

Archive-name: 3plus/newly-01.txt

Archive-author: WC - 12/92

Archive-title: Newlywed Fun - 1

Chapter One

The movers had been gone less than an hour. Janet White was crouched among the luggage and packing boxes which littered the spacious front room of the house. She glanced up and saw her new husband, Mark, stripped to the waist, sweat glistening off his broad shoulders as he carried a heavy trunk toward the staircase. Seeing him that way stirred sweet sensations in her lower abdomen, and Janet sighed softly. This was the happiest moment in her life.

She pushed a long, dark curl away from her face, continuing to savor the joyful feelings coursing through her twenty-year old body, enjoying a salacious tingle as her dark nipples hardened against the cotton material of her T-shirt. And her huge, shapely tits throbbed when, acting on impulse, she stood and made her way towards the staircase. She was in hot pursuit of her twenty-four year old husband and his brawny, sweaty body.

They had been married nine months and had lived during that blissful time in Mark's bachelor apartment. House hunting had been fun and adventurous, but Janet was glad it was over and that they had bought a place all their own. For the first time in months she felt truly married.

The young bride couldn't wait to organize her kitchen and to prepare Mark's favorite meals and serve him each evening when he arrived home from work. But, as she crept up the stairs towards the master bedroom, her heart pounded with fresh, erotic

excitement, as she was even more anxious to celebrate their new home with a wanton, mid-afternoon fuck.

She stepped into the doorway of their bedroom and eyed Mark, his back to her, bending over the trunk and unloading its tissue wrapped contents. Her dark blue eyes focused on his small, tight-packed ass stretching the seat of his jeans and her pussy fluttered involuntarily. She felt pussy juice seep out and dampen her hairy cuntlips and wet the crotch of her thin, blue bikini panties under her tight shorts.

As he bent and twisted, Janet's eyes caught the graceful stretch of Mark's muscles and her heart beat wildly. She moaned softly and caressed her big tits and squeezed her thighs together. Then, suddenly, because of her groans and moans, or just from male instinct, Mark glanced over his shoulder and spotted his sexy young wife.

"You got nothing better to do than stand there and stare at me, little woman?" he teased, his green eyes focusing on the bulge of her tits.

"Oh, I've got a lot to do, honey," she cooed, stepping towards her husband with a sway of her curvy hips. "And I'll bet you're thinking of a few wild things that will keep me busy for the rest of the afternoon, as well."

Mark chuckled as she stepped up to him. He stood silently until her jutting tits brushed against his sweaty, naked chest, then he slid his hands onto her hips. Their eyes locked just as he lowered his head towards hers.

"I'm thinking of something much more exciting than unpacking," he whispered before his lips touched hers.

"Mmmmmmm," she moaned when he kissed her and slipped his strong arms around her slender waist.

He snaked his tongue between her moist lips, sliding it around the inside of her slippery mouth. She melted against him and smelled his enticing, manly aroma as she sucked on his

tongue. Then she whimpered softly as her arousal leaped, her pussy spasming and her nipples tingling deliciously.

His hands roamed her ass and back, massaging the soft flesh through her shorts and shirt. Janet groaned and squirmed as she felt his throbbing prick press against her, and in that moment her senses urged her to go on. She wanted more than mere touching through clothes.

She sank down in front of him, dragging her hot wet tongue along his chest to his stomach. Her tonguetip toyed with his navel as she positioned herself on her knees and braced herself by clutching his hard ass.

Mark's fingers tangled in his wife's long, dark hair and he started bucking his hips gently, swaying provocatively as his cock bulged inside his jeans.

"Stop teasing me, woman," he hissed, playing a familiar game with her. "You know your duty. Get to work now."

Janet giggled as her fingers played across his fly. "Yes, sir," she answered, acting out her role to perfection.

She loved their private games and she never tired of acting out the part of Mark's slave. Skillfully, she unzipped his pants, delicately reached inside and brushed her fingertips against his pubic hair. She moaned when she felt his throbbing cock twitch against her fingers and an instant later she had his large prick through the opening in his pants.

Janet gazed at the bulbous, red head of his cock. I'm so lucky to have a man like Mark, she told herself as she lightly rubbed the engorged stalk. Such a man. Such a stud!

Janet had not been a virgin when she married Mark, but she hadn't been very experienced either. Her beauty and her body made men hit on her everywhere she went, but, raised by strict parents, she had not dated frequently.

A steady boyfriend had popped her cherry the night before he and his family had moved away. She had just turned eighteen a

few days before. After that, she hadn't had sex for almost a year, and then she was seduced by her boss.

Janet had been working as a secretary and her boss had been extremely nice to her. Some of the other women in the office warned that he was just after one thing, but she hadn't believed them. He had never made any sort of sexual comment to her and always treated her with respect. But he began to make little requests such as asking her to stay a little later than the others, to take care of some important last minute work. One thing led to another and one night he took her to dinner.

He told her of his unhappy marriage and his growing attraction for her. He felt it was the beginning of a new and fresh love. Because he was so handsome, charming and worldly, Janet fell for his line, and before the night was over, she found herself making passionate love to him in a downtown hotel.

After that, they continued to meet secretly while maintaining discretion at work. She would steal glances at him when she could, and once she even snuck into his office to suck his cock when the other girls had gone to lunch.

But the bubble burst when Janet asked him when he was going to divorce his wife and marry her. He informed her that he had no intentions of divorcing his wife, because she was the one who legally owned the company. To divorce her would be putting himself on the unemployment line. Janet quit her job that very day.

She had met Mark when he came to install some new carpet for her parents a few weeks later. He had bashfully asked her out and she accepted. A year later, with the blessings of her parents, she and Mark married. Her ambitious young husband was still installing carpet, but he had big plans. He wanted to buy the small company he worked for and, with Janet, was working towards his goal.

But nothing mattered at the moment to Janet, except feasting

on Mark's pulsing meat. Pleasing her man turned her on more than anything, and she never tired of proving it.

She fished a hand into his open fly and caressed his sweaty balls as she flicked her tongue over his swollen cockhead. She tasted the drop of pre-cum that seeped from his winking piss slit, the salty flavor causing her arousal to surge. She wasted no time in swirling her tongue around and around the slick cock flesh.

He twisted the dark curls of her hair in his fists and groaned as she began licking up and down the veiny length of his pole. She massaged his bloated balls while she serviced his prick with her tongue, drenching the meat with her saliva. Then, without warning, she opened her mouth wide and gulped half of his shaft between her lips. At the same time, Mark lowered his hands from her head, grabbed her shirt and pulled it off. He tore it from her shoulders, allowing her mammoth tits to flop free, and her dark nipples stiffened and stretched. He then bent his knees slightly and managed to cup her heavy breasts in his palms while she continued to suck his long, large prick.

As he fondled her sensitive tits and nipples, Janet forced herself to swallow every bit of his cock, going all the way down to his pubic hair. Her lush lips brushed against his hairy base while her fingers busily played with his balls. Their happy moans and groans made sweet background music with Janet's lusty slurping sounds.

She trembled as excitement engulfed her. Her pussy was on fire. Just bouncing his cum-filled nuts in her hands gave her a huge charge, but nothing like the sensation of having his cock sliding in and out of her mouth. And she couldn't ignore the exquisite pleasure Mark was giving her as he expertly caressed her tits.

The big round circle formed by her lips squeezed against the thick cock as she began moving her head back and forth, keeping

in time with the gentle rocking of his hips, moving forwards and backwards a little further each time. His grip tightened as he began fucking her face.

Janet nearly swooned with delight as her husband's cockhead nudged the back of her throat. She gulped involuntarily and readied herself for the sweet explosion of his milky cum into her mouth. She started sucking faster, furiously, anxiously awaiting, wanting to swallow his heavy load and feel his jism coat her throat.

But then, Mark pushed himself away, freeing his jerking prick from her mouth. Heaving and panting, he eased himself down and gently lowered her with him, so that he was squatting above her. He bent over just as her back reached the floor, his mouth attaching itself to one of her succulent tits. He chewed eagerly on her swollen nipple, then gulped more and more of her sweet breast into his hot mouth. Then he rolled his tongue around the nipple again and again, biting down gently, causing Janet to arch her back and cry out in raw ecstasy.

Mark slipped his hands down to work at removing her shorts, and succeeded as Janet cooperated by squirming her hips and ass. She shivered as he exposed her wet, steamy pussy. Her shorts and bikini panties formed a thin rope around her knees, and she wanted desperately to kick them off. She wanted to spread her legs wide and give herself to the marvelous stud that she loved so much.

"Fuck me, Mark," she whispered huskily. "Oh, lover, fuck me. I need your cock inside of me!"

Gradually, he eased her constricting panties down her legs until he finally pulled them off her ankles. At last her legs were free to open up and her burning pussy was prepared to take his mighty cock. She pumped her ass, driving her pussy up to meet his savage thrust.

"Yes, Mark. Fuck me!" she gasped. "Don't make me wait any

longer. Please!"

But, instead of fucking her madly as she wanted, he merely chuckled and pulled his cock from her and again attacked her tits with his hungry mouth.

Just when her need and lust reached the point of explosion, Mark surprised her by abruptly pushing himself up. He rested briefly in a squatting position, grinning down at his sexy wife, and his hard cock jutted straight out from his crotch, aiming right at her exposed pussy. He made no move to give her what she craved. Then, before she could voice her confusion, he moved again. This time he swung a leg over Janet's chest as he turned his body, and, in the next second, Janet found her husband straddling her lovely head, his cock plunging towards her gaping mouth as he lowered his head to her silky thighs.

She uttered a gleeful groan just as he stabbed his cock into her open mouth. At the same time, he whipped his tongue through the creamy, hairy folds of her cunt, parting the moist tissue with quick slices of his tongue. Janet sighed and relished the double dose of pleasure that immediately blanketed her. Every nerve in her body sparked as the sensations overwhelmed her.

The young women savored the taste of her husband's cock almost as much as she thrilled to the sensation of his tongue parting her cuntlips and teasing her clit. Waves of eroticism spread through her body.

Automatically, the eager, dark-haired bride grabbed the back of her husband's thighs as she sucked every bit of his prick into her mouth. His hairy balls danced just above her eyes and she thrilled to the wanton way he had positioned himself above her face. She let her hands roam up over his smooth, taut ass cheeks and boldly traced a fingertip along his ass crack just as his tongue touched the entrance of her cunt hole.

In the next second, Mark skipped his tongue along Janet's oozing cunt until he touched her clit with its tip. She went

wild. Her hips jerked and her shrill cry of joy was only partially muffled by the thick stalk of cock against her wind pipe. Mark closed his lips around her clit, nuzzling the sensitive bud. He jerked gently on the little clit, driving Janet further into ecstasy, and her legs spread even wider apart as she humped her ass up and down in heated response to his pussy sucking. Then, as if his own desires had suddenly overwhelmed him, Mark fucked his stiffened tongue straight into her oil-slicked fuck hole.

Janet's climax was sudden and intense. Her juices started seeping from the depths of her cunt to spill out in a cascading gush against his lips and over his chin. The wild spasms rocked her pussy, jarring her whole body. Her passionate wails were stifled by his cock fucking in and out of her mouth but she squealed nonetheless.

Just at the peak of her orgasm, Mark's cock leaped into action inside her mouth. His cockhead swelled as his jism shot out. The first gobs of his sticky jizz struck her tongue, then the tidal wave flowed unabated. Her throat was filled to overflowing by the thick amount of cum juices, and the lusty woman gulped and gulped.

She savored the sensual pleasure that continued to spread throughout her entire body, letting his gyrating hips by her face captivate her attention. Then her senses became alerted to a strange presence. She stiffened automatically and knew in that same second that her husband was reacting in the same way. His body became tense and he abandoned her juicy cunt with an abrupt snap of his neck.

It was only a heartbeat later, when Mark had lurched off her awkwardly, that Janet glimpsed in wide-eyed shock the stranger standing in the open doorway of their new bedroom.

She was an attractive blonde woman of perhaps thirty, and she met the startled stares of the young couple with a slight

smirk on her curved lips, blush coloring her lovely face.

She cleared her throat nervously and began to back out of the room. "Oops, sorry," she said with an embarrassed laugh. "I guess this isn't exactly the proper time for anyone to welcome the two of you to the neighborhood." The blonde started to say something else, then shrugged her shoulders, chuckling. She gave Janet and Mark a feeble wave before bounding down the stairs and out of the young couple's new home.

For a moment neither of them could move, but then Mark began to laugh and Janet soon followed his example. The idea of being caught in a sixty-nine, at the height of passion, by a total stranger who was to be their new neighbor, seemed absolutely hilarious to the two of them. They rolled around on the floor together, holding one another as their laughter filled the room and joyful tears rolled down their cheeks. Then Mark stood up, pulling Janet to her feet as well, and the two headed for the bathroom and the shower.

They got into the shower together and began to soap up one another, knowing they were merely building up their desire again. As soon as Mark's cock was once again jutting out from his groin, Janet grabbed it and pulled him from the shower stall and back into the bedroom, and pushed him down onto the bed and fell on top of him.

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Chapter Two

"I won't be able to step out of this house as long as we live here," Janet said, stretching under the bedcovers. Her naked leg brushed against Mark's bare body. "I think I'll die of embarrassment the first time I see that woman."

Mark smiled and playfully cupped his wife's full, rounded tit. "Stop worrying about it. I'm sure we didn't show her anything she hasn't seen or done before. She looked like a lady who has been around."

"Is that right?" Janet scoffed, giving him a poke in the ribs. "You sure seemed to have noticed an awful lot for someone in the position you were in at the time."

He rolled onto his side and began fondling her tits with both hands as they snuggled closer together on the bed. "Honey, I've always told you that I admire a good-looking woman, but, you also know that you are my number one woman. You are the one I love, and the one I married."

"Keep trying to talk your way out of this one, Mark," she said with a grin. "You aren't getting off the hook that easy."

She smiled lovingly at him, despite the flicker of jealousy that flashed through her mind.

She decided to change the subject. "Mark, you have to feel a little embarrassed about what happened, too. I mean, that woman will surely tell the other neighbors and, well, every time I see someone from the neighborhood, I'll be sure they are snickering behind my back."

"So? Let them," he told her, gently rolling one of her plump nipples between his fingertips, loving the way the little bud stiffened from his touch. "At least we've given them plenty to talk about. Think of how popular we'll be."

"Mark, you're impossible!" she cried with a laugh.

"And, speaking of impossible, isn't it hard to believe we have spent the whole day and most of the night in our new house

and have only fucked once?"

"You're right," she replied with a grin, reaching beneath the covers to grab his stiff cock. "And that is something we should change right now."

She felt his lips lock around one of her nipples as she gently squeezed his cock. She couldn't help but think of the way he was able to make everything seem okay just by turning her on. She would turn into a real slut if not careful, she thought as new arousal swept over her.

It had been a long, tiring day with the move, unpacking, and the other work that went with any major move, and with the startling intrusion of the neighbor. Now, as she lay beside Mark, thrilling to his manipulations of her tits, the familiar excitement of his wonderful sexual expertise returned.

She reached down and cupped his balls in her two hands, cradling them with loving care, massaging them delicately as his cock surged into glorious hardness. She moaned as he sucked on first one nipple and then the other one, and nibbled on them just hard enough to make her cry out. As he tongued her nipples, Janet began stroking his cock shaft, trying to cover every precious inch of his manhood. She loved the way his cock seemed to dance against her hand. Within seconds, her pussy was pulsing and aching with the need to be filled with her man's cock.

"Ahhh, yes," she moaned when his right hand slipped down her thigh, and then she held her breath as his fingers began their search through her downy pussy hair. Her puffy cunt lips began to tingle with anticipation. His fingers caressed along the edge of her slit, massaging the slick tissue and making her sigh and groan. His fingertips teased the entrance of her fuck hole, driving her mad with lust and desire, and pleasure continued to build. There was no stopping the expanding flow of heat which glowed inside her.

"Fuck me now, Mark!" she pleaded breathlessly. "Oh, honey,

fuck me! I need your great big cock inside of me! Please, fuck me hard and deep!"

His only response was to swirl his tongue faster and faster over her excited nipples, dividing his attention equally between her two tits while continuing to tease her cunt lips with his fingers. She felt juices wash over her trembling pussy lips and she enjoyed the vibrations that tormented her clit. Then she trembled all over when Mark gulped one of her big tits almost all the way into his mouth. She squeezed the base of his cock as her hoarse groans rasped in her throat. She wanted to force his cockhead against her pussy, then suck his prick into her quaking cunt, all the way to the hilt.

She tried to move herself on top of his prick, but he refused to cooperate. Instead, he kept toying with her cunt lips. He sucked her tits vigorously, moving from one to the other, even when he finally tweaked her clit between two fingers.

Janet cried out, her passion obvious in her body's reactions to his touch. Her arousal gradually turned to frustration, and she started jerking on his prick, milking it fast and hard. Her guttural pleas were no longer understandable, but she kept on babbling.

At last, Mark shoved two fingers up inside her syrupy cunt. Janet shouted out in ecstasy and automatically began humping her hips, impaling her cunt on her husband's fingers as far as she could. He glanced up at her and smiled sheepishly. Then he lazily licked her stiff nipples while continuing to fuck his fingers in and out of her cunt.

"You're a lot of woman to handle," he told her softly. "I just love to prove that I'm man enough to do the job -- and do it right."

"Do it, Mark!" she almost screamed. "Damn you, do it now! Fuck me, honey. Fuck me with your big hard cock! I can't wait any longer!"

He nibbled her dark, erect nipples for a few seconds more while sawing his fingers in and out of her pussy. Her whole body was now aching with passion. She whined as she pushed herself up, planting her knees on either side of his hips and frantically positioning her dripping pussy above his bulbous cockhead. All the while, Janet maintained her firm grip on Mark's thick cock, holding his prick straight up. She quivered feverishly as she lowered her pussy onto the swollen rod. Her wet lips spread around his mushroom-shaped cockhead as her muscles flexed and gripped his invading cock. Then she straightened, throwing her head back, allowing her long curly hair to hang down her back and her huge, snow-white tits to jut from her chest.

In one swift motion, she impaled herself completely and shrieked in a mixture of pain-pleasure as his cock forced wide the walls of her cunt and slammed into her. Her ass came to rest on his cum-filled balls and she felt like she was in heaven.

"Oh, yesssssss, yesssssss!" she hissed, squeezing her knees against his hips. "Ohhh, lover, this is what I've been waiting for."

She smiled down at her husband's handsome face as she began swaying gently back and forth on his lap. She rocked her hips in large, slow circles as her cunt clung to the entire length of his prick.

Mark reached up to finger her tits and began twitching his hips, knifing his cock up into the depths of his wife's hot, wet cunt. His breath came in ragged spurts, his own desire soaring as her cunt walls massaged and stroked his cock. He pinched and pulled her tits and nipples even as Janet began lifting her cunt up the length of his rod, till only the head of it rested inside the velvety, slippery cunt. Then, without warning, she dropped back down, taking the whole nine inches into her depths.

There was no stopping. She bounced up and down on his cock, her pussy sliding madly in a faster rhythm, her head rocking from

side to side. She glutted herself on the tremendous feelings going through her. And Janet rode her husband's cock with glee, pounding up and down, setting the tempo of their fucking.

"I'm cumming!" she cried as tingles swept through her entire body. "Oh, yes, fuck me, Mark! Fuck me, I'm cumming!"

His hands gripped her ass cheeks, squeezing the firm round flesh as she kept riding him. He made an effort to snag her jiggling tits with his lips, and more than once he almost made it. When, at last, he managed to suck one of the nipples into his mouth, Janet bellowed another throaty shriek and her lovely body trembled mightily. Another bone rattling orgasm rocked her.

It was this second climax that drove Mark over the edge and made him lose control. His cock leaped inside Janet's cunt. His cockhead throbbed and he groaned as the cum exploded from his cock. Thick gobs of jizz rocketed into her pussy, blasting up into her hot hole. And, at that very instant, he slipped a finger into her tight vulnerable asshole, causing her to shriek and gyrate all over again as a third orgasm rattled through her.

Janet's pussy milked him dry as she collapsed on top of him. Finally, she lay on her husband, her head resting on his chest, her pussy clenching his spent prick. She savored the glorious sensations that slowly pulsed through her. The fading pleasure of her multiple climaxes left her serene, and she refused to waste the special moment by doing anything other than hugging herself to the man she loved.

Time passed without her awareness, and when she finally stirred, dawn was peeking through the bedroom curtains. She moved cautiously, so as not to wake Mark, and spent several sweet moments gazing lovingly upon his resting body.

Gently she rested herself beside him and moved down the bed till her face was level with his semi-hard cock. She studied the thick mat of his pubic hairs, now dried and crusty with her cunt juices. She touched the loose flesh of his ball sac, tracing his

nuts with delicate touches of her fingertips. Then she leaned over and lightly kissed the crown of his prick.

Mark moaned softly and shifted slightly in his sleep. Janet smiled and lazily licked her tongue over the tip of his cock. She tasted the sweetness of her own juice and the strange sensation that followed slightly shocked her. Such a wanton action almost disturbed her, but she gradually dismissed the troubling idea as his cock stirred into arousal.

She gently sucked his cock between her lips and held it there. With gentle, coaxing sucks, his cock began to grow, expanding in both length and width inside her mouth. She shivered with excitement.

Soon, Janet couldn't help sucking more and more of his growing organ into her hot mouth. Feeling his shaft uncoil caused her own lust to grow, and she absently reached down and placed one of her hands on her cunt. She touched her clit as she increased the tempo of her sucking and, within seconds, she had Mark's cock standing tall, pulsing between her lips as she felt fresh wetness in her pussy. She inserted a finger into her hole and wiggled it around. At the same time, she gulped more of his prick into her mouth. She sucked harder on his cock and continued finger-fucking herself.

Tasting the pussy juice on his fuck meat thrilled her and provided more than enough excitement to make her masturbation reduce her to swooning pleasure. She squeezed her lips around the middle of his cock and started tickling the underside of his length with her tonguetip. She felt his cock tremble and a moment later his eyes blinked open.

"Don't you ever get enough?" he asked, chuckling softly as he reached out to touch her tits.

She shook her head without removing her lips from his prick. She met his smile as she gulped more of him down. She inserted another finger into her cunt and began pumping faster in and out

of her juiced up hole. She was hoping Mark would take the job over for her, but she soon realized he was enjoying the show too much. Besides, she guessed men just naturally liked that sort of thing, and she was determined to please her man in every way she could. More than ever, Janet wanted to be the perfect wife.

As her self-induced orgasm neared, she started bobbing her head up and down on his prick. Her lips blazed over his cock, creating a terrific friction which she knew he loved. Then, her cunt juices washed out over her fingers and Mark's cock jerked inside of her mouth. She next tasted jets of jism blasting against the back of her mouth and throat.

She sucked fast, swallowing down the thick cum as quick as she could. When her orgasm had finally faded, and she had drained Mark's balls, she kissed the tip of his cockhead lightly, making Mark laugh as he reached out to warmly embrace her.

As they kissed, Janet sighed. There's nothing like a nourishing drink of cum to get the day off to a roaring start, she thought.

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Chapter Three

For the next few days Janet had plenty to keep her busy. Arranging the furnishings and getting settled in their new home filled her time. But the evenings were the best. Every night

she greeted Mark with a special meal, served by candlelight in their new dining room. Afterwards, the young couple would fuck till near dawn.

Then, on a Friday morning, the moment she had been dreading happened. She answered a knock on her back door and saw the pretty, blonde neighbor standing on the patio, a pleasant and slightly self-conscious smile on her face.

Janet blushed. "Hi," she said weakly.

The blonde nodded as her smile broadened. Then abruptly, she laughed. "Are you going to invite me inside, or keep me standing out here all day?"

Janet laughed too, and reluctantly opened the door so the woman would come in. "Sorry. I was... well, to tell you the truth, I'm still embarrassed about the other day."

The blonde entered the kitchen and looked around. "Listen, honey, don't mention it." She faced Janet and snickered. "Let me tell you, I've been thinking of almost nothing else since I saw the two of you the other day. And, honey, let me tell you something else. That husband of yours is something special!"

Janet's blush deepened. The blonde's rash, lewd comments were startling. Yet, she could not help but feel a flicker of womanly pride. That this older woman could appreciate Mark's obvious manly qualities pleased her. But, she was vaguely disturbed that this stranger, who had seen both her and Mark locked in a sixty-nine, was broaching the subject in this positively open manner.

"I think we've broken the ice enough to be on a first name basis, don't you?" the blonde asked. "I'm Laura Spring. I'm your next door neighbor to the east."

Janet nodded and introduced herself. "I should apologize for the other day," she added, finding it a bit difficult to meet Laura's eyes.

"Oh, forget it," Laura said with a casual wave of her hand.

"Obviously, the two of you were not expecting a nosy neighbor to just barge in, but the front door was unlocked, and I just assumed the two of you would be busy unpacking, I was going to volunteer my help." Laura flashed a look at Janet and added, "You were busy, all right, to put it mildly. Hell, girl, I forgot just how busy a couple of young newlyweds could be!"

In spite of herself, Janet laughed. It was hard not to like the brash Laura, and Janet quickly found herself at ease with the older woman. She offered the blonde a cup of coffee and the two women sat at the dinette, telling one another about themselves and generally getting to know one another.

During their conversation, Janet learned that Laura was twenty-nine, and that her husband, Bob, was a cop. They had been married for almost ten years, but had put off having children until just recently. Laura admitted that she and Bob were now having a great time trying to have those children. After more than an hour of sitting around drinking coffee and talking, Janet felt as if she had known Laura for years.

"Bob and I are having a little get acquainted with the neighbors party tonight. We would love to introduce you and Mark to the rest of the neighbors," Laura told her as she stood up to leave. "Would seven-thirty be okay?"

"Well, sure, I think it would be," she replied. "Mark and I would both appreciate it."

"Nothing fancy. Just some snacks and some good booze. Real casual."

"Sounds like fun, Laura. Thanks."

For the rest of the afternoon Janet busied herself around the house and fixed a light supper for herself and Mark. When he came home, she told him about the party as they were taking a shower together, having fun soaping one another up.

"Sounds like a good idea," he told her as he easily picked her up in his arms.

She wrapped her legs around his waist and he let her weight drop back down, spearing his cock into her cunt. "Oh, yesss!" she hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head, "I think so to."

She put her arms and legs tightly around his body as he fucked up into her cunt in quick, hard strokes, and before long both of them reached climax. She held his cock in her for a moment, squeezing the muscles around it as she kissed him.

"You know," she said with a grin, "we could excuse ourselves from the party and fuck ourselves silly for the rest of the night."

"Little slut!" he teased as he picked her off his cock and stood her up in the shower.

They hurried and dressed, going next door just as things were starting to get going. The party was turning out to be a great success. Janet was having a great time meeting her new neighbors. Everyone seemed very friendly and charming. The atmosphere was casual, and she quickly felt at home and at ease. She and Laura had even exchanged girlish giggles when she and Mark first arrived, because Mark blushed when he was introduced formally to Laura.

"He looks almost as good dressed as he does naked," Laura whispered to Janet when Bob had escorted Mark to the bar in the Springs' den. "Of course, he looked especially dashing with his face buried in your pussy."

Janet laughed. Already Laura's outrageous remarks were less shocking to the young newlywed.

Bob Spring proved to be a considerate host, keeping her well supplied with drinks. The attentive policeman impressed Janet. At thirty, Bob had a mature grace and ease, which merely enhanced his good looks. Curly, dark hair, alert grey eyes, and a strong, square jaw were some of his more appealing features. Janet didn't mind the slight tingle in her pussy when he took her arm and escorted her around his crowded home, introducing her to the

other neighbors.

By midnight the get-together had progressed into a dance party. The stereo was getting a workout, and several people were dancing nonstop. Others were clustered together, laughing, talking and making frequent trips to the bar.

Mark had just finished dancing with the stocky woman from across the street and then began a discussion with her husband on the merits of his company re-carpeting their home, while Bob took Janet's arm and led her from den.

"We're running low on scotch," Bob said, leaning close to her ear to make himself heard above the music. "Let's get the private stock from the wine cellar."

The wine cellar turned out to be nothing more than the basement, and the private stock a case of beer icing down on a battered workbench. Still, Janet didn't think too much was amiss until she noticed Bob locking the door to the basement.

"Isn't this better?" he said, stepping up to her and gently slipping his arms around her waist.

"We can have our own private party."

Janet laughed nervously and tried to back away.

"Hey, now, don't get shy on me," he said, pulling her closer against his chest. "Just relax, this is supposed to be a get acquainted party, remember?"

"Hummmm, maybe I should call a cop?" she said, feeling both panic and excitement passing through her body.

He smiled and brushed himself against her. "You already called and, ta-da, here I am."

He kissed her quickly on the lips, then made a little series of kisses along her neck. When she squirmed he pulled back a little. "Are you going to make me arrest you for being a cocktease?"

She flashed a feeble smile. "I'm not sure I would like that," she whispered.

Things were beginning to happen so quickly. Her head was practically spinning, and she didn't think it had much to do with the booze she'd had. Bob Spring was affecting her in a way that no man other than Mark ever had before. Bob, like Mark, had the broad shoulders and the hard body that she liked in a man. And Bob, again like Mark, was obviously an aggressive guy.

The spinning continued as she went through a whole assortment of mixed feelings and conflicting signals. What was obvious was that she was horny and getting more so by the second!

"You're fighting it, Janet, for some reason," he said, pulling her tighter. "You're fighting me and yourself. Why don't you stop pretending. You know you want this as much as I do, we both know it."

She felt his lips on the soft, sensitive flesh of her neck and upper chest. His hands were securely gripping the firmness of her ass cheeks, squeezing the flesh through her tight-fitting skirt. Then his lips were again on hers and his tongue was darting into her mouth.

Janet trembled and felt herself melt against him. Instinctively, she sucked on his invading tongue, taking it all the way inside her mouth. She moaned as he rubbed against her.

"Not much time now, baby," he whispered, and kissed the side of her face and tongued her ears behind the silky curls of her long locks.

She felt the pressure of his hands pushing her down by the shoulders. She swooned, her control vanished completely. It was crazy, but she was sinking down to the floor on her knees in front of a stranger, her fingers awkwardly fumbling with his zipper and belt. It was as if she were outside of herself looking in, her body about to perform this incredible act. I love my husband! I love only him, I really do, she told herself. Yet, her fingers continued to work on Bob's fly until she reached inside and actually touched his hot prick. A startled yelp

escaped her lips when she actually touched his cock. She hadn't touched another man's cock since before her marriage to Mark. She could not believe what was happening and what she was doing.

She pulled out Bob's prick and looked at it, studying it as it twitched against her fingers. She felt it stiffen and a surge of excitement swept over her. She realized the lewd joy of turning on a man other than her husband.

His cock leaped and trembled, growing rapidly as she stroked it. She eyed the ballooning cockhead pointing right at her.

"Damn, Janet, see what you do to me?" he hissed, his voice breaking into her wanton thoughts. "Go ahead and kiss it, honey. I know you give great head. I could tell that the first time I saw you. Show me I'm right, baby. Prove it to me. I know you want to do it."

"No, Bob, I can't!" she protested weakly as she continued to grip his prick, gazing in lewd fascination at his swollen cock knob. "It's too dangerous."

"Stop worrying," he scolded her mildly. "Everyone up there is too drunk to even know we're missing." He smiled down at her. "Come on, honey, do it. You're not getting back upstairs until you do," he said as he reached down to fondle her big tits through her blouse.

She gasped when he touched her breasts. Deep inside her creaming cunt a fire blazed, igniting her passion even more. In that strange instant Janet knew there was no turning back. She knew what she would do, and she knew how she wanted to suck Bob's cock. She wanted to taste his cum and drink it down.

"Oh, I hate myself, but I can't help it," she whispered.

"Come on, sweetheart," he urged, fondling her tits through the sheer material of her silk blouse. "Why save it all for your old man? Spread the fun around a little, you'll be happier for it."

Janet's blood raced at the mention of Mark's name, and a

flood of guilt coursed through her. She closed her eyes for a second, but, when she blinked them back open, she was still staring at Bob's hard cock, her hand still securely holding it by the base.

"What if we get caught?" she whispered.

"Forget it," he snapped confidently. "No one will come snooping around down here. Besides, the door is locked. We're safe and you don't have a choice."

Her mind went blank and Janet had only to listen to the urgent whispers of her lust-filled body. Almost absently she continued to squeeze his cock, concentrating on the head area. She was amazed that Bob's cock was almost the same size as her husband's, although not quite as thick in the shaft. As she studied his prick, she felt some wondrous contractions begin and as she shifted her position, she could feel her juice-slickened pussy lips rub together deliciously. Her clit began erecting quickly in proportion to her horniness and growing lust. The way Bob continued to play with her sensitive tits was gradually driving up the heat of her cunt even more.

She closed her eyes again and imagined how wonderful it would be if Bob would begin to suck her nipples. She always loved it when Mark played with her tits, licking and sucking on the nipples. Suck action never failed to make her cunt extremely wet and hot. She sighed, realizing the fantasy of Bob sucking her tits wouldn't happen tonight. There just wasn't time. She was afraid someone would surely soon miss them.

She began moving Bob's cock flesh up and down, sliding her hand over his hard, stiff shaft. It felt both strange and exciting to be touching another man's cock. She couldn't contain her curiosity as she used her free hand to cup his balls.

She shivered as she held his prick with one hand and his nuts with another. His big, hairy balls were hot and sweaty on her palm, and she crooned a raspy sigh just imagining the huge

cum load stored in them.

As if she were in a trance, she leaned her face forward, bringing her lips an inch from his swollen cockhead. She could now smell the intoxicating aroma of his maleness and the scent nearly overpowered her and she was forced into action.

She touched the tip of his cockhead with her lips. She ached to have his prick in her mouth, to feel the pleasure of it stretching her lips, clogging her throat, stuffing her full. She longed to feast on him, to give him the wild pleasure that no man can resist and that every man craved. She longed to please him and, in turn, know that he appreciated her for that.

With a cautious flip of her tongue she licked at the head of his shaft, tasting the pre-cum. The taste thrilled her, being different from the taste of her husband's. She went to work on the tiny slit with her tongue.

"Oh, shit, you sure know how to tease a guy," Bob groaned, now tangling his fingers through her long silky hair. "I knew I was right about you, Janet. You were born with a natural talent for sucking cock."

The horny woman held his throbbing organ in her fist as she opened her jaws wide and sucked the swollen knob into her mouth. She closed her lips around the bulbous head and continued to suck. At the same time, she swirled her tongue around and began covering the shaft with her spit.

Janet moaned as she sucked him. She savored the taste of him and soon was no longer content to just taste his cockhead. She sucked vigorously and drew in several more inches of his prick between her lips. Her mouth slid down over the veined flesh, creating a tight ring as she gobbled up inch after inch of his hot cock. Then she flattened her tongue and arranged her mouth to allow herself to take in more cock until, at last, her lips nudged the bristly clump of his dark pubic hairs.

Bob groaned with delight. His reaction thrilled her almost

as much as the satisfying sensation of his rubbery cockhead pressing into her throat. She prided herself on being able to mouth all of Mark's prick, and now the satisfying feeling was just as strong as she performed the same action with Bob's cock.

Slowly, she pulled her head back. Then she brought her tongue back into action, flicking it along the ridged underside of Bob's cock shaft. Then, with only his cockhead between her lips, she once again swirled her tongue over it.

Bob grunted huskily as she gulped his prick deep into her mouth, taking it all with one swift suction force. This time she didn't linger. Instead, she pulled back swiftly and released his prick entirely from her mouth.

Before he could object, Janet attacked his cock with her wet tongue. She licked and nibbled, covering every inch of his fuck stick with spit while massaging his balls with both hands.

"Damn, honey, you sure are doing some fine action on me," Bob gasped, twisting her hair in his fingers and trying to pull her mouth back onto his cock.

Finally, she did suck his cock back into her mouth. She moaned as she tasted him again and she was especially happy with the active responses his cock made with every sensual touch.

Then Bob grabbed the back of her head and roughly fucked his rigid cock straight into her face. The sudden motion caught her off guard for a moment, but she recovered before gagging. Her own moans grew louder and more urgent as he began driving his cock in and out of her mouth with deep strokes. Now, without a doubt, Janet knew she enjoyed the rough treatment. She loved a forceful man, especially when it came to fucking and sucking.

Her pussy heated up as Bob fucked her mouth. His big, hard prick hit against her windpipe as he gyrated his hips and shoved into her mouth repeatedly. He built up the rhythm and the pace until his balls literally bounced against her chin each time he fucked his cock to the hilt into her mouth. Her lips burned from

the friction of his prick, but she didn't care. The hot fire in her pussy suddenly blazed out of control and a great climax shuddered through her.

A second later, she felt the surge of his cock just before the first blast of his cum juice splashed against the back of her throat. She jumped involuntarily, but the desperate hold he had on the back of her head kept her locked firmly in place, forcing her to receive every drop of his salty cum. The spewing fluid shot from his prick in thick ropes.

Janet gulped and swallowed, barely having the ability to catch her breath. For a panicky moment she feared she might actually miss some of his milky load, but she managed to drink it all down.

She squeezed his balls, then his cock root. She wanted to make sure she had completely drained him before freeing his prick from her mouth. Then she let his softening prick slide from her lips and stood up slowly.

She smiled shyly as he beamed a lewd, broad smile back at her. "I think I'm going to love having you right next door," Bob said with a throaty snicker as he pulled up his pants.

Janet didn't answer, but the smile on her face suggested that she shared his feelings completely. He took her hand and led her back up the stairs, unlocked the basement door and took a quick peek around before leading her into the kitchen.

They rejoined the party and she found Mark sitting next to a petite redhead she recognized as the one who lived about four houses down from theirs. She grinned to herself as she saw the lust in the woman's eyes and caught the position of her hand as it rested on Mark's thighs. It lay dangerously close to his cock, which was about half-hard.

As she crossed the living room to sit down on the other side of her husband, she was filled with conflicting emotions. On one hand, she felt extremely guilty about what she had just done with

Bob and hoped that Mark would never find out. Yet, she knew in her heart that she would do it again if the opportunity presented itself. On the other hand, she wanted Mark all to herself, not wanting to share him with anyone. But, she realized that if she were going to suck and maybe even fuck Bob, then why shouldn't Mark have the same freedom. She could tell by the way he was reacting to the redhead that he would love to fuck her.

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Chapter Four

The weekend passed with Janet staying alert for any suspicious behavior by Mark or Laura. She tried to avoid Bob on both Saturday and Sunday, afraid that a telling blush would give her away, and she made a real effort to appear normal and casual with Mark.

The weekend also brought fleeting incidents of guilt, which Janet handled rationally. She couldn't deny the excitement and pleasure she felt over what she had allowed to happen Friday night between herself and Bob. Sucking him off had even become something she fantasized about in her private moments, and not once did the thoughts fail to turn her on.

Her confused emotions couldn't stop her from wondering what kind of fuck Bob would be. She shocked herself by admitting secretly that she longed to have his cock almost forcefully stuffed into her hot, ready pussy. The notion made her

practically shudder in sweet anticipation.

To soothe the guilt feelings that accompanied her wanton fantasies, Janet made a real effort to be especially hot and wild with Mark. Both Saturday night, and for two hours on Sunday afternoon, she treated her husband to prolonged cock sucking delights. It was as if she were anxious to make up to Mark for her brief fling with Bob.

She had no doubt that her love for her husband remained as strong as ever. Her feelings for Mark and her marriage hadn't altered a bit since the strange and illicit scene Friday night with Bob. If she had to justify her feelings and desires, she managed quite well by telling herself that she was just now beginning to sow her wild oats and experience the worldly adventures her somewhat sheltered young adulthood had restricted.

"You didn't hear a word I said," Mark said, his voice cutting into her rambling thoughts.

Janet snapped her head towards her husband across the dinette. Her attention immediately riveted on him as her heart raced. It was Monday morning, and Mark's breakfast had been quickly eaten while Janet merely picked at hers, daydreaming about Bob.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said quickly, fighting the panic that knifed through her. "I guess I've just got the Monday blues. It'll be better when I find a job."

Her husband smiled at her, filling her with love for him and a sense of shame as well. "I was saying," he began, "that Thursday is the day we scheduled for the crew to come out and lay the new carpet, and I was reminding you not to be moving any of the heavy furniture. I'll send someone out Tuesday or Wednesday to do that."

She nodded eagerly. "Okay. More toast?"

He shook his head and pushed away from the table. "Gotta run," he said as he stepped towards her and leaned down to kiss

her lips. He gave her big tits a gentle caress and squeezed a hand through the loose folds of her gown and winked. "See you tonight. Just the two of us, right?"

"Right," she replied with a smile. "I'll accept no invitations and make no plans."

"Good girl."

She sat at the table, finishing her coffee as she heard his car leave the driveway. She sighed and then poured herself another cup.

Less than five minutes later, she heard a knock at the back door, and then Laura entered the kitchen. The blonde helped herself to a cup of coffee and sat down across from Janet.

"Saw that hunky stud of yours leaving," Laura said, grinning lewdly at Janet. "You two have a little morning delight?" she asked, boldly staring at Janet's ripe tit melons pushing through the loose opening of her gown.

Janet giggled as she shook her head. "We used the weekend for that." She took a sip of her own coffee, and then blurted, "How about you and Bob?"

"Are you kidding?" Laura waved her hand as if dismissing the question as utterly ridiculous. "Bob is pissed at me right now. He's been horny as hell all weekend, but I'm holding him off until the end of the week. That's when things should be right for me to try and get pregnant, and I don't want him wasting good cum before that."

"Well, I can understand his frustration."

"Yeah, well, we both agreed to try for a kid this year, and this is just a part of the plan," Laura said. "Of course, Bob's mad because he feels as if I'm using him for stud service." The blonde chuckled throatily. "Fuck, honey, what guy wouldn't like that kind of job?"

"Well, I'll bet my Mark wouldn't complain!" Janet replied with a laugh. "I'm not sure, though. I don't know if I could

hold out on him if he wanted to make love."

"Well, maybe, but I'll tell you something," Laura said after finishing off her coffee and helping herself to another cup. "Sugar, it ain't only the guy that gets buggy waiting around for the right time. Shit, I've finger-fucked my poor pussy more in the past week than I did in a whole month back before I was married."

Janet belched a shocked laugh and felt her face blush. It was still possible for the blonde to embarrass her, but Janet didn't really mind. Actually, she found she was enjoying Laura's company. She was over the initial nervousness of being around the wife of the man she had sucked off. She could well imagine a time in the near future when she might even tell Laura about the mouthful of cum she had sucked out of Bob's over-filled balls. The notion that Laura may not be getting all she expects from Bob in the coming weekend amused Janet, but Laura didn't ask her to explain her grin. Instead, the two women chatted through another cup of coffee.

Gradually, their conversation became more and more intimate and personal, with a strange uneasiness settling over Janet. She couldn't explain it at first, but then she realized that the older woman was eyeing her, especially her partially exposed tit, in a leering, almost mannish way.

"You're a beautiful girl, Janet," Laura said during a lull in their conversation. "I'm sure Mark knows what a lucky man he is."

Now Janet was blushing, but not like before. Suddenly, Laura reached a hand across the small dinette and covered Janet's left hand with her own. Janet froze, her eyes locked on the blonde's direct, steady gaze.

Janet tried a weak giggle as she pulled her hand free. "I guess I'd better do these dishes, or they'll be sitting here when Mark gets home."

She stood and began clearing away the dishes, trying not to act as awkward as she suddenly felt. She turned away and carried the plates and silverware to the sink. Just as she bent to open the dishwasher, she felt Laura's arms circle her waist.

Janet trembled and then dropped the plates and silverware into the sink. A plate shattered, but the sound was a distant thud to her. She held her breath as the older woman's hands crept towards her full, heavy tits. Then the blonde's fingers closed around her plump melons and Janet stiffened and gasped. "Laura..."

"No," Laura whispered, her lips moving towards Janet's ears, her breath hot. "Don't say anything."

"Please, Laura," she protested, but still was too shocked to move. "I've... I've never done anything like this before, and..."

The blonde kissed Janet's ear as she kept tightening her hold on Janet's tits. Then the blonde pressed her body against Janet's, rubbing against Janet's back and ass.

Quickly and steadily, Laura dotted the side of Janet's neck with soft kisses while continuing to expertly knead and massage the young housewife's tits.

Janet's knees trembled, then panic and dismay battled over her nerves. She shivered, as if caught in a chilling wind that wouldn't die. She tried to speak, but her voice stayed in her throat.

"Relax," Laura urged, her voice husky and low, her lips nibbling the younger woman's smooth flesh. "Never, never turn down an opportunity for pleasure, Janet. Let yourself go. Stop resisting, honey. Five minutes from now you'll beg me not to stop."

The blonde's words droned on hypnotically, plucking on Janet's nerves and seeping into her consciousness. The raspy words and hushed promises, and the delicious manipulations of her

tits melted Janet's will. The young housewife felt herself giving in, actually swaying in the blonde's erotic embrace.

An intoxicating rush of raw lust and desire began as a flickering spark and, much like what had happened with Bob, Janet was slowly being engulfed in the intense energy of sexual need. She couldn't stop and sort it out. Things were happening much too fast.

The shock of the moment drifted away, leaving in its place a steady drumbeat of passion and craving. Her young body was now pulsing with desire. It no longer mattered that she was in the arms of another woman. It didn't even matter that she had never even fantasized about this kind of sex. All that mattered was that her nipples were like sensitive rubber darts, burning and stinging under the exquisite touch of the experienced older woman.

She tried telling herself that it was perverted, unnatural, but she felt helpless to stop it, and, even more shocking, she didn't want to stop it. Laura had been right! Janet wanted to experience more!

Laura effortlessly turned Janet around to face her. Smoldering eyes locked. Then Laura's lips covered Janet's and the women kissed passionately.

The blonde's tongue darted into the hot corners of Janet's mouth. Janet whimpered and shook, but received the blonde's tongue and sucked on it while wrapping her arms around Laura's waist. Then she clung to the older woman, as if for support.

The blonde broke off the kiss and stepped back. "Come with me," she whispered, taking Janet by the hand and leading her from the kitchen.

Janet followed trance-like through her house till they reached the master bedroom. Her expression was almost blank as her dazed senses recorded everything in soft focus. Every glowing, wanton detail branded itself in her mind.

The blonde stretched Janet across her own bed. Laura then unknotted the housewife's gown and peeled back the folds, exposing the young woman's lush nudity. Laura's eyes travelled the length of the younger woman's body, and Janet trembled with passion.

"I'm going to make you cum," Laura rasped, tracing her fingers along Janet's inner thighs. "I don't want to tease you, honey, I want to give you real pleasure!"

Obediently, Janet opened her legs wider and smiled as Laura eased herself onto the bed. She rubbed Janet's thighs and then teased her dark cunt bush with her fingers. The sensual, delicate action made Janet moan and squirm. Then the blonde started to probe the younger woman's cunt, fluttering her fingers over the hairy, puffed pussy lips until Janet nearly screamed. Seconds later, the blonde slipped two fingers into Janet's pussy and began to piston them in and out while she used her thumb on Janet's stiff clit. The blonde's fingers felt to Janet like a small cock sliding in and out of her burning hole.

Instinctively, she began to hump against the sawing fingers, moving her hips and ass up and down, just as if a man were fucking her cunt with his hard cock.

"You're taking right to this," Laura beamed, but not taking her eyes off the steaming cunt. "I knew you would, honey, and I know you're almost ready to cum."

"Oh, don't stop, Laura!" she croaked, finally finding her voice. "Oh, yes, yes, finger-fuck me! Make me cum!"

Janet rammed her pussy at Laura's fingers. Her big tits flopped and heaved up and down as her gyrations became frenzied. She squealed and shrieked as her thunderous climax approached, then lost all sense of time and awareness.

Janet came suddenly and hard, the explosion rippling through her cunt, jarring the delicate, creamy tissues of her most secret place. A hot river of cum washed over her cunt lips. Her

breathing became heavy and her burning pussy gripped Laura's fingers, trapping them in her vibrating cunt. Slowly, the waves of her mighty orgasm lessened and became decreasing tides of pleasure. Laura prolonged the sweet process by gradually softening the strokes of her invading fingers.

When the orgasm finally tapered off completely, Laura leaned down and kissed Janet's lips. She tenderly patted the younger woman's cheek, then gave one of her tits a playful squeeze.

"You are even more beautiful when you cum," Laura whispered. "But what gets me is that you claim to be so sheltered and inexperienced. A girl with your passion makes that hard to believe."

Janet chuckled a little self-consciously. "Well, it's true. Mark is only the third man in my life, and I've never done anything like this before. I can't believe this happened! It will probably blow my mind later when I stop to think about it!"

Laura smiled patiently and stood beside the bed. She began unbuttoning her blouse while looking at Janet's flushed face. "An older cousin taught me about the pleasures one woman can give to another," she said, "but that was years ago -- I was only twelve. I've tried it several times since then, sort of as a nice change of pace from men. It's a fine diversion, but don't get me wrong, it will never ever replace men and their nice hard cocks. But men and cocks are not always handy, or practical, if you know what I mean?"

"I think I'm starting to," Janet answered.

Laura cocked her head and laughed uproariously. She tugged off her blouse and dropped it on the floor at the side of the bed. Her over-sized tits bounced into view, and Janet felt an arousal nipping at her clit. The blonde's tits were as large, or larger, than her own and Janet had a sudden desire to suck them.

She watched as Laura unzipped her slacks and yanked them down over her hips. She saw a glimpse of blonde fringe as Laura

quickly removed her bikini panties and stepped out of them. Then Laura climbed onto the bed and reached for Janet's tits.

"Honey," Laura rasped, teasing one of the younger woman's nipples. "You may think you've started learning some wild things, but I'm about to show you just how sheltered you really have been! Think you're ready for it?"

Janet didn't bother to answer. Her eager look said it all. She knew she was about to embark on an erotic adventure that would perhaps change her whole outlook on life. She worried about the prospect of finding out secret facets of herself. But the concern didn't compete with the raw excitement of having lesbian sex.

She eagerly embraced the older, more experienced woman and cuddled against Laura's curvaceous body. Her arousal and delight soared as she realized that the ecstasy she was experiencing was almost equal to that she felt with Mark.

"I know you're curious," Laura said in a quiet, voice that tickled the cords of Janet's nerves. "Don't be bashful. Touch me."

Laura felt Janet's tits as Janet ran her hands over Laura's flat stomach. Then Janet's fingers dipped lower and lower until they nudged the outline of the blonde's honey-colored muff. Scorching tingles nipped at her fingertips. To be touching another woman so intimately left Janet feeling wicked.

The young housewife once again fluttered her fingers through the blonde's pussy hair, feeling a dampness. She felt puffy cunt lips beneath the dense furry covering and her own senses were pricked. She grinned and moaned, her eyes meeting the smoldering gaze of her partner.

"Take a better look," Laura encouraged softly.

Janet's pulse quickened as she slowly slid down on the bed. Her cheeks flushed as she stared right at Laura's cunt. She had never dreamed of this, not able to believe that the sight of a

pussy would turn her on so much.

"Touch me again," Laura coaxed, her fingers now playing over Janet's shoulders and back. "Touch my pussy just like your man touches yours."

A strange shyness crept over Janet. Reluctance gripped her as she tentatively fingered Laura's swollen labia. She pried apart the creamy, pink cunt folds and stared at the spread lips. She could sniff the sweet aroma of the older woman's musk, and it was intoxicating.

Janet dabbed a finger around the hot, moist pussy lips, letting her other fingers slide along the slick inner flesh. When Laura uttered a soft groan in pleasure, Janet glanced toward her face and asked, "Am I doing all right?"

"You know you are," Laura replied, spreading her long shapely legs further apart. "But whatever you do, don't stop now. I love your soft touch."

She ringed the blonde cunt folds with her fingertips, using massaging motions till she reached the central core of the older woman's fuck tunnel. The movement was a teasing manoeuvre such as the one she had used on herself whenever she masturbated. She was pleased to see it also stimulated Laura.

Gathering confidence, Janet glided her fingertips over Laura's exposed, swollen clit. The tiny bud seemed to beckon her attention. She stroked the clit carefully, lightly at first, then harder.

"Oh, god," Laura gasped, practically sitting up on the bed, her large tits heaving as she breathed heavily. "Yes, yes, yesss!"

As Janet continued to massage the clit, Laura's body quivered and contorted as the waves of her orgasm overtook her. Janet's fingers were quickly drenched in syrupy pussy juices, and she wasted no time in redoubling her efforts. She held the very sensitive button between two fingers, and used a third fingertip

to delicately rub it. This jolted Laura into another fit of ecstasy.

Before the vibrations stilled, Janet sent her into a howling, ass-humping series of gyrations by stabbing two fingers into her juicy cunt, working them deep into her pussy and burying them to the hilt inside. She wiggled them around, massaging the inner pussy pulp.

Laura wailed as another orgasm suddenly ripped through her. Her body actually bounced up and down on the bed, even as she squeezed her thighs together, trapping Janet's hand and wrist.

"Use more than your fingers!" Laura begged between groans and sighs. "I know you want to! Oh, do it! Do it now!"

Janet's ears reddened, registering her excitement, and the sudden surge of anticipation caused her heart to beat wildly. She knew automatically what her friend wanted her to do, because the same thought was in her own mind already. She was aroused by the notion of actually licking and sucking the other woman's cunt.

She crouched between Laura's legs, spreading them as wide as possible for easier access. Keeping two fingers securely inside her cunt, Janet brought her face closer and closer to Laura's pussy. The heavy cunt aroma startled her senses and added to her growing excitement. The act was outrageous and thrilling at the same time.

Slowly and deliberately, the young housewife flicked her tongue over Laura's clit and tasted the wet, slick cunt. Laura humped wildly and cried out passionately. Then, on pure instinct, Janet's tongue whipped Laura's exposed clit while she increased the pace of her finger-fucking.

She drilled her fingers in and out and the result was wonderful. Laura shrieked and her cunt juice gushed out, soaking Janet's lips and chin and fingers. The blonde's turgid clit became blood engorged and Laura's cunt spasmed violently.

For Janet, the whole experience was super. She couldn't believe she was causing Laura to shudder and groan in such explosive ecstasy. She was extremely proud of her accomplishments.

Laura continued to sway her hips and pump her ass. She fucked up as Janet drilled her fingers down, continuing to howl joyfully. Her orgasms seemed to intensify as they merged together.

Finally, Janet lifted her cum drenched face and looked at her sexy neighbor. Laura's face was contorted in a lust-crazed expression. Her long legs were splayed open and her big tits flopped about. Laura was massaging her own tits and whimpering in the aftermath of her climaxes. Then, Laura's gaze focused on Janet and she returned her smile and reached down to gently caress her face.

"I am going to love living next door to you, young lady," she said softly. "Now, do something special for me."

"What?" Janet asked, turning crimson.

"Masturbate for me," Laura whispered breathlessly, her eyes wide. "Sit up here, your back against the headboard. Draw your knees up and finger-fuck that pretty pussy of yours. I want to watch you do it."

Janet giggled. "You sound like Mark," she said. "He always likes to watch me jerk off."

Laura flashed a bright smile as she shrugged. "So we both know what turns us on," she said. "Come on, do it. I promise you'll enjoy it," she added with a wink.

Janet crawled up the bed and positioned herself as Laura had suggested. She leaned back against the headboard, then slowly drew her knees up till they touched her pointy, hard nipples.

She glanced shyly at Laura. "Okay?" she asked softly.

"Yes, do it, Janet," Laura told her. "Finger your pussy. Play with yourself. Do it just like Mark enjoys it."

At first, Janet felt terribly awkward as she lowered her hand to her own cunt. She tried to ignore Laura's presence as the blonde scooted down on the bed for a better view. Meanwhile, Janet edged her puffy pussy lips apart with a fingertip.

She glanced away from Laura and looked toward the bedroom window. Displaying herself so lewdly to another woman still made her feel awkward, but she couldn't deny the mounting arousal that compelled her. Her cunt flexed and then her whole pussy throbbed.

She leaned her head against the headboard and closed her eyes as she touched her clit with her thumb. She moaned softly, unable to suppress the desire whipping her senses. Her hot pussy was responding to her fondling.

She licked her lips and enjoyed the taste of Laura's cum on them. At the same time, she fucked two fingers into her pussy and sighed as she brought herself off. Her climax ended her shyness once and for all.

Now the horny housewife was consumed by her own needs. It no longer mattered that Laura was watching her every move with a wicked gleam in her eyes. Just as when she performed for her husband, Janet found herself caught up in her own pleasure and forgot she had an audience. She dipped her fingers in and out of her cunt, penetrating the slippery opening to the hot moist walls of her cunt, making lewd sounds. She rocked her head from side to side, her panting intensifying. Then more cunt juice spewed from deep inside her pussy. She humped her ass rapidly, fucking her fingers, using them as if they were a cock.

At the precise moment, as yet another orgasm ripped through her, Janet felt a strange sensation she could not identify. Confused, she blinked open her eyes and gasped in surprise to see Laura's blonde head between her legs. In the next instant, she knew the strange, marvelous sensation of a woman's tongue licking along the crack of her ass. The realization caused much

pleasure. The young bride continued to finger-fuck her cunt while the older woman tongued her ass. Janet welcomed the blonde's tongue against her asshole.

Screaming, Janet trembled from head to foot, as Laura's tongue penetrated her tight asshole. Automatically, Janet's anus gripped the invading oral organ, and it went deeper and deeper into her rectal channel.

Janet had never felt anything so electrifying. Every nerve in her body tingled as the sexual pleasure overwhelmed her. Her pussy spasmed as another intense orgasm was triggered.

Meanwhile, Laura had gripped her young lover's ass cheeks and held them wide apart. She kept fucking her tongue into the soft, tight depth of Janet's ass.

"Oh, ohhh, fuck, I can't stop cumming!" Janet howled. "Ahh, yesssss, yesssss!"

Her ecstasy forced her body to writhe out of control, and her wild bucking forced the tongue deeper still. Janet's position shifted until she was sprawled across the head of the bed, crushing the pillows.

She couldn't remember ever being so hot or wet. Her pussy seemed to leak cunt juice continually and her orgasms seemed to last forever. She whimpered as her arms and legs twitched and the wild spasms inside her pussy went on.

But, eventually, the echoing of her massive climaxes gradually faded out. She didn't know how much time had passed when she regained her senses and felt the tender, soothing touch of Laura's hands once again roaming over her ass and legs. She purred as her body responded.

Lifting her round, shapely ass, gently thrusting it up, she felt Laura's hot breath on her ass cheeks and her fingers grazing her cunt from behind.

The blonde was teasing Janet's cunt lips and Janet began humping her ass up and down in lewd motions. She was becoming

more excited and begged Laura to either finger or tongue her exposed, vulnerable pussy.

"You can't get enough, can you?" Laura asked. "I like that. I've always wanted a close girlfriend who had a pussy as hot as mine. Looks like I've finally found one."

Janet didn't respond. She was too consumed with passion. Her pussy was beginning to churn and convulse again and her inner thighs were sopping with her cunt cream. A few seconds later, she let out a shrill cry of pure pleasure as Laura finally fucked a finger into her upturned pussy, then quickly entered a finger into her ass. Instinctively, Janet rotated her hips and humped back, impaling her twin holes on the blonde's penetrating fingers. She continued to whimper as the fingers sank deeper and deeper into both her ass and pussy.

The intensity of the pleasure made Janet climb to her knees and begin to rock back and forth, meeting the double stroking. Her stiff pink nipples grazed across the bed as her huge tits jiggled and swayed.

An orgasm raged through her. Both her pussy and her asshole clenched as her whole body trembled and quaked. She collapsed on the bed, only vaguely aware of Laura laying down next to her, turning her over on her back to lightly kiss her lips. She wrapped her arms around the blonde's neck and opened her mouth to the kiss, letting her tongue entwine with Laura's.

"So beautiful and so hot," Laura whispered when she broke the kiss. "I think things are going to work out just beautifully."

"Oh, yes, they are," Janet answered softly, feeling a sense of warmth and appreciation toward the older woman for showing her there were many sexual pleasures to experience.

Laura kissed her forehead as Janet closed her eyes and let her arms slip from around Laura's neck. She wasn't aware of Laura getting off the bed, for she quickly drifted off to sleep.

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Archive-title: Newlywed Fun - 5

Chapter Five

Janet felt sophisticated the next day following the adventure she had enjoyed with Laura. She swelled with pride. She felt worldly and truly a woman for the first time in her life. Yet, she had anxiety. Lezbo games, she decided, would be fine and fun, but no way was she going to get hooked on such practices. Through it all, she was very clear in her feelings and emotions, and now, more than ever, she knew that she loved her husband more than anyone or anything in the world.

She had to separate her feelings for Mark from the wild, raw pleasure she had discovered with her brief encounter with Bob and Laura Spring. After all, she concluded, she was a young woman with a sexy, eager body. Why was it so wrong to get and give physical pleasure?

When she opened the door in answer to the doorbell on Wednesday morning she found a robust, curly-headed, young stud standing on the porch. He was wearing a tight T-shirt and tight faded jeans. His youthful, handsome face was even featured and he was smiling. His alert blue eyes widened at the sight of her.

"Mrs. White?" he asked tentatively.

"Yes," she replied, amusement in her eyes.

"Your... your husband sent me to clear out the furniture for the new carpet you're getting tomorrow."

Janet nodded absently, half hearing the young man's words. She was stealing glimpses at the bulge in his jeans.

"Ma'am?" he said, blushing, then cleared his throat. "Did you hear me?"

Janet snapped back to reality, stood aside and ushered him into the house. "Yes, of course," she said. "My husband told me you would be coming. I had just forgotten."

"Well, your husband said you'd show me which rooms were getting the carpet," he said, his eyes blinking as he glimpsed the generous swell of Janet's tits inside her blouse.

"That's right," Janet told him, making a real effort to shake away the lewd thoughts racing through her head. "This way, please."

She led him down the narrow hallway. As she walked, she couldn't resist adding a provocative sway to her steps. She sensed the stud's eyes were glued to her ass, and that pleased her.

She glanced over her shoulder, instantly gratified to see that she had been right. He was, indeed, looking at her round ass globes, which were on display for him under her tight shorts.

"What's your name?" she asked casually.

He cleared his throat as he tore his gaze from her buns. "Roland, ma'am," he stuttered.

"Well, Roland, call me Janet," she said. "I don't think there is enough difference in our ages for you to keep calling me Mrs. White, or ma'am. How old are you, Roland?"

"All... all right, J-J-Janet," he replied. "I'm 16 and I'll start my Junior year in high school in the Fall. This is my first Summer job."

"Good for you, Roland. That shows a lot of responsibility on your part. You can begin upstairs, in the bedroom," she said and gave the young man a real performance as she led him up the stairs.

Janet wiggled her butt, telling herself it was only harmless fun to turn on the young man. Just a flirty game, she told herself, even as she realized she wouldn't mind seeing how much bigger that bulge in the front of his jeans could get.

She led him to the master bedroom and stood aside as he quickly began moving the furniture out into the hallway. She studied the ripple of his hard young body, eyeing his strong muscles as he bent and manoeuvred the sturdy pieces of furniture. Soon his back, shoulders and arms were shiny with a sheen of perspiration and Janet felt an arousing stirring in her pussy. Her nipples stiffened against the silk material of her blouse, and she knew the twin, pink darts were visible to the distracted hunk.

"You know," she purred, "you really are big and strong." She hesitated, then went on. "But can you really move the dresser and bed all by yourself?"

"Well, no, not exactly," he stammered, standing awkwardly in front of her, his hands trying feebly to mask the obvious hard-on that was now straining against his fly. "I've got a dolly in the truck for the big stuff. I guess I'd better go get it"

"There's no rush," she cooed, blocking the doorway as she continued to gaze at him. "Of course, you probably have some hot little girlfriend to run off to when you finish here. Is that right, Roland?"

His blush darkened. "Well, no ma'am, not exactly," he said uneasily.

"Now, that's hard to believe, Roland," she said, stepping closer to him. "A handsome, strong young man like you surely has his pick of girls."

"Well, I was dating a girl last month, but we broke up," he admitted shyly.

"That's too bad. What happened?"

"We... well... we had a fight, because she wouldn't, well,

you know." His face turned bright red and he shifted from one foot to the other, refusing to look at Janet.

"She wouldn't put out for you? Is that it?" she coaxed.
"I'll bet that's why you two broke up, isn't it?"

He nodded shyly and managed a sheepish grin, then cleared his throat. "I'd better go get that dolly now," he said.

"Are you sure you want to, just now?" Janet asked, reaching up to casually undo the top two buttons of her blouse. "Wouldn't you rather the two of us get to know each other a little better before you strain yourself?"

She enjoyed the bewildered, almost dazed expression that covered Roland's face. His eyes darted down quickly to her tits.

Janet tingled with growing excitement. Instantly, she loved the power she had over the guy. He was mesmerized by her presence, his gaze riveted to the exposed portion of her large tits. He was practically drooling.

Boldly, she glanced down at his fly. His cock inside his tight jeans was throbbing like a trapped snake, desperate for escape, and she could tell by the cock's outline that it was huge!

Turning him on so much, so fast, pleased the wanton young housewife. Her body and her general sex appeal having this kind of effect on the horny young stud seemed to glorify her womanhood. She felt complimented as well as aroused.

She continued the lusty game of tormenting Roland, coyly revealing more of her luscious tits to his hungry gaze. It was all new to her, and she loved it! For once she was in complete control. She was the aggressor and the eager male was hers to seduce.

Janet smiled sexily and finished unbuttoning her blouse. She let the flaps hang open, barely covering her big, full, rounded tits as she daringly hooked her fingers inside his jeans.

"Your girlfriend was crazy," she whispered as she pulled his

body close to hers and felt his cock. "A stud like you is a real woman's dream."

He opened his mouth to speak, but could not find the words. Wild tremors shook through him as Janet slowly began unbuckling his jeans and tugging down the zipper. His whole body shuddered when her fingers grazed his cock.

"Mmmm, you've certainly got a live one," she cooed, giving him a wink as she continued to extract his throbbing prick.

Roland trembled and stood helpless, letting her expose his cock. He swooned and swayed on his feet when her warm hand curled around the hard shaft, and her gentle fingers squeezed the shaft.

"Just relax," she instructed, her eyes looking into his. "Why don't you play with my tits while I check out your cock? I know you'll love them. You've been looking at them ever since you got here."

"I don't know... I mean... I'm not..." he stammered, yet reached toward her open blouse. "I've never seen breasts this big, this beautiful."

Janet smiled. "Then this is a moment you will always remember. Go ahead, Roland, touch them. I love having my tits massaged and sucked, it really drives me wild." She cocked her head back. "Sometimes I do real special things for my husband when he plays with my big titties just right."

He slipped both hands under the folds of her blouse and touched her tits. He moaned as he felt her satiny, firm flesh, and Janet gasped at the unexpected pleasure his awkward manipulations caused her.

As her nipples tingled against his exploring hands, she glanced down and examined his youthful cock for the first time. He had a good cock. It wasn't quite as large as either Mark's or Bob's, but it was a nice seven inches. The head swelled into a large sphere, and his surprisingly thick shaft pulsed in her

hand. Janet had no doubts that she could, and would, have a lot of fun with Roland before this day was over.

In all of her previous sexual experiences, she had been the passive one. She had followed the instructions of her partner, but now it was up to her to set the tempo, to direct the action and to make all the moves. Knowing this, increased her horniness and excitement all the more. She could control Roland, use his youthful stamina and virility to her most supreme satisfaction.

She began to pump his rigid cock, sliding her fist up and down it. With her left hand she cupped his balls and continued to palm them once she had freed them from his shorts and jeans.

Meanwhile, Roland massaged and rubbed her big tits with bolder action. His initial nervousness and shyness began evaporating. As pure lust overtook him, he squeezed and fondled her sensitive nipples, making them jut out stiffly.

She was enjoying the manipulations of his hands and almost didn't notice how his cock was starting to jerk and twitch in her palm. He began to pant and she realized then he was about to cum. She quickly slowed the motions of her hands. She wasn't ready for anything to interrupt the wondrous feeling he was giving to her.

"Go ahead, kiss them," she urged. "Kiss my tits now! I want you to suck them!"

He didn't hesitate and leaned forward to fasten his lips on her nipples. He sucked and licked the rubbery buds, eagerly feasting on first one, then the other. Then he opened his mouth wide and took almost half of one tit into his mouth.

As he sucked on her tits, Janet watched. Again, she began stroking his cock, but slower this time. Roland was proving to be quite an expert tit sucker. His tongue was swirling around her pink nipples, and he alternated his attention from one to the other.

Meanwhile, Janet continued to jerk him off. Her slow

deliberate strokes were quickly making his prick throb and leap in her fist. She felt his balls tighten just as his cock heaved in her hand, and before she could do anything about it, he began spurting great wads of thick jism into her hand and against her naked thigh.

Roland gasped, but made no real effort to stop sucking. His hips jerked back and forth in a wild pumping action as his cock emptied its load, gobs of hot cum splattering Janet's legs. He kept pumping his hips until his balls had drained.

She slipped an arm around his slender waist to steady him while she continued to squeeze his cock. She pumped his softening prick, watching his cum ooze down her legs.

"Naughty," she teased, playfully tugging on his limp organ and pinching his hard ass cheeks. Finally, she stepped away from him. "You young guys sure are careless about wasting such good stuff!"

Roland grinned, blushing deeply. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I didn't mean to shoot off like that. I just couldn't help it! I mean... you are so beautiful and so sexy!"

She swabbed the blobs of jism off her thighs with three of her fingers. "Don't worry about it, Roland," she purred, then brought her cum-smeared fingers to her lips. "I'm just happy that I excite you so much."

She licked the cum off her fingers, enjoying the slightly salty taste of his thick juice almost as much as she did the astonished look on his face. Shocking the young man added to her pleasure, and, of course, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was far from finished with him.

Sighing grandly, Janet took Roland's hand and led him toward the bed. She sat him on the edge of it and stood directly in front of him. Seductively, she stripped off her blouse, then her shorts and panties. Thrilled by his wide-eyed stare, she pressed her naked pussy to his face.

"Now, doesn't this beat moving furniture?" she asked.

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Chapter Six

"Kiss my pussy, Roland," she commanded, interlocking her fingers on the back of his head and pulling him closer. "Kiss it, you darling boy!"

Roland's lips pressed against her hairy, damp cunt and he started to kiss and suck it instinctively. His tongue flicked against her clit, tickling the tender flesh.

Janet loved the tingles of pleasure the young stud gave her. It was all so nasty. It gave her feelings of power she had never known before!

Gently, she took him by the ears and began guiding him with up and down motions of his head, wiping his face against her bushy pussy. She trembled as his nose, lips and chin grazed the dripping flaps of her hole. When she held him to her clit, she concentrated on that area, sighing as desire rocked her.

"Mmmm, yessss, yesss!" she hissed, humping against him. "Your tongue! Use your tongue on my clit! Can you feel it? That hard little bump. Oh, yes!" she screamed. "Lick it! Kiss it! Suck it!"

Janet became oblivious to the awkward position she had forced him into. All that mattered to her now was her own satisfaction. Her side stance became even more lewd as she bent her knees and practically mounted Roland's upturned face as he sagged in his sitting position on the edge of the bed. His grunts and groans were mostly muffled by the smothering press of

her pussy, and Janet selfishly jockeyed for an even better position.

When the ecstasy overwhelmed her, Janet climbed up even higher and draped a leg over the young boy's shoulder. At the same time, she lowered her pussy down hard onto his face, causing him to tumble back on the bed. She rode down on him, gasping with joy as her cunt completely smothered him.

"Tongue my pussy!" she managed to gasp, her knees straddling his head and pressing together. Her thighs were practically pressing against the mattress as she bore her cunt down on his face.

"Do it, shove your tongue up inside my pussy!"

Roland had little choice in the matter, but it was quickly clear that he wasn't distressed. His tongue penetrated her cunt and licked up the sugary syrup inside.

Vibrations rattled Janet's very core and she shrieked in joyous rapture. Erotic flames danced in her cuntal depths, flooding her with sweet delight. Soon, she began rotating her hips, all the while pressing down harder onto Roland's mouth and face.

Again his nose nudged her clit and the horny housewife squealed as a sudden, intense orgasm rolled through her. She bolted upright, stiffening as wild sensations tingled her pussy. Her juice wet Roland's face and filled his mouth.

"Drink it!" she yelled, her voice coming in a breathless gasp. "Suck it all up. Yes, yes, oh damn you, yesssss!"

Her cunt clenched his tongue as her climax heightened. Then she heard his lips smack as he lapped up the flavorful burst of nectar. He munched on her pussy, feasting on the soggy gash. He wiggled his tongue, licking out her creamy tunnel while nipping at her pussy lips. She shivered as another orgasm happened and Roland continued to eat her.

Meanwhile, the young man reached behind Janet and clutched

the smooth and supple cheeks of her quivering ass. He gripped her tightly, as if to steady her trembling pussy. He continued to try and devour her cunt, sucking the very essence of her pussy down his throat.

Janet's cunt overflowed. She grabbed her young lover's hair and pulled wildly, mashing him even tighter to her quaking cunt. Her gasping words were no longer understandable, but the Roland seemed to have no trouble getting her message. He ate her pussy until she couldn't stand it any longer and collapsed on the bed.

Janet lay sprawled with a leg thrown over Roland's face and across his chest. She panted as her body twitched in the aftermath of several mighty climaxes. Her burning slit continued to spasm long after the orgasm died. Eventually, she rolled over and glanced down at the young cunt-lapper's juice-smearred face. She had to smile. He looked at her, awaiting her next instructions, sparking new passions in her.

"Take off your jeans and shorts," she ordered, her tone low and husky. "I want you completely naked."

Roland didn't hesitate to obey. Eagerly, he stood and stripped off his pants and shorts. When he was nude she beckoned him back onto the bed. "Flat on your back, Roland," she said, patting the bed beside her. "Spread your legs wide. Let the air touch your balls."

He complied, a smirk curving his lips as he eyed the older woman's over-sized tits and puffy, meaty cunt.

Janet took her time examining this nude hunk. She admired his young cock, covered with the light glaze of dried cum from his previous ejaculation. She licked her lips as she slowly crawled between his wide spread legs and rested on her knees. She then bent her face down toward his prick. She took his cock in a tight grip and gave his flaring cock knob a long, hot kiss. She smeared her lipstick around the crown and started to lick the thick shaft. Deftly, she swirled her tongue up and down the

sides of his cock and covered the tip of it with her lips and then sucked. She increased the pressure of her sucking, sucking his entire cockhead into her mouth. She sealed her lips around the fleshy pole and began to lower her mouth slowly. When she had taken every bit of his meat inside her mouth, she glanced up at Roland's lust-contorted face.

"Oh, that's fantastic!" he gasped, dropping his hands down to her long tangled hair, his fingers intertwining in the silky curls as warmth began to ripple along his belly.

Janet took this moment to begin bobbing her head up and down. Her lips glided on his cock, and with every stroke she increased the tempo of her sucking. She massaged and fondled his balls as she sucked. She toyed with the heavy sac, enjoying the feel of his nuts in her hand.

Next, she soaked his prick with hot saliva and continued to suck him. His hard-on became a meal for her, and she eagerly devoured it, wanting to bring him right to the edge, but not to let him cum.

The tension in Roland's balls increased just before his prick heaved inside Janet's mouth. She quickly pulled off the trembling rod and sat up on her haunches, curls of her dark hair covering part of her lovely face. Her tits jutted straight out.

"Fuck me, Roland," she panted. "You are my stud, and I want you to fuck my pussy!"

She started to mount his prick, but with a sudden, surprising move, the stud showed her that he had a few plans of his own.

Janet gasped as the young man's hands gripped her hips, while, at the same time, he pulled her over, spinning her down onto the bed. He then sat up to move over her.

It happened quickly, and it was only after Janet was flat on her back that she spotted the lusty glare radiating from his eyes. He could no longer play a passive role. In a role

reversal, Roland hovered above her, poised to fuck his steely prick into her cunt.

The scent of his crotch assailed her nose and Janet's eyes widened as the young stud took charge of the situation. His throbbing prick slapped against her thigh, and in that moment Janet was thankful for this change in him.

She lay sprawled beneath him, her large tits splayed out wantonly as her breath rasped in her chest. Her long legs stretched out wide in her anticipation of his cock slamming into her dripping pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you, lady," he said hoarsely. "I'm going to fuck the hell out of you!"

"Yes!" she shouted in response. "Yes, fuck me! Fuck me long and hard. Do it!"

He lowered himself onto her. She humped her hips upward as she reached down to grab his pulsing, engorged prick. She guided him to the entrance of her cunt and positioned the fat head of his cock just inside her soft pussy.

Roland kneaded her tits as he moved his hips forward and rammed his cock all the way into her in one plunge. His swollen cockhead pushed and pushed. He pounded into her and squirmed his tight ass, penetrating her pussy deeper and deeper with each stroke.

"Oh, yes, Roland! This is how I love to be fucked! Don't stop. Make me cum! Make my hot pussy explode. Fuck me hard and deep!"

He didn't need the encouragement, though. The young stud pumped his cock in and out of her smoldering tunnel as fast and hard as he could. His youthful body whipped up and down, back and forth, in and out. Their sweaty bodies rubbed, their flesh smacking together as they fucked in a frenzy of pure lusty passion.

As he fucked her, Roland almost clawed her luscious tits.

He pinched and pulled on her ripe, stiff nipples, making Janet squeal with delight, her happiness soaring from his surprisingly talented fucking. His inexperienced prick was battering her pussy, and through it all, Janet held him between her thighs.

His powerful strokes and her humping motions created a whirlwind of activity on the bed. Janet lost herself in the glorious glee that filled her. Roland fucked relentlessly in and out of her soupy cunt. The bombardment of sensations made Janet's head spin and her body smoulder. She came hard and fast, the rich womanly nectar spilling from her depths and drenching the young stud. Her juices soaked her thighs and his balls.

Roland suddenly arched his back, driving his cock as deeply into her as possible. She felt the organ expand and then felt his cum fill her.

"Oh, oh, yesss, yesss," she gasped, locking her ankles just above his ass as her pussy milked him. "Give it to me, lover! Give me all of your sweet cum. Blast it into me! Flood me with it!"

Roland grunted and groaned as his strong body stiffened. His sturdy cock leaped inside of her, and still he fucked her while he spewed bubbly cum.

Janet twisted her head from side to side, her long silky hair flying across her face as she kept humping up and down. Her pussy muscles flexed and contracted, the wild spasms vibrating on the young man's blasting rod. Janet wished the exquisite moment could last forever.

"More! Give me more of your jizz! Shoot it all into my pussy!" she screamed.

His only response was to puff and pant as he kept fucking his cock into her clutching hole. Then, grunting, he fell on her, burying his face against the fleshy pillows of her breasts. His hard body slumped and Janet groaned a deep, satisfied sigh.

She kept hugging him to her, even after the ringing of the

phone stirred her into alertness. She relaxed her leg grip on him as she reached for the receiver. Roland shifted a little, but kept his face nuzzled against her tits.

"Janet?" Mark's voice came through the phone. "Is that lazy-assed Roland still there?"

Janet gulped, thinking fast. "Well, yes, dear, he's still here," she said, gesturing for Roland to be silent as he lifted his head off her tits and peered panic-stricken into her face.

"Well, what in the hell is taking him so long?" Mark blurted. "He should have been back at the shop over an hour ago!"

Janet cleared her throat, her mind working. "Mark," she said soothingly, "it's my fault. I had him help me with a little extra something."

"Oh, well, all right," Mark said with a sigh. "As long as you are putting him to good use and making him work."

"Oh, I am, darling," she purred, lifting one of her big tits and pushing it against Roland's mouth. "I've been keeping him very busy. But I promise I'll send him along shortly."

When Mark hung up, Janet and Roland giggled loudly. But very quickly their laughter died into the soft whimpering sounds of passion. As he sucked on her tits she reached for his cock and began to stroke it. The cock uncoiled in her hand as she rested her head back on the pillow.

Having the furniture moved was the last thing on her mind.

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Chapter Seven

A smug sense of satisfaction filled Janet for the next few days. The new carpet was installed by her husband and a crew of two gorgeous, muscled young men, and Janet found she was actually relieved that Roland wasn't one of them. She had been worried that he would somehow give away their little secret.

And, with that particular worry out of the way, Janet looked forward to the wild and wicked adventures that the future would surely bring.

In the meantime, Mark was just as horny and as good as ever. Every night the young married couple celebrated their new home and happy marriage by fucking and sucking until near dawn. For the young wife, life was about as perfect as it could be.

"You are starting to become a real prissy bitch," Laura said Friday morning as the two women lay naked in Laura's bed.

Janet had just rolled off Laura's face and was savoring the sweet after glow of several tremendous climaxes provided by her friend's tongue and mouth.

"What are you talking about, Laura?" she asked, determined that nothing was going to spoil the wonderful way she felt. "I'll return the favor. I always do. It's just I have an appointment at the plant nursery at noon. I promise I'll be back at two, and then I'll give you the cunt-licking of your life."

"Don't trouble yourself too much," Laura replied with a touch of anger.

Janet glanced up at her, both bewildered and concerned. "I don't know what's gotten into you, Laura, but you can drop the sarcastic bullshit."

The blonde's face reddened with even more anger. Laura swung her legs off the bed and stood up. She grabbed a robe off a nearby chair and pulled it tightly around her nude body. She looked back at Janet.

"That's great, Janet! You really don't know what's bugging the hell out of me, do you?" She frowned and started to walk

away, but turned back again. "Well, if you'd stop thinking only of yourself, you'd realize that I don't like being a glorified vibrator for you. Your pussy gets itchy and you dash over here, or call me to your place for a fast flick, lick and suck. It's not right, Janet, and it's going to stop!"

Janet stared back at her friend, the angry words hitting her like rocks. She had no idea this was the way she was being seen. Yet, at the same time, she resented Laura's attitude. Before she could stop herself, she pushed off the bed and quickly pulled on her clothes.

Once dressed, she turned to face Laura. "You know, Laura," she said, "you are starting to sound just like an old, nagging wife!" She snickered bitterly as she walked from the room. "And I don't need an old, complaining bitch fucking with my head!"

Janet slammed the door as she left the Springs' house and went quickly back to her own. That slut, she thought. She wanted to turn me into a lesbian, and all of a sudden I'm the fucking heavy!

By the time Janet arrived home from the nursery, she had cooled off somewhat. She started unloading the bushes and squares of store-bought grass ready to be laid on the ground. She thought about what had happened and calmed considerably, even felt remorse.

Laura had, after all, been nothing short of wonderful in her friendship, and had been a fabulous neighbor. And Janet couldn't help but smile as she reflected on the sexual pleasures Laura had introduced her to only a short time ago. She decided she owed the pretty blonde an apology and a passionate rekindling session. Images of her pleasuring Laura with her tongue and fingers made Janet's pussy damp.

She unloaded the car and hurried inside to call Laura. When there was no answer, Janet figured the woman was still sulking. She took a fast shower, perfumed herself, and began to dress in

an exceptionally sexy outfit.

The doorbell interrupted her before she had finished zipping up, but she rushed to answer it. She was ready with her apology, but when she opened the front door she was stunned to see Bob, police uniform and all, standing on her porch.

He flashed an easy, casual smile. "Sorry if I frightened you, Janet."

"Oh, no, that's all right," she said quickly. "I wasn't expecting you, that's all."

"Yeah, I can see that," he replied with a grin. "Gonna invite me in, or do you plan to keep me out here and have the neighbors wonder what a cop is doing on your doorstep?"

She laughed awkwardly and ushered him inside. She struggled to hold the folds of her suit together, trying to hide her tits from his view.

"No need to be modest with me," he said with a smirk. "You and I are beyond that point, remember? Besides, the police are your friends. We're still friends, aren't we, Janet?"

"Sure, Bob," she said nervously. "Let me fix us a drink."

As she headed for the kitchen, Janet decided that it was his dark sunglasses as well as the uniform that was unnerving her. He was certainly an imposing presence, but there was something about his general manner that also disturbed her. She couldn't quite put a finger on it but she did not have the carefree, sexy feeling she had figured she'd have when she and Bob were finally alone together again.

Her hands shook when she poured him some whisky over a couple of ice cubes. She handed him the drink and stepped away from him, anxious to distance herself from him.

"I'm glad to see you don't object to my drinking while on duty," he said.

"Oh, sorry," she responded. "I didn't think. I wouldn't want you to break any rules, or to get into any trouble."

He gulped his drink, then stepped across the room to her, his lips curved as he approached. "What's the matter, baby?" he asked. "You seem frightened. What happened to that hot little fireball at the party? Remember what we did in the basement?"

She nodded and forced a smile. "Bob, listen, I've got to run," she said. "I was on my way out when you came, and..."

"That's funny, I saw you drive up just a few minutes ago. You've got to slow down, sweetheart. Running here and there will make you spread yourself too thin, don't you think?"

"Really, Bob, I..."

He grabbed her arms and shoved his face against hers and drove his tongue deeply into her mouth and kissed her roughly. She gasped, but quickly found that she was helplessly locked by his grip. His gun belt and uniform scratched her through the delicate fabric of her pant suit and, in the next instant, it became useless for her to try and cover her tits.

"You're fighting your feelings, babe," he hissed, squeezing his fingers into her arms. "I guess I'll just have to melt you down a little bit."

He Frenched her again, this time even rougher than before. He shoved his tongue deep into her mouth, gagging her and causing her to squirm against him. Then, suddenly, he pushed her down into a chair and knelt in front of her. He took his hat off just before grabbing her legs.

Janet squealed as he snatched the pants suit and pulled. The suit slipped off of her.

"Bob, stop, what are you doing?" she yelled, wiggling frantically in the chair, unable to escape him.

In another second, she was completely nude and he was pushing his face between her spread thighs, zeroing in on her cunt. He shoved his hands under her ass and clutched the firm cheeks as he burrowed against her cunt, his tongue flicking out to lick her clit.

Janet's emotions were in turmoil. She couldn't deny the pleasure of his tongue on her clit, and, while his rough treatment was somewhat of a surprise, he really hadn't hurt her. He was starting to turn her on.

The exquisite sensations of his tongue made her forget her uneasy thoughts. The pleasure was just too great. Janet was responding to the demands of her own body. She grabbed Bob's hair and ground her cunt back and forth on his mouth.

The cop lapped and licked steadily on her swollen clit while waves of searing pleasure coursed through her pussy. Bob was wasting no time in proving just how much of an expert he was at eating cunt.

Her pussy began to gush thick, hot jism. She gazed down at him and watched as he licked it up, swallowing in loud gulps. The fact that Bob was in uniform added to the raunchy delight engulfing her. Her mind entertained wild fantasies as the policeman, his face pressed against her soaked cunt, serviced her pussy.

"Oh, jeeze!" she groaned as he sucked her clit into his mouth. "Ohh, yessss, Bob, you're driving me crazy!"

Her words and panting continued and intensified as he continued to patiently suck and chew on her clit. She tangled her fingers in his hair and writhed and pulled, almost falling out of the chair as an orgasm swept her away.

Abruptly, Bob jerked his head up and glared into her face. "Call me Officer Spring, bitch," he snapped, his voice harsh and cold. "Do what I say!"

"Yes, yes, Officer Spring," she breathed, nodding eagerly. "Anything you say, Officer Spring."

He grinned and ducked his head quickly back down to her cunt and began bobbing up and down as he sucked on her clit. Then he fucked his tongue deep into her cunt and another orgasm rocked her. He was fucking her forcefully with his tongue, driving it

in and out of her quaking cunt and lashing the creamy inside of her pussy.

Janet went crazy. She whined and clenched her thighs against his head and started humping her snatch up to meet his thrust. She fucked his tongue and clutched her flopping tits. She pulled on her nipples and screamed as yet another climax seared through her body.

Bob slipped his tongue out of her cunt, lifted her slightly out of her chair, and drive his tongue straight at her puckered asshole. With his hands digging into the flesh of her ass cheeks, he managed to hold her steady as he began fucking his tongue into her ass, drilling her repeatedly.

Janet felt her arms and legs fall open, and she felt weak. Her whole body seemed to slump. She felt herself drifting away, as if floating. She couldn't fight the sensation and wasn't even sure if she wanted to. Then she realized that Bob was carrying her in his arms, up the stairs to the bedroom.

Janet whimpered as she quickly regained control of her body and thoughts, but by then Bob had taken her into the bedroom and dropped her down on the bed.

"Now," he said, his tone cold.

"What?" she asked, her voice sounding feeble.

"This is about what you did to Laura!" he hissed. "You cock teaser!"

"No, wait," she cried. "Bob, you've got it all wrong.

"Officer Spring, you bitch!"

"Bob...I mean, Officer, what did I do to Laura?" Janet asked. "I don't understand!"

"You hurt her, bitch!" he yelled. "She told me what happened when I came home for lunch."

"Told you what? Did she tell you she tried to turn me into a lezbo? Did she tell you that?"

"You silly cunt! Who do you think encouraged that? I told

Laura to hit on you. I wanted her to get you primed. I love watching other women get it on with Laura, but you've decided it's a one act play." Bob started speaking in a softer tone of voice. "She's pregnant, finally, and this is how you treat her!"

Janet realized then that he was reacting to an imagined hurt, or maybe not imagined, but unintentional at the very least. Her fear vanished and she felt sorry for the big man. He was only being protective of his wife and she decided to play along.

Bob began unbuckling his belt. The firm line of his lips gradually eased into a smirk as he jerked down his fly. He pulled out his stiff prick and crawled to the end of the bed and knelt between Janet's spread legs. He gripped the base of his cock and aimed it at her cunt.

"See how nice I've decided to treat you for what you've done to Laura?" he said.

Janet made a faked attempt to twist away, but Bob grabbed her thighs and roughly pulled them apart. Then he reached behind him and slapped a pair of handcuffs on Janet's wrists, her arms behind her back. With a lunge he shoved his cock into her cunt, driving it all the way in on the first thrust.

Janet screamed as his cock plowed through her pussy and filled her hole. He pulled back slightly and then rammed it into her again, causing her to arch her hips.

As he fucked her vigorously, a searing heat began to flare in her cunt, deep in the core of her being. She felt her juices begin to coat the tender walls of her inner cunt. Her eyes opened wide and a glow warmed her. Tingling her from head to toe, her throaty howls became shrill cries of passion.

Janet's hips rotated in quick, small circles. She began humping her ass in rapid jerks up and down, bouncing off the mattress. She shoved her pussy up to meet each thrust of Bob's cock.

The change in her couldn't be hidden from Bob. Now, even

the dark sunglasses couldn't mask his glee as he looked at the sexy young woman taking the full measure of his prick.

"You love it," he hissed. "I knew you would. This is what you crave. Getting fucked is what you live for, and the wilder the better. That's your style. Hell, if I stopped now you'd beg me for it, wouldn't you? Go on, admit it!"

She gritted her teeth, but she couldn't control herself anymore. "Yes!" she cried, her hands reaching up to take his glasses off so she could stare into Bob's eyes.

"Yes, you bastard, I do love it!" she cried, arching her back, bucking wildly at his cock, rocking her lovely head from side to side. "I love it! I want it! So stop talking and fuck me!"

Her admission seemed to spur Bob into even greater intensity, if that was possible. He growled huskily as he grabbed her tits and fucked his cock rapidly in and out of her sopping cunt. The force of his fucking grew with every stroke, and Janet was ready, matching him all the way.

The full erotic impact of being taken this way added to her bliss. It was perfect! She was handcuffed and was being powerfully fucked by this demanding policeman. His uniform completed the raunchy picture, and she grunted as pleasure ripped through her.

Her slippery cunt flexed around Bob's drilling cock. Her cunt muscles squeezed his shaft in a tight grip and she came hard. Her belly heaved and her legs opened and closed.

"Ohh, yesssss!" she screamed. "Fuck me, Officer! Fuck my pussy!"

The convulsions of her cunt seemed to suck the jism right out of his balls. His cock erupted, shooting a thick blast of cum deep inside her pussy. The wads of cum splattered her womanly depths and flooded her as her pussy milked his spurting prick. And still he thrust his cock in and out of her, till the

last drop of his cum juice had been deposited.

With the slightest hesitation, Bob yanked his cock out of her and moved up on the bed, straddling her body. Still breathing and gasping deeply, Janet stared wide-eyed at him as he positioned his juice-smeared cock near her mouth. He poked the head against her chin, then slowly moved it up to her lips.

"Clean it," he growled, his tone still harsh, but not nearly as cold as earlier. "Suck it clean!"

Janet lapped her tongue over the cockhead. She moaned in a mixture of pleasure and discomfort as Bob settled a lot of his weight on her while feeding her his meat.

She squirmed, trying to better her position. The taste of her own pussy juice on his cock excited her. The lewdness thrilled her even more when she gulped more of his sticky, wet cock between her lips.

Bob groaned as his cock flared, quickly starting to harden again under her flicking tongue. And for Janet, the sheer pleasure of feeling his cock growing in her hot mouth was almost too much. She took great pleasure in turning him on so soon after her pussy had drained his balls.

Bob twitched his hips and started fucking more of his cock into her face. With one fast stroke he buried his prick to the hilt in her mouth, touching the back of her throat.

"Clean it, Janet!" he said, grabbing her by the hair and pulling lightly. "Suck it off! Yeah, that's the way."

He left his cock fully lodged in her mouth, plugging it for several seconds, then began to withdraw, the shaft grazing over her lips as he eased all but the knob from her mouth.

Janet licked the slit at the end of his cock, knowing she was pleasing him. She heard his moans and felt the subtle swaying of his pelvis and hips as she toyed with his meat. She tasted the residue of his pre-cum fluids and still her cunt juice. The mixture excited the horny young housewife, and Janet

quickly lapped the mushrooming head.

Bob started fucking his cock faster in and out of her mouth. This time he didn't let his prick linger, but set up a steady stroke pace that caused her lips to tingle. Then he fucked her face in slow strokes again, but gradually began to build up his speed and intensity once more.

Janet locked her lips tightly around the cock shaft, trying to coat it with her saliva and make the blowjob easier for the both of them.

"Oh, yeah, baby," he moaned, "that's it! Suck my cock, suck it clean. Do it right, because I've got a little surprise for you when I get tired of this!"

Janet was concentrating too hard on sucking his cock to pay much attention to what he was saying. Her own body was on fire now. Her pussy lips quivered and her clit trembled.

Bob whipped his cock from her mouth and eased himself down across her body. The rough material of his uniform brushed along her delicate, satiny flesh as he positioned himself between her legs. He got up on his knees and gripped her thighs, then lifted them.

"What are you doing, Officer?" she asked, only partially acting the role she had taken. "I want to suck your cock until you cum. I want to feel your hot jizz fill my mouth!"

"I've got something better planned for you," he said, his voice husky with excitement. "I'm going to fuck your asshole!"

His words filled the young housewife with shock. She had never been fucked in the ass before. The only time she and Mark had tried it, she had made him stop, because it had hurt.

"No, Bob, please don't!" she cried.

"What did I tell you to call me?" he said, his fingers squeezing her shapely thighs.

"I'm sorry, Officer," she answered, unable to keep the tremor out of her voice. "Just, please don't fuck my ass. I've

never been fucked there before, and I don't think I could take your big cock!"

Bob lifted her legs up and draped them across his broad shoulders. "Don't worry, before long you'll be begging me to fuck your ass. Just relax."

She gasped as he pressed most of his weight down on her upper back and shoulders, bending her almost in half. Her ass was completely off the bed and she knew he had her positioned perfectly for his plan.

She flinched when she felt his cockhead probing along her ass crack, the wetness from her sucking leaving a cold trail on her flesh.

"Ohhhh, please!" she begged, unable to even wiggle. "Please don't hurt me!"

He slipped his hands down to her upturned ass cheeks and pried them apart. In the next instant, he shoved his cock forward. Then his swollen cockhead pushed into the tight opening.

Janet held her breath as, inch by inch, his cock sank into the tight depths of her ass. As his cockhead fucked its way into her, Bob stopped for a moment to rest. Janet looked down and realized that he hadn't even buried half his member into her. It felt as if he had filled her already. Then, without warning, he shoved forward, driving the rest of the way into her.

Soon Janet realized that her ass didn't hurt, and that Bob's cock wasn't nearly as uncomfortable as it had been at first. Even more surprising to her was the realization that her ass was actually starting to clamp down on his cock each time he pulled out, trying to hold it inside.

She also realized her cunt was starting to flow and there was a familiar churning, signalling the onset of a climax. Instinctively, she began to hump her ass back at his cock as best as she could.

Bob continued to hold her steady by gripping her ass cheeks, but eventually he was able to slip his right hand up to her cunt. Janet shivered as he tickled her throbbing clit with a fingertip, then plunged two fingers into her pussy.

A violent orgasm exploded in her cunt seconds later. She writhed and contorted lewdly, straining Bob's grip as she twisted and jerked beneath him. She arched her spine as she cried out in ecstasy. Still, he continued to plow her ass with his cock, drilling his fingers in and out of her cunt.

"Ahhhh, I love it!" she admitted. "I love it! Ohhhh, yesss, yesss, fuck my ass, Officer! I'm cumming again, I can't stop cumming!"

His lips turned into a wicked grin. He added a third finger to her overheated pussy and Janet immediately came as another hot tremor shot through her body.

Bob's cock exploded, filling her ass with thick hot cum. He kept pistoning his cock in and out of her, and her clenching ass muscles continued to pump him. When he was finally spent, his shoulders began to slip downwards, allowing her legs to move free and flop down on the bed.

She felt relief as the countless ripples of orgasm gradually faded. Whatever reservations she had in the past about getting fucked in her ass were gone. She had loved it! Her mind quickly worked to figure out how to let Mark know he could now have this previously forbidden hole, when a voice from the doorway shattered her thoughts.

"Well, Bob, have you left anything for me?" Laura said.

Janet's eyes popped open and she looked in the direction of the voice. She saw Laura, a sexy smirk on her face. It dawned on Janet that Laura could have seen everything. She was stunned into silence.

Bob's cock slipped out of Janet's ass with a plop and he got up off the bed, straightened out his uniform and smiled at his

wife. As he removed Janet's handcuffs, he said, "Janet will always have something left when it comes to fucking and sucking," Bob told Laura. "It's just like you said, honey, this little lady is one hot bundle of sex."

Laura laughed throatily as she approached Janet. Her eyes gleamed as she gazed at the younger woman displayed on the bed. Laura reached and lightly traced a circle around Janet's nipples with a fingertip, giving Janet a wink.

"Do you still feel as sexy as you look?" Laura whispered, her smoldering expression and delicate touch sending fresh erotic shivers through Janet.

"You two planned this all along!" Janet said as the incredible realization sank in. She looked from Laura to Bob. "You bastards! I can't believe it!"

"Oh, darling, you can believe it," Laura cooed as she began stripping off her clothes. "And you can do much more than that."

Within seconds, the blonde was stripped and climbing on the bed. She deftly straddled Janet's head and lowered her bushy flaxen cunt onto Janet's face.

Janet had hardly recovered from her shock when she was expected to lick Laura's tasty cunt. She inhaled the sweet pussy aroma and savored the nectar already wetting the puffy lips. She flicked her tongue into Laura's pussy, slurping the thick, clear fluid, savoring the special passion that heated her own mound.

Soon Janet felt Bob's tongue spear into her gash and lick madly. He lifted her legs and placed them over his shoulders, so he could better get to her cunt.

Her own tongue made sweeping licks up and down the length of Laura's pussy. The woman squirmed around, mashing her cunt down on Janet's face. When Janet ran her tongue across Laura's clit, the blonde clamped her knees tightly around Janet's head.

Janet licked and sucked as fast as she could, knowing she was getting Laura off. Meanwhile, Bob was doing the same to her,

and when he shoved two fingers into her recently fucked ass, her hips began to buck up and down.

Just when Janet thought she couldn't take it anymore, Laura fell to one side on the bed. Bob gave one last powerful suck on her cunt, and then he too moved away. He crawled towards his wife, his hard cock swinging between his legs.

Bob pulled Laura onto her knees, spread her legs and drove his cock into her hot, waiting cunt. Laura purred and Janet watched.

She seemed mesmerized by the sight of Bob's huge cock appearing and disappearing into Laura's hole. She began to finger her pussy, wishing she had Mark then, so she could fuck him. But, the way she felt, any cock would do!

Laura started to slam her hips back to meet her husband's thrusts. Her tits swung beneath her and her head drooped down as she panted for breath. Suddenly, she arched her back, and let loose with a cry Janet was sure could be heard three blocks away. Her climax caused her body to stiffen, her hips shoved back against her husband's groin, as if she were trying to take his whole body into hers.

She began to jerk her bottom, her head whipping back and forth as her climax peaked, but at last she fell forward, collapsing on her stomach as Bob's prick popped out of her.

Janet was so horny she was about to scream! She lunged for Bob's cock, taking nearly all of it at once. Her tongue licked all around it to clean off Laura's juice, which tasted delicious. She moved her head lower and lower, till her lips were finally locked around the base of the cock, the head lodged deeply in her throat.

Janet began a swallowing motion and heard Bob groan in pleasure. She began to pump back and forth on his cock, taking him all the way down to the base each time, while she raised her right hand to cup his nuts. She gently rolled them in her palm.

His cock started to throb, signalling the onset of his orgasm. Janet quickly took her mouth off his cock, wanting him to cum in her cunt.

She pushed him over on his back and lowered her head between his legs, sucking first one, and then the other of his nuts into her mouth. She released them and began to lick her way up the length of his cock once more, knowing his immediate cum urge had faded. When she reached the top of his cock, she gently sucked in the head, whipping her tongue around it before lowering to take him all again.

She was ready to get fucked! She let his cock slip from her lips and straddled him, gripping his cock in her hands and lining it up with the entrance to her pussy. Then she dropped straight down, letting her weight drive his cock all the way up into her.

Her mouth opened in a silent scream as his cock penetrated. She felt his hands on her tits as she arched her back, his fingers pinching the nipples and making them stand out firmly. She raised herself up, hesitated a moment, and then slammed her body back down on him, feeling his cock spread the walls of her hole.

Her body was on fire. She rode him like a woman possessed, grinding her clit against his pubic bone on each downward thrust, whipping her hips in small circles to make his cock touch different places inside of her.

"Now!" she screamed. "Cum now!"

Bob lifted his hips up off the bed as his hands held her. He drove his meat as far up into her as he could and his cum exploded from his balls.

4/1/92

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Chapter Eight

For the rest of that week, Janet wore a smile that even she couldn't quite explain. Her sex life with Mark was fantastic, and things between her and Laura and Bob were working out even better than she had hoped. Friday afternoon, Laura came by for a little while and told her they were going to have another party, and invited her and Mark.

But when Mark arrived home around six, Janet could tell something was bothering him. He didn't greet her with a hug and kiss as he usually did. In fact, he appeared to be avoiding her for some reason, and wouldn't even look her in the eye. When she told him about the party at the Springs', he just nodded his head and said, "Sure, why not?"

Finally, she couldn't take it any longer and had to know what was wrong. They had always talked about whatever was bothering one of them, and Mark's attitude was so unlike him that she knew something had to be up. She found him in the bedroom, getting undressed to take a shower, and she sat on the bed and looked up at his strong, handsome face.

"Mark," she said softly, "something's been upsetting you all evening, and you won't even look at me. Please, tell me what's wrong?"

He turned away from her for a moment, then turned back to look at her. "I had to fire a guy today. And do you know why I had to fire him?" he asked, anger clearly written on his face.

"No," she replied in a whisper, although she had a feeling she knew exactly who had been fired and why.

"Well, I'll tell you. It was Roland, and I fired him because he was walking around in the storeroom, bragging about the hot piece of ass he got while moving furniture for the boss! I couldn't believe it when I first overheard it, but the more I listened, the worse it got! He was talking about the fantastic

blow-job that started it all off, and about sucking your cunt till you screamed and begged him to fuck you, and then of fucking you silly, not just once, but over and over again. The real kicker was when he told them about how the phone rang and you answered it while curled up in his arms, then told me that he was working, and then fucked him the minute you hung the phone up!"

As he stood there, hands on hips, glaring at her, she felt the blood drain from her face and thought that she was going to faint. She didn't know what to say to ease the anger and pain Mark was feeling, or the shame she felt. She looked at the floor and began to cry softly.

"I'm... I'm sorry, Mark. I swear to you, I'm sorry," she told him between sobs. "It just happened and I couldn't help myself."

"Oh, sure, my wife the uncontrollable slut who fucks and sucks everyone that comes along. Is that it?" he demanded.

"No!" she cried, still not able to look up at him.

"Yeah, well I'll tell you what. In all the time we've been together, I've never been unfaithful to you. Sure, I've looked at other women. I wouldn't be human if I didn't, but it's never gone beyond that point. And I know I could have had my share of pussy."

"I know," she whispered, finally looking at him, wanting to reach out to him, to hold him, to have him hold her, but knew she would probably be rejected if she tried that now.

"Well, what you can know now is that those days are over! If you can let the first young stud (Christ, Janet, he was only 16!) that comes along fuck you, and you suck his cock like a starving man drinks water, then I can play that game too. In fact, tonight at the party, if I happen to disappear for a while, don't both to come looking for me. Which reminds me. You and Bob vanished for a while at the last party. What happened? Did you give him a shot of your pussy, too, or just one of your

fantastic blow-jobs?"

Janet began crying again, lowering her face to her hands, too ashamed to answer.

"That's what I thought," he said with disgust as he turned and went into the bathroom and locked the door.

Janet sat on the bed crying, not knowing what to do, what she could do. She felt she had lost Mark forever. It wasn't the thought of him screwing another woman that upset her so, but the thought of him never touching her again, and divorcing her!

"No," she told herself, wiping her eyes with the back of her hands, "I won't let that happen. I'll do anything I have to do to save my marriage and to get Mark to love me again."

Janet ran downstairs to the small bathroom there, washed her face and resolved to show Mark she was sorry and that she would prove to him how much she loved him, which was more than anything else in the whole world.

She hurried back upstairs and brushed her hair. She was just starting to put on some make-up when Mark came out of the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his waist, his muscular body still wet with water from the shower.

She stood up and turned to face him. She moved closer to him, till the tops of her blouse-covered nipples were almost touching his chest.

"Mark," she said softly, "I know that what I did was wrong, and that I've hurt you more than anyone ever has before, but, darling, please, if you will just give me a chance, I swear I'll make it up to you. Please, Mark!" she begged.

"Yeah? Like how? Maybe you'll suck my cock a little longer next time? Or fuck me an extra time one night?"

"If that's what you want me to do, yes," she answered softly.

She saw a glint in his eye, and for the first time ever, she felt odd with him. He grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed

her down to her knees in front of him, then pulled off the towel, revealing his limp cock.

"Suck it, bitch!" he ordered. "I want to feel it all the way down your throat, and you'd better make it good!"

They had played games before, where he would pretend to be mean, but she could tell he wasn't playing then. She reached out and took his cock in her right hand, squeezed it gently and felt it start to harden.

"I said suck it!" he yelled, grabbing her hair and yanking her head towards his crotch.

Janet opened her mouth and sucked in the head of his prick. The spongy head grew larger and larger in her mouth. She sucked on it and ran her tongue all around it, then started to take in more of him.

Her action on the head of his cock had gotten Mark hard as steel almost instantly. Still holding her hair tightly, he shoved forward with his hips, driving his cock further in. She felt it lodge in her throat -- all nine inches.

Then Mark pulled out, laughing as he left just the tip of his cock in the circle of her lips. Then he shoved all the way back again, this time setting up a fucking motion that allowed Janet only quick breaths of air between plunges.

She tried to suck, playing with his balls. He was simply fucking her mouth, not giving a damn whether she had any pleasure or not. He was going to get himself off.

But Mark hadn't counted on the sexual changes she had made in the past couple of weeks. Before he knew it, Janet was sucking his cock like never before, and enjoying it as well!

When he shoved his hips forward, burying his organ in her throat, she wrapped her arms around his ass, mashing her face against his groin while working her throat in a swallowing motion. She did this three or four times before allowing him to pull his prick out, and even when he did, she continued to suck.

Janet used one hand to fondle his balls, squeezing them gently, then harder, trying to pump all the juice out of them. The fingers of her other hand squeezed the firm cheeks of his ass and trailed lightly along the crack.

Her head began to move up and down the length of his meat with him moving his hips, her lips and tongue working him as they never had before. He could feel the tightening of his nut sack, the start of an orgasm. Just as he felt the climax start to erupt, Janet shoved her face all the way against his groin, forcing his cock back into her throat. At the same time, she pushed a finger into his ass, something she had never done before!

The combination of the two actions caused Mark to arch up on his toes. His cum gushed into her throat. He felt as if he were never going to stop cumming. All the while, Janet swallowed and sawed her finger in and out of his ass.

Janet smiled, lowering her head so her husband couldn't see the grin. He pulled his cock from her lips and she knew he had enjoyed the BJ, and she knew that he knew she had enjoyed it as well! Even now, kneeling on the floor, she could feel the pussy juice running down her legs.

"Don't think you get off that easy!" he told her. But as she looked at him, she could see that he was having a tough time staying angry.

He went to the closet and began pulling out the clothes he'd wear that night. She got up and went into the bathroom to redo her make-up. This situation isn't going to go away overnight, she thought to herself as she looked at her image in the mirror, but I'll make it up to him somehow. And when I do, I'm going to make sure I never hurt him again.

Janet knew that if he told her she was never to have sex with another person, she would do her best to follow that order. Yet, she also knew that if he told her to go to the party tonight

and fuck every man there, and suck every woman, she would do that as well. And, she thought with a grin, that wouldn't be such a bad thing.

But what if Mark meant what he had said about fucking another woman? What if he went to the party and hit on that redhead that had been so interested in him the last time? She tried to fight her feeling of jealousy, realizing that she would have to let him have her, at least this once.

By the time she finished in the bathroom, he was gone from the bedroom. She hurried and dressed in a short skirt that showed off her legs, and a tube top which emphasized her big tits. She slipped on a pair of heels and checked her appearance in the mirror. Smiling at what she saw, she was ready for the party.

She rushed downstairs, looking for Mark, but he was nowhere around. She entered the kitchen and found the back door open, realizing he must have gone to the Springs' house without her. That upset her a bit, but she shook her head and vowed to herself that she wasn't going to let it get to her.

She hurried across the yard to the Springs', hearing sounds of music and laughter coming from within. She opened the back door and entered, only to be greeted by Laura, who smiled warmly at her. The two women embraced, exchanging a quick kiss on the lips before going into the living room to join the rest of the party.

There were already a lot of people there, and it took her a moment or two to find Mark, but Janet finally spotted him talking to a tall, slender, sultry blonde she didn't recognize.

"Who's that?" she asked Laura, pointing to the woman.

"Oh, that's Carol Spellman. She's a vice president with some insurance company. She wasn't here for the last party, but her husband was," Laura told her, pointing to a man in his mid-forties sitting on the couch. He was talking to a petite

redhead from the last party.

"Him?" she asked in wonder, looking closely at the man.

He was not at all what she would expect the blonde to be married to. He was at least three or four inches shorter than his wife, had a small gut on him, and was only of average height.

"Sweetheart," said Laura with a grin, "don't let his looks fool you. That man has a cock that is almost twelve inches long, as thick as your wrist, and he can keep it hard for hours. And he has a terrific tongue as well. He's one of the best pussy eaters here!"

Janet's gaze darted to the man's crotch while she tried to imagine what a twelve-inch cock would look and feel like. She thought to herself, something that big could split a woman in half.

"How about the wife?" she asked. "Does she go both ways?"

"Hell, Janet, just about every woman here does!" Laura replied. "But her favorite thing is getting cock in all three holes at once. She also likes to watch her husband fuck women and then eat his cum from their cunts."

Janet was about to say something when she felt a hand come to rest on an ass cheek. She turned her head and saw Bob standing behind her. "Nice to see you could make it," he said.

"Nice to be here," she replied, leaning her weight back and rubbing her ass against his groin. "Perhaps a little later we can see about taking care of your hard-on," she told him.

"What's wrong with right now?"

"A little early in the evening. Besides, Mark is pissed at me for something stupid I did, and I have to try and make it up to him. I want to wait and see how things go."

"Oops!" said Laura, turning to look at her. "Did he find out about us?"

"Yeah, and about a guy that worked for him that I fucked last week."

"I'm surprised he even showed up!" exclaimed Laura.

"I'm not. He thinks he is going to get back at me tonight by fucking everyone he can get his dick into. But I've got a surprise for him."

"What?" Laura asked as she and Bob began to see an opportunity to have fun while helping Janet out.

"I'm going to help him fuck everyone he can get his dick into," she told them with a grin. "I know he would love to get his hands on that redhead. I plan to help. In fact, I'm going to see to it that he has both of us. Besides, I wouldn't mind having a shot at her myself."

"What do you think, Bob?" Laura asked her husband.

"I think it's the least we could do for our best neighbor," he replied.

"Then, you two will help me?" Janet asked excitedly.

"You bet!" Laura said.

"But, I think Mark has a few plans of his own," Bob noted, nodding his head in the direction of Janet's husband.

She looked to see Mark and Carol slowly easing their way out of the living room, heading for the hallway and the bedrooms there. She felt a pang of jealousy stab her heart, but she fought it. After what she had been doing, she had no right to feel that way, or so she told herself. The last sight she had of Mark and Carol was as they rounded the corner of the hallway, Mark's hand resting on Carol's ass.

Janet looked at Laura. "I think I could use a drink," she said softly.

"I'll get it," Bob said, going quickly to the bar to pour her a scotch on the rocks.

Janet downed half of it in one gulp, feeling it burn her throat for a second or two before spreading its warmth throughout her entire body. She relaxed somewhat.

"Well," she told her two friends, "I think I'll go mingle a

little bit and see what I can come up with for Mark later on."

Laura and Bob both nodded in understanding as she walked away from them. She moved from one small group of people to another, joining conversations for a moment before going on to the next. She was waiting for Mark to reappear and he finally did, about half an hour later.

Both he and Carol were smiling, as if their little session had been most satisfying for the both of them, which it probably was. She knew that Mark was an excellent lover who could please any woman. Right now she wished that woman were herself, and promised herself that she would be his before the night was over.

Mark looked around and spotted her, and walked towards her with a smirk on his face. He kissed her and she could taste the pussy juice on his lips. That lit a small flame of desire inside her. She used her tongue to clean his lips, slipping her right arm around his neck while her left hand went down to gently squeeze his cock.

"Was she good?" she asked, her question catching Mark completely off guard for a moment.

"I... well, yeah, she was," he replied almost bashfully.

"It's okay, Mark," she told him softly. "I know what I did was wrong, and you feel that you have to do this to get even with me. I understand that."

"Yeah, right," he said, his expression cold.

"Really, it is," she told him.

"Yeah, well, we'll see," he replied and turned away from her. He went to get himself a beer.

She stood here feeling as if she had just been slapped! Here she was, trying to show him that she loved him, that she was sorry for what she had done, and that she wasn't going to get mad or jealous if he fucked every woman in the place tonight, and all he could do was walk away from her.

As much as she wanted to understand his feelings, his

treatment of her was starting to get to her a bit. She looked around the room for Bob, but didn't see him. Her eyes lit on a young dark-haired man standing off to one side by himself. He looked a little unsure of himself and she sauntered over to him.

"I haven't seen you here before," she told him in a friendly tone of voice.

"I... I haven't been here before."

"Do you live in the neighborhood?"

"No... I... I'm visiting my sister and her husband for a few days before going back to college."

"Oh, who's your sister?"

"Carol Spellman."

"What's your name?"

"Terry. What's yours?" he asked.

"Janet," she replied, feeling a sudden urge to do something outrageous. "Terry," she said sweetly, "do you think you could help me out?"

"Sure!" he replied eagerly, completely unaware of what she had in mind.

"Come with me," she told him and led him through the crowd to the kitchen. She looked around to make sure no one could see her, then opened the door that led to the basement and motioned for him to follow her, which he did.

Once down in the basement, she found the string to turn on the light and pulled it.

"How old are you, Terry?"

"Fifteen," he replied.

"Are you a virgin?"

He didn't answer, but blushed deeply, giving her the answer. She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, forcing her tongue between his lips and into his mouth as she ground her pussy against his crotch.

He was almost the exact same height as she was, and she

could feel his cock hardening rapidly, pressing against her cunt. She was going to have a good time with this young virgin male.

She broke the kiss and before he could say anything, she dropped down to her knees in front of him, reached quickly for his zipper, and in no time at all had it down. She snaked her hands inside to grab his cock, and pulled it out through the pants opening. Terry quickly realized what was going on and unfastened his belt, then his jeans, allowing them to drop to his ankles. Janet jerked down his shorts.

While his cock wasn't as long as Mark's or Bob's, it was extremely thick, with a large purple head. She grabbed it by the base and without wasting any time at all, opened her mouth as wide as she could and took his prick between her lips.

She cupped his nuts with one hand as she began a fucking motion with her mouth. She lavished it with swipes of her tongue, tasting the drop of pre-cum that oozed out, then moved her head all the way back on him.

Terry began fucking his hips back and forth. As she allowed him to do this, she sucked on his cock powerfully, running her tongue along the shaft of it as he pulled out, and then around the crown as she trapped it within her lips.

After only about a minute or so she felt him begin to pick up his pace, hearing his breathing starting to come in panting gasps, and, as much as she would have loved to let him cum in her mouth, she knew that it would be at least a little while before he could get hard again. She wanted his cock in her pussy.

She gripped the base tightly and pulled her mouth free, quickly standing up to kiss him as she backed up to a laundry table by the wall. There, she broke the kiss and turned around, bent over the table and hiked her skirt, giving him a perfect view of her pussy.

He didn't need an invitation! He stepped forward and gripped the cheeks of her ass with both hands, and with a lunge

of his hips, dove his cock into her burning cunt on the first try.

Janet bit her lip to keep from crying out as his extra wide-cock pushed into the depths of her pussy, spreading the walls farther apart than they had ever been before. Her tits were pressed against the top of the table and she pulled down her tube top to let them rub against the table and excite her even more.

Meanwhile, Terry was slamming his cock in and out of her for all he was worth. He didn't have much style, but he had enthusiasm.

As an orgasm surged through her, she clamped down on his cock with her pussy, causing him to cry out, "Lady, that's fantastic!"

Janet felt another climax tear through her, and then realized that Terry was about to cum himself.

"Wait! Stop!" she cried softly, and he did, but with his cock still buried to the hilt in her cunt.

"Pull out a second," she told him, turning to look at him over her shoulder. He was slightly bewildered, but did as she asked.

As soon as he was out, she turned around and sat on the edge of the table and lifted her legs to wrap them around his waist. She guided his cock back into her cunt with her hand, smiling at him seductively. He drove into her to the hilt, causing her to arch her back, her huge tits jutting towards the ceiling.

He lowered his head and sucked one of her hard nipples into his mouth. He was learning quickly now. He would alternate his strokes, sometimes slamming into her like a pile driver and other times giving her long slow strokes while alternating his attention from one tit to the other. He then pushed her down on her back on the table, and lifted her legs, bending them back so that her knees were pressed against her tits. He began to slam his cock in and out of her cunt, driving it into her with all the

force he could.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" she cried. "Shove your cock into me! Fuck me hard! Make me cum! Fill me with your jizz and make me scream!"

The young man did the best he could to comply with her desires, leaning over her bent body to bite down on first one nipple and then the other as he fucked her.

She beat her fists on the table as she felt jet after jet of his burning cum flood her pussy and run out and down the crack of her ass. She felt him shudder, then he collapsed on top of her just as the last of her pleasure faded.

She gently eased Terry off of her, letting his cock slip out of her cunt. They straightened out their clothing, then she went over to a corner where she had seen a roll of toilet paper and used some of it to clean off her cunt and legs where his cum was oozing down. Then, realizing that someone might wonder why they were down there, she grabbed a case of beer and headed back up the stairs, with him doing the same.

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Chapter Nine

When she got back to the living room, she immediately looked for Mark and found him deep into a discussion with the redhead. Janet looked the woman over, trying to decide what it was that attracted Mark to her.

The woman, about 24, was only about five feet tall and couldn't have weighed more than a hundred pounds soaking wet. She was wearing a green satin mini skirt and a white, nearly-sheer blouse that plainly showed the nipples of her small,

apple-sized tits. Her hair, which was almost the shade of copper, reached all the way down to her waist, and she had the greenest eyes that Janet had ever seen. Combined with the fine, pixie-like features of her face, she was an extremely sensual looking woman.

Janet wondered if the hair on her pussy was the same color as the hair on her head, and wondered what it would be like to nestle her face between the redhead's slender thighs. With that thought in mind and a smile on her face, she walked over to the couch and sat down on the other side of the woman.

"Mind if I join you?" she asked.

"Not at all," answered the redhead.

"I'm Janet, Mark's wife."

"Hi. I'm Sherry, and I guess I'm the only one here who isn't actually with someone."

"Is your husband out of town or something?"

"Yeah," Sherry replied with a laugh. "You might say that. You see, he ran off with his secretary more than a couple of months ago. My divorce just became final yesterday."

"You don't seem too upset over it," Janet said.

"Oh, I'm not. In fact, she's welcome to him. I'm not sure why I ever married him in the first place."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mark.

"Well, I guess I married him because he was the first man I ever went to bed with. The only one in fact. I got pregnant after the first screw and we got married.

"But, as it turned out, I wasn't pregnant. After that, things were never the same between us again. Sex became an obligation about once a week, and I don't think he was a very good lover."

Janet looked at Mark and smiled, and for a moment he returned the smile, his anger forgotten.

"Mark," Janet said softly, "would you like to get us all a

drink?"

"Sure," he replied, and headed for the bar.

Janet turned back to Sherry, letting her arm slip round the woman's shoulders. "By your comment," she said, "you sound as if you would be interested in making some men."

To her surprise, Sherry blushed. "Well," she replied softly, "I would."

"Would you like to get it on with Mark?"

Sherry looked up at her and nodded her head. "Yes, but I was afraid."

"Of what?"

"Well, I've never done it with another man, and with the two of you being pretty much newly married and all, I didn't want to cause any problems between you."

Mark returned just then and handed each of them a drink and sat back down.

"Mark, I know you find Sherry attractive, and that you would like to make love to her," she said, watching Mark blush. "But she has never been to bed with anyone beside her husband and is slightly apprehensive. Personally, I think you are the right man, the best man, and I think the two of you should fuck."

She saw the look of surprise on Mark's face and smiled. Then she stood up, took Sherry's hand and pulled her to her feet. "Come on, Mark," she said, then led Sherry out of the living room and down the hallway to the first available bedroom she could find.

As the three of them entered, Mark closed the door behind them, his gaze on the two woman. Janet held out her free hand to Mark, motioning him forward, and when he stepped towards her, she linked the hands of her husband with those of the redhead.

"Go ahead," she told them.

Janet went to a padded chair in the corner, watching the two figures in middle of the room, smiling to herself all the while.

She stared as Mark bent to kiss Sherry and the woman responded to his kiss. Her arms locked around his neck as their tongues searched out the insides of one another's mouth. Mark's hands dropped down to her ass, gently pulling her against him. They held the kiss for a moment, but then Mark broke it and slowly began to unbutton her blouse. He slid it off her shoulders and let it drop from her arms. Her pert, small tits stood out proudly on her chest. Janet's mouth watered and her pussy got wet.

Mark knelt in front of Sherry and slowly worked the zipper of her skirt down. He slid it down off her hips and let it drop to the floor around her ankles, revealing a pair of the skimpiest bikini panties Janet had ever seen in her life.

Janet felt her heartbeat quicken as Sherry's body was revealed. She felt an overpowering urge to take Mark's place before her, so to explore every crevice of her pussy with her tongue. But she gripped the arms of the chair and controlled herself, knowing that her chance would come soon enough.

She watched Mark bend slightly, seeing his tongue dart out and then slowly lick along Sherry's slit, and heard the woman's gasp. Sherry held Mark's strong shoulders for support and Mark reached behind her, cupped the firm round globes of her ass, and pulled her pussy closer to his mouth.

Mark then stood up and quickly began to tear his own clothing off. Janet knew his cock would be as hard as steel, and, as much as she wanted to feel his prick in her mouth, her pussy, her ass, she knew she had to put aside her desires for the moment.

As Mark stripped off his pants, allowing his big, nine-inch cock to spring into view, Janet heard a yelp of surprise from Sherry. As Mark stood up straight, Sherry stepped toward him and reached out a hand to grasp his meat.

"My... my ex had a 6-inch cock. Nothing like this!" she

said as her hand moved slowly back and forth along Mark's shaft.
"I... I don't know if I can take it."

Janet couldn't stand it. She had to get in on the action in some manner. She got up and quickly stripped off her skirt and tube top and walked toward Mark and Sherry, smiling at both at them.

"Mark," she said, "I know you can't wait to get into her sweet little pussy, but she is small and you aren't exactly average size. You are going to have to go slow and be gentle with her at first."

"Sherry, even if you were a virgin, which, in a way, you are, you would still be able to take all of Mark's dong. It might be a little uncomfortable at first, and it will be a tight fit for both of you, but after a while it will feel so good, I promise you. Come here." She took Sherry's hand and lead her to the bed.

"Come on, Mark," she urged as she lay down on the bed next to Sherry, and he eagerly joined the two females.

"Mark, do you remember our first time and how patient and gentle you were with me?"

"Yes," he replied.

"That's how you will have to be with Sherry."

Mark leaned over and kissed Sherry, his tongue darting out to flick her lips, allowing her to set the pace. One hand cupped one of her small tits, making the nipple extend all the way. As their kiss became more passionate, he began to massage Sherry's tits a little harder, causing her to moan.

He began kissing her face, her ears, then her neck, scooting down on the bed as he worked his way down to her tits. He licked and sucked first one hard nipple and then the other, sucking her entire tit into his mouth at one point, something he could never do to Janet's large firm boobs.

As Mark began to move down on Sherry, Janet could see the

passion Sherry felt.

Mark licked and kissed every square inch of skin till he came to Sherry's navel, and when he jabbed his tongue into it, the woman let out a cry of surprise. Then when Mark reached the rusty colored hair that nestled between her shapely, slender thighs, Sherry began moaning softly, her head tossing back and forth on the pillow. Mark's tongue sought out the opening of her cunt and when his tongue stabbed into her pussy, Sherry arched her hips up off the bed.

Mark placed her slender legs over his shoulders and cupped the firm cheeks of her ass in his hands. Lifting her slightly, he could better lick and suck her cunt. As he began to eat her, Sherry began to thrash around on the bed. She reached up and wrapped her arms around Janet's neck and pulled her to her.

Janet, who was burning up with desire, lowered her head to Sherry's and their lips met. The two women devoured one another's tongues as they kissed. Janet cupped one of Sherry's tits, which only increased the pleasure the woman was experiencing.

As Janet broke the kiss and lowered her head to suck Sherry's tits, her eyes met Mark's. Seeing love in his eyes, she knew that things were going to be okay between the two of them.

She began to please Sherry's tits with her lips and tongue while Mark did the same on the woman's cunt. Sherry was wild with passion and desire and whimpered as an orgasm overwhelmed her, and then a second one.

Janet knew Sherry was ready to get fucked and tapped Mark on the shoulder. She motioned for him to move up on the bed. He did, on his back with his cock sticking up in the air majestically.

As soon as Sherry saw him like that she got on her hands and knees and crawled towards his prick, her eyes glazed with passion. She moved her head to a position over his cock and

opened her mouth as wide as she could and sucked in the crown. She moved her head back and forth, trying to take in as much more of him as she could.

Unfortunately, for both of them, Sherry could only manage to get a little less than half of the organ in her mouth, but she attacked that much of it with vigor, sucking and licking for all she was worth.

Janet watched Mark and knew he was doing all he could to keep from cumming, but he wouldn't be able to hold out much longer if Sherry kept it up. Janet wanted his first load to go into Sherry's cunt, so she gently pulled Sherry off his cock and guided her onto her knees, placing a knee on either side of Mark's hips. His cock was in front of her and she knew from experience it would feel absolutely fantastic.

Sherry raised herself up on her knees, both of her hands gripping Mark's cock as she guided it to the entrance of her rusty-haired slit. As the big cockhead rubbed her pussy lips Sherry moaned softly. Then she placed the organ at the entrance to her pussy and began to move downwards.

As Mark's cock parted her slit, lips stretching it wide, Sherry's eyes rolled back in her head and she let her body drop all the way down and impaled herself.

Her scream was loud as Mark's cock stuffed her cunt to the limit. She leaned backwards and might have fallen if Mark hadn't prevented it. Her head was thrown back and her long red hair trailed along his legs.

For a moment none of them moved, but then, slowly, Sherry straightened up, bending forward slightly to place her hands on Mark's muscular chest. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened as she panted for breath. She began to rotate her hips, moving them in circles to allow her cunt to stretch to fit the large rod. Then she began to thrust her hips.

"Sooo good," she whispered.

Janet leaned over to kiss Mark as Sherry began to move up and down on his cock. Just watching another woman ride her husband's cock was driving Janet wild with desire and a idea hit her. She moved on the bed and lifted one leg over Mark's head, and set her own dripping, burning snatch on his face.

In that position, she was facing Sherry and she took the woman's head between her hands and drew her closer. She kissed her hotly and Sherry responded instantly, her small hands coming up to grab Janet's tits.

She rode Mark's face, grinding her pussy down on his mouth as she and Sherry licked, sucked, kissed and rubbed one another's tits. She was heating quickly, and then exploded when Mark suddenly pushed one of his fingers between the firm cheeks of her ass and shoved it all the way into her butt.

She arched her back, her mouth opening wide as she cried out, her insides melting like lava as her climax happened. Sherry's mouth sucked one nipple, her fingers were on the other, and Janet began to hump her hips up and down on Mark's face. He continued to saw a finger in and out of her ass while driving his tongue as deeply as he could into her cunt.

As her orgasm gradually subsided, she fell off of Mark. He quickly grabbed Sherry and rolled over, placing her beneath him.

"Yes!" Sherry screamed as Mark slammed his huge cock all the way into her in one quick, thrust. "Oh, yessss!" Sherry cried.

Mark was smashing his hips down on the woman as his cock rammed in and out of her tight cunt. Sherry kept crying out as one climax after another washed over her. Her head whipped back and forth, sending her long hair flying around, and she tried to arch her hips up to meet the rapid thrusts of Mark's cock.

Janet looked up to see Mark arch his back as his cock slammed all the way into Sherry's hole, and she knew that he was getting off. She looked at Sherry and saw the woman's body become rigid and then thrash wildly beneath Mark as his load of

hot cum filled her.

He finally pulled his cock from Sherry and rolled over, looking at Janet.

"Are you still mad at me?" she asked.

But, instead of answering, he reached up and pulled her face to his and kissed her gently, his tongue exploring the inside of her mouth.

As the kiss ended, she looked down at his groin and noticed his cock covered with Sherry's juice. With a wicked grin she moved down his torso, taking his semi-hard cock in one hand as her tongue darted out to lick the head of it.

She opened her mouth wide, taking him in, and slowly began to work her way down, using her lips and tongue to clean him completely, which was also serving to bring life back to his cock again. She could feel it starting to expand and harden, and that pleased her.

She was on her hands and knees, intent on sucking Mark's cock when she felt something soft brush her thighs. She stopped what she was doing for just a second and looked between her swaying tits and saw Sherry's face appear between her legs, upturned towards Janet's cunt. She lowered her hips somewhat, allowing Sherry's mouth to come into contact with her pussy and then returned to sucking Mark's cock.

She felt a sense of pride in that she could take all of his meat, which was something a lot of women wouldn't be able to do. And she knew that while Mark loved to have her suck him off and fill her mouth with his cum, there were also times when he liked to shove his cock all the way into her mouth, deep in her throat, and let his cum shoot out.

And she didn't mind. Any way her husband wanted to do it was just fine with her, as each and every way brought her pleasure as well. But then she remembered there was one thing she had denied him.

She pulled his cock from her mouth and moved away from Sherry, but stayed on her hands and knees.

"Fuck me," she told Mark. "I want to feel your cock in me, filling me up."

Mark moved behind her and, shoving his hips forward, drove his cock into her. She bowed her back as his big prick filled her cunt and slammed her hips back to meet his thrusts. His cock would have to be greased well before she would let him fuck her ass.

Sherry moved on the bed, getting into a position beneath Janet's face, her legs splayed wide, exposing her cunt. Janet eagerly lowered her head to the vee between Sherry's legs, her tongue darting out to catch a drop of Mark's cum that seeped from Sherry's slit. Then she began to suck Sherry's pussy.

She was building toward a quick climax and when it struck, she whimpered into Sherry's rusty bush. The heat spread through her lower body and her goo flooded down Mark's cock.

"Mark," she whispered as she lifted her face from Sherry's cunt. "My ass. Fuck my ass, please!"

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes! I've never let you before, but now I want you to. Just go slow, that's all I ask."

Mark jerked his cock out of her cunt as she lowered her head back down to Sherry's hole. She could feel him using his fingers to spread some of her cunt juices around the tightly clenched ring of her anus, working a finger slowly in and out to loosen her up a bit first.

He put his cock at the opening of her ass and pushed forward. His huge cock began to force the ass muscles apart. And, despite her pleas for him to go slowly, she grit her teeth and took a deep breath, held it, and she shoved her hips backward. His cock went halfway up into her.

"Do it!" she cried. "Shove that big beautiful cock up my

ass! I want to feel all of you inside of me!"

Mark grabbed the cheeks of her ass in her hands and withdrew his cock till just the head of it was still trapped within the ring of muscles, and then with a lunge of his hips, he sent his cock plowing back into her ass, the head of it spreading the walls of her rectal canal wider apart than she thought possible.

Janet screamed, but the sound was muffled somewhat as her face was buried in Sherry's cunt. As he started to pull back, she clamped down around the base of his cock, trapping him there within her. When she relaxed, he pulled his cock back slowly, and then started to drive her wild within seconds. She concentrated on eating Sherry, trying to bring the woman off first, because she wanted this ass fuck to last as long as possible.

But her intention and her reactions, were two different things. As the pleasure of his cock sliding in and out of her ass increased, she knew that she was going to climax. Her head dropped down to Sherry's cunt and she was lost in her own pleasure.

But then Sherry did something that took her completely by surprise. She turned her body around and began to scoot beneath Janet. She took Janet's nipple between her lips and sucked it while she massaged and caressed her tits. This action sent new sparks of passion shooting through Janet and she experienced a small orgasm.

Sherry left Janet's tits and continued to scoot along the bed beneath her. Janet wasn't sure what she was up to until she felt Sherry's tongue run along the length of her cunt. Her eyes flew open and she looked down to find Sherry's pussy below her again. She realized with a start that Sherry had placed herself in a sixty-nine position. She began sucking Janet's cunt as Mark's cock continued to ream out her ass.

She quickly attacked Sherry's cunt, feeling heat spreading

throughout her body. She knew that when she finally climaxed it was going to blow her mind

Sherry's tongue whipped around inside her cunt, and then withdrew to lick her clit. Janet did the same to her, and all the while Mark's cock continued to move slowly in and out of her ass. He was starting to pick up speed, starting to fuck her faster and harder, and she loved it!

She began to move her hips back to meet his thrusts, but that action kept Sherry's lips and tongue from her cunt, and she didn't want that. But Mark seemed to pick up on her desires and wants, and he began to slam his hips back and forth faster, driving his cock into her hard. He leaned over her and cupped her large tits and squeezed the nipples between his fingers.

Janet was in heaven. She felt as if she could stay like that forever -- a cunt against her mouth, a mouth sucking her cunt, and her husband's beautiful cock filling her ass.

She felt Sherry starting to jerk and twitch beneath her and knew she was having another climax. She could hear Mark starting to pant and grunt as he drove his cock relentlessly.

"Yes, yessss, do it!" she cried. "Fuck my ass, Mark."

Mark released her tits and raised himself back up, grabbing her by the hips. He pulled his cock almost all the way out of her, holding it there for a moment, and then slammed it back into her with such force that it drove her forward, shoving her head away from Sherry's cunt and into the pillow.

She was still on her knees, but now the upper portion of her body was resting on her shoulders and chest as her arms reached above her head to grab the headboard. Mark's cock pounded into her, causing cries to escape her lips each time his hips ground against her ass.

She was building higher and higher and knew it was going to happen any second. Then Mark slammed his cock all the way into her ass and ground against her. Then his cum erupted from his

cock like molten lava exploding from an a volcano.

As the first spurt of it shot out to sear her insides, Janet became rigid. Every muscle seemed to contract at the same time, and then she peaked.

Her mind reeled and the sensations in her ass and cunt overwhelmed every other feeling and thought. Over and over her body jerked and thrashed as climax after climax seemed to explode within her. Gradually she began to come down from the cloud of ecstasy she had been on. She was laying on her side, Mark's cock still embedded in her ass, with Sherry laying beside her, their lips only inches apart.

"That was something to see," she heard a female voice say from somewhere out of her line of vision.

She turned her head, looked over her shoulder and saw Laura and Bob enter the room. "But now I think it's time to get down to some serious fucking," Laura said with a grin, and she climbed onto the bed.

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Chapter Ten

Janet awoke wrapped in Mark's arms. She nestled against him, feeling safe and secure. She thought back to the night before, and what they had done together, first with Sherry, then with Bob and Laura joining in as well. The five of them had fucked in just about every position imaginable, with the women sharing the men and each other unselfishly. Sometime around four in the morning, the five of them had staggered out of the bedroom to find the rest of their guests gone. She and Mark had made

their way home and collapsed in bed, falling instantly asleep.

She got up slowly, not wanting to wake him, and went to the bathroom and climbed into the shower. Under the stinging spray of hot water she began to wake up. As she ran her hands over her full, luscious figure, she knew she had a lot to be thankful for. She had a beautiful, sensual body that loved sex, she was healthy, and most importantly, she had a wonderful husband who loved her. He wasn't rich, but he made a good living for them, was a hard worker, and an excellent lover.

Vowing to make sure she never did anything which would incur his anger or distrust of her again, she got out of the shower and quickly dried herself off, slipped on the comfortable terry robe hanging on the back of the door, then tiptoed through the bedroom and down the stairs to the kitchen. She began to hum softly to herself as she fixed breakfast for the two of them.

Once breakfast was ready, she carefully set everything on a large serving caddy and carried it upstairs. As she entered the bedroom, Mark was just rolling over. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Good morning," she said cheerfully as she placed the tray on the bed between them. She sat with legs crossed under her on her side of the bed.

"Good morning, yourself," he replied with a smile. "What's this?"

"I thought it would be nice to have breakfast in bed. It's been a while since we did that."

"That's very sweet of you," he told her, leaning over to kiss her.

"Can't make a habit out of it though," she said. "Otherwise you'll start expecting breakfast in bed every weekend. Don't want to spoil you."

"Yeah, right," he replied, and took a bite of buttered toast. He chewed it for a moment before speaking again. "Can I

ask you something?"

"Of course."

"How... well, how did this thing all start? With Bob and Laura."

"You really want to know?" she asked.

"Yes. And I promise not to get mad. After what happened last night, I don't think I have any right to be mad at you."

"Well, okay," she said.

As they ate she told him about her introduction to lesbian love with Laura, of how the blonde neighbor had, more or less, seduced her, and of her willing and eager acceptance. While she spoke she could see his cock hardening beneath the sheet and smiled to herself.

She went on to tell him about how Bob had gotten her down in the basement and had her suck his cock for the first time. A slight trace of pain flashed through his eyes, but it quickly passed. She even told him about the 15-year-old brother of Carol Spellman and how she had seduced him and took his virginity.

"By the way, how was his sister?" she asked with a grin.

"Well, she's got a mouth like a vacuum cleaner, but very little technique. And as for fucking, she's more into acrobatics than pleasure."

"I hear her husband is hung like a mule and is one of the best cunt lickers around."

Mark smiled slyly at her. "You sound like you might be interested in finding out for yourself."

"I might," she told him, arching her eyebrows before breaking into a grin.

"Well, I'll tell you what," Mark said as he picked up the now empty tray set and set it on the floor beside the bed.

"Today is Saturday, and no one has to get up early tomorrow, so why don't we invite them over for the evening?"

"Sure, just as soon as I get down with you," she told him.

They spent the next hour engaging in lovemaking, and even though they each only had one orgasm apiece, it was completely satisfying to them both. Afterwards, they took a shower together and got dressed. For the rest of the morning, she worked inside the house while Mark worked outside, cutting grass and setting up stones for a new flower garden.

Around noon she fixed a light lunch, which they ate out on the back porch, enjoying the peace and solitude of being together. They were just finishing up when Laura came over to join them.

"I see the love birds have patched things up," she said with a smile. "Good. Now Bob and I are going up to the lake for the rest of the day, and I thought I'd pop over to see if the two of you wanted to come with us."

Janet looked at Mark, but he shook his head. "Not this time," she told Laura, "but thanks for asking. We've made some plans of our own for this evening."

"Maybe next weekend," Laura said as she stood up. She gave a kiss to each of them and left.

"You sure you don't want to go?" Janet asked Mark when Laura was out of sight.

"I'm sure. It sounds nice, but I don't think I'm really up to that with them tonight."

"What you really mean," she said with a grin, "is that you want to see me take a twelve-inch cock."

"Partially," he replied. "But there is another reason as well."

"What?"

"I happen to know that Carol had to leave this morning for a trip out of town, leaving her husband alone."

"Oh, I see," Janet said, the picture becoming clear to her now. "So, since she is going to be out of town, you thought we could invite Sherry instead, right?"

"Any objections?"

"Just one," she told him, smiling brightly. "And that is that you don't get too attached to that red-haired pussy of hers."

"Not a chance. I'll admit that she is incredibly tight, and I can actually feel my cock touching bottom in her cunt, but she's only a slight diversion, and could never be a replacement for you."

"You know, Mark," she said thoughtfully, "I don't have any objections to us having different partners from time to time, but we have to be open and honest about it. I thought I had lost you yesterday when you found out about me and Bob and Roland, and I don't ever want that to happen again. I love you, only you, and I could very easily live my life without ever having another man touch me."

"I know, honey," he replied softly, reaching for her hand. "I feel the same way, and anytime you want to quit, just say so. I may enjoy the tightness of Sherry, or the difference of her to you, but she's not you, and you are the woman I love. No one will ever take your place in our bed, or in my heart."

"Want me to make the calls?" she asked. "You call Sherry, I'll call Chuck,"

"Is that his name? I never knew what it was," she replied with a giggle as the two of them headed into the house.

She looked up Sherry's number in the neighborhood directory and heard her sultry voice answer the telephone after the first ring. "Sherry? It's Janet. Listen, how would you like to come over this evening for supper?"

"Sure, Janet, what time?"

"Say about six-thirty."

"Will anyone else be there?"

"Mark and myself, you, and Chuck Spellman. Carol is out of town, so Mark and I thought we would invite him. Is that okay

with you?"

"Sure. I'll look forward to it. See you then," she said, the excitement clear in her voice.

"Your turn," Janet said, and handed the phone to Mark.

He dialled Chuck's number, but had to wait for a few rings before he finally answered. "Chuck, this is Mark. Listen, Janet and I thought you might like to come over for supper tonight since Carol is out of town. No sense in you sitting there alone. And we've also invited Sherry, so it won't be like you'll be the odd man out. How about six-thirty? Fine, see you then."

He hung up and turned to Janet and kissed her lightly. "All set," he told her as his hands dropped down to cup the full, firm globes of her ass.

"Good. Now I have to go to the store and get something for us to eat tonight. I was supposed to go shopping today anyway. Anything you need before I go?"

"How about a blow-job?" he asked with a grin.

"I'd never get to the store in time if I did that," she said as she headed for the door.

As she walked around the grocery store, going down her list and picking the items off the shelves, she realized that she was still horny, even after this morning's fuck. She knew that not only would she get fucked by Chuck and Mark that night, but that she was going to get alone with Sherry no matter what it took.

She was standing in the produce section, absently fingering a large cucumber, when she became aware of someone standing beside her. She turned her head and saw a tall, well built young man standing next to her. He wore a green apron over his jeans and white shirt.

"Are you alright, lady?" he asked, a look of concern on his face.

"What? Oh, sure. I was just thinking about something," she told him, feeling herself blush under the direct gaze of the

handsome young man.

"I just wondered. You were standing there with a dazed look on your face playing with that cucumber and I thought something might be wrong.

She looked at him more closely, seeing the look of lust in his eyes.

"How old are you?" she asked softly, stepping slightly closer to him, allowing her tits to lightly touch his chest.

"Seventeen," he replied boldly.

"Tell me, do you have any fresher produce in the back?" she asked, her meaning clear.

"Oh, yes, we do. It may not be as big as that cucumber you're holding, but I can guarantee that it's firmer and will suit your purposes perfectly."

"Really? Then why don't you show me?"

"Gladly," he replied, taking her arm and pushing her cart towards the double swinging doors at the back of the store. He guided her cart through them, pushed it to one side, then, still holding her arm, guided her to a secluded office in the very back. Once inside, he shut and locked the door, quickly stripped off his apron and unfastened his belt and pants.

"Very nice," she whispered as she reached out to grasp his cock. It was nearly as big as Mark's, and that pleased her.

"Now, let's see those melons you're hiding beneath your blouse," he said, quickly unbuttoning her blouse to reveal her tits. He gently squeezed them, making her moan deep in her throat. He bent his head to suck one of her hard nipples into his mouth, flicking his tongue over it making her cunt begin to dampen as her hand worked up and down his cock.

He reached down and grabbed the hem of her short skirt, pulled it up around her waist, then tore her panties off of her and tossed them to one side. He grabbed the cheeks of her ass and picked her up, setting her on the edge of the desk, which

positioned her cunt perfectly for entry. With his lips locked around one nipple, he lifted her legs, allowing her to wrap them around his waist before driving his cock in her in one swift thrust.

Janet arched her back, leaning back on her arms as the muscular young man began to fuck her relentlessly, his mouth going from one tit to another. She felt a quick climax rush through her, but knew it was only the beginning. It passed and another began to build within her.

As she reached her second orgasm, gritting her teeth to keep from crying out and letting anyone hear, she felt him pull his cock out of her. She wondered what he was doing, as she knew he hadn't gotten his rocks off yet, but she didn't have to wonder for long. He pulled her from the desk, turned her around and bent her over. He spread her legs wide and then drove his cock as far into her pulsing cunt as he could. The edge of the desk bit uncomfortably into her hips, but the feel of his cock slamming in and out of her cunt made her soon forget it.

His hands came around to fondle her tits, rolling and squeezing the nipples and making her whimper in delight and passion. She felt another climax rip the length of her body, and as soon as it passed, he again pulled his cock out of her pussy. But this time, instead of putting her in another position, he merely raised his cock, placed it against the tiny opening of her ass and shoved.

He drove his cock into her ass in one long powerful plunge, and she had to bite her hand to keep from screaming. Over and over his cock rammed into her ass as his fingers continued to maul her tits and nipples.

She was building towards a monster climax. She could feel her cunt pulsing as his cock slamming hard into her ass. She was almost there, when she noticed he was driving his cock into her at an even faster pace. One hand left her tits and worked its

way down her body.

At that point everything seemed to happen at once. His dick drove into her, his groin mashed the globes of her ass, the head of his cock expanded inside her rear. His fingers found her clit and pinched hard and Janet's climax exploded, starting in her cunt and radiating outward from there.

The room seemed to spin as she felt her cunt juice flood out and down her legs while his hot cum flooded her ass in what seemed like a never ending torrent. She ground her ass back against him, trying to take more of his cock as the orgasm washed over her from her cunt to all points of her body.

At last she felt him relax, felt his cock start to deflate in her back passageway, and he gradually pulled it out, leaving her laying across the desk, unable to move. Seconds later she felt something brush her legs and work its way up to her ass. She realized he was using a soft cloth to help clean her off, which was very considerate of him.

She finally stood up and turned around on legs that were still a little shaky.

Janet smiled at the produce-boy, "I take it I'm not your first customer in the back room."

"Not by a long shot, ma'am. You're younger than most, but you probably wouldn't believe the number of horny housewives that come in (and CUM in) this store. I know I didn't believe it when I started working here."

"You know," she said with a grin, "I don't believe we even know each other's names."

"Tom," he said as he cleaned himself off and refastened his jeans. "And you?"

"Janet. Tell me, Tom, do you like older women?"

"Hell, yes! Most girls my own age don't know shit about sex. I know that what we just did here doesn't really show it, but I can be a very considerate, patient lover with the right

woman. Unfortunately, most of the girls I know love it when I take the time to bring them off, but don't really know how to go about doing the same thing for me."

"Do you like redheads?" she asked, an idea forming in her mind.

"Well, I've heard they are hot in bed, but I've never dated one before. Why?"

"I happen to know a redhead who is looking for a good man to take care of her."

"What's she like?" he asked, interest showing in his face.

"Five-foot-tall, ninety-five to a hundred pounds, with a beautiful figure and a face to match. She has the greenest eyes you've ever seen, and her hair is a beautiful rusty red, both on her head and on her pussy. She just got divorced, is well off financially, and could use the services of a caring, considerate lover. Her husband was, until last night, the only man she had ever been to bed with, and she is open to being taught new things and would be very grateful to the right young man. I think the two of you might get along just fine."

"How old is she?"

"About twenty-two or three, but can look much younger if she wants. She really is beautiful."

"Well, why don't you give me her name and phone number and I'll give her a call."

"No, I've got a better idea. You give me your name and number, and I'll talk to her about it. She's coming over tonight for supper and I'll see what she has to say. I'll also give you a good recommendation," she added with a grin, reaching down to pat his crotch.

"I'll be waiting for that call," he told her as he opened the door for her and then led her out of the back room to the store.

Janet hurried through her shopping, humming softly to

herself. She knew that what she was doing had a two-fold purpose. She had seen the way Sherry had been attracted to Mark, and while she didn't mind the two of them fucking, she had a feeling it wouldn't take much for the woman to become attached to Mark, causing problems for all of them. If she could hook her up with Tom, she could divert her attentions from Mark.

She drove quickly home, only to find Mark sitting in the kitchen drinking a cold beer, his feet propped up on the table. He jumped up to help her with the bags, but she could tell there was something wrong.

"What's the matter?"

"Chuck called back just after you left. It seems that there has been some trouble, an accident or something, and one of the plants he manages is in a mess. He had to leave right away and doesn't know when he'll be back."

He looked at her, and she could tell by the expression on his face that he couldn't understand the smile on hers.

"No problem!" she told him.

"Woman, I know that look," he said, coming up behind her and slipping his arms around her waist. "What do you have in that dirty, devious little mind of yours?"

"Well, while I was at the store I met a very charming, very good-looking young man who works in the produce section. He's seventeen, and he likes older women. I told him about Sherry, and he sounded very, very interested. I got his name and number, so we can call him and invite him instead. In fact, he's probably still at the store."

"I see," Mark replied, reaching up to cup her tits. "And just how well did you get to know this young man?"

"Very!" she replied, grinding her ass back against his rapidly hardening cock.

"Wanton little slut," he said playfully and kissed the back of her neck.

"Uh-huh, and you love it," she replied, reaching behind her to gently squeeze his cock. "But for now, we have to get this stuff put away before it spoils, and then I have to start supper."

"What about this guy? You gonna call him?"

She disengaged herself from his arms and got out the phone directory and looked up the number of the grocery store. When she found it, she called and asked for Tom, and then had to wait for a few minutes before he came to the phone.

"Tom? Janet. Listen, there has been a slight change in plans. How would you like to come to dinner at my house tonight?"

"Just the two of us?" he asked.

"No. My husband and Sherry. It will give the two of you a chance to get to know one another. You never know what might happen."

"Sure. What time?"

"Is six-thirty okay?"

"Well, I get off at six, so I'll have to rush. Give me your address."

She gave him the address and told him not to worry about it if he were a little late and then hung up. She turned around to find that Mark had put away the food and was now sitting down at the table, his pants down around his ankles, his cock jutting straight up, and a grin spreading across his face.

"This is one popsicle that doesn't go in the freezer," he told her, motioning her towards him with a crooked finger.

She grinned and walked towards him and unbuttoned her blouse as she knelt in front of him so that he could play with her tits while she sucked his cock. She gently pushed his cock up against his stomach, bending her head and sticking out her tongue to lick his hairy nuts. She gently sucked one of the hard testicles into her mouth and rolled it around for a while before releasing it to

do the same thing to the other one.

She then licked her way up the length of his cock, hearing the little gasps of pleasure she was bringing from him by her slow teasing actions. As she reached the end of his cock, she licked around the little hole in the tip before letting her lips slide down in an ever widening circle to finally suck his cock completely.

His hands came down to gently massage her tits. She raised up higher on her knees, bending her head and neck as she slowly lowered her mouth to his cock. And then she began to suck for all she was worth, wanting to bring him off quickly. Not so much for his sake, but for her own. She wanted to taste his cum, wanted to feel it as it shot out of his cock to coat her mouth, throat and teeth.

Her head bobbed up and down faster and faster, the friction building between her lips and the shaft of his cock. She used one hand to cup and roll his nuts, urging him to cum as he began to squeeze her tits a little harder.

"Oh, baby, yes," Mark hissed as the head of his cock slid down her throat. "No one can suck a cock like you can!"

His words of praise filled her with pride and she redoubled her efforts, almost crying as she tried to coax the cum from his nuts. She squeezed them a little harder and then felt them start to draw up.

His hips began to jerk upwards slightly as she fucked his cock into her mouth. His hands grabbed the long strands of her hair to hold her head in place. With a groan she pulled her head down as he rammed his cock as deeply into her throat as he could.

She felt the head expand and then his cum shot out like a geyser. The first two spurts flew down her throat, but before the third one could, she pulled her head back, trapping his cock between her lips. She caught the rest of his cum in her mouth, sighing to herself as she drained him.

4/1/92

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Chapter Eleven

Janet, Mark, Sherry and Tom were sitting in the living room, each of them relaxing after dinner. Janet felt pleased as Sherry and Tom seemed to be hitting it off well. She had seen the admiration in the eyes of Tom when he had been introduced to the redhead, and had seen the frank approval of Tom in the green eyes of Sherry. All in all, things looked as if they were going to work out just fine for everyone.

She and Mark were sitting on the sofa, with Sherry and Tom sitting on the matching love seat across from them, and Janet was just about to see if anyone wanted another drink, when there was a knock on the front door.

"Chuck!" she heard Mark say, somewhat surprised. "I thought you had to go out of town?"

"So did I. But after spending a few hours on the phone, I found out what the problem was and what to do for it, then made a few more phone calls and did what all successful bosses do. I delegated the authority to others.

"I know I should have called first, and that I've already missed supper, but I thought I'd stop by anyway.

As the two men entered the living room, Janet saw the brief look of surprise, and perhaps disappointment, flash in Chuck's eyes when he saw Tom sitting next to Sherry, but it vanished quickly, to be replaced by genuine warmth and friendliness.

"Hi, I'm Chuck Spellman," he said, extending his hand to Tom.

"Tom, Tom McCafferty," the younger man said, accepting the

handshake with a smile. "Pleased to meet you."

"Ah, look," Chuck said, seeing the situation, "it would appear that I'm the odd man out here, so why don't I head on home."

"Don't be silly," Janet told him, bringing him a drink. "You're here, so why not stay? I'm sure we can find plenty to occupy you," she told him, her words and her eyes making it clear that she wanted him to stay.

"Mark?" he asked, wanting to be sure.

"Of course," Janet's husband replied.

"Well, all right," Chuck said, taking a seat on the sofa next to Janet.

For the next few minutes they listened as Chuck told them what had happened, explaining what steps he had taken to correct the situation, which had turned out to be not nearly as serious as it had first sounded. Janet refreshed the drinks after a while, watching with amusement as she saw Sherry's hand resting on Tom's upper thigh, and saw a bulge starting to grow in his pants.

A moment later, Sherry excused herself and asked Janet where the bathroom was, and Janet got up to show her. She led Sherry to the bathroom that was connected to the master bedroom upstairs and sat on the bed as the woman went in and closed the door behind her. When she came out a minute or so later, Janet got up off the bed and headed into the bathroom herself, but turned to Sherry before closing the door. "Wait, don't go back downstairs just yet. I want to talk with you."

"Okay," Sherry said.

Janet quickly relieved her bladder and then took a wash cloth and cleaned herself, feeling her pulse quicken as she thought about what she was getting ready to do. She stepped out of the bathroom and saw Sherry laying back on the bed, her legs extending out from her short skirt to dangle over the edge of the

bed, her toes just barely touching the floor.

She sat next to the redhead and as Sherry opened her eyes Janet leaned over and kissed her. Sherry seemed surprised at first, but then she responded to the kiss by opening her mouth and letting in Janet's exploring tongue. The two women embraced and Janet pulled Sherry up on the bed, so that she could lay on top of her and rub her cunt against Sherry's.

She wasn't quite sure who started undressing who, but before long the two of them were completely naked, their hands and lips exploring. Sherry lay partially beneath Janet, her legs spread wide as Janet's fingers brushed through the red hair surrounding her pussy, teasing her clit and finally working their way inside her tight cunt.

Janet remembered the degree of control she had felt over the young man who had worked for her husband, and realized she was experiencing the same type of control over Sherry. That excited her. This beautiful redhead was hers to do with as she pleased.

She began kissing her way lower down Sherry's body, stopping at her small, but very firm tits. She licked around them as she worked her way towards a nipple. When she finally captured a protruding bud, Sherry moaned in pleasure. She sucked on the nipple, drawing it and then the entire tit, into her mouth to chew on it gently as her right hand trailed gently down over Sherry's flat stomach to the rusty-colored hair on her cunt. When she touched Sherry's clit, the woman arched her back and cried out.

Somewhat reluctantly, she released the tit from her mouth and began to kiss and lick her way down till she came to the vee between Sherry's slender legs. She licked all around Sherry's cunt for a while, building the other woman's passion, then extended her tongue to run it along her slit.

The touch of her tongue sent Sherry into an immediate climax and Janet locked her mouth over the entire pussy and sucked the

juice out of her. Her tongue darted between the puffy lips to get more. Her hands were beneath the woman's ass cheeks, lifting her so she could get a better angle on her cunt.

"Get on the bed with me," Sherry begged as she tugged Janet's hair to pull her face away from her cunt.

She moved up beside Sherry and the woman quickly turned around and straddled her, lowering her cunt down while she bent over and forced her head between Janet's thighs.

The two women were lost in passion. Each of them tried to bring the other to a mind-blowing climax, which didn't take long in their present state of arousal.

Janet was the first to cum. As her climax ripped through, she thrashed around on the bed beneath Sherry, her legs around Sherry's head to prevent her from moving it away from her burning cunt.

Just as the peak of her orgasm passed, she felt Sherry's body stiffen, and then her mouth was flooded with sweet jism. Together the two of them rolled around on the bed until passion subsided.

"Is this a private party?" someone asked from the doorway.

Both women looked up to see Mark, Chuck and Tom standing there, smiles plastered on all three faces. Before she could answer, Mark began getting undressed, the other two men quickly following suit.

As soon as they were undressed the trio made their way to the bed, with Mark leading the way. He got on one side of Janet while Chuck got on the other. Tom took Sherry in his arms, and kissed her passionately, his strong hands roaming all over her body as she pressed herself against him.

Mark began kissing one of Janet's tits while Chuck went to work on the other one. She lay back on the bed and let the two men caress her body with their lips, tongues and fingers.

Chuck made his way down her body, quickly positioning

himself between her legs as Mark straddled her chest, sitting lightly on her tits, his cock against her lips. She raised her head and let him gently fuck his organ between her lips just as Chuck shoved his tongue deep into her cunt. The feeling was incredible!

In the meantime, she had Mark's cock in her mouth and she concentrated on sucking it and running her tongue along the underside. He pulled it back each time before thrusting it forward again. In their position, she couldn't take all of it, but most of it, which seemed to please him.

Chuck was pleasuring her cunt with vigor, and she knew it wouldn't be long before she'd have another orgasm. He had lifted her slightly, placed his hands beneath her ass cheeks and worked one hand closer to her crack. She knew what he was planning on doing, but even knowing ahead of time didn't diminish the force of the climax she felt when he shoved his middle finger into her ass while biting down gently on her clit.

Her lower body jerked up off the bed, her eyes opened wide, and she tried to gulp in air around Mark's cock. Mark pulled his cock from her mouth.

She heard a moan and then a squeal beside her and looked over to see Sherry, her arms and legs wrapped tightly around Tom's neck and waist trembling in climax as Tom fucked his cock into her tight cunt with strong powerful strokes, his hips slamming up and down as he clung to her.

Chuck had raised up on his knees, and now Janet could get a good look at his cock. When she did, her breath caught in her throat. It was every bit as big, if not bigger, than Laura had described.

Mesmerized by the sight of it, she began to crawl toward him on hands and knees, her mouth drooling as she eyed the huge monster before her. When she reached Chuck, she extended a hand and gently touched his cock, noticing that her fingers wouldn't

go all the way around it. It was at least twelve inches long, maybe more, and thicker than her wrist.

She moaned as she lowered her head and began to lick the cock's crown, tasting the drop of pre-cum that was oozing out of his piss slit.

Chuck lay back on the large bed and his cock stood straight up like a flag pole. She gripped it by the base and began licking her way up the length of it till she reached the top. She stopped and looked down at it, wondering if she could even get just the head in her mouth.

She worked her jaw to loosen the muscles and then began to force the spongy head into her mouth. At last she had the head in her mouth and she rested a moment, taking air in through her nose. Then, slowly, she began to lower her head, working her tongue around the prick to coat it with her saliva.

She felt the cockhead lodge against the back of her throat. She tried relaxing the muscles there, and then tried swallowing, but nothing she did would allow the giant rod to pass beyond that point.

She looked up at him and whimpered, as if begging for help. He nodded and gripped her head tightly between his hands, and with a quick thrust of his hips, drove his cock into her throat. She found her nose suddenly buried in his pubic hair.

"It's all right," Chuck told her. "I've never found a woman yet who could take all of it in her mouth. I suppose that's just too much to ask for."

"Maybe," she said, "but I think I know where it will fit."

As she lay back on the bed, her legs spread as wide as possible, she was completely unaware of anyone or anything else but the gigantic cock making its way towards her pussy. She wondered if it would fit. Then she remembered the slender build of his wife and told herself that if Carol could take the monster, then she could, too.

Instead of just fucking her, Chuck began to kiss his way up her body, stopping at her tits to suck her nipples. By the time his cock gently touched the entrance of her cunt, she was more than ready for him.

"Yes!" she cried as she felt the head start to part her pussy lips. "Do it, Chuck! Shove it in me hard! I want to feel all of it stuffing my cunt to the limit!"

He was braced on his hands, looking down at her with a grin on his face. He let his weight come down on top of her while slipping his hands beneath her to grip her shoulder blades.

She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist. Just as she locked her ankles together, he shoved forward powerfully with his hips, his giant cock forcing her cunt open. He stopped, pulled back a little, then rammed his hips forward again, this time driving the full length of his meat all the way into her.

She gripped her legs about him tighter, starting to hump her cunt upwards to meet his thrusts. Chuck raised his upper body so he could reach her tits with his mouth and he began sucking on first one nipple, then the other. This only served to drive Janet wild, as her tits seemed to be even more sensitive than ever right now. She felt a climax that left her panting and gasping for breath, but Chuck's cock never stopped the relentless fucking.

Suddenly, he rolled over, placing her on top, and grabbed her two tits. He mashed the firm globes together so he could suck both nipples at the same time. Janet moved her hips up and down and around, relishing the feeling of being stuffed by his huge cock. Mark moved up behind her on his knees and placed his cock at her ass. He pushed her upper body over and Chuck wrapped his arms around her to hold her still.

She wasn't sure she could handle both cocks in her at once. Chuck's alone made her feel more stuffed than ever before in her life, and to have Mark's cock in her ass might be more than she

could handle.

Mark smeared some of her cunt juice around her asshole, then placed his cock against it. She grit her teeth as his cock pushed past the tight ring of muscles, which clamped down on the shaft as soon as the head was in. She wanted him to wait, to give her ass a chance to get used to this penetration, but Mark was horny and couldn't wait. He thrust forward, driving his cock all the way up her ass in one plunge.

Janet screamed. The two men set up alternate stroke rhythms, moving quickly, as if they couldn't wait to release their loads of cum into her. She realized they were both moving in and out of her with ease and her body started to respond.

She began lifting her hips to meet the thrusts of her husband's cock and then slammed back down to take all of Chuck's cock. She moaned as a climax rushed through her, taking her by surprise.

Now she was getting into it, really starting to enjoy it. The double penetration felt fantastic to her and she wanted it to continue for as long as possible. She looked to her right and saw Sherry and Tom watching, Tom's cock about half hard and covered with cunt juice.

suddenly she wanted to have all three of her holes filled at the same time! The idea was outrageous, but one she couldn't dismiss. She reached out and took Tom's cock and pulled him closer to her, leaning her body over slightly so that she could get Tom's cock in her mouth. She began to suck on it powerfully, licking Sherry's juice from it as she took more and more of the rapidly hardening organ in her mouth.

Tom realizing that she wouldn't be able to take all his cock in that position, quickly pulled his cock from her mouth and got up on his knees beside the three in heat, which placed his cock at a more convenient angle. He then grabbed her by her long hair and shoved his cock into her mouth, not stopping till the head

was deep in her throat and her nose was mashed against his pelvic bone.

Janet lost control of her body, having one orgasm after another. All she could do was lay there and let the men satisfy her.

Chuck slammed his cock up into her cunt as deeply as he could and it expanded just before his boiling cum exploded out to fill her. She could feel her own climax start. As she reached the height of her orgasm, she felt Mark's cock jerk and twitch, and then her ass was being filled with his scalding cum.

Tom pulled back and then forward, mashing her lips. He unleashed his load into her throat.

It was more than Janet could handle. She felt herself drifting, as if floating in a sea of cum and cocks. She closed her eyes and let darkness settle over her.

When next she opened her eyes it was to find herself wrapped in Mark's arms. He was watching her with a loving smile on his face. She looked around. They were the only two in the bed.

"They're gone," he told her softly and kissed her forehead. "Chuck went home and Sherry took Tom home with her. I think she likes him, and I know he likes her. And, believe it or not, Sherry took all of Chuck up her ass before they left. That was something to see!"

"Mmm... Sorry I missed that. We'll have to invite them over again for a repeat performance. How... how long have I been sleeping?"

"Oh, about an hour. How do you feel?"

"Sore, a little, but good."

"You did enjoy it," he said with a grin.

"Yeah, but not for a steady diet. It was good, in a way different from when it's just you and me. That's special, because that's love."

They kissed, their lips parting as their tongues sought out

one another.

"Are you sure you're up to it?" he asked softly as his cock hardened.

"Yes. What we did before was just fucking. Now I want my husband, the man I love, to make love to me.

"Yes," Mark said softly and slid his cock into her.

4/1/92

(last part)

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