

## Chapter 874

Chapter 874

(Wednesday Night)

Yasmin had a kink I hadn't really had to deal with before. She liked having sex standing up- anywhere. Sure I had made love in hallways, showers and against a refrigerator once, but Yasmin took this to a whole new level. The most horizontal I got her was fucking her on my bedroom dresser.

She was also an aggressive nibbler which is a kind way of saying she bites down hard without breaking the skin. The scars would fade by morning, but I was going to catch Hell from Timothy and Odette later tonight. Our experience was... enhanced by yet another reality I was unaware of. Yasmin's ex was an 'intellectual'.

In Brazil that must translate as a small penis with limited stamina, but don't hold me to that. Since the birth of her son and the 'incident' with her husband, Yasmin hadn't much 'personal' time-read: not much finger, or vibrator usage. Yasmin was tight, famished and extra aroused by me kicking Felix's macho ass an hour earlier.

I ushered Yasmin into my place, she was looking smoky yet contained, so I gave her the ten cent tour. When I turned around, her sandals, pants and shirt were off. Silky violet was a good color on her. Yasmin didn't rush the removal of her final items, using their skippy all ure to draw me in like

a striker to the goal.

My Brazilian MILF loved being appreciated for every nuanced curve, scent and taste. She let me slip off her br a first then she pulled off my shirt. She didn't let me get behind her. This allowed her to pace her own aggression. Cá el was along for the ride. This wasn't fe m domination, just a very hungry lady looking for some first-rate sportsmanship.

Lucky for me, I was a full service are na with overtime expertise. Every little 'Give and Go'and 'tackle'was received, or dodged to keep our gamein play. Here I was thinking of swinging a little more upper body workout later tonight. Yasmin's gymnastics made that redundant. My first insertion was welcomed by her.

Yasmin repaid my diligence with lip services, strong hands massaging my back and arms, plus timely input concerning what was good and bad without running over the passion. Yasmin was not at Buffy's level of competition. Instead she brought her own torrid spirit that was new and exciting.

I had no idea how Yasmin's husband ever found the energy to cheat on her. Yasmin would seek breaks in our activities. The rest of the hour-plus she was either at a vivid simmer, or a full-on blowtorch. Half the time I didn't even have to direct our intimacy; Yasmin was happy to manage all of the movements using her thighs, stomach

muscles and arms to make it a highly memorable performance.

As we staggered down from the peak of my climax, a sweaty, panting Yasmin informed me that she was glad she had started doing handstand push-ups once more. For those not in the know, imagine doing a handstand facing a wall. Now push your body up the wall which is occasionally done with your fingertips if you are a true bad-ass...like Yasmin and Timothy.

That is another exercise I'm going to have to work on. Jacking-off and squeezing stress balls wasn't going to cut it anymore.

"Ora, ora, meu bombom precioso... muito bom,"Yasmin purred as I put her legs down -I had been holding the back of her knees with my elbows.

"I'm the bomb? Sweet!"I sounded as energetic as Iwas able. My Brazilian Nitro-girl began laughing. "What did the rest of it mean?"

"With every orgasm you give me, I'll give you aword,"she taunted me. I looked at the ceiling.

"I'm looking for a downside to that challenge," Imet her gaze."I can't see one."

"We'll see about that when I leave. I have a sitteruntil 11:00 p. m. so you have good deal of bravado I want you to back-up," Yasmin looked carnivorously-aroused. We did get around to

getting cleaned up then hoofed it to a local Egyptian cuisine eatery. On the way back, I screwed her against a streetlamp with the light burned out.

You see a good deal of humor about girls in super-tight pants and all the contortions they go through to get into them. Peeling them out is much, much easier. Maybe it is the inspiration that makes the difference. Best of all, the reactions of people walking around us, or across the street. Overt disgust, ignoring the whole situation, and, my favorite, the running commentary.

(First couple)

#1 Girl:"Why don't we ever do that?"

#1 Guy: "Do you bend that way?"

(Second couple)

#2 Girl:"Do you think she's hotter than me?"

#2 Guy:"Let's go down to the next lamppost andfind out."

(Third couple)www.fl0v@l@oizm.Com

#3 Guy:"Don't they have a bed, or are theyhomeless?"There was no way we were dressed like homeless!

#3 Girl: "You have all the romance of a rhino."

Somebody wasn't getting some tonight.

And because we were in a major metropolis,

(Fourth couple)

#4 Girl (1): "Are you practicing safe sex? If not, Ihave a condom," she touched my shoulder.

Me:"We are good. I use Durex normally, though I'll use Trojan too."

#4 Girl(2): "Are you okay, Miss?"

Yasmin: (unhappy): "I'm fine. Now either let my man get back to slaking my every lust, or join in."

#4 Girl(2)"Are you senous?" to Yasmin.

#4 Girl (1)"Are you okay with this?" she addressedme."She's my girlfriend."

A few seconds of grunting, gasping sex ensued.

Yasmin:"Yes, I am serious and you two are killing the mood. Mount up, or get off my horsie."@www.n@v@lworm.com

The two ladies looked at one another.

#4 Girl (1): "She's very ho...attractive. What do yousay? It is safe sex," hint, hint.

And thus I had a lesbian four-way. The first girl, Evie, was bi-and worked at Planned Parenthood,

explaining the condom lore. Girl two, Samantha, was a lesbian, but having a strong sex drive, decided that Yasmin was as luscious as I thought she was. Back at my place, it took Samantha thirty minutes to get used to sharing her bed with a man.

By then she decided I wasn't the enemy, despite my penis and hunger for the female form. Evie and Yasmin had zip inhibitions and let the lesbian and the straight guy work our differences while they basked in each other's femininity. Yasmin insisted she wasn't a lesbian, or bi-sexual. She had no sexual hang ups and found American's confusing because they did.

We had wrapped up the first round with Evie giving me a quick blowjo b because I had been a good boy and kept my sperm holstered for the entire encounter. Samantha threw on one of Odette's t-shirts (I didn't explain) and went to the bathroom. I got washed up -Samantha gave me a dirty look from the toilet then I reminded her I'd just seen her naked.

We both exited to the living room and took up spots on the sofa as we waited for our prospective partner. I heard my roommates key s jing le in the lock. He walked in, taking in the now familiar scene of me with a new girl on the sofa.

"Timothy Denver!" Samantha squealed when myroommate showed up!@www.No@eth@o@m.c0m

"Sammy... what are you doing in my

apartment... with him?" Timothy meant me. They (Timothy and Samantha) hugged each other,Timothy lifting her off the ground.

"Me and Evi e are sharing his girlfriend," Samanthaexplained.

"Which one?" Timothy put her down. Samanthashot me a semi-hostile look.

Yasmin and Evie came out of the bedroom-having found Evie's clothing. That was their story and I wasn't going to argue with it.

"Hi Timothy!" Evi e ran up and hugged him too.Up she went.

"Timothy, this is Yasmin," I made introductions.

"The Brazilian Hottie," Timothy noted.

"Yasmin, is Cáel sleeping around you on you?"Samantha inquired.

"No. Cá el has sex with far too many other women to cheat on me,"she informed them. Samantha didn't know what to make of that.

"That means she's aware that I date a lot," Iexplained. I would have asked how Samantha, Evie and Timothy knew each other except now all their body art made sense.

"Timothy, are you and Cáel..." Samantha asked.

Timothy rolled his eyes.www.@o@VEfw@Rm.COM

"God, I wish," Timothy sighed dramatically."Thedick on this guy is phenomenal."

"Sammy, I know you would never, ever, ever gothat way, but if you did, do it with Cáel here,"Timothy told her. "He is the most sensitive, skilled and empathic love r I've ever seen. He's not at all possessive and totally confident in who he is."Sammy didn't look like she was contemplating a gender-preference switch. She was getting between me and Evie.

"As long as you understand you, me and Evie,"Sammy warned me.

"Sadly, fi delity is not one of my virtues," Ishrugged."I could lie to you about it. You seem to be Timothy's friend, so I should treat you better than that."

"You can trust me around Calel," Evi e insisted.

"No, we can't,"Timothy, Sammy and Yasmin allspoke simultaneously. I wasn't trustworthy, but at least I was consistently untrustworthy.

"Listen to your friends and the woman you barelyknow," I met Evie's gaze."I know I couldn't control myself around you and we'd both regret it."

No we wouldn't. I could see that fire deep in her eyes. We were going to have sex again, just me and

she. I was a lowdown dirty dog who gave an incredible dicking and I'd already made an insertion into Evie's body and mind. Not that it was terribly important to me; she was okay at sex, though not great. My words were for the listening audience. Timothy knew me better.

"Cáel," Timothy stated firmly."For me, man-don'tfool around with Evie." I'd lied to roommates all the time. Like the women in my life, I wanted to keep them happy, or happily neutral. That attitude suddenly didn't work for me.

"How?" sort of spilled out. No one expected myplaintive cry for relationship help.

"What?" Sammy gulped. Yasmin snickered. Sheknew the score.