

Milton Vale – Chapter 3

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This is technically the third installment in an ongoing story (intro + Ch. 1-2). 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, Voy

I pulled the Audi into the parking lot of the Convention Center and slowly prowled down the aisles looking for a spot. I slowed down even further as I noticed a familiar green Suburban parked next to my father's Hummer. I nudged Audrey and she smiled. One of the reasons we were here was to attend the annual sales awards for the real estate and development company that was one source of my family's wealth. The other reason was that we knew the owner of the Suburban would likely attend this party and we hoped for a chance to get very well acquainted with her.

We had enjoyed many evenings as we edited the video that I had surreptitiously captured a few weeks before; a middle aged real estate agent getting fucked hard by a young stud that had picked her up at a local coffee shop. The thrill of filming the two of them fuck had been heightened by the fact that neither knew I was there, having broken into the house and that we all had to try to escape when the clients who were trying to sell the house arrived unexpectedly. The stud and I had escaped out through the back yard, the woman had to face the music with a huge wad of cum in her hair and on her face. I had driven past the house a few days later and there was a sold sign on the lawn so I figured she must have talked her way out of it somehow.

We entered the banquet hall arm in arm, Audrey's dress cut low enough to turn heads and we made our way to the bar, scanning the crowd as we went. Audrey sipped her white wine and her eyes sparkled over the rim as she gestured over my shoulder. I turned casually and saw the woman we had been looking for, standing by herself off to the side of the large room, trading a passing waiter her empty highball glass for a full one. She had the slightly unsteady look of someone who had knocked back a few already.

"I'm going to go find us some trouble," Audrey purred, licking her lips and pulling at her dress to reveal even more of her generous cleavage. I watched her wide hips and round ass wiggle away through the crowd of people, my cock hardening with thoughts of the coming night's escapades.

"Nice view," a familiar voice whispered in my ear. I turned my head and watched my step-sister Ashley watching my wife slide through the milling people with an appreciative smile on her full lips. She turned to me, pushing her chest forward slightly to emphasize the way her breasts were squeezed together in her dark green dress and her smile became positively dirty. "My useless husband is trying to butter up Herb for another loan, why don't we go out back and do something illegal?"

And that is how I found myself in the service elevator with Ashley pressing back against me, her dress hiked up and her panties around her knees. I slid two fingers into her drenched cooze and rubbed them over her asshole, then spit in my hand and rubbed it over my cockhead. She hissed and groaned as I pushed my cock into her tight little pucker and I could feel her hand working her clit. I laced my fingers into her curly red hair and pulled her head back, biting her ear.

“Just like old times, hey sis?” I whispered as I rammed my hips hard against her butt cheeks. She had gained a bit of weight since she hit her late twenties but it only served to ripen her curves, making her round ass slightly plump and her pert tits more full and soft.

“Shut up and fuck my ass motherfucker” she hissed. I yanked her hair and gripped her hip, thrusting into her as hard as I could. She wailed and bucked as I latched my teeth into the back of her neck and pulled hard on her right nipple. My steel-hard cock pumped my step-sister’s asshole as the elevator rose towards the top floor of the center. I emptied my balls in her rectum as we passed the 6th floor, and when we stepped out on the 10th I had her wet panties stuffed in my pocket and she was pushing her right breast back into her gown. Two room service workers stood staring at us with dropped jaws and Ashley grinned at them, licking her lips.

“See you later, big brother”, she called as she walked down the hall away from us. I just smiled and shrugged, then took the elevator back down.

Bobby carefully reset the grate over the vent and checked the video feed on his small LCD screen. The camera was aimed correctly with a wide view of the office and the microphone seemed to be picking up all but the lowest sounds. The woman he worked for wanted evidence that her husband was having an affair with his secretary and he bet that the office was the site of most of their fun.

Having gathered the small pack of tools he slipped them into his pocket and made his way back to the window. It hadn’t taken much to jimmy it open and since nothing was missing it was unlikely to be noticed. Sliding through the opening and inching along slim stone ledge, Bobby made his way to the alley side of the building, found the external pipe which he had used to scale the wall and slid the four stories back into the trash strewn alley. He hadn’t taken more than a half dozen steps when red and blue lights flashed on and the police cruiser rolled silently into view.

The man who stepped out of the Sheriff’s cruiser was a few inches taller than Bobby, about 6’4” with wide shoulders and a thick torso, his arms straining the sleeves of the dark blue uniform. Bobby stood with his hands out, showing that he was unarmed as the Sheriff approached. The larger man grabbed Bobby’s wrist and twisted it behind his back, forcing him down over the hood of the car, then kicked his heels apart as he laced his fingers into Bobby’s hair.

“Was that breaking and entering, Shitbird?” the Sheriff rasped in his ear as the frisking began. Bobby kept his mouth shut as the big man leaned into his back, rough hands sliding over his chest and stomach, then over his crotch. Bobby’s cock pulsed in response to the Sheriff’s touch. The man’s hands slid over Bobby’s ass then back between his legs, cupping his balls. “I didn’t expect to ever see you back in my town, Bobby, it’s been a long time, what, ten years?”

“Twelve years, Sheriff. I was nineteen the last time I saw you.” Bobby replied as the handcuffs tightened around his wrists. His cock was rock hard as the Sheriff opened the back door of the cruiser and pushed Bobby in face down on the backseat. The Sheriff grunted as he adjusted his pants over his tightening crotch. Bobby felt the man’s hands reaching around his waist and unbuttoning his jeans, then his pants and underwear were sliding down over his hips and the Sheriff’s tongue was lapping at his balls and up to his puckered asshole. “I see you still have to put handcuffs on people in order to get laid,” Bobby observed as the other man rimmed his hole.

A meaty paw grabbed his hair and dragged him off the seat so that he landed on his knees in the alley. The Sheriff twisted him around, still gripping his hair and pushed his crotch against Bobby’s face, then stepped back and unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly. Bobby licked his lips slowly as the Sheriff reached into his uniform and pulled out his fat cock. Just as he remembered, it was nearly the diameter of a beer can, just over seven inches long with a thick rim of foreskin pulled back halfway over the head. The Sheriff gripped the base of his cock and rubbed it over Bobby’s nose and cheek, then across his lips. Bobby inhaled deeply and opened his mouth, flicking his tongue over the pulsing shaft that was being presented to him. Gently he took the head between his lips and sucked it into his mouth, the foreskin rolling back over the rim.

The Sheriff grunted and pushed against Bobby’s face, forcing his jaw open further as the tip reached the back of his throat and went down. Bobby moaned into the Sheriff’s pubic hair as he felt the older man’s balls resting against his chin. Both of the Sheriff’s large hands now gripped Bobby’s head as he began to rock back and forth, sliding the cock between his lips, rolling his tongue over and around the head and shaft, trying to get it as slick as possible with his spit. His own member was aching rigid in the cool night air in anticipation of what he hoped was coming next.

The Sheriff pulled his dick out of Bobby’s mouth leaving a sticky trail across his chin, then pushed him back over the hood of the cruiser. Bobby felt the wad of spit hit the top of his ass crack and slide down towards his hole, then the Sheriff’s rough fingers spreading it over his opening, then another wad of saliva and the finger squirmed into him. Bobby sighed and tried to get a bit more comfortable on the cold metal hood of the cruiser, pushing his ass up and out, widening his stance slightly. The Sheriff finger fucked him for a few minutes, getting a second, then third finger into Bobby’s hole, all the while sliding his hard cock across the backs of Bobby’s thighs.

The fingers pulled out with a pop and Bobby could feel the warm, wet tip of the huge flesh cylinder nudge his asshole. Big hands gripped his hips and pulled him back as the Sheriff slowly eased his thick cock into Bobby’s burning sphincter, stretching it open further and further until the big man’s whole weight was resting on Bobby’s back.

“Still got that sweet, tight hole,” the Sheriff murmured in Bobby’s ear as he began to piston slowly.

“Still got that hot, fat fucking cock,” Bobby grunted as the rhythm picked up speed. The Sheriff was kissing the back of his neck, biting his ear as they fucked, his hands roaming over Bobby’s chest and stomach under his shirt. The older man moaned under his breath, drilling harder and faster into Bobby, his weight straining on Bobby’s locked arms. The hand reached down and found Bobby’s raging cock, grasping it tightly as his own moans of pleasure reverberated in the alley. The big man stiffened and

groaned, the entire length of his member thrusting in and out of Bobby's asshole several times until at last it was buried, with the large balls pressed against Bobby's cheeks.

"... cumming ..." the Sheriff whimpered and Bobby felt the rush of semen flood his rectum. The hand on his cock tightened and pulled roughly and Bobby sprayed four hot jets of sperm onto the hood of the cruiser and a few dollops that ran over the Sheriff's fist.

Bobby remembered the first time he had seen the Sheriff's cock. He had been seventeen and in his Aunt Bridget's bedroom rifling in her vanity drawer for loose cash when he heard the door of the apartment open suddenly. It was 2:30 on a Wednesday afternoon so nobody should have been at home. Hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, Bobby carefully shut the drawer and quickly ducked into the double closet. Seconds later his Aunt Bridget entered the room followed closely by a large man in a deputy's uniform.

The pair stopped and kissed deeply at the threshold of the bedroom, then the large man gripped his Aunt's hair and dragged her onto the bed. Aunt Bridget squealed and ground her crotch against the deputy's leg as he popped open the buttons of her blouse revealing her ample breasts sheathed in a pink lace bra. The deputy slipped his hand under her grey skirt and Bobby could see his hand roughly fondling his Aunt's panty clad pussy.

Bobby struggled to control his breathing as his racing heart pumped blood to his engorged cock, leaving him light-headed in the closet, surrounded by his Aunt's wardrobe. He carefully pulled his jeans down around his waist and gave his tool a couple of strokes. It was drooling pre-cum which was quickly pressed into service to lubricate his sliding hand. Bobby had to stifle a gasp as his Aunt Bridget, now naked except for her panties, reached into the deputy's pants.

It wasn't the first man's member that Bobby had seen, but it was the thickest, with prominent veins and a collar of meaty foreskin which his Aunt pulled back as she slid it between her lips. Bobby licked his lips and couldn't decide whether he was more envious of the deputy having his cock sucked by his Aunt Bridget, or of his Aunt who had the deputy's bulging dick sliding down her throat. His Aunt's nose was buried in the deputy's coarse black pubic hair on every downstroke, and Bobby could see the man's cock getting harder as it slid in and out of her mouth. Her right hand slid up and down the deputy's shaft as she sucked him and her left was in her panties, stroking vigorously, her breasts swaying heavily with her motion.

The deputy pushed Aunt Bridget up onto her bed and let his pants and gunbelt fall to the bedroom carpet, revealing his muscled, hairy legs and low hanging balls. He knelt between her legs and peeled the drenched satin down to her ankles, then shoved them against his nose before diving into her crotch. Bobby could feel his load approaching as his Aunt let out a low, throaty moan and pulled her brown nipples between her fingers.

The deputy rolled his Aunt over and stood up behind her, pulling her hips up to meet his. Bobby bit his lip and erupted all over his hand and stomach as the deputy eased his fat tool into Aunt Bridget. They started out slowly and gradually picked up the pace, his Aunt's round ass cheeks bouncing against the deputy's hips, her hands gripping her breasts as he shoved his cock in and out of her. Bobby's own cock was stirring in his

hand again as he watched his Aunt get drilled. It became painfully hard as his Aunt looked over her shoulder and moaned to the deputy “my ass, now ... in my asshole!”

Without missing a beat the deputy drooled a large wad of spit into the crack of her ass, then slipped his tool out of her sopping pussy and pushed it against her at a slightly elevated angle. She hissed with pleasure as the deputy’s engorged shaft slid into her anus, and reached down to finger herself. Bobby’s breathing was shallow and rapid as he stroked his cock, imagining it engulfed by his Aunt’s greedy asshole. He stifled his own moans as the two on the bed neared their climax.

Bobby grunted and whimpered in time with his Aunt and her lover as the deputy buried himself and threw his head back convulsively. Bobby was cumming again as the deputy eased his torrid member out of Aunt Bridget’s asshole. She quickly and deftly turned and slid the dripping cock between her lips again, catching the last few spurts of cum in her mouth. Bobby let out a sigh and the Deputy’s head turned slightly, as if he’d heard, and Bobby froze in his Aunt’s closet, his double loads smeared and dripping off of his crotch and abdomen. The deputy’s eyes narrowed, but Aunt Bridget reached her own blazing orgasm just at that second, and the big man turned to watch appreciatively as she shoved a fourth finger into her hairy twat.

The deputy checked his watch and they both hurried back into their clothes and exited the room, leaving Bobby to slink back to his bedroom minutes after the apartment door had closed behind them, but not before he picked up his Aunt’s soiled panties and the thirty-five dollars from her nightstand.

Audrey leaned against the wall and flirtaciously looped her finger in the woman’s light brown hair. The woman adjusted her glasses and giggled, taking another sip from her scotch. The awards had dragged on after dinner, but the band was now in full swing and Audrey was doing her very best to get the woman loosened up. Her name was Mildred and she was at the bottom of the ladder in my father’s real estate company, having gained her license six months before as a way of supporting herself after her divorce.

From the bar, I watched Audrey work her magic, always keeping her body next to Mildred’s, touching her arm, her hand, caressing her hair. We had met briefly to compare notes and lay out our plan; I was to keep my distance until the time was right, then Audrey would drive Mildred’s Suburban back to our place and I would follow in the Audi. We were fairly sure that Mildred would be amenable, but I was prepared to use the footage I’d shot of her anal adventure as leverage to close the deal.

The bartender was a tall young man around twenty-three with blond hair and bronze skin, his arms rippling under his white dress shirt as he passed me another scotch. He followed my gaze and openly admired Audrey as she leaned in to whisper something in Mildred’s ear. Mildred reddened and leaned into Audrey to whisper back and I noticed her tongue darting out to flick my wife’s earlobe. The bartender and I exhaled in simultaneous excitement.

“That lady seems to be getting very friendly with your wife,” the bartender snickered. I turned and looked him up and down, noting the sizable bulge in his slacks. I

removed the fountain pen from my jacket pocket and wrote the address of our large guest house on a napkin, carefully folding it and pushing it towards him.

“In an hour and a half, my wife is going to be grinding her wet cunt on that lady’s face and my cock is going to be eight inches up that lady’s ass. If you have the time, come and join us when you get off work, we might find a place or two to hook up your equipment.” I turned and followed Audrey and Mildred to the exit and looking back in time to watch the bartender staring after us and adjusting the crotch of his pants, the napkin clutched in his other hand.