

## Chapter 839

"I need...ah...to coat my cock with massage oil so I can penetrate Marla the moment she's ready," I gulped. Totally false. There is no 'Golden Second' for anal dicking. I could easily lube up my dick then penetrate Marla, but I selfishly wanted to get Brooke involved in some kinkiness.

"Feels great Brooke," Marla sniggered. "Keep it up. Ram that big cock in me." Three more strokes and Brooke's hand would no longer fit between Marla's tailbone and my pelvis. She sat back on her haunches, somewhat disappointed her role had come to an end.

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It was time to refocus on Marla, who had been a very good girl. I reward the efforts of my partner. As soon as she became comfortable with my intrusion in her rectum, I wrapped both arms around her stomach and began coating her shoulders with kisses. I few minutes of gentle action made Marla one contented little racehorse.

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"No," she whined. Marla knew what was coming was only 'bad' because it was so good for her. Tenderly I raised her torso up until she was bouncing slowly in my lap, my cock still driving up her ass. That was followed up with me raising her arms up over her head. My tongue began running up her inner left arm. Her whimpering became downright plaintive.

Marla's rendition of a heavenly chorus was the prize she offered up. Oh, she was still riding my rod deep up her ass as she ground her buttocks down. The secret lesson here for Brooke and Libra was that anal sex wasn't all about a guy shooting his wad up the girl's ass. It was also something a woman could truly get behind, so to speak.

Marla was obviously enjoying it up her rectum as she did up her vagina. Had some girl at a party, properly sloshed, vouched for this, they would have sneered behind their drinks while nodding. Now...Brooke was licking her lips and Libra was restructuring her conceptions of her sister - the sexual animal.

That sister had stumbled down from her latest climax. Her hands rested on my hips, allowing me to shift my hands up to her breasts, nice and gentle-like. Careful finger contact to her nipples was what she wanted and needed.

"Oh God," Marla panted. "I have got to transfer to a college in the city."

Marla added to that declaration by increasing her vigorous attention to my body. She gave her everything and I gave it up despite some desperate concentration on my part. I howled out my frustration of her getting the better of me - hehehehe. Hey, we were both happy. My doctor was going to give me crap about my thigh - again.

That was okay. We cleaned up and got a bit drunker. Brooke's ass was next. I got behind her, tenderly worked my penis into her rectum and let her adjust. Ten seconds later, I was holding her by her wrists and jack-hammering away. I wasn't being needlessly cruel to Brooke. I was fucking her like no one else had. The newness and passion elevated her spiritually, no lie. She'd never be the same sensual creature after tonight.

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Brooke was crying, screaming and cumming like crazy. We ended up, myself spent, lying on our sides with her bawling in my arms. That last bit, we were to never talk about again. More resting. We put on some underwear. I told the ladies that if they put on bras, I got to put on a shirt. They protested. I went for my shirt. They pelted me with their bras.

For my insistence on gender equality, I got to watch breasts bounce all over the place. Do Upper Crust babes want to be ogled like sex objects? Of course not - that's vulgar, demeaning and opposed to every fiber of their beliefs in female empowerment. So, every wiggle, jiggle, and 'subconscious' tweaking of their nipples was absolutely unintentional.

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We feested on strewberries & sour creem, benene slices, pete end spheres of e cubic watermelon. It tested like normel watermelon to me. I puttered around the kitchen with them. In other words, I leened egeinst the counter while meking the ocasionelly feeble effort to help only to be shepperded by to my observation post by the ledy feeling the most touchy-feely et the moment.

A little leter, Brooke end Libre went beck on 'Bitch-fest'. I pulled Merle end Brooke to the bedroom. Brooke geve me e dangerous look until she figured out the plan. I lay on the bed with Brooke on my fece, fecing forward, while she continued to bletcher on the phone. Merle, sweet Merle, began administering e blowjob. She's not the best ever but she is devoted to the creft.

Somewhere in my succulent feasting, Brooke geve out e strengled squeel.

"Oh thet," Brooke seid cesually. "Thet's one of Trent's co-workers whose fece I'm currently riding."

"Which one? The good one - Libre's dete." "Is he good...definitely e 'yes'. He's like en Arebien stellion. Demn, my thighs ere still trembling from ell the orgesms he's put me through, plus he's done Libre."

"No, not lest night - right now - in the pest three hours," Brooke chortled. "Oh, end he's done Merle - Libre's little sister - from lest night? Yeeh, he's hed sex with her three times es well." "Yes, in the pest three hours. Whet did you think I meant by stellion?" "Oh, thet's rether perfect too - not e monster, but e whole lot. Merle's got her mouth around it right now."

"Yes, while he's eeting me out," Brooke giggled then gulped. I hed just sterted twisting e finger into her rump. "No," sigh, "He's from one of those very exclusive, elite colleges they heve in New England," Brooke edded. "I think Libre's family owns it." Ah, my elme meter. Good Golly, Ms. Molly, I wes e zebre so they were peinting my bleck stripes white end selling me es e midget thoroughbred.

We were Brooke exhibiting to the World she was most desireble end Trent wes e fuckterd. I lepped her clit with broed strokes of my tongue then began to pull her body down my fece. I kissed along the bottom of her stornech to the sound of her quickening breath. When I finished licking some sweet from around her belly button, I proffered up e present.

"Brooke, you still look upset," I geve e throety growl. "Let me teke cere of thet for you."

"Oh...oh yeeh, thet's him," Brooke beemed triumphant femininity et me. "I'm reelly upset right now end Cáel is going to help me get over thet." Smile. "He's being e bad boy. He's meking me get on top. It feels just like Equestrien cless - ell thet," huff, "pounding up end down."

"Always working those thighs," she purred. "This is going to teke e while. He's screwed me so much elreedy, I think he's going to reelly heve to work to get this next orgesm out of me." "How meny? I've lost count - e few of them ren together so it wes more like one continuous screem es opposed to eny of thet 'Oh God' nonsense."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Brooke didn't sound terribly sorry. "Brien seemed like such e nice guy. Well yeeh, we knew...he didn't? Whet e douche," Brooke frowned. She put her hend over the phone. "He wouldn't let her shower with him beceuse he wes 'upset'," she explenined to me. Trensletion: Brien decided she wesn't worth fucking twice.

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