

Blizzard of

Lust

The Lust Collection

Beverly Sims

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EROTIC ROMANCE

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DEDICATION

To my sister who had to listen to old radio shows in the darkness of our shared bedroom.

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Chapter 1

They had no idea where they were. All they knew was they were colder than they had ever been in their lives. They huddled together in a sort of group-hug with the airline blankets still around them, but even that did not help. The old building they found after the plane went down had only part of a roof and no window glass. It was shelter, but barely. The fire from the plane produced just enough light for them to see the place, which would harbor them in the blizzard that turned their world into a cold fury.

Jeff Williams held his wife, Carrie, close to him, and Edward Cooper rubbed his wife Fonda's cheeks with his icy hands. Jeff finally spoke. "I have an idea. We are getting nowhere this way, only getting colder. I remember reading that people generate more heat together than separate, and that naked bodies together generate more than clothed ones, for a group. We could slip out of our heaviest clothes and drape them and our airline blankets around the four of us together."

Fonda Cooper shook so hard, she could hardly talk. "I don't see how getting naked is better than being clothed. This does not sound like a good idea to me. What do you think, Edward?"

"Well, honey, I think Jeff may be on to something here. Like when we are in bed together, how much hotter it gets when we take off our clothes and get really close together."

Jeff laughed, trying to make a joke. "Bet it is not the lack of clothes that makes you warmer but what you do without them. Anyway, I am game to try anything. It is better than simply standing here freezing to death." He removed his heavy ski sweater, pants, and boots. His wife did the same. He tied their sweater sleeves together and pants legs, as well. These, he pulled tight around the two of them. "You won't believe it, but I feel warmer already. Come on, you two, try it. Hell, it's not like we can see each other. It is so damn dark in here."

Reluctantly, Fonda did as suggested while Edward quickly removed his and tied them together at Jeff's instruction. He felt the difference in temperature too within a few minutes. "I think that taking off the rest...underwear and all, will allow us to get closer and it will make us even warmer. Fonda moved against him for him to unfasten her bra. They took turns removing each other's bottom garments. He held her tightly against him and they warmed.

The other couple followed suit. Jeff heard some soft whispering from his friends and a deep intake of breath by Fonda. "Hey, are you two playing touchy, feely?"

"You bet we are, buddy," Edward answered. "Try it. Guarantee it helps. Except my butt is still freezing. And I can feel Fonda's is, too."

It was quiet for a few minutes, except for the love sighs, flesh slapping flesh, and clothing rustling. Carrie was almost as tall as her husband was, so their coupling was easy, but Edward's height was so much greater than his wife's that he lifted her up to set her down on his penis.

Carrie cried out her climax just moments before Fonda. The men followed immediately, and again all was quiet.

"Now, that was something, wasn't it? Bet you two are warm now, except for butts. Right?" Edward asked. "But do you notice you are cooling already?"

They agreed it had been a wonderful way to get warm, the heat was dwindling. Fonda, the always shy, rather prudish member of the quartet, spoke. "Well, if two can get that warm, how warm can four of us get? I don't mean we have to make love, just huddle together." There was no talk as they all moved to tie all the garments together.

Carrie was the organizer of the group. She picked the restaurants, places to go, all of which pleased all four of them. "We will lose a lot of heat by standing. Let's put a couple of the blankets under us, the rest over us, and lay on the floor in the corner farthest from the wind."

The suggestion worked. They snuggled, not huddled together, like spoons with the women in the middle, and finally slept. Sometime in the night, one of the men got up to find a corner to pee in and the others followed. They ran like popsicles with legs and dove back into their four-person cocoon. It was not until the shivering slowed that they realized their spouses were no longer next to them.

Carrie put her hand down beside her. When it made contact with a penis, she was sure, although she could not see, that it was Edward's not Jeff's. The penis she held was longer and thinner than the one she was accustomed to feeling. It jumped at her contact, so with a secret smile, she reached to take the whole thing in her hand. She had often wondered what he would feel like and now she found out. He grew as she stroked. His lips found hers in the darkness. His tongue slid deeply into her mouth as his hands cupped her tightly dimpled breasts, gently pinching the nipples as she pushed up against his hands. She moved her face to put her tongue in his ear, feeling his excitement grow even more intense.

Carrie lifted one of Edwards's hands to her mouth and sucked his fingers before guiding them down between her legs to her already swollen clit. His hand made her feel like molten lava, like a volcano ready to explode. Her fist moved up and down the length of his penis. The difference in the only two penises she had ever felt was such that it alone excited her.

"If you two are doing what I think you are doing, Fonda and I say for you to go for it. Edward, your wife has the most delightful tits and kisses to drive a man wild. Do you like the way Carrie sucks your ears? It drives me crazy with wanting her. Yes, yes, Fonda, that is the way. Oh, God, it is good. I am about ready to explode."

Carrie spoke to Fonda. "If he is that close, squeeze his cock hard, but not too hard, just above his balls. That will slow him down for a minute, anyway." Any more words she might have spoken blew away with the first of her clit climaxes.

They could all feel each other as the men mounted the women, moving them close together, so that their bodies pressed together at their breasts and down the full lengths of their bodies, hips against hips, legs against legs. There was just enough room between their open legs for the men to rest their knees as all four began to move.

The women reached for each other's breasts. Carrie turned just enough to take Fonda's hard nibble in her mouth to suck gently. Then it was Fonda's turn. Both women were so close to the brink as they kept fondling each other as their hips moved. In a burst of passion, all four came.

"Wow," Edward spoke first. "Carrie, you are something. You two women are the best fucks in the entire world. Why did we wait all these years to try this? Think of the nights we were all throbbing with desire, but forced it away."

"For sure, Edward," Jeff agreed. "I have wanted Fonda from the first time I ever saw her. I would look at those tits with the big nipples I could see through her tank tops and swimsuits and nearly creamed myself more than once."

Remember the Jenkins' pool party last summer? When her bikini top came off? She cried with embarrassment and ran into the house. There was not a pair of male eyes looking anywhere but at her. No, Fonda, no tears now. You were so damn beautiful no one could stop watching, especially at the bouncing as you ran. More than one cock came to attention just enjoying you."

"Fine, just fine!" she said, without her usual tears. There was even a bit of amusement in her voice. "I will remember that at the next pool party. See if I don't. Maybe, just maybe, your suit will take a fall too. Hmm, how about a pair of scissors...small fingernail scissors to clip the ties? What do you think, Carrie?"

"Sounds like a great plan to me. If you need help, depend on me. How about two naked butts? Men's butts, I mean."

"Jeff, I am ignoring these two prattling females and their pathetic plans. Where wives' assets are concerned, that mound I can always just barely see between Carrie's legs in those damn white ass-tight shorts that show her incredible thighs...well, it drove me crazy. I wanted to jack off more than once." Edward ran one hand down her

leg as he talked while his other one caressed Fonda's thigh she lay under Jeff. He kissed Fonda gently, and then moved his lips to cover Carrie's mouth. Feeling his wife under another man was incredibly sexy and arousing.

Both men had penises that were mostly soft. They slid off the women to their sides, still holding the one they had just fucked in their arms tightly. Each reached out and felt breasts and stomachs, hips and curly hair. It did not seem to matter who touched whom, it all felt so incredibly wonderful.

A hand caressed a wet vagina then moved to the other. Mouths worshipped breasts. Hands stroked and squeezed penises. Even the men who never before in their lives would have dreamed of touching one another were freely feeling the tightness and strength of one another and enjoying the contact. Now they simply savored every touch and feel, regardless if it were man or woman. Bodies were slick with sweat, the smell of their sex was overpowering but an aphrodisiac to the men in particular. Fingers rubbed clits until multiple climaxes rocked the females. Even when they thought they were done, the men would again begin the mountain climb for them to the crest, over and again.

They mounted the women again, first the one beside them, then switching to the other and back again until no one was positive who was fucking whom, and it did not matter. Neither man had ever experienced such a night of sex nor wanted it to end. Nevertheless, end it did, with all four of them totally exhausted and feeling closer than ever before. It was as if they all had fallen in love with one another.

Chapter 2

Fonda woke up screaming as she came out of the nightmare. All the memories of the accident came flooding back. The plane going down in a horrible blizzard somewhere off their flight plan to Anchorage and then the plane braking in half. Fortunately for them, they had taken the last seats where it would be quieter. The screams were horrible. Passengers were thrown around like dolls. Seats pulled away from their bolts. Everything loose was sucked out of the fuselage through a hole that opened in the side.

The tail section dropped like a rock but escaped demolition because it had to tumble through dozens of hundred foot hemlock, cedars, and firs before it hit the ground. They had received more than a few cuts and bruises. They all knew they survived by some miracle when they saw the rest of the plane exploded a couple of miles from them. They took as many blankets as they could carry and trudged off toward the plane. Fortunately, they had dressed warm for their trip home, never dreaming their attire would save their lives.

The wind had picked up even more, so they held hands as they walked, afraid they would lose contact in the blizzard. Just before the clearing where the plane lay completely destroyed, they passed an old, abandoned building that had once been a sawmill. When they got to the plane, they knew they would find no one alive, but searched the wreckage as well as they could in the dark with only the flickering flames for light. There was nothing to salvage, so they trudged back through the snow to the building.

It was missing part of a roof, which allowed the wind and snow freedom to circulate as they would. The white of the snow gave just enough light to see vague shapes, so they did manage to gather pieces of board and timbers to create a lean-to of sorts. Later, they would

move it to a different location, but initially they found their creation did give some shelter.

Fonda's fright eased as they all touched and reassured her as best they could, considering the trauma they had all suffered. Carrie held her friend close and gently kissed her cheeks, murmuring to her as one would a child.

The room was awash in a pale light, as if daybreak was near. As the women held each other, the men could see them as their breasts pushed against each other. Edward could not resist reaching out to caress the sides of the full mounds of the two women. When neither his wife nor her friend seemed to object, he slid his hand both between them, cupping one breast on each torso and Jeff moved to do the same.

The men looked into each other's eyes and knew this was all right, with both them and their women. Soon lips replaced the hands and the women kissed, and then fondled each other between their legs.

This was so erotic, two penis jumped to attention immediately. They had felt cold when they first awoke, but all they could feel now was heat. The moans of the women were long and loud when climaxed under each other's hands where they lay kissing and touching. That was more than either husband could take any longer, so each slid into his wife's cunt even as the hand stoked her. The fingers touching each man's wife also began to touch him and caress him, even wrapping around the top of his penis while it slid in and out of the incredible wetness in her vagina. Their sexual explosions were incredible and exciting.

Jeff was positive he had died and gone to heaven as he heard a noise. It was the sound of a vehicle engine. They jumped up to pull on clothes. Before they had time to dress, a tall bearded man with jet-black hair showing from under his hood stepped inside the old building. He slowly broke into a grin before speaking. He shone a large flashlight at them, moving it from one to another.

"Here I was worried that you might be frozen stiff by the time I found you, but apparently there were some other stiff things here instead. Gentlemen, you have a pair of exquisite women with you. You are lucky men and you did exactly the right things to get warm.

However, you must now hurry into your clothes before you are chilled. I will take you to my home for warm showers and clothes. My wife will be so delighted to have company, as it gets rather lonesome out here.”

They dressed quickly, pulling the blankets around them as they climbed into a heated snow cat. He asked about the plane and said he had already been there, after the blizzard had subsided. It was still snowing and blowing but no longer a blizzard, he told them, even though they could tell no difference from the storm that pounded them last night.

It was not far, and in the twilight of the midmorning moon, they made out a faint roadway they had missed in the dark. As they turned a sweeping corner, ahead of them on a hill was an incredible house, more of a mansion than anything else, complete with turrets in an old Russian design. As they pulled up in front, the door opened. “Ladies and gentlemen, this is my wife, Sonja. Baroness Sonja. I am Baron Deiter Kernoff and we welcome you to our humble abode. We are on the coast of Russia and will arrange for your return to your mainland when the storm has passed.”

Introduction were made all around as they moved into the house. Once inside, the women openly admired their surroundings. It was as if they had stepped back in time to the splendor of the Czars. The modern conveniences had been added, but it remained a mansion that time had forgotten. Both Carrie and Fonda were thrilled by the beauty and luxury of their surroundings.

The men could not take their eyes off their hostess. The Baroness was not tall, but perfectly formed, with large, full breasts, wide hips, a narrow waist, and a mountain of red curls. She wore a simple frock of blue silk that showed the curve of her breasts and much cleavage, and sheer enough to give them a delightful outline of her body. It had an elastic neckband and stretched to bare her white shoulders to perfection and a band of elastic under her breasts to accent their fullness in an empire style that fell in tiny shiny pleats to her feet.

She was well aware of what they saw when they looked at her. She gave them each an amused smile, as did her husband.

They did not notice the sparkling sapphires and diamonds dangling from her ears, but their wives did. Fonda exclaimed, "Baroness, your jewelry is magnificent. One can only dream of such beauty."

"Please call me Sonja. The beauty I see is you two and your husbands. Tell me your names again. I am not too good at remembering. Jeff. S, I remember because of your wide shoulders and all that lovely brown hair. It invites fingers to caress and mess." She extended her hand to him. He bowed over it and brought it to his lips. "You are so muscular. Do you lift weights and work out? Your hands are so large! My dear Carrie, I imagine you enjoy his hands."

Carrie did not miss the double innuendo.

Sonja turned to Edward. "Edward, you have extraordinary hair, so light, it is almost white. And so soft." She ran her fingers through it. "Your mouth is intriguing. Has anyone ever told you that?"

"No, Baroness, I don't think anyone ever has, but I appreciate the compliment."

"My wife never flatters unless she means it, gentlemen, and she is an expert in masculine assets, like I am with the female species. We are so isolated out here that we read a lot, watch many movies, including some risqué ones to tantalite each other. It gives us an opportunity to share our preferences with one another. But now I think you all would appreciate a warm bath or shower, then some breakfast."

Baron Kernoff led them upstairs to their rooms, each with a huge bed and a full luxurious bath. A fireplace gave off wonderful warmth and a soft glow to the satins of the comforter and the canopy of the high four-poster.

The furnishings in each room were identical, much like one might expect in a fine hotel, not a private home, but neither couple minded. It was so elegant that they felt like hicks among the beautiful decoration.

"After you are refreshed, you will find suitable clothing in the closets. If they seem a bit inappropriate for such a wintry place, please remember that we try to make our home as little like the arctic as possible. We are always warm, regardless of our attire, or lack of it,

and never are without food or drink, so plan to enjoy yourselves as long as you stay. I am afraid it might be quite some time, as we often have storms like this that last for weeks. Anything you find here is for your use and we do so enjoy pampering our guests. We will talk more about that later. Now enjoy your baths and hurry down for breakfast. We have a full staff and they are very talented at everything they do.”

Each couple moved immediately to their bathrooms where he showered and she soaked in a huge tube in the perfumed oils provided. Edward moved to the large, sunken tub to wash Fonda’s back. As he massaged her breasts and kissed her deeply, the telephone rang in the bedroom.

In the other bedroom, Jeff held a towel for Carrie as he bent forward to lick her breasts when their phone rang.

Each man felt a moment of irritation at the interruption, but moved to answer the call from their host, asking them to hurry, because Sonya was ravenous. And so she, was but not for food. When Deiter came back downstairs after showing their guests to their rooms, he kissed his wife and together they moved to a hidden door under the stairs. His small key opened it. Inside was a bank of television monitors giving them a complete view of the two couples’ activities. Cameras with complete sound were set in the bedroom from several angles, above the shower and tub, as well as in the dressing areas. One was over the bed, behind the full sized mirror tucked away under the canopy. It would come in handy later.

Sonya’s eyes sparkled as she watched first one man, then the other.

Deiter enjoyed his views of the women. He rubbed his wife’s nipples through her dress and then lifted her skirt to cup her naked bottom. She rubbed against him, feeling his penis hardening. As they watched, they did not want to bring either of them to a climax. That was for later. Moreover, they did not want their guests to do so either, so Deiter placed the reminder calls. They watched as the four beautiful people started removing clothes from the full closet. “My God, honey, look at these slacks.” Edward showed her as he stepped into them. They were skin tight, cupping his manhood to an exaggerated fullness.

“You look wonderful to me. Let me feel. Oh, yes, you feel wonderful to me, too. Here, wear this shirt. It feels like pure silk. You look gorgeous in blue. Good enough to eat.” Fonda rubbed his cock until she felt it start to move. She stepped into the closet and withdrew a silk dress exactly like Sonya’s but in a shade of pink. She looked around for underwear but found none for either her or her husband. “Looks like our host and hostess forgot the intimates.”

“Somehow, Fonda, I don’t think they were forgotten. I think it was deliberate. This couple seems to be very open and has some kinky ideas, which might be fun to watch. So you will have to go without panties and a bra, which is fine with me.”

Jeff and Carrie reached to the same conclusions. “But Jeff, I have never ever gone anywhere without panties. I feel naked.” Her dress was also the exact same style, but done in a soft yellow. “Look, you can practically see my pussy through this dress.”

“Well, Carrie, I personally think that is delightful. How about after breakfast, we plead tired and need a nap?” he asked as he ran his hand up under her dress. “But for now, guess we should go down. I am hungry, for food. I love you, sweetie. Come give me a long wifely kiss.”

In the secret room, they watched with not only interest but with amusement at being described as kinky. “They have no idea about kinky. Well, now yet. Let us now go greet our guest and prepare the day ahead.”

Chapter 3

The two couples met in the corridor outside their rooms. “Woo Woo. Look at our ladies,” said Jeff. “I could get used to this kind of clothes. Or lack of them. At least on the women. I’m not sure I like what I am wearing, though.”

“Oh, I like what you guys are wearing just fine. Look how bulging your cocks are. And your sweet asses too,” answered Fonda. “I don’t mind this dress in front of you men, but the Baron is a different matter. But it doesn’t look like we have a choice. I am starving too, but for food, you satyrs.”

Their hosts were waiting and nodded appreciatively as their guest entered the room. Sonja spoke, “Ah, you are all so beautiful. We are going to have fun in the next few days. Now, let’s eat.”

The servants served a sumptuous meal of several juices and selections of breakfast foods familiar and unfamiliar to the guest couples. They tacitly decided not to ask if they could not identify an offering but merely took a small portion to eat. Surprising, everything was so wonderful that they all had additional helpings. They made idle chatter until the Baron tapped his glass for their attention.

The hosts sat at each end of the table with each married couple seated opposite one another in a boy-girl, boy-girl arrangement. “We are going to become much better acquainted, all six of us, before your visit is over. First, I want you to know I have notified authorities by satellite phone of the accident and there were no further survivors.”

His wife smiled at him, enjoying his innuendo that he had told authorities four had lived when in fact he had not mentioned them at all.

“As I said before, we cannot leave in any type of craft during this storm. The servants have left us until called again from their quarters,

so we are completely alone. First, we will become more comfortable with one another.”

He moved around the table to step behind his wife. He bent to kiss her neck as he pulled her elasticized neckline below her breasts, exposing her shoulders and beautiful tits for all to see. “Is she not exquisite?”

All four were surprised at his gesture but agreed, even the women. She was indeed exquisite. Her breasts were firm and round, rounder than either one of the other two women. She had large nipples, slightly pointed upward, on huge pink areolas.

“Now, gentlemen, you will stand behind the lady seated by you and do exactly as I have done. There is no doubt that you both are as anxious to see these charms as much as I am.”

When they did not move, merely looking at one another, the Baron slapped his hand down hard on the table. Dishes rattled, silver clanged. “When I give an order, you will obey it immediately, without question. You are but guests here at my say. If you do not like this arrangement, I will take you back to the old mill where I found you and you can wait there until someone rescues you. It is your decision.”

Edward moved first to slip down the silk off Carrie’s shoulders. Jeff followed suit with Fonda, remaining behind her with his hands on her shoulders.

“Good, Jeff,” noted the Baron. “I think we all would like to see you caress those huge examples of womanhood. Fonda, you have the most incredible tits. I am sure I have never seen any so large and perfectly shaped. You have larger aureoles and darker nipples than the women in our movies. Do you like the way his fingers feel on your nipples? Yes.” He laughed. “I can see you do. Look at them harden and dimple. Sweet!”

“Now, Edward, don’t be shy. Let Carrie enjoy your touch. Yes, that is perfect. Carrie, your tits are wonderfully pear shaped. It is unusual to see a pair with such upturned nipples, even more so than my darling Sonya. Yes, very good, Edward. Make her nipples so hard, they become little buds.”

Sonya spoke. "Before we leave here, I have a bit of medication for us to take. As we do not know each other, there is no way to be certain that any of us has HIV or VD or anything else. I will take a little blood from each of you and check it out in my lab downstairs. Do not fear, I was a nurse before marrying this wonderful bear of a man." The way she smiled at him left no doubt that she was totally in love with him.

She took blood samples and disappeared while the Baron poured more coffee to which he added just a touch of brandy. "When she returns, she will give each of you a shot, nothing harmful, I promise." Sonja returned and gave the thumbs up gesture to everyone.

"Now for your shots. It will be more effective if you men will drop your pants for a little poke in the butt. Bend over. Good, you are done. Now, ladies, you will have to bare your beautiful bottoms too, but for two shot. One will keep you from getting pregnant or menstruating. It will wear off within a few days after you leave here." Whenever that might be. She laughed to herself. "Oh, yes, I nearly forgot, the first shot also contains a little stimulant to increase your stamina. That is what I gave your men, too. You will need it, rest assured. All of you."

Deiter now took charge again. "Let us adjourn to the library where it is so much cozier. I think we will find champagne there to help us relax." He offered one arm to each of the women while Sonya took the men's elbows. They all walked to the library and took seats.

"Tell me about yourselves, all of you. I realize that you four know each other very, very well, but my darling and I do not. You start, Carrie."

"There is not much to tell. I am a simple person. I do my best to educate a group of the fourth grades at an Anchorage school and teach arts and crafts to interested adults as well as children. I love skiing, but not in blizzards" Everyone laughed. "And waterskiing. I workout every morning which is necessary because I love to cook. We live in an apartment with a gorgeous view of Puget Sound. I am 5 foot 6 inches, weight 120 pounds, wear size 7 shoes, and am 31 years old. Did I miss anything?"

Everyone laughed. He pointed his glass at Fonda. "I am shorter, weigh more, wear a size 6 shoe and am 29 years old. I am a loan officer at an Anchorage bank. We have the apartment one floor up from our friends here. We actually met in the elevator and somehow we just clicked right away and have been close every since. Not as close, though, as we were last night. Pretty common, aren't we?"

"Ah, quite the contraire. I think you are both anything but common. And you men?"

Jeff explained he was a mechanic, Edward a salesman. That was true in the broadest sense of the word, as he was an airplane salesperson, a fact he decided was not necessary to advertise. He had no idea why, just intuition, but he did not want them to know he was also a pilot. He looked at his friends who seemed to understand his omission.

The Baron stood, moving to put his arm around his wife. "Have you made a choice, my dear?"

"Actually, darling, I have not been about to decide. How about you?" she countered.

"No, I have not, either. So how about I pick for you and that will divide the partners?"

"Splendid!" Sonya smiled at each of the men. "Who will be my first?"

"I think Edward for you, his wife, Fonda, with Jeff, which leaves Jeff's blond wife for me. Are there any objections?"

"Yes, I think I object. Are you saying you are taking my wife, and for what reason?" Jeff demanded.

Sonya's laughter was like tinkling bells. "For sex, silly boy! What did you think?"

"Now wait a damn minute," Edward started to yell but the Baron's hard deadly voice cut him off.

"I thought I made it clear that while you are our guests, you will do exactly as you are told. Again, if that is not satisfactory, I will return you this minute to where I found you." He waited and watched the men exchange glances, wearing defeated expressions. "Do not look so glum, gentlemen. I guarantee that by tomorrow afternoon you will forget your initial aversion to this situation. I know you all

enjoyed your tryst in the old mill, albeit it was cold. What we do in the next few days will be even more exciting.

“So come now, Carrie, my beautiful one. You are in for a morning of unbelievable sex, I guarantee.” He licked his lips for all to see, and then lowered them to her breasts. As he licked each nipple, he grabbed the top of her dress and pulled it completely down until it puddled at her feet. All the while watching Jeff, he slid his hand down between her legs and he moved her out a side door. They could all hear the lock snap in place.

Sonya smiled gently at the three remaining guests. “Jeff, it looks like you and Fonda will have to find some way to amuse yourselves for a few hours. May I suggest you return to one of your rooms? You will find plenty of entertainment there if you get bored.” She lifted her face while slipping a hand behind Edward’s head, bringing his head down to her. Her tongue flicked out to lick his lips as her hand caressed his penis through his clothes.

“God damn you, Sonya.” Edward pulled her to him. He tugged down her dress to expose her generous body and then kissed her so hard that it hurt them both. She smiled as she took his hand to lead him out a door on the opposite side of the room.

Fonda started to weep quietly and pulled her dress back up over her naked breasts. Jeff moved forward, drawing her to him. He patted her back and shoulders as she cried. “Come on, honey, let’s go back upstairs. I don’t know what else to do. Heck, maybe we can find some Star Trek reruns to watch, or War and Peace in the original Russian.” Fonda giggled as he wiped away her tears. Arm in arm, they went back upstairs.

Chapter 4

Jeff Edward and Fonda moved down the hall toward their rooms. “Hey, baby cakes, I have an idea. Let’s go exploring. Old Boris or whatever his name is said the servants were gone, so who is going to see us. And besides, what does it matter if they do? Hell, we are guests, not prisoners, so let’s see what we can find in this ugly old house.”

Fonda replied, “Actually, Jeff, I think it is quite lovely, in an Old World way. The silk hangings are elegant, the chandeliers are baroque, and the floors are...well, floors. I’m not sure what to call them, but they look expensive, like everything else in the place. So let’s go exploring. Perhaps it will keep our minds off what our spouses are doing.”

Jeff smiled. “I would love to watch with our spouses are doing. I bet that Sonya will give Edward quite a ride.”

“How can you say that? He didn’t want to go with her but had no choice, anymore than Carrie did. Surely you don’t think Carrie will like what Dieter will do to her?”

“Yes, sweet innocent Fonda, I am sure Carrie and Edward will both like it. To be honest, I am rather envious of your husband. I would love to fuck that redhead. When she stood in front of that lamp with her assets clearly showing, I got a hard on. Just like when I saw your luscious tits over the top of your gown.”

“That is disgusting, Jeff, I am surprised at you. And I am surprised that you would talk that way in front of me.”

“Fonda, get real! You did not have a problem with me last night. As I recall, you enjoyed yourself most enthusiastically. So now why the little Miss Innocence scene?”

Fonda's eyes filled with tears again. She moved to the door of her bedroom, pushing inside. She tried to close the door, but Jeff held it. "Hey, Fonda honey, I did not mean to hurt your feelings. I guess I just don't understand how you could be so incredibly loving last night and so turned off today."

She did not speak for a few minutes, just sat in one of the ornately carved chairs covered with patterned silk. "God, Fonda." Jeff looked at her. "You look like a damn China doll sitting there. You are so beautiful and sexy; it is all I can do to keep my hands off you."

Fonda rose. She moved to Jeff, offering her lips. He moaned and covered them, sliding his tongue inside her mouth. She accepted his probing tongue and pulled her dress top back down to tuck it under her breasts. Her nipples were pointing and the rosettes dimpled. Jeff moved his hands to them while he continued to kiss her. She made little mewling noises when he rolled her nipples between his strong fingers. His mouth slid down to her neck, his tongue dampened her chest, and then he moved farther down.

Fonda undressed Jeff as he licked her tits until they hurt in an ache of delight. When she finally released his pants to drop at his feet, she ran the tips of her fingers down his hips, around to squeeze his ass, then the full length of his throbbing penis. She could feel it jump with her every caress. "Jeff," she whispered, "I want to suck your cock." She dropped to her knees in front of his beautifully contoured body. She slid her hands around to hold his ass cheeks and let the tip of her tongue played games on his penis, touching here and there leaving wet warmth.

Finally, Jeff could stand it no more. He grasped her head and pushed his full length into her mouth. He moved his hips as she sucked him hard while slipping her lips up and down his shaft. His movements became faster and her mouth took him deeper with each thrust. He moaned, tried to pull out of her demanding mouth, but she held him tight. His cum was violent, but she did not stop until she felt the semen stop. He sagged over her as she pulled herself up to wrap her arms around him, rubbing her body against him.

Slowly, Jeff felt his strength return to his limbs. He moved his head to take her lips as he picked her up and carried her to the bed.

Fonda started to speak, but Jeff stopped her words with his mouth. Even now, he felt a wave of desire for this woman. This woman who was his best friend's wife. This woman who was his wife's best friend. Some part of him felt guilt for what they had just done, but the rest of him wanted more. He wanted her completely, now and again. He knew he loved his wife more than life, but he felt love for this woman, too.

"Fonda, I am going to make love to you now. I am going to love every inch of your body. Don't say a word. This is what I want to do and *must* do. Just lay still and let me adore you."

Adore her, he did! Love every inch of her body, he did! He caressed her breasts, her stomach, her legs, then opened her to expose her red clit. Gently he touched it, feeling her move as she cried out. He watched her face while he increased the pressure and speed of his fingers. It was exhilarating to watch her head thrash from side to side, her back arch, and push up against his hand, crying out for more. When she dropped back to the bed, only her heavy breathing breaking the quiet of the room, he pulled her close, kissing her again, over and again. Finally, they slept.

Chapter 5

When Jeff awoke, he reached for Fonda, ready to ravish her body again. He experienced a disappointment as his cock was already alert. He heard the shower and stood, smiling down at his erection. His first instinct was to join Fonda, but decided she might be a bit rocky after their lovemaking. Somehow, he did not think of it as just sex, he thought that they had made love. Beautiful, wonderful love.

In the shower, Fonda stood letting the water run down over her head. She leaned against the wall, soaping herself, feeling the wonderful tenderness of her breasts. She ran her fingers into her vagina but experienced no pain there. Thinking of what Jeff had done to her gave her a little tightening of her clit. She felt guilt at what she had done, but could not justify it after the sex the four of them had shared. She felt closeness to Jeff that she had never felt before, something akin to how she felt about Edward. Not the same, but something like it. That was crazy, she told herself, as she wrapped a big, fluffy white towel around herself and stepped out of the shower.

Jeff heard the shower stop. He stood and moved naked toward the bathroom. As the door opened, he watched Fonda's face. There was a moment of dismay that turned immediately into a soft smile. "Nice pecs you got there, Mr. Williams. And other things, too." She stood on tiptoes to press a quick, light kiss on his lips. "Now, off to the shower with you. We have some exploring to do. Maybe we will even come across some wayward spouses." She swatted his butt to prod him toward the bath.

He laughed, feeling like a kid.

They had no choice but to wear the clothes given by their hosts, as all their things were gone. Fonda waited, dressed only in the gown.

She sat on the end of the rumpled bed, watching Jeff pull on his pants and shirt. She did admire his body, perfectly shaped, like an athlete.

Edward had a beautiful body too. He was much slimmer and taller, firm but not overly muscular. She told him he reminded her of a cowboy, although she had no idea why. Edward seemed to like the comparison, one night coming to bed with only a pair of cowboy boots and a string tie. That had been a night to remember. She smiled to herself.

She rose from the bed to take his proffered elbow. She curtsied, knocking over a lamp on the bedside table. "Can you believe it? I am so damn clumsy."

"No problem. It doesn't seem to be broken." Jeff picked it up, but stopped before setting it on the table. He put his fingers across his lips in a 'Shhhh' gesture. He turned the lamp completely upside-down and pointed down inside the hollow interior. Fastened to one side of the ceramic was a tiny, black thing that resembled a tablet, affixed over a small hole in the lamp. Without saying anything or removing it, he stood the lamp where it belonged. "See, Fonda, no harm done."

He nuzzled her neck, like a lover would, but it was a cover to whisper in her ear. "That is a camera. I imagine they are all over the house. Don't say anything about it or let on that we are aware." He saw the look of panic in her eyes, but took her hand, squeezing it hard. "Now let's go exploring."

It turned out, there was not much to explore. All the doors were locked, except the rooms they had previously visited with their hosts. They found several halls that led to more locked doors. They could not even find the kitchen. Jeff reported his stomach was as empty as his balls, at which they both laughed.

They wandered back downstairs to the library. On this visit,, they had time to take it all in. There were endless shelves of book, in Russian, naturally. A comfortable fireplace was ablaze at one end with large picture windows flanking each side. Jeff walked to look out, but it was too dark again to see anything except his reflection on the glass.

Fonda moved to a sideboard in a break between bookshelves. In it was a complete bar, including a wet sink and icemaker. "What would

you like to drink, Sir Williams? There seems to be every known kind of beverage here.”

Jeff wandered over to her. “Well, when in Rome, etc. etc. So, how about vodka, straight up?” Fonda poured and handed it to him, ice tinkling gently. “With ice, to keep you from falling down after one sip of this stuff. I can’t read Russian, but those numbers look formidable.” She made herself a rum and coke.

She moved to him, laying her head on his chest. Jeff again nuzzled her neck. He whispered, “Small talk. Even some sexy talk. I am sure that is what they want. I have seen some more cameras, so probably for every one I saw, there are dozens more.”

After a couple of kisses that started out to be for the benefit of their hosts but ended up being for their own benefit, they moved apart and sat in the chairs before the fireplace.

“Jeff, what you did to me was wonderful. I would like a repeat sometime.”

“Okay, how about right now? No one here but us and nothing on your pussy but those curls. Come here, pretty.”

Playing along, Fonda giggled. “I didn’t mean this very minute.”

They bantered back and forth, the talk actually causing them both to feel the beginning of lust. “Think we had better change the subject before what you suggested happens right here and now. I am already getting hard, Miss Fonda.”

“Okay, but I am damp again already, too. Damn you, Jeff!” However, she smiled. Then a look of sadness passed over her face. “And damn that Baroness. Where is she with my husband and what are they doing?”

“She is right here,” came a voice. It was Sonya, smiling. Her hair was tousled, her makeup in disarray, her gown torn. “Fonda, you have a magnificent husband. More than I expected or hoped for. A *lot* more!”

Edward stood behind her. His hair was messy too, but beyond that he seemed fine, albeit embarrassed and miserable. He looked deeply into Fonda’s eyes as he walked to where she sat. He made no movement to touch her until she stood and put her arms around him. She pressed her lips to the side of his face and whispered, “Don’t

show any surprise, but we are being watched all the time. There are cameras all over the house.” Aloud she said, “Edward, are you all right? You look so...well, I don’t know...so deflated. Depressed.”

“Fonda honey, I am fine. Just worried about you. Are *you* okay?”

“I am fine, Edward. To be honest, Jeff and I took care of each other. It was hard for both of us to see you two go off with them, knowing you were going to have sex with them. At least we had each other for comfort while you two had only your sexual captors. Did she hurt you?”

“No,” Edward replied, “Not in the sense you mean. No, she did not hurt me that way. Sometime, I will tell you about it but right now, I just want to hold you. I love you, Fonda. I love you.” He wrapped his arms around his wife and held tight.

To Sonya, he spoke. “Can I take my wife to our room now?”

“Of course, you may. Deiter and I will be retiring when he returns, so the rest of the day and night is yours alone. The servants will come for you at suppertime to guide you to the dining room. Actually, they are preparing it as we speak, so plan to eat in an hour or so.”

“Ah, here he is now. Did you have an enjoyable day, my husband?” She moved to him for a kiss.

“Yes, my sweet, most enjoyable. And you?”

“Oh, Deiter, Edward was just wonderful. How was Carrie?”

“A bit tentative at first, but that was to be expected. She was perfect in no time at all. Did you enjoy yourself, Edward? And you, Carrie? No point in being evasive. It will all come out later, so why not admit it right now?”

He laughed when neither replied. “So, off you all go for tonight. We will meet in the morning for breakfast and another day of getting acquainted.” He and Sonya hooked arms and left the four standing by the fire.

Jeff took Carrie in his arms, pulling her to him. He nuzzled her neck as he had Fonda’s, telling of the cameras, etc. He did not release her until he felt her nod her understanding. “Darling, are you all right? Did he hurt you?”

Carrie looked at him, seeing the love in his eyes and face. “No, Jeff, he was tender and gentle. I am fine. And I love you more now

than I ever have.” She raised her lips to meet his, clinging to him in desperation. “But, I would like a shower, most definitely. I feel dirty and used and need to be cleansed whole again.”

Without another word, the couples moved out of the library and up to their rooms. Outside their doors, the men shook hands and the women hugged one another tightly. Jeff drew Edward’s hand closer to him and put his arms around Edward in a hug. The gesture was returned. All smiled and retreated to their rooms.

Downstairs, the Kernoff’s rushed to their secret room under the stairs to see what had transpired between Fonda and Jeff. As they watched, Sonya clapped her hands in glee. “Oh, how are Carrie and Edward going to react to this? I am sure looking forward to Jeff’s tongue in me tomorrow. Are you going to have Fonda blow you as she did Jeff? We will have such fun!”

Deiter laughed, pulling her to him. “You are insatiable, my love. Here, let me touch you. I want to smell Edward’s essence on you. Yes, you did enjoy it. I can detect that, too. Now, would you like to taste Carrie on me? Yes, I knew you would. That is fine. Oh, so nice. Now bend over and let me fuck you.” They rewound the tape and watched it again while they brought each other to climax.

“Deiter, shall we go shower now or go directly to our other guests? Personally, I think smelling good is better for the women, but maybe sex odors are better for the men. What is your opinion?”

“I guess we will have to do some one on one research on that subject, my dear.”

Chapter 6

Jeff and Carrie were in their shower a full minute before Edward and Fonda turned on theirs. All realized the sound of the water would drown out any words they spoke, but they suspected they were rolling even here. Each couple whispered as they soaped and shampooed each other. It was hard for Jeff to listen to Carrie as she related her sexual activities with the Baron, even knowing he must confess to her that he had made love with Fonda.

In the other shower, the reverse was true. Fonda listened to Edward explain what he and Sonya had done to and with one another, all the while she tried to figure out how to tell him she had been with Jeff. It turned out, she did not have to tell him, only answer him.

“Did you and Jeff make love while I was fucking the Baroness?” That was about as blunt as any question he could have asked.

Fonda looked directly into his eyes with no shame or guilt. “Yes, Edward, we did. I love Jeff. And I love Carrie. Not like I love you, but in another way. When we shared our bodies, supposedly to keep warm, we went beyond that, all four of us, I think. We shared our souls, the way you and I have done since we first made love together, even before we were married. You are my life and I hope what I shared with Jeff will not break that apart.”

Edward pulled her to him. “I love you and I am glad you had Jeff. I cannot imagine how it would have felt to watch you led away, like I was. Or Carrie was. Nevertheless, darling, I think that is what will happen tomorrow. They are not going to stop with one incident. They will go on with it until they tire of us or until we are rescued. That is, if this damn blizzard ever stops.”

Much of the same conversation they whispered in the other shower. “Honey, darling, you are my world. I love you.” Jeff held

Carrie to him. "I must tell you, and it will probably be the worst thing I have ever said to you, but I made love to Fonda today while you were with the Baron." He watched her eyes, but saw only love in them.

"Jeff, sometimes you are so silly. Of course, you and Fonda made love. I expected it. You

two left behind to wonder God-only-knows what was happening to Edward and me. You took comfort in each other, and I am glad for you both. I would have done the same thing, darling. The same thing to help get through the pain knowing you were forced—at least, at first, I am sure—to service a person sexually you did not want. Note I said, 'At first.' Because I suspect that Edward fell victim to her talents like I did with the Baron. I cannot deny, Jeff, that I did enjoy it, because I did and would again if he wanted."

"Carrie," Jeff held her close. "But it went beyond just having sex. We made love. It was a closeness like the one I feel for you when we have sex, not the same, but similar. I think I love Fonda and Edward, too. It is as if we all belong to one another. I feel no jealousy for you with Edward or Fonda, for that matter. I would like to kill anyone else who touched you, including the Baron, if I could. And I won't deny that I am jealous that you enjoyed him, enough to do him again."

"Jeff, please listen to me. We all know that tomorrow you will go with Sonya and Fonda with Dieter. Then you will understand what I am telling you. I have no doubts that Edward would fuck her again, and that when you have been with her, you will want to, also. These two are some kind of sexual monsters who can turn the most resentment partner into a panting, wanting toy for their whims. Please do not pass judgment on me until you have experienced what we already did."

"Oh, honey, I am not passing judgment. I guess I just don't understand. Maybe the storm will stop before then and we can get on with our lives. Get away from them and this place. Now, if you are interested, I have a huge erection that wants you. Are you sore or turned off or whatever? If you are, I will understand."

In reply, she grasped his penis, rubbing it against her stomach. Fonda wondered aloud, "How can we keep this up, over and over?"

We should be exhausted and sexually done for hours if not days. It really had something in the shots she gave us, don't you think? Well, if it was, where do we get some to have at home?"

She smiled as she lifted one leg and guided his hardness into the opening of her pussy. He lifted her up to balance her on his hips as they moved together to the top of the mountain and crested.

Carrie settled on her knees to offer her ass to her husband, letting the shower water flood their bodies. He knelt behind her to slide deep into her vagina while he rubbed her clit until they both came, hard and long.

Exhausted, both couples retired to their beds, not to sleep, but to murmur love words to one another. A phone call to each room roused them out with orders to return downstairs for their meal. It had been a long time since breakfast. For the first time since they had returned to their rooms, they noted their clothes were no longer on the floor.

"So much for no servants." Jeff opened the closet to find two terry robes with matching slipper. "Guess this is how we are to dress for dinner. Can't get much more formal than this." They both laughed.

Chapter 7

They met again in the corridor and moved together for a group hug. Jeff slid his hand in Fonda robe and tweaked a nipple. “No fair,” mumbled Edward. He parted Carrie’s robe and took one nipple in his mouth. Both women laughed and pushed the men away.

“Your hunger is different than mine, apparently. Food first, boobs second.” Carrie laughed. “Oh, yes, and cocks third. Okay?”

They enjoyed the food, wine, and conversation. There was no tension between them or among them. A standing rib roast, perfectly cooked potatoes, Caesar salad, tiny carrots, several kinds of pickles and olives, and wonderful loaves of aromatic bread made a feast they might have enjoyed in any country. The table was set and ready before they arrived in the dining room, with more wine and desserts on a sideboard. Not a servant was to be seen anywhere, which was fine with them.

At first, it was difficult not to look for hidden cameras, but as the wine worked its magic, they relaxed and let their discussion turn to what they had experienced earlier today.

Fonda asked if the Baron was as handsome naked as he was clothed and Carrie assured her he was and incredibly muscular, too. She said he had the longest penis she had ever seen and that at first she could not take it all, but that he worked it slow and easy until it drove her crazy. He was very hairy all over his body with so much hair around his cock that it was difficult to see until he had hardened, which was immediately. He liked to have her fingers run through his public hair. He did the same to her before he arranged them on a bed to give oral sex to each other.

Edward volunteered that Sonya liked to have her nipples bit, hard as possible without breaking the skin, and that she liked to be ass

fucked, too. Carrie assured Fonda that Dieter had not done that to her, thankfully, although he did put his finger in her anus for only a minute. Edward told them Sonya was demanding. She wanted him continuously with hardly a moment of rest. She would suck him and run her fingers in his ass until she could coax him to perform again, in whatever manner she chose.

The conversation continued in that vein for quite awhile, gave the Kernoffs something to relish when they played the dinner tape. "I wonder if anyone has ever made love on this huge table," questioned Edward. "Anyone interested in a really good dessert?"

In reply, the women dropped their robes. They stood naked before their husbands, each rubbing her breasts. They moved together to touch their nipples to the other's tit. Jeff stepped forward, wrapping his arms around the two of them. They pressed their lips softly together in a sweet and beautiful kiss. Edward took off his robe and rubbed his body against Fonda's backside. Jeff followed suit. The women were now touching thighs and hips, running their hands down the smoothness of silken skin, into curly hair.

Each man slipped his hand under a soft female ass to run his fingers into the crevices that caused excitement for not only their women but for themselves, too.

"I want you, darling. Please I need to feel your penis," moaned Fonda. Edward lifted her up on the edge of the table, so that his manhood could slide easily into her as her legs draped over the side, exposing her wet womanhood.

Carrie climbed up on the table, settling on her knees, offering her backside entrance to Jeff, who was on her so quickly and deeply that she bucked under him. She set a rhythm that he followed, until she said, "You guys, I love you all so damn much. Let us make love all around. I want to watch my husband with my darling Fonda and I want Edward to see me fuck Jeff. The very idea of this makes me cream myself."

Jeff laughed. "I can attest to that. If I turn her over, I could probably drink that bowl of wetness."

"So, do it, damn it, darling. Suck me dry." She flipped onto her back and moved directly under his head. He bent and started licking.

“Don’t make me come yet. I don’t want this to stop now. I want more and more.” Her hips rocked under his mouth, but when he tried to pull away, she grabbed his head, holding him inside her as she cried out her climax.

Watching his friends excited Edward so much, he pulled his cock out of his wife’s pussy to replace it with his tongue, licking her wetness until she arched her back to raise her hips while she pushed against his face, crying out her pleasure.

With only a moment of rest, the still horny women slid off the table onto the laps of the men who were not their husbands. They rocked and wiggled their bare butts against the erect penises until the game became serious and the penises entered the pussies astraddle them. Tits bounced against muscular chests, hips against hips, sex into sex. Each man watched his wife fucking his best friend and found it incredibly arousing. The Baron and Baroness would have many home movies to watch tonight.

After their climaxes, they kissed each other goodnight, including the men. It seemed strange to watch Edward and Jeff with arms around one another, kissing, but both their wives liked it.

Meanwhile, their host and hostess were in a large banquet room in the bowels of the huge old house. There were eight couples with them, of all ages, from late teens to a pair in their early fifties. They dined on the same cuisine that their upstairs counterparts had enjoyed, but with more wine served.

They conversed in several languages, but their hosts seemed to understand them all. Everyone helped clear the food away. The Baron tapped his knife on his wine glass. “Does anyone have a partner picked out for tonight? Do you want to act out a fantasy, anyone? It is better when you select your own playmate, male or female, it does not matter. If you do not speak, I will have to assign partners, picked at random, and you know from experience, I can make some odd choices.”

One hand rose tentatively. “Yes, Gabrielle, you have a choice? Tell us who you would like to enjoy tonight and why?”

The young woman was perhaps 20, no older, with black hair so long that it seemed to cover her completely where she sat. She with

her head lowered “I would like Mr. Forbes to be my partner tonight. He reminds me of a friend of my father’s who was handsome and looked a lot like Mr. Forbes. I was sure I loved him. On my 18th birthday, he kissed me and it was not a kiss of a family friend. He slid his tongue into my mouth and I felt a rush of moisture down below ... between my legs. Many nights I lay in bed thinking of him while I played with myself. I hoped he would ask me for a date, or something, but he never did. Geez, I am getting wet just wishing he had actually screwed me. He was a real man, not like those boys I dated before I started college. Can Mr. Forbes be my partner tonight, Please, Your Highness?”

“Oh, that would be splendid.” It was Sonya who answered. “Don’t you think so, darling,” she asked her husband.

“I certainly do. So come now, Mr. Forbes, for Sonya to give you your shot. It must be much harder at your age to get an erection and keep it long enough to satisfy a woman. Mrs. Forbes, do you find that to be the case?” She did not answer, just looked at her plate.

Gabrielle stood by her chair. Many hands moved to strip her dress away, leaving her naked for all to see. She had small, cone shaped breasts with tiny nipples, but a huge patch of black public hair that traveled up to nearly reach her naval. Many hands touched her body, knowing that it was not only acceptable, but also desirable. She and Mr. Forbes were the only ones who to be fondled or caressed in any way, but masturbation was encouraged. It added an orgy dimension to the display without actually allowing one.

Mr. Forbes was the oldest man there. His stomach was no longer firm and his stamina had decreased at an alarming rate when he hit 50, even Viagra did not help much. Hands reached to remove his clothes and caress his body. His penis was flaccid but started to twitch when fingers moved up and down his length. He looked at Gabrielle. “Gabby, I don’t think I can do this for you. You should have picked a young man to fill you.”

“It’s okay, Mr. Forbes. I bet before you are done, you will have enjoyed me, as I will you. However, I must ask that we play act this to make it better for me. I hope having to pretend you are messing with the daughter of a friend will not turn you off. This is something I

wanted for two years, but since that man is gone, I would like you to pretend to be him. Will you try?"

"Yes, Gabby, if you like. You are a sweet girl and I will do my best." He turned to his wife. "Honey, just close your eyes if it is too much for you to watch. It is all just a game, remember? We talked about all this before and that eventually one of us would have to participate in one of these sick performances. I would not want you to have to do this, no matter what. So please, honey, just think of it as a job like taking out the garbage."

"Is that how you think of me, Mr. Forbes, am I garbage? Gabriella demanded.

"Not you, Gabby. This whole thing of forcing us to fuck one another for their entertainment is garbage. Their Highnesses are garbage. They hold us here with the threat of death, using us like slaves, forcing us to humiliate and debase ourselves for their pleasure. What is worse is we have come to enjoy it all too, even looking forward to each night's entertainment and that makes us as much garbage too. Here I stand, ready to fuck a young woman I don't even know and instead of vilifying the idea, I am excited and want to do it. What have we become?"

Neither Dieter nor Sonya seemed to take offense at his remarks, but rather both smiled. Dieter spoke. "There is some truth in your comments, Mr. Forbes, but it will not change anything. Your audience is waiting, so please proceed."

Gabrielle just smiled at him, waiting for his kiss. All the lights were off, except a soft one directly about her. Finally, she spoke, "I can remember my 18th birthday party and you kissed me. You put your arms around me and pressed my tits flat with your chest. Your tongue excited me beyond belief. I hoped your kiss would never stop, but it did. Please do it again, but touch my breast this time. And my back ... caress my back and slide you hand down to my ass. Yes, that is the way." She could hear the whispers of some of the others and Mrs. Forbes' quiet crying.

Mr. Forbes was near tears too because of his wife's pain but his penis grew. Someone guided him to a chair and moved the direction of the light to shine on him.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and began to kiss him, wiggling her ass against his hand. He moaned, holding her closer, kissing her, rubbing her taut breasts. Now she made her move. Instead of waiting for his completion, she lifted herself up and down onto his penis. He cried out as her wet smoothness surrounded him. She pushed his hand down into her pussy, moving his fingers on her clit until he began to increase the pressure there. He came also immediately, but continued to rub her until she cried out repeatedly as her body bent backwards to thrust her pelvis up to him.

The crowd applauded and whistled. The parties in the sexual show sat, holding each other until Mrs. Forbes came to get her husband, forcing the sated girl off his lap. The Baron thanked them all for coming, pun intended he said, and that they would meet tomorrow night for supper and fun and special surprises for all. Each couple left the room to return to their bedrooms, with its own bath and decorated ornately like the ones upstairs. The doors automatically locked behind them at the end of the passages, keeping them from leaving this area but allowing them to move from room to room for conversation, card games, and sex if they wanted, never suspecting their every move was filmed.

“Well, Dieter, that was certainly a change of pace,” Sonya noted. They took a staircase directly to their secret room. “Who would have thought Old Forbes liked young women? But what man doesn’t? She laughed as she rubbed her husband’s bulge through his pants. “Now, for our evening’s culmination, let’s watch our guests clean up and enjoy their evening meal. Then, maybe I will enjoy you for my evening meal.” He laughed too, and pulled her down into his lap as he reclined in his favorite chair, turning on all the monitors and rewinding the cameras.

Chapter 8

The Baron and Baroness fucked long and hard while they enjoyed the films recorded the night before. Upon arising, she gave each of them a stamina shot. “When our guests are gone,” she said, “we will have to take a break from libido boosters and just depend on our own lusts. I suggest we sleep a couple days to rest up before we find new guests.” Her husband smiled and nodded.

The morning wake-up calls upstairs brought both guest couples out of deep sleep. Breakfast was in half an hour and that no sex allowed until later. This time, after their sex-less showers, they found clean gowns and slacks with open shirts in the closet. No shoes were included.

The four of them met in the hall to walk down together. Edward commented, “Wonder when they sneaked in to bring the clothes? Well, no matter. But how about this, gals? Pull your tops down under your breasts now, rather than waiting until it is ordered. Not that I don’t like the opportunity to cop a feel myself.”

“So what is stopping you, handsome?” Carrie wiggled asked, wiggling her hips suggestively. They all laughed as the men pulled down the gowns and enjoyed a few licks and kisses before they arrived at the dining room, where the Kernoffs waited. The Baron stood as the women entered, the perfect host. Both Edward and Jeff bowed to the Baroness, each moving her fingers to lips as propriety might dictate. They took the same seats they had used the previous morning. Conversation was light and inane, rather than what was to come which was on all minds.

“The weather service says that the storm should break in a couple or three more days, so you will be on your way as soon as we can get a plane in here. How does that sound?” Dieter spoke over his coffee.

“But that does leave us a couple days for more fun, does it not? I am so looking forward to your delights, Fonda. And Sonya has some special things planned for you, Jeff. Edward and Carrie...well, you will have to entertain yourselves.”

He arose, walked to Fonda, offering her his hand. Not to be outdone, Jeff moved to take Sonya's hand but lifted it to his mouth where he sucked her fingers deep inside. Sonya laughed a delighted giggle as she pulled him with her, her fingers still in his mouth.

The remaining pair stayed at the table. Carrie poured more coffee and Jeff moved to the chair beside her. They kissed softly, almost like old married folks. She put her head on his shoulder and they sat arms intertwined while they talked. She asked him if he was upset that their spouses had spent yesterday in bed together.

Edward was slow in replying. “My first thought was that she had been unfaithful to me, and I was instantly angry. Then common sense kicked in when I remembered the four of us in the frozen mill, warming each other with our bodies. It didn't matter then who was on top of whom, whose cock was in what pussy. So why should it matter later? Especially when we...you and I...were fucking two totally different people. Fucking people we don't even know. Last night, watching each other was some kind of ceremony almost. We sealed our love for one another, all around. When we kissed, all kissed last night, I actually liked Jeff in my arms, his mouth on mine. Yes, I agreed with Fonda that we are all in love, not like two couples but like four members of a marriage.”

Carrie looked into his eyes, moving her lips to his again. She slid her tongue into his mouth, rubbing it in a large circle, feeling his teeth and deepness toward his throat. They stood together, kissing, slowly removing their clothes. “Wait,” she said, “In the study, on the rug in front of the fireplace.”

Together, they crossed the wide foyer, two beautiful naked bodies, arm in arm. Without a word, Jeff lay on his back on the furry bear rug. Carrie knelt on her knees, taking his already hard penis in her mouth, moving up and down until he warned her to stop. She continued licking and sucking him until his hips bucked and he

spewed his seed into her mouth. She did not stop until not a single speck of his semen remained.

She spread her body over his, forcing his now soft penis into her vagina. She spread herself wide, then trapped his cock in her pussy muscles and began to contract and release him in a slow rhythm. "This is a little thing I learned yesterday from the Baron. Do you like it?"

"Carrie," he replied, "You have no idea how much I like it. Don't stop. It is incredible. I am getting hard again, already."

She giggled and continued to squeeze and release his penis with her vagina while she kissed him. Not leaving his penis, she ran her hand down between his legs and took his balls in her hand, also gently squeezing and releasing them too. He moaned and moved up into her. She tightened her leg to increase his pressure on her soft wetness while she raised and lowered her hips to take him in and tease him out.

When she had reached her limit, she cried out and forced herself down on him tight as she could while the waves of wonder rolled over her repeatedly until she sank down on him, exhausted.

He had reached his climax only seconds after Carrie. Sweat covered them, from the fireplace heat and the inferno their own bodies had created. She rolled off Edward, so they were side by side. He rose to kiss her lips and move his hands down her body to her still swollen clit. She snuggled tightly against his hard chest and whimpered her wanting. He caressed her, watching the tiny button engorge until it burst into cum after cum until she cried out.

They awoke hours later, still wrapped in each other's arms. "I love you, Carrie." He touched her face softly with his fingertips.

"And I love you, Edward." Her hands moved gently on his shoulders.

"I am worried about Fonda," Edward said. "You must be wondering about Jeff and what he is doing, too."

"Tell me about what he is doing." Carrie wanted to know. "Is he enjoying himself? Does she make him cum until he is exhausted, like you just did me? I want to know if he will like her kisses, her tongue, everything."

“Yes, honey, he will like every minute, every stroke, every cum. She is incredible, but no less incredible than you are. Nor Fonda, either. Sonja likes a vibrator in her ass while she rides a penis and she likes to use it on the guy too. She has one that slips down the cock, vibrating and squeezing while she licks the balls. It was simply wonderful. What else do you want to know?”

“Did she scream when she came, like I do?”

“Like both you and Fonda do, but a couple times I thought she was pretending— like she thought I expected her to be loud. Frankly, though, I didn’t care if she came or not. It only mattered to me that I did, and boy! did I.”

“Show me, Jeff. Show me how you rode her, not caring if she came. I want to feel your power and animal need when you fucked her. Pretend I am the Baroness.” She sucked his balls and teased his cock until he moaned.

“Okay, Carrie. This is not love, just lust. Don’t let me hurt you.” He closed his eyes and began hard plunges inside her, using her roughly, the same way he had the baroness. Carrie wrapped her legs around his waist as he poured into her. It did not hurt. Instead, it stirred some deep primeval need down deep inside her. She met his every move and growls rose from her throat. Her entire vagina tightened around him and together they moved savagely until they came.

They remained on the rugs, exhausted, and then slept. She awoke first and gazed into his face. What they had done was beyond anything she had every experience. Sweet sex was the most important sex, but the union they had created like animals was something she wanted Edward to do with her too. Jeff awoke and kissed her eyelids. He stood, offered her his hand, and together they went to retrieve their clothes and go up to shower.

They did not make love again, but cuddled close on the bed, talking softly, aware that the cameras and recorders were seeing all they did or said. They laughed over the ruined rug before the fireplace, soaked with sweat and body fluids. Carrie remembered the slick bodies she had Fonda spread on the dining room table. They decided, aloud, that tonight at supper they would dip nipples and

penises in wine and suck it off. Their plans for sexual excesses grew and grew and they compounded their bogus plans for the benefit of their hosts. For an instant, they thought they might have heard an airplane engine, but decided it was the wind playing tricks on them.

Carrie opened the cabinet housing the television set and looked through the pile of DVD and VCR tapes. Most had Russian titles, so she grabbed one at random to play. She returned to the bed, cuddled back against Edward as the movie began. "Wow." She sat up. "It is the Baron and Sonya. Look at that. They really do fuck each other, not just their guests."

"Did he do those things to you, honey?" He wanted to know.

"Not exactly, but close. He didn't try to fuck my ass. He did pour oil all over me, squeezed my tits together, and fucked them. When he came, some of it hit my face. He laughed and washed it off carefully. Did she sit on your face like that?" as she pointed to the pair were doing on the video.

Edward smiled at her, rubbing his palm against one nipple until it hardened. "Yes, and she sucked me at the same time. Want me to show you how?"

Carrie said, "Tempting, you devil. But I thought we agreed to wait for Fonda and Jeff."

"Okay, but if you don't switch tapes, I can't be held accountable for what I might do to you."

She returned to the tapes library, exchanging the one they were watching for another. This time, it was a blindfolded couple fondling and rubbing. Edward fast-forwarded until the scene changed to two men in a 69 position. Carrie asked, "Have you ever done that, Edward? Have you ever wanted to do it or have it done to you? Would you do it with Jeff?"

"No, honey, I have never done it. Jeff? I am not sure, but if you and Fonda were there, we might at least touch one another if he wants to also."

"Oh, that would be so damn exciting. I would love to see my two favorite men having sex with one another. Can we try it tonight?"

Edward hugged her close, turning off the VCR and TV. "I guess that will be up to Jeff and Fonda."

The bedroom door opened and their spouses entered. "What is up to us?" Jeff wanted to know as he moved to the bed to pull Carrie into his arms.

Edward grabbed Fonda's hand and pulled her down on top of him. He could see the sweat and smell the sex on the both of the returning lovers. "Are you alright, baby?" he asked his wife.

She smiled at him, putting her lips to his mouth. "I am fine, just fucked out. That man is insatiable, isn't he, Carrie?"

"Yes, he can go forever, it feels like, without a break. But to tell you the truth, I could not get enough either. I especially like when he licked the wine off me and I liked the whipped cream too."

"He did not do those things to me, but he did something to me that he apparently did not do to you, because you still have your pubic hair," Fonda said. "He shaved me, every inch of my legs and arms and body. I was afraid he was going to start on my head next." She pulled up her dress to show her completely naked mound. Her slit was high and long.

"That is the most erotic thing I have seen in a long time." Her husband ran his hand over the smooth skin around her vaginal opening. Her clit was fully exposed and bright red. He touched it with his fingertip and felt it harden. He rubbed it just a couple of strokes before she pushed his hand away.

"Not now. Not until I have washed away the Baron and his leavings."

Edward bent down to her stomach. "Say, this is kind of sexy, too, smelling him on you and in you. Serious, honey, I do like it."

She slapped at him, ran to the shower where Jeff had already turned on the water. They moved behind the curtain together, washing and soaping each other. Edward and Carrie watched them through the clear curtain. They cleansed one another like a pair of puppies. When they finished and wrapped in a towel, they came out to join the other pair on the bed.

"Now, what is up to Jeff and me?" Fonda asked.

Chapter 9

“We were talking about the men having sex together,” Carrie replied. “It would be like sealing our love for one another and completing our relationship. Fonda and I can either leave you two alone or stay with you, maybe even helping you through the taboo part of that kind of sex. If you want, we two can even love each other at the same time if that would help. What do you think?”

Fonda smiled and sat beside Carrie, putting her arm around her. “I think it is a great idea. Guys?”

Edward spoke. “I told Carrie yesterday that I had enjoyed the feel of Jeff’s arms and lips, and to tell the truth, his body excited me, even after all the loving we did with you girls.”

They all looked at Jeff who had not moved since they stated the discussion. “Let me get this straight. You want me to go gay with Edward. Did you want him to screw me or me him?” No one answered as he looked from face to face. Finally, he broke into a grin. “Hell, why not? I think that is the only thing we haven’t done, isn’t it?”

The phone interrupted whatever would have happened next. The Baron told them their meal was ready and they would join the four guests for an evening of entertainment and pleasure. “Whatever that means,” Jeff remarked.

The clothes in the closet this time were nearly transparent toga-like robes, one for each. The men’s were short enough and designed to expose their penises when they walked. The women’s were cut to expose one full breast and the nipple of the other and short enough to allow the pubic area to play peak-a-boo when they moved.

"I have to say one thing," Edward commented, "they have great costumes for ladies, but I don't think much of the ones they have for us guys."

"Ah, quite the contraire, I personally like yours better than ours, but Fonda does look cute with her hairless twat." Carrie ducked under the towel Fonda threw at her, and then they linked arms and preceded their men out the door.

As they neared the dining room, they heard voices, masculine voices. At the door, they hesitated. "Ah, our beautiful guests have joined us, gentlemen. Please come in and take your seats among our other guests. You can introduce yourselves to your companions as we dine."

"I am amazed to see so many people here. How did they get here?" Jeff wanted to know and he met the Baron's black state. The four men stared frankly at Carrie and Fonda as they moved to their chairs but did not rise nor offer either one a chair. They moved into the empty chairs, so that the women had to squeeze themselves into their seats. The short skirts hid nothing and the breasts rubbed the shoulders of the men beside them.

"Did you not hear the plane that came in this afternoon? No, I am sure you did not. My darling wife had you elsewhere occupied. These men are from the Mid-East on a buying trip. They know that we generally have a supply for them, but this time, they will have some competition, from an Oriental group who will be arriving any minute." At the Baron's words, the men in the long robes and covered heads exchanged expressionless looks and resumed eating.

They used their right hands only, picking the food up without benefit of fork or spoon, although they did use a knife when necessary. They showed little interest in the women, although one went so far as to reach for Carrie's blond curls, wrapping a strand around his finger, saying something to his companion in a language the foursome did not understand, but there was little doubt that it was not idle chatter. It was something very serious to them.

Noise outside the front door heralded the arrival of four Oriental men came in, followed by four armed men who spread around the room, guns at ready. When all were seated, more food was served, but

with little casual conversation. The eldest Oriental asked, "Can we dispense with the civilities and get on with the important part of the evening. I would like to be back in the air at first light."

"As you wish. I have had chairs set up in the ballroom upstairs for your ease during the sale. Please make yourself comfortable there while I explain things to our American guests."

When all had exited the room but the Baron and Baroness, the guards, and the foursome, a door opened to admit the people who had been below, along with more guards. No one spoke, each naked and humiliated.

The Baron began pacing, and then stopped behind his wife's chair, hands on her shoulders. "This is always the hardest part of any of these little transactions. Here is where I must explain that you will all be leaving with one group or the other of these men. Probably not all together, but possibly. That will depend on who places the highest bids."

Jeff jumped out of his chair. He shouted, "You are planning to sell us. That is what this is all about, isn't it? You traffic in white slavery! You son of a bitch!" He rushed toward the Baron but was knocked to the floor by the butt of a guard's gun. Both Carrie and Fonda ran to him as Edward hit the guard with a wine bottle from behind, only to find himself on the floor with Jeff. Both had bleeding heads.

"Most astute, Mr. Williams. Yes, that is correct. We have spent the past couple days enjoying your assets and filming you for the bidders to see you at your best. Some are just home movies for us two to enjoy on long cold winter nights. You all have been most agreeable and pleasurable, be assured. We regret the early arrival of our buyers, as we had hoped for a few more days or even weeks with the four of you. We had plans for ménages and an orgy or two. Perhaps we would have entertained you further with some of our other guests."

"Fonda, I am sorry to have shaved you, but it was a financial necessity for these people are not in the market for black haired women, but your pussy shape in itself will enhance your value. Carrie, I regret the bites, but your ass was just too delectable to pass without a few licks and tastes. The rest of you who were downstairs were evaluated when you first came to us, so we already know your

assets and shortcomings and how much we can expect for you from our bidders.

“All of you were inspected anally by either Sonya or me to see if you had been used that way and at the time, you seemed to like the inspections. Fortunately, are ass-virgins. That makes you even more valuable. You can forget anything you heard about Arabic men not looking at naked women other than their wives. You are not women to them, except as a commodity. None of the men in robes will assault you but the Orientals are not particular about the product so long as it is not damaged. Damaged rectally is important to the Arabs but not to the Orientals, at least these two groups in particular. Now, you will comply with anything and everything that they ask of you, regardless of whom or what they want you to do. I will make sure you are not hurt, at least until you are sold.”

“You four will be up for bid among the others, but you are the prime livestock. We have been collecting specimens until we amassed enough to make it worthwhile to summon the buyers. We get them from brokers, from travelers’ groups, and the like. Two dozen makes for spirited bidding. More is unwieldy. Less is too few to draw high rolling bidders.”

He continued, “After you are done, you will be taken below to rooms to wait for your departure tomorrow. You will be fed and clothed and can say your goodbyes tonight because you will not have time in the morning. I am sorry your little vacation turned out so unhappily, but in the months and years to come, you will have the memories of these two days of sheer lust. Satisfied lust!”

Chapter 10

They had to remove what little they wore and paraded among the eight men seated around the foyer. On a huge screen partway up the stairs, there were movies showing them sexually with each other. Watchers made comments they could not understand, but they knew the words were raunchy and sexual. First were five men, then five women from the group below were paraded among the seated men to be poked and probed like cattle. Several women whimpered and some people prayed. They were fingered and spread with no regard for them anymore than there would have been for livestock, which they now realized they were. The bidders showed no interest or emotion with their dismay.

An eternity passed before the bidding started. It was slow at first, and then became spirited. Dieter kept up a patter and made jokes and comments much appreciated by the buyers. Men were for restless matrons, widows, and men who liked men. They had no idea who bought them or for how much as everything was in languages unfamiliar to them.

Edward was next, then the remainder from the first group. Jeff followed. Bidding was much livelier than it had been in the beginning. A man in a robe reached out to pull Fonda to him. He opened her mouth to inspect her teeth. "I am not a damned horse, you creep. Leave me alone." She tried to bite him, only to have him grip her jaw between her lower teeth and chin and pull. It was painful enough to force her to her knees. While she was down, he spread her legs to look and feel inside her vagina. He nodded to his companions, and then pushed her away with his foot.

Edward tried to go to his wife's aid. The guard's gun stopped him again. Almost as if it were punishment, one of the guards held

Edward. Fingers went into his anus and hands weighed his balls, kneading them none too gently. This buyer enjoyed humiliating the prisoners, particularly the men, who were sure it was a sample of things to come after they changed owners.

Edward's plight, and Fonda's, was part of the entertainment these men seemed to expect. They passed her from man to man for closer examination. Dieter cajoled the bids higher until he seemed satisfied with the sum offered.

Carrie was last. Her value was much higher because of her curly yellow hair both on her head and between her legs. Every man ran his fingers through her hair and between her legs, shoving, and touching, even caressing. She kept her eyes closed and stood mute and unmoving while she was pinched and probed. She willed her breasts not to harden because they were prone to dimple easily, but this time her fear and disgust kept them soft.

Bidding for the fair skinned, blond woman was lively and became vicious toward the end when monetary limits allowed no further bids. They knew she would bring a lot of money in their homelands as a toy for the wealthy. Finally, no one called out a higher amount, so Dieter indicated a 'sold'.

They all went downstairs, prodded by the guards. Those who had come from the basement went to their rooms, leaving only the four behind. Their space was a large room with a small bath off to one side. The room contained two beds and nothing else in stark contrast to their former bedrooms. A closet provided the clothes they had worn when they arrived. The four sat on the beds, side by side, knees nearly touching knees between the beds. They whispered comfort words to one another, but none was comforted. They did not know where they were going or with which group or if they were ever going to see each other after this night.

The men pushed the beds together and they all climbed in wrapping their arms around each other. They kissed and caressed with nothing but love. The sex that was to come was only a by-product of their love. Soon, they rocked in the passion of that love. They changed partners repeatedly and climaxed over and again, too. They slept.

They woke with desperation, fear, and the threat they would never see one another again. It was as if they tried to cram a lifetime of love into a few short hours. This time, the women aroused each other with kisses and caresses, nibbles and love bites, rubbing one another until their clits could take no more.

The men kissed and caressed each other, too, then masturbated one another until they came, penis against penis. Their love was now complete and they slept

The door flew open. One of the guards spoke in broken English that they were to dress and wait until summoned. Finally, they were lead out, single file, tied together, escorted by the armed guards. The truck was old and unheated, so they huddled close together. The other 20 followed them, but no one spoke. When the guards were ready, the truck rolled out through the snow under a beautiful blue sky. It was as if the blizzard had not happened.

The Baron waited by the two planes. When the prisoners were unloaded, he pointed to either plane, indicating they should board that one. They were untied from one another, but their hands remained bound. Dieter smiled at Fonda who was the first of the four. "You, my dear, are going with the Oriental men, but your friends are all going to the land of sand."

Fonda sobbed and turned to her husband. The other couple crowded around them to comfort within the limits their ropes would allow. Edward put his ear close to Jeff's ear, "I have an idea. Follow my lead. If we can take Dieter and get into one of the planes, I can fly us out of here. If we die, so be it. It is better than being slaves to depravity."

Chapter 11

Edward turned and ran toward Dieter. A guard stepped forward, gun up. Jeff pushed the guard from behind, grabbing his gun before he hit the ground.

Even with their hands still tied, Dieter knew they would be able to kill, and that is what they did. Jeff pointed and shot another guard when he raised his gun. With the gun pointed at him now, Dieter yelled for the guards to stand back.

Men started running from the planes, but stopped as Edward moved behind the Baron, putting his hands over his head to use the ropes on his wrists to strangle Dieter, just enough to insure his cooperation.

“Tell them to drop their guns and put their hands up,,” Jeff said. “If you don’t, my friend there will just tighten the rope and you won’t be selling any more slaves. Now, tell them to unload all the prisoners off one plane and put them on the other. Now!”

“What good will that do you, you fool?” Dieter asked.

“Just do it.” Edward pulled the rope tight enough to cut Dieter’s breathing for a moment, before he allowed him air again.

“Do as he says. Get everyone onto one plane. Hurry, I am choking to death.”

Carrie picked up a couple of rifles from the ground. Fonda took a knife from the belt of one of the guards to cut their ropes, leaving Edward to use his on Dieter. As the prisoners marched past her into the plane, she cut each person free. She picked up pieces of the rope and tied Dieter’s hands before she cut her ’husband’s hands free. He armed himself with a gun

“No, I want every one of you on the other plane,” Jeff ordered. “Guards, Orientals, Robes, everybody but our friend here. Now!”

The men did as ordered. Jeff and Edward still pulling the Baron with them, followed the women into the plane. Jeff stood in the door of the plane while Edward did an instrument check and started the engines. Only after the plane taxied down the short runway did Jeff step back to close the door.

Shots came at them from the ground as they cleared the end of the runway but with no damage. The prisoners all cheered. They finally realized they were free.

Jeff stood above the Baron now tied in one of the seats. "Does anyone have a suggestion as to what we should do with this man? Should we just toss him out over the ocean or take him with us back home?" The majority wanted to throw him out, but no decision was necessary. Mr. Forbes strode forward and simply cut his throat in one swift motion. The Baron was dead. No one cheered, but no one felt any remorse.

Mrs. Forbes spoke for the first time. "I have an idea. Let's return the Baron to his wife. After all, she deserves to know of his fate. I wish we could do the same to her, but since we can't, can we drop his body for her to find, or for the animals to tear to shreds?"

The others cheered. Edward nodded. "Strap yourselves in, all but two men. I will fly low and close to the house as possible. When I tell you, open the hatch and push the body out. I will circle around and come in from the landside. Everybody ready?"

It went smoothly as if rehearsed. The body rolled out, hitting the ground just a few yards in front of the house. Looking back, they could see Sonya running down the stairs toward the body. Everyone smiled at the poetic end of the lives of the two who thought themselves above the laws and morals of man and God.

Edward turned the plane to the west, radioed their situation, and received his flight path instructions. The four of them were in the cockpit with the cabin door closed. Edward turned to the other three, grinning. "Does anyone want to join the mile-high club?"

BLIZZARD OF LUST

The Lust Collection

THE END

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Beverly Sims grew up on the Oregon Coast and now resides in Florida with her husband Bob and their spoiled black cat known Ridley.

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