

WAXING WEEKEND



José
BROWN

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*To the four adventurous crazies in my
life. You know who you are!*

WAXING WEEKEND

The steamy June weekend started out very much like any other.

Twenty-three year old Samantha Crane curled her five-foot-two-inch frame into the warm protection of her husbands embrace. She still loved the contrast of her olive complexion against his pale, freckle-splattered skin, even after six years of marriage, the sight of their nakedness together always made her take pause.

Pushing her shoulder length hair out of her face, she lifted her gaze to Dirk's face. He was watching her with a sleepy expression. Licking her lips, she sent him a loving smile. "What's on the books for this weekend, gorgeous?" She watched a slow grin spread across his handsome face, causing the hated freckles to cluster on his cheeks. He ran a hand through his close-cropped hair and down over his cleft chin. She noted the stubble there and hoped he would shave so she wouldn't

have to suffer from the itchiness it caused her skin. He curled his six-feet, well toned body around hers and gazed into her eyes. Samantha saw the sparkle in his eyes, the intended mischief he planned, before he delved his face into her neck.

“More of this. Much, much more of this.”

The murmured words against her sleep-softened skin spread a well-known heat through Samantha, culminating in a quick tingle between her thighs. Fighting the urge to simply give in and agree to spend the next forty-eight hours nestled here in the middle of their queen-sized bed, she slid backwards between the luxurious black satin sheets.

They were the one big extravagance she and Dirk had splurged on, when he had received his last income tax return; the sheets and the matching bedspread. Lying on her back, she stretched, cat-like and surveyed the room. She loved their bedroom. It was perfect. From the cream coloured walls, adorned with cheap framed reproductions of famous artists, to the complete suite of furnishings that they’d found in the back room of the local thrift store and laboured over to refinish and her collection of white candles on the top of both dressers; she’d worked hard to make it as perfect as it was.

This was their self-made oasis; their one place to escape and rejuvenate from all the cruelties of

the world. This was where they made plans, worked out their problems and explored every inch of each other's body. This one twelve by thirteen room was Samantha's idea of heaven on earth.

Rolling slowly back onto her side, she let the satin slip further down, exposing her round, soft mounds to the slight breeze caused by the ceiling fan above them. Dirk's kneading hand quickly blocked the heavenly coolness, as he whispered, "And more of this, too, please."

Playfully slapping his hand away, Samantha swivelled to sit and put her feet on the cream carpet. "In case you might have forgotten, we have a six-year-old named Billy, who is more than likely downstairs, stuffing his face with sugary cereal in front of Saturday morning cartoons, as we speak."

Dirk's arms were around her soft waist, with lightening speed, pulling her back against him. Swift kisses traced up her spine. "I know, I know. But, you make it too damn easy to want to just stay here forever."

"Well, maybe another minute or *ten* wouldn't hurt, but then we really should get in the shower."

The jangling of the black telephone on the bedside table, below the black porcelain lamp, caused Samantha to stop in mid-turn and dragged a groan from Dirk's throat. "It has to be one of

your friends, mine all know better than to call me on a Saturday morning."

Snatching the phone from its cradle, Samantha breathed a greeting into it, watching Dirk's beautifully toned ass disappear out the door. "See ya in the shower, when you're done, sweetcheeks," she heard him promise, laughing. The call was from Melissa, Joe's girlfriend. Joe, her long time childhood friend and one true confidante, until she had met Dirk

"Hi Samantha, it's Melissa here. How's your morning so far?"

"Hey Melissa, so far, so good. What's up with you?"

"Well, Joe and I were wondering if you guys'd be up to some company this weekend."

"Sure. You know you're always welcome."

"Great! Ummmm, I kinda have a favour to ask of you, too." After the slightest of hesitations, Melissa blurted it out in one long breathless spiel. "I told you before how I am scared to shave my pussy properly 'cause I don't want to cut anything down there and well, I want to get it waxed, but I don't want it done by a stranger and I thought, I hoped that maybe you could, well maybe if I bought all the stuff you would, you know ... you could, well ... do it for me."

"Of course I can, hon. I've never actually done anything like that before. But, you know me...

always up for a challenge.”

Finishing the call, Samantha raced down the hall, to join Dirk in the shower. A shiver ran through her as the soft silk of her short robe, a wedding-shower gift, slithered down the length of her body, to land in a shining pool on the grey and white tiles. Steam filled the small room, billowing and shifting as she moved lithely through it. The stark white walls and fixtures were all but invisible through the thick mist. In glaring contrast, the plastic, burgundy shower curtain, stood out like a beacon to an old sailor lost at sea.

Pulling it aside, she stepped under the warm spray. “We’re having company this afternoon.”

The sight of him standing there with the fine spray coating him was all it took for Samantha to forget everything else she was about to say. Taking the soap out of his hand, smoothing it around unto his buttocks, she gave him a look, which she hoped got her point across.

Within moments, she felt his erection prodding against her soft tummy. “Is this something like what you had in mind for the weekend?”

“This’ll be a very nice start.” Reaching down, he grabbed her, with one hand on each cheek of her ass and lifted, until the tip of his hard cock rushed forward into her spread pussy.

A soft purring laugh rolled up her throat at the feel of him. “What were you doing in here?”

"Keeping everything ready for you, sweetcheeks. You know how I love the feel of warm water. Why — are you complaining?"

"Not in the least." Wrapping her legs around his waist, Samantha used his shoulders as leverage to lower herself onto him. The feel of his stiffness held deeply in her pussy, sent the first tremble through her body. As the tremors increased in force and speed, she bounced up and down the length of him. His strong hands never left her ass, they grabbed her — pushing and pulling, driving her to a mindless frenzy.

A close call with overbalancing, found her back plastered to the wall of the bath surround. With her legs still firmly around him, he drove into her, crushing her between his thrusting hips and the hard surface at her back. Clenching and releasing forcefully, her pussy exploded on his shaft.

"Oh shit, yes baby — yes go — don't stop."

Diving forward she dug her teeth into his shoulder to muffle the screams trying to escape her throat. With a bone-shattering shudder she felt his seed burst onto her cervix.

Still breathing heavily, he lowered her to her feet and held her close. His forehead pressed against hers as they stood together in the spray and recovered. "God, I love it when you join me in the shower, sweetcheeks."

"Mmm, I am positive that early-morning

quickies are exactly what showers were invented for."

A throaty chuckle filled the small space as he turned her to face the spray. The soap lathered and slid across her back as he massaged it around. "So, you were saying that we are to have company this afternoon?"

"Melissa and Joe are coming. They'll probably spend the night. She wants me to wax her pussy for her. Just think of all the wonderfully naughty things something like that could lead to."

"Hmm, I already am."

Two

Crossing the industrial-type wall-to-wall blue carpet of their living room, Dirk took the vacuum cleaner, to struggle it into the small hall closet and stood looking at her for a few minutes.

“What are you looking at?”

“Perfection, in faded blue jeans.”

Standing there, in front of her inherited cherry wood coffee table, Samantha flitted a quick glance around the soft yellow, rectangular room to assure herself that all was in order. The throw pillows on the matching soft, black sofas were in place; the end tables had been dusted, as had the entertainment unit at the other end of the room. All of Billy’s toys had been returned to their proper place, to his room upstairs and the magazines in the rack by the door were neat as a pin.

One more thing to check — cocking her head to the side, she stood listening for evidence that their beloved son was doing as instructed. Hearing the

telltale banging of toys being slam-dunked into the toy box, she looked back into her husband's eyes and turned a perfect pirouette. "You like this?"

"I love this. Every soft, supple inch of this. I was a lucky man the day I met you."

Standing on tiptoe, she placed a quick kiss on his lips, glad he had stepped forward to join her. "You were just a boy when we met, darlin'. Just like I was just a girl. But, I think we've grown up pretty good, together."

"If those teachers back in high school could see us now, I wonder what they would say?"

"They'd more than likely be shocked shitless that two dumb-ass kids, who didn't have the sense to use a condom in the back of his mum's van, could still be so in love. Let alone together, and making a good home for their son."

"It wasn't just the teachers who bet against us back then, or have you chosen to block that from your memory?"

Covering his hands with her own, where they pressed against the tightly encased, round globes of her buttocks, she slid out of his tight embrace.

"Are we going to start this again?"

"Start what?"

"You being so down on Joe."

The hairs on the back of her neck prickled as she stood there, trying the gauge the expression in

Dirk's eyes.

"I can't help it. He still makes me uncomfortable. It's like he truly believes he is better than me. He knows more about cars, he knows all about being a handyman, and would have been able to fix that leaky tap without ever having to get help. Mostly, he thinks he knows more about you. He's made it clear that he feels he has a closer bond with you than I can ever even hope for. Damn it, Samantha, I know the two of you have a history, and I accept that. He's part of the package that is you, but you are *my* wife and our bond has to be the strongest."

Stepping into his embrace again, Samantha's hot tears stung her eyelids. Lifting a hand to his cheek, she softly traced the pad of her thumb down to the corner of his mouth. "Baby, you have to know that you are my soul. I am not a whole person when I'm not with you. I am with you because I love you, more than I ever imagined that I could love someone.

"Yes, Joe and I have a history. He was there for me, when my dad walked out on us, just like I was there for him when his best friend was killed in an accident. We held each other's hands and leaned on each other to get over the mountains that life threw in our paths. But, there was never anything between us, other than friendship. He's like a brother to me and my sisters. He even calls my

mother, mum. You know that."

"I know. I just worry sometimes, because he is the type that you always went for before you met me. The big burly type, with a muscular frame and dirt permanently embedded under his nails from so many years as a mechanic."

"I have no interest in him, not in that way. He has Melissa now, and I am happy for him. After the way Tessa stomped on his heart, I didn't think he'd ever find someone. He has his life with her and I have my life with you. We all deserve to be happy and I think we all finally are." Tightening his embrace, Dirk lowered his head. She heard his breath as he inhaled the scent of her hair, vanilla, the fragrance left there by her favourite shampoo.

"I love you," he whispered.

"Good, because I love you, too. Now let's get those breakfast dishes done,"

"Not so fast." His hand was on the inside of her shirt faster than she could back away. The other hand held her captive on the centre of her back. "If we are to have company all afternoon and night, I want a little bit more one on one time with my beautiful bride."

Through the thin material of her bra, she felt his thumb trace tiny circles around her nipple. In an amazingly direct route the tingling raced from the contact on her nipple to her clit. "If you don't stop that, Billy is going to walk down those stairs and

find his parents in a very compromising situation." Giggling she spun away and squealed when she realized he was hot on her tail through the door leading to the short hall.

* * * *

The roar of the 1979 Yamaha 750's engine sent Billy bouncing and squealing to pull the big front door open. "Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe!"

Following a tad slower, in his wake, Samantha and Dirk joined him on the covered porch of their old rose-coloured Victorian house and waved in greeting to the two leather-clad passengers on the motorcycle as it stopped in their driveway and tilted onto its kickstand.

Barely having time to pull the helmet from his head, Joe caught the catapulting little boy in one powerful arm and swung him around, in their customary greeting. "Hey, little buddy. I take it you're glad to see me."

"Will you take me over to Nana's? On the bike? After supper? Mum said you might. Me and Nana have a date to watch movies and eat loads of junk. But, I get to hang out with you guys for a while first. Will ya, Uncle Joe? Will ya?"

"Oh I get it, it's the bike you're happy to see, not me." Laughing, he lowered the slight boy to the ground and gave him a wink and a nod,

letting him know he would indeed give him the highly coveted ride across town.

Ruffling his auburn hair Melissa asked Billy how his week at school had been.

"School sucks. The teacher is so *mean*, she doesn't even let us have toys in class."

"Boy, it sure is hard growin' up, isn't it?" Melissa's deep brown; almost black eyes sparkled as she flipped her long blonde hair over her shoulder and stepped forward to meet Samantha as she came down the three wooden porch steps.

Throwing their arms around each other, the two pressed quick, passing kisses on the other's cheek. Stepping back Samantha looked into the eyes of the woman she'd become close, very close friends with, over the past few months. "Are you sure you're ready for this?"

"Absolutely!"

"I've said it before and I'll say it again, the two of you could pass for sisters, at first glance." Joe pulled his leather jacket off, while he sent an appreciative glance at the two women still holding each other.

Spinning to face him, Melissa's hair fanned out around her deeply tanned oval face. "Yeah, but I'm taller."

Pulling herself up to her full height, Samantha bunched a fist on her hip. "Only by two inches, and anyway I'm older."

Mirroring her posture, Melissa let a warm rumble of laughter escape her lips as she playfully stared Samantha down. "Only by a month and a half, madam. And I have darker skin, too."

"Okay, okay. I give." Joe joined the two of them on the steps as they sat there laughing.

Stepping down to sit with them, Dirk shook his head, softly chuckling. "I think Joe was referring to the shapes of your bodies more than your colouring or height."

"Yeah, you both have nicely shaped hips inside those jeans that flow down from your slim, but not too skinny waists."

Melissa shoved him with both hands on his upper arm. "Yeah and we both have legs that go all the way up to our asses. Cut it out, would ya?"

Wrapping his arms around her, he held her captive as she struggled rather weakly to escape. "I love the way your legs lead to all the promises I could ever want, baby."

"Oh God, this is getting way too mushy for me. Come on Melissa, let's go do some shopping for eh... certain items." Standing up, Samantha pulled the other woman from her seat.

Racing into the house and back out in a flash, Samantha vaulted down the steps with her purse in hand and called out to Billy, bouncing his new soccer ball on his foot across the yard. "Hey, you, get over here and give me a squish, buster."

"We won't be too long. Try to keep yourselves entertained while we're gone." Melissa skipped over to the passenger door of the slightly rust-speckled, white Grand Prix. Samantha backed out of the driveway slowly. Just before turning onto the street, she glanced at the two men watching the car pull out. Their smiles radiated naughty excitement.

"Look at them. I bet they're already filled with glee and anticipation at what we're going to do tonight."

Melissa giggled. "Well, we are too, aren't we?"

"Yeah," Samantha said, and sent Joe and Dirk the most brilliant smile she could muster.

THREE

“Come on, buddy, let’s take your ball and kick it around the back yard for a while.” Dirk led the way through the gate into the fenced yard behind the house. Billy cheered and bet the men that he could beat them both in a game of two on one.

Twenty minutes later the two men stood looking down at the sweating boy crouching over his well-kicked ball. “You giving up, buddy?”

“You and Dad don’t play fair. You’re both bigger and a lot faster than me, Uncle Joe. Can I go get my swim trunks on and play in the pool, Dad?”

“Sure you can, but don’t leave your clothes lying around all over the floor, you know your mum wants the house to stay tidy for at least one day.” Walking over to one of the white plastic chairs in the shade of the big oak tree, Dirk collapsed into it, as his son raced into the house with a newfound spurt of energy.

Joining him, in the chair's mate, Joe wiped the sweat from his richly tanned brow, with the bottom edge of his grey tee shirt and pulled the thick denim of his jeans up, away from his sticky legs. "If he hadn't called it quits, I would have soon. That sun is killer today."

"No kidding. It's a shame that pool's not a bit bigger. We could jump in there with him and cool down." Laughing, Dirk looked over at the wading pool, mentally picturing what it would look like to the girls, if they got home to find all three of them crammed into it.

"How is the job at the food processing plant?" Joe asked.

Dirk caught and held Joe's light brown gaze. "Same old thing. Flipping knives around with one hand and ripping the spines out of chickens, with the other."

Joe shivered, showing his well-known revulsion at Dirk's job. "Still hate it?"

"More and more every day. But, it keeps a roof over my family's heads and food on the table. What about you? You sick of your job yet?"

"Nope. I like my job. Gotta keep all those heaps of junk runnin' smoothly."

"Doesn't Melissa ever get sick of you being caked in dirt and grease and stinking of noxious gases every day?"

"Hell no. She loves it. Anyway, soap and water

takes care of most of the dirt and grease, and I never have to worry about going to the gym. Throwing engines around builds up muscle a lot better and faster than any workout I can think of."

"Yeah, I'll give you that one." *Maybe that's it. Maybe his muscular frame is why I feel this animosity towards him.* Dirk watched the other man as he walked over to meet Billy at the edge of the little pool at the same time stripping his sweaty tee shirt off.

Joe's body had a shine to it, almost as if he'd oiled his coffee-coloured skin like a body builder. Dirk knew it was just glistening sweat, the sun's rays accentuating it. His deep tan identified his native Indian heritage even more clearly than the black hair, which fell in shoulder-length tendrils where it had pulled free of the binding elastic band at the nape of his neck. Looking down at his own arms, Dirk felt confidence and satisfaction with his well-toned bunching ropes of muscle return. *Could I beat him in a physical fight? Probably not. But I did beat him in the fight that mattered, Samantha is mine.*

Watching the other man kneel down to reach over the edge of the pool and splash Billy, Dirk got to his feet. "Hey Joe, you want a cold one?"

"Sure man, that'd be great."

"Yeah, I'll have a cold one too, Dad." Billy fell into the eighteen inches of water holding his sides

at the humour of his one joke.

Dirk headed into the home he had made with Samantha with a lighter step than he'd had in a long time. *Joe isn't so bad, he only wants the best for Samantha, and according to her, that's me.*

* * * *

The explosive, school-girl giggles faded, echoing mutely around the interior of the car, as Samantha and Melissa pulled into the parking lot of the Drug Mart. Pulling smoothly into a parking spot and switching off the engine, Samantha turned to her friend.

"Why me?"

Melissa's head popped up from her intent contemplation of her knees, the expression of total confusion would have been funny, if it wasn't so serious. "What?"

"Why did you choose me to do this? I mean surely you have other friends that you've known for longer — that you trust — that you could have asked to do it for you."

"Not really, no. I mean, of course I do have friends that I've known for more than a few months, but none that I have gotten sufficiently comfortable with. I would never even think of talking so openly about sex or fantasies with any of them. I just feel like I can tell you anything and

know that you won't judge me or condemn me."

Pulling the keys out of the ignition, Samantha reached for the door handle, laughing softly. "Well, it's easy to talk with you about fantasies, since ours are basically the same."

Joining her in slipping out of the car into the bright sunshine, Samantha linked her arm through Melissa's.

"Are you nervous?" she asked, noticing Melissa's slight shiver and tense expression.

"A little bit. I think it's more excitement than nervousness."

Thinking about what lay ahead that evening, Samantha felt her panties dampen. Her libido heightened as she thought about putting warm wax onto another woman's pussy. The idea of being with another woman had crossed her mind before, but never with as much intensity as it did at that moment. A warmth began to spread through her, filling her clit with its heat at the images flashing through her mind.

Walking arm in arm across the parking lot, they were both overcome with a case of the giggles again. Stepping into the air-conditioned store, forcing their giggles down, they did their best to look like two grown women out to do some everyday shopping.

Wandering up and down the long aisles, in silent agreement to not make a beeline for the hair-

removal section, Melissa stopped and turned a very uninteresting bottle of shampoo over and over in her hands. "Were you shocked when I called you this morning?"

At her shoulder, Samantha laughed softly. "Not really, hon. My mum always taught me to expect the unexpected and to accept whatever comes along as a blessing, perhaps in disguise."

"Yeah, your mum is so cool. It's great that she's taking Billy tonight."

"She's always willing to step in and take Billy for the night, whenever Dirk and I want or need some time alone; even on a moment's notice. She's saved our marriage more than once, especially our sex life. It's kinda hard to let loose with a kid in the house."

Sticking the shampoo bottle back onto the shelf with slightly shaky fingers, Melissa held Samantha's elbow. "Let's go get the wax and get outta here. Who knows what might happen tonight with the house all to ourselves."

"Yeah, maybe our fantasy will become a reality."

Crimson flamed up Melissa's cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. "God, I hope so."

FOUR

Samantha and Melissa were still in the bright yellow and white kitchen, breaking down pizza boxes and washing up, when they heard Joe return from delivering Billy to his grandmother's house.

"What's that smile and blush for?" Melissa asked.

Straightening from her completed task of stuffing the boxes into the recycling bin, Samantha touched her heated cheeks. "I just like it that you and Joe feel comfortable enough here to just walk in without knocking. And, that he always hangs his coat in the closet. Wish I could get Billy to follow the lead of the adults around here."

"Oh, I thought maybe it was because you were looking forward to what lies ahead of us tonight."

"I know I am." Dirk stood in the doorway looking at the two of them, with a heated glint in his eyes.

Walking over to wrap her arms around his

waist, Samantha leaned up and kissed his chin. "Hey you."

"Hey babe, you girls just about done in here, or do you need some help?"

"I think we've done as much as we're going to be bothered with tonight, I'll sweep the floor tomorrow. Why? Are you guys getting lonely without us?"

Pulling her tightly into his side, he lowered his mouth to hers briefly. "I am always lonely for you, sweetcheeks. Plus, Joe and I were hoping for a cold beer."

"Well, grab them out of the fridge and I'll pour a glass of wine for us."

* * * *

Dirk grabbed two beers out of the fridge and left the kitchen to join Joe in the living room. Samantha twisted the corkscrew down and wished she'd asked Joe to do it before he left. It was a tough cork.

"You guys are so perfect together. Your love is so obvious, it's like it oozes out of your pores whenever you touch each other," Melissa commented.

With a satisfactory pop, Samantha pulled the cork free. "Not too sure I like the idea of my pores oozing, but thanks. I really do love him,

everything about him, even the freckles that he hates so much."

After filling two wineglasses, they joined the men. As she sat down next to Dirk, Samantha raised her filled wine glass in greeting. "Hey Joe, how was mum?"

"Same as always. Tried to get me to stay and have something to eat and laughed at the way I looked with Billy on the bike. She actually said I looked 'goofy'."

"Well I do have to agree with her," twirling the brown bottle between his knees by its long neck, Dirk sat forward on one of the low couches and looked over at Joe. "You do look kinda goofy with a squirming, helmeted kid between your thighs and a 'Sponge Bob' backpack on your back."

Laughing, Samantha settled onto the couch beside Dirk and cuddled into his side as he sat back.

"Shut up, Sam."

"Well it is true Joe. And I really wish you'd stop calling me that. You know how much I hate it."

Curling an arm around Melissa as she sat next to him, Joe shrugged. "I don't give a shit how stupid I might look. Seeing the look of absolute rapture on that kid's face when he thinks he's getting the best thrill ride of his life makes it all worth it."

Leaning back he pulled Melissa closer into his

side and lightly kissed the top of her head, before raising his beer in salute. "Here's to whatever the night may bring."

Quiet cheers and raised drinks filled the room.

Softly rubbing Melissa's upper arm, Joe asked, "Did you get the stuff?"

"Yes, it's on the counter in the kitchen." A soft blush coloured her cheeks.

"You sure this is really what you want to do?"

"Yes baby, it's what I want to do. I know how much you hate flossing your teeth while you eat, so I want to get rid of the bush."

"He stops to floss his teeth while he's eating you out? Ew, gross."

"No silly, that's what *he* calls pubic hair. He hates the way it gets in his mouth and between his teeth. Believe me, it's not much of a turn on to have him stopping every few minutes to spit and bitch."

"You're not doing this just for *his* pleasure are you?" Samantha said, kind of shocked and curious at the same time.

Melissa shook her head and turned to face Samantha, her embarrassment clearly visible by her expression and red cheeks. "Everyone has told me that sex is ten times better when the hair is gone. They say it makes it a lot more sensitive down there. So I say, lets see if it's true."

"They didn't lie to you, it really does make a

difference. I'll never let mine grow back again. I love the way it feels to have all of that super sensitive skin exposed. Even the feel of a breeze up my skirt is different now. It's amazing how much more you feel when there's no insulating layer of thick, curly hair over it."

"So, are you totally shaved clean?" Melissa asked, clearly curious.

Leaning over to refill Melissa's wine glass, Samantha smiled. "No, not totally clean, hon. I still have a heart-shaped patch in the front. Wanna see?"

"Sure."

* * * *

Dirk's head snapped up, when he heard his wife make this offer. *Is she serious about showing her pussy to Joe and Melissa? Is she really just going to drop her pants right here in the middle of the living room?*

Yes, she really is.

Watching the tight jeans and silky panties slide down over the firm, roundness of her ass, he felt a slight stirring in his groin. He watched as she spread her legs as much as the jeans resting on her thighs allowed and pushed her hips forward to show Melissa her pussy. His imagination ran wild as he imagined what Melissa and Joe saw right

now, pink lips, a moist vagina probably dripping with her juices...

Flicking his gaze away from his wife's ass to Joe's face, he felt his cock jump and begin to strain against the confining crotch of his jeans. Joe's gaze had wandered to the patch of hair that Dirk knew so well, on her clit cheekily poking out from between the shaven lips for the briefest moment before turning his head to stare at the dead screen of the TV. *God, I am so fucking turned on by the fact that another man just checked out my wife's snatch, I know what he's seeing... I know how sexy she is... I want to bend her over right here and now and give her the fuck of her life.*

He actually felt disappointed when she pulled her panties and jeans back up.

FIVE

After they chatted, laughed and fantasized for about half an hour, Samantha unfolded herself from the couch and handed her empty wineglass to Melissa. "Get me a refill, please. I'll be right back down."

Running lightly up the stairs, she grabbed all the pillows from their bed as well as the ones from the guest room. Adding a large beach towel from the linen closet to the top of the pile, she carefully made her way back down to the living room.

Jumping to his feet, Dirk rushed over to her, as she entered. "Here let me help you out with those. Just tell me where you want them."

Handing the fluffy load to Dirk, she walked to the coffee table and started to lift it. "Might be better to move this out of the way. We can pile the pillows in front of the couch."

After Dirk dumped the pillows and towels on the floor where she'd indicated, she adjusted them. Just as she was done, Melissa came back with the

replenished wine glasses.

"Oh my!" A quick, rather large gulp from her glass, and she walked over to place Samantha's glass onto the repositioned coffee table.

Standing back, Samantha surveyed the set-up. "Well, I guess that'll do. The pile of four pillows closest to the couch, with the towel over it, is for your butt, and the one by itself in front of it, is for your head. Yes. I think that should work quite nicely. What do you think Melissa?"

Over the rim of her glass, Melissa's eyes sparkled at her. "I think it is going to be a very interesting night."

Standing close behind Samantha, Dirk ran his hands down over her hips and lowered his mouth to her special spot in her neck and traced his tongue in a tiny circle. At the soft moan coming from her, he lifted his head, chuckling quietly. "You up for another cold one, Joe?" he asked, and after Joe's absentminded nod, went to the kitchen to fetch more beer.

Lowering himself back down onto the couch, close to the pile of pillows, Joe blew out a quick puff of air, keeping his gaze glued on Melissa. "A cold one sounds like a hell of an idea, thanks."

Turning her attention to the other girl, Samantha rubbed her hands together, reminiscent of the old-time villains. "Okay, girl, your turn. Get outta those jeans and lets see what we're working

with here."

Without so much as a glance in Joe's direction, Melissa put her glass down and dropped her jeans and panties to the carpet. Running two shaky fingers through the bush between her thighs, she pulled on the inch-long thick, brown hair. "See what I mean? I shaved all around, but I'm too scared of getting cut to shave the lips, or close to the top of the slit."

"Well, you've done a very nice job of shaving away any trace of hair that might show if you were to wear a bikini," Samantha commented after a close scrutiny of what Melissa had accomplished with just a razor.

Lifting her feet out of the clothes binding her ankles, Melissa kicked the jeans and panties out of the way. Samantha noticed the slight trembling of Melissa's body. She knew it wasn't nervousness, but rather shivers of anticipation. She also noticed tiny white droplets dotting the dark bush.

"I think someone's looking forward to this." Joe said, his eyes riveted on Melissa's bush.

"I don't think she's the only one." Samantha saw the thick denim of his jeans shift at the crotch and bulge out. Without any pretence of shyness, he stuck his hand down his jeans to adjust his growing erection.

Dirk returned, this time carrying a six-pack so he wouldn't have to go back to the kitchen all the time and miss out on the show. Handing Joe one of the bottles, Dirk's glance slid down Melissa, coming to rest on the damp curls at the top of her slit. "Hmm, what did I miss?"

"Just Joe and Melissa getting ahead of themselves. Onto the pile with you girl." Laughing, Samantha stood with one hand on her hip and the other pointing to the pillow mountain.

Dirk sank back onto his chair and lifted his beer to his lips. "I think this is getting better than what I imagined..."

* * * *

"I must say, I feel rather exposed and vulnerable here with my 'assets' in the air like this."

Smiling, Samantha knelt beside Melissa's hip and slid a hand down her trembling leg. "Here let me help. Just put your feet up here on the edge of the sofa. Yeah, that's it, just like that. Now let your knees just fall apart."

Getting up from the floor, Samantha headed to the kitchen to retrieve the instruction sheet from the box of hot wax treatment.

Joe sat back, holding his beer on the band at the top of his jeans. "Hey Dirk, come on over here buddy, the view is fantastic."

Leaving his beer on the carpet in front of his chair, Dirk sat beside Joe on the other side of Melissa's quaking knees. "Mmm, perfect 'bird's eye view'."

"Yeah, the only trouble is that her knees are still in the way." Joe leaned towards Dirk, trying to see around his girlfriend's leg.

Slowly coming back into the room, studying the tiny print on the unfolded sheet of paper, Samantha chuckled. "Well, just hang on for a second and let me finish reading these instructions once more."

Returning to her kneeling position at Melissa's hip, she took a deep breath and placed one hand on each of the other girl's knees. "Okay, hon, open up and let's see what we're working with here."

"I don't know if I can do this. It's like my legs have a mind of their own and know the pain that is coming. As much as I want them to open they're locked together."

The nervous giggle from her friend mixed with the look in her eyes, told Samantha that far and above any nervousness she was feeling, or embarrassment, there was something much more basic lurking. Melissa was so turned on, her pupils were huge. Without shifting her gaze from those shimmering eyes, Samantha whispered, "Help her out, boys."

Eager male hands grasped Melissa's knees and

spread them open.

* * * *

Expelling a long sigh, Melissa let the tension flow away. Her legs strained as far out as they would go. Gasping softly, she felt her lower lips parting, exposing the moist, smooth, pink folds hidden there for all to see.

“Damn girl... do you have any idea how hard you’re making it for us to just sit here?” Joe sighed, staring openly at her spread-wide pussy.

“Yeah,” Dirk agreed. “Figuratively and literally, it’s definitely getting difficult to bend.”

Samantha’s fingertips ran softly across the matted dark curls, drawing soft moans from Melissa, as well as both men. “I think some of this,” her fingers dug deeper into the damply curling hairs, “is going to have to be trimmed off.”

Melissa closed her eyes, letting all the new sensations wash over her. The finger delicately tracing all along the edge of one exposed lip and then the other, felt so soft, so gentle — so unlike a man’s touch. As it slid softly over the hard, swollen nub at the top of her slit, she marvelled at the way her hips lurched, pressing her sex harder against the probing, feminine finger.

She heard her own trembling moan being

echoed from the couch, in unison.

Samantha's finger sat at the very edge of her entrance, if either girl moved in the slightest; the slick wet tunnel would engulf the digit and more than likely cause an explosion on the couch.

Instead, Samantha slid her finger up, over the desperately hard clit and pinched the hair just above it. "So, who wants to do the honours?" Holding up the scissors she'd laid on the floor beside her, she looked up at the two sets of glassy eyes looking back at her.

Six

Kneeling on the floor between Melissa's softly trembling knees, Joe reached out and carefully lifted some of the curls, holding them as he slid the blades of the scissors across them. Deftly manoeuvring the sharp, silver instrument around his girlfriend's pussy, he trimmed it down to about a quarter inch.

Moving around the room on silent feet Samantha lit numerous candles, before cuddling into Dirk.

The silver blades flashed in the light of the candles. Tiny clumps of hair fell onto the waiting towel if Joe missed catching and depositing them into the small white plastic trashcan.

Stroking her hand along Dirk's thigh, Samantha moaned soft and low in her throat as her fingers rubbed against the throbbing bulge at his groin. Smiling into his eyes, her fingers pressed around it through the thickness of his jeans.

"Mmm, very nice, sweetheart."

Grasping her hand pushing it against his hardness even harder, Dirk looked intently into her eyes. "What the hell did you expect with that little show you were putting on?"

Giving his cock a good solid squeeze, Samantha leaned up and kissed her husband's mouth. "This is exactly what I expected and wanted, baby."

Chuckling softly at his two friends, right behind him, Joe pressed Melissa's mound flat. Sliding the cool metal of the scissor blade across the taut skin, he carefully snipped the hairs around her hard clit.

He watched as her pussy jumped and swelled more under his touch and saw her pussy pulse and clench. Pushing the lips up and open even further his tongue slid across his own parched lips. The sight of her engorged clit standing up was so inviting, so distracting.

"I do hope you're concentrating down there."

Melissa's soft words brought Joe out of the daydreaming state he'd let wash over him as he slowly swirled his thumb around her hard clit, delighting in the effect it was having on both of them.

His gaze snapped up to hers, "Of course I am baby, I wouldn't want to slip and cut off anything so amazingly perfect."

Laying the scissors aside, he slid his hands up over her soft tummy; under the black tee shirt she

still wore and filled each hand with a breast. As his thumbs and forefingers found and pinched the hard, puckered, brown nipples, twisting them slightly, she uttered a long shivery moan.

His own matching moan rumbled as he pulled his hands free. With one on either side of her, he balanced over her, lowering his mouth to devour hers with a deep kiss, filled with want and need. Her hands flew around to try and pull his ass closer to her exposed, near-hairless pussy. Pulling his mouth from hers, the regret he felt was an almost physical pain. "I want to lick you and fuck you so bad right now, babe."

"Okay you two," Samantha sprang from the couch. "That's gonna have to wait. We've got some pussy hairs to get rid of first."

Damn, the whispered response was from all three, as they looked up at her. Swatting the back of Joe's head, she laughingly ordered him back to his position on the couch. "It's my turn between those lovely legs, so get your ass outta there."

SEVEN

Pot of heated wax in hand, Samantha settled herself into a comfortable position on the floor. "Okay... are you sure you're ready for this?"

"Ready, willing and more than able, hon. Go for it!" Melissa's voice was husky with desire.

After wiping away any loose hairs left from the trimming, as well as a large amount of moisture, with the edge of the towel, Samantha drizzled a thin line of the hot wax onto Melissa's puffy lips, letting it run down along both of them, slithering between her ass cheeks, where it joined the rivulet of moisture already there. Letting it run off the end of the wooden-tongue-depressor-type applicator, allowing the wax to fall onto her extremely sensitive skin in a twisting, swirling rope.

The sensation of that hot wax on her pussy sent wave after wave of shivering delight through Melissa. Every drop of its slow application, driving her crazy. Squirming and pushing deeper

into the pillows under her ass, she felt the hot wax melding with her own hot juices. Her pussy felt so swollen, so heavy. Biting her lip, she fought to hold on to reality and not just float away on the waves of ecstasy.

"Are you supposed to put it on that slowly?" Dirk's quiet, shaky question bought a wider smile to Samantha's lips.

"No, but don't you like the effect it's having?"

"I know I do," Joe said, swallowing loudly.

"Holy fuck, Samantha, just do this or I'm gonna say to hell with it and jump the first bone I find. God, I don't remember ever being this ready to fuck in my whole life."

Giggling softly, Samantha scooped more sticky wax out of the pot and smoothed it over Melissa's waiting lips. With slow precision she made sure both lips and the inverted 'V' over her clit were all covered. Picking up the muslin strip, she covered the wax and rubbed.

"Oh my God," Melissa cried out, grabbing two fists full of the pillow.

"Does it hurt?"

"God, no!"

Pressing her hand flat below the 'dressed' pussy, Samantha pushed down, flattening and stretching it all as taut as she could get it. With the other hand, she held the edge of the cloth and tugged up.

Melissa's reaction was instantaneous and loud. A scream of shock, mixed with pain filled the room. Trying to pull away, the fire in her pussy exploded into millions of tiny sparks behind her eyes. Her movements were so sudden, she pulled the cloth out of Samantha's fingers. Only half the wax had been lifted.

"Hold her guys, we have to finish this. Only half the wax strip is off." Grappling for the sticky, flapping strip, Samantha clamped her other hand around Melissa's knee.

Jumping eagerly off the couch, Joe and Dirk knelt on each side of Melissa and gently pulled her back into position. With a quick flick of her wrist, Samantha freed the last of the cloth from her friend's skin. Pressing her palm flat against the flaming flesh, holding her still, as Melissa got over the brief fiery pain and calmed a bit.

"Holy shit!" tears trickled down the sides of her face when Melissa lifted her head to look at them. "I knew it was gonna hurt, but that was unreal. I guess I just didn't expect it to be so sudden."

"Well hon, it worked though, reach down and feel how nice and smooth you are."

Her fingers fluttered over the freshly exposed skin. "Hmm, it feels amazing. Now I understand what everyone was talking about, but there's still some work needed to the sides and up top here." Running her fingers all over the places she was

indicating to Samantha, Melissa couldn't resist one more pass over her twitching clit.

"Okay, but we're gonna have to figure out a way to muffle your screams or we'll have the cops here, in no time flat."

Joe had the solution to the problem and had it in place quicker than any of them could even think.

LIGHT

The new position worked perfectly — it was good that Joe was the kind of guy who was into a bit of pain.

Throwing his jeans and boxers to the side of the room, he flipped Melissa over onto her stomach. Sitting on the floor, with one leg on either side of her, he held her head in his lap. As soon as she saw his rigid cock, she opened her mouth and started sucking it deeply.

“Okay, Sam, get on with it, I don’t know how long I’m gonna be able to last like this,” the instruction was barely audible over the wonderful slurping moans coming from Melissa.

“Oh, baby, I don’t know anyone who can suck cock, like you can.”

Melissa’s ass — pointing to the ceiling in her kneeling position on the pillows — clenched and relaxed as she drove her mouth down onto Joe’s cock.

“Help me out here, babe. Hold her ass cheeks

open for me."

Standing over Melissa's flexing back, Dirk grabbed one mound in each hand and spread them with a force that astounded Samantha. Looking up in to his eyes, she saw the raw carnal hunger, which he no longer tried to mask.

With agility, spurred on by the sound of her husband's low growling moans of need, she slathered warm wax onto the area and tore the hairs out, roots and all. The pain caused by some of the more sensitive ones being ripped free, closed Melissa's teeth onto Joe's cock.

Joe uttered a cry of pain. "Hurry, Sam. Oh, fuck, hurry!"

Smearing a coating of wax along one swollen, red lip, she pressed the muslin to it. "This is the last strip. She's as smooth as glass and just as slick."

Twining his fingers into her hair, Joe held Melissa's hungry, moaning mouth down onto him. Stretching, pumping and exploding into her throat. Melissa's accompanying explosion coated Samantha's wax covered fingers with a fresh wave of sticky warmth before they pulled up and away, clutching the final wax and hair filled strip.

Dirk collapsed onto the couch behind Samantha, panting nearly as hard as Joe and watched as Melissa gulped the juices of her lover down, sucking and licking him clean. Jumping

and twitching slightly as she sucked and flicked her tongue all over the head of his cock, Joe moaned and lay back on the floor. "There is nothing better than a blowjob, unless it's these aftershocks."

Finally lifting her head, Melissa let the slowly softening cock of her lover slide from her mouth. Sitting up, Joe slid back and gave her room to lay her head down on the pillow. Sighing deeply, she completely relaxed in fetal position. "Oh my God, that was intense."

Sitting cross-legged on the carpet, Joe looked over his lover's back, directly into Samantha's eyes. "I like intense, and pain has always been a bit of a turn-on for me. So, how about you give my sac the same treatment you just gave her pussy?"

Staring right back into Joe's eyes, she didn't dare to believe that he was asking her to play with his balls. "Are you serious?"

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

Jumping to her feet, Samantha headed to the kitchen to reheat the pot of wax and wash her hands.

NINE

Moving gingerly, Melissa crawled onto the sofa. Not quite able to get her mind to focus, she let the intensity of sensations simply run through her, as her fingers ran down her stomach to smooth over the freshly exposed skin.

"How's it feel, baby?" Sitting on the floor, Joe watched the way her fingers traced along those puffy, pink folds.

Resting her head, Melissa closed her eyes and smiled. "Unbelievably sensitive and free. Wearing tight jeans is going to be much more interesting and exciting now."

Returning with the reheated pot of wax, Samantha sat in front of Joe and looked, for the first time, at his penis. "Holy shit, when did you get that done?"

Holding his semi-hard shaft in his palm, Joe flipped the silver hoop back and forth, slowly. "About a year ago, but I had to take it out for a while when we first got together. I think it kinda

scared her."

"You're damn right it did," Melissa laughed, moving to sit cross-legged behind Joe with a moan at the thought of the sensation she knew it gave her now. "I thought at first that it'd hurt scraping along that tender flesh up there, but now I love it. It is the most amazing feeling to have the warm soft flesh of a cock mixed with the solid, ungiving hardness of metal, deep inside me. Plus it's fun to play with and flick with my tongue."

Looking closer, Samantha examined the piercing. The hoop went through the rim of his crown, on the side of his spongy, mushroom-shaped head. "Aren't you scared it'll get pulled out?"

"No it's in there deep enough, but it still gives me growing room."

"And, it doesn't hurt?"

"Shit no, not anymore — anyway it would be worth the pain, it sticks out enough that the head never pulls all the way in and believe me that is an amazingly sensual feeling. It'd be like your clitty being hard all the time."

"Does it ever get to be a pain in the ass?"

"Yeah it does. Sometimes it gets caught on my pants and tugs; I have to make quick adjustments a few times a day. But, the added sensitivity is worth it — I can be up and ready to go at the drop of a hat now."

"I can vouch for that!" Melissa laughed, running her hand down the front of his chest, lowering it to tease along the top of his bushy mass of hair that nestled his cock. Just this stimulation was enough to make it start to grow longer and thicker. Joe turned his head to enjoy a loving kiss with her, his pierced cock jumping softly.

"What would happen if you were getting a blowjob from someone with a tongue ring? Would they get stuck together?" Samantha stuck her tongue out at him exposing her tongue ring.

"It's never happened yet babe, why — do you want to try it out?"

Fuck, yes!

* * * *

"No, I was just asking," she lied, looking over to Dirk, where he sat on the other couch, watching the three of them. His eyes still held that look of absolute arousal. Her throbbing pussy leaked a fresh wave of warm sticky juice into her panties. She knew she was going to get the best fuck of her life later.

"So, how do you want me?"

Hard and deep, were the words that damn near burst from her mouth, before she realized that Joe was asking about his position for his own wax

treatment.

"Oh... uh... just... well just lie back and spread your legs, I guess."

Doing just as she suggested, he laid flat on the floor and opened his legs wide for her to sit between them. "Be gentle with me, Sam... but not too gentle." Laughing, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Scooping up a dollop of wax on the wooden, tongue depressor, she sat trying to decide how best to go about covering his sac with the sticky, warm, brown mess. His cock was lying semi-relaxed down against his balls, she would have to lift it up and get it out of the way. Putting the pot on the floor near his ass, she nervously reached out and took the head of his cock between her fingers, glancing over to Dirk, she slowly lifted it up and let it drop, nestled softly on the mass of dark, curly hairs. Her husband wasn't looking into her eyes, he was watching the progress of her hand and seemed to be enjoying the show.

The slight movement caused a thickening of the shaft. It twitched in its nest of hairs and the balls stirred within their loose sac. Looking up at Melissa, she whispered, "I think I might need some help here."

"Mmm, my pleasure," Melissa purred. Jumping from the couch, she settled herself on top of Joe. "So, what do you want me to do, keep this all nice

and hard and out of the way?" She already had her fingers wrapped around the thickening shaft. Joe's fingers were digging into the soft flesh of her hips, urging her silently on.

"Okay, you two — save that for later, we have something to do first. Geesh you're both a couple of horn-dogs," Samantha half-heartedly chastised. Truth be told, the sight of her friend's pierced cock responding so rapidly to the minimal attention it had received, was making her clit jump and twitch uncontrollably and her juices soaked her panties. She was sure the crotch of her jeans were wet as well.

Taking a deep shaky breath, she looked down at the now empty applicator in her hand. Luckily she'd had the sense to hold it over the plastic tub of wax and it had all slithered back into the mixture.

"I need you to hold his sac as flat as you can and as still as possible."

With the normally loose, pliable skin now held pressed relatively flat, Samantha again loaded the stick. She quickly and carefully covered a strip of hair, from the base of his cock to the ridge between his sac and anus. As soon as the wax was smoothed on, she pressed the strip of muslin to it, pressing it on as firmly as she dared and with a quick glance into Melissa's eyes, yanked the material free. Joe's hips bucked as the hairs ripped

out of his skin, leaving a smooth, slightly red two-inch wide path.

The most shocking part of it all, to Samantha, was not his lack of screams or writhing in pain... it was the fact that his cock grew, thickened and hardened as she tore the hairs out. He was obviously getting very turned on by the pain she was inflicting on his genitals.

"Keep goin' girls. Get it all gone. Don't miss a single hair, I don't care how many times you have to go over it," he coaxed quietly. His hands moved up over Melissa's hips and began kneading her soft waist. His hips mirrored the pressure of his strong hands pulling her down onto his stomach. They rolled ever so slightly upwards, slowly fucking the air right in front of Samantha.

Together the girls manipulated his sac back and forth, Melissa held the skin as taut as possible with the churning balls raging a slow battle inside the sac. Samantha went over all of it numerous times with the strips of muslin and warm, sticky wax. By the time they were done there wasn't even a baby hair left and he sported a raging erection that jumped and twitched every time one of them moved. The head of his cock was swollen to the point that it was pushing against the inside of the hoop, causing drops of pre-cum to ooze from the slit, every time she noticed one Melissa rubbed her finger over it and licked her finger clean.

Satisfied that the job was done, Samantha sat back on her heels to study her handiwork. Melissa fingers slid down, over the freshly exposed skin, drawing another deep moan from Joe. How he had managed to not cum was beyond Samantha. His cock had been hard as a rock since the first strip had been torn off and she had never seen any man drip that much pre-cum before without actually exploding.

He must be one hell of a lover!

"Wow," Melissa broke into her thoughts. "That is amazing, really amazing. I was scared it would look like a little kid, but it's great. I love it."

"Hey, baby," Joe chuckled thickly. "There's nothing childlike about me; I am all man, full-grown and always ready to please. Now get off me, girl, I wanna check out the package too."

TEN

Standing in the middle of the room, Joe ran his hands between his legs, avoiding contact with his erection. Lifting and jostling his balls, he smiled slowly, "Well, that sure feels all clean and fresh. I can only imagine what it's gonna feel like to have these puppies sucked on."

Glancing up, he saw Dirk quickly avert his gaze. "Hey, man, you should try it."

"No thanks," Dirk laughed, nervously.

"It don't hurt that much. In fact it felt fuckin' fantastic, I damn near came all over the three of us."

"Sure, if you're into self-mutilation — which I'm not."

"Oh right — I forgot — you don't even have any tattoos do ya? Never worked up the nerve to step over that invisible barrier you keep around yourself. Maybe you should slide on over here to the dark side, just once. Or, are you scared you might like it and blow that whole 'good boy'

façade you've got goin'?"

"I'm not scared of anything, Joe," Dirk looked him right in the eye, accepting, but not rising to the challenge. "I just happen to like my body the way it is and I don't see any reason to fix what ain't broke."

"Me too," Samantha cuddled into Dirk's side. "I like your body just the way it is too, babe. You don't need any decoration other than your skin to turn me on."

"Hey," Joe bristled, pulling his jeans back on over his deflating penis. "You've got tattoos and your tongue's pierced. Does that mean you don't think your body was good enough, the way it was? If Dirk wants his body left pure, how come he had you alter yours?"

"He didn't. My tattoos are my outward expression of the inner me, that I feel and live with every day. The pentacle is a way of expressing my beliefs to the world. Those who understand it's Wiccan love it; those who fear it and think I am into Satan worshipping, run away — and I don't need them in my life, anyway. The heart with Billy's name in it is because he is the one person in this whole world who will always own my heart. And, the butterfly rising from a rose with blood on its thorns on my ankle, is to remind me that no matter how much the world makes me bleed, I am beautiful and can rise above all of the ugliness. As

for my tongue ring — that was also a personal choice. Dirk wasn't very enthusiastic about it at first, but he sure likes what it adds to a blowjob now."

Stepping into the middle of the group, Melissa smiled at them all. "I happen to like people in whatever form they come. If we were all the same, how boring would the world be? You have tatt's and a very exciting piercing." Her hand slid down Joe's chest to the slight bulge in the crotch of his jeans.

"You've got important markings of freedom and life, and a lovely tongue ring," her hand now tracing down Samantha's arm. "Dirk, you are deliciously virginal — as far as your skin goes. And I have nothing pierced except my ears and no tattoos. We're all different, but we're all the same too. We're people and we are friends. That's what is important."

"Well said, Melissa," Samantha sighed. "Now let's all kiss and make up." Leaning forward, she planted her lips firmly on Melissa's — a quick, simple pressure, but definitely enough to break the tension and quicken both of their breathing.

"I... uh... hmm, I think I need to go take a shower."

When the rest of them started laughing, she tried to explain that she just wanted to wash off the residual wax.

"Yeah, sure ya do," Joe joked. "But, I'll join ya and 'get clean' too. Is it okay if we go use your shower?"

"I'll get you clean towels," Samantha offered and went ahead of them up the stairs.

ELEVEN

Behind the burgundy curtain, Joe and Melissa took their time attentively lathering each other's body, as the warm spray surrounded them in a moist cloud of steam. Slithering her hand down his solid body, Melissa found his cock full and heavy once again. Wrapping her fingers around it, she thoroughly covered its length with a good layer of soapsuds; she also saw to it that his sac was completely cleansed of any wax.

"I really like the way your balls feel, without all that hair. I can feel them moving around inside your sac so much better now."

Grasping her by the shoulders, Joe pulled Melissa against him. His lips were like fire on her skin, across her jaw line, down her throat and back up, to claim her mouth. Her hands stayed between them, rubbing the head of his cock against her pouty lips and massaging his sac.

"Baby, if you keep that up, I'm gonna have to fuck you, right here and now," groaning, he felt

his shaft stiffen even more within her grasp.

"Oh God, yes. Fuck me, Joe. Fuck me hard, right here."

"I thought we were in here to get clean," his softly tortured laugh rippled over her wet skin.

"Who the Hell said I *just* wanted to get clean?"

"In that case, before I bend you over and make your knees buckle, I want to check and make sure Sam did a good job of getting rid of all that 'dental floss'. Put your foot up on the side of the tub baby, open up for me."

With careful movements, she repositioned herself in the slippery tub. Holding on to the curtain rod, she slid one foot across the edge of the bath, pushing the curtain out with her toes. Her other hand pressed flat against the wet tub-surround. Rivulets of water cascaded down her body. He watched as they ran down her exposed pussy and saw that her clit was already engorged and pulsing for him. He knew it wouldn't take as much as the tip of his cock touching her and she'd cum already.

Lowering to his knees in front of her, Joe looked closely at his lover's newly exposed pussy. His cock jumped softly hitting his belly at the sight of it. *Fuck, I don't remember ever being this hard before. I'm sure it's gonna explode before I even get to feel this sweet pussy wrapped around it...*

Sliding his hands slowly up the insides of her

thighs, he watched as her lips swelled more and he actually saw her clit jump as his fingers traced along the outsides of the lips.

Splaying his fingers against the tops of her thighs, he held on to her, pulling her wider open. The spray of the shower flowed over her body, her hips thrust slightly forward; it trickled between the lips and over her super-sensitive clit. Watching in amazement, he moaned lightly as this slight stimulation started her hips rocking and her stomach clenching. The sight of delicious cream leaking from her, coating the insides of her lips, gathering and threatening to drip to the floor of the bath, was too much for him to resist.

His mouth closed on her splayed pussy. His tongue darted into her folds, pushing into her spasming tunnel, lapping up as much of her hot creamy juices as he could. The moans escaping her throat and the thrusting of her hips on his face, urged him on. His face pressed harder into her, his nose crushing her exploding clit. His tongue flew in and out of her, fucking her, as her knees turned to jelly and her head fell back on a neck too weak to hold it up.

Her soft moans grew louder as wave after wave of ecstasy coursed through her. Joe held on to her hips tightly, not letting her pull away from him even the tiniest bit. As soon as he felt her body start to relax as the orgasm eased off, but before

she completely recovered, he moved his mouth to her clit. Circling it with his lips he sucked, pressing it with his lips and flicking his tongue over the riotous nerve endings.

Almost instantaneously another orgasm rocked her body; there was no stopping it — anymore than there was a way to stem the flow of purely animalistic screams exploding from her throat. Losing all balance, she fell back against the side of the tub surround and drove her fingers into his dripping hair. The instinctual battle to relieve her body from the onslaught of uncontrollable spasms, had her pulling hair from his scalp, but he was stronger and more determined than her. His mouth remained locked onto her, pushing her farther and faster than she had ever been before.

Her legs shook on either side of his head, her breaths came in short gasps as her body rocketed back and forth and her pussy coated his chin and neck with warm, sticky, musky sweetness. She suddenly went slack in his hard grasp around her waist; she had almost passed out from the force of the massive orgasm. Holding her up, Joe stood against her, letting his painfully stiff cock slip between her still throbbing pussy lips. As her eyes fluttered open, he thrust forward and up, filling her with his mass with one quick movement.

Before her eyes had even had the time to focus, he felt his balls pulling tight against his body. His

shaft and large purple head filled, pulsing with the raging beat of his heart. He could feel the thin hoop pressing against the side of his cock, fear that it may not be big enough to stay closed passed through his mind, for the first time. Her pussy squeezed and trembled and pulled all along his length.

His pent up load exploded against her cervix, harder than he'd ever experienced. Together they gasped at the shock of its force, holding tight to each other. His own knees went weak, as he struggled to hold them both upright. Four hot sprays filled her and yet his cock continued to spasm, his balls remained plastered tightly against his groin. Every time her pussy clenched, his cock pulsed, trying to release more. Both of their bodies jumped and twitched as the deep orgasmic tides ebbed and surged.

Lowering his mouth to hers, Joe kissed her deeply, sharing the taste of her glorious orgasm with her. Her tongue raced around in his mouth, playing across his teeth, inside his cheeks and over his tongue. Unable to catch his breath, he held on to each side of her head and pulled back. "Holy... fuck... I can't... breathe," was all he was able to stammer.

Pulling his still hard cock from her softly pulsating pussy, he collapsed to the bottom of the tub pulling her down with him. Sitting with her

on his knee, nuzzling the raging pulse in her neck, he felt icy pinpricks on his hot skin. It took a few moments before the reality of what he was feeling set in — they'd run out of hot water.

Once their pulses and breathing slowed enough for them to speak and move he tweaked one of her erect nipples. "Let's get cleaned up and get out from under these ice pellets."

He saw her wince slightly as she ran the soapy washcloth between her legs. "I didn't hurt you did I?"

"No, just a little sensitive still. If that's what having no hair does for us — I am never letting it grow back again," uttering a chuckle while rinsing off.

Wrapping their towels around them, they headed back down to the living room. Finding it deserted and returned to its former tidy state, they checked in the kitchen for some sign of life.

"Where do you suppose they went?" Melissa whispered from the doorway.

Looking to the ceiling, Joe felt a slow smile fill his face. "If you were them, and you had just lived through the events that they did, where would you be?"

Reaching into the fridge for a bottle of beer, he felt Melissa pushing the door against his shoulder. "What are you doin? Trying to cut my head off?"

"Nope, just trying to get your attention. I think

you missed something when you were opening the door."

Following her gaze, he saw the note held in place with one of Billy's alphabet magnets.

We are in the bedroom at the end of the hall when you are finished! Luv S & D

TWELVE

After coming back down from making sure her guests had plenty of clean towels, Samantha set to helping Dirk tidy up the living room. Straightening from her grasp on the end of the coffee table, she looked into his eyes at the opposite end and felt a heated pulse in the pit of her stomach. "Mmm, I love it when you look at me like that."

"Like what?"

"Like you want to eat me. Like you are a starving man and I am the last morsel of food for miles in any direction."

Stepping around the table, he pulled her into his crushing embrace. "I don't care how many other plates are in the offering, you are the one I want to gorge myself on."

Melting into him, she raised her mouth hungrily for his kiss.

* * * *

With a bottle of wine, two wineglasses and two bottles of beer sitting on the smooth surface of her long dresser, Samantha touch the flickering flame of a lighter to the last wick of the clustered, white candles. Sighing softly she watched Dirk's reflection move about the bedroom, behind her.

His clothes lying forgotten on the floor, he pulled the thick satin bedspread from the bed and folded it onto the chest at the end of the bed. Catching her gaze in the mirror, he sent her a slow seductive smile. Sliding the top sheet down, he crawled onto the satin-sheathed mattress and lounged across it, on one elbow.

Holding her reflected gaze, he trailed one finger down his chest and across his flat abdomen. "I love the way you look in candlelight. The way it reflects on your curves when they're coated in a sheen of sweat and reveals the expression of euphoria on your face, as you explode and crash, is the biggest turn on I have ever known."

Turning from the dresser, Samantha shivered with desire for her strong, fit husband. His cock was erect under the softly tracing tip of his finger. A small droplet of sap glistened at the slit, enticing her, drawing her in. "Mmm, do you know just how sexy you look right now?"

Continuing the slow, seductive swirling motion of fingertips along the length of his shaft, he wet

his lips. "I have no idea if I look sexy or not, but I know how I feel."

Slowly, slipping out of her own clothes like a stripper stuck in slow motion, Samantha couldn't tear her gaze away from his fingers as they travelled up and down. "Tell me how you feel darlin'."

"More aroused than I have in a fuck of a long time. Do you have any idea how hard it was for me to keep it in my pants while I was watching you playing with Melissa's cunt and Joe's cock? God, I wanted to rip your clothes off and fuck you about a hundred times."

"Well, they're off now. What can we do about the rest of your wonderfully nasty thoughts?"

"Get your ass over here, baby, and let me show you just what we can do."

Continuing the slow, deliberate teasing pace she'd started with her clothes, Samantha slithered on hands and knees over the folded bedspread and onto the bed. Slowly, inch by torturous inch she closed the space between her moist lips and the precious drop shimmering in the candlelight. Before she could lower her lips to the shiny purple globe waiting for her, she was shocked into statue-like stillness.

"Stop! Stay right there — don't move an inch."

Locking her elbows, one hand slightly ahead of the other, she watched Dirk swivel around on the

sleek black silk.

"Don't you move unless I tell you to, you've driven me insane for long enough. I think it's time for a little bit of payback."

"I think I like this new side of you."

"I thought you might."

Sliding his head beneath her, he paused long enough to pull her head down, covering her lips with his. Too quickly for Samantha's taste, he cut the kiss off, but a moment later, she was glad he had.

With his feet braced on the headboard, he slid easily under her and stopped below her swaying breasts. With one hand on each, he began suckling her nipples, first one at a time and then pressing them together to suck both of the hard puckered nubs into his mouth. His tongue flicked across them, sending fireworks of pleasure through every inch of her body, exploding like the fourth of July, in her pussy. Thick, creaminess seeped from her as her clit engorged even more.

"I love these tits. I love the way they hang, and they way they move. I think the best thing that ever could have happened to your body was to have a baby; you're so soft and supple now — I love it."

His last words were muffled as he filled his mouth once again with one breast. Samantha's heart soared even higher than her libido at his

words. It really didn't matter what she saw, when she looked in the mirror, as long as he loved her just the way she was.

Low, throaty moans bounced around the room, filling Samantha's ears from somewhere, seemingly in another universe, before she realized they were coming from her. Trembling with the concerted effort it was taking to stay put, she shifted her weight and tried to press her thighs together.

"Oh, no you don't. There's no relief for naughty girls who like to tease their husbands, not until I say there is." He chastised her as he slid further under her; his tongue traced an erotic path from between her breasts down over her soft, tummy to the small trimmed, heart-shaped tuft of hair covering her mound.

With his arms circling her buttocks, she let him pull her down slightly as his tongue slipped between the lips of her more-than-ready pussy. Pushing against and over her clit, he slithered it further along to the wet entrance. Circling all around, he was teasing her, enticing her and quickly forced another soft, needy moan from her throat.

"Mmm, please, Dirk. I need to feel it in me, shove your tongue in as far as it can go. Oh God, please."

His soft chuckle against her hypersensitive flesh

sent chills through her as he denied her the pleasure she so dearly wanted. "Not yet, baby, not yet."

The feel of his breath blowing over her vaginal opening and clit as he spoke these few words sent a new rush of blood to her pussy. As the lips swelled even more, Dirk closed his mouth over them and his throaty moan filled her. Her stomach was in turmoil, she needed release desperately and he was purposely holding her off. He was torturing her in the most amazing way possible.

His deliciously hard cock was mere inches in front of her, jumping in invitation. Lowering her head to enjoy the well-known, well-loved taste of him, he pulled away and stopped her. "Not until I say so."

His tongue continued its circuitous route around her tunnel in ever widening circles. Each time it slid over her clit, she felt all the muscles in her lower abdomen tighten. She knew she was painfully close to a mind-blowing orgasm, if he would just dart his tongue into her, or spend a bit more time on her clit, she would crash over the top of the mountain her had pushed her up.

Her arms and legs tightened and flexed — it was so close. *One more flick over my clit, just one more and I'll be there. Oh God, not yet! No! The warm*

tightness of his mouth is gone. He's just lying under me not moving, not letting me move. Why? Oh God, why?

A strangely cool sensation filled her pussy; starting at her clit and flowing all the way back to her ass. His breath softly blew over her, in a long, slow whistle. His breath lightly touching every inch of her fevered sex drove her insane.

"Damn it, Dirk... I can't take much more of this. Stop teasing me, please just let me cum. Please."

Whispered so softly, she nearly didn't hear him, "Suck my cock."

Quicker than the flick of a cat's tail she lowered her head and sucked his shaft as deeply into her mouth as she could. Rolling her tongue along its length, she felt his pounding heart beating in the big vein. She knew from the way the bulbous head was pulsating against her tongue that he was just as turned on and ready for release as she was. She had no intention of being the tease he was, though. She desperately wanted release and one of them was going to get it, damn it!

The instant his cock hit the back of her throat she felt his mouth close on her pussy again. This time his tongue fully invaded her, filling her with the pressure she had been begging for. Quickly falling into a rocking rhythm they fucked each other with their mouths.

Feeling his cock swell even more at her throat,

before it exploded violently, her own explosion filled Dirk's mouth. They moaned and let out muffled cries of passion as they soared together over that mountain she had been balancing on.

Collapsing on the bed beside Dirk, as the last shuddering waves of elation eased, she held his semi-hard cock in her hand and wheezed, "Oh my God, that was amazing."

"As amazing as it was — it was only the beginning of your night babe."

THIRTEEN

“**S**hall we tiptoe upstairs and see what they’re up to?”

“Well, I do think that was meant as an invitation.” Joe grabbed her hand and they crept up the stairs and along the hall, each holding their respective towel in place with the other hand.

The bedroom door stood open, the candles twinkled from the top of the dresser, reflected in the long mirror. Dirk and Samantha were a tangle of arms and legs in the middle of the queen size bed. The looks on both of their faces spoke volumes about the great sex they’d just had.

Joe softly cleared his throat. “We don’t want to intrude or anything, I just wanted to tell you that you did a fantastic job with the wax, hon.”

Spinning to the side of the bed, Dirk pulled his boxers on and stood. Samantha on the other hand simply sat and slid to the edge of the bed, not bothering to cover her naked body. “I’m glad you are a satisfied customer.”

Slipping past Joe, Melissa walked over to her, letting the towel fall to the floor. Leaning down she held Samantha's face in her soft hands and pressed her lips to hers. Instead of the quick, friendly kiss that was intended, Samantha reached up and held Melissa tightly, deepening the kiss.

Her lips parted as she traced her tongue across Melissa's own, encouraging them to also part. When they did, she darted her tongue in to collide with Melissa's. An unexpected thrill churned through the pit of her stomach when her friend's moan filled her mouth.

Holding on to her, she explored the soft interior of her mouth as Melissa lowered herself to kneel between her knees. Feeling the pressure of her teeth against the soft insides of her lips all she could think about was that she wanted more. Her juices were flowing again and at this point she didn't give a shit who brought her the release she knew was lurking between her legs once again.

Releasing the back of Melissa's head, she traced her hand down the side of her neck and over her shoulder. Instead of pulling away, Melissa kissed her harder, hungrily exploring her mouth with her wet tongue and sucking on her bottom lip. Samantha's breath hitched in her throat when her clit answered the demand she felt from Melissa's mouth. The sheets were definitely going have to be changed in the morning.

Feeling braver than she ever had in the past, Samantha let her hand fall over the top of Melissa's shoulder and slide down. As it brushed lightly onto the swell of her breast, Melissa moaned softly again into her mouth. Lower still and she had the very erect nipple at the tips of her fingers. Rolling it around between her thumb and finger brought deeper louder moans from farther away. Dirk and Joe were obviously enjoying the show. She had damn near forgotten they were even in the room.

Regret flaming in her chest, Samantha felt the pressure leave her mouth. Looking into Melissa's eyes, she saw her own lust mirrored there. Swallowing with difficulty, running her tongue over her panting lips, Melissa whispered, "Thank you."

"For what?" Absentmindedly, Samantha's fingers continued their manipulation of the hard nipple, unaware of or unwilling to fully break away from the spell they'd created. As Melissa's gaze lowered, Samantha's eyes followed hers to see that she was still in possession of a lovely puckered, brown nipple. Suddenly embarrassed, she stopped and began to pull her hand back.

Melissa's closed over hers, pressing it firmer against her instead. "Don't stop, it feels way too good for it to end."

Without either of them noticing, Joe joined

them. Crouching behind Melissa he wrapped his arm around her, grasping her other nipple. His mouth lowered to her neck, tasting the warm, clean skin there. Gently nipping, sucking, and running his tongue over it. The pulse under his mouth skipped and sped up even more.

Gently, he pulled her back against him; he stood, holding her close. Turning her around his mouth took up where Samantha's had so recently left off. His towel standing out in a tent held up by the intense firmness of his cock. Samantha pressed close behind Melissa, keeping her hand on the breast she seemed obsessed with.

Reaching her other hand out to Dirk, she pulled him easily; into the close embrace the three of them had formed. "Come here, baby. I need you."

FOURTEEN

Pressing closely into his wife's side, Dirk claimed her mouth with his and her breast with his hand. Samantha's hand slid around his waist, grasping one globe of his ass and pressing his hard cock tightly to her side. "I love you," she whispered against his mouth.

Grinding against her hip, he answered with his own whispered, "I love you, too."

Squeezing into the soft mound of her breast, twisting and gently pinching the protruding nub of her nipple, his hand expertly manipulated the warm, giving flesh. Swiftly lowering his head, he sucked it into his hot mouth, swirling his tongue around it, nipping gently, suckling and pulling it with his lips.

Samantha's hand squeezed and pulled on Melissa's breast and nipple with more force, as the heat built to a boiling point between their legs. Both girls moaned softly.

"Dirk, buddy... you should check out how talented your lovely wife is." Joe murmured,

watching him devour Samantha's breast.

Straightening, Dirk looked the other man in the eyes. "I know how talented she is, dude. Why else would I love her so much?"

Turning Melissa within the close circle of bodies, Joe insisted. "No man, really you should check this out. It's amazingly smooth."

Melissa stood facing him with her legs spread slightly, looking into his eyes with a glazed expression. Tracing a finger down Dirk's chest, she purred, "Touch me, please."

A quick glance into his wife's eyes gave him all the unspoken encouragement he needed to touch the other woman's pussy. Pressing his hand flat against her stomach, he lowered it slowly, nervously, to cover her mound. As his fingers curled around to flutter over the smooth, swollen lips, Samantha's hand covered his.

Pressing his fingers firmer against the soft, giving flesh, she whispered, "Really feel it, baby. Slide your fingers into her lips, feel her heat up under your touch. Play with her. Make her so hot she can't stand it."

Crushing her mouth with his, he felt the heaviness in his balls churn harder as she pressed his fingers deeper into the other woman's folds. His fingers found and circled the hard bud, just barely concealed by the lusciously engorged lips. Two of his fingers ran along either side of it, as

Samantha's finger flicked across the twitching tip.

Melissa jumped and moaned at the intensity of the shockwaves racing through her starting and ending at her well-manipulated clit. Slipping her fingers around Dirk's neck she pulled his head down to her. "Didn't she do a nice job down there?" she breathed, pressing her mouth to his.

Sliding her other hand down to the waistband of his boxers, she slowly pushed her hand in and grasped his stiff cock. "Fair's fair, hon. Anyway, I think this guy's trying to get out, all on his own."

Letting go of him, she hooked her fingers under the elastic and pushed his boxers towards the floor, before returning her fingers to their previous position. As Dirk wriggled and kicked out of his boxers, Samantha dropped to her knees and Joe dropped his towel.

Navigating her head carefully between the busily moving arms, Samantha slid her tongue along Dirk's shaft, over Melissa's fingers and back down again. Melissa turned his cock to the side, just enough for Samantha to capture the engorged head in her mouth. Sucking on it and slathering her tongue around its smooth, soft firmness, she felt Melissa's hand stroking up and down the length. In turn, it softly hit against his churning balls and her firmly pressed lips.

Pressing snugly into Melissa's back, Joe reached around her grasping both of her nipples and

pinched them slowly, pulling and twisting in just the way he knew she liked so much. His rigid cock slid between her ass cheeks and pushed further forward towards the overheated pussy, he knew was close to dripping. Her juices coated the head of his cock as it slid between her thighs and he felt an unfamiliar, but nonetheless enjoyable thrill race through his groin when it slid over Dirk's busy fingers.

The sensation of one man's hand in her and another's cock slipping back and forth between her legs was too much for Melissa to handle, in her present position. "Oh God... I need to sit down or lie down, soon, or I'll fall."

As a unit, the four of them dove onto the rumpled sheets of the bed. Scrambling to find a place, Samantha ended up over Joe. Reaching up he clasped onto her breasts and began kneading the soft flesh, sliding his fingers to the puckered nipples and pinching them.

Straddling his stomach, she simply enjoyed the feel of his hands on her, giving herself over to the sensations of absolute lust racing around inside her. Opening her eyes, she found a familiar and loved cock in front of her. The tasty offering was too much for her to refuse.

Without pulling away from Joe's grasp, she leaned forward and encased Dirk's cock again, with her wet mouth. On a swift, throaty moan his

hands flew to hold the back of her head. His hips began a slow, sultry rhythm. In all the way, to touch the back of her throat and out to nearly escape the wonderfully warm, moist, sucking orifice.

At the same time, Joe's head raised to join his fingers in the playful torture of her throbbing nipples. Her pussy was convulsing softly, slowly trickling a fresh wave of glistening wetness along the length of her swollen slit.

She felt, rather than saw Melissa moving around on the bed. Lying curled beside them she leaned over Samantha's legs and took Joe's cock into her own mouth. Hungrily she sucked him in until most of the shaft was being surrounded with her warm, slick mouth. The moan that erupted from Joe's throat, vibrated over Samantha's nipple, sending a new shockwave of delight through her.

One of Dirk's hands left Samantha's slowly bobbing head. From the shift in his position, she knew what he was doing and the idea of it fuelled the slow fire burning in her even more.

His long, slim fingers reached between the smooth, puffy lips once more and rolled around Melissa's clit. Pressing it between his thumb and finger, he began slowly pulling gently, stroking its tiny length like a miniature cock. The hardened bud slid in and out of its hood, causing

uncontrollable spasms to rattle through her.

The chorus of moans coming from all four of them grew louder and more strained as they all picked up speed. Samantha was the first to pull away from the task at hand. She had no intention of putting an end to the fun; she simply wanted a slight adjustment.

Crawling off of her perch, she slithered down along Joe's side. Gently smoothing Melissa's hair back, she caught the other woman's glance. "My turn. I want to check out the theory that I won't get my tongue-ring caught on his hoop."

With a very wet, slurping pop, Melissa released Joe's extremely hard cock. "In that case, I'll go taste the other offering."

Starting with the strangely smooth balls, Samantha let her mouth rove all over Joe. Lowering her mouth onto his pierced cock, she felt the two small precious metal additions hit and slip easily over each other. The ball of her tongue-ring pressed into his intense firmness, surrounded with the soft, slickness of her slithering tongue.

Pulling back, she held his shaft in her hand and traced the gold ball over and into the tiny slit in the head of his cock. Sucking just the head into her mouth, she rolled her tongue all around the swollen, purple head, as her hand stroked the shaft slowly. His hands on the back of her head, tangled into the soft tresses. Sensing the inner

battle he was fighting, to resist the need to force her mouth lower, she moaned against his cock and slowed her pace even more; thoroughly enjoying the feeling of control she had.

The lusty moans coming to her from the other side of the bed proclaimed loudly that Dirk was enjoying the same sort of battle. She knew how much he loved getting a blowjob. The way it felt to have his cock buried deep into a warm mouth, feeling the hardness of the teeth mixed with the softness of the flicking tongue and the sucking, concaved cheeks, had always been his favourite bedroom sport.

The idea of Dirk's cock thrusting in and out of her friend's mouth turned her inner fire into a raging inferno. She had one goal in mind and set to achieving it with great gusto. *No more pussy-footing around...* The need to feel Joe explode in her mouth, to have his boiling balls fire their hot, juices as far into her throat as possible, became the only conceivable thought.

Her mouth flew up and down his length. Her nose pressed into the soft flesh covering his pubic bone, as the large, thick mushroom-shaped head pounded against the back of her throat. Unable to continue fighting the losing battle, Joe tightened his grip on her hair and gave himself over to the urge to thrust in and out of the sweet mouth surrounding him.

She loved the feel of him fucking her mouth and swallowed as hard and fast as she could when the hot spurts began splashing her throat. Joe's moans and cries mixed with Dirk's, as the two of them emptied their loads, into two hungry mouths.

FIFTEEN

With a glass of wine in one hand and a sweating bottle of beer in the other, retrieved from the dresser where Samantha had left them earlier, she and Melissa walked back to the bed. Handing a beer to each man they sat on the bed with them.

Lowering the brown bottle from his lips, Dirk looked across Joe, where he lounged against the headboard, in very much the same position as himself. Samantha was lying stretched out on the other side of Dirk, with her ankles crossed, leaning up on one elbow, sipping her wine. The sight of her, just lying there, so comfortable, so beautiful and so naked, caused a soft stirring in his groin. The urge to fuck again, started slowly tickling at the back of his mind, as well as through his balls. Another thought flitted through his mind—amazement. *I've never been able to get this hard, this many times, back-to-back, before. This is fan-fucking-tastic.*

A feather-like touch between his legs drew his attention away from his beautiful wife. Looking down, a feeling of pure animalistic lust filled him as Melissa traced fingertips along his hardening shaft. Blowing a kiss at him, she slid her gaze from his, across the bed to Samantha's. "I think someone's getting ready for you over here, girl."

"You have something ready and waiting for you too, hon," Samantha laughed placing her wineglass on the bedside table and crawling over Joe, to straddle Dirk.

Reaching over, he banged his half-full beer bottle onto the table, with a bit more force than needed or intended, in his rush to have his amazing wife in his arms. He wanted to feel her against him, her warm soft skin pressed against his own. Sliding his hands down her sides and up her spine he pulled her down to him. Kissing her deeply, he could taste an amazingly arousing combination... his wife, fine wine and something else, something he didn't recognize... Joe. Dirk could very faintly taste the muskiness of Joe's cum in his wife's mouth. His cock jumped and hardened even more at the memory of seeing her going down on him.

Rolling over, with her in his arms, he positioned Samantha beside him on the bed. Running his hand down her body, fingers slid between her legs. Finding her wonderfully wet

and ready he began rubbing, stroking and caressing the creamy slit. Against his ear, her breath caught in her throat, followed closely with a soft moan.

Slipping between the soft lips, he found her throbbing clit. Strong fingers slid round and round, rubbing, squeezing—feeling it harden more, as a fresh flood of arousal rushed to fill it further. The gooey wetness of her covering his fingers as they slid lower, rubbing along the length of the lips. Spreading them—opening the inner folds and teasing across the opening.

Slipping one finger into her soaked channel, he moaned at the feeling as those glorious inner muscles clenched and squeezed. Pulling out to the entrance, another finger joined the first to probe both back into her. Curling them forward, towards her pelvic bone, he felt that well-known walnut-sized place and he knew he was driving her insane.

Feeling her swelling more, pressing around his fingers, he rubbed back and forth on that spot. Pressing it, teasing it, encouraging it to fill and quiver under his touch, before pushing in further. Probing her deeply, exploring the smooth walls of her pussy as they trembled and convulsed gently around his fingers.

“God, baby, you’re so wet... so hot.”

“Oh my God, Dirk, it feels so good. Don’t stop.

Please don't stop."

Pulling his fingers out, the soft slurping was mixed with her equally soft moan of disappointment. Sliding up and over her clit, then back down to delve quickly in and out, he drove Samantha towards a bone-shattering orgasm.

Her hand tightened, pumping around his cock; milking it... driving him to the same release he could feel building in her. His hand was covered in hot, slick, wetness. His fingers drove into her, rotated inside her tightness; gliding through the slipperiness.

Pulling his hand back to cup and squeeze her mound, drew gasping moans from her as the tips of his fingers pinched her clit, squeezing – rubbing it hard and fast, before sliding in to fill her again. Pushing on the swollen spot hidden there, flicking it with unbelievable speed, until he felt the telltale pressure; as if her pussy was trying to expel him, but hold him in at the same time.

"Oh God, Dirk. Oh my God!"

"Let it go, baby. I want you to squirt all over me. Fill my hand with your juices." Looking into her face, he urged her on, as her hips bucked and twisted against his hand.

Her whole body convulsed, as she squeezed his cock with amazing strength. Completely rigid, she lost all control over her own body. His amazingly sexy wife's pussy crushed his fingers once more

and a gush of cum shot into his palm and up his arm. Wave after wave of her sweet juices coated him, coated *them* as the orgasm rocketed through her. He smiled at the look of complete enraptured greed on her face.

Slowly, shudderingly relaxing, her hand began working on his stiff cock again. Bending down he covered her mouth with his.

"Fuck me, Dirk. Shove your big hard cock into me hard. Fill my juicy cunt with it."

"You don't have to ask me twice, babe."

Slipping between her legs, he hooked his hands behind her knees and lifted them to her chest, burying his cock inside her with one swift thrust. Her thighs tightened with the force of the deep impalement.

"Fuck, I love this position. I love being able to shove my whole cock all the way into you."

"Oh God, yes, baby, fuck me hard. Crush your balls against my ass. Oh God, you feel so good." Reaching around, her fingernails dug into the clenching muscles of his ramming ass, pulling him ever deeper.

He ploughed into her, feeling his cock hitting on her cervix, relishing the sounds of her high-pitched moans and cries of ecstasy. With every deep thrust he laid claim to her pussy. The squishy, wet sounds coming from their joining flew around the room, bouncing off the walls,

followed closely with their heated moans.

"Fill me, baby. Fill me with your cum. Oh God, baby, explode deep inside me!"

His sac constricted, driving his balls hard against his body. With one more deep brutal ram, he erupted into her. Splashing the insides of her pussy with spurt after spurt of hot sticky cum. The action of his cock swelling as the force of his orgasm raced through it sent her over the top again. Jumping and writhing under him, she joined him as they rode the waves of their own personal, completely selfish release.

Collapsing into each other's arms, they lay there, unable to speak as their breathing and racing hearts tried to slow. The slightest movement sent aftershocks through them. Electric sparks racing through their bodies, making them twitch and jump uncontrollably.

* * * *

Joe had Melissa on her knees the moment she was on his side of the bed. Their drinks sat just as forgotten on the side table, as the other two. With her ass in the air, her pussy was wide open, wet and hungry for him.

Grasping her hips, holding her still, the swollen head of his cock pressed against her opening. "How do you want it, baby? Long and slow, or

fast and hard?"

"Slow, baby, let me feel every bit of it sliding in, fill me slowly."

Spreading her ass cheeks, his gaze fell on her tight, dripping pussy as it pulsed greedily against his cock-head. Watching closely, the shiny head compacted slightly with the slow force, before gaining entrance. Burying the head in her, he pulled back out... hesitated and slowly pushed forward. Back and forth, inch-by-inch he watched as his long hard shaft disappeared into her tight, trembling pussy.

"Oh God, that feels so fucking good, Joe. Ram that big cock into me."

Pulling back to her slippery entrance, he plunged in to the hilt over and over again. His heavy balls hit against her pussy lips with a soft slap, her juices coating them thoroughly with each thrust. His mind blanked out all other thoughts. He became so intently focussed on drilling his cock into her slippery pussy he couldn't think of anything else.

Pounding into her, like a man possessed, he needed to be as deeply embedded in her as he could get. He needed to feel those strong inner muscles squeezing him — her sticky cream coating him. He drove into her hard; thrilled with the way it felt to have the head of his cock crushed between his driving shaft and the end of her

stretched vaginal walls.

Her screams of pleasure and rapture fuelled his need to erupt, yet again.

Feeling her hand slither between their moisture covered thighs; he drove into her harder still. "Yes, fuck yes. Grab those balls, baby! Squeeze them... pull them. Oh fuck, yes, just like that."

Releasing his balls, her fingers slid higher between them. He felt them around his shaft as it flew in and out of her. They were like an extension of her, as they grasped at him and around him. Then they were pushing back. Holding him away from her.

The groan that escaped him when she pulled her slick pussy off his hard shaft was clearly strangled disappointment. Before his mind could clear enough to realize what she was doing she had spun around under him and slithered down a bit.

Grabbing his cock she pulled it between her sweat filmed breasts and squeezed them together around it. Still slightly dazed he began slowly pumping it through the wonderful tunnel they created.

Reaching up to the top of the bed he pulled a pillow down under her head, lifting it just enough that she could watch his cock appear and disappear from between the twin mounds. Her nipples were so hard; they were like two light-

brown erasers pointing up at him. Helpless to resist their silent call, his fingers closed around them.

The sight of his cock sliding in and out of her creamy breasts and his fingers twirling and pinching those delicious nipples shot a fresh wave of need through him. With a strength he didn't know he possessed he forced his eyes up to her face. She was watching his cock. Licking her lips. Darting her tongue out, to try and touch the tip of his cock as it burst forth from her tight tit-tunnel.

Pumping harder, he forced it up further. Her tongue flicked over the slit in his head. A deep shiver ran down his spine at the feel of it. The pressure of her tits pulled that tiny slit open and her tongue touched the inside.

So sensitive – so unbelievably intense.

“Suck it, baby. Suck on the head when it comes at you. Oh yeah... just like that. Holy fuck.... Yes,” he moaned as she did just as she was told.

“Spray it all over my face, baby. Cover me. Soak me in your essence,” she begged as he pounded harder between her tits, into her mouth and back again.

His hands were holding her tits now – holding them tight around his shaft as it slid easily up to her waiting mouth. He felt her hands on his ass. Her fingernails digging into his hard, flexing globes. Pushing him, urging him on harder –

faster.

"Fuck yes.... I'm gonna cover you in cum, baby!"

Those wonderful slim fingers slid over his ass, down to his pounding balls. Her fingers sent shockwaves of intense ecstasy through him as they grabbed and squeezed his balls. He was in heaven — her mouth on his head — her tits all around his shaft — her fingers on his balls. He couldn't hold back.

"I'm gonna cum! Oh fuck, baby I'm gonna cum!"

As these words escaped his mouth he felt her stomach start its rhythmic spasming under him. She was coming — tit-fucking her had made her cum. He knew from the intensity on her face and the way her body was convulsing that she was soaking the sheets under them.

That knowledge was too much for him. His balls exploded their load through the length of his pulsating cock and onto her face. Spurt after huge spurt of slick, white cum covered her. Her tongue flicked out, catching some of it — licking it from her lips — swallowing it.

As the final drops oozed out of him, he shifted over her and lowered his mouth to cover hers. Their faces were sticky with his amazingly large amount of fluid. Her mouth tasted wonderful. He knew that somewhere amongst the mixture of

tastes he was experiencing for the first time, was the other man's cum — he didn't give a shit. He just knew that he had just had the best night of his life and it was all thanks to this wonderful lady beneath him.

SIXTEEN

Falling into exhausted sleep, the four of them never moved from those crumpled, damp sheets.

Waking late the next morning, Samantha found herself alone in the middle of the bed. She smiled softly at the memories flooding her mind and the delicious aroma of fresh coffee and warm bagels wafting up to her from the living room. Slipping her silky robe around her, she followed the inviting smells down the stairs.

Melissa was at the counter when Samantha entered the kitchen. The dampness of her hair, pulled up into a ponytail, told her that her friend had been up at least long enough to have a shower. "That smells heavenly."

Spinning to face her, Melissa almost dropped the bagel she was cutting. "Well, good morning, sleepy-head. You scared the shit outta me."

"Sorry."

The laughter held a slight nervousness. Clearly

indicating that they were both just as scared as the other that a change had taken place in their relationship, which might not be a good thing.

Handing her a coffee, Melissa joined Samantha at the table. "There's a bagel in the toaster for you. I was just about to come up and wake you."

"Where are the guys?"

"They ran to the store, you needed some more milk."

"Good," Samantha sighed. "We can talk without having to worry about those two interrupting or embarrassing us."

Melissa's shaky smile told Samantha that she was nervous about what she might be about to hear.

"About last night," Samantha started quietly. "I thought we should maybe talk about it."

"Let's not spoil it by thrashing it out. We all had fun... at least I think we all did... I know I did. I mean, it was the most amazingly erotic night I have ever had but..."

"Don't worry," Samantha giggled. "I have no intention of trying to ruin our memories with too much sane, blunt, morning-after chatter. I just wanted to let you know that I enjoyed it."

"Oh good," Melissa's eyes lit up as she sighed her relief.

"The only thing I wanted to ask was... well... um..." Samantha stammered, suddenly very

tongue-tied. "What I'm trying to say is, I don't want this to affect our friendship. I don't want any of us to feel that there has to be a repeat performance every time we get together."

"Oh my God, thank you. That's exactly how I was feeling; I just didn't have the guts to say it. I guess I was scared that you wouldn't feel the same way."

"It was a lot of fun and some time in the future we might all feel like trying it again, but for now I hope we can just go on being friends, just as we were before."

"Sounds good to me, hon," Melissa smiled, getting up to pop the bagel back down to reheat it.

* * * *

Dirk and Joe made their sauntering way back to the house. Dirk had a litre of milk under his arm, while Joe had a surprise bag full of goodies for Billy's return.

"About last night," Joe suddenly blurted out.

"Yeah, about that."

"You and Samantha ever done anything like that before?"

"No," was Dirk's simple, embarrassed reply.

"It was fun."

"Yeah, it was fun."

"Never in a million years would've thought

something like that could happen with the two of you."

"Never saw it coming with you either."

"Look, man," Joe stopped, turning to face his best friend's husband. "You and I have had our differences. To be honest I never thought you were good enough for Sam, but last night I saw the love she feels for you glowing in her eyes. You are a lucky man, Dirk. Don't do anything to fuck that up."

"I don't intend to. On that note... while last night was fun, it's not something I want to do every time we see you guys."

"No, me either," Joe agreed, slightly relieved. "Hey what are you guys, all three of you doing next weekend?"

"Don't know. Why?" Dirk asked, heading in the direction of home.

"Thought you might like to come down for a barbecue. My nephews'll be there, so Billy will have someone to play with. We can throw some steaks on the grill and just sorta chill out."

"Sounds good to me."

Holding the door open for Joe to enter the house, Dirk followed him into the kitchen. "Hey sweetcheeks. About time you got out of bed." Leaning down he put the carton of milk on the table and covered Samantha's mouth with his own.

"You should have woke me up, I feel like such a terrible hostess."

Laughing at the worried expression on her face, he kissed the tip of her nose. "You looked too damn cute there, all soft and relaxed, none of us wanted to interrupt the sweet dreams you were having."

The men joined Samantha and Melissa around the table to finish their coffees. The four of them cemented the plans to get together the next weekend.

Leaving the breakfast dishes in the sink, Samantha and Dirk walked their guest to the front porch. Dirk shook hands with Joe and hugged Melissa tightly, pressing a soft kiss to her cheek.

Watching the two women hug and kiss each other, he felt a stir in his groin and wondered how long they had before Billy was going to get home.

Waving up to them as she swung her leg over the back of the bike seat, Melissa called out, "Thanks again, more than words can ever say."

"See ya next week." Joe turned the key and gunned the powerful engine, pulling out into the road.

With his arm around her waist, Dirk escorted Samantha into the cool interior of their house. Slipping out of his light embrace, he watched her ass as she wiggled it down the hall to the kitchen. Following her, he pressed against her back as she

stood filling the deep sink. "What time is your mum bringing Billy home?"

"Not until after lunch, they're going to the brunch at the Legion. Why? What's on your mind?"

Turning her to face him, he held her face lovingly in his hands. "You are." Dipping his head, his mouth softly, slowly took hers. Her lips opened, welcoming his soft intrusion. Pulling back he whispered against her lips, "I love you so much, it hurts sometimes. You're the sexiest woman I have ever known."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

“We all have fantasies, I just write them out!”

Jojo was born in London, England in 1961 and brought to Ontario, Canada at the age of three. She has been an army wife, in Oromocto, New Brunswick, during her first marriage. She's also been a farm girl all over southern Ontario, a waitress, seamstress, party planner, wedding coordinator and videographer, personal care worker and costume designer. Now happily settled with husband number two and three daughters, she enjoys the small town life. With so much quiet time to devote to her writing, she lets the muses take her where they may.