

Milton Vale – Chapter 1

This is the second installment in an ongoing story. The series will eventually have many characters which crossover or who have various levels of interconnectedness. The one constant feature is the setting, Milton Vale, a fictional town somewhere in North America. Above all, this is a fictional setting with fictional characters who sometimes engage in activities that are dangerous, foolish, illegal, irresponsible, mean, immoral, or otherwise. This does not constitute an endorsement on the part of the author. It is a work which is not based on any real persons or events. If you are not of legal age to read erotic fiction, please leave now and do not continue reading. For everyone else, I hope that you enjoy it and have fun.

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MF, MM, FF, Group MMFF, Voy

Audrey slid her lips down the fleshy pole until her nose brushed the waistband of his silk boxers. I could hear him exhale as she slowly dragged her wet, sandy tongue back along the underside of his cock to the inverted “V” at the wide head, and again as she swallowed his length.

I adjusted the focus and zoomed out slightly, allowing part of his slacks and the tablecloth to come into view as Audrey continued her expert fellatio. I slowly panned across the table, taking in his untouched shrimp cocktail and large glass of Bordeaux, stopping and framing the woman sitting across the table from me, next to my wife’s vacant seat. Her knobby nipples tented the silk fabric of her low-cut gown as one hand held her wine to her lips and the other disappeared under the table.

The waiter appeared beside me. I looked over, leaving the camera trained on the woman across from me. Her arm was moving slightly at the shoulder. I heard Audrey moan the way she does when her clit is getting attention.

“Is everyone enjoying the appetizer?” he asked, leering at my wife’s head bobbing in the lap of the man next to me. I could see the outline of the bulge in the waiter’s pants shift, and I reached out and caressed it slowly. I had already tipped him

enough to seat us at this secluded booth and had promised him more later. He didn't flinch when I cupped his balls, just moved closer and planted his feet slightly wider apart. He said " Meet me in the restroom in five minutes," then looked over my shoulder. I quickly released his crotch and aimed the camera to my left as the man next to me erupted in Audrey's mouth.

She backed under the table up to her seat, exchanging a long, tonguey kiss with the woman across from me. The waiter re-filled our water glasses. The man next to me slouched, panting, with his slick, thick cock slowly drooping onto the leather seat. I handed Audrey the camera as she re-settled herself. Somehow the woman had Audrey's panties in her hand and was pushing her sharp nose into their musky dampness. The waiter turned and headed for the kitchen.

"Have fun," Audrey smiled as the woman now began to crouch under the table. I smiled as I noticed a gob of cum leaking from the side of her mouth. I made my way to the men's washroom, pushing through the wide oak door into the dark-panelled room, my shoes clicking on the grey slate floor. All the stalls were unoccupied and I entered the one nearest the far wall, dropping my pants and sitting on the closed toilet lid. I rubbed the lubricating pre-cum over the head of my hardening cock and gave it a couple of slow strokes. The door to the washroom opened and I watched a pair of cross trainers enter the stall next to me. 'Shit' I thought, 'we'll have to wait till he clears out!'

I sat quietly for a minute and then the door opened again. This time the waiter's patent leather shoes made a bee-line to the stall where I sat rubbing my junk. He tried the door but it was locked.

“Hsst,” he hissed, trying the door again. ‘What is this fool doing?’ I thought, taking a panicked glance under the wall to the stall next to me. The cross trainers had disappeared. ‘Maybe it’s the kitchen help,’ I thought, ‘probably not allowed in here and is trying to avoid getting caught.’ The waiter hissed again and I shrugged, opening the latch and letting him in.

“Playing hard to get?” he asked, lacing his fingers into my hair. I considered warning him about the interloper but the other guy probably didn’t need to be ratted out, so I decided against it. The waiter was now pushing my face against the crotch of his slacks.

I quickly unzipped them and pulled out his member, which was a bit smaller than average, about five inches, but was hard as diamond. I throat it easily, swirling it with my wet tongue. His grip on my hair tightened as he tried to shove it deeper into my throat, fucking my face.

“Yeah, suck that cock bitch,” he groaned. I worked his pants down over his hips and rubbed his balls. “Yeah cocksucker you never had one so hard,” he grunted. I rolled my eyes and noticed a face peeking under the stall divider. It had tanned skin with some acne across the top of the cheekbones, fringed with dark hair. His mouth hung open and he nervously licked his lips. I glanced up at the waiter but his head was tilted back as he rammed his cock between my lips. I looked straight into the dark eyes under the wall as I slipped my middle finger into the crack of the waiter’s ass and rubbed his puckered hole. The spy licked his lips again.

I wormed the tip of my finger into the waiter’s asshole and he started to cum. And cum. And cum. Like he hadn’t cum in weeks. It flooded my mouth and he pulled out still

shooting, spraying my face and the collar of my shirt, hitting the wall and the floor. The face was gone.

I waited for the waiter to catch his breath, then stood up and put his hand on my throbbing cock. He shook his head and backed into the stall door but it was locked. He turned to fumble with the latch, but now I grabbed his hair and leaned in close, my chest to his back. I slipped my cock between his cheeks and pushed my hips forward. This panicked him for a second, but I gripped his hair tighter and reached around his waist, sliding my hand over his slick cock. He relaxed slightly and I began to rub my cock against him.

After a minute or so of humping his cheeks, he got into it and started to push back against me. I could feel his pecker stir in my warm hand. I bit his neck and ear. His cock hardened and I slid my hand up and down its length a couple of times. I pulled back for a second and glanced at the floor. The spy was back, laying on his side with his cock in his hand. I winked at him and spit in my hand, rubbing it around the waiter's asshole, then spit again and lubed up my cock.

It pushed into the little aperture with comparative ease. He bent forward and I slid the next six inches in up to my balls. He gasped and I started to plow him hard, both hands now pulling his hips against my pelvis. The waiter was moaning and jacking himself like crazy. The guy on the floor had a blur in his lap as he fisted his meat furiously. I started to cum. I jammed into him and let go a few bursts deep in his rectum, then I pulled out and made sure I deposited some on the back of his slacks. The waiter shuddered as he squeezed out his second, substantially smaller load into his cupped hand. He panted for a minute, then pulled up his pants and left without a backward glance.

I looked down to see the guy in the next stall finish stroking his cream onto the floor. I pulled up my pants and fished out a card that I had taken from the front desk at the motel, then dropped it onto the tile next to his puddle of semen.

“Room 218,” I whispered, “come by after work if you’re interested.” Then I left the stall and wiped the waiter’s spooge off my face, dabbing at my collar and tie. As I exited, the kid came out of his stall to wash his hands. He was eighteen at the outside, and I felt my cock stirring again as the door closed behind me.

The motel room had two queen size beds draped with orange and brown patterned comforters, a small desk and chair with a reading lamp and a pad of stationary, and a love seat upholstered in grey, pink and teal microfiber. The heavy drapes were pulled tight over the window which overlooked the parking lot. I could hear the whine of transport trucks passing on the nearby highway. I sat beside Timothy on the bed closest to the window and sipped my glass of whiskey as we watched our wives make themselves more comfortable on the couch.

The woman I now knew as Emma was running her hands over Audrey’s plump thighs and belly, caressing the silk stockings and evening gown as she leaned in to kiss my wife. They had been going at it hot and heavy in the back of the car as we drove to the motel, fingering each other urgently to multiple climaxes, and when we got to the room they just sat down on the couch and continued, but at a slightly more langourous pace. I knew that Audrey was just getting warmed up, and hoped that Emma and Timothy could keep up.

I picked up the camera again and started playing with framing up the shot as Audrey slipped her hand into Emma's panties. Emma responded with a deep moan and opened her legs wider to provide better access. Audrey had her right hand working Emma's pussy while her left gripped and pinched the other woman's nipples through her dress. They broke their kiss as Audrey slid down between Emma's open knees and hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties. She slid them off slowly, lifting the other woman's legs high into the air and revealing her auburn bush and the plump folds of her outer labia. She turned and tossed the sopping panties to me. I brought them to my nose and inhaled deeply, tasting them gingerly with an outstretched tongue. Timothy smiled knowingly as I savoured his wife's pungent juices.

The bed shifted as Timothy leaned forward for a better view. I zoomed in as Audrey slid two, then three, then four fingers into her lover's slick cunt, the little nub of the clit protruding visibly. She looked over her shoulder, directly into the camera and licked her lips, then mashed them against Emma's swollen button. Emma squealed and threw her head back as my wife began to bang her harder, licking and nibbling her clit in a swirling frenzy. I held the camera in place and snuck a peek at Timothy.

The buttons of his dark blue shirt were opened to the waist, and his hand was on his crotch, squeezing and rubbing the swelling bulge in his slacks. I discreetly turned the camera and widened the zoom, bringing Timothy into the frame with the women in the background and slightly to the right. I smiled to myself as he unzipped and reeled out his thick pole, dripping with pre-cum and throbbing with a very enticing shade of red-purple.

He rubbed it a few times, then glanced over. I turned and moved the camera closer to his lap while he continued to stroke himself. I reached forward and fondled his

balls gently, not wanting to spook him. He seemed to take it in stride and even opened his legs a bit. My hand moved up to the silky soft skin of his shaft and gripped it, replacing his stroking hand with my own. He let out a hiss as I jacked him slowly, getting perceptibly harder in my fist. I smiled and stood up, gently pulling him by the cock to join the women on the love seat. Timothy followed me to stand behind Audrey as she continued her assault on his wife.

I lifted Audrey's dress, revealing the swelling round globes of her ass, lightly tanned all over from our last beach holiday. She had already lost her panties at the restaurant so we were greeted with her luscious, meaty pussy lips and thighs, glistening with her flowing twat nectar. I guided Timothy's cock between her legs and rubbed against her lips, then slowly fed it into her with a squelch. I rubbed her puckered asshole as Timothy began to pump and she groaned into Emma's pussy.

I undid my belt and slacks, letting them drop to the floor and stepping out of them as I moved up beside Emma's face. She immediately reached up and pulled down my jockey shorts, releasing my aching cock and engulfing it in her hot mouth in a single motion. She was getting even hotter as my wife slipped her thumb into Emma's snatch along with her other four fingers. I knotted my hands into Emma's hair and slammed my seven inches between her lips and down her throat, my smooth balls slapping against her chin. I began fucking her face in time with Audrey's fisting motion and soon Emma was on the brink again. I reached down and pinched her right nipple which stood up hard on top of her little B cups. She groaned over my cock. I slipped my hand down her dress and gripped her nubby nipple tightly between my thumb and forefinger, then pulled hard as I

jammed my cock down the back of her throat. At the same time Audrey pushed her fist up Emma's cunt a few inches past her wrist.

Emma screamed as well as she could with her mouth full. She started to spray pussy juice over Audrey's thrusting fist and into her face. This sent my wife wild, and she yanked her hand out of the other woman's twat and replaced it with her lapping tongue. It was also too much for Timothy, who had been banging my wife from behind while watching his wife get double teamed. He pulled out of Audrey's steaming cunt and started to shoot all over her ass. Emma slumped against me and Audrey quickly turned to catch the last of Timothy's load on her face.

I was still on the edge, my member throbbing with the need to release. I pulled Audrey closer to me and bent her over the edge of the loveseat as Emma and Timothy settled down on the other end to catch their breath. I leaned down and dragged my tongue through the load that Tim had just deposited on my wife's ass, then went further back and squirmed into Audrey's asshole. She reached back and began rubbing her clit as I rimmed her. I stood up behind her and eased my wet cock into her cooze a few times to get it even slicker, then pushed it up her asshole to my hips with a single motion.

We began to grind against each other slowly. Timothy took the camera from me and started to shoot us from the side. Emma lit a cigarette and leaned back to watch Audrey get her asshole reamed, casually stroking her little breasts between puffs. Timothy moved behind us to get the cowbell view of my cock sliding into my wife's tight asshole. I felt his hand tentatively cup my balls as they slapped against Audrey's ass, then they were gone.

Audrey was cumming again, bucking her round ass against me. I gripped her meaty hips and began to drive her as hard as I could. I felt Timothy's hand back on my balls and sliding over my ass. I had the feeling that I was going to get a shot at this straight boy tonight, and the thought of his cock in my mouth combined with the feel of Audrey's tight walls sent me over the brink. I coated her rectum with cream as I buried my cock in her as to the hilt.

My wife and I both slumped on the bed, momentarily spent. I sipped my whiskey as Audrey peeled off her dress and nestled her curves up against me. Timothy and Emma joined us, Timothy passing me the joint he had just lit. I toked and passed it on to Emma and we finished the spliff in a few minutes.

Feeling quite relaxed now, the four of us shed the remainder of our clothes and lay in the bed, with our limbs entwined, absently stroking or kissing whatever was close by. My left hand was on Emma's stomach, slowly moving downwards as I kissed her shoulder and neck. Timothy was on her other side facing me, nibbling her nipples while Audrey was draped across the top of the bed, Emma's head cradled against her soft belly.

I watched Timothy's face as my hand went lower and I slipped two fingers into his wife's cunt. He smiled at me and licked his lips, then took her nipple back between his teeth. Emma cooed as I stroked her, my fingers sticky with her moisture. I removed my fingers and held them up to Timothy's nose. He inhaled then sucked my fingers into his mouth, coiling his tongue around them as he licked them clean, sliding his lips up and down a few times.

Emma turned her head and whispered "We want to watch you two fuck now." Audrey hissed her agreement as she pulled Emma out from between Timothy and me. I

looked at him to see if he was game. He took my fingers out of his mouth and guided my hand down to his hardened cock. That was all I needed to reverse my position so we lay in a sixty-nine with our wives at the head of the bed watching us ...