

## **CRAZY 131**

### **CRAZY PLEASURE**

#### **Chapter 131 A Lesbian's Love Story 6**

By the time we arrived at the club I was worried about a couple of things and I never worried. I was usually confident and sure of myself, but this uncertainty of how Gwen felt for me was overwhelming me with self doubt, I certainly didn't want to harm our friendship. My first worry was how Gwen would react to the club and its surroundings, although I felt she would be fine; my second worry was would Emma still be there when I was already twenty-five minutes late? That said, I would eventually learn that both worries were nothing more than that.

As we got to the club entrance I saw Emma, waiting, in a classic red dress, with black nylons, and matching red three inch pumps. As soon as she saw me she smiled, but when she saw Gwen the smile disappeared. I said, "So sorry I'm late, the movie was longer than we thought it would be and traffic was brutal."

She put on her fake smile and said, "No worries. I was late myself."

I ignored that, I didn't like disobedience, (I told her 9:30) but she was in an awkward situation. She clearly usually was the seductress and not the prey. She was trying to play the game, but truthfully she did not know how to play it from this perspective.

As we entered, not carded of course, I asked the security guard, "What time did my young slut in the red arrive?"

He answered with a sly smile, "About 9:15."

"Thanks stud," I said and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

I smiled to myself, she had not disobeyed, and actually she was eagerly early.

We walked into the heart of the club and found the last unoccupied table. We sat down and ordered our drinks. It was still a bit early, the place usually didn't get crazy until 11, but some action was already under way. I said nothing as both the young dyke and my hopefully future dyke became immersed in the sexuality of the scene. The dance floor was only about a third full, but entertainment was still available. While most of the women were dancing as though it was any other club, a couple of couples were not. Two women were kissing passionately, each with the other's ass in their hands, while in the corner, a woman, at least 40, had her dress raised and a girl, probably in her mid-twenties, had her hand under the dress and was clearly fingering her.

When Gwen saw this she had a look of complete surprise, yet she did not look away. Emma was looking everywhere trying to take it all in.

I said to Gwen, "It is rude to stare."

Gwen looked away and to me and said, "I just can't believe anyone would do something so intimate in such a public place."

I smiled and said, "Oh that is nothing. In here everything goes. See over there, the woman in the gold cocktail dress. That is Megan, she is a friend of mine. Look closer, can you see the shoes from under the table?" Gwen did and it took her a while to process what was clearly occurring. "Is she?"

Emma answered for me as she said, "She is being serviced, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is. And you see that younger girl who just returned to the table?"

"Yes," Emma said.

"This is her first time here."

"Yes," Emma said.

"This is her first time here."

"How do you know," Emma inquired.

"Look at her. She is constantly looking around, but not making eye contact. She keeps fidgeting with her hands. Her face clearly displays both nervousness and insecurity. I bet she has only come out in the past month, maybe even the past week. Actually knowing Megan, that young ripe girl just lost her lesbian cherry last night."

"Wow," said Emma star struck.

All three of us watched as two other girls joined Megan at the table and then saw the girl crawl back up from underneath. After a minute or two, a second girl crawled under the table. Finally, Gwen shot her second drink since getting here as she said, "Really?"

I turned to her and said, "Everyone feels safe here. You can let out any sexual inhibitions and what happens at the club, stays at the club. For example, watching all this has made me pretty horny and I have a cute little dyke craving my pussy don't I?"

Gwen briefly thinking I was referring to her began to protest, weakly I may add, "I, um, am getting married."

But she caught on when I said, "Emma, on your knees."

Emma looked at Gwen, smiled and said, "If she won't please you, I will." She got on her knees and crawled under the table. I opened my legs, making sure my knee touched Gwen's. I felt my thong move

slightly and then a tongue began lightly lapping my already very wet pussy.

As Emma tenderly licked my cunt, I explained to Gwen, who was well on her way to being drunk, "Gwen, I love the power of submission. For example, the little dyke under the table right now, is not someone I will love, but she is someone to have fun with. If I told her to, she would lick your cunt after she got me off. She will do everything I say tonight." I paused and moaned when Emma slid a finger inside me, before continuing, I looked Gwen right in the eye, hinting at my true feelings, and said, "That said, I want to fall in love. Unconditional, honest, heart-stopping love. I want to share everything I am with the one I love."

Gwen responded sincerely, "Oh honey, you will find that love." Her hand rested on my leg.

I looked her straight in the eye and responded, "I already found it; she just doesn't know it yet."

Gwen contemplated this, I think unaware at my implication, and said, "Well you have to tell her, show her, love is worth the risk."

I reflected on this said, "You think so?"

"I know so," she said, "No one would resist your charm."

"You did?" I teased, my moaning getting louder, "Hmmm, yes, I'm cumming, don't stop slut." I squeezed my legs around my little dyke's head as my orgasm sent shivers throughout my whole body.

As Emma returned to the table, I realized this was a perfect chance to seduce Gwen. I may never get a better chance, but she was drunk and I wanted our love, if it was to happen, to be built on a stronger platform. So I changed the subject as I said to Emma, "You are a damn fine pussy pleaser."

She blushed slightly and said, "I aim to please."

Showing my dominance to Gwen, who seemed annoyed that Emma now had my attention, I asked, "So Emma, if I asked you to crawl back under this table and please Gwen here, would you?"

"Of course," she said obviously, "I would turn this straight girl into a dyke overnight."

I laughed; Gwen blushed and looked around, avoiding eye contact of either of us.

I asked, "Gwen, do you need to get off?"

Gwen shook her head no, still not looking at us.

Emma shrugged, "Her loss."

I then said, "Indeed it is. So Emma, you are free to go mingle."

Gwen and I sat in silence as Emma disappeared into the growing crowd until Daphne Green, the governor of our state, and her daughter sat down with us.

The purple haired daughter said, "Hi coach."

I responded, "Hi Brittany. How are you doing?"

"Much better now that I know you are a dyke," she said aggressively.

I teased, "And why exactly does that make today so much better for you?"

"Because I have wanted to fuck you forever," she said.

"I see," I responded not really surprised, "Well we will see how tonight plays out. But first, introductions are in order." Gwen was speechless as she tried to comprehend seeing such a powerful person at such a club. I said, "Gwen, this is Daphne and her daughter Brittany. You probably know that Daphne here is our governor, while her rather blunt daughter is one of my volleyball players on the college team I coach."

The governor said, "Nice to meet you Gwen."

Gwen managed to respond barely, "Nice to meet you to governor."

The governor quickly corrected her, "Oh no, here I am not the governor, I am just another woman, just like you."

I corrected her, "Not like us Daphne, Gwen is not on our team."

"Oh, that is a shame. Gwen looks like she would make a very good little submissive." Gwen blushed as the governor put her hand on Gwen's leg and added, "Wouldn't you?"

"Um, I," Gwen stuttered.

The governor laughed and said, "I am just kidding. All kinds are welcome here." She then turned to me, her hand still on Gwen's leg, and asked, "So who is the fresh meat you brought?"

"Emma," I responded, "She is a tricky one. I think she is use to being the master, but has adapted pretty well to being the slave."

"I see," Daphne responded, reflecting on what I had just said.

Brittany had moved to right beside me, "So coach, I am not leaving here without fucking you."

"What do you propose," I asked coyly.

"We have a private room," she answered, "Bring your friend, she can watch."

Daphne said, "Brittany behave yourself, if Julia wants to go upstairs later she will; so back to Emma, do you own her or is she free to play?"

Gwen's eyes went big as Daphne asked the possession question.

I laughed, "Oh goodness no, she is just someone I thought I could toy with for a while; why, do you want her?"

"Well, I have my eye on her and that young girl Megan has tonight."

"Yes, she is a cutie. Way more innocent than Emma I am guessing."

"The two together would make a good threesome for me tonight," Daphne said rather casually, as if she did this every weekend, which she did.

Emma returned to the table at this moment and said slightly taken aback by seeing the governor, "Hi Mrs. Greene."

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The governor smiled and said, "It is Daphne, hi Emma."

Emma looked surprised she knew her name and said to me, "This place is amazing. Over in the other corner is Mrs. Wilson, my old grade 12 teacher and someone said Candice Carter is here, although I can't find her."

I smiled and said, "She is probably with Big Rosie, she always sees Big Rosie when she is here."

Emma queried, "Who is Big Rosie?"

"She is a permanent staple to the club. She has her own stall in the bathroom. She is a very large black woman who has truthfully the best tasting pussy I have ever had. There is often a line in the bathroom of girls waiting to kneel down and please her." (Author's Note 2: If you want to read more about Big Rosie, read the last half of Bedding the Babysitter 2)

"Fuck no," Emma said not believing.

"Fuck yes," I sarcastically responded.

"This I got to see," she said and began to leave.

The governor said with some authority, "Emma, come back here."

Emma quickly spun around, realizing what the governor wanted, and said, "Yes. What can I do for you governor."

The governor looked her in the eye and said, "For the rest of the night you will call me mistress. You are coming home with me."

Emma looked at me and I gave her a nod of approval. Emma submissively responded, "Yes mistress."

The governor then said, "I will be leaving in half an hour. Be by the door at exactly 11:30. Until then go have fun. If you want to go and dominate your old teacher till then go do so. She is quite submissive. If she gives you any attitude or reluctance tell her the governor sent you. She will behave." The governor opened her purse and handed her a slim anal stick. "Here, she likes it in the ass."

Emma took the toy and said, "Thanks mistress, I am so going to dominate that slut." She then looked at me and said, "Thanks for bringing me here Julia."

I smiled and said, "No problem darling."

The governor stood up and said, "Brittany, come with me. You can continue your seduction of Julia later."

Brittany sighed, leaned into my ear and said, "Do not leave. You are mine." She then bit my ear slightly roughly before getting up to follow her mother.

Gwen, who had remained silent this whole time, said, "That was surreal."

"Wasn't it?" I agreed.

"That girl was so aggressive," Gwen commented.

"Yeah, it made me wet," I agreed. "I never knew she was a lesbian. The governor has never brought her here before."

"And is that Big Rosie thing true?"

"Very," I confirmed, "If we go in the bathroom right now, I bet there will be a line in there not to go pee, but to please."

"I just can't fathom, someone waiting in line to do that."

"I have," I said.

"Really?"

"Oh yeah, just talking about it makes me want to do again. Her pussy is so delicious, plus the dirty submission gets me off."

"I can't imagine."

"Really?" I ask, "I am guessing that when you and Rob are in bed, he is the one in control. Isn't he?"

Gwen looked down and after a long, long pause said, "I suppose."

"Girlfriend, you can tell me," I said supportively, "After all, you know everything about me now."

Gwen paused and then said, "Yes, Rob is the aggressor in the bedroom."

"Do you obey him?" I questioned.

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"And it gets you off being submissive to him?"

"Yes," she blushed.

"So you and I are not much different then. Only I like to be in charge usually. I like to make a woman go places she only dreamed about. I like to get them to take risks that are extreme. With such submission, comes complete pleasure."

Gwen was hypnotized by my words. I knew I could take her now, but I wanted to wait; they say all good things come to those who wait. Plus I didn't want to just fuck her, which would be easy; I wanted her to fall in love with me. I wanted her to completely submit to me as a lover. So I said, "Time for a dare."

Gwen looked at me questioningly as I opened my purse and pulled out the two eggs. I turned them on and inserted one in my pussy. I then handed the other to her and said, "I dare you to put this egg in you until we leave the club."

Gwen took the egg, looked at it, and without saying a word, without breaking eye contact, inserted the egg inside her pussy. I smiled and said, "Let's dance."

I grabbed her hand and led her to the dance floor. As we danced it was clear she was drunker than I thought. Twice she stumbled forward and I caught her from falling. I took the first opportunity to slide my hand up the back of her ass, my hand staying way longer than necessary. The second time I actually caught her by her breasts, and leaned her back up, my hands still cupping her large breasts.

When the song ended, she said she had to pee so I took her to the bathroom. As expected, there was a line for Rosie. The line was an eclectic assortment of woman. At the front was a pretty black woman in her thirties, behind her was a blonde in her fifties I would guess, and behind her was a clearly pregnant woman in her late 20s.

Also in the bathroom Megan was talking to Brittany. I watched as that conversation ended and Megan joined the line.

I walked to Megan and said, "Hi Megan."

Megan smiled as she said, "It's been a while."

"Indeed," I agreed, "Too long."

"So who is your friend?" she asked.

"Gwen, Megan, Megan, Gwen," I introduced.

They shook hands as Megan said, "Nice to meet you."

"You too," Gwen slurred, "You are very pretty."

Megan smiled, "Thank you, you are very pretty too."

I added, "Yes, we are all pretty. So Megan who was the new girl?"

"Jenny," Megan answered, "She is my babysitter."

"How long?" I asked.

"Last night," she answered.

"Ha," I celebrated, "I so called it."

Megan looked confused as she moved up the line as the black woman entered the stall. I said, "I haven't tasted Big Rosie forever."

"Me either," Megan said, "But I watched little Jenny please her and I decided I should get a taste as well."

I looked at Gwen and remembered she really had to tinkle so I helped Gwen to a stall; of course it was one that had a generous peep hole of Big Rosie. I closed the door for her and was confronted by Brittany again.



"Come with me now slut," she said.

Now usually I am the aggressor, but Brittany had me wet already and I was so horny from the teasing of the egg, so I followed. I looked back at the closed stall and stopped.

Brittany realizing my reluctance because of Gwen said, "Your friend will be fine." I wasn't sure that was true, but had little time to consider it as Brittany grabbed my hand and led me out of the bathroom as I gave Megan a desperate look to watch out for Gwen. Brittany took me up the stairs and into a private room. As soon as the door closed, she pushed me against a wall and kissed me hard. Her hand went under my dress and began rubbing my clit. I moaned loudly as she molested me. She broke the kiss and said, "Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Badly," I moaned as she lifted my dress off. She then went over to the table and put on a decent sized 7 inch strap-on.

She then said, "Crawl over here coach."

I dropped to my stocking covered knees and crawled over to my player.

"Suck my cock coach," she demanded.

I took the plastic stick in my hand and began sucking it. I bopped up and down like a whore would suck a real dick. She then had me lean against a wall and began to fuck me from behind standing up.

"Oh shit," I said as the cock banged against the egg vibrating inside me. "I have an egg in me."

"You really are a slut coach," she said, as she pulled out and pulled the egg out of my pussy. She then, without warning, pushed the egg in my ass. I let out a gasp and a second gasp as the cock filled me completely. Soon I was being pounded hard while the egg vibrated in my ass. Brittany fucked me like a man as she banged me hard and talked dirty to me. "How's my cock coach? I assumed you were a slut, I just didn't know you were a dyke slut." She then grabbed my hair and pulled it as she ravished my pussy.

The degrading treatment had me aroused greatly and I rubbed my clit as she drilled me. I screamed loud, "I'm cumming, fuck your coach, fuck her harder."

Brittany obliged, making each thrust fill me completely. As soon as I finished cumming, I dropped to my knees again and like a whore I took the cock back in my mouth sucking off my own juices. Brittany smiled as she said joyfully, "You really are a slut coach." She then took off the strap-on, got undressed, sat on the couch, spread her legs and demanded, "Come eat me coach."

I moved between her legs, the egg still in my ass, and began lapping her shaved pussy. As soon as my tongue touched her cunt she got vocal again. "That's it coach, how does my pussy taste?"

I moaned a muffled, "Good," as I kept licking. I focused on her clit, trying to tease her first.

After a few minutes of gentle licking, she grabbed my face and pushed it into her cunt. She then began rubbing her pussy up and down on my face. I attempted to lick, but struggled to as I focused on just trying to breathe. I felt her legs stiffen and she sprayed an incredible excessive amount of cum all over me. As she let go of me, I backed up a bit, my face I am sure glistening in her juices. Still breathing hard, she said, "Fuck coach, you have a great tongue."

I stood up and reached around to get the toy out of my ass. I then went to the sink and washed it off. I then popped it back in my pussy.

"You really are a slut, coach," Brittany said as she watched me put the toy back inside me.

I shrugged as I washed my face quickly. I then grabbed my dress and said, "Thanks for the fuck."

"No problem, coach," she said.

I walked over to her and kissed her. When I broke the kiss I said, "Next time, I am going to fuck the shit out of you Brittany. I am going to handcuff you and then ravish your pussy and ass." I kissed her again and walked out before she could respond.

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I quickly walked back downstairs and looked to my table. Our drinks were still there, but Gwen wasn't. I scanned the dance floor but saw no sign of Gwen. I then went to the bathroom and saw that Megan was still in there. I walked up to her and said, "Have you seen Gwen?"

A late 40s white woman dressed to the nines said, "Back of the line."

I looked at her and glared, "I am not in line, I am just talking to a friend." I then turned back to Megan and asked again, "Have you seen Gwen?"

Megan pointed to Big Rosie's stall and as I looked down I saw Gwen's gold four inch pumps. I gasped, "No fucking way."

"Way," Megan joked.

"What the hell happened?"

"Well, it's actually a strange story. After you left, Gwen was in the stall for a long time, and eventually Rosie said, "Did you enjoy the show?" Gwen panicked and left the stall as Rosie called, "Slut, I expect you in that line and I expect you to beg to please me." Gwen came out a bit frantic and as she looked around a lesbian cougar I did not know, pounced on her. She was chubby, but well dressed, and she kissed Gwen. To my surprise, Gwen kissed back and before my eyes I watched as the cougar led Gwen

into a corner stall. The next ten minutes had the cougar bring your friend to an orgasm. I couldn't hear much, but your friend is a screamer."

"I can't believe it!" I said shocked, as Megan then told me the story as I eagerly listened:

The cougar left first and Gwen followed a bit later and went and freshened up in the mirror. Gwen saw me still in line and asked, "Have you seen Julia?"

I said, "Gwen, she went upstairs with Brittany, she will be awhile."

Gwen looked shocked as she said, "She abandoned me?"

I soothed her, "No, no, she had no choice. When you are summoned here, you must go or you may not be summoned again. If you want, you can stay with me."

"Ok," Gwen said clearly out of her comfort level.

I asked, "Did you watch?" Gwen was slightly embarrassed so I added, "Don't be ashamed, I am standing in line to please her. Rosie is mysteriously hypnotizing in a way no one can explain."

"She isn't she?" Gwen agreed.

I decided to test the water by saying, "You saw yourself between her legs didn't you?"

Gwen shook her head yes as she whispered in the quietest voice ever, "Yes."

I encouraged her, "It is ok, it is natural."

"But I am not gay. I am getting married this summer."

I gave her a friendly supportive hug as I said, "It's ok. Finding a woman attractive, or being turned on by a woman, does not make you gay. But if you don't do it now, you will always wonder what if."

"You think so," she said falling in my web.

"I know so. I had to try cock to know I was a lesbian; you need to try pussy to know you love men."

My bizarre logic seemed to work for her as she said, "That makes sense." She then stood behind me in line.

Big Rosie's trademark orgasm exploded from the stall and a very cute pregnant woman exited the stall.

I said, "Gwen here is your chance. You can go before me."

Gwen looked at me with extreme trepidation as Rosie bellowed, "Get your ass in here dyke."

Gwen quickly turned and entered the stall. I then heard Rosie say, "You are new. What is your name?"

"Gwen."

"And why are you here now?"

Gwen paused and said, "To, um, eat your vagina."

Rosie's laugh bellowed as she said, "Eat my vagina? That's a new one." There was a pause, "Hey you are the one who was watching earlier weren't you?"

"Yes," Gwen answered embarrassed.

"You are quite shy; I don't get too many shy ones waiting to dive into my pussy. What is your story?"

"Um, I don't know. I have never done this before, but when I watched the black woman between your legs I was mesmerized and although my mind said to look away, my body had different ideas." Gwen tried to explain.

"So this is your first time eating pussy?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I love virgins," Big Rosie said.

Megan looked back to the stall and said "And it has been relatively quiet ever since."

As Megan finished the story I questioned "How long as she been in there?"

"About 10 minutes," I would guess.

"I just can't believe it," I said, shaking my head dumfounded. We sat there in silence until I heard Big Rosie, "That's it my straight little pussy eater. Keep licking right there." Rosie's moans got louder and then Gwen brought Rosie to an orgasm. I waited as Gwen stood up and I heard Rosie say, "Who brought you here?"

"My friend Julia," Gwen answered.

Rosie said very accurately, "You know she brought you here with an ulterior motive?"

"No," Gwen said, "we have been best friends since high school; she is my maid of honour."

"And she wants to have you between her legs, I guarantee it," Rosie assured her.

"I don't think so," Gwen said with less conviction.

"Trust me, I know Julia. You will be between her legs very soon. That I promise," Rosie confidently predicted.

I then said to Megan, "I don't want her to know I know what she has been doing, so tell her that I will be back at my table."

"Sure thing," Megan replied and I walked out of there and returned to my table. I looked at my watch; it was almost midnight. Emma would be gone by now. My pussy was so wet from seeing Gwen's submission. I knew now I could have her, but how would I know if she loved me. I wanted it all; her submission and her love. Could I have both?

I looked around hoping to see someone I could pull under the table to have a quick orgasm, but didn't see anyone I knew. I then saw Candace Carter, the TV celebrity, who never said no to a pussy and called her over. "Hi, Candace," I said,

"Hi, Julia," she responded, "You look amazing as usual."

"Thanks," I said and then asked, "Are you hungry?"

She smiled and said, "Famished," and crawled under the table. She began licking, using her lips as well, in a way few others did. I continued to scan the crowd looking for Gwen, who finally returned from her bathroom marathon. As she walked back to the table I noticed her face was shiny, clearly still covered from Rosie's cum, walking my way.

She sat down and said, "I thought you left without me."

"I would never do that," I said sincerely. "Sorry, Brittany would not take no for an answer."

Gwen looked at me and said, "It's ok. I found a way to make the time pass." She paused, trying to find the right way to tell me, "I never left the bathroom. Some older woman took me into a stall and ate my pussy and then I," she paused, trying to get the words out.

I helped break her awkward struggle by saying, "You ate out Rosie."

Her face red as can be said, "Yes."

"It's ok Gwen," I said, my hand on her leg, "She is almost irresistible. It doesn't make you a lesbian."

"But," she said, "I loved it."

"Oh," I said.

"I promised Big Rosie I would return in two weeks."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," she confirmed, she moved in toward me, I think to kiss me, until she noticed that someone was under the table. She suddenly went stiff and said icily, "Someone is under the table again, isn't there."

"Yes," I said, now frustrated that I had clearly disappointed her. I tried to explain, "I went looking for you and talked to Megan and anyways I can't explain it, I got all horny again and well," I paused, "Candace Carter is under the table."

Gwen's icy look broke a bit as she said, "Carter really?"

"In the flesh," I said as I tried not to let a moan escape. But Candace was an expert between a woman's legs; plus the egg vibrating inside me and Gwen's submission was too much and I screamed a variety of odd sounds as my body exploded with joy.

Gwen watched the whole time and I was surprised when she lifted the table skirt and demanded, "Slut, do me now."

My mouth dropped and Gwen smiled and said, "How often am I going to get a chance to have a celebrity get me off. Plus this fucking egg is driving me nuts."

We sat in silence as Candace pleased Gwen and triggered an orgasm in her in only a couple of minutes. Candace then crawled out from under the table, cum still on her lips, and said, "Let's see the face of the cunt I just ate." She smiled and said, "Hi, I'm Candace."

Gwen smiled and said, "I know who you are, I am Gwen."

"It is very, very nice to meet you," Candace said, "Your pussy was delicious."

Gwen smiled and said looking directly at me, "That is good to know."

I realized that I was no longer the seductress, but had become the prey. That said, Gwen was still drunk, not 'I am going to be sick' drunk, but rather, 'I only did what I did because I was drunk' drunk.

We talked about our jobs and politics for a bit until Candace said, "Well, I have my eye on one more tasty treat tonight." She stood up, "It was a pleasure."

"Yes it was," Gwen and I responded in unison; we then broke out laughing as Candace left.

"So," I said, "We should get you home, you are kind of drunk."

She shrugged and said, "I suppose." She then shot her last drink. I finished mine and we headed out.

We stopped to watch a woman in her 70s getting fisted by a girl who couldn't be more than 20. Gwen starred too. The grandma screamed as the hand disappeared inside her gaping hole as the younger girl called her grandma slut. We also saw the same pregnant woman fucking herself with the end of a beer bottle as she watched the fisting. I shook my head and grabbed Gwen's hand as we exited the club. I held her hand all the way to the car and helped her get in. The night clearly had overwhelmed Gwen and all her energy had been drained from her. We drove home in silence and I actually had to wake her up when we got her house. To both our surprise, her husband's car was in the driveway.

Gwen suddenly sobered up in a millisecond as she said, "Oh my God, I still have pussy all over my face." She looked in her purse frantically looking for something to wipe her face clean. She did the best she could, but then she realized what she was wearing. "How am I going to explain this outfit?" she fretted.

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I said, "Calm down. Phantom of the Opera is in town. Tell him you and I got all dolled up for a nice supper and a show. Technically that is all true. We did go out for a supper and we definitely saw a show. He will assume it is the play you saw."

This seemed to relax her a bit. I then added, "You should probably take that toy out."

"Oh yeah," she said, "I was beginning to get use to its slight teasing." She awkwardly took out the toy and put it in her purse. She got ready to leave and said, "Well that was very educational."

"That it was," I agreed. I then said to ease her conscience, "Whatever happens at the club, stays at the club."

She shook her head in agreement and said, "Well thanks, that was fun."

"I am happy you enjoyed yourself," I said slyly back. I leaned in as if I was going to kiss her lips and watched as she closed her eyes waiting for the kiss. Instead my lips just brushed hers ever so lightly before I gave her a kiss on the cheek.

A sigh escaped her lips, but she smiled as if she wasn't disappointed, even though she was. "Good night," she finally said.

"Good night," I returned and watched her leave. I followed her with my eyes the whole way in as I anticipated the look back. It didn't come as early as I expected, but it came, as she reached the door. She looked back at me and smiled. I blew her a kiss and drove home.

The drive home was a blur as I reflected on the night. I now had confirmation she was submissive and I now knew she was willing. The only question left was did she love me. Would she cancel the wedding

and declare her love for me? I still didn't know, but I was hopeful. I smiled as I thought that the final part of my plan would begin on Monday; a two week long onslaught of affection which would hopefully cumulate in a declaration of love to her and hopefully a similar declaration from her to me.

"Oh," I said, "Who could it be from?"

"I don't know," she said, "Could it be someone from the club?"

"Who?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said.

"I wouldn't worry about it. Just enjoy them," I recommended. "Actually, you should take them home and show them to Rob."

"I can't do that," she said.

"I suppose not," I said. I looked at the clock and said, "Got to go coach volleyball."

Gwen looked at me all concerned, "Are you going to be ok?"

"I'll be fine. Brittany knows the rules. What happens at the club..."

"Stays at the club," Gwen finished.

I kissed her on the cheek and headed out.

Tuesday February 4th

On Tuesday I didn't see Gwen till after school as it was a hectic day. I walked into her classroom and said, "Those really are nice flowers."

Gwen gave a slight grin and said, 'The nicest I have ever got.'

"That is too bad," I said, "A girl needs simple symbols of love on a regular basis. We need to feel loved."

"I don't feel too loved right now," she said with a frown.

"What's wrong? What did he do?"

"He won't be home for Valentine's Day. He will be in Toronto. He won't even be in the same country. Some special conference."



"Fuck off," I said, "That bastard. He knows how much you love Valentine's Day."

"He said he had no control over it. He said, we can celebrate this weekend," she said with tears in her eyes.

I opened my purse, grabbed my phone and called Shelia. "Hi Shelia. Do you have any openings today? Five o'clock. Great. No, it's for my friend Gwen. Yes, give her the full treatment." I hung up and said "I got you an appointment for a full body massage."

She looked at me confused.

"You are all stressed. Go see Shelia. She gives the most amazing massages in the world," I advised.

She said, "Well I could certainly use one." I gave her a card with the address on it. She took it and said, "What would I do without you?"

I laughed and said, "Probably wither away and die."

Gwen laughed as I headed out.

Wednesday February 5th

I wish I could tell you some riveting story or some great seduction or even something remotely interesting, but I can't. I caught the flu and spent the whole time on the couch watching lame ass talk shows.

Thursday February 6th

I returned to work and it was like Groundhog Day, except in reverse. This time Gwen was out with the flu. I coached volleyball again and ended up going out for drinks with half the team. Again, no great story, other than I had a couple too many drinks and ended up sick for a second straight day, although this one was self-inflicted.

Friday February 7th

The final part of my plan fell into place on Friday. As the day ended, I went into Gwen's room and said, "I have a plan."

Gwen looked at me sceptical as she said, "You do, do you."

"Yes, is your man still gone on Valentine's Day?"

"Yes," she said, "Thanks for reminding me."

"Well, I decided we will make it a special girl's night in."

"Really," she said, "You have no plans?"

"Yes, I do," I said, "with my best friend."

Gwen lit up as she said, "That would be awesome."

"We'll make exact plans later, but let's plan to just leave from here and no matter what we do, we will end up at my place. Bring jammies, we are having a two person slumber party."

"Wow, that is so high school," she reflected, "I love it."

I then gave her my now traditional kiss on the cheek and headed out. I was going back home for the weekend to visit the parents. Gwen was supposed to be having her early Valentine's Day celebration with her man. I got in my car and headed the four hours it would take to get home, beginning my final countdown to the seduction of my best friend.

Monday February 10th

The weekend was fun, but not really relevant to this story so I won't bore you with the details.

On Monday to start the final stage of my lesbian seduction I had a courier drop off a box just as school ended. The box included a card and a gift. The card read:

Sexy Gwen,

Still thinking about you.

Your secret lesbian admirer.

P.S. The gown is for you for Saturday. I look forward to seeing you again at Le Chateau Club.

The gown was a slinky halter gown that was completely backless and had a front v-neck opening that went to the belly button. Obviously it could not be worn with a bra. The outfit would be perfect for the annual day after Valentine's party at Le Chateau Club. A legendary annual party that I hoped to take Gwen to as my date.

I walked into her room after school as she was looking at the gown. I said, "Wow, that is an amazing dress. Where did you get it?"

She handed me a card and I read it. "Oooh, the secret admirer strikes again."

Gwen looked at it more and said, "Well my secret admirer treats me way better than my fiancé."

"Are you still going on Saturday?"

"I don't know," she responded reflectively.

"The fact that you didn't say no, means you probably will."

She looked at me and said, "I can't explain it, but I feel like I have to go back. It is almost all I think about."

"Oh, I understand it," I said adding, "completely."

She smiled and said, "I suppose you do. Do you think the secret admirer is Rosie?"

"I doubt it, it is not her style," I said honestly.

"Then who?" she pondered.

"I have no idea," I lied.

I gave her a hug and kiss on the cheek and headed out to coach.

Tuesday February 11th

That morning, before school started, Gwen came in my room to borrow crayons and I said, "Hey I forgot all about it, but how was that we-vibe thing."

She responded, "Amazing actually. The way it hits and vibrates on both the g-spot and the clit is exhilarating."

"So I should get one," I said.

"Oh definitely, although with all your toys it may be just another one."

I responded, "Are you jealous of my toy collection?"

"No," she said, "I'm jealous of your sex life."

The first bell rang just as the conversation was getting interesting. Gwen went to class and I prepared for mine.

At lunch a box of chocolates was delivered to Gwen, by me secretly of course, with another note.

Elegant Gwen,

For your sweet-spot, until I can taste your sweet-spot.

Your secret and hopeful lover

Gwen came into my room at last break and said, "I got another gift."

I smiled and said, "She is really pulling out all the stops."

"It is driving me nuts not knowing," she said.

"You really like this attention, don't you?"

She shrugged, "It is nice to be noticed again."

"Slut," I said mockingly.

Gwen looked at me and said sarcastically, "Are we really going to play that game?"

I feign confusion, "What could you possibly mean?"

"You do a different girl every day," she accused.

I went for the kill when I said, "Actually you have more recently ate pussy than I have."

Gwen looked at me surprised and said, "Really?"

"Yep," I said, "I am in quite a drought. My cunt may shrivel up and die."

This made Gwen burst out laughing as she left to get back to her class before recess ended.

Wednesday February 12th

When I woke up and checked my phone I saw a distraught message from Gwen.

February 12th 12:17AM

From: Gwen

Julia,

I tried calling you, but you must be in bed already. I really need to talk to you, Rob and I had a huge fight.

Gwen

That morning I called her and didn't get an answer. So I got to school early and as expected she was already there. I walked into her room, with two coffees, and asked, "So what is the story?"

She broke down crying instantly and through sniffles and so forth I got out of it that she confronted him about his lack of attention of late and that led to a shouting match and he walked out.

I got her calmed down and asked, "Does he make you happy?"

"Two weeks ago I would have said yes, but now I don't know," she answered honestly.

"Well maybe you guys need a break. If you are meant to be, it will all work out."

"I suppose" she said.

The rest of the day was crazy and I sent more flowers to her. I got the message changed at the last minute.

Glorious Gwen

I can't stop thinking about you.

Your sexy smile;

Your luscious legs;

You are perfection to me.

Your secret admirer

P.S.-You deserve someone who will make you the only star in their universe.

After school Gwen was jubilant and there was little evidence of her earlier emotional breakdown. That night we went out to a high school play version of Shakespeare's Othello. It was a simple night of friendship.

Thursday February 13th

I barely got to see Gwen today as I took my students' on a field trip. I did make sure to send her another note and present. The note was only a few words:

Sweet Gwen,

I long to kiss you,

To touch you,

To make love to you.

Your secret admirer

The present was a bottle of perfume.

CRAZY PLEASURE

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CUPID'S QUEST-THE TRUTH REVEALED

Friday February 14th

That day, I sent no note.

When I saw her at school, I was happy to notice she was wearing the perfume I had bought her yesterday. I looked at her in her conservative black skirt and simple white blouse and my cunt got wet.

I said, "Happy Valentine's Day, gorgeous."

"You too," she replied.

I handed her a Mickey Mouse Valentine's Card that said, "I heart you." I signed it saying 'I hope all your romantic dreams come true.'

She read it and gave me a big hug.

We made final plans for our special girl's night and went about our day.

The day ended and Gwen said as we drove to her place to pick up her travel bag, "I got no letter today."

"Oh," I said, "That is strange."

"Yeah," she said, "I was getting used to it."

"I know," I said, "It seemed to really boost your spirits."

"It did," she agreed, "Now that Rob is gone, it was a great validation." She paused, "Plus, I really want to know who the hell it is."

"Gone to Toronto or gone, gone?" I asked.

"Oh, I think gone, gone; I do deserve someone better," she said confidently.

"Yes, you do," I agreed.

We arrived at her house and I waited in the car. She took longer than I expected, but when she did return she had changed. She was wearing a flattering blue mini dress with mocha pantyhose, the dress too short for stockings.

I said, "Holy shit, now we have to go to my place so I can change."

We drove to my place and I took in her bag. I looked in my closet and choose a white mini dress with a very flattering neckline. I put on a pair of white pantyhose as well. I headed back to the car.

Gwen said, "Wow, you look amazing in white."

"Thanks. I have never worn this before."

We drove to Rizzo's, a restaurant that was having a special four course meal for Valentine's Day. We went in and got strange looks as the only pair that were not man and woman.

We sat at a table, in a secluded corner, and were greeted by a very pretty blonde waitress. Her blue eyes just drew you in. She was dressed in the standard restaurant black skirt, black pantyhose and white blouse.

"Good evening, my name is Kate and I will be your server tonight."

Gwen, surprising me, flirted, in a seductive voice, "What will you be serving?"

A bit of water sprayed out of mouth as I heard Gwen ask such a double entendre. Kate blushed but continued, "What can I get you to drink?"

"Some of your special juice," Gwen asked.

Kate went even redder as I said, "Two glasses of red wine." As Kate went away to grab our drinks I asked, "What has gotten into you?"

She shrugged and said, "I don't know. Watching you flirt with other woman has always been a bit of a turn on; I thought I would do it myself."

"I usually know if she is a lesbian or bi-curious before I turn on the charm," I said.

"She's a dyke," Gwen said confidently.

"How do you know? I have not even figured it out yet," I asked.

"Well it could be the way she looked at us; the way she took a peak at your legs as she reached our table; or it could be the way her eyes took quick glances at my cleavage as she spoke," she said like an expert seductress.

I laughed, "Interesting. I thought maybe you were going all lesbian on me."

She looked me in the eye and said, "Maybe I am going all lesbian on you."

As I considered her statement, Kate returned with our wine. I watched and indeed she did check out Gwen's breasts. She then said, "Your first course will arrive shortly."

I watched her walk away and when I looked at Gwen she was smirking at me as she said, "Told you."

We talked about school for a couple minutes until our bruschetta arrived. I asked Kate, "Have I seen you somewhere before?"

Kate looked at me and said, "I don't think so?"

"You look really familiar," I said.

"I get that a lot," she responded and then left to go to another table.

Gwen said, "How dare you? She was my seduction."

I smiled and said, "Is it dare time?"

"Yes it is, but I suggest a double dare," she said deviously.

"Do tell," I asked intrigued.

"First," she began, "We both flirt with her and see who can get her number."

"OK," I said, "Easy enough."

"Second," she continued as she reached for her purse, "We both put these in our cunts for the rest of the night." She then handed me a jelly egg.

My face went red, which never happens, as I took the egg; plus Gwen is not one for using such a vulgar word as cunt. Gwen took a bite of her bruschetta as she smirked at me. I was completely out of my element; was she seducing me?

I get up to go to the washroom when Gwen stopped me and commanded, "No, no, no, put it inside you here."



I looked at her, smiled and said, "Really, what has gotten into you?"

"Nothing yet," she teased back.

I turned it on low, looked around and awkwardly inserted the egg into my pussy which was rather difficult because I was wearing pantyhose and not stockings like I usually did.

Gwen smiled as she took another bite of her bruschetta.

I asked, "Are you not putting yours in?"

"All in good time," she answered and ate more of her bruschetta and put the egg on the table in the open for anyone to see.

Frustrated I began my appetizer. After we finished our bruschetta in silence, Kate came back to grab the plates.

Kate saw the egg, looked slightly confused as Gwen looked at her and said, "It's a toy. Have you ever used one?"

Kate shook her head no as Gwen continued, "You should it feels amazing." Gwen then took the egg, turned it on so the soft vibration sound could be heard, while staring at Kate, and put it inside herself. She then gave a soft moan. "Kate you have got to try this."

Kate stood memorized in trance as I said, "Kate, could I get a second glass of wine?"

Kate looked at me and said, "Yes ma'am," and she walked away.

I said, "Gwen, this is a new you."

"You are to blame," she countered.

"How so?" I asked.

"I have been jealous of your lifestyle forever. You always are so happy."

"You seemed happy," I said concerned.

"I have not been for a long time," she said solemnly.

"You know, I am most happy when I am hanging out with you," I admitted.

"You are?"

"Of course. I love teaching, I love spending time with my family and I love hanging out with you. My sex life is just another part of who I am. I enjoy it, but it only brings temporary joy."

"Oh," she said reflectively.

Kate returned with our salads and we ate in them in silence. As we finished our salads, Gwen finally asked, "Can I ask you a question?"

"Anything?" I answered.

"Why have you never hit on me? Do you not find me attractive?" she asked insecurely.

I let out a gasp I was so surprised by the question. "Um, first off I find you the most beautiful person I know both inside and out. But I would never do anything that would ruin our friendship. You seemed so in love with Rob that I just never thought you would be into me in that way."

Gwen looked at me as she took in my response. A guy, probably 20, came and took our plates and Kate followed behind with our main course. Kate asked, "Is there anything else I can get you ladies?"

"Your phone number," I asked.

Kate blushed again as Gwen said, "Or you could just meet us at Le Chateau Club tomorrow night at 9:30."

I then said, "And please just bring us a bottle of whatever wine this is."

Kate said, "Yes ma'am" and left.

Gwen asked "Is our seduction working?"

"I think so, but it is hard to tell. She can't give away too much while working," I responded.

"I suppose so," she reflected, "So you do find me attractive?"

I smiled and said, "Gwen who do you think has sent you all those notes and cards the past two weeks?"

CRAZY PLEASURE

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The lightbulb went on as she gasped, "It was you?"

"Yes Gwen. I love you. I love you as a friend. But I also love you completely."

She looked at me taking it all in, "You mean."

"Yes, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I want to hold your hand in public. I want to go to bed every night with you. I want to make love to every part of you."

"I love you too," she responded. "I just never thought, I mean, I just."

I stood up, moved to her side of the table, sat down and then leaned in for a kiss. It was as gentle as a kiss can be. She kissed back and soon our tongues were exploring each other's mouths. I broke the kiss when I heard a sound. I turned around and said, "Oh, more wine." I stood up and returned to my side.

Kate looked at us in a stunned state. She slowly recovered and said, "Can I get you anything else?"

I smiled and said, "No, I think we are fine."

Gwen gave a soft smile and agreed, "Yes, everything is perfect."

Kate left and we ate our meals in silence, both of us coming to full terms with the revelations that had just been revealed. I knew now everything had changed. She loved me too. A serene feeling washed over me as I finally found peace with my inner turmoil over the seduction. She loved me. Gwen loved me. I smiled to myself. I looked at Gwen who had a radiant glow herself. I hoped she was having a similar joy inside herself.

We finished our meal, the wine bottle over half empty, and Kate came to take our plates. She asked, "How was your meal?"

"Delicious," I said.

Gwen teased, "But probably not as delicious as you."

I smirked as that is something I would have usually used to push the envelope.

Kate, for the first time, responded to our sexual wordplay, "I have never had any complaints."

"I imagine that is true." Gwen said, "I think it would be the perfect dessert."

Kate blushed, looked around and then said, "I would love to, but I can't, not here."

I could have taken control at this point, but I decided to watch and see how Gwen played this.

Gwen said, "Well the offer stands Kate. You are a very pretty woman, and you would make a great plaything for me and my girlfriend."

'Well played' I thought to myself. It showed that she was in control and would be in this sexual relationship."

Kate smiled, leaned in and whispered, "How did you know I was gay?"

Gwen smiled, "You kept checking out my breasts and my lover's legs."

"Oh," Kate said, "I have not come out yet to anyone."

"Well," Gwen said teasingly, "Now you have."

Kate smiled and said, "I will be right back with your desserts."

She left and I said, "That was very well played Gwen. I could not have done it any better myself."

"Well I learned from the master," she complimented. So," she paused and nervously asked, "now what?"

"We have dessert, we get a taxi, I am way too drunk to drive home, and then we go back to my place and I make love to you in a way you can not even begin to imagine."

Gwen smiled seductively and said, "Trust me, I have imagined it in every way possible."

Kate returned with our chocolate cheese cake and gave Gwen a piece of paper. Gwen opened it up, smiled and said, "I will be in contact, sweetheart."

"I hope so," Kate responded.

Gwen then said, "Want to see something really cool?"

"Sure," Kate said with a bit of trepidation.

Gwen then pulled out something from her purse and said watch this. I recognized what it was just as she turned it on to full blast. Instantly, the vibrations sped up extremely and in only seconds my cunt exploded with an orgasm. I barely kept the sound to an escaped moan as the pleasure was amazing.

Gwen then said to me, "Slut, could you please give your toy to Kate here."

I was shocked by Gwen's name calling, but also incredibly turned on, as I ripped by slightly damp pantyhose open at the crotch and removed the very wet ball. I handed it obediently to Kate.

Kate quickly grabbed it and slid it in her pocket.

Gwen said, "I expect that inside you in the next few minutes. I will turn it on low for you. I will retrieve it tomorrow."

"Yes ma'am," Kate obeyed and left the table.

Gwen looked at me and said, "Sorry, I didn't mean to call you a slut."

I smiled, "You fucking bitch, I didn't know you had it in you."

Gwen laughed, "I think you are in for many surprises."

"It seems I am," I said as I took a bite out of the cheesecake.

We ate in silence as both of us reflected on what was going to happen next. Kate came back with the bill and a devious smile. Gwen asked, "I assume you have put my present in a safe place?"

"The safest there is," Kate flirted back.

Gwen looked at the bill and then asked, "Was that number you gave me your cell number?"

"Yes ma'am," she answered.

"Do you work tomorrow?"

"No."

"Good, I will text you an address and I expect you to meet me there at 2PM," Gwen instructed.

"Yes ma'am," Kate answered.

"And," Gwen stressed, "We will be going to Le Chateau later in the evening, so be sure to wear something sexy and classy."

"Understood," Kate responded.

"And be sure to wear stockings, not pantyhose, I want easy access of my new slut."

Kate blushed at being called a slut, but said, "Yes ma'am." Gwen then gave her a credit card. Kate left and we got ready to leave.

I said, "Gwen you are a master manipulator."

She smiled, shot the last glass of wine, and said, "Let's get going, I've got one more present for you."

Kate returned, Gwen signed the receipt, giving a very generous tip. She then stood up and whispered something into her ear.

Kate blushed again and said, "It was a pleasure serving you."

Gwen responded wittily, "Wait till tomorrow, and then you can really say it was a pleasure serving me."

Kate smiled and said, "Have a good night."

Gwen said and looked me directly in the eye, "Oh we will, won't we slut?"

Playing along, I answered, "Yes mistress."

Kate smiled, shook her head just slightly and left.

I grabbed Gwen's hand and led her out of the restaurant. We hailed a taxi very quickly, gave him the address and instantly we were making out like two teenagers on a first date. The hormones raged as we kissed with such passion. The fire inside burned with such intensity, that I wanted to make love to her right in the taxi. My hand went under her dress and I rubbed her pussy gently and in only a few seconds Gwen broke my kiss and had an intense orgasm. The taxi driver swerved the vehicle a bit, obviously surprised by the ecstatic sound of pleasure.

We went back to kissing until we arrived at my house. We got out of the cab, paid him and rushed into my house.

## CHAPTER 8: THE PERFECT VALENTINE'S DAY PRESENT

As soon as the door was closed, I pushed her against the wall and kissed her with reckless abandon. It was Gwen who broke the kiss and said, "Wait, I need to give you your present."

"Can't it wait?" I said exasperated.

"No, I think it is crucial to give you know."

She then grabbed her bag and went to the bathroom. I nervously waited, eagerness overwhelming me. I had waited so long for this moment to happen and now that it was about to, my anxiety overwhelmed me. I paced the room as I waited for Gwen to return.

Gwen called, "Are you ready for your present?"

"Yes," I called frustrated, "Get out her now."

"Yes mistress," she responded to my surprise and opened the door. She walked out dressed in only tan thigh high stockings and two bows strategically placed on her two firm round voluptuous breasts. Her hair was in pigtails and she wore a collar around her neck with a leash she had in one hand. She walked over to me, handed me the leash and said, "I love you completely. I want to give you the best present I can think of, me. Not just for today, but for tomorrow and every other tomorrow. I am yours." She then

dropped to her knees and waited my response.

In a million years, a trillion fantasies, I could not have imagined such a moment; such a sweet declaration; such a perfect submission. I looked down at my best friend, pulled her back up and kissed her. I then pushed her back down and led her by the leash to my bedroom. I laid her onto my bed and went to the closet and brought out my 'special' box. I took her left hand and handcuffed her to my bed; I then did the same to her right. She smiled as she watched me.

I then leaned down and kissed her neck. She gave a light moan the second my lips contacted her skin. I slowly, ever so slowly, moved my mouth down her body. I took off the bows that hid her stiff nipples and took each nipple into my mouth. I learned quickly her nipples were extremely sensitive as each nibble of her nipple had her breathing getting heavier. I slowly slid my tongue between her deliciously large breasts and then moved downwards, my tongue never leaving her body. My tongue reached her shaved treasure; I paused my lips a millimetre away from her ripe cunt, and then moved lower. She gave out a disappointed moan as my head left her eager pussy. My tongue then slid down her nylon clad left leg. I reached the sole of her foot and licked it. I then took each toe into my mouth and sucked it through the sheer nylon. Soft moans escaped my captive lover as I made love to her whole body. I then moved back up, again stopping at her already wet cunt and gave one quick lap of her clit. She gave a loud moan and begged, "Please more."

I looked up at her and said, "All in good time Gwen."

## CRAZY PLEASURE

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I then moved down her right leg, repeating the same lengthy process. I spent an eternity sucking on her tiny, perfectly manicured toes. I then moved back to her pussy and gave her three quick licks. She moaned loudly again and I moved and kissed her again. She kissed me back and then I asked, "What do you want me to do next?"

She moaned, "Please dominate me. Treat me like you would one of your one night stand sluts."

"You sure?" I asked.

"Yes," she moaned, "I wasn't kidding when I said, I want to give myself to you completely."

"OK Gwen," I said and reached into my collection and pulled out my we-vibe.

"You got one too?"

"Yep, Audrey brought it over the night we went to the toy store as a gift."

"You got that toy salesman to come over?"

"Yep," I said, "She was an easy seduction."

I turned on a vibrator and placed it at the entrance of her cunt, but not in. I then took off my dress and straddled my best friend's face. My pantyhose were still on, but I had ripped a hole big enough for her to access my pussy.

She began licking as best she could from her handcuffed position. Her moans from the pleasure of the teasing vibrator and the egg that was still inside her sent vibrations through her body. As she licked, I leaned forward and began sucking on her clit as she licked mine. In less than a minute of the triple pleasure, Gwen screamed into my pussy, "I'm cumming." I kept pressure on her clit until her orgasm subsided and then moved back up.

Her licking had me close, but in this position I could not come, so I got off her face and, after taking the egg out of her cunt, put the feeldoe toy in her pussy. I then straddled the other end of the cock and began bouncing up and down on it. I moaned, "Fuck me Gwen, fuck your best friend's cunt." Gwen moved her ass up and down as best she could and I orgasmed after only a couple minutes of pleasure. I collapsed on top of her and we went back to kissing, the two ended vibrating toy still inside both of us. I undid the handcuffs, took off the leash and cuddled with her.

Gwen said, "I love you so much."

I responded, "I love you more."

Gwen said, "Will you fuck me?"

"I'd love too," I said, and went over to the box and put on one of my strap-on cocks, a smaller six inch one. I strapped it on and said, "Get on all fours."

"Yes mistress," she cooed.

"I like that slut. Beg for your mistress's cock?"

"Oh please, fuck me like the new lesbian I am. Pound my tight cunt that you now own."

I moved my cock to the entrance of her vaginal canal; I rubbed the cock around her entrance, teasing her.

She begged, "Please shove it in. Fuck me like your other whores."

With that I slid the cock in and began fucking her. I started slow, my hands on her waist. I asked, "How does my cock feel in you dyke?"

"So goooooood," she responded.



"Is it better than Rod's cock?" I asked.

"So much better," she replied, "Please, fuck me harder; fill my cunt with your cock."

I began pumping the 6 inch toy in and out faster and deeper, eventually allowing the whole cock to disappear into my beautiful friend's pussy.

"Don't stop, please, never stop fucking me," she screamed as she climaxed from the fast paced fucking. I kept fucking her not slightly slowing down as the orgasm shook her body. I finally stopped fucking her and slipped out of the strap-on.

I then put on the slim, anal ready, strap-on cock. I lubed it up and asked, "Are you ready for complete submission to me?"

"I will never disobey you," she said, still on my bed on all fours.

"I recall you said you would never take anything in your ass."

"I did say that," she said.

"What do you say now?" I questioned.

"I say that I was wrong and you were right; never say never. Please take my anal cherry," Gwen said.

I got behind her and slowly, gently, slid the toy into her ass. Gwen leaned forward and put her head on a pillow to deal with the slight discomfort. I let the slim cock sit in her half way and then said, "OK butt slut, I want you to slowly move your perfect little ass back on my cock."

Gwen moved back slowly, as I leaned back on my hind legs. I allowed Gwen to move back on the cock at her own pace. Slowly Gwen moved back, taking all five inches of the small vibe in her ass. She then began slowly moving back and forth on the cock. Her moaning began and she said, "Fuck, that feels good. I couldn't imagine this could feel like this." She began moving faster, her slightly chubby ass colliding with my body as she tried to get the cock deeper in her ass. Watching my once innocent friend turn into a complete ass slut was fucking hot. This scene kept on for a few minutes until my leg started going numb.

I pushed her forward and stood up. "Sorry Gwen, my leg was losing its feeling."

She looked at me and said, "That was amazing."

I reached into the box and grabbed the double ended dildo I had bought with her. I said to her, "I have never tried this before."

Gwen grabbed it, turned it on high, and slid it into her pussy, I then straddled the other end awkwardly

and we pushed the cock inside me. We both moaned and moved forward until the long wide dildo disappeared inside our two pussies. Soon we were grinding our cunts together and feeling the vibrating dildo teasing our cunts. The sensations were thrilling as we both used each other to get off. The crazy intense pleasure continued for many minutes until we both orgasmed within seconds of each other. We collapsed on the bed, the dildo still deep inside both of us.

Finally I pulled the dildo out of both of us and lay down on the bed. I cuddled Gwen and said, "I love you, happy Valentine's Day."

She whispered back exhausted, "I love you too Julia."

I kissed her neck, pulled the blankets over both of us and fell asleep with the woman I love the most in my arms.

## EPILOGUE

L-o-v-e. Just four tiny letters.

Love. Just one simple word.

Love. No two people would create the same definition.

This is my definition:

For me, love is the ultimate feeling of joy every time I look at Gwen. Every moment we spend together. It may be a romantic dinner; it may be simply watching TV with the fire place on; it may be a bubble bath and then a long night of gentle love making; it may be a long night of submission; it may just be laying in bed each of us reading a book; it may be us going on the prowl and adding a new girl to our sex games; it may be a night at Le Chateau (like the time we went and both pleased Rosie together at the same time).

But no matter what adventure is in the future, it will be perfect, because it is with Gwen.

This is my love story...a love story of sorts.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 138 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 1

Summary:

White wife is drawn into world of kinky submission.

Note:

this is based largely on a true life story.

As I glance at my husband, who is sitting on a folding chair, stroking his cock (the one I used to think was enough for me), I moan loudly as the black prisoner slams into my cunt, stretching me in ways I hadn't imagined possible.

Looking at him again, a prison guard at this moment, with a butt plug in his ass, I try to replay the crazy journey that ended with me completely shaved (just like my husband was at the order of our black Master), getting fucked by a black prisoner and pretending to be his wife (for the second time... the first time Ken wasn't allowed to watch).

I stare at him in disbelief at the man who is watching in awe, enjoying becoming a cuckold to a much longer, fatter, black cock, I realize it doesn't matter, our sex lives were forever changed the moment I agreed for the first time to come and meet our master.

Do you want to know how I ended up as just another one of Kareem's fake white wives who came to be his slut for an hour or three every week?

Well, if you do, here is the story....

.....

I was surprised when Ken said we were going to a barbecue with some of his co-workers. I mean good surprised. Since moving here we hadn't found too many friends our age, which was in our thirties. My job as a pharmaceutical rep didn't really create opportunities, and Ken wasn't known for being overly social. So I was kind of bored and missing our prior city, for alas this was where Ken was transferred and because I can do my job pretty much anywhere... I followed.

We arrived at the house and the door was opened by a ridiculously pretty woman, and Ken seemed stunned. As if unable to speak to someone who was utterly beautiful. I'm cute in the girl-next-door sort of way, but this woman was cover-of-a-magazine hot.

I mean if I were a lesbian I'd be in love.

The woman, in a sundress and nylons, which seemed strange for a hot summer day (I wore nylons for work when I was meeting clients as I had learned that men like them... and I had also learned that selling pharmaceuticals often meant selling yourself... not in a hooker sort of way, but as part of a package), greeted us with a wide smile that only made her prettier, "Hi, I'm Janna, please come in."

When Ken remained speechless, I did what I did when he couldn't remember the name of someone he was talking to: I extended my hand and offered, "Hey, I'm Christine and this is Ken."

"Hi," Janna welcomed us, as we walked in. "I'm happy you could finally make it. My husband Dele has told me lots about you, Ken."

"He has?" My husband asked, as if this was a ludicrous thing for her to say.

"Excuse my husband," I said, giving him a stop-drooling-over-your-co-worker's-hot-wife look.

"Sorry," he apologized, really looking more confused than dazed by her beauty. He added, trying to explain himself, "I just seem to recognize you from somewhere."

"I'm on television on occasion," she replied.

"Oh, where?" I asked, she indeed now looking vaguely familiar.

Janna looked at my husband and then back to me as she answered, "I'm a district attorney."

"Aaaaaaah, very impressive," I said, thinking she really was the complete package.

"It's a job," she shrugged, not at all acting superior like most gorgeous women acted, not to mention being a lawyer on top of that. Beautiful and smart was a great mixture to have.

"More exciting than mine," I said.

"What do you do?" Janna asked, as I noticed my husband checking out her nylon-clad legs.

"I sell drugs," I answered, my go-to joke.

"You're my new best friend," Janna smiled, taking my hand. She then mentioned to my husband, "Dele is out back."

"Cool," he said, looking down at her legs one more time before heading in the direction Janna pointed.

I apologized once my husband was out of ear shot. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" She asked.

"My husband was drooling over your legs," I said.

"Oh, I didn't notice," she said, likely so used to it she'd become oblivious of the attention from male perverts.

I laughed, "I sure did."

"It's the nylons," she said.

"I guess," I said, knowing it was the fact she was ridiculously hot, but he did indeed like nylons.

She led me into the kitchen where two other women were drinking wine. I was introduced to Lauren and Susan, both wives of guards as well, and I noticed they were both in nylons too.

I joked, "Is this a nylon club?"

Lauren said, her tone odd, "It definitely is."

"And it's an ever-growing club," Susan added.

"I thought nylons were long out of style," I said, noticing I was one of the very few women wearing them, with even many of the professional business women I met going bare-legged.

"We're bringing them back," Susan said. She was a gorgeous redhead wearing a yellow sundress that showcased her hair, green eyes and body... somehow sexy yet casual. She was super friendly, although she swore like a sailor. I was surprised when I also learned Susan was a kindergarten teacher, which in my mind would be the hardest job in the world. I mean just thinking of a classroom of five-year-olds running around made me shudder. What was fascinating to me was how much she didn't look like a teacher, which, in retrospect, is rather judgemental.

"So I see," I laughed, all three of them in mocha-coloured nylons.

"Our man loves us in them," Janna said. I thought the fact she said 'man' as if they were all sharing the same one was weird, but I assumed she had just misspoken. Oh, how wrong I was!

"I bet," I said, knowing Ken loves me wearing them.

"It's all about the brand," Lauren added, a chubby woman with the biggest breasts I'd ever seen... I couldn't fathom walking around all day carrying those things along. I mean I have pretty big 36DD breasts that seemed heavy some days, but hers were gravity wells!

"Yep, you pay for quality," Susan agreed.

"I wear Secret pantyhose usually," I said.

"Pantyhose?" Janna objected, her expression giving away she was grossed out by the idea. "Those are indeed out."

"What?" I asked.

"These are in," she said, lifting up her dress to show me the top of her thigh high lace tops.

I laughed, a little taken back by her brazenness, especially since I hadn't known her for even ten minutes, "Oh, I have a pair of those too for special occasions."

"I wear these every day under my business attire," Janna said,

"My students and colleagues would be surprised to know I wear thigh highs under my boring conservative teacher attire every day too," Susan added.

"I never even thought of wearing thigh highs to work," I said, which was true.

"They make me feel sexy," Lauren added, the shy one of the group, it seemed.

"I also love when men check out my legs," Susan added.

"And women too," Janna added, playfully. "It is 2018 after all."

"Yeah, yeah, you're bisexual, we know," Susan said, as I tried not to be shocked by all I was hearing.

"You'd love it," Janna teased.

"Only sausage for me," Susan said, looking at me and shaking her head.

"Everyone should try sushi at least once," Janna said, also looking directly at me, but with a much different look... as if secretly asking 'what do you think?'.

After an awkward few seconds as all three looked at me, gaging my reaction, I asked, "What brand do you girls buy?"

"Either Hanes or Berkshire," Lauren answered.

Susan listed, "Hue, Orobolu, and Donna Karan."

"I've never heard of any of them," I said, as I also noticed for the first time that none of these women was wearing a bra... unless they were wearing strapless ones.

As I pondered this, Janna grabbed my hand and led me out of the kitchen and to her bedroom as she said, "Time to change your life."

"Where are we going?" I asked, this whole conversation bizarre.

She let go of my hand, went to her dresser and tossed me a package. "Put these on."

"Really?" I asked, surprised both that she was giving me nylons to wear and that they were Wolfords, which I knew were a really expensive European brand.

"Yeah, put these on and not only will the guys be checking you out, but they really make you feel sexy,"

she explained, as if we were best friends already and not strangers who'd met fifteen minutes ago.

"You sure?" I asked, before clarifying, "These are really expensive."

She opened her top drawer and showed me a good dozen packages, "I order in bulk."

I laughed, "So I see."

So I opened the package and put them on, learning they weren't pantyhose but thigh high stockings.

Once they were on, I moved my hands up and down my legs, I said, "Wow! These are the sheerest, softest nylons I've ever worn."

"Ken will love them," she said.

"Definitely," I agreed, thinking he would be in heaven.

"Want to really rattle him?" she asked.

I shrugged, "Sure."

"Take off your bra," she suggested.

"What? Why?" I asked, this not what I was expecting.

"Because it's fun to play with our men's minds," she said, before she added, "and the other ladies are all sans bras."

Although I thought it was pretty weird, I shrugged, "Well, I'd hate to be the lone holdout."

So I removed my bra and put it in my purse.

We went back to the kitchen and Susan complimented, noticing right away, "Those really accentuate your legs."

"Hey, don't go all lez with her if you won't with me," Janna joked.

"You're insufferable," Susan said, shaking her head.

"Yes, I can be," she said, giving me a wink.

I had never been with a woman, never even seriously considered it, but these two beautiful women's strange flirtations had the idea percolating in my head. I mean I wasn't suddenly a lesbian, or even seriously thinking about it... but the slightest bit of curiosity was now lingering in the back of my mind.

The next half hour we made salads, we chatted about kids, about work, about generic life stuff as I got to know them and they got to know me.

## CRAZY PLEASURE

### Chapter 139 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 2

When the men came in, I wasn't surprised to see my husband first noticed Lauren's breasts. Dele introduced my husband to the other wives while my husband's face went beet red again as he stared first at Lauren's breasts (which I didn't blame him for as they were literally impossible to miss) and then at the complete beauty of Susan.

Dele played host and even joked, as he introduced Susan, "And this lovely lady is Susan, and she is the boss of her house."

"Hey, that's only 95 percent true," Carl protested.

"98 percent," Susan corrected, although I imagined it was likely 99 percent.

My husband, trying at least to be a good husband, walked over to me and kissed me.

He looked at me perplexed, as he noticed I was wearing nylons now. He asked, after a quick kiss, "Um, you brought nylons with you?"

"You like?" I asked, lifting my knee up to let him touch the sheer silk.

He put his hand on my knee and he said, impressed, "WOW, they're super soft and sheer."

"We ended up talking about hosiery and how some brands are better than others. One thing led to another and Janna insisted I try these on," I explained, realizing just how weird it was that I was now wearing nylons.

"Well, I approve," he said, sliding his hand under my skirt.

I slapped it away and teased in a sultry voice, "Be a good boy and you'll get to feel these on Peter."

"I'm all in," he said, 'Peter' being our nickname for his cock.

"You certainly will be," I promised, as I gave his cock a quick squeeze, not at all surprised to feel it was completely hard.

We had dinner as a group, chatted about everything, and I drank quite a bit... not getting drunk, but a little more than tipsy... which always makes me extra frisky.

The women did the dishes while the men went to watch baseball... some things never change.



We chatted some more and I felt like I'd known these three forever. We talked movies: agreeing we would all fuck Hugh Jackman in a heartbeat; we talked music and learned all of us loved the eighties and all of us had been to a New Kids on the Block concert.

Susan and Lauren both left before I did, and Janna returned the conversation to sex.

"How often do you and Ken fuck?"

"That's a pretty personal question," I said, surprised by her bluntness.

"Dele and I fuck almost every day in some form or another," she said.

"There are different forms?" I asked, a little confused by her words and yet intrigued. I couldn't explain it, but everything about Janna intrigued me.

"Definitely," she said with a nod.

"How so?" I asked.

"Can I be completely honest with you?" she asked.

"You haven't been up until now?" I joked.

"Touché," she laughed. "I'm not one for beating around the bush."

I joked, somehow feeling comfortable saying something sexually charged, "Yes, I hear you'd rather eat it."

She roared with laughter. "I knew I liked you." She then said, "Although I prefer a great plain if you know what I mean."

I did. I said, for some reason, "I trim."

"You've never had a Brazilian?" she asked, her face one of shock.

"No, I don't like pain," I said, the idea of someone down there yanking out follicles not at all appealing to me.

She grabbed her phone and said, "Well, we can't have that."

"Have what?" I asked, as she called someone.

She actually shushed me. ... I despised being shushed (my father doing that to me and my mother all the

time when I was a kid) as she spoke on the phone. "June, I need an emergency Brazilian."

My eyes went wide. Was she booking me a Brazilian?

"No, not for me," she laughed. "I just saw you three days ago. It's for a friend."

Yep, she was. I was both bewildered by her take control attitude and also impressed.

She looked at me after a minute and asked, "Can you do seven tomorrow night?"

"Um, yeah," I answered. After I did, I wondered why I'd agreed so quickly.

"Yes, book it," Janna said into the phone. She then added, "Her name is Christine." After another moment she finished, "You're a sweetheart."

She put her phone down and said, "Done."

"Did you just book me a Brazilian?" I asked, even though it was pretty obvious she'd done just that

Yep," she nods. "That's what friends are for."

I laughed, "I don't recall seeing that in the manual."

"You need to read between the legs," she responded wickedly.

"Okay," I said, not responding to the sexual implication. "But to be honest, I'm not sure I want one."

"It's not about want, it's about need," she said, finishing her wine.

"Okay, I'm not sure I need one," I corrected.

"Trust me, you do," she said. "You'll feel like a new woman."

"If you say so," I said, sensing that as a lawyer she didn't lose arguments too often.

She got some more wine for both of us and then she shocked me once more. She asked me, "Have you ever swung?"

"On a swing?" I joked, even though I was pretty sure I knew what she meant.

"Well, some parties do indeed have a swing," she smiled.

"No," I answered.

"That's not why we invited you here today, although I definitely wouldn't be against it," she said. "You and Ken are a very attractive couple."

"Um, thanks," I said, the conversation suddenly awkward... yet also interesting.

"Sorry, if I'm being forward," she said. "It's just...." she began and paused.

"It's just what?" I asked.

"Never mind," she said.

"What?" I asked again, wanting to know.

She said, "Sorry, I've said too much."

"Janna, tell me," I demanded.

"It's just that... you two look like you need a spark," she said.

"Why do you say that?" I asked, our sex life pretty good overall.

"Just a hunch," she said.

She then asked another blunt question, "How many men have you slept with?"

I paused. I really didn't need to tell her this, but I did. Trying to keep the conversation light, I answered, "More than one, fewer than three."

"Hundred?" she asked.

I laughed, before admitting, "No, just two."

"Oh my," she said, as if this was unbelievable and kind of sad.

"What?" I asked, never feeling like I'd missed anything by fucking just two guys... both being long term relationships.

"How many girls?" she asked.

"Two less than that," I answered.

"You're lucky to have met me," she said, as if she was my personal, but much hotter, Dr. Ruth.

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Because you need to explore," she said, as she leaned over and kissed me.

I was stunned.

This married, beautiful woman was kissing me.

While our husbands were downstairs, very likely not kissing.

Obviously I should have pushed her away.

Yet, maybe it was the wine. Maybe it was the conversation. Or maybe it was her incredibly soft lips. So I didn't push her away, I kissed her back.

And for a couple of minutes I willingly kissed another woman.

It felt so natural, so sensual, and completely different from kissing a man.

When she broke the kiss she said, "You're a very beautiful woman, Christine."

"Thank you," I replied, a chill going up my spine as I sat there dazed and confused.

"I hope I'm not being too forward," she said.

"Oh, that was pretty forward," I smiled.

"Oh, trust me, this is me going slow," she said.

"Oh my," I said, so many mixed emotions inside me.

Her bluntness continued as she asked, "Any chance your other cock was black?"

"No," I said, although I'd be lying if I hadn't on occasion wondered what it would be like to fuck a black man... I mean all women at some point wonder about the great black myth.

"Ever fantasize about it?" She asked.

"I plead the fifth," I joked, answering the question without actually answering the question.

She laughed, "You don't know what you're missing."

Her tone and smile had me asking . "You're not fucking one right now, are you?"

"Sadly, no," she sighed.

I was about to speak when she added, "but I will be tomorrow."

"What?" I asked.

"I have a convict I see every week," she said.

"You fuck a convict?" I asked, thinking that was pretty morally wrong.

"More often than not he just fucks my face," she bluntly said.

"Oh my God!" I gasped.

"I scream that phrase a lot when he does fuck me," she continued, clearly enjoying my shock reactions.

"What about Dele?" I asked.

"Sometimes he watches," she answered rather matter-of-factly, as if that wasn't absolutely strange.

"Really?" I asked, every answer she gave me creating more questions, not less.

"Remember we're swingers," she reminded me.

"I just assumed those were wild orgies," I said, wondering if I could ever do such a thing. Would I even want to? The wetness in my panties at the moment said perhaps I did.

"We've been to a few of those," she nods. "But the truth is that Dele is my cuckold."

"What's that?" I asked, a word I'd never heard before.

"You know how you have Ken whipped?"

I smiled, "For the most part."

"Except in the bedroom, right?"

"Yeah, but why do you assume that?" I asked.

"You're a natural submissive," she said.

"How so?" I asked, although in the bedroom it was mostly true.

"You like to please," she said. "You actually need to please."

"How do you know that?"

"I read people," she answered. "Plus, the fact you didn't break away from our kiss confirmed my observations."

"I was surprised," I defended my action.

"At first you were," she agreed, "but then you kissed back."

"It felt so soft," I explained.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 140 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 3

"And natural?" she added as a question.

"Yeah, I guess so," I agreed.

"Anyway, most of the time I'm a natural dominant," she revealed. "I'm that way at work and in my sex life."

"So I see," I playfully smiled.

"So with Dele, he's my bitch."

"Oh my," I said.

"He knows he can't completely sexually satisfy me, and he understands that I need real men with big cocks to please me sometimes," she continued.

"Oh!"

She continued, "So back to your question. A cuckold is a man who willingly allows his wife to fuck other men, usually better endowed men, often black men, while he may or may not watch."

"Oh," I repeated, this being a ton of information to learn in one day, even more so from someone I'd met just hours ago.

"And the men usually get off on seeing their women properly satisfied," she added. "These well-hung men do the job the husband can't."

"Which is?" I asked, still trying to process all this information.

"Get me off, sexually satisfy me," she explained, before adding, "turn me into a babbling bimbo who will do anything for their cock and cum."

"I can't imagine," I finally said.

"Oh, you 'd be exactly the same, given the opportunity," she said confidently.

"I don't know," I said, as I added, "I can't imagine your ever being turned into a bimbo."

"For black cock I'm a submissive fuck slut who will do anything I'm told, and I love it," she said.

"Wow!" was all I could muster, unable to imagine her as anything but in control.

"Dele loves it too," she added.

"I don't even know what to say anymore," I said, completely overwhelmed.

"Ken is the same," she said.

"No way," I argued. "Plus, he has a nice seven inch dick." I proudly revealed.

"Which is impressive... for a white guy," she agreed.

"For a white guy?" I questioned, even as I recalled her earlier black man reference.

"I only get fucked by black men now," she answered. "I need at least nine inches to even come close to getting sexually satisfied."

"Oh," I said, before I added, "And your husband?"

"I usually fuck him ," she responded with a wicked smile.

I didn't understand at all what she meant.

Seeing my perplexed look, she added, "I peg him."

"What's that?" I asked, a second term I didn't know.

"Can I be blunt?" she asked.

"You mean starting now?" I asked with a smile.

"Fair enough," she laughed. "I fuck him with a strap-on," she answered.

"In his ass?" I asked, even though there didn't seem to be many options.

"Yeah, he squeals like a little bitch," she said. The image of this small, barely five foot woman fucking her burly taller-than-six-foot husband seemed impossible. Yet, as I was learning, she was a pretty dominant person.

"Wow!" I said.

"You've got to try it," she said. "It's very empowering."

"I can't fathom Ken wanting to do that," I said, even as I wasn't sure I would want to do it either.

She said, putting her hand on my leg, "Oh trust me, he'd definitely be your bitch if you took control."

"He is the one in charge in the bedroom," I admitted, her hand on my leg distracting me, even though she wasn't doing anything.

"Trust me," she said. "White men are almost always naturally submissive. But they were brought up being measured against a manly stereotype they can never truly live up to."

"Ken does," I said, not seeing the correlation between her treatment of her husband and Ken.

"He does the best he can," she agreed, her hand still on my leg.

"He's great in bed," I decided to clarify.

"I'm sure you think he is," she said, before stressing, "but such opinions are dependent on experience."

"I'm happy with my sex life," I clarified, now somehow feeling my sex life was on trial. She was the prosecutor and I the defendant. Unfortunately she was a trained litigator and I was just a pharmacist.

She said, "I'm sure you are, but haven't you ever wondered what you're missing? Have you not ever fantasized about banging someone else?"

"Sure," I admitted, "but who hasn't?"

"Oh, everyone fantasises, but only the brave, honest to themselves, people actually do anything about it."

"That's cheating," I pointed out, something I would never do.

"It's only cheating if your spouse doesn't approve," she countered.

"No way would Ken approve," I stated.

"Don't be so sure," she said, giving my leg a squeeze as she stood up. "Most men will do anything to



make their women sexually satisfied, and once they understand they can only do that by allowing their woman to fuck a big black cock, they usually accept it."

"No way," I said.

"Trust me," she said, before suggesting, leaving me in a whirlwind of shock, awe and bewilderment, "Let's go see what the men are up to."

"Uh, sure," I agreed, oddly disappointed that whatever this had been was apparently over and I was left with way more questions than answers.

So we headed to the basement where the guys were watching sports. Oddly, I couldn't explain it, but they both looked guilty... yet, I had no idea why I felt like that.

An hour later as we started driving home, I did something I hadn't done in years, I fished out Ken's cock and sucked him while he drove.

"Oh my," he moaned, as I got his cock hard.

I'd been bobbing for a couple of minutes when we arrived in the garage. I said, as we got out of the car, "Fuck me, right now."

"Here in the garage?" he asked.

"Yes," I demanded, removing my panties and stuffing them in my purse before bending over his work table.

"With the babysitter in the house?" he asked tentatively.

"Yes, now hurry up and fuck me," I demanded, horny as hell, flipping up my skirt to offer him my pussy.

"What has gotten into you?" he asked, as he moved behind me.

"Can't I want a big dick in me?" I asked.

"That you may," he agreed, as he easily slid his cock inside my wet pussy.

"Oh yes, pound me baby," I moaned, wanting to get fucked hard... Janna's many revelations making me completely wet and wanting to prove her wrong.

I could be the initiator.

"God, we need to do this lots more," he groaned, as he slammed into me hard.

"Agreed," I moaned, my orgasm building quickly. Usually I only come from a tongue or a toy... this was exciting. "Now pound my pussy."

"I already am," he groaned, as he pumped his cock in and out of me.

"Harder," I demanded, wondering for the first time ever what a bigger cock would feel like. I mean his seven inches had always been more than enough for me... but suddenly I wanted more, I wanted him to go deeper.

I wanted him to be bigger....

I wanted him to be thicker....

"I'll fucking do it myself," I said frustrated, as I began bouncing back on his cock, desperately trying to make the impossible possible .

I tried to make his dick go deeper.

I bounced back so aggressively that I pounded him out of me and he fell back onto the hood of the car.

He laughed, "That's a new one," not noticing how frustrated I was.

So horny and desperate to come, I sighed, as I moved to him resting on the hood of the car, backed up onto his stick shift and went for a ride.

I furiously rode his cock, hornier than I'd been in years, back during my college days.

"Oh fuck," he groaned.

A couple minutes of furious bouncing and he grunted and shot his load in me. I kept riding him, close myself, but I couldn't come.

Frustrated, I got off him, spun around, pushed him to the floor and shoved his head into my cunt, demanding, "Fucking get me off, buster!"

He obeyed, licking me as I realized he was probably eating his own cum from my pussy. Yet, I was so desperate to come, I didn't care.

The wild day, the shocking revelations and my husband's tongue finally had my orgasm erupting through me in seconds as I held his head deep into my cunt as I came and screamed, forgetting we were in the garage and the babysitter was in the house, "Yes , eat my cum!"

He kept licking me throughout my orgasm, until I let go and said, as I looked down at him, "We should probably get inside."

He joked, "I just was."

"And you will be again tonight," I smiled, pulling him up and kissing him... tasting myself on his lips. I smiled, "I taste good."

"That you do, " he said, as he put his cock away.

Two hours later, in the bedroom, still horny, we fucked again. I demanded he 'fuck the shit out of me,' to 'pound the hell out of me,' and to 'drill me!' Yet no matter how hard he fucked me, I couldn't come.

Once he did, he passed out and I ended up sneaking to the bathroom and finishing what he couldn't with my vibrator as I imagined, at my climax, that it was a big black cock pounding me and giving me the orgasm my husband couldn't.

I won't bore you with the next day... but by the end of Monday my pussy was as bald as the day I was born and I have to admit it looked very inviting.

Later that evening, Janna called me and asked me to come over for dinner as Dele and Ken were both at work.

I agreed, excited about what else we might talk about.

Sunday had been a rejuvenating day for me, talking with three potential female friends and I was intrigued what else she may want to talk about. And still being new to this area, it was nice to have a female friend.

I arrived wearing the blue dress I'd worn that day at work and the same luxurious thigh high stockings from last night, somehow feeling like I should... even though I didn't know why. I mean she'd definitely flirted with me excessively on Sunday, but we'd both been tipsy and even if she was interested in me, I wasn't a lesbian... a bit of kissing, sometimes even passionate (which it was), something many women experimented with.

When I arrived, she was also still in her work clothes... a black business suit with a straight knee-length skirt. She greeted me with a hug and told me she was thrilled I could stop by for dinner.