick wank.' I'm trying to improve and diversify as a storyteller. This is a major departure from my normal 'slow burn' style. I couldn't think of a good name for the story. I just went with the working title. Sorry.

As always, this is just fiction. And, constructive criticism is welcome.

Evan sits on the couch quietly watching the movie with his parents. His father is in his customary chair. Next to an end table holding nine empty beer bottles. His mother on the opposite end of the couch from Evan.

The spy thriller is boring the shit out of both Evan and Marie. He's seen it over twenty times, and she just can't get into all of the fighting. Evan knows that this is one of his father's demands that they have a family night. Which unfortunately, for the past few years since he started college, has been watching his father get loaded and yell at the television.

"Hey, get me another drink, Marie," he instructs her as he belches.

Sarcastically, she replies, "Of course, O, sexy beast love of my life." She gets up to go to the kitchen. Evan watches her leave. He feels a naughty thrill watching her hips sway as she walks. Especially since she's lost over 150 pounds in the past couple of years. She has been working her ass off on the gag gift of a stationary bike that his father got her as a birthday gift the year he left for college. Miraculously, she hasn't lost much weight in her bust.

Thinking to himself, "It's probably that weird as diet she on." He adjusts his basketball shorts to relieve some of the growing pressure.

Evan hears her curse that the beer is gone. He knows that means his father will be switching to whiskey. Tonight could get interesting. In a bad way. Cops knocking on the door kind of way. She comes back in with one of those fancy insulated tumblers. "You're out of beer. Here's your whiskey and coke, beloved." Evan hears dark tones in her voice. He's betting that one of them is sleeping on the couch tonight. His hopes of watching a porn are dashed. His father has blocked all internet access to anything considered fun.

He remembers his father lecturing him, "The internet is for intelligent things like research and academics and the news. Not yanking on your meat." Even though his father watches copious amounts of conspiracy theory videos on the internet.

Marie sits back down on the couch, but laying down this time with her feet in Evan's lap. "Rub my feet will you, baby?" she asks her son.

"Mom, I just..." Evan starts to complain. After all, he finished his sixth consecutive ten hour shift at a construction job that his father required him to get.

"Don't tawk bact to yer mother, boy," his father snaps without turning to look at them. The slurring speech is not a good sign. In order to keep the peace and not have a violent episode from his father, Evan pulls his mother's feet into his lap. "She works hawd down at da mill all day. She consta... always walking around."

Evan adjusts himself to keep her feet from touching his semi-erection. She coos, "Oh. That's so nice," as he presses his fingers into the soles and pinch at the arches of her left foot. Evan's consultation prize is getting to watch her luscious thicc thighs squirm in delight from the foot message. Her heavy chest jiggles as she starts to pant. Evan wonders if he's smelling what he thinks he's smelling.

Ten / fifteen minutes later, Evan has finished with both feet and is about to push her feet off when his father calls for another drink. Marie sighs, "Of course Richard." She swings her feet off of Evan's lap and plops them onto the floor. She called him Richard.

She actually called him Richard. Evan knows that there'll be a fight soon.

"I told to you to not call me that. That name that I, uh, hate."

She takes the tumbler from him, and heads into the kitchen. Calling out from the kitchen, "Robert do you remember what today is?"

"Not a clue. Did you get a premonition at work?" Robert replies. Evan groans. His father's response tells him how drunk he is. He's getting his words confused.

As she's handing him the refilled tumbler, she reminds him, "It's my birthday, Bob."

"Oh shit, really?" Evans eyes pop open at his father's response. He moves quickly off of the couch.

"I'll be right back," he says over his shoulder. He had originally planned to prank his mother by pretending to forget about her birthday, and giving it to her at breakfast. He finds it easily and hustles back into the living room. His mother is sitting in her same spot with her legs gathered up to her chest. She is glaring hostilely at her husband of 19 years.

Evan lightly deposits the box, balancing it on her kneecaps. She gasps as she realizes that he just gave her a gift. Evan re-assumes his spot. Robert does not notice the exchange since he is chugging his drink.

Just after unraveling the ribbon on the small box containing her gift, Marie hears her husband rattling his tumbler, demanding a refill.

"I'll be back," she whispers as she drops the box into Evan's lap. She grabs the tumbler from her husband's hand. She returns quickly. After pressing the tumbler into Robert's hand, Marie drops her ass down next to Evan. She opens the box. Listening to Robert's tumbler make gurgling noises, Marie gasps. "This is too expensive!" Marie keeps her voice low.

Evan shrugs, "So? I only have one more payment left."

Marie shoves it back into his hands, whispering, "Put it on me, baby. PUT IT ON ME!"

As Evan pulls the silver chain with the sparkling red heart shaped pendant out of the box, Robert grumbles, "What are you two going on about?"

"Evan is trying to convince me that I shouldn't hate this movie," Marie snaps at her husband. Her mood instantly improves as Evan finishes clasping the silver chain around her neck. The pendant catches the light to gather attention to her cleavage.

Marie pulls the blanket off of the back of the couch and lofts it over them both. "Thank you, baby. This deserves a snuggle and my focused attention."

Robert chokes momentarily after the first sip, "The hell, woman! Who taught you how to pour a drink?!"

Marie can't disguise her anger and irritation at the interruption when she responds, "You did! I'm still pouring your drinks the way that you showed me 14 years ago when I finally turned 21. And, I'm sure that you'll show Evan how to pour your drinks next year when he's turns 21."

Looking at Evan, she grumbles, "At least you're aren't an abusive drunk."

Robert doesn't hear the comment. "You're God damn right that I'll teach the boy how to pour a proper drink. Since you've forgotten how to." His attention never leaves the television screen.

Mere seconds later, Evan feels a soft and warm hand rubbing the inside of his thigh, pushing his shorts up his leg. He tries to ignore it and his growing erection.

Evan cannot ignore the soft touches on his nuts. He doesn't say anything. He starts to control his breathing.

Evan's breath escapes forcefully as he feels delicate fingers wrap around his thickening dick. Fortunately for him, this is at the same instance that the protagonist of the movie kills one of the main antagonist's allies on the screen. Robert comments, "Yeah, I know. That was a good kill."

Evan slowly turns his head to look at his mother. She is focused on screen. He can feel her acrylic nails playing across his blood fueled flesh. Marie plays around with Evan's dick as she releases it and lightly drags her fingers up and down his shaft.

Evan whispers, "What are you doing?"

She throws him a quick glance before refocusing on the television. She answers with a husky voice, "Expensive gifts deserve some thanks. And don't think for a minute that I haven't noticed you watching me." Evan's heart skips a beat. "You have no idea how much I want attention. This kind of attention." Her hand grips his cock, and squeezes hard. She pumps his dick several times.

"Oh! Shit! So close!" Evan blurts out. He immediately fears his father's reaction.

Without looking away from the screen, Robert replies, "I know. The director knows how to build a screen."

Marie dives under the blanket. Her hand is furiously pumping Evan's dick. The breaking point for Evan is feeling her lips form a vacuum seal around the tip of his dick. Her hand, that was previously stroking his dick slaps onto his mouth. He groans as he blows a wad of sperm into his mother's mouth.

"Yeah, that was a sloppy kill." his father comments about the movie.

Marie swirls her tongue around cock. Absolutely lavishing it with her full attention. She feels a painful pinch on the back of her neck causing her to stop and let his dick drop from her mouth. She notices it rapidly softening.

"I'm gone ta bed. Son. Tell you mother at she ish not welcome to john me. Whenever you find out where she went ta pout. I'm tire of 'er shit fo tonigh. She can seep on da couch," Robert tells him. "Hell, she can seep in you bed for as mush as I care. Ah know that yer a weak ass bish when it comes to bean a man. She's train you. You ta be. Be a pussy." Robert meanders off with a lot of stutter steps and fumbling after finishing is drunken tirade.

Evan keeps her head pressed to his leg. Every time that he hears her about to say something, Evan

pushes the blanket into her mouth.

Once the master bedroom door audibly closes, Marie yanks the blanket off of her head. She growls, "What the fuck, Evan?!"

"What? Did you want to provoke him?"

"What?" she demands.

"What happened the last time that I stood up for you?"

Without realizing that the words were slipping out of her mouth, "He beat you into a bloody pulp and sent you to the hospital." She clamps her hands onto her mouth. Now she realizes what he just did. "Go to your room, baby."

A little over an hour later, Evan hears a soft knock on his bedroom door. He sees the door open slowly. Marie fills the empty space of the door's opening.

"Mom?" Evan asks unsure of himself.

She sneaks inside the room as she closes the door. "I'm not 'Mom' right now. I'm Marie." He watches her push her loose moose brown hair behind her ear. Not that he can see the color well in the dark. She fidgets. She is not standing like her normal self. Evan remembers his mother always standing with both feet in an aggressive stance. Now, the woman in front of him, she stands pigeon toed. "May I sleep in here tonight?" she asks.

Evan's eyes have finally started to adjust. He asks himself, "Is she wearing lingerie?"

"Your father was firm about me sleeping on the couch or in your bed," she reminds him. "The couch is uncomfortable. So, may I sleep here with you?" she asks. She continues with a shrug, "Since he thinks you're a momma's boy?"

The silky and frilly top does nothing for him. The fact that it highlights her curves is everything to him. He has been with several heavier women that were significantly heavier than Marie, but none of them compare. She has curves to stare at all day long. Her waist looks more pinched in out of normal proportions with her body type. Her heavy breasts and wide hips scream that her body is for making babies.

"Ok. Then how were you able to change into that?" Evan asks as he gestures at her attire. He keeps his blanket over his body. He is currently naked as he was previously cranking one out to his memories of her previous outfit of tight gym shorts and tight t-shirt.

"He's not exactly sober right now," Marie says sarcastically.

Evan rolls out of his bed forgetting to put his boxers back on. He makes the few steps to his dresser. He pulls out a random shirt and pair of shorts. "If you are here to do what I think you're here for... stealing your man's clothes is much sexier."

Marie's twists as she snatches the clothes offered to her. She whimpers while she pulls the clothing to her chest. She breathes out hotly. With strands of bland brown hair fluttering in front of her face, "Do you want me to change in the bathroom or in front of you?" Evan refuses to answer. He steps back to his bed.

Marie exits. He hears the bathroom door that is closest to his room close. A couple of minutes later, she reenters Evan's bedroom. Her soft brown hair is loosely tossed around her shoulders and neck. Random strands are spread about the front of her shirt. She stands in the moon light unsure of herself. She has always been confident when wearing lingerie. Wearing normal clothes is robbing her of that confidence.

In order to reassert her confidence, she tells him, "I'll buy a new one of anything that you rip off of me." A few strand of hair wiggle in front of her face in the breeze from the A/C.

Evan lifts the blanket to invite her into his bed. The bed that he knows that she helps pay for.

Once she gets to the edge of the bed. "You didn't say anything about removing your clothes from me."

"Sorry, I was taking in the sights." he whispers. His hands land on her body just above the hips. "I hate having a MILF for a mother. Because I want to fuck her too." He pulls at her body to get her into the bed. She resists.

"Prove to me that you want me. Take my, I mean your clothes off of me."

Evan enjoys the slow reveal. He drops her shorts first. He knows that he needs to do foreplay.

He kisses small circles around her bellybutton. She gives a little moan. Grabbing his hand and directing it to the hem of the t-shirt, "One thing at a time, baby."

He gives one more kiss, directly on top of her neatly trimmed mound. When he stands up, Evan tries to drag the tip of stiff dick along her thigh.

He pulls the fabric over her head, revealing the heavy fatty flesh that he has always enjoyed staring at when he thinks that she's not paying attention. He ducks down to suck a nipple into his mouth.

"Oh. That's nice. No one's done that in way too long." She wraps her hands around his head to guide him back and forth between her hard nipples. Evan loves the texture of the goose pimples around her nubby nipples.

She fumbles around to find one of his hands. She slides his finger tips down her stomach, pushing it towards her crotch. "Play with me?" she asks. She moves her feet to offer him better access.

His fingers slide along the edge of her nether lips. Her moisture is gathering on his fingers and starting to drip down to the back of his hand. Evan then explores the entrance to her inner core by sliding a fingertip in until the second knuckle. He can tell that she's breathing quicker as it's getting harder to keep his mouth attached to her breast.

Mumbling around the teat that he once suckled at as an infant, "I want to eat you, Marie." He pulls back to let her crawl onto the bed. She smiles and gleefully crawls onto the bed.

She yelps in surprise when Evan wraps his hands around her thighs to spread them and plants his face into her rear. His grip is unforgiving as she is still on her hands and knees.

When his tongue starts lashing and lapping at her wet sex, Marie drops her head onto the bed and supports her weight with her elbows instead.

"Ungh! My ass is too big for that. Let me. Uh. Let me lay down," is her request. Instead, she's greeted with a slap on the butt. It stings. Evan continues with his oral performance.

Her upper body slowly slumps further into the mattress. Her juices flow freely. Evan cups his hand under his chin to catch the falling fluid. He strokes her mound until he finds her clit.

Marie is the one stuffing a blanket into her mouth this time. She groans loudly into the mouthful of fabric as she bites and chews on it. When she can't take anymore, her body shakes violently and crumbles. Yanking her pussy away from Evan's tongue.

Marie spits the blanket out of her mouth, "Give me a moment. I need to. To recover." Evan stands up while lovingly stroking her outer thighs.

"Of course, Marie." He walks over to the side of the bed that his normal wakes up from.

Sliding into the bed, "Do you need some help?"

Marie chuckles, "No. Not yet." She takes a hold of his waist, "But I think it'd be easier to continue if you were in the middle of the bed." Evan slides into the natural dip that happens when someone sleeps in the same spot for several years.

Marie climbs up his prone body until she is where she wants to be. "Before we... um. Do this. I want to say a couple of things."

Evan shrugs and looks at her suspiciously.

"Did I tell you early that you are a good size? I mean like a really good size for me?"

"No. No, you didn't. There were a lot of things going on at that moment."

She sits her ass down on his thighs and lightly strokes his rigid cock. "You remind me of the, um, 'boyfriend' I had before I met your father."

Evan didn't catch the nuance that Marie was throwing out. "Marie," he says her name firmly. "I don't want to talk about anything from that... time period. You married way to young. I believe it's called a 'shotgun wedding for a reason.'"

She laughs while continuing to glide her hand over his dick. "There wasn't a shotgun involved, but... the constables, his cousins, were willing to accept that fate for him rather than arresting him." She looks Evan in the eyes. "But that's not the point." Once his face seems to have calmed down. "The point is that I haven't had anyone as big as you in over 20 years. And I haven't really been with your father in six months. So. Please be gentle." She leans forward to kiss him.

When she releases his lips, he remarks plainly, "Oh." When her full meaning hits his brain, "OH!"

She hisses happily. She lifts herself just enough to position his meat stick. She mutters giddily, "I'm ready to start the fun. Please be gentle." Marie slowly lowers herself. She huffs and pants as she fills her twat with his blood engorged phallus. Marie has her hands on his shoulders as she finally takes all of him into her.

She is breathing slowly as she feels him fill her. "Give me a minute."

Evan is struggling with not pumping her pussy. "Should we?" he is trying to focus his brain. "What about a condom?"

Marie kisses him quickly, "You may not understand this yet, but unprotected sex is the best sex." she mutters, "While I might not feel the difference like you will while we're going at it... but I will feel you come in me. And that! That is soooooooo good." She kisses him again. "That. That makes a world of difference." Her eyes sparkle as she stares at his eyes. His eyes are focused on her. He doesn't want to have the same effect that her eyes have on him.

He fails spectacularly.

Without moving her lower body, she pulls him closer to her. "Your eyes. They sparkle." She wraps her heels under his legs. "You need to cum in me. I need to feel you in me. I'm not stopping until you cum in me."

Evan and Marie start moving again. They start slowly. Evan is trying to pay attention to any nonverbal cues that she gives while he fucks her. He stops caring while the noise of their bodies slapping together echoes around the room. Evan is trying to keep time in the back of his mind.

Marie is panting into his face. He tries to kiss her. Multiple times. She is wildly riding his dick. She pumps her cunt up and down, onto and off off, his dick. She doesn't say a whole lot while she is trying to suck his cock into her cunt.

Their bodies slowly crush into each other. Their arms tighten around each other. They keep up the rhythm. His climax is happily accepted by her body. Her core continues to milk him for everything that he can give. She quivers and shakes as she tries to get the last drop out of his dick.

"Give me. Give me everything. I want. Everything. Every drop." she tells him as she shakes and quivers on top of him. He is speechless.

After she catches her breath again, "Maybe next year, you can give me a pearl necklace." She's not sure that he heard her. "I want a pearl necklace for my 36th birthday..."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 94 My Lovely Neighbour MILF

How I used to fuck my neighbour MILF often , How Much I missed her when she had to go to her native. How intense it was when she got back..!!

"Yes? What is it? Hmm? Mmmhm? What's wrong?" she was talking on the phone with someone. And here I was, on the bed waiting for her to hang up.

I kept staring at her bareback. She was completely naked as we just finished round one. I looked at my tired penis trying to get up. It was still dripping cum.

The more I looked at her naked back, waist, her big round juicy hip, the harder I get. Damn, she is so perfect! I was thinking about how much longer I can fuck her on round two as she was still talking on the phone.

A few seconds later, she hung up and turned around. Her perfect body, the shape of hers, everything about that body is so perfect and sexy. I mean I can't tell you the figure as I never measured it but it's curvy, tanned, and very succulent.

I just enjoy that body. I fucked that woman for the last six months. And god knows how much more I will be fucking her. She came to me and said, "Ok you have to go now. My husband might be coming home."

"What? Now? Can't we do it again?" I said squeezing her right boob. She took my hand off her boob and said, "I am serious." Her face looked anxious. Then I got worried.

"Why are you worried? Something's happened?" I held her face.

"I don't know, my husband just called and said he's coming home. The way he said it, I just don't feel

good about this. So you have to leave now.”

I said ok and got up, started putting on my clothes. She too was wearing her clothes. Then I kissed her forehead and left the room. Well, the one I am addressing as ‘she’ is my neighbour aunt, Nisha.

Everyone knows her as “Isha’s ma”. She is a married woman, who’s in her mid-thirties and has a daughter. Her husband works in a garments company.

Her daughter Isha is 9, so my neighbour aunt is a perfect example of a MILF. She is a housewife who stays alone for some portions of the day, hence not only she is a MILF, she has the ideal circumstances to be a MILF.

So to make her a MILF, needed someone much younger than her to fuck her and by luck, I lived one floor above her. It’s not like we started right at the moment we got to know each other.

It took some years to develop the attraction we share today. We started fucking each other six months ago. Since then whenever we get the chance to be alone, we make love.

Geez, I dropped so many things just to spend time with her as the time was limited. So it was either that or leave it. Whenever she is alone, I cancel everything and go to her, just to spend time with her, just to fuck her.

When I left her apartment, I was anxious too. I was scared for her. I couldn’t think about losing her. It was too scary. As I was going up the stairs, I saw her husband entering the building. I saw his face. It was gloomy.

Two hours later, I was on my bed, anxious. What could’ve happened? Did her husband find out? That thought wasn’t getting out of my head. Then I heard my mother shouting from the balcony. I went to the balcony.

I saw Isha’s mom waving at my mother. My ammu was telling her to take care of everyone. I looked down, our eyes met. Then she got in a car and left.

I was baffled. What had happened all of a sudden? Did she just leave, forever? I asked my ammu where they went. Ammu said, “Isha’s dadu died this morning.”

Ok, that’s terrible news I know, but it’s not the worst news. I got happy and instantly regretted being happy. But I couldn’t help myself. Also after that, I got sad.

It means I won’t be seeing her for some days. Who knows, it could be even weeks or months. I stood there on my balcony, my eyes were on the road.

Two weeks and three days passed. I was so alone and bored. These last days the only text I got from her was a photo of her standing in a field on a winter morning wearing a shawl.

She kept saying she'll be back very soon but never mentions when. I was dying to meet her, to hold her again, to do everything I used to do with her and to her.

Then after some days, one fine morning, I had just got fresh and had my breakfast. My phone chimed. I picked up and saw a message, it said, "Come."

My earlobes got hot. I got goosebumps out of excitement. My face had a big smile. I rushed into my room and combed my messy morning hair. I got downstairs and saw her standing at her door.

There she was, smiling at me. That smile had naughtiness. I got near her, she got inside. Then I got in, closed the door. She was standing near the bed.

I started asking her questions the moment I closed the door, "When did you come? Why didn't you tell me about coming? Did you come alone? Where is Isha? Where is her dad? Did he mention anything about us?"

She, ignoring all my questions, patted on the bed indicating to me to sit beside her. I sat down beside her, she started talking and telling me everything that's been going on and how she managed to come back.

There's a fortieth-day ceremony for the deceased and she told her husband she couldn't stay much longer as Isha's admission in the new class and getting all the new books were due.

As Isha's father couldn't miss out on his mother's ceremony, he told Nisha he would come after attending that. So Nisha came back with her daughter.

While she was saying all that I kept my hand on her thigh and was gently massaging it. Then she put her hand on my hand and pressed it. I guess that's a nod of approval.

I moved my mouth towards her. She also did the same and our lips met, after so many days! We started kissing intensely. Her sloppy tongue, her juicy lips! which I had missed so much.

My hands were caressing her back up and down as were hers. I was getting hurt by her churidar but I was too excited. After kissing a while, we decided to take off our clothes.

She opened my shirt button swiftly and threw it aside. Then she untied the lace and slid down my pajama. She got down on her knees without taking off her clothes.

I guess she was too much horny for my cock. She started kissing it madly. I ran my fingers in her hair. She stared at it and played with it. She was so happy as I was.

Then she started sucking it. It was so magical, to feel it after such a long time. She was sucking it very hard. One thing she did that I noticed was her licking the top of my penis round and round.

She kept eye contact with me as she was doing it. Although I kept saying, "I am gonna cum," she didn't stop. She wanted me to cum. After a while, I cummed in her mouth.

She looked at me and gave me a smile. Then she got up, grabbed some tissue paper, and started wiping her face in front of the mirror. I also got up.

We were having small talks about random things. I guess that's how sex is. Everything happens in sex. Sounds boring but I assure you it doesn't feel boring.

I was naked as I walked up to her. I grabbed her from behind, cuddled her, kissed her neck and her left earlobe. Then I kept rubbing my face on her neck and shoulder.

Both my hands were squeezing her boobs. She stopped talking and kept staring at me through the mirror with an innocent smile. Then I made her turn around and she faced me. Our eyes were locked.

Then I said in my native language, "Tomake khubb chudbo. Onek jore chudbo" (I'm gonna fuck you! I am gonna fuck you so hard). In our native language, it felt extremely vulgar and horny at the same time.

I had never used such words with her even after sleeping together. She couldn't help herself but laugh after hearing that. Then she gave me a peck in my lips and said, "Chudo!"

I took her clothes off one by one. She was in a three-piece, a normal one. Beneath it, was a black bra and white panty. I took everything off her.

She lay down on the bed. I spread her legs, adjusted my penis in her pussy but I didn't put it in. I started rubbing her pussy with my fingers. Her pussy was hairy and dark.

She was lying back with her arms above her head. After a while my cock was ready so was her wet pussy. I put it in there, she helped it go inside.

Once I was in her, we started fucking. Oh, what an intense fuck that was! Every stroke was heavenly. It felt amazing to fuck her after so long a time.

We kissed while I was pounding her hard, she was squeezing my butt. I kept kissing her whole face. After some minutes of extremely satisfying sex, we both climaxed.

That day we played with each other's bodies and then lay down hugging and cuddling naked for a while. I decided to write this one down as this particular sex of ours is very special to me.

Maybe, because it was after a long break. But amongst all the others, remembering this day makes me happy and aroused at the same time.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 95 Teenage Dream

She stretched her long legs out on the seat, barefoot as she'd left her sandals on the floorboard up front. He took in the sight of her breasts, her smooth, flat stomach, and the little slip of gauzy white fabric around her waist, barely hiding what was underneath. She looked so sensual, so sexy, bathed in the afternoon light. Her hair spread out around her head like shimmering, copper-gold silk. He moved down her body, hands on the seat on either side of her slim waist. He pushed her skirt up over her hips and immediately buried his head between her thighs. He breathed in the warm, musky scent of her pussy, and then plunged his tongue into her. She was already wet.

"Never ever, in your whole life?" Danielle asked, looking incredulous at her husband. "Not even when you were a teenager?"

Jason laughed and sat down his drink. They always met for drinks after work on Friday afternoon, at their favorite bar. A 'date night' of sorts, and after throwing back a few, shaking off the work week, and loosening up, they usually got into lively discussions.

"Never," Jason said. "Amazing, isn't it? We've been married three years and you still don't know everything about me. I bet there's things I don't know about you, too."

Danielle sat back in her chair, looking perplexed. A beautiful woman, sexy even in her business attire, she'd let her long, silky, strawberry blond hair down and taken off her jacket so her perfect, perky breasts were pushing at her white blouse. Her knee-length conservative skirt didn't hide how long her legs were. Jason often wondered how he'd managed to land such a beautiful, intelligent, funny woman. He feared some morning he'd wake up to discover it was all a wet dream.

Danielle shook her head. "Didn't you have a car when you were a teenager?"

"Yes," Jason said. "I never used it for that, though."

"So you never went parking or anything?"

"Honey." He leaned forward. "My parents were never home. I could sneak girls into the house. We had my bed to do it in."

Danielle smiled. She could picture her husband sneaking girls into his parent's house. The thought made her a little jealous, but only because she wished they'd known each other as teenagers so she could have snuck in too. He was a handsome man, suave and well put-together, with green eyes and a square jaw, and a sly, knowing way of smirking at her that instantly got her panties wet. He was tall and broad shouldered and his visits to the gym showed. She loved their 'date night,' seeing him in his suit, with his tie off and shirt unbuttoned. Sexy, on top of being her best friend--it was all a girl could ask for.

"So you've never got it on in the backseat of a car," she said. "That's interesting."

"I take it you have?" He arched an eyebrow.

"None of my boyfriends in high school had parents that worked all the time. The most romantic thing I got was a blanket in a field."

"We could always go over to my parent's house and I could sneak you into my old room."

Danielle laughed.

As Jason ordered another round of drinks, he saw a familiar, devious twinkle in her eye. The wheels were turning in her head, and he looked forward to whatever surprise she whipped up for him.

Saturdays were spent catching up on chores around the house. Now that spring had come, those chores included yard work. This particular Saturday wasn't too hot, but sunny, not a rain cloud in sight, so Jason mowed the yard and trimmed the hedges. Danielle did some cleaning in the house and then left to run errands.

As he tackled the weed growth alongside the house, he heard a car rumbling up the driveway. He turned off his weed whacker and propped it against the house.

The car that greeted him in the driveway wasn't their sensible, compact economy car, but a big, ancient four door 57 Chevy Bel Air. The car, painted robin's egg blue, wasn't in the best condition. There was a lot of rust on the frame and the chrome was dull. The engine didn't sound great either, and the exhaust was loud. As he crossed the yard, he saw Danielle sitting behind the wheel. He bent down next to the open passenger side window and looked in.

"What's this?" he asked, shouting over the noise.

She shut off the car and smiled at him, her arm draped over the big blue steering wheel. Jason took in her outfit--a low-cut halter top and a short, gauzy white skirt. She didn't usually dress so sexy to grab groceries.

"It's Daddy's new car," she said. "I stopped by to say hi and he let me take it out."

Danielle's father bought and restored classic cars, his 'retirement hobby' as he called it. Some he resold, a few he kept.

"Guess he hasn't started working on this one yet, huh?" Jason ran his hand over the window frame.

"The interior is nice, though." Danielle smoothed her fingers over the front leather bench seat. The seat was blue like the rest of the car, with tan stripes. The leather still looked good, but it needed patched in

a few places.

"I'm surprised he let you take it out," Jason said, sticking his head further inside to look around. "I guess it can't get too much more roughed up, can it?"

"I begged him. I gave him the pouty look. You wanna go for a ride?"

Jason drew back through the window and eyed her. He had on a white tank top, stained with sweat, his strong, thickly-muscled arms on display. Danielle wanted to lick him. She hadn't missed him eyeing up her outfit, either.

"Yeah, sure," he said. "Let me just throw on a t-shirt and lock up the house."

Danielle waited in the car, nearly wiggling with anticipation. She'd told her dad she'd be back in an hour, after explaining she wanted to show the car to Jason. Time was ticking.

Jason returned to the car, now in a white t-shirt, his tight jeans riding low. She could still smell the sweat on him as he slid into the car; her favorite scent, all manly and raw. She slipped her sunglasses on and smiled to herself as she started the car back up.

She drove the country roads around their house, the warm spring air rushing in the windows. The car rode surprisingly smooth despite the noise it made. The seats were deep and comfortable, too.

Jason was distracted by Danielle's hair being tugged by the wind, her skirt fluttering over her sleek, tanned thighs. He reached over and fiddled with the huge dials on the old-fashioned radio.

"This work?" he asked.

Danielle shook her head, pushing her hair back from her face. "Daddy doesn't have it hooked up yet."

After about ten minutes, Danielle took them down a familiar road. She slowed the car and turned into the driveway of a big house with a wrap-around porch and a huge yard.

Jason looked over at her. "Why are we at my cousin's house? They're out of town right now, remember? They went on vacation to Florida."

"I know." She pulled the car into a parking area beneath a big oak tree, shielded from the road. "So no one will know we're here. And we won't get hassled by the cops, since we're sitting in a private driveway."

He chuckled as she killed the engine. "Is that so? I should have seen this coming."

She slipped her sunglasses off and ran her fingers through her hair, un-mussing it. She tossed her sunglasses on the dashboard and slunk across the seat toward him, like a cat.

"Yes," she said. "You should have seen it coming."

She crawled onto his lap and straddled him. There was plenty of room, even in the front seat, and the ceiling was high enough she only had to bend her neck a little. Jason couldn't help but wonder if she'd seen the car at her father's place days ago and already had it sized up for sexcapades. He kissed her, and she squeaked into his mouth as he gathered her ass in his hands, all of it, squeezing it tight, nearly lifting her off his lap.

He broke the kiss and asked, "Since when do you dress like this to go to the store?"

She wiggled against him. "I didn't go to the store."

He slipped his hand up under her skirt and found nothing but smooth, bare skin. "Shameless." He tugged up the bottom of her halter top. "Take this off, let me look at you."

His command made her tingle. She'd never been overly submissive in bed, but she still loved when he told her what to do. She gripped the bottom of her top and peeled it off over her head. She had to wear a bra, unfortunately, because her breasts were too big not to. She reached behind her back to undo it. She popped the clasps and slipped the straps off, his gaze on her the whole time. She whipped the bra off with one movement and her breasts popped out proud and firm in front of her. Her nipples were tight and hard, aching for his fingers, or his mouth.

She tossed her bra into the driver's seat then gripped the front of his t-shirt. "You too. It's only fair."

"Of course. You know me, I like to be fair."

He reached down and pulled his shirt up. She sat back so he could work it off.

She nearly drooled at the sight his broad, tight chest. He threw his t-shirt onto the seat with her bra. She didn't have long to stare, as he pulled her against him, and she gasped at the sensation of hot, silken skin against skin, her favorite feeling. He caressed his hand down the curve of her back and cupped one of her breasts with the other.

"We should get in the backseat," she said. "That's how it's done."

"You're the expert." He lowered his mouth to her nipple and gave it a firm suck, then popped his mouth off. "We're really gonna do this in my cousin's driveway?"

"He'll never know."

She wiggled off his lap and climbed over the backseat. On the way, her skirt rode up, giving him a view of her sumptuously round, delicious bare ass, and even a flash of her smooth pussy peeking out between her thighs. She fell into the backseat, giggling. Jason was quick to follow, much more horny

now than worried about where they were.

"Your dad will kill us if he finds out," Jason said, as he shimmied over the seat.

"We'll make sure we clean up after."

She stretched her long legs out on the seat, barefoot as she'd left her sandals on the floorboard up front. He took in the sight of her breasts, her smooth, flat stomach, and the little slip of gauzy white fabric around her waist, barely hiding what was underneath. She looked so sensual, so sexy, bathed in the afternoon light. Her hair spread out around her head like shimmering, copper-gold silk.

He moved down her body, hands on the seat on either side of her slim waist. He pushed her skirt up over her hips and immediately buried his head between her thighs. He breathed in the warm, musky scent of her pussy, and then plunged his tongue into her. She was already wet.

"Jason!" She jerked her hips.

She reached down to grip his hair. He worked his tongue inside her, fucking her with it, and then on her clit, firmly but not too rough, the way she liked. His facial hair tickled her thighs and she locked them around his head, then relaxed, remembering he needed to breathe. She whimpered, her inner muscles clenching.

He pushed two fingers into her, filling up that ache, at least a little. He fucked her deep with his fingers, his tongue drawing slow circles on her clit. She wiggled against the seat, the leather making her back sweaty. He brought his other hand up to play with her breasts, squeezing and plucking her nipples.

"You're so good at that," she said. "See, I told you it was fun in a car." She caressed her foot down his back. He was sweaty too.

She could have let him do that all day, let him make her come over and over again with his mouth--but unfortunately, she had to get the car back soon and she wanted something else even more.

"Stop," she said, pushing gently at his head. "Baby, you gotta stop."

He stopped, and lifted his head. His chin was wet with her juices. "You okay?" he asked.

She nodded. "Yes. I just--I'm not allowed to keep the car all day. And I want you naked and on top of me right now."

He chuckled, a deep, throaty sound that seemed to vibrate across her soaked pussy and made her shiver. He got up on his knees, kneeling between her spread legs. She lay there, sprawled and burning with arousal, the warm air caressing her slick thighs, watching as he undid his jeans and worked them down over his hips. He wore a pair of black boxer briefs that hugged his hips like a second skin. He pushed his jeans down to his knees and she admired his thick, powerful thighs. Then he pushed his

underwear down and his big, fat cock popped out, hard and ready for her

She sat up and reached for his hips. She knew if she didn't hurry up she'd get an angry phone call from her dad, but she couldn't resist.

"May I?" she asked.

He reached down and stroked her hair back from her face. "Thought you wanted me naked and on top of you?"

"I do, but I need a little taste first." She gave him her pouty face. No man could resist it, for any reason.

She wrapped her long, slender fingers around the base of his cock and squeezed him. He loved her touch. She held his cock steady as she sunk her lips over it. Her mouth was velvety and hot and made him groan.

She put her other hand on his hip and went to work, bobbing her head. He gathered up her hair and held it back from her face, watching her. He loved being in her mouth, stretching her jaws, nudging at the back of her throat. He felt her swallow, breathe in, and take him even deeper, until she gagged. She recovered and resumed sliding her mouth back and forth, stroking what she couldn't get in, her fist tight around him.

He gripped the back of the seat so as not to topple over, and closed his eyes, enjoying it.

She sucked him for a few minutes and then slid her mouth off. He opened his eyes. She worked her jaw, looking up at him.

"We better do this," she said. "Much as I'd like to keep going."

"Good idea. Because if you keep that up, I'll need some time to recover. And I still won't get to have sex in a car."

She sat back on her hands, looking pleased with herself. His cock was aching, literally pulsing in his hand as he gave it a few strokes, his shaft slick with her spit. He could have jerked off all over her fabulous tits just then, but he really wanted to be inside her.

"Come and get it," she said, and laid back, her skirt bunched around her waist, her glistening pink slit inviting him.

He struggled out of his jeans and underwear, squirming around, and kicked them onto the floor. The car was big, but he still had to contort himself. Maybe he hadn't done this before because he rightly assumed it couldn't possibly be comfortable.

He crawled on top of her and gave her a deep kiss. She tasted herself on his lips, on his tongue. The

touch of his cock against her stomach made her ache with want, the wet tip brushing below her belly button. She gazed up at him, holding his eyes as she reached down and slipped her fingers around it, and guided the fat head against her sopping pussy.

"If I'd known fucking in a car got you this hot, I would have done it ages ago," Jason said.

"Feels like we're doing something naughty, doesn't it?"

"Well, it is your dad's car, so--yeah, actually."

Without further preamble he slid into her, smooth and fast—penetrating her easily as wet as she was, his cock stretching her, filling her thick and hard. She gasped and shifted her hips, and then moaned as he seated himself all the way up inside her, deep as he could go.

"Jason." She gripped his arms, her nails flexing against the tight muscles of his biceps. She squeezed her pussy around him, feeling every thick inch inside of her.

He captured her lips again, before pulling back and beginning to thrust. He moved slowly the first few times, letting her adjust, then he began the hard, fast pounding she so desperately needed.

Her pussy was amazing, even better than her mouth, scorching hot and slick and tight. He hooked his arms under her knees, pushing them back until her pretty bare feet were above her shoulders. She clung to him as he slammed into her, wailing in her pleasure, his moans and growls mixing with her beautiful noise. He really hoped no one was around, as all the windows were rolled down. She was always loud in bed and he loved it.

"That what you wanted?" he asked her.

"Yes!" She flung her head back, arching beneath him. "Fuck me baby, fuck me harder."

He gave her everything he had, their flesh slapping together, his cock filling her over and over. They were rocking the car, making it squeak on the tires. He pulled one of his arms from beneath her knee and started squeezing her bouncing breasts.

"Feel like a teenager again, honey?" he purred at her.

The question went unanswered in the intensity of the moment, the force of his fucking making her delirious. She was getting close, and so was he, she could feel it in the erratic rhythm of his hips, in the tightening of his stomach.

"Danielle." He tangled his hand in her hair, the other still holding her knee back. "Oh, goddamn."

The pressure built inside her. His cock was hitting just the right spot, sending a sensation like little electric shocks directly to her clit. Her pleasure reached a sharp peak and she began to clench around

him. She shrieked as the tension broke, shuddering waves rolling over her body.

"Jason!"

He fucked her through it, making her come even harder. He only lasted another moment though, before she saw the unmistakable signs of him going over the edge. She loved to watch him come.

"Fuck!" He buried his face in the seat next to her head, his cock jerking and throbbing inside her. Wet heat filled her and she pushed her hips up, moaning as her still-clenching pussy milked it out of him. They were both gasping and trembling, pressed slick and hot against each other.

She sunk against the seat, buzzing, shuddering, alive. He sagged against her. She squeezed around him and sighed at the feel of his twitching length still so deep inside her. He groaned, close to her ear.

"You okay, baby?" she asked.

He slid out of her and slumped to the side. They were soaked with sweat. The leather seats were slick. Everything smelled like sex. They were definitely going to have to air the interior out.

"I'm wonderful," Jason slurred. "Oh, God." He rubbed his hand over his face.

Danielle let her leg down as he slid his arm from beneath it, then stretched it out and draped it over the front seat. She reached down and played with her sloppy, dripping pussy a little, loving how it felt to be overflowing with his release. She felt deliciously used.

"Our parents are gonna wonder where we are," she teased. "You should take me home before we get caught."

He smiled down at her. "I'm gonna take you home, all right. And do more dirty things to you in our bed. Maybe on the couch. And the kitchen counter..."

"We better get this car back to my dad first." She kissed him. "After we clean it up. We made a mess." She giggled.

"I'm sure the teenagers who've come before us would be proud."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 96 S*x With My Naughty Step Mom ... 21+ ... Part 1

I interrupted. "This is how it's going to go. Firstly you can toss the covers off you as you won't be needing them. Then you can call Charles and tell him he won't be needed. Then you will come to me on this chair where I will spank that little ass of your red. Then I will have my way with you, and that fucking sexy ass of yours." She dropped the covers knowing she was caught. "Yes James." she said without a fight. OK I was 19 so I would just about fuck anything and everything that female with a pulse.

My family wasn't short of money but the trade-off was that I lost Dad, most of the time through work commitments. And when Mum had had enough of him I lost her too. She packed her bags and left.

I'm not complaining, lots of money has its benefits but they don't replace a family and one becomes selfish. I guess its monkey see monkey do sort of thing. All I know is I got what I wanted and when I wanted it.

On the day in question Dad or as the staff called him, Mr Mason, was away again but this time he had left his new girlfriend behind in our home. Her name was Buffy, and as the name suggests she wasn't one that would hit the top level on an I.Q scale chart. But she was 32 and totally sexy. She spent her days between yoga or and pilates and ate nothing but health food and her body showed it.

Dad had been away for a week already when I walked past their bedroom door. I heard the unmistakable of a vibrator humming and imagined it going to work on Buffy's sweet pussy. I listened closer with my ear on the door.

"Yes Mr M, I'm cumming , I am cumming for you . Aaaahhhhhhh YEEEEESSSSSS Mr MMMMMMMMMMM." Buffy screamed at the top of her voice. My cock started to get hard. I wanted to see this beautiful specimen of a woman in her prime and in her primal state. I reached for the handle. I turned and the door opened it just a touch. I peeked inside. Buffy was laying on the bed with her legs spread wide. She was completely naked, except for the headphones attached to her mobile that lay next to her. Her breasts were as firm as teenagers and her nipples stood tall. One of her hands was pulling and massaging her nipples one at a time in rhythm to the way she was feeding her pussy with the large black dildo she held in her other hand.

"Yes I will be a good girl, I will. Can I cum again for you again please please can I?" she begged

I 'm not sure what Dad told her but she erupted instantly screaming loud "Aaaaaagrrrr fuck yesss! I want it deep inside me, fuck me Mr M fuck me!" Buffy screamed as she thrashed her head about on their large bed continuing to work her nipples and her dildo at the same time.

"More! I want more please!" she begged. I took out my phone and started to record her. She was hot. Better than any pay per view porn session, and she was in my house live. I dropped to the floor with one hand in my pants as I continued to tape and watch her play.

"OK Mr M I will put my toys away and wait to I hear from you tomorrow. Thank you for letting me please you tonight. I can't wait until you come back Mr M my body aches for you. I need you sooooo bad." she said then hung up the call. Then she kept talking. "No more! Is he fucking kidding, I need a fucking my cunt's just getting warmed up." She picked up the phone again and looked through her contacts. Choosing a number she reset her headphones.

"Charles what are you doing?" she said. She listened as did I. "Well get over here I need to be fucked and Mr Fucking 5 minutes is overseas. Come and bring that big fucking cock with you. I am so fucking horny. Get over here I will make it worth your while my ass is so in need of a work out and I know how

you enjoy my ass.” she said really slow and sexy.

Buffy hung up the phone, reached over the bed and took out a buzzer from the bottom draw. Wow her butt was sexy and I couldn't help but want to be the person to fill it. Anyway who the fuck was Charles? And what the fuck did she think she was doing bring people into our fucking house the little slut!

My temper got the better of me and I pushed open the door. Buffy pulled the covers over herself “James what are you doing? Get out! This is my room. How dare you burst in!” she screamed although half hearted.

“How dare I? You little slut – how fucking dare I? Don't give me your shit!” I pressed play on my phone and tossed it on the bed next to her. ‘Just get the fuck over here’ she heard her words play loud and clear.

“How dare I?” I said.

“I don't know... I... James...” she pleaded.

I interrupted. “This is how it's going to go. Firstly you can toss the covers off you as you won't be needing them. Then you can call Charles and tell him he won't be needed. Then you will come to me on this chair where I will spank that little ass of your red. Then I will have my way with you, and that fucking sexy ass of yours.” She dropped the covers knowing she was caught.

“Yes James.” She said without a fight. She dialed. “Change of plan Charles, sorry you're not needed.” She said and hung up before he could respond. Buffy stood and started to walk to me.

“Stop! On your knees that's where you belong. Go on get down.” I said.

Buffy dropped to her knees, I slid my pants off and tossed them aside and undid my button up cotton white shirt. “Come on.” I said leaving her with no confusion about who was in charge here. Buffy reached my legs and looked at me like a naughty school girl who'd been caught out. “Well make sure you do a good job and who knows maybe we don't have to tell Dad.” Her eyes lit up and she crawled to me and engulfed the end of my cock in her mouth. She sucked hard and took it in as deep as she could without gagging. My hands grabbed the back of her head and held her hair I stated to use her face to suck and fuck my cock. “Now that is a good girl. Ohhhh yes, a really good girl.” I said rolling back on the chair – her body moving with me so she didn't lose contact with my cock. She continued to suck.

“Oh you are such a naughty girl Buffy. I hope, yes I really hope that was the first time you invited someone back here for sex. Gee this is where we live!” Her eyes told the story without her saying a word. “Maybe the staff get turns as well?” I suggested. Again she just looked.

I pulled her up by the hair and pushed her over the chair I was sitting on. “Oh James you are so much more powerful than your Dad.” she said in a submissive voice. Her words made my cock pulse. I buried two fingers inside her hot snatch and pumped them into her.

“Yes James yes, finger me, finger my hole!” she screamed “Oooooooooooooo fuuuuccckkkk Jammmeesssss finger fuck me! Finger fuck my pussy!” I worked my fingers in and out of her cunt and slapped her ass cheeks as I went. The slaps only heightened her desire. Then she came. Her body shook and her pussy juiced. She screamed “Aaaaaaaarrrrrgggghhhhh oooohhhh don’t stop don’t stop aaaarrgggg oooohhhh aarrgg yyeessss fuck! Yes fuck! Yes!” she continued to scream until the pleasure pulses released her from their grasp. “Oh James I need your cock. Please James! I need that cock inside me.” she said breathlessly. I walked to the bed she followed like a eager puppy about to be fed and my cock was on the menu.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 97 A Strange Nigh

I lay in bed thinking. What the fuck happened last night. I look at the side of the bed where it all started. Wait... no it didn’t start here. it started at the club. Now I have to go over every detail to see if I missed something.

I went to the club around six to meet Tony and Tony. Alright, one I call Anthony. We meet every Friday at the same time for their prime rib dinner special. We don’t have to even order. Our table is set and our drinks are already waiting for us.

I’ve known the owners for years and Madalin the owner’s wife always takes care of us. Prime rib, baked potato, and my veg. is corn. There is nothing like a rib that’s about two inches thick and cooked to a beautiful medium-rare. You don’t need a knife.

After dinner, we usually hang out and wait for the band and see what skirts come in. This day, they both bailed on me for some strange reason and I found myself sitting at the bar alone.

Eight o’clock and the place was filling up and I contemplated leaving but figured I’d have one more for the road. The band was just starting their first set. They sounded good and I turned my bar stool one-eighty to face the dance floor. My back was to the bar. It was getting crowded and the floor was filling up.

I didn’t notice a lady standing next to me. I turned to talk to the girl sitting next to me and the next thing I knew the lady was now standing between my legs with her back to me. I didn’t know her and up to now, I didn’t even know what she looked like.

I did know that she was about five-two or three with shoulder-length dark blond hair. She wore a white blouse that I could see the back of her bra through. Short black skirt and black stockings.

I was going to say something to her but the band was so loud that I decided to wait until their break. So I sat like a gentleman with my hands on the arms of the stool.

Then she took my hands in hers and placed them on her waist in front of her. She wanted me to hold her, which I did. She was moving with the beat of the band but never even looked back at or talked to

me.

I was willing to play the game, so I would pull her to me and let her go. All the time she had her hands on mine. Then things moved to the next level. She took my hands and placed them square on her tits. When she felt as though I knew what I was doing, she moved her hands to my knees.

I just kept my hands on her, wonderful slightly over my hand full, of bra enclosed breast meat. But I guess I wasn't doing enough. She put hers over mine and squeezed my hands which caused my hands to squeeze her tits. I did my best and played with them even with people looking at the open affection of... sex I guess.

Then she pulled away from me and quickly disappeared into the crowd. I suddenly felt all alone. I ordered another beer and took advantage of being able to see the crowd instead of her back. After about fifteen minutes I kind of figured that I got played. At least I still had the feeling of her tits in the palm of my hands.

I was peeling off some bills to pay the tab when she suddenly appeared again. I got a brief glimpse before she positioned herself exactly as she left. She looked beautiful to me. Now I had my hands on my knees continuing to be a gentleman when she again took them and place them back on her tits. She was now without a bra, and I was feeling almost naked flesh. It only took a minute before I felt the pressure against the palm of each hand. Her nipples were getting hard. She placed her hands back on my knees and left me on my own. I took advantage of the freedom to concentrate on her nipples.

I rolled her nipples around with the palm of my hand being the only contact. I could feel her breathing increase and she squeezed my knees hard when I pinched her nipples. Taking her reaction that she liked what I was doing, I continue to pinch her nipples constantly increasing and decreasing the pressure. She increased her pressure on my knees until I could feel her nails starting to take over.

She put her hands over mine to stop my movement. She leaned her head back and taking one of her hands put it behind my head to pull it to hers she said in my ear,

"If you have a place for us to go, just get up and leave. I'll follow you to your place."

I didn't know what to make of this, but I figured I would play along. She moved away from me, I got up, paid my tab, and left the building. I lived in an apartment that was about 10 minutes from the club. I pulled out of the parking lot and waited, but then thought I don't know what the fuck I'm waiting for, so I drove home.

I pulled into the apartment parking lot and parked in my usual spot. I waited a minute or two, but no one pulled in so I got out of the car and figured I would just call it a night. Just as I unlocked the outer door, she pulled into the spot next to mine.

It was the first time I had a real look at her as she walked toward me. My first brief encounter with her face was correct. she was beautiful. I held the door for her but she wouldn't go ahead of me. She

followed me into my apartment until we were standing in the kitchen.

“I’ll have a white wine please.”

So few words but even her voice sounded beautiful. I went to my bar in the living room and got wine for both of us and when I went back into the kitchen, she was gone.

I walked down the hall and when I got to my bedroom. The lights were off, but there was a nightlight on her side, which threw enough light that I could see her. She was lying on the bed with only black thigh-highs on. The image burned into my brain. She was lying on her side with her head supported by her arm.

Her body was breathtaking. Long lean legs. A bare pussy. Hips that flared out just enough and then tapered to a thin waist. Her breasts were just the right size and defied gravity. They were topped by large dark areolas and nipples you could cut glass with.

I reached over and handed her the glass of wine. I put mine down on the end table and started to take off my clothes. She moved so she was leaning against the headboard propped up by the extra pillows I have and just watched me. I was determined to stay as silent as she was.

I got down to my shorts and started to get on the bed. She handed me her glass and then pointed to my shorts. I put the glasses down and pushed my shorts down and off. She looked at my cock, smiled, and patted the bed next to her.

She pulled me into her arms and we kissed. Soft lips and a tongue that wanted to explore. She reached down and held my hard cock while I palmed her pussy. She was dripping wet and she moaned loudly when I slid my middle finger inside her.

But then she pushed me away and put pressure on my shoulder. I didn’t need any more of an invitation and slowly worked my way down her body planting kisses as I went.

I had to pay attention to those beauties and I grabbed one of her tits and squeezing it, sucked a nipple into my mouth. When I bit down on it, she gripped my head.

“Ohh, fuck yes! Bite it hard. Oh, the other one now. Yes! That’s it. Harder, harder.”

She came.

She giggled when I blew a raspberry in her navel. Her hands went to my head and with steady pressure, I arrived at the gate to heaven.

She spread her legs wide to allow me room to work. In the dim light, I could plainly see her open pussy and the moisture forming inside. I blew gently right in the middle of her opening. She acted like she was just hit by an electric shock.

“Ohh, fuck yes! Yes!”

I did that one more time and stopped. I knew that little trick gets old fast. She was shaking as I looked up between those twin mounds of pure pleasure. Her eyes were closed and her mouth open, waiting for me to make the next move.

I waited. She continued to shake. She opened her eyes to look down at me and I saw a look of wanting. She moaned in that way that said please.

I took my hands and using my thumbs, spread her wide open. She threw her head back lifted her hips and came.

“Ohh, fuck! My fucking word! eat me. please eat me!”

I figured that I'd strike when the iron's hot and put my lips around her nicely sized clit... and sucked. She reached down and grabbed my hair with both hands. Suddenly, I couldn't breathe.

“Oh, fuck! Oh, shit! What are you doing to me! Don't... Don't, ohh, FUCK!”

I worked on her for another two orgasms before she caved in.

“No, please! No more! I can't take it. Fuck me! Now!!”

I scrambled up her body without kisses this time. She pulled her legs back to her chest and I put my hands behind her knees. I finished the job of pinning them to the bed.

She was like a woman possessed. She reached down with both hands. One went to my cock to guide it in her and the other went to her clit.

“Fuck me! Put it in me... hard! I want to feel it!”

Her wish was my fantasy. I had to trust her that she put the head of my now overfilled cock in the right location. I lunged forward with my hips and felt it when mine met hers with a thud.

“Oh, god! Oh, god! So fucking good!”

I was hoping that she didn't want it slow and loving, because there was no way I would last through it. I kept up the fast pace and pounded her hard.

“Ahh, I'm gonna cum!” I didn't know if she was protected. She never asked me to wear a raincoat. I didn't have to ask.

“Cum on me! cover me! I want to watch you cum on me.”

My balls started to withdraw into me, and it felt like they were in my throat when I couldn't hold off anymore. I pulled out of her dripping pussy and got up on my knees. Her hands flew to her well-used pussy and finished the job of bringing herself off.

I never felt pressure like I did then. She lifted her head just in time to take my first offering of cream. Right on her left cheek. From there I must have had another four or five strings that I tried to spread out. The visual was something. Under the soft light, her body glistened with sperm.

I surprised myself with the amount I shot. She saw a couple before she had to shut her eyes tight and cum. She went rigid on me and shook like she was freezing.

We kissed and I rolled off her. She got up and went into the bathroom. I was just about to nod off when I felt lips on my cock. I looked down to find her between my legs sucking on my limp dick.

"You know, if you keep that up, we'll never get any sleep."

I thought that those were the first words I'd said to her.

She did suck my cock until I was hard again. This time she wanted me in her ass. She was also the first woman I've had, that had an anal orgasm. After she sucked my cum out of my balls with a third go around, I fell asleep while she was cleaning up.

Needless to say, she left sometime while I slept. I expected that, and with a smile, I fell back to sleep. I woke up in the early afternoon. Needing coffee badly, I went to the kitchen, and when I pulled down my mug, there, written in marker.

Till next time

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 98 Morning Sexercise

Sylvia thought: Screw the way we are brought up. Mummy's advice about being a 'nice' girl, well nice girls didn't get to fuck before breakfast outdoors.

Sylvia Brereton was focussed, totally committed to her body's response in the moment. This was her last workout before Sunday's City to Casino ten-kilometre fun run. She had placed a creditable seventh in the women's open section last year. At twenty-two she was determined to do better and place top three this year or at worst do a PB.

The task had got a bit more complex in the last three months when her training partner Meredith had transferred interstate with a job opportunity. It was a grind with continual practice alone. Never easy

when you are too skilled to encourage casual partners to join you and you are up very early each and every day

She was well into her Monday-Wednesday-Friday- routine as per usual on the esplanade foreshore this particular clear late spring Friday morning. Sylvia was utilising the council set up outdoor fitness equipment. Awesome gear; serious gear actually but very rarely used properly; a bit like her doleful pussy; she was currently too serious about training; however, she still harboured a young woman's physical needs.

The cute brunette had been reading Carson McCullers's: *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* and the phrase: 'I am not meant to be alone and without you who understands,' kept circulating through her mind. She needed a guy who was into her and fitness at the same time. Still, she didn't want to be seen as trying too hard; pushy and on the prowl for guys.

The open-air fitness equipment was all silver and fluoro orange which actually didn't match her fluoro pink cropped top. Hell, you never knew where you might meet a guy or girl who would hit on you. You always want to look your best; even sweating. Sylvia felt herself ready to try anyone interested in her; male or female.

Her tight firm arse and camel toe were defined clearly in shimmery jet-black lycra, three quarter pants and she was complete as a unit with her white brand name trainers. There was a bit of skin exposed around her midriff but it was taut and feminine. An eye pleasing sexy look; along with her stylish brunette short swept back hair which was functional and easy to manage for a girl on the go. There was a hint of fashion in her designer gear but no guys or gals around this early ever; to compliment her or perve on the body in it.

Sylvia centred on herself as the solo committed trainer. Committed with fervour like the solo self-pleasurer; both knowing what's needed to up the ante and get the max out of the body in the immediate instance. She was concentrated into rigorous warm-up prep. It was a still water morning, still the wrong side of six am. The moon even hadn't gone to sleep yet; as she went through some basic starters. The standard calf stretches, hamstring stretches, quadriceps stretch, shoulder stretch, chest stretch and lower back stretch. Then a short jog, just enough to perspire. The first flush of exercise rounded off with a few minutes cardio on the outdoor cycle followed by the elliptical trainer. Then she was building strength with pull downs, body pulls, push ups and pull ups and some core leg raises. Finally, the stretch station and she would finish with the sit up bench. Some of the gear unfortunately for her was designed as twin units -where was a partner when you needed one.

This equipment was crying out to be shared, to make exercise fun for two, like sex is definitely more fun with two. The inner thigh workout on the stretch station always got her feeling a bit randy but there was never anyone about to see her legs spread. Then Sylvia started some squats. Final prep for her run.

Hunter Yeats ending his early morning five k run back along the full esplanade track that weaved out to Conroy Point saw her. He enjoyed her flexed legs, her petite stature and her short dark hair which framed an angular pixie face and sharpish nose. She was lithe and sweaty hot. This girl could stretch her

legs. His groin stirred before he was really close to her. Hunter instantly felt she was his type of girl to chase; though he should have been stuffed, as he momentarily checked his time for the five-k return circuit. A PB; but still suddenly he had energy. What an inspired choice, he reflected, to select the esplanade on Friday instead of his usual Tuesday- Thursday –Saturday schedule. The lass looked a regular. Yeats surmised she maybe too was in training for the City to Casino on Sunday. Well, he needed to do his cool down stretches and she saw him too.

Sylvia was stretching with some squats. She had a few to go. The brunette had thought she was alone. Now she wasn't, she blushed a bit because what sort of girl did the hunky athletic guy approaching think she was. She knew the full pleasure sensation of squatting over a guy in bed and she had the muscle tone to hold the amazing position. But here in public under the growing gaze of a guy; he was taking her in she realised as she squatted. Well between her legs; was holding his gaze, if nothing else.

Hunter was impressed with the young woman's power, pose and poise and was certainly thinking that was a position to get her in sooner rather than later. He got straight to the point after their introductions. The brazen dude offering to hold Sylvia's legs first in partner sit ups.

Even though she was ready for her run; the athletic lass readily agreed because the extra anchoring was great for her abs. His grip was firm and practical but hell he was attractive; exuding testosterone and his smile and words of encouragement were infectious. The petite miss was breathing faster and getting personally privately excited between her legs because she was thinking about sex with this guy. Christ, she had only known him a few minutes, yet she wanted to screw him. The fantasy of a toned guy appearing here was a reality but she held herself in check.

Sylvia thought: Screw the way we are brought up. Mummy's advice about being a 'nice' girl, well nice girls didn't get to fuck before breakfast outdoors. She knew she had the choice, her natural urges shelved and left unfulfilled, be demure and modest. No girl wants to be labelled a slut. Yet she didn't feel one. She felt ready, set, go.

Hunter moved up and towards Sylvia's face. He saw her willingness in her eyes. The confident prick executed the perfect opening kiss. It was sensual and promising. Secure and embracing and signalling more; much more. The prospects of the moment expanded as he took her hand and guided her with compelling natural urgency straight behind the nearby rowing sheds.

It was a frenzy of hands and tongues that ignited them both faster than a starting pistol. They were all over each other. Hunter's shorts, briefs and t-shirt off. Sylvia's crop top, sports bra, lycra pants and black panties all sidelined. This pair were at sprint speed, screw sustaining a measured pace as would be required in a distance run. Theirs was a sexual dash.

He cupped her cute smallish breasts. The most alluring morsels of his life. Yet he thought he was and always had been a full bosomed guy. Suddenly, not any more. Wow; she was excited as he sucked and licked with extensive, sweeping, intense thoughtful movements. He kept upping the pressure and the tempo continually. The brunette was enthusiastic about every type of touch. Her breasts were twin VIPs in the moment.

Hunter had never seen a young woman so eager and hungry for cock. Sylvia was very quickly treating his pecker like royalty. A personal deity to worship orally. She looked so happy to be sucking a stiff.

Hunter would have lost his wad so intense were her attentions. The diminutive lass let nothing escape her attentiveness to pleasure, focussing in turn on his rigid shaft, his swollen head and his tight nut sac. Full TLC in all the right male places. She had the goddamn firmness of grasp and soft lips alternating on his swollen pole.

He wanted to express dog her. He felt like she needed it and wanted it; deep, indecent and slutty with a finger in her arse. But then he took in her deep brown eyes and wanted in that instance to worship her body. Sylvia was appreciative of his wandering hands which cupped and lifted her buttocks upwards, drawing her body to his; closeness to closeness.

Hunter bent his knees and Sylvia grabbed him around the neck. Her butt resting a bit on his thighs till she locked her legs higher around him. The fit guy had the strength to lift her butt and guide his cock in. Wow; man-oh-man; it felt great. He was pumping and thrusting and she was gyrating and humping. Two individuals caught in the full unknowable unrealised power of a new coupling. Her pussy grip was startling to Hunter. His girth caught her by surprise. They experienced superlative sex; wedged in each other's bodily cadence and exposed needs, coupled in rudimentary, rhythmic rutting.

Hunter had to taste her opening and feel her love bead under his tongue. He gently directed Sylvia against the brick wall of the rowing club. She leant back at an angle, spreading her legs but pushing out her mound from her hips. And then, Hunter on his knees accessing her Delta of Venus, exposed her clit, the firmest pointed globule of the most responsive flesh Hunter had had the pleasure to encounter; he couldn't get enough of her nub and Sylvia went delirious with joy as he teased, licked and swept his tongue over her spongy erect pink diamond. The brunette's legs eventually shuddered in convulsions of bliss. Sylvia experienced the snap, crackle and pop of pleasure escaping in an effervescent fizz of life. Her clit delivered big time and her pussy leaked the physical evidence of complete bodily satisfaction.

The petite miss wanted to give Hunter everything now. Even her butt. She kissed him passionately. Then looked in his eyes for what he wanted. She was trying to second guess his preference but there was only one she realised. This guy wanted her; it was Sylvia, herself, all of her.

Hunter led her about a metre to a patch of grass. Sylvia mounted him and rode him to his inescapable spurt. She could tell it was close as his eyes glazed over and his breathing became grunts. Still, he kept sustaining the thrusts of mutual joy because he was watching Sylvia's pleasure too. He wanted her to come again. She was very close and her own breathing was rapid and her guttural "Ahh's" were becoming louder.

Sylvia managed between pants; "It's okay, cum in me, I'd like that."

She felt his stiffness really firmly inside her infolding pussy flesh. She felt his cock jerk into her in a series of sudden speedy bursts of rigidness as her own clit kept pounding into his pubic bone and released

renewed waves of fem-delight through her: not quite as powerful as before but in another way more fulfilling; as she had this amazing guy cum in her. Sylvia felt his warm gisum seeping around her contended pussy.

Hunter was surprised at his own tenderness as he moved to hold her tight after sex. There was much mutual clasping and holding and legs twining and snuggling and nestling into each other.

Damn; they both heard a car on the gravel, possibly only around the corner of the rowing club; they were still behind. However, they both giggled and playfully made it difficult for each other to get redressed. They actually didn't care if anyone saw them teasingly throwing each other's gear here and there behind the sheds.

Hunter and Sylvia ran together in the City to Casino on Sunday, finishing mid field. Jogging, talking and luxuriating in each other's close presence. Their energy already shared all through Friday evening, all day Saturday and Sunday morning before the event. The pair fully aware; we are not meant to be alone.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 99 Naughty Quickie at the office

I was working at the office one evening, almost close to ending the workday, my only client there was an older man of at least late fifties to early sixties, he was the biggest flirt I have ever had at the office. A nice looking, easy going older man, that I felt comfortable with as well.

I was dressed in formal dress suit, consisting of a dress with low cut top, a jacket, and a pair of latex pantie hose with a high heel all matching black color, nothing real slutty or revealing, but I had noticed the man's eyes fixated over my body all the time I was working and moving around, concentrating on my ass, still flirting and making funny jokes.

I got the guts to walk up to him and tease him by saying:

"Sir, is there anything wrong with my ass, I noticed your eyes fixed on it all the time?"

"how could anything be wrong with such a beautiful curvy female body like yours Miss gorgeous hot woman."

"So, it is just that you like my ass, don't you?" giggling naughtily and in a sexy seductive manner.

"I am sorry if I could not help it, I must admit it is making me so hard, if it is making that to me while covered, how would it look bare in a bending position manner?"

"what? What do you mean, you don't want me to bend over and show you my bare ass and...?"

"well, maybe I am just having a daydream, that is all, I would bet...dollars, if I could see it like that, please do not get me wrong hottie?"

Being a very naughty, sex loving woman, taking every chance I get, besides, I was offered an irresistible amount of money just for making a sexy show for him, although I knew he would not be able to control himself and stops right there, but, if he is willing to pay for it, so what? I looked him deep in the eyes with a wide smile saying:

“you mean if I bend over and show you my bare ass and pussy you would pay that bet money?”

“Of course, and I would be the happiest man ever as well.”

“Ok, you got yourself a deal, just a show, nothing else, follow me please.”

We had a staircase in the office that was carpeted and had a suitable break place when we need a break, I swayed my ass right and left for his hungry eyes, walking down ahead of him. I lowered my stockings (hose) and panties a little, lifted my dress up to my waist, put my knee over a stool was nearby, and bent over showing him my fully bare ass and pussy. I have a silky soft, white skin, I must admit I have a hot, sexy fully round ass, silky soft, fully waxed pussy as well.

The older man was going crazy, rubbing his rock-hard cock over his loose pants, he was unzipping as well, I was about to stand up again and started pulling my clothes back on when he stopped me saying:

“Please wait, I would double that bet money, if you let me just feel and touch those gorgeous assets of yours, would you please?”

I did not hesitate to approve his request, he came closer and started feeling my ass cheeks, then my pussy, pushing a finger inside my pussy and I had noticed his fully hard cock was already out of his zipper and pointing at my body. My body was betraying me and reacting to his fingering actions, I was feeling wet and horny already, I was feeling very horny myself.

Before letting things advance much further, I said, “I think that is enough, we should stop now please.”

His finger was sinking deeper into my already wet cunt when he said, “No wait please, look at your gorgeous pussy reacting to my fingers, how could we stop now? I will double the last double of the bet if you let me give you a quick fuck right here, the way we are please?”

Who had ever said I wanted to stop, I could not stop anyway, I wanted him in me as much as he wanted to fuck me, besides, I had many ways to enjoy spending that irresistible money he was offering, I had no other choice but approve and let him fuck me.

I said, “Ok, a deal, only if you make it very quick, we are at an office as you may remember?”

As if the older man was waiting for my instructions, did not need me to say them again, he got on his knees first, licked my cunt, sticking his tongue so deep in me, sucking on my hard clit while finger fucking both of my fuck holes with his fingers, I started shaking and trembling, my orgasm was already hitting, It

was not long before he had me trembling, and my legs shake whilst he continues to eat me.

Ohh fuck... you're so good at this." I moaned.

"You're making me cum!"

"you have a very nice ass."

"And it's all yours, now."

I, however, continue to moan as I feel my knees go weak. My jaw drops as my eyes roll into the back of my head as the climax hits me, my body convulsing to the blissful sensation. The old man's tongue then leaves my body as I catch my breath. Once I have finally come down from my orgasmic high. He was already rubbing his cock to my engorged, ready to be fucked pussy, he pushed it in and started fucking me so fast and so deep, same paste and same speed till he was ready to Cum. I could not concentrate, I was Cumming alone with him for the second time, exact same time. I did not realize it till he was pointing his cock to the inside of my panties and hose after pulling it out of my cunt and came inside them.

I ran to the bathroom, cleaned up, got rid of my dirty panties and hose, straightened my clothes and makeup, came back again, finding all the money he promised over the desk, he took his papers and walked out the door after giving me a little hug and a short kiss over the lips. I had to go home pantie less, but I was not the first time I did it, I worked all day without any panties or bra so many times before.

THE END

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 100 My First Gangbang True Life Story

This story recounts the real life experience that lead me to my first gangbang and first time having anal sex.

This story recounts the real life experience that lead me to my first gangbang and first time having anal sex. To re-cap I am an Aussie girl in my mid 30's living in Sydney Australia. I am about 5ft7, size 10 and perky C cup breast. While I am happily married to an amazing man, I do have a naught little secrete, that is I meet up with other couples for sex, and I get paid to do it! I have documented how I have ended up in this position in my earlier story "How I went from normal wife to cheating whore in 24 hours"

For what its worth, I am not a fulltime hooker. I have a fulltime job in the corporate world, and I only ever have 4 or 5 couples on my books at any one time. I can go a month or more without meeting any of them or I can see multiple couples in a week. My favourite couple to hook up with is Ashley and Brad, we seem to all really get on and just click. I had been seeing them for around 5 months when this all

happened.

Ashley is late 30, size 10, and amazing set of double DD titles and she has the best tasting little pussy I have ever had my tongue in. She works in the fitness industry and looks after herself. Brad is early 40's about 6ft2, gym toned and has a management role in a large company. While Ashley and Brad do have young children, they are both still active in the swingers scene. During one of our recent hook ups, we were talking about our recent sexual exploits and Ashley mentioned how she had recently had a mini gangbang with 3 other guys plus her husband. She mentioned how she loved being the centre of attention and how much fun it was. As a sign of the world we live in today Brad pulled out his phone and showed me some of the pics of their recent session. I must admit it did look hot seeing Ashley in that situation, and the thought of her doing that did get me kind of wet. We did not really talk anymore about it, but instead we went to their bedroom and continued with our little play date

Fast-forward a few weeks and I get a message from them saying they are looking to play this Friday night. This was going to be a special occasion and they had booked a luxury unit in the centre of Sydney. Although I normally prefer day meets as it means I can take a flex day from work and avoid having to explain where I was going, I could not pass up the opportunity to play with Ashley and Brad again, so I accepted the offer. I would simply tell my husband I was going to one of my friends place for a girls night in. This was fairly common so would not ring any alarm bells.

A few days prior to our meeting I get a message from Ashley saying they want to make this a special occasion, and because I had been so good to them, they want to buy me a little gift and she sent me a link to a lingerie store (Honey Bridette for the Australian readers). What they sell is not your normal underwear, but more like the stuff you see in porn movies. I was getting excited just searching the online catalogue. In the end I chose a tiny black thong with gold chains and the matching bra, which was actually more like 3 pieces of string. Ashley said great choice, ordered on my behalf and said it would be available for in store pick up by Friday

Friday rolls around and I come home from work, having stopped by the lingerie shop to pick up my new present, and I start getting ready to meet Ashley and Brad. I finish my shower and put on the new lingerie. Bloody hell this stuff was tiny, the thong barely covered my pussy lips and the bra hardly even covered my nipples. I looked like a cross between a porn star and a high class hooker. Part of me was really subconscious, could I actually wear this? While the other part was getting excited. In the end, I thought it would be rude to not wear it, and let's face it, I was going to end up naked anyway, so I put my clothes on over the top and left.

I rock up to the apartment just after 7pm, Brad lets me in and shows me around, Ashley is sitting in the lounge room with a bourbon and coke, and she immediately pours me one. We are having our general chit chat, 15 min or so pass and there is a knock at the door. Brad jumps up and says I will get that. Ashley has an excited school girl grin on her face. Thinking this was kind of strange, I ask, I wonder who that is, then Ashley looks at me with an excited smile and says, " babe we have invited a couple of friends over to join us." .. what friends, how many friends I asked in shock?? " we have invited 8 guys over, plus Brad of course. I told you tonight was going to be special.... Tonight both you and I are going to get fucked like the little sluts we both are!!... my heart was pumping, I had a churning in my stomach.

I did not know what to say or think. I had been in my fair share of threesomes before but that was it. That many guys??? I was married after all. I never got into this to meet other guys, it was more about couples play for me. Could I just leave now?? Should I leave?? But part of me was excited.. Did I want to leave?? I was numb, I think I ended up just sitting there.

By 7:30 all 8 guys had showed up. We were all just sitting around, having a drink and chatting. The first thing I realised was that these guys were just normal people. Not ego driven. muscle bound goof balls like you see in porn movies, but just general run of the mill guys. 2 were tradies, 1 was a doctor and the rest were corporate guys. If I saw these guys at a bar, I would not say there were hot, but they were not ugly either. They were just normal people, and I think this help to settle my nerves.

Ashley brought me another drink, but this time started lightly kissing the back of my neck and behind my ears. She always knew how to get me going. I turned around, gave her a hug and started making out with her. This obviously got the guys attention, and there were lots of cheers and encouragement. After a few minutes Ashley piped up, let's get this party started. At the same time she stood up, grabbed me by the arm and started leading me to the bedroom. Any thoughts of leaving had gone. I skulled my drink and followed her arm in arm

The bedroom in this unit was huge it had a king bed in it, and a lounge area. Ashley and I jumped on the bed and continued making out. All the guys had followed us in. I could feel extra hands on my legs and thighs, then Brad yelled out, just wait guys, let the girls put on a show for us first. We continued to make out on the bed. Ashley removed my tank top to expose my tiny little bra, which did not really cover anything. As I unbuttoned her top I realised she was wearing the exact same bra!!! That right she whispered in my ear, tonight we are matching sluts. At this point we both took of our pants, leaving us both in our new lingerie. This got a huge response from the boys. As we were still on the bed I pushed Ashley on her back, pulled her tiny little thong to one side and started going to work on that amazing shaved little pussy of hers. It always tasted good, but it was especially wet tonight. I continued working her clit and darting my tong in and out of here. She was moaning and squirming all over the place. The fact that I was being watched and encouraged by a room full of guys just got me wetter and more excited. I moved back up to give her a kiss so she could taste her own pussy. As I opened my eyes I realised that all the guys were now naked and playing with their cocks. An hour ago I this would have been intimidating, now the sight just made me more excited. Ashley then said, loud enough for all to here, I think we should entertain our guests

On that note, we both got of the bed and got down on our knees on the ground, both still dressed in our slutty little outfits. The guys made a circle around us and both and we just starts sucking random cocks. There was a cock there for everyone, non were tinny and non were massive, most we around the 7 inch mark, varying thicknesses, and a mix of cut and uncut. We did this for a while, making sure no one missed out, the thought of what I was doing was getting me so excited.

After a while both Ashley and I made our way to the bed. I was laying on a corner, suck 2 guys alternatively, while one of the others starting playing with my pussy. After a few seconds he had removed my thong, exposing my full shaved little cunt. He licked me and fingered me for a while. Then I heard that non-mistakable noise of a condom wrapper being opened. The next thing I know, the first

guy is fucking me. My pussy was so wet he slipped in straight away. I continued to suck various guys while I was being fucked. It felt so good being face fucked and getting my pussy fucked at the same time. I was on the verge of having my first orgasm, but guy number one blew his load. For a split second, I felt kind of disappointed and let down, but there was a second guy ready to take his place. He pumped me hard for about a minute, and managed to get me to my first orgasm. I bucked and squirmed with pleasure, at the same time trying not to bit the guys cock that was in my mouth. It was all too much for Mr number 2, who also blew his load. The guy who was face fucking me also got excited and below his load of cum in my mouth. Given the situation I was in the only thing I could do was swallow his entire load. Ashley witnessed this, said I want to taste some of that you dirty bitch and gave me a long tong kiss trying to get some of the cum out of my mouth. One thing I was noticing was that the guys did not seem to last very long I this environment

By now, most of the guys and blown there first load and they were in recovery mode, all except for Brad. This was the point where things went from wild to crazy. I was laying on my back on the bed and Brad jumped on top of me. He gave me a nice long kiss, the shoved his cock straight in me. He felt amazing, so much better than the other guys. I am not sure if I was because he knew me and what I liked, or because he was fucking me bareback. When I meet with Brad and Ashley, we never used condoms, it just feels so much better without. Its one of the advantages of a regular client base. He continued to fuck me, and I continued to egg him on with things like, so you like fucking me while your wife is sucking another guys dick etc. he knew what I needed and how to do it. He had me right on the edge of my most intense orgasm of the night, then he stopped..... what the fuck I thought. Then he started liking my clit and fingering me. It felt ok, but nowhere near as good as his dick in me.... Then he put his figure in my ass!!! I quickly said no way babe, I don't do that. Both Brad and Ashley knew I was an anal virgin. With a smile on his face he said How do you know? You have never done it. Then he put it to the rest of the room.... Should I take this girls anal cherry????? Like it was ever going to go any other way. The was a clear hell yes from the room. Even Ashley, his own wife said yeah babe I want to see you take her ass. She then tried to re-assured me and said just relax babe, you will love it once you loosen up.

It was clear Brad new what he was doing. He started with one figure, then two figures, then three, each time letting my arse adapt. Then finally he put the tip of his cock in my arse and just held it there. As I adapted he would slowly insert a little more. He was using a mixture of spit and my pussy juicy as lube. After a short time he was all the way in. initially it was a burning sensation, which did not feel very good at all, then once that went away it felt ok... different but ok. Having witnessed this the other guys were getting their second wind. One of them was standing near my head looking for a blow job. I obliged while Brad slowly started to pump my arse with short gentle strokes. The more he did it, the more my body adapted, and I was actually starting to enjoy the feeling. Ashley obviously noticed what was happening. She came over and started liking my clit and playing with my pussy... while still be fucked in the doggy style position by some other guy herself. Her sucking my clit and Brad fucking my arse started driving me insane. Ashley was encouraging her husband by saying take her ass babe. I had never felt anything like this. I grabbed Ashley's head and rammed it into my soaking pussy. Between sucking cock I managed to blurt out words like don't you stop fucking my arse!! Ashley managed to blurt out commands to her husband and said hunny, I think you need to fill her arse with you cum!! Ashley was still working my pussy. Then Brad followed her advice and said, so babe, do you want me to pump you arse full of cum??? All I could manage was fuck yes!! He did not need any more encouragement than

that. the next minute I felt I shooting pulse of warm sticky cum right up my arse. I felt disgusting, cheap, slutty and fantastic all at the same time. He kept his dick in my arse for a minute, then pulled it out slowly, with some of his juicy cum running out of my arse and down my cheeks

By now, after witnessing this all the other guys were hard as a rock again. However, what Ashley said next, would change the rest of the night. After seeing the remains of her husbands cum running out of my arse, she looked at the guy who was fucking her, and said loud enough for all too here, don't be shy baby give me a creampie too. She managed to whip to condom off as she was saying it.

From that point on, I don't think anyone gave a second thought to using condoms. The rest of the night was all unprotected bareback fun, and it was sooo much better. I think I was a combination of no condoms and also the fact that all the guys lasted longer the second and third times around. All the guys that fucked me and Ashley from that point on blew their loads in our pussies, with 2 other guys taking advantage of my new found love of anal sex, and left there calling cards in my arse as well. I have no idea how many guys Ashley was ass fucked by. It was so hot giving a guy a blow job knowing his cock was covered in not only my pussy juice, but also mixed with Ashley's pussy juice and possibly 9 other guys cum. Ashley and I also licked and sucked each other as we often do, and we both agreed each others pussies tastes so much better full of cum.

By this time around 4 hours had past and most of the guys had hit their limit and were starting to leave. Ashley and I went to the bathroom to get cleaned up. As we were getting dressed she asked me how I liked my first gangbang. I told her the truth, I loved it!! I had never really thought about doing this before, but I would defiantly do it again. I then asked her how they knew the guys. I thought she was going to say these were guys we had hooked up with previously, or we know them from swingers clubs etc... but no... the response. They were randoms babe, we met them online which she said with a naughty grin. Yep we just let 8 random guys fuck as bareback for 4 hours.... I told you we were going to get fucked like the sluts we are!!.. She then explained that Brad had advertised this little session on a personals website, and Ashley and Brad chose the lucky guys. She then showed me the add on her phone. There was a pic of me and Ashley from one of our earlier play meets. There was no face showing but you could tell it was us. Apparently each guy paid 300 to attend. Brad then gave me an envelope with \$1,500 in it. You reward for the night. At this point I thanked them for the night and left.

Driving home, I should have felt violated by what had happened ,but I didn't. the fact that I just had unprotected sex with 8 random guys kind of just added to the thrill

By the time I got home, It was just before 1 am, and my husband was still up watch tv and having a drink. I said hello. I mentioned that I was going to go to have a shower, remove my makeup then I would come and join him. I went to the bathroom and turned the water on. I started to get undressed, then caught another glimpse of myself in the mirror in my sexy lingerie. The thoughts of what I had done came flooding back to me... I wanted more. I ran into the bedroom and grabbed my vibrator and went back to the bathroom. I pull my skimpy panties off and proceeded to fuck my arse. Given the recent events the vibrator went in my arse easy. As I pulled it in and out, there was still remains of cum smeared on it which brought a cheeky smile to my face. Time was up I put my put my skimpy little thong back on, turned the water off, and decided to go and show my new outfit to my husband.

As i entered the room my husband's eyes nearly fell out of his head. I just said hay babe I pick this up, I though you might like it. He instantly starting kissing me and caressing me. This was different to the rest of the night, it was more passionate, more about gentle love. But I did not want gentle love, I wanted to keep getting fucked like a slut!! I grabbed my husband and took him to the bedroom. I pulled of his boxer shorts and threw him on the bed. I started sucking his cock, not like a wife, but more like a porn star, lots of spitting and gagging. He looked stunned. I then jumped on top of him and started to ride him cowgirl. This was less about passionate sex and more about me fucking his brains out. I held him by the neck... not hard, but just enough for him to know I was in control. He had that glazed look in his eyes like he was on another planet. He then said things like geez babe you pussy feels amazing tonight, so warm and wet. You are clearly liking my cock too, look at the mess you have made on it. He obviously thought it was my pussy cream smeared down his cock. I felt like such a whore knowing it was my pussy... and Ashley's.. and Brads cum... and the cum of 8 random guys all mixed together that was running down his cock. This thought, and the fact I was riding my husband was enough to give me another orgasm. I let out another moan, and which point hubby blew his load in me as well.

We then rolled off each other. Then he said with a proud look, you should have more girls nights out if this is how you come home. He fell asleep almost strait away and I just laid there thinking about the night I had just had, playing with my cum soaked pussy until I feel asleep.