

Milton Vale – Chapter 2

This is technically the third installment in an ongoing story (intro + Ch. 1). 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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Teen mf, mm, MM, Voy

I was seventeen the summer I had sex with another guy for the first time. I had lost my virginity earlier in the week in the backseat of my dad's brand new, 1989 Cadillac Eldorado to Laura Giscombe, a girl two years younger than me but with way more sexual experience. She had fucked every guy in my group of friends and I was only the latest in the series. She wasn't beautiful or anything, although she had big tits and a round ass. Most of the guys thought she was too fat, but she put out, so they ended up in the backseat, or the basement, or ball-field dugout, putting their hands up her shirt, getting her to suck them off, and eventually fucking her silly. My friends Darrell and Andre even claimed that she did them both at once. When I asked her about it, she just smiled and said "maybe I'll tell you about it sometime". I could never figure out exactly what she got out of all of it, except a reputation as a slut, but she didn't seem to mind.

We were drunk at a house party of a mutual friend when she came over and sat on my lap facing me, pushing her huge breasts into my face. Her breath smelled like gin and dill pickle chips as she mashed her lips into mine and ground her round ass against my crotch. The taste of her was so sour I pulled back, but not wanting to lose my chance I buried my nose in her cleavage to gain some time. She seemed to like that and pulled my hand up her flank under her shirt.

"Let's go somewhere," she hissed in my ear. She stood up and pulled me into a nearby room that had a washer, dryer and utility sink in it. She leaned back against the washer and I slid my hands back up her shirt, moving around behind to fumble with the hook. Meanwhile, she had my jeans undone and was fishing in my underwear for my cock, which was only at half-mast thanks to the amount of Jack Daniels I had consumed earlier. I managed to unclasp her bra and her breasts flopped out. At the time I had no idea about measurements, but in retrospect, I'd say they were DD's at least, with puckered, rosy brown aureole and stubby nipples. I latched on to her left nipple while she spit in her hand and worked my cock back and forth.

"OOOH, Jason, that's a big one," she cooed as it came to life in her fingers. I knew that I was bigger than most of my friends based on what I'd seen in the showers after gym class, and with Laura's hands sliding around, it was as hard as I'd ever felt it. I decided to return the favour and wormed my hand into the waistband of her jeans, over her soft belly to the waistband of her panties. She let go of my member for a moment as she unbuttoned her jeans and guided my hand to her furry muff, and then went back to

business. Her pussy was slick with her juices and two of my fingers slipped right in immediately.

“MMM, that’s good,” she hummed, and then began to rock her hips back and forth. “Put another one in,” she instructed, slowing her stroking hand on my cock. I followed her orders and I felt her free hand pushing against mine to finger her harder, then she slipped it down and rubbed her clit (as I discovered later) while I continued to bang her. I tried to get her nipple back in my mouth but she was thrashing around too much, so I pinched it between my thumb and forefinger instead. She let out a yelp and I felt her pussy flood into the palm of my opposite hand.

She leaned back against the dryer trembling for a few moments, then looked up and smiled at me. Laura turned me to switch places with her and indicated that I should hop up on the washing machine, which I did eagerly. Without hesitation she bent forward and put her warm, wet lips over my cockhead, swirling her tongue around it, then slid all the way into my lap with her nose in my pubic bush. She pulled back with a slurping noise and then smiled up at me.

“I want you to cum in my mouth,” she whispered, and then proceeded to gobble my meat back into her mouth, her lips sealed tightly around the shaft. Bobbing her head up down furiously, sucking and slurping with her mouth and stroking my balls and shaft with her hand, Laura seemed to be intent on draining as much cum from me as possible. I was really enjoying her ministrations, but the alcohol had numbed my sensations just enough that I was taking my time blowing my load. Laura just seemed to get hungrier and hungrier the longer I took.

Finally, she pulled her lips slowly off my cock, leaving it coated with her saliva, then, she drooled a gob of spit into the deep crack between her tits and rubbed it around lightly. She hitched forward and slipped my cock into the valley between her soft, slippery breasts and pushed them together, engulfing me. I sighed as she re-started her bobbing motion, this time jacking me between her tits.

“All the guys love this treatment,” she commented, “let me know when you’re gonna shoot, I want it in my mouth.” Her spit mixed with my pre-cum made the perfect lubricant for her pistoning motion, the warmth and softness of her tits sending me toward the boiling point. It didn’t take much of her tit fucking to bring me to the edge and I told her I was going to cum. She leaned back and gripped my cock firmly, quickly sliding it in her fist a couple of times. The first shot splashed on her face and she leaned forward into my lap, taking the next three bursts in her mouth, then pulling it out again and milking the remaining three or four pulses onto her tits. Before I could regain my composure she moved up and kissed me full on the mouth, and I could taste my sticky cum on her tongue.

“Did you like that, tiger?” she asked, unceremoniously wiping my load from her tits with a shirt from the washing machine. I watched her stupidly for a second as she hooked her bra back in place and pulled up her jeans.

“Fuck yeah!” I answered, “When can we do it again?” now that I’d had my first real taste of sex I was determined that Laura was going to take me all the way.

“Not so fast,” she smiled pushing me back with a plump hand on my chest, “just because I sucked you off doesn’t mean you get all the goodies, unless you’re prepared to do what I say.” I nodded eagerly. “Pick me up tomorrow and bring some weed and beer,

and I'll take you on a trip you won't forget." She brushed past me and cupped my balls on her way out of the laundry room.

The next morning I was at my friend Bobby's apartment, hoping to score some dope. I knew that if he didn't have any, Bobby would know where to get some, and I also knew that he would want to hear all about my exploits with Laura. I stepped from the dank hallway into his cluttered apartment and followed him down the hall to his room. As always, we slowed down slightly when passing his cousin Amber's room and glanced towards her disappointingly closed door. One time it had been opened a crack and we had seen her sleeping off a rough night, sprawled across her bed and wearing only a thin t-shirt and panties. Her nipples were like erasers poking through the baby blue cotton and I could see curly wisps of blonde pubic hair peeking out from the leg of her panties. We hadn't seen anything since that once, but kept trying and hoping for something more.

We got into Bobby's room and I asked to buy dope, and as he was digging for his baggies I related the previous night's events. By the end of my story Bobby was squirming uncomfortably on his bed.

"Fuck that's hot, man," he muttered, trying to nonchalantly adjust his pants. My own pants were tightening rapidly as I thought back to Laura's tits wrapped around my cock. "You gotta tell me how it goes tonight, I bet you're gonna get to fuck that slut hard!"

"I hope so, or she's the biggest cock tease in school." I replied, proud and strangely excited by the interest that Bobby was showing. He had only moved to town that spring and didn't really have many friends at school yet, but we seemed to hit it off right away. He would come over and play video games at my house pretty often and as the summer months approached he made as much use as possible of my air conditioning and pool. He was slightly taller than me with black hair, green eyes and a muscular build from the contracting job that he did in the summers. The bulge in his jeans was sizable and I found myself wondering if he was as big as me.

"She's got you pretty horny don't she?" he said, my head snapping up as I realized that I'd been staring at my buddy's crotch. He had a faint grin on his lips as he continued. "To be honest it's got me going pretty good too ... do you mind?" he unzipped his jeans and slipped his hand into his black Calvin Klein briefs, letting out a little sigh as he squeezed.

"Holy shit, man!" I exclaimed, wide-eyed, "what the fuck are you doing?"

"SHHH," he hissed, "you'll wake up Amber. I'm just gonna jerk it a little, it ain't healthy to go walking around with a boner like this." With that he shucked his underwear down and pulled out his cock. He gripped it tightly near the head and a gob of pre-cum appeared, which he efficiently rubbed over the head. My mouth hung open as Bobby repeated this process several times, once spitting into his hand, until his cock was hard and glistening in his lap. It was bigger than mine by an inch or two at least, and slightly bigger around with a wrinkled collar of foreskin that was currently pulled back off the head. He looked at me and smiled.

"Come on man, try it. You never jerk off?" he said, sliding his right hand down his cock until his fingers rested on his balls. I noticed that his sack was completely hairless as he trailed his fingers down to cup them. My lips were suddenly dry and I licked them. "I keep my nuts shaved," he offered, "it keeps them cool, and it feels good

when there's something soft against them." Now he cupped and rubbed his balls with his left hand as he began stroking himself steadily with his right.

I was mesmerized and my cock was rigid against my jeans. I felt light-headed as I unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned my jeans, pulling them down to my knees with my underpants close behind.

"That's the spirit," Bobby said, leaning back and opening his legs, which gave himself better access and me a better view. My cock was already drooling pre-cum and I spread it over my shaft, hurrying to catch up to Bobby. We stared at each other as we jerked and I noticed that every once in a while Bobby would swipe the pre-cum off the tip of his cockhead and bring it to his mouth. As he flicked his tongue out he looked at me and made a motion to come sit beside him on the bed. It was quite awkward to be standing with my pants around my knees, so I waddled over to the bed and plopped down. I could feel the warmth of his body as our shoulders rubbed together. This was more comfortable, but I was disappointed that my view of Bobby's cock was now blocked and I couldn't get a glimpse unless I turned and purposefully watched my buddy jerk off.

It turned out that I didn't have to worry. Bobby reached over, took my hand and placed it on his cock. I instinctively gripped it and stroked it a couple of times. He smiled and reached into my lap, gripping my member with his warm, calloused hands.

"I thought you might like it this way," he whispered, "when someone else is jacking you, you can imagine it's a girl. Did Laura's hands feel good on your cock?" he asked.

"...great ... they felt great. I like yours too..." I stammered.

"You like the feel of my hands on your cock? Or do you like my cock in your hand?" he asked, moving closer and running his hand over my bushy balls.

"...both..." I squeaked. His cock was hard but slightly squishy and silky to the touch. I could feel my load approaching. "I'll cum if you keep that up," I told him, giving him the chance to back out, or hoping he would give me the chance. Not that I wasn't enjoying it, but I didn't want him to think that I was queer, and enjoying it too much. He just smiled.

"I'm cumming too," he stated mildly. A geyser of sperm jetted from the tip of the penis I held in my hand. I could feel the pulsing jets blasting up his shaft. The first shot hit the wall behind us. Bobby thrust his hips, pushing his cock in and out of my grip. The next two shots splatted on his chest. In his thrashing, Bobby's cock aimed towards me and the last strong shot landed on my stomach. I continued to pump him as the last blobs oozed out of the tip. My hand was covered in Bobby's jism.

Without missing a beat, he started jerking my shaft again and I exploded immediately. He smiled with relish as I caught a spurt on my right cheek, which dripped, into my mouth. I came and came until I was lightheaded. When my vision cleared my chest and stomach were covered in cum and Bobby was gently milking the last bit of my load from my cock.

"Holy shit!" we both said in unison and started to laugh. We must have gotten too loud because there was a thumping on the wall between Bobby's room and Amber's. Bobby reluctantly let go of my cock and tossed me a towel that was hanging over the back of his desk chair. I wiped my spooze off my chest and stomach while Bobby did the same on his pillowcase. I pulled up my jeans and re-fastened them, but Bobby kicked his

right off and went hunting in his hamper for a new pair. As he bent forward, digging through the pile of clothes, I could see his bare balls dangling between his legs, and even caught a peek of his pink asshole. I didn't know if he was purposely putting on this show, but I found myself admiring the view. I glanced away when he turned around, but I could now see his schlong dangling between his legs, softer than it had been a few moments before, with the flared head retracting halfway back into the foreskin. He was definitely in no hurry to get dressed as he sat back down on his bed and stretched, making his dong flop back and forth. He smiled his half-smile again and pulled on his t-shirt, then slowly pulled his jeans up over his hips without any underwear on. I was staring openly at this point.

“Maybe we can get together at your house tomorrow and you can give me all the dirty details about you and Laura?” he ventured. I swallowed dryly and nodded, not trusting my voice. I could feel my cock getting hard again from watching Bobby get dressed and I wondered what it meant. I mean up until this morning I had been exclusively interested in girls, except for what I thought had been the mild curiosity about how my dick size compared to other boys. It's not like I had dreams of being a faggot or anything.

It was confusing. I had gone seventeen years without any real sex except some tittie sucking and a bit of feeling under panties and now I was on the brink of losing my virginity and I was also suddenly attracted to my buddy. Was I going to have to choose? Or was it possible to like both? I wanted to fuck Laura like nothing else, but I had to admit that I was also intensely curious about Bobby. The sight and feel of his cock were making my head and groin buzz and I found myself visualizing us together on his bed.

He tossed me the bag of weed and I snapped out of my daze. He was looking at me speculatively, with his thumbs hitched in his belt-loops and his head cocked to the side. “I'll see you tomorrow morning, then, “ he said. Again, I nodded wordlessly and fumbled with the doorknob, exiting his bedroom in some haste.

I turned and took a step down the hall, then crashed into Bobby's cousin Amber who was coming the opposite direction towards the bathroom. We both hit the floor and when I looked up Amber was sprawled on the unvacuumed carpet in her bathrobe, which, to my instant arousal, had come open in her tumble, exposing her pale, round, full right breast with it's tan areole and eraser-hard nipple, as well as the neatly trimmed triangle of blond hair between her splayed legs. I gaped at her crotch and up to her tit and back down again, craning my neck and also catching a glimpse of her rosy pussy lips. She got up surprisingly quickly and instead of closing her robe she fired a kick that landed squarely between my legs. I doubled over on the floor and she stood over me. My crotch was in agony, but from my position I now had a perfectly clear view of her pussy and her other milky breast was also exposed.

“You fucking pervert! Get the fuck out of here before I beat the living shit out you!” she screamed. I tried to inch away while still staring at her nearly naked charms. Her second kick hit me near my temple and I scrambled out of the apartment. I could hear her screaming at Bobby as I limped down the five flights of stairs and stumbled to the bus stop.

For the rest of the morning I walked aimlessly through the mall and stared at the passing women, thought about Laura, and Amber and Bobby, stared at more passing women and one dude who worked at the McDonald's at Wal-Mart. He was a skinny little

guy with blond hair and blue eyes and when he took my order he gave me a look that surprised me. Then he smiled and ran his tongue over his pierced lips. My eyes widened as he gave me the change and wiggled his eyebrow.

“I get off in a couple of hours,” he offered.

“Uuuhh, I have to go,” I said, taking my bag of food and heading for the door. I admit, that I thought about it seriously for a second, but chickened out. Nevertheless, when I got home that afternoon, I headed straight for my bedroom and jerked off again thinking about the events of the past twenty-four hours. I came as I imagined the McDonald’s dude sucking my cock the way Laura had.

My dad and step-mom were gone for the evening, leaving me at home with my stepsister, Ashley, and her friend, Claire. They were both a year younger than me and spent most of their time trying to annoy me. Tonight was no different. Ashley started in by saying that she heard I was dating “that skank, Laura Giscombe” and Claire joined in with “She’ll give you herpes or AIDs if you fuck her.”

“You little bitches are just jealous that Laura is able to get fucked. Nobody would screw two little geeky goodie-goodies like you!” This was only partially true, since I knew that at least half of my friends would trade their left nut to get into Ashley’s pants. I also knew that she was way too much of a ‘good girl’ to do more than a little heavy petting. Claire didn’t seem quite as prudish, but I knew that Ashley would freak out if Claire did anything too serious with a boy.

“If you bring her back here I’m telling mom and Herb that you’re bringing prostitutes into the house!” screamed Ashley.

“Don’t worry, I’m taking the Cadillac,” I retorted, picking up the keys as I headed for the garage door.

“You are gonna be in so much trouble when I tell on you!” Ashley yelled after me.

“Boys will do anything to get laid,” Claire commented as I gave them the finger and closed the garage door.

Laura hitched her legs up higher and tighter over my shoulders as she laced her fingers in my hair, grinding her pelvis against my face. The meaty lips of her cunt were drenched with my spit and her juices and they flared over my chin as she coached my tongue up over her engorged clit.

“That’s right baby suck my clitty ... mmmmmnn ... my pussy is so wet for you ...eat me so good,” she muttered, pushing me even closer. My tongue snaked around and then fluttered quickly over her clit, which was bigger than I had expected, never having seen one outside of Hustler. My right hand slipped from its grip on her round butt cheek and I shifted it upwards until my index and middle finger were at the gaping entrance to her wet tunnel. I pushed them in without resistance and the motion produced a throaty purr from Laura. Taking this as a sign, I pushed in a third finger and started to suck harder on her clit. “FUCCKKK!” she yelled and bucked her hips violently, almost dislodging my lips. In an effort to control her movements a bit, I grabbed her ass more tightly with my left hand and it slipped between her sweaty cheeks, grazing her asshole. She bucked again and I got an idea.

Slightly easing off on my clit sucking, I moved my left hand up to her pussy and lubed it up, then slipped it back between her cheeks and rubbed my index finger against her pucker. Laura pushed back against it and it slid in up to the first knuckle. I started to finger both her holes in unison and latched back onto her clit. Her legs tightened around my neck, and for a second I thought I was going to suffocate between her fleshy thighs.

“FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK!!!” she screamed. My index finger was now deep in her asshole on every thrust and I pushed a fourth finger into her twat. I looked up and she had both her nipples pinched between thumb and forefinger of each hand and she was twisting them viciously. She pulled me back to her clit by the hair as she started to cum. “SSSSSSSHHHHHITTTTIMFUCKINGCUMMINGFUCK!!!!!!” she yelled. I had a passing thought about being caught in the parking lot of Miller’s Baseball Field, but Laura’s torrent of hot pussy juice brought me back to the matter at hand.

Without waiting to catch her breath she yanked me up between her legs and my erection, which had been raging since before I picked her up, nudged her dangling labia. She reached down and eased me into her velvety hole. I was surprised by how tight she felt, like her pussy was gripping my shaft with rippling, warm, wet muscles. Her cunt was better than her soft lips and even better than Bobby’s hand. For a second the vision of Bobby’s pink little asshole flashed in my mind and then was gone.

I buried my cock in Laura and started to thrust. She reached out and grabbed my ass, pulling me into her harder. I mashed my lips into her breasts and pistoned into her as fast and hard as I could. I vaguely understood that this was a flawed technique, but I was overcome with the feeling of being deep in her enveloping cooze. It only took a couple of minutes at this pace for my cum to flood Laura’s snatch and she held me against her, making sure she received my entire load.

I collapsed on top of her, my head between her breasts, which spread out across her chest. She sat quietly stroking my hair for a few minutes, and then shifted until we were looking at each other.

“You’re not finished quite yet,” she smirked, and then placed her hand on the top of my head, pushing me downwards. “You’ve got to clean up your mess!” She hooked her big legs over my neck and pulled my face down into her gash, which was drenched with both of our juices. Now she really was smothering me, forcing my mouth and nose against her pussy. “I’m not letting you up until I cum again, fucker” she stated, “so you better start licking.” She seemed serious enough, so I did as I was told, licking her clit and trying to avoid eating too much of my own load. “I said clean it, pussy licker!” she exclaimed, shoving her twat onto my mouth. Having no choice that I could see, I began to lick tentatively at her leaking cunt, tasting my own salty jizz mixed with her honey. “That’s better, get it all out. You’re gonna learn to love eating cum out of my pussy, Jason ... yours, mine, Darrell’s, whoever I decide to fuck.” She was really getting into it, rotating her hips, clenching her thighs around my neck, pulling at my hair. “YEAH! Ooooh, my little cum licker, eat my snatch, I’m gonna cummm...!” I had licked out what seemed like gallons of cum and now she sprayed my face again with her second resounding orgasm. She pulled me up to her and kissed me full on the mouth, which was now coated with sperm and pussy juice. Our tongues danced. My cock was hard again.

“I guess you’re gonna have to go home and beat that one out yourself,” she smiled at my boner. “Take me home, I have to call Darrell and tell him the good news.” I looked

at her quizzically. “The news that we have a new fuck buddy, stupid. Andre is going to visit family this summer. Darrell told me about the size of your cock and that you might be a good replacement. The way you licked up that cum so eagerly, I’d say that we’re going to have lots of fun this summer. I told you to get me home, cum licker, do it. NOW!”

I fumbled out of the back seat and pulled up my pants as I walked around the car to the driver’s seat. I thought I saw the bushes moving near the ball diamond fence, but when I looked again the movement was gone. I dropped Laura off wordlessly and wondered what she had in store for me. Then I drove home, wiped the wet spot off the leather to cover my tracks, and went straight to my bedroom. My parents weren’t home yet and Ashley and Claire snickered to themselves as I walked by the living room but offered no comment. I spent the rest of the night beating off to visions of Laura, Bobby and Amber but now also to Darrell, Andre and even Claire and Ashley at one point. Sometime around 4:45AM I dropped off to sleep.

I staggered out of bed at about noon the next day. Taking my morning piss, I glanced out the window and down into our backyard patio and pool. It was a sunny day and I could see Ashley laying out on a towel on the pool deck, her red curls pulled back into a pony tail, her ripening body barely covered by a teal bikini. Her tits were smaller than Laura’s or Amber’s but still a nice size and remained mostly perky, even when she was laying on her back. Her skin was creamy white going towards pinkish in the sun and I could see that she was going to develop a burn if she stayed out much longer. As I watched she rolled over and I got a view of her round, tight ass, the cheeks smiling at me from under the triangle of her bikini bottoms. She stretched her legs out and spread them slightly, then laid her head down on her folded arms.

I spit in my hand, gave my cock a few strokes and it sprang back to life. The last few days it was getting a real workout but this view was too good to pass up. I was getting close already, imagining my face buried in my stepsister’s red bush, when the doorbell rang. Ashley looked up momentarily then laid her head back down, expecting someone inside the house to answer it. Since I knew I was the only one in the house, I reluctantly tucked my dick back in my shorts and went downstairs to answer the door.

Bobby stood at the entryway in a white t-shirt and cut-offs, his tanned and muscled arms and legs glowing in the sunshine. He smiled his half smile as I stood and gaped for a minute, his eyes wandering down to the noticeable bulge in my pajama bottoms. I put my finger to my lips for him to be quiet and led him into the upstairs bathroom so he could take a look at Ashley’s goodies.

Bobby’s eyes widened appreciatively and his hand immediately dropped to the crotch of his cut-offs, rubbing and squeezing. After a couple of minutes of us trading places at the window, Ashley decided she’d had enough sun and sat up, gathering her towel. I happened to be at the window as she bent forward and I got a great view down her top, I even thought that I caught a glimpse of her nipple. Then we had to run quickly to my bedroom as I knew that Ashley would be on her way up to shower and get ready to go meet Claire.

I closed the door to my bedroom and sat down beside Bobby on the bed. We were silent until we heard the shower running, then Bobby said, “Fuck, your sister is a hottie! What I wouldn’t do to tear into that!” I nodded my agreement.

“I’m glad she’s just my step-sister, it might be weird to be whacking off over my real sister!” I laughed.

“Is that why you took so long opening the door?” Bobby asked, “you were jerking it over your sister?” he teased.

“STEP-sister, fucker!” I laughed, “And even if she wasn’t, who cares? Her ass is so fine I wouldn’t even care if she was my real sister, I’d still do her!”

“You are just about the horniest guy in the horny guy league!” Bobby replied, “After me of course!” With that he pulled a bundle out of his pocket and tossed it to me. I carefully uncrumpled the soft, satin object and realized it was a pair of panties.

“What’s this?” I asked. Instinctively, I brought them to my nose and inhaled. They smelled of pussy and urine and ...cum? Bobby gave me a big, shit-eating grin.

“They’re Amber’s!” he stated triumphantly.

“Whoa! How did you get these?”

“She came home real late, early this morning in fact. She was pretty drunk or high or something and she just stumbled into her bedroom. I heard her come in and when I got up to take a peek her door was partly open. I stood at the door way for a bit to get my eyes adjusted to the dark, then I could see that she was just face down on her bed, with her jeans on the floor but her panties still dangling around her leg. She was out cold so I just walked in and slipped them off her. They were drenched in cum ...” he trailed off, then looked directly at me. “I was breathing really shallow, and I was scared shitless of getting caught, but I thought fuck it, I’m not going to get another chance, so I ran my hand up her leg and over her ass.”

“You’re fucking with me! You felt you cousin’s ass??!!” I exclaimed. He nodded.

“She just kind of shivered and pushed it up against my hand. She was totally out of it, so I put my hand a bit lower and rubbed her cunt lips. They were wet and there was still cum leaking out of her. I dipped my finger in and she moaned real loud. I freaked out and backed up to the door and into my room. She was still passed out when I left this morning. I spent the rest of the night jacking myself silly!”

We both had visible wet spots on our crotches at this point, so I figured there was no point in pretending. I pulled my pajama bottoms off revealing my throbbing erection, and Bobby followed suit, peeling off his shorts and briefs. His cock seemed even bigger than it had yesterday as he began stroking it. I watched him as I spit in my hand and rubbed it over my own member, then I pushed Amber’s dirty panties into my face and came almost immediately. Bobby was close behind, his hand running slowly but insistently up and down his shaft. Jet after jet of jism spurting onto his flat stomach. We both fell back onto the bed.

I realized I hadn’t heard the shower running for a while so I got up and peeked my head out the door. I called Ashley’s name several times and assumed when there was no answer that she had left. I smiled and returned to the bed where Bobby was lying naked, casually looking through one of my Hustlers. His cock was soft now and flopped against his thigh, the head shrinking back under its foreskin hood.

“Looks we’ve got the place to ourselves,” I said, “what do you want to do?”

“Tell me what happened with Laura,” he said lying on his side facing me. I related the whole sequence of events from stealing my dad’s car to the point of me dropping her off to call Darrell. I wondered what he would think about me eating my own load and Laura’s hints at her plans for Darrell and me. Based on our fun the day before, I

had a feeling that Bobby would be into it, and wouldn't judge me too harshly for eating Laura's cream pie. By the time I finished my story we were both hard again, our cocks reaching out to fill the gap between our bodies.

"Do you think it makes me a fag to eat my cum like that?" I asked him. He shook his head.

"You fucked her didn't you?" I nodded. "You like pussy don't you?" I nodded again. "So what's the problem?" He looked at me tentatively and said, "Look, you know what we did yesterday, when we jerked each other off? That wasn't the first time I've done that with another guy, I've done more too, but I still wanna fuck your sister, see?" I nodded noncommittally. He sighed, "I guess I'm what they call bisexual. I love to fuck pussy, but then there's this other thing, that two guys can do together, it's pretty cool too." I nodded stupidly again and he sat up. I followed suit.

Bobby looked at me again, then knelt on the floor and put his hand on either knee. I opened my legs and moaned as his lips closed over my cock head. He cupped my balls and slid his lips down my shaft until his nose was in my pubic hair. As he pulled back he swirled his tongue around and back over the head. He repeated this a few times then gripped the shaft with his right hand as he fondled my balls with his left. I knew I wouldn't last long like this and pulled out of his mouth. I wanted to suck him too, but was afraid I'd lose my nerve if he made me cum.

"Don't you like it?" he asked, still gently stroking my dick.

"I like it too much," I replied, "Can I try you?" He smiled and we traded positions. Now that I was face to face with his cock I took my time, stroking it up and down, making the foreskin cover and then retract from the wide head. I leaned in closer and licked the pre-cum oozing from the tip, then dragged my tongue down the shaft and back up a few times. I looked up and he watched me slowly feed his thick cock into my mouth until it was near the back of my throat. I gagged a bit and he backed off. I had new respect for Laura's deep-throating ability, but I was also determined to try it again. Consciously trying to relax, I slid it back into my mouth and it went in a bit further this time. I continued like this for a minute or so and then Bobby opened his legs a bit more and hitched forward so that his balls were dangling off the side of the bed. I took this as an invitation and put my mouth over them, then rubbed them over my face, while still jacking his shaft.

Bobby moaned loudly and ground his hips so that his balls, slick with my spit, dragged over my nose and cheeks. This move gave me a clear view of his asshole and my encounter with Laura the night before flashed in my mind. Without a second thought I dragged my tongue further down between Bobby's legs and flicked his asshole.

"Ysssss ... lick it," he hissed, pushing his ass closer against my mouth. I went over it three or four times with the flat of my tongue, then snaked it inside. "FUUCKK," he squealed, as I pushed my index finger into his pucker. I moved up and put his cock back into my mouth as I fingered him for a minute or so, then he pushed me off to catch his breath for a second.

"Wow," he said, "you're a natural." Then he pulled me onto the bed on top of him and kissed me on the lips. Our tongues twined together and I felt his hands on my ass. Our dicks were caught between us rubbing against each other. He started kissing my neck and ear as we ground our pelvises together, then he whispered, "Fuck me."

I sighed with relief that I was going to carry out the urge that had been with me since the day before, torturing me with confusion and leaving me in a desire dazed state. He flipped his legs up over my shoulders, just as Laura had done and gripped my cock in his spit lubed hand. I spit in my hand and rubbed it against his asshole. He guided me up against the opening and I pushed gently.

“Harder,” he instructed. His asshole squeezed the head of my dick but opened slightly, and I pushed in further. He gave a sharp intake of breath and I was in and pushing towards bottom. Bobby took his meat in his hand and started to stroke in time with my thrusts.

“I’m not gonna last long in here,” I whispered.

“Me neither ... fuck me Jason, fuck my ass.” I started bucking, gripping his hips and slamming as hard as I could into my buddy’s asshole. His right hand slid over his cock while the left pulled and massaged his balls. Then he was cumming, spraying sperm all over his chest and stomach. I bent forward and licked some of his cream off his firm pectoral and the taste sent me over the edge. I buried my cock in Bobby’s asshole and exploded, groaning and whimpering as I dumped what seemed like gallons of cum into him.

We collapsed together on the bed after I pulled out of him. After a few minutes of rest he got a couple of towels from across the room. As I watched him saunter over, thinking about how much fun we were going to have this summer, I thought I noticed a shadow behind the slightly open door, but when I looked again it was gone, or had never been there. Thoughts of this were driven out of my head as Bobby turned me over onto my stomach and began licking my balls and ass from behind.

Audrey sat at the head of the bed with Emma leaned back against her. Audrey’s hands massaged Emma’s pert tits as they watched Timothy and I at the foot of the bed. My knees were positioned on either side of his face with my erection pumping in and out of his mouth. I was coating his fat cock with as much saliva as I could, dragging my lips slowly up and down his veiny shaft. His hands were gripping my asscheeks and his finger had brushed up against my rosebud a few times already. I pulled my meat out of his mouth with a pop and shifted down slightly so that I was now sitting on his face. I felt his tongue go I with no hesitation. I looked up and smiled at our wives. Audrey kissed Emma’s ear and her hand was slowly but insistently rubbing Emma’s vulva.

“Do it,” I told Timothy and he slid out from under me and pushed me down onto the bed face first. His hands gripped my hips and pulled my ass towards him, and then I felt him push his cock up my ass in one motion. Emma moaned in unison with her husband. I reached back and slowly stroked myself as Timothy fucked his first man, his balls slapping against my cheeks. I felt him biting my back and neck as he pistoned into me, his hands gripping my hair. I pushed back against him and ground my hips, riding his cock like a slut.

“Gonna cummm...” He groaned and then skewered me with his organ, pinning my face against the bed. I rolled over on my side with Timothy still up my ass. Emma leaned over and put her mouth over my pole and I exploded down her throat as her husband pumped the last of his load into my rectum.