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PENTHOUSE Letters

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS/MARCH 2011

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THE EROTIC REVIEW

PENTHOUSE Letters

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The Joy of Giving!



Dear Penthouse Letters,

I have been a loyal fan for almost 20 years and just wanted to tell you how much your stories have done for my sex life. I also wanted to the take the time to thank the hundreds of readers who have shared their wild tales with people like me. I've never written to you, so I feel guilty sometimes knowing so many have given me so much to make my sex life better, but I just don't think I have any stories that would titillate your readers the way their letters arouse me. Not to mention the fact that I get so revved up thinking about what to write that I'd have to stop to jerk off before I ever got a letter done!

Well, this is just my way of taking a shot that you might at least print this so that all the contributors, and the Penthouse Letters *staff, know how thankful I am for what you give to me each and every issue. I know I am not alone! Keep up the excellent work!—T. R., Salem, Oregon*

Well, T. R. of Oregon, thank you for your loyalty, and for taking the time to share your appreciation. Who knows, if you've come this far perhaps it won't be too long till you find yourself sending us a hot, raunchy tale of your own. We'd love to print it for you!

Now, let's get to it, shall we? If anal entry is your niche, please have a ball with Booty Time, starting on page 4. This is followed immediately by Stepping Out—the joys of cheating never seem to get old. Losing It offers up tales of cherries lost and the erotic fun had by the virgins giving them away. Triple-play fun is had by all when they dabble in the no-holes-barred world of Three-For-All. Hold onto your dicks, young men; the Kinky Cougars are loose again, and they're cock-hungry!

Of course no issue would be complete without the arousing tales found in Spotlight, Feature and this month's My Most Unforgettable Lay, "Party Night at the Come-alot"—need we say more?

There are hot reads for everyone, so get yourself ready to be entertained and sexually satisfied!—*The Editors*



Letters

Her ass was his for a condom, some lube and a hundred bucks

I sat back in a comfortable chair and watched the sexy long-haired blonde maid slither her way around my hotel suite in her short, frilly uniform.

She was pretty and young, maybe 18 or 19, with long legs and very nice curves. Much of her tan, freckled chest was revealed by the low neckline of her uniform dress, and her knowing smile, along with the way she bent over provocatively as she dusted the tables, made it obvious that she liked to tease.

When she went into the bedroom, I swallowed the last of my drink and followed her. She was gathering the blanket and sheets from the bed, and as I came in she brought one leg up, resting her knee on the edge of the mattress. With a pillow pressed to her large bust, she looked slowly and deliberately back over her shoulder at me. Then she smiled.

"I see you, you know," she said then. "Looking at my panties, and my ass." It was true; I could see her white panties just then, since her skirt had ridden way up over her shapely legs and round backside.

I wasn't going to deny it. "Nice legs, too," I said boldly, looking them up and down.

"Thanks," she smiled. "You know, guys look at my ass all the time," she went on. "I don't mind that. I'll even take the right guy up my ass sometimes." She gave me a sexy look, and dropped the pillow to cup her big tits through her dress.

"The right guy, huh?" I said, grinning back at her. "Am I the right guy?"

"Maybe," she said. "With a condom, a dab of lube—and a hundred bucks."

"Well," I said, "I happen to have a hundred bucks," and I took out five 20-dollar bills.

She smiled broadly. "Call me Dolores," she said, and quickly stripped off her uniform, dropping it to the floor. Her push-up bra and matching panties followed quickly, and then she was nude.

I went up to her and gave one of her curvy ass cheeks a little pinch. Dolores purred and rubbed herself against my crotch. She then reached into her little cleaning cart and handed me a box of condoms and tube of K-Y jelly from among her supplies.

"You must do this often," I said.

She laughed and tossed her head, then tugged my zipper down, "There are more right guys than you think," she said. Then she dropped to her knees and sucked my cock into her talented throat.

She sucked me for a short time, then stood up and got on her hands and knees on the bed, looking back at me, watching as I rolled the condom onto my very hard cock. I lubed it up and got behind her. Her puckered ass was an awesome sight. I flicked my tongue over it, and she giggled and bobbed that firm young butt in my face.

Parting her cheeks with one hand, I lubed that tight little hole with the other, my finger penetrating her slowly. She was breathing faster now, and one of her hands went between her legs, vigorously rubbing at her juicy cunt.

Removing my finger, I gave each of her buttocks a quick kiss, then patted her as I got into position. "Are you ready for it?" I asked, and she nodded. I clutched her cheeks, one in each hand, and opened her back door a little wider as I moved closer. My hard-on was bobbing and throbbing in anticipation. I rubbed it back and forth over her globes, then pressed the tip against her anal opening.

Dolores moaned and trembled as I slowly and steadily started pushing in. She moaned more loudly and gasped a few times, her hands now gripping the bedsheets. I could feel her tight asshole throbbing around my shaft.

When I had about five inches inside her I paused for a moment, letting us both catch our breath. Her moans were constant now, and she urged me on as I



pushed in the last two inches, then began to fuck that round young ass. Through clenched teeth she hissed for me to go easy, so I did. But soon she was pushing herself back hard on my shaft, and we really got into it.

Her ass was tight and hot through the rubber, and her moans, gasps and grunts turned me on even more as I gripped her hips and nailed her good. I humped that fine young ass till we both got sore. Then it hit us almost simultaneously. I shot my load deep in her ass, and as she felt me spurting into the rubber, she came too. We collapsed in a heap, with me on top of her, and after a few minutes I caught my breath and rolled off. I sat up and looked down at her gaping ass, red now and wide open after the pounding.

I had a meeting to get to at noon, so I went to the bathroom to clean up, then went out and left her there, still lying on my bed.

She was back the next morning, and again I was the "right guy" for her ass—for another hundred bucks. She explained that she had to make some extra money to support her daughter, since the hotel paid only minimum wage. But she refused to let me fuck her pussy, saying that that was reserved for the "real right man," whoever that might be. Well, good luck to him. I only hope she'll be there again on my next trip.—*F.R., Albuquerque, New Mexico*



The nude modeling job turned into a wild back door orgy

I am a junior in college and have always been a rather demure person. I'm five feet two and 110 pounds, with shoulder-length brown hair and brown eyes. My 34B breasts are small but firm, my skin is smooth and creamy, and guys tell me I have a cute round butt.

Last year I answered an ad placed by an artist seeking models. I figured it meant some perv getting his jollies while I stood around naked, but the money was good, and I told myself that it would be okay as long we kept up the pretense that he was an artist and I was a nice girl comfortable with nudity. But when I got there it turned out that it wasn't a trick at all. It was all quite professional and even boring. In the end the artist paid me $500 for two hours of boredom and then I left.

Two weeks later I answered another ad for a different artist. But this time the moment I dropped my robe I knew this was a different kind of deal. The "artist" put me through several poses, and at one point he had me face away from him and look back over my shoulder. As I did so I saw two more men who had just entered the studio. One was black, the other white but very tanned. They both disrobed, and I began to feel nervous. But I said nothing as they approached, and the "artist" directed the three of us into a series of poses. I couldn't help noticing that both of the men were quite well endowed, particularly the black one.

Then, at a suggestion from the "artist," the white man bent me over a chair, grabbing my hips as he stood behind me. I knew I should protest, but I didn't. Something about the way he asserted himself, his confident mastery, made me feel pliant, and even excited. I felt him moving my legs apart, and I waited breathlessly for the feel of his cock in my pussy. But instead, he spit on my ass, and then speared it with the head of his large dick.

I gasped and cried out. I expected to feel pain, but any such feeling was overwhelmed by a combination of fullness and pleasure such as I had never felt in my entire life. I didn't want him to stop, but I didn't want to seem like a tramp either. I tried to say something, but I

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was moaning and gasping too hard to make myself understood.

When he was all the way inside me he began pumping me rhythmically. He also reached around to rub my clit, and soon brought me to a thunderous climax just as he grunted and shot his cream into my throbbing ass.

He pulled out of me then, and I hardly had time to recover my breath as he pushed me into the muscular arms of the black guy. I nearly fainted with excitement as he lifted me on my tiptoes and began jamming his very large cock into my gaping asshole. This time I actually fucked back, bucking up and down on his shaft as he drove in and out of me, moaning and gasping with each thrust. Somehow I lost my balance and my legs flailed helplessly. The first guy grabbed my ankles and held my legs as that black pole continued to embed itself in my wanton ass. As I came I clenched my sphincter muscles as tightly as I could, milking that prick until it exploded inside my quivering body.

They both stepped back then and left me moaning and twitching on the floor. I was so exhausted that I was barely aware of the "artist" as he stood above me and dropped his pants before climbing on me for his turn.

I woke up some time later, with come still leaking from my aching but happy ass. The "artist" gave me $1000, fed me a delicious meal and drove me home afterward.

So now I have a whole new kind of modeling career, which not only pays my college expenses, but also adds a lot of excitement to my otherwise dull life.—*N.D., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

Her husband's friend caught her at just the right time for a little fun

My husband Craig and I have been married for 12 years, and his friends have always liked being around me—mostly, I think, because of my big 38D tits. I never minded their looking, but I love my husband and never let anything happen. Then one day about a month ago Craig's friend Kevin stopped by to drop off a drill he'd borrowed. Craig was off working and I was home alone, so I invited him in.

We had a nice chat over a cup of coffee, and the whole time we talked I was allowing my imagination to run wild. I don't know why I felt particularly horny that day, but I did. I was wearing one of Craig's football jerseys, which covered me to mid-thigh, so I wasn't lewdly exposed. Still, lustful thoughts filled my head, and I was consumed by them. It was totally out of character for me, and I can only imagine Kevin's surprise when I suddenly got up and went over to where he was sitting, then knelt in front of him and lifted my jersey. The look on his face

when he saw my bare tits was just priceless.

After a moment of shock he leaned forward, grabbed both breasts and pushed them together. “Damn,” he said. “These are the best tits I’ve ever seen in my life!” I smiled and told him he could get his cock out and fuck them if he liked. He quickly pushed his pants down and released his prick.

I pushed forward and leaned into his lap so his pole was lodged between my tits. He squeezed them together and slid his prick back and forth in my ample cleavage. In no time the inner slopes of my tits were wet with his precome, and my nipples were like two bullets. We were both moaning, and he told me he couldn’t last much longer. I told him to just shoot his load if he wanted; it was fine with me.

He fucked my chest harder then, and a moment later I felt a hot gush between my tits, and the underside of my chin as well as my boobies got splattered with his come. Kevin shouted as he shot his cream all over me. It looked like nearly a half gallon of come, and I rubbed the stuff over my tits. I got it all over my hands, then licked my fingers slowly, smiling up at him as I did so. When he was depleted he took his cock in his hand and used it as a brush to paint my face with the last oozing drops of his sperm.

Afterwards we sat talking about what we’d done for a few minutes. My come-spattered tits were still fully exposed, as was his freely hanging cock.

Finally Kevin said we needed a shower, and I agreed, so off we went. We got into the shower and soaped each other up, with him paying particular attention to my hairless cunt. He fingered it until he nearly drove me insane before he



“Kevin shouted as he shot his cream all over me. It looked like nearly half a gallon of come, and I rubbed the stuff over my tits”

Letters

turned me around, leaned me against the wall, grabbed my tits and pushed his cock into me from behind. He rammed into me over and over, bringing me to several climaxes, before he boldly asked if I'd ever had a prick in my ass.

I told him I never had, and he asked if I wanted to try it, since he wanted to come inside me but didn't have a condom. "Okay," I said, "but be careful," and he promised he would.

After soaping my ass up, Kevin placed his cockhead at my anal opening and began to push into me gently. The initial sensation was of a bit of discomfort, along with a feeling of fullness, but he gradually got inside me and the discomfort subsided, to be replaced with feelings of lustful delight. He went very slowly until I got used to it—and then I got my ass pounded! And Christ, I loved it! As he fucked my ass, he groped my tits, pulled my nipples and fingered my cunt. I was screaming and moaning like crazy, and when I suddenly felt him shooting into me I came like gangbusters.

We kissed passionately as he pulled out of me, and we hastened to finish our shower. But as I soaped up his cock and balls, I felt him twitch in my hand. "Oh fuck!" he said as I stroked him hard again. I pushed him against the wall and stroked him some more before dropping to my knees and sucking his cock till he came in my mouth. After that he quickly got dressed and left, warning me not to tell Craig about this. As if I would!

Kevin and I have never had sex again since that day, but I often think about it, especially about how his cock felt up my ass. I still love my husband, but you never know what might happen.—*R.C., Jackson, Mississippi*



At the hospitality suite, no one was more hospitable than she

I'm a 26-year-old woman who works in advertising sales. My job often takes me away from home and from Ralph, my husband of three years. Most of my trips are quite pleasant, though somewhat boring. But that wasn't the case with the last one I took, which happened to be to Kansas City. Pleasant, yes; boring, no.

After checking into my hotel, I called my husband as usual, then went down to the lounge for a steak dinner. After the meal I went to the bar for a drink before going back to my room. While I was there two gentlemen approached me and asked if I was on my way to their company's hospitality suite. Somewhat startled, I assured them that I wasn't. They seemed embarrassed and apologized profusely, saying that they thought any woman with such nice legs in such a short skirt must be in the entertainment field. As they left they said that if I wasn't doing anything later, I should stop by their suite.

After they were gone, another man approached me. This guy was fat and balding, but for the hell of it I let him buy me a drink, only to find that he wouldn't keep his hands to himself. When he finally stumbled to the bathroom I took the opportunity to get out of there.

As I walked out I saw a sign advertising the hospitality suite the first two men had mentioned to me. Feeling slightly tipsy after a few drinks, I decided it might be fun to tease a few more attractive men than the one I'd just ditched, so I headed up there.

As I got off the elevator at that floor I could already

hear the party taking place down the hall. I knocked on the door and someone let me in. It was a large room, containing a pool table, a crap table and several poker tables, as well as a bar and a well-stocked buffet. Someone handed me a drink as I wandered about. There were a lot of people there, most of them men, although there were two or three scantily clad women doing lap dances on a couple of couches, and every guy there seemed horny.

It wasn't long before some guy grabbed my arm and pulled me over to the crap table, telling me he needed a sweet sexy gal like me to roll the dice for him. So I did. Each time I reached over the table to pick up the dice I felt a hand lift up my skirt and squeeze my ass. After a few rolls I actually began to enjoy it, and even stuck my butt out to help him along. By then he was grabbing me with both hands, running them down the back of my thighs. He appeared to be very turned on by the fact that I wasn't wearing panties, only pantyhose. Soon he was pulling my skirt all the way up, so my ass was in view for all to see, and he was not the only one who was fondling me at that point.

We were attracting a crowd now, and after each roll it seemed that a different guy would kiss me, or lick my ear, or even suck my neck. There were several sets of hands pawing me too. I kept being handed drinks, and I kept drinking them.

After a while I turned to see one of the men who'd invited me to the suite earlier. He acted as if we were old friends, putting his arms around me and kissing me deeply. He then pulled me over to the pool table, where he challenged me to game, but added a twist by saying this would be "strip pool," where whoever misses a shot has to remove an article of clothing, and then take a shot of tequila. Of course he had me break, and naturally, I didn't sink a ball, so I boldly took off my skirt and took a drink from the bottle he provided. I was still wearing my suit jacket and blouse, along with my black pantyhose and heels.

As I was taking my next shot I felt a pair of hands grab my ankles. Looking down, I saw someone lying under the pool table with his head sticking out, his warm tongue now working its way up my legs. The next thing I knew, the tongue was licking my bald pussy through my thin pantyhose. I couldn't concentrate on the shot, so I just dropped the pool cue and bent over the table, while other tongues now licked at my ass and thighs. At that point my pool partner sat on the table and undid his zipper, then directed my mouth toward his swollen cock.

I had no control over myself by then; I was lost in a miasma of alcohol and lust. I licked his enlarged cock and his balls too, then



"Soon he was pulling my skirt all the way up, so my ass was in view for all to see, and he was not the only one fondling me at that point"

Booty Time



"I rolled onto my back, spreading my legs wide apart, pumping the pool cue in and out of my soaking pussy as everyone watched"

engulfed his rod completely with my mouth and sucked him dry.

I was still bent over the table when I felt a hard cock press against my ass and felt my pantyhose being torn open. I braced myself and rocked back and forth as whoever it was slowly slid his cock up my tight ass. With each push his stiff shaft went further and further up inside me. Finally he achieved full penetration, and he held me tightly by my hips as he rammed his cock in and out of my ass. He pounded me hard and deep, until I felt him jerk and quiver, and felt his warmth rush in to fill me. Then he pulled out, his come oozing out to run down my nylon-covered legs.

After that I didn't need much encouragement when some of the men started clamoring for me to give them a show. I was helped onto the pool table, where I knelt down, grabbed a pool stick and began moving it back and forth against my swollen pussy. I rolled over onto my back and drove myself insane with lust, spreading my legs wide apart and pumping the pool cue in and out of my soaking pussy as everyone watched.

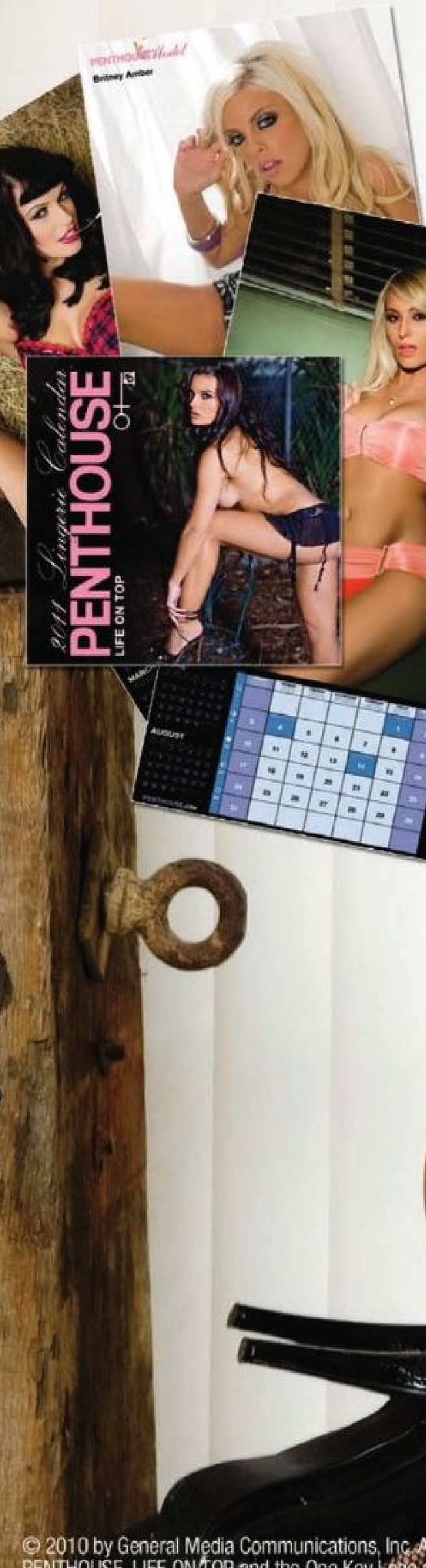
It was good, but I needed more—I needed a live, warm, hard cock inside me. I only had to ask once, and in a moment some guy was on top of me. He had a pretty sizable cock, and the friction of him going in and out of me drove me out of my mind. He pinned me to the pool table with his body and fucked me with delicious roughness. He kept me where he wanted me, and he moved me from position to position, until at last he was fucking me doggie-style. He pulled my head back by my hair, which is something I love

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during sex, and I came with a scream.

After that I had climax after climax as man after man stuck his cock inside me, until I finally collapsed.

I woke up late the next morning to find myself in a bed with two strange men, not knowing how I got there. I was an hour late for my first meeting that day, but still managed to land the account. Nobody can say I'm not good at my job.—*Name and address withheld*

Two young girls find a way to stay virginal—technically speaking

When I first met my girlfriend Sandra, her daughter Angie was still in high school. As Sandra and I continued to date, and eventually moved in together, Angie and I got along quite well, and we all did things together like a family.

Angie had totally filled out by the time she entered college. She had become a very pretty girl of 18, and she had lots of friends.

One afternoon I came home from work early and saw Angie's car in the driveway, along with another that I didn't recognize. Figuring that one of Angie's friends was visiting, I parked and went into the house. Not wishing to disturb them, I didn't announce myself as I usually did. I went upstairs, and as I passed by Angie's slightly open door I saw an incredible sight.

There on Angie's bed, on all fours, was her best friend Gina—a gorgeous young redhead with a nice freckled body and all the right curves. Behind Gina was Angie, wearing a strap-on dildo. Gina still wore her bra, but her white lace panties were pulled all the way down, dangling from one ankle, and Angie was banging away at her ass.

The rubber cock looked huge—much too big, in fact, for Gina's pussy, let alone her ass. But Gina didn't seem to be suffering as Angie plunged in and out of her. Her eyes were slightly rolled back in her head, her mouth hanging open, with unearthly moans coming out of it, and the ankle from which her panties dangled was jerking around as though waving a white flag of surrender.

As Angie continued to bang Gina's round little butt I realized that my cock was rock-hard. I had to relieve it, and barely knowing what I was doing, I pulled it out and started jerking off as I watched them.

Somehow Angie must have heard something, for she suddenly looked over and saw me. At first she looked shocked; but she soon recovered and in a tone of mixed defiance and amusement, she said, "Look, Gina, we have an audience."

Just then I felt my balls churning, and I shot my wad. I shot so hard that my come flew all the way across the room, some of the drops landing on Gina's thigh. Angie laughed and boldly licked my sperm off her friend's leg, still fucking her with the dildo until Gina helplessly climaxed.

I struggled to regain my composure somewhat as the girls slowly separated. I then asked them how long this had been going on. Angie said they'd been at it ever since they got to college. She assured me that they were not lesbians, but they needed a way to cope with the sexual pressures and temptations that naturally arose with girls their age. They liked guys, but they had determined to remain virgins at least until they actually fell in love. In the meantime, they'd figured this was a good way to release their sexual tensions while still holding on to their virginity.

I didn't bother to point out the flaws in this logic. As Angie spoke my eyes were traveling over Gina's body, which was making my cock twitch into life again. Both girls noticed this, and to my great delight Angie offered Gina's ass to me to relive





"She squealed, but took my whole length, and I began banging her ass. She was sobbing and moaning and rubbing herself to climax"

my tension. I looked at Gina and asked if that was what she wanted, and that sweet young girl merely nodded demurely and got back on all fours.

Not wanting to waste my chance, I quickly stripped down and got on the bed behind her, holding on to her hips as I drove into her. She squealed, but took my whole length, and I began banging her little ass just as Angie had done. She was sobbing and moaning and rubbing herself to climax. It felt incredible! Since I'd already come once I had plenty of staying power, and I really pounded her before I came, and she was wailing with passion the whole time.

When I pulled out of her dilated asshole it was still twitching and leaking my come onto the bed, and Angie quickly get behind her to lap it up with her tongue. By that time I was spent, and as I got dressed and left we all promised each other that this would be our secret.

I got together with the two of them a lot that summer, and later during vacations and subsequent summers, until they both graduated and moved away, and I'm proud to say that I helped them remain virgins for as long as they wished to. And yes, Angie's ass was as every bit as good as Gina's.—*C.N., Des Moines, Iowa*

Being young and sexy is nice for a girl, and still nicer for her friends

My father's coworker, Pat, saw me sitting at the bar soon after he came in. He must have wondered how I got away with it, since I was only 18 years old. The answer was simple: fake ID. I was with my friend Grace, who was 19 and also had a fake ID. The bartender was a man in his 50s and didn't give a shit.

Pat came over to say hello, and I gave him a hug and a peck on the cheek. I introduced him to Grace, and we had a pleasant conversation until his friend Ned showed up. Ned, like Pat, is a married man in his late 40s. He came over to join us, and seemed to especially like Grace, paying her a lot of attention.

When Ned asked Grace to dance, Pat and I had another drink. When I felt his hand on my knee under the table, a charge went through me. When I mentioned to him that my parent's were gone for the weekend and I was all alone, he suggested that we go to my place, since his wife was home with his kids.

I told Grace I was leaving with Pat, and she smiled and said I was wicked, but then told me to have a good time. Then Ned grabbed her and pulled her back to him. I knew she'd end up fucking him by the end of the night.

Back at my house, Pat and I sat on the couch together, and soon began



hugging and kissing. He fondled my tits and felt my ass through my dress. He unbuttoned my top and unhooked my bra, then kissed and sucked my sensitive nipples while I fondled his crotch, then undid his belt and zipper. Together we pushed his pants and undershorts down to his ankles, and when his hard penis sprang free, I was thrilled. It was long and thick, with a big crown.

He pushed gently on my shoulders, and I got onto my knees in front of him. I looked up at him with my big brown eyes, then opened my mouth and took his cock inside. He moaned and ran his fingers through my hair, enjoying the blowjob I was giving him. I enjoyed it too, but I wanted more.

> "When I asked what it was that he wanted to do, he said he wanted to fuck my young ass. I finally said yes and turned over for him"

Finally I got to my feet and removed my skirt and panties. No sooner was I nude than Pat had me on my back on the couch, with his tongue in my pussy. He ate me really well, and I just locked my thighs around his head and let him do it. The man drove me wild with lust, and I finally came with a loud scream.

After that, with him holding onto my tits and ass, and me holding his cock, we made our way to the bedroom. There he pushed me onto the bed and got on top of me, his solid cock brushing my pussy lips briefly before he pushed into me with one hard shove that made me cry out. He was into me so deeply that I felt his balls against my crotch. His mouth devoured my breasts and he slammed into me over and over, my bed banging against the wall, until he unleashed his come with a shout. It spurted into the depths of my pussy, making my belly tingle.

We fucked all night, and Pat finally told me he wanted to do one more thing before he left. When I asked what it was, he said he wanted to fuck my young ass.

I was a little nervous at first, but finally said yes and turned over for him. He used some Vaseline and loosened me up with his fingers before putting his cockhead at my entrance. I purred and moaned as he worked his way inside me, then slowly fucked my tight butt. He was very gentle and he didn't last long, shooting his hot come in my ass and collapsing on top of me.

After he dressed he kissed me and left, telling me whenever I wanted to hook up again, to just give him a call. Since that night I've let him fuck me a few more times but I've also hooked up with his friend Ned. It's good to be young and sexy.—*J.K., Augusta, Maine*

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Letters

His wife's friend got her into double trouble, but she didn't mind

Two weeks ago my wife Julia and I went out to a local club for some Friday night fun, and while there we ran into Julia's friend Nina. Nina was alone, since her husband was at work. She and Julia have been close friends since high school. They evidently did some wild things together before Julia and I met. I've heard the stories and always wondered how true they were.

Julia is 24, tall and brunette, with a great body. Nina is a year older, shorter and more voluptuous, with long blonde hair and dark eyes. I've often thought about what it would be like to screw her.

That night both women were dressed to thrill in short skirts, tight tops, heels and stockings, and as they drank their inhibitions loosened. I got a little tipsy too, but I did my best to keep my wits about me.

At one point the girls went to the ladies' room, and I later found out from Nina that while they were in there she talked Julia into removing her wedding ring before they came back out. She also talked her into removing her panties.

When they emerged, instead of rejoining me they went straight to the dance floor, and were soon joined by a couple of guys. It seems that Nina told these guys that Julia was looking to get laid, and also that she wasn't wearing panties. Julia was embarrassed, but tried to pass it off as a joke. They then paired off and started dancing.

I watched my wife dancing with her partner as their bodies moved sensuously to the music. His hands were massaging her back and bottom, and she was becoming quite aroused, from what I could see. Then they kissed, and I saw her hand slip between them and slide inside his pants, right there on the dance floor! For his part, the guy had his hand under her skirt, busily bringing her to exciting new heights.

The crowd hid them from my sight for a short time, and when I got a glimpse of them again it was plain to see that the guy had managed to get his cock out and was actually fucking her as they danced on the crowded floor. The other dancers seemed oblivious to what they were doing, but I was most interested—especially since it was my wife who was doing it.

Meanwhile Nina had evidently been having quite a time of her own. After awhile she and Julia switched partners, but instead of dancing with her, Julia's new guy led her off the dance floor and out a side exit. I could have followed them, but I figured what the hell, let her have her fun. I had another drink and watched Nina getting down and dirty with her new partner, until the crowd shifted and I lost sight of them too.

I later found out from Nina that she found my wife against a wall with her skirt up around her waist, getting fucked for all she was worth. The guys then wanted them to go back to their hotel, but Nina said she couldn't, since she had to rejoin her husband, but that Julia would love to go with them and enjoy herself.

Julia didn't object.

After the two guys left with Julia, Nina rejoined me and told me everything. When she saw that I was not too happy about this, she told me she would make it up to me. When I asked how, she said that she would be mine for the night, and I could do anything I wanted with her. She emphasized her point by leading me to the dance floor, where we did our own dirty dancing, culminating in me getting her in a corner and fucking her standing up, as my wife had done with her partner earlier. I came in seconds,

and apologized for getting too excited. Nina told me I could make amends when I got her home, where we could do it any way we wanted, in private.

What resulted was a night of unrestrained, no-holds-barred sex as I fucked Nina strenuously in her mouth, pussy and ass. But all along I kept thinking of my wife being fucked silly by the two guys she'd left the club with. I wondered if they would use condoms, and if they would get their cocks in her ass, like I did with Nina.

Finally, around eight in the morning, Julia called. She knew I would be with Nina, and she gave me the name of the hotel where she'd spent the night. I said good-bye to Nina and then raced over to get her.

I couldn't get her home fast enough. I stripped her with my heart in my throat as she told me how both guys had undressed her slowly, and how she had sucked both their cocks before they took her to bed, where they'd fucked her all night. No, they hadn't used condoms, and yes, they did fuck her ass . At times they had fucked her cunt and ass simultaneously, which brought her to a screaming climax.

By then I was on top of her and sliding my cock into her come-slick pussy. We fucked as never before while she continued to tell me her story until I exploded inside her. Then we took a well-deserved rest.—*H.D., Eugene, Oregon*

Once she'd been an uptight virgin, but oh, how she'd changed!

I hadn't set foot in a church since my wedding six years ago, but my wife was a churchgoer, and I didn't object to her raising the kids as she had been raised. So on Sundays she took the kids to church while I slept in, usually getting up in time to catch the first football game on TV.

So when she asked me to attend a church supper with her one Saturday evening, I figured it wouldn't kill me. The food actually turned out to be pretty good, which at least took my mind off of how impatient I was to get home.

At one point during the meal a young lady came down the aisle with a serving tray, to refill our plates. She served me a nice slice of Virginia ham, then asked if she could bring me anything else.

Her voice rang a bell in my mind, and I looked up at her. We exchanged glances of mutual astonishment, and for a brief moment both of us were speechless.

Her name was Lilah, and years ago she had been my date to the senior prom in high school. I'd had wet dreams about her for a year before I worked up the courage to ask her out. She was a strait-laced religious girl, probably a virgin, and I had dreamed of being the guy who would pop her cherry.

On the way home from the prom, as she sat next



to me, I had laid my hand on her nylon-covered knee, slid it up under her hemline and promptly got my face slapped. She'd slid as far away from me as she could get and demanded that I take her home immediately. That was the last time we had spoken to each other, but I had never stopped thinking about her.

"No thanks, I'm fine," was all I could manage to say now. She gave me a polite smile, and then continued making her rounds of the dining hall. Damn, I thought, I'd blown it again.

Toward the end of the meal I saw her wander out of the dining hall. I couldn't help watching her rump, which nicely filled out the seat of her dress. Telling my wife I was going out for a smoke (of which she disapproved, of course) I followed Lilah out the door.

I found her in the lobby, sitting alone. She smiled when she saw me. "Hi," she

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said. "Long time no see."

Relieved that she seemed friendly, I sat down next to her. As I did so I spotted the sparkling diamond wedding ring on her finger.

Our conversation was a bit awkward at first, but then grew relaxed as we made small talk about old times.

"It's kind of stuffy in here," I said finally. "Care to step outside with me for some fresh air?"

"Love to," Lilah replied. We got up and strolled out into the parking lot and stood chatting by my SUV. "Nice set of wheels," she said, "Are they yours?"

"They will be with about nine more payments," I said. "Care tot take a peek inside?"

We got into the car and chatted some more as her hands swept over the lush upholstery. Then, on a sudden impulse, I leaned over and kissed her on the lips. After a brief moment Lilah pulled away, looking at me with a startled expression.

"I should go back inside," she said then. "My husband is probably wondering where I am."

Christ! I had done it again, I thought. What in hell was I thinking? We went back into the church, and she disappeared into the crowd.

As my wife and I were leaving, I saw her again, standing by the door bidding the people good night. An older man stood by her with his arm draped around her shoulders. I assumed this was her husband, but I was in for a further shock.

"Wonderful evening, Reverend," my wife said to the man as we went out.

Holy shit! I thought as the reality hit me like a bucket of cold water. Lilah was the wife of the pastor!

She avoided eye contact with me as I shook hands with the pastor and mumbled something or other. On the way home, my wife raved about what nice people they were, in spite of the fact that the pastor was so much older than she was. "But don't you think they make a lovely couple?" she gushed.

I just grunted, silently vowing never again to venture back into that church.

So I was more than a little startled a few days later when I answered the phone to hear Lilah's voice on the other end. Before she could say much more than hello, I stammeringly began to apologize for the other night, saying I was sorry I had gotten carried away.

"Don't be sorry," Lilah said. "That kiss was really very sweet."

"I should have remembered what a nice girl you are," I said.

"Nice? You think nice is what I am? Why do you think I'm calling you?"

For a moment I was speechless. Did she mean what I hoped she meant?

"Listen," she said then. "My husband is in a meeting all day. Why don't you come over for coffee—or something."

"Give me ten minutes," I said.

As I drove to her house my body was in a fever at the thought of finally consummating the pent-up longing that had come roaring back after all these years.

When I got there, she left no doubt that she felt the same way. Within minutes her naked body was writhing beneath me as I penetrated her on her bed. As I hit her G-spot she sucked in a sharp breath and released a flow of pussy juice that bathed my shaft as it slid in and out of her sweetly clutching pussy.

"All the way in!" she shrieked. "Deeper, deeper! As deep as you can! Ram it into me!"

Aroused as I had not been in years by her unexpected passion, I plunged into her until my dick was balls deep in her pink meat. I gave a final vigorous



thrust, then stiffened and squirted a gushing load of sperm deep in her vagina.

As we lay spent and sweaty, she stroked my shoulders and back while I lavished her face with soft kisses. "Oh, what a difference some good sex can make," Lilah sighed. "I feel like a new woman."

"Think we'll go to hell for what we just did?" I said kiddingly.

"I don't believe in hell anymore," Lilah soberly replied.

"You've changed some since high school, haven't you?"

"I've changed a lot since high school. Guilt-free adultery is what I'm interested in exploring now."

"Glad to hear it," I said. "Does your husband suspect anything?"

"He's clueless," she answered. "I play the faithful devoted wife, and what he doesn't know won't hurt him."

"Well, your secret is safe with me," I assured her.

After that day I couldn't get enough of her. We met at her home or mine, whenever the coast was clear, but most often we made use of motels, which were safer.

One day after we'd been fucking for about four months, I rapped on the door of the motel room that had become our usual place. Lilah greeted me at the door, clad in see-through lingerie that took my breath away.

"Well, look at you!" I gasped. "Damn, I could pop my load just at the sight of you!"

"Oh, don't do that!" she said. "At least come inside first."

I did, and we embraced and kissed open-mouthed as her hand drifted down to stroke my boner.

"Umm, it's all nice and hard for me," she purred. "Time for this cock-hungry girl to unholster your six-gun, cowboy."

I heard the sound of my fly being hastily unzipped by her impatient fingers. A moment later she sank to her knees and devoured my stiff penis as though she was famished, her tongue rolling my knob until I ejaculated, and she swallowed my load down her throat with thirsty gulps.

I took her hands and lifted her back to her feet. "Wow!" I said. "Try that on your husband the next time he's rehearsing his sermon."

"No way," she said scornfully. "I tried to give him head just once, on our honeymoon. I went down on him and just managed to get his dick in my mouth when suddenly he grabbed a fistful of my hair, jerked my head back and told me that only painted harlots did that kind of thing. I fucking couldn't believe it!"

"Dumb bastard doesn't know what he's missing," I said.

"Forget about my husband. This girl is in heat for a nasty ass-fuck." With that we both got naked, after which she got down on all fours on the carpet and stuck her rounded rear



out for me. My penetration of her anus soon had her bucking and moaning. Her dangling boobs swayed with each thrust as I pumped her bung until I shot, bathing her bowels with my jism. As I withdrew, a droplet of semen oozed from her crinkled bud.

"I've got a question for you," Lilah said as we rested. "If you had to choose between me and your wife, what chance would I have?"

I was startled. "What's going on in that head of yours, girl?" I asked her.

"Don't be alarmed," she smiled. "I'm just curious."

"Hell, between you and my wife, I'd choose you in a heartbeat. But if that choice included my two kids, I'm afraid you would lose big time, sweetheart."

"I figured as much," she said. "And that's fine. But just for your information, I'm going to be a mother in about seven months."

"For real? I said breathlessly, and she nodded. "Holy shit!" I said, then

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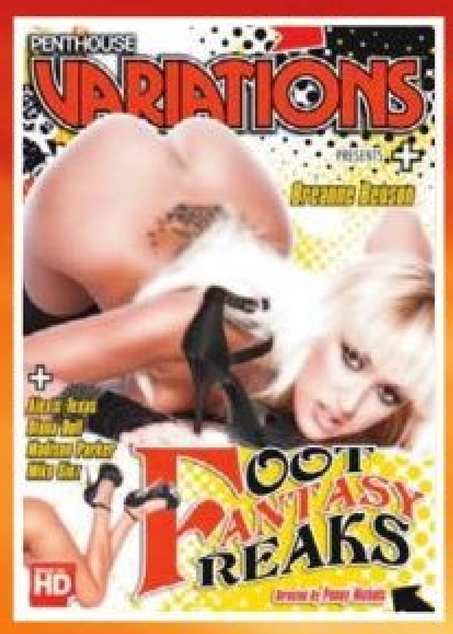
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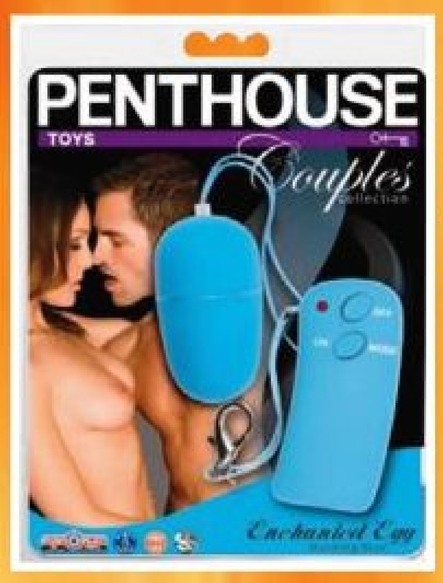
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after a minute: "I guess that makes me a paternal suspect, doesn't it?"

"At ease soldier," Lilah laughed. "I don't intend to make an issue of it. I don't thick my uptight husband would be able to handle it anyway. Let sleeping dogs lie, as they say. Anyway, you don't think you're the only guy I've been seeing, do you?"

This kind of knocked me for a loop, but I managed to roll with it. I would have continued the discussion, but just then she rolled over and gave me a long passionate kiss, and soon we were too busy to talk.

I'll probably never know for sure if I'm the guy who knocked Lilah up, though the romantic in me likes to think so. Anyway, whether because of the pregnancy or the knowledge that she was fucking other guys, my passion for her gradually lessened, until by the time she had the baby we were pretty much over. But it still makes me feel good to know that the ultra-religious, sexually repressed girl I once ached for has blossomed into the sensuous, freewheeling slut I always thought she was meant to be.—*P.L., Ames, Iowa*

The strange girl was more sexually adept than she had let on

Lou and I have been lovers for 11 years. We are both in unfulfilling marriages, and we both travel a lot in our jobs. This allows us to fully enjoy each other every couple of months, whenever our out-of-town business meetings coincide. Between encounters we fantasize with each other by phone and e-mail about how we are going to fuck each other at our next get-together.



Las Vegas is one of our favorite places to meet. On one of our visits there about a year ago we met a great woman named Fran at one of the casinos. Fran is kind of my opposite. She is tall and lean, with red hair, and a few freckles dotting her fair skin, whereas I am small, curvy and blonde. Also I am the quiet type, while Fran tends to be more outgoing.

Fran had noticed Lou and me obviously enjoying each other as we walked around the casino, and even sneaking a grope or two when we thought no one was looking. She finally approached us with a smile, and commented that we seemed to be happily married. We admitted our situation to her, and she in turn confided that she had a big crush on her boss, Nick, but was not sexually confident enough to approach him. She then asked if she could spend some intimate time with us to help her get past her insecurity.

We were both surprised by this request, but Lou, being a man, was more than ready to take her up on it. I was more hesitant, but finally said okay, on the condition that there would be no actual intercourse between them, and both of them agreed.

Fran came back with us to our room, and the three of us got undressed and lay down on the bed. Fran began by bringing Lou to erection with her hands, stroking and teasing him with her long fingers and then pumping him gently, bringing him just to the edge of climax before she stopped. She then moved to me and began sucking my tits until I moaned. She was evidently more sexually adept than she had let on.

Fran then experimented

with a few toys that I had brought along. She played with a couple of my vibrators, pleasuring herself to orgasm in front of us. After that she got dressed, thanked us for helping her, and left, leaving us her phone number.

Lou and I were not quite sure what to make of this encounter, but we agreed that it had been fun and erotic, and we had fabulous sex for the rest of the night.

The next time we were both in Vegas, we decided to call Fran, and after that we got together with her on several occasions. She loved spending time with us, exploring her sexuality and getting us both off, as well as herself, although there was still no actual fucking. Eventually she did get together with Nick, and they started dating. Last month they actually got engaged, and as Lou and I happened to be in town, they invited us to meet them for dinner to celebrate.

We had a fantastic dinner at one of the restaurants in our hotel, enjoying the wine, the food and each other. Lou and I were very happy for them, and they seemed devoted to each other.

As we were finishing dessert, Nick suggested we go up to our room for a drink. I gathered that Fran had told him about our get-togethers, and it was obvious that he was talking about more than drinks. I was somewhat uncomfortable with this. So far, Lou and Fran had still not had intercourse, and I wanted to keep it that way. And I had no interest in fucking another man. I hastily excused myself to go to the ladies' room, where I attempted to compose myself.

Fran soon followed me, coming in as I stood washing my hands in front of the mirror. She obviously sensed my nervousness; it was difficult for me even to meet her eyes. She stepped up to me and handed me a towel, standing so close that I could feel the warmth of her body. Then she leaned in and whispered, "Don't worry, there'll be no man-sharing, and we'll only do what you are comfortable with." Her hands gripped the counter on either side of me, and as I turned around to face her, she pressed herself to me and kissed me, right there in the ladies' room. Her lips were soft and full, and her tongue parted mine as it slid into my mouth. My knees went weak as she ended the kiss and walked out of the room. I had to wait for my head to stop spinning before walking back to our table.

Up in our room, the guys busied themselves making drinks as Fran and I went into the bathroom to change. My concerns were gone now, and I put on some sexy crotchless panties and a lacy bra that barely covered my nipples. Fran had a black thong with a cute bow on the front, and nothing else. Our lack of clothes brought smiles to the men's faces when we came out, and we let them look all they wanted while



"She played with a couple of my vibrators, pleasuring herself to orgasm in front of us. After that she got dressed, thanked us and left"

we finished our drinks.

Fran then suggested that the men sit in a couple of chairs near the foot of the bed, and she had me lie down diagonally across the mattress, so that they had a great view. She climbed onto me then, straddling my hips. My knees were slightly bent and spread apart, and the guys could see my exposed cunt, and Fran's ass just above it. She slid my flimsy bra off the breast closest to them, and started sucking my nipple, teasing it to hardness with her tongue, as she also began to grind her clit against mine.

After a few minutes Fran brought her face to mine and kissed me deeply, then moved off me to crouch on all fours, her body angled toward the guys as though to tease them with her ass in the air. Her hand found my other breast and teased it through the bra, until I pulled the fabric away myself and begged her to suck my tits. As she did so her hand traced its way to my shaven pussy, which was wet with anticipation, and blatantly uncovered by my nearly useless panties. She reached my clit and drew tiny circles around it with her index finger, while her hot, wet mouth moved back and forth between my tits. Keeping the pressure on my clit with the palm of her hand, she slid a finger inside me, and I felt my cunt tighten around it, just on the brink of orgasm.



As Fran locked her eyes on mine I saw Nick walk up behind her, his cock hard and throbbing, ready to enter her. I hadn't been aware of the guys taking their clothes off, but he was naked now, and so was Lou, who was also approaching the bed. Nick climbed up behind Fran and slid a finger under her thong, moving it to the side. She was so wet and ready that he slid in all the way with one thrust. She moaned and returned to my tits, more aggressively now.

Meanwhile Lou was standing over my writhing body, his cock also ragingly erect. Fran now pulled her finger out of me and offered it to him to suck clean. After licking her finger thoroughly, he pulled me to the edge of the bed with his strong hands, lifting my legs onto his shoulders. Then, with Fran guiding him to my hole, he entered me with his huge rock-hard cock.

As Lou began to fuck me, Fran alternately kissed my mouth and my tits, and the combined sensations drove me crazy. I found her clit with my hand and rubbed it, adding that pressure to Nick's rhythmic stroking from behind her. Her breath came heavy and fast as small whimpers and moans escaped her panting mouth.

Again she latched onto my tit, sucking hard and moaning, the vibrations of her voice adding to the erotic sensations I was feeling. She moved her hand down to my swollen pussy, teasing my clit and pushing it against Lou's shaft, so that I could feel it with each thrust as his cock drilled its way deeper and deeper inside me. "Fuck me, baby!" I heard myself saying. "Fuck me deep and hard!"

The words seemed to inspire Nick as well as Lou, and he started to slam into Fran with force, his moans and grunts growing louder, until I felt his come running from her pussy onto my hand as it continued to massage her clit. My own pussy tightened around Lou's pumping cock as Fran shuddered and came hard, her mouth still sucking wildly on my tits.

Lou fucked me faster and faster, his hands tightening on my hips as he pounded the full length of his thick cock deep inside me with powerful strokes. "Come for me, baby," I begged, knowing that the feel of his orgasm would bring me with him. Finally he filled me

with a huge load of come as my entire body seemed to pulse around him, my greedy pussy milking every last drop as I screamed in climax.

He stayed in me as he went soft, and when he finally slid out he joined me on the bed and we sank into each other's arms. Fran and Nick had gone into the bathroom to take a shower. I was feeling so close to them now, and so happy in general, that the thought of Lou fucking Fran was no longer threatening to me. And if Nick wanted to fuck me, well . . .

"What do you think of switching partners?" I whispered to Lou.

He smiled at me. "I thought you'd never ask," was his reply.—*Name and address withheld*



Ever try making love while singing in the choir? It's heavenly

Philip and I are both members of the choir at our local church. We are also both married, though not to each other.

Everyone, including our spouses and families, thinks we are both devout Christians without an evil thought in our heads. They have no way of knowing about the unholy and adulterous shenanigans we've been getting up to.

It all began when Philip gave me a ride home from choir practice one Tuesday night. One thing led to another, and we wound up in the back seat of his car, with me on my back and him thrusting away between my spread thighs.

After that we continued to sin every chance we got. Fortunately neither of our spouses attended church regularly, so Philip often picked me up before the Sunday services, as well as driving me home.

Last Sunday was rather special for Philip and me, as the two of us were scheduled to sing a duet as part of the choral offering

"'What do you think of switching partners?' I whispered to Lou. He smiled at me. 'I thought you'd never ask,' was his reply"



that morning. On the way to the church I couldn't help touching him and getting him aroused. I was getting myself pretty worked up too, and we ended up parking in a secluded dead-end street not far from the church, with our choir robes neatly folded on the back seat.

We were already close to being late for the services, but both of us were consumed by our carnal urges and we quickly climbed into the back, sweeping our robes to the floor.

"I love your tits," he panted as I lay on my back, his fingers swiftly unbuttoning my white blouse. I always wear bras that open in front, to give him easy access when the chance arrives. He unsnapped the bra to release my jiggling 38C tits, pushing them firmly together and licking first one nipple, then the other.

I giggled and pulled him tightly against me. I could feel his cock hardening in his Sunday slacks, and I cupped and massaged the bulge, causing him to moan. He was circling my hard nipples with his tongue, breathing heavily and getting me even hotter.

"We don't have time for this," I whispered frantically, but I couldn't stop fondling his cock.

"If you don't stop rubbing my cock like that I'm going to come in my pants," he panted.

We were dry-humping now, grinding our crotches together, and suddenly I came, spasming and releasing my juices all over the crotch of my panties. My nipples were still hard and aching, but somehow I found the strength to stop him. Breathing hard, we rearranged our clothes and proceeded hastily to the church.

I tried to make my face look as demure as possible as we rushed in and took our places in the choir loft. I could only hope that my hair did not look too disarranged, and that no one would suspect the wickedness I had just been engaged in, in the back of Philip's car. I could still feel my juices trailing down my inner thighs.

As Philip took his usual place in the row behind me, I caught a glimpse of his crotch under his open robe, and almost giggled as I saw that he was still somewhat hard.

The service began, and I had pretty much regained my composure by the time the choir portion commenced. Then it was time for our duet, and as had been rehearsed, the other members of the choir filed out of the loft, leaving Philip and me alone.

The hymn began with me singing alone, and it was as I was reaching for the highest soprano note that I felt it. To my amazement, Philip was slowly and covertly raising my choir robe from behind. And as I continued singing as best I could, he proceeded to lift my dress and push my panties down to my knees.

Mercifully, the wall of our choir box is high, and the congregation down on the floor could only see us from the shoulders up.

The last note of my solo lingered in the stillness of the church, and Philip chose that exact moment to push his thick cock between my legs and plunge it forcefully into my pussy.

I couldn't hold back the high-pitched chirp that escaped my lips. Fortunately it was pretty much drowned out by the first note of Philip's solo portion of the hymn. His resonant bass voice filled the church, and as it did he slid himself slowly in and out of me in rhythm to the music. It felt wonderful, but I had to hold on to the rail as he nearly shoved me off my feet with the intensity of his thrusts.

I felt his balls swinging wildly against my ass cheeks, and couldn't believe the audacity he was showing by doing such a thing. His solo part was coming to an end now as his thrusts took me to the edge. His voice seemed a bit less steady as he too began to approach his climax. I could feel his cock

"Philip was slowly raising my choir robe from behind. As I continued singing, he proceeded to lift my dress and push my panties down"

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expand the way it always does just before he comes, and as I felt my own climax begin to race through me I leaned back slightly and just let it all happen. He held my hips in a firm grasp as he poured his come into me with several strong spurts, still singing away at the top of his voice.

It was now time for us to sing together, and I was not sure I had the breath for it. Somehow I managed, however, and our voices mingled in harmony as his dick slid out of me and he pulled up my panties, then lowered my dress and my robe. I heard the faint sound of his zipper as the last notes of our hymn faded away.

After the service, to my surprise, Philip's wife suddenly appeared to congratulate us on our performance. She had come on her own, especially to hear her husband sing. I felt particularly wicked, standing there talking to her with her husband's sperm still leaking out of me—and in church, no less.

Philip told his wife that he would take me home, then come and join her for Sunday dinner. She said fine and kissed him goodbye, never suspecting a thing. Little did she know that once we arrived at my house, Philip and I had another quick fuck in the back seat of his car, while my own husband waited inside for me to get home.

Yes, I know I am a terrible sinner, but what can I do? Being wicked is so much fun!—*N.R., Tampa, Florida*

"They decided to see who could guess my bust size correctly. Rob leaned over and squeezed my boobs to get a better idea"

The first time she was unfaithful, it was not with one man, but two

I am a 45-year-old woman with three grown children and a successful husband who sells insurance. If my husband had any idea of what happened at my company's last Christmas party, he'd divorce me in a second. I, however, found the whole thing very exciting.

The party took place at a local bar. It began shortly after work, and by about eight o'clock we were already pretty drunk. I was hanging out with a few of the male employees, having some laughs and a generally good time. From time to time some of my female coworkers would shoot me glances of either disgust or jealousy as I flirted with these men. After all, I had only been there for about six months, and now I seemed to be the center of attention. But I was feeling too good to worry about it.

At one point I went up to the bar, and as I stood there I felt someone's hand on my butt, gently stroking it through my skirt. I liked the feeling, and I boldly pushed



harder against the hand to show my appreciation. When I turned around I saw that the hand belonged to Rob, one of our engineers, a tall good-looking guy in his late 20s. I gave him a peck on the cheek and returned to the group.

The guys in the group had seen Rob's hand on my butt, and when I returned to them they all seemed to want to fondle my ass too. I didn't mind; I enjoyed it, and I loved the effect it seemed to have on my jealous coworkers.

I didn't have to buy a drink the rest of the night, as things progressed from there. At one point Rob asked me how old I was, and I told him the truth—45. Another guy chimed in and said I didn't look as big as 45; he thought more like 38B. Everyone laughed loudly at that, and the topic of my bust size was now on the table. They decided to see who could guess it correctly. Rob, the horny devil, leaned over and squeezed my boobs to get a better idea, and before long everyone had felt them. Most

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wanted a second turn as well, to make sure their estimate was accurate. Finally I settled the issue by telling them I was a 36B.

Saul, a senior executive in the sales department, had guessed that exact size, and so was the winner. He was in his mid-50s and was, I knew, married with three kids of his own. He asked me what his prize was. I told him it was a Christmas kiss, and I gave it to him. There was a cheer when he eventually took his tongue out of my mouth and caught his breath.

A short while later I went to the ladies' room to freshen up. When I came out Saul was standing in the hall, waiting for me. We kissed again, and he took me by the hand and led me out a back door to the parking lot. He took me to his car, and we got in back and started making out.

He quickly unbuttoned my blouse and unclipped my bra, then bent down to suck my nipples. His other hand slipped up my thigh and under my skirt to rub my pussy and make me purr. I was his, and he knew it. I climbed on top of him and straddled his lap as he sat there in the front seat. I pulled the crotch of my panties aside as he took his cock out. I raised my butt and looked him the eye as I slid down onto his stiff prick. My tits were in his face, and he feasted on them as I moved up and down on him, riding his cock while his hands held on to my ass. I gasped out my climax seconds before I felt his thick cock throb as he emptied his seed into me.

This was the first time I had ever been unfaithful to my husband, but instead of feeling guilty I found it wickedly exciting. We kissed a while longer before returning to the bar and rejoining our group.

A short time later Saul said he had to leave, and offered me a ride home. I thanked him but said I would stay a while longer, and he left alone. To the others it might have looked like I shot him down, but little did they know.

I stayed for another hour or so, enjoying the continued attention from the guys, and the obvious hostility of my female coworkers, while Saul's sperm slowly leaked out of me. Most of the time Rob's arm was around my waist. It seemed he was determined to claim me for his own, and I didn't mind a bit. At the end of the evening we left together.

Once in the cab, Rob was all over me. His hands were on my tits and up my skirt, giving the cabby a real eyeful any time he glanced in his rear-view mirror. When we got to my house I told Rob to let the cab go. I took him around to the rear of the house and onto our back porch. The house was dark, which was good, as it meant my husband was in bed asleep.

I sat Rob on a chair and straddled him, just as I had done with Saul earlier that night, hiking up my skirt and sinking down on his hard prick. I rode him hard as he gripped my ass, just as Saul had. He even made a comment about how wet I was, never realizing that it was partially Saul's come that made me that way.

I rode him until we both came. Then I kissed him good-bye and snuck inside. Going up to our bedroom I quickly undressed and got into bed beside my unsuspecting spouse.

When I went back to work after the holiday, I was the subject of renewed attention from many of the guys—especially from Saul and Rob. The women all gossiped behind my back, but I didn't care about that. I had discovered the joys of being unfaithful, and I decided I wouldn't wait till next Christmas before I did it again.—*L.Z., Xenia, Ohio*

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"I raised my butt and looked him in the eye as I slid down onto his stiff prick. My tits were in his face as I moved up and down on him"

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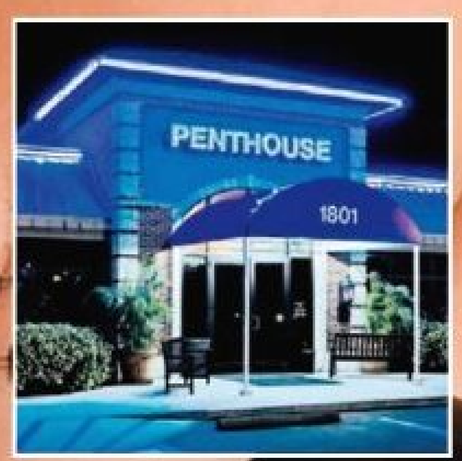
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

Guilt-Free Trip



It was ten years since she'd been with another man. As she drove to her aunt's, her arousal suggested *maybe it was time*

After being laid off from my job, while I searched for the next one I decided to leave my husband for a few days and travel a few hours north to visit a favorite aunt of mine. Martin was good with the trip. I said I would be gone a few days. While I was driving, I decided to call Arthur, a friend from my old job who lived in a town maybe an hour's drive from my aunt's. It would be nice to see him while I was in the area.

To my surprise, just minutes after I left a message Arthur returned the call. He had also left the company where we both worked, and seemed pleased to hear from me. We had always flirted on the phone, and whenever we saw each other, either at meetings or when he visited our office, he often found reasons to touch me innocently.

Arthur and I spoke on the phone for quite a while before I had the nerve to tell him I was going to be in his vicinity for a few days. When I mentioned being near him, he immediately suggested we get together for dinner and to catch up. The best time to meet him would be Thursday evening after I left my aunt's home. I didn't mention it to him, but I knew I could easily tell my husband that I would be staying an extra night with her.

After the call, my mind wandered and I felt myself becoming aroused by the idea of sex with a man other than my husband. We had been married nearly eight years, and were together for two years before that, and it was time for me to add some excitement. I exercise regularly and take good care of myself, and I always enjoy it when men take a long look at me and enjoy what they see. Martin is an adequate lover, I suppose, but I was excited by the idea of enjoying another man and having him enjoy me.

While I drove, I decided to make a motel reservation in Arthur's town and extend my time away from home by a night. Just before arriving at my aunt's home, I called Arthur, who was surprised that I had already made reservations and was beside himself with excitement, which was very sexy to me. He said he would decide on a place for dinner and pick me up at my room around seven. I only needed to let him know the room number after I checked in.

Now I love my aunt dearly, but the time I spent with her dragged on interminably as I fantasized about my meeting with Arthur. It was ten years since I'd been with a man other than my husband. To my surprise, I felt no guilt about desiring another man.

Finally Thursday arrived! I left my aunt's house just after lunch and took my time with the drive. To help ease my nervousness, I stopped several times and shopped. After finally checking in at the motel, I called Arthur with the room number. He sounded as aroused as me.

Since I had plenty of time, I took a long bubble bath, and had a difficult time not playing with myself too much. For several months I had been shaving my pussy bare, so while I was bathing I took the time to "freshen



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up" and make sure I was soft and smooth for Arthur, who I hoped before the night was over would find my shaved pussy a nice surprise. Of course I made sure my legs were freshly shaved for his touch.

I hadn't brought an outrageously sexy outfit, just a nice skirt and blouse. As I dressed, I imagined that during the evening my skirt could hike up a little for him and my blouse might lose a button or two. My makeup was just finished when Arthur knocked on the door. Apparently he was excited enough to arrive early!

I greeted him with a quick kiss. He said how fabulous I looked and said he liked the perfume I was wearing. (The perfume was one of the things I'd bought during my afternoon shopping expeditions.) He said he had a nice quite place for us to eat, and we left for dinner.

Arthur had chosen a lovely Italian restaurant, quiet as promised. We managed to get a secluded corner table. Over dinner we shared a bottle of wine, and in no time at all we'd finished both dinner and the wine. During our conversation, we leaned closer and closer to one another. My dress had been gradually hiked up, and when Arthur rested his hand on my bare knee, a shiver went through me. To make sure he knew that his hand was welcome, I placed my hand on top of his, which also ensured that the hand didn't move.

While we waited for the check, Arthur reached over and kissed me passionately, a kiss from which my husband could take lessons. Across the street from the restaurant was a liquor store. Arthur suggested we buy another bottle of wine and share it back in my room.

"That's a great idea," I said, and added, "I was thinking the same thing!"

While Arthur was inside buying the wine, I was thinking that neither of us really needed it, because there was no doubt that we both wanted the same thing. However, a glass of wine might help us get comfortable back at the motel.

When we arrived in my room, while Arthur opened the wine I made myself comfortable on a sofa. He said how sexy I looked and how wonderful it was that I had thought to call him. We began kissing passionately, and between kisses sipped our wine. His hands began exploring my body while we kissed—not under my clothing, but still all over me. He seemed to really enjoy massaging my breasts.

Arthur had me worked up beyond description. It was a *long* time since I'd wanted a man as bad as I wanted him.

My wineglass needed refilling, so I walked over to the desk, which was serving as our bar. While I filled my glass, Arthur moved in behind me and pressed his body against mine, with his hard cock digging into my ass. I loved feeling how hard and big he was. Knowing how I excited him made *me* more excited! He held me tight to him and kissed my

"Arthur had me worked up beyond description. It was a *long* time since I'd wanted a man as bad as I wanted him"

neck. He planted his hands firmly on my breasts, making my nipples ache to feel the touch of his lips.

His lips moved to mine, and he turned me around facing him, so his erection pressed into my stomach. He cleared off the desktop, picked me up and sat me on top of it. We continued kissing, but now he was easily able to slide his hand up my thighs to my panties. Through the panties he began caressing my pussy, and I knew he could tell how wet I was. Whether he could yet tell I had shaved my pussy, I wasn't sure.

Arthur pulled at my panties and soon slid them down my legs. His hands returned to my pussy, and I guessed that the sigh he let out was his reaction to his discovery that my pussy was shaved. Before long he was sliding fingers inside me. Since my skirt wasn't allowing him to properly enjoy my shaved pussy, he unfastened my skirt and soon had it off me.

Now he had me sitting on the desktop naked from the waist down, which proved to be a perfect height for him to kneel down and have his face right at my pussy. I love to be fucked hard, but a close second is having a talented man lick, suck and eat my pussy. Arthur was fabulous. He parted my thighs and licked from my knees up to the wetness between my legs.

While Arthur licked my pussy, I pushed his head in closer between my legs. He kept saying he loved the baby-soft feel of my shaved pussy. He ate me so well, he soon had me ready to come. My husband eats me sometimes, but never so well or for so long.

We both knew it was time for Arthur's dick to replace his tongue. He lifted me off the desk and set me out on the bed, lying naked in front of him. His hands found my breasts and pinched my aching nipples. While he stripped, all I could think of was that I wanted him to fuck me so badly, I would have *begged* him. When I caught sight of my wedding ring, I smiled and realized that this whole time *I hadn't been thinking about my husband at all!*

Arthur had a lovely cock, longer and especially wider than my husband's. With his knees he spread my legs apart, and then he slid on top of me. With one smooth motion his cock slid up my thighs and easily entered my wet pussy. As he was pushing in, I let out a wild shout, coming for the first time that night. He began to fuck me slowly. He had me going crazy from eating my pussy for so long. I wrapped my legs around his waist and urged him to fuck me deeper with his big cock. I was loving the way it was stretching me and going deeper than Martin was ever able to do.

As he fucked me, I began to come in rolling waves, each stronger than the one before. The man seemed to last forever! While he fucked me, he played with my aroused nipples. I began begging him to fuck me harder, and each time I did, he cranked it up and told me how sexy I was.

"I love that sexy body," Arthur cried. "I could fuck you forever." At one point he shouted, "God, I've never fucked a shaved pussy before. You're a fabulous fuck."



Arthur grabbed my hips and fucked me as hard as I'd ever been fucked. I lost track of how long he lasted before I felt his entire body tense up and then he was thrusting deep inside me. As he blew his load, both of us screamed. He collapsed on top of me, eventually roll-

LETTER OF THE MONTH



ing over beside me in bed.

With Arthur's come seeping out of me, I drifted off to sleep. The next thing I remember is him sucking my breasts and stroking my thighs. I awoke slowly, and realized that in fact we'd slept only a short time.

He needed to enjoy my body again. While he licked and sucked my nipples, he said, "You have fabulous tits. Really beautiful."

His attention to my sensitive nipples brought back my desire for his gorgeous cock. He began to finger-fuck me—first with one finger, then two, then three. He rolled me over to fuck me doggie-style, raising me up on all fours and grabbing my waist. His lovely erection was resting across my ass. With one hand he spread my pussy lips apart, while with the other he guided his cock in me. "*God, you are fucking wet!*" he yelled.

I felt his strong hands grip my hips while he fucked me powerfully from behind. His cock felt really big in that position, but I was so wet that his come from the first time he fucked me was running all down the inside of my thighs. While he fucked me, he kept saying how sexy I was and how he loved my body. Best of all, he said several times, "You are the best fuck I've ever had. You're *fantastic*."

Gradually he began to fuck me harder. You could hear his body slap against my ass as he rammed his cock in and out of me. He had me in a state of wild excitement. I love to be fucked hard, especially with a cock like that one. While he fucked me, he asked if I loved his cock. I said, "It's the most beautiful cock I've ever had. It's just fabulous."

I loved being fucked by Arthur. I had never experienced sexual passion like this. With one hard thrust he began shooting another load of come in me. He had me literally *screaming* with pleasure. In ten years my husband had never been able to do for me what he had done in one night.

After he finished shooting his load in me, he collapsed on me, and we fell together on the bed. Not long after that he said he had to leave. He dressed and left me lying on the come-soaked bed

with his come still oozing out of my pussy. Exhausted, I quickly fell asleep.

The next day, facing the long drive home, I awoke early, but I was sore from the night before, and just lay there in bed remembering that fabulous night. Suddenly to my surprise there was a knock at the door to my room. I wasn't sure what excited me more, the idea of Arthur fucking me again or the thought that he loved fucking me so much that he drove back to do me again.

I had barely opened the door when he pushed it open. "I thought I should come by and say hello," he said. Before I could answer, he placed his lips firmly over mine and kissed me deeply. While we kissed, he pushed me back toward the bed. I was still naked from the night before, with his dried come on the inside of my creamy thighs. Even if I'd wanted to stop him, he wouldn't have let me, so eager was he to have my pussy once more. Of course I didn't *want* to stop him!

He pushed me onto the bed, saying how fucking sexy I looked and what a fucking great time he had the night before. As he spoke, he unbuttoned his shirt and took it off. Wasting no time, he unfastened his pants and removed them, and his boxers with them.

Naked now, he sat beside me on the bed and went straight for my nipples. While he sucked my tits, he was caressing my pussy. In no time he had me wet and began slowly finger-fucking me. The excitement of him returning to do me again had my pussy at attention. When he was satisfied with how wet I was, he slid between my legs and began rubbing his beautiful cock against my opening.

Slowly, he pushed into me. Just like the night before, it felt wonderful to have his cock fill me up so much more satisfyingly than my husband ever did. While he fucked me, you could hear the bed creak. Gradually he picked up the pace, and as happened the night before, the fabulous feeling got the better of me and I started screaming, "Fuck me hard! Fuck me hard!"



"I felt his strong hands grip my hips while he fucked me massively from behind. His cock felt huge in that position"

Arthur responded to my screams by fucking me deep and hard. My body again began to shake with the thrill of it, and when in time I came, I let out a long scream of sexual ecstasy. He let out a long deep moan as he blew his load in me. I love the feeling of a man releasing his load inside me.

It was several minutes before Arthur slid out of my pussy and stood up. After cleaning up and telling me how sexy I was, and what a great fuck, he dressed. But before he left we talked about meeting again in a couple of months.

As I was driving home, I wondered how Martin would be able to satisfy me after the fabulous night I'd had with Arthur. I had a feeling that from then on, whenever Martin fucked me, it would be Arthur and his beautiful cock filling my mind.—*Name and address withheld*

FEATURE

THE HOUSEWARMING

by Sienna Knight





The luscious bartender was clearly *interested*—but was it in *her* or in *her husband*?

My husband and I had just moved into a new house, and after a week of nonstop unpacking decided to check out the nightlife in the area. What better way to scout out the local talent than by barhopping?

Our first two stops turned up nothing and no one special. But when we were ready to call it a night, we spotted a small place called Giselle's that was about 15 minutes from our home. Jimmy said he had a good feeling about the place and pulled into the parking lot.

The bartender was an attractive brunette in her early 30s—around our age. She had what looked to be an amazing tan, visible even in the bar's low lighting. She was tall and slim with big boobs and full lips. Jimmy said she was really sexy-looking, and I had to agree. I know I was thinking about just where I'd like her to place those luscious lips, and I would have bet any amount of money that Jimmy was too!

We sat at the bar, and Sophie introduced herself, making us feel both welcome and at ease. It was near closing time, but after learning we were new to the area, she decided to keep the place open a little later, getting to know us. We told her about our house and how it was situated near a lake. She seemed genuinely interested.

"Oh, I just love the water," she cooed. "Maybe you and Jimmy could invite me over for a picnic."

I couldn't be certain if she was interested in doing something with me or with Jimmy—or with *both* of us. She seemed to be flirting with me more than Jimmy, but she wasn't freezing him out either.

I told her we'd already been to a few other places and were now on our way home, and if she wanted stop by for a nightcap she was welcome. I added how beautiful the lake looks on a moonlit night, and noted that there just happened to be a full moon!

Sophie placed her hand over mine and said she'd love to see the lake and our house, and Jimmy said we'd love to have her. I looked at him, gave him a "cat that ate the canary" smile and headed for the ladies' room.

I had on a tight miniskirt and high heels. Jimmy and I run nearly every morning. He works out too, so he's got a hot body. I don't want to brag, but I've got really good legs and a firm butt. I risked a backward glance as I walked away—Sophie was blatantly pursing her lips and checking me out! I just hoped she wouldn't mind sharing me with Jimmy. He doesn't mind watching, but he likes to play too, and I certainly wouldn't want him to feel left out!

I took my time—freshening up my lip gloss, fixing my hair and straightening the seams on my stockings. When I returned, everyone else had left and Sophie was cozying up to Jimmy. *She was practically in his lap*, listening intently as he talked while her hand gently massaged the firm muscles in his thigh. So, she was interested in *both of us*! Perfect!

She'd refilled our drinks and poured one for herself. I joined them, standing between their bar stools, and placed an arm around each of them.

"This last round is on me," Sophie said. "I just have to take care of a little business before I close up." Then she released Jimmy's leg, gave mine a quick squeeze, downed her drink and headed for a door marked "private."

Sophie was wearing a black knit dress that clung to every curve of her beautiful hourglass figure. Her breasts looked full. I wondered how they would feel out of her bra. I wondered how they would taste when I sucked on them, and if they were really sensitive, like mine. Knowing I was going to find out had me creaming my panties in a rush.

Jimmy and I finished our drinks and were feeling pretty good. Pretty horny as well! We were about to christen our new home with a three-way fuck, and I couldn't wait. It was only a short ride to our place, but I told Jimmy I'd ride with Sophie and "keep her company."

I slid into the passenger seat of her car, and as soon as I buckled up, she leaned over kissed me. I let her take control of the kiss while I turned as much as I could in the seat and pulled her close so our breasts were pressed against each other. She had kissable lips—full and soft. I sucked gently on her bottom lip as I massaged the nape of her neck. While we moaned into each other's mouth, her hand slid up my leg, above the tops of my stockings, and didn't stop until her fingers tangled in my wet panties.

I found myself wishing I'd taken the panties off in the rest room, and was squirming around her busy fingers when I heard a car horn. It had to be Jimmy, trying to get our attention.

"I think Jimmy's getting impatient," Sophie said. "I know *I* am." Then she carefully licked her fingers before starting the car and following Jimmy to our



house. Five minutes later we were behind Jimmy headed up the walkway to our front door, with Sophie bringing up the rear. I felt her hand on my ass.

"Gina, you have a great ass," she said. "So does Jimmy. Do you guys both work out?"

"A little," I said, grabbing Sophie's hand and pulling her into the living room. As soon as the door closed, she pushed me up against it and shoved her hand under my dress again. I heard the clink of ice in glasses as I ran my tongue over her pillowy lips.

"I want you both," she said breathlessly as she moved her lips to my ear and flicked her tongue along the pulse in my neck. I bent my knees, giving her fingers room to maneuver past my panties. When she shoved them up into my cunt, I cried out in pleasure, not sure if my legs would continue to support me. "But I want *you first*."

Just then Jimmy came back with the drinks. I told him that I wanted to show Sophie around first, then led her upstairs, which is where the bedrooms are located.

As soon as we reached Jimmy's and my bedroom, Sophie pulled me toward





{ "Sophie had beautiful tits. 'Ooh, I love your nipples,' I said. I was about to dive in when she stopped me" }

her for a kiss, sliding her tongue in my waiting mouth. I sucked on it as I took my turn pulling up her dress and reaching between her legs. Either she didn't wear panties or she'd taken hers off along with her pantyhose when she disappeared into the private office. Her pussy was slick with her juices, making it easy for me to shove two fingers in.

Sophie rode my fingers while we played tongue tag, and at the same time she squeezed my breasts. She moaned into my mouth, rocking harder on my fingers as I curled them, pressing on her sweet spot in earnest. When she came, she flooded my hand with her juices and had to lean on me for support.

I gently pulled my fingers from Sophie's twat and brought them to my lips for a taste as I guided her back toward the bed. She had a unique taste—salty and sweet with a hint of musk.

When we tumbled onto the bed, she pulled at my dress and I sat up to remove it. Before she could get me out of my bra, I made her take off her dress. While she was pulling it up over her head, I took advantage and popped the clasp on her bra.

She had beautiful tits, with big prominent nipples. "Ooh, I love your nipples, Sophie," I said. I was about to dive in when she stopped me.

"If I'm getting totally naked, so are *you*," she said. Then she helped me out of my bra and stockings before lying back and pulling me down to her breasts. I pulled one stiff eraser-size nipple into my mouth and sucked, flicking and swirling my tongue around it.

"Mmm, yeah, that feels good, Gina," she moaned. "Yeah, suck it!"

I was going to suck more than her big knobs if I had anything to say about it! I moved up to kiss her and ground my mound against hers. Then I moved to her other breast and gave that nipple



"I couldn't get over how much Sophie loved pussy. Dick too—but she couldn't get enough of my pussy"

equal attention. Her hands were all over me, and I was so hot that if she had touched my pussy, I would have soaked her fingers.

"I love what you're doing to me, Gina," Sophie said, while still rubbing my ass, "but I really want to taste you again. Just licking your cream from my fingers wasn't nearly enough."

She rolled on top of me and gave me a kiss before licking and sucking her way down my body. As soon as her lips and teeth nipped at my tits, I shuddered. My breasts are so sensitive that I can climax if I'm worked up enough, and this was one of those times. Sophie tugged my nipple between her teeth and pulled gently but firmly. I felt the sensation right down to my pussy. I cried out and tightened my arms and legs around her.

Sophie kept going, sucking and kissing her way down to my quivering cunt. She widened my legs and made me bend my knees. Then she spread my labia and licked my pussy, dragging her tongue back and forth between my folds, gathering as much of my essence as she could. When she'd gotten as much as she could from the outside, she looped her arms under my thighs and shoved her tongue up into my hole. Damn, that felt good!

I love getting tongue-fucked. I swiveled my hips, trying to screw Sophie's tongue. I was so close, *so close*. I just needed that extra something to push me over the edge.

As if reading my mind, Sophie replaced her tongue with her fingers and began fucking me hard. She sucked on my clit and pressed down on my mound with her other hand. That was the extra something I needed. She brought me, screaming and writhing, against her hands and mouth.

It felt like it went on forever, but eventually I calmed down enough to realize that Jimmy was knocking on the door.

"Hey, ladies," he said, "are you guys ready for your drinks?"

Sophie was smiling at me and licking her fingers again. "I could certainly go for some cock now," she said.

Poor Jimmy! We had made enough noise for him to know we were having a good time!

"Come on in, babe," I said.

Jimmy came in, holding a tray with three drinks and a pitcher filled with ice water. He'd stripped down to his boxers. The room was semi-dark, the only light coming from the hallway, but there was no mistaking the massive hard-on he was sporting. He set the tray down on the nightstand and lit several of the candles on the dresser before closing the bedroom door.

I knew Jimmy wanted to see what Sophie looked like naked. And if I knew him, he was going to be *very happy* before the night was over. I passed Sophie her drink and took a sip of mine. Jimmy just stood near the bed, looking at us both and rubbing his lovely dick through his boxers.

"Jimmy, Sophie has the most luscious lips," I said, rubbing my hand along her leg.

I took her glass and kissed her long and deep until we were both moaning. I reached over and pulled Jimmy's big fat dick out of his boxers. I'm used to it, but I saw Sophie's eyes widen when she caught sight of it. She moved slowly toward the end of the bed and licked her lips as she reached past me and pulled his shorts all the way down.

Sophie took Jimmy's dick in hand and closed those plush lips over the head of it. His head fell back, and she went to work, sucking and pumping his wonderful dick, licking up one side and down the other, getting him nice and wet. Then she hollowed her cheeks and sucked him down to the root. He groaned, sounding as if he was dying from pleasure.

As Sophie released Jimmy's dick, a ropy thread of saliva stretched from it to her lips. She fondled his balls and slid her lips over his dickhead again, pumping gently but firmly with her hand while her tongue began doing swirls over the tip.

I rose up on my knees and pressed my lips to Jimmy's, licking his lips. He sucked my tongue into his mouth, practically swallowing it as Sophie sucked him in deep again.

I broke the kiss, and said, "She's good, isn't she, honey?"

"Yeah," he moaned. I kissed him once more before sliding down to help Sophie. We took turns sucking his dick

and his balls, sometimes doing both at the same time. His hands were all over us, petting and stroking as much of us as he could reach. His balls had started to draw up, which I knew meant he was dangerously close. I didn't want him to come until he had a chance to fuck Sophie.

I pulled Sophie back, making Jimmy groan at the loss of our hot mouths, and told her to get up on her knees. She didn't have to be told twice. She turned around and "assumed the position." He positioned himself kneeling behind her, and I watched his big dick push into her dripping pussy. He started slowly at first, sliding it all the way in, then pulling back so only the head remained in her. Her eyes were closed, her mouth slightly open.

I know how it feels to have Jimmy's big dick sawing in and out of my cunt. It's the best feeling in the world! Keep your vibrators—nothing does me like the real thing!

So I knew what Sophie was feeling. I wanted Jimmy's dick too, but I could have him anytime and Sophie was our guest. She grabbed my hand and tugged me toward her. She wanted to suck me off again while Jimmy was fucking her.

I scooted around till my cunt was right under her head. Jimmy had picked up the pace and was fucking her with long, deep strokes, grunting and circling his hips on the downstroke. I knew it wouldn't be much longer before he was slamming into her.

Sophie braced herself on her forearms and stuck that long tongue of hers in my pussy, then shoved it in each time Jimmy plunged his dick in her pussy. I rubbed my breasts and pulled on my nipples while I thrust my hips upward. I closed my eyes and gave myself over to the inevitable.

The pleasant pressure built up inside me until I shouted, "Oh shit, I'm going to come, honey! Fuck her hard! Make her come *with* me!"

Jimmy began pounding in and out of Sophie so hard that her face was bucking hard into me. My head went light and my back stiffened. I felt the climax roaring through my body. Then I was coming, and flooding Sophie's mouth and the bed with my climax.

"I'm coming, Sophie!" I screamed. "Suck my pussy! Suck me! Fuck me now!" The orgasm was so powerful, I almost passed out. Sophie was whining and moaning, and I knew she was coming. She sucked my come into her hungry mouth, taking every drop.

Jimmy was coming too. He grunted, and his eyes closed as his head fell back. He pulled Sophie hard to him and groaned as he filled her pussy with his come.

I couldn't get over how much Sophie loved pussy. I mean, she loved dick too—but she just couldn't seem to get enough of my pussy. She had collapsed between my legs while Jimmy rolled off to the side, but she was still lapping lazily at my pussy!

I looked over at Jimmy. His dick had lost some of its hardness, but he wasn't completely soft. I knew I could get him hard again—hard enough to fuck me. His dick had gone down about halfway, but I knew I could bring it back up if I wanted to. I thought, *maybe later.*

Sophie finally had her fill. Now was the time when things could get awkward if they were going to. But she settled between Jimmy and me and said, "I'd still like to see that lake if you're both up to it. And then I think I'd better be heading home."

This was turning out better than I thought! I love a good threeway, but I also like it when the guest knows when to make an exit. Sophie was all right in my book.

"Hey, why don't you take a shower, babe?" I said, giving Jimmy's dick a quick squeeze. I'll show Sophie around and come back and join you."

"Yeah, you do that," he said. He gave me a kiss and gave Sophie a quick one, then settled back in the bed and said, "Nice meeting you, Sophie. See ya."

While Sophie got dressed, I slipped into a pair of shorts and one of Jimmy's shirts. Then we headed back downstairs and out the back door toward the lake. It was a beautiful night, and she loved the view.

"Travis would love this," she said.

"Travis?" I said.

"My husband," she said. "He's out of town, but he'll be back tomorrow. He'd love you too." She pulled me close for a moonlight kiss. She tasted like me, salty and spicy.

We headed around toward the front drive, and I told her Jimmy and I might stop by the bar next weekend. She said she would look forward to it—and she was sure Travis would like to welcome us to the neighborhood too. Then she thanked me and said to thank Jimmy for a fantastic night.

As I watched Sophie back out, I couldn't help but wonder what Travis was like. Hopefully, in a week's time I would get to find out! ●



MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



When he walked in on his wife with her fingers in her "nookie jar," he assumed she was the one caught in a compromising position. Then he found out what she'd been watching on the computer!

Party Night At The "Come-A-Lot"





I caught my wife with her fingers in her nookie jar, literally, the evening I got home early from work and found her in her bathrobe watching porn on the computer. She was momentarily embarrassed at being caught, but not nearly as much as I was when she told me what she was watching and why.

"These are the scenes *you* were looking at last night," she said. "You forgot to erase your history. I was wondering what kept you up so late. Apparently it was all these videos of men sharing their wives with other men. Is that what turns you on? The idea of sharing me with another man?"

"Well . . . no . . . not exactly. I just—" I stuttered and stammered, kicking myself mentally for not clearing the history of what I'd been watching.

Rita sounded accusatory, but she had in fact had her fingers in her pussy when I walked up behind her. Maybe the thought of being "shared" turned her on too! With that possibility, my embarrassment turned into arousal.

I slid my hands over her shoulders and inside her robe. For a 37-year-old mother with a son in college, my wife has a toned and fit figure, with firm breasts and upturned nipples. Those nipples are extremely sensitive, and as I pinched them, she let out a sensual mewling sigh.

"What about you?" I said. "Does the thought of being shared with another man turn *you* on?"

Rita squirmed in her chair. On-screen the wife and her lover were fucking eagerly while the husband sat nearby and watched.

"I don't know, maybe," she said, sliding her hand toward her pussy again. "Maybe *a little*."

From the passion she expressed when we made love that night, I was sure the idea of being shared turned her on more than "a little." After she came once while we fucked and again with her fingers, I said, "I think the idea of fucking another man really does turn you on, doesn't it?"

She was quiet for a long moment. Then she said, "Yes, I have to admit, the thought is pretty arousing." She hesitated, then asked, "Have you been thinking about it? Does the thought turn you on too?"

"I have," I said. "And it does. Especially if—"

She waited for me to finish. Finally she said, "Especially if *what*?"

I took a deep breath and manfully forged ahead. "Especially if the man climaxed in your pussy. If some handsome, virile man fucked you and filled you with his seed."

Rita turned toward me. In the dim light from the open bathroom door I could see her eyes wide, staring at me intently. After a long pause she said, "You know I'm still fertile. And I'm not on birth control. Your vasectomy is the only thing keeping me from getting pregnant. What you're suggesting could lead to—well, to consequences we might not be ready for."

"I know," I said. "The risk of that is one thing that makes it so exciting."

"You're saying you'd be *okay* with it if I *got pregnant*?"

"I'm not saying we should try to get you pregnant. I'm just saying that the thought of you fucking another man and possibly being filled with fertile sperm turns me on."

She turned to look back at the ceiling. After another long pause she said, "It turns me on too. A lot."

Two days later I came home to find Rita once more at the computer looking at porn.

"Come look at this," she said. "You won't believe how many porn categories there are. There are videos of double penetration, anal sex, threesomes, gang bangs—even something called bukake, where a bunch of guys squirt come all over a girl's face. What a waste of semen that is!"

I stood behind Rita rubbing her shoulders while we watched the screen. "So what category tickles your clit?" I asked. "Which videos turn you on? Besides wife sharing?"

A rosy blush spread all over her cheeks. "Well," she said, clicking the mouse, "I think these are pretty sexy. It's called a *cream pie*."

A close-up image came on-screen of a cock deep in a woman's vagina. The couple was fucking doggie-style, the man grunting in orgasm as the woman moaned in pleasure. After a moment the man's dick slid out, slick with creamy juices. The camera moved close to the woman's pussy lips, which began to contract as she squeezed out a thick rivulet of milky semen.

"At least this way we know *he came inside her*," Rita said. "Otherwise it's hard to tell."

The camera was still on a close-up of the woman's dripping pussy when she reached back between her legs and ran her fingers between her gooey lips. As she poked one finger and then another in her slit, she said, "Look, she's wearing a wedding ring. I wonder if it was her husband fucking her."

"More likely the husband was behind the camera," I ventured. "That's where I'd want to be."

Rita turned quickly, looking back over her shoulder and up at me. "No, I don't think so, mister," she said firmly. "If I really fuck another man, it will *not* be on camera."

I reached down and cupped both of her breasts in my palms. "Well, okay," I said. "No camera. But you'd let me *watch*, wouldn't you?"

She leaned back in her chair, with the back of her head against my chest. "Maybe," she said. "I think watching might be okay."

By now my cock was brick-hard, and it wasn't from watching the video. We proceeded to check out half a dozen more cream-pie scenes, including one where a woman in a DP got *both her ass and pussy* filled with come at the same time.

As we watched, Rita said, "You know what amazes me about today's porn? All the women have completely shaved pussies. Even most of the men shave their balls. When did all that happen?"

"When we were raising a teenager," I said. "But it's not too late to catch up. I'll shave *you* if you'll shave *me*."

Rita grinned and closed the Web browser. An hour later we were both baby-butt bald and in bed, fucking like crazy. My wife was on her back with her ankles over my shoulders when I

paused in mid-stroke and just looked down at her.

"Okay," I said, "let's be serious for a minute. Would you really *do it*?"

She wiggled her hips, urging me to continue."

"Do *what*?" she asked with a great show of innocence.

"*You know what.* Let another man fuck you and fill you with come."

"Would you *want* me to?"

"I asked first. Would *you* want to?"

"Maybe," she said. "It would depend on the circumstances."

"Let me put it this way," I said. "If I was okay with it, would you let a virile, handsome, hard-bodied young stud fuck you until you were screaming in orgasm while he filled your hot pussy full of creamy potent sperm?"

"Damn," she said, grinning up at me, "since you put it that way, I think I'm going to have to say *yes*."

"And you'll let me watch?"

She sighed and closed her eyes. "Yes," she said. "When I do it, you can watch. If the man doesn't mind. Now get your ass busy and *fuck me*."

I *did* fuck her, with renewed vigor.

With Rita changing her response from "if" she did it to "*when*" she did it, I knew we were moving seriously close to fulfilling the fantasy we had been flirting with. When she climaxed, I climaxed too. It occurred to me that the sperm blanks I was squirting in her pussy might soon be replaced with some man's live ammunition.

We spent some time discussing what kind of man Rita might take as a lover. He would have to be intelligent, nice, virile, healthy, potent and preferably good-looking. We considered one of the young studs at our son's college. We knew our son's dormmates thought Rita was a major MILF, but we finally decided it should be someone a bit more mature.

We spent two weeks looking for the right man to entice into filling my wife with potentially fertile semen. We didn't discuss the pregnancy issue again, silently deciding to first get Rita well-fucked by a virile lover and just let the sperm swim wherever it would. The thought of what might happen set my pulse racing, and I knew Rita was excited too.

The man we finally decided on was a work colleague of mine, a 25-year-old unmarried junior executive named James. Rita hadn't met him, but she took my word that he fit our criteria.

We conjured up a dozen devious ways to get James in bed with Rita. Then finally decided I should just *ask him if he wanted to fuck her.* So I did. I told James it would be a favor to me, because I had problems with my prostate that even Viagra hadn't been able to help. I sealed the deal by showing him a picture of Rita naked, posing seductively for the camera.

"Goddamn!" he said. "She's fucking gorgeous. *Of course* I'll help you out, buddy. Just say when and where."

"What about tonight?" I said. "Say seven o'clock?"

When James showed up at ten till seven, it was obvious that he was impressed with Rita, and she with him. He was still in his suit and tie, totally looking the part of the handsome, virile stud I had promised her. She was wearing a sexy silk dress that showed off her figure perfectly.

After introductions and a few minutes of nervous chitchat over glasses of barely sipped wine, Rita and James both looked relieved when I said, "Look, we all know why we're here. Why don't we head upstairs?"

When we got to the bedroom, I asked James if he minded if I watched. He hesitated, then said, "I'm not bi, if that's what you have in mind."

"Christ no, I'm not either!" I said. "I just want to watch."

He looked at Rita, who nodded. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I guess it's okay then."

I sat down in an easy chair in the corner of the bedroom.

When Rita stripped off her dress, she was wearing only a black lace thong and thigh-high lace-topped stockings. James opened his pants. His black boxers were enhanced by an impressive bulge. As he took the pants off, he pulled a foil packet out of a pocket. "I've got condoms," he said.

"No need," Rita said. "Don't worry about it."

They both hesitated a moment. Then Rita stepped forward and tilted her face up for a kiss. While they kissed, James palmed one of her breasts and she curled her fingers around his cock. The kiss grew more passionate. Then she pulled back. Dropping to her knees, she slid his boxers down and took his cock in her mouth.

Rita gives exquisite deep-throat blowjobs, but we had decided that she would save that aspect of her expertise until after James planted his initial load of semen in her. After just a few minutes of sucking his cock she stood up, slipped off her thong and lay down on the bed. She spread her legs wide, opening her glistening wet pussy in invitation. "Are you ready to fuck me, James?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," he said with a smile. "I'm *way* ready."

He crawled on the bed and with his first stroke slid deep in her pussy. She arched her back and moaned loudly. He began to fuck her with hard, deep strokes. I watched with my cock in my hand, totally aroused and amazed at the man's stamina. When he was finally at the brink, he asked hoarsely if he should pull out.

"No!" she said between breathless moans. "*Don't pull out!*" She grabbed his buttocks with both hands and pulled him tight against her vagina. "Come in me!" she said. "Fill me with your hot come!"

With a loud groan he obliged, shoving his cock in deep and holding still while he ejaculated. He seemed to be erupting inside her for several minutes before he finally relaxed and let his cock slip out. He rolled to one side, sighing in satisfaction.

"My God, you're amazing," he said. "If there's an option to do this again, count me in."

She smiled. "That might be arranged," she said, "but no promises."

James dressed and made his exit, saying he would see me at work the





next day. From the smile on his face, he was obviously happy to have "helped me out with my problem."

When he was gone, I sat on the edge of the bed and ran my hand up the inside of Rita's leg, over her lace stocking top, to the wet flesh of her pussy. Her pussy lips were slightly parted, and I saw a trickle of come leak out and drip down on her anus.

"Um," I said, "looks like your lover left a really big load. It's dripping out onto your ass."

She gave me a satisfied smile. "He fucked me for so long, I didn't think that he was ever going to come. And when he finally did, I didn't think he was ever going to *stop*. He kept squirting and squirting. Christ, the guy must have spasmed 20 times."

"So did you enjoy the experience?" I asked. "Would you do it again?"

"I did," she said, a big smile on her face. "And yes, I would do it again." Her expression grew serious for a moment. "How about you?" she said. "Did you enjoy it too, watching me? No regrets? No jealousy?"

"None at all," I said. "It was incredibly arousing."

"Good," she said. "Right now what I want is for you to fuck me."

I grinned. "Sloppy seconds?"

"Do you care?"

"Not at all," I said, quickly taking off my pants. "Just knowing you've got a pussy full of another man's seed turns me on more than you know."

I slid my cock in my wife's come-filled cunt. In a matter of minutes I was adding my semen to James's.

The next week Rita got her period, and we both breathed a sigh of relief. But we still wanted to share another experience like the one with James. Our opportunity came sooner than we had expected or planned. A day or two after Rita's period was over, a young black man named Paul stopped me in the parking lot on the way to my car. I had seen him in the office before, but he worked in a different department and I didn't really know him. I was surprised when he stopped me, and more surprised at what he said.

"I'm a friend of James," he began. "We play golf together a couple times a month." I didn't say anything, wondering if this conversation was going where I thought it was. "I understand he did you a favor, and I was wondering if . . . if I might *offer my services* as well." He said this with a knowing smile, and I knew, even though James had promised to keep his damned mouth shut, that Paul was totally aware of what had happened.

I was pissed at James, but the idea of including a black man in the dangerous but erotically thrilling game Rita and I were playing was kind of exciting. I told Paul I would check with Rita and let him know if and when his "services" might be required.

When I talked to Rita that evening about a repeat performance with a different man, she was immediately turned on. We agreed to have Paul come over to the house the following Saturday morning. I didn't tell her that he was black.

When he showed up on Saturday she was completely surprised, but I could tell she was also very aroused. Again we decided to forego the formalities and chitchat and head up to the bedroom. On the way up the stairs Rita held my hand. Leaning close, she whispered, "I could kill you for this, you sneaky bastard." But she grinned and squeezed my hand excitedly, taking the stairs two at a time.

Paul and Rita were both in casual clothes, and were both out of them in seconds. I sat down in the easy chair to watch. When he dropped his underwear, her eyes opened wide, amazed at the size of the cock that sprang out.

"Lay down, baby," he said suggestively. "I'm going to give you every inch of this big black dick."

In seconds she was on her back with her legs spread. He wasted no time working the largest cock we had ever seen slowly in her pussy. She wailed until she was fully impaled, then began to moan. I got up from my chair and knelt next to the bed.

Rita looked over at me with lust-glazed eyes and smiled. "Thank you," she whispered. "This is so fucking hot."

"For me too," I said, leaning down to kiss her.

Paul was holding himself up on stiff arms while he fucked Rita, giving me room to squeeze her breasts and pinch her very sensitive nipples.

"I think she needs a cock to suck," he said. "Let her suck yours."

"Do you, baby?" I asked. "Do you need a cock to suck?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "I want to suck your cock while he fucks me. Oh God, he's filling me up. He's so fucking *big*!"

I took off my clothes and crawled up and positioned my cock next to Rita's cheek. She glanced up at me and smiled, then closed her eyes and opened her mouth, extending her tongue to lick my cockhead. I shifted my hips and slid my erection in her mouth, muffling her moans.

Paul began shoving his dick faster in and out of Rita's pussy. "Don't pull out," I said. "Fill her with your come."

He groaned loudly and drove in deep and held still. The muscles in his ass twitched with each spasm as he sowed his seed in her fertile pussy. His orgasm triggered mine and Rita's simultaneously. With her back arched and her hips jerking, she let out a wail, her body wracked by erotic pleasure. My cock slid out of her mouth but continued to ejaculate, sending spiraling ribbons of come over her face, coating her chin and cheeks and forehead.

After several intense orgasmic moments we all collapsed on the bed, unable to move, unable to speak. Finally Rita said, "My God, that was fucking incredible."

Paul made the experience even more incredible by fucking Rita twice more before he left, filling her with fresh loads of semen each time. My heart raced with awareness of the risk we were taking, but once again Rita got her period right on time.

A few days later she said coyly, "Why don't you invite Paul over to do you another 'favor'?"

I grinned. "You come-hungry slut! I knew you would want more of that big black cock."

"I do," she said with a mischievous grin. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all. I'll talk to Paul tomorrow."

Instead it was Paul who talked to me when I caught up with him in the break room. When I not so subtly asked if he would like to fuck my wife again, he said, "Actually I've got a proposition I want to talk to you about."

"And that would be?"

"James is getting married, and I'm throwing him a bachelor party. We were going to hire a stripper. But I've been thinking how much fun it would be to hire your wife instead. I think she might like it, and I know damn well all

the guys would love it!"

I didn't let on how stunned I was. But I was also turned on by the thought. "How many guys are you talking about?" I asked.

Paul grinned. "Probably just five, *possibly* six. Plus you, of course. You'd be welcome."

"I'll have to talk to Rita," I said. "When is the party?"

"Next Saturday night. We've reserved a room at a nice motel out on the interstate. Come at ten o'clock."

When I told Rita that Paul had suggested she be the entertainment at James's bachelor party, her emotions ran the gamut from surprise and shock to anger to finally being flattered and turned on. "It'll be five or six guys, all in their 20s," I said. "Why don't you just think about it?"

"I have," she said with a broad grin. "And I'll do it."

I can tell you, it was a little disconcerting to hear my wife agreeing so quickly to participate in a gang bang! But the idea of five or six guys planting their seed in her was so exciting, it made my dick tingle.

We showed up at the motel at ten on the dot and found Paul, James and four other young guys watching porn on a laptop, horny and eager to fuck the fine cock-hungry MILF they'd heard about. Two of the guys, Mark and Skip, were black. The other two, Randy and Keith, were white. They were all nice-looking and seemed healthy and in good shape. Since they were all fairly young, I figured they were probably primed and potent.

The suite reserved for the evening's "entertainment" had a sitting room and a bedroom. After introductions Paul asked Rita if she had any particular rules they had to follow.

"No spanking my ass," she said. "And no photos. I don't want my son to see me in a MILF compilation on the Internet. So turn off your phones and give them to my husband.

"Otherwise," she said with a grin, "I guess anything goes."

I took all the phones and put them in an empty dresser drawer. I had decided to stay in the background, just watching, but assured Rita that I would be there if she needed me. She had spent an hour dressing in the sexy outfit she was wearing. It took the guys five minutes to have her out of it and on the bed, naked.

As guest of honor, James got to fuck her first. The other guys drew straws to see who came next. I settled into a chair, my raging hard-on proof that no matter how kinky it might seem to some people, I was going to enjoy watching my lovely wife get fucked and filled with come from six virile young men.

James soon had Rita writhing on the bed, moaning. All the other guys had come into the room to watch. She glanced around the room, aware that she was putting on a live and very erotic porn show.

I got up from my chair and knelt by the bed, my lips close to her ear. "Do you like this, baby?" I whispered. "Do you like being fucked while a bunch of horny young studs watch you, waiting their turn to fill your pussy with come?"

She looked at me, her eyes glazed and half-lidded with unbridled lust. "Yes!" she said, her breath shallow, her voice hoarse. "I love it! I want all of them to fuck me. To fill me with come."

I smiled. "Don't worry, baby. They will. All of them."

After James filled Rita's pussy, the other guys took their turns. By the time Randy, who was last in line, fucked her, her pussy was so full of semen that it squished loudly with each stroke of his cock. After he finished, all organized fucking flew out the window. The guys began to fuck her in pairs, in her mouth and pussy at the same time. Then Paul and Mark introduced her to her first DP, with Paul sliding his large cock in her pussy while Mark penetrated her ass.

Rita let them fuck her any way they wanted, tossing all her inhibitions aside in an orgy of erotic pleasure. She was so eager for it that the few times no one was hard enough to fuck her, she resorted to finger-fucking herself. In a final scene that had me almost coming in my pants, she was on the bed with Skip in her pussy, James in her ass and Paul in her mouth. She had Keith's and Randy's cocks in her hands, jacking them off while Mark squeezed and sucked on her breasts and nipples.

When we got home, Rita was trembling from the exertion of her gang bang. As we went inside, I put my arm around her to steady her. Once in the house, I took an envelope from my pocket and handed it to her. "Here, babe," I said. "This is yours."

She glanced up at me and said, "What's this?"

"It's yours, $1800," I said. "The guys hired you as their entertainment. They all chipped in $300 apiece."

"But I didn't do tonight for money," she replied.

"I know that, and the guys know it too. But take it anyway. They definitely got their money's worth."

She grinned and dropped the envelope in her purse, then looked at me and said, "Well, I got my money's worth too."

We showered together. I gently washed splotches of come off of Rita's aching, sated body. As we lay down naked on the bed, she sighed and looked at me with a smile. "Honey," she said, "you're looking at a very well-fucked woman."

"I can tell," I said, reaching over to slide my fingers in her pussy. "You must have a gallon of semen in here."

"I could use some more," she said, "if you don't mind sloppy seconds, or fifths, or tenths." She giggled and spread her legs. I rolled over between them and slid my cock in her. The knowledge that six different men had fucked her repeatedly and filled her with their semen only hours before was so arousing, I came almost immediately in her used snatch.

That was a few months ago. Now Rita's gang bang at the "Come-alot" is a distant but pleasant and still-arousing memory. It will have to remain a memory for now, even though Rita has mentioned several times how hot it was and how eager and turned on she would be to do it again.

But we'll have to wait a while, since her baby bump is beginning to show. Of course we have no idea whose baby we're going to have. If it's black, which according to our gang-bang participation statistics is a 50-50 probability, I know we'll have some explaining to do. But whatever happens, we'll deal with it.

In the meantime Rita and I have a tacit agreement between us that someday she will once again get to be the erotic nexus in another anything-goes gang bang.—*A.H., Omaha, Nebraska*



Letters

While they "played doctor" he performed a special procedure

I was an Army brat, so my family moved a lot. As a result, I was 18 when I started my senior year of high school, in a new town where I didn't know anyone. I used my natural flirtatiousness and acted a lot more experienced than I was. Actually, with a strict military father, I was totally inexperienced.

One day after school I was at a local hangout and flirted with this older guy, like 19 or 20, Larry. He asked if I wanted to go to his house to play doctor. I assumed he was joking and said no one played doctor anymore, it's called *sex*. We laughed, but he asked again! Still thinking he was joking, I said, "Yeah, sure," figuring we'd hang out and watch TV.

So we rode our bikes to Larry's house with his friend Charles in tow. We joked and laughed, so I didn't think anything would happen. Once we got there, Larry and I went up to his room while Charles sat in the family room downstairs. Larry cleared off his bed while I checked out the stuff in his room—models, posters, games, etc.

He sat on his bed and patted it for me to join him. We sat talking, and I felt lots of excitement. I was about to chicken out when he kissed me, and I kissed him back. While we kissed, I felt really tense about where this was leading. Then I felt his hand rubbing my leg, sliding up to my crotch. He caressed me. It felt really good. Soon he had his hand down my pants. I got so excited that I let him talk me into removing my pants.

He rubbed me through my white panties, which soon got so wet at the crotch that they were see-through. He wormed a finger in the side and rubbed my lips, then slid it in. I guess I gasped a little, but it felt good, so I let him continue. He buried his finger in me, then slid it in and out. My juices made wet squelching sounds. I got even more excited.

Suddenly Larry pulled his finger out of me and grabbed the waist of my panties. I lifted my butt off the bed to help as he yanked them off and threw them on the floor. He stood up and slid *his* pants down, and then his underwear, so his hard dick was sticking right out at me.

He lurched his hips at me and said to touch it. It felt warm, soft and hard all at once. He said to wrap my fingers around it and stroke it. After a minute of that, it twitched a bit. He said to kiss the head, so I did, and even licked it a bit. But when he said to suck it, I said no. I gave some lame reason, but he said it was okay, he wanted to *put it in* me.

He pulled a condom out of his dresser drawer and started to put it on. I got scared and said I was a virgin. He said to spread my legs, and when I did, he started pushing it in me. I really felt it at first, but soon there was a really good feeling. *Ohmygod*, I thought, *I'm having sex!*



Larry began thrusting in me really hard, so hard that his bed hit the wall. I had to slow him down, but then he sped up again, until I saw a weird look on his face and he groaned and shook a little, then stopped thrusting. He pulled out of me and said how good it was.

As he stood up, *I noticed Charles standing there with his pants down, jerking off!* Larry said, "What about taking care of Charles?"

"Well, I'm not sure," I said.

"Oh c'mon, we won't tell anyone," he said.

"Okay," I said, "but neither of you *better* tell anyone."

Charles climbed on top of me, but I saw he didn't have

a rubber, so I stopped him and told him to get one. But Larry didn't have any more. I told him he couldn't put it in me but he could rub it *over* me if he wanted. He agreed, and rubbed all over my wet crotch. It felt good. He didn't take long to shoot come all over me, making a big mess.

I came at the same time, and as I bucked my hips and moaned, his cockhead *accidentally slid in me while it was still dribbling come*. I freaked out and pushed him off me, then raced home on my bike with come running down my leg. I douched, cleaning out all the sperm I could, then waited nervously for two weeks for my period. Luckily, I did get it.—*M.O., Jacksonville, Florida*



On her husband's big hunting trip, she hunted big game of her own

When my husband's buddy had to back out of a long-planned hunting trip, Mel begged me to go with him, since the accommodations were nonrefundable. While I wouldn't be able to hunt without a license, the outfitter had assured him I was entitled to all the other amenities—and there was plenty to see and do besides hunt.

Six weeks later we were unpacking for our two weeks in a cozy cabin a two-minute walk from the main lodge. As I was finishing putting my underwear in the dresser, Mel came up behind me, reached around and cupped my breasts while kissing the back of my neck and whispering, "I'm so happy you're with me, honey. We're going to have a wonderful time."

Moments later, after tossing my sweater and bra over a chair, he backed me onto the bed and rid me of my jeans.I rubbed my panty-covered pussy while watching him strip, revealing his throbbing love tool standing nearly seven inches. I lifted my hips as he removed the final barrier between his cock and my ever-ready pussy. After all our years together, he knows when I'm too hot for foreplay. "Be careful, honey, it's really wet down there," I whispered. "Some guy fucked the hell out of me this morning."

He sank his cock balls-deep in me while hooking his arms behind my knees and turning my ass up, then began thrusting rapidly. I knew he was too horny to last long. He blasted his load in me before I was *near* reaching climax.

He held me tightly while his cock finished draining and whispered, "I'm sorry,



"I cock-teased the outfitter's 22-year-old son and half a dozen other guys all night. Knowing I was making them hard kept my panties wet"

honey, I just needed to unload. Give me a minute, and I'll take care of you."

No more than three minutes after that, without ever losing his erection, he was thrusting in me at a perfect pace. True to his word, he soon brought me to a satisfying orgasm before depositing another load in me.

We cuddled in the afterglow of good sex until finally I asked what had brought that on. He kissed my forehead, then said, "This lodge is one of my favorite places on earth, but this is the first time I've been here when I could indulge my *other* great passion in life as well."

I rolled up on one elbow and said, "Perhaps you better restrict me to the cabin, if the other guys here are that horny. You're well aware that the right man doesn't have much trouble getting into my pants. I haven't had any strange cock for weeks."

Mel gave me the sweetest kiss, then looked deep in my eyes and said, "I know you'll be discreet as always, honey, and afterward tell me everything there is to tell."

Everyone met in the rustic bar at half past four for cocktails and to get acquainted. As near as I could count, there were 26 of us; I was one of only *three* women. The others were nice ladies in their mid-50s who dressed like "one of the guys" and shared their husbands' passion for hunting.

Mel was busy talking with the guys, so I relaxed on a stool at the bar and sipped my drink. I certainly wasn't lonely—one guy after another stopped to chat and get a closer look. (At 32, I'm five feet two, 106 pounds, and attract men easily.) By dinnertime I'd met most of the men—I learned that 12 of them were hunters, and the rest guides and employees—and several had tried to cop a feel, but I'd outmaneuvered them.

A few left an impression, with charm and good manners. One, named Jason, had what looked to be the most impressive package I ever saw. At dinner I learned that he was the outfitter's 22-year-old son. He was one damn fine-looking dude.

I stayed to party after Mel excused himself to go to bed (he wanted to get an early start in the morning), and ended up closing the bar at midnight with Jason and half a dozen other guys. I had cock-teased them all night, and knowing I was making their cocks hard kept my panties wet.

After the bartender called last call, without my noticing it all the other guys vanished. Jason offered to walk me to my cabin, and I let him. But when he tried to kiss me before I went inside, I turned my head and said to him, "Hey, don't forget that I'm a married woman."

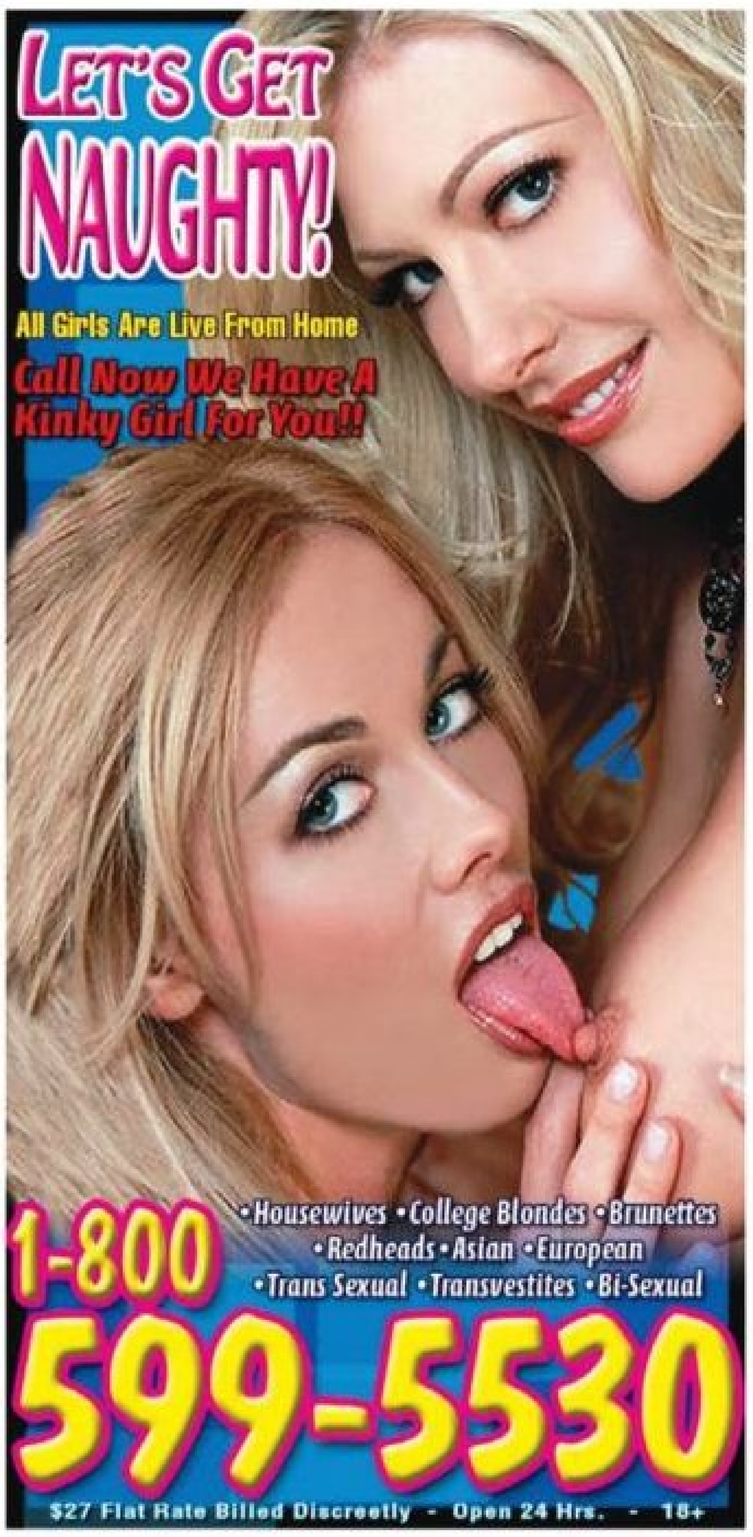
The next two nights I again partied with the guys, and again allowed Jason to walk me back, stealing a quick kiss each time. The next night Mel stayed with me, which seemed to drive Jason nuts. When Mel kissed me good night and left the bar at nine, Jason wasted no time moving over.

I finished my drink and said I should be getting to bed too, but Jason interrupted, saying I should have another short one, then meet him out front and he'd drive me up the valley to see the elk feeding in the meadow. I protested, but he said nobody would know we were gone, and in ten minutes his

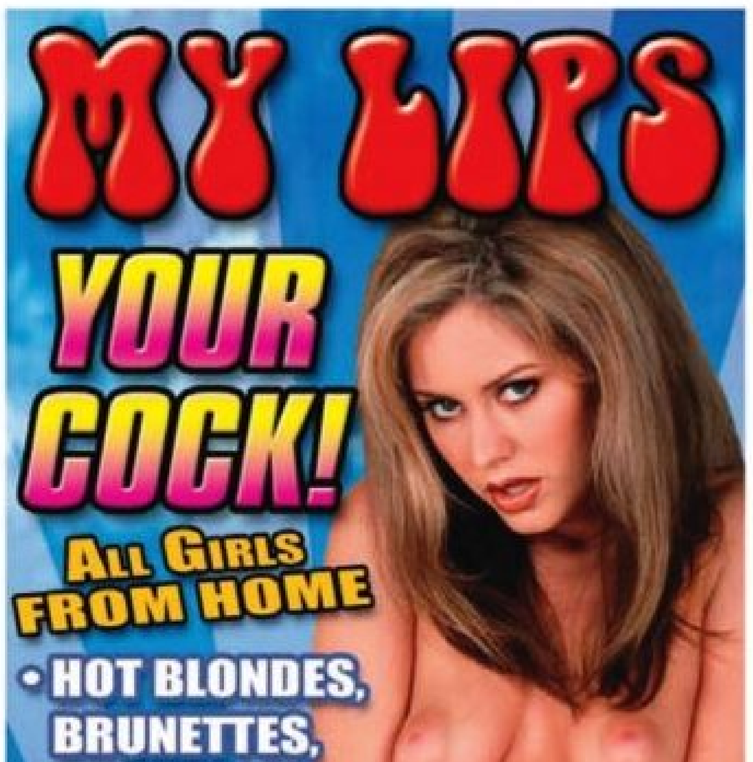

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truck would be toasty warm.

He drove up a trail to a ridge overlooking the meadows and parked in such a way that I had to slide over beside him to look out. I must admit it was a beautiful sight: several hundred elk grazing in the light of the full moon from very near us to the far side of the valley. I knelt on the seat to see better, resting my breasts on his forearm. Soon he was stroking my breasts with his left hand and rubbing my ass with his right. Then he was kissing my ear and thrusting his tongue in it, sending waves of desire to my loins, just as a huge bull mounted a cow not more than 100 feet in front of us.

The bull pumped the cow rapidly for about ten seconds, then rammed her so hard, his back hooves came off the ground as he came. Watching farm animals mate has always been a strong aphrodisiac to me, and seeing this brief natural act of fucking made my pussy just about burst into flames.

I offered no resistance as Jason put both arms around me and kissed me deeply, thrusting his tongue rapidly in and out like a hot little cock. I returned his passion with my tongue, and we kept it up for several minutes with him fondling my tits through my sweater and bra.

He slid his hand up my leg and discovered that my juices had made both my panties and my jeans wet to the touch. I let him rub the growing wet spot for a few minutes, maybe longer, and my needs grew stronger. I took hold of his wrist and pulled until he let me remove his hand from my steaming crotch. "Jason, *please*," I said, "are you forgetting that I'm a married woman?"

He was a smooth talker for a guy his age! "You're right about two things," he said. "For one, you're married. But more important, you are a *woman*. I didn't think there was a woman who could get so aroused as to wet her jeans all the way through. The woman in you wants to experience an adventure beyond the bounds of marriage. Have you ever had sex with any man other than your husband?"

Lying, I whispered no and melted in his arms, more than willing to put another notch in my chastity belt.

Jason wasted little time removing my sweater and bra to make friends with the twins. My breasts become extremely sensitive when I'm as highly aroused as I'd gotten teasing Jason. I nearly came from his licking, kissing and sucking my nipples while his hand found my wet crotch again.

When he whispered, "I want you naked," I asked if he could shut his mouth if I let him fuck me. "Yes," he said. "Ohmygod yes I *can*."

I sat up and wiggled out



"My breasts become sensitive when I'm as highly aroused as I'd gotten teasing Jason. I nearly came from his licking, kissing and sucking"



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of my jeans, leaving my brief white panties in place while he scrambled to undress. I lay across the truck seat and said, "If my husband ever finds out you fucked me, he will cut your nuts off and make my life hell. He's very possessive, always telling me I'm lucky he lets me walk around with *his* pussy."

"Don't worry," Jason said as he finished kicking off his pants, "I kind of like scratching my nuts." He knelt on the seat behind the wheel and switched the interior lights on full as he reached to remove my panties. I made one last gesture of being a faithful wife, holding onto the waistband briefly and whimpering softly while he peeled them off.

> "I glanced down to see the cock that was about to embed itself in me and was pleased. As it sank in me, it throbbed and exploded"



Having had sex in automobiles untold times, I instinctively hooked my left heel over the back of the seat while bracing my right foot against the steering column, offering Jason an open invitation to mount me. I glanced down to see the cock that was about to embed itself in me and was pleased. It was quite long, but what really caught my eye was its girth. It was about the size of a long-neck beer bottle.

He lowered his body onto mine and searched feverishly for my entrance until I gave him a guiding hand. As his cock was sinking into me, it throbbed and exploded. By the time he released his last spurt, his balls were pressed against my tender asshole. He collapsed, coming to rest on my soft tits.

With his semihard cock still in the clasp of my clam, he set about regaining his breath and strength. I lightly rubbed his back, feeling every beat of his throbbing heart, which would soon pump blood back into his lustful cock. I knew from experience that with a young man it wouldn't be long, and my instinct was right. I soon felt him becoming harder. He kissed me with a tenderness he hadn't shown previously, and soon was rock-hard.

He thrust in me, slowly at first, but picking up his pace, matching my own upward thrusts until we were fucking like rabbits. I felt an orgasm building from my nose to my toes like a runaway train, and hoped beyond hope he

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could last long enough to trigger it. I held a tight ass cheek in each hand, pulling him into my cunt. He bellowed like a bull and spewed come in me as I too came. I told him I better get back before my husband started looking for me. A short time later I was giving my husband very sloppy seconds while telling him everything I'd done with Jason, which kept him horny all night.

There were no more late-night rides in Jason's truck. Our remaining nights I went to our cabin when Mel did, then slipped over to spend a couple of hours in Jason's quarters screwing two or three times before returning to give Mel his treat.

I didn't get much sleep, but it was one of the best vacations of my life. The last night I stayed with Jason till half past three. After fucking two or three times, I started to get dressed. He asked if I thought I would cheat again. I said yes, doubting I could control the urges he had released from my hidden self.

When I kissed him goodbye, I asked if screwing an older woman had been as good as doing it with girls his age. He looked me in the eyes and said, "I can't tell you. I've never had sexual intercourse before. I thank you for picking my cherry, pretty lady."—*G.F., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

The side gig added to his rig job turned out to have special benefits

I used to work on an oil rig, sleeping in the bunkhouse with the rest of the crew. It was good money with lots of adventure.

My parents talked me into house-sitting for friends of theirs who lived 20 miles from the rig site and were going on vacation for a week. They were paying me $500 to watch the place and feed their animals. My mom mentioned that their 18-year-old daughter, Lauren, would be in and out during the week.

When the time came, I arrived and met my mom's friends, and they showed me to my room. While I was unpacking, the daughter, Lauren, walked in wearing a majorette uniform from a local college. She was petite with a bob cut and a spatter of freckles.

"So you're Gabe, huh?" she said. I said I was. "Yeah, well, I don't need a sitter, okay? I'm 18."

"Right," I said, not giving a shit. Just then her mom called us to dinner. Lauren turned to walk out, then said over her shoulder, "Hey, Gabe." I turned to see what she wanted, and she lifted the back of her skirt and flashed me a sexy round butt encased in white panties. I was shocked but didn't say a word as she went downstairs. At dinner she acted like nothing happened, so I figured I would too.

The next morning, Mom's friends left for what wound up at the last minute being *two* weeks. It was okay with me—they were paying me for the extra week.

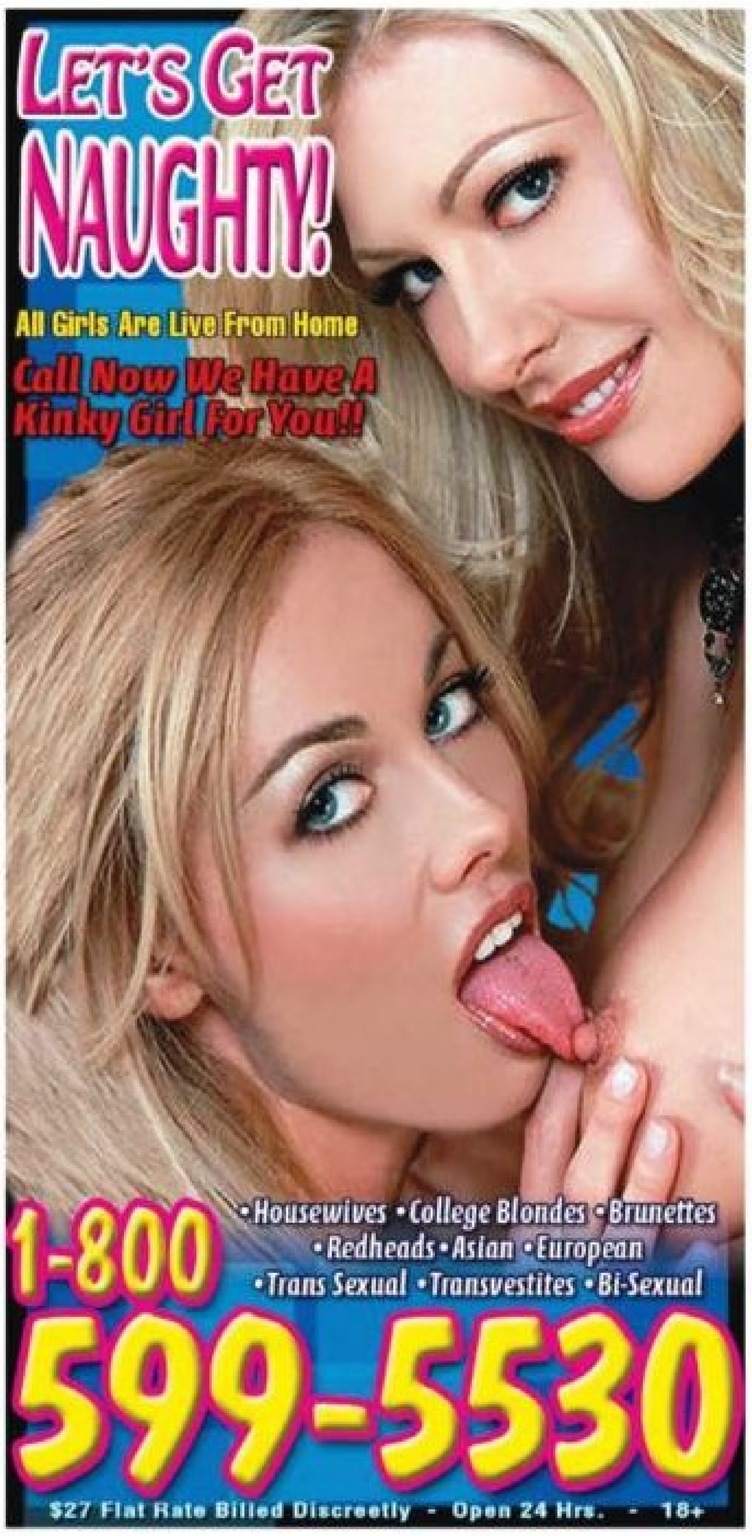
When I got home from work the first day, it was dark. I'd picked up pizza on the way for supper. Lauren arrived a half-hour later. We ate and talked. Then she left.

The next night I brought burgers home. Again Lauren came in about a half-hour later, and we talked and ate. While I was cleaning up, she called my name. I looked up to see her flashing me her pert breasts. "Damn, girl," I said, "you're going to give me a heart attack."

She laughed and said,



"Lauren called my name. I looked up to see her flashing me her pert breasts. 'Damn, girl,' I said, 'you're going to give me a heart attack'"


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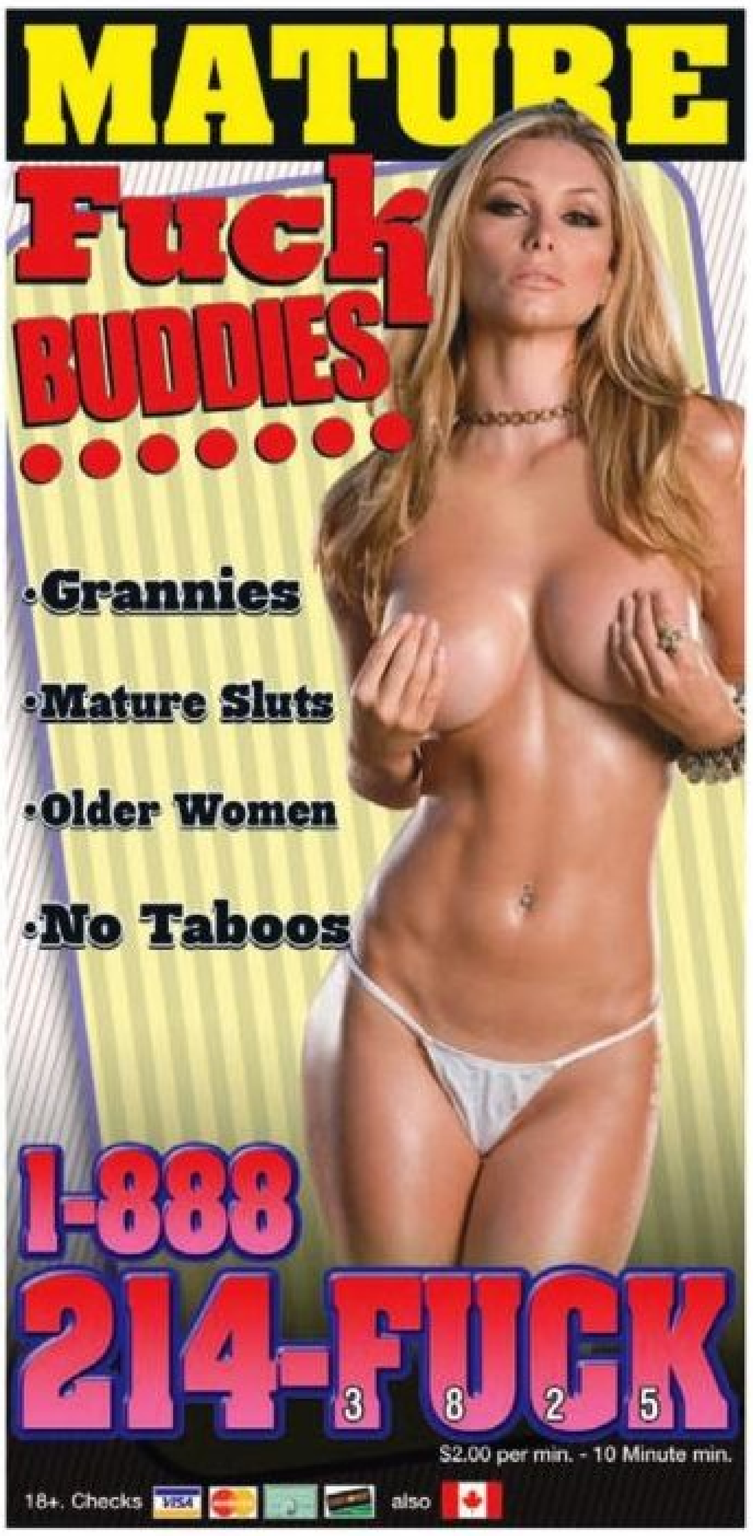

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Letters

"You're only 22, how could that happen?"

"Well," I said, "you could, like, bite off more than you could chew and find yourself in trouble."

"Oh yeah?" she said.

"Yeah," I said. "I may have to spank you for being such a damn tease."

"You wouldn't dare," she said as she went upstairs.

I went out on the front porch to smoke. As I was finishing, Lauren came out in her majorette uniform. She grabbed a cigarette and lit it, then took a drag and coughed a little. I laughed, which sort of pissed her off. She pulled up her pleated skirt, exposing her thigh, and rocked her hips back and forth. Her butt was amazing! While she took another drag, she stroked her inner thigh, teasing me further.

"Does your mom know you smoke?" I asked. She smirked, flicked the burned-out cigarette in the grass and went back inside. I followed her and took off my shirt as I walked over to her. Working tough jobs had beefed me up a little, and I saw her eyes go wide.

She looked apprehensive. "I didn't do anything," she said. "You can't spank me. You can't even *touch* me."

"I won't," I said calmly. "You like to play these little games to *tease*, don't you?" She just looked at me. "I bet you've never even been alone with a guy." Her look of defiance turned to clear anger. "I bet you're scared of guys and scared of sex."

"No, I'm not," she said, so pissed off that she trembled.

"Prove it," I said.

She looked at me a long time, then stepped forward and, on tiptoes, kissed me. While her tongue explored my mouth, I put my arms around her and pulled her to me. I felt her squeeze my cock through my jeans.

"Ooh, you know what *that* is, at least," I said.

"*Obviously*," she said in a smug tone.

"Good," I said. "You know how to suck?" She nodded. I undid my jeans and pushed them down, with my underwear. She went to her knees. My cock brushed her forehead. She licked the tip, then flinched, but took it in her hand and then into her mouth. She obviously hadn't sucked many cocks, but it felt good. I eased more in. She coughed, then caught her breath, and I kept going, pumping slow and steady.

After a while I pulled my cock out, stood her up and took her to the sofa. "Now you're going to get what you've been asking for," I said as I laid her down and carefully got on top of her. I pushed her legs apart and pulled off her top, getting a great look at those pert tits. I told her to relax, I'd be gentle. I licked her puffy nipples and squeezed the firm flesh.

She moaned when she felt the tip of my cock brush between her legs. I pulled her panties off and got in position. Gripping my shaft, I pressed in slow as I could. She gave out a little scream. I waited a few seconds before going in and out, lying on top of her enjoying the feeling of her pussy muscles contracting around my shaft. Eventually she loosened a little, and I began pumping her slowly till I could go deeper. She gripped me hard with her smooth thighs, whimpering and mewing like a kitten as her first cock slid in and out of her.

I stroked her hair and kissed her. "Now you're a real woman," I whispered.

Too soon, I couldn't hold back. Her pussy made loud juicy sounds as I picked up the pace. As I hammered her, she held on tight and squealed over and over, "Ohmygod, ohmygod." I pushed her legs wide apart and pinned her ankles to her ears. I shot one burst in her, maybe two, then pulled out and shot the rest over her tight belly and chest.

She came, shaking and panting. When the shock wore off, she kept looking at me, breathing heavily, and she asked me, "Why did you come in me?"

"I didn't *mean* to," I said. "You felt so good, I got carried away. Did I hurt you?"

"No, it was awesome!"

We fucked all the time her folks were gone and after they got back. That was the best house-sitting job ever!—*Name and address withheld*



Strangers on a train: After he did the other girl, *she* wanted some

Ten years ago, while I was engaged to my husband, he was working away from home and was hurt. His mother called to tell me he was in the hospital with a broken arm and leg. The cost of airfare was too high but my uncle who worked for the railroad let me use his pass to take the train.



The train left in the evening with not many people aboard. I sat in a secluded compartment, in the corner, expecting a long boring trip. About an hour in, a girl my age entered. We smiled and said hello. Not long after, a rather good-looking guy joined us. Because I had my legs stretched out, he sat next to the other girl. With my eyes closed, trying to catch some sleep, I listened to their conversation. I drifted in and out. Some time later I half awoke to some sexy conversation between them, and through half-closed eyes I saw that he had an arm around her.

As they talked in hushed tones, the guy reached over casually and cupped the girl's breast through her shirt. I was shocked when he unbuttoned her shirt and hiked her skirt up to reveal pretty black lace panties. Boldly, he pushed his pants down to reveal a penis way bigger than my fiancé's—so big that she couldn't get her hands around it. I'd played with my fiancé's, but never even imagined *kissing* it, let alone trying to get it down my throat like this girl was doing. He had a hand moving rapidly in her panties. She moaned happily. He groaned a few times, then pulled his prick out of her mouth. It looked half as big, but still quite large.

I'd heard her gulping and laboring to swallow, so I assumed she swallowed his load, but they were far from done. The guy kept working between her legs, and she gasped with pleasure. He slid down on his knees between her spread legs, and his head went between them. She jumped and writhed, pushing her belly up to his face. She bit her knuckle to stifle a scream as she climaxed.

As she was coming back down, he got in position. I saw his large crown distend her pussy lips while he held her panty crotch aside and with a lunge buried himself in her. He slid in and out of her, his shaft glistening. As I watched his long strokes, a lustful feeling overcame me. I felt jealous of the pleasure the girl was receiving, and wanted it to be me, not her.

He fucked her endlessly, until finally he withdrew, his prick still hard and dripping their juices on her belly. She lay quietly trembling, eyes closed, covered with sweat. He bent down and picked up her panties and with them wiped the semen trickling out of her pussy down her leg, then wiped his own prick and balls.

> "He'd been rubbing my legs as well as my pussy. Now he got his head between them, and for the first time I felt a tongue on my pussy and clit"

After a few moments he looked over at me. I had one leg lying along the seat and the other on the floor. My panties were in full view. There was no way I could hide how excited I was. With half-closed eyes I saw the passion in his eyes. His prick jerked when he saw my panties. He slid his hands up them and rubbed my crotch. My emotions ran wild. *I was nervous and excited at once.* My heart raced. I didn't know what to do, so I did nothing.

After rubbing my crotch briefly, he slowly and gently pulled my panties off, then pushed my skirt to my waist. I kept my eyes shut, though I couldn't believe the nerve of this guy! When the other girl gasped, I gave in to the temptation to open my eyes. He pushed my blouse up and sucked my breasts. I lay there enjoying it. My nipples were so excited, they hurt!

He'd been rubbing my legs all the while as well as my pussy. Now he got his head between them, and for the first time I felt a tongue exploring my pussy and licking my clit. I thought I was

going to faint. It felt so good, I couldn't keep from crying out. He gave me my first climax, actually a *series* of climaxes, then suddenly stood between my legs, his prick bobbing even with my face.

I took him in my mouth. I knew I was tasting another girl's pussy, but it didn't matter. *I had to suck my first prick.* Holding his balls with one hand, I got as much of his length as I could down my throat, sucking like a girl possessed. I heard myself ask him to fuck me. He laid me on the seat on my back, spread my thighs and positioned himself between them. It looked too big to fit in me. He entered gradually. I let out a yell.

"Damn, you're a virgin, aren't you?" he said. I nodded, then said, "I *was*."



"It looked too big to fit in me. He entered gradually. I let out a yell. 'Damn, you're a virgin, aren't you?' he said. I nodded, then said, 'I *was*'"

I'd been determined to be a virgin on my wedding night. Although my fiancé and I played, we never went too far. And now here I was with a big prick inside me. He drove in and out of me like a machine, going deeper and deeper till he hit something that had me crying out in sheer joy. I came and came until I couldn't take any more. He kept going until his prick jerked against my cervix as spurted his thick cream in me.

Semen was running down my thighs even before he withdrew. I just lay there, my mouth hanging open, while he got dressed and left. The other girl and I gathered ourselves and arranged our clothing. I still felt his come leaking out of me, wetting my panties. The other girl noticed and told me about the trick of packing yourself with toilet paper or tissue to absorb the wetness.

Suddenly I realized what I'd done and burst into tears. I told the other girl how I was due to be married in less than a month and now I had ruined myself by letting a stranger take my virginity. She calmed me and helped me develop a plan on how to use alum to tighten myself and came up with a story about why I wouldn't bleed if my new husband noticed on our wedding night.

Well, he got pretty tipsy at the reception, and the alum worked well enough that he didn't notice. To this day he thinks that he was my first lover, and also thinks he's the father of our daughter. Well, he *could be.—Name and address withheld*

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Letters

South of the border, she added a new trick to her male entourage

I've always had what most people would call hot pants, but was fortunate enough to be marred to an understanding man who allowed me freedom to roam discreetly, taking many lovers over the years. When AIDS arose, I curtailed my extramarital activities, screwing only married men I knew were okay. Even that was a little risky.

When my husband's good friend Wyatt called to say he was coming to town to see about relocating his business to our area, Shane and I felt moving would be good for him. He'd lost his wife three years before and been kind of a recluse since. We insisted he stay with us.

Wyatt's wife Kathy and I shared many hours of confidential talks. She couldn't keep her married panties on either, and Wyatt like Shane was aroused by her confessions of infidelity. Knowing this about their past, I was surprised by his insistence to Shane that he'd been celibate since Kathy's passing.

Wyatt is nearly a mirror image of my husband, only he's blond while Shane has brown hair. We've always gotten along, so I wasn't surprised when Wyatt confided in me one night after Shane turned in that he missed Kathy more than he could express. We hugged one another and cried on each other's shoulder, but where he found the comfort he needed most was cradled between the soft thighs of his friend's wife.

After our tears subsided he kissed me tenderly, but before the kiss ended, a wave of passion enveloped us. We walked hand in hand to the guest room and stood on opposite sides of the bed disrobing as if we'd been lovers instead of friends for years. I felt a sense of pride as I bared my full breasts with lust-swollen areolae and hard nipples to him for the first time.



The look on his face indicated he saw me as more than an available piece of ass to vent his lust. I stared as he lowered his shorts. A beautiful cock stood proudly erect above loaded balls, a trickle of clear fluid oozing from a long slit in the swollen purple glans.

He spoke first. "You're as lovely as I've dreamed, Sally. Please show me your bush. God, I've wanted to see it for years. Please toss your panties over here."

I lowered my cotton bikini. The wet crotch left a musky, moist trail on my inner thighs. I stood naked before Wyatt. His cock jerked as his eyes drifted from my bushy box to my tits before meeting my eyes again. Then I tossed him my wet and aromatic panties. He held them to his nose, then licked the soaked crotch. He moaned softly while he inhaled and tasted the essence flowing from my pussy.

I threw back the covers and scrambled to the middle of the bed, where Wyatt quickly joined me. He embraced me, but seemed reluctant to touch me intimately, so I guided his hand to my breast before reaching down and fondling his excited organ. He quickly tugged my hand up, saying it had been much too long since he'd had sex and he didn't want this to end before he had a chance to experience being inside me.

I took his hand again and said, "Then why don't you put it in? Just feel how ready I am for you." And I placed his hand between my legs.

He cupped my slippery sex and said, "I want to be with you more than anything, but you're Shane's wife." I said nothing as I straddled him and, before he could react, guided his throbbing cock between my slippery lips into the warm confines of my receptive snatch.

I sat very still, letting the initial surge of excitement of being joined as one to subside while I looked deep in his eyes. I said, "Don't worry about your friend. He and I have discussed this, and nothing would please him more than learning we've become lovers. The way I feel about you, I've never felt that with any man other than Shane. I've had sex with numerous men over the years and felt nothing but a need to be fucked by them. What I'm feeling now with your penis in my vagina is the same warm, comforting intimacy I feel when I'm making love with Shane. I love you, Wyatt, and I want you to love me too, without any guilt, because I'm woman enough to love *both* of you if you would like to become part of our lives."

I leaned down, pressing my breasts against his hairless chest as I kissed him passionately while contracting my inner vaginal muscles, bringing him to an explosive orgasm without moving my body. I savored



every throb of his cock delivering its hot ejaculate to the farthest reaches of my cunt. There's nothing like the feeling of warm semen spreading throughout one's vagina as millions of sperm seek a new home in the womb.

His orgasm had taken away the strength from both his body and his overanxious cock, which rapidly became flaccid and withdrew from my snug sheath until it came to rest between my lips at the mouth of my sex. I probed his ear with my tongue and whispered, "You got yourself a piece of ass, my friend, and now you're ready to make love to me."

We remained in that position kissing and exploring one another's mouth enthusiastically with our tongues. Soon I felt his cock rising into my body again. Once he was fully erect, he rolled me onto my back and threw my legs over his shoulders. Looking deep in my eyes he said, "I love you, Sally. I think I always have. I often fantasized that it was you when I made love to Kathy. Sex was the major factor of our marriage, as I expect you know from her. We fucked like rabbits, but I just realized that we never really made love."

He pushed my knees up near my ears to attain full access to my pussy, then began to thrust gently, uniting our souls again and again. It felt like his cock was reaching my heart as a blanket of emotion encompassed our mating bodies. Time stood still as we shared our long-suppressed love, joined as one, until we reached an unbelievably long, explosive simultaneous orgasm.

We made love three more times before I climbed the stairs to tell my husband I loved him dearly but also loved Wyatt. I told him I'd never leave him but would



like Wyatt to be part of our lives. Shane pulled me down beside him and said, "I want you right now, honey."

"You know you can have me anytime," I whispered, "but it's pretty messy down there now. He came a lot."

He kissed me while he mounted and slid into me. He said, "My guess is, I better get used to finding your pussy full of Wyatt's come."

The next night I slept with both of them, losing track of how many times we screwed. The next morning we sat down over coffee and discussed our future. Wyatt would move in and become my second husband. I would alternate sleeping with them one on one, saving threesomes for special occasions, always "tucking in" the one sleeping alone.

"One memorable time we all spent a week in Baja. I received meaty injections of cock morning and night, with an occasional nooner"

I know I got more cock than any other woman in the state because a little competition seemed to make an awful lot of wood. We began referring to a tuck-in as a tuck-and-fuck, since the man I was to sleep with never landed on a dry deck.

I usually went on vacation with each husband separately, but one memorable time we all spent a week together at a quiet resort in Baja. The guys were beach bums, swimming and fishing every day while I was being pampered in the spa. (With my pale complexion I had to limit my time in the sun.)

The guys didn't neglect me. We took guided tours and each night enjoyed the festive nightlife. We had a two-bedroom bungalow where I received repeated meaty injections of cock morning and night, with an occasional nooner thrown in.

My bedmate for the night and I often went skinny-dipping in the warm surf, then made love on the beach. We all found it very erotic copulating under the stars and full moon. I felt I was the luckiest woman on earth having two wonderful men loving me emotionally and physically, a love they demonstrated constantly.

I was getting my daily rubdown at the spa after working out and sweating it out in the sauna when Juan, the young local man who attended to me each day, about blew me away by asking if I was a paid companion of the two men I was traveling with.

I said, "That is a very personal question, but I'd like to know what makes you ask."

His big brown hands squeezed my bare buttocks and his long fingers pried my cheeks apart, exposing my privates, before he leaned down and whispered, "Because I have watched you fuck both of them on the beach late at night."

Before I could react, he slipped two thick fingers in my slippery pussy while his thumb gently massaged my swelling clitoris. "I'm married to both of them," I moaned as I let my thighs drift apart, giving access to my snatch.

I knew I should stop him and walk out, but honestly I *didn't want* to. It was the first time since accepting Wyatt as my second husband that I'd had a stranger touch me intimately, and I loved it. I pushed my pussy upward to welcome his long fingers probing my G-spot, quickly arousing me the way only a strange man can. I didn't want to make love but *fuck*, just raw, pud-pounding sex like I'd experienced back when I fucked any Tom, Dick or Harry with a hard-on.

I couldn't stop my hand as it moved to Juan's loins, which was my second mistake. I felt his balls, then the base of his hard cock, before he pushed his shorts down so my hand was full of his young, extremely hard cock. I handle seven-inchers daily, but the cock in my hand was an inch or more longer and somewhat thicker. Memories of what it felt like having an oversize cock like this fill my cunt flashed through my mind, making me hotter yet.

Juan may have been young, but he knew how to rouse a woman without pushing her over the top, making her desperate for release. That's how he had me when he leaned down and whispered, "Would you please put this condom on me?"

He pulled me to the bottom of the table, holding my knees up and wide apart to gain access. He stepped

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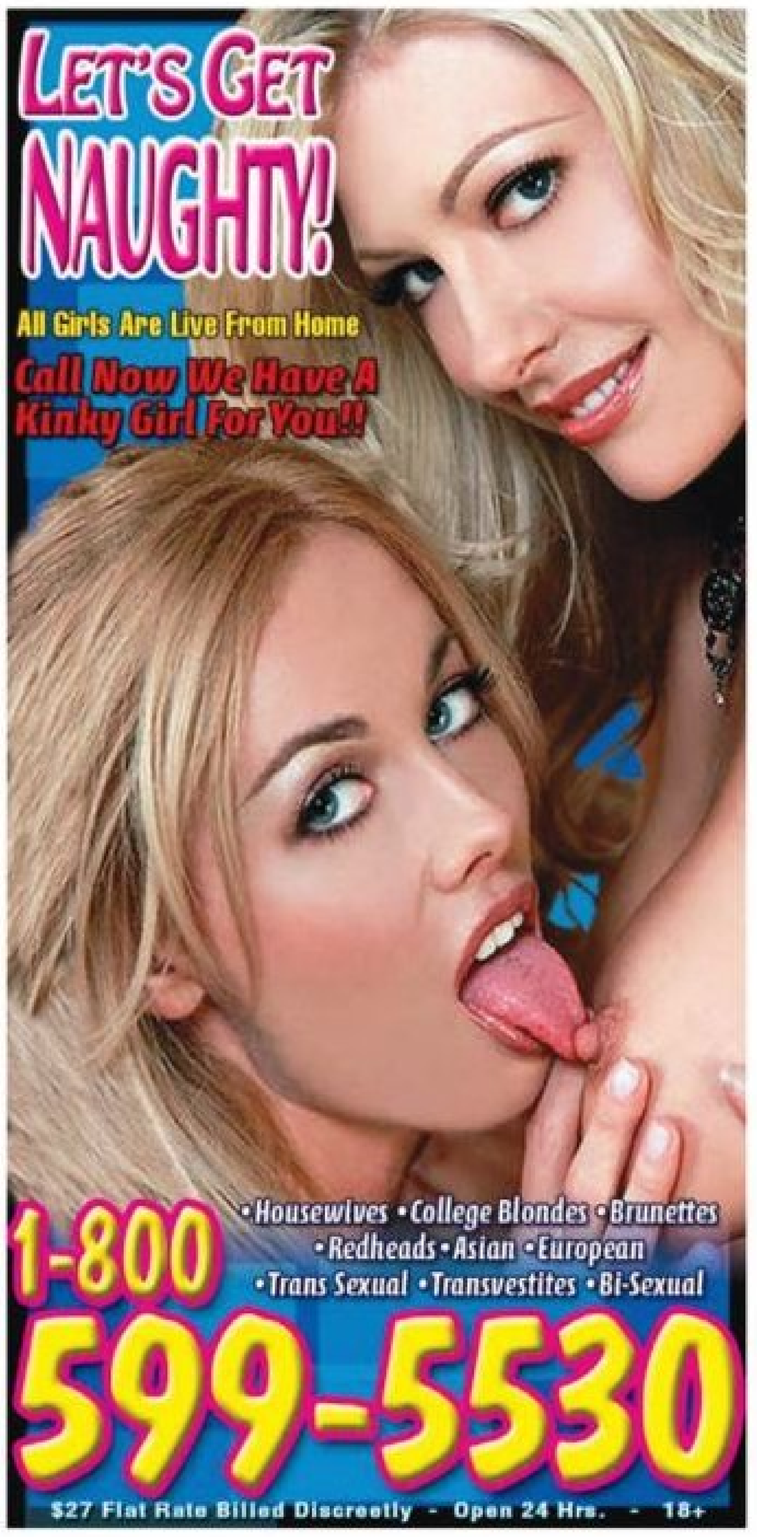






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up and slid half his cock in me. Two more gentle thrusts and he was up to his nuts, filling me like I hadn't been for years. I was so hot and excited at having raw sex with a new partner that I felt disappointed when he soon exploded into the condom.

My guys were out fishing, so Juan snuck into our bungalow for a couple of hours. I had a ball fucking, even though I knew I would pay dearly for jumping the fence when my men returned. I may be a cheater, but I'm honest, and couldn't look them in the eye unless I told them the truth. When they returned, I served them drinks and said we needed to talk, and I told them exactly what happened. Neither was surprised that I'd given in to nature's strongest urge with Juan. In fact, they were both *aroused*.

> "Wyatt pressed his large cockhead past my anal ring. His cock went in easily, resting next to Shane's. Being double-fucked was a first for me"

Soon I was being stripped. Then Shane climbed on and buried his hard-on in me. He rode me hard, then rolled over so that I was astride him slowly grinding my clit against his pelvis. I felt Wyatt move in behind me, and I knew that I was about to be double-teamed. Shane and I had occasionally had anal sex for years, but Wyatt had never shown any interest. Still, there wasn't any doubt that he wanted my ass now! I felt something cool in my crack, then a finger slowly entering my anus.

After loosening and lubing me, Wyatt pressed the large head of his cock against my ass and pushed in slowly until it popped past my tight anal ring. His cock was well lubed, so it went in easily and rested next to Shane's while they paused to allow me to adjust to the intrusion. Being double-fucked was a first for me, and it was quite awkward as the guys could not get in sync. To be honest, it was uncomfortable having Wyatt's cock up my ass while my pussy was full of Shane, and I was relieved when Wyatt came and withdrew in less half a minute. Shane blew shortly after. There was no Big O for me, but I owed them.

Juan did me every morning that week, and the night before we left I "snuck" out to meet him, with my guys watching from a window six feet away. Under a full moon we fucked three times on a chaise. After I sent Juan on his way, Shane and Wyatt and I made love all night till it was time to go. I slept all the way home.

My falling off the monogamy wagon changed our lifestyle. My men encouraged me to let married men we knew well seduce me. I was careful to use condoms no matter how well I knew them. I wasn't promiscuous; I only took three lovers in the next ten years.—*F.S., Los Angeles, California*

The party isn't over till the birthday girl has been duly serviced

My husband invited friends and neighbors to my 38th birthday, and we all had a fine time. By early morning only our friend Ben and our next-door neighbors were still there, all pretty drunk.

I danced with the neigh-

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bors' 18-year-old son Robert, rubbing myself against him. When his mom left the room (my husband was playing pool with Ben in the family room), he ran his hands all over my chest and butt. I let him have his fun.

When Robert's parents left, my husband walked them out, staggering, then went to the bathroom. Robert and I continued to dance. By the time Harvey returned, Robert's hand had found its way up my short skirt and was rubbing between my legs. Suddenly the young man got nervous and left.

I sat on the sofa, excited from Robert's roving hands. Ben sat on a recliner, and Harvey sat on the floor at my feet. We were having a nice conversation when Harvey put his hand on my nylon-clad leg and rubbed it. He continued higher, my dress moving higher with his hand, revealing first stocking tops, then my satin panty crotch. Ben watched silently as Harvey pulled my panty crotch aside, revealing my shaved pussy, and played with me.



I opened my legs to give Harvey more access and Ben a better view. After several minutes my husband asked if I wanted Ben to join us. Nervously, I said that was up to Ben. In a flash he was standing by me on the sofa with his cock out. I began to suck him while my husband ate my pussy. I soon came.

I was ready to be fucked. Harvey positioned me doggie-style, with Ben sitting on the couch so I could keep sucking him. Harvey pumped me from behind, driving me insane. It was the first time I had two cocks at once, and I was so excited, I came almost immediately. Harvey didn't let himself come, however. Instead he pulled out of me and watched me climb up on Ben and sink down on his shaft, then ride him like a woman possessed. He squeezed my ass as I rode him to another orgasm.

When I looked over at Harvey, I was surprised to see he was nearly asleep! I pulled off Ben and went to Harvey and slipped my lips over his cock. As I sucked him back to life, Ben got behind me and fucked me doggie-style, very hard.

Not long after Ben got a good rhythm going, the doorbell rang. We ignored it until we couldn't anymore. Reluctantly, I wrapped a comforter around me and found Robert the door, asking about his mom's purse, which she'd forgotten. I tried to keep him out, but he was pretty drunk and stumbled inside, only to see Ben naked on the floor and Harvey with his pants at his ankles. Robert smiled and said he was sorry to interrupt our fun, then stood smiling for a long time. Finally he asked if he could "get a small sample too."

"Oh, what the hell," I said, and told him to sit on the sofa and drop his pants. He did, gladly. As I began licking and sucking him, Ben got behind me to continue his fun at my cunt.

Harvey staggered upstairs; we heard him vomit in the bathroom. When he finally returned and saw me with two guys, he got an instant hard-on. Just then Ben pulled out and shot his load over my back and ass, and Robert let go in my mouth. Harvey soon replaced Ben, giving me a hard fuck while the others dressed and left.

We've not said a word about that night, but I made it clear to Harvey that I'm always up for more.—*G.K., Windsor, Ontario*

Fate dealt them a bad hand, but that didn't leave them helpless

I consider myself one lucky SOB to have nabbed my wife of 26 happy years. Though petite, Lou's always had a body that could stop traffic on an interstate, and at 48 she's still incredibly hot.

I get a kick out of other men looking at her, and she does too. Sometimes when we're out of town she agrees to leave her panties and bra at the hotel and flash strang-

ers. A few times I got her to describe experiences with guys she fucked before me. This never failed to make us fuck like teenagers.

Two years ago I was diagnosed with prostate cancer. It was treated successfully, but it took me six months to get my sex drive back, and getting an erection is still an issue. Even with drugs I'm lucky to get half-hard. Lou has been the model of understanding. I could get her off orally but usually couldn't get hard enough for intercourse. We bought a dildo and a vibrator she can use to finish herself off after I've gone down on her, while I watch and jack off.

She insisted this was enough for her, but after a year of it I felt she was getting robbed of a lot of pleasure. It would never change for me, but that didn't mean this stunning woman with her healthy sex drive should have to settle for this. I didn't care for the idea of her taking a lover. The only other idea I could think of was to arrange for someone she could have satisfying sex with without any of the entanglements of a lover.

Thanks to *Penthouse Letters*, I had long entertained images of hot studs fucking my lady's brains out; now I began taking the idea seriously. I felt I could handle it, and reasoned that it would give me satisfaction knowing Lou was having good sex. I also felt that I would derive sexual satisfaction from watching and participating as much as I could.

I even had someone in mind. One of the exes Lou had told me about was this guy Jed she dated when she was 18 and really liked. They did most everything except screw—she was afraid of the size of his cock. She said he was one of the nicest guys she ever knew. I'd met him at class reunions and other functions, and I knew he was tall and fit and good-looking, and divorced, and Lou really liked him. The problem was how to raise the idea with her, to convince



> "The only other idea I could think of was to arrange someone she could have satisfying sex with without any of the entanglements of a lover"

Three-For-All



"I said, 'I'm talking about bringing another guy into our bedroom who can make love to you while I watch and participate in the ways I can'"

her that I wasn't totally nuts.

I set up a romantic dinner and over coffee said, "Sweetheart, you know I love you more than anything." She nodded. "Well, this prostate thing has really changed the way we make love. I want more from our lovemaking."

She said, "I know, honey, but we have to accept the things that we can't change."

I said, "But what if we *could* change them somehow. Even if it was something really out of left field, if we could do that, would you be willing to *consider* it?"

Finally she said, "Paul, I'm happy with what we have."

"But we can have more," I said. "I'm talking about bringing another guy into our bedroom who can provide a real hard cock. Not a lover, but someone we both trust, who can make love to you while I watch and even participate in the ways I can." She was silent. I said, "I know how this must sound, but I've thought a lot about it, and for me it would be wonderful to watch you truly satisfied. And since I'd be taking part in the threesome, I'd get sexual pleasure too."

Finally Lou said, "I know this is about your wanting me to be more satisfied. I love you for it, but it could be dangerous for our marriage."

"Not necessarily," I said, taking her hand. "We had changes forced on us. All I'm suggesting is making a change to give you what I can't *and* bring me satisfaction. Will you think about it, so we can talk again?"

She squeezed my hand and said, "Yes, we'll talk later."

Over the next month, the more we talked, the less Lou seemed to object. One night she asked, "If we do, do you have someone in mind?"

As casually as I could, I said, "I was thinking of your friend Jed. He doesn't live far away and is divorced, and I bet he'd be *very* interested."

She got a funny look and said, "I did tell you why we never really finished doing it back then, didn't I?"

"I know he was *big*," I said. "But you were 18. I doubt it'd be a problem now. Look, can I just sound him out?"

After a minute, she said, "Okay, but I want us to meet *socially* first."

"Great idea!" I said. "That would give us all time to get comfortable together."

I met Jed, and after an hour and a half and several drinks he said he was totally willing. A week later we were all in a nice restaurant enjoying a good meal and each other. We were so compatible, we agreed to meet the following Saturday night. We hadn't spoken about a threesome, but I thought we had an understanding. When we parted, Jed kissed Lou on the lips with passion, and she seemed to enjoy it.

A week later we met at the same restaurant. That dinner went even better, with lots of innuendo and casual touching. After dinner I brought up the subject we'd all been avoiding: "Guys, I know it's awkward, but can we discuss what brought us here?"

We sat looking at each other until Jed said, "Lou, Paul explained the problem the two of you have, and I can only say how much I admire how you've coped. He assures me he's comfortable with this. I want to know how *you* really feel."

She looked at me, then at him, and finally said, "At first I couldn't believe Paul was















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Letters



"The next thing I knew, Lou was coming. I'd seen her climax hard, but not like this. She was arched like a bow for a good 15 seconds"

serious. But over time, I realized he truly wants me to experience sex like we used to, and he feels he'd be gratified sexually too. If he loves me so much, can I deny him? I admit, the idea even began to excite me."

Finally Jed said, "Lou, the idea of being with you is so exciting, I can't find words. Paul is lucky to have you, and you're lucky to have a guy who loves you so."

I broke in. "Look, you two, why don't we continue this at our house?" Soon Lou and I were in our car, with Jed following us home. As we rode, I asked Lou how she felt.

"Nervous. I just don't know what to expect. For 26 years I've only been with you."

"Look, sweetie," I said, "don't worry. You know Jed, and how much he wants you. I'll be there. Anytime you want to stop, we stop. Jed understands. I just want you to relax and enjoy it."

When we got in the house I made drinks. Lou and I sat on the sofa, with Jed sitting across from us. I'd lowered the lights, and we kind of let the mood build. I started by kissing Lou's neck, then lips. Soon our tongues were at play. I made sure her dress rode up her legs until it was near the top of her thigh-high hose. Jed could see her panties. She had let her legs fall apart some, adding to his enjoyment.

I began to rub her breasts through her dress and pinch her nipples, making them stick out. Her breathing got shallow, and I felt it was time to go a step farther. I said, "Lou, can I take off your dress and show Jed what a lovely body you still have?"

After a moment she stood, and I unzipped her dress and let it fall. "God, Lou," Jed said, "you're as beautiful as you were at 18. No, *more* beautiful." To move things along, I said, "Why don't we go in the bedroom and get comfortable?" I had set candles around the bedroom, and when we entered, while Lou went in the bathroom, I lit the candles.

She came out in a silk robe I'd bought for the evening—just long enough to cover her cute butt, with a tie belt holding it closed. I could tell she still had her panties and hose on but had removed her bra. Jed and I had undressed to our pants. I maneuvered her over to the bed and lay down beside her. Jed sat in a chair and watched as I resumed making out with Lou, wanting to get her really good and hot before inviting him to join us.

I started kissing her, and soon had her robe open. I sucked first one tit, then the other. After working on her tits, I pulled the tie belt and let the robe fall open, then kissed my way down to her panties. I kissed her pussy though her panties. She lifted her pussy and put a hand behind my head to guide me.

Lou's always loved having her pussy eaten. I moved between her legs for better access. When I pulled her panty crotch aside to lick her hairy pussy, she nearly jumped off the bed. I kept at her until she was close to climax, then moved up and took her in my arms.

I kissed her so she could



taste herself on my lips and said, "Baby, you told me Jed had a nice cock. Isn't it time we asked him to share it?"

She turned her head and looked at him. He stood up, opened his pants and let them fall to the floor. Then he lowered his shorts, revealing a considerable manhood, rock-hard and pointed up at a 45-degree angle. It wasn't nine inches like I'd pictured, but it was well over seven, and it looked half as big around as mine.

I motioned for Jed to join us. When he was standing next to Lou, I said, "Lou, is it okay for Jed remove your panties? I bet he's dying to see your beautiful pussy."

She made no objection, and as he moved into position, she lifted her butt and he slid her panties down. He moved back beside Lou and kneeled on the bed by her head. I left them alone on the bed. He leaned down and gave her a gentle kiss that turned into a tongue fight. He worked his way to her breasts, sucking first one and then the other.

Lou was already moaning. I heard a soft groan from Jed, and saw that she was stroking his cock. I finished undressing and sat in the chair he had occupied. As I watched him kiss his way down her, I realized I was almost hard! Breathing hard, she kept stroking his cock. He moved between her legs and kissed her pussy hair.

I lay down beside Lou again and kissed her and said how beautiful she was. She gave a slight jump and said, "Oh God, Paul, he's licking me, baby, licking my pussy." She moaned and shook. He lifted her legs and pushed them back toward her chest, exposing her completely to him. He kissed her thighs and ass.

Suddenly she stiffened and said, "God, yes, lick me there, Jed," and I realized he was licking her from her asshole to her pussy. She said, "Oh Jed, don't stop, please. Suck me, lick all of it please!" By then he had her clit in his lips and was sucking it like a little cock, while he shot his finger in and out in her pussy.

The next thing I knew, Lou was coming. I'd seen her climax hard, but not like this one. She was arched like a bow for a good 15 seconds trying to get more of Jed's tongue and finger in her pussy. And when it was over, she collapsed to the bed almost like she passed out for a second.

As her breathing returned to normal, she said, "That was incredible. I never felt anything like it. And I have you both to thank don't I?"

She kissed me. Then Jed moved up her body, and she kissed him. Her legs were still pushed back toward her breast, held there by Jed's arms. His cock was lined up perfectly with her wet, gaping pussy. I could tell he wanted to plunge in. Instead he just eased the head forward till it was touching her pussy lips.

"I want badly to fuck you, darling," he said, "but I want you to tell me it's all right."

She reached down and guided him, saying, "Yes, Jed, but please go slow."

He eased just the head in,



"Then he eased an inch or two more in. I saw her pussy stretch to accommodate it. She said, 'God, Jed, go slow! You're so *big*, baby!'"

causing my wife to catch her breath. Then he eased an inch or two more in. I saw her pussy stretch to accommodate it. She said, "God, Jed, go slow! You're so *big*, baby!" He started a slow fucking motion, each time giving her a little more, until his balls were resting against her ass. He stopped to give her time to adjust to him.

When she relaxed a little, he began to fuck her with steady, full-length strokes. She was taking it with no problem, and let us know she was enjoying it. "God, Paul, I feel so full. Look how stretched I am! Jed, give me all of it! Faster, harder, baby!" She was in a state of bliss that went on and on. As his cock was so large and her pussy so small, his cock was in constant contact with her clit, giving her no break from the stimulation.

I wanted to be part of it, so I moved to the bottom of the bed, where I could see Jed's big cock going in and out of Lou. "God, Paul," she said, "can you see it? Can you see him filling me up?" When it became too much for her she said, "God, yes, I'm coming again. Fuck me, Jed! Shit, Paul, I can't stop



coming! God, fuck me, Jed!"

She'd just started to catch her breath when he groaned, "I can't hold it, Lou. Where do you want it, baby?"

"*In me*, Jed!" she panted. "*Fill me up with it!*"

His ass cheeks tightened and his balls drew up as he unloaded in her pussy. Then they lay like that for two or three minutes, until his semi-hard cock slipped out of her.

Lou left her legs wide open, as if thinking how much I would enjoy the view. She lay there looking at me between her outstretched legs as come started to run down her ass crack. I crawled up between her legs and gently kissed her pussy.

As if she could read my mind, she said, "It's all right, baby. I know what you want. Lick my pussy clean."

She held her hand behind my head while I licked and sucked Jed's come from her pussy. Then she rolled me onto my back, took my half-hard cock in her mouth and sucked me to a wild climax.

By now Jed was almost hard again, so I knew the night wasn't over. He fucked Lou again before we went to sleep, and again in the morning before he left for home. After he was gone, she and I lay in bed holding each other with a sense of quiet contentment. Later she sucked me while I sat in the chair until I was hard enough so she could stroke me, which she did until I shot over her face and tits.

I have no doubt we'll be seeing Jed again in the near future. I think we're both looking forward to it.—*P.N., Providence, Rhode Island*

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"The hot beaches offer a nice, welcoming contrast. I imagine being shipwrecked and think, what would I do all by myself?"




"I suppose I could come up with *some-thing* to do, but what? Little 'ol me, a hot sandy beach, and the crashing waves all around . . ."





"Hmm . . . I'd have to make the best of it, I guess. Until someone finally came to my rescue. I wonder if anyone could read *this* distress signal."

SPOTLIGHT ON

Someone's Watching

She didn't mind exposing herself to strange men, but her husband wanted her to go further. Could she do it?



My wife Joyce and I are in our mid-30s and have been married for 11 years. Joyce is a truly beautiful woman. She is petite at only five feet two and weighs only 110 pounds, but she is, as they say, one fully loaded package. She has one of those tight asses that every man loves, beautiful legs and upturned breasts with big nipples that get really hard and turn a dark pink when she is hot. She has straight blonde hair that reaches halfway down her back, and a cute face with captivating black eyes and full red lips. Since she knows I love pussy hair, she doesn't shave her lovely triangle-shaped bush. As for me, I'm reasonably good looking, and I stay in good shape, thanks to good genes and some physical activity.

Joyce and I have a fairly active sex life that includes a variety of erotic activities. Joyce was not very experienced when we got married, but in no time she learned to love sex as much as I do. She quickly learned to suck cock, and can now swallow my load with no problem. We have had sex in some kinky places where we were in danger of getting caught, and on occasion I have even persuaded her to do some flashing of strangers. She is hesitant to do this, but she admits she really gets turned on when she does.

We often watch adult movies, which give us ideas for spicing up our own lovemaking. I also discovered soon after our wedding that Joyce is multi-orgasmic, and can have four, five and sometimes six orgasms each time we make love. She will usually have three or four when I go down on her during foreplay, and maybe two more when we have intercourse. She says that sometimes during intercourse, if I'm hitting her clit just right, it feels like she's having one long orgasm that just goes on and on.

Another thing that surprised me at first was how vocal Joyce is during sex. I really enjoy her talking dirty while we fuck; it is so out of character for her that I can almost come just from listening to her.

We have talked about our fantasies, and she knows I get really hot on those occasions when I can get her to flash some guy. She also knows that I would love to have a threesome, so I could watch her with another man, but until recently she has always resisted that. The fact that I was the only man she'd ever fucked was part of the problem, but mainly it was that, although I assured her otherwise, she was afraid my feelings for her would change if that were to happen.

About three years ago Joyce and I bought a new home in a nice quiet neighborhood. Our closest neighbors were a couple in their early 50s named Les and Nan. We soon became good friends with them and often joined them for a few drinks around their in-ground pool. Nan and Joyce often shopped together, and got together for coffee several times a week. Nan is maybe five feet six, and still has one hell of a nice-looking body. Whenever they swim in their pool she fills out a





"'I said I had never gone behind Les's back because the fact is that he has always been right there, watching. Les likes to watch me with other guys'"

bathing suit with no problem at all.

This story really began a couple of months ago, when I came home from work early one day, intending to take the afternoon off for a golf game. As I came into the house I heard people talking in the den, and I recognized the voices of Joyce and Nan. I was about to go in there when something Joyce said caused me to stop dead in my tracks.

"Well, no, I've never cheated on Carl," I heard my wife say. "But, you know, he has asked me to flash guys." I could practically hear her blushing as she said it. Then after a pause she went on, "And he has asked me if I would ever consider—well—doing it with another guy, so he could watch." Another pause. "But God, Nan, I just don't think I could," she continued. "I mean, Carl is the only man I've ever been with, and I just don't know if I could ever . . ."

As her voice trailed off I heard Nan say, "So Carl has been your only man?"

"Yes," Joyce admitted. Then she asked, "What about you, Nan? Have you ever . . . you know . . . gone behind Les's back and been with another man?"

Nan sort of laughed and replied, "Well, I've never gone behind his back."

There was a silence as both Joyce and I digested her meaning. Then Joyce said, "Nan, just what do you mean by that?"

Nan laughed again. Then she said, "Look, honey, that just slipped out. I said more than I should have. So now I have to ask you to promise me never to tell anyone what I tell you. Not even Carl. Do you promise?"

Joyce promised, and after a moment Nan said, "Well, I said I had never gone behind Les's back because the fact is that he's always been right there, watching. You see, honey, Les likes to watch me with other guys. I guess a lot of men have this fantasy."

Joyce let this sink in for a minute. "You mean—" she said then. "You do—you actually . . . "

"Yes," Nan said. "We don't do it often, maybe once every three months or so. Les is always careful about choosing the guys, and we have never really had a bad experience doing this. And I would be lying if I didn't admit it's exciting and fun for me too. We have been doing this for five or six years now, and it's kept our sex alive and exciting."

Much as I would have liked to hear more at that point, I was afraid of being discovered and decided to make a quick and quiet retreat. But now I knew that Joyce had told Nan about her having flashed strangers, and even about my asking her to screw another man for my enjoyment. The fact is that I wasn't angry or upset at all. I was glad my wife had discussed this with her best friend, who I now knew enjoyed fucking the occasional stranger while her husband watched. The whole idea excited me tremendously. But I didn't say anything to Joyce about having overheard their conversation.

One Friday night about a month later Joyce and I were having dinner at our favorite restaurant. We had finished the meal and were having coffee when I said, "You look lovely in that sundress, sweetie, but why don't you tell me what you have on under it."

Joyce just smiled at me and said, "You're a very wicked man, did you know that?"

I took her hand and kissed it. "Yes, I do know that," I replied. "So tell me, what do you have on under your dress?"

Still smiling, she said, "Okay, if you must know, I'm wearing that white lace panty and bra outfit you like so much. Why?"

I smiled back at her. "Oh, I just thought we might go into the lounge, and you could maybe let some lucky guy get a look up your dress. Would that be all right?"

Her face turned a little red, but after a minute she said, "Yes, I guess that might be all right, if that's what you would like."

With that I tossed some money on the table, and hand in hand we headed for the lounge.

The lounge was well lit, which was convenient for what I had in mind. We



took a table and ordered a drink. There was a nice-looking young guy at the bar, and no sooner had we sat down then he started checking Joyce out.

"Look, sweetie," I said. "It looks like that guy is interested already." Joyce blushed again. I knew she was always a little tentative at first when we did this, so I encouraged her. "Just cross your legs, sweetie, and let the dress ride up a bit," I told her. Slowly, she did as I asked, and as the skirt slid up I knew the guy was getting an eyeful.

Then I said, "Joyce, go to the ladies' room and take off your panties and bring them back to me. Will you do that for me?"

She gave me a strange look. "Carl, are you sure about this?" she asked.

"Yes, baby, I am sure," I replied.

She sat there a minute, and then got up and left. A few minutes later she came back and sat down, then handed me her panties. I put them to my nose and inhaled her aroma, then put them in my pocket. "Okay, now what?" she asked. She sounded a little breathless.

"Just turn a bit so you're facing our friend over there," I said, "and then let the dress ride up as you spread your legs a little."

Again it took her a few minutes, but finally she turned in her chair and slowly spread her legs apart. I could tell by the guy's face that he was actually looking at my wife's pussy. I was so hot I was afraid I might come in my pants. I quickly took Joyce by the hand and we started for home, both of us ready to climb the walls.

Once in our house we raced to the bedroom, tore our clothes off and fucked like teenagers. Joyce kept saying, "Oh God, I can't believe I let a stranger actually see my naked vagina! Oh, Carl, it was so exciting, I thought I might faint!" She came several times before I even got into her, and I lost track of her climaxes as we fucked.





"'You know I've always wanted to watch you with another guy. And seeing how turned on you got tonight, just letting that guy see your bare pussy . . .'"

Later, when we had calmed down and she was lying in my arms, I said, "You know, Joyce, I have a confession to make. About a month ago I came home early, and I overheard you and Nan talking." I felt her go tense in my arms, so I added, "It was exciting for me, baby, hearing you tell her about my desire to have you flash guys, and even to have sex with another man while I watched. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, honestly; I just came in and heard the two of you, and I just couldn't stop listening. I hope you'll forgive me."

She said nothing for a minute, then finally she looked at me and said, "Truly, Carl, you didn't mind that I told her what I did?"

"No, baby, like I say, it was really exciting. And it was also exciting to hear Nan talking about how she sometimes makes it with a stranger, and how it keeps things fun for her and Les."

When Joyce said nothing to that, I felt that perhaps the time was right to broach my favorite subject once again. "Speaking of that," I said, "you know I've always wanted to watch you with another guy, the way Les does with Nan. And seeing how turned on you got tonight, just letting that guy see your bare pussy, I was wondering if maybe you might actually think about that. I mean, if it's good for them, it could be good for us too, you know? What do you think?"

She was silent for a long time before she said, "Are you sure that's what you want, Carl? To share me with another man that way?"

"Joyce," I said, "I love you more than anything, and nothing will ever change that. You know that, right?"

"Yes, Carl, I know that."

"And nothing you ever do, or that we do as a couple, could change that either. Believe me, watching some young guy give you sexual pleasure would only make me happy, and would probably make me love you even more, if that's possible."

Again there was a long pause before she said, "I know you have wanted this for a long time, Carl, and I've thought a lot about it. I can't say for sure that I could actually do it, but if you want to do some looking around, you know, for a possible guy, I guess I would be okay with that."

Just hearing that made me so excited that my cock was instantly rock-hard, and I got on top of Joyce and sank it into her come-filled pussy. As she had yet another orgasm I filled her with a second load of come, something I hadn't done that quickly in years.

I began searching swingers' sites on the Internet, and it didn't take me long to locate a guy who I thought would be perfect. His name was Phil and he was 28 years old. His posting said he met only married couples, because it meant fewer complications. Once I got in touch with him he sent two pictures, one showing him in a swimsuit and the other one naked, with an erection. He was a good-looking guy, six feet tall

















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"'Are you ready, baby?' I asked her. She looked into my eyes for a long moment before nodding her head. 'Phil, why don't you come and join us,' I said"

and nicely built. His cock looked bigger than mine, seven or eight inches long, and fairly thick. After that we spoke on the phone several times, until I was satisfied he was the right guy. Then I was ready to approach Joyce.

I waited until we were once again cuddling after a pleasurable love-making session. "Well, sweetheart," I began, "would you like to see a picture of a guy who I think would be perfect for our first time?"

She didn't say anything at first, so I just showed her the picture of Phil in a swimsuit. She looked at it for some time and finally said, "Well, he is really good-looking, but he looks young."

"Well, he is a little younger than we are, but not that much." Then I told her as much as I knew about Phil, and that I had spoken to him several times on the phone. Then I showed her his nude picture.

Again she looked at it for a while, and when I asked her what she thought she said, "He's kind of big, isn't he? You know—down there."

"Do you think he'd be too big?" I asked her. She didn't answer at first, and then she just shook her head. My cock twitched. "So what do you think, should I contact him and set a date?"

I was holding my breath as I waited for her answer. Finally she said, "If you really want this to happen, Carl, I am ready. I just want to know you will still love me after seeing me with another man." For answer I took her in my arms, and in half a minute I was balls deep in her pussy.

The next day I called Phil, and we made a date for the following Saturday afternoon. He lived about a hundred miles away, so we arranged to meet at a nice hotel in a town halfway between our two homes. When the time finally arrived, Joyce and I checked in and had already freshened up when Phil call from the lobby.

Joyce had been nervous the entire trip, but at the hotel she had put on a pretty sundress over a pink bra and panty outfit she had purchased just the day before. Her hair and makeup were perfect, and I had never seen her look more beautiful, or more desirable.

We met Phil In the lobby, and after introducing ourselves we all went into the bar to relax. Phil proved to have a friendly open personality, and to be an excellent conversationalist. Before long I could see that Joyce was relaxed and comfortable with our new friend. So after about an hour I suggested that we all go up to the room for some more drinks. Nobody objected.

I had booked a three-room suite for the occasion, and when we got there I suggested that Joyce go into the bedroom and freshen up while I mixed us some drinks. When she was gone I stripped down to my shorts to wait for her, and seeing this, Phil followed my example.

When she reappeared about 10 minutes later we both nearly dropped our drinks. She was wearing a filmy white negligee that came down to her knees, but was split to the waist in front and on both sides. It did nothing to hide her panties, which were so small that we could clearly see pussy hair sticking out on both sides of her crotch. The top was cut very low, showing most of her beautiful breast and just managing to conceal her nipples.

As soon as she came in Phil and I stood up, and I went to her and took her in my arms, saying, "Sweetheart, you look absolutely stunning!" I then gave her a long kiss and led her to the bed, where I laid her down and then lay beside her, first slipping off my shorts. "Are you ready, baby?" I asked her, and she looked into my eyes for a long moment before nodding her head. I looked over at where Phil was standing, a huge bulge showing at the front of his shorts. "Phil, why don't you come and join us," I said.

When I said that he walked up to Joyce's side of the bed. He opened his boxer shorts and let them fall to the

floor, displaying a beautiful cock that looked even bigger than it had in his photo. It was slightly upturned, with a large purple head that was leaking precome. It looked to be half again as big around as my own. Joyce never took her eyes off him. "Oh God, he's so big!" she breathed. He was indeed big, but I was sure that my wife could handle him, and I was dying to watch as she did.

Phil lay down beside her, and as he did I turned her head to me and began kissing her. Her breathing was already starting to become labored, and when I felt her jump in my arms I looked and saw that Phil was massaging her right nipple through the sheer material that covered it. I went on kissing her as he pulled the material away and started sucking at her nipple. Joyce was now making a kind of moaning sound into my mouth as Phil nuzzled one nipple while rolling the other between his fingers. At that point I stopped kissing her, and Joyce and I both watched as for the first time a strange man sucked on my wife's breast.

As he moved from one nipple to the other, I could tell that she was getting hotter by the second. At that point I got up and moved a chair close to the bed so I could watch. Her eyes were closed now, and she moaned softly as he gently sucked and licked both breasts. When they were wet with his



SPOTLIGHT ON



"Phil resumed kissing her pussy as she spread her legs as wide as she could, and in no time she was coming again and telling both of us how good it was"

saliva, and her nipples were swollen and bright pink, he moved from her breast down to her tummy, kissing his way to her belly button and stopping to probe it for a second with his tongue.

At that point Joyce knew where he was going, and so did I. I moved back to the bed and sat beside my wife's head, watching as Phil slowly lowered her panties and slid them off. As her pussy came into view he said, "Damn, Joyce, you have an absolutely beautiful pussy. Seeing you like this just takes my breath away!"

Joyce looked up at me. Her face was flushed and her eyes were a bit glazed. "I love you, sweetheart," I told her. "Just relax and enjoy everything."

Meanwhile Phil was moving her legs further apart, opening her to him completely. Then his head moved forward, and she gasped sharply as he gently began licking her pussy lips. "Oh God, Carl," she whimpered. "Oh God, he's . . ." At that point she was breathing hard, almost panting, but she kept talking. "Oh God, that feels so fucking good . . . oh yes, please yes, oh Phil yes, do it, lick me!" I watched as his tongue opened her pussy lips and he found her extended clit. "Oh fuck, Carl, he's sucking me, oh God I can't stand it, oh yes do it please, suck it, suck it, do it yes do it!" she babbled, and then she said, "Oh God, Carl, hold me, oh fuck, I'm going to come, suck it baby, suck it. Oh God, I'm coming nowww!"

As she climaxed she lifted her ass clear off the bed, trying to get more of her pussy into his mouth. It must have gone on for 30 seconds before he backed off and she lowered her ass to the bed. But just as her breathing was getting back to normal, Phil resumed kissing her pussy lips as she again spread her legs as wide as she could, and in no time she was coming again and telling both of us how good it was.

Finally Phil moved up to lie beside her and give her a long kiss, during which I saw their tongues working feverishly. Knowing that he was about to fuck her now, I got up and resumed my place in the chair.

"Joyce," Phil said then, "you know what I want, but before I do it I want to



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hear you tell me it's all right. I want you to tell me that you want me to fuck you now, here, in front of your husband."

Joyce looked over at me and then turned back to him. "Yes, Phil," she said to him. "I want you to fuck me. I want to feel your beautiful cock inside me, and I want my wonderful husband to watch as you fill my pussy." Hearing those words almost made me come right then.

My wife now again opened her legs as far as they would go as Phil moved between them. He began by rubbing his cockhead up and down between the lips of her drenched and dripping pussy, coating it thoroughly with her juices. Then I watched as for the first time a cock other than mine entered my wife's vagina.

Joyce let out a soft moan as his huge cockhead slowly began to slide into her. Phil stopped to let her adjust to his size, but when she arched her hips he started pushing further. From the beginning he used a slow fucking motion, giving her a little more each time until he had six inches inside her. Joyce was panting and moaning, and I could see her pussy lips stretched tightly around his cock. Again he stopped for a moment, then resumed, fucking her, slowly at first. But soon she was asking for more. "Oh God, yes, fuck me Phil, oh God I'm going to come, yes now, fuck me harder! I'm coming, I'm coming, oh God now!"

By now Phil was giving her all eight inches. He pulled her legs up with his arms, making her still more accessible to him, and soon Joyce was coming almost continuously. Finally Phil started grunting and then went stiff, his cock buried so deep inside my wife that his balls rested on her upturned ass as he emptied stream after stream of come deep inside her receptive pussy.

When it was over they collapsed and lay side by side, completely spent from their effort. It is not possible to describe my own feelings at that moment. I loved my wife more than I ever had, and I was possessed with desire for her. She lay with her legs still spread, her pussy all red and swollen and still gaping open, with Phil's come now starting to leak out of it, and suddenly I had an irresistible urge to do something I had never even considered before. I quickly got between Joyce's legs and began kissing her swollen pussy, licking up the mixture of her fluid and his come as fast as it came out of her.

"Oh Carl, yes that feels so good!" Joyce moaned. "Oh fuck, Carl, you're going to make me come again. Yes baby, suck me, suck me, now yes now, I'm coming now!" Then her pussy contracted and a huge amount of Phil's come came pouring into my mouth as she cried out and bucked strongly in climax.

When she calmed down I move up beside her. "My turn now," she panted, and she slid down my body and took my cock in her mouth. With Phil watching, she proceeded to give me a magnificent blowjob, and when I came I thought my head would explode along with my dick. Phil had gotten hard again watching, so she sucked him off too.

After Phil left, Joyce and I talked for a long time about what had taken place, and finally decided we would do it again, though not too often, maybe every three or four months. We then fucked like crazy. Later I asked her if she was going to tell Nan about what had happened. "I don't know," she said. "Maybe."

I actually hope she does.—*C.N., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania*

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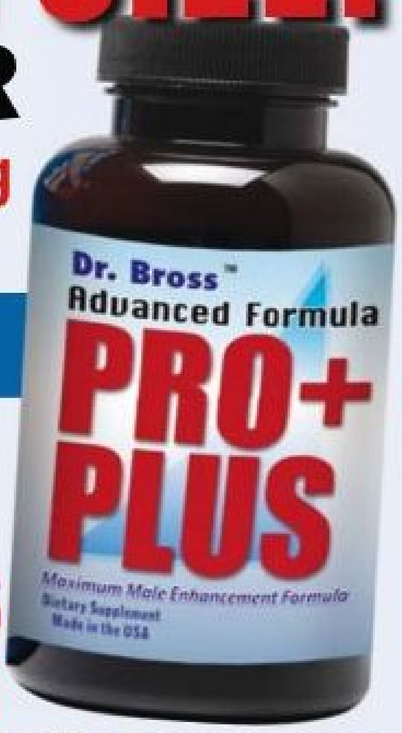


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WHEN DAD'S AWAY, SON WILL PLAY WITH DAD'S PREGNANT GIRLFRIEND

There was good news and bad news in my life last year. The bad news was that my dad's reserve unit was sent to Afghanistan for a 14-month rotation. Since my mom had died several years earlier, this meant I had to live with my aunt while attending the local college. Around that time Kim, my dad's 38-year-old girlfriend, found out she was



pregnant. What came out of that situation turned out to be the good news.

Since Kim lived alone, my dad asked me to look in on her from time to time to see if there was anything I could help her with. I went to see her a couple of times a week. Her pregnancy continued to progress, and by her sixth month it looked like she had a basketball in her belly. Then something strange happened. I started to get turned on by the shape of her body.

It was awkward when I found myself getting a hard-on in front of her. I would often have to turn away, or to hold a book or something in front of my crotch to hide the bulge.

One night Kim asked me if her being pregnant made me nervous. I said no, but she obviously didn't believe me. She said I seemed edgy and flushed when I was around her, and she asked me what was up. I tried to laugh it off, but she persisted, and finally I blurted it out. "I hope you won't be upset," I told her, "but I get kind of excited when I'm around you. I mean, you're the first really pregnant woman I've been around, and I—I don't know, you just—it just turns me on, for some reason."

She looked surprised, but not mad, which was a relief. "Really?" she asked. "Well, I guess motherhood can be a sensual experience." Then she asked me if I wanted to touch her belly.

I was hesitant at first, and seeing this, Kim took my hand and placed it on her stomach. Even through her blouse, her skin felt warm. As I touched her my dick got even harder. I tried to hide it with my other hand, but Kim pushed the hand away from my pants, revealing my bulge. She brought her other hand to my fly and looked right into my face as she pulled down my zipper. "It's okay," she said quietly, and then she pulled out my cock and started stroking me slowly. Precome glistened on the tip, and she wiped it off with a finger, and then tasted it.

As I watched, practically paralyzed with surprise, she then removed her blouse and showed me her swollen stomach. I moved then, bending to kiss her there and even lick her belly. I was lost in lust now, and I moved up to her heavy breasts, feeling their pleasing fullness against my lips and tongue.

Kim now lay back on the sofa while I gripped my throbbing cock. I rubbed it several times before placing it against her belly and running it around her flesh. More precome oozed from the tip, and I spread it over her skin. She reached down to stroke my dick as I rubbed it over her stomach.

I didn't want to come too soon; I





Kinky Cougars



wanted to savor that belly as long as possible. But finally I couldn't hold back any longer, and I shot my load all over her stomach, and on her breasts as well. Thick globs of come kept spurting out of me, and Kim purred. "Yes, darling, shoot it on me," she moaned. "Give it all to me." So I did. I shot more come than I'd ever shot in my life, the sperm puddling on her and running down over her big round belly. She quickly began rubbing it into her skin, and then licked her fingers, saying she loved my taste.

After that, whenever I would stop by to check on Kim, she would stroke me and suck me, then let me shoot my come onto her swollen belly and tits. Soon she was allowing me to rub and finger her very wet pussy while I stroked myself.

One day I got so carried away that I got on my knees and kissed my way from her belly to her pussy. She lay there panting on the sofa with legs spread wide as I kissed her inner thighs, then kissed around her cunt. When her moans got louder I began licking that sweet pussy, and soon brought her to an explosive climax.

While she was still recovering I quickly got up and placed my cockhead at the entrance to her cunt. We looked into each other's eyes without speaking as I slid my cock into her. Her pussy felt warm, wet and incredible. Her muscles seemed to throb around my shaft, and I only took a few strokes before I was ready to come. "Can I come in you, Kim?" I gasped.

"Yes," she panted. "You're not going to get me any more pregnant than I already am." And with that I let go and shot my load inside her.

Kim and I continued to pleasure each other until she had her baby, and my dad returned home. Our fun may have ended, but Kim and I will always be close, and she'll always have a special place in my heart.—*L.C., St. Paul, Minnesota*

> "'Yes, darling, shoot it on me," she moaned. 'Give it all to me.' So I did. I shot more come than I'd ever shot in my life. She began rubbing it into her skin, then licked her fingers, saying she loved my taste"

HIS GIRLFRIEND WON'T WEAR SEXY CLOTHES, BUT HER MOTHER WILL

Alicia, my live-in girlfriend, is a gorgeous lady, but she rarely wears anything other than baggy cargo pants, painter pants or loose jeans. Her shirts and blouses are always loose-fitting too, and the only time she shows her fabulous legs is when she wears shorts, which is seldom. This bothers me, since she's five feet six and has a great body. I often plead with her to wear dresses, heels and stockings, but she always says no.

Now Alicia's mom Laura is a different story. Certain older women have appealed to me from time to time, and Laura is definitely among them. She's about five feet seven, with black hair and light skin. She has lovely breasts, probably about 42D, and they are quite firm for a 45-year-old mother of three. She works as an office manager, so she always wears dresses or skirts that show off her nylon-clad legs. Whenever Alicia and I visit her folks, I generally find myself fantasizing about those mature legs.

Laura and I have always gotten along well, and last month she called me to ask if I would help her move some furniture the next day, as her husband was out of town, promising to cook me a nice meal as a reward. Of course I told her I'd be happy to.

When I got there she met me at the door wearing a tight black thigh-length skirt and matching business jacket. Under the jacket was a lace top that hinted at the curves of her breasts. I glanced down at her legs and saw she was wearing flesh-colored hose and black pumps.

I was already excited as she greeted me with a smile and let me in. As I started to move the furniture under her direction, she took off her shoes to help me. Her red-painted toes looked so sexy encased in her hose that I was soon ready to pop.

When we finished she fed me an excellent meal, with chocolate cheesecake for dessert. "I love chocolate,"

she purred as we consumed it. "It makes me so horny."

I felt myself blush as I glanced down at her crossed legs. My cock was throbbing.

Laura broke the ensuing silence by asking if I had managed to get Alicia to dress up for me yet. "How do you know about that?" I asked.

"Oh, she told me all about it," Laura replied, smiling. I then found myself telling her how I wished that Alicia would dress as nicely as her mother—sexy, but not slutty. Laura took this so well that I went on to say boldly how much I admired her legs as well.

"Why, thank you," she said, smiling again. "Are you a leg man?" With that she raised her right leg and brought it all the way up, pointing her toes at the ceiling and running her hands from her stocking-covered ankle to her thigh. She stared into my eyes as she did that, then slowly brought the leg down again.

I had never wanted a woman as much as I wanted her at that moment. I knew she could see the lust in my eyes. "Do you know what I need right now?" Laura said. Before I could answer she got up from her chair and sat on the table in front of me. She raised both legs and put a foot on each of my arms, her skirt sliding up. I looked between her legs and saw the crotch of her pantyhose guarding her trimmed bush. She wore no panties.

"I know what you want," she said huskily. "But you have to earn it first." Then she ripped open the crotch of her pantyhose and rubbed her pussy. I leaned forward and tried to taste her, but she pushed me back.

"Rules first," she panted. "You can do what you want with my legs and feet, but first you have to lick me. You can have my ass, but not my pussy. Okay?"

All I could do was nod. I couldn't believe that all my fantasies about this woman were about to come true.

I quickly dropped my pants while she removed her jacket. Her lace top was even sexier than it had seemed, almost revealing her hard nipples. She rolled onto her stomach and pulled her skirt to her waist. I kissed and licked my way from her legs to her feet, then back up to her round ass cheeks. I began kissing and tonguing her ass, marveling at its taste and scent. She was creaming in pleasure by the time I decided to go for it. She was in a frenzy, stroking her clit as I got in position, and with one forceful thrust I plunged into her ass.

The warm wet tightness of her hole sent pleasure rocketing through me. I started a steady rhythm as I pumped in and out of her. Her screams got louder, exciting me even more. I began to thrust harder and harder, and she came again. I actually felt her twitching when she climaxed, and I let go with a shout, shooting my jism deep in her ass.

I left soon after that, but needless to say I have been back to do things for her many times, when her husband is away, and she always repays me well. So I've given up trying to convince Alicia to dress up anymore. Why bother, when I can always get her mom to do it for me?—*J.H., Albany, New York*

SHE WAS MARRIED, AND HE WAS TOO YOUNG, BUT WHAT THE HELL

I am a married 45-year-old housewife. One day last summer I was pruning my rosebushes when our neighbor's 20-year-old son Steve walked into my yard and struck up a conversation. I hadn't seen him since he'd started college, and I couldn't help noticing how attractive this young man had become. To my surprise I felt a kind of tingle that I hadn't felt in a long time, especially since my 50-year-old husband and I don't have sex nearly as much as we used to. But I pushed any wicked thoughts out of my head, telling myself that not only was I married, I was also old enough to be his mom.

As we talked, I also noticed that he

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seemed to be looking at me in a different way from the way he'd regarded me when he was younger. It seemed as though he was checking me out a little, and I had to admit I liked it.

Taking a chance, and knowing I probably shouldn't, I invited him in for a glass of iced tea. We sat at the kitchen table and talked some more. When we finished our drinks, I took the glasses to the sink to rinse them out, and as I did so I was suddenly aware of him standing very close behind me—so close, in fact, that his crotch was brushing against my round butt. I was wearing a pair of denim shorts, but I clearly felt his bulge pressing against me. Before I knew it, his hands had slipped around me to hold my breasts through my white blouse as he actually ground his hard cock into my butt. I heard his voice telling me excitedly how sexy I was, and how he'd always wanted me.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I was excited, but felt guilty about it, so I pushed myself away and told him I couldn't cheat on my husband, despite my desires. He apologized then, saying that I had always been his fantasy, and that he couldn't help himself. Then, in a sudden turnabout, he started begging me to let him have sex with me. I told him no, but he persisted until I told him he should leave. I then turned and walked out, heading down the hall to my bedroom. When I heard the front door open and shut I figured he was gone. I was still so excited that I had to do something. I fell on my bed and began rubbing myself through my clothes, bringing myself to a strong climax.

Just as I was coming down from my sexual high, I looked up to see Steve standing there, his hard young cock in his hand. He had never left! Without a word he walked to my bed and stood beside me, stroking himself as he looked down at me. I just lay there and watched him. After a minute he said, "Please touch it."



"Before I knew it, his hands had slipped around me to hold my breasts through my blouse as he ground his hard cock into my butt. I heard his voice telling me excitedly how he'd always wanted me"

As if in a daze, I reached up with trembling hands to touch him, and then stroke him. He leaned over and ran a hand up my bare leg to the crotch of my shorts and rubbed me there. It felt so good that I didn't stop him when he unbuttoned my shorts. I even lifted my butt off the bed so he could pull my them off, along with my panties. He then spread my legs wide as he kissed my inner thighs, then began kissing, licking and sucking my very excited pussy. His talented tongue and fingers took me to new heights, and I came over and over.

During one of my climaxes he quickly climbed on top of me. I made a half-hearted attempt to close my legs, but I didn't resist when he pushed them apart again, and I felt the tip of his cock searching for my entrance. He quickly found it, and I gasped as he slid easily into me with one strong push.

He wasted no time as he urgently began thrusting in and out of me. Soon my moans were filling the room as the headboard of the bed banged

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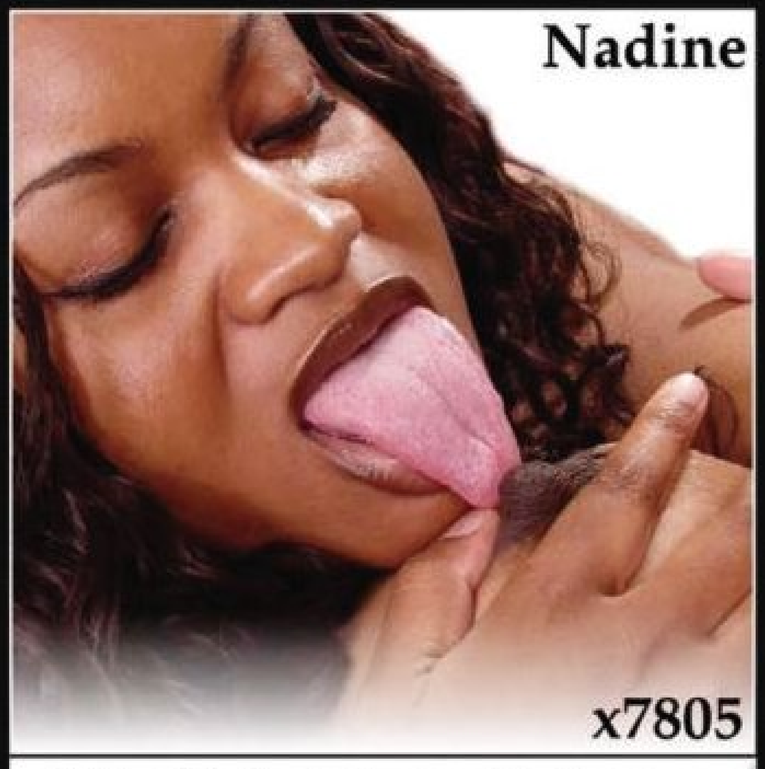


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repeatedly against the wall. I came twice more before he gasped loudly and unloaded his sperm inside me.

After that I had to chase him out before my husband and children came home. Once he was gone the guilt began to set in, and I promised myself it would never happen again.

But around two o'clock the next afternoon I was prepping vegetables for supper when the doorbell rang. It was Steve. I let him in and tried to act as though nothing had happened the previous day; but he was soon standing behind me again, stroking my hair and my butt, asking if everything was okay. I told him that what we had done was wrong in so many ways that it could never happen again. Steve didn't say anything. He just continued to stroke my ass, and then he began kissing my neck, which always gets me hot. I began to get that same tingling feeling in the pit of my tummy, and before I knew it we were in the bedroom again.

Steve kept telling me how much he wanted me as he pulled his clothes off, his hard prick standing up proudly. I tried to reason with him in a last attempt to save my soul, but since I was also undressing at the time, I guess he didn't take it too seriously. As I stood in my bra and panties, he came to me and gently pushed me back on the bed, and for the second time in two days I lifted my hips so he could slide my panties off. Again he kissed my inner thighs, ate my pussy and got me off before quickly mounting me and fucking me in a frenzy that had us both yelling in climax as his strong young come spurted into me.

It soon became a regular thing for Steve to come over during the day. As a matter of fact, our affair is still going on, and shows no signs of letting up. I don't feel guilty anymore, and I'm more satisfied than I've been in years, So everything is just fine, provided we don't get caught.—*Name and address withheld*

EVEN WITH TWO HUSBANDS SHE WANTED MORE—AND YOUNGER

I have to say that turning 40 didn't really bother me, since I still have pretty much the same figure I had when I graduated from high school. I did add a cup size, so that I now measure 34C-23-33, and I weigh in at 106, two pounds heavier than I was then. I have good genes, and never having had a baby had a lot to do with it too.

I married Ron, my high school sweetheart, when I was 18, and 24 years later we're still very much in love—although we did add another member to our family about four years ago, when Ron's good friend Ezra moved in with us and became my second husband. Ron and I have always had an active sex life, but from the beginning he accepted the fact that I was more than one man could handle. I had many lovers over the years, but always with my husband's knowledge and consent. But as we got a little older Ron suggested we find a permanent lover for me, and together we chose Ezra. Of course we couldn't be legally married, but Ezra and I went on a honeymoon and fucked like teenagers for a week before returning to unite with Ron.

For several years I was very content with this arrangement, and I enjoyed being envied by those of my girlfriends who knew about my lifestyle. For the first time in my life I found myself rebuffing passes from other men instead of catching them with open legs, and I found it exciting to leave a man wanting me rather than just having had me. Four years of being a faithful wife was unheard of for me, even though it was to two men rather than one, and I must say I was rather proud of it. I generally slept with Ron and Ezra on alternate nights, but I always give the one who'd be sleeping alone a special treat before joining my partner for the night. Of course there were also times when the two of them took me together, and those were the times I enjoyed most.

Last fall my parents decided to retire to Florida from their lifelong home in the northern Rockies, and in the spring my dad called me to ask if I would get their motor home out of storage and drive it down there, so they could explore the southeast states. Ron and Ezra were a bit apprehensive about my making the trip alone, but neither of them could get away for the two weeks the trip would take. We thought about hiring a professional driver, but found it to be more costly than it was worth.

We were discussing this one day when our friend Jan was visiting. She said her son Evan had just been laid off from his job as a truck driver. He'd found another job, but it didn't start for six weeks, and she thought he might be willing to go with me. Ron and I remembered Evan as a young kid, but now he was 22. Ron said it sounded like a good idea, and told Jan to ask him.

> "I slept with Ron and Ezra on alternate nights, and I always gave the one who'd be sleeping alone a special treat first. Of course there were also times when the two of them took me together"


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Later that night I teasingly told the guys that it might not be a good idea to send me off for two weeks with a handsome young man like Evan, who was probably just as horny as I always was. They looked at one another and smiled. Then they told me they had already talked about that, and decided it just might be a good idea for me to kick over the traces with a young stud, as long as it was temporary and I would remember to come back to them when it was over.

Jan called the next day and said Evan had agreed to go, and 10 days later he and I set out in my jeep, since it would be easy to tow behind the motor home. I wore jeans and a long-sleeved blouse to fend off the cool morning air after spending a couple of steamy hours screwing both my husbands before leaving. They'd both been hornier than usual, and afterwards they'd encouraged me to relax and enjoy myself with Evan, and to tell them all about it when I returned.

> "I knew my young friend would surely manage to get an eyeful of the clinging crotch of my light blue panties under the brief skirt. I deliberately let my skirt ride up to give him a quick crotch shot"

By 11 o'clock it was getting hot, so when we stopped for fuel I went to the ladies' room and changed into a short denim skirt and a crop top. I knew my young friend would surely manage to get an eyeful of the clinging crotch of my light blue panties under the brief skirt. His eyes just about popped out when I rejoined him. He held the car door for me as I got in, and I deliberately let my skirt ride up to give him a quick crotch shot.

Evan's previously shy and respectful attitude started changing after that, and he became quite flirty, and even a little touchy. Towards evening I mentioned that we should find a place to spend the night, after 10 hours on the road. Since I was paying all expenses, he suggested that I pick the place, I chose a nice motel with a pool, and he waited while I checked us in. I got us one room with two beds. I wasn't actually intending to screw him that first night, but a little teasing never hurt, and I wanted to give him a chance to get to know me a little more intimately.

Evan was surprised when he learned we'd be sharing a room, but I told him he'd better get used to being close to me, since we'd be damn close in the motor home, and besides, I was old enough to be his mother. He came up to me and put his hands on my shoulders, saying, "Well, you might be my mom's age, but you look like you're at least fifteen years younger."

I thanked him for the compliment and removed his hands, telling him to go get some ice while I put my swimsuit on so I could cool off in the pool. When he was gone I put on a yellow two-piece suit that enhanced my breasts and molded itself to my curvy little ass and the promising mound between my legs. I knew that when it got wet the suit would ride up enough to expose tufts of red pubic hair at the juncture of my thighs.

There were only a couple of young girls in the pool, plus an older man sitting in a lounge chair, who watched every move I made while rubbing his

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crotch. Evan stayed close to me and took full advantage of the display I was giving him, and I made it better by not tugging my suit down once.

After swimming we walked across the street to eat and have a few cold beers before going back to the room.

There I got ready for bed, changing into a T-shirt and white semi-transparent bikini panties that left little to the imagination. I then stood in front of the dresser brushing out my hair, while providing Evan a good view of my charms. I was enjoying teasing him, but it was also turning me on, and if he had made any kind of serious move I would have spread my legs in a heartbeat. But he just stared at my ass and the mirrored reflection of my bush until I slipped into my bed.

Evan turned out the lights before stripping down to his underwear, but enough light seeped into the room so that I could see the erection tenting his boxers as he got into bed. We lay there in silence for some time, and he must have thought I was asleep, for after a while I could see the covers on his bed moving up and down slowly.

"Evan," I said softly, "are you masturbating?"

The movement stopped instantly, and even in the dimness I could almost see him blushing. "It's okay," I told him. "Is it because of me?"

"I'm sorry," he said in a strained voice. "But I haven't been with a woman since I broke up with my last girlfriend. And seeing you in just those panties and that top, I—well, it just got me—I mean—"

"It's okay," I said again. Then, after a pause, I said, "Can you keep a secret, Evan?"

"Sure," he replied. "What is it?"

"Well, there isn't one yet," I said. "But there would be if I helped you out with my hands. Would you like that, Evan?"

I heard him gasp. "Are you serious?" he breathed.

I turned back my covers. "Come over here and let me see what I can do for you," I said. I could see in the dim light that he had removed his shorts and was fully erect as he joined me and pressed his body against my side. Feeling his cock throbbing against my thigh made hot juices begin to flow freely between my legs. "My, did I really cause this?" I said as I slowly stroked his rigid cock.

"To tell you the truth," Evan said, "I've practically been walking around with an erection ever since I found out I might make this trip with you. You might have a lot more experience than me, but you're about the most desirable woman I know. So believe me, this isn't the first hard-on you've given me!"

I kissed him tenderly, then told him to roll over on his back and enjoy this. I turned the bedside lamp on low, then knelt by his loins, examining his throbbing cock. It was easily eight inches long, and thicker than that of either of my men back home. But what really caught my eye was the lust-swollen head. Its rim extended half an inch beyond the shaft all around, giving it the appearance of a purple apple sitting on top of a pole.

I encircled that cock with both hands and began stroking it slowly from the base to the big head, causing a large droplet of precome to ooze from the half-inch slit. I smeared it all over the glans, making his cock twitch even more, paying no attention to his pleas for me to pump it harder. When he reached up to fondle my breast through my T-shirt I let go of his cock long enough to remove the shirt, baring my breasts for him to enjoy. My hands worked their magic slowly, teasingly, deliberately frustrating his obvious desire to come.

I kept him teetering on the edge for another five minutes as he fondled my tits. Then, as I'd expected, his hand dropped to my thigh and slowly inched its way upward until he grazed the wet crotch of my panties with his fingertips, and at that point his cock jerked uncontrollably and exploded.

I was fascinated by the amount of semen that spurted out of his dick as the strong pulses of his orgasm racked his body. When he was finished we cuddled for a few minutes before I cleaned him up with a warm cloth. As I did so his hand once again found its way to my wet crotch.

I had really intended to just give him a handjob and send him back to his bed, making him wait until the next night before actually fucking him; but as his fingers danced all around my sensitive cunt lips and my clit through the thin panties while I watched him quickly become erect again, my resolution weakened.

Evan instinctively sensed that I was his now, and I didn't resist as he rolled me onto my back and removed my panties, preparing to go down on me. He didn't dive in as most men do, but slowly worked his way up my thighs, teasing me as I had teased

"His hand dropped to my thigh and slowly inched its way upward until he grazed the wet crotch of my panties with his fingertips, and at that point his cock jerked uncontrollably and exploded"

him. But once his tongue parted my slick labia to delve into the nectar flowing from my pussy, there was no more teasing. He probed deeply into my cunt, then licked the full length of it before circling my swollen clit twice with his tongue. I was so aroused from handling his cock and watching him come that I gushed in his face as my climax hit. He gave me a moment to enjoy it, then took me to heaven two more times before moving up, poising his cockhead at the entrance to my pussy. Then he paused, holding his prick between my splayed labia while he asked me if I wanted to go all the way.

I grasped the cheeks of his ass, saying, "Yes, Evan, don't talk, just fuck me! I need you to fuck me right now!" Then I let out a gasp as his huge cockhead popped past my tight entrance. "Oh my God, that feels good!" I moaned as he slowly fed his dick into my pussy. I pulled my knees up as high as I could, giving him full access to the core of my sex. Once I felt his balls kiss my anus I began to praise him, telling him how good he was, whispering dirty things in his ear to urge him on, until I lost the ability to talk as my passion rose.

I was just about there when he gasped out, "I've got to pull out, I'm going to come!" I locked my legs around his ass to keep him from withdrawing, and moments later felt him throbbing inside me as we both exploded. I felt a copious amount of warm wet semen saturating my vagina, gradually seeping out around his embedded cock to trickle down over my pulsing asshole.

As his erection faded his flaccid penis slipped out of me, making an audible plop and releasing a stream of semen that pooled under my ass. I couldn't believe how much sperm he had in him, especially considering that he'd unloaded a gusher less then half an hour earlier. Evan told me how good I was, and I assured him he was damn good himself, and very soon he was plowing my furrow again.

I lost track of how many times he jumped me that night, but as with any new partner, I was as horny as he was, and ready to put out anytime he got it up. It was nearly noon before we got on the road the next day, and the following night was every bit as passionate as the first. He nearly went out of his mind when I deep-throated him before planting my hot come-filled pussy in his face.

We finally got the motor home and started for Florida, but we weren't in any hurry, and frequently took advantage of various rest stops to stretch our legs and get our rocks off. It really felt like another honeymoon (my third!) as we fucked at the drop of a hat, never getting enough of each other.

Of course it had to come to an end eventually, and when I got home at last I found Ron and Ezra waiting for me. They were all over me the moment I got into the house, peppering me with questions faster than I could answer them. Then Ezra threw me over his shoulder and hauled me up to his room, with Ron following. They had me stripped to my panties in a flash, somehow undressing themselves in the process. A second later I was on the bed, with both of them pressing their hard cocks against my thighs.

Ron and I shared an intense passion-filled kiss while Ezra slipped off my wet panties. He then pulled my legs apart and whistled. "Look at that!" he said. "It looks like we have a very naughty wife on our hands, Ron." Ron sat up and looked down at my ravaged cunt, where a steady stream of Evan's come oozed from between my puffy lips. We had had a farewell fuck in the car just before I'd dropped him off.

"Yes, that Evan comes a lot!" I told them. This seemed to make them both even randier, and they took turns hosing me, each adding their load to Evan's several times, while I briefed them on my raunchy adventures until we all fell asleep, exhausted.

The next morning, after they had both fucked me in the ass, Ron said to me, "You know, Ezra and I realize that we are no longer in our prime. We're beginning to slow down a little. So we think it might be a good idea for you to continue seeing Evan occasionally, just so you won't get bored. I think you'd like that, right, babe?"

As I always say, the only thing better than having an understanding husband is having two!—*R.N., Denver, Colorado*

HIS FRIEND'S MOM WAS EVEN FRIENDLIER THAN HIS FRIEND

My friend Allen's mom used to weigh about 190 pounds, but the day she turned 39 she went on a high-impact exercise program, and by her 40th birthday she looked incredible. I was 18 by then, and I could barely be around her without getting horny. She had a body that would make a 20-year-old woman proud.

Naturally her confidence increased and she began wearing revealing form-fitting clothes that showed off the results of her hard work. I got a first-hand demonstration of this one day before school when I stopped off to give Allen a ride. Shirley, his mom, came downstairs in a tight miniskirt and a thin blouse that showed her lacy bra and nicely tanned cleavage. Her full round boobs could have stopped a train. Her silky chestnut-brown hair and smooth bronzed skin added to the total effect, which was so arousing that I couldn't stop staring.

When she bent to get some fruit from a low shelf in her fridge, her skirt rode up so that I could see the entire length of her great legs, plus a part of her firm luscious ass and the crotch of her skimpy white panties. She seemed to stay in that position a little longer than she needed to, and I suspected she was doing it to tease me. I was totally hard by the time she

Kinky Cougars

straightened up again. She looked me right in the eye as she took a bite of her apple, then smiled wickedly as her eyes flicked down to my crotch. "Wow, Danny," she said, "are you glad to see me or what?"

I turned about three shades of red and looked away, too embarrassed to answer her. Then, in a hushed tone, she said, "Show me." Stunned, I looked back at her, and she repeated her request. "Show me."

"But Allen might—" I started to say, but she cut me off and told me to hurry. So I did. I couldn't believe I was really sitting there in my friend's kitchen, showing his sexy mom my hard cock.

"You have a nice cock, Danny," she said, stepping closer to me. Then she sank slowly to her knees. She took my dick in her hand and stroked it gently, then kissed the tip before giving it a few licks. I moaned, already on the verge of coming. But just then we heard Allen coming down the stairs, and she pulled away as I quickly tucked myself back in. Allen and I left for school, but all I could think about all day was what had happened that morning with Allen's mom.

One night several weeks later my friend Philip and I stopped by their house to give Allen a ride to basketball practice. When Shirley opened the door it took me a minute to recognize her. Her hair was dyed a platinum blonde, and was cut fashionably short.

"Well, do you like my new look?" she asked, and I told her she looked incredible, which was true. She told us that Allen had already left, but when I said we'd better go too, she told us to come in and stay awhile. Well, practice or no practice, who could resist an invitation like that?

In the living room she sat us on the sofa and put on some soft music. "Since you like my new look so much, I may as well show you everything," she said, and she began a tantalizing striptease. I couldn't believe it, and Philip was at least as stunned as I was. She threw her blouse and bra on the recliner and shook her perfectly formed tits for us, then turned her back to us and bent over as she lowered her skirt, giving us a nice long look at her gorgeous ass. She was wearing the sexiest panties I'd ever seen.

She straightened up then and turned back to us, hooking her thumbs in the waistband of her tiny panties. But then she stopped. "Before I go further I want you to show me what you have," she told us. "It'll be a lot more fun if we're all naked."

Philip and I were naked in seconds. Shirley seemed to approve of our hard dicks. She then got down on the floor, stuck her gorgeous legs in the air and peeled off her panties.

Naked, she lay sprawled out, legs open, displaying her perfectly smooth, freshly shaved pussy. The only tan line on her entire body was a pale patch where her pussy hair used to be.

"Okay," she teased. "Who wants first taste?" We practically had a fight over who would go first, and Philip won, the bastard. He got down and began eating out that awesome cunt. I wasn't too upset, since I got to play with her tits while she massaged my cock and balls. After a while Philip and I traded places, and I got to eat her delicious pussy.

After she came she had the two of us sit side by side on the sofa while she sucked our cocks, moving back and forth between them. She actually let Philip come in her mouth, eagerly swallowing his entire load. Then she let me slide my cock into that incredible cunt. I pounded her for all I was worth, and she responded wildly to each thrust.

Philip got another hard-on watching us, and he was soon demanding a turn at fucking her too. I pulled out of her quivering pussy as Philip took over. I knelt over her with my dick in her face, and she sucked me to a climax, my come shooting all over her face and tits. Not much later she came again as Philip blasted his load deep inside her.

When we had recovered Philip and I got dressed and left. We had missed most of practice, and we told the coach that my car broke down, but he made us run laps until we were exhausted. But it was worth it to fuck Allen's mom, and I can't wait to do it again.—*D.L., Carson City, Nevada*

"I couldn't believe I was really sitting there in my friend's kitchen, showing his sexy mom my hard cock. She sank slowly to her knees and stroked it, then kissed the tip before giving it a few licks"

ONCE THEY'D SEEN HER NAKED, TURN ABOUT WAS JUST FAIR PLAY

Jake, the 18-year-old son of my next door neighbor, usually came over to visit me at least once a week. Sometimes he'd bring one of his friends from school, usually his best friend, Vince. Supposedly it was to see if I had any odd jobs they could help me with. They'd hang around, maybe do a bit of work, have a soda and then leave. It happened so much that I soon realized it was more than pure neighborliness that kept them stopping by.


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Kinky Cougars

Jake and Vince were always staring at me, then exchanging quick glances with each other. Now I'm still not bad looking, though I'm no beauty queen; but what attracts most men is my chest. I'm a 38D, and my nipples stand straight out, about half an inch long when fully erect. So even though I'm 46, men still stare at me when I'm out shopping. I don't mind at all; actually I love the attention. So I could hardly blame Jake and his young friends for looking.

In the summer I normally wear just a T-shirt around the house, but after a while, when I knew Jake and Vince would be stopping by, I started wearing tight shirts or low-cut blouses, just to tease them a little.

One day they came around just after I'd gotten out of the shower. I heard the doorbell and yelled out the window for them to come around to the back door, since it was unlocked. I closed the bathroom door and dried off. I wanted to dress in something revealing, so I wrapped a towel around myself and went to my bedroom. I threw the towel on the bed and started to get something from my closet when I heard a movement in the doorway behind me. I turned around to see Jake standing there, with Vince right behind him.

Stark naked, I simply stood there and asked calmly, "What's wrong, boys? You see something you like?"

Their eyes were popping. "Oh God yes!" Jake said in hoarse voice. "Damn, you're sexy!"

"Thanks," I said as they continued to stare. Then a sudden streak of wickedness overtook me. "Okay, now you've seen me," I said boldly. "Now, I want to see both of you."

They looked nervous, but I pointed out that this was only fair. That was all the encouragement they needed. Awkwardly, they both started to undress, and when they dropped their pants two very erect young penises sprang into view.

"Oh my," I said. "Look at those young hard dicks."

Jake stepped forward, his cock swaying as he approached me. He reached out an unsteady hand and touched my breasts. "Damn, Vince," he gasped, "You should feel this!"

Vince moved in front of me and ran a finger across my nipples. With two hard dicks so close to me, I could feel my pussy getting wet. I reached out with both hands and took a cock in each one. They felt warm and smooth, yet so hard. I stroked them briefly, then tugged on them gently, pulling the guys toward the bed. Then I lay down and spread my legs as they both stared at my hairy pussy. Vince then asked me if he could touch it.

"Anything you want," I told them.

Now I could feel their hands moving around my pussy and ass, and I got even more excited. I motioned to Vince and he got on the bed beside me, his dick right in front of my face. I pulled that cock to my mouth and, Jake watched wide-eyed as I took it in, running my tongue around the head of it. I looked Jake in the eye and said, "Fuck me."

Vince was moaning as Jake scrambled between my legs. His cock pressed against my cunt briefly before he thrust forward and entered me. He began thrusting, and the feeling of having one dick in my mouth and another in my pussy was just too much. I plunged my mouth down on Vince's cock as I came, sucking hard.

He came in a second, his cock twitching and jetting hot come down my gulping throat. My spasms set Jake off, and I felt him jerk inside me and fill my pussy with his eager load.

After a quick rest I sucked them both hard again, and they switched places. We fucked and sucked for the rest of the day, and since then Jake stops by almost every day, alone or with a friend. He has introduced me to many of his other friends by now, and each visit is extremely exciting and pleasurable.—*C.R., Rutland, Vermont*

A proudly mature lady who still has a healthy sexual appetite—that's a cougar! If you are one, or you know one, and have a story to tell, send it to us at *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. KC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letters to: letters@ffn.com

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