



**MORE  
BANG  
FOR  
YOUR  
BUCK**  
**VOLUME ONE**

**FOREVER SMUT PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS  
8 TALES OF EXTREME SEX**

# **MORE BANG FOR YOUR BUCK: VOLUME ONE**

8 TALES OF EXTREME SEX

## **Featuring stories from:**

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## PASSING THE TEST

UNLIMITED FILTH: VOLUME ONE

BROCK LANDERS

I was sitting at the end of the bar, minding my own business and enjoying the scenery, when I caught a glimpse of a woman who was vastly different from the rest of the skinny, emaciated girls that seemed to populate the bars out here in SoCal. She was standing by herself, leaning against the bar on the other side of the room, checking things out, just like I was. And true to form, mere milliseconds after I spotted her, she turned towards me as if sensing my interest.

We locked eyes and stared at each other as our brains went through the millions of instantaneous, unconscious determinations that would decide our level of attraction for each other.

It took less than a second for my brain to come to inform me that I was, indeed, incredibly attracted to her. And she must have come to the same realization, as before I could even think about what my next move should be, she started walking across the bar towards me.

As she approached, I observed her in a more clinical, rational way, taking in her entire body at once, then piece by piece, and putting it all

together.

She was a very tall woman—practically the same height as me even without heels—and built like a brick shithouse. She wasn't fat but she wasn't skinny either. She had some meat on her, from her midsection to her hips to her bubbly ass to her long, powerful, figure-skater legs.

As she came closer I got a better look at her face. She had prominent features; big, brown eyes, a good-sized nose, full lips and long blonde hair. Her makeup was subtle, accentuating her features but not drowning them, making her look more like an old-school pin-up star than a modern slut.

Then there were her tits. They were the first thing I noticed but I'd deliberately skipped over them so I could come back to them at the end and let my gaze linger. They were huge: the size of my head if not bigger. Absolutely incredible. And while it was too early to tell if they were natural, I didn't really give a shit. The way I figured it, if I could touch them and play with them and suck on them, that was good enough for me.

It wasn't until she sat down next to me that I realized she was a bit older. Early-thirties, probably. Not *old* by any stretch of the imagination, but older than me by a good seven or eight years. But that was okay, I didn't have a problem with older women. In fact, I'd always dreamed of being with one.

"How's it going?" she said after sitting down, taking charge of the situation right away, which was no surprise to me. That was one of the

things I'd noticed immediately; she appeared to be the kind of woman who wasn't afraid to take the lead.

"Not bad," I replied.

"You want another beer?" she asked, gesturing towards my nearly empty glass.

"Sure," I said.

She whistled down to the bartender and I came over immediately.

"Hey Vicki," the bartender said. Apparently her name was Vicki. And from the way her and the bartender were interacting, she was obviously a regular.

"Hey Frank," Vicki replied. "Two beers. A Killian's for me, and—" She turned her head towards me.

"A Killian's for me too," I said.

"Just put it on my tab," Vicki said to Frank.

"You got it," Frank replied. He disappeared then reappeared ten seconds later with the two beers. He set one in front of Vicki and one in front of me then disappeared once again.

"Thanks for the beer," I said, taking a sip from the chilled glass.

"No problem," Vicki replied.

"I have to ask, though: What prompted this little palaver?"

“Well, I saw you looking over at me and decided to see if it was just casual or if you had something else in mind,” she replied.

“And what does your gut tell you?” I asked.

“If I thought it was just casual I wouldn’t have come over,” she said.

I laughed and we both took another drink of our beers.

“Was I correct in my assumption?” Vicki asked once she’d set her drink down.

“You were indeed,” I said. “I must confess to having more than just a casual interest in you.”

“That’s good to hear,” she said. “Because I feel the same way about you.”

A little tingle went down my spine and I tried unsuccessfully not to smile.

“But I have to warn you,” Vicki said. “You may want to think a little more carefully before you commit to anything.”

“Oh yeah?” I said, suddenly cautious. “And why is that?”

“Because I’m a bit of a control freak,” she said. “I like to be in charge, to take the lead and run the show, doing whatever I want along the way.”

I let out a relieved little laugh. “That’s it? I thought you were going to say you were really a man or something.”

“Nope,” Vicki said. “I just like to get that part out of the way up front. Most men don’t deal with it very well.”

“Actually, I don’t mind that sort of thing. I kind of enjoy it, to be perfectly honest.”

“Yeah, I kind of figured that about you,” Vicki said. “You look like you’re not afraid to get a little freaky in the sack.”

“Is that right?”

“Yep,” she said. “That’s why I headed over here in the first place. I’m an expert at reading people. Of course, just because I could tell you were into that sort of thing doesn’t mean that you can actually handle a night with me.”

I laughed softly.

“You think differently?” Vicki asked.

“Let’s just say I haven’t come across much that I can’t handle,” I said.

“Is that right?”

I nodded.

“Fair enough,” Vicki said, a knowing little smirk worming onto her face. “But I have to warn you, most of the men I approach like this same the same thing. They *all* think they can handle me. Every single one of them. But it’s rare I find one that actually can without complaint. Especially with what I dish out.”



“It’s that intense, huh?”

Smiling, Vicki nodded vigorously.

I smiled back. “Then it sounds like it would be fun.”

“So you’re game?”

“Absolutely,” I said. “On one condition.”

The look Vicki shot me was more intrigued than skeptical. “What’s that?”

“If I can handle whatever you can dish out tonight, then I earn another night with you. Where we find out if *you* can handle what *I* can dish out.”

“Sounds fair enough to me,” Vicki said.

“So you like to receive as much as you like to give?” I asked.

“Not as much,” she said, smiling. “But pretty close.”

“Same here,” I said.

“Then it appears we have come to an agreement,” Vicki said.

“It does indeed.”

Vicki pounded the rest of her beer and rose to her feet. “Do you mind if we go to my place? It’s just a couple blocks away.”

I too finished my beer and set the glass down. “No problem at all.”

She grabbed my hand and gruffly pulled me off the stool. “Then let’s go.”

#

Five minutes later we arrived at Vicki's place. She unlocked the door and held it open for me. I walked in, stopped just inside, and looked around. It was a nice place, if a little plain. Comfortable but more functional than anything else.

Vicki closed the door behind us. I turned around to face her and found that she was already on her knees, right there in the hallway, looking up at me with focused intent.

"Oh," I said as she reached out and started undoing my belt. "Okay then." I knew she'd said she liked being in charge, but this wasn't quite what I was expecting. Not that I minded.

It took her less than five seconds to have my belt unbuckled, my zipper down, my button undone and my pants and boxers down around my ankles. My cock was sticking straight out, already fully hard. It wasn't enormous but it was pretty good sized; most girls found it to be a little too big for their tastes but I didn't think Vicki would have that issue.

"It's hard already, huh?" she said, staring right at it, obviously impressed.

"It always is," I replied.

"Always?"

“Pretty much.”

“Well, that certainly makes things easy,” Vicki said. “And it’s just the right size too.”

“It isn’t too big for you?” I said, mostly just taunting her.

She scoffed. “Please.”

“Yeah, I kind of thought you’d be able to handle it,” I said.

“With ease,” she replied. And with that, she immediately went to work on it, licking up and down the shaft, one hand grasping the base in a death-grip while the other worked my balls. She popped the tip of my cock in her mouth and sucked on it while jerking me off, her hand and mouth working in tandem as her mouth dropped further and further down my cock, her head bobbing up and down, faster and faster, her hair flying everywhere, covering her face, blocking my view.

I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled it back so I could get a better view of what was happening.

“You like to see what’s going on, do you?” Vicki said, popping my cock out of her mouth for a moment.

I nodded.

“That’s good,” she continued, jerking me off all the while. “Because I do too. Bright and clear, everything out in the open, no shame whatsoever.”

“My thoughts exactly,” I said.

“So you say now,” Vicki said, grinning like a demon up at me. “But we’ll see. We’ll see.”

She took my cock in her mouth once again and continued pushing her head forward, making my cock disappear inside her mouth inch-by-inch while staring up at me, maintaining eye contact the entire time.

Vicki kept going until she’d swallowed my entire cock, depthroating me with ease, still staring up at me even as her bottom lip touched my ball sack and her nose touched the base of my stomach

“Holy fucking shit,” I said under my breath as she held my cock in place, deep in her throat. No one had ever depthroated me so effortlessly before, nor held me for so long. Almost a full ten seconds, by my count.

Vicki pulled her head off my cock just as deliberately as she’d swallowed it, moving inch-by-inch, in no rush, not having any difficulty with it whatsoever.

“That was fucking incredible,” I said once my cock was free and clear of her mouth.

“That was nothing,” Vicki said. “Just a little taste to get you started. Something for you to think about, for you to long for while I have my way with you.”

She stood up and grabbed ahold of my cock and used it to lead me over the couch in the living room. Once there, she turned me around so my back

was facing the couch and gave me a little push in the chest, sitting me down.

“Now you just sit there and wait,” Vicki said. “While I go slip into something more interesting. And then we’ll get started in earnest.”

#

Vicki came out a couple minutes later wearing nothing but a garter belt, black fishnet stockings and a pair of clear fuck-me pumps. No panties and nothing on above her waist. The outfit made her incredible legs look even longer than before and was sex as hell. Her arms were crossed at her chest, covering up her tits, save for the bottom half, which were poking out.

“What do you think?” Vicki asked.

“I think you’re fucking perfect,” I replied.

“Good answer,” she said, walking towards me until she was standing between my spread legs, her knees touching the couch, staring straight down at me.

She uncrossed her arms, revealing her huge, perfect tits in all their glory, complete with nipples like pencil erasers. She let me admire them from afar for a few moments, then climbed onto the couch, straddling me.

Leaning forward she shook her tits from side to side, bouncing them off the edges of my face. Then she grabbed the back of my head and pulled it forward, pressing it into her chest. With my head now between her massive breasts, she squeezed her tits together, smashing my face between them, smothering me against her flesh.

After a few long seconds, Vicki released gave me room to breathe. I pulled back, gasping for air. But before I could fully recover, she leaned forward and stuck her rock-hard nipple into my mouth. I sucked on it greedily, looking up at her face the entire time.

“That’s a good boy,” she said. “Suck on that fucking nipple. There you go.”

I popped her nipple out of my mouth and switched the other one. A few seconds later she grabbed my hair and yanked my head back, pulling it from that nipple. Then she stuck her tongue in my mouth and ran her hands down my chest towards my crotch. She released her mouth from mine and slid down my body until she was on the floor with her head between my legs.

Vicki was looking up at me with a nasty smile on her face as she played with my rock-hard cock, squeezing it gently between her fingers.

“Have you ever been titty-fucked before?” she said, looking up at me.

“A few times,” I replied. “But never by tits like yours.”

“Well you’re in for a treat,” she said. “Because I’m the best there is.”

“I don’t doubt that.”

Smiling, Vicki reached across her body and picked up a bottle of baby oil from the coffee table next to the couch. She popped the top of the bottle and squirted it’s contents all over her chest.

“Let’s get it nice and slippery,” she said, rubbing the oil into her skin, spreading it so it covered her tits front and back, inside and out.

Her tits were glistening in the light, the oil giving her flesh a bright sheen. I was literally licking my lips at the thought of having my cock in between them.

“There we go,” she said, looking up at me, her smile as nasty as ever, her hands bouncing her tits up and down. “Are you ready for these?”

I nodded. “But I have to admit, this isn’t exactly what I was expecting when you said you like to be in charge.”

“Oh yeah?” Vicki said, still smiling. “Why not?”

I shrugged. “I guess I thought I was going to be pleasuring you more than you pleasuring me.”

“Ahh, I see,” she said. “Well, don’t worry, we’ll get to that part eventually. But I’ve found that the better someone is feeling, the better they are at pleasing.”

“Fair enough,” I said. “Then feel free to do whatever you want to me.”

“Don’t worry,” Vicki said. “I will.” And with that, she stuck my dick between her tits.

“Oh my god,” I said as she wrapped her tits around my cock, squeezed them together, and started to bounce.

“You like that?” she asked.

I nodded.

“I want to hear you say it.”

“I love it,” I said.

“What do you love?” Vicki asked. “Tell me exactly what you love.”

“I love fucking your giant titties,” I said as she continued to bounce on my cock, her tits jiggling, the tip of my cock popping out in-between the top of them at the end of every stroke.

Vicki squeezed harder, engulfing my cock in her massive tits. The pressure was nearly unbearable as she squeezed and bounced atop me, the copious amounts of lube she’s used allowing her to constrict my cock while still moving quickly against me, providing an insane amount of pleasure.

“Holy fucking shit,” I said as I rose towards orgasm. She was staring directly at me, closely monitoring my excitement level. She was wearing a knowing, calculated little smirk. It was obvious she was setting me up for something, the only question was what that something was.



I was quickly approaching the point of no return, in fact was just moments away from blowing my load when Vicki abruptly released my cock from the vice-grip between her tits, as if she knew exactly how close I was to cumming.

“Oh no you don’t,” she said. “Now that you’re all wound up, it’s time for you to take care of me.”

I laughed under my breath and shook my head. So that was her strategy. I had to admit, it was a good one. As excited as I was right now, I was willing to do pretty much anything she wanted.

“Do you want me to fuck you now?” I asked. I already knew the answer was going to be no, but I wanted to hear how Vicki said it to me. I wanted to get an idea of what was to come without specifically asking.

Vicki laughed. “Fuck me? Not a chance. Maybe, if you’re a good boy and do everything I tell you to without hesitation, then maybe I’ll give you the pleasure of sticking your cock inside me. But even then, I’m going to be the one doing the fucking, not you. Not lie your ass down on the floor. It’s time to see how good you are eating pussy.”

More excited than ever by her response, I did as I was told without hesitation.

Before I could ask Vicki what else she wanted from me, she put one foot on either side of my head. Standing over me with her legs spread, I stared

up at her pussy and ass, preparing myself for what was to come.

“Do you like what you see?” Vicki asked, looking down at me with an evil smile.

I nodded.

“That’s good,” Vicki said. “Because you’re about to get a lot closer look.” She dropped to the floor, her knees bent and her legs folded under her body, and sat directly onto my face, engulfing my mouth and nose, smothering me.

Shortly after she sat on my face I tried to get some breath into my lungs, but it was difficult to find any air. The entire world consisted of Vicki’s sweet, tangy smell and taste, which was flooding my lungs, filling me up completely.

Vicki smothered me for a good fifteen seconds before finally lifting herself off my face. I gasped for breath, my eyes watering, my chest heaving and my face red. But my smile was threatening to split my face in two.

“I take it you liked that?” Vicki said.

“I fucking loved it,” I replied.

“That’s good to hear,” she said. “Because I did too. Are you ready for some more?”

“Hell yes,” I said. “Bring it on.”

“Oh don’t worry about that,” Vicki said, looking down at me. “I certainly will.” Smiling widely, she dropped her ass onto my face once again.

This time she smothered me for what felt like an hour, until my lungs were burning. Nearly in a panic, I brought my hands up with the intention of putting them under her leg to push her off me but she grabbed my wrists and pushed them down to the floor and held them there.

“Just relax,” Vicki said. “You have enough air to breathe.”

So I did, fighting down the panic, which allowed me to find little pockets of air that would keep me breathing.

“See?” Vicki said, still holding my arms down. “I told you it would be okay. Now stick out your tongue. I want to ride it.”

Again I did as I was told, making my tongue rigid and poking it out from between my lips.

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Vicki said and she grinded her pussy against my face, moving it forward and back, riding my tongue.

I was having a ball. I loved the taste and feel of Vicki’s insides; silky smooth and sweet and salty and acrid all at the same time. Now that she was riding my face instead of smothering me, I could see up the length of her body every once in a while. Her back was arched and her head was thrown back and her huge tits were sticking out and she was grunting like an animal, obviously enjoying herself immensely.

A few seconds later her body tensed up and then released and she let out a guttural growl and juices flowed from her pussy and covered my face, completely drenching it. Her pussy juices got into my mouth and went down my throat, and because she was still grinding mercilessly on my face I was forced to swallow them down.

Some time later Vicki's grinding finally slowed down, then stopped completely. Lifting her pussy up off me, she sat down on my chest and stared down at me.

"I'm not gonna lie," she said. "You did pretty damn good my friend."

"Thanks," I said, a little smile tugging at me lips.

"So good that I think I'm going to let you stick your dick in me. Do you like that idea?"

Not wanting to say anything that might change her mind, I just nodded my head.

"Yeah, I thought you might," Vicki said. She leaned over and stuck her tongue in my mouth, then scooted her body down mine, until she was straddling my waist, her ass pressing back against my hard cock.

We made out with Vicki grinding her ass against me for a little while, then she reached back and grabbed ahold of my cock and pressed it against her pussy and rubbed it around down there for a few seconds before sliding in just the tip. She worked the head of my cock with her pussy, staring

down at me with a little smile the entire time, tempting me, taunting me, trying to get me to make a move for control.

But I resisted, simply lying there and letting her do her thing without pushing the issue. She said she wanted to be in charge so I figured she was testing me, trying to see if I'd take the bait and make a grab at control.

"Not bad," she said half a minute later, giving credence to my earlier thought process. "Not bad at all."

"Thanks," I said.

"So far you've passed every test. But there's still a few more to come."

"Bring it on."

"Oh, don't worry," Vicki said. "I will."

And with that, she dropped her body onto mine, her pussy completely engulfing my cock. She lifted herself up after bottoming out, then drove her body down onto mine once again.

"Ho-ly fuck," I said, gasping softly, partially in pleasure and partially in pain.

"It feels that good, huh?" Vicki said, smiling like a demon as she bounced up and down on my cock, hammering away, giving me all her body weight, her ass slamming down onto my hips and her pussy taking my cock balls deep.

She was riding a fine line between pleasure and pain, which was undoubtedly deliberate. Another one of her tests. She was seeing how much I could take without complaining.

Every time she bottomed out I winced just a hair, biting down on my lip to keep from making too much noise.

After a full two minutes of riding me like I was a piece of meat, Vicki took it easy on me, slowing things down a bit. She stayed atop me with my cock all the way inside of her, not moving at all for the time being. She was breathing deeply and sweating and her hair was all messed up.

My cock was as hard as ever, having not lost once bit of stiffness since we'd started. If anything I was more excited than I had been all evening. I'd always loved being used and abused by a woman and Vicki was as good as anyone I'd ever come across.

"That was pretty damn impressive," Vicki said. "Most men would have either tapped out or came by now."

"Well, fortunately I'm not like most men."

"I'm beginning to see that," she said. "And it's a good thing too, because I'm not like most women."

"Yeah, I've noticed," I said.

"But don't get too cocky," Vicki said. "You're still not out of the woods yet. There's still a few things I need to see if you can handle before you get

your night to do with me what you will.”

“Fair enough,” I said.

“Are you ready to continue?”

“Whenever you are.”

Vicki grabbed ahold of my wrists and leaned forward, pinning my arms to the floor above my head. Holding them in place, staring right down at me with an intense look, she slammed her body down onto mine even harder than before, holding it there for a moment before lifting herself up and pounding down on me once again.

She wasn't moving quickly, instead, she was gathering herself before every thrust, intent on driving her body down onto mine aggressively with every pass, using gravity as her friend, as though trying to hammer me into the floor.

Once I proved I could take this particular style of pounding, she released my arms and transferred her hands to my chest, pressing down on me with her palms, giving herself more leverage as she pummeled me, impaling herself on my cock.

Vicki started moving faster again, hammering away at me, her body slamming down upon mine just as forcefully as ever but twice as fast. She looked like a woman possessed, hair bouncing everywhere, her eyes boring down on me.

The pain and pleasure were combining to bring me ever closer to cumming, but I refused to allow myself to cross that line until Vicki did. I couldn't be positive that was another one of her tests, but it certainly made sense.

It got even harder for me to keep from cumming a few seconds later, however. After letting out a deep, guttural growl, Vicki ran her hands up my chest and put them around my throat, choking me as she continued bouncing up and down on my cock.

Being manhandled like that always turned me on, and it took me right to the edge of orgasm. It took everything I had to keep from cumming, especially when she squeezed a little harder, not quite choking my breath completely but making it more difficult to get air into my lungs, even as she continued slamming down on me.

I was a few heartbeats away from cumming now. And from the look on Vicki's face, she was too. But still I had to make sure she got there before I did.

So I started lifting my hips upwards into her, trying to match her aggression with my own, hammering my cock up into her as hard as I could with every thrust.

Luckily for me, it worked. Vicki closed her eyes tight and took a deep breath, holding it in while she squeezed my throat even tighter, completely



cutting off my breath, then hammered herself down onto me one last time and held her body there, completely engulfing my cock, her ass pushing down on my hips as she froze up for a moment before releasing everything at the same time.

Vicki's eyes flashed open and her breath came bursting out in the form of a sharp, piercing scream. Her pussy gushed juices, drenching my cock, and her body shivered and shook for a few seconds before falling still. And she let go of my throat, allowing me to breathe.

That last part was what put me over the edge. I'd been holding out for as long as possible, and when she released my throat I couldn't help but cum, shooting my seed up into her as she sat atop me, my cock still deep in her pussy.

Smiling, Vicki slowly grinded her hips against me, eliciting every last bit of sperm from my cock before climbing up off me.

"Well," I asked. "Did I pass your test?"

"Almost," Vicki said, grinning evilly down at me. "There's just one more thing I need to see if you'll do."

"What's that?" I said, sitting up at the waist.

"You'll see," she said, walking towards me, her grin still wide. She bent down and put her hands on my shoulders, forcing me to the floor once again. Once I was lying on my back she threw one leg over me, straddling

me with one foot on either side of my head, her pussy (which was still full of my cum) hovering directly above me.

“I don’t know about this,” I said, suddenly apprehensive as I saw where this was going.

“Don’t be such a wimp,” she said, staring down at me. “It’s not that big of a deal.”

“Says you,” I said.

“I need to see if you’re capable of getting freaky enough to please me for the long haul,” Vicki said. “So far you’ve done a great job. Better than most, if not all of the other men I’ve been with. But we haven’t done anything all that extreme. Which is fine for our first night together. But if we’re going to continue doing this sort of thing, I need to know you’re willing to get a hell of a lot freakier. And this is the first step in that direction.”

I just laid there, undecided, staring up at her pussy, which was already starting to leak my cum.

“I’d understand if you don’t want to do it,” Vicki continued. “But it’s the final test. If you want to earn a night to do whatever you want to me, you have to let me do this one last thing to you. And quickly, before it’s too late. Besides, you might even like it. Who knows?”

I took a deep breath. “Fine,” I said. “Do what you need to do.”

Her smile growing wider, Vicki turned around so she was facing away from me, her head towards my feet, then squatted down, her ass and pussy hovering right above my face. I closed my eyes just as the first drop of my cum dripped out of her pussy and onto my face. There were a couple more drops, then Vicki dropped her ass onto my face and started grinding against it.

She didn't ride my face as aggressively as before but she didn't take it easy on me either, digging her pussy into my nose and mouth rubbing back and forth against my face, coating me with a combination of both our juices.

“That's a good boy,” she said while smothering me. “Take that cum on your face and in your mouth. Now stick out your tongue and get it in there. I want you to clean my pussy out.”

I did as I was told, only somewhat reluctantly. What she was doing to me was demeaning. It was filthy and perverted as hell. Not to mention disgusting. But for some reason it turned me on. I'm not exactly sure why but it did. Maybe it just opened up the possibilities for what I could do to Vicki when I had control. After what she did to me at the end of our session it would be hard to go too far with her. Or maybe deep down I just liked being forced to do things that I didn't really want to do. But no matter what the reason, I found myself getting into it.

“There you go,” Vicki said, no longer grinding against me but just sitting on my face while I worked my tongue into her pussy. “Show me how much you want to be with me. Prove it to me.”

I lapped at her insides for what seemed like forever, my excitement growing all the while. I realized my cock was hard once again.

Vicki noticed it too. “What’s this?” she said, bending over and taking my hard cock in her hand. “You’re actually enjoying yourself? I have to admit I’m impressed.”

I was too but my mouth was too full to say anything.

“In fact, I’m going to reward your newfound enthusiasm,” she said.

Before I could wonder how she was going to do that I felt a warmth around my cock and realized she’d stuck it in her mouth.

Vicki went to town on my cock while she continued to grind on my face, working it with her hand and mouth at the same time, bouncing her head up and down on it like a jackhammer, taking it balls deep with every pump.

Maybe because it was so soon after I’d just came or maybe Vicki was just really good at sucking cock, but her mouth around my cock felt better than any blowjob I’d ever gotten before. It was sloppy and wet and aggressive and absolutely perfect.

My excitement fully ramped up once again, I went to work more vigorously on her pussy, no longer caring about what had grossed me out

just moments before. I got my hands into the act too, putting them on her asscheeks and spreading them wide, giving me deeper access to her insides.

Vicki responded by deepthroating me, holding my cock deep inside her throat for a full ten seconds before letting it go to catch her breath. But she barely paused for air before going back to work on my cock, blowing me with just as much intensity as before.

She was doing such an incredible job that it wasn't long before I was ready to blow my load once again. I'd had multiple orgasms in one session before, but never so close together. It was quite a feat that Vicki could make me cum again so soon after shooting my first load.

"Holy fuck," I said, lifting her pussy off my face just long enough to warn her about it. "I'm gonna fucking cum again."

If Vicki heard me she didn't acknowledge my words. She just kept on blowing me as aggressively as before, getting both hands into it at the same time, her mouth bouncing up and down on my cock in a quick, rapid rhythm.

Figuring I'd given her fair warning, I went back to work on her pussy, licking and sucking and exploring it with my tongue while my orgasm got closer and closer.

And then I was there.

I groaned beneath her as my body froze up for a moment before releasing, sending cum shooting out of my cock for the second time in less than five minutes. The explosion was more intense than earlier but didn't last as long. Three pumps, no more, all of which Vicki took in her mouth, not letting go of my cock until after I'd finished releasing all my sperm.

Once I was done, she climbed off me and sat down on the floor next to me. Her mouth was slightly open and I could see a reservoir of my cum inside. I sat up at the waist to get a better view of what I knew was to come.

Vicki flashed me a little smile then tilted her head back and swallowed my cum down in one gulp.

I laughed under my breath and shook my head, amazed at the filthiness of the woman sitting beside me.

"You're one hell of a nasty girl," I said. I meant it as a compliment and she took it that way.

"I appreciate the kind words," she said. "You're not too shabby yourself."

"Why thank you," I said with mock seriousness. "I have to admit though, I was a little surprised there at the end. I thought this night was all about you."

"It was," she said. "But I just figured if you were willing to eat your own cum, the least I could do is match you," she said, smiling at me.

“Sounds fair to me,” I said. “So, I have to ask: Did I earn another night with you?”

“You most certainly did,” Vicki said. “And like we agreed on before, you can do whatever you want to me.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” I said.

“So am I,” she replied. “And if tonight was any indication, I think we may have a perverted little affair in the making.”

“Hell, this was just a warm-up session,” I said, grinning at her. “If you think I’m going to take it as easy on you as you did on me tonight then you’re in for a rude awakening.”

“Oh, I’m expecting you to take it to another level,” Vicki said. “Whether or not you take it far enough is a whole different story.”

“I’m just worried I’m going to take it too far,” I said.

“There’s no such thing as too far,” she replied. And from the look on her face, she meant it too.

“We’ll just see about that.”

“Yes we will,” Vicki said. “Yes we will indeed.”

#####

**ROUGHING UP MY BARELY LEGAL NEIGHBOR**

## JT HOLLAND

Kelly is a true slut. She's willing to do pretty much anything. In the six months since we started hooking up, we've done things to each other that I've never done with anyone else. Things I've only seen done in dirty movies. But it wasn't always this way.

The first time we hooked up it was on a whim; I hadn't even known her for more than a couple minutes before we were getting it on. And the next couple of times after that, we had relatively normal sex. Nothing too crazy, nothing too perverted, nothing too filthy. The sex was still good, don't get me wrong, but it was fairly unadventurous. Therefore, it was never truly great.

Because of this we started hooking up less frequently. It wasn't deliberate, it just sort of happened. As it turned out, we both wanted something more out of our sessions. But Kelly wasn't comfortable enough with me to ask for it explicitly. And I didn't want to push things too far too fast, especially because she was three years my junior, even though she didn't really act like it.

Luckily, almost exactly one month after our first hook-up, Kelly decided she'd had enough. We hadn't hooked up in ten days, by far our longest break since we'd met. I was starting to think our little soirée was over, and



was pretty bummed out because of it. Then she showed up at my door one evening, out of the blue, with a proposition that I couldn't possibly reject.

#

There was a knock on the door. I looked through the peephole, saw it was Kelly. My stomach fluttering in excitement, I opened the door and invited her in. She gave me a little nod and walked past me, then stopped and turned around right there in the hall. I closed the door and turned to face her.

Kelly was wearing an oversized white t-shirt that hung just below her butt and sandals. From what I could tell she didn't have any pants on. She didn't have much makeup on, but that didn't matter. She didn't need it. Nor did she need to be dressed up to look good. She was hot as hell no matter what.

She did, however, have a concerned look on her face.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is something wrong?"

"I don't know yet," Kelly said. "That kind of depends."

"On what?"

"You."

"Okay," I said. "Lay it on me."

“Do you like fucking me?” Kelly asked, not beating around the bush at all, which was typical of her.

“Of course,” I said. “Why, don’t you like fucking me?”

“Yeah,” she said. “I think we have a lot of potential together. But so far we haven’t been reaching it.”

“I agree,” I said. “But how do we fix that?”

“Easy,” Kelly said. “We just talk about it. Let each other know what we want instead of feeling around so much.”

“Sounds like a good idea to me,” I said. “Do you want to start?”

“Sure,” she said. “To be blunt, I like it rough.”

She must have mistaken my look of excitement as one of concern, as she quickly went on to explain herself more fully.

“I mean, don’t get me wrong,” she said. “The last few times we fucked it was fun and all, but if we want this to become a regular thing, we have to start getting a hell of a lot more adventurous.”

Butterflies fluttered in my stomach. I’d known she was a little slut but this was even above and beyond what I could have hoped for. “Is that right?”

Smiling, Kelly bit down on her bottom lip and nodded her head. “And I’m not talking about just a good pounding.”

“What *are* you talking about?”

Kelly shrugged. “Pulling my hair, slapping my ass, smacking my tits, that sort of thing.”

I smiled. “Oh, I think I can manage that.”

“I take it you’ve done that sort of thing before?”

“Once or twice,” I said, still grinning. “Or maybe a few more times than that.”

“So you like it rough too?”

“Very rough,” I said.

“Then why didn’t you ever get rough with me?”

“I didn’t know you liked it like that,” I said. “I mean, you don’t exactly look the type.”

“Yeah, I don’t really look like a dirty little fuckslut, do I?”

“Not at all.”

“I think that’s part of the fun,” she said.

“I do too,” I said. “I just feel bad that I didn’t see the signs before. We could have been doing this stuff from the very beginning.”

Kelly ran her finger down my chest. “Well I guess we’ll just have to make up for lost time, won’t we?”

“It sure looks like it.”

She turned and headed towards the kitchen, pulling off her white t-shirt as she walked. Just as I’d thought, she had nothing on underneath except a

black bra and panties with little white polka dots.

I followed her, my eyes on her tight little ass.

“So, do you have anything to drink in this place?” Kelly said as we entered the kitchen. “Nothing helps me get freaky like getting wasted.”

“Right over there,” I said, pointing at a cupboard near the fridge.

Kelly walked over to it, opened it up. “How about if we start off with a little of this,” she said, pulling out a bottle of Cuervo Gold.

“Sounds good to me,” I said, reaching in a different cupboard to grab a couple of shot glasses.

Kelly filled them up. We both took a shot. She filled them up again. And again we shot them. This went on for a good five minutes; each of us downing a shot each then immediately filling up the glasses and shooting them again. Eight shots each. All within a very short time.

Needless to say I was feeling the effects of so much tequila so quickly, and I was a pretty heavy drinker. In fact, I was amazed that Kelly was still standing, let alone apparently able to function. It was rare to find a girl that could keep up with me, especially one that was half my size. And she wasn't even close to legal drinking age to boot. But she seemed good to go. Drunk, of course, but fully functional. All the better.

“I think that's enough for now,” she said, slamming down one last shot of Cuervo. “Let's get down to business.”

And before I could even say a word she dropped to her knees, right there in the kitchen, yanking my shorts to the ground, boxers and all.

“Oh my,” she said as she grabbed ahold of my rock-hard cock and started slowly jerking me off. “Hard already, huh?”

“What can I say? It’s always like this.”

“Always?”

Grinning, I nodded.

“Wow,” Kelly said. “I’m starting to like you more and more.”

“The real question is, do you know what to do with it?” I asked, only half-joking.

She scoffed and gave me the evil eye. “Just watch and see.”

And so I did, looking down at her as she wrapped her lips around my cock.

Kelly worked my cock like an expert, mixing things up constantly, changing speeds and intensity with regularity. It was an incredibly sloppy blowjob, with spit flying everywhere, coating my cock and balls and making everything slippery as hell. She spent equal amounts of time on all the different parts of my cock, from the head to the shaft to the base to my ball sack, all while maintaining eye contact the entire time.

She took a moment to undo her bra, freeing up her incredible tits. Small but not tiny and extremely perky, with nipples that stuck out like pencil

erasers, they were absolutely perfect. Every time I laid my eyes on them they drew me in, mesmerized me. I could do nothing but suck on them all day and be a perfectly happy man.

She knew how much I loved her tits, and she used them to fuck with me whenever she could. Like now. She slipped my cock from her mouth, gripped the base of it with her hand and slapped the tip of it against her nipple.

I laugh softly under my breath and shook my head.

“What?” she asked, acting all innocent.

“Don’t give me that crap,” I said. “You know exactly what she did.”

“Oh, you mean this?” she said, slapping my cock against the other nipple. Her smile was predatory. “I didn’t realize you liked that.”

“You’re hilarious,” I said flatly.

“Thank you,” she said. “I’ll be here all week.” She gave me a wink and went back to her sloppy blowjob.

After blowing me for a good two minutes, Kelly pulled her head back, gathered up some saliva and spit it on my cock, then started jerking me off. Looking up at me, her eyes locked on mine, she said, “Fuck my face. Pummel my mouth with your cock.”

I didn’t need to be told twice. I grabbed two handfuls of her hair and held her head in place while I slammed my cock in and out of her mouth.

Moving quickly, giving her the whole length of my shaft every time, I did exactly as she had asked, pummeling her mouth, moving her head towards me at the tail end of every thrust to get my cock just a little bit deeper down her throat. My balls slapped up against her chin and saliva poured out of her mouth and onto the floor but she took it like a champ, gagging and coughing but not backing down one bit.

Even though I was face-fucking her with a fairly high-level of intensity, from the way Kelly was talking earlier, I figured she wanted it even rougher. So I decided to test her limits, see if she actually meant what she said.

I slammed my cock into her mouth but this time instead of pulling it back out I held it there, deep down her throat, my hands pushing on the back of her head to keep her from backing off.

About five seconds in, Kelly gagged but I held her in place, not letting her pull her head off. She gagged again, then followed that up with a cough. But still I pushed against the back of her head, holding my cock in her throat.

It wasn't until she gagged a third time that I let go. Kelly's head flew back and she gasped for air, her chest heaving and saliva pouring out of her mouth and onto the floor.

"Is that rough enough for you?" I asked.

“It’s a good start,” Kelly said, looking up at me with one half of her mouth turned up in an evil little half-smile. “Let’s see if you can keep it up.”

Laughing, I grabbed a handful of her hair and led her out of the kitchen on her hands and knees. Pulling Kelly forward, I dragged her over to the couch.

Once we were there, I reached down, picked her up, and tossed her lengthwise onto the couch. She landed on her back, her legs towards me. After yanking her panties off, I grabbed her ankles and spread them wide, then started to rub her shaved pussy with two of my fingers.

After Kelly was good and wet I slipped my fingers inside her pussy and started banging away, sliding them in and out with increasing intensity.

“Holy fuck that feels so fucking good,” Kelly moaned, playing with her tits as I continued finger-fucking her, my hand slamming in and out of her.

Kelly let go of her tits and grabbed her ankles, pulling them back towards her and holding her legs open wider, opening up her pussy even more to me. I took advantage, adding a third finger to the mix, filling up her pussy.

She let out a low groan and started bucking against me, forcing my fingers deeper inside her. With my free hand I grabbed one of her tits and gave it a good squeeze, followed by a smack.



Kelly gasped and nodded her head. “Just like that,” she said between deep breaths. “Don’t stop. Don’t fucking stop.”

I smacked Kelly’s tit again, still finger-fucking her all the while. Her eyes were rolled up and her mouth was slightly open and little mewling sounds were escaping from her mouth.

Seeing her like that was almost more than I could take. My cock felt like it was going to burst through it’s skin. I needed to fuck her. So I grabbed one of her legs and threw it over my shoulder, then slipped my fingers out of her pussy and replaced them with my cock.

It slid in easily, her juices facilitating my entry. She uttered a little groan as I gave her my entire cock right from the get-go. After a couple of slow pumps to get us both warmed up, I start moving my hips faster and faster, fucking her in long, deep thrusts while she groaned beneath me.

Kelly’s pussy was so wet and I was so excited that it wasn’t long before I was hammering away at her, my body bouncing off of hers with every pump.

“Holy shit I love how you fuck my pussy,” Kelly said, looking up at me, her eyes locked on mine. “Give it to me like you mean it. Pound my tiny little pussy with your cock.”

I did as she asked, pushing her legs back so her knees were pressing against the seat cushion of the couch, folding her in half. I put one foot up

on the couch to change the angle and give myself more leverage, then pummeled down on her, my cock filling her pussy up.

“Fuck yeah!” she screamed. “Just like that, just like that!”

Holding her legs down on the couch, I pounded her pussy while she continued screaming beneath me, my balls slapping up against her with every thrust, our bodies coming together with a wet smack.

I released one of her legs and used my free hand to grab one of her tits and squeeze. I pinched and twisted her nipple, causing her to squirm and yelp in shock. I gave the other nipple the same treatment and got the same result. But the look on her face told me that she liked it. And that she wanted more.

As I continued hammering away her more aggressively than ever, I reached out and stuck my hand in her mouth and yanked down on her mandible, putting pressure on her jaw. She gagged but made no move to try and get me to let go. She obviously liked it. Time to see how far I could take things.

I pulled my hand out of her mouth and gave her a little smack in the face.

She replied by bucking harder against me.

I smacked her again. “Is that what you want?” I asked. “You want me to treat you like shit?”

Her eyes wide, Kelly nodded.

“Is that how you like it?” I said. “Is that rough enough for you? Or do you still need more?”

“More,” she said between gasps. “Give me more.”

I slid my hand down and wrapped it around her throat.

“Like that?” I said.

She nodded.

“Do you want me to choke you while I fuck the shit out of you? Is that what you want?”

She nodded again.

I squeezed a little tighter, still slamming my cock into her pussy the whole time.

“You’re a fucking little slut, aren’t you?” I asked, marveling at her abilities.

She nodded yet again, her face starting to turn red from the lack of oxygen. Seeing her so helpless turned me on immensely, almost putting me over the edge. I released her throat and pulled my cock from her pussy and sat down on the couch.

Kelly climbed to her hands and knees and crawled over the couch towards me. “I got this,” she said. “It’s my turn.”

She climbed atop me and sat on my lap, reverse-cowgirl style, facing away from me, her ass pushing back against my cock, her legs outside of mine.

She grabbed ahold of my cock and lifted her body slightly, then maneuvered my cock into her pussy. After it was deep inside her, she grabbed my knees and pushed them closer together, then adjusted her body so her feet were on the floor, giving her more leverage to work with.

“There we go,” Kelly said as she started riding my cock, bouncing up and down on me in fast, deep strokes. “Fuck yeah, that’s what I’m talking about.”

She was slamming down onto me, her ass bouncing against my groin, impaling herself on my cock. My hands were on her hips, holding on for dear life while she pummeled me.

“You like that?” she asked, catching my eye in the mirror. “You like it when I bounce on your fucking cock like that?”

I flashed her a nasty smile.

“Yeah, you like that shit, don’t you.” Kelly said, returning the look. “You like that you dirty fucking bastard.”

“I love it,” I said. “I fucking love it.”

She put her hands on my knees and leaned forward, then started pummeling me even more aggressively.

“Slap my ass,” she said.

I did as I was told.

“Harder,” she said. “Like you mean it.”

So I did, slapping her ass in time with her thrusts.

“That’s right,” Kelly said. “That’s what I’m talking about.”

She pounded away at me, smashing my balls as she dropped her body onto me with full force, her breath growing quicker by the second, right along with mine.

“Yes, yes, yes!” she screamed while I continued slapping her ass. It was glowing bright red but I didn’t let up on it one bit. “Right there, right there, holy fuck, right there!”

Kelly turned up the intensity even more. Her screams reached a fever-pitch and they were no longer directed at me, but simply expressions of pure pleasure. I was close to cumming, but I wanted to make sure she got there first. So I held back, waiting for her to get there too.

I didn’t have to wait long.

She continued hammering down on me for a few more seconds, culminating in a final, expletive-laced, ear-splitting screech as she reached orgasm. Her body shuddered and shook at the same time mine did, my cock shooting it’s load up into her pussy as she continued pounding away at me for a few more seconds before falling still.

I gave her one final slap on the ass and she climbed off my cock. She turned around and I could see that she had a wicked smile on her face.

“Better?” I asked.

“Much better,” Kelly replied. “Of course, it can still get quite a bit crazier.”

“And it will too,” I said. “Especially now that I know you like it rough.”

“I can’t wait,” she said, bending over and giving me a kiss.

“Neither can I,” I replied, patting her on the leg. “Neither can I.”

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## **PUTTING HIM TO THE TEST**

THE SEXUAL EDUCATION OF A YOUNG MAN: DAY ONE

HUNTER MONROE

Matthew Carter’s sexual education began innocently enough. It was the summer after he’d graduated from high school and he was out for a jog, trying to get himself in some sort of decent shape before heading off to college in the fall. It was just past 9AM and he was half a mile from his house, jogging alongside the man-made lake at the center of the housing complex where he’d lived with his parents for his entire life.

It was a jog he'd made hundreds of times over the years and he'd seen nothing but familiar faces along the way, mostly 40-something year-old friends of his parents working their way through their respective mid-life crisis's by trying to shed a couple extra pounds. He nodded to them all and they nodded back in the cordial manner of joggers everywhere, acknowledging each other but not wasting any precious breath by expelling any words from their mouths. All in all it was a completely unremarkable jog, with nothing out of the ordinary.

Until she came along.

Matthew was less than two blocks from his house when he saw an unfamiliar figure heading towards him.

She was unlike any woman he'd ever seen in person. It was obvious she was older than him by at least ten years—and possibly even more—but she had the body of twenty-two year old stripper. Rock-hard from head to toe, she had impossibly long legs, washboard abs, breasts that were large but not freakishly huge and way too perky to be real (not that he minded one bit) plus perfectly toned but not over-muscular arms. He couldn't see her ass yet but he knew it would be tight enough to bounce quarters off of, based on the rest of her body. She had an elegant, attractive face, with sharp lines, big brown eyes, a small nose, and full lips. Long, dark hair pulled back in a ponytail and tanned skin.

It was obvious from first glance that this was not some cute, soft woman out for a weekly jog. You don't get a body like that without hours and hours in the gym every day. Especially not at her age. She had an edge, a hunger that needed to be constantly satiated. It was apparent in her eyes, which scanned Matthew like a piece of meat as they approached each other.

Matthew didn't want to stare but he couldn't look away. He was transfixed just as much by the way she carried herself as how she looked. She knew she was the shit, knew that all men stared at her, knew that they would dream of her every night for the rest of their lives. And not only did she know it but she loved it, soaking up the attention the way a sponge soaks up water. She was hot and untouchable and dismissive and still somehow inviting all at once.

In a word, she was perfect.

They were just about to pass each other when she flashed a seductive little smile at Matthew. He quickly smiled back, trying not to be too goofy about it. He gave her a nod, which she returned, and continued with his jog, trying to play it cool.

A few strides later he turned around to catch one last glimpse of her and saw that she'd done the exact same thing at the exact same time. Realizing he'd been caught dead to rights he decided to play it up. So he turned and started jogging backwards, a big smile planted on his face.



She surprised him by doing the same thing, both of them jogging backwards and smiling while they got further and further away from each other.

His mind abuzz with possibilities, Matthew had just started to turn back around and continue running normally when his heel caught in the pavement, spilling him onto his ass. He hit the ground and skidded backwards a bit, scraping his palm as he tried to break his fall. He finally came to a stop and just lay back on the cool cement, his face looking up towards the brilliant blue morning sky, trying to bite down on his embarrassment.

A couple of seconds later he heard the patter of insistent footsteps on the pavement. He realized they were growing closer to him. He looked over and saw the woman he'd just passed heading towards him. Her face was a mixture of horror and hilarity, like she knew she shouldn't be laughing but couldn't hold it in.

She stopped just above Matthew, close enough that he could see her skimpy black panties under her loose running shorts. He felt an immediate stirring in his groin so he forced himself to tear his eyes from her legs and looked up the length of her tight body standing over him.

But that just made things worse. He closed his eyes and quickly sat up at the waist to hide the rapidly growing tent in his shorts.

“Oh my god, are you okay?” she asked in a strangely seductive, slightly raspy voice.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Matthew replied, opening his eyes to find that they were right at the same level as the front of her shorts. He quickly looked away but not before another jolt of electricity had shot down his spine. He dropped his hands to his waist to cover his now rock-hard cock. So far, she seemed oblivious to his horn-dog tendencies. But he knew if he stood up he wouldn’t be able to hide it any longer.

“Are you sure?” she said. “That looked like it hurt.”

“It did,” Matthew said. “But it’s not that big of a deal.”

She covered her mouth with her hand to try to hide the little giggle escaping from her throat. She wasn’t successful. “Sorry, I know I shouldn’t be laughing, it’s just—”

“No problem,” Matthew said, a smile playing on his lips. “It must have looked pretty damn funny.”

“Yeah, it kind of was,” she said. “Don’t get me wrong, it was horrifying to see you go down like that, but it was hilarious too.”

“I’m sure it was.”

She held out her hand and Matthew instinctively reached for it before stopping himself. If he stood up now he’d be busted for sure. His excitement hadn’t abated one bit and it was showing in his pants. There was

absolutely no way to hide it, not with the thin, flexible material of the running shorts he was wearing.

“Thanks, but I’m good,” he said. “I think I’ll just sit down here for a minute or two. Catch my breath.”

“Don’t be silly,” she said, reaching down and grabbing ahold of his hand before he could react. Her grip was powerful, far stronger than he would have figured. She was strong too, pulling him to his feet with ease.

They stood there for a moment, facing each other, their faces less than a foot apart, their eyes locked on each other. Matthew was about to thank her for her help when she glanced down towards the massive bulge in his pants. Matthew could feel the blood immediately rush to his face and he looked off into the distance, unsure of what to do.

“Ahhh, now I understand why you didn’t want to stand up,” she said, stifling a smile. Surprisingly, she didn’t seem upset. In fact, if anything, she sounded intrigued. But he figured that was nothing more than wishful thinking on his part.

Matthew shrugged, embarrassed beyond all belief but knowing there was absolutely nothing he could do about it except play it out like it didn’t bother him.

Looking directly at him, not shying away at all, she said, “I don’t know why you’re so worried. From the looks of things you don’t have anything to

be embarrassed about.” Her eyes flicked down towards his groin for a moment and she laughed under her breath. “Not at all.”

Matthew cleared his throat, unsure of what to say or how to react. He was completely frozen by her comment. It was so far from what he was expecting to hear from her that he had no clue how to respond.

Before he could come up with anything she took matters into her own hands. Literally. Reaching down, she grabbed ahold of his cock and gave it a squeeze.

“Wow,” she said. “Very impressive.”

Matthew swallowed hard, managed to squeak a meager “thanks” out of his mouth.

She flashed an amused grin in his direction. “A little shy, are we?”

“Not normally,” he said. “But right now? A little, yeah.”

“That’s too bad,” she said as she started walking backwards away from him.

“Why’s that?” Matthew said.

“Because I’ve been pretty lonely lately,” she said, her smile growing wider as she moved further away from him. “And I could use a little company. Unless, of course, you’re too shy to hang out with me.”

“Oh, I think I can get over it.”

She tilted her head and raised her eyebrows. “Are you sure?”

“Positive” he said, displaying a boldness that he didn’t normally portray.

“Then follow me,” she said. She turned and jogged away.

Staring at her ass as she grew further away, Matthew thought for a moment that he was dreaming. He was afraid to pinch himself in case he might wake up but figured it was better to find out now than later on, once things got closer to fruition. So he grabbed some skin above his arm and gave it a good squeeze and then a twist. There was a little pain but nothing else. He was definitely awake. He wondered what he’d done to deserve such good luck and decided not to think about it too much and just go with the flow. Laughing under his breath, he started after her.

It was difficult for Matthew to run with his cock sticking straight out, so he tucked it up underneath his waistband. It didn’t help much, but it was enough for him to maintain a decent pace a good 30 yards behind the mystery woman.

And she was all woman, that was for sure. Her long, tan legs were so firm that they barely jiggled as her feet hit the pavement and her tight ass worked feverishly beneath her shorts. Matthew was transfixed, his eyes locked onto her backside, unable to look at anything else.

He followed her halfway around the lake, his cock still hard from excitement, his heart beating from more than just physical exertion. She hadn’t looked back but once, early on, to make sure he was still following.

Now, a good five minutes later, she suddenly sped up and took a quick right turn onto a side street.

Matthew wasn't sure if she was playing hard-to-get or testing his desire for her or just messing with him a little but he too sped up, not wanting to take any chances. He got around the house on the corner just as she took another quick right turn, cutting through an alleyway.

He kicked it into full speed, his feet pounding on the pavement as he flashed around the corner, only to find that she'd disappeared. He slammed to a stop, knowing that she hadn't made it all the way to the end of the alley; there simply hadn't been enough time.

He looked left, then right, then left again. There was no sign of her. But there were plenty of little nooks and crannies she could have been hiding in, so he started slowly down the alley, a big, goofy smile plastered on his face, a hunter seeking his prey.

Little did he know that *he* was the hunted.

Matthew was three-quarters of the way to the end of the alley and hadn't seen any sign of her. He was starting to wonder if something very different was going on here than he thought. Was it all just some kind of a game? Had she been leading him along for kicks? Or was this just her idea of foreplay?

He was right on the verge of letting his frustration get the best of him when he heard her voice coming from behind him.

“You’re not real good at hide and seek, are you?” she said in a playful voice.

Matthew spun to find her standing right behind him, less than two feet away. “How did I miss you?”

She winked and flashed him a teasing smile. “I am a woman of many talents,” she said.

“I’m sure you are,” he replied, returning her grin.

“Care to experience a couple more of them?”

“I can’t wait.”

“Then come on,” she said, taking his hand in hers and leading him towards the garage to their right.

She went through the side door of the garage, his hand still in hers. The garage was pretty dark but he could see that it was a sea of open boxes. They were piled up on the floor, lining every wall. A few of the boxes were open at the top overflowing with various items, most of which looked to be of a sexual nature. Toys, dildos, vibrators, tubes, that sort of thing. A couple of strange-looking swing-like things hung limply from hooks on the walls. Wavy couches and lounge chairs designed for specific purposes sat idly in one corner. It was like a mini warehouse for an adults-only store.

Matthew only had a moment to wonder what the hell he was getting himself into and then they were through the door connecting the garage with the house and into the kitchen.

“Do you want some water?” she asked, going into the fridge.

“That would be great,” he said, defaulting to courtesy to mask his sudden apprehension.

But it didn't fool her.

“Is everything okay?” she asked as she brought him a bottle of water.

“Everything's fine,” he said. “Great actually.”

“Are you sure? You seem a little . . . I don't know, scared.”

“Not scared,” Matthew said. “But I'm not going to lie. I'm a little uncomfortable.”

She took a long drink of her water, tilting her chin towards the ceiling and showing off her slender neck. “And why is that?”

He shrugged. “I don't know, really. I guess it's just that it's one thing to talk about something . . .”

“But another thing to actually do it?” she finished.

“Something like that.”

“So you're having second thoughts?”

“Not necessarily,” Matthew said. “But . . . hell, I don't know. It's just weird, that's all. I mean, this is the last position I thought I'd be in when I



left the house today.”

“Is that a bad thing?” she asked, the little smile on her face betraying her amusement. She was clearly enjoying this.

“Of course not,” he said, laughing under his breath. “It’s a very good thing. But that doesn’t make it any less weird for me. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. And it’s not something that I ever expected to happen.”

“Do you think this is what I had in mind for the morning?” she asked as she hopped up onto the counter. “To go find some young stud to bring back to my house and ravage?”

He stared at her legs, unable to take his eyes off them. “I don’t know. Was it?”

“Nope. It hadn’t even entered my mind. But then we had that little incident out there by the lake, and it all became clear. It’s like it was meant to be.”

“Meant to be, huh?”

“That’s right.”

“I don’t know about any of that.”

“What?” she said. “You don’t believe in fate? Providence? Anything like that?”

“Not really.”

She hopped down from the counter and started towards him. “Well, what about good luck? Do you believe in that?”

“In theory,” Matthew said as she stopped directly in front of him, less than six inches away. “But I’m usually on the other end of the spectrum when it comes to luck.”

“Well not anymore,” she said, tracing her finger down his chest. “From where I’m standing, it looks like your luck has changed.”

“Is that right?”

She nodded and dropped down to her knees. Looking up at him, she said, “Unless, of course, you want me to leave your beautiful cock alone. Is that what you want?”

Matthew gulped and shook his head.

“I didn’t think so,” she said as she pulled his pants and underwear down, exposing his still rock-hard cock. “Nope, I didn’t think so at all.”

“But I don’t even know your name,” Matthew said softly, barely able to get the words out.

“What difference does that make?” she said, taking his cock in her hand.

Matthew’s legs nearly buckled as she wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock. She bobbed on it a few times then pulled it from her mouth. Looking up at him she jerked him off, her little smile still present.

“So what do you think?” she asked. “Do you want me to stop?”

He shook his head quickly from side to side.

Laughing softly, she went back to work.

“Holy shit,” Matthew said beneath his breath as she blew him, working his cock in a variety of ways, sucking on the tip for a bit, then taking it further into her mouth, then pulling it from her mouth and licking the shaft before sliding it back into her mouth again.

She was very skilled, constantly varying the pressure and the speed to keep his excitement up but not put him in danger of going over the edge. It was by far the best blowjob that he’d ever gotten; wet and sloppy, with constant eye contact and just enough variety to keep him constantly guessing. He could only imagine what other skills she had. He hoped he’d have the opportunity to find out first-hand.

One final furious flurry of activity and then she was climbing to her feet, her eyes full of excitement and her mouth still turned up in that little knowing smile she always seemed to be wearing. She leaned forward and stuck her tongue in his mouth and they explored each other’s tonsils for a few seconds before she broke it off.

“You like it when I suck your cock, don’t you?” she whispered in his ear while her hand ventured down his chest and grabbed ahold of his cock.

Matthew nodded, his breath harsh, and his mind spinning.

“Do you want to see what else I can do?” she asked, still whispering. Her body was in tight with his, her breasts pressing on his chest.

He nodded again, unable to speak.

“Yeah, I bet you do,” she said as she started to play with his cock, slowly jerking it back and forth while she pulled her mouth back out of his ear and again locked her lips with his.

They made out for a short time, Matthew trying to make sure his legs didn't buckle and spill him to the ground. She was jerking him off while they made out, and for some reason this excited him even more than when she was sucking his cock.

She broke off their kiss and grabbed a tighter hold of his cock and used it as a leash, pulling him out of the kitchen and towards the living room. He kicked off his shorts, which were clinging to one of his ankles, and went willingly with her.

He took in her body in its entirety as she led him forward, his earlier doubts completely erased by the thrill of the situation and his wildly-raging hormones. Here he was, being used as a fuck-toy by a random, incredibly gorgeous woman he'd seen for the first time only ten minutes ago! It was quite literally the stuff (wet) dreams were made of. There was no past, there was no future, no issues to be worked out, no reason to worry about what

had come before or what might come after as a result of this. There was only the now. And it was thrilling beyond belief.

She led him to the couch, turned him around, and pushed him down onto the cushions. Then she took a step back and reached under t-shirt to undo her bra. It only took a second and then she was slipping out of it. She let it fall to the ground, leaving nothing in between the thin material of her t-shirt and her nipples, which were already poking out from behind the shirt.

Matthew wanted desperately to see her breasts in all their glory, but she was too experienced to let the cat out of the bag right away. She obviously knew the tease was at least as important as the reveal, so she kept the shirt on. For now.

She blew him a kiss then turned around, showing off her long, luscious legs. Leaning over at the waist, her legs still taut, she slipped her shorts down her thighs, revealing black g-string panties framed by her rock-hard, impossibly perfect ass. She wiggled the shorts off and stepped out of them, then turned around to once again face Matthew.

“Do you like what you see?” she said, her ever-present smile firmly affixed to her face.

He nodded.

“What’s the matter?” she said. “Cat got your tongue?”

“I don’t think it’s a cat,” he said, finally finding his voice.

She laughed and took a step towards him. She glanced down at his groin area and her smile grew a little wider.

He looked down and realized that he's unknowingly wrapped his hand around his cock while she'd put on her little show. Embarrassed, he let go, bringing his hands up by his side.

“Don't stop,” she said. “I like watching you play with yourself.”

“Really?”

“Of course,” she said. “All women dream of seeing someone jerking off to them. I'm no different. By all means, please continue.”

Matthew bit down on his embarrassment and went back to work on his cock.

She returned the favor, rubbing her fingers over the top of her panties with one hand while working her breast under her shirt with the other.

Watching her play with herself turned him on even more, causing him to quicken his hand on his cock. She also increased her pace to match him, slipping her hand beneath her panties and going after her pussy with more vigor.

Matthew continued jerking himself off as she slid her fingers out from behind her panties and brought them up to her mouth. And when she stuck her fingers in her mouth and licked them clean, one by one, he nearly came right there.

He forced himself to let go of his cock before it was too late. He took a couple of deep breaths and held them for a moment, allowing his excitement to wane just a bit. He scolded himself for nearly finishing up right there in his hand just from watching her.

Matthew had never been so excited in his life. He wasn't super experienced by any means, but he'd slept with other girls before. And not a single one had ever acted even remotely like this. The confidence and swagger and directness of the woman before him (and she was all woman, no doubt about that) was disarming. Matthew was lost at sea, under the influence of a force far greater than he, content to simply ride the waves of lust wherever they took him.

"I think we've had enough foreplay for today," she said, walking forward until she was standing over him. Staring up the length of her body ramped up his excitement even further, just as it had earlier in the morning. "We don't want you to be finished before we've even started, do we?"

He shook his head, his voice once again not working.

She wiggled out of her panties, revealing the lower half of her body in all its glory.

"You just sit back and relax," she said. "I'll do all the work."

Matthew nodded and concentrated on slowing his breathing as she climbed atop him, one leg on either side of his body as she straddled him.

With her eyes fixed firmly on his, she grabbed ahold of his cock and slapped it against her pussy a couple of times, then held it upright while she positioned herself over it. She rubbed the outside of her pussylips with the tip of his cock for a few moments then dropped down onto it, engulfing his cock in her pussy.

A low moan escaped from his throat as he slid into her, his cock pushing all the way inside her with ease, her pussy soaking wet and slippery as hell.

He closed his eyes and bit down on his bottom lip, trying like crazy not to cum right there. She felt so incredible—so moist and warm and tight—that it took all his effort to hold out for just another second.

Sensing how close he was to orgasm, she didn't waste any time taking things slow, instead riding him like a cowgirl right from the get-go. She bounced atop him, impaling herself on his cock while pounding her body on top of his, taking his entire length inside her as she expertly rode his cock from tip to base in fast, rhythmic thrusts. Her tits bounced behind her shirt, transfixing him. Wet slapping sounds filled the room whenever their bodies came together.

Both of them were breathing hard now, with almost identical grunts of subdued pleasure coming from their mouths. Matthew had a look of near-despair on his face as he used every ounce of his energy to keep from



cumming while she looked down on him with a hint of amusement, seemingly getting just as much enjoyment from his discomfort as his cock.

Suddenly she leaned back, lifted her shirt from the bottom and pulled it off over her head, dropping it onto the floor. With her hands now on his thighs just above the knees, she lifted her chin towards the ceiling and arched her back, exposing the hollow of her neck and pushing her glorious breasts out even further.

It was just too much for Matthew to resist. Hoping to stave off orgasm just a little while longer he reached out and placed his hands on her breasts. When she didn't object he started to squeeze, feeling their firmness beneath.

A soft moan escaped from her mouth and she sat down on top of his cock and stayed there. Moving her body quickly forward and back, she grinded on his cock while it was still deep inside her, bringing about a new round of sensations to Matthew's body and taking him one step closer to orgasm.

He struggled against the inevitability of finishing by squeezing her breasts more tightly. But it was no use. He was simply too far along to hold out for very much longer. And when she leaned forward again and went back to bouncing on his cock it was all over.

"Holy shit," he said under his breath, looking directly up into her eyes as she hovered over him, her hair covering half of her face.

“It’s okay,” she said, understanding instinctively exactly where he was at. “Just let it go.”

“Are you sure?” he managed to say.

“Positive,” she replied. “I want your cum inside me.” Her voice was a seductive whisper, full of certainty, brooking absolutely no doubt.

So Matthew let himself go, relaxing and letting nature do its work. He uttered a wordless groan and a shiver ran through his body as he expelled his seed up into her warm pussy. She continued to work her body as he came, stopping only after she’d drawn every last drop of sperm from his cock

“I’m sorry,” Matthew said as she climbed off him and sat down on the other side of the couch.

She seemed genuinely confused. “For what?”

“For, you know—”

“Not lasting very long?”

Matthew nodded sheepishly.

She smiled, patted him on the cheek. “There’s nothing to be sorry for. You lasted longer than I expected you to considering the situation.”

“Really?” Matthew didn’t know if he should be proud for exceeding her expectations or dismayed that the bar was set so long.

She nodded. “And don’t worry, I’m certain it’ll get better.” Her ever-present smile grew wider. “After all, practice makes perfect.”

He tilted his head slightly. “Wait a minute, are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

“I don’t know,” she said. “I guess that depends on what you think I’m saying. If you think I’m saying that this is going to be the first of many, many sessions over the next few weeks, then yes, I’m saying what you think I’m saying.”

Matthew couldn’t contain the smile that was slowly spreading across his face.

“From the looks of you, I’d say you were thinking the same way I was,” she said.

“Not thinking, but certainly hoping,” he said.

“Well, your hopes have become a reality,” she said. “Unless, of course, you’ve got something—or someone, I should say—better to do.”

“Better?” Matthew said. “Than you? Impossible.”

She laughed. “Good answer, good answer. I think this is going to be the start of something special.”

“I think so too.”

“Of course, I hope you understand that no other session is going to be as basic—or as quick—as this one. Think of what we just did as a ‘getting to

know you' session. Or a pop quiz, if you prefer."

"Call it whatever you want, it doesn't matter to me. As long as I passed."

"You did, but barely. Call it a C minus. You need to do a lot more studying if you want to get an A."

"I'll do whatever it takes," Matthew said. "I've always been a good student."

"I'm sure you have," she said, standing up. "Now, about that whatever-it-takes comment; did you mean that?"

"Of course," Matthew said, raising his eyebrows in expectation. "Why?"

"Well, considering how early in the day it still is, I was hoping we could get a little more practice in."

"Right now?"

"Sure," she said with a shrug of her shoulders. "Why not?"

"I don't know," Matthew said. "It's just . . . we just finished up . . . and —" he broke off, not wanting to actually say the words.

"And what?" she said, not letting him off the hook.

He just looked at her, too embarrassed to continue on.

"There's no need to be shy," she said. "What we just did should facilitate communication, not inhibit it."

He'd never thought of it that way. It certainly made sense; enough to allow him to spit it out, at least. "It's just so soon afterwards," he said. "I'm

not sure I can get it up again so quickly.”

“Don’t worry about it,” she said, giving him a sly grin. “I’ll take care of that part.”

She stood up and held out her hand. After only a moment of hesitation, Matthew took it. She led him across the room, towards a hallway on the other side of the stairs. Down the hall, past two closed doors and into the room at the end they went.

It was a bedroom. In the center of the room, against the far wall, was a California King bed with black silk sheets and somewhere around fifteen pillows piled up against the headboard.

“You like?” she asked, sitting him down on the bed.

He nodded. “I like very much.”

She pushed on his shoulders, forcing him to lie down. Then she spread his legs and slid her body up his until their faces were just inches apart, her body on top of his, her breasts pressing up against his chest, her pussy right about at his belly button. She ran one hand through his hair and traced the outline of his lips with the other one.

“So you’ve had trouble getting it up again quickly in the past, huh?” she said, talking softly, seductively, her eyes locked onto his.

“I don’t know that I’ve ever tried,” he said. “All the times I’ve done it before we were finished up shortly after I did.”

Laughing, she said, “Ah yes, young lovers and their fumbling around, never quite sure what they’re supposed to do, afraid to ask for what they want, always worried about the other persons feelings, about doing the wrong thing, about upsetting their partner. Luckily we don’t have any of those issues. Do you know why?”

Matthew shook his head. He was completely under her power, too transfixed by her words to utter any of his own.

“Because I know exactly what I want and I’m not afraid to tell you what to do,” she said. “Not because I don’t care about your feelings, but because I know that communication is the key to understanding each other. And understanding each other is the key enjoying each other fully. Plus I know more about what you want than you do. Because how can you know what you want before you’ve experienced it?”

She seemed to be waiting for an answer so Matthew obliged. “I’m guessing you can’t.”

“That’s exactly right, she said. “But lucky for you I’ve got more than enough experience for the both of us. So I can show you what you want, even if you don’t know you want it yet. Like right now. You want to touch me, right? To please me. To make me feel good.”

Matthew nodded.

“But you’re not sure how to do it, are you?”

He shook his head.

“Because some girls like to be kissed, some like their breasts to be fondled, others like their nipples pinched. One likes their pussy rubbed, another their clit to be flicked, a third likes fingers inside her. And then how many fingers? One? Two? Three? Four? How is a man supposed to know what to do if they aren’t told? And how many people are comfortable enough to actually talk about such things?”

“None that I’ve been with,” Matthew said, his heart beating against the walls of his chest and his breath coming more quickly as his excitement rose. To hear a woman—a gorgeous, naked woman who was lying on him, no less—talk like this was something he’d never thought could happen. So many mysteries being revealed, so many questions being answered, so many of his hidden fears being laid to waste; he could feel walls crumbling down inside him.

“Do you want to please me?” she asked.

“With everything I have.”

“Then kiss me.”

Matthew lifted his head and pressed his lips against hers. His tongue darted inside her mouth, started exploring around, and hers did the same.

“Now let your hands explore,” she said, breaking off their kiss and bringing her mouth up to his ear just long enough to say the words before

returning her lips to his.

So Matthew did, running his hands over her head, through her hair, and down her back, eventually settling on her ass. He gave her cheeks a squeeze, one in each hand, feeling her tight ass beneath her smooth skin.

She broke off their kiss once again. “That’s a start,” she said. “Now turn me over so you’re on top.”

He did as he was told without thought, more than happy to be led along by her, not having to worry about making a mistake, about taking things too fast, about pushing too far.

“Now suck on my nipple,” she said, pushing down on the top of his head.

“With pleasure,” he said, sliding his body down and taking one of her nipples in his mouth and sucking on it like he was a baby getting fed. He could feel it hardening inside his mouth, giving him more to suck. The sounds of her excitement filled the room, spurring him on. Looking up at her he could see her eyes were closed and a look of pleasure was stamped on her face.

He sucked harder for a few seconds, then pulled back, letting his lips pull on her nipple for a moment for popping it out of his mouth.

She let out a blissful little yelp and followed that with another delighted moan as he took her other nipple in his mouth and gave it the same



treatment.

After working on the other nipple for a bit she reached out and grabbed his arm at the wrist. He looked up at her expectantly, wondering if she wanted him to break it off but she shook her head.

“Keep doing what you’re doing,” she said as she pushed his hand down the length of her body. “I’m just adding another element into the mix.”

Matthew allowed her to guide his hand down until it was between her legs. Putting her hand on the outside of his, she pressed his hand against her pussy and rubbed it up and down.

She was soaking wet, her juices everywhere.

“Stick two fingers inside of me,” she said.

Matthew did. They slid in without so much as a hint of resistance. He moved them back and forth against her, quickly picking up speed.

She grabbed his arm, stopping him. “Slower,” she said. “Don’t be so anxious. Build it up gradually.”

“Sorry,” Matthew said.

“Don’t apologize,” she replied. “Don’t ever apologize. Just listen. And pay attention. And learn.”

“How do I know when to . . .”

“Go more quickly?” she said.

Matthew nodded. He was still finding it difficult to talk openly about what they were doing. He wasn't sure why, it was some sort of a mental block.

"I'll tell you," she said. "Eventually you'll learn how to read it yourself, but for now, just listen and do what you're told."

So he did, slowing down a bit, getting in a rhythm, only speeding up when she told him to, eventually slipping another finger in at her request, following her every direction as accurately as he could, from depth to speed to positioning to what to do with his mouth, his tongue, his other hand.

Matthew was surprised to find that her enjoyment was getting him off. The more she got into it the more he did too, and it didn't take long before his cock was rock-hard once again, without her so much as touching it.

"See," she said, reaching down and giving Matthew's cock a couple of strokes with her hand while he continued banging her. "I told you I'd take care of that part, didn't I?"

Matthew nodded, too busy to talk.

"Now let's see you put it to good use again," she said. She pulled his hand out of her pussy, stuck his index finger in her mouth, licked it clean, and popped it back out of her mouth. "Do you think—" She popped his middle finger in her mouth and gave it the same treatment. "You can—" She paused in order to lick his ring finger clean too. "Do that?"

Matthew swallowed hard and again nodded. He knew that eventually he'd have to get over the embarrassment of talking during sex but for now he was going to stick with what was comfortable.

She slid up and away from him. Still on her back, she spread her legs and beckoned him over. "Then come over here and stick that giant cock inside me."

Matthew didn't need to be told twice. He practically jumped atop her, so anxious was he to fuck her pussy again. Grabbing his cock in his hand he slid it inside her and started to move quickly against her.

"Ah, ah, ah," she said, her hand on his chest to halt his progress. "Slowly, just like with your fingers. Take your time. There's no need to rush. It's not a race."

He started to apologize again but she cut him off by covering his mouth with her hand.

"I told you before, no apologies. You don't have anything to be sorry about. This is a learning process. Nobody gets it right the first time. Okay?"

Matthew nodded.

"I want to hear you say it," she said. "I want to be sure you understand."

"Okay," he said quickly, wanting to get it over with. His cock felt like it was going to burst through his skin. "I understand."

"Slowly," she said, drawing the word out.

Matthew dropped his gaze for a moment. With his cock still inside her, he took a deep breath to gather himself, then looked back up at her gorgeous face. “Okay,” he said, far more calmly this time. “I understand.”

“Then prove it,” she said.

He leaned in and starting kissing her. While moving his lower half very slowly inside her, Matthew explored her mouth with his tongue.

As she returned his kiss Matthew found himself moving slightly more quickly, still taking his time as much as possible, but unable to completely contain his excitement.

“That’s it,” she said, pulling her mouth off of his. They were face-to-face, their noses practically touching. “There you go. Right there, baby. Right there.”

Her encouragement didn’t help him stay calm. In fact it got him more excited, causing him to move faster against her. Which he was starting to think was her purpose all along, as the more quickly he moved against her the more she talked, which just got him going even faster, to which she replied by talking even more. She had to know what she was doing to him.

“Give it to me,” she said, her voice louder now, more intense, pushing him further and faster with every word. “Fuck me with the big cock of yours. That’s right. Like you mean it. Yes! Yes! Yes!”

Matthew was giving it to her with everything he had now, his cock slamming into her pussy with every bit of force he could muster.

“God-dammit!” she screamed, losing herself for the first time. “That feels so fucking good! Fuck, fuck, fuck! I’m gonna fucking cum, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t fucking stop!”

He couldn’t stop, not now. It felt too damn good to even think about slowing down, let alone stopping. And her being so into it just turned him on even further. Right about now Matthew was a speeding train that had lost all its brakes. There was only one thing that could end his ride. The end of the line.

They got there at almost exactly the same time, her body shaking and shimmying beneath him just as he tensed up in anticipation of finishing up for good. Her gyrations put him over the edge, causing him to shoot his seed inside her without the usual extended moment of anticipation before release.

“Not bad,” she said between large gulps of air after they’d stopped moving against each other. “Not bad at all.”

Smiling, Matthew climbed off of her and dropped onto the covers next to her. He was proud of himself. He wasn’t sure exactly why, but he felt good nonetheless. Far different than the guilt he usually felt after orgasm.

She turned on her side and looked over at him. “You did good, kid. Surprisingly good, actually.”

“Thanks,” he said, feeling his face growing red. He was never very good at taking compliments.

“So what do you say? Should we try this again tomorrow. Say, around noon?”

“I can probably do that,” he said. “But I need to know one thing before I commit to anything.”

“Just one?”

“For now.”

“Then fire away,” she said.

“What’s your name?”

She looked at him and smiled. “Danielle.”

Matthew nodded approvingly. The name fit her perfectly. “Pleased to meet you, Danielle. I’m Matthew.”

“I know,” Danielle said.

“You do?”

“Of course,” she said. “Do you think I’d just bring home a stranger to fuck?”

“Well, I . . .” Matthew stammered.

“I’ve had my eye on you for a while, Matthew T. Carter. Quite a while, indeed. Of course, if I would have known how big that hand cannon you keep beneath your pants was, I would have manufactured our little collision quite a bit sooner.”

He tilted his head and eyed her carefully. “You planned this whole thing out?”

“More or less,” she said. “This morning was supposed to be the first of many accidental occurrences that would have inevitably led to the same situation that played out here today, but lucky for me things turned out differently than I had planned, so I sped up the process a bit.”

“How’d you know I go along with it?”

“Please,” she said with a smirk. “What young man wouldn’t take the opportunity I was affording him? Anyone you know?”

He had to admit, she had him there. “No, I guess not,” he said with a little chuckle.

“Of course they wouldn’t,” Danielle said. “Just as none would pass up the chance to continue the affair.”

“You’re that confident I’ll keep on coming over, huh?”

“Absolutely,” she said. “Especially once you’ve had a night to think about where we’re going to go from here.”

“You mean it gets better?”

“Well it sure as hell isn’t going to get worse. Not with what I’ve got planned.”

“And what is that, exactly?”

“You’ll just have to come back to find out,” Danielle said. “But let’s just say that today was just the tip of the iceberg. I’ve got a thousand little tricks I can teach you, if you’ll just give me the chance.”

“Like what?” he asked. “Just give me one example.”

Smiling, she leaned over and started whispering in his ear. Just a couple sentences, but they were enough to make his cock stir around, even though they hadn’t been done for more than minute.

He laughed and shook his head. “Who in their right mind would pass up something like that?”

“Who indeed?” Danielle said.

“Certainly not me,” Matthew said.

“So I’ll see you again tomorrow?”

“Do we have to wait that long?” he said, half-jokingly.

“Unfortunately I already have plans for the rest of the day,” she said. “Otherwise we could hang out and screw around until night fell. But as it is, I’m already running late, so I’m going to have to call an end to day one of your education.”

“That’s too bad.”



“Not necessarily,” Danielle said. “You can actually make it work to your advantage if you go home and do a little homework tonight.”

“What kind of homework?”

“Just a bit of studying.”

“What?”

“Positions. Things you’d like to do to me. Things you’d like me to do to you. Tomorrow we’re going to see how you react when you have control.”

Matthew’s face started to flush.

“But first you need to figure out how to get over your embarrassment,” she said. “Because I’m certainly not going to start mincing my words. If anything, I’m going to get more blatant, more bold as we go along. And I expect you to also. Do you think you can handle that?”

“I can sure try.”

“That’s not good enough,” Danielle said. “You need to figure it out. And right quick. Otherwise you might end up paying the price.”

“And what price is that?”

“You don’t want to know,” she said, flashing him an evil smile. “Of course, after you experience it, you might like it. After all, like I said earlier, it truly is impossible to know if you like something until you try it. And I seem to have a way of making people like it, no matter how much they think they won’t. I can make pretty much anything feel good.”

“I have no doubt about that,” Matthew said.

“All right, that’s enough chit-chat,” Danielle said, giving him a little peck on the cheek before climbing up and out of the bed. “I’ve got to get out of here. You can show yourself out I presume?”

“Not a problem.”

“And I’ll see you tomorrow?”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Matthew said.

“I knew you wouldn’t,” Danielle replied, looking over her shoulder and flashing him a smile as she made her way into the bathroom. “I’ll be expecting you around noon.”

“I’ll see you then,” he said, rolling out of bed himself. He made his way downstairs, gathered up his clothes, and put them on. With the sound of the shower filling the house he looked around one last time, laughed softly, then shook his head and made his way out the back door.

Matthew started jogging back towards his house, feeling a thousand things at once, and not one of them bad. He had a big smile on his face. For once he had homework that he was looking forward to doing. Life was good. And it was about to get even better. A whole lot better.

He couldn’t wait for day two.

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## **BANGING IN THE SHOWER**

SCOTTY DIGGLER

Bella and I had just finished our first date when she invited me over to her place to hang out some more. I quickly accepted, and not only because she was an incredibly gorgeous 22-year old woman with Latin features, long black hair, amazingly tight body and caramel-colored skin, but she was incredibly cool too, wry and witty with a self-deprecating sense of humor, just like me.

She led me inside and sat me down on her couch but remained standing, looking down on me, a little half-smile on her lips.

“Do you want something to drink?” she asked in her sexy, throaty voice. “Beer? Wine? Something harder?”

“Whatever you’re having,” I said.

“Wine it is, then,” Bella said. She smiled and patted my knee and headed towards the kitchen.

I had to stare at her firm little ass working behind her tight dress as she walked. I just couldn’t help myself.

She cast a glance over her shoulder and caught me staring at her. I started to blush, but she just smiled and said, “Take your socks and shoes

off. Get comfortable.”

I couldn't turn down a request like that, so I did as she'd asked while she poured two glasses of wine and made her way back to the couch.

We drank our wine and talked a bit, not about anything important, just shooting the shit. I wanted to make some sort of a move on her but that just wasn't my thing. It never has been. Luckily for me, it was hers.

We had just finished our wine when I held out my hand so she could hand me her glass. “Another one?” I asked.

“No,” Bella said. “I'm good on wine.”

“O-kay,” I said, drawing the word out. From her tone I figured I'd missed my chance and now the night was going to come to a quick end. As it turned out, I couldn't have been more wrong.

“So what now?” I asked. “Do you want to watch some television? Listen to music?”

“Actually, I'm feeling pretty dirty,” Bella said, standing up. “I think I need to take a shower. Do you want to join me?”

I was caught completely off guard. But I managed to say, “I'd love to,” without sputtering and hopefully without too much surprise showing up on my face.

“Then let's go,” she said, holding out her hand. I took it and she helped me to my feet then led me down the hall.

She led me into the bathroom and started the shower. It was a huge shower, at least ten feet long, with two heads, each on an opposite wall.

As the water warmed up, Bella slipped out of her black dress, revealing nothing underneath but a beige g-string. As I stood staring at her, mesmerized by her ridiculously tight body, she dropped to her knees, right there on the tile floor of the bathroom. She had my belt undone and my pants down around my ankles within seconds and my cock in her hand shortly after that.

After jerking me off for a bit to get me hard, she smacked my cock against her cheek a couple of times, then licked the underside of my shaft, beginning near my balls and making her way towards the tip.

I sucked in a deep breath and held it as she worked my cock, torturing me by moving slowly and gently over it with her tongue, paying attention to every centimeter of it, in no hurry at all.

“Holy shit that feels good,” I said under my breath.

Her eyes lit up and I could see she was smiling, even as she continued working my cock. She was obviously enjoying herself, although I suspected she just enjoyed torturing me.

Looking up at me, maintaining eye contact, she dropped her head further down and started working on my balls, sucking on them one at a time while she continued jerking me off with deliberate hand movements.

I took another deep breath and let it out slowly in an attempt to control my breathing. It was only moderately successful.

After playing with my cock and balls for a little while longer, Bella slowly climbed to her feet, kissing my stomach and chest as she made her way up. With her hand still grasping my rock-hard cock, she turned around so her back was to me and smacked my cock against her ass a couple of times, her upper body turned towards me so she could watch my face as she messed with me.

“I think the water’s hot enough now,” she said in her sexy, throaty voice. “Do you think you can help me get my panties off?”

“I’ll see what I can do,” I said, trying to play it cool despite the excitement coursing through my veins.

I hooked my fingers around the waist of her g-string and bent down, dropping to my knees, slowly peeling her panties off as I went. Once I had them off, her amazing, impossibly firm ass was right in front of my face.

I couldn’t just let the opportunity pass me by, especially after what she’d already done to me. So I gently pushed her legs further apart, then put one hand on each of her asscheeks, spread them wide, then buried my face in her ass.

“Oh my,” Bella said, still sounding in total control, as she had all night. “That was unexpected.”

Smiling at her reaction to my little maneuver, I went to work on her pussy with my tongue, running it up and down her snatch, increasing the speed with every pass. Once she was good and wet, I pressed my face forward, burying my tongue inside her.

With my tongue deep in her pussy, I looked up the length of her body to see how she was reacting to my intrusion. Due to her lack of vocalization, it was difficult to tell.

From what I could see with my limited point of view, her arms were locked out against the wall and her head was thrown back, spilling her hair down over her shoulder and down her back. She certainly seemed to be enjoying herself. So I forced my tongue further inside her.

This got a reaction from her, in the form of a gasp and a low moan. Plus she pushed her ass further back against my face, forcing my tongue even further inside her pussy and practically smothering me with her flesh.

As the water rained down in the shower, waiting for us to enter, I held my face against Bella's insides, unable to breath but not caring in the least, tasting her sweet muskiness as she grinded her ass against me.

At some point—I'm not sure how long; time is funny when you're face is buried in a woman's ass—I couldn't take it anymore and I had to get some air into my lungs. So I pulled back and took a deep breath.

I was just about to dive in again when she grabbed my arms and pulled me to my feet. Turning around, she pulled my shirt off then pressed her body up against mine, her small, firm tits pushing against my chest and my cock rubbing up against her stomach.

“Thanks for that,” she said, smiling up at me, our eyes locked together. “You caught me off guard a little bit.”

“What? You didn’t expect that from me?”

“I don’t expect that from any man,” she said. “At least, not after just one date.”

“Then I guess you haven’t been with the right men,” I said.

“Apparently not,” she replied, laughing softly. “Now come on in,” she continued, gesturing towards the shower. “It’s time to get all wet and slippery.”

Bella turned and opened the door to the shower. Then she grabbed ahold of my cock and used it to lead me inside.

Once we were inside the shower, with the water beading down on us, we got things ramped up again.

We started slowly, kissing and making out while the water sprayed down us, enjoying the slipperiness provided from the effects of water on skin. Half a minute later, Bella’s hand ventured down to my still-hard cock and started to rub it while still exploring my mouth with her tongue.



In reply, I ran my hand down Bella's stomach and started rubbing her pussy. I used two fingers to work her snatch, occasionally changing up the pressure to keep things interesting. With our lips still attached, I could feel her breath getting shorter as I moved my fingers in and out of her.

Two minutes later, Bella abruptly pulled my fingers out of her pussy and stuck them in her mouth. Staring at me the whole time, she licked my fingers clean of her juices.

"I love the taste of my pussy," she said, our eyes locked together.

"So do I," I said. "In fact, I'm thinking about going back down and getting another drink from the source."

"As much as I appreciate the offer, I'd prefer if you saved that for later," Bella said. "Because right now I need that nice, hard cock of yours inside of me."

"If you insist," I replied.

"I do," Bella said, flashing me a nasty little smile. She backed herself up against the shower wall and put her foot on the bench built into it, opening herself up to me. Then she beckoned me over with her finger.

I walked over and pressed my body against hers. She immediately grabbed ahold of my cock and guided it towards her waiting pussy. It slid in with just a hint of resistance. We both let out simultaneous gasps as I entered her.

“Fuck me with that big cock of yours,” Bella said, her voice still controlled, as it had been all night. She wrapped her leg around my waist, leaving her to balance on one leg. “Slowly. Inch by inch. I want to feel all of it.”

Even though she was dripping wet (and not just from the water pouring over us) I did as she asked, working my cock deliberately, sliding in and out of her pussy from tip to base with every thrust, letting her feel my whole length with every stroke.

“Holy shit that feels fucking incredible,” Bella said, her arms draped around my neck to keep her balance. Our faces were centimeters apart. “I love the way your cock feels inside me.”

She leaned in and planted her lips on mine, kissing me and running her hands through my hair as we continued to fuck. Her tongue grew more insistent, which in turn made me more excited, resulting in me slamming my cock into her with ever-increasing urgency.

The silkiness slipperiness of Bella’s water-covered skin was amazing. I couldn’t keep my hands off it, moving from her firm, amazing tits to her stomach to her legs to her back. Just touching her was turning me on so much that I had to mix things up before it was too late.

So I grabbed her around the hips and lifted her up and pressed her against the wall. She, in turn, hooked her other leg around my hips, to help

hold herself up. Once she was settled in, I hooked my arms under her ass to complete the setup.

With me holding her up I was able to fuck her with more intensity, pounding my cock into her pussy deeper than before.

“That’s right,” she said, her voice still controlled but insistent. “There you go. Give it to me like you mean it. Harder, baby. Harder.”

So I did, hammering my cock into her pussy with more aggressiveness. We got into a perfect rhythm, our bodies working in time, both of our hips coming towards each other, coming together at the exact right moment.

Wet, slapping sounds filled the shower every time our bodies came together and our groans and grunts echoed everywhere.

“Just like that, just like that,” Bella said, more adamantly now. Her controlled demeanor was starting to crack for the first time all night. “Holy shit I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna fucking cum!”

And cum she did, letting out a deep moan a few seconds later then biting down on her bottom lip and shivering for a few seconds. It was a subdued orgasm, as was her style, but it was an orgasm nonetheless.

Once it had passed Bella unhooked her legs from around my waist and slipped down to the floor of the shower. She kept going, letting my cock slip out of her pussy and dropping to her knees in front of me.

“I want to lick my pussy juices off your cock,” she said, looking up at me. “Is that okay with you?”

Smiling widely, I nodded my head and she went to work with her tongue, running it up and down my cock. Once it was clean she took my cock in her mouth, just the tip at first, then more and more of it until it had completely disappeared.

I stood there with the water beating down on me and Bella deepthroating me for what seemed like an eternity before she released her hold on my cock.

“Holy fucking shit,” I said, marveling at Bella’s abilities.

“Did you like that, baby?” she said, her eyes twinkling and her mouth turned up in a little smile.

“I fucking love it,” I said.

“Not as much as I do,” Bella replied.

“Oh, I doubt that,” I said, smiling.

“Are you ready for some more?” she asked.

“Not yet,” I replied.

“But I thought you liked it?” Bella said, pouting.

“I do, I do,” I said. “But I liked it a little too much. And I want to mess around some more before I finish up.”

“Are you serious?” Bella asked.

“Completely,” I replied.

“Damn,” she said, laughing and shaking her head. “I *really* haven’t ever met a man like you before.”

“I told you,” I said, lifting Bella to her feet. Once she was up, I backed her to the bench and sat her down, then sat down on the floor of the shower in front of her. I opened her legs wide and started eating her pussy.

I love eating women out because there's no danger of finishing, so you can just relax and go to work without having to worry about cumming. Plus most women enjoy it just as much, if not more, than actual sex. So the way I saw things, it was a win-win.

Certainly, Bella was enjoying it. She was moaning and groaning louder than she had all night, especially when I mixed things up, like suck on her clit or stick a couple fingers inside her and finger-fuck her while I ate her out.

At one point, Bella grabbed ahold of my hair and held me between her legs, smashing me against her pussy. While she held me in place, she pushed her hips forward and rode my rigid tongue, grinding against me with serious force.

Half a minute later she unleashed a guttural groan that was more intense than any other sound she'd made all night.

“Ho-ly shit,” she said shortly after, her voice missing the control it had maintained all night up until that point. “Right there, right fucking there,” she practically screamed. “Don't you fucking stop. Don't you dare fucking stop!”

I had no plans on stopping even before she'd said anything, but just to be sure, she wrapped her legs around my neck so I couldn't move.

Bella grinded against my face harder and faster than ever as she rose towards another orgasm. Her pussy was soaking wet, drenching me as much as the water from the shower was, her juices covering my face.

And then she was there. She sucked in a sharp gasp of air, then her body froze for a few seconds before she exhaled and her pussy released another wave of wetness, soaking me even further.

Bella released her leg-lock on my head and used my hair to pull me to my knees, so my cock was pressing against her. Breathing deeply, her body still shuddering and her eyes locked on mine, she grabbed ahold of my cock and guiding it towards her pussy. Without saying a word, she slipped my cock inside her and aggressively shoved her tongue into my mouth.

I was close to cumming by now so I didn't waste any time going slow. I immediately started hammering away at her pussy, giving my cock to her in long, fast strokes while we continued to make out. My hand moved up her smooth, wet stomach and I grabbed ahold of her tit and gave it a squeeze in an attempt to relieve some of the tension in my body but it didn't help at all. I was too far along to slow down.

I grabbed ahold of her legs and threw them over my shoulders, giving me more leverage. With my hands still squeezing Bella's tits, I fucked her with everything I had, pounding her pussy, giving her my cock balls-deep.

“Holy shit,” I said under my breath. It was just about that time. And Bella knew it too.

“It’s your turn, baby,” she said, staring directly at me. “It’s your turn to cum. Are you ready?”

I nodded vigorously.

“Then cum inside me,” Bella said. “I want to feel your cum inside me.”

I did as she asked, thrusting my hips forward one last time and then holding my body in place with my cock deep inside her pussy. I shuddered slightly as I came, my breath releasing in a rush, then shivered for a few seconds as I finished releasing.

“Wow,” Bella said once we’d decoupled from each other and stood back up. “Just, wow.”

“Yeah,” I said, laughing. “Tell me about it.”

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but you were way better than I was expecting,” she said.

“Don’t worry, I hear that all the time,” I said.

“Well you won’t be hearing it from me ever again,” Bella said, planting a kiss on my lips. “Because next time I’ll be expecting it.”

A satisfied smile wormed its way onto my face. “Next time,” I said. “I like the sound of that.”



“Yep,” Bella said, returning my grin. “And the time after that, and the time after that, and the time after that too.”

The sound of our laughs filled up the shower.

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## **THE DIRTY LITTLE SLUT GETS MANHANDLED**

MISTY ROSE

One of the coolest things about being a dirty little slut is you are constantly surprising people. And not only people that haven't met you before, but people you've been with multiple times.

The key to being a *true* dirty slut, however, is the ability to surprise people that you've banged multiple times before. Take Chris, for example. I've been with him four times before, and he's pretty damn good in the sack. Even though we've done some pretty fucked-up things, he still has no idea how depraved I can be. We've never gotten too crazy, even though I get a strong sense that he'd like to.

Every time I'm with him I keep waiting for him to take things a little further and I can tell that he wants too also. I think he's just holding back because we don't know each other all that well and it's a pretty big leap to

take, going from fairly normal, hard sex to roughing a girl up, especially since we've only fucked a couple of times, and a few months apart to boot. But that's what I'm in the mood for tonight. And since Chris is the only man I've been able to get a hold of tonight, he's just going to have to give me what I want. Whether he likes it or not.

So after giving him a call and inviting him over to my place, I get myself ready then hang out on the couch with a bottle of wine while I wait for him to arrive.

At just before 8pm there's a knock on my door. I put my wine glass and the now-empty bottle of wine back in the kitchen, then head over and answer it.

I open the door and just stand there, staring at Chris, and more importantly, letting him stare at me. I'm wearing a cutoff, blue-and-white striped long sleeve t-shirt that barely covers my small but perky tits and shows off my perfectly tanned, washboard stomach and blue panties that show off my long, shapely legs and tight ass.

For his part, Chris is dressed up in a collared shirt and slacks, looking long and lean and sexy as usual. His dark hair is longer than the last time I'd seen him, almost reaching his shoulders, making his already angular features seem even more chiseled.

“So are you going to come in or just stand there looking at me?” I say, giving him a little bit of attitude.

A little grin shows up on his face and he steps inside the room. “It’s good to see you, too,” he says, his tone sarcastic.

“So what’s on tap for this evening?” I ask after we make our way over towards the couch. But we don’t sit down, we just stand there, looking at each other, both with little smirks on our face.

“Whatever you want,” Chris replies.

“Do you really mean that?” I say.

Chris nods but he’s a little apprehensive about it, probably due to my tone.

I flash him a devilish smile. “Are you sure?”

“I thought so,” he says. “But with the way you’re looking at me right now, I’m not so sure anymore.”

“Well you’d better be,” I say. “Otherwise I’ll just have to go find someone else to give me what I need.”

“And what is it that you need, exactly?” he asks.

“I need to get punished,” I say. “Do you think you can punish me?”

“Oh, I could probably do that,” Chris says, his eyes lighting up and his grin growing larger.

Yep, just like I thought. He's totally into that sort of thing. But I still need to push him further, to get him in the correct mindset to truly let it go.

"Probably? Or definitely?"

"I can sure as hell try," he says.

"That's not good enough," I say. "If we're going to do this, I need to know that you can take things all the way. I mean, really lay into me."

"I can do that," Chris says, the look on his face displaying the attitude that I knew was always right below the surface.

"How much can you give me?"

"Whatever you can take," Chris replies.

"Shit, you know I can take whatever your pathetic ass can dish out," I say, knowing that he'll take the challenge to heart. He's definitely one of those macho guys that has to accept every front to his ego head on. Without exception. He was just born and bred that way.

Chris's eyes light up even further. "You talk a big game," he says. "But I don't think you can truly handle me."

"I always have before."

"That's because I always took it easy on you."

"And why is that? Do you think you're going to break me or something?"

He just shrugs. But he is grinning and his eyes are lit up. He thinks he's too much for me. Time to put him in his place.

"You think you're a badass but you ain't shit," I say, knowing just how hard he's going to try and prove me wrong. Which is exactly the point. "I've had 18-year old girls rough me up more than you're going to."

"Is that how you want it?" he says, his smile growing wider. "Rough?"

"As rough as you can make it."

"No holds barred?"

"None."

"I can do anything to you I want?"

"Anything at all," I say, walking towards him. "Choking, slapping, hair-pulling, and more. The whole nine yards."

"I don't know," he says, backing up slightly as I approached, suddenly apprehensive.

"I knew it," I say. "You're all talk. When it comes to doing the deed you just don't have the balls."

His grin takes on a harder edge. I'm starting to get to him. Time to pour it on.

"You're scared," I say. "I can see it in your eyes. You don't think I can take what you have in mind."

"I know you can't," he says.

“Try me,” I say. “Fucking try me and let’s find out who’s right and who’s wrong.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” he says, suddenly yanking my shirt off, exposing my small, perky tits. My nipples are already rock hard. He fondles one of my tits and roughly pinches my nipple, forcing a gasp from my throat. Then, without warning, he slaps down on it.

I bite down on my bottom lip and let out a little moan. It hurts for just a moment before fading into pleasure.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about,” I say, smiling wickedly. “Do it again.”

Grinning back at me, Chris slaps down on my tit again, harder this time.

“Harder,” I say.

So he does, hard enough that the sound echoes about the room.

“Harder,” I say again, even though tears are leaking out of my eyes and my tit already stings. “Like you mean it.”

He obliges.

“Is that all you got?” I ask.

Grinning wickedly now, he does it again. And again. And again, forcing me to flinch more every time.

But then, at just the right time, he stops. Chris is smart enough to know that mixing pleasure in with the pain keeps things infinitely more

interesting.

Bending down, Chris leans forward and takes my raw nipple in his mouth, sucking on it gently, my pleasure heightened because of the sudden absence of pain. But he doesn't let me feel good for too long.

Rising up, he lets my nipple pop out of his mouth, then goes to work on my other tit, slapping away at it until I'm just about to go over the edge between pleasure and pain before bringing me back down by caressing my nipple with his mouth.

"Not bad," I say. "Not bad at all. But still I need more."

"Don't worry," Chris says, spinning me around so my back is to him. "You're gonna get it."

He grabs my arms and pulls them behind my back. Then, holding my wrists together against my back with one hand, he uses his free hand to pull off his belt.

"Let's see how you like this," he says as he wraps his belt around my wrists in an interlocking fashion and then tightens it, incapacitating my arms behind my back before spinning me around so I'm facing him again.

"I fucking love it," I say, smiling widely.

Without warning, Chris grabs ahold of my throat and starts to squeeze, not so much that I can't breathe, but not lightly either. With his other hand, he slaps my face. The sound fills the room like a gunshot.

After taking a moment to let me recover, Chris slaps me again. He's squeezing my throat more tightly, making it extremely difficult to breathe. But still he doesn't let up, slapping me again.

I can feel my face turning red as I try in vain to get air into my lungs. But still I don't want him to stop, which is a good thing because it doesn't appear that he has any intention of doing so.

He slaps me again. And again.

Chris is squeezing my throat with everything he has now, making it impossible for me to breathe. Even though the rational part of my brain knows that I'm not in any danger, my body rebels against the lack of air, my arms straining against their bonds, but I can't break free.

With my hands bound behind my back there's nothing I can do to stop Chris from exerting his will over me. I can only hope that he lets me breathe before it's too late. He is no longer slapping my face, but he's still pinching my throat with his fingers.

Staring directly at me, his face inches from mine, he carefully watches my eyes as I slip towards unconsciousness.

"This is what you want, isn't it?" Chris says, his voice sounding tinny and far away to my ears.

I try to nod my head but I can't move it.



The world starts to gray around the edges and now I can no longer hold my head upright. A couple seconds later the world goes black.

The next thing I know, everything around me is in ultra-bright colors as I gasp and cough, trying to get air into my lungs. My entire body is tingling from the sensation, from my head to my toes and everything in between. And my pussy is wetter than it's ever been in my life, soaking my panties as though they've just been through the washing machine.

Chris takes advantage of my wetness, sliding my panties down my legs then slipping two fingers into my pussy.

I let out a loud gasp as he starts to bang away at my insides, not even bothering to take things slowly.

It isn't long before he adds a third finger into the mix, then a fourth, jamming them into my soaking wet pussy and hammering away at my snatch without mercy while my body shakes and shimmies and I gasp for breath as an orgasm quickly builds inside me.

But Chris doesn't stop there.

After destroying my pussy with four fingers for half a minute, he turns up the heat, again reaching out with his free hand and wrapping it around my throat.

Staring at me, his eyes locked onto mine, Chris chokes me while continuing to mercilessly hammer my pussy with his fingers, his whole

hand practically inside me now.

The pleasure I'm feeling combined with my lack of air supply is intoxicating and it brings me to within inches of cumming again. Before I know it, I'm right on the edge, my body tight and tense, just waiting for the cue to release.

And then it comes, as Chris lets go off my throat but continues banging away at my pussy.

I let out a deep growl as an orgasm pours through my body, causing me to shake and shimmy and shoot a river of juices out of my pussy and all over the floor.

“Holy fucking shit!” I moan as my body starts to recover. “That was fucking incredible!”

But Chris isn't satisfied. Without so much as even acknowledging my declarations of pleasure, he spins me around so I'm facing the wall then shoves me up against it. With my face and chest against the wall, Chris presses his body up against mine, his hard cock (which is still trapped in his pants) pushing up against my lower back.

“Is this what you want?” Chris says, his mouth right against my ear. “To be held up against the wall and fucked without mercy?”

“It's exactly what I want,” I say.

“Yeah, I bet it is,” Chris says. “Because you're a filthy fucking slut.”

“That’s right,” I say. “The filthiest.”

“Tell me you want my cock,” he says.

“I want it,” I said, my voice an exaggerated whine. “Please give it to me.”

“What do you want?” he asks, taunting me, playing with me.

“You know,” I say, playing coy.

“Tell me,” he says. “I want to hear you say it.”

“I want your cock,” I say, rubbing my ass back against him. I can feel his cock pressing even harder against his jeans now. I can’t wait to feel it pounding away at me.

“Where do you want it?” Chris says.

“Inside of me.”

“Say it again. I want to hear it again.”

“I want your cock inside of me,” I say, my voice radiating need. “Please give it to me. Please.”

“Soon,” he says. “But not yet.”

And with that, Chris grabs a handful of my hair and uses it to lead me across the room towards the couch.

Once we’re there, he hooks one arm under my knees and the other around my waist and picks me up. After spinning me around, he drops me onto the couch. I’m upside down and backwards, my back resting on the

cushions with my still-bound arms between them, my head hanging off the front of the couch, where the legs usually go, and my legs draped over the back, where the head usually is.

Once I'm in position, Chris pulls his pants off and drops to his knees. His cock is stiff as a board and resting on the underside of my chin. He grabs ahold of his shaft and smacks me with his cock a couple of times and then slides it into my mouth.

Chris proceeds to fuck my face, going full-bore right from the get-go, slamming his cock in and out of my mouth in a fast but steady rhythm. After a little while, he grabs ahold of my tits for more leverage and hammers his cock into my mouth with more intensity, his balls slapping against my nose with every thrust.

With my head hanging upside-down, there's nothing I can do to stop the saliva from pouring out of my mouth. It's dripping down my face, getting into my eyes and nose, coating my features, turning me into a disgusting, drooling, coughing mess.

But Chris doesn't slow down one bit, pumping my mouth a few more times before slamming his cock into me balls-deep, forcing me to deepthroat him.

"That's right," Chris says. "Take it. Take my whole fucking cock in your throat."

His cock is deep inside my throat for a full five seconds before I start to gag and try to pull away. But Chris is having none of it. Leaning forward, he forces his cock even deeper inside my throat, something I didn't think was possible.

"You wanted it rough," he says. "So now you're getting it."

I gag again, a little more deeply this time, and my legs start banging against the back of the couch. I'm doing everything I can to squirm away but I simply don't have any leverage at all in my current position and don't make any progress.

Chris holds his cock in my throat for at least another five seconds before finally pulling off. Smiling, he stares down at me as I cough and gasp, searching for air.

"Was that too much?" he asks, letting his tough-guy façade slip for a moment.

"Hell no," I reply, matching his grin. "I'm loving every minute of this."

Laughing, Chris shakes his head. "You're out of control."

"Just keep it coming," I say. "I can take more."

"If you insist," Chris says.

After getting back into character, he grabs me by the ankles and pulls my legs up further, so my head is lying atop the couch instead of hanging down. Once I'm in position, he steps forward and puts his knees on the couch and

squats down, straddling my head so his ass right above my face and his balls are hovering over my mouth.

“Suck on my balls,” says, dropping them down onto my mouth.

“With pleasure,” I say, taking the whole package into my mouth, sucking on both of his balls at once.

Chris moans as I work his balls, sucking and slurping on them, my tongue moving around to keep him on his toes.

This goes on for a full minute before Chris is ready to move on. He rises up a bit, popping his balls from my mouth, then spits on my face and uses his cock to rub in the saliva in before smacking me with it a couple of times.

Then, without any further warning, drops his ass down, using my face as a seat cushion.

I immediately go to work on his asshole, licking it up and down and around the edges while he hovers above me.

“Goddamn that feels so fucking good,” Chris says. After a couple of deep, shuddering breaths, he says, “Stick your tongue out. I want to ride your fucking tongue.”

I do as I’m told, making my tongue rigid and sticking it out of my mouth.

“There you go,” Chris says, rubbing his ass back and forth along my face, riding my tongue with his asshole. “Don’t fucking move.”

Chris grinds on my face for a little bit, his asshole getting wider and wider with every pass, until finally it’s wide enough to accept the tip of my tongue inside it.

He moans softly and stops grinding. Reaching down, he spreads his ass cheeks, opening himself further up to me, then drops his full weight onto my face, smothering me with his ass, my tongue sliding a good two inches into his anus.

“Holy fucking shit,” Chris says. A few seconds later, he goes to work on my tits, smacking away at them while I continue tonguing his asshole. He’s trying to take his mind off of cumming by turning his attention to my tits, but I don’t think he’s having any success. From the way his body is tensed up, I think he’s right on the verge of cumming.

My suspicions are confirmed a short time later, when he suddenly jumps up off of my face, forcing my tongue out of his asshole. I watch with amusement as he grips his cock tightly but that doesn’t seem to be working, so he gives it a couple of good, hard smacks to calm it down.

“Did it work?” I ask, smiling at him from my upside down position.

“For the time being,” he says.

“It better have,” I say, messing with him just a bit. “Because I still need more from you.”

“Maybe you do,” he says. “But I’m not sure how much more I can give you. I’m ready to cum and I haven’t even fucked you yet.”

“Then let’s take care of that,” I say.

“I’ll give it a shot,” Chris says. “But I don’t know how much longer I can hold out.”

“Don’t worry about the length of time,” I say. “Just worry about how hard and rough you can get. That’s what really matters to me at this point.”

Chris takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. “All right,” he says. “If you insist.”

“I do, I do,” I say, grinning at him. “I want you to fuck me with everything you have. I want you to punish me. To break me in half.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” Chris says. He takes a series of deep breaths and lets them out quickly, getting himself back into the right mindset. Once that’s done, he undoes his belt, releasing my arms from their trapped position behind my back, then spins me around on the couch and positions me so my knees are on the cushions and my arms are gripping the back of the couch and my ass is facing him.

“Are you ready to get fucked?” he asks, smacking my ass with an open palm.



“Fuck yes,” I reply. “I can’t wait.”

Chris slaps my ass again, this time on the other cheek. He grabs me by the hips and pulls my body back a little bit and pushes my legs open further. Then he slides his cock into me.

We both let out simultaneous groans as he enters me, his cock filling up my soaking wet pussy. He immediately starts hammering away at me from behind, slamming his cock deep inside me, his hips bouncing up against my ass with serious force.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I cry. “Pound me with your fucking cock! Pound me with it!”

And pound me he does, his hands on my hips to pull me backwards as he thrusts forward, our flesh smacking together loud enough to fill the room with sounds of wetness.

“Give it to me, give it to me!” I cry. “Fuck that pussy like there’s no tomorrow. Punish it, fucking punish it!”

I tilt my head back, sending my hair spilling down my shoulders. Chris immediately grabs ahold of my hair and gives it a harsh tug, tilting my chin towards the ceiling.

“That’s right, that’s right,” I cry. “Pull my hair! Pull my fucking hair!”

I can hear him grunting more loudly now as he approaches orgasm. But I still need more from him if I’m going to cum again before he does.

“Come on you little piece of shit!” I yell. “You can do better than this. Fuck me harder! I need it harder! Show me what you got!”

Chris lets out a deep growl starts fucking me with even more intensity, his body slamming into mine so hard that I can barely breath while he rears back and yanks on my hair, stretching my neck out and forcing me to arch my spine and tilt my chin higher towards the ceiling to relieve some of the pressure.

“That’s it,” I scream. “That’s it! But you can do it harder still! Come on, you can give it to me harder! Fuck me like you mean it goddammit! Fuck me harder!”

“Yeah?” Chris says between breathless grunts. “You want it harder?”

“Yes!” I cry. “Yes, yes, yes, yes!”

Chris releases my hair and grabs me around and waist and lifts me up then drops me back down on the couch so I’m folded in half at the waist. Both my knees are still on the couch but now my head is down next to them, smashed in between the cushions where the backrest meets the seat.

Chris rises up higher, putting both feet on the couch for more leverage and altering the angle of his cock sliding into my pussy, allowing him to penetrate me more deeply. Towering over me now, he pushes on the back of my head, pressing my face deeper into the cushions while he continues to fuck me doggy style.

I'm grunting and groaning louder now, as Chris slams into me, fucking me with reckless abandon, his animalistic groans in time with his thrusts, my screams of pleasure muffled by the couch cushions.

Hammering away at me like a madman, Chris holds me down while he fucks me. Even though my arms are no longer bound behind my back, my positioning on the couch leaves me completely helpless, with no control whatsoever, which heightens my pleasure to the fullest, eventually bringing yet another orgasm crashing down on me.

I'm too far gone right now even for words. The sounds coming from my mouth are of the animalistic variety, grunts and groans and moans of ecstasy as Chris fucks me into oblivion. I turn my head slightly, allowing me to catch a glimpse of him as he slams into me and for some reason this puts me over the edge. I scream into the couch cushions as another orgasm quickly comes and goes, not as prolonged as the others but just as powerful.

But Chris still doesn't slow down. He's in his own world now, oblivious to my whims, to my wants, to my needs. Which is just fine by me. That's why I came to him tonight, after all, because I wanted to be owned, dominated, fucked into submission. And what a fine job he's doing.

It isn't long before Chris is ready to cum. He doesn't say anything specific, but I can tell from the way he's cursing under his breath and

hammering away at my ass with more urgency than ever before that he was right there.

“Cum inside me, baby,” I say, turning my head just enough so I catch his eyes with my own. “I want to feel your sperm inside me.”

He grunts in assent and slams his cock into me a couple more times before he lets out one last curse, sharp and harsh, then his body releases as his orgasm overtakes him.

Chris holds his cock deep inside me as he shoots his load, filling up my insides with his hot sperm, shooting out what seems like gallons of it while he slowly moves against me, wringing out every last little bit from his cock.

Once he’s finally run dry, he backs off, letting his cock slip out of my pussy. He flops down onto the couch next to me, gasping deeply, trying to refill his lungs with air.

With his sperm still filling me up, I spin around on the couch, so I’m sitting properly, positioned right next to him.

As Chris watches, I slip two fingers into my pussy and start exploring around, loosening myself up while I wait for gravity to do its work. A few seconds later, the process begins, and I slide my fingers out of my pussy and cup my hand right beneath it.

“Want to see something nasty?” I say.

Smiling, Chris nods his head.

As he looks on, I squeeze my insides, forcing his cum to drip out of my pussy and into the palm of my hand. Once there's a good portion in my palm, I bring my hand up to my mouth and lick it clean.

Chris laughs under his breath and shakes his head in amazement as I tilt my head back and swallow his cum down.

"Goddamn, you're so fucking nasty."

"You say that like you're surprised," I say.

"That's because I am," Chris replies. "Don't get me wrong, I knew you loved to fuck, but I had no idea you were *this* depraved."

"Hell, you haven't seen nuthin' yet," I say. "This was a 6, maybe a 7 on a scale of 10."

"So it gets even nastier than this?"

"Oh yeah," I say. "And maybe, if you're lucky, you'll experience it first hand."

"I can't wait," Chris says.

"Well, how long you have to wait is up to you."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean?" I ask. "How long until you're ready to go again?"

"Tonight?" he says.

"Sure," I reply. "Why not? Can't you go twice in one night?"

“Hell, I can go more than twice.”

“Prove it,” I say.

“I will,” he replies, smiling. “Just give me about fifteen minutes and I’ll be good to go again.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I say. “As long as you promise to be ready to turn it up a notch.”

“I do,” he says. “I absolutely do.”

“Good,” I say, standing up and taking his hand and heading towards the bathroom. “Then lets get ourselves cleaned up so we can get all dirty again.”

He’s got a huge smile on his face as he follows me into the bathroom. I start the shower and we climb in and it isn’t long before we’re going at it again.

Just another day in the life of a dirty slut.

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## **A PAIR OF DIRTY SLUTS**

DIRK ROCKWELL

The year was 1995 and Greg Hoffman was two months into his first semester of college down in San Diego. He had made quite a few friends but no real close ones. Not that he cared. He pretty much stayed to himself and wasn't concerned too much with how others saw him. Basically, he was comfortable in his own skin.

It was a Friday night in October and Greg was hanging out by himself in his dorm room, listening to Pearl Jam on his boombox when he heard the call coming from down the hallway.

“Party in room 216!” came the vaguely familiar voice. “Party in room 216! Everyone’s invited! Bring your own alcohol!”

*What the hell*, Greg thought to himself. He wasn't doing anything anyway. And despite his anti-social tendencies, he did like to party. Quite a bit.

He grabbed a water bottle filled with Hawaiian Punch mixed with vodka from his hiding place in the closet and headed down the hallway.

He passed Kyle's room on the way and stuck his head in. Kyle was the one person he'd connected with since school started and they hung out together pretty much all the time.

“Are you going to 216 for this party?” Greg asked.

“Nah, I'm going out with Carrie,” Kyle said.

“Have you heard anything about it?” Greg asked.

“Nope, not a thing,” Kyle replied. “I think it’s just a spur of the moment deal.”

“Cool,” Greg replied. “Catch you later. Have fun with Carrie.”

Kyle said he would and Greg continued on down the hall.

Because it was 7pm on a Friday night, the dorm was pretty empty. Most of the other young men were already out and about, getting drunk and hitting on whatever young women they could find.

Eventually Greg made his way to room 216. He knocked and was ushered in.

The small room was crowded, with about 20 of his fellow freshman—some with faces he recognized, some with ones he didn’t—sitting on the floor, cross-legged, most of whom had some kind of alcohol in their hand. The excitement was palpable, the room abuzz.

“What’s going on?” Greg asked, confused by the setup.

“Just sit down and get comfortable,” said a voice. He looked over towards the corner of the room and saw that the speaker was Seth Johnson, one of the inhabitants of room 216 and the craziest person he’d met so far. “You’ll find out soon enough.”

Greg shrugged and sat down, taking a spot as far away as possible from the others, near the door. He didn’t take part in the limited conversation. He



was content to watch the others. He'd always been more of an observer than a participant. That was just the way he rolled.

He took a sip of his drink and grimaced a bit as it went down. It was a strong-ass drink, with four full shots of vodka mixed in. A few drinks later, the bottle was half-empty and he was already starting to get a nice buzz going.

Five minutes later Seth nodded to Andy Leonard, his roommate, who was on the other side of the room. Andy nodded back, then turned and locked the door.

“Is everybody ready?” Seth asked, a wicked little grin on his face.

“Fuck yeah,” someone replied immediately. “Let’s get this show on the road!”

The rest of the room broke out in nervous laughter and a few other threw out their own versions of the same sentiment.

Meanwhile, Greg just sat and watched, feeling a bit weird about the situation. Something didn’t seem quite right but he couldn’t put his finger on it. The good thing was, he didn’t give a fuck what anyone else thought about him, so if things did indeed get too weird, he’d have no problem bailing out in a heartbeat, regardless of the catcalls he’d receive.

“All right, everybody shut up,” Seth said.

For the most part, the room complied.

There was another round of cheers as Seth grabbed something off the bookshelf and held it up above his head as though it was The Holy Grail itself. Greg realized it was a videotape.

“Behold!” Seth said. “Every young man’s dream! The reason why we all came to college!”

“What is it?” someone called out.

“What the fuck do you think it is?” Seth said. “It’s a fucking porno!”

The room erupted in cheers once again.

Greg shifted in his seat. He was no stranger to porn—he’d seen a few movies in high school—but he wasn’t real big on watching it in a roomful of young men, and relative strangers at that. But he took another sip of his punch and vodka mixture and decided to ride it out for the time being.

Seth slipped the videotape into the VCR and addressed the crowd. “Are you guys ready to see some tits and ass!” he bellowed.

The crowd roared “YES!” in unison, all except for Greg, who was still content to observe.

Seth pressed play and the video began.

It was a typical mid-90’s porno, with cheesy production values and a lame attempt at a plot. The pizza delivery boy delivered a pizza to a stacked blonde with huge fake tits and a tiny little body wearing nothing but lingerie

as she greeted him at the door. Less than a minute later they both had their clothes off and were going at it with reckless abandon.

Meanwhile, the room was buzzing more than ever. The young men were playing their part, laughing and chattering and throwing out catcalls every once in a while.

Greg was still feeling pretty uncomfortable, but not quite enough to take the step of leaving. At least, not yet. Despite knowing better, he was enjoying the movie, as he always had, turned on by the sheer nastiness on the screen and able to dismiss the cheesiness.

The group of young men in the room with him were a problem, yes, but not a big enough one for him to leave. It wasn't like he had a television in his dorm room, let alone a VCR. And even if he did, he still wouldn't have access to the kind of movies he was watching right now. Being in the company of twenty other young men was definitely an issue, but not a big enough one yet to cause a problem.

And then that all changed.

Always the ringleader, Seth pressed pause on the movie. He'd caught it at a horrible time (or perfect, if you thought he was just messing with everyone, as Greg did) with the camera focusing solely on the male talent's face, his mouth open and his eyes closed as he gave it to his female co-star.

A round of grunts and curses filled the room.

“Just hold on one minute,” Seth said. His mouth was turned up in a wry smile and he looked very pleased with himself. It was obvious he loved the attention.

“What’s the holdup?” someone said, his voice full of angst. Greg knew the speaker. It was a weasely little guy named Mark.

“Quiz time,” Seth said. “I want to see a show of hands for everyone who’s got a stiffy right now.”

“What?” Mark asked. “I don’t understand.”

“Raise your hand if you have a boner,” Andy said as though explaining a particularly easy math problem to a third-grader.

“Oh,” Mark said.

Nobody moved.

“Don’t lie,” Seth said. “We’re not starting this baby back up until I know the truth. From all of you.”

But still, nobody took the bait. It was as if nobody wanted to be the first one to admit to such a thing in the company of others.

Finally Mark said, “Fuck it,” and raised his hand high.

The seal now broken, the rest of the room threw their hands up into the air. Except Greg. He stood up and headed towards the door.

“What’s the matter, Greg?” Seth asked, his voice mocking. “You don’t have a boner?”

“It ain’t that,” Greg said, reaching for the door.

“Then what is it?” Seth said. “You think you’re too good for the rest of us?”

“I don’t think it,” Greg replied as he opened the door. “I know it.” And with that, he exited the room and shut the door behind him.

As he walked down the hall he could hear the combination of laughter and outrage coming from the room behind him. But he didn’t give a fuck. He was completely comfortable with himself and his decision. There would be plenty of other time for plenty of other porno movies. There was no reason to suffer through that debacle of a party just to get a glimpse of some tits and ass.

#

Two hours later Greg found himself outside of room 216 again. He’d had quite a bit to drink and decided he wanted to watch some porn, but without the cavalcade of young men around him.

Seth and Andy were long gone, having gone to a fraternity party being put on by the frat that Seth’s brother was in. Greg knew they wouldn’t be back for another couple of hours at least, and figured since he had nothing

else going on, he'd check to see if by chance they'd left their door unlocked.

They hadn't, of course, but they had left their window cracked open a bit. So Greg stuck his hand in the opening and pushed it open, then crawled inside the room.

Once in, he didn't waste any time. Greg closed the window, made sure the blinds were closed, then turned on the TV. The video was still in the VCR, so Greg pressed play. He fast-forwarded through the crap and got straight to the sex.

A few minutes later he had a raging boner. He undid his zipper and pulled his cock out and was servicing himself, just looking to finish up and get the hell out of the room before anyone else showed up.

He was getting pretty close to the edge when there was a knock on the door.

Greg cursed under his breath and stuffed his cock back into his pants. It obviously wasn't Seth or Andy, as they wouldn't have knocked on their own door. He had no idea who it could be and he didn't really want to find out. Nothing good could come from him answering the door, so he just stayed put.

"We know you're in there," said a female voice.

Greg's heart began pounding even harder.

“Yeah,” said a different voice, this one female too. “We can see the light from the TV.”

“And we can hear the voices too,” said the original voice.

Panicking, Greg rifled through the pile of videotapes in the drawer under the TV. He finally found a movie that he thought would be acceptable to the females at the door and switched it out with the porn. He fast-forwarded it for a few seconds to make it look like he’d been watching for a little while, then stopped the tape and walked over to the door and opened it.

Standing there were two young women. He’d seen them around school but didn’t know them very well. But he recognized them, that was for sure. With their looks, it was impossible not to notice them.

One was a tall, lanky blonde. She had a punk look going, with short, spiked-up platinum hair, heavy, two-tone, brightly colored eyeliner and cute but edgy features. She was pushing six feet tall, with legs that lasted for miles, a toned, athletic body and firm, perky tits that were a bit on the smaller side. She was wearing a full-length, black leather top and form-fitting, tiny black shorts that showed off her incredible ass.

The other was more traditional looking but no less hot, with long brown hair and a more classically pretty face. Her makeup was darker colored but just as bold, with black eyeliner surrounding both of her eyes. She was shorter than her friend, and a little thicker, with a body build like a brick

shithouse; a bubbly but firm ass, stocky, powerful looking legs, and huge tits that were emphasized by her sleeveless black t-shirt that barely held them in.

“What’s up?” Greg said, trying to play it cool.

“Who are you?” the blonde one asked.

“I’m Greg,” he replied.

“Nice to meet you, Greg,” the brunette said. “I’m Monica, and this is Jen.”

“Hey,” Greg said.

“Is Seth here?” Jen asked, getting right to the point.

Greg shook his head.

“What about Andy?” Monica asked.

“Nope,” Greg replied. “They went to a frat party.”

“That sucks,” Jen said. Then the specifics of the situation started to sink in. “Wait a minute. Who are you?”

“Greg,” he said. “Greg Hoffman.”

“What are you doing in here?” Monica asked.

“Just watching a movie,” Greg said. “This is the only VCR on the floor and I was bored.”

“Cool,” Jen said. “Mind if we join you?”

“Yeah,” Monica said. “We’re pretty bored too.”



“And drunk,” Jen said, giggling.

“Yeah,” Monica added, giggling herself. “That too.”

“Don’t worry,” Greg said, joining in on the giggling. “I am too. Come on in.” He held the door wide and then closed it behind them after they’d entered.

“Do you have anything to drink?” Jen asked.

“Yeah, we ran out of alcohol,” Monica said. “And we’re still thirsty.”

“Oh, I’m sure I can scare something up,” Greg said. He rifled through the generic hiding places in the closet and came out with a bottle of tequila. “Here we go.”

“Purrrrr-fect,” Jen said, drawing the word out.

“Yeah, I could do a few more shots,” Monica said. “Break it open.”

Greg undid the cap and took a swig straight from the bottle, then passed it over to Jen. She took a hearty drink and handed it to Monica, who did the same. She gave it back to Greg to start the whole process over again.

Four rounds later, they were all starting to feel the effects of the tequila on top of everything they’d drank before it. Greg’s anxiety had waned but his boner hadn’t. It was pressing up against his jeans, making itself quite obvious. And both the girls had noticed, peeking down at it more than once, even though, thankfully, neither had said anything.

“So what are you watching?” Jen asked after they’d put the tequila away.

“Pretty Woman,” Greg said.

“Oh, I love that movie,” Monica said.

“Yeah?”

Monica nodded. She was looking at Greg with a little half-smile, like she had a secret she was hiding. “But to be honest, we were kind of hoping you were watching Seth’s porn.”

“Yeah,” Jen said. “Especially after seeing the heat you’re packing down there,” she added, nodding towards the bulge in his pants.

“Do you mind if I take a closer look?” Monica asked, rubbing her finger down his chest.

Greg shook his head quickly from side to side, suddenly unable to speak. This had taken a turn into uncharted territory in no time at all.

“Does that mean I can’t look? Or that you don’t mind?” Monica asked, clearly toying with him now.

“I don’t mind,” Greg managed to say.

“Are you sure?” Jen asked, getting in on the act of messing with his head too. The girls were obviously enjoying themselves.

Greg nodded.

“Good,” Monica said. “Because we’ve been looking to get fucked by a big cock and so far, nobody has been able to deliver.”

And with that, both Jen and Monica dropped to their knees, right there in front of Greg.

“Well, in that case, be my guest,” Greg said, mostly to himself.

The girls took control from there, rapidly pulling both his shorts and boxers down to his knees, revealing his rapidly stiffening cock.

“Wow,” Jen said, lying Greg’s cock atop her open palm as though weighing it. “It’s fucking huge.”

“Tell me about it,” Monica added, grinning at her friend. “It looks like we hit the jackpot.”

“Yes indeed,” Jen said. She leaned over and slipped her tongue into Monica’s mouth while starting to gently jerk Greg off.

The two girls made out for a short time before Jen broke things off. “Enough of the appetizer,” she said, staring at his cock for a moment. “It’s time for the main course.”

Jen angled the tip of Greg’s cock towards her mouth, then wrapped her lips around it. As Monica watched intently, Jen bobbed her head forward and back, her lips creating a tight seal around his shaft, heightening the pleasure. She kept her eyes locked on his the whole time, maintaining eye contact, which excited Greg even further.

“I want a turn,” Monica said after Jen had worked Greg’s cock for half a minute or so.

“Here you go,” Jen said, popping it out of her mouth and shifting it towards her friend.

Monica took Greg’s cock in her mouth and started blowing him with more intensity than Jen had, her head moving quickly, making her long brown hair fly everywhere as she swallowed almost three-quarters of Greg’s cock with every pass.

Jen got into the mix too, grabbing ahold of Greg’s balls and gently caressing them while Monica continued working his cock.

“She sucks a mean cock, doesn’t she?” Jen said, smiling up at Greg.

“Hell yeah,” he replied.

“She’s an expert at eating pussy too,” Jen said. “Not that you’d care about that. But I do. In fact, I feel like getting my pussy eaten right now. Do you mind if I steal her away from you? I’ll make sure your cock doesn’t get ignored.”

“You do whatever you want,” Greg.

“That’s what I like to hear,” Jen said. “A man who puts women first.”

“Always,” Greg replied.

“My turn again,” Jen said to Monica, tapping her on the shoulder.

Monica took Greg’s cock in her mouth, making it disappear completely, and held it there for a few seconds before pulling off. “It’s all yours,” she

said, handing Greg's cock off to Jen while he took a deep breath in an attempt to regain his composure.

"Thanks, baby," Jen said, slipping Greg's cock in her mouth and starting to suck on it, taking it all the way in her mouth with the same slow, measured pace as before. She blew him in long, gentle strokes, using her hand in conjunction with her mouth, sucking and jerking him off at the same time.

Meanwhile, Monica had dropped onto the floor with her back to the carpet and her face looking up towards the ceiling. She scooted along the floor until she was beneath Jen, her head right under Jen's waist, then rose up a bit and started going after Jen's pussy with her tongue.

Jen let out a little gasp of pleasure and started going after Greg's cock with more intensity, bobbing a little bit faster and using more suction. It was obvious she thoroughly enjoyed getting eaten out by Monica and was transferring some of the pleasure to Greg.

This went on for a full minute before Greg realized he couldn't take any more of Jen sucking on his cock without bursting at the seams. So he backed away from Jen, popping his cock of her mouth.

"What's wrong?" Jen asked, flashing him a confused look.

"Nothing," Greg said. "Nothing at all. I just want to switch things up before it's too late."

“Ahh,” Jen said, grinning. “I get it. So what’s the plan?”

“Well, I figure I can return the favor Monica just did for you,” Greg said.  
“How does that sound?”

“That sounds great,” Monica said, sliding out from beneath Jen climbing to her feet.

Greg picked Monica up off the ground and carried her over to the couch in the corner of the room, then dropped her atop it. As she giggled in pleasure, Greg dropped to his knees on the carpet, grabbed her legs and spread them wide and immediately went to work on her pussy, licking it up and down like a kitten drinking milk as Monica let out a low moan of pleasure.

“I like where this is going,” Jen said. Her smile widening, she climbed onto the couch, put her ass in Monica’s face, and pushed backwards, smothering Monica with her ass.

After a full minute of Greg eating Monica out while Jen sat on her face, Jen started to get jealous. She reached down and grabbed a handful of Greg’s hair and lifted his head up, pulling his mouth off of Monica’s pussy.

“This is making my pussy so fucking wet,” Jen said, staring directly at him. “Do you want to see how wet it is?”

“I’d love to,” Greg said.

Smiling, Jen flipped herself around so she was on her hands and knees on the couch, doggy-style, face-to-face with Monica, her ass and soaking wet pussy directly in front of Greg's face.

"Well what are you waiting for?" Jen asked, turning to look back at Greg. "Is my pussy not good enough for you?"

Laughing under his breath, Greg smashed his face into Jen's ass and drove his tongue deep into her pussy.

"That's what I'm talking about," Jen said as Greg explored her insides with his tongue. "Slip it in there. Slip that fucking tongue deep inside me."

So Greg did, pressing his head forward, jamming his tongue into Jen's pussy. She was soaking wet, drenching his entire face with her juices.

Not wanting to leave Monica out of the fun, Greg ran his hand down and slipped two fingers inside her pussy and started banging away while continuing to eat out Jen's snatch.

"Goddamn that feels so fucking good," Monica said, bucking her body up against his hand, jamming his fingers deeper inside her pussy. "Fuck me with those fingers. Hammer my pussy with them."

Greg did as he was told, sliding a third finger inside Monica after a little while to keep her on edge. The two girls started making out while he continued eating one out and finger-banging the other.

After another minute or two of this, Greg needed to get some air into his lungs. So he pulled his face back, disengaging it from Jen's pussy. But before she could complain, he replaced his tongue with three fingers from his free hand, jamming them into Jen's pussy and hammering away at her.

He sat there for a bit, catching his breath and finger-fucking both of the girls at the same time while they made out on the couch right in front of him.

"Fuck our tight little pussy with your fingers," Jen said, breaking off the embrace with Monica for a moment to look back at him. "Bang us like there's no tomorrow."

Greg did as he was told, slamming his fingers in and out of their soaking wet pussies, finger-fucking them with all he had.

"Harder," Jen said, her breath ragged. "Give it to us harder!"

Laughing under his breath, amazed at the depravity of the girls, Greg climbed to his feet to give himself a better angle to work with and proceeded to hammer away at both of them with reckless abandon. His forearms were starting to burn but he pushed through, not slowing down at all.

"There we go," Jen said. "That's it! Just like that! Just like that!" She thrust her tongue back into Monica's mouth and they continued making out, more aggressively than before.



As Greg continued banging away at the girls, he suddenly felt a hand grab his cock. He looked down to see that Monica had reached down and started jerking him off. A few seconds later, Jen climbed up off of Monica, pulling Greg's fingers from her pussy as she did so.

Remaining on her hands and knees on the couch, Jen turned around so her head was right above Monica's pussy and her ass was right above Monica's face, putting the girls in the 69 position. Monica immediately went back to licking Jen's pussy.

As Greg continued finger-fucking Monica, Jen grabbed his arm and slipped the fingers that had just been inside her pussy into her mouth. She stared directly at him, smiling as she licked her fingers clean of her own pussy juices.

Once Jen was done with that, she slid Greg's fingers out of Monica's pussy too, then thrust those into her mouth, cleaning them also.

"I love the taste of Monica's pussy," Jen said. "It's so sweet and delicious."

Monica giggled, the sound muffled by Jen's pussy, which was still being filled up with Monica's tongue. Greg just stared at them, marveling at their sluttiness, amazed at how the situation had unfolded.

"But as much as I like to lick it off your fingers, there's something I love more," Jen said, her eyes still commanding Greg's gaze.

“What’s that?” Greg asked, mesmerized.

“Licking her pussy juices off a cock,” Jen said. “Care to give me what I want?”

“Gladly,” Greg said.

Smiling like the devil, Jen grabbed ahold of Greg’s cock and guided it towards Monica’s pussy. He scooted his knees forward, allowing Jen to slip his cock into her friend’s snatch. Monica’s pussy was smooth as silk and wet as could be. It felt incredible.

“Holy shit,” Greg moaned as Monica’s pussy swallowed up his cock.

“It feels good, doesn’t it?” Jen asked.

Greg nodded emphatically as he slowly worked his cock into Monica, thrusting forward and back in calm, measured strokes meant to keep him from getting too excited too quickly.

“Monica has the best pussy,” Jen said. “It’s so soft and snug. And tasty too.”

And with that, Jen pulled Greg’s cock out of Monica’s pussy and slipped it into her mouth. Greg took a deep breath and let it out slowly as Jen worked his cock with her mouth, sucking all of Monica’s pussy juices off it before letting it slide back out.

“Yummy, yummy,” Jen said, grinning up at Greg, still holding his cock. She smacked it against Monica’s pussy lips a couple of time then guided it

back inside her friend's snatch.

Jen reached down and grabbed Monica's ankles and pulled her legs back, folding Monica in half and giving Greg a better angle to work with.

"That's better," Jen said. "Now you can fuck her more deeply."

Keeping his cock in Monica's pussy, Greg climbed to his feet. Squatting down, he put his knees on top of the couch, one each on the outside of Monica's hips. Now with better leverage, it was easier to take advantage of Jen holding Monica's legs back. From here he began to pummel Monica's pussy, pounding away at her, his body slamming into hers, wet, slapping sounds filling up the room.

"That's it, that's it," Jen said. "Fuck her just like that. Just like that!"

Monica's moans and groans were growing louder with every thrust. It was obvious she was enjoying this as much as Greg was. For her part, Jen dropped her pussy further down onto Monica's face, once again smothering Monica with her pussy and muffling her cries.

"The harder you fuck her the better she eats my pussy," Jen said, rising up so her head was at the same level as Greg's. Their faces were mere inches apart. "So give it to her as hard as you can."

Nodding, Greg did, positioning himself for maximum leverage and hammering away at Monica harder than ever before, causing Monica to eat Jen's pussy out with more intensity, which got Jen even more excited.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Jen cried. “That feels so fucking incredible!”

Jen leaned forward and slipped her tongue into Greg’s mouth and started exploring around, which nearly put Greg over the edge. Something about kissing while fucking just made him crazy. So after a few more seconds of making out with Jen, he pulled his lips away to make sure he didn’t cum before he was ready.

Jen didn’t seem to mind at all. She’d taken to rubbing her clit while Monica continued eating her pussy.

“There you go,” Jen said. “That’s it, that’s it. Keep it up, Greg. We’re gonna cum. We’re both gonna fucking cum!”

Greg did his best to keep it up, fighting through the weariness and the urge to cum, pounding away at Monica until her entire body tensed up for a moment before releasing in a shuddering burst as an orgasm crashed over her.

Jen was right behind Monica, letting out a little scream of her own as her legs shook and shimmied for a few seconds and juices squirted out of her pussy and onto Monica’s chest and stomach.

“Holy fucking shit,” Jen said, climbing up off of Monica. “That was fucking incredible.”

“It sure was,” Monica said, smiling up at Greg. “You really know what you’re doing.”

“Thanks,” Greg said sheepishly. He’d never been good at taking compliments. His cock was still inside Monica’s pussy but he wasn’t moving at the moment.

“I’m surprised you haven’t cum yet,” Jen said.

“I was close a couple of times,” Greg replied.

“Still, most guys wouldn’t have been able to take that much without finishing up,” Monica said.

Greg shrugged. “What can I say? I guess I’m not like most guys.”

“Obviously not,” Jen said. “Which is good, because I still haven’t got fucked yet.”

“Well, let’s remedy that,” Greg said, flashing a sly grin at the girls. He climbed up onto the couch and sat down next to them.

“Yes,” Jen said, grinning back at him. “Let’s remedy that right now.” She turned to Monica. “You sit on his face while I ride his cock.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Monica said. She rose up and grabbed Greg by the shoulders and pushed them down onto the couch so he was on his back, lengthwise, with his face looking up towards the ceiling.

Monica climbed upon Greg’s body, dropped one leg on each side of his head, used her hands to spread her ass cheeks apart, and sat right down on his face, smothering him.

Greg flicked his tongue in and out of her pussy, pushing and probing around blindly while he did his best to breathe with Monica's flesh engulfing him.

Down below, Jen grabbed ahold of Greg's cock and smacked it against her flesh a few times before sliding it into her pussy. It wasn't as snug of a fit as Monica's had been but it still felt great, wet and juicy and soft and billowy all at the same time.

Jen didn't waste any time at all, bouncing her body up and down on Greg's cock, pummeling him with her body as though trying to drive him through the bottom of the couch. It felt incredible, his cock jamming deep inside her pussy, smashing up against her insides.

But Greg didn't have time to dwell on the pounding Jen was delivering because Monica was grinding on his face with more intensity, working his face with her pussy so expertly that he was always short of breath but never completely out of it.

It was then Greg realized that having one girl sitting on his face while another fucked him silly made it all but impossible to cum despite the multitude of pleasures he was experiencing. There was simply too much goodness to focus on one sensation long enough to even think about cumming. In other words, he was in heaven.

“Stick your tongue out,” Monica said, rising up just enough to allow him to catch his breath. “I want to ride your face with my pussy.”

Greg did as he was asked without hesitation.

“That’s a good boy,” Monica said, dropping her pussy back down onto his face and quickly moving her hips back and forth against him, forcing his tongue deeper inside her pussy with every pass. “Holy shit that feels fucking great. Right there, right fucking there!”

Meanwhile, Jen had somehow turned things up a notch, riding him like never before, mixing things up constantly, from bouncing up and down atop him to sliding her hips forward and back to working his cock in a circular motion while keeping him deep inside her pussy. She was a magician on a cock, able to do things to Greg that no woman had ever done before.

Time lost all meaning for Greg as both girls worked him feverishly, pummeling and abusing his body, blurring the line between pleasure and pain until he was so overwhelmed that everything became a giant, muddled mess of sensation.

It wasn’t until Monica dropped her entire weight onto Greg’s face that he was brought back to clarity. But even then, it was hazy, as Monica’s pussy was so thoroughly engulfing him that she was smothering him completely, making it impossible for him to breathe.

After a few seconds that seemed to last hours, Greg felt like his entire head was inside of Jen's pussy, that he was bathing in her pussy juices like a fish breathes in water. He could feel Jen hammering away on his cock but the sensation was muted, distant. All sound was muffled, like he was underwater.

And then everything went gray.

The next thing Greg knew, he was breathing in deep, gasping gulps as the world exploded back into focus. Jen was still sitting on his face but not putting all her weight on him, giving him more than enough air to breathe. And Monica was still riding his cock as aggressively as ever.

Greg didn't know exactly what had happened but he did know one thing for sure; he was going to cum any second now. There was no way around it. The previous numbness from the overload of sensation had shifted into hyper-sensitivity, like he was being shocked by a low-voltage wire.

He lifted Monica's pussy off his face long enough to say, "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna fucking cum!"

"Great," Jen said. "Come inside of me."

"Are you sure?" Greg asked.

"Positive," Jen replied, smiling at him as her body bounced up and down upon his cock, mesmerizing him, and providing that final spark that put him over the edge of orgasm.



“Shit, shit, shit,” Greg said under his breath, spitting the word out repeatedly while his body tightened up for a few seconds before releasing in a rush, sending sperm shooting up out of his cock and into Jen’s pussy. His entire body shook as he came, shuddering like never before.

Jen continued riding his cock until it had run completely dry, then climbed off the couch. Monica had already dropped to the floor. She was on her back, with her face looking up towards the ceiling.

As Greg watched intently, Jen stood over Monica’s body, putting one foot on either side of Monica’s head then squatting down until her pussy was almost touching her friend’s mouth. Then Jen stuck two fingers inside her pussy and started to wiggle them around.

“No fucking way,” Greg muttered, not realizing that he’d spoken aloud until he heard the words with his own ears.

But the girls didn’t notice. Or if they did, they didn’t acknowledge him. They were too busy.

Jen finished digging around inside her pussy and slipped her fingers out. Shortly after her fingers were free, a steady stream of Greg’s cum began to drip out of her pussy and into Monica’s waiting mouth.

Greg laughed under his breath and shook his head as Jen squeezed the last few drops of his cum out of her pussy before helping Monica to her feet. Once Monica was standing, Jen leaned back, placing her head directly

beneath Monica's. Jen turned her head towards the ceiling and Monica tilted hers towards the floor, opening her mouth at the same time, sending Greg's sperm into Jen's mouth.

Greg watched in amazement as they proceeded to make out, sharing his sperm between them for a good thirty seconds before both girls threw their heads back and swallowed whatever they had left of Greg's cum.

"Holy shit," Greg said, smiling and chuckling at the same time. "That was fucking insane!"

"You earned it," Jen said.

"You sure did," Monica replied. "I hadn't been fucked like that since getting to college."

"Neither have I," Jen said.

"Shit, I haven't *ever* been fucked like that," Greg said.

They all shared a good laugh.

"So what happens now?" Greg asked.

"We all get dressed and get back to our nights," Jen said.

"Can we do something like this again?" Greg asked.

"Oh, I'm sure we'll find time for you again," Monica said, slipping back into her clothes.

"Yeah, one of these days it'll work out and we'll have another go-around," Jen added, also putting her clothes back on. "But we'll just have to

see. Freshman year is a busy time. Lots of things to do and not much time to do them.”

“Fair enough,” Greg said. He wanted to push for something more concrete but knew that if the more desperate he sounded the less likely they’d be to come find him again. No, the best way to play it was aloof, just like they were. “I’ll see you around.”

“Yes you will,” Monica said, giving him a little kiss on the lips.

“Don’t worry,” Jen added, giving him a little smack on the cheek. “When we’re in the mood to get nasty again, we’ll find you.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Greg said.

“So are we,” the girls replied in unison. “So are we.”

And with that, they were out the door. Greg quickly got dressed and headed back to his room. Boy, did he have a story to tell his roommates. Not that they’d believe him, of course. Hell, he barely believed it himself, and he had lived it.

On second thought, Greg decided to keep the details of the night to himself. Some things were better off cherished in one’s head. To say them aloud would be to ruin their power. It was better to keep memories like this to yourself. To be remembered over and over again, unsoiled and unsullied. Perfect. Just like the night itself.

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## **THE BEST ROOMMATE EVER**

TAYLOR JORDAN

Riley and her boyfriend Xander were lying together on the couch in the living room, watching a movie, when Riley's roommate, Madison came out. She was wearing a skimpy, tight-fitting white blouse with no bra on underneath, a short jean skirt and 2-inch pumps that showed off her rocking body.

"Look at you, sexy thing," Riley said playfully.

"You like my outfit?" Madison said, spinning in place.

"You look great," Riley said, elbowing her boyfriend in the ribs. "Don't you think, baby?"

"Yeah, you're looking hot," Xander said.

"Thanks," Madison said, grinning happily. "I have a date."

"Good for you," Riley said, leaning back and draping her leg over Xander's groin.

"Hey, can you guys do me a favor?" Madison asked.

"Sure," Xander replied. "Whatever you need."

“I just need to go around the block to get some cigarettes. If my date happens to show up, can you just hang out with him for a little while until I get back?”

“Of course,” Riley said. “It would be our pleasure.”

“Thanks,” Madison said. She turned and left.

Xander watched her the whole way, staring at her ass.

“Madison is pretty hot,” Riley said, catching her boyfriend’s glance. “Isn’t she?”

“She sure is,” Xander replied.

“She’s a screamer in the sack too,” Riley said.

Xander flashed her a look of curiosity and surprise. “How do you know?” he asked, smiling.

“Come on babe, we’re roommates. How do you think I know?”

“Wait,” Xander said, sitting up a bit. “You two have got it on before?”

Riley smacked him on the shoulder. “No,” she said in a mock-disgusted tone. “Of course not. I’ve heard her through the walls, silly.”

“Oh,” Xander said, looking disappointed.

“I sure would like to someday though,” Riley said wistfully.

“You’re a dirty little girl, aren’t you,” Xander said, pulling Riley atop him.

“You know it, baby,” Riley replied.

They started to make out.

#

An hour later Madison was back in the living room. Riley and Xander were watching television and still playing around with each other, but their clothes were still on, for the most part, at least.

“I thought you had a date,” Riley said.

“I thought I did too,” Madison said. “He was supposed to be here forty-five minutes ago.”

“I’m sorry,” Riley said.

“Yeah,” Xander added. “That sucks.”

“Tell me about it,” Madison said. “I mean, I shouldn’t have expected anything less. I only met him a few days ago on the internet, but I figured he was just as horny as I was. I sure as hell didn’t think he’d stand me up.”

“Oh, that’s horrible,” Riley said.

“Tell me about it,” Madison said. “I just want to get laid, you know. It’s been so long.”

Riley looked at Xander with raised eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders. Xander shrugged back.

“What do you think?” Riley said to Xander.

“I think it’s up to you,” Xander said. “But you know I’m game.”

“About what?” Madison asked. But the look in her eyes told a different story. She knew exactly what they were talking about.

“Well,” Riley said. “We were just thinking . . .” But she trailed off before finishing as though embarrassed.

“Yeah?” Madison prodded, getting more excited.

Riley turned to Xander and nodded, passing him the torch. “We just figured that if you really want to get laid so bad, I’ve got a nice cock here waiting for you,” Xander said.

“And I’ve been working on it for half an hour now, so it’s already hard and ready to go,” Riley added.

“Wait, what are you saying?” Madison asked. “That you want me to fuck your boyfriend?”

“Only if you agree to fuck around with me some too,” Riley said, flashing a sexy grin at her.

“Are you guys serious right now?” Madison asked. “You’re not just messing with me?”

“Of course we’re serious,” Xander said. “We’ve both had our eyes on you ever since you moved in here.”

Madison giggled and dropped her head shyly.

“Haven’t you thought the same thing about us?” Riley asked.

Madison shrugged.

“Come one,” Riley said. “Don’t be embarrassed.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Madison said, looking up at them.

“Then what are you waiting for?” Xander said, pulling his pants down, freeing up his cock. It was nice and hard, sticking straight up towards the ceiling. He had a big, excited smile on his face. “Let’s get this shit started.”

“Oh my god,” Madison said, leaning over and taking Xander’s cock in her hand. “It’s so big.”

“Yeah, he’s got a beautiful cock,” Riley said.

“He does indeed,” Madison said. “Can I suck on it?”

“Please do,” Xander said.

Smiling, Madison bent over and took Xander’s cock in her mouth.

“Oh my god that’s so fucking hot,” Riley said, watching carefully as her roommate sucked her boyfriend’s cock. “I can’t believe this is actually happening!”

“Tell me about it,” Xander said. He grabbed the bottom of Riley’s shirt and pulled it off, revealing her small but incredibly perky tits.

After getting her nipples sucked by Xander for a couple minutes, Riley wanted to get more into the action. So she pulled her nipple out of Xander’s mouth and dropped down to the floor on one side of him.

“Come on and join me down here, girl,” Riley said to Madison.



“With pleasure,” Madison replied.

They leaned over and made out directly above Xander’s cock for a little bit, then Riley broke off the kiss and took his cock in her mouth.

“Oh my god, you’re so good at that,” Madison said as Riley bobbed up and down on Xander’s cock, taking it all the way down every time.

“Tell me about it,” Xander said. From the look on his face he was having the time of his life.

After blowing Xander for half a minute, Riley pulled her head off his cock. “Your turn,” she said to Madison.

“My pleasure,” Madison said, taking Xander’s cock between her lips. She blew him more gently than Riley did, taking things a little slower and getting her hand involved more.

As Madison worked Xander’s cock, Riley spread his legs apart more and slipped between them. Then she dropped down a little lower to the ground and took Xander’s balls in her mouth, sucking on them while Madison continued working his cock.

“Damn that feels fucking great,” Xander said.

Both girls giggled and smiled up at him as best they could considering the positions they were in.

A short time later, Xander was ready to move on. “Enough playing around,” he said. “It’s time to get down to business. Who wants to come up

and sit on Santa's lap first?"

The two girls looked at each other for a moment before Riley said, "It's all you, roomie. Climb on up there."

"Are you sure?" Madison asked.

"Positive," Riley replied. "I've had him many times before. You go ahead and take the first round."

So Madison did, pulling her skirt and panties off before spinning around so she was facing away from Xander and then climbing up onto the couch in the reverse cowgirl position. But before she could slip Xander's hard cock into her pussy, Riley rose up onto her haunches and started licking Madison's pussy.

"Holy shit," Madison said, surprised by this turn of events.

"We need to make sure you're nice and wet," Riley said, pulling her tongue away from Madison's snatch for a moment.

"Sounds good to me," Madison said between deep, gasping breaths.

After Riley got Madison's pussy nice and wet, she grabbed ahold of Xander's cock and slid it into Madison's waiting snatch.

Madison left out a soft groan as Xander entered her, his cock sliding into her pussy with just a hint of resistance.

"Oh my fucking god," Madison said as she started bouncing up and down on Xander's cock. "That feels so fucking good."

“It looks pretty tasty too,” Riley said. “Do you mind if I jump in there?”

“Be my guest,” Madison said.

Riley dove her head into the mix, working Madison’s clit with her tongue while Xander continued fucking her.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Madison cried, getting off hard on the extra stimulation. “Don’t stop, don’t fucking stop! I’m gonna cum!”

Neither Riley nor Xander stopped, and a few seconds later, Madison did indeed cum, an orgasm rushing through her body, causing her to shake and shimmy and juices to gush out of her pussy, all over Xander’s cock.

“That’s so fucking hot,” Riley said, her eyes gleaming. “Can I have a taste?”

“Of course,” Madison said.

Riley pulled Xander’s cock out of Madison’s pussy and used her tongue to lick Madison’s pussy juices off of Xander’s cock.

“Your pussy tastes incredible,” Riley said between licks.

“I want a taste,” Xander said, grabbing Madison by the hips and pulling her up and back towards his face while simultaneously sliding his body down the couch so his back was lying flat on the cushions and his face was looking straight up towards the ceiling.

“Gladly,” Madison said, scooting back until her ass was directly above his face. Looking down at him, she asked, “Are you ready for this?”

“Hell yeah,” Xander said. “Sit right here on my face, baby.”

Madison didn't need to be told twice. She plopped her ass right down on his face. Xander immediately went to town on her pussy, licking it for a bit before making his tongue rigid and jamming it inside her.

Riley was no longer satisfied with just having Xander's cock in her mouth. She wanted more. And she wasn't about to ask for permission. Xander was her boyfriend, after all.

“It's time for me to get some cock,” she said, pulling off the rest of her clothes then climbing atop Xander, straddling him. She slapped his cock against her pussy a couple of times then slid it inside and immediately started bouncing atop it.

“You go, girl,” Madison said, smiling with pleasure. “Hammer your ass down on that cock!”

“You know it, roomie,” Riley said, returning the grin. Both girls leaned forward and started making out while Riley continued riding Xander's cock and Madison continued riding his face.

“I had no idea your boyfriend was this talented,” Madison said after they broke off their kiss.

“Why do you think I keep him around?” Riley said.

“Now I know,” Madison said. They both laughed and went back to work on their respective body parts.

A minute or so later, Riley bounced atop Xander's cock one last time and held him there, deep inside her pussy. Her body tensed up for a moment before releasing, a mini-orgasm passing through her like lightning.

"I've had enough for now," Riley said, looking at Madison. "Time for you to bring him on home."

"Are you sure?" Madison said.

"Positive," Riley replied. "I'll get more from him tonight. You take care of him for now, roomie."

"Thanks, Riley," Madison said. "You're the best roommate ever."

"I know," Riley said, climbing off of Xander's cock. She held out her hand and helped Madison get up off his face.

Still holding Madison's hand, Riley positioned her on the couch lengthwise, her hands and knees on the cushions, doggy style. Riley then situated herself so she was sitting on the armrest, her legs wide open, her pussy directly in front of Madison's face.

"That's what I'm talking about," Xander said, climbing to his feet and scooting into position behind Madison. "There's nothing better than doggy style."

"I know how much you like it, baby," Riley said. "That's why I put her on her hands and knees for you."

“Thanks hon,” Xander said, grabbing his cock and sliding into Madison’s pussy.

“Holy fucking shit,” Madison said as he entered her, her voice an excited tone. “Your cock is so huge in my pussy. Fuck me with it. Fuck me!”

Xander obliged, grabbing ahold of Madison’s hips and pounding away at her pussy, his cock slamming into her ass, making her scream.

“Enough out of you,” Riley said, grabbing ahold of Madison’s hair and pulling her face forward, smashing it against Riley’s pussy. “Let’s put that tongue of yours to good use.”

And Madison did, sliding her tongue inside of Riley’s pussy and holding it there, deep inside her roommate’s snatch, while Xander continued fucking Madison from behind.

“That’s a good girl,” Riley said, grinding her pussy against Madison’s face. “Lick that pussy like you mean it. Like you’re trying to win a prize.”

Riley’s dirty talk turned on Xander even more, and he started giving his cock to Madison harder than ever before. This, in turn, caused Madison to go after Riley’s pussy with more intensity, which made Riley talk even more, which started the whole loop over again.

Between the deep breaths and words of encouragement coming from Riley, the muffled cries from Madison and the low grunting of Xander, the room was filled with the sounds of sex.

“Give it to her,” Riley said to Xander. She was still holding Madison’s hair, keeping her roommate’s tongue pushing deep into her snatch. “Pummel my roommate’s pussy. Make her cum again.”

“If you insist,” Xander said, rising up a bit, changing up the angle of penetration and allowing him to hammer Madison more aggressively.

Madison’s cried immediately grew more animated, even as they were muffled by Riley’s pussy.

“I think it’s working,” Riley said, smiling at her boyfriend.

“I think so too,” Xander said. “But it had better happen soon, because I’m about to burst.”

Riley yanked back on Madison’s hair, pulling her head off Riley’s pussy. “Is it working?” she asked her roommate. “Are you close to cumming?”

Madison nodded emphatically.

Riley looked up at Xander. “It’s definitely working. And I think I know how to put her over the edge.”

“How’s that?” Xander asked.

“Pull her hair,” Riley said, smiling. She turned her attention back down to Madison “Will that help?”

Madison nodded again, just as emphatically. She was beyond the point of using words.

“My pleasure,” Xander said, grabbing a handful of Madison’s hair and yanking back on it, changing the angle of penetration and forcing Madison to arch her back to alleviate some of the pressure.

Madison’s cries immediately grew louder and more visceral.

“Oh yeah,” Xander said. “That worked perfectly.”

“It did indeed,” Riley said, shifting her position so she was on her knees, her head lying atop Madison’s ass, her mouth mere inches from where Xander’s cock and Madison’s pussy were coming together. She’d curled her arm underneath Madison’s body and was working on her clit, helping speed things up even further.

“HolyfuckingshitI’mgonnafuckingcum!” Madison said, finally finding some words and spitting them all out at once.

And just like that, Madison came again, her pussy squirting harder than before, her body shaking and shimmying for a full five seconds before falling still.

“Oh my fucking god,” Madison said once the orgasm had passed through her. “That was incredible!”

But Xander wasn’t done yet. He had released his hold on Madison’s hair but was still pounding away at her pussy, while staring down at Riley, who’s face was turned up to him. She was smiling and looking at him with puppy dog eyes.



“Your turn, baby,” Riley said. “Time to finish this thing off. Are you ready?”

Xander nodded.

“Then give it to me,” Riley said. “I want you to cum in my mouth.”

The combination of Riley’s dirty talking and the look on her face put Xander over the edge.

“Holy shit, here I cum,” he said quickly right before pulling his cock out of Riley’s pussy.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Riley said, taking the tip of his cock in her mouth and jerking off his shaft with her hand. She popped her mouth off just long enough to say, “Shoot your load in my mouth, baby,” before wrapping her lips around it once again.

Not wanting to get left out of the endgame, Madison slid out dropped onto her stomach, spun around so her back was on the cushions of the couch, and then turned around so her head was directly beneath Riley’s face and Xander’s cock.

Riley blew Xander for another few seconds before he was ready to pop. He tensed up for a moment then released, sending his seed shooting out of his cock. Riley pulled her mouth off at the last second but kept on jerking him off. His sperm splashed against the insides of her mouth, most of it staying inside but some of it dripping out.

Xander released a huge load, filling Riley's mouth with his sperm.

"That's so fucking hot," Madison said, looking up at her roommate.

"And it's about to get even hotter," Xander said.

"How so?" Madison asked.

"Drop your head on the cushions, facing towards the ceiling, and open your mouth wide and you'll find out," Xander replied.

"Oh my," Madison said, looking at Riley. "Really?"

Riley nodded.

Madison took a deep breath, then did as she was told. Lying there, her face to the ceiling and her mouth wide as Riley positioned her head directly above Madison's.

"Are you ready?" Xander asked.

Madison nodded.

Riley tilted her head downward, letting Xander's cum drip out of her mouth and into Madison's. It was a slow stream at first but it quickly grew larger, until all of Xander's cum had been transferred from Riley's mouth to Madison's.

As soon as Riley's mouth was empty, she leaned over and slipped her tongue into Madison's mouth, which still held all of Xander's cum. The two girls made out for a bit, the white sperm occasionally spilling out from between their lips and dripping down their chins.

When the finally broke off their kiss, each girl had some of Xander's cum in her mouth. They looked at each other, and nodded once, then both tilted their heads upward and simultaneously swallowed their portion of his sperm down.

"Now *that* was fucking hot," Xander said, marveling at his girlfriend and her roommate. He gave them each a kiss on the lips and the three of them fell onto the couch, intertwined together to watch some television and relax.

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## **HIGH CLASS SLUT**

ESCORTS PREFERRED: VOLUME TWO

RICKIE SHEEN

For those of you who don't already know, I love escorts. For many reasons, but mostly because you always know what you're getting. Namely, laid. Without any hassle, without any bullshit, without the slightest worry. Just a phone call and a few hundred dollars and you can make any of your wildest fantasies a reality. One of the few certainties in an increasingly uncertain world. That being said, even a complete control freak like myself occasionally likes a little uncertainty. Not enough to wonder about whether

or not I'm going to get laid, mind you, but sometimes I don't want to know beforehand exactly how the night is going to go. Believe it or not, every once in a while, even I like a little mystery. So on this night, when I call that special number I tell the familiar voice on the other side of the line that I don't have a specific preference for that night. Looks, attitude, style, body type; it doesn't matter. Surprise me. I know it doesn't sound like much, but for me that's going out on a limb. Curious to hear how it turns out? Then continue on.

I'm just finishing my fourth Jack and Coke when the doorbell rings. I jump up and head towards the door, more excited than usual to see what I have waiting for me. Usually I take a nice long look out of the peephole to satisfy my curiosity—not to mention make sure I like what I see before I let them in my hotel room—but on this night I decide to continue with the uncertainty theme and open the door without taking a look.

As I watch her enter the room my uncertainty grows even further. I'm a creature of habit, and even though there's a certain level of variation with the girls I order, it's generally superficial; their hair color, the size of their boobs, their personalities, that sort of thing. At their core, the girls are always very similar. They're young, they play up their slutty side, and their

bodies are either tall and athletic or small and petite. That's just the way I like them. But not this girl. She's different.

First of all, she's older. 27, maybe 28. Not old by any means but older than what I'm used to. Second, she's got enormous tits. Practically the size of my head. Not that this is a bad thing, mind you, but again, it's different. She's very tall—practically my height even without heels—and built like a brick shithouse. She not fat, not even close, but she's definitely healthy, from her huge rack to her midsection to her relatively large (but admittedly sexy) ass to her powerful, figure-skater legs. She's wearing normal clothes; blue jeans, a partially open leather jacket revealing a black bra underneath and black shoes. She's got a gorgeous face, with big brown eyes, full lips and long, wavy brown hair. Her makeup is subtle, accentuating her features but not drowning them, making her look more like a movie star than a slutty escort, which there's absolutely nothing wrong with, it's just not what I'm used to.

“You're disappointed, aren't you?” she says in a slightly scratchy, smoky voice. The smirk on her face implies that she's not bothered at all by this, merely amused.

One of the best things about hiring escorts is you don't have to worry about lying to save their feelings. It's much easier to tell the truth to a woman when you're paying for her services.

“I wouldn’t put it that way,” I say. “I’m just . . . uncertain.”

“Why’s that?”

“You’re just different, that’s all. I mean, don’t get me wrong, you’re hot and all, you’re just not what I’m used to.”

“That’s kind of the point, isn’t it? You wanted to try something a little different, right? At least, that’s what I was told.”

“Actually, it is.”

“So why are you stressing over it?” she says. “You’re getting what you wanted, right? Even if you didn’t know exactly what it is you were getting?”

I offered a little chuckle. “Yeah, I guess so.”

“Then just relax,” she says as she steps in closer and places a hand on my chest.. “I promise you’ll have a great time. Possibly even the best time you’ve ever had with a girl.” Her hand runs down my abdomen and over my crotch. My cock flutters a bit and her smirk grows into a knowing smile. Her voice drops to an alluring, nasty whisper. “Because while those young little sluts may have tighter bodies and prettier faces I guarantee they don’t know half the things I do. Or enjoy fucking nearly as much as I do.”

A tingle goes through my body and settles into my cock, which is growing more stiff with every word she utters. Suddenly I realize I’m no longer uncertain about this night, merely excited. Excited as I’ve ever been.

She senses it too, or perhaps she just feels it filling up her hand, but either way she grabs my arm and leads me to the couch on the other side of the room.

Once there, she turns me around so my back is facing the couch and gives me a little push in the chest, sitting me down. She leans in towards me, her face mere inches from mine. I can smell peppermint on her breath.

“Now just sit back and relax and let me do my thing,” she says as she unzips the rest of her jacket and slips it off. She then flicks her hair to one side and unclips her bra and lets it fall to the ground, setting free her glorious tits. She grabs one, starts playing with it, then brings it up to her mouth and starts sucking on the nipple.

She looks at me, sees me staring at her, pops her nipple out of her mouth and gives me a wide smile.

“You like these, do you?” she says, squeezing her tits together.

I nod.

“You want to suck on them and slap them and fuck them, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I manage to squeak through my dry throat.

“I bet you do,” she says with a laugh.

She undoes her belt and then the buttons on her jeans, one at a time, slowly, savoring each one, building my anticipation. Once all the buttons are free she turns around so her ass is facing me and bends over at the waist,

her legs straight. She wiggles out of her jeans slowly, revealing her round, perfect ass an inch at a time, deliberately torturing me.

Finally her jeans are off. The only clothing still on her body is a tiny black g-string. She drops onto all fours, her ass still facing me. She reaches around with her left hand and starts rubbing her pussy through the black panties. She turns her head and looks over her shoulder at me.

“What about my pussy?” she says. “Do you want lick it and slap it and fuck it too?”

“Very much so,” I say. The words sound pathetic coming out of my mouth but I’m beyond caring.

She laughs again and turns and crawls towards me. When she reaches me she stands up and steps forward and straddles me—one leg on each side—then leans forward and shakes her tits from side to side, her nipples brushing up against my mouth. I grab one tit in each hand and squeeze. She grabs the back of my head and pulls it forward, pressing it into her chest. With my head between her massive tits, I squeeze them together, smashing my face between them. I stick out my tongue and lick her chest, tasting the sweat off her skin. She releases some of the pressure and I pull back, sliding my mouth over to her rock-hard nipple. I take the nipple in my mouth and suck on it greedily, still squeezing her other tit with my free hand. She moans and throws her head back.



“That’s right, baby, just like that,” she says as she slides back and forth on my crotch. “Suck on those fucking titties.”

I pop her nipple out of my mouth and move towards the other one to even out the score. A few seconds later she leans in towards me again. She grabs my hair and pulls my head back, pulling it from her nipple. She sticks her tongue in my mouth and runs her hands down my chest towards my crotch. She releases her mouth from mine and slides down my body until she’s on the floor, her head between my legs.

Working frantically, she undoes my belt, pops the button on my pants and then unzips my zipper. She pulls the pants and my boxers off me and throws them to the side, freeing my rock-hard cock. She immediately goes to work on it, licking up and down the shaft, one hand grasping the base in a death-grip while the other works my balls. She then pops the tip of my cock in her mouth and sucks on it while jerking me off, her hand and mouth working in unison as her mouth drops further and further down my cock with every thrust, her head bobbing up and down, faster and faster, her hair flying everywhere, covering her face, blocking my view.

I reach out and take a handful of her hair and pull it back so I can get a better view of what’s happening. This just seems to excite her further as she attacks my cock with even more energy than before. She looks up at me and winks and then my cock disappears completely as she deep-throats me. She

holds my cock in her throat for a full five seconds, her nose pressing up against my stomach, her hand still working my balls the whole time. Then she gags and pulls her head back, releasing my cock from her throat, the tip white from the constriction.

She gathers up the saliva from her deep throat and spits it on my cock and again starts to stroke it. She's looking right at me with a little smile on her face as she adjusts her position a bit, sitting higher up, so her tits are at the same level as my cock. She leans in closer to me and spits on my cock one more time then sticks my dick between her tits.

“Oh my god,” I say as she wraps her tits around my cock, squeezes them together, and starts to bounce.

“You like that,” she says. “You like fucking my big giant titties?”

I nod as she continues to bounce on my cock, her tits jiggling, the tip of my cock popping out in-between the top of them at the end of every stroke. She squeezes harder, engulfing my cock in her massive tits. The pressure is nearly unbearable as she continues to squeeze and bounce, squeeze and bounce, squeeze and bounce.

And then she releases my cock from the vice-grip between her tits, as if she knows exactly how close I am to blowing my load.

“Oh no you don't,” she says. “I'm not through with you yet.”

She climbs up on to me and straddles me again, her feet sitting on top of the couch so she's squatting over me, controlling everything. She grabs my cock in her hand and slides her pussy onto it, working the tip of my cock around the edges of it, slipping it in just a hair before snatching it back out and rubbing it along her snatch a little more. She does this two, three, four times, torturing me but also serving to warm herself up further. By the time she's done her pussy has gone from merely wet to practically dripping. And when she slides my cock inside her it slips in without the barest hint of resistance.

With her feet still planted firmly on top of the couch, she bounces on my cock, slowly at first, then more rapidly, gradually picking up steam, her tits flopping up and down right in front of my face, taunting me with the proximity to my mouth but moving too quickly for me to latch onto them.

"You like it when I ride you, baby?" she says as she bounces, harder and harder, faster and faster, her hands on my chest for balance. "You like it when I sit on your cock and fuck you?"

"I love it," I say, bucking my hips in time with her, penetrating her even deeper. She moans and slides her feet back so her knees are on the couch, giving her a little less control but more leverage. She stops bouncing on my cock and starts sliding back and forth, working my cock in different positions, switching up the sensation.

“Pull my hair,” she says as she rides me. She throws her head back.  
“Come on baby, pull my fucking hair.”

I reach out and grab a handful and pull back on it.

“That’s right,” she says. “Yank on it.”

I do as she asks.

“Harder,” she says. “As hard as you can. I can take it.”

I rear back and yank on it. She groans and goes with the pressure, throwing her head back, arching her spine, revealing her tits and neck and chin to me, back to bouncing on my cock, harder and harder, her screams growing louder with every thrust, her tits bouncing up and down in a hypnotizing rhythm. She slams down harder, harder, harder still, until she’s literally shaking with pleasure. Her breath ragged, she slams down one last time, sitting on my cock, her whole body pressing down onto me as my cock impales her. She gasps aloud, shudders, then leans forward and gives me a little peck on the lips, as if in thanks.

“Now that’s what I call a ride,” she says with a smile. “Time for round two.”

She bounces up and off my cock and slides back down between my legs. She goes back to work on my cock, sucking her juices off it with abandon. She lays her hand flat against the underside of my cock and presses it up against my belly and drops her head down and starts licking my balls.

I shudder slightly and take a deep breath, exhaling slowly.

“Oh, you like that, do you?” she says, looking up at me from behind my cock.

I nod. She laughs and grips my ball sack near the base of my cock, creating a little pocket. She takes this pocket in her mouth, suckling and playing with my balls while her other hand continues to stroke my cock.

Then she pops my balls out of her mouth and looks up at me with a nasty little smile. I don't even have time to wonder what's coming next when she pushes on the underside of my legs with her hands to spread them and lifts my ass up into the air just a bit.

“What's this?” I ask but I don't receive an answer. At least, not in words. Instead, she leans in and runs her tongue along the back side of my ball sack, underneath and then behind it, suckling on one ball and then the next. She then slides further down, spending a few seconds licking my taint before putting one hand on each of my asscheeks and spreading them apart.

I suddenly realize where this is going and am able to utter a low “holy shit” before I feel a jolt go up my body as her tongue starts going to work on my asshole, licking it around the edges, then the center, then the tip of her tongue penetrating it just a bit. At first I feel dirty, nasty, depraved, and even a little disgusted, but the sensation is so incredible and different and

mind-numbing that all rational thought is quickly cast from my mind. All I can think about is how to make this last for as long as possible.

I adjust on the couch, sliding back a bit and hooking my arms underneath the back of my knees, making it easier to hold my legs up and giving her easier access to my asshole. She takes the opportunity and goes at it even more aggressively, sliding her tongue up and down my taint, from the base of my balls to my asshole, getting it all wet and slippery, then back to my asshole, sucking on it, lapping at it, then sticking her rigid tongue inside it, her hands spreading my ass even further, giving her more leverage, allowing her tongue to go deeper and deeper inside my asshole.

I hear a low moaning sound and it takes me a moment to realize it's coming from my mouth. My whole body is tingling, my breath is going ragged, and the pressure is building to the point where I feel like I'm going to explode. I shudder slightly and reach down and grab the back of her head and push on it, forcing her face against my ass, her tongue deeper into my asshole. I hold her head there for a few seconds, then grab a handful of her hair and yank on it, pulling her head back. She's gasping for breath, sitting on her knees, looking up at me with a wicked smile.

"I take it you liked that?" she says.

I nod.

"So are you gonna fuck the shit outta me or what?" she says.

“You’re damn right I am,” I say as I climb to my feet.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” she says.

I still have a firm grasp of her hair and I use it to spin her around and force her down onto her hands and knees so I can fuck her doggy style. I let go of her hair and lift her ass higher into the air. Her pussy is gaping wide and dripping wet, glistening in the light.

She looks over her shoulder at me. “That’s what I’m talking about,” she says. Her hand flies to her pussy and she sticks two fingers inside and fucks herself. “Treat me like your fucking little whore.”

I drop to my knees and spread her legs wider and slide my rock-hard cock into her gaping pussy and start pounding her from behind.

“There you go,” she says as I slam my cock deep into her pussy. “That’s right, baby. Fuck me like you mean it. Give it to me good.”

I start pounding her harder, my cock hammering deeper inside her pussy, my balls slapping up against her, her ass rippling with every thrust.

“Spread my ass,” she says as I continue to fuck her from behind. “Spread my fucking cheeks with your hands.”

I do as she says, grabbing one cheek in each hand and spreading her ass, revealing her pink little asshole, stretching it out.

“That’s it,” she says. “Right there, baby. Right fucking there. Don’t stop fucking me, baby, don’t stop fucking me. Fuck me like you mean it, baby,

treat me like a fucking whore.”

The talk turns me on even further and I pump faster. My hands venture further inward, even closer to her asshole. She moans louder and starts slamming up against me harder, harder, harder still, talking all the while.

“That’s right, baby, slam your big fat fucking cock in me,” she says. “Get nasty, baby, make me your fucking whore, treat me like the fucking whore I am.”

And then my thumb is pressing up against her asshole, not quite penetrating it, just providing pressure.

“Work it baby,” she says. “Work my tight little asshole.”

I spit on it and rub my thumb around the edges and then back to the middle and press harder.

“That’s right, baby. Do it, do it, stick it in my ass.”

I press harder still and the tip of my thumb pops into her tight little asshole.

She gasps and starts bucking harder against me, her ass slamming back into me. I sit back and let her do all the work, just hold my position as she slams her pussy back into my cock. My thumb is working her asshole, going deeper and deeper inside her with every thrust until it completely disappears.



With my free hand I reach out and grab a handful of her hair and yank her head back, arching her spine, giving me more leverage allowing my cock even deeper access to her pussy.

“Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod,” she screams. “Don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop I’m gonna cum I’m gonna cum oh shit oh shit I’m cumming I’m cumming!”

Her body shakes and shimmies and her breath grows more ragged but I don’t let up, I’m too close to slow down now. I lay into her with everything I have, my cock slamming deeper than ever into her. I pop my thumb out of her ass and grab onto her hair with both hands and then I’m rearing back and fucking her with everything I’ve got, slamming into her like never before, the force nearly knocking her off-balance.

And then I’m at the point of no return. My body is aching, begging me to finish. “Shit, shit, shit,” I say. “I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna fucking cum!”

“Cum on my tits, baby,” she says. “Cum on my fucking tits.”

I pull my cock out of her pussy and use my handful of her hair to spin her around so her face is right in front of my cock. She reaches out and grabs ahold of my cock with her hand and starts to jerk it. Her mouth covers the head and starts to suck as she jerks the shaft with her hand.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” I say as my ass starts to buck forward. “Here it comes, baby, here it comes.”

“Give it to me, baby,” she says while she jerks me off, “Give me your cum, baby. I want it, I want it, I want it.”

I let out a final little groan and she aims my cock at her tits and then a white stream of sperm comes shooting out, splashing all over her tits, and still she’s jerking me off as another stream comes shooting out, and then another, drenching her tits with my cum. She jerks me off until nothing more is coming out, then sticks my still stiff cock in her mouth one last time and sucks on it for a couple seconds before letting it go.

She looks up at me and smiles, her entire chest coated with my cum. “Well, what do you think?” she asks. “Did I live up to my end of the bargain?”

“You certainly did,” I reply. “You were incredible.”

“Ah, aren’t you sweet,” she says. “Now, if you don’t mind, I’m going to go clean myself up.”

“Be my guest,” I say.

She stands up, gathers her clothes, and heads into the bathroom. “You mind if I take a shower?”

“Not at all.”

Ten minutes later she’s showered and all put back together, looking better than ever. It’s hard to believe that just minutes ago she’d had buckets of my cum all over her chest.

She heads towards the door, where I'm waiting with her money. I hand it to her and she flips through it before tucking it into the front pocket of her jeans.

"I trust you were satisfied?" she says.

"Absolutely," I say. "In fact, I had such a good time that I'm going to do something I've never done before."

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

"Ask you your name," I say. "In case I want to request you again."

She gave me a quizzical look. "You've never asked a girl her name before?"

I shake my head.

"No shit?"

"No shit," I say. "It's just not how I roll."

She laughs. "You're a bit of a strange fellow, aren't you?"

"A bit," I say. "So, are you going to tell me or am I going to have to beg you for it?"

"Well, as much as I'd like to see you beg, I'm in a bit of a hurry, so I'll let you off easy this time. My names is Misty."

"Misty, huh?"

"That's right," she says. "And you are?"

"J.T."

“Pleased to meet you, J.T.”

“Likewise,” I say. I just stand there like a dumbass, a big smile on my face, unsure of what comes next. This was uncharted territory for me, trading names and actually considering the idea of requesting for the same chick twice. I had no idea where to go from here.

Luckily Misty broke my stupor. “Uh, J.T.?”

“Yeah?”

“You mind moving aside so I can get going?”

I look up and realize I’m standing directly in front of the door. “Oh, yeah. Sorry about that.”

I move aside and open the door for her. She walks past me, her face inches from mine, and I have to fight the urge to lean over and give her a kiss. What the hell has gotten into me?

“Don’t worry,” she says with a little smile that implies she knows exactly what I’m thinking. “I have this affect on people all the time.”

“I’m sure you do,” I say.

“It’ll pass,” she says.

“I’m sure it will,” I lie.

She laughs as though she can see right through me. “So until next time?”

“Until next time.”

“Take care of yourself.”

“I will.”

And with that, she walks out the door and heads down the hall, no doubt on her way to her next customer. I shut the door and lean up against it. I feel like a stupid little school boy, pining to chase after her, beg her to spend the night with me. I can feel myself starting to become what I’ve worked so hard to stay away from. A real, actual, human being. With emotions and everything. Incredible.

There’s a reason I love escorts. No bullshit, no weirdness, no hassles. And most of all, no emotion. Until now. Until Misty. But that’s all right. I’ll get over it, I’m sure of it. I just have to up the ante a bit next time, order up an even nastier girl, someone who’s up for anything, someone who will make me forget about Misty. Or get myself three girls, maybe even four. Whatever it takes. Because I don’t have time for the madness of emotion. It just doesn’t suit me. Or so I keep telling myself. So until next time, enjoy. And don’t forget, nothing satisfies like an escort.

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