

Her In And Out Office Action(61k) by Bill Randolph

FOREWORD

Though the closed world of various institutions and orders is seemingly totally removed from day-to-day events as most people know them, this is not always the case.

The same desires, physical sensations and everyday wants that affect us are also part of the makeup of some of today's established and respected institutions and professions. One has only to witness their increasing flight from cloister to hearth to school

HER IN AND OUT OFFICE ACTIONS the story of one such individual. Perhaps the product of stringent upbringing, Mary Fenton seeks a release, though not one which is manifest in a conventional form-a cocktail party or weekend picnic or an evening at a movie. Instead, she pursues her most base ambitions and desires-those of the flesh-at the office where she works.

This is a work of fiction, yes, but a story providing insight into some personality stereotypes we may know less of than we think.

-The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

"Oh, Preston, please don't!" Mary Fenton gasped, feebly trying to squirm out of the forty-year-old man's grasp. "It wouldn't be right to Bucky!"

"Shit, honey, you and Bucky have been married for six months!" Preston Bates snickered, pawing at the twenty-year-old blonde's gorgeous tits and not trying to keep his aching hard-on from brushing against her curvy hip. "Does that mean you have to act dead?"

"Of course not." She giggled nervously, glancing around his tiny office. "But a wife is supposed to be faithful. And it's only been six months! God, Preston, you must think I'm a real slut!"

"Come on, honey," Preston said soothingly, pulling the curvaceous blonde against him. "You and me used to be a hot item. Don't tell me all that fire's gone to ashes just because you had a wedding?"

His hands roamed over her sensitive tits, squeezing them lightly through her blouse. The young blonde shuddered and felt goose-bumps tickle her arms and legs. She sighed and felt herself surrendering to both his words and his actions.

It was all true. She and her boss had enjoyed a brief, wild fling in the short weeks leading up to her marriage to Bucky Fenton. Breaking it off with Preston, she'd feared, might mean her job. In fact, Preston had once hinted that he could always hire another sexy broad with a willing nature for the mailroom. But Mary had called his bluff, married the man she loved, and returned to work after a one-week honeymoon, prepared for the worst. The worst had been nothing. And until now, during the office Christmas party, Preston had made no demands on the beautiful blonde bride.

"Please, Preston," she said lamely, no longer even attempting to fight off his fondling hands. "I don't want to cheat on Bucky."

"Bullshit!" Preston Bates snapped, suddenly tearing at her blouse and ripping it open. "Nobody ever fucked you like me. That dorky husband of yours ain't half the man I am. Don't kid yourself, baby. You want this as much as I do."

Her senses began to reel as his hands went all over her bra-covered, lush tit-mounds. Tremors rattled through her juicy pussy, and the young blonde had to admit at least part of what he said was true. Preston Bates was hung like a bull, and she missed his aggressive, masterful approach to fucking. Bucky, on the other hand, was gentle, sweet and caring: everything the modern man was supposed to be. But for Mary, even after only six months of modern marital bliss, it wasn't enough. Secretly, she'd wanted something like this to happen, at least once more. Maybe that secret wish was telegraphed in her expression, she wondered with alarm. Maybe an experienced, worldly guy like Preston could read it?

The office party was in full swing beyond Preston's office doors. She could hear drunken talk and laughter even as her boss unhooked her bra and exposed her ripe, enormously developed tits. When they flopped out, he gasped and cupped the huge melons in his hands. He then bent to lick at her stiff-standing pink nipples. His tongue-swipes on her tender buds sent shivers of sweet delight throughout her sexy body, and the young blonde had to swoon. No use pretending any longer, she told herself wistfully.

Mary's heart raced as Preston began sucking one of her nipples between his lips. Automatically, she reached down and felt the throbbing hardness of his massive prick tenting the front of his slacks. She fought to keep at least some of her attention on the sounds of the party going on outside the private office. The last thing she wanted was for some of the big-mouthed employees of the Bates Insurance Agency to discover she was fucking the boss again. The jealous news would surely get back to Bucky, and Mary couldn't hurt her husband for anything.

Even as she thought about the terrifying consequences of her actions, she couldn't stop herself from unzipping Preston's pants and pulling out his nine-inch cock. She trembled again at just the feel of his mammoth fuckmeat in her grazing hand. It'd been too long since she'd last touched his powerful cock, and until this moment, she hadn't realized how much she'd missed it.

"Aaaahhh, Mary, honey, I knew things wouldn't end between us," he said, muffling his words on her fleshy tits as she fondled his stiffening prick.

"I'm glad you were so sure, because I wasn't," she said, her voice low and husky as she felt the raw desire swell inside her. "Are you sure you locked the door?"

"Shit, honey, you worry too much," he scoffed, gobbling up one of her tit-globes and immediately sending Shockwaves of pleasure throughout her young, sexy body.

His hand skimmed down over her curvy hips as he felt for the zipper at the back of her skirt. With practiced motions he unzipped the skirt and tugged it down over her shapely ass. It fell in a whisper of nylon to her ankles, leaving her standing against him, clutching his surging cock, wearing only panty hose and heels.

"Damn thing!" he grumbled, rubbing his hands over her nylon-encased butt. "Why is it when a girl marries, she stops wearing the sexy stockings and garter belt? You bitches are all alike. You try to become nuns or something once you marry."

She laughed in spite of her raunchy mood. Preston's hatred of pantyhose mirrored Bucky's feelings, and Mary renewed her belief that pantyhose had to have been invented by some woman who'd stopped getting cock years before. She didn't know of a man who didn't curse the damn things.

She fluttered her fingertips over his mushroomy fuck-knob and felt a drop of jizz ooze out of his piss-slit. She forgot all about pantyhose and the on-going party outside the private office. Once again, all of her thoughts focused on the huge fuckmeat homily twitching and leaking in her hands and the sizzling sensations sparking throughout her cunt. She hadn't realized how much she'd missed Preston's brand of fucking.

She gasped and wriggled as he suddenly gripped the tight elastic waistband of her pantyhose and jerked them down. Air hit her hot pussy and she shivered. The wetness of her cuntlips made the dense, dewy covering of her cunt-muff bristle, and her clit tingled and quivered. At that moment, she wanted Preston's big prick stuffed deep into her creamy cunthole, and nothing else mattered.

He worked her tits over with his hungry mouth, sucking and chewing on the succulent mounds of titflesh until Mary thought she would scream with desire. Her plump nipples itched maddeningly under the caressing flicks of his tongue and the gentle tweaking of his lips and w teeth.

She shuddered when Preston's fingers grazed between her legs and tickled her bushy cunt. Her cuntfolds quivered and she felt a glob of cunt-cream seep down from her cunt cavern. Her pussywalls flexed, and an all-too-familiar hunger pulsed inside her pussy passage. She desperately needed his huge prick inside her, and to hell with the consequences.

"Fuck me, Preston!" she moaned as she stroked his prick in urgent motions. "Fuck my hot pussy! God, how I've missed you fucking me!"

"I knew it!" he gasped. "I'm never wrong about women! I just knew old Bucky wasn't man enough to keep a hot girl like you happy!"

She didn't argue with him, although he wasn't exactly accurate. The sex with Bucky was fine, when she could interest him in it. Lately Bucky seemed wrapped up in his work at Mel's Sporting Goods, and while Mary was glad her husband was ambitious, she wished he would pay more attention to her. But maybe, she figured with a sigh, that was normal in marriage. If so, she couldn't very well reject Preston's lusty seduction. Her pussy was begging for action, and it was much too late for her to cool the flames currently raging inside her cunt.

"Aren't you going to give him a hello kiss?" Preston gasped, grinning lewdly as she stroked his giant prick. "I know you remember how much I liked the way you give head."

Mary grinned and shivered as she reached down to caress his full, meaty balls. They were always filled with jism, ready to explode, and Mary's knees went weak as she suddenly pictured herself on her knees in his office, tonguing and munching on his swollen cockhead. Of course he was right. He'd always given her high praise for her cocksucking talents, and she certainly enjoyed doing it. After all, Preston had so much fuckmeat to chew on.

"How could I forget." She giggled softly, kneeling down until her lips were an inch away from his prick-knob. "Some things just stay with you forever."

He tangled his fingers in her long blonde hair as she inhaled the musky fragrance of his cock.

She touched the tip-end of his cockhead with her lips, then flicked her tongue through his winking piss-slit. She loved it when her boss immediately groaned and began to sway on his feet. His fingers clutched at her silky, golden hair, and Mary felt great pleasure in both his horny reaction and the sensations that stirred in her cunt. Something about sucking cock always made her pussy get steamy and hot and ready for fucking. It was an exercise she couldn't get enough of, and certainly one thing that Bucky still had lots of time to enjoy.

She kissed all over his engorged fuck-knob, then swirled her tongue around and around the prick-head. She let her teeth graze the sensitive, slick flesh until her boss was trembling in wild lust.

"Oh, fuck, honey, that's better than I remember!" Preston gasped, stroking her long, fine hair and purring his pleasure between throaty pants. "You never could get enough of this!"

The horny blonde couldn't stop herself. She had to indulge herself on his massive fuckmeat. She opened her jaws wide and sucked his huge prick inside her mouth. Preston groaned as she held it there a moment without moving. The slab of fuckmeat filled her mouth practically to the limit, and Mary savored this special treat. Preston's prick was easily two inches larger than Bucky's and even thicker. She moaned, remembering how this whopper of a cock stuffed her juicy cunt.

Her pantyhose were a tight, thin rope of nylon cutting into her flesh just above her knees, but she managed to spread herself open enough to reach her free hand down to her pussy. She dragged her fingers through her slick cuntgash, teasing the pink, puffy pulp just inside her cunt-flaps, and she shivered all over again as the exquisite sensations zoomed over her senses.

At the same time, she began bobbing her head slowly back and forth, letting her clinging lips rub up and down the majestic length of his fuckmeat. She thrilled as the prominent purple veins lacing his shaft bumped her lips, and she savored the delicious treat of his cock, the manly flavor stinging her taste buds with an erotic experience like none other.

"Shit, honey, the come is boiling up in my balls!" Preston gasped as he began sawing his huge prick in and out of her sucking mouth. "Just don't stop! God, I've missed this with you! I've never known a girl who loved giving head as much as you do!"

She started lunging her head forward, snatching at his drilling prick with her mouth and lips. She sucked him whole and thrilled as his massive knob nudged the back of her throat. She worked out a sweet friction of her lips moving up and down on his fuckmeat, and she quickly managed to match the rhythm of his fuck-thrusts as he banged his cock into her throat.

Preston locked his fingers on the back of her head and held her firmly in place as he fucked her face. The gathering fury of his motions fired her lips, and the horny young blonde had to stuff two fingers up into her soupy cunthole.

She drilled her fingers inside her spasming fuckhole and groaned as she gobbled up his prick. Her cuntal juices drenched her invading fingers and she knew her own orgasm was seconds away. But none of that mattered. She was once again feasting on Preston's prick and very soon this gigantic cock would be banging her overheated pussy.

Preston began gyrating his hips and altering the angle of his fuck-thrusts. Mary prepared herself for this change and she greeted it with fresh excitement. Sucking his cock was sheer delight for the horny young blonde.

Soon, Preston was swaying and gasping, his hands fumbling down in desperation to play with her big tits. And all the while, Mary used her free hand to hold and caress his jizz-bulging balls without missing a stroke of her spearing fingers drilling in and out of her flexing cunthole.

She made a deliberate effort to slow the action and to stall his come. She wanted to really make her horny boss squirm and pant. It was a game with her now, and one that she remembered well from the old days when she and Preston fucked regularly. Having him in her power was a supreme charge, and the lusty young blonde renewed that pleasure now as she scaled down his mounting desire.

She pulled her head back so that only the tip-end of his cockhead touched her lips. She poked her tongue at his cock, then quickly ducked down to gobble up his balls before he could shove her face back in line with his stabbing prick.

"Sexy bitch!" he growled, huffing and puffing as she surprised him with her swift move. "Up to your old tricks! I should've known you'd pull something!"

His tone was menacing, gruff, but Mary knew it was his standard bluff. He loved it. It was the main reason he'd kept her on a string before she'd married Bucky. And, she knew, it was probably the real reason he was so horny for her now that she was an old married lady.

Preston Bates, she knew very well, had all the pussy he could take. Hell, Mary knew of three girls working for the agency that regularly got to feast on his tremendous cock. And there was the sexy little redheaded waitress at the diner down the street who kept Preston's prick limp on weekends. And, shit, who knew how many others Preston had on the side? But what set her apart and made her special, she was sure, was this bitchy side of her that always came out when she and Preston were fucking or sucking.

In some little subtle way, Mary would always try to knock him off his script. And with Preston being so in charge all the time, she guessed that had something to do with her appeal to him. He probably liked her rebellious streak.

Right now she was doing it again. He'd obviously intended to fuck her face until he blasted his wad down her throat. But she'd thrown that scheme off course, if only briefly. By ducking down and gobbling up his balls, his climax was momentarily stalled, but he wasn't about to complain too much.

She held his big, hairy balls inside her hot mouth, then gradually began sucking on them. She let the huge balls slide over her tickling, nudging tongue, and thrilled as his giant prick wobbled lewdly and in frustration above. She slipped a finger back along his asscrack and poked his shitter as he growled and squirmed and jerked on her blonde hair.

"You crazy cunt!" he snickered, wriggling away just enough to escape the thrust of her ass-skewering finger, but not enough to bounce his balls out of her mouth. "Get back to work on my cock! I'm ready to blast off!"

She teased his balls for several more seconds and brought herself off with her fingers. Her wet, hot pussy shuddered violently and she squealed even as her mouth remained stuffed with his balls. And then she slowly popped his balls out of her mouth and began flicking her tongue against the fat base of his cock. She licked her way up the underside of his prick, dragging out

both of their pleasure until finally sucking his huge knob back between her squeezing lips.

She inhaled half of his fuckmeat before his enormous prick spasmed and leaped inside her mouth. He grunted and his belly heaved as a gusher of thick, foamy jizz shot down her throat.

Mary gulped it down as fast as she could, keeping her lips firmly locked around his spitting fuckmeat. She sucked harder just as more spunk sprang into her mouth, and she drank it down.

She continued squeezing his balls even after she'd drained them, and she kept her lips securely ringed around his prick. Eventually, Preston slumped against her, but made no real effort to free his spent cock from her mouth.

"Now, that's what I call a real party!" Preston said with a lazy laugh.

CHAPTER TWO

Mary's heart sank when Preston stepped back and hiked his shorts and pants up over his limp prick. He zipped his fly and buckled his belt and grinned at her with prim satisfaction.

"Hey, honey, better get dressed and join the party before we're missed," he said, flashing her a lewd wink.

"Preston!" she squealed in a high-pitched voice. "Are you going to leave me like this?"

"You were the one worried about us getting caught," he said, chuckling and obviously enjoying himself.

The salty aftertaste of his come lingered on her tongue and lips as she stared at her boss. Anger flared inside her until she realized he was getting back at her for her little stalling game of power earlier. She allowed herself a small grin, then cupped her huge tits in her hands.

"I'm real horny, Preston," she purred, making a little-girl pout with her lips. "Besides, you ripped my blouse to shreds. I can't very well go out there with the others and have my tits flopping around."

He moved toward her, a smirk covering his handsome face. His eyes riveted on her tits and she saw his tongue quickly brush his lips. He rested his hands on her naked hips and pulled her pussy against his crotch.

"Never let it be said I left a sexy lady with her motor still running," he said, slipping his hands around to her ass and squeezing the round, firm asscheeks.

Mary shivered horny tremors. She loved having her ass fondled almost as much as she loved having her tits sucked. She squirmed against his loose embrace and savored the wondrous pulsations that throbbed in her big, ripe tits. Her pink nipples had remained stiff and itchy throughout the cocksucking she'd given Preston, and now the twin arrows were like frozen berries atop succulent white mounds. Her cuntlips quivered and the slick syrup of her nectar glistened her pussy. Her cuntwalls spasmed and her clit was jumpy and hard, begging to be licked, sucked and grazed by his giant prick as it plowed in and out of her soupy cunt.

He pressed his lips to her mouth and drove his tongue down her throat. The horny young blonde

moaned and sucked on his darting tongue while rubbing her naked cunt against his covered crotch. She felt the lump of his cock inside his pants stirring in renewed life, and excitement began pumping through her. Maybe there was still time for him to fuck her, she thought.

He began backing her toward his desk without removing his lips from hers. He continued to massage and squeeze her fine ass until her backside touched the edge of his desk.

"You know, I really missed you," he said, moving his hand around to her front and rubbing his fingertips lightly through the golden bush of her cunt muff. "But I knew sooner or later you'd get tired of playing the good, little wife, and you'd be hot to trot for some more good, fast fucking. All I had to do was wait, and here you are."

"But I still love Bucky!" she whispered defensively even as purring sighs sounded through her throat. "That much hasn't changed, Preston. I guess, well, I think I just need more."

"I told you not to marry him!" he gasped, making her wilt and gasp as he suddenly touched her clit with a fingertip. He began to rub her clit, and Mary almost swooned. "You're not the type to settle down with one guy and bake cookies and raise babies. You're too much like me, honey. We're players. People of action and adventure. We smother and feel tied down if we aren't going with the flow. We need the fucking action, and you know it."

She was in no mood to argue with him. Her pussy was on fire, and the way he was diddling with her clit was about to make her scream. The lust was smoldering in her pussy, and she felt more and more of her sugary juices wash down over her puffy cuntlips. He could say anything right now and she'd agree with it. Anything at all. Just give me your prick, she screamed to herself. Just fuck my hot pussy with that monster prick of yours. That's what I need, dammit! Talk. Say anything. I don't care. Just fuck me! Make me come! Fill my cunt with your prick and bang it in and out. God, how I've got to have that big prick in me!

She groaned as he placed his thumb on her twitching clit and fluttered his fingers along her slick gash. He grazed the pulpy membranes just inside her cuntflaps, then finally zeroed in on her flexing fuckhole with a single fingertip. He pressed the fingertip against the hot hole, and the blonde's pussy practically sucked it up.

He wriggled his invading finger in small circles inside her pussy passage. He massaged the creamy walls of her cunt channel until the blonde had to cry out. She lurched forward, doubling over as the fierce vibrations attacked her cunt chamber. Her hot juices streamed from her depths, and she thrilled as her active cunt-walls clamped around his drilling finger.

She reared back against the desk and spread her legs wantonly. She began to hump her pussy up against his finger and felt a sudden orgasm grip her cunt. She shrieked, forgetting all about the party in full swing just beyond the office door. It was much too late to worry about anything but getting what she needed.

He added a second finger to her convulsing fuckhole, and now the wild blonde was delirious. She bucked and humped in a passionate frenzy, fucking back at his fingers just as if his cock was plugging her pussy.

"Fuck me, Preston!" she gasped, clutching at his shoulders. "Fuck me now! Ooohhh, I need your cock! I need it bad, Preston! Don't torture me like this! I need the real thing!"

The beginnings of another tremendous orgasm was upon her when Preston abruptly sank to his knees in front of her and sucked her needy clit between his lips. He kept his fingers pumping up into her spasming fuckhole, and the blonde might have been jolted by near-fatal volts of electrical current.

She squealed as he sucked her clit. Her wild contortions almost jarred his face away from her cunt, but Mary clutched at his head and held him in place as nectar splashed over his drilling fingers. Her pussy passage spasmed violently and it was impossible for her to control herself.

Bucky had never done this to her. He ate her pussy, if she called licking at her cunt a couple of times before pulling up and shoving his cock into her eating pussy. But this was, well, this was Preston. This was what made him special. She'd forgotten how good it could be with a mature, worldly man very much accustomed to spreading his sexual talents among many women. Bucky, she managed to reason through the sweet turmoil jarring her senses, would probably never even think to suck her clit and finger-fuck her pussyhole at the same time. It'd probably never dawned on him that such a thing was possible.

Even her bitter thoughts evaporated in the next instant when Preston nipped at her clit with his teeth and stuffed a third finger into her spasming fuckhole. He wedged his digits inside her tight, creamy pussy passage then fanned them out, stretching her cuntwalls as if preparing her for the thrust of his enormous fuckmeat.

She howled as another orgasm rattled her nerves. Her cuntal juices spewed from her pussy and soaked his hand and chin. She continued to heave and buck against his desk and shove her pussy against his face.

He began flicking his tongue against her clit while keeping the trembling little bud trapped between his teeth. She wailed as the ecstasy overwhelmed her, and then, like cold water panic freezing red hot nerves, the knocking on the office door clanged into her consciousness.

Mary gasped, barely able to stifle a shocked cry. She stiffened and instinctively shoved her boss away from her pussy. In the next second she made a mad, hopeless dash across the office to gather her clothes.

"Yes? What is it?" Preston called out as he rose up and began wiping his lips and straightening his clothes. "We run out of booze or something?"

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Bates, but Mary's husband just showed up looking for her."

The messenger's voice belonged to Jody Pace, Mary's part-time coworker in the mailroom. The panic spread through her as she heard the teenager's words and she fumbled desperately with her clothes.

Preston spun into decisive action. He inched open his office door and motioned for Jody to come inside. He pulled out his car keys and put them in the boy's hand.

"Take Mary out the back way and drive her home," Preston said quickly. "I'll stall Bucky, then tell him that he missed Mary." He jerked his head toward the frantic blonde who was clutching the tattered folds of her blouse together, barely concealing her bra and luscious tits. "Tell him you left the party early because you were feeling sick. You had too much to drink. Shit, you work it out. Now you two get going."

"Some deal," Jody said as he gunned Preston's car out of the company parking lot. He glanced across the front seat at a shivering Mary and cracked a lewd sneer. "That's what I call almost getting caught with your pants down."

"Please, Jody," the blonde sighed as she struggled to control the tremors rattling her nerves. "No smartass remarks. Okay?"

The teenager reached across the seat and placed a hand on her thigh.

"Sure, Mary," he said. "I wouldn't dream of saying anything about this to anyone. I'm sure you'll appreciate that."

She shuddered and glanced sharply at the teenager. His leer was visible in the glow of street lights that shone through the windshield as the car raced toward her house.

Though the teenager drove like a madman, it seemed to take forever to reach her house. When they finally wheeled into the driveway, Mary started to bolt from the car. But Jody grabbed her wrist and flashed another of his wicked sneers.

"You wanna leave that blouse with me, Mary?" he gasped. "I'll ditch it for you. That way your husband won't find it in the trash here and start asking embarrassing questions."

"I'll take care of the blouse!" she snapped, yanking her arm free and climbing from the car. "You just better get this car back to Preston! We'll talk tomorrow."

"Oh, you bet we will, Mary," the teenager said with a deep chuckle that sent more chills over the blonde.

She raced to the house just as the boy backed the car out of the drive and peeled rubber down the street.

She let herself in, still trembling, and raced into the bedroom. Fully expecting Bucky to arrive at any moment, the blonde prepared herself at a frantic pace. She stuffed her torn blouse in the dirty clothes hamper under a pile of clothes, then stripped. She turned on the shower water and stepped under the spray as her mind reeled through possible explanations she could use on Bucky to explain her leaving the office party early.

When she turned off the water and stepped from the stall, she almost shrieked. Bucky opened the bathroom door at the same instant and faced her.

"Bucky!" she gaped, practically jumping out of her skin.

"Babe. Are you all right?" he said, and she immediately sagged with relief. His expression and tone registered sympathy, and Mary said a silent prayer for Preston Bates.

"Oh, well, the shower helped," she said, thinking quickly. "I'm feeling a little better."

"Good," he said, coming over to her and embracing her warmly. "Preston said you damn near passed out." Bucky Fenton chuckled and patted his wife's shapely ass. "I told you to go easy on the booze. You aren't used to drinking, and those office parties can get pretty wild."

She managed a weak laugh and clung to her husband. Her heart continued to pound as if she'd just run in a mile-race, but she gathered confidence in herself as the seconds ticked.

"I'm glad you're home," she said. "I ... I missed you darling."

He began kissing her neck and rubbing her ass.

"Mmm, maybe you should get drunk more often," he murmured.

Again, events swirled beyond her control, and within minutes Mary was sprawled across her bed. But this time, she was embracing her husband.

Bucky had stripped quickly, and from the way his prick jutted stiffly, it was obvious this was one night he had more on his mind than the inventory at the sporting goods store. His lips devoured hers, and Mary responded easily to her husband's hungry fondling and kissing.

Her mind reeled with mixed images. Racing through her thoughts were snatches of Preston and the lewd, wondrous things she had been doing with him before Bucky's surprised arrival at the office. Also, she couldn't entirely shake the troubling image of young Jody Pace and his creepy leer. No doubt, she warned herself, she'd have a sticky situation with her young mailroom coworker. After all, the horny teenager had been borderline crude in his attempts to seduce her all during the three months they'd worked together. Now, the boy certainly had her under the gun. But, more importantly, she'd just come through a narrow escape concerning Bucky. The last thing she wanted to do was ruin her marriage or hurt her husband. Thankfully, disaster had been avoided, and she gradually felt a somewhat smug confidence that she could get away with most anything.

She groaned with pleasure as her husband's lips moved over her lush tits. Her nipples strained and itched as Bucky sucked them between his teeth. Meanwhile, his hands roamed over her curvy body. She shuddered in unsoothed passion as his fingers fluttered through the dense patch of her golden cunt muff.

She spread her legs invitingly and humped suggestively. Her husband's hot, hard prick stabbed her creamy thigh, and she gasped when he finally readied himself to plunge his cock into her overheated cunt.

Bucky wedged his hands under her ass and squeezed her round firm asscheeks as he lifted her slightly. He smiled down on her lust-contorted face as his cock-knob probed the slick outer lips of her cunt.

"I've been thinking about this all day," he said, licking his lips. "I know I've been a bastard lately, working ungodly hours and not spending time with you, but that's gonna change. Hell, honey, I'm working my ass off so you can quit your job. But things'll get better. You'll see."

"Oh, Bucky, don't talk!" she whimpered, writhing beneath him as her hungry cuntlips grazed against his spongy cock-knob. "Just fuck me, darling! I'm so hot and horny! I need it so bad!"

His smile broadened as he finally pumped his prick into her seething cunthole. Their bodies came together, meeting with an intense collision of flesh-on-flesh. And husband and wife growled with pleasure.

He fucked her in a furious frenzy, drilling his cock in and out of her syrupy fuckhole. And as her hot pussy spasmed and shuddered and convulsed on her husband's fuckmeat, Mary Fenton momentarily forgot all about Preston Bates and Jody Pace and all of the wanton, wicked thoughts that'd been driving her crazy lately. For the moment, it was just the two of them and when they came together, her sputtering pussy gulping up his thick jizz, Mary Fenton sincerely wished it could be this way forever. But at the same time, she knew life was seldom that simple.

CHAPTER THREE

It was almost lunch time the following day when the inter-office phone buzzed in the mailroom.

"Come up to the office," Preston whispered into the receiver. "We'll pick up where we left off last night."

Before Mary could say anything, he'd hung up. She stalled for thirty minutes, ignoring Jody's snickering wisecracks and continuing with her morning work. She'd known Preston's call would come sooner or later, but she'd hoped he would've at least waited a couple of days before tempting fate again. Obviously he hadn't been particularly unnerved by last night's close call.

All morning Mary had pretended she would reject her boss when his inevitable call did come. But now, as the minutes ticked, she knew she would keep the lusty appointment. Her heart was already beating rapidly, and a lusty pulse vibrated her cunt and tits. She just couldn't say no to Preston. In truth, she admitted to herself, she was eager to fuck around with Preston. The six months since her marriage that she'd been faithful to Bucky had been a hoax. Married or not, Mary decided she was little more than a horny slut addicted to Preston's mammoth cock and his sophisticated experience with women. She couldn't cheat herself out of enjoying him just because she'd gone off and married a good, hard-working young man more her own age.

"See you after lunch," she said to Jody as she suddenly headed out of the mailroom.

The teenager snickered and flashed a lewd wink. "Don't eat too much, Mary."

Her nervousness and excitement increased as she neared Preston's private office. She glanced inside Preston's secretary's office before entering to make sure the old hag had gone to lunch, then she marched straight to Preston's office. She knocked softly and opened the door.

Preston was seated behind his desk, his tie loosened and his shirt unbuttoned at the top. He leaned back on his oversized chair and beamed a wide, appreciative grin when he spotted her. His eyes scanned her luscious shape inside her dress as she locked the door behind her.

"Take it off, honey!" he gasped. "I want to see your pussy! We've got some unfinished business to take care of!"

A wave of lust coursed through her. She'd expected a little talk about last night and the close-call with Bucky. But, obviously, Preston was eager to get on with the real reason for this private lunch date.

Her excitement continued to mount as she slowly undressed and draped her clothes over the visitor's chair in front of his desk. By the time she was standing nude in front of him, her excitement had overshadowed any lingering inhibition.

"Go over to the sofa," he said, nodding toward the sofa across the office without taking his eyes off her exquisite nudity. "Pretend you're all alone and thinking about something real sexy and hot. Just forget I'm here."

Her expression showed her instant confusion.

It wasn't the sort of instruction she'd expected from him. Again, he'd jarred her off balance, but that in itself, she found, was also exciting.

She moved over to the sofa and sat down rather hesitantly.

"I'm not sure what you want, Preston," she whispered, feeling herself blush.

He chuckled and leaned forward on his chair. His eyes were hot coals, riveted on her.

"Don't play dumb, Mary," he said gently. "You know what I want. I want you to play with yourself. Frig your cunt. Think about what turns you on, and finger-fuck that lovely pussy of yours. I want to see what you do when you're all alone and your pussy is on fire. Show me how a sexy young chick like you gets off when there's not a hard cock handy."

Excitement and nervousness battled inside her. Mary felt her hot blush deepen on her face as she sat on the edge of the sofa. She remained more or less frozen as Preston suddenly stood and paced around to the front of his desk for a better view. Her eyes glanced down at the massive bulge tenting the front of his pants as he leaned back against his desk and crossed his arms over his chest. His eyes bore into her and she squirmed slightly, suddenly feeling the embarrassed heat radiate through her.

Slowly, she moved her legs apart and glanced down at her cunt. Tendrils of curly blonde pussy-hair covered the slick, pink meat of her pussy. And, then, excited by the raw lust in Preston's eyes, she brought trembling fingers down to her cunt.

She heard his subdued groan when she pried her cuntlips apart and exposed the purplish folds of her pussy. She glanced up at him and flashed a smoldering, lusty gaze just in time to see him unbuckling his belt and shedding his slacks. Seconds later, his club-like pi 'obbed out into full view, and her naked pussy lurched in automatic spasms.

"Play with yourself!" he hissed as he began pumping his huge prick in his right fist. "Come on, honey! Finger-fuck that pretty pussy of yours."

She shyly moved one finger over her clit and rubbed up and down. She eased herself back on the sofa and closed her eyes as wild sensations sparked her pussy and lusty images of his mammoth fuckmeat sizzled in her mind. She peeked frequently, getting more glimpses of his enormous prick and of him jacking himself off while watching her play with herself. Incredible sensations intensified as she continued to tweak her sensitive, hard little clit.

Then, as a fierce wave of passion fluttered through her cunt, she stabbed a finger into her convulsing fuckhole. She drilled the finger in and out, and wriggled it around inside the gooey cavern, creating wet, slurpy sounds as her pussy tissues spasmed against her worming finger.

Before she realized it, Preston was standing directly in front of her, his huge, round fuck-knob

just inches from her gaped lips. She blinked and automatically leaned forward to flick her tongue out over the engorged knob. She lapped at his piss-slit, then swirled her tongue in wet strokes over the whole, huge crown, shivering with delight as she tasted him.

She polished his fuck-knob with her tongue, and the second she opened her lips just enough, he plunged half of his tremendous prick inside her mouth. She almost gagged as he continued to shove his fuckmeat down her throat, and before she knew it, he was fucking her mouth with full-length strokes so that his big, meaty balls were slapping her chin.

She moaned as she gulped his prick, and just fitting her lips around the giant fucktube took supreme effort. And when she'd just accomplished that feat without strain, he whipped his fuckmeat from her mouth and plopped down beside her on the sofa.

"Stand in front of me!" he gasped. "Stand between my legs! I want your pussy in my face!"

She did as she was told. She stood between his naked legs while he held her around the waist and planted kisses on her trim belly. She shuddered with delight as he finally darted his tongue through the top of her cunt-nest, and she had to stroke his hair. She was just ready to pull his head forward and shove her pussy against his mouth when he ordered her to turn around.

She wasn't sorry she obeyed him. He didn't hesitate as he kissed her round asscheeks while squeezing her upper thighs with his powerful hands. She squirmed and wiggled her ass, thrilling to the feel of his lips and tongue on her ass. When he reached between her legs from behind and gave her wet pussy a gentle, fondling squeeze, the lusty blonde swooned and swayed on her feet.

Mary shivered and bent forward automatically just as Preston ran his fingers along her asscrack. He pried apart her asscheeks and shocked the sexy blonde by quickly flicking his tongue up and down her asscrease.

"Oooohhh, Preston!" she squealed, tingling all over as the wondrous technique rocked her senses. "Mmmmmm!"

She bent more, practically grabbing her ankles as she turned herself upside-down for him and his exploring tongue. Never before had she experienced such a lewd, raunchy thing, and the pleasure of it was overwhelming. His active tongue was like a wet, thin snake slithering near and over her most private hole. Her flesh seemed to instantly brittle in a sweet tension and the way her pussy began to churn and her butt-hole began to flex in anticipation was more than enough to overload her senses.

She squealed and damn-near climaxed when his tongue-tip nudged her shitter. Her cunt convulsed and her sugary juices flowed from her depths. She wiggled and squirmed her ass and impulsively rammed it back against his teasing tongue as if to impale herself on it.

Suddenly, he smacked her asscheek with his hand, jolting her upright with a snap and a short cry of total surprise. What followed was a brief whimper of frustration as she heard him order her over to his desk. Without fully realizing it until this moment, Mary had fully expected and hoped that he would've tongued her ass. After all, he'd gone as far as he could've without actually doing the naughty deed, and the lusty, adventuresome blonde was suddenly limp-kneed and shaky.

"Lean down and hold on to the edge of the desk," he instructed, clutching and cupping her round asscheeks and keeping her back to him. "I'm gonna dog-fuck your pussy, baby. Spread your legs

and wiggle that pretty ass. Get ready for my cock, Mary."

Panting, she grabbed the edge of his desk and let her big tits dangle down like water-filled balloons. Excitement soared inside her, and her overheated pussy twitched in horny anticipation. She was thrilled by this wanton position he'd ordered, the very lewdness of it adding to her arousal and the steamy sensations that overwhelmed her cunt.

She gasped and stiffened when his cockhead nudged her tender cuntfolds from behind. It was like getting touched there by an electrical cattle prod but without the pain. No, this was anything but torture. This was exquisite ecstasy, and the sexy blonde rolled her hips and wriggled her ass even as she tried to crane her neck and glimpse him just before his mammoth fuckmeat slicked into her pussy.

He had her bent over the desk in such a way, with her feet spread and her ass sticking out, that it was impossible for her to see what he was about to do. All she could do was wait and prepare for the plunging of his huge fuckmeat into her creamy, flexing cunthole.

Seconds later, her wait was over. He lunged forward, drilling his powerful, enormous prick straight into her pussy to the hilt. And in the next instant, the blonde squealed a throaty cry of pure rapture. Her pussy stretched to accommodate his gigantic prick as it split into her. The giant cockshaft and fat knob grazed her clit while stretching her gash and pussy socket to the very limit. And even before his initial fuckstroke was complete and his cock had sunk fully into her molten fuckhole, the blonde's squeal had become a hoarse wail of joy.

Preston wasted no time whipping his prick nearly completely out of her grasping fuckhole. When just the tip-end of his knob remained inside her twitching cuntlips, he banged the whole massive length of his shaft back into her. And from that moment on, he fucked her pussy from behind at a dizzy pace.

"Oh, God!" she wailed, shaking her head from side to side and clutching at the desktop. "Ooohhh, God, your cock is so big inside my pussy! Ooohhh, fuck me, Preston! God, yes! Fuck meeeeeee!"

The force of his fuckstrokes shoved her back and forth, and eventually she was able to time her motions to meet the full thrusts of his drilling prick. They moved in a natural rhythm; Mary shoving her ass back to meet his prick just as his cock slammed into her cunt.

The horny blonde felt delirious. Her senses sizzled as her pussy convulsed and spasmed. Her first orgasm was violent, ripping up through her churning depths and fanning out over her pussy, her cunt channel clutching at his driving prickmeat, squeezing it firmly in its oily grip.

She yelped and growled as the fat log of his prick hammered her convulsing pussy passage. Her clit was on fire, sizzled by his rapid fuckstrokes, and the resulting friction blazed throughout her cunt until she feared she'd never be quite the same.

Her big tits jiggled and jangled, and she howled again when he suddenly slipped one hand up under her to squeeze and milk her flying tits. His fingers pinched at her nipples, and her pussy shuddered again and again.

Her juices flooded her fuckhole. Lewd, sloshing sounds of his giant prick nailing her cunthole rang in her ears and mingled with all the other passionate sounds of their frantic doggy-style

fucking. Through her gasping breath she whiffed the intoxicating aroma of their animal-like fucking. And, best of all, the wondrous sensations of his powerful, oversized fuckmeat slamming in and out of her tight, flexing pussy dominated the host of other sensations and propelled her into a seemingly unending orgasm.

Just when she knew she couldn't maintain her balance and that she was about to collapse in front of the desk, his huge prick lurched between her squeezing, shuddering cuntwalls. Thick, foamy ropes of jism suddenly splashed into her womb from his heaving prick, and she howled guttural squeals as the force of his blasting wad straightened her.

He didn't stop fucking her. His spewing cock hammered in and out of her pussy even when the gusher of his come slowed to a dribble. Then, at last, Preston grunted and fell over her back, crushing her flat to the desktop as his draining prick pulsed inside her squeezing fuckhole.

"Shit, that was almost worth waiting for," he said, kissing between her shoulder blades and running his hands down her flanks to squeeze her shapely hips. "Six fucking months of waiting for you to get off your married-lady crap and come back to reality, baby. That's what I've been saving up for you."

She moaned, the sound muffled by her lips pressed against her arm and the desktop. She couldn't speak, and didn't want to. Savoring the marvelous fucking and feeling the afterglow of her multiple orgasms and the sensation of his fat fucklog still securely imbedded inside her pussy was more than enough for her to deal with. She certainly didn't need conversation. Besides, she suddenly had much to think about while enjoying the rewarding pleasure of this tremendous fucking.

It was just such a fucking that now made her wonder why she'd married Bucky in the first place. After all, she'd been a regular fuck-mate of Preston's, and things weren't so bad even knowing he was spreading himself and his giant prick around to several other women. Then, as suddenly as such hard questions formed in her mind, she felt the stirrings of guilt. She couldn't kid herself, even at a time when her pussy was stuffed with Preston's bull-like prick. She was much more to Bucky than a hot fuck. And she couldn't deny that her feelings for him went beyond his cock. She guessed that feeling was what people call love. She couldn't be sure. In fact, the only thing she could be sure of right now was that she needed an occasional fling with Preston. She was hooked on his monster cock and his endless variations for its use.

Maybe I'm a slut who's not good enough for Bucky, she told herself just as Preston eased his prick from her cunt. Maybe I deserve to be nothing more than one of Preston's hot cunts, available to break up the monotony for him of fucking the same piece of ass?

Other troubling questions were forming in her mind as he turned her around to face him. His hands went to her big tits and his fingers caressed her nipples, brushing over them, rubbing them into stiff, itchy buttons that begged to be licked and bit.

"You're the best, Mary!" he murmured, grinning slyly. "Married life hasn't changed that about you!"

She tried a feeble smile as she acknowledged his he, but she couldn't stop herself from cupping his balls in her fingers, then gliding her hands up over his drooping, juice-slickened shaft. Her clit twitched as his cock leaped against her gentle, stroking touch.

Seconds later, in answer to his whispered suggestion, Mary Fenton was on her knees sucking his uncoiling fuckmeat into her warm mouth. She shuddered with lusty, wanton excitement as his massive prick grew against her coaxing tongue and began to fill her mouth. She tasted her own cuntal juices on his cockflesh, and she knew nothing would stop the scalding twitches of arousal that quickly sparked inside her pussy.

At least, she told herself with a relieved sigh as she gently bounced his balls off her palm and gobbled up his cock, I won't have to ask myself tough questions for the next few minutes. I'll be too busy doing what I do best.

CHAPTER FOUR

Two days went by and Mary hadn't received another call from Preston for her to join him in his office. Work had piled up and she hadn't even seen him since the wild fucking lunch in his office. Jody Pace, alert as always, didn't fail to notice the situation.

"I think he's dumped you," the teenager said with a snide grin as he walked alongside Mary toward the company parking lot. "I'm not even sure he's been at work the last couple of days.

Must be shackled up with some real hot snatch."

Mary battled to keep from exploding. She stopped and glared at the brash teenager.

"You've got a lot of answers for a punk kid," she said harshly. "Just how the hell did you get so smart so fast?"

He chuckled and touched her wrist with a single finger. "Knock it off, Mary," he said lightly. "You're twenty. I'll be eighteen next month. You act like you're my mother or something!"

Mary turned and marched off quickly toward her car. The kid had unnerved her with his digs about Preston, but she was determined not to let him know it. Besides, as she opened her car door, she couldn't shake the realization that Jody was probably right about Preston being laid up with some bimbo. She gasped and suddenly realized that was exactly how he probably thought of her. The idea chilled her, and before she could recover, Jody Pace was standing by her car, leaning and looking in at her through the opened window.

"Bates is jerking you around, Mary," the boy said, his smile fading from his face. "He's a first-class prick. What the hell do you need him for anyway?"

She glanced at the teenager and snickered sarcastically.

"You wouldn't understand," she snapped, starting her car.

"Think your husband would understand?" he said.

She froze and made no effort to back out of the lot. Again she turned toward the boy, this time very slowly. Her heart began to hammer in her chest and she felt her pulse race. A nervous panic swept through her. A sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach added to Mary's discomfort as the struggle between fear and anger raged inside her.

She'd known since the night of the party that this was coming. Jody, she'd figured, would

eventually try to blackmail her with his knowledge of Preston and her fucking.

"Is that some kind of threat, Jody?" she said flatly.

The teenager smiled and shrugged as he leaned closer into the car window.

"Doesn't have to be," he said, his eyes leveling on her tits. "But I guess that's really up to you, Mary."

She sighed. "Just what the fuck do you want?"

"Well, Mary, gee, I thought you could figure that out," the boy said, boldly trailing a finger-tip over her shoulder and tracing the upper curve of her tit through her blouse. "The way I see it, you've been giving it away to Bates. So, what's the harm in throwing a little my way? I'd like to show you what a younger guy can do."

His crude boldness pierced her anger. In spite of herself she had to admire his ballsy attitude. The kid certainly went after what he wanted. She had to give him that. And at the same time, she couldn't ignore the flattering feeling of having this teenaged stud want her so much.

She decided impulsively, daringly. "Let's get it over with! Get in!"

It was the teenager's turn to be shocked into a frozen trance. He stood gaping beside the blonde's car for several seconds before her invitation sank in. Then he scrambled around to the passenger side and climbed into the front seat.

"Where are we going?" he asked, breathless.

"My house," she said, wheeling the car out of the parking lot.

"But, what about your old man?" he stammered as she sped onto the freeway, swerving through the rush-hour traffic.

"Working late," she said, glancing toward him and flashing a small smile. The boy was kind of cute, especially now that she'd finally put him on the defensive. "What's wrong, Jody? Don't want me as much if there's a little danger to it?"

He uttered a brave snicker as he appraised her more seriously. Then, his eyes lowered to take in the generous curve of her huge tits stretching the front of her blouse. He then glanced farther down to see her shapely legs, exposed to mid-thigh as her skirt hiked up as she drove.

"I think I'll like it just fine," he finally gasped, his horniness bringing back some of his earlier cockiness. "Either way."

The closer she got to her house, the more sure Mary became that she'd enjoy Jody in her bed. At first, this was to be a pure blackmail payoff. But now, after seeing the boy's touch of vulnerable nervousness, followed by a return to his fresh old self, Mary decided she could have some fun with him. After all, she reasoned, if Preston could fuck around without her, she had the same right. Also, it was quite true Bucky wouldn't be home till almost midnight. The sporting goods store would be opened late, and Bucky always stayed late on such nights to ass-kiss his bosses.

But there was more to it, but Mary didn't let herself admit it until she was inside the house with Jody. The simple truth was, she was horny. She'd been expecting Preston to call her, but not getting that, the notion of some strange cock made her pussy soupy and hot. If nothing else, so the teenager had become a handy tool.

Still, Mary acted quickly once inside before she could change her mind. She whispered for the teenager to kiss her as soon as she'd escorted him into the den.

Jody's eyes widened as he wrapped his arms around her waist and crushed his chest against her tits. He pressed his lips on hers and eagerly darted his tongue between her lips. Mary passionately sucked on his tongue, then slid her tongue into the boy's mouth. All the while, she thrilled at the feel of his lively young prick stabbing against her through her skirt and his jeans.

His hands roamed her back and ass as she reached behind him to squeeze his boyish rump. She rubbed herself against his throbbing cock and felt the intense heat of his prick right through his jeans. He gasped as she continued to stab her tongue into his receptive mouth.

Suddenly, her own arousal soared and she broke off the kiss long enough to take his hand and lead him out of the den.

"Let's get comfortable," she whispered. "The bedroom is right down the hall."

She closed the door behind them and leaned back against it. She watched the lanky teenager as he strolled around the master bedroom. Her blood began to race as her excitement swelled.

He was somehow like a cornered animal, wild and youthful, finally getting his fantasy wish, yet not so sure how to play it. He glanced up at her, his eyes huge and hot as they traveled over her body, obviously visualizing her naked form under her clothes.

And she maintained her steady gaze on him, relishing the sight of his trim, young physique. Her body pulsed with unleashed desire as she riveted on the manly bulge pressing out the crotch of his jeans. Suddenly, she pushed away from the door and approached him. Her hands went to his belt buckle, and he shuddered as her fingers did the work.

He grinned rather shyly now as she unzipped his fly and began a slow kneel in front of him, rubbing her hands lightly along the way over the enticing bulge in his crotch. She traced the hard outline of his cock and felt it jump under her touch. Suddenly, copying tricks she'd learned from Preston, she stood abruptly, peered into his wide eyes and tugged his jeans down over his slim hips. She didn't stop until the jeans were gathered around his knees. And then she gripped his cock through the material of his jockey briefs and used it as a handle as she led him over to the big bed.

She sat on the foot of the bed and kept him standing, facing her. She instructed him to step out of his shoes and jeans and then she pulled his underwear down below his knees in one steady tug.

A good six-inches of ramrod-stiff prickmeat leaped out toward her face, and Mary feasted her eyes on the lively shaft and bloated cock-knob that stared right back at her.

"You like my cock, don't you?" the boy gasped, grinning down on her lusty expression.

She nodded as she reached to cup his jism-filled balls. Her fingertips lightly tickled the underside

of his ball-sac and his prick jerked rigidly in fast response. She couldn't stop herself from leaning forward and darting her tongue-tip out over his piss-slit. She then lapped her tongue hungrily, wantonly over his entire knob, coating the smooth surface with her spit as she delicately massaged his balls.

Jody groaned as she tongued his fuck-knob and played with his balls. His knees shook and he began to gasp in breathless awe, "Ah, fuck, Mary! Ahhhhh, that's great, Mary!"

She forced herself to abruptly stop, and it took all of the will power she could muster. She wanted to continue licking his prick head, then to gulp his whole shaft into her hot mouth. But there was a better way, and again, she'd learned it from Preston.

She leaned back and braced herself upright by planting her arms behind her back, palms flat down on the mattress. She smiled provocatively as she appraised the teenager's confused, frustrated expression.

"Now, don't be embarrassed, Jody," she purred, warming immediately to the lewd spectacle she was about to suggest to him. "I want you to jack off for me," she continued, unable to keep a horny quiver out of her tone. "Pretend you're alone at home thinking about hot pussy, and jerk off. I want to watch you do it."

"You serious?" he finally rasped. She nodded.

"I know boys your age do it constantly," she said, her sultry voice low and even. "Let me see you beat your meat right now."

"Well ... hell ... I don't know," he said, blushing beet red. "Things were going great before. Why don't we do that some more?"

"Because I want you to do this for me," she purred, savoring the feeling of power suddenly sweeping through her. "Put on a good show for me, Jody, and I'll make it up to you. Now, do it. Jerk off that prick for me. Stroke it. Give it a good fist-fuck."

The teenager offered a fast shrug, then self-consciously curled his right hand around his throbbing fuckshaft. He began tentatively stroking his cock while glancing nervously up at the sexy blonde. Soon his awkward strokes gave way to a practiced, smooth motion, and Mary gazed in horny awe at the sight. His prick-knob seemed to swell inside his moving fist, and she had to moan softly as her pussylips twitched with delight.

"Play with your balls, too," she breathed. "I want to see the whole show. Come on. Do it."

He panted as he fondled his balls with his left hand, and never missed a stroke with his right hand moving up and down his swollen fuckstick. He gathered speed to his stroking with each one, and quickly his pants and groans became hoarse and heavy.

"I'm-I'm gonna come!" he cried suddenly. "Shit, Mary. If I keep this up I'll blast my load all over the fucking floor!"

"Mmmm, that's perfect, silly boy," she said, sitting up straight and eyeing his cock and balls closely. "That's the best part. I want to see you shoot off, Jody. Faster, now. Fist-fuck that cock. Beat it off, boy. Let me see it fire your jizz."

Her pussy itched with steamy arousal. Her clit trembled and shuddered and her huge tits craved to be fondled or sucked. Impulsively, she rubbed her tits through her blouse as her eyes locked on the erotic sight of him jerking off.

He shuddered, his lanky body convulsing as his hard cock leaped in his fist. He growled and grunted, and suddenly a stringy jet of come shot from his piss-slit.

Mary gasped as his come shot toward her. In the next instant, his cock heaved again, sending another stream of jism her way.

"Oh, don't stop!" she gasped. "Stroke it, Jody! Stroke that cock faster and faster! Milk it, boy! See if you can hit me with your come! Ooohhh, that's nice! Keep it coming, Jody! Shoot it! Shoot your load!"

He fisted his spurting prick at a feverish pace as his whole body jerked and twitched. His virile young cock was like a hose in his flying hand, blasting jets of thick spunk like a come-filled water pistol. And Mary was totally captivated by the raunchy sight.

"Ooohhh, Jody! You come so much!" she squealed, loving the sexy performance and savoring her role in it. "Damn, I knew teenaged boys carried heavy loads, but this is too fucking much!"

A few more strokes and a couple more tapering off blasts of jism shot from his prick, then the boy seemed to wilt. He slumped on his feet, gasping and panting while still clutching and stroking his cock. By the time his spunk merely leaked from his piss-slit, Mary was already unbuttoning her blouse and peeling it off her shoulders.

She kept her eyes on the boy's prick and balls as she unhooked her bra and tossed it and her blouse across the room. Her huge naked tits jiggled free, and she caressed them with both hands.

"Shit, Mary!" he moaned, his eyes wide as he glared at her mammoth tits. "I think I just wasted some good stuff."

She giggled and tweaked her stiff, itchy nipples.

"No way," she said. "Boys your age never get enough. Right?"

He snickered and stepped toward the bed. His cock remained stiff and hard, and Mary had to smile.

"See?" she said, pointing to his cock. "You've just warmed up. Come closer, Jody. Get a real good look at my tits. You want to, don't you?"

"Damn right!" the boy snapped, moving right between her parted legs.

She took his hands in hers and placed them over her huge tits.

"Rub them a little," she said softly. "Play with my nipples, then squeeze my tits. I'll let you kiss them and suck them later."

The boy needed no further coaxing. He went right to work, caressing and fondling her lush, ripe,

giant tits. His fingers fluttered over her pink nipples, and Mary had to shudder with pleasure from his eager handling.

Meanwhile, she reached out to caress his cock and balls. She fingered his piss-slit and gently rubbed the come that still leaked from the tiny slit over his cock-knob. The sticky spunk continued to drool out of him, and Mary felt the sudden urge to lick the boy-cream off his cockhead.

She leaned down and flicked her tongue over his fuck-knob. He shuddered and almost lost his grip on her fleshy tit-mounds, but gamely managed to keep his hold. His prick leaped against the subtle touch of her tongue-tip, and he groaned as the horny blonde lapped hungrily at his fuckmeat.

She then opened her mouth wide and gulped most of his prickshaft into her mouth. She cupped his balls as she sucked his cock, and massaged them as she began slowly bobbing her head and letting her ringed lips slide up and down his shaft.

Within seconds, the teenager began driving his hard prick into her mouth. He fucked her mouth with urgent, short strokes, and Mary thrilled as she devoured his raw, young meat.

She sucked hungrily on his prick and felt his balls tighten. She couldn't believe how fast the boy seemed ready to blast another thick load of jism down her throat.

Mary squeezed her lips into a tight ring at the base of his fuckmeat and sucked vigorously. His cock ballooned inside her mouth, his prick-knob nudging the back of her throat. She heard him groan as his fingers urgently fondled her ripe, sensitive tits.

It was all so crazy. Everything had happened so fast that the horny blonde was dazed. She couldn't believe what she was doing with Jody Pace, and right here in hers and Bucky's master bedroom!

She brought the young stud right to the point of climax, then pulled back. She let his cockhead pop out of her mouth and she grinned up at his face.

"See?" she purred, licking her lips lewdly and winking. "I knew I could keep you interested even after having you jack off for me."

"Shit, Mary. I never doubted it," he said, his cocky air returning. "I've known all along you've been wasitng your time with old man Bates. No way he could keep up with you."

Mary had to laugh.

"And you can?" she asked, tickling the loose skin on the bottom of his ball-bag.

"All the time, Mary," he said. "All the time."

The horny blonde stood, unzipped her skirt and shimmied out of it. She then whipped down her bikini panties and slipped off her heels. She climbed back onto the bed and let the gaping boy feast on the luscious sight of her naked body. Her excitement sizzled inside her and she had to touch her wet pussy as she flashed the boy a wanton smirk.

"Well, Jody, here's your chance to come and get it. Show me what I've been missing."

CHAPTER FIVE

Mary was thrilled by the hungry way the boy kept gazing at her naked body. He seemed mesmerized by her huge tits, and Mary certainly didn't mind. When he crawled onto the bed beside her, she immediately began fondling his rock-hard cock and tight balls. At the same time, she pushed her tits toward his face and silently encouraged him to enjoy the feast of his dreams.

As she gripped his prick, she fed him her tits.

She instructed him to nibble on her pert, pink nipple first. She swooned as he quickly proved to be quite expert tongue-lashing her nipple.

Mary started stroking his young cock while pressing more of her tit-mound into his hungry mouth. He didn't resist as he anxiously gobbled up as much of her titflesh as his mouth could hold.

"Mmmmmm, that's nice!" she cooed, gradually easing down flat on the bed. "Why don't you touch my pussy while you're sucking my tits?"

Jody obviously liked the idea and he wasted no time tracing his fingers through the damp cluster of blonde fur covering her cunt. While his initial fingering was a little awkward, it was easy for Mary to overlook it. Her young lover was gentle and very anxious to learn. And, most importantly, he seemed to never tire of her whispered instructions. He was eager to please, and Mary savored the sweet situation as she coached the teenager through the lusty process of tweaking her clit.

She squealed as he isolated her clit between two fingertips and rolled the hard little bud back and forth. Her juices seeped out over her cuntlips as her cuntwalls spasmed in horny anticipation.

"Get down there and kiss my pussy," she said, finally releasing his throbbing cock from her stroking hand and spreading her legs wider. "I want to feel your tongue licking my cunt. It's nice and wet for you."

He seemed reluctant to leave her tits, but the inviting beckoning of her hairy cunt seemed to be inspiration enough. He moved between her legs and burrowed his head and face toward her pussy.

"Take your time!" she whispered, reaching down and spreading her cuntlips with her fingertips. "Give it a good, long look, Jody. I want you to see where you'll be kissing and licking."

His hot breath bathed her twat and sent ripples of pleasure rolling over her nerves. The sexy blonde moaned and humped slightly, then squealed a guttural groan as his lips finally touched her slick pussy pulp just inside her hairy cuntlips.

When he began slicing his tongue up and down her slit, Mary grabbed the back of his head and shoved his face hard against her pussy. She rubbed his face up and down, and shrieked every time his nose touched her clit at the top end.

"Suck and lick!" she gasped. "Get your face wet for me, Jody! Oooohhhh, yeeessss, my pussy is

so hot and wet for you!"

Her squeals of delight only intensified as the teenager ran his tongue over her succulent cuntal tissues. He stabbed his tongue-tip at her pussy socket and flicked it over her cut while she continued to rub his face up and down on her pussy. She clutched at his hair with both fists, then suddenly wrapped her legs around his head. Now, her arms flew back over her head and she clutched the headboard as she began humping her cunt against his trapped face.

"Tongue my fuckhole, Jody!" she cried. "Tongue-fuck it, Jody! Shove it in there deep and hard. I want to feel your tongue wriggling around inside my pussy! Aaahhhh, yyyeeeahhh! Oooooohhhh, fuck, you really are a wonderful boy! Oooohhhh!"

Her nectar seemed to bubble up in her pussy passage as the boy's tongue snaked into her. And she fucked back at his drilling tongue as if a miniature cock was fucking her. Her cunt-walls flexed violently and her spicy nectar gushed forth. She howled and humped, slamming her convulsing cunt into his face.

She screamed as her orgasm exploded inside her pussy. It happened so fast, so suddenly, that the blonde was unprepared for the violent, exquisite shuddering that rocked her cunt chamber.

Her legs clamped on his head as she bucked and twisted and spasmed. Her juices flowed into his mouth, over his stabbing tongue, and she "elt the incredible ecstasy of the tongue-induced climax right down to her toes.

Gradually, the sweet tension inside her cunt loosened and her legs fell away, freeing his head. She slumped on the bed, gasping and panting while keeping her fingertips on top of the boy's head, silently encouraging him to keep lapping at her sugary slit. And when she finally released him totally and he popped his head up, she grinned in wanton awe at the sight of his youthful face glistening with her cunt-cream.

"How was it?" Jody asked, brushing the back of his hand over his lips and chin.

"Very good," she sighed. "You'll make a wonderful husband for some lucky girl one day."

"Oh, yeah?" he sneered. "Maybe I'll just keep lots of cute chicks happy."

She giggled and reached for him. "Well, you can start now keeping this chick happy. Move around so I can eat your cock while you give my pussy more of your tongue."

"Shit, Mary! You know all this stuff," he said. "Your husband must be a real jerk to let you out of the house."

"Watch your mouth," she said, bristling slightly at the mention of Bucky. Then, with his virile young fuckmeat throbbing in her hand, she drew it to her mouth. "Suck my clit and finger my cunthole! I'll take care of your cock!"

Jody wasted no time sucking her hard clit between his teeth. A moment later, he stabbed two fingers into her syrupy fuckhole, and Mary, just gobbling up his prick, had to growl a muffled cry of pleasure. She immediately arched her back and squirmed her ass as the teenager finger-fucked her overheated pussy and tongue-whipped her clit.

His prick shuddered against her lapping tongue and quickly filled her hot mouth. She sucked on the engorged knob, and swirled her tongue over the sensitive prickflesh. She then inhaled more of his meat into her mouth, stopping only when her lips sealed around the thick base of his cock.

Her hot pussy stirred and churned, sucking his fingers deeper into her cavity, and her clit twitched with maddening ecstasy against his tongue-strokes. She shuddered mightily as a fast orgasm welled up inside her convulsing depths.

She almost lost herself in her own ecstasy before she realized her frantic cocksucking was bringing the teenaged stud dangerously close to his own climax. She willed herself to stop before sucking him into orgasm. Mary was determined to save his next load for her pussy.

"Get up here and fuck me," she hissed, spitting his cock out of her mouth and tugging on his head. "My pussy needs hard cock."

Jody was eager to oblige. He scrambled up onto his knees then grabbed his prick at the root and aimed the swollen, saliva-smeared head at her cunt. Mary spread her legs wide and lifted her knees while reaching down to guide the thrust of his prick. She moaned throatily as his cockhead nudged her pussy socket, and her cuntal tissues were so greased by his spit and her juices that his enlarged knob popped right through.

The boy groaned as he speared his cock deep inside her cunt channel. Mary suddenly wrapped her long legs around his waist and humped her ass. She pressed her hands on either side of his face and pulled him down to her heaving tits just as he began pumping his cock in and out of her shuddering fuckhole.

"Yes, yeeessss!" she yelled. "Fuck me, Jody! Fuck me hard and deep! Pump your cock into me, boy! Give me what I need!"

The bed bounced beneath the lovers as their bodies slammed together. The boy squeezed the blonde's jiggling ass as he smothered himself on her tits and fucked his cock into her pussy. And Mary couldn't get enough of this lusty fucking. Her pussy blazed from the sweet friction of the teenaged fuckmeat spearing her overheated cunthole.

Their fucking didn't need time to build and intensify. From the very first few strokes, they humped at each other frantically, mating like a pair of horny animals greedy for the sensations that now bombarded them.

The boy came with a furious explosion, showering his jism into her womb like water demolishing a dam. Her pussy muscles squeezed around the spurting fuckmeat and milked it even as her own orgasm finally happened.

Wild spasms rattled her depths, and the horny, sexy blonde shrieked as the pleasure engulfed her. Her legs squeezed the boy to her even as her pussy milked him dry, and still she humped her cunt up against his still-drilling prick.

And as quickly as it had begun, it was over. The boy collapsed on top of her, gasping and groaning. Mary's shrill cries of ecstasy echoed in her own ears for long seconds as she gradually went limp beneath the boy and savored the automatic flexing of her pussy muscles on his imbedded prick.

"I want more!" she whispered, stroking the back of his head as he rested his face on her tits. "Are you my stud, Jody?"

His head lifted and he grinned. It was all the answer Mary needed. With a happy squeal she bucked beneath him and started a roll that left her on top of him, straddling his lanky hips and groin. Her pussy squeezed his cock as she rubbed her cunt back and forth over his fuckmeat. His prick had lost some of its starch, but Mary wasn't particularly concerned. There was enough of his cock there to work with, and she was confident she could coax his prick into full hardness once she got her pussy in gear.

She sat up on him, her ass on his upper thighs and her legs stretched wide. She began to grind her cunt hard on his pelvic bone, rotating her hips and ass in large, slow circles, letting the smooth skin of her asscheeks caress his balls.

"I'm glad I brought you home with me, Jody," she said, smiling down sweetly on the boy's lust-contorted face. "I hope you didn't have a late date."

"You kidding?" he asked, reaching up to play with her jiggling tits. "You're giving me a real workout, Mary. But, hey, I ain't complaining!"

She giggled and leaned forward, letting her big tits dangle just above his face.

"I'm glad!" she whispered, her cunt muscles squeezing his prick. "After all, you've wanted this to happen for a long time, haven't you?"

He grinned.

"You know it!" he murmured just as he snatched one of her tits with his lips and sucked the huge melon into his mouth.

Mary began bouncing her butt up and down and her slick pussy rode up and down on the teenager's stiffening fuckmeat. She lengthened her motions until his cock was hard and tall for her. Then, she straightened and rode his cock faster. Her pussy was like a velvet glove encasing his fuckmeat, and the sheer ecstasy that flared inside her pussy rapidly spread throughout her body.

She hissed as the pleasure overwhelmed her. She needed this vigorous fucking, and her cunt sizzled from the glorious sensations flaming inside her snatch.

Jody writhed beneath her, gluttonously devouring her luscious boobs as he began humping his cock up to meet her pussy. His hands squeezed her hips and firm, bouncing asscheeks as she continued to ride his cock.

"Oooohhhh, yeeaaahhh!" she shrieked, throwing her head back just as a tremendous orgasm jarred her cunt. "Aaaahhhh, yes, yeessss! I'm coming! I'm comiiiiinnngggggg!"

Her body was whipped by the erotic contortions as her climax jarred her. Mary was driven now by the overpowering needs of her body. She couldn't control herself as she bounced up and down on the teenaged stud's prick.

"Shit, Mary!" Jody gasped. "Aw, shit, nobody fucks like you!"

A second later he shuddered and his hips heaved in a jack-knifing frenzy. His cock exploded inside her cunt and jets of his foamy spunk spurted up into her flexing, convulsing fuckhole.

Mary's pussy clamped around his spewing prick and she slumped forward on him only after another orgasm had trembled her pussy passage. She covered the boy's face with her oversized tits and savored the occasional twitching of her pussy on his drained cock. And when she finally rolled off the young stud and gazed dreamily up at her bedroom ceiling, Mary felt pure satisfaction for the first time in several days.

She must've dozed, because the next thing she remembered was the sounds of the shower in the adjoining bathroom. She sat up on the bed and glanced around. She smiled as she crawled off the bed and entered the bathroom. She pushed back the shower curtain and let her eyes linger over the teenager's wet, naked body.

"I like a clean boy," she purred as he grinned back at her. "Did you know that, or can it be you're just well-trained?"

He snickered and reached out to fondle her lush tits with a soapy hand. Her eyes riveted on his virile fuckmeat, lathered and sudsy and already throbbing into a semi-hard-on under her hot gaze. Her pussy fluttered and her cut twitched.

"I like a raunchy, dirty old lady," he said, pinching her pink, stiff nipples between his fingers.

"Prick!" she scolded, giving his wet butt a sharp slap. "This old lady crap will get you into trouble, young man!"

Her hands went immediately to his slippery cock and balls, and she thrilled as his fuckmeat surged into her gentle manipulations. She began to kneel down as the water cascaded over them. She tongued his navel while cupping his balls, then eagerly lapped her tongue around his swelling knob. She shivered with delight as she tasted him again, and her pussy lurched in immediate, horny response.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh, Mary!" the boy groaned, running his hands through her wet hair as his prick trembled against her darting tongue and nibbling lips. "We should've gotten together a long time ago! See what we've been missing?"

"Well, we're making up for it now," she murmured just before she opened her mouth and gulped most of his cock into her mouth.

They both moaned happily, and Mary slipped a finger below his balls and streaked it back along his asscrease. She probed for his shitter, and before he could respond, she poked her fingertip into his asshole.

He growled and squirmed and his prick leaped inside her mouth. She wasted no time corkscrewing her finger deeper into his hot asshole while clamping her lips on the base of his cock. She sucked and poked, thrilling to his lusty reaction and the fluttering sensations that rattled through her pussy. It was such a wanton treat suddenly having a young stud to experiment on and to be the one in control. Jody was becoming for her what she'd been for Preston Bates, and Mary Fenton loved this unique arrangement.

She had him on the verge of a bone-rattling come when she abruptly released his prick from her mouth and eased her finger from his shit-chute. She stood, a wicked grin curving her lovely face as she gazed into his lust-contorted expression.

"My turn," she whispered, turning and rubbing her sexy ass against his jutting cock.

She gripped a towel bar and wiggled her butt provocatively to get his aroused attention. And as she waited, she fully expected him to ram his spit-coated cock into her pussy from behind.

The horny teenager had other plans. He grabbed Mary's hips and playfully poked his spongy cockhead at her pussy. Then, without warning, he aimed his knob higher, spread apart her round, firm asscheeks and brutally slammed his engorged head into her puckered asshole.

Mary yelped in both pain and surprise, but it was far too late for her to avoid the penetrating thrust of his steely cock. Her head bolted up and the corded tendons in her neck strained as her yelp became a hoarse shriek. Under the falling rush of the water, her wails echoed inside the smallish shower stall and mingled with the sounds of his tinny laughter.

"Damn, I've always wanted to fuck your tight little asshole, Mary!" he gasped as he shoved his hard cock in and out of her shitter. "Aaawwww, great! Hot and tight! Aaaahhhh, this is the fucking best!"

It took only a few vicious fuckstrokes of his cock into her ass to make her discomfort melt into erotic waves of pure ecstasy. Then, only a few strokes more, and the excited teenager dumped his thick load into her bowels.

It was over much too quickly for Mary as her tight ass gripped the boy's fuckmeat and milked him dry. As they both slumped to the tiled floor of the shower, Mary whimpered with subdued delight. At least the young stud was inventive and daring. And Mary pulsed with excitement as she lewdly contemplated a raunchy nearfuture of using the boy to satisfy her demanding sexual needs.

It was shortly after ten when she finally saw Jody out the door. She then went back into the bedroom and hastily changed the bed sheets. She glanced around the bedroom and the bathroom for telltale signs of the boy's presence, then stuffed the sex-smelly sheets into the washer. At last she mixed herself a drink and relaxed on the den sofa to wait for the arrival of her husband.

She felt soothed and satisfied, and she liked the way her lush, sensitive nipples itched against the soft material of her gown. Thinking back over the wild evening with Jody, her pussy soon began to flutter and dampen, and she stroked it tenderly with a single finger while finishing her drink.

When the phone rang minutes later, she had no way of knowing that her smug satisfaction could be so abruptly shattered; nor that her private little world could be so quickly turned upside down.

Harsh reality barged into her life just after she purred into the receiver, "Hello?"

CHAPTER SIX

"Mrs. Fenton?" a stern male voice said. "This is Officer Trent, Metro police."

"Yes?" Mary said, a sinking feeling of dread freezing the pit of her stomach.

"Your husband has been in a traffic accident, ma'am," the policeman said matter-of-factly. "He's at County General."

"My God! Is he hurt bad?" she blurted, suddenly bolting up and beginning to pace as she trembled and went pale. "Is he okay? Can I see him?"

"I don't know his condition, ma'am. Apparently he was on his way home when a teenager side-swiped his car. "Your husband was knocked out."

As her mind reeled and she battled fear and panic, Mary went through a series of desperate questions and only half heard the clipped, professional answers. When at last she hung up, her sole priority was getting to the hospital. She phoned her next door neighbor, Nan Dawson.

Nan, a thirty-seven-year-old divorcee, picked up Mary ten minutes later and the two women sped toward County General.

At the hospital Mary was told Bucky was in guarded condition, that she couldn't see him until tomorrow, but that he was expected to make a full recovery. He had, at least, a severe concussion and minor facial lacerations and a couple of cracked ribs. All in all, he'd been very lucky.

An hour later, while still hanging around the hospital, Mary and Nan were told by the police that the teenager responsible was in custody and being charged with reckless driving. Mary felt a strange relief when she learned the young driver involved wasn't someone she knew. She'd had the strange fear that the teenager could've been Jody. At least this horrifying night hadn't become that ironic.

It was almost three a.m. when Nan dropped Mary off at home. Mary huddled herself in the den while Nan fixed coffee. The divorcee was a shapely redhead who Mary hadn't gotten to know very well. But now, under the strain of this pressure cooker situation, Mary felt a sudden bond for the redhead and a keen sense of appreciation. By the time Nan left an hour later, Mary felt a sisterly affection and gratefulness toward the pretty redhead.

Mary took a sleeping pill and climbed into bed. It seemed she'd just hit the pillow good when the bedside phone rang like a distant alarm. Groggily, the blonde grabbed the receiver and murmured into the receiver.

"I know about last night," Preston Bates said, his angry voice cutting through her sleepy senses. "You're fired, you cunt!"

"Preston! What the hell are you talking about?" Mary sat up, startled and shaking with rage. "Bucky was in a wreck. He's in the hospital! Do you know about that?"

There was a moments hesitation on the line, then Preston's gruff voice again.

"Tough!" he snapped. "At least you'll have your days free to nurse the bastard back to health."

"What's the matter with you?" she sobbed.

"Didn't you hear me?"

"I heard!" he barked. "I also heard about you and that kid leaving together yesterday. I've already called him on the fucking carpet and the little prick couldn't wait to tell me all about how you made a man out of him. Now listen good, slut, you're through! How dare you fuck a kid in the mailroom when you're supposed to belong to me? Go push your ass somewhere else, you'll get your last check in the mail!"

The line went dead before she could respond. She sat staring at the phone for several stunned seconds before banging the receiver down. Her rage still shook her as she glanced at the clock on the night table and saw that it was after eight.

She thought she was going crazy. Her mind reeled to the point that she felt almost numb by the time she phoned the hospital and learned that Bucky was heavily sedated and that there wouldn't be any point in her trying to see him today. A nurse promised to phone whenever she could see Bucky.

An hour later, Mary tried to phone Preston and either blast him with some of her rage or try to reason with him, but his secretary announced that he wasn't taking calls from her.

"Then he'll take a call from my fucking lawyer!" she yelled into the phone.

"Mr. Bates warns that his attorney is prepared to wait at County General for your husband's recovery," the secretary recited in a crisp monotone. "Is that understood?"

Mary clutched the phone receiver in a death grip and trembled. Murderous rage shook her as the threat Preston was passing on sank in. She slammed down the receiver, and spent another hour storming around the house like a bird in a cage. And finally she phoned Nan.

Nan fixed a simple lunch, the two women chatted away most of the afternoon. During that time, Mary opened up to the older woman, confiding in her all the unbelievable happenings of the last twenty-four hours. Nan proved to be a supportive listener, and Mary soon felt a warm comfort with the shapely redhead. By early evening, a call came from the hospital that Bucky could see Mary for a few minutes. Nan drove Mary to County General, but refused to accompany her into the intensive care unit. Back home with Nan, following a stop for dinner on the way, Mary's world finally seemed to be coming back to earth.

Bucky was going to be fine. He'd need a week in the hospital, but his daily progress, the doctor had said, would be rapid. He assured Mary she could visit Bucky longer tomorrow.

"This will sound silly," Mary said to Nan as they sat on the den sofa and Mary finished her third glass of wine since returning home from the restaurant. "But I really hate to stay alone tonight, Nan. I feel like I've been through a meat grinder, and, well, maybe things are getting better. I'm relieved, but I'm still on edge, too."

The redhead smiled compassionately and slipped an arm around Mary's shoulders. She pulled the younger woman toward her and kissed her cheek.

"I understand," the redhead whispered, patting the blonde's knee. "You poor dear. I'll be happy to stay. I'll just trot next door and get a nightie."

"No need," Mary said, feeling better already. "I'm sure one of mine will fit close enough. If that's okay."

The redhead kissed Mary again and smiled. "Sure."

They went into the bedroom and Mary picked out her best nightie for her neighbor. The redhead stepped into the bathroom and began to undress, while Mary modestly moved toward her closet and slipped off her clothes. She then padded over to her dresser and selected the shortie nightie on top in her lingerie drawer.

When Nan came back into the bedroom, Mary was sitting in front of her dressing table mirror brushing her silky blonde hair. She glimpsed at the alluring Nan in the mirror and was immediately captivated by the redhead's curvaceous figure in the familiar nightie. At the same time, Mary became self-conscious of the redhead's eyes watching the jiggling of Mary's tits as the blonde brushed her hair.

"You're lovely," Mary whispered, quickly averting her gaze and trying to concentrate on her hair. Still, a warm blush began to color her cheeks and a subtle dampness moistened her pussy.

"So are you," Nan said softly, approaching Mary from behind. "It's easy to see why men fight over you."

Mary smiled, but she couldn't shake the strange feelings of arousal that swept through her. She'd never been attracted to another woman, but there was something special about Nan. She couldn't stop herself from glancing back through the mirror at the snowy mounds of the redhead's huge tits that were sexily outlined through the sheer fabric of the nightie. The older woman's nipples were dark and stiff, and Mary had to squeeze her thighs together instinctively as her cuntlips fluttered.

Slowly, Nan placed her hands on the blonde's shoulders as her eyes riveted on Mary's reflection in the dresser mirror. At the same time, Mary trembled. The redhead's touch was electric. Her own nipples itched and stiffened and pushed against her nightie.

Without either of the women speaking, Nan slowly bent down and brushed her lips along the side of the blonde's neck. Mary shivered, the sweet tremors scaling up and down her spine and making her wet pussy shudder. She dropped her hair brush and sighed as the redhead's fingers fluttered toward her achy tits.

"Do you like this as much as I do?" the redhead murmured.

"Mmmmm!" Mary answered, surrendering to the exquisite touch and fondling.

Her mind was a blur. All she knew was that her body craved this gentle, knowing touch from this older, sexy woman. Mary couldn't begin to figure it out. Passion had suddenly engulfed her, leaving her shuddering and aroused.

Nan played with the blonde's big tits for several seconds, tweaking Mary's pink nipples and massaging the blonde's luscious, full tit-mounds. And with a deft motion, the redhead finally eased Mary's tits out over the top of her lacy nightie, exposing the ripe melons fully as she leaned down and tongued Mary's upper lip.

The blonde squirmed around on her chair and placed her hands on Nan's shapely hips. Naked flesh was beneath the flimsy material of the nightie, and Mary's fingers scorched at the touch of

the older woman's silky flesh. And then their lips crushed together. Their kiss was passionate and urgent. Nan darted her tongue hungrily into the younger woman's receptive mouth. And Mary felt herself surrender totally to the alluring older woman's urgent embrace.

Mary rose up without taking her lips off Nan's. The women pressed against each other, their tits mashing and their arms encircling the other's shapely body. And as Nan explored the blonde's round, firm ass with her roaming hands, Mary moaned and shuddered.

"This is all new to me," Mary murmured. "It-it scares me!"

"Want me to stop?" Nan whispered, nibbling the blonde's lush lips and moving her hands slowly over the blonde's butt.

"No!" Mary breathed. "Don't stop!"

The redhead escorted Mary over to the bed and, still kissing and fondling each other, they both sank onto the mattress. Then Nan's hand went under the blonde's short nightie and caressed the wet, hot cunt.

Mary whimpered when the redhead began rubbing her stiff little clit. Incredible sensations rattled throughout her snatch, and Mary thought a sudden orgasm was about to explode in her pussy. But Nan eased her manipulations at a crucial moment and began skimming her fingertips up and down the blonde's juice-oozing slit.

"I'm going to eat you," Nan said just before plunging her tongue again into the blonde's mouth.

Mary closed her eyes and let the strange new sensations spark inside her. In a mixture of stunned shock and wanton anticipation, the blonde seemed frozen as the redhead slowly licked her way down Mary's body.

Mary parted her legs as the redhead ducked down and flicked her tongue through the damp cluster of golden cunt hair. The blonde had to whimper and croon as Nan's tongue darted along the creamy pussy, spearing the puffy tissues just inside the blonde's cuntflaps.

Suddenly, Nan's lips closed on Mary's clit, and the blonde shrieked and humped. Wild pleasures attacked Mary's cunt as her orgasm exploded. She bounced her ass up and down on the bed, banging her spasming pussy up against the redhead's face. And in the midst of her frenzy, Nan calmly drilled two fingers into the blonde's churning fuckhole while sucking steadily on Mary's clit.

Mary squealed shrill cries of ecstasy as her shapely body flopped and twisted. Her gyrations were violent as the pleasure scalding her nerves intensified. And her initial orgasm merged into another without let up, making Mary hiss and growl and pant as the sensations raged through her.

Nan slurped up the spicy nectar gushing from the blonde's overheated twat, and quickly delved her tongue into the soupy fuckhole. Her fingers slid out and dipped along the blonde's asscrack. Without warning, Nan poked one juicy-oily finger into the blonde's tight shitter while drilling her tongue in and out of Mary's pussy passage.

The tremendous sensations gradually scaled down, and soon Mary was quivering limply and whimpering hoarse pants. Her snatch still sizzled in the glorious afterglow of the incredible

multiple orgasms generated by the redhead's expert tonguing and fingering. She felt dazed by the wild experience and a little shy now as the redhead smiled down on her.

"I can't believe another woman has never tongue-fucked you before," Nan whispered, smiling and lazily fondling the blonde's tits through the sheer fabric of the nightie.

"It's true!" Mary gasped.

Nan chuckled.

"I wasn't doubting you," she said. "It's just that you're so lovely and so horny, well, it's odd that some woman along the way never tapped this honey pot of yours."

Mary flashed a shy grin. "I never even thought about this kind of stuff. Maybe I just didn't send off the right vibes."

Nan chuckled again and pushed herself up on her knees between the blonde's spread thighs. In a swift motion she pulled her nightie up over her head and tossed it aside. Her big tits jutted out with a slight upward tilt and her dark, stiff nipples pointed like ruby fruits, succulent and juicy. Her flat belly tapered down into the gentle slope of a love-mound that topped the beginning of a curly, reddish triangle of cunt-muff that was dew-sparkled and lush.

Mary was mesmerized by the redhead's pussy, and the realization of that was both frightening and exciting. She couldn't hide her urge to tongue the older woman's cunt, and her expression must've sent this message.

"Don't worry, Mary," Nan said softly, smiling as she moved up over the blonde's body and straddled Mary's chest. "You don't have to be a raving bull dyke to occasionally like sucking pussy. I like men. My divorce certainly didn't make me stop loving cock. Nothing replaces the fucking a hard cock gives. But every once in a while making it with another woman is perfect."

Nan's words gave Mary the reassurance she needed, and now the blonde stared boldly at the older woman's pussy. "So, I'm not turning queer, or something?"

"God, no!" Nan said with a throaty giggle. "In fact, you'd be surprised how much I love men. I think it would probably shock you."

Now it was Mary's turn to giggle.

"I doubt that would shock me," she said, reaching out and gripping the redhead's hips and automatically drawing the woman's cunt closer to her mouth. "I hate confessing this, what with Bucky in the hospital and all, but I've had a couple of affairs. Very recently, in fact."

The redhead smiled and brushed curls of Mary's blonde hair out of her face as she hiked herself up and planted her pussy down on Mary's welcoming face. She rubbed her pussy gently over the blonde's mouth. "We all have our little confessions, dear."

Mary flicked her tongue up into Nan's twat and tasted another woman's cunt juices for the first time. She surprised herself at how readily she lapped at the pussy, tonguing her way up and down the slippery slit and zeroing in on the redhead's clit. She tongued the older woman's love-button and thrilled as Nan shuddered above her head.

Nan dug her fingers into the blonde's scalp as she began riding the blonde's face and tongue. And seconds later, Mary rammed her stiffened tongue up into the redhead's churning pussy-passage.

She wriggled her tongue into the older woman's cuntal depths and relished the weight of Nan's pressing crotch down on her face in return. She heard the older woman's whimpered cries of pleasure, and Mary redoubled her efforts to make this first experience of giving head to another woman a supreme accomplishment. She wanted to give as good as she got.

All inhibition slipped away as the blonde sucked and tongued the redhead's pussy. Her lips wedged between the older woman's cunt-flaps as she tried eagerly to bring Nan to a rapid climax. She slurped and savored the sugary juices that flowed from the older woman's cunt channel, and she chewed urgently on the meaty pussy pulp that spasmed against her lips and tongue and teeth.

"Aaahhhh, oohhhhh, yeessss!" Nan wailed, her body going into sudden convulsions as her orgasm tripped her nerves. Yes, yeesssss!"

The redhead whipped her hips back and forth as her pussywalls clamped around the blonde's drilling tongue. Her pussy grazed the blonde's face as the furious sensations overwhelmed them both. And Mary proved up to the task of gulping the flowing nectar that streamed from the older woman's cunt chamber, drinking it down as if she'd been eating pussy half of her life.

It was the sound of the doorbell that jarred the women out of their mutual glee and momentarily chilled their steamy intimacy.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mary expected the worst as she hurried to the front door, sashing her long robe around her naked body as she walked. She certainly hadn't expected to see young Jody Pace standing on the porch when she opened the door.

"Jody!" she gasped. "I'm sorry-I wasn't expecting company today and-"

"The old bastard fired me too!" he blurted, his anger spread over his youthful face. "Can I come in?"

Automatically, Mary stepped back and let the boy come inside.

"Oh no," she murmured. "Preston is really being a first class prick, Jody."

She wondered if the boy even knew about Bucky's wreck, but she didn't have a chance to mention it. The boy sagged against the wall and seemed to wilt. His anger vanished, and he seemed on the verge of tears.

"Shit, Mary, I needed that fuckin' job," he said, his voice quivering. "We oughta get even with that asshole!"

"And do what?" Mary said, touched by the teenager's hurt and anger. She touched his arm. "Forget Preston, Jody. He isn't worth it. Besides, there are other jobs for a hard working young guy like you. You won't have any trouble finding something good."

He shrugged and managed a half smile.

"Aw, what the hell," he said. His eyes lingered over the front of her robe, and he didn't look away as he added, "You're probably right, Mary. Hell, we can go job hunting together. Make 'em take us as a package deal."

She laughed and was about to speak when Nan stepped down the hallway toward them.

"Who's your friend, Mary?" the redhead asked. She had wrapped herself in a towel, but there was more than enough of her tits and legs showing to instantly captivate Jody. The teenager gawked at the alluring sight of the stunning redhead.

Mary noticed the surging bulge of his prick inside his jeans before she glanced at Nan and smiled. "This is Jody Pace, Nan," she said, wondering what game her neighbor was playing now, and feeling a tingling of raunchy excitement even as she guessed. "We worked together in the mailroom until we both got fired."

Nan stopped a few feet away from Mary and the teenager. She seemed to enjoy the wide-eyed scrutiny the horny teenager gave her.

"I smell beer, young man," Nan said, striking a hands-on-hips stance and flashing a smirk. "You've been partying, haven't you?"

"More like drowning my sorrows," he husked, glancing at Mary then quickly back to Nan. A smile curved his lips. "Say, am I busting up something, or-"

"Let's just say Mary and I are in a comfortable mood, and we could use a little partying right about now," Nan said, letting the towel drop.

Jody's eyes bugged in their sockets and his mouth flew open. Surprisingly, Mary wasn't nearly as shocked as the teenager appeared to be. In fact, Mary had sensed what was about to happen the moment she spotted Nan coming toward them. Nan had that lusty sparkle in her green eyes that Mary had recognized from earlier in the bedroom when Nan had been peering at Mary's tits in the dresser mirror.

The blonde responded automatically as she took the boy's hand and wordlessly led him down the hallway toward the bedroom. Nan moved alongside and slipped her arm around the teenager's waist. And Jody couldn't take his eyes off the redhead's jiggling tits as the three of them strolled into the bedroom.

"You like my tits, don't you?" Nan purred, teasingly offering her big boobs to the boy.

The teenager nodded eagerly and reached to fondle them. But Nan moved swiftly and avoided his embrace. She giggled lewdly, shaking her head.

"Not so fast, buddy boy, " she cooed, winking at Mary. "I think he should entertain us a little first, don't you think Mary?"

The blonde chuckled and whipped off her robe. She joined Nan on the edge of the big bed, thrilling to the way the young stud stood in frozen amazement at the luscious sight of two naked, sexy women sitting side-by-side on the bed in a casual embrace. His cock was throbbing like

crazy inside his jeans.

"That's a wonderful idea, Nan," Mary whispered. "Come on now, Jody. Don't be bashful. Take off your clothes and show us your prick. We want to make sure it's nice and hard for us."

"Shit, Mary, this is like a fuckin' dream!" the boy rasped, suddenly ripping off his clothes.

He hesitated only briefly when he'd stripped down to his jockey shorts, then jerked them down over his legs and stepped out of them. His naked cock wobbled out in front of him, pointing at the two women like an attacking snake eyeing its prey. Mary heard her neighbor utter a soft gasp, and the blonde realized for sure at that moment that the redhead was certainly no confirmed lesbo. She obviously appreciated the boy's hard, eager prick.

"Jack off for us," Mary said, anxious to see the boy stroke his cock and just as anxious for Nan to see that Mary had once put the boy through these paces before.

"Hell, I don't want to waste it," he said, curling his fingers around his thick shaft and starting to stroke it.

"Well, that's up to you, isn't it?" Nan purred, absently rubbing one of her tits, tweaking her stiff nipple while gazing hotly at the boy's prick. "Just don't let it go off."

"That's right, Jody," Mary said, her excitement soaring as she got into the sexy game. Her own nipples itched in horny arousal and her cuntlips fluttered. She couldn't wait to have the young stud's prick rammed inside her pussy, but she was also thoroughly enjoying the lewd show he was forced into performing. "Better save lots of come for us. Nan and I can be greedy about these things. But you have to warm us up a little. Now, stroke that cock, boy. Fast and hard. Just don't come."

With his left hand massaging his jizz-filled balls, his right fist flew up and down his rigid shaft. He panted as he jerked himself off, and Mary could tell he was enjoying being the raunchy spectacle for the two hot women. She squirmed as she watched him masturbate, and finally spread her legs and boldly fingered her clit.

Nan did the same, and Jody's gaze riveted on the sight of the two women exposing their cunts for him and fingering their clits. He groaned and his cock seemed to lurch in his hand, but he continued to pump it without coming.

"Watch my fingers dipping into my wet pussy," Nan whispered as she speared two fingers right into her creamy pussy. The boy's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. And Mary did the same as the redhead.

She spread her cuntlips and drilled two fingers into her juicy cunthole. She wiggled her fingers inside, circling them and causing sloshing sounds as her spicy nectar and churning pussy pulp sucked up her fingers.

Abruptly, Jody stopped pumping his prick.

"I can't hold it back any longer," he said, puffing and heaving as he stumbled forward.

Nan didn't hesitate in her reaction. She obviously knew what she wanted.

"Then get on your knees and tongue my pussy," she snapped. "We'll get your mind off your cock."

Jody obeyed and eagerly pushed his face between the redhead's spread thighs. As Mary watched, the boy rubbed his face up and down the redhead's juice-slickened cunt, and Nan groaned with pleasure as she immediately grabbed the boy's head. She humped her cunt against his face and flashed a wild, sexy grin at Mary.

"Stick your tongue in there deep!" Nan ordered in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, yeah, kid! Just like that! Move it around! Fuck my pussy with that tongue! Ooohh, gooooo!"

Mary's arousal was nearing her own breaking point as she watched the steamy action. Suddenly, she slipped off the bed and scrambled on her hands and knees behind the boy's rump. His balls dangled between his legs and his boyish ass squirmed so enticingly as he feasted on the redhead's succulent cunt.

The view was too appealing to pass up. Impulsively, Mary squirmed down between the boy's spread legs and wedged herself beneath him. She toyed with his balls, then fondled his rigid prick. She pulled his stiff cock back between his legs just enough so that she could suck the engorged knob between her lips. She sucked harder and inhaled more of his fuckmeat as the boy growled and murmured through Nan's pressing pussy.

Jody wriggled his ass and rocked on his knees, and under the panting instructions Nan constantly whispered, he kept lashing his tongue into the redhead's soupy cunthole. At the same time, Mary thrilled to the way his virile young prick surged inside her sucking mouth. She kept fondling his balls and tracing her fingertips up along his asscrack. Her own ecstasy mounted quickly and she was on the verge of coming without even touching her cunt.

Nan's sudden wails pierced the otherwise stillness of the room, and Mary recognized that her sexy neighbor was experiencing a fierce, satisfying orgasm as the teenager's tongue drilled and stuffed her cunt channel.

Mary knew the young stud was about to blast his wad, but it still took all of her will power to free his cock from her mouth. The horny blonde wiggled out from between the boy's knees and faced his upturned ass. She flicked her tongue along his ass-crease and probed his puckered shitter with her wet tongue-tip.

"Aaahhhhh!" the boy growled, shuddering with his head still trapped between the redhead's clamping thighs and his face buried in the older woman's steamy cunt.

Mary plunged her tongue straight into Jody's asshole, and the boy lurched and jerked. His body shuddered violently as he rammed his face harder against the redhead's pussy, his tongue lodging in the creamy depths of the older woman's fuckhole.

A moment later, the blonde's pussy convulsed and she came. Her wanton act of tongue-fucking the boy's vulnerable shitter must have triggered her climax. Mary couldn't be sure, and she didn't much care. The pleasure was tremendous, and her hot pussy quivered and quaked as her steamy juices flowed like a golden shower.

Eventually, the blonde pushed herself away from the boy's ass and climbed back onto the bed. By

now, Nan was sprawled back, her nice, high tits heaving with her raspy breathing as the boy's face remained glued to her pussy. The redhead's long legs now tangled around his head and shoulders, locking him in place at the sugary fountain of her juice-seeping pussy socket.

Suddenly, the redhead's belly spasmed and her legs twitched. Nan cried out a passion-filled wail and jerked her head up off the mattress. She clutched at her huge tits as spasms rumbled over her curvaceous body. She humped furiously, ramming her pussy hard into the boy's face as her shrieking cries rang in Mary's ears.

"Tongue it, boy!" Nan gasped. "Oooohhh, tongue that pussy! I'm coming so much! Harder and faster, boy! Tongue that cunt!"

Gradually, the redhead's orgasm filtered out over her nerves, and Nan dropped back down heavily on the bed, gasping and panting as a sweet smile of satisfaction curved her lush lips. Her legs gently fell away, slipping off the boy's shoulders, and Nan groaned a guttural sigh as Jody took his opportunity to crawl out from between the redhead's thighs.

He pulled himself up on the bed, his young face glistening with the redhead's cuntal spendings, and the sight triggered Mary's horny desire. She wasted no time reaching for the boy and practically pulling him up over her. She wrapped her legs around his trim hips and humped her sizzling pussy up to meet his rigid prick. Her greedy, needy cuntlips snatched his swollen knob and her overheated pussy sucked up his fuckmeat.

The blonde and the boy connected in an instant, their bodies meeting with a smack of naked flesh. She howled gleefully as his teenaged prick drilled to the hilt into her mushy fuckhole and his fuck-knob nudged the entrance of her womb.

"Aaaahhhhh, fuck me!" Mary cried. "Fuck my pussy, Jody! Give it to me, you sweet, wonderful boy!"

The young stud needed no further encouragement. He bucked and rammed, sending his steely fuckmeat into her churning pussy passage with raging thrusts and bumps. He panted and grunted as he banged the luscious blonde's tight, hot cunthole. And all the while, Mary kicked her legs up high in the air, spreading them as far apart as possible and bounced her pretty ass up and down to meet the fuckstrokes he was delivering.

Meanwhile, Nan -edged across the bed and threw a leg over Mary's lust-contorted face. She planted her red-haired pussy squarely on the blonde's face, and Mary knew exactly what to do.

Mary darted her tongue over the redhead's succulent pussy-folds, savoring the sweet flavor of the older woman's cunt juices and the meaty, tender pulp of her cunt. Nan's cuntlips quivered against the tonguing, and both women squealed with delight as their sensations engulfed them.

"Fuck her good, boy!" Nan gasped as Jody humped Mary. "Give her pretty, blonde cunt a real workout! Just make damn sure you save a little of that fucking for me!"

The boy may or may not have heard the redhead's instruction. He was consumed with the fucking he was giving the sexy young blonde. And Mary, as her pussy spasmed and rocked into orgasm, knew by the way his surging prick leaped inside her that his own climax was mere seconds away.

The boy's body jerked and stiffened, but he kept slamming his cock into Mary's overheated pussy. His spunk jetted into her womb as the young stud grunted and groaned with pleasure. His stabbing fuckstrokes became jerky and frenzied as the jizz spewed from his pisser and filled the blonde's fuckhole.

Still in the throes of her own orgasm, the blonde humped wildly against the boy's shooting prick, milking his load right out of his balls. Exquisite spasms flexed her cunthole and the sweet rippling of pleasure fanned throughout her sexy body even as she hungrily sucked the redhead's juicy snatch.

"My turn!" Nan gasped as soon as Jody rolled off Mary.

The redhead moved off Mary and crawled across the big bed, positioning herself between Jody's legs. Mary popped herself up on an elbow for a good look as Nan ducked her head and flicked her tongue over the teenager's still-hard, juice-smeared prick.

Jody eased his head up off the bed slightly and peered down as the redhead went to work on his cock and balls with her tongue. He smirked.

"Boy, you weren't kidding about wanting something left for you, were you?" he gasped, chuckling.

"Right," Nan said, beginning to nibble at his twitching fuckmeat with her lips and teeth. "And now that the easy one is out of the way, I don't mind working a little for the best one."

Nan opened her lips and sucked his slick cockhead into her mouth. She moaned as she slowly inhaled the rest of his fuckmeat. Her fingers fluttered over his balls and she began bobbing her head up and down, dragging her lips over the length of his stiffening fuckshaft.

Soon, the teenaged stud was panting with excitement as his prick rose to the occasion. As the older woman sucked him off, Jody ran his fingers through her hair and started humping his cock up into her mouth. The tight ring of the redhead's lips created the perfect fuckhole for his motions, and the boy quickly had reached another peak of desire that suited Nan just fine.

She polished his cock into a high sheen before finally bobbing her head up and off of his tall-standing cock. She smacked her lips and grinned wantonly while gazing hotly at his towering, wobbling prick. Then, breathing soft, anxious sighs, she climbed up and straddled his loins. She gripped the base of his prick and rubbed her bushy twat back and forth over the tip-end of his cockhead while flashing a sultry gaze down on his face.

The boy kept twitching and jerking, seemingly unable to keep still as the redhead tickled his sensitive knob with her hairy, oily gash. He gasped and growled and tried desperately to hump his steel-rigid prick up into the enticing pussy.

Finally, Nan gave in to the erotic needs of them both and impaled herself on the teenaged fuckmeat. She sat down fully, and they both groaned with pleasure.

"Oh, yes!" she gasped as her pussy walls clutched at the imbedded cockshaft. "Yeessss!"

She began rotating her hips and ass in slow, small circles as her cuntwalls massaged his cock. And then she leaned forward and placed her hands palm-flat on his tits as she began pumping up

and down on his rigid prick.

His movements beneath the redhead gradually fell into the same rhythm as hers, and as Mary watched in horny fascination, the pair began to fuck in a timed unison that was sheer magical instinct and animal need.

The lusty sight spurred Mary out of her totally passive role. The horny blonde began to finger her own clit as she eyed the raunchy fucking taking place an arm's length from her on her bed. She tweaked her clit and gasped as the pleasure zipped over her nerves. She fingered her slit, rubbing the juice-greased membranes inside her cuntlips. And suddenly, she stabbed two fingers into her convulsing fuckhole and wiggled them around, bringing herself a pleasure that came close to matching the obvious ecstasy overwhelming the two lovers near her.

The boy grabbed the redhead's jiggling tits as he fucked back at her rising and falling cunt. He bucked his hips and the big bed rattled under the force. His pants and grunts mingled with the fervent gasps and sighs and squeals coming from the horny redhead just as she suddenly jerked and twisted atop him.

Nan's gyrations whipped her to and fro as she balanced herself on his prick. Her shrill cries sounded the happening of her orgasm just ahead of the boy's spine-arching jerk and his guttural wail of delight.

"Shoot it, boy!" Nan gasped. "Yes, yeeessss! Fill me up with your boy-come! Aaaahhhhh, gush it into her my pussy! That's it! That's it! Oooooohhhhhh, yeeessssss! Give me all of your boy-come!"

When Nan finally slumped over the teenager, she turned toward Mary and smiled just as the blonde brought herself off with her fingers. And then, the redhead winked and whispered, "This is the way to stay young, Mary. Boy-come is the real fountain of youth!"

Mary smiled and nodded. And it sure as hell proves, Nan, that you aren't a dyed-in-the-wool lesbo, the blonde thought.

Mary, at that moment, didn't know how correct her thought was.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Four days later Bucky was released from the hospital, and two days later, against Mary's urgings, he went back to work. Both of them being home together during those two days had been like a replay of their honeymoon. Mary was happier than she'd been at anytime during her marriage. She'd discovered a new appreciation for her husband, and the hours they'd spent fucking had been sheer bliss.

On the morning Bucky went back to work, Mary was forced to think again about the financial strain caused by her being out of work. Bucky had insisted they could make it just on his salary if they cut back, but the last thing Mary now wanted was for her husband to be burdened with longer hours and even the possibility of taking a night job.

As she scanned the classifieds an hour after kissing Bucky goodbye and seeing him off to work, her anger at Preston Bates flared. The nerve of that turd, she told herself. Firing me because I was fucking someone else at work besides him! She was sure she had a legal case if she wanted

to pursue it. But, of course, the last thing she could do was bring it out in the open about her affair with Preston. That, would crush Bucky.

Nothing looked appealing in the paper. She finished her third cup of coffee and started to phone Nan. She stopped, remembering that Nan had mentioned plans to visit an old girl friend across town today. Mary grinned as she mused the nature of that reunion. As she imagined Nan and her old friend passionately sixty-nining, possibly at this very minute somewhere in the city, her pussy fluttered and her clit twitched. Sugary wetness coated her cuntlips and her nipples stiffened against her robe. She idly wondered what Jody Pace was doing today.

She tried to shove aside her raunchy thoughts as she showered and dressed. She left the house twenty minutes later, not sure exactly where she was going other than the vague notion of strolling through the neighborhood mall. She'd recalled seeing a help-wanted sign in one of the dress shops at the mall a couple of weeks ago, and maybe something would come of that. It wouldn't be much money, she knew, but at least it would offer something.

The mall wasn't particularly busy even for a weekday mid-morning, and Mary leisurely strolled along the vast corridors, gazing into the various shops and stores. She hustled by a video arcade and the gang of school-cutting teenagers that whistled at her through the glass front. Still, she felt a tingle of pleasure by their response to her. She looked sexy, she knew, in her tan leather mini-skirt and cream-colored silk blouse. Her dark hose and brown boots set off her shapely legs to their provocative, alluring best, and there was nothing to prevent the enticing jiggle of her big tits inside her blouse as she walked.

She came to the dress shop where she'd recently seen the help wanted sign, but today there was no sign. She went inside and asked the pretty brunette behind the counter and was told the job had been filled. Mary left and continued her aimless stroll, stopping occasionally to look at some of the window displays that caught her eye. Eventually, she came to a bookstore and went inside to glance at the magazines.

She appeared to be the only customer in the bookstore. A young man, probably not much older than her, manned the register, and Mary felt his eyes on her as she leafed through some of the mildly raunchy men's magazines.

He was tall and slender and wore glasses, but he was also well-tanned. To Mary's glimpsed impression, the bespectacled young man was no faggy bookworm. Besides, the way he kept stripping her with his eyes proved he had a healthy appreciation for her lush, curvy body.

She was about to dismiss her wandering thoughts about the man when she felt him behind her.

"I've got the good stuff in the back," he whispered, his tone low and suggestive. "I know what you'd like."

She turned and her lips curved into a sly smirk.

"Excuse me?" she said, playing it coy even as excitement throbbed in her cunt. "What do you mean?"

He smiled a thin-lipped grin.

"You know what I mean," he said, his eyes no behind his glasses lingering on the bulge of her

tits. "The real fuck books are in the back. Wanna take a look?"

She almost laughed and politely declined his offer, but something made her push this little game further. Her curiosity about him and the merchandise got the best of her. She nodded and blushed a little behind her smile.

He led the way through the store to a door at the back. They walked into a storage room cluttered with stacks of books and magazines. A fat, dumpy girl of maybe eighteen was lounging on a stack of hardbacks, eyeing a movie magazine and sipping a soft drink through a plastic straw. She glanced up with a bored expression when Mary and the man entered the storage room.

"Watch the front for me, Peg," the man said. "My friend wants to see some of the special stuff."

The fat girl rolled her eyes and sighed as she heaved herself up and lumbered off into the store, slamming the door behind her. The man then took Mary's arm and guided her around a corner to a shelf piled high with glossy-covered, thick magazines whose covers were color-splashed with photos of men and women fucking, of men wrapping long whips around women's tits, of leather-clad women ramming in whip handles into naked men's asses, and of women sixty-nining.

"See something you like?" the man asked, moving right up behind her, his crotch barely grazing the rounded back of her skirt.

The lewd pictures and the light touch of his throbbing lump against her butt made her passion spin out of control. Her knees trembled and Mary's tits tingled. She turned to face him and before she could say anything, his hands reached for her huge tits.

He squeezed her tits through her blouse and the blonde moaned.

"I bet you're a lady who wants the real thing," he said, quickly slipping a hand inside her blouse and touching her bare tits.

She gasped and nodded as his fingers played over her tits. He rolled one of her stiff, pink nipples between fingertips, and Mary almost swooned. Things were happening so fast that her mind didn't have much time to catch up with the desire and passion sweeping her body. She reached for his cock and fondled it through his slacks. Immediately, she thrilled to the way the lump of his cock twitched against her touch, throbbing desperately to get out.

Seconds later he was unbuttoning her blouse and sliding the silk off her naked shoulders. He then buried his face into the lush cushions of her melony tits and sucked them in feverish zeal. His glasses were pressed up toward his forehead as he continued to feast gluttonously on her mammoth tits, and Mary couldn't stop herself from trying to free his prick.

She unzipped his slacks and finally pulled out his cock. It filled her hands like a wiggling fat snake, and the blonde was pleasantly surprised by the bulk of his fuckmeat. It just kept swelling and growing in her hot hands as she soothed it with feathery caresses and gentle fondlings.

He began to kneel down on his knees in front of her, running his tongue-tip over her belly before ducking his head under her leather skirt. She moaned and swayed on her feet as she felt his hands tugging down her pantyhose. When he'd gotten the hose around her knees, he pulled down her bikini panties and hastily pressed his nose and mouth against her moist, furry pussy. By now, his glasses had fallen harmless off and lay close to her feet on the concrete floor. Mary thoughtfully

moved them away to safety with the toe of her boot while spreading her legs to give him total access to her dripping cunt. He didn't disappoint her.

He wedged his head between her spread thighs and, with his head completely covered by her skirt, his mouth worked urgently on her soupy pussy. He licked her cunt with his flicking tongue, and adroitly lanced her clit with his tongue-tip.

Mary swooned as she swayed to and fro. She humped back at his tickling, stroking tongue and experienced a wild, sudden explosion of pure delight throughout her pussy. When his teeth grazed her clit, she came, bucking and jerking as her body shuddered violently. And still, the man kept his mouth glued to her clit, sucking and biting and licking and drawing out her ecstasy into a full-blown orgasm that left her weak and hazy.

He didn't stop until he stabbed his tongue up into her fuckhole, pressed his lips against her pussy socket and sucked the spicy nectar out of her. The sensations overwhelmed the lusty blonde as she clutched at his head through her skirt and fed him her pussy as long as he wanted it.

Finally, he rose up and grinned lewdly, licking her juices off his lips as he quickly unbuttoned his slacks and pulled them down to his ankles. His shorts came next and he stood before her with his rigid, thick cock jutting like a club out from his hairy groin.

His cock was as thick as it was long, and Mary couldn't wait to suck it into her mouth. She sank to her knees without instruction and gobbled up the fat fuck meat with the thirst of a desperate woman.

Her tongue tickled the bulging underside of his prickshaft, and the blonde loved the way the hunk of cockmeat surged inside her mouth. His bloated cockhead clogged her throat, and she almost gagged a couple of times before she adjusted and managed to gulp the entire slab of fuckmeat into her sucking, wet mouth.

She fondled his balls as she sucked him, and the meaty, jizz-filled orbs tightened against her massaging hands. His prick leaped inside her mouth, and the blonde didn't dare pull away for fear of the thing flopping completely free of her greedy lips.

It was the liveliest cock she'd ever sucked, and already Mary knew she couldn't wait to feel it stuffed inside her cunt. Once she tried to stand and get on with the fucking, but he stopped her with firm pressure on her shoulders.

"Not yet," he said. "Eat more. Get my cock juicy and slick. I'm going to fuck your ass, and you're going to love it!"

Strange excitement coursed through her. Her pussy craved the fucking of his fat prick, but the strong, manly way in which he was calling the shots thrilled her into submission. She knew without thinking about it that she was his to do with what he wanted. This was his show.

She sucked feverishly, lathering his cock with her saliva. She caressed his balls and felt the urge to gobble them up as well. And finally he grabbed her arms and lifted her. Without a word he turned her around, bent her over until she was leaning over a stack of fuck mags, clutching at the dusty shelf that supported the pile and wriggling her ass back at him.

He pushed her skirt up over her hips and squeezed the firm, round globes of her asscheeks. She

felt his spit-wet cockhead nudge the backs of her legs as he spread apart her asscheeks, and she trembled with raunchy anticipation.

"Hurry!" she gasped. "Hurry! Fuck my ass! give me your fat cock right in the ass!"

"You've got it, honey!" he said, pressing his engorged knob against her shitter. "Just relax! I've got to fuck your tight little ass! You're begging for it!"

He rammed his prick-knob against the flexing, tight hole and she shrieked. The massive knob stretched her tender bung to the limit, and she wiggled and humped in a frenzy. And still he pressed on, shoving his cockhead against the gripping shit-chute until it popped through.

She bellowed a cry that may have been heard beyond the storage room into the bookstore. But she couldn't worry about that now. There was no stopping his plowing fuckmeat as it sank steadily into her buttery shitter.

"God! You're ripping me apart!" she wailed, clutching at the shelf so hard that her arms shook. Her big tits jiggled as her chest heaved. The flesh of her buttocks crawled and her pussy convulsed. Through the tremendous, searing pain glowed a white-hot flame of ecstasy, and the horny blonde shuddered. "Oooohhhh, yeeessss! Fuck my ass! Fuck the shit out of me!"

He pumped his fat cock in and out of her asshole. His hands squeezed her hips as he fucked her shitter, and he gathered speed with every thrust. Grunting and hissing, the man made her body sway to and fro, rocking with the rapid motions of this fierce ass-fucking.

"Nice, tight ass!" he moaned as his prick surged inside her brownie. "Aaahhhh, so hot and thick!"

His right hand slipped off her hip and she felt his fingers skimming between her parted legs, crawling over her gash, reaching for her stiff, twitching clit. She yelped as his fingertips isolated her clit, and she yelled as a thunderous orgasm rocked her pussy.

Her knees gave way and Mary started to collapse. She grabbed desperately at a stack of the fuck mags and the pile toppled in a dusty heap to the floor in front of her. She groaned and squealed and rammed her butt back to meet the steady, fast thrusting of his cock. Her shit-chute squeezed the fat slab of cock and she felt every curve and sway and ridge of his meaty shaft as it drilled in and out of her butthole.

She shivered and shuddered as her violent orgasm intensified. She found herself being held up just by his sturdy, propelling prick, and just as her sense of falling loomed imminent, his cock heaved a thick glob of jism into her bowels.

He kept pumping his spurting prick into her shitter as the river flow of his spunk bloated her asshole. He reached around and grabbed her fleshy tits as the last of his heavy load fired off into her ass, and then he hammered his prick to the hilt into her bowels and let her churning shitter squeeze the last few drops of jizz from his prick.

"Now, that's just what the doctor ordered," the man said, giving Mary's ass a playful slap as he pried his cock from her clutching shitter. He stepped back and pulled up his shorts and pants.

Mary spent a few moments getting herself back together, and when she faced the man he was grinning lewdly, appraising her with a satisfied, happy smirk.

He was cute without his glasses, and Mary flashed a shy grin.

"Well, I'm not sure if I should say 'thank you' now or not," she said, bending down to get his glasses and hand them to him. "But I can say it was certainly a first-time experience for me in a bookstore." He laughed.

"Come around again real soon," he said, escorting her back inside the store. "We have all the material to give us plenty of good ideas."

Mary gave him a wink, then strolled out of the store, past the fat girl behind the counter who was still sipping her soft drink and flipping through the movie magazine.

Mary left the mall and headed home. Halfway there, she drove in an opposite direction, deciding impulsively to surprise Bucky at the sporting goods store. She squirmed on the car seat and grinned at the dull ache and blistered warmth pulsing her little, well-worked asshole. She replayed the wild experience she'd just had in her mind and by the time she was wheeling into the parking lot at the sporting goods store, her pussy was again wet and hot.

Her mood changed quickly, however, and clouded with concern when she was told by Bucky's boss that he hadn't come to work today.

CHAPTER NINE

The phone was ringing when Mary entered the house. She answered breathlessly, and her heart sank when she heard Nan's voice on the line.

"Oh, Nan," she sighed. "Bucky didn't go to work and I'm worried sick. I have to hang up and start calling the hospitals or the cops. Maybe he passed out somewhere or-"

"Take it easy," Nan said, chuckling. "That's why I'm calling. I'm with Bucky."

Mary opened her mouth but couldn't say anything for several seconds as her mind registered what Nan had said.

"But, I thought you were with an old girlfriend," she said.

Again Nan chuckled throatily.

"I lied," the redhead purred. "Come and join us."

"Is he hurt or something?" Mary said, her exasperation edging into her tone.

"Oh, honey, he's a lot of things, but no way is he hurt," Nan said.

Mary stiffened. "Where are you?"

"Bucky's old bachelor pad," Nan said. "Remember the place?"

Mary slammed the receiver down and stormed from the house. She didn't know what was going on, but she was damn sure going to find out. She gunned the car and sped toward the apartment

complex where Bucky had lived before they got married. She remembered very well the way.

Her heart raced when she parked alongside Bucky's car. Two parking slots down she spotted Nan's car. She walked toward the familiar apartment, battling the mixed emotions that raged inside her. There had been something in Nan's tone on the phone that cut through all of Mary's current confusion. And when the blonde tried the apartment door and it opened, she already knew what she would discover in the bedroom.

She moved through the living area, seeing furniture as it had been before the wedding. The bedroom door was slightly ajar and she heard the muffled sounds of lusty lovemaking before she actually spotted Bucky in the center of the bed pumping his cock into Nan's pussy from behind. The redhead was in front of Bucky on her hands and knees, taking the fucking dog-style and loving every minute of it.

Mary watched for a few seconds, then kicked the door wide open. The lovers glanced her way, but didn't seem unduly surprised by her appearance.

"Hi, honey," Bucky said, grinning and not missing a fuckstroke. "Why don't you strip and join the party?"

Nan smiled through her lusty expression.

"Sorry we couldn't wait for you, Mary," the redhead said, her words coming haltingly between high-pitched pants and moans as she fucked back at Bucky's drilling prick. "Your hubby is just too tempting!"

Several thoughts raced through her mind as the blonde stood frozen, gaping at the erotic scene of her husband and the redhead fucking. The urge to bolt and run was the hardest to resist, but something kept her there, soaking up the raunchy view even as she suffered outrage and humiliation. She couldn't believe it, yet she'd expected it. Nan's phone call, the tone of the redhead's voice, had given her the hint that Nan and Bucky were intimate friends from way back. And suddenly, with that new knowledge, the blonde began to recall instances during her brief marriage to Bucky where she should've guessed he was fucking around. All the late-hours supposedly working, and not to mention the weekends he left the house for hours only to return with lame explanations as to where he'd been, all came back to her now.

Anger merged into a sickening feeling of betrayal, and Mary shook with rage. At the same time a strange awareness swept over her. After all, she'd also carried on an affair with Preston Bates. Then, she rationalized, and gave herself credit for waiting six months before cheating on Bucky. Her mind reeled as emotions and wild thoughts spun out of control.

Meanwhile, Bucky grunted and his load blasted from his prick. He kept banging his spewing cock into Nan's pussy from behind even as the redhead squealed and twitched on her hands and knees in the center of the bed. She collapsed under his weight and groaned throatily, indicating that she'd also come.

And through it all, Mary stood staring, her mind whipping through a wide range of thoughts, hurts and passions. Gradually, the blonde saw nothing but the erotic scene before her. Her young handsome husband heaving his prick into the saucy, sexy redhead Mary herself had known so intimately and enjoyed completely dominated Mary's thoughts and attention as the fucking couple completed their frenzied act. And by the time Bucky rolled off Nan and glanced toward

Mary, the blonde was unconsciously peeling off her clothes.

Mary wanted answers, but more importantly, she wanted to share her husband's pleasure. She loved him, through it all, and she couldn't ignore her own flings while feeling cheated by his. As for Nan, Mary began to see the wry irony of the redhead meekly professing not to be a lesbo when she'd seduced Mary and showed her the joys of woman-to-woman sex.

When she was naked, Nan reached out to her from the bed, and Mary went into the redhead's arms. Their lush, big tits pressed together as the women embraced and rolled over the mattress. Their tongues tangled as they frenched each other in a growing passion and hunger.

As Mary's lust grew, her anger melted. She had Bucky, and he was open enough, trusting enough, to let her in on his fling with Nan. Now, as she ducked down and nibbled hungrily on the redhead's nipples, she viewed Bucky's actions today as an unique expression of real love. He obviously wanted his wife included to form a perfect threesome with he and his lover. And Mary certainly couldn't fault her husband's taste in women. After all, Nan had become Mary's single female lover.

Nan moved around so that her head was resting between the blonde's legs, and Mary had no trouble flicking her tongue through the redhead's curly cunt nest. The women settled easily into their sixty-nine position and for Mary, knowing her husband was watching the scene, her pleasure was doubled.

Mary shuddered as the redhead's tongue deftly sliced up and down her cuntslit. Her pussy lathered with fuck-juice as the older woman's experienced tongue did its work. And when the redhead sucked the blonde's clit between lush lips, Mary jerked, squealed and came.

At the same time, Mary plunged her tongue into Nan's overheated just-fucked cunt. The blonde moaned and writhed as she tasted her own husband's come inside the woman's pussy passage. She pressed her lips on the redhead's quivering cuntlips and drilled her tongue as deep as possible into the steamy fuckhole. She sucked vigorously, drawing out Bucky's spunk and the redhead's spicy juices. She savored the wanton flavor and thrilled as her own orgasm tingled her nerves.

Her pussy flexed and spasmed and sucked up the redhead's drilling tongue, and she humped against Nan's face. Her orgasm seemed unending, and the sheer ecstasy just stretched and stretched.

"Give a guy a chance girls!" Bucky gasped from nearby, chuckling as he touched his wife's ass.

Seconds later, Mary squealed and twitched as he felt Bucky's tongue swiping along her asscrease even as Nan continued to tongue-fuck her pussyhole. The twin delights overwhelmed her, and Mary surrendered to the sweet rapture as Bucky's tongue slid into her bung.

She came again, this time shuddering violently, jerking and twisting and squealing as the pleasure overtook her control. She somehow kept drilling her tongue in and out of Nan's pussy and abruptly caused the older woman to thrash and growl in climax.

Mary gobbled up the redhead's cascading juices and couldn't stop wiggling her butt back at her husband's tongue. She grinned even with her lips pressed into Nan's bushy twat, remembering the stranger in the bookstore and the wild ass-fucking he'd so recently given her.

Unknowingly, Bucky was soothing the stretched ache of her tender shitter and, she hoped, he was also getting her shitter ready for more cock.

The redhead's thighs quivered as she climaxed again. Her rapid-fire second orgasm caused her to bang her pussy hard against the blonde's mouth before finally rolling away, gasping and groaning.

Bucky quickly filled the void left by Nan and, with his tongue skewering his wife's asshole, he brought his fingers up to her cunt and tweaked her rubbery, hard clit. Mary instantly jerked and shuddered and now squealed loudly as her pleasure scorched her senses.

Suddenly, Bucky pushed away and sat up on his haunches as Mary whimpered and moaned. She rolled onto her back and, in the same motion, reached for her husband's straining, hard prick. He raised up and aimed his cock at her mouth, and this time she tasted Nan's cunt juices on her husband's shaft as she gluttonously inhaled the fuckmeat into her mouth.

She sucked his shaft right down to the hairy root and cupped his balls in her fingers. His engorged cock-knob rammed against the back of her throat, and she savored the exquisite sensation of her mouth being bloated with Bucky's cock.

"My wife's a great little cocksucker!" he gasped, grinning lewdly at Nan and winking.

"Not a bad cuntlapper either," the redhead said as she moved closer to the husband and wife. She fluttered her fingers over the blonde's snatch and kept her eyes riveted on Bucky's cock sliding in and out of the blonde's mouth.

Bucky began ramming his cock fast in and out of his wife's mouth, fucking her face in a mounting frenzy that Mary loved. The luscious friction of her husband's meaty prick grazing her lips, and of his fuckmeat filling her mouth, thrilled the wanton blonde and made her cunt convulse.

Suddenly, he jerked his prick from her mouth and moved between her legs. His hard cock twitched and glistened with her spit, and Mary gazed hotly at his fat cockhead as she anxiously reached down and opened up her cuntlips.

"Fuck me, Bucky!" she cried. "Give me your cock, darling! I need it so bad!"

He smiled and leaned forward. He rubbed his cockhead up and down her exposed cuntgash, touching the pink flesh and scalding the blonde's sensitive cuntal nerves. He finally plugged her cunt socket with his cockhead, and the blonde humped. Her pussy clutched his knob in an oily grip and momentarily held him there before Bucky heaved all of his shaft deep into her pussy channel.

Husband and wife roared their pleasure as Bucky's prick slammed to the hilt into her pussy. And immediately, Mary swung her legs around his hips and began humping in a furious frenzy of delight and passion. Her shapely ass bounced up and down on the bed as the sultry redhead looked on with hot eyes.

"Yes, oohhh, yeessss!" the blonde purred, her big boobs jiggling with her movements. "Nobody fucks me like you do, darling!"

"Give me some credit," Nan chuckled, moving behind Bucky and reaching between his legs to fondle his balls as he pumped his cock into his wife's pussy. "I've kept him in top form for you, Mary."

"And I was worked about you being a dyke!" Mary gasped, giggling at herself even as her pussy flexed on her husband's pounding prick.

"You girls pick the damn funniest times to talk," Bucky hissed, panting and fucking. "While you're back there resting, Nan, tongue my ass. That'll give you something to do."

The women snickered and Nan snapped, "Yes sir!"

She leaned in behind Bucky's pumping butt and spread apart his asscheeks. A second later her tongue was wriggling against his shitter, and the man howled as he heaved his cock hard and deep into his wife's clutching fuckhole.

The intensity of their three-way fucking soared. Mary was the first to come, and she did so with an explosive shattering in the depths of her cunt channel. She squealed and thrashed beneath her husband as her pussy spasmed around his drilling fuckmeat.

Her cuntwalls milked his shaft and very quickly he jerked and bucked. His cockhead swelled inside her cunthole and his jizz blasted into her womb. He wailed and kept hammering his cock into her pussy.

His come filled her pussy passage, and Bucky was like a man whiplashed by electrical current. Obviously, Nan's ass-tonguing was doing the trick, and Mary didn't mind in the least. Her husband kept corkscrewing his spurting prick in and out of her pussy while contorting and humping violently.

His cockhead slammed into her womb, and Mary shrieked as the pleasure overwhelmed her. Her entire fuckhole sizzled as her pussyhole gobbled up her husband's spunk.

At last Bucky wiggled away, escaping the sex sandwich of the two women, and he lay gasping on the bed, a lewd smile covering his face. His juice-smeared prick wobbled in the air, still semi-hard from the pile-driving fucking he'd just given his wife.

As Mary glanced up, she saw the redhead's smiling face. Nan moved right up between the blonde's spread legs and began licking and sucking Bucky's jism from Mary's snatch.

"Mmmmmmm, Nan, you always know just what to do!" Mary purred, rolling her hips gently and humping her cunt up against the redhead's tickling tongue and nibbling lips. "It's no wonder you and Bucky discovered each other!"

Bucky chuckled and propped himself up on an elbow. He played with his wife's giant tits, lazily swirling his fingertips over her pert, stiff nipples.

"Baby, Nan and I knew each other before you and I even met," he said.

Nan gave the blonde's cunt another fast lick, then glanced up. The redhead grinned and smacked her lips, savoring the tangy mixture of Bucky's jizz and Mary's cunt nectar. She kept her head

low, letting her chin graze through the blonde's dense patch of cunt clover.

"You see, Mary," the redhead said, winking. "Bucky is the reason I'm divorced. My old man found out about the two of us a couple of years ago and he split." The redhead shrugged. "Better off without him. Besides, Bucky was too good to give up. But you probably know that by now."

The information was coming too fast for the blonde to sort out. Before she could feel any form of jealousy, she felt a strange pride in having Bucky for a husband. After all, she reasoned, if Bucky could keep an experienced, worldly woman like Nan Dawson happy, he was indeed one fine catch.

"So, why didn't you two marry?" Mary finally asked, sitting up on the bed and eyeing her two lovers with new curiosity.

Bucky chuckled and shook his head slowly. It was Nan who, with a patient smile and a soothing hand on the blonde's thigh, answered. "Because, you sexy jerk, Bucky fell in love with you!"

"Oh!" Mary said, laughing with happy relief. "Thank God for that!"

The three of them laughed as they hugged each other in the center of the bed. Mary fondled her husband's juice-sticky cock and balls and thrilled as it leaped again under her touch. Nan nibbled on Mary's sensitive tits and, with her free hand, Mary rubbed the redhead's snatch.

"I hated keeping my affair with Nan a secret from you, honey," Bucky whispered as he sat up on his knees and aimed his engorged fuck-knob at his wife's mouth. "But, hell, I didn't want to hurt you. I figured a time would come when I could be honest with you." He rubbed the end of his knob over Mary's lush lips, then moaned as his horny wife eagerly sucked the fat crown into her mouth. His fingers skirted her cheeks, brushing away her blonde curls that framed her face. "I knew one day, Mary, that you'd understand and accept it. In fact, I knew it wouldn't take Nan long to see that you two got real acquainted."

The redhead giggled and dove for the blonde's succulent cunt.

"I've had my eye on you, Mary, since Bucky moved you next door to me," Nan said, her words muffled by the blonde's cunt.

Mary swooned as immediately, intense sensations overpowered her. She stretched out on the bed and opened her long legs for the redhead's hungry mouth even as she possessively sucked her husband's ramrod-stiff prick. She drew Bucky's cock deep down her throat and soaked it with her spit. She moaned again as his fuckmeat twitched against her tickling tongue.

She savored the pleasures engulfing her. She sure couldn't blame Bucky for not wanting to give up Nan. But most importantly, the blonde realized she'd been given the supreme compliment by Bucky marrying her. It was true, she told herself. It had to be true that he loved her.

Suddenly, brimming with happiness, the blonde squirmed away and rolled onto her side. She held Nan's head, keeping the redhead's face buried against her pussy as she offered her round, shapely butt to her husband.

"Darling, would you fuck my ass?" she cooed, glancing over her shoulder at Bucky and smiling sweetly, enticingly. Might as well start now getting the soreness worked out, she told herself as

Bucky grinned and eagerly aimed his saliva-greased knob between her asscrack.

As his prickhead poked against Mary's puckered shitter, Bucky gasped, "Now that you know everything, honey, I can let this apartment go!"

"If you really want to do that, Bucky," Mary whimpered as his knob popped into her tight asshole. "But I think it's romantic, darling. Aaaaahhhh, that feels so good!"

"No. It goes," Bucky said with a low groan of pleasure, his prick sinking halfway into his wife's tight asshole. "With the money we'll save you won't have to work. And you'll never again have to kiss Preston's ass."

Mary shuddered and squealed as her ecstasy crawled over her sexy body. She pushed her ass back against her husband's driving prick and impaled herself on his fuckmeat. Her buttery shitter clamped around his shaft and her pussy convulsed. She felt Nan's tongue slither into her overheated cunthole and the twin delights of pleasure she was receiving caused her to come. Her gyrations spurred Bucky and Nan into feverish action, drilling her two holes, and the fulfilled blonde surrendered to the glorious throes of one orgasm after another.

She felt like the luckiest woman alive. And the best fucked.

CHAPTER TEN

A month later she got a call from Preston Bates. Mary was surprised but not necessarily shocked, and after tipping off Nan, she agreed to meet with him in his private office.

"Well, well, looking better than ever!" Preston shouted when Mary entered his office an hour after his call. "The rest has done wonders for you, Mary. Mmmm, those tits! God, I've missed you around here!" She smiled demurely and sat on the chair across from his desk. The place hadn't changed in the month since her firing, and neither had her former boss. He oained down on her, his eyes registering pure lust as he took in the sight of her curvaceous body packaged enticingly in a short, tight white dress. Her golden hair curled to her bare shoulders like wisps of honey silk. The tops of her tits bulged over the plunging neckline and, when she crossed her legs, the white hemline rose to creamy mid-thigh.

"You look well, Preston," she said, flashing a winning smile. "Things must be good with you."

He shrugged as his eyes swept down over her legs before darting back to her tits.

"No complaints," he said, suddenly standing and moving around the desk toward her. He leaned back against the desk, positioning himself directly in front of her. "Shit, we go back too far to dance around, Mary. You know I was full of crap when I canned you. We'll forget the whole thing. Fair?"

The smile stayed on her lovely face, and this time it was her turn to shrug.

Preston grinned.

"Smart girl!" he gasped, practically drooling now as he peered at her tits. His huge cock throbbed inside his slacks, and it was impossible for Mary not to notice.

"I think you've missed me, Preston," she purred, leveling her gaze on the ballooning fly of his pants.

"No doubt about it, honey," he said with a inroaty chuckle. "I never could hide anything from you." His eyes sparkled. "I'll even show you just how much I've missed you, Mary!"

He unzipped his pants fly and pulled out his mammoth prick. The enormous fuckmeat sprang out, throbbing and twitching, a lively slab of beef. He stroked it a couple of times as he leaned in toward her, directing his giant cockhead at her face.

"I bet you've missed me too a little," he husked. "Admit it, honey. You always liked the best."

Mary didn't have to answer. Her expression said it all. Her eyes feasted on his hung cock as it neared her face. She instinctively licked her lips just before he pressed his prick-knob against her lips. She kissed the tip end, then flicked her tongue up and down the tiny piss-slit. She tasted his pre-come juice brimming just inside his cock and the salty-sweet taste of it thrilled her. Fuck, I'm addicted to jizz, she told herself as she began swirling her tongue in broad swipes around and around his swollen head.

The sexy blonde hated herself as she went to work on Preston's cock-crown. She'd told herself on the way to his office that she wouldn't let this happen-at least so easily. But now, she couldn't help herself. His enormous prick made her giddy and weak. Her pussy was already damp and itchy. And she almost laughed at herself as she squirmed on her chair, becoming mindful of the fact that she hadn't worn panties to this little meeting with her former boss in his office.

"Nobody does it any better than you, Mary!" he hissed, stroking her long, silky hair and gazing down on her as she licked his mammoth knob. "You always loved it too much to do a sloppy job! I like that, honey! That's probably the main thing I've missed most about you!"

She felt herself weakening even more as she nibbled on his cockhead. She let her lips and teeth graze the tip-end of his cockhead, then she opened her mouth wide and sucked the whole, fat knob between her lips.

She clamped her lips around the flared fleshy ridge of his circumsized knob and sucked. At the same time, she dabbed her tongue-tip into his creamy prick, tasting more of his pre-come fluid. She smiled as he began to pant and moan and sway on his feet.

"Suck it up, Mary!" he hissed, grabbing for her tits through her dress. "Suck up the whole fucker! Take it all! You've done it before! Do it now! Shit, I've been missing this from you!"

Her lips slid down the thick, veiny shaft as she flattened her tongue along the underside of his fuckmeat. She stretched her lips as she progressed and managed to stifle her gag reflex just as her lips finally touched the bristled patch of cockhair near the thick base of his shaft.

His huge prick filled her mouth to its limit, and the horny blonde thrilled to the sensation. His cock was hot and jerky, twitching inside her mouth and so very sensitive to every flex of her tongue and jaws. The enormous knob clogged her throat and if she'd attempted to swallow right now, she knew she couldn't stop the gagging that would surely choke her.

She brought her fingers up to caress his meaty balls, and she played with them as she began slowly pulling her head back, dragging her lips over the slick surface of his shaft.

"Aaahhhhh, shit, yes, Mary!" he gasped, dipping his knees and tweaking her nipples through her dress. "Get ready, baby! I can't stay still now!"

He rammed his giant prick back into her mouth to the hilt, then whipped it back out. He quickly picked up the pace of his mouth-fucking, banging her lips with enough force to almost knock the wind out of her. His ass whip-sawed to and fro and his cock sizzled her ringed lips with a friction that scorched way beyond her mouth.

"I've got a load I've been saving just for you, Mary!" he gasped, clutching her tits and humping. "I'm gonna send a gusher right down your throat, baby! Get fuckin' ready! It'll probably take off the back of your skull!"

Her jaws ached and her mouth seemed ablaze as his fuckstrokes paced into a frenzy. His enormous fuckmeat was like a monster piston plugging her throat and threatening to block her breath. And suddenly he grunted and shook as his big cock leaped like a spewing firehose. His huge load of spunk blasted from his pisser and clogged her throat.

Mary gulped and swallowed. The foamy flow was incredible, but the horny blonde was up to the task. Once over the initial tide of thick spunk she was able to suck just as his mammoth prick heaved and belched more of the creamy jism. She timed it perfectly, gulping, sucking and swallowing until she'd drained him.

At last Preston wilted and stumbled back against his desk. His huge prick, even temporarily sated, was still enormous and semi-hard. His cockflesh glistened with her spit and created a lewd sight as it dangled out through the opening of his pants fly.

And now, overcome by her own horny arousal, Mary squirmed on her chair and hiked her dress up to her hips. She exposed her naked pussy and spread her legs while leering at her former boss.

His eyes bugged as he gazed at her cunt. His lips cracked into a smirk.

"Always prepared, right Mary?" he murmured, dropping to his knees in front of her chair and placing his strong hands on her naked thighs. "I think you deserve to have your pretty little cunt licked and sucked before I fuck you."

"Mmmmmm, I was thinking the same thing," she purred, humping forward, bringing her pussy to the edge of her chair and right in line with his face.

Preston snickered as he lifted the blonde's legs and draped them over the arms of the chair, opening up her pussy that much more. Then, without hesitation, he leaned forward and ran his wet tongue over her inner thighs.

She shivered and moaned as his tongue teased toward her overheated cunt. And when, at last, his tongue-tip sliced along her creamy slit, she threw her head back and squealed a throaty groan as the rapture overwhelmed her.

"Oooooohhh, Preston!" she cooed. "It's nice to be missed!"

He lapped at her clit and drove her wild when he sucked the tender little bud between his lips.

He wedged his hands under her ass and squeezed her round, firm cheeks as he devoured her clit and tongue-lashed it.

The horny blonde shuddered and the violent quakes of her orgasm jolted her snatch. She humped and bounced on the chair and did her best to hold her squeals to muffled little sobs.

"Oooohhhhh, damn, that's good, Preston!" she groaned, grabbing the top of his head as he continued feasting on her clit. "Tongue me, Preston! Aaaahhhhh, tongue my pussy! My cunt is so wet and hot! Slam it in, Preston! Tongue-fuck me, darling! I need to come again! Oooohhhhhh!"

He chewed delicately on her clit for several more seconds then swiped his tongue up and down her gash. Because of her lewdly spread position his tongue practically touched her shitter at the bottom before licking back up almost to her clit. And through it all, Mary's slit quivered and the meaty pulp and slippery membranes just inside her cuntlips danced under the sizzling stroke of his tongue and lips.

Spicy nectar drooled from her cunt cavity, greasing his tongue and mouth as her ecstasy soared. She bucked on the chair and fucked back at his face as her fingers twisted his hair and guided the motion of his mouth up and down her cunt gash. And when he finally drilled his tongue into her convulsing fuckhole, the lust-dizzy blonde couldn't suppress the guttural shriek that ripped through her throat.

Her pussy passage sucked up his tongue, pulling it deep inside. Her cuntwalls flexed on the invading tongue, and she thrilled as he wiggled his tongue inside the slippery, hot channel.

As she humped and ground her ass on the chair, her legs gradually slipped off the arms, but she quickly compensated by draping her legs over his shoulders. She squeezed her thighs against his head and humped more vigorously, ramming her pussy against his face.

Mary's pussy shuddered and her ecstasy was overwhelming. Her climax rocked her snatch as her juices filled his mouth. She heard the sloppy sounds of his cunt-feast and it excited her that much more. She loved having Preston with his mouth glued to her oozing twat, his tongue plugging her fuckhole and his mouth driving her to countless, tremendous orgasms.

"Don't stop!" she cried, tapping her heels on his back as the delirious sensations rattled through her. "Keep tongue-fucking me, Preston! Aaaahhhh, yeeesssss! Tongue that pussy! Oooohhhhhh, yeah! Don't ever stop!"

But Preston had other ideas and he wasn't bashful about changing the routine. He pushed himself away from Mary's drooling snatch and smacked his lips as he rose to his feet between her wide-spread legs.

"Nothing like dipping your tongue into some tasty pussy to put the starch back in a cock," Preston said, grabbing her arms and pulling her up out of the chair. "Let's get down to some real business!"

Before Mary realized exactly what was happening, he was yanking down the zipper of her dress and exposing her bra-covered tits. He made fast work of removing her bra and as her big, bouncy tits came into his full view, he instantly gobbled one up with his hungry mouth.

Mary moaned as he bit down on her stiff nipple. She wrapped her arms around his head and

pressed his face against her tit. She wriggled her naked ass on the desktop and felt strangely more wanton and provocative with her dress bunched into a knotted rope around her waist than if she'd been completely naked. Her feet dangled off the edge of the desk and her widespread knees gave her former boss plenty of room to bring his jutting cock toward her naked, hot cunt.

Preston whipped his head over to Mary's other tit and sucked it into his mouth. He chewed on her nipple and made her squeal with desire. Her pussy trembled and her itchy clit went into automatic spasms. Her creamdrooling cunt was on fire as she lowered her hands to his hips and tried desperately to pull him into her and to impale herself on his ramrod prick.

Abruptly, Preston stepped back and unhooked his slacks. He jerked them down along with his shorts and stepped out of his clothes. His huge cock jutted straight ahead toward her pussy, lunging out beneath his shirt-tails. And then, with an animal-like growl of raw passion and need, he clutched her naked ass and drove his rigid fuckmeat into her pussyhole.

The force of his mighty prick nearly drove her up off the desktop as she cried out and met the initial thrust of his cock into her pussy. Her cuntwalls closed on his drilling fuckmeat, and neither of them hesitated as they instantly went into a frenzy of fucking.

Her huge tits jiggled and bobbed as he whip-sawed his cock in and out of her soupy pussy. Her clit sizzled with every fuckstroke, and she came almost immediately.

"Oh, ooohhhh, I'm coming!" she squealed, hinging her lower legs around his knees as her pussy kept sucking up his cock. "My pussy is exploding! Aaaahhhh, yeesss! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck meeeee!"

Heavin and grunting, Preston's fuckstrokes grew even more intense as he battered his oversized prick into her churning cunthole. And very quickly, the force of his fucking tilted Mary backward until she was flat on the desktop, humping up to meet the vicious thrusts of his pounding prick.

She kicked her legs up in the air behind Preston and howled as her orgasm seemed to stretch out forever over her nerves. Her cunt channel was stuffed with thick, long fuckmeat, and the delirious blonde became engulfed in her own ecstasy.

The blast of his wad sent wondrous shock-waves throughout her cunt cavern and the rest of her writhing, shuddering body. And even as he shot thick jets of jism into her womb, he kept hammering his prick into her spasming fuckhole, dragging out her orgasm.

"The fuckin best!" he gasped, puffing and grunting as his own pleasure expressed itself on his sweaty face. "Best pussy to fuck! Aaaahhhh, Mary! Oooohhhhhh, fuck, I've missed you! Hot, tight, horny pussy!"

His spunk filled her. Her pussy gobbled up his load, and still his come shot into her in foamy ropes. Wet, sloshing sounds accompanied the fierce fucking now as his jizz began to spill out of her flexing pussy and dampen her inner thighs and soak his balls.

At last he slumped on top of her, pinning her to the desk with his drained cock imbedded fully inside her churning cunthole. He rested his face on the cushiony melons of her heaving tits, and Mary savored the nice, soothing pleasures of her fading orgasm. Her tight pussyhole gloved his prick like a snug sleeve and her cuntwalls continued to milk his shaft dry.

Gradually, like the subtle shift of a seasonal wind, an eerie calm came over her, mingling with the fine satisfaction that soothed her. The transformation slowly took shape and somehow Mary wasn't surprised when she realized this savage, intense fucking with Preston Bates had acted to purge her of him. Strangely, she'd used him to break his hold on her. She'd taken his best shot, and she no longer needed him. It was her turn to ban him, to fire him.

As she stirred beneath him, coaxing him to ease his big cock out of her sated snatch, Mary knew she'd turned the tables on him. He now was addicted to her, but she could and would walk calmly away without a backward glance. It was, after all, the sweetest revenge for his cold-blooded action of firing her in the face of her most troubled time.

Preston stood and beamed down on her. When she sat up, he caressed her tits.

"I think we can find a spot for you in the typing pool," he said. "Give it another month in the mailroom, honey, then I'll see what I can do for you."

The sexy blonde aloofly ignored his caresses as she deliberately slipped her arms back into her dress and stood down off the desktop. She smoothed the dress down over her shapely legs and turned her back on his bemused, surprised expression. She waited silently until he'd zipped her dress, then she strolled toward the office door. Finally, she turned and flashed a bright smile.

"Preston, your mailroom and your typing pool don't interest me," she said firmly. "I've got much better things at home." She opened the door and stepped outside. Then she glared back one last time at her former boss. "Don't call me, I'll call you the next time I'm hard-up."

Bucky and Nan were naked and sixty-nining when she returned home and entered the bedroom. It took her less than ten seconds to strip and join them. And just before Bucky got around to stuffing his prick into his wife's cunt, Mary told her two lovers all about her last adventure with Preston Bates. The three of them laughed and rolled together on the big bed, merging eventually into what had become Mary's favorite position.

The lusty blonde groaned with satisfaction as her husband's cock entered her well-oiled pussy.

At the same time, Nan straddled the blonde's head, and Mary eagerly pulled the redhead's pussy down on her face. She shivered with delight and grinned into Nan's pussy as she vividly remembered Preston's expression when she closed the office door on him for the last time.

Mary humped up to meet the thrust of her husband's cock while drilling her tongue up into Nan's creamy cunthole. And she knew nothing could ever compare to what she had now at home.

THE END...