

CRAZY 101

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 101 Be F'cked or Be Fired

It was very straightforward as it unfolded. So goddamn sexist. So fricking typical of a male power play dominated workplace. Every rule was broken and then more in every known employee's code that protects young women from predatory males in the workplace on paper. Christ, this is 2022, not 1922.

Before I entered the big boss's son's office on the top floor, I knew I was in a job security freefall. He was the employment manager. Well, as I had heard, what a laugh he was also the secretary pussy manager. A natural sod too at the hiring and firing.

It was brutal as I entered his office and later as he entered me.

It started with: "Sit down, Ms Collins...Ms Jayde Collins...isn't it?"

Rhetorical bull dung.

Of course, he knew who I was; he had my bloody personnel file open in front of him. Twenty years of age, with the company since college, mmm, yes, two years ago. Status: single. Why do they need to know that? Oh, to fuck you. They would anyway, Miss, Ms, Mrs.

I took the chair opposite his big shiny polished Blackwood executive desk. The only thing on it: was his laptop. The prick swivelled on his plush huge leather exec seat and looked me up and down.

I knew I was okay. Good looking, frickin ace in bed, but this dude wasn't getting my goodies. My dark hair was in a neat ponytail. My tailored company suit, tight at the waist, my skirt as short as allowable and my bust: no tailored top could hide its copious shape.

He gave me a moment to cross my legs. My staff meeting habit, I suppose. But it reveals more thigh.

"I'm not going to sugar-coat this. Your performance review was lousy, and you have a simple choice right now: be fucked or be fired" it rolled off his tongue too easily: the prick.

"Oh, I choose the fuck", I said, getting up and walking around his desk.

Mr Sean Peterson would want to keep me in the building by the time I finished with him. I had no mental qualms: as I rapidly said in my head: Fuck my apartment mortgage, screw my credit card debt and shaft my arrears with my car payments: so close to repossession. And now some dick wanted to take my job.

I gave him a job instead. I loosened my hair and had my lips doing a job on his released cock. His head was quickly back, groaning. His cock head in my mouth. I knew cock. I knew male head. I sucked his cock how he didn't realise it needed to be sucked until now. I could have blown him away and had him

spurting like a frickin whale: yeah, I was that good. I'm not as good at company accounts, but I was skilled as a woman, where it counted. Really counts.

It's simple: I just released the Jezebel in me over a cock head.

"Oh My God": was all he managed before grunting and groaning: my work ethic with cock was first class.

I kissed his cute, aroused tip. I licked under his glans. His male sensitive spot, where a guy will promise you everything but usually not keep it; but it was my hands cupped around his balls and shaft base and licking slowly from the base to the top, over and over, that started to save my job.

Then with his shaft in my mouth after the expected ups and downs, my tongue was twisting and twirling around his cock in my flexi accommodating mouth. My lips shaped to his shaft. His balls sucked and licked too. Then I just tugged him, better than he could do himself because I had slender girly fingers for my cock massage and nails to gently scratchy tease his pecker and balls.

Of course, I eventually took his cock deep, so frickin deep. He just gasped. And gasped. He was ready to fire. He was ready to fuck. Be fucked and fire: he was getting both.

I let him strip me like he was removing a wrapper from a candy. And boy was I a candy bar made to be licked. I gave him my tits. My beautiful big generous tits. I guided his pecker between my tits. I could see the arsehole had never had the pleasure of a titty fuck, and I had his stiffness wrapped between two awesome girly fun-bags.

My pussy was his next play zone, across his large desk. The smooth polished surface of the wood was stunning and magnificent: but incomparable to my exposed shaved girly bits. Yeah, I had a pussy to die for. Shapely intriguing uneven lips, no slit symmetry, no butterfly shape; just a big lip, a small lip, and a popper of a clit. The sort of delicate impelling flesh guys don't usually get to see; so unique: so, me and loaded with my womanly scent, a musky perfume released on cue for him.

The cheeky sod went lick crazy. I was wet so quickly. My big clit made it straightforward for me to get it off in the girly moan zone. And to give him credit, the sod knew what to do between my thighs. I knew how to press my cunt into his face for mutual enjoyment. As his fingers wandered to play with my arse, I was fine. He was a high-quality back crack manipulator.

It was, however, time, though, to assert womanly control. The world is for women through their pink oysters. I guided him onto the desk. I poised my open pussy over the tip of his penis. I played with his cock head at my wet opening. I drove him pussy needy crazy. Then I rode him, squatting over his manhood. He had the luxury of watching his cock be treated as a god. I speared down on his cock. My tightness shaped him, ball deep. I rose off his pecker, shaping it, tugging it upwards with my tightness, arching slightly back for the delicious angle of fulfilment for self and his best view of my treats.

I moaned like a she-wolf, near animalistic howls, the prick Sean liked it. Oh, he imagined screwing me, the prick, probably even taking my arse, but he never imagined this; his cock on the rollercoaster ride of

a lifetime, spearing sheafed, drawn pussy upwards, enveloped in girly fluid frictional wetness.

God, I'm good. God, I feel good, and this guy will bust his balls if I keep going at this pace.

I'm off him, his pole so glistening male rigid. Still ready for more. He's thinking my arse, and he's right. I suspect he was thinking the table, bending me over it, and dogging my arse.

I lead him to the vast expansive window viewing Sydney harbour and city, storeys below. I press into the glass. I allow him to push into me from behind. I raise one leg so he can ply my arsehole with his fingers. Do his dirty best at prepping my needy slut whore crack.

I spread my legs, triangled out, my arms triangled up, pinned to the glass like a specimen, but he was only interested in licking my arse. His tongue pampered my sweetie, sweet arsehole. My tightness gave just a bit as it was tongue ravished. He got his tongue tip right in my butt hole. My hands squeaked and smudged down the large glass pane, but my spit-smeared arse dominated me.

He lifted my leg, and he pushed into me. My body squished against the plate glass. Fuck he's good, a dedicated anal prober of the highest echelon. He inched in. He inched in. I felt the delectable strain at my opening, so intense. Then my arse held cock, was filled with cock, and moved in a pattern of shared pushing with arse cock lust.

"Fuck my arse harder, you prick", I demand: "Fuck my arse as hard as you can."

Of course, a guy wants to hear this, and he ram raided my arse; but I could take it.

He positioned me side onto the window. I was bent outrageously over like a sex doll, my legs tight together, making our joining the best possible squeeze, rigid stiffness trapped in my tight unyielding arse—flesh giving pleasure to two: in unsustainable waves.

I was fully arse fucked as Sean fired his jizz load in my happy butt...

The rest was very straight forward too. Sean gave me a thrice-weekly review which I always passed; in his office. Monday for a head job. Wednesday my pussy and Friday, yeah, make him wait and appreciate it: my arse. My car, too, was, with no real mystery, fully paid off for me.

Yeah; workplace stalking took on a new name: ME: as I got access to Sean's old man's office: the big boss: and as I walked in fully naked, I said:

"Mr Harold Peterson, meet your new female Senior Executive."

The old bastard talked business after the best pussy and arse he had had in years.

Oh, he only needed me on Thursdays.

I alternated between the new temp girls and the dealers on the fourteen floor on Tuesdays.

Always telling anyone I met: "Fuck me or be fired."

People like to fuck; yeah, everyone actually wants to fuck.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 102 Threesome: An Unintentional but Pleasant Surprise

A threesome had swirled around my mind for some time. The only problem was finding two hot guys who knew each other and wanted me. A friend had suggested that I join a gym to meet guys. Three months had passed since I tasted dick, so I was desperate enough to overcome laziness and put on my leggings.

The last time I had seen the inside of a gym was five months ago, but taking my dog for a daily walk and weekly yoga had kept me fit.

The desk clerk had a big smile on his face after scanning my card. I might not have had sex in a while, but I've still got it. His smile was plastered to his face, and his eyes fixated on me as I walked through the turnstile. I looked over my shoulder and waved.

A guy sitting at a bench snapped his head in my direction when he saw me. His eyes followed me to the watercooler. The attention boosted my ego, but I was looking for a gem. I knew that he would come if he saw me in arousing positions.

I went to the stretch area and bent over to touch my toes. Then, I got on my fours and lifted my leg. The mirror revealed to me two guys who moved away from a machine to get a better look. I slumped my head and smiled. These guys are all muscle and no brains. Why aren't they coming up to me? I know I'm intimidating, but where's their confidence?

I figured that I needed to make it easier for them to approach by going to a secluded area. The studio was empty when I walked in. A guy walked in during my crunches. I looked up and saw a fit, blonde guy with great legs. His height hinted that he had a big dick. I continued the crunches but saw him glancing at me from the corner of my eye.

Come over already. What are you waiting for? My pussy got wetter when I thought about him picking me off the floor and wrapping my legs around him before carrying me to the corner to bang my brains out. A threesome at that moment would have been great, but just him would have sufficed.

After I had done another two sets, I looked at him and thought that he was a douchebag. I picked up the mat and put it on the pile before heading to the door.

"Excuse me," said the blonde guy.

“Yes.”

“Hope I’m not disturbing. I wanted to talk to you, but I saw that you were busy.”

I twirled my hair. “I’m available now.”

“I’m Trent. It’s nice to meet you.”

His white teeth revealed as he smiled. “I’m Heidi.”

“I haven’t seen you here before.”

“I’m new. Thought I’d get back into shape.”

His eyes lowered to my chest, then my abs and curvy legs. “Back into shape? You already look great,” he said.

I smiled and said, “Thanks.”

“I’m here every day. Got a strict workout regimen. Maybe, I can show you sometime?”

Oh, no. He’s a trainer. Just talking to me, hoping to secure another client. My eyes closed, and I pursed my lips. The last three months of frustration had culminated to the point that I didn’t care if it showed.

“Did I say something wrong?” asked Trent.

Of course, you did. You’re a man. You can’t help yourself from ruining your chances of getting laid while also adding to my frustration. “It’s fine. Don’t worry about it. I’m not interested in personal training,” I said before turning to walk away.

“I’m not a trainer. I just thought we could train together to get to know each other better.”

A smile appeared on my face. After I told him that I don’t frequent the gym, he suggested drinks. I agreed and met him at a cocktail bar the following night. I had never been a fan of playing games when I wanted dick.

The doorman complimented me on the cocktail dress. The guys at the bar echoed his sentiments with their eyes on me. Trent sent me a message to say that he was running ten minutes late. I hated waiting, especially when my pussy craved a ramming.

He pecked my cheek and apologised for being late. I forgave him after he bought me two long islands and three shots of tequila. When he was talking, I wondered if he knew that I was prepared to open my legs for him.

“Would you like to dance?” he asked.

“Sure.”

He grabbed my waist on the floor and turned me around. I rubbed my ass against his groin and felt his boner. That confirmed my suspicions of him having a big dick. I couldn't wait to feel it inside me.

As he spun me around, I slipped and screamed. Trent caught me and gazed in my eyes. His lips crashed into mine, and our tongues swirled around each other's mouths. He made me hornier when he squeezed my ass.

“Should we get out of here?” asked Trent.

We went to his place, and I shook my head when he offered me a drink. The only thing I wanted was sex. We smooched before we went to his bedroom.

When he slipped the cocktail dress off me, I grabbed his bulging dick over his pants. I unzipped his pants and got on my knees, then pulled down his jocks and sucked his dick. The wait was worth it. My mouth engulfed his long, thick shaft.

I stood up and turned my back to him. He ran his hands up my thighs and over my abdomen to squeeze my tits.

“Hope you don't mind if I put a blindfold over your eyes,” said Trent. “It turns me on.”

I frowned. I had never tried that before, but I would try anything once. He put the blindfold over my eyes, and I got on all fours on the bed. As he stuck his dick inside me, I slumped my head and exhaled. It felt so good.

Not being able to see anything made me concentrate on the penetration, leading me to exclaim loud moans. Trent clutched my shoulders and thrust faster. I grimaced and screamed.

“Yes! Give it to me hard. Oh, yes.”

The headboard flapped against the wall, and the bed swayed. I was dripping. He kept ploughing me, and I couldn't get enough. After a fifteen-minute pounding, he abruptly stopped.

“What's the matter?” I asked.

“I need to catch my breath,” he said and pulled out his dick.

Can't you catch your breath with your dick in me? His panting dwindled. I wondered what was taking him so long, so I looked over my shoulder and reached for the blindfold.

"No, no, no. Keep the blindfold on," said Trent. "Flip over onto your back."

He got on top of me and stuck his dick in all the way. I moaned. "Oh, God. That feels so good."

Trent intertwined his fingers with mine and stretched my arms above my head. I opened my legs as wide as I could, his dick going in all the way. When he thrust, I screamed. Having his hard chest pressing against mine made me hornier. He rode me harder than before the break.

After banging my brains out for fifteen minutes, Trent stopped. I also needed a break.

When he got off me, I took off the blindfold. He stood in front of the bed and gleed. My droopy eyelids and smile revealed to him that his performance was stellar.

"Was it better before or after the break?" he asked.

"Definitely after. What got into you?"

Trent laughed. "I told you I was the master," he said and looked at the door.

I frowned. Who is he talking to? Is this guy some kind of psycho narcissist? I raised my head off the bed, and my eyes widened as a guy walked into the bedroom.

"What the hell is going on here?" I asked, seeing that Trent was a twin.

"This is my brother, Damon," said Trent.

"Trent was busy with you before the break, then I took over," said Damon. "It's a game we play with all the women to see who's the sex master. So far, I'm up 23 to 19."

I frowned at Damon, then at Trent.

"Hope you're not mad," said Trent.

"I...don't know...what to say. I feel so used."

"If it makes you feel any better, you're the best I've had. I'm sure Trent feels the same."

I frowned and shook my head at him. "I don't even know what to say."

"Look," said Damon. "You had a good time, and no one got hurt. What's the harm? If you want, we'll bang you at the same time. Two for the price of one."

I raised my eyebrow and smiled. Well, I have been thinking about that for some time. I deserve it after being deprived of dick for three months.

"All right," I said. "On one condition."

"What?" asked Damon.

"Both of you have to wear blindfolds. Turnabout is fair play," I said.

Damon pursed his lips and shrugged when he looked at Trent. "Fine with me."

I put blindfolds on them before I helped Trent onto the bed. Damon stood in front of the bed. I got on all fours and sucked Trent's dick while Damon banged me from behind. It was heaven on Earth. After being ploughed for twenty minutes and jerking off Trent, I needed a break. Damon stopped.

I grabbed Trent's hand and led him next to Damon. They didn't know that they were facing each other when I got on my knees and jerked both of them.

I smiled as I saw them grimace at the climax.

"What the hell?" asked Damon before he slipped off the blindfold to look at his abdomen.

Trent followed suit. They had cum on each other.

"Sorry," I said. "It's a game I play with deceitful men. I'm up 100 to 0."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 103 Full Service

My mother was acting strangely. She had been for the last month or so, though not in any overt manner, no specific ways that stuck out, but in much more subtle ways that anybody who didn't know her as well as I do after eighteen years would ever notice. Other than bitching at me about little things, (growing up, learning the meaning of 'responsibility', getting a job, how I'm so impossible) it was as though something had been on her mind, distracting her and, while we didn't dislike each other, our relationship wasn't close enough for a mother-daughter talk about it. That early evening, however, her behaviour was even more irregular than it had been. It was in the way she carried herself, how she stood, moved and in her facial expressions. Most of all, it was in her attire.

Again, the differences were subtle, but obvious to one who knew Vanessa Griffin and her staunch routine of years. An off-white, short sleeved blouse that I hadn't seen outside her closet in a few years was chosen as that evening's top. It was just a little small on what had become her pleasantly curvy figure, the reason she'd left it hiding away, but it only showed in how its buttons strained slightly around those proud D cups. She even left the top two undone rather than fasten the thin garment up so far as to practically choke herself to death as usual. Looking close, I could even just barely make out the lace pattern of her white bra underneath and, from what I could tell, it didn't look like a granny bra.

She'd left the blouse untucked, the short tails resting nicely just above her rounded hips in a manner

that accentuated them as much as the black business skirt, one I'd never seen her wear to her job as receptionist at the Audi dealership. It's not that the skirt was indecent in any way, no more than her blouse, but its hem rode a few inches above her knees rather than just below. A six inch slit up the back added to its understated sexy appeal, and the open toed, black, three inch heels that added to her natural five-seven height finished the ensemble in a way that they never spoke for her usual outfits.

Her long, auburn hair, usually worn up, was now down and flowing over her shoulders, straight but somehow not lacking body. Green eyes complimented a face that was attractive despite how it's shapely mouth and full lips almost never smiled since she and my father divorced. Also, her makeup was applied differently, more vividly I might have said, and her whole look made it seem almost as though she was trying to attract attention, not that she needed to. I knew she was hot and I'd noticed plenty of guys checking her out on many an occasion.

Yes, something was definitely going on and, that evening, I was becoming more curious about it by the minute. Clickety-clicking on her laptop at the kitchen island, she performed a double take at me from the corner of her eye as I peered at her from the doorway.

"Darin, what are you doing?" she asked, irritated, but also vaguely paranoid at my attention. "I told you, I've got an appointment at eight that I can't miss. If you want a ride to the mall, you'd better be ready in fifteen minutes."

"What appointment?" I asked as her eyes returned to the screen.

(Clickety-clickety-click) "The garage." (Clickety-clickety-clickety)

"I thought the car was fixed," I casually challenged.

More irritated, she quickly replied, "They had to order parts, would you please get your ass in gear?"

"Al-right, jeez!"

I was mostly ready anyway, save for finishing up with my hair, black like my father's and a little shorter than hers where it rested at my shoulders, and the choice of an outfit suitable to cruising the mall with my friends. I chose a pair of black capris leggings with a pink T shirt that was long enough to just barely cover the bottom of my shapely, fit posterior. The V neck wasn't quite as low as I would have wanted, but I'd never get anything lower past Mom's critical inspection and it still looked great on me. A wide, black belt with a big, round, gold buckle accentuated my hips and a pair of zebra striped Mary-Jane heels finished my look perfectly.

Checking this ensemble in the mirror, I wished I'd inherited Mom's boob size along with the bright green eyes that looked back at me, but my perky Cs looked fabulous in that top and went with my athletic hips very well. I wasn't quite as tall or voluptuous as my mother, but I was happy and comfortable with my body and enjoyed showing it off.

I gave myself a little smile as I considered bringing another top in order to do an end-run around the fashion gestapo downstairs, but I didn't want to be weighed down with a pack. Grabbing my small, rectangular, black clutch instead, I left my room just as said gestapo yelled at me to hurry, or I'd be left behind.

As it was, she shook her head slightly, rolling her eyes in silent disapproval of my outfit, but I pretended not to notice, practically skipping past her, through the kitchen and to the adjoined garage. By the time she was beside me in the driver's seat of her red coupe, whatever it was that had her so distracted had removed my appearance from her mind and, by the time she turned out onto the street, I was back to wondering at that.

I surreptitiously watched her nervously tapping the steering wheel with her index finger as she drove, nibbling at the inside of her lower lip, and my curiosity finally got the better of me.

"So, what's eating you?" I asked with indifference in my tone.

"What?" she replied, a little startled at first, as though she'd forgotten I was even there.

"Something's on your mind."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, clearly defensive now.

"Because there is. I can tell."

"There's nothing on my mind," she lied.

"Sure," I sarcastically agreed, half interestedly checking out a cute guy walking down the sidewalk as we passed.

"I'm worried about the car and how much it'll cost," she lied again.

"Uh huh," I laughed. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were going out on a date or something."

She jerked her head around to look at me and I almost laughed again at expression on her face.

"Don't be ridiculous," she scoffed. "I told you, I'm nervous about the car."

"What's so ridiculous about you going on a date?"

"W- Nothing, It's just that that isn't the case."

I sighed, shaking my head and rolling my eyes, saying, "Whatever. Anyway, why don't you just get it fixed at work? Wouldn't they give you an employee discount or something?"

She snorted derisively and replied, "They don't work on Chevrolets and dealerships are the last place anybody should take their car for repairs, employee discount or no."

I laughed again at the irony of her statement, considering her occupation, but didn't follow her up on it. Flipping the visor down, I used the vanity mirror to check my makeup, asking, "So where are you taking it, then? And what kinda place is open at this hour?"

"Wheeling Auto service," she replied. "It's a private business, so they work late."

"How'd you find out about them?"

"The internet."

"Hm. Well, I hope they're honest."

"I think he is," she toned.

"He'?"

"Dave. He runs the place. (Ahem)"

This time I was the one to jerk my head around at her, a knowing grin spreading across my face at how she'd nervously cleared her throat just then.

"Is he cute?"

She glanced at me without meeting my eyes, the ghost of a guilty smile leaping to her features for an instant before she could squash it, and replied with a more severe expression, "Darin... He's just a mechanic, alright?"

"Geez, Mom, lighten up. We're just talking. ... "So, is he?"

She only shook her head, a dismissal to my question rather than an answer, but that smile returned and wasn't so easily gotten rid of this time. Neither was I.

"Mom?"

"You're way off base," she said, giving up on getting rid of that smile.

"Oh, I don't think so. I bet he's tall and dark with big muscular arms like those guys on the covers of your trash novels. Isn't he, Mom?"

We'd come to a halt at a stop sign, she being stubbornly silent on the matter at hand, and I was about to continue my teasing inquiry when the car sputtered and died.

"Oh, shit!" she swore. "Don't you do this to me, you...!"

Slapping the gear selector all the way ahead to the park position, she twisted the ignition, the only result being a 'rur, rur, rur, rur, rur' sound as the engine turned over, but absolutely refused to start.

"Please, please, please, not now?!" she desperately begged.

(Rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur-)

The car behind us hit the horn and Mum almost went nuclear.

"Oh, shut up! Can't you see I'm having trouble, you-?!"

And then it fired up. We both breathed a sigh of relief and she switched the transmission back to drive so we could get moving again, for however long.

Dammit, dammit, dammit!" she fumed. "Millions of dollars in bailouts from two countries and those blasted morons still can't build a decent car! Should have told them to go to hell! Should have let them go out of business! God damned, rotten, useless, good for nothing boneheads! Should have listened to your uncle Stanley and bought that used BMW, but no, I had to have this brand new, shiny red piece of shit!"

"Mom?"

"What, Darin?! What?!"

"Whatever this Dave guy looks like, you should totally go out with him because you really need to get laid."

I thought she was going to hit me. I mean, I really thought she was going to punch me right in my pretty little face. After totally flipping out and threatening dire consequences if I said another word between there and the mall, I wisely kept my mouth shut until we rolled up to The Pen Centre's main entrance.

By that time, however, I was no longer really interested in the mall. No, I wanted to see what was up with my tightly wound mother and this 'appointment' of hers, so I decided to worm my little way into her business.

"They're not here," I said with a frown, scanning the entrance for Kendra and Tiffany, this being no surprise to me as I was supposed to meet them inside at New York Fries.

"They're probably inside," she correctly ventured, that heavier stress beginning to creep back into her tone.

"No," I refuted, "we were supposed to meet up right here, but..."

"Darin, I can't wait, it's almost ten to eight and I have to-"

"Well, they're not here, what am I supposed to do?" I almost whined at her.

"They're probably running a little late; just wait for them and they'll be along," she impatiently advised.

"But, what if they don't show up? I can't hang out by myself! Like a loser!"

"Oh my god!" she grated in pure frustration, rubbing her forehead with the palm of her hand. "Call them, or text them, or whatever the hell because I have to go before the god damned car stalls again, this time maybe for good!"

I opened my little clutch to grab my phone, turning the ring volume off as I pretended to briefly rifle through its other contents.

"Oh no!" I lamented.

"Now what?"

"I forgot my phone!"

She stared at me as though I'd just told her that I was pregnant with Uncle Stanley's baby.

"What?!" she asked incredulously. "Look again!"

I held up the little black clutch, emphasizing its limited confines while I emphatically determined, "It's not here, Mom!"

"Darin, for chrissakes, they'll be along! Now, get out of the car so I can-"

"No! You don't know that! I'm not gonna sit around waiting like an idiot, without even my cellphone when they might not even-"

"I can't take you with me, would you please just get out so I can go?!"

"Why?!" I demanded, actually wanting to know why she couldn't take me along to what was supposed to be just an appointment at a garage. "Anyway, this is all your fault! If you weren't bugging me to hurry before we left, I wouldn't have forgotten-!"

She stomped the gas pedal to the floor, slamming me into the seatback. I wouldn't have thought her car had enough power to screech the tires, but I guess I was wrong.

"Hey! Mom, what the hell are you-?!"

"Shut up, Darin!" she shouted at me, spittle flying from her livid mouth, "I mean it, just shut the hell up right now, or we're going to the river so I can drown you in it! God dammit, you are so impossible!"

My mission accomplished, I shut up, looking out the side window and pretending to pout so she wouldn't see me trying not to laugh.

Just over ten minutes later, we pulled off Welland Avenue and drove around the business fronting the street to the rear lot where another establishment, a moderately sized, gray industrial building stood. We came to a stop in front of its large garage door between a big, deep red pickup truck hitched to a long travel trailer on Mom's side and a shiny, black Harley Davidson on mine. A sign to the right of the garage door and in front of the bike stated that this was indeed Wheeling Auto Service and a man door to the right of that displayed another sign in its window that read 'closed'.

"I think they're closed," I offered in a small, carefully innocent voice.

She looked at me, her expression hinting that something bad might happen to me if they really were before tersely instructing, "Stay here."

Wisely leaving the engine running, she got out and slammed the door, walking around the front of it in the gathering gloom to the man door. The look of relief on her face was plain as day when she tried the knob and found it unlocked.

She went in, and after a moment I expelled a slightly bored sigh, turning on the radio to catch Adele in the first thirty seconds of Rolling in the Deep. Before she could finish the song, the big door in front of me began rolling up with a heavy, clattering roar to reveal a rather large man dressed in dirty jeans and a Harley Davidson T shirt.

When I say 'large', I don't mean fat, rather the undefined muscular type. He was easily over six feet tall with big hands. He looked to be in his late thirties, maybe early forties, with a face that was neither ugly, nor attractive under an intact hairline of dark brown. If this was Dave, he was nothing like the men that graced the cover of Mom's trash novels, but this isn't to say that he had no appeal.

I didn't realize I was staring until he looked directly at me, holding my eyes while he paused there, the door rolling the rest of the way up of its own volition. With the hint of a smile, he broke eye contact first and started forward, moving for the driver's side of Mom's shiny red piece of shit. For some reason, I wanted to quickly reach over and lock the door, somehow impressed with, but almost frightened of him at the same time. Of course, I didn't. Instead, I cleared my throat and wondered at Mom's choice of mechanic as he reached the side of the car, opened the door and got in beside me.

He filled the driver's portion of the small car, the vehicle shaking quite noticeably as his weight settled and, right away, the manly smell of sweat and unidentified automotive dirt filled its confines. I was still gawking, and when he looked at me, I couldn't help but smile with a curious mix of unguarded

admiration and apprehension. For his part, he smiled as well, his brown eyes blatantly checking me out as I sat, so small beside him. He didn't leer like a pervert, but confidently, thoroughly appraised me without fear of my reaction to it. I could tell he liked what he saw and it had the surprising effect of turning me on a little. I had to stifle a nervous giggle as he stuck his hand out to introduce himself.

"I'm Dave," he stated in a strong, but friendly enough voice.

Giving him my hand, which was completely engulfed his strong, firm grip, I replied, "Darin."

"Hey, Darin," he said, checking out my boobs again before adding, "Cool name for a girl."

"Thank you", was all I could say to this.

"So, your mother's car is acting up, eh?" he asked, shutting the door.

"Yeah, it's, (ahem) ... acting up," I stupidly confirmed.

Ignoring my nervous idiocy, he put the car gear in and then began moving us forward, saying, "Well, we'll see what we can do before she decides to burn it."

I'd been so preoccupied with him that I never even looked beyond the opened door to the garage's interior. As the car's front, then rear wheels bumped over the threshold and inside, the engine becoming louder within the surrounding metal walls, I looked around, suddenly and acutely aware of my heart having increased its pace and force to where I could feel it beating in my chest.

Mom took me to her work at the Audi dealership once after school and on our way home. She was getting her schedule and, while I waited, I saw inside their service center. It was big, clean and professional looking with all the mechanics wearing the same smart uniforms, working on brand new, shiny Audis. In the outer waiting area, soft muzac played while salesmen strolled around with their gleaming teeth and pressed shirts and ties, smiling and trying to impress potential customers, Mom and the other receptionist. Big, bright Audi signs graced the walls, boasting of professional service, factory roadside assistance and the Le Mans Victory Sales Event.

This place wasn't like that.

Spanning the entire back wall was a long, wide workbench, covered with tools and greasy black car parts with two big red toolboxes standing at the right end of it. Towards the back of the right wall was a closed door that led to what must have been a small compartment, maybe a bathroom. A set of wooden stairs beside the door led to a chicken wired enclosure above that held tires and some other items, presumably spare car parts. Opposite this, lining the left wall, were several tall, wide, blue metal cabinets that ran more than halfway to the front of the garage. Beside them and to our immediate left, two big floor jacks were stored against the wall with some other unidentifiable equipment. To my right, a large window allowed a view to a moderately sized office/waiting area with a door beside the window to gain entry.

In the right rear corner, a bright, orangey red car was nosed, the wide tired rear end jacked a few feet in the air while, underneath, a guy was on his back, arms raised and working on the bottom of it. Beside it and in the left rear corner, a big van was raised six or seven feet into the air on one of those lift thingies and, as we rolled in, another guy was pushing a Harley ahead and between these two areas to make room for Mom's car.

She was standing a few feet from the door to the office/waiting area with her professional smile and demeanor not quite covering her own apprehension, looking at me with the subtle paranoia that I saw back at the house before glancing at the back of the guy pushing the Harley. That didn't have time to register, what with the state I was in, but also because that's when the car stalled.

"There she goes," Dave commented, putting the car in park after its forward momentum ran out to turn the ignition.

(Rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur, rur-)

"Fuck it," he decided, giving up.

"Do you know what's wrong with it?" I asked, still intimidated and impressed, but now composed barely enough to try covering that up.

He smiled at me and replied, "Yeah, it's a Cobalt."

I couldn't help laughing a little at this diagnosis as he put the car in neutral, and then opened the door, letting in the sound of some rock and roll from my mother's era. A moment later, he was out and pushing it ahead by himself with one big paw on the windshield pillar, and without any real strain. When he was finished, he stooped over, reaching back inside to put the transmission in park and turn the ignition switch back, popping the hood afterward while taking an appreciative look at my legs.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 104 Facial Expression

It had all started in her stepfather's bed. Pretty little 18-year-old Jenny had begun to kiss her way down her stepfather Mitch's hairy chest, slowly, inch by hairy inch, adoring the taut skin and musky smell rising from his groin. Mitch lay motionless as his ultimate fantasy grew nearer and nearer, his heart pounding and his huge penis straining ever harder and stiffer in mad excitement. He was beginning to realize that what was about to happen, what had to happen when Jenny's heavenly mouth -- the adorable full mouth that had occupied his erotic fantasies for years -- reached his straining cockhead, was not only his ultimate fantasy but Jenny's too. Ever since Jenny's mother died, Mitch had been fighting the desire to take her gorgeous daughter to his bed and sink his giant cock into the mouth that so much resembled her mother's. How Julie had loved to suck cock! She lived for it, Julie once said in a moment of shuddering ecstasy as Mitch drove his cock between Julie's huge jugs and up against her luscious pouting mouth. I live for this, baby! She had mumbled. At that moment they had both stared, sweating, panting with excitement, at the expanding lips at the end of Mitch's long, huge cock, in the

instant before the first orgasmic blast of hot semen hurtled from the cockhead to spatter Julie's face and drape her pretty lips in Mitch's trademark thick white cum.

Was it possible that such desires passed from mother to daughter? Mitch wondered, as exquisitely pretty Jenny kissed her way down his tense, twitching body. Little did he know how often little Jenny had crept to the doorway of Mitch and Julie's bedroom, hoping to see the ultimate erotic sight: her mother kissing and stroking and coaxing a giant eruption of hot, steaming semen from her stepfather's big cock, begging him to spunk on her face, spatter her face, cum all over her face, until finally Mitch cried out in an ecstasy of fulfillment and his cum blasted onto Julie's pretty lips and nose and cheeks. Then Jenny would slip back to her room and masturbate to a shivering climax, imagining...

...Imagining just what she was doing now as she kissed her way down her stepfather's body towards the giant tool she'd dreamed about, the tool she knew so well and had so often watched swell up and stretch and finally explode semen on her mother's face. Now it would happen for her, now, soon, any moment, as she moved closer and closer to the heat she could feel, under the thin sheet, already searing her face -- the heat being radiated by Mitch's great club of a cock. All for her! And as her heavenly soft pout descended on the very tip of Mitch's huge, tennis-ball-sized purple cockhead, and all Mitch's masturbatory fantasies came true at last, Mitch's cock decided to take over and surprise both of them. Without waiting for the tender masturbation about which Jenny had been dreaming -- how she would softly, infinitely slowly wank her stepfather until he erupted in her yearning, pretty face -- and about which Mitch too had been dreaming, picturing Jenny's face beneath him as he furiously stroked rope after aching rope out of his cock onto her pretty, pretty lips and nose -- instead Mitch's cock decided it couldn't take any more, didn't need any more stimulation... and went off like a geyser, right on Jenny's pursed red lips and up her tiny, curled, shell-like nose with its miniature nostrils.

Aaaaaaghhhh! Mitch had screamed, beating the bedsheet with his fists and then whipping the upper sheet away so that he could watch the deluge of his semen blasting, at last, onto Jenny's exquisite, tiny face with its perfect skin and big sensual mouth. To his joy, Jenny hadn't recoiled but went on kissing his monster cock as it twitched and flung thick sticky bursts of semen into her face, while she gasped, Oh, Oh, Oh, yes please, yes please, I've wanted this so much, Daddy, cum on me, cum on me! And in her thoughts: Cum harder than you ever came before, even on Mummy...

The next day he had driven her into school too ashamed to acknowledge what had happened, and it was only after school, as Mitch sat in his armchair with a beer in his hand -- he'd already consumed more than one in nervous anticipation of Jenny's return from school -- that it became clear that last night's orgasmic facial was only the beginning. Jenny ran in through the front door, her face glowing with excitement. Dropping her schoolbag, she came over to one side of the armchair, her shoulders limp, her face already hot and glowing with lust, and gasped in pleasure as Mitch took her hand and pulled round to the front of the chair. He pushed her to her knees. Before he could even speak her hand had gone to the front of his pants. Oh God, Jenny whispered, knowing how much she was turning him on by saying it. It's as big as last night. I can't get over how big you are, Daddy.

Jenny, Mitch could hardly get the words out -- Jenny, I don't know what to say -- I've needed this so much -- and I've dreamt --

Hush, Daddy, I know. I've dreamt about it too. For years. Yes, for years. I used to watch you cum on Mummy's face. I know how much she loved it.

It was her favorite, baby - she couldn't get enough -

Yes, Daddy, I know. You did it all the time. I saw you spurt your beautiful thick white cum on her, and I loved it. I've been masturbating, waiting for the day when I could take your cum for you. I know how much you need it. But, Daddy, I need it even more than you do.

That's not possible, Mitch gasped, as he watched Jenny undo his zipper and tenderly bring the huge, stiff, weeping 11 inches of cockflesh into the air between them. I need to spurt on your face more than you can possibly imagine. I've pictured loading every inch of your face with my thick hot cum --

That's what I dream of, Daddy. Once I brought warmed up honey to bed with me and as I was about to cum, wanking for you, I poured a spoonful on my face imagining it was your spunk, and I came SO hard. But not as hard as I came yesterday when your cock spurted against my face and I tasted your cumjuice for the first time. Cum for me now, Daddy, right away, I can't wait any longer, I've been thinking about nothing else all night and all day.

You and me both, Jenny. I think I'm going to cum again before you touch it.

The huge throbbing penis was right in front of Jenny's heavenly face with its tiny curved nose and her huge soft, startlingly red mouth. She leaned forwards to feel the heat of it against her cheek, and murmured,

You do it this time, Daddy, please, just the way you used to do it on Mummy, right on her pretty face. You do it, you stroke yourself please --

Wank... tell me you want me to wank myself off on you --

Yes, wank, please wank off on my nose, my big red mouth, my cute face. Jerk off on your adoring Jenny, who wanks off every night imagining your huge cock splattering my face with cum.

It'll only take one stroke, Jenny --

I know. I want it so badly. Point it at my nose.

At your nose? Mitch groaned, barely able to speak as he looked down to see his huge cock lying against Jenny's heavenly little face, and brought his hand up to his jeans to take the cock and point it at her. Not at your lovely red mouth?

At my nose, Daddy. One time I saw you spurt on Mummy and the second shot was the biggest I've ever seen, it covered Mummy's nose and went all up her nostrils.

I remember. I used to masturbate about it afterwards, it was so exciting -- and the way she sniffed up all the hot wet spunk --

I want to smell it up my nose, as it drips onto my mouth. Look at it, Daddy. Watch my big red mouth when you cum. Cover me in your beautiful thick white spunk, your hot, hot, thick cum.

Jesus, Mitch had gasped as he took his giant penis in his hand and placed the great peach-sized, plum coloured head on the very tip of her angelic snub nose, that little heavenly soft bump of a nose. He gazed again at all his fantasies come true, then gasped as the great penis-head swelled up, recoiled, and fired the first gigantic wad, making him scream with the force of it, in pain and ecstasy. Cum, thick cum, bounced off Jenny's tiny nose, draping it thickly, draping Jenny's entire cute angel face again and again as she cried out in rapture.

And now, the next day, as Mitch drove her down their little driveway onto the road that would take Jenny to school, Jenny glanced at him in grateful surprise as they reached the school buildings and Mitch hesitated... then drove on past the school, towards the hills.

It's all I want, too, she murmured as she placed her little head on his shoulder, and brought her hand to the stiff cock that pressed up against the material of his jeans. All I want, she moaned as she began to work him off through his jeans.

Mitch had never felt so hard, so stiff to bursting, as he drove along with cute little Jenny shucking his penis through his jeans and staring lustfully at the giant bulge. The cock would be against her little angel face, rubbing all around her nose and soft red mouth... until she took it all, all on her face...

Soon they were parked on a logging trail, and Jenny had undone her stepfather's jeans and reached inside to pull the giant tool free. Now she was rubbing it madly around the gorgeously soft skin of her face, as Mitch lay back gazing at her, fascinated, staring as she used his huge flaring cockhead to bend her nose back and forth and force its sweet turned-up shape to turn up even more as she pushed the wide cockhead against her nostrils. He stared in shuddering, joyous disbelief at her little face, so magically pretty, as she pounded her big red mouth with his cockhead and twisted it from side to side with his straining, shining purple flesh, licking and laving his cockhead as he stared at her, gasping out his love for her and his need to cum...

Oh God, I need to do it again on your face, baby, on your mouth, baby, I need to cum...

Cum. Cum on my face, Daddy. Cum right now. On my mouth and face.

I need to cum on your face, Jenny. I need to say it.

Yes. Say it, say it.

Oh God --

Yes, say it all, say everything -- I want to hear everything, every dirty thing -- you can whisper it -

I need to cum all over your pretty soft young face, Jenny. All over your angelic lips and nose. I need to say it.

Say it, Daddy, keep saying it. I love the words you say.

Thick hot spunk on your lips. Thick hot spunk on your nose. I'm going to make a mess of your pretty face -

Yes - oh yes!

And I need to hear you say it too, baby girl -

Jenny rubbed the giant cockhead back and forth across her small soft nose, sexily murmuring, Okay, I will. On my face. That's what you need to hear, Daddy. On my mouth and face. I'll say it as often as you want. I need you to cum all over my pretty mouth and my nose, Daddy. On this cute face. It's yours, all day, every day and night. I need your thick cum all over my big red mouth. I see you looking at it and I know what you want, you're imagining my red mouth covered in your thick white spunk. I like it when you talk about my mouth. My big red mouth. I need it, Daddy, I need you to cum and make a huge mess on my face. I know what turns you on. - I'll rub your cockhead like this...all over my mouth and my nose. I'll rub it over and over and all around on my face so hard it hurts. Rub it until I'm all smeared and oily in your pre-cum. Watch, Daddy, watch. Watch me. I'll do this as long and as often as you want.

Oh God say that again --

As long as you want, I'll do it for hours if you want, and as often as you want, all day -

I'm going to cum on you, Jenny. I've wanted it for so long. I need to cum right on your nose -- he gasped, drunk on the erotic sight of her bruised, swelling lips and flushed features, as she pursed her mouth for him - and your big red mouth.... oh God.... your big red mouth...

Jenny moaned as she licked his cockhead madly, and kissed the tip and pumped the stiff cock, stiff and hard and slick with pre-cum and warm as marble in the sun -- murmuring, I know you need it, not just to cum and give me what I want, the big sheets of spunky cum all over my nose and lips, not only that, but...

But what, baby? What?

You know what, Daddy: you need to see it. You need to watch it. You need to see how much I love it when your cock spurts in my face and --

Take it, Jenny. Take it right now!

Oh, Jesus! she gasped. The first thick musky rope of cum had hit her full in the face, had shot up her nostrils, just where she had placed the cockhead, where Mitch could see it bending the sweet flesh of her nose.

Aaaaaaghh, he cried into the silence of the woods, as the next great gluey wad spread violently across her perfect young mouth.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 105 Cum Eating Aun

Based on true encounters. Names have been changed. Enjoy and don't be too critical. ;)

My name is John and this is a true story about me and my aunt. I am 21 and she is 46 and a hell of a woman. I am blessed with a nice tool of 19cm and 6.5cm thickness. Hard as steel and always ready. My aunt is a super woman. She looks kind of normal with average titts but an ASS to die for.

Her ass is huge but not out of proportion and suits her perfect. She is not skinny but not fat either, kind of chubby. She smells always sooo nice and she makes my cock rock hard whenever she is in the same room.

I work with her in our office which is a family business. Our first time was cpl of months ago and we fuck since then like rabbits. It's a dream come true really.

She always wears sexy. Tight jeans, sexy tops and heavy makeup. She always used to flirt with me from the day I know her and at last it happened.

She came into the office one day and her husband was away for one week and she had the kids with her mother. Yes she is a mother of three.

She wore tight leggings and her ass was just jumping out of it. A very revealing cleavage and nice high-heels.

On this day she was unusually friendly and I started to notice how many times she drops her pen or other stuff and she stands up and bends down, presenting me her fab ass. Directly in front of my face. I had such a hard one, you cannot believe.

I took out my iphone and made myself ready to take a pic of her ass when she goes down the next time. And sure enough another paper was dropped to the floor and she stood up. She bends over but this time I could see clearly her pussy outlines and I clicked on the shutter.

What an embarrassment!!! The sound of the shutter was still on. With all my excitement I made such a silly mistake I thought and went tomato red straight away.

She stood up and pretended not to have heard it. I knew she did though, was clear and unmistakable. She sat down again and after 5 min of silence she started to talk.

"Did you enjoy the view?" she said it with a small smile.

"Don't blame me aunty, blame your ass." I replied fast.

"Well I don't blame you at all honey, but what do you need a picture of my ass for??"

"Eeeeeem...well...your question is not a fair one, cause you know why." I said.

"To put it up on the net on some forums??" she replied rudely.

"If you keep messing around maybe, why you have anything against it??" I shot back.

"No not at all" she winked "Just I would recommend you take a set so you can send an interesting post if you do" she said dead serious.

I was really buffed and had no clue as to how much I could still go without upsetting her.

"Well then let's make a set then, shall we?" I tried my luck.

"You mean now here? I thought you could come over to our place where we have more places to take pictures." She said with a sweet voice.

By now my cock was bursting and I could not believe how lucky I was getting by the minute.

"Ok then, let me know when you have time and I will drop by."

"How about tonight around 10pm, so I have the kids sleeping. What you say?"

"Deal, I will be there. Do you think you could give me a preview now" I laughed out loud trying to cover my embarrassment.

"Sure, just watch and learn from a top model" she winked again.

She came over exactly in front of my chair and she dropped a pen and laughed at me. She bends over slowly, very slowly and I could see it all. Her pussy pushing out between her closed legs.

I thanked her and told her that I cannot wait to see her tonight. The day went by without any incidents anymore and we said goodbye around 5pm. I went home and she went to her kids.

I told my gf that I will stay in my aunt's house tonight even though it was not planned but just in case and I told her that she needs me to baby-sit since her hubby is away.

When I started my car, my hands were shaking and my heart was pumping like crazy in anticipation of my aunty.

When I arrived there she opened the door and she had her home leggings with a tight shirt on. She kissed me like an aunt nephew and I went in. Her eldest child was still awake. We sat in the living room and soon she came in to say goodnight and went off to bed.

She asked if I want anything to drink and I asked for a beer and she joined me for one. We were sitting for 5 min and she started to ask me if I had my equipment ready and I said "YES".

"Well then what are we waiting for??" she said impatiently.

"Ready when you are."

"How about I just move around and you take pictures. Lets make them as natural as possible." She said.

"I agree I loved it that way too." I replied.

I took my camera in my hands and started it and told her that I am ready. She watched me into my eyes and said: "This is our secret, isn't it?"

I just winked at her and she smiled.

She sat down on the couch and closed her legs, giving me a beautiful camel-toe. I started taking pictures. She started to move to a different position but I stopped her. "Wait a minute aunt; I want to get a closer shot from your cute camel-toe."

"It's hardly cute dear. Looks more like a fat pussy close to burst out."

I got harder when she said that and I looked at her and asked her: "Just for the record: Are we going to fuck at the end of this session?" I said daringly.

"Of course we will and I thought you are cleverer."

"Can I ask you something aunty?"

"Go ahead honey"

"What's your fetish? I mean what turns you on and makes you horny like hell??"

"Well I tell it to you later, but for now you have to know that I need to be called names and you can be abusive, I don't mind. The more graphic you are the more I get turned on."

"Oh I love you already, divorce your hubby and take me" I said with a wink.

"Anytime honey, but for now you will be my personal lover and I can be....you tell me?"

"You can be my personal whore" I said with a bit of fear.

"hmmmmmm. Yes baby, I can be your whore."

"So let me take a closer shot from your camel-toe. Your pussy is just so puffy, I love it."

"Go ahead I will push closer my legs so it burst more out for your cam."

I took a few perfect pics and started to lose control. I reached and went over her pussy over her leggings. God her pussy was on fire. Burning. Then I said "I want to smell you cunt."

She took off her leggings and kept her legs closed with her hands and offered me the most beautiful, puffy, smelly and wet cunt of hers. "Smell it"

I went down and took a deep breath. I thought I faint. I was in heaven. I took out my tongue and ran it through her puss lips, tasting her precum.

I loved it. Her smell, the shape, her wetness...everything.

I put away the camera, because nobody was really interested in taking pics. I turned to her and she had her legs spread wide. Taking each leg into one of her hands and presenting me her cunny.

I said "Ok whore, I want to suck on your cunt and clit. Open up your slit"

She did as ordered. And I took her clit into my mouth and I started to suck on her pussy. She was moaning and moving in rhythm. Fucking my mouth with her pussy. Then I felt she was close to cum and kept her legs apart and sucked harder while I plunged two fingers into her pussy.

She gasped and started to make noises. Then she took my hair with both of her hands and started to really fuck my mouth right there. I tried to get away to take a breath but I could not escape her grip. AND SHE CAME.

"Cumming, Cumming, mmmmm, yes, cumin...."

She squirted it all directly into my mouth and I had not other chance than to swallow it. When her spasms finished, she just started to rub my face into her puss lips, making all my face wet with her cum.

Then she opens her eyes and pulled me from my hair to her face. She kissed me the way nobody kissed me before. As if I gave her a huge present and she was thankful to the max.

We stopped kissing and I looked into her eyes and asked her again: "Common tells me what your fetish it? Go on I want to know."

"I am embarrassed, how about you tell me first. I promise I tell you after."

"Well mine is easy. I am an ASS-man. Love your ass since I know what an ass is"

"And what do you do to my ass if I offered it to you?"

"Well I would first take deep breath..."

Suddenly she stood up in front of me turned around and I had her dream ass in front of me. She reached around and did the sexiest thing I can imagine. She spread her ass cheeks with both hands and her brown hole was completely visible to my eyes. My cock was leaking already.

She turned her face to me "Go on. Smell my whore-asshole. Give it a good sniff and tell me if you like my brand."

I buried my face very fast into her ass cheeks and I was in heaven again. It smelled like, well like an ass would smell. Fab. Just loved it. Without any warning I took out my tongue and went through her whole ass crack. Tasting her asshole.

She asked "AND?"

"I want to fuck your ass aunty; I just need to fuck it hard."

She turned again to face me. "You need to make me ready first. You need to take care of my pussy first and make me wet enough to want it up my asshole."

"My pleasure"

"So you want to know what I like too, or did you lose yourself in my ass?"

"Yes and yes. Yes I lost my self and yes I want to know"

She came close to my face and gave me a kiss. A very long kiss. She whispered into my ears "I'm a devoted cum-eater."

I could cum right there and then. I couldn't believe it, my aunt was a whore cum eater. What a dream come true.

"And I want to eat your cum NOW."

I could not unzip fast enough. I took out my giant and I could say she was surprised, happy, appreciating

and willing. She took it into her hand and watched me into my eyes and said "Now you're talking."

I smiled and she took the tip into her mouth. Sucking it gently. Then she said watch me. She took a deep breath and pushed my cock into her mouth.

3cm

5cm

8cm

I was impressed.

11cm

14cm

And no gagging. As if it was the most normal thing to do. I knew she had plenty of training.

16cm

17cm

And she gagged. I thought she takes it out but she forced, yes really forced herself to take more.

18cm

19cm

One tear running down her cheek. Gag. Gag. Gag. Keep composure. Looking into my eyes. And she started fucking me with her mouth. Taking out 3-4 cm and plunging her head back into my lap and taking the whole cock again. Gag. Gag. And again.

I had no chance to resist. It was a minute and I told her in a whisper "I am Cumming. I cannot control it anymore.

She took her my cock and I was in a shock and disappointment, but then she spit on it, wanked it with her hand cpl of times and pushes it back into her throat. Took it out again and told me "Fuck your whore's throat and cum whenever you want."

And she was back to throatfucking herself. I exploded.

"Ohhhh fuck....there....cumming....fucking whore....your mouth....suck it, suck my cum."

And she did. She didn't lie to me before; she is a real cum eater. I never saw any cum. By the time she took out my cock it was all cleaned. I told her "Show me my cum in your mouth".

She laughed "What cum your talking about?" she winked "I like it hot and I swallow directly from source."

"You are a dream aunty."

"I like your taste. I need to get used to it but I like it." She said.

"How about we take a drink and relax because I want to fuck you still."

"Yes let's take it easy for a while and I will make you hard in no time again."

"I am sure about that."

While we were talking dirty to each other, we didn't realize that somebody came down the stairs.

When I said "You will be my personal cum eating whore, wont you?" we heard a step and realized that we had maybe just 10 seconds to react.

She just took her leggings and ran out of the room into the kitchen. I just pushed my wet and cummy cock into my pants but had not time to close the zipper. And that person arrived at the door.

She entered the room. It was her eldest daughter. She is 16 and a copy of her mom. She came in and said "Hi, you are still here? I am sooo thirsty tonight I don't know why!" and ran into the kitchen.

Her mom was again decent. And asked her if she wants a orange juice and she said yes. After she drank it she went over to her mom and gave her a kiss. I got an instant hard one knowing that her moms mouth was just a minute ago over my cock and her mouth tastes still after my cum.

She even came over and gave me a quick kiss and off she was. Poooooh

"That was tight." She said.

"Sure was. I need to get going or else they will catch us in a different position." I said.

"Don't be silly. It is too late for that. You may also stay tonight and finish the job you started."

"Really? You want that? How about the kids? Will they not ask why I sleep in your bed?"

"Who said you sleep in my bed. I make your bed in the guest room and I will sleep in your bed until the morning then I go to my room. How about it?"

"Only a stupid man would say NO. Of course I stay."

She smiled and winked pulled down her leggings and spread her asshole again for me and looked around to me and said "Maybe a fast sniff before we go to bed?"

I just dropped to my knees and took a deep breath again, which made me rock hard again.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 106 Cum Is Thicker Than Water

Blood is Thicker than Water, and Cum is Thicker than Blood

I had recently moved in with my niece, Renée, after separating from my wife. Renée was recently separated from her husband as well, so since we were both on the down and out so to speak, she had invited me to move in with her to help with the mortgage and to make her feel more protected at the same time.

I hadn't met Renée until she was 16, due to divorce issues, but we had developed a strong bond, possibly because we were both adults and we both modeled. She was now close to 30, and bore a startling resemblance to 1980's actress, Robin Matheson, with dirty blonde hair.

Renée's breasts weren't very big, perhaps a strong B cup, but they seemed to be rather firm, particularly for her age. She was constantly making references to them, however, about how small she felt they were. The only time she had seemed content with her tits was after the baby was born, and they swelled with milk. Renée subsequently complained to me that this left them with stretch marks after she stopped nursing.

Yep, that was the kind of relationship we had; we talked about such things, as though we were high school chums. It never occurred to me that we were actually flirting, in a strange sort of way. We just seemed to be really close, and talked about dirty little things.

One evening, as I was preparing to go to bed, I heard what sounded like soft crying coming from Renée's bedroom. Assuming she was upset with something regarding her ex, I decided to check on her. Clad only in my underwear, as I was ready for bed, I stuck my head in her door and whispered, "Are you okay?"

Renée didn't reply immediately, so I entered her room out of concern and repeated my question.

"Are you okay, Sweetie?" I inquired again.

"No." Renée sobbed. "My head hurts so bad!"

"Did you take something for it?" I asked rather stupidly.

"Yes." Renée wailed, "About fifteen minutes ago. I can't believe how bad it hurts!"

"Okay Sweetie," I said soothingly, "just try to relax. Here, let me try and loosen up your neck muscles, okay?"

"Okay." Renée replied, as I slid my hands under her neck and began working the muscles with my fingers.

I massaged her neck from her shoulders to the back of her head for several minutes, and then instructed her to turn sideways on the bed. Grasping her firmly under the jaw, I slowly pulled on her head, and then gave a sharp tug, which resulted in a series of loud pops, like a flexible straw opening up.

Renée grunted in surprise at the popping in her neck.

"That feels so much better!" she exclaimed.

"I'm sure it does," I replied, "but the muscles will pull it right back. I've fixed the symptoms, but the root of the problem is in your back."

"What do you mean?" Renée inquired.

"Your head is connected to your neck, which is in turn, connected to your back." I explained. "Your back muscles are actually pulling on your neck, which is giving you these headaches."

"Can you fix it?" Renée begged. "Can you stop the pain?"

"I think so." I responded. "I need to work the muscles in your back, so I need you to turn over."

"Is my nightgown in the way?" Renée asked. "Do I need to take it off?"

What a question! I know she probably didn't mean it the way it came across, but I was still stunned for a second or so.

"It would help." I replied. "I can really work the muscles that way."

Renée sat up and pulled the nightgown over her head, tossing it to the floor. In the dim light, I could barely make out the shape of her tits, and I suddenly felt a strong sensation in my loins. I ignored it, and began kneading her back muscles as she rolled over on her stomach.

It took a few minutes of probing with my elbow, but I finally located the source of her pain and worked the muscles for several minutes.

"I can't believe how my back can give me such a headache." Renée whispered.

"It's all stress-related." I explained. "I really don't have the time to detail how it all connects, but your angst over your situation with Ron is causing you to tense up, and the result is a headache like this."

"I'm so glad you're here!" Renée burst out in a loud whisper. "Oh my god, it hurt so bad! It still does, but nowhere near as much."

"There's one more step." I said. "Do you have a heating pad?"

"Yes, in the top drawer of the mahogany dresser."

I opened the drawer and located the heating pad, which I then plugged into the outlet next to the bed.

"Let me put this under your neck." I instructed. "It'll heat your neck and the top of your back, and keep everything loose. In about twenty minutes, your headache should be gone."

"Okay," Renée replied, "let me roll over."

My niece rolled onto her back, completely exposing her nude body to me. Even in the dim light, I could see her firm tits and triangular bush clearly enough to turn me on. My cock hardened like an iron bar, as I slid the heating pad under her neck.

"Hold it up around your head for about twenty minutes." I instructed. "Then turn it off."

I began to move, but Renée stopped me.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

I really wanted to tell her that I was going to my room to fantasize about what I had just seen and done, and jerk off to the whole thing, but I didn't dare.

"Umm, I thought you could turn it off yourself." I managed to say. "I've pretty much done all that I can."

"I might fall asleep." Renée whispered. "Please stay here and make sure it's turned off, okay?"

"Okay." I said with a smile, as I pulled the covers back and slid into the bed. "I'll keep you safe."

I lay next to my niece and felt the warmth of her nude body against mine. It was very erotic in one sense, yet so taboo at the same time. Twenty minutes passed and Renée turned off the heating pad herself. I kissed her lightly on the cheek and started to get out of bed.

"Where are you going?" she inquired groggily for the second time.

"To bed." I answered. "How's your head?"

"It feels much better." Renée replied. "I still feel it, but nowhere near what it was. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome."

What Renée said next, both thrilled and chilled me to the bone at the same time.

"Please stay with me."

My head swam. What did she mean by that? Was she just comfortable? Was her headache coming back? Did she want me next to her in her own bed as a protector, or was it something else?

"Okay." I said soothingly. "I'll be here if you need me."

"Good." Renée responded dreamily, as she dozed off. "I'll see you in the morning, my Uncle Love."

Whoa! There it was! My beautiful niece had just confessed to me that she was as hot for me, as I was for her. All that remained was for this to happen in a normal setting.

Renée rolled over on her side, and I molded myself around her in a full spoon. I felt myself falling asleep as well, and before I knew it, the sun was streaming through the window.

I awoke with a start, and this apparently awakened Renée as well. She yawned and rolled over, opening her eyes and staring directly into mine.

"It wasn't a dream, then." she whispered.

"No." I whispered back.

"Did we fuck?" René asked.

"No." I responded. "At least, not yet."

Renée smiled broadly.

"But we will."

I ran my hands over her bare thigh, then slowly around her waist, before sliding my hand up her belly and squeezing one of her breasts.

Renée sighed audibly, as I massaged her boob and leaned over to kiss her. Our mouths met, and we seemed to suck the life out of one another.

"I love you." I whispered in her ear.

"I love you too." Renée whispered back.

"I want to fuck you." I confessed. "I want to fuck you and cum in your cunt. And I don't want it to stop."

"We have the same last name." Renée whispered. "I can be your daughter or your young wife. We can live together and no one will ever know but us."

"My wife." I said without hesitation. "You will be my wife. My young, hot fucking wife, but my wife you shall be. No one will ever question our relationship. A man and woman with the same address and same last name, it won't be questioned."

Renée breathed in through her nose and her nostrils flared.

"Then what do we do for now?" she inquired.

Without saying a word, I threw back the covers and pulled my underwear down. I was sporting a huge erection, and Renée lit up at the sight.

"Fuck me." she sighed. "Fuck me. Fuck me so hard."

The sound of my niece begging me to fuck her was more than I could stand. I slid my cock into my niece's cunt, and began to fuck her for everything she was worth.

"Fuck me, Uncle!" she screamed, as I pumped her cunt with my cock. "Fuck me and make me cum! Knock me up! Make me pregnant. I want your baby. I want you to knock me up and give me a baby! Fuck your niece! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

"Oh Baby; oh god Renée, I'm cumming. I'm cumming! I'm cumming in your cunt, Renée. I'm cumming in my niece's cunt. I'm cumming in my niece. I'm cumming in your cunt! Oh god, Renée, I'm cumming in my niece's fucking cunt!"

I groaned, as I spurted inside my niece's cunt amidst her hollering. By the time she realized I had cum, she had several orgasms herself. I slowly pulled myself off of my niece's nude body, and lay on the bed, panting heavily.

I finally broke the ice and spoke.

"I love you." I whispered in Renée's ear.

"I love you too." she replied. "I want you. I want your baby, and I want your name, even though it's the same as mine."

I smiled. I knew this was the beginning of a very special relationship between me and my niece. She would appear to be my wife and I would shoot her full of love as long as I was able. We would have many children together, and no one would be any the wiser.

I love my niece. She is so fucking hot. I don't care if this means incest or not. We love each other and we have had thousands of sexual encounters since this moment. We now have 6 children; 5 of which are mine.

There is nothing like the sensation of having your own flesh and blood riding your cock. I have cum in my niece's cunt thousands of times; while she rides me and I squeeze her small but firm titties as I cum. My sons are also my grand nephews, but the only ones who know the secret are being quiet.

I love Renée, and we will grow old together, fucking, sucking and cranking out children. I love my niece more than anyone could imagine. My only regret is that she is not my own daughter.

Fifteen years have passed since our first fuck, and I love my niece more than anything in this world. Our oldest daughter is about to graduate high school, and I couldn't be happier. Blood is truly thicker than water, and cum is even thicker than blood.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 107 A Nice Mistake

I stepped out of my car and headed to the nature trail. It was a beautiful morning with the sun just beginning to pop over the distant horizon. It was going to be hot on this June day. I wanted to take advantage of the somewhat cool morning and get a good workout in before the heat would make it unbearable. I decided to try a new section of the trail system this morning and was looking forward to the change of scenery.

As I started down the trail, I dropped my keys into the pocket of my shorts and noticed that I had put them on backwards. It wasn't uncomfortable but I decided to find a place down the trail that was secluded to stop and change them into the right position. The trail wound through the rural country side which included fields and forest. It was a peaceful and beautiful place for a trail. It was near the city but secluded enough for a chance to experience nature.

About a half mile into my run, the trail left the field and cut through a forest with some clearings that provided the needed privacy to make a quick stop and change my shorts without being seen. There was a bench beside the trail with a nice view of a creek that flowed beside the trail. After looking up and down the trail, and not seeing anyone, I stopped and started to pull my shorts down. I had just pulled the shorts off, with some difficulty because of my shoes, and was attempting to put them on correctly, when from the brush beside the creek I heard a woman's voice call out to me. I was caught. There I was with my shorts down, one foot in and struggling with the other foot. I knew I could act embarrassed and make a fool of myself by diving behind a tree, or I could try to play it as cool as possible and continue with the completely normal behavior of pulling up my running shorts. After all, doesn't everyone stop on a trail and strip down naked and change their clothes every now and then? I turned toward the voice as calm as I could and continued to attempt to put my foot through the whole of my shorts. As I did this, my shoe caught on the edge of my shorts and I began to lose my balance and almost fell.

I heard her start to laugh and then she said, "It looks like you need a hand." Out from the brush stepped a middle-aged woman with brown hair, about 5 foot 2 inches tall, brown eyes and a beautiful smile. She

came closer and any attempt I may have made to conceal my nakedness was futile. She looked beautiful in the morning light and she filled out her exercise shorts and tank top just right. My hand dropped to cover my cock and her smile grew a little bigger. I smiled back at her and she came closer and without saying a word she knelt down and began to take my shorts in her hand and opened the leg of the shorts so I could put my foot through the hole.

My body was reacting to this beautiful woman's touch. Her hands released my shorts and moved up my leg. Her face was only inches from my cock and I could feel the blood rushing to it with alarming speed. She noticed and her smile widened as her hand ran up the inside of my thigh and grazed my balls. I watched as she looked back down the trail and then back to my growing member. She looked up at me and took my dick in her hand and began to lower her lips over the tip. The sensation was amazing, who was this woman, is this really happening to me, these and many other questions ran through my head. I forced them away and focused not on the why, but on the moment in time that was happening right now. She began to take me a little deeper into her warm mouth. As she did, one hand began to stroke up and down my shaft while the other cupped my balls. The sensation was amazing. She fell into a nice retheme of sucking and stroking that began to build pressure in my groin.

She was so lovely to watch, the warm sun on her hair and face, the sound of the birds in the trees, the creek flowing by and the soft sucking sound of her mouth bobbing up and down on my cock. I wanted this to last forever.

Over and over her head kept up a steady rhythm, bobbing up and down, and my cock was as hard as I can ever remember. Her soft lips and the way her hands caressed and gently pulled on my balls proved that she knew what a guy likes. My dick was becoming so engorged and the vein that runs across the top of my shaft was filled to capacity. I knew that we would need to change positions soon or else I was going to cum without her being able to get any release herself.

I lifted her up and she pulled up her tank top, revealing her breast to me. They were full and her nipples were hard. I cupped them in my hands and started to kiss them. I could taste the sweat from her morning run. She pulled back and said, "You can play with them while I ride you." At that, she pushed me back to the bench and I sat down as she turned around, pulled down her shorts and lowered herself onto my throbbing cock. I could feel her body quiver as she sank all the way onto my shaft. She let out a slight sigh and arched her back as she guided my hands to her breast. She knew exactly what she wanted and was not ashamed. She was a woman that wanted to have sex and was determined to satisfy her cravings. She began to bounce up and down on my dick as I continued to rub and massage her beautiful tits from behind. Her curved butt looked amazing bouncing up and down against my crotch and I could feel her sweet, wet lips sucking my cock. The combination of the wet warmth of her pussy and sensation of her stiff nipples told me she was getting close to crossing over that edge of no return for her. I loved that with every lift and thrust of her body I could see the morning sun glistening off my wet cock from between her legs.

She then stopped her hard riding of my cock and just left me buried deep inside her as she began to slowly grind against me. Just a slow intense grinding of her hips back and forth. No thrusting, just shifting her hips back and forth. She took one of my hands and placed it between her legs and I could

feel her wet lips. Touching her like this and feeling her intense grind was about all I could handle without coming. She put her hand over mine and applied the right amount of pressure to her pussy as her hips started to move more forceful. Soon, a soft moan started in her chest and escaped her lips as she began to come. Her back arched, her nipples, under my hand, became rock hard and I felt a warmth flood over my cock as an orgasm shook her body. I pulled her back into my arms as she came down from the rush. She stayed like that for just a short minute before turning her head to me and with this mischievous grin said, "Now it's your turn."

She stood up and bent over, bracing her hands on the park bench and looking back at me with those big beautiful brown eyes that had true hunger in them for more. I knew what she wanted and could not wait to have her in that position. I stepped behind her and she reached between her legs to guide me into her dripping pussy. The pressure on my cock, as I pushed into her, was perfect and she took all of me. She started to push against me as I thrust and the sensation was wonderful. She continued to reach back with her hand and stroke my balls as I kept pounding her from behind.

Off in the distance I heard a voice calling out a name. It took a few seconds for it to register but there it was again, a voice calling out the name Max. "Max, come. Come here Max." This registered on both of our minds at about the same time, she looked around at me, eyes wide and I pulled out of her dripping with pre-cum. I looked down the trail where the voice was coming from but could not see anyone. However, the voice continued and I could hear something splashing through the creek behind us. Both of us jumped into action, pulling up shorts, putting on shirts and sitting down on the bench as if we were just two tired joggers taking a break from our morning run. Within a couple minutes, a man and woman came around the bend and into view. They saw us sitting there and waved. As they got closer, the woman asked if we have seen a chocolate lab running around, it escaped from its lead and was on the run. I pointed behind us and said I believe I heard something down in the creek. The man called and whistled and soon, out from the creek bottom, bounded a Labrador puppy that must have only been a few months old. We exchanged a few laughs as they tried to get the little fella back on the lead before heading off down the trail again. As the couple left, we noticed that they leaned into each other and whispered something and then they both chuckled. Did they suspect something, did they see us and just called out to their dog to give us a warning. We will never know. Sitting there on the bench we looked for any clues of our escapade and could only imagine how this scenario looked to them.

In the distance, we could hear more voices on the trail and knew that our adventure was over for the time being. She looked up at me and with that beautiful grin and a knowing eye that told me it was time to go. She stood up and bent over without bending her knees and tightened her shoe laces. She turned her head back to me and winked, then started jogging back down the trail in the opposite direction of my car. I stood up and shook my head at what had just happened. I started walking back the way I had come and could not keep the smile off my face. It was a beautiful June morning and I was so glad that I had decided to try a new stretch of the trail that morning. As I ran along the trail, I noticed that my shorts were on backwards.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 108 My Best Friends Secre

Leanna is my best friend. Ever since that embarrassing moment in first grade, the one where I tried to admit my love for Johnny Smith, she has always been there for me. We share everything. Classes, lunches, and even secrets, but I've never seen her fall in love. It's like impossible, she's immune, never mooning over a boy or staring at a hottie. Sometimes I wonder if she's human or not.

It's my birthday today, I'm turning 19, we're in our first year of college, and Leanne decided to come over to my house. It's natural, and sometimes unexpected, but never the less, she's always welcome. At 9:00 am I finally have the house set up, Airplane Theme style. I want to become a pilot when I grow up, and Leanne supports that.

"Hey, Brie!" She says, stepping in. "You look good!"

I blush, and turn 360 degrees in the mirror. It's a super low V-neck mini dress, light blue, and super sexy. I wonder why I even wore it.

"Thanks so much! Come on in!"

I open the door wider, and that's when I notice that Leanne is wearing a super revealing crop top. She doesn't have big boobs, but I can see the top of them showing. Her skirt is short, too, and her arms are longer than I thought.

Leanne sees me staring at her. "You like?" She smiles widely, her pretty brown curls bouncing. "It's new, I waited for your birthday. I also have a gift for you!" Passing over a package decorated in glitter and sparkles, I immediately set it to the corner.

"I'm gonna open that once you get those heels off." It's taking forever for her, and when she finally does, she makes a show of bending down and placing them on the side. I think I caught a glimpse of her panty.

Leanne comes in, stretching. "Okay, spin the bottle - question version! You have to do it on your birthday!" She has a sprite bottle in her hand, still unfinished, and sets it on the floor.

It turns to me. "Okay," I say, rubbing my hands together. "Do you have a crush?"

Her face blooms bright red. "OMG yes! A huge crush. In fact, I was going to..."

After a few rounds, we finally get bored and I decide to open the gift she gotten me. It turns out to be a vibrator, and I squeal in delight, because I wished for one for years. The only thing in my house close to a vibrator is my electrical toothbrush.

"Try it!" Leanne practically forces it into my hands. I take my panties off, and place the vibrator against my clit.

Immediately, I feel the urge. I press it harder, wanting the orgasm so badly. "OMG it feels sooooo good!"

The orgasm builds up, and I feel myself getting closer to the point. Just a few more seconds now, a few more seconds...

"I'm coming!!" I shout, and the water shoots out from me quick. Leanne is in front of me, opening her mouth wide and collecting it.

"Mmmm." She moans and starts to lick my clit. "So tasty."

I look down in shock, "Leanne, are you..."

She nods, and starts to lick faster and faster. Up and down, up and down. Wiggle in, wiggle out.

"AHHH!" A growl starts to escape my throat, and I arch my back, wanting more and more.

When I come, we both collect the water and kiss each other passionately.

I look Leanne into the eye, "Wanna go now?"

She grins a wicked grin. "You bet."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 109 The Lust of Isabella..

Shots fired, shots fired, officer involved, two suspects, one suspect leaving the scene heading East toward the Queensboro bridge, the other suspect may still be in the area, consider them armed and dangerous. Officer Taylor screamed at his police radio. 'Officer Ramirez is pursuing on foot, we need back up, we need back up right now'. Two civilians injured one shot. possible 187, condition unknown. 'what's your location' replied the dispatcher 'Southside, near the.....get medical, we need medical 'were outside the...' Taylor glanced around 'Costa coffee on east 65th. Suspect driving a blue minivan, Caucasian.' '10-4'. Danny could hear dispatch repeat the information over the radio. 'Ma'am, ma'am, stay with me, Taylor knelt down in front of a woman, I need to assist this guy, he's been shot but ill be back, here, use your hand, put pressure on your wound, Danny took her hand, amazingly soft, shaking, pressed it to her temple, you'll make it, Isabella held her head and looked to her side, the other guy was in a bad way. Taylor dived over,' ok buddy, I need you to stay awake, its all going to be okay, you'll get through this, 'fuck, am I going to die? 'no, not on my watch, what's your name buddy' 'Its. Oh my God.. tell my kids..' Tell them yourself ok, don't even go down that road, lie still, I'm just going to apply pressure'. 'Medical, where's my medical' Taylor roared down the radio'.

It was all too much, her head was spinning out of control, Isabella was sitting on the sidewalk resting against a store wall, she looked down at her new suit, now covered in blood, her new stilettos broken, it was like a scene from a movie. She could see, everything was a blue haze, but she couldn't hear, the ringing in her ears blocked out any other sound. She could see someone crouched in front of her, a police badge hung from his neck, in front crouched down, her eyes met his gaze, rugged, smiling, but she could see he was serious, those eyes, he was trying to say something, but she couldn't hear, he

moved her arm, gave her the thumbs up and moved to across to the guy next to her. He was lying face down on the ground and bits of gravel and foam covered his mouth. She could make out he was talking but it didn't look good. A pool of blood gathered at his mid-section and the officer was applying pressure, and as it appeared, screaming at his radio. She could see red lights coming towards her, they seemed to fade in and out of view, a blur of uniform surrounded her, she was drifting in and out of consciousness, the officer returned to her. She faded out..

How's he doing Aaron, ' Taylor rubbed the sweat from his forehead, 'Difficult one, single gunshot wound to the gut, he's lost a lot of blood, he's stable but still in ICU, but it was close, those type of wounds are messy, but we've done what we can and now he's in recovery, He's not a ghost yet Taylor' trying to brighten things up 'What kind of fucking humor was that?' Taylor thought. Dr. Berman lifted his head from his clipboard looking directly into Taylor's eyes, 'the hell went on today?', 'Taylor shrugged, shaking his head closing his eyes momentarily, he shifted his gaze, 'the family are down there now, maybe you can give them a little support. The wife, she's a big mess, so tread lightly. 'And the girl, how's the girl' Taylor enquired, 'She got off lucky, she's in outpatients right now, light concussion and some stitches on her head, the wound was pretty bad but not fatal, bent but not broken' Taylor Sighed, that was a relief, he blamed himself for her being in the way, if only he had done things differently. 'I think your Sergeant is down there now with officer Ramirez, and listen to Taylor, you know it's been a while now and..well you know if you need to talk, Mary was..' Dr. Berman clicked the back of his pen against his clipboard and looked down shyly, 'Yeah yeah okay thanks Aaron, im not sure I can do this right now, i think ill head down now and see the family. 'Okay no problem, sorry to ya know..to bring it up'

Taylor headed down towards C wing shaking his head, nurses, doctors, visitors all pushed by around him, he didn't notice anyone, 'Fuck happened today' he repeated to himself shaking his head looking at the ground, he knew these hallways like the back of his hand, Mary had worked here, 'Hey Taylor, Danny looked up to see officer Ramirez heading in his direction, Ramirez looked tired, shorter than Taylor but thickset and slightly balding. He and Taylor had been partners for a while and there was a strong brotherly bond, he drew closer and put his hand on Taylors shoulder, 'Look, it wasn't your fault today, you need to let that shit go, man,, 'Your CI man, that cocksucker, He's gone, along with our 50k, we've got eyes and ears all over the place buddy, we're gonna drag him right out of the swamp ' Taylor nodded ' Yeah man, I know but fuck, some poor bastard is balancing between here and the afterworld, fuck the CI, people got hurt today. 'Well if it makes you feel any better that girl you bounced off the wall, she's A-OK, if you hadn't of done what you did, man both yours would be dead, they pulled a 45 out of the wall at costa, forensics thought it was a meteorite' Ramirez chuckled. 'And the other guys? They get away? 'Clean away man' Ramirez said disappointedly shaking his head 'Fuck, you know where they're going right?' said Danny', 'Ya think I don't know, Jesus, we've been working this case how long? 'Look I came up to talk to the family, you need to go, Sarge wants to see you, he's talking to that girl, and for whatever reason, she can't stop talking about you' Taylor blushed. 'ill see you back at the station. Ramirez turned and headed down the hallway. 'What did he mean by that, Danny ran his hand through his hair curiously.

'Taylor, over here' captain Davis gestured with a rolled-up newspaper, as Taylor stepped out of the elevator. Captain Davis perched on the end of a chair; the girl was sitting on the end of the bed in conversation with a doctor. Taylor hung back 'Would you give us a minute please Doc' Captain Davis

asked the doctor. 'Yeah no problem Rick, look I'm just about finished and she's free to go so when you're ready Isabella just head down to the front desk and sign yourself out, Make sure you keep those wounds clean, check the dressing and change it every other day if you can, and don't let these officers give you any trouble' He winked and turned to Captain Davis. The captain tapped him lightly on your arm with his paper and smiled.

'Isabella, this is Officer Daniel Taylor, he's part of a special team that deals with.. let's say', Captain Davis hesitated. 'Let's keep things simple. he's part of a team that deals with a more serious crime in the New York area. Isabella looked to the ground sheepishly, 'Yeah I know, he's the one that crashed me against the wall outside the costa, I don't remember much but I remember you owe me a coffee' she smiled now looking directly at him. 'I think I owe you more than that he replied, remembering her coffee cup exploding against the wall. 'she's been trying to identify the officer that saved her Taylor, but I couldn't quite understand who she meant' Davis pointed at Taylor, this is the guy? Tall blonde handsome, rugged looks and beautiful eyes? I'm pretty sure you've got the wrong officer Isabella, maybe you mean officer Ramirez. Davis put his tongue in his cheek and smiled Taylor flushed a bright red and looked away; he was captivated and caught off guard. For a moment he couldn't look back, he remembered her, but the adrenaline had taken over, faces became like ID kits -eyes, nose, mouth, lips, no emotion, just things to remember, but this girl, this woman, was incredibly beautiful, soft eyes and dark blonde hair flowed over her shoulders, around 27 years old he'd guess, but never out loud, and her accent, possibly eastern Europe maybe, polish perhaps? Either way, it was affecting his quality of speech. 'I err. Yeah.. I am so sorry about, y' know the whole thing with the..' Captain Davis interrupted. 'Ok Taylor, you'll give yourself a heart attack, I have tasked you to take Isabella home, she lives on mount prospect near the sacred heart cathedral, that's near you I think Taylor? 'Yeah, er yeah boss no problem, here's my keys, take the pickup. Davis threw the keys at Taylor, ill be down here a while keeping an eye on the 'other' situation. Referring to the gunshot wound victim. Isabella, I'm going to need you to come down to the station in the morning if you can make it, if you need a ride in, give me a call and we will see what we can arrange, I just need you to make a statement' Isabella nodded 'Taylor, Pick me up on your way back to the station, we're going to need to debrief' Davis turned to leave, 'I'll leave you to it' Captain Davis headed towards the lift, 'Taylor can I speak to you for a minute,' Taylor smiled towards Isabella and walked with Davis to the Lift. Davis pushed the button and waited ' Yeah captain, what's up?' Davis spoke softly into his hand just enough so that only Taylor could hear 'Do me a favor, talk to this girl, see if she knows, more about what happened today, anything she saw, faces, vehicles, whatever you can get, and clear your head, Danny. Lots of eyes in our direction from above on this one. 'Yeah, I got it Sarge. The lift door open and Davis went in, we can talk more when you get back to the station. Davis pushed the elevator button marked ICU and held the door, 'Mary would want you to keep going y' know'. the lift door closed.

'Taylor turned the key of the pick and it roared into life. He picked a lane heading out of the hospital parking and joined the New York traffic. The roads seemed quiet that evening and there was a faint drizzle in the New York air. Making their way out of the city through the Lincoln tunnel and out west. 'So..err Officer Taylor' Isabella attempted to make conversation' 'Call me Taylor, I'd prefer it, he turned to her and smiled. She was beautiful, he could feel his heart speed increase slightly, what was happening, he had to shake it off. 'How is the other guy, you know the one that was shot, it didn't look good for him' Isabella asked, Taylor, nodded and concentrated on the road instead.' I spoke to the

Doctor, it's not great but he's stable, his family are there so that's some comfort. Isabella nodded and looked out of her window tracing a raindrop with her finger. She could sense something about Taylor, but she couldn't put her finger on it, he looked uncomfortable. 'And you, how's your head, I'm so sorry about slamming you into the wall like that, it was the only thing I could think of in such a short time. I just had to get you out of harm's way. I'm so relieved you're okay,' Isabella flushed, 'It was just such a shock you know' touching her head. 'What was actually going on today Taylor? it's all just a blur to me now'. 'I can't really discuss the case too much Isabella, but let's just say these guys are monsters, the worst kind of criminal you'd ever want to come across, and I'm gonna make damn sure that I get them off the streets ya know, Taylor was lost in the passion his job for a moment and eased back a little. She could feel his appetite and she liked it, it wasn't often people were passionate about what they do. For some reason, even after today's events, she felt safe in his company and leaned back into the car seat. 'Sergeant Davis has asked me to press you a bit, see if you remember any faces, y'know, things like that..but, if your coming down to the station tomorrow.. well it just may be better if you've had a good night's rest. 'Yeah, I'm really tired, I think all that adrenaline is now wearing off, maybe you could..no forget about it, you've done too much today already.' Taylor was confused' No, what is it, anything!' Isabella sat up in her seat,' well maybe later when you're heading back from the office you could just, maybe...' Isabella looked uncomfortable,' Did you want me to drive by and see how you're doing later, I don't mind, my apartments 3 blocks away from yours?' Taylor interrupted. Isabella nodded. 'Please, I'm on my own at the moment, and just a bit overcome.' 'No problem, my shift finishes around 10, it shouldn't take me more than an hour to get back here, so around 11 pm? Just don't open the door to anyone you don't know before then okay.' 'Perfect, thanks Taylor', she leaned back and smiled. Taylor took the 95 turnpike and cruised down the highway.

Isabella hobbled inside her apartment on her broken stilettos, turned the lights on and instinctively moved towards the window, pulled on the blind and looked out, she could see Taylor was still there in his pickup, but he was moving off slowly. She moved towards the open plan kitchen rested her purse and keys on the breakfast table and sighed. Took out her mobile phone, it had a smashed screen, probably damaged in the struggle' Taylor had given her his card, she smoothed over the face with her thumb and placed it under a magnet on her fridge. She began to cry 'Why today?' she looked at her mother's picture on the wall,' I need you here mamma' tears streamed down her face taking her make up with it. 'I look terrible, she glanced herself up and down, and my new suit, I'm struggling her mom, I need you,'. Somehow hoping the picture of her mother would reply with words of encouragement. She needed to be strong she told herself,' you'll get through this.

Moving to the bathroom she switched on the shower and the steam rose quickly, she peeled off her damaged and bloody suit and stepped in. The water rushed around her and she could feel the sting of the hot water cleaning the scrapes on her body, she began to relax, although it also helped she was thinking of Officer Taylor, 'What was it about him that made her feel vulnerable and secure at the same time', she thought. Pouring a handful of shampoo in her hand she massaged it into her head, the bubbles ran down and eased her tension a little bit more, but still she couldn't stop thinking about Taylor 'those eyes, I could get lost in those eyes, he was definitely charming 'she smiled to herself,' she was touching herself instinctively, it was extremely sensitive, a different kind of tension built up between her legs. She tried to fight it, she was tired, but her emotions took control. A hand moved up her soapy belly towards her breast around and onto her nipple, she could feel it was stiff and she

twisted, mixing with the soap and let out a soft moan and twisted a little harder, she was touching herself faster, imagining Taylor was there in the shower with her, licking her nipple and biting softly. In her mind, he kissed her neck and she could feel his erect manhood press against her belly, she could feel herself swelling. Her finger moved faster making her moan louder, she pushed her fingers inside and softly called his name, the tension was building as she imagined him turning her around, holding her, putting his arms around her and massaging the soap into her pert breasts, twisting and pulling at her nipples. Softly taking his time with each one. The soap ran over and around them. He moved a hand down around her body and under into her pussy to see if she was wet enough to push his cock in, he could feel her heat and she bucked as his fingers investigated her inside. Moving around twisting, searching. God, she wanted to cum but she wanted told to hold onto the thought forever, her fingers moving faster, penetrating, water was splashing everywhere out of the shower as she imagined his cock going inside her, would it fit she thought, what does his cock look like? Will, he let me suck it. God, I want to suck it, her thoughts collided with her sucking his large cock and wanting him to come inside her. She turned off the shower grabbed a towel and moved to the bed. Reaching inside her bedside table she pulled out a mini vibrator, moving swiftly not to lose the moment she switched it on and pushed it hard onto her clitoris, she lay back to let out a soft moan. Back into her thoughts, he was on top of her, licking around her nipples and moving down across her body, subconsciously she lifted her legs towards her chest, encouraging him to move towards her clitoris. She felt the warmth of his tongue against her moving around in circles, faster, and faster his tongue moved down and pushed inside her, he tasted her. She pushed her fingers inside herself again wanted to taste what he tasted and put her fingers in her mouth and licked around, it tasted so good, sticky and sweet. The vibrator pushed her desire levels through the roof, desperately she reached into the drawer again and pulled out her dildo, and pushed it into her now soaking pussy, forcing it deep into the back where she wanted him, She felt her moment was coming, eyes rolling in the back of her head she felt his cock force itself in again hoping he would cum, she wanted his cum, she wanted to rub it all over her to her breasts, and in the moment, she came, it felt like she had been holding her breath for hours. She sucked in a large breath of air, her back arched and she bucked, again and again, a release of ecstasy pulsing through like small electric shocks, but each shock was heavenly, it wasn't ending it went on. Putting her hand over her sensitive area and continued to touch her nipples lightly. She was floating, the stress of the day easing and melting away in the bed.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 110 Just One Nigh

A former student reconnects with her high school teacher.

Author's note: This is based on my real sex fantasy. It's a slow burn. My writing is purely for self-fulfillment. Mr. W, if you ever read this, my offer still stands.

So, confession:

My crush on my teacher never really stopped.

Let's call him Mr. W. It started approximately 9 years ago when I began his English class at small local high school. I had known about him prior to starting the class as my boyfriend at the time would often

talk about him. He was known for being a bit of a peacock, overly confident with a favoritism toward his athlete students who played for him on the baseball team. He was newly divorced and the only halfway decent looking teacher on staff, making him the default target of any girl infatuated with an authority figure.

Now, I had never had strong feelings toward anyone. Even with my few boyfriends, I had never found them physically attractive. All of my sexual interest has been targeted at people who are unrealistic, like celebrities. For that reason, I have given up on enjoying that aspect of my life. To this day, I have never met anyone in person who I could lust after. Until him.

You know that feeling you get when you just connect, inexplicably, with someone? As soon as I met him, I got the immediate impression we would have great sex. The type of thick tension you need a chainsaw to get through. He is nothing like my self-identified type, but I had this raw primal compulsion toward him. This was a shock to me as I was very shy and embarrassingly did not have any sexual experience until after college. I would never do anything inappropriate, and didn't, but his insistence on giving me attention did not help the matter. I was introverted, bookish and sarcastic, making me an easy listener for someone. And boy did he like to talk. He was confusing to say the least, at one moment speaking at length about comparative analysis and his opinions on the romanticization of corporate culture in America to acting like a blockhead jock the next.

I would sit in class squirming, struggling to pry my attention off of him. I wanted him to feel as attracted to me as I was to him, so I did my part, trying to appear girlishly tempting but meek enough to remain casual. He may have been no model but God was he handsome. At 34, he had grown into a mature attractiveness that few men reach until their 40's. Deep tanned skin from being outside with his team, a lithe collection of muscles filling out his shirt from his time working out. Clean trimmed blonde hair that was a nice change from the typical close cropped look of men in the Midwest. Deep blue eyes whose magnetism made it difficult to look away. That being said, my favorite feature was the sharpness of his nose. Many times I had imagined sitting on his face, writhing as I grinded the slickness of my pussy onto his nose and mouth. His voice had a rough graveliness to it, a graveliness that I wanted to hear groan and whisper pleadings into my ear.

Somehow for that year I was placed right next to his desk, making me the receiver of frequent smalltalk, and general attention. For some unknown reason, he was drawn to me even though I was nothing like his normal favorites. He would tell me about his life, how he was dating his former classmate because it was easy even though he didn't particularly like her. How he wanted to begin publishing and how we could work out a deal where I provide illustrations. I was an accomplice in class jokes, being reliable to follow his lead dutifully and receive secret notes with instructions without alarm. After his class that year, he would still go out of his way to talk to me alone in the cafeteria or seemingly harmless things. At one point, he placed me on the committee of a club he was running even though I wasn't on the ballot. This led to outside interaction, including getting dinner where he sat with me at a table before my friends could reach me.

Next came senior year. It was implied that he may have found me pretty, through a series of events that never quite crossed the line, he described being attracted to my physical type: pale skin, long dark hair,

with a hint of mischief. The only moment where it became clear something was up was when I was walking down the hallway alone during my senior year. He was walking alone behind me when suddenly I was pushed in an area that caved into a private hallway reaching the library. The full front of my body met the wall as the weight of a person pressed against me for 3 seconds. Shocked, I stood silently while an exhale heaved against my back, breathing in the rich scent of his cologne. As soon as it had begun, he let go and continued walking down the hallway normally. I tried to come up with reasonable explanations in my head for what had happened, but none could make sense. I pretended as if that incident had never occurred and he never did it again. Graduation day, he takes one of my senior photos that looks particularly sultry. Hearing him tell me how I looked like a model gave me the biggest ego boost. It was that which pushed me into trying my hand at some light modelling work once I was in college. Later on, I see him at a mutual friend's party and he followed me alone into the room while I got food. He started to talk but quieted down when someone else came in. Another friend of mine and I left shortly after and I never received closure on what he was going to say. Since that day, I have not seen him and assumed we would never see each other again.

Or, at least, that's what I thought.

I am now 24 years old and came out of puberty swimmingly. My creamy white skin became blemish free, my body remained slender and my small breasts pleasantly perky. My romance in college had been mild, with 1 serious boyfriend while I had been focused on my studies. It seemed that no matter how hard I tried to engage with someone, a fleeting thought of Mr. W would intrude. For me, he was someone who could play the game with me. We could both feel something, but would deny and tease around the subject. I dreamed of us meeting again, of him finally crossing that line and taking control, with me being the receiver of those years of built up desire. I had spent numerous nights lying in bed circling my throbbing clit, imagining that he would practice torturing me and making me beg and cry out for him. How would it feel to feel him behind me, roughly holding my throat as he edges me again and again, denying me what I want most? How would it feel to finally have that deep yearning in my abdomen explode, only to have him driving his hard cock into my raw sensitive pussy once I'm done? In my desperation, I would look him up online to see if he was dating. Maybe one day I would be ballsy enough to let him know that I would let him do anything to me? However, I learned to give up those dreams and keep them as only my most secret fantasies.

It was last weekend that I went back to my hometown to visit my aunt for a bbq get together. Closing in on the end of the fall season, they decided to throw once last get together to see everyone and enjoy the weather. Of course, reuniting with old family and friends came with the same repetitive questions. Yes, Aunt Joyce, I do like working at my job. No, I'm living alone in my own apartment now. No, I don't have a boyfriend. I sat quietly at the kitchen table as a swarm of family friends treaded next and around me gossiping with one another. Rehashing my life story every few moments required repeated refueling in my wine glass to stay sane, but I figured if I ended up drunk enough that could roll downstairs and hide from the crowd until the next day. By now, I was a little past tipsy ready for the evening to be over with.

"Hey! Look at our new neighbor!" my aunt exclaimed with a high-pitched glee.

I took a sip of wine as my eyes wandered over to the door.

Dear god.

“Hey.” Mr. W gave a half-efforted nod and placed a bottle of liquor on the table.

Inhaling deeply, the muscles of my stomach clenched as I processed this information.

Oh god. He’s here. Not ready. Does he see me? He’s looking this way! Play it cool. He’s not interested in you. Don’t be creepy. How is still so hot? He must be, like, 43 now.

In my staring, our eyes met. I’m sure I looked like a confused deer at that point. He gave a small nod of recognition and a light smile.

“Everyone, this is Kevin, he was moved into the condo next door.”

I kept my distance. And by that, I mean I watched him like a hawk through the corner of my eye. From what I gathered, he and his girlfriend had broken up some months ago and he wanted to move into a smaller house. Trying to keep myself together since I knew it was never going to happen, I walked downstairs for a breather.

It’s fine. It’s like he’s not even here. Besides, don’t you have a Tinder date in a few days. Let it go.

I went to their beer closet to rummage through the refrigerator, weighing my options to watch on TV until the party was over. The door opens.

“How’s it going?” I turn around to see Mr. W standing there, hands on his hips, giving me a quick eye up and down.

“Hey!” I nervously exclaimed. I gave a nervous tug on the hem of my blue sundress. “Haven’t seen you in a while.”

“It’s been what” he inhaled dramatically “Seven years now?”

“Yeah, yeah.” I swallowed. “Just finished my Master’s. Working full-time now.”

He walked closer.

“I always wonder what happens when you guys graduate. But look at you! You’re all grown up now. You look good.”

“Yep.” I heard the sound of my aunt talking with friends growing louder as they entered the basement. I brushed past Mr. W and went into the main area.

Do really think people are going to be suspicious?

“So, how are things at the school?”

He followed me out.

“Same old, same old. Mr. S finally retired. Working on my book. Are you still doing art stuff?”

He remembered.

“From time to time. I don’t have a lot of time anymore.”

Before I could go much further, he was ushered into a group with friends as they drank over the smoker.

Man, I must be desperate.

I sat on the couch and tried to remain focused on the conversations being directed toward me. I kept stealing glances at him outside, hands on hips and pelvis slightly thrust out. I watched every detailed his body would make the way his nose would scrunch up when he tried to be sarcastic, or his smug grin as he talked about his latest golfing endeavor. Somewhere in my daze, his eyes met and caught me staring. I hastily turned away as he gave a hearty laugh to whatever story was being told in his group of people. Moistness slowly collected in the fabric of my panties as I fought imagining a more x-rated turn of events for the night.

Night hit, and the party was finally leaving with only a few stragglers left behind. Mr. W appeared again, giving polite thanks to my aunt and uncle before heading his way toward the door. I gave a exhale of relief and closed my eyes.

You were worrying about nothing. Nothing happened. Let it go.

“Hey.”

My eyes opened. He was standing in front of me.

“I know it’s getting pretty late, but I was wondering if I could get some feedback on some pieces I’m writing. Do you mind stopping by in like 15 minutes. You’d be doing me a favor.”

“YES.” The wine must have hit. “Yeah-yes. I can do that.”

“Great.” He grinned. “See you in a little bit.”

This is happening. This is happening right now. What exactly is happening? Stop panicking. You got an A+ in your writing classes for a reason. Just check it out. And him out. Play it cool.

By the time my head cleared, 90's of the party was gone. My aunt and uncle, knowing I'm tired of people by now, wished me good night as they went upstairs.

Now it was just me and the quiet. I gulped.

Next thing I know, I'm knocking on his front door.

It creaks open.

"You made it. Come on in." I step inside, my heart thumping a million beats per minute. His house was fairly barren. A desk with a dimly lit laptop is against on wall with his tv and couch against the others.

"I have it pulled up on the laptop if you don't mind giving it a once over." He said, ushering me over. I adjusted the laptop and began skimming it. He leaned against the arm of the couch.

Oh, he really did want me to read it.

I scrolled through, it was a thriller piece he had mentioned way back when.

"What do you think?" he asked after several minutes.

"Good, good. I'm just trying see if the side detective gets a bit clearer."

I felt him come up behind me. "Do you need me to clarify something. It's been more laid out in the exposition." His hands out form each side behind me and gripped the table. I froze. His head leaned over my shoulder and he clicked his way through some pages. My breathing deepened as I glanced at his faces inches from my own.

"Now take a look."

My eyes went back to the screen. The heat of his body pressed against my own as he drew on close. He must have knelt into my neck because soon the moist hot air grazed into my neck. I stepped back, only meeting my ass with his pelvis. I can't handle it anymore.

I turn around and face him.

"Do you need something?" God, that smug face. He's playing with me.

"What do you want from me?" I ask softly.

"I thought I asked for your feedback." His eyes were icy and cool, but stirred something warm. He inched closer to me, nose just short of meeting my own.

"You know what I mean?"

"And what's that?"

"You're teasing me."

"Is that so?" he returned, cocking a half grin. "You're my student. That'd be inappropriate."

"I want you." Even softer said, I brushed my hand against his resting beside me.

He remained quiet for several seconds.

"Say that louder." He said flatly.

"I WANT you." I spouted out. Nuzzling my face into his cheek. "Don't make me beg." I could feel my wetness pooling against my leg. It was now or never.

"We shouldn't. You should go back." He said quietly. His lips grazed my own, eyes burrowing into me.

"One night only. No one ever knows. We never see each other again."

That must have seem acceptable to him because soon his warm lips crashed onto mine. I gave a deep groan, to which he responded by prodding his tongue to my eager mouth. His hands flashed to the small of my back, tracing up and down, tracing the curvature of my him before settling to the mound of my ass. I grasped at his shirt, pulling myself closer into him, attempting to gratify the emptiness that had been inside me for so long.

Kisses sloppily made their way to the crane of my neck, small nibbles trail up and down to my collarbone. A hand desperately made its way to my chest flicking over before clutching onto my breast. It was at this point that I realized that not wearing a bra today had leaned in my favor, the firm bud of my nipple being smoothed over repeatedly by his gentle thumb. The small of my back hit uncomfortably into the edge of the desk, but soon became relaxed as he ushered me to straddling him as he sat upright on the couch. My smooth legs cross over each side of him. Kisses moved southward on my chest as his fingers toyed with the straps of my dress. Moving upward the front of my neck, he heavily groaned "Have you been a good girl or a bad girl?" The fingers formerly kneading my ass moved their way under the hem of my dress, brushing the smoothness of my thigh before grazing against the soaking wetness seeping from my panties. I felt myself blushing.

"You love this." He whispered. I moaned, seeping in the moment.

He flipped me on my back, hovering over me. He was in charge now. He pulled the hem of my dress to my waist, revealing black lace underwear hiding my perfectly bare pussy from view. Using both hands to grasp each knee, he spread my legs open as he knelt in from the floor. Gentle kisses trailed up thigh, fingers teasing the edges of my underwear. It felt like several minutes. It was heaven, but it was also my torture.

"Tell me what you want." He breathily said into my leg.

"I want you to kiss me." I breathed out.

I mouthily breathed against the outside of my panties. "Try again."

"I want you to lick me." I moaned.

His fingers tugged down on the fabrics of my underwear.

"One more time."

"I want you to lick my pussy!" With one swift motion, he ripped off the fabric swooped his head. Like a dog who needed water, he lapped hurriedly as pushed a pulled against him. "Uhhh-AhHH!"

I clenched my fingers into his back, mouth agape as he traced the alphabet against my clit. Each flick became more pointed, more precise. Sweat began beading against my skin as a familiar warmth pooled in my stomach. There it was, the edge I had been craving. Then he stopped. Standing up, he unbuckled the belt of his pants unzipped, pulling out the hard cock that had been hiding all this time. It was like a piece of meat, ready to be eaten, and here I was hungry. He was average sized but was impressively thick. He grasped my shoulder and guided me over so I was on my hand knees. I looked up at him. He was starving for this as much as I was.

"Suck." He ordered.

I gripped my palm over the length of his shaft and turned it to my lips. I let my lips brush over the velvety skin, giving soft kisses until I met the head. I gave a firm lick like a lollipop.

"Mmph." He groaned, closing his eyes. I began twisting his shaft with my hand as my tongue danced over his tip, gently taking him in my mouth as I sucked and jerked. Bobbing up and down, I enjoyed the sweet saltiness of his sweat in my mouth as he struggled keeping his composure. I felt his hand travel behind and begin probing around my vagina. I stuck my own hand around to ease spreading over my cheeks, allowing him deeper access to my sopping vagina. I inhaled sharply as a digit coaxed its ways in, exploring the warmth of my inside before moving in and out. This was a deeper feeling than I've ever had. And certainly none of my previous boyfriends had ever made me feel this way. I closed my eyes and pants, breaking from his cock to enjoy this new feeling. I panted heavily, groaning as he inserted another digit. A third teased the outside as I felt my muscles stretching. I began bouncing back and forth on his hand. What was he doing to me? I began squeezing and pulling at nipple with a free hand, wondering about the slut I had become. Soon, the warmth of my abdomen exploded.

"I want your cock!" I blurted out, thrusting wildly. "Uhghhhh-AHHH! AHHHHHH!" I could control it no longer as my orgasm flooded over me, legs trembling and shaking. I whimpered softly, enjoying the bliss of our labor. After a momentary breather, I heard him.

“Yeah?” He snickered from behind, turning me so that my knees were on the floor and my front lying on top of the couch. He was going to fuck me doggystyle. Fingers quickly retreated from their home in my pussy while I let out a sad moan for the emptiness I now felt. Soon, however, it was replaced with that wonderful velvet that stretched my open, shoving its way deeper inside me. I felt his pelvis hit my ass as his hips slammed into me. My pussy felt like it was on fire. With each thrust, we groaned. He gave my ass a quick slap, leading me to yelp. His hand moved to my breast while the other rested on my hip guiding over pelvic dance. I bounced back and forth to meet his rhythm as he quickened, my senses becoming a blur as my thoughts focused on only the terrible and beautiful warmth inside me. Faster and faster it hit me, his groans becoming louder before finally gasping out, his teeth grating against my back. I nearing my own end, which he seemed to realize, as he gave a few more thrusts before I cried out. Muscles clamping against his cock, I felt the waves of pleasure consume me again. For a minute we both panted, his hand finally patting my side as he slipped out. We both slipped down to the floor sitting next to each other, eyes moving across the fruits of our deed. His eyes darted straight ahead as he broke out into another smug grin. I think I might have to visit my family more often.