

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Part One

The national weather channel never had it so good. Most locals in the area only watched the early morning news for info about traffic jams and immediate weather conditions, and one channel had one “girl” to cover both. She was tall, full figured, had a beautiful smile, a producer that made sure she sounded like she knew what she was talking about, and had an audience that could boast 95% of the area’s male population.

It’s not that she did anything inappropriate or dressed in questionable attire, but her presence, the potential, the not-so-subtle sexual allure, made you forget to listen to her words. Viewers just watched and nodded to the sound of her voice as she walked back and forth in front of weather maps and traffic alerts. There was the fall of her hair, a cascade of brunette curls onto her shoulders, framing a strong chin and cute dimples that grabbed the viewer every time she gave good news or wished for a better day tomorrow. Her eyes would sparkle every time she looked sideways and raised an eyebrow for one of her rhetorical questions, and she always placed herself against the green-screen or backdrop as though she were a model doing a shoot for a high-end magazine.

Yes, her breasts bounced just so slightly as she walked back and forth, and her dress showed just enough thigh, just enough of the valley between her breasts; nothing you could complain to the FCC about and just enough to ensnare a good portion of the valley every weekday morning. You might go to another network for news about the Middle East, but this is where you came to forget about the drudgery of the upcoming day. Best of all, Ron lived just down the street from her. Even better than that, she jogged past his house almost every afternoon and knew him by name.

This script ran through Ron’s head every time he saw Sue running past his house or running around the park with her dogs. And her name was Susan, but preferred Sue. Just Sue. Susie was the cute name her producers gave her, and that’s how most people referred to her, but close friends simply knew her as Sue. Of course, her name was unimportant when the woman herself was within ten feet of him. He could hardly remember his own name when she came near and his brain melted, taken over by the swishing back and forth of her breasts, the tell-all fabric that clung to her ass, and the mixed scent of perfume and sweat as she ran past.

As a mature and polite member of Sue’s neighborhood fan club, Ron had learned to look the other way, keep his eyes focused on her face when she spoke to him, and resisted the temptation to turn on the morning news, especially when his mother was in the room. He had once bragged at school about his friendship with the local weather celebrity and invited a handful of eager boys (and one curious girl) to possibly watch Susie jog past. It would have been fine if his mother hadn’t come home and seen them all milling about in the front yard. He kept it more discreet after that. Nothing creepy or weird, just doing what all men do when they don’t want their boss, the police, or especially their parents to pull them into the back room for a long talk about polite front-stage behavior.

Mostly Sue was so beyond Ron’s realm of reality, so unattainable, that he stopped taking her seriously and only related to her as another adult, a friend of the family. When they did talk it was without expectations, just a high school kid and a friendly adult mentor down the block, talking about work, school assignments, the weather, college, or some TV scandal.

The day of all days that changed this relationship and all of Ron’s life came toward the end of his second year of college. He was past the awkward zit-faced kid stage and entering into the young man “I know it all” adult phase with serious thoughts of college life, work, and women, and certainly not in that order. Ron was only just home at the end of the spring quarter, cleaning the remnants of

a passing morning rain shower off his car and hoping to relax and chill for the summer. He was in the middle of cleaning the interior of his car when a voice called him out, and there was Sue, as tall and outstanding and mind-numbingly beautiful as she appeared on morning TV.

Ron had seen her run by the day before but hadn't had a chance to even say hello. She wasn't running on that day, instead walking his way with one of her prized, though not prize-winning, huskies at her side. He had done some dog walking and yard work for her before and was on good terms with this part of her security team. On this day Sue was walking Bush, the female, who dragged Sue the last few feet to give Ron a bark and a growl and lick on the hand, seemingly happy to reacquaint herself with him. Sue gave Ron a quick hug, gushed over how much the young college-man he looked, and explained that Bush had had puppies just a few weeks before and how both dogs really needed to be walked more. Ron agreed to drop by and walk them when he could, though only one at a time as the two of them together were too much to handle.

They talked about what he'd be doing for the summer, what his major was, what had changed in town and where she hoped to go over the weekend, and then came the unexpected invitation. "You should come by and see the puppies before I give them up for adoption. I'll be back home in half an hour if you want to drop by."

Ron gave his most polite yes while looking only into her eyes, but he still couldn't hold back from giving her ass a quick look as Sue took off at a slow jog with Bush. Well, this was nothing really new. He'd been over to her house before, could call her a friend, just another adult who lived around the corner. Yes, just a friend he could now connect with as an equal, but his hands were shaking as he washed up and his brain had trouble focusing on anything other than his upcoming walk to Sue's house.

An exact half hour later he walked up to her front door and knocked, only for Sue's voice behind the door telling him to go around the back and let himself in. He made it through the gate, gave Pilot (the male) a scratch behind the ears, and was greeted by Sue at the back door. As she let him in, Ron saw that she had changed clothing since her walk, her top now a loose off the shoulder blouse that cut across much of her right breast with the lower edge ending just above her navel. Ron also noticed that Sue's jogging shorts had been changed to a slightly tighter and somewhat shorter pair of white cloth shorts, and there was an extra scent of perfume since he had seen her on the street.

The thing was, Sue didn't need any of these extras to appear enticing or attract attention. She was a beautiful brunette with a dash of henna that gave her longer than shoulder length curls a special shine. Her eyes always had a slightly wicked glint that accented anything she was talking about, and her figure was lush, luscious, curvaceous, full, rounded, whatever term you wanted to use to describe a woman whose every body part fulfilled the promise of womanhood. For a young man like Ron, she was the very essence of desire, of the unattainable woman, and here she was inviting him into her house. It was so much easier when, as a high school kid, all he had to do is walk the dog or mow the lawn. Now he was worried that he'd say something stupid, show himself to be just one more fool down the block, and he hoped he'd get through this ordeal without farting or knocking something over.

Bush and her puppies had a room of their own, a spare bedroom with a kid's safety gate at the door and a playpen in the corner. There were four puppies with roly-poly bodies covered in fur and running rampant in the playpen, their tiny teeth tugging on mom and each other, scrambling around inside the enclosure and looking for new worlds to explore.

"This playpen is already too small," said Sue. "I'd put them in the back yard but I don't trust Pilot. I might have to send him to my sister's until the puppies are gone." They knelt at the playpen,

stroking Bush and commenting on each of the puppies, Sue occasionally brushing against Ron as they played with the puppies on the open floor of the bedroom.

The occasional touch was OK, but Sue also bent over, sometimes with her rear to Ron, a good portion of her lower ass peeking forth and a clear outline of her labia pressing against the thin fabric of her shorts. A couple of times in as many minutes he'd be up on his knees and Sue would bend down to grab and play with a puppy, and her blouse would fall forward, out and away from her breasts, a full view of her mountains of joy being presented to Ron's eyes.

The third time is what caused his mind to implode. Sue didn't just bend over for a second and then back up; she leaned over toward Ron, put a hand on his knee as she rubbed the tummy of a puppy, swishing her hand, her body, her hair, her breasts back and forth, her tits performing a dance, back and forth and around within their open cloth enclosure. He could hear the slight friction of her large erect nipples on the fabric, could sense their need for release and attention. Without thinking, Ron dipped his hands into the deep open neck of Sue's blouse, scooping up her warm round fleshy melons and pulling them up, releasing them from their confines, pushing the shoulders of Sue's blouse down around the top of both shoulders while bringing her beautiful lightly tanned breasts into the light.

It happened so quickly, seemed so natural and wonderful, that Ron had no time to feel worried or mortified. He just acted on impulse and was happy at the result. He experienced joy at the feel and sight of Sue's tits flowing out of the top of her blouse, yearning for his attention, until another second had passed and Sue had a reaction of her own.

Sue jerked back, from both his knee and puppy, sat up on her haunches and looked down at her newly freed symbols of sex and womanhood, and laughed. It was a quick laugh, seemingly taking Ron's action as another stupid male move that women had to deal with on a daily basis. She followed her laugh with "Ron, really, knock it off." But she said it with a smile, allowing another full second of sight and touch before moving to push his hands away and attempting to move her breasts back within her crop top.

Instead of moving back with an apology, Ron moved his hands down, to support and massage Sue's protruding tits, to pull her in, leaning in to her lowered head to get a scent of her perfume, give a kiss to her hair, murmuring a quick throwaway line of how beautiful she was, his mind aware only of how wonderful it was to be touching her. Ron couldn't see Sue's face, but she paused, said something about him going too far, but then touched his arms, brought her fingers back to seemingly help his hands hold and massage each of her mounds as they continued to flow out of the top of her blouse.

But then the spell broke, Sue shook her head, sat up on her haunches and told Ron to get real. Yet as she looked him in the eye and said this she laughed again, and rather than covering herself or telling him to get out, she paused for another full second. She had her hands on her knees and both breasts, nipples erect and pointing straight at Ron, were bare and beautifully in full sight just a foot from Ron's eyes.

Ron felt he had to say something, to maintain some control, so he shrugged, smiled across at Sue and said, "Well, you know, they seemed lonely and in need of attention."

Sue rolled her eyes and said, "Jeez, men," and only then moved her hands to pull her top up over the lush symbols of sexual desire that seemed to take up the entire room. To his credit, instead of leaving it there and staring at the ground in silence or apologizing, Ron reached out and pulled up at the bottom of Sue's top. He easily lifted the bottom edge of the poor excuse for a blouse up to sit on

top of her twin mounds, their complete mountain-like forms left open to his gaze once again. Ron didn't say anything, his hands coming down to support and caress each of her breasts while looking at Sue's surprised face and waiting to see what she would do next.

Ron really did expect a scream, a yell, a demand for him to leave, but he had gone through that at college. It was no bad thing to be a little forward at college, to go a little too fast with a girl. As long as you were a gentleman about it and took a coed's no for a no, but of course thinking that a yes was a possibility. It was always better to be overly confident and flirtatious than be seen as cowardly and afraid.

But Sue was no flirty undergrad and her gasp of surprise at his continued contact with her breasts was then followed by a pull back of her body, a snort of derision, a shake of her head (Ron could only think of how beautiful her hair looked as it swayed around her head), and a "Ron!" And with that Sue raised her hands to pull down her blouse while standing up and starting to turn away from Ron. A quick and simple move to end the shenanigans and bring Ron back to his senses. But Ron still hadn't heard a no, was still waiting for an epithet and demand that he get the hell out, and until that line was crossed, Ron figured he might as well continue with some of the other lessons he had been taught at college.

As Sue stood up and turned away from him, Ron shot back with a "Sue, come back. We should talk," (meaningless but it made it seem like he was an adult, a man and not just the kid down the street). As he uttered these words to Sue's rising form, he reached out to the poorly covered ass that was rising up and coming even with his face. His fingers clutched at the sides of her shorts and pulled down even as Sue's form rose upwards and away from him.

Fortune again was with Ron, Sue's white cloth shorts being held up by an elastic waist band and without belt or snap or zipper. As he pulled down, as Sue's hips rose up, the shorts hesitated then quickly followed Ron's hands down, over her rounded ass, past her thighs and knees to her twisting calves. Sue's beautifully naked ass now just above Ron's head, his eyes looking up into her inner thighs, a slight projection of labia and pubic hair turning his member into a hard pole.

The next second changed everything when Sue went to take a step away from Ron. As her foot moved forward, her ankles were tangled in her newly lowered shorts causing her step to turn into a stumble. There was a slow collapse and down she went, her knees and hands coming down to the rug even as her ass was now pointed back toward Ron. Sue laughed again, perhaps in awareness at the embarrassing position she was in. Without even looking back at Ron Sue sat back onto her heels, moved her hands that had been attempting to cover her chest to now attempt to pull her shorts back up, but that wouldn't be easy with them wrapped around her ankles.

This is when she could have screamed bloody murder at Ron, but instead, for just one long moment, she turned back to look at him, a glint in her eyes, her breasts still bared to his sight, her hands resting on her bare hips, her mouth slightly open, waiting to see what Ron would do next. The invitation was unmistakable, and as Sue attempted to stand and pull up her shorts, Ron moved in, pushing Sue forward and back onto her knees and straight into the side of the twin bed that rested unused in the corner of the room.

Faster than he could think it out, Ron's shorts were pushed down to his knees, his right knee jammed in-between Sue's splayed calves, and his leaking hard-on pushed through Sue's slightly open thighs. This is when Sue woke up to just how serious Ron was and what his funny lighthearted antics were leading up to. Her laugh turned into a demand to stop, which became a stifled gasp as Ron pushed his hips and outstretched member hard against her ass, her hips and groin being pressed into the side of the bed. He then used his upper body to push in and down on her torso,

pushing Sue into the edge of the bed.

At the same time, Ron reached out with his hands to pull back on Sue's blouse, slightly ripping it as both sides came back and down, trapping her arms at the elbows even as her breasts were freed again to be grasped within his fingers. Sue struggled as Ron ripped her blouse and trapped her arms, trying to rise to a wide-legged standing position by the bed, but Ron leaned in and down, forcing Sue's head and chest into the top of the mattress as his hips and crotch pressed in on her ass.

This whole scenario, from hand on knee to freeing Sue's breasts to pushing her into the side of the bed took maybe a full minute, hardly time to speak a complete complex sentence. And now Ron was pulling back on Sue's chest, massaging each of her luscious tits, reveling in the feel of her nipples within his fingers, even aware of the many bumps on her dark areolas. He could hardly believe the feel of his chest against her back as his mouth nibbled on her left earlobe, speaking softly about her incredible beauty, all while pushing his crotch tight into her ass, holding her trapped against the bed, wondering just how far this insane ride would take him.

Ron again waited for the scream or head butt or something that would throw him off and get him tossed out of the house, but Sue started breathing deep, eyes closed, grinding her ass back against the push of his groin, waiting for him to make the next move. Ron paused, both angel and devil screaming into his ear, when Sue whispered loudly into the room "Well, OK Ron, so what are you going to do now?"

Only one thing to do. Ron lowered his right hand, pushed down across the front of Sue's stomach, down to where her own bare crotch was pressed against the bed. Lower, down to where his throbbing dick was pushing between her thighs, then pulling his hard length of manhood tight into that forested crevice within her labia. He had to push sideways with his right knee against her leg to make an extra inch of room, to separate her thighs just enough for him to fit up tight and deep within the length of Sue's folds. He gasped when he felt how wet she was, and more remarkably how warm, of the liquid heat that flowed around his cock as her thick pussy lips wrapped around the middle of his long curving pole.

He was more used to young college girls, tight pussies with little experience, interested but unsure, willing to go all the way but more as a practical matter, more to be alone and have fun with a guy than to actually fuck and be fucked back. And then here he has Sue, a pussy in obvious heat, in need of a man who will screw her silly, pushing her ass back into him, waiting for him to finish what he started.

Ron didn't carefully think any of this through, but he knew it as truth from his gut, and after just a short few seconds soaking his length within her open and well forested labia, he pulled back and used his fingers to direct the leading head of his cock up, into the willing gates of Sue's pussy.

His initial penetration of Sue caused her to groan and close her eyes, Ron's own groan of pleasure following, his mind melting at the wet heat he had pushed his cock into. Once he had the leading wedge of his cock tightly inserted inside Sue, Ron pulled his hand up to wrap around and massage her breasts. He was able to use his arms and elbows to keep Sue's arms trapped tight against her side, and then he began the slow back and forth dance that moved the wide thick head of his cock ever deeper inside Sue's pussy.

Ron's most enduring memory of those moments was of how hard and erect Sue's nipples were and of the hot wetness within her pussy. As he played with and massaged and teased Sue's full yet firm tits, Ron slowly moved deeper inside her, a dozen back and forth thrusts, slowly working himself ever

deeper, finally leading his tight and tender scrotum to press hard into the lower reaches of Sue's very taut ass.

Sue lay prone on the bed, face sideways, eyes closed, breathing in gasps, her ass starting to push back into Ron's crotch, matching the slow rhythm of his fuck, only once letting out anything more than a moan of pleasure, groaning out in a deep voice, "Oh my god that's good."

Ron began increasing his speed, hard thrusts pumping up into Sue from behind, each attempt by her to push back or lever herself up being countered by Ron's weight and single-minded intensity. If anything, Sue's initial squirming only helped to slide Ron's shaft deeper. Her pussy seemed to help him by sucking up and wrapping itself tightly around his cock with each thrust, only reluctantly allowing enough slack for him to pull back and repeat. It was long minutes into this when Ron shifted position, finally pushing Sue's shorts off one foot with one of his own. He moved his left knee within the extra space between her legs, pushing in harder with each thrust against her ass, trying to go deeper into her pussy, trying to lose his cock inside the hot wetness that seemed to demand more of him with every thrust.

As he quickened his thrusts, his hands came down to remove Sue's blouse, pulling it all the way down to her waist, ripping it at both sides but freeing her arms and back and chest from its encumbrance and cover. Ron wrapped his arms around Sue's chest, his hands digging deep to regain the feel of her breasts, and laying his chest down on her exposed back, focused on enjoying the beautiful woman he had pinned to the bed underneath him.

Sue had moved her hands, one above her head, the other back and resting on Ron's ass, riding with him as he rode up and down into her, slight moans escaping from her lips each time he pulled back and then then thrust back into her welcoming cunt. However much Ron wanted this to last forever, his cock was primed and ready to release a need he had felt ever since he had seen Sue stand before him years before. He tried to prolong the experience by stopping, pressing his crotch into her ass, allowing his cock to rest deep within Sue and enjoy her liquid warmth as it flowed around his cock and down and out to drip onto the floor between their knees. Ron enjoyed that for a few seconds, leaning into Sue, grinding only so slightly against her ass. Yet after a few seconds of no movement, Sue began thrusting hard back on her ass, pushing hard onto Ron's cock, pulling back into the side of the bed, then hard back to regain what length of cock had come out of her.

With Sue's physical outburst, an overt demand for him to continue fucking her, Ron could do nothing but release Sue's tits, pull back hard on her hips, and give a last dozen violent thrusts into her. Then came the rising wave, the intense fire, Ron losing himself in the wonders of unloading the contents of his overburdened balls into the deep recesses of Sue's pussy. It took him a full minute to finish, many short thrusts into Sue ensuring both cock and balls that each drop of his emissions had been shot up into her, sucked up by her, his vital juices now soaking the depths of her loins.

Ron could only collapse on top of Sue, pushing her more deeply into the mattress, then a long minute later slowly pull out of her and slump back, falling onto his knees on the rug, still within the wide angle he had forced her legs. He wound up face to ass, kissing each of her cheeks, his hands rubbing and massaging her firm and rounded twin cheeks. Ron's eyes then looked down to be mesmerized by the dripping dollops of secretions and cum and sperm dropping from between the lips of her cunt and down to form a pool on and just in front of his knees.

It took another minute of deep gasping breaths before he came out of his post-coital bliss, full awareness returning when Sue partially stood up and then collapsed more fully onto the bed, naked but for the torn blouse that circled her waist. Ron did the same, crawling up onto the bed to be next to her. His shirt was unbuttoned, his shorts off, his sandals gone, his near-naked body pressing into

Sue's side, pulling her in, his kisses to her closed eyes and soft lips followed by words of joy and encouragement.

Ron was intimidated as hell, completely overcome by what he had just done, of who he was laying next to. As with past lessons with younger girls, he knew he couldn't go wrong by telling Sue of her beauty and of the joy he felt of finally being able to make love to her. Sue cracked an eye, smiled, rolled back and up onto one elbow, her breasts again freed for Ron to see and touch.

"Well, that was kind of unexpected. Pretty good Ron." Which led to some back and forth verbal jousting, Ron trying to show he was a man in control of a situation he had never really been in before. Ron tried to touch and feel with the caresses common to a couple after sex, again something he was still learning in the backrooms of college.

As they verbally circled each other he tried to kiss and caress the ultimate woman so newly naked before him, following each of her words with some wit beyond his years. For her part, Sue let it be known that she was well aware of how much in heat he was, of how passionate a fuck he had given her, and of how overflowing an orgasm his more than adequate cock had released into her.

All fine and good. She also openly wondered if he knew woman needed a little more time, a little more loving, a bit less fucking before they could feel satisfied. As Sue spoke she lay back, chest up, one hand down between her legs, another hand reaching across to touch and grasp Ron's wet and sticky cock. Seeing Sue naked on the bed, large firm tits open to his view, her knees bent out, her hand playing within the forested but shinning inner folds of her vulva, Ron hardly needed Sue's hand-felt encouragement for his penis to again become a fully hard cock.

Before he could act, Sue took his hand and moved it down between her legs, moved his fingers down and up through her wet and sticky slit, focusing on her clit, telling him to help her do what didn't need to be explained. She moved closer, pulled Ron more fully onto the bed, opened her legs wider while shoving her hips tighter into him. Eyes closed, Sue made small comments about what she liked, what fingering movements were best, for Ron to suck her breasts, to go slow but firm, long minutes of finger and foreplay finally paying off as Sue moaned and convulsed and screamed as she pulled Ron in and rocked with him in a tight embrace.

Ron had only rarely experienced a woman's orgasm, most of the girls he met on campus putting up with the minimal talents of the young men they were stuck going out with. Sue's wild actions were new and a real turn-on, a beautiful woman teaching and fucking, then ravishing and cumming, taking Ron into a new level of love and sex.

Sue opened her eyes, caressed him, and in-between deep breaths kissed his face and neck. Then a hand went down to his half-hard cock, touching and caressing it into a fuller version of itself. He began fucking the fist she had formed around his member, leaning over to kiss her on the lips, to suck in the tongue of a woman he had desired for so long. Then Ron had the courage to roll over on top of her and try to give Sue even more pleasure than he had just given with his fingers.

"Umm, hard again, and so soon. Yum. There may be hope for you yet Ron," and Sue pulled him in tight, kissed him more deeply than any girl had even attempted from all his late-night college escapades, and wrapped her legs around him in an embrace that promised no prisoners, no release, no pardons until the deed was done.

With Sue laid out flat on her back, Ron used his knees to open her legs wide, moved his hips down and pushed his raging hard-on up into her crevice. Her lower lips seemed to open wide and guide his member in, the head of his cock flowing inches up inside Sue's pussy with hardly any effort. And she

was so warm, so wet and hot, as though she had just wrapped a steaming hot towel around the length of his dick. Weight pressing down on his elbows, head just above Sue's shoulder, Ron began a series of slow thrusts that quickly gained him total penetration. Sue's pussy wrapped around his entire length, immersed in a hot fleshy embrace as he started faster harder thrusts to ensure his total dominance of a woman he worshipped.

Though he stayed on top and never fully stopped fucking in one form or another, Ron and Sue kept changing speeds and movements and ways of connecting cunt to cock. Sometimes shallow thrusts, the head of Ron's cock coming almost all the way out of Sue's pussy lips before re-entering her for a few inches, then at one point her pushing a pillow under her lower back and ass for a new angle and feel. Sometimes Sue spread her legs out in response to Ron's actions or bounced with the bed to welcome and embrace each of his thrusts, then wrap her legs tight around him as though to stop him or to enjoy just where his cock was at that moment.

It all went on for more than minutes, for tens of minutes, each of them grunting and moaning, touching, bathing the other in sweat and secretions, kisses and caresses, until one set of fast but shallow thrusts brought Ron to a final peak, and as he grunted that he was cumming, Sue brought her legs to wrap around his hips, pulling him in tight and whispering "Cum in me hard, Ron, just cum in me and let me feel it."

Ron really no longer had any control over it, shoving up hard and ejaculating the remains of all the manly juices remaining in his cock and balls, short thrusts prolonging the orgasmic jolts shooting through his brain before collapsing completely within Sue's sweaty embrace.

"Wow," Sue said as she turned her head to kiss his cheek, "pretty good Ron. I got a couple more out of that one. You're even better than I had hoped for." Ron was happy she was happy, that he had fulfilled a man's duty, feeling like a dog that had done good. With a woman like Sue still attached to his hips, Ron would have wagged a tail if he had one.

After a few more minutes of embrace, Ron's limp penis slipped out of Sue's lower set of lips and Sue said that it was time to get moving. She sat up, rolled over Ron and off the bed and gazed around the room. She removed the torn blouse that had somehow remained around her waist, laughed a bit while shaking her head, and under Ron's wide-eyed gaze used it to wipe between her legs, cleaning herself in an erotic yet matter of fact manner Ron had never viewed before.

Critically viewing the floor and bedspread, Sue seemed to be talking to herself when she commented on the wet mess they had made, on laundering the spread and cleaning up before her husband got home. That made Ron sit up, an action that again made Sue give out a low chuckle. "Yes, my husband, such as he is, still exists. Don't worry. You're safe, but you should head home now."

Ron was unsure of what to say as he dressed, waiting outside the bathroom for Sue to come out before he left. "What, you're still here?" voiced Sue in surprise as she exited. Ron was embarrassed, confused, but put out a hand to touch Sue, to kiss her lightly on the cheek and not knowing what else to say, simply said that he really enjoyed being with her.

Sue gave a quick kiss back saying, "That's so nice Ron. Me too. Maybe we'll try for another round someday, but you should go." And Ron left as he came, through the back door and back home where his mother was making a wonderful dinner Ron hardly even tasted. All he could think of was the phrase "another round someday" and what it might mean for him.

It didn't take long, the next "round" occurring just a few days later, after he walked each of Sue's dog's, staying longer afterwards to receive her thanks and lengthy feminine blessings. She still

waited for him to make the first move, to go beyond her first refusal, her coy denial of interest, Ron pressing her hard against the refrigerator as he kissed her neck, then lower down to suck on her nipples through the thin fabric of her blouse. As they went to their knees and Ron rolled her sideways onto her back on the floor, Sue finally admitted the inevitable and told him they should move somewhere more comfortable.

This happened a couple more times over the following week, and each time Ron had to press his advantage, physically force his desires, and almost rip some piece of clothing off her. And always as his cock found entrance to Sue's tunnel of joy, it was welcomed with a hot wet embrace, happy for his presence and insatiable in its demands. It was an ideal relationship for a young man in heat, with no expectations but long periods of no-holds barred fucking, and with a woman Ron had lusted over for many years.

Every week, a few times each week, Sue and Ron setting up times to meet with unspoken but obviously agreed upon ends in mind. Ron loved how Sue acted coy at first, weak and unsure, then rising up and overpowering him, like a cougar appearing in the dark. No doubt the best time in his memory was when Sue gave him a tip on an out-of-town assignment, doing a weather piece up in the foothills while also touting the beauty of the surrounding area. While the support crew returned home, she opted to stay the night at a local cabin, enjoying a mini-vacation. Ron drove up on his own just after lunch.

Late in the afternoon Ron found himself in a dream, sharing a hot-tub with Sue, slowly finishing off a bottle of wine before throwing her onto a large queen sized bed and ravishing the woman. As Ron crawled up Sue's naked body, he wanted all of the woman, to overwhelm and take her as his own, but under Sue's tutelage Ron had learned to slow his urges. His initial fast hard fucks had become more controlled, Ron taking his time as his lips and fingers and cock worked in unison to bring Sue to a climax before allowing his balls to pour their contents inside of her.

On this evening in the cabin, Sue insisted on Ron practice exercising his tongue deep within her thighs, giving honest but loving feedback about how to lap and nibble and suck and eat and swallow down the whole of her pussy. Yes, give special attention to her clit, but she also showed him how to suck on her labia, to use his fingers to massage her inner thighs, and how to fuck her with his fingers while his tongue brought her clit to a screaming orgasm.

Ron loved going down on Sue, finding the woman's river of secretions like a mix of ambrosia and aphrodisiac. Yet while their every meeting had Ron lapping at Sue's hungry lower lips, he also found that Sue wasn't a fan of giving blow-jobs. When at the peak of sexual need, Sue would happily go down on him, lapping off their shared secretions and bringing his flagging cock back to life, but she never simply kneeled before him and blew his balls.

In the privacy of the cabin, Ron somehow found himself humping her mouth, head caught between his knees as he massaged her tits. Not for long, only a few minutes passing before Sue let him know she'd had enough, and Ron was smart enough not to insist. After all, the beautiful temptress was more than willing to roll over and open her legs, demanding Ron climb up and do his best to make use of her body. Ron found that the more he devoted himself to making Sue scream, the more loving and willing she was to give him free reign to her feminine joys.

The most wonderful part of the night was the simple act of sleeping with Sue. That reminded him of the only downside to his relationship with her. He'd slept with other girls before, but no steady relationship had ever developed and that didn't bother him. With Sue he had the entire summer to spend with her, and yet he couldn't take her out to a restaurant or go hiking or stay the night in her home. Her private life was kept from him, Sue spurning him from all but her bed, and then only on

certain times and certain days. It drove him nuts.

Ron was no fool. He knew he was temporary, a short-term love affair. Yet as Sue's eyes opened in the early morning, her smile and her hands reaching out to pull him in, Ron experienced a connection with her that he'd never felt before. As their bodies merged in the early morning light, Ron knew he was experiencing more than just sex. Just lying alone with the woman and tenderly touching her sleeping form seemed to make all of life worthwhile. It was a moment that Ron would hold close all his life.

The long, lust-fueled morning was wonderful, as was sitting together nude at the breakfast table, drinking coffee and eating leftovers warmed in the cabin microwave. Simple things, but creating a sense of romance, and with their toes touching under the table, Ron realized he was in love with Sue. Maybe she would have said he was just experiencing puppy-dog love, so he never came right out and said those special three words, but he felt it as real. He might have been just a love-struck kid, a wide-eyed puppy, but Ron would hold that night and morning close to his heart, a giddy sense of joy filling him every time they were able to get together.

The relationship went on in this "honeymoon phase" for almost two months before a new twist entered into play. This time Sue was on her way home, driving from her morning/noon duties when she pulled in front of Ron's house and walked up to greet him. He and a friend, Zack, were hanging out in the open garage, pretending to tinker with Ron's car while watching a baseball game on an old TV shoved into the back of the workbench.

Both went silent as Sue walked up, dressed professionally and yet as provocatively as her producers thought she could get away with. Ron stood and put out a hand, leaned in with some expectation of recognition, but Sue kept with her public self and stayed back.

She had told Ron of her need to keep separate her private and her professional lives. Ron was mature enough to understand that the smallest bit of gossip could end both her marriage and her career, so he didn't feel put off by her maintaining distance in front of his friend.

Sue got to the point, telling Ron that she needed him to do some tree trimming at her house but that he'd need to find his own ladder and saw. Ron said sure, invited her inside to relax, saying he knew just the tree she wanted to trim, offered her a cold coke, and only as an afterthought introduced Zack. Sue hesitated, nodded at Zack, looked out the front window of Ron's front room, figured she was safe, and finally collapsed on the couch while kicking off her shoes and saying, "Shit, I'm beat."

Ron and Zack exchanged looks and nods, Zack doing just what he would want any other guy to do in the same situation by saying, "Well, I'm off. Nice to meet you Sue." Zack then turned and walked through the back door to the garage, leaving Ron and Sue alone.

This was the first time Sue had been alone with Ron in his house, parents gone and their relationship still full of fire. Ron moved closer and tried to show Sue how much he missed her. In turn, Sue rebuffed him, and as the game of words and deeds began, Ron decided to just do what he lusted for, physically forcing himself on Sue and taking any recrimination after the fact.

Ron first took the icy coke from her hand and pressed it against her closest tit, the thin silk of her blouse and bra relaying enough cold to make her nipple harden. As he lowered his mouth to suck on her breast, Sue just laughed and told him that now was not a good time. But as Sue started to stand, Ron pushed her back into the couch with one hand, dipping his head under her short skirt. Sue's complaints were cut off by a moan when Ron pulled her legs over his shoulders, hands up to her breasts, his lips kissing her upper thighs.

Even as Sue flailed her arms and kicked with her feet, she could do little to remove Ron's face as he dove deeper under her dress and began a serious attempt to eat his way past her panties and into the depths of her crotch. Ron was finally able to get one hand over to pull the panties aside, allowing his lips and tongue to play with a hard fat clit he knew from past experience was always ready for external stimulation.

Sue finally stopped struggling, her vocal protests becoming deep breaths, her hands pulling Ron's head in deeper within her open thighs when his lips and tongue did some especially wonderful dance on her clit. Ron slipped both hands under her dress, and pulled her panties off, tossing them behind the couch, lowering his own pants, and pressing his leaking erection against Sue's open and glimmering slit. Ron's cock pushed into Sue's lush pussy, through the well trimmed labia, back and forth through a warm wetness that assured Ron of Sue's one true desire. Then a careful pull back before pressing in, the first inches of his cock being sucked into her and accompanied by loud moans coming from them both.

Ron moved his hands under Sue's ass, hanging just off the couch, and pulled her closer to him as he pushed in with his hips. Sue in turn pushed herself forward, finally rising up and burying Ron's cock completely within her as she sat down on his lap. Sue's legs wrapped around Ron's hips, his knees bent under him on the carpet, Sue taking control and rising then dropping back down on the long hard pole that had taken her over. Ron was just as interested in the wet pussy trying to suck the life out of him, but was also busy freeing Sue's tits from blouse and bra, latching his mouth on one and sucking on it loudly as Sue continued her up and down dance.

Only minutes into this, Sue stopped, dropping her head onto Ron's shoulder and saying, "Damn but you know this front window is giving your neighbors a show. Let's move into your bedroom." Ron quickly agreed, though it took them both a minute to untangle their bodies from one another. Then a quick run down the hall, Ron finally pulling Sue into his room and then taking the time to kiss her, covering her face with small kisses, enjoying his unbelievable right and privilege to kiss and suckle on the many parts of a woman he lusted for every minute of the day.

Ron enjoyed playing with Sue, like a child with a wonderful toy he could never get enough of. And here Sue was, laying on his bed, open legs, naked to his sight and touch and taste, and demanding that he do more to her. He finally crawled over and on top of her, entering into her again, happy to feel her legs wrap around his hips and follow his rhythm as he threw himself into having sex with the most beautiful woman in the city.

First a few hard thrusts, then slower, a little deeper, followed by grinding his crotch into hers, the tip of his cock feeling the hot wet succulence of the deepest part of her pussy, reveling in this intimacy before pulling back and starting up a full-on fuck of the woman. This was good, but too quickly Ron realized he was coming to a fast finish, and with great restraint he pulled back. He'd learned from past experience that a fast fuck and orgasm never made a girl happy, and Sue more than once encouraged him to play the long game.

Ron reluctantly pulled fully out of Sue's pussy, choosing to wait and lick her off to completion before emptying himself into her. He turned, kissing and licking and sucking bits of her body as his head traveled down and returned to her vulval folds. His tongue dipped into her wet and overflowing vagina, lips and tongue and teeth sucking and nibbling hard on her clitoris while drinking down Sue's river of secretions.

Rather than wait for her long anticipated climax, Sue rolled Ron over onto his back, pushing her crotch hard down onto his face and began giving his cock a good sucking of its own. This was surprising, a mouth job never being part of Sue's favorite games. But here she was, fully engrossed

in the 69, sucking up all of the secretions her cunt had slathered over his cock, and now trying to suck forth more from the depths of his balls. Ron was deep in ecstasy, his face completely enveloped within Sue's long wet slit, buried within her fat lips, and her own mouth sucking loudly until she stopped her endeavors and removed her mouth completely from his crotch.

He continued sucking on her clit, one thumb up her vagina, another hand massaging a breast, when he felt something different in the room. Ron opened his eyes, looked out beyond Sue's ass, and saw a naked Zack standing at the foot of the bed, his cock slowly fucking Sue's mouth, both hands grasping her head of hair and guiding her to his pleasure. Ron was shocked, partly by the unwanted presence of his friend, but more so by the seeming willingness of Sue to suck on this stranger's cock.

Even as he took in the scene, Sue pulled her head back from Zack's over-zealous hips, clearing her throat but then, to Ron's amazement, leaning in to give Zack's very hairy ball sac a kiss. Then, with a whispered word from Zack, Sue turned around, arms and legs scrambling over Ron's prone body until her ass faced backwards in a welcoming display for Zack's approval and use. Ron could see little in Sue's face, her eyes closed and taking in short gasping breaths, but her upraised and slowly undulating ass was obvious in its need, sending out clear signals to Zack.

With one hand wrapped around Sue's naked thigh, the other pointing his fat length of meat straight into her crotch, Zack slowly pushed into Sue's rear. The impact of his initial penetration was obvious to Ron from Sue's loud moan, of her grabbing Ron with both hands, and then pushing back further with her hips, willingly impaling herself on Zack's cock.

Zack was a little taller than Ron, a little heftier, a little more muscle, and as his thick pole pulled back and went a little deeper into Sue's welcoming cunt, Sue moaned in pleasure, obviously happy with each new depth he attained. Zack leaned into Sue's ass, pulling Sue's cunt and ass back against him, his hands wrapped around her thighs, holding her torso up off of Ron as he began a long series of thrusts, taking full control over the fuck both of them were immersed in.

Ron was mesmerized by the scene, especially at the way Sue's ass rippled with the in and out thrusts Zack pounded into her. At the same time, he was despondent over his fantasy girl being so easily taken over by a man he had thought was his friend. He pulled himself up into a sitting position, and as Zack pulled back on Sue's ass, her pussy hanging in air and embedded on Zack's cock, her head moved over Ron's own semi-erect shaft. Seemingly without thought, eyes barely open, Sue took hold of Ron's cock, pulled it into her mouth, and again began sucking and tonguing him back into a full erection.

Ron continued to watch Zack's long hard fuck of Sue, his arms wrapped fully around her as he pumped quickly in and out, in a rhythm the two must have shared but that he had total control over. This went on for many minutes, Sue lost in both fuck and suck of the two men that filled her at both ends of her body. Then she grew more animated, kicking her heels back, feet dancing on open air, her cunt still impaled on Zack's pole. The orgasm finally broke as Sue screamed, moaned and screamed again, spitting out Ron's cock as her hands took in fistfuls of bedding, ripples of pleasure convulsing through her as her loins exploded in delight at reaching finality.

Ron was himself close, frustrated at Sue achieving such delight at Zack's intrusive rape, and wanted if nothing else to have a climax of his own. Turning slightly to his side he reinserted his cock into Sue's open mouth, reached out to hold her head tight into his crotch and began his own fucking of Sue's face. Sue seemed if not happy to comply then uncaring, focused on what was happening within her loins, eyes closed, mouth sucking in with each of Ron's thrusts, her mind still coming down from the overwhelming orgasm that had just taken her over.

It only took a minute, Ron's deep fucking of Sue's throat finally bringing him to release. Sue tried to pull her mouth back but Ron held tight to her, one knee over her head, both hands pulling her head into his crotch, one hand with a fistful of her hair, another holding tight to her throat. As jism gushed from the head of his cock, Ron forced Sue to suck in his entire load, every few swallows followed by a cough and an attempt to pull back before having to swallow down another accumulated load of his pent-up need.

As Ron wound down from his own ejaculation into Sue's mouth, Zack began quickening his thrusts, harder and faster, his wet and sweating hips slapping hard against Sue's ass. The loud fuck finally ended with a dozen short deep thrusts and a grinding of his crotch and balls into her, knees pressing deep into the foot of the bed, one hand slapping her ass hard and loud as Sue was pushed further up onto Ron's stomach. Sue moaned as though she had just reached another orgasm of her own, grinding her ass back and forth against Zack as he continued his long liquid release inside her.

Zack didn't stop there, now kneading Sue's ass with his hands while commenting on what a wonderful piece of pussy she had, of how delicious she tasted to his cock. Once his river of a release slowed to a dribble of cum, he began again a slow back and forth fuck with his only partially softened cock. Sue moaned again in a soft quiet and peaceful pleasure, happy at the liquid warmth that filled her from within, wrapping an arm across Ron's chest and relaxing on top of him. Zack again tried to take control, turning Sue over onto her back, pushing her further up onto the bed next to Ron and then attempting to lay down on top of Sue as though he was ready for another bout of fucking.

This is where Sue finally opened her eyes and pulled herself up into a sitting position, pulling back and away from Zack's encroaching and very naked body. Looking back and forth between the two young men she pulled her knees up to her chest and said, "Um, listen boys, its been fun, but I think we've all gone a little too far. I don't even remember your name and maybe we should wait a while before going any further, okay? So I think this is where I get off, or at least get going." And with Ron saying nothing and Zack making protests and grasping at the last retreating vision of her naked flesh, Sue rolled off the bed, grabbed her few pieces of discarded clothing and headed down to the bathroom.

Zack and Ron looked at each other. Ron told Zack to leave, Zack declined, but both put on pants and a shirt and moved to the front room before Sue emerged. Trying to comb her hair into form, Sue made the attempt to retain a business-like attitude by telling the two men to not leave the house for a while, to let her disappear before any of the neighbors noticed who she had spent the previous hour alone with.

Zack stood and tried to put his arm around her, told Sue he'd like to see her again, but Sue stepped back and was non-committal. As she left she looked over at Ron and said, "See you again soon, okay Ron?" and closed the door.

The two men argued, Zack apologizing and then getting defensive, and finally just leaving the house in a huff. The hardest thing for Ron was going back to the bedroom, turning on the light and seeing the cum stains, the dollops of cum on the floor and bedding, the moist presence of precious body fluids where bodies had merged, and the scent of sex that no amount of musk aftershave would be able to cover up before his parents got home. And when he went back into the front room, he kneeled on the couch and reached over to retrieve a pair of pink panties, closed his eyes and crushed them into his face, abandoning himself for a moment in the scent of Sue's longings.

Sue for her part walked to her car slowly, acting as though a business meeting had ended and was moving on to other duties. She carefully slid into the driver's seat, aware of her bare ass and at least

partially concerned that her open and panty-less orifice would leak out its accumulated fluids and stain her dress and leather seat. She made it home in under a minute and found herself luxuriating in a shower in under three.

For all its joys, sex could be incredibly stressful for Sue. A public personae, with fans and professional expectations that forced her to be aware of everything she did, from what shoes she wore on the street to the restaurants she went to. The male newscaster in the morning show was a slob and rarely changed his suit, but one hair out of place or the re-use of the same scarf by her in a single week and viewers would complain. Sue didn't even allow Ron to do anything more than go grocery shopping with her, worried that rumors might start. She could only imagine what the headlines would be in the town newspaper if she were ever caught doing what had just gone on in Ron's house. The nightmare scandal played through her mind and made her shake and lean against the shower wall.

Then she smiled, thought back through the sex, the hour-long fuck-fest she had been treated to, and the joys of being the lust-object of every young man around. It was totally unscripted, and that nameless friend of Ron's had turned a nice afternoon dalliance into a sexual frenzy she had only experienced a handful of times in her life. OK, that was fun, but it was still dangerous. No more visits to Ron's house.

This reminded her of Ron and how he must be feeling. Poor guy. She didn't mean to push him aside in favor of this stud of a friend who showed up so unexpectedly. She knew what she meant to the young man, had planned on being his sex toy for the summer, teach him a few things, let him use her as she would use him, and then say goodbye in September. A little harmless fun and then back to real life with a showpiece of a husband.

While thinking of Ron, Sue remembered how he had fucked her face pretty ruthlessly, shoving his cock down her throat and choking her with a full load of cum. She hated blowjobs in the best of times, even when she had total control of the guy's cock, and Ron's brutal fuck and flood of semen down her throat made her wonder of just how much responsibility she held for his obvious rage, for him having to watch his friend fuck her from the rear.

It also reminded her that her mouth still tasted of remnants of his ejaculation, of the million or so sperm still swimming around her throat and teeth. She reached over to a tube of toothpaste, squeezed a bit into her mouth, took in some water from the shower and tried to gargle the taste away. Cocksuckers. Men were never the real cocksuckers. It was always the women. Sue felt as though she had sucked off more than a hundred dicks a thousand times, always as a means to hold and maintain and gain and attain a job or power or raise or perk or some other thing men had control of. Every time she lifted her head from the man's crotch, she licked her lips and swallowed with a smile and made the guy think he was doing her a favor by having him shove his god-given cock down her throat, swallowing down his ejaculations like mana from heaven. And every time she made it to a restroom and gagged and preferred drinking down a squirt of hand soap and water to leaving any trace of the guy's cum in her mouth.

She thought this might actually be a good thing to talk to Ron about, to educate him about what most girls at college really thought of sucking cock. Was it a double standard, where women loved if not demanded a guy go down under and eat pussy, lick them off on command while hating having to do the same to men? Yes, absolutely, but too bad. Sue smiled and went back to lathering herself up, cleaning herself up, inside and out, and began thinking about what she could eat for dinner.

Ten minutes later Sue had thrown on a sun dress, was in the kitchen making a salad and swaying in time to some Chopin when someone knocked on the door. Not the front door but the door that went

into the garage at the side of the kitchen. Damn, she'd forgotten to close the front car entrance to the garage. What was it with this day and garages? Wary she walked over and called out and asked who was there. She knew the voice. It was the friend of Ron's whose name she couldn't remember.

Her first instinct was to tell him to go away and she was formulating a polite answer in her mind when the doorknob turned and he stepped into the house, closed the door behind him, and asked if it was okay if he talked with her for a minute. Sue stepped back speechless, feeling that she had lost control of the moment, of her own house, and was barely able to stutter out a response. "Sure, but what about?"

Zack stepped forward and to the side, blocking off any quick escape, and started talking to Sue, his words mixed with his many thoughts, all in one way or another focusing on Sue. About her beauty, about how he didn't want to get in the way of her relationship with Ron, but how attracted to her he was, of how he hated how quickly she had to leave him and how he hoped they could spend a little more time with each other.

Sue was unsure how to take this, as either extreme fan in need of some fast action by the police or as a friend of Ron's who was simply overwhelmed by her womanly charms. Maybe both. Before she could get more than a few words out, her newest yet unnamed lover unexpectedly stepped forward to kiss Sue. It was an aggressive kiss, fully on the lips, his hand behind her head, another around her waist, his tongue wrapping around her own. Sue threw out her hands in surprise as she felt herself being taken down to the ground, the man's leg tripping her backwards, his hands supporting her as she was levered down with him on top.

Sue wanted to scream, was overwhelmed with terror at what was about to be done to her, uselessly striking out with her fists. As the man started pulling at the edges of her dress, she forced herself to take on her professional self and began to talk him out of going any further. Even as she tried to get some words out, he was busy pawing at her dress, uncovering her bare breasts, then pushing the dress up and over her face while reminding Sue of how much he loved fucking her earlier that afternoon. His mouth then latched onto one of her breasts, one of his knees pushed up tight into her exposed crotch, his hands holding her down as his body rolled onto hers.

Sadly, this wasn't new to Sue. Her fun and flirtatious personality crossed with her beauty became an explosive mix that ignited the worst fears of other women and the fantasy-fueled demands of men. Too many times she had been shoved into back rooms and stairwells, locked in boy's bedrooms or crushed into back-yard lawn chairs, forced down on car seats and pulled into hotel rooms. Over time she had learned how to physically maneuver herself into a position of safety and talk her attacker back to sanity or, in the worst-case scenarios, get away with the hated blowjob.

Sue had gotten through high school by trial and error, learning with all the other popular girls that accepting a ride home with a guy after a party always included a price. College wasn't much better, but at least by then Sue was able to find boyfriends with an understanding of bedroom decorum, and as an adult she had more control over her own birth control.

She thought that in adulthood she'd be able to live life by her own rules, but her years in the "communications industry" only taught her that men still held all the power. Sex on one level or another was always on the mind of every man she'd ever met. Sue had learned to get by, to maintain some degree of control, and only occasionally was thrown for a loop, if not thrown onto a couch, by a man or men of power who wanted some part of her.

Outside of high school, the worst of her memories involved the time a group of television executives talked her into meeting them in a hotel room while she was attending a conference. She woke up

late the next morning, two of the men still passed out in the same bed, a third making use of her open thighs to empty his needs into. Embarrassing, but fortunately none of the men had tried to use the night's events against her. Perhaps that was because her muddled memory included her attempts to fight the men off. Four against one has never been good odds. Sadly, that seemed to only turn the men on. A couple of the men did apologize, though using alcohol as their standard excuse. Sue, as with all other women, couldn't do the same. No matter the context, a woman has always been held to a higher if not impossible standard. This was why she rarely touched alcohol outside the home and never trusted a man with more than one drink under his belt.

And here she was, trapped under Ron's so-called friend, her face covered by her dress, and she doubted a blowjob would slow him down. Before attempting all-out physical combat, Sue tried forcing him to wake up and face just where his lust-fueled actions were taking them. Sue was well practiced in this and as she pushed against the guy's head with one hand and used the other to move her dress away from her face, she started by telling him he was confused and needed to leave the house before her husband got home. When this failed to stop the attack, his mouth permanently attached to her left breast, fingers roughly attempting to diddle her clit, Sue gave a sharp rebuke and a slap to the side of his head. That made him look up, giving her a chance to attempt another angle.

That should have done it, Sue levering herself out of the young man's hold and getting him to leave her in peace. Instead, he smiled, gave another long suck to her left breast, rubbing his teeth on her erect nipple, and pushed his thumb deep into her hole, wet and warm with her traitorous secretions. Then he picked her up as though she was still a girl of thirteen, walked Sue into her living room and threw her onto the couch. Before Sue could roll away, the man collapsed onto her, roughly pushing his hips between her thighs and prying her vaginal gate open with his flesh and blood birthright. Sue was overcome with disbelief, forced into fucking Ron's friend a second time that day, his name still unknown, and his cock taking her on as though he had all rights and privileges to her body.

The initial fuck was rough, largely because Sue was busy trying to fight the man off. He focused on holding Sue down, forcing Sue into uncomfortable positions while maintaining a constant presence between her legs. He talked or muttered at her almost constantly, his words both loving and crude, half apologetic, half demeaning, telling Sue she was the most fuckable woman he'd ever met and that he wanted her to beg him to fuck her again. If he hadn't been so serious, Sue would have laughed.

The man's lust seemed unquenchable, though Sue found it hard to complain. It didn't take long before her feet began tapping on the man's ass, her loins feeling out the rise of an orgasm, Sue's anger at her unwelcome lover being overwhelmed by her screaming into his shoulder as the climax took her over. As the man pushed one of her legs over the top of the couch and continued with his rampage between her legs, Sue had to remind herself that she'd only met her nameless rapacious lover a couple of hours before.

With a third orgasm still lingering, her loins a bit sore but happy, Sue had to admit that it was aggressive sex at its best, both participants losing themselves in the moment and holding nothing back. Not until the man gave out long loud grunts like a rutting bull did he finally quiet, his crotch tight between Sue's splayed legs as his second release of the day filled her rapacious cunt.

Minutes after the man emptied himself into her, Sue found herself too overcome from her own multiple orgasms to complain about the man's forcing himself on her. Her limbs were weak, the exertion of the hard sex leaving her face covered with sweat, and some part of Sue was just happy that her attacker's depredations had finally stopped. It had been wonderful, but there were limits to what a woman's body could be put through. As the man finally came to, sucking in on her neck and

giving a light bite to her earlobe, Sue gave in, gave herself up to fate, her only words being a simple question: "So, what was your name again?"

Five minutes later she'd come to her senses, untangling herself from Ron's so-called friend and grabbing a kitchen towel to press up between her legs while pushing the man out the back door. "It was nice, um, Zack, but enough. I'm married, and let's not forget Ron. You've got to go."

Zack took the hint, but before leaving he turned and pulled Sue in, one hand around her back, another up her crumpled dress and between her thighs. Cupping her crotch in his large hand, Zack looked into her eyes and let her know how things had changed. "Yeah, I get it, married and all. But no way I'm ever going to be able to go a day without burying myself inside that sweet piece of snatch of yours. I'll be back here tomorrow. Every day. Call the police or Ron or whatever, but I think you need me just as much as I want you."

Sue was stunned at the man's demand, at his expectation for her to be there waiting and willing for him. Yet, even as she wanted to tell Zack that he was full of bullshit, she swallowed and simply nodded her head.

A minute after Zack had gone, Sue was still standing in the kitchen, mouth gasping for breath, her brain filled with a thousand competing thoughts. She finally poured herself a large glass of wine and headed back to take another shower before trying to clean an embarrassment of precious body fluids from the couch. Then to her bedroom, separate from the one her husband slept in. Sue needed her sleep. Getting up at 2:30 to make the early morning news was no joke, so she was often in bed before her husband returned home.

Yet this night there was little sleep. Some worry about Ron, a little about her empty marriage, but mostly about Zack. The sex had been good. Rough but controlled, overwhelming but with her own needs being met. Ron was nice. Wonderful and caring and delicious. The perfect summer fling. Zack was so much more. Dangerous, but so overwhelming. Sue felt her heart double in speed, remembering the feel of Zack's release, the man's jism erupting inside of her as his fat cock continued to rampage through her pussy. She had nodded, given Zack her approval to come by and ravish her, and while her mind was disbelieving of what the consequences could be, her loins yearned for another bout in bed with him.

So, it was decided. Ron was nice, a wonderful puppy full of possibility, giving Sue all the fucking and loving any woman could want. The boy was full of love, and all given without reservation, and she loved Ron for that. Yet now she had a demon within her grasp, a demon lover who promised to provide what no woman could teach a man, and she admitted to the lust she felt for Zack deep within her core. It was a selfish decision, and a stupid one, but Sue felt she couldn't help herself. The demon was at her door, and his promises were just too wonderful to resist.

Over the next hour Sue's hand was busy between her legs, reliving the scent and feel of her new lover, groaning in her need, and knowing that her fingers would never be enough. She thought of bringing out one of her toys, but decided that her cunt had been punished enough for one day. Cursing herself, before falling into a restless sleep, Sue was already planning out the next day, the next week, working out a schedule that would include the promised daily visits from Zack.

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## **Part Two**

Sue wanted to avoid Ron for a few days, hoping time and distance would ease any hurt he might feel from her obvious enjoyment of Zack fucking her silly right there in the young man's own bedroom.

Unfortunately, he showed up the following afternoon, almost as though he had been watching for her to return from work.

Tree saw in hand and ladder in tow, Ron did some yard work, walked Pilot, and finally accepted Sue's excuse that she had a lot to talk to him about but that they had to wait until the coming weekend when her husband was out of town. Ron just nodded, obviously crushed and in need, but Sue wasn't sure of what more she could say to him. There was no way she was going to tell Ron that she was hoping his friend Zack would fuck and fill her every day for the next month. Sue was unhappy at having to deal such a blow to his puppy-dog like crush on her, but she blamed it on the demons that Zack woke within her and eased her sense of responsibility with lustful thoughts of future days.

The next morning was actually a free day for her, able to get up late and walk Bush with a coffee in one hand and an iPod (this all happened well over a decade ago) plugged into both ears. Making it back to the house, she hardly had time to turn on her computer before someone knocked at the front door. Without a thought she opened it to see Zack, still nameless in her mind, still the guy who gave her the last best orgasms of the week, and yet also the guy who barged in and overpowered her two days before. Now he was polite, asking if he could come in and talk. Sue went along with the game, biting her lip, then taking a step back to allow him in, turning for the kitchen as she offered the man a cup of coffee.

In an instant Sue found herself turned sideways, then down on the carpet of the front room, Zack literally ripping her blouse off her, freeing her breasts in an instant while dipping down to her chest with his mouth. Her shorts were pushed off, the man speaking of her beauty while roughly inserting his naked hips between her thighs.

Sue fought, her fists striking Zack's shoulders, her body trying to twist away, but the only noises she made were loud grunts, then a long groan as Zack penetrated her. She still fought, mostly for the joy of it, thinking of how wise it was not to bother with wearing any panties or bra, the man being much rougher than Ron when he had been denied from visiting her for a few days. Sue knew this was dangerous, playing with the man like this, but she found herself enjoying this new level of sex and debauchery. She screamed out for Zack to stop, then moaning at the pain and pleasure when he gave a hard slap to her ass, her legs wrapping around the demon's hips as he pushed his cock ever deeper inside of her.

The sex that day was hard, rapacious, but never forced to the point of pain or through malice, Zack being simply a lusty man in need of a good rutting between her loins. Rough, but something Sue found she could control and enjoy to the man's furthest demand and extent. Just two hours of constant interplay between their bodies, Zack in constant need of emptying himself inside of Sue, three times by Sue's count, inherently knowing that for every scream of delight he provided her, Sue would open her legs even wider and accommodate his desires.

It really did take a full two hours before Zack slowed and calmed enough for Sue to untangle herself from the man. Looking around her front room, she was worried about how she'd be able to clean up the mess, knowing that simple soap and water would never get the stains out of the furniture or carpet. She smiled at the memory of the man fingering her to a climax on the Persian rug, Sue giving off short shrieks of joy as she felt a river of liquid delight flowing down her thighs and onto the floor. Damn but she hoped nobody ever brought a black light into the house.

Leaning against the couch, her body covered with only a throw pillow, Sue enjoyed watching her newest male partner pull on his torn and grease stained jeans. She chided herself for what she had become a part of, but was equally interested in just how far this new man could take her. This guy

was big and handsome, young and rough around more than just the edges, and maybe he was just the far edge of sex and lust she had been in need of. Sue liked the look of his face, of his dark eyes, of the slight tuft of a goatee his chin sported, and even the nice shape of his hairy ass.

Rough, demanding, but without doing her any damage, and Sue realized that she enjoyed listening to his verbal comments, his nasty asides, and his interest in sharing his most unfiltered thoughts with her. Zack would grunt out comments about her body and his own demands while taking her over, such as loving how she tasted, the scent of her hair, the sound of her voice when telling him not to stop, and of course the wet feel of her cunt as he pushed himself inside of her. The man loved it all and wanted Sue to know every detail of his lust for her.

What stuck with Sue was that even after he'd twice lessened the weight of his balls, lapping at her nipples with his tongue, one thumb up her ass, Zack discussed the oddest mix of subjects Sue had ever heard in the form of pillow talk. Everything from the nasty, like how thick but tasty her cum was after she climaxed, to wondering if she'd like someone to detail her BMW for a good price. Talk, then kisses and lewd comments, then a return to more over the top sex, the man acting as though he had every right to every inch of her body, inside and out. Sue had to smile and shake her head in wonder. She'd never met anyone quite like this odd friend of Ron's. Even after two hours of rolling around in the front room, her pussy purred with the thought of a repeat performance, though maybe next time on her large queen bed.

As Zack turned for the door, he informed Sue of when he'd be by again, and Sue mentally checked her own schedule and nodded at his retreating form. Then she stopped him, saying her husband would be home two days the following week, and Zack just shrugged, saying, "That's fine. Come over to my place. But if you're not there, you know I'll be coming through your back gate looking for you." Sue stiffened at the thought, afraid of his crude nature, yet also aware of what more the overpowering man could do to her inside his own lair. Yes, too far and too fast, but so interesting, and with all the promise of an X-rated romance novel. Sue could hardly wait.

Sadly, Ron knew nothing of what was going on behind his back. He suspected that something was wrong with his perfect affair with the married sex goddess down the street when Sue begged off an agreed upon meeting time. Then, just a few days later, Sue pulled Ron into the bedroom, threw him on the bed, and straddled him with her own scantily covered body, her legs pulling his head tight into her bare crotch.

Ron normally would have reveled in the act of tonguing his beloved Sue into an orgasm, loving the flow of her intimate fluids into his mouth as she brought his cock to full hardness, ready for an hour-long fuck. This time was different. Sue attacked his cock, sucking him in, intentionally throat-fucking him, and within five minutes the very skillful woman had brought his balls to a full boil. More surprising was that Sue swallowed his entire load, crushing her hot wet pussy into his face while draining him of every drop of his masculine fluids.

Wonderful, but after riding Ron's tongue and lips for another few minutes, Sue dismounted from his face and told him she was too busy to do any more. Ron was in and out of the door in less than a quarter hour, and even though the recipient of a blow job every man on the planet dreamed of, Ron felt only confusion. For the following week Sue seemed to always be busy, answering her phone only once, and then only to tell him she was in a meeting. Ron was crushed.

Then, two days before he was due to leave for fall classes at his university, he drove by Zack's house and saw Sue's car parked outside. His gut turned into a knot and his mind was filled with white noise. He didn't want to know, but he couldn't not know for sure, so he pulled over and walked into the maelstrom.

The two were so deep into the act that Ron was able to enter the house and watch from Zack's bedroom doorway without the two lust-fueled lovers ever being aware of his presence. Both were naked, sweat soaked and intent on achieving their own ultimate goal, no matter what was going on in the outside world. Zack was underneath, humping up into Sue's open legs while she rode him without mercy. Zack was grunting with each thrust up, Sue moaning loud and long, searching for that one opening that would promise another orgasm.

Then Ron noticed another participant in the sexual debauchery happening before him. Zack had a hand back on Sue's ass, maneuvering something in and out of the woman's anus, fucking her from below while playing another more inanimate phallus through her rectal regions.

Ron was dismayed, his heart crushed, and yet he wasn't surprised. He hadn't known, but Sue's sudden disinterest in him had indicated something, or someone, else had taken his place. Watching his two closest intimates, good friend and intimate lover, push him aside in favor of their own secret union hardened him, and rather than turning away in tears, Ron chose to interrupt and force himself into their act of sexual abandon.

Tossing his clothing onto the living room couch, Ron returned just in time to hear Sue let loose with a series of short shrieks, ending with the woman grinding her hips onto Zack, then collapsing in a heap even as Zack continued noisily ploughing into the woman. Ron entered the room, noticed by Zack but the man didn't seem to care. Ron's cock was hard and throbbing, excited by the porn show taking place before him, and he knew what he wanted.

Sue didn't like getting it up the rear much more than having to face fuck and swallow, but she'd admitted to Ron in more intimate encounters that, given the right time and place, all sex was good. Only one time before had she allowed him that favor of taking her up her backside, and even then he was forced to keep it slow and frustratingly shallow. Yet here she was, screaming out in joy at the double penetration. Ron gritted his teeth, all politeness and deference to the woman he loved disappearing as his cock throbbed with a desire all of its own.

He didn't feel any guilt at all in putting a knee up on Zack's bed, then slowly pulling back on the object that had been pushed into Sue's ass. It had been covered with a condom so it was a little difficult for Ron to tell just what it was. A small zucchini, maybe a long eggplant, maybe even a plastic dildo. Ron didn't really care. He just put a hand on Sue's ass, slowly pulled back on the six or seven inch object and dropped it to the side of the bed.

Sue let out a groan but didn't look back, seeming to be unaware of Ron's presence. That's when he pressed the head of his cock into the entrance to Sue's anus and pushed in. That woke Sue up, suddenly aware of the new flesh and blood intruder forcing its way inside of her. The sudden entrance of Ron inside of her ass seemed to take Sue by complete surprise, her head shooting up, a loud grunt coming from her open mouth, and a hand going back to slap at whoever was violating her ass.

Even as Zack continued with his own adventure deep up Sue's pussy, Ron pulled back an inch and pushed in another three, then again, quickly impaling the woman's ass on his cock. It was easy, her butt crack filled with a mixture of bodily fluids, all acting as a lubricant for Ron's illicit entrance. Sue looked back and got a view of Ron, seeing his naked form and finally aware of what he was doing to her.

As his balls pushed into Sue's most perfect ass cheeks, she attempted to separate herself from him. With a loud cry of "Ron. No." Sue attempted to crawl off of Zack and away from Ron, but Zack held Sue in a tight embrace, obviously enthralled with his own need to fill her twat with another load

of masculine motile warriors.

For his part, Ron had a good grip of Sue's thighs, so her attempt at escape got her nowhere. She grunted and pawed at the bed, looking back with wide eyes as Ron began a hard fuck inside the one part of Sue he'd secretly lusted for. This was no quiet and caring act of love. In his mind she was tight, far more so than her always available and insatiable pussy, and he was glad that his last and final no-holds-barred fuck of the woman involved this most dirty and unspeakable part of her feminine anatomy.

Ron was almost unaware of Zack reaching his end, though Zack's long and thick presence inside of Sue did make Ron wonder if fucking Sue's ass would feel different if another man weren't also there in her other hole. No matter. Her ass was tight and Ron was hot and in need. Only a minute after Zack had groaned out his intent to cream Sue's slutty cunt, his hips finally at rest, Ron reached his own joyful end. His words were harsh, telling Sue just how deeply he was fucking her ass as he climaxed and filled his beloved Sue with another hundred million sperm, albeit in an area that wouldn't require her to consider the efficacy of her birth control.

Then quiet as Ron slowly laid down on Sue's sweaty back, sandwiching her between her two illicit lovers, both of their organs still deep within their separate places inside of her. Ron had absently reached down to play with Sue's breasts, fingering her nipples and no doubt tickling Zack's chest at the same time. Perhaps that's why Zack complained first, saying, "Hey. Getting crushed here people. Ron. Move off dude."

As Ron pulled back, very aware of his cock exiting Sue's anus, he was able to step back to the floor. Sue slid sideways, to the far side of Zack, saying nothing even while attempting to cover her nakedness before a young man she had so recently yearned for and loved. Ron didn't feel anything. Lost. Alone. Stupid. "Fuck it all," he thought, and without any concern for the woman whose ass he'd just laid claim to, walked to the side of the bed and looked down upon its two remaining inhabitants.

Sue looked up at him and bit her lip, saying only, "Ron..." but without any attempt to explain herself. Ron was unsure if she hated him for uncovering her deception or was embarrassed for being found out and punished with a no-hold-barred fuck of her tender ass. Ron convinced himself that he didn't care.

Ron kept it simple. "Just wanted to say goodbye. Back to college." Then he turned and left, Sue remaining silent and Zack only lifting a hand and giving a nod of his chin. After a visit to the bathroom for a quick wash, Ron was in the living room and getting dressed when one of Zack's roommates walked in the front door. He took in Ron's naked posterior with the raise of an eyebrow, and Ron did one of the few things even he would admit was unwarranted. Hefting his soft but clean male organ, Ron said, "Zack's got a cock-hungry cougar in his room. Drained me and Zack and the slut's still not satisfied. She's all yours if you can take her. Enjoy."

Quickly pulling on his shorts, he made it out of the house before he could observe the results of his mean spirited comment. No matter. Nothing mattered. He had known from the second day of bedding Sue that she was a nympho slut with no clear designs on Ron other than to fuck him until he was dry. Fine. He had gotten his and he had no reason to complain.

Ron tried to put it behind him as he began a new quarter with a full load of upper division classes. He tried, but it hurt, a pain he felt every time he pulled some girl into his bedroom. The frustration was overwhelming, and though he did his best to woo and bed and fuck a few of the coeds that had caught his attention that fall quarter, deep inside he knew that nothing and nobody would ever match the sexual fulfillment attained from just an hour under the sheets with Sue.

Ron consciously didn't text, phone, or write to Sue. He wanted to, but didn't want to embarrass himself or her. He just stuck to his classes, partied when given the chance, and licked his wounds in private.

Then Thanksgiving rolled around and his parents insisted he return home for the week. He was able to make it past turkey day, but that Friday, when everybody was out shopping for Christmas presents, Ron turned on the morning news. There was Sue, talking about a coming frost and joking about the traffic jams leading to the town mall. She looked the same as ever, gorgeous, and yet Ron detected less sparkle in her eyes, as though her smile were forced. He bit his lip, ate a slice of humble pie, and resolved to drop by her place, if only to give his best to Pilot and Bush.

Just after lunch, Ron forced himself to walk over to Sue's. Rather than going through the side gate and use the back door key he still kept on his keyring, Ron rang the front doorbell and promised himself that he would be nice and respectful to a woman who had given him so much the previous summer.

Sue was obviously startled when she opened the front door, her mouth dropping open, her eyes wide, but after two seconds she caught herself and resumed standard front-stage behavior. She invited Ron in and they exchanged pleasantries, but when Ron put a hand out to Sue's arm and asked in a serious voice how she was doing, her voice cracked and she turned her head. After taking a deep breath, she yelled out to her husband in the kitchen that she and Ron were going out back to say hello to the dogs.

When they were alone, Bush snuggling Ron and begging for a scratch behind the ears, Ron was taken by surprise by what Sue had to say. "Ron," she said, her voice steady but without any tone or emotion, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for any of, well, you know. I shouldn't have."

"You don't have to apologize, Sue. I'm the asshole here. I wanted everything, all of you, and I really didn't have that right. It's hard, sure, but I can only think wonderful things of what you and I had." Ron's heart of course felt little of this, but knew in his mind it was the truth. It hurt, but he'd get over it.

"You're being too nice Ron. You were too nice to me." Sue looked back at the house, then added, "If anything, you were the perfect lover and friend. I wasted it all. I'm sorry, for what I did to you, but also for what I did to us. I miss you, more than you'll ever know."

This took Ron aback, making him brave enough to speak from his heart. "You don't seem the same, Sue. You don't seem okay, not as happy. Is it your husband? Did he find out?"

"Well, yes and no," answered Sue. "Your friend Zack has been less than inconspicuous. And he's rather more demanding, day by day it seems. You and I were like partners in crime, but Zack is more interested in himself, and I'm afraid I've given him too much leverage to have any control left. I don't know what will happen, to my career or my marriage.

"Well, my marriage. That was only something of a convenience anyway, but my husband doesn't deserve what's happening now. It's getting to me, but none of it's your fault. I should have turned Zack away from the start, and instead I just fell in with his over-the-top wildness, his ego and, well, you know. Zack kind of takes over, and right now he pretty much has my life in his hands."

Sue was staring a hole into the ground, her voice quivering even while remaining emotionless, saying words she dared not feel. Ron put out his hand again, asking her to tell him more, to explain herself, but she just shook her head, wished him well at school, and walked back into the house

alone. With a parting scratch to both dogs, Ron left via the side gate, more confused than ever.

Ron's mind ran in circles for an hour, and then he did what he was sure he wouldn't ever do again, go over and talk to Zack. By chance, Zack had just gotten up, his late night shift at work forcing him to sleep into the early afternoons. Zack welcomed Ron in as though nothing had ever happened between them and Sue. Ron could only shake his head. Zack hadn't changed a bit, and Ron took advantage of this cluelessness on the part of his friend to ask about Sue.

Catching the cold can of beer Zack tossed his way, Ron settled into a recliner and talked about life at college and plans for the future. Then he nonchalantly opened up the topic that was consuming his every thought. "So, I guess you and Sue are still tight? I'm out of the picture, at university and everything, so how's it going? Come on man. If you'll remember, she was all mine until you stepped in. Only right you open up about what you and Sue are up to."

Zack heard no bitterness in Ron's voice, and seemed happy to talk about his deeds and conquests while opening a second beer. "Ron, my man. You left behind the most fuckable cunt I've ever had the pleasure to dip my cock into. Well, you knew that, but she's all mine now. Never thought I'd find a pussy wet enough to meet all my needs, but Susie's absolutely the one. Dropped my old girlfriend and I'm even planning on moving into her place at the end of the year. Fuck paying rent. Susie's setting me up to be a kept man, and my cock couldn't be happier."

Ron was thunderstruck. "Wait, what? You're moving in with Sue? But, she's married. What about her husband?"

"Fuck the husband. Didn't you know that was all bullshit? He's got other interests, and there's no reason for him to be taking up room when I'm the only cock in the henhouse. You get me? Susie's not so hot on the idea, but right now she doesn't have much say in the matter."

"I don't get it."

"Well, for one, Sue doesn't know what she needs. I do. Just a woman who can't come right out and say what she wants or needs done to her. Woman needs a man who can see beyond that, make decisions for her. And don't go interrupting me man. I know our slutty little Susie like you don't. Let me tell you something I bet you don't know, what Sue could never come out and tell you. That pussy of hers has a wide range of interests and I'm the one man who knows it best."

Ron was angry, ready to burst and throw his mostly full can of beer at Zack. He hated the way Zack sometimes referred to Sue as "Susie," calling her a slut, then treating Sue as a stupid girl with no sense and openly willing to talk about her sex life. Ron hated it all, but he held back and gave Zack a nod.

"This'll blow your fucking skull. Back after you left, over a month ago, I had a shift change at work, given a full two days of down time, and I celebrated by walking in on Sue. You know, with that back door key she keeps hidden under the rock. Didn't knock or anything, just walked in. No Sue in the kitchen, and I knew she'd be home from the station, so I walked on down the hall to her bedroom. Guess what I saw?"

Ron shrugged and went along with the game, saying, "I don't know. Sue shagging her husband?"

"Hah! Almost. Her and Pilot, the bitch hugging the furry fucker with both legs around his back, going at it like it was me on my best day. Dog was faster though. Pounding into the woman like a pile driver. Me, I like it a little slower, get the feel of a girl's pussy with every push in. Feared the dog would do her some damage, but Sue seemed to love it. Almost stepped in, you know, maybe get her

to suck me off while Pilot did his duty, but I stayed back. Hung out in the hallway. Good view. Best porn I've ever seen."

Ron's jaw had dropped, and he could feel perspiration breaking out on his forehead. One part of him cursed at not knowing this earlier, wishing he could have been the one to catch Sue getting nailed by Pilot. Yet another part of him winced, knowing just how Zack could use such a damning thing against Sue.

"Um, shit. Never knew. On her bed? Like, just humping her right there?"

Zack waved his hand and corrected Ron, seemingly happy to lecture Ron about every detail.

"No, man. Something she had under her bed. We've done it a dozen times since, so I've got the whole thing down. Pull out this little mattress, fold it over, throw down a thick blanket, lay Sue down, and let Pilot go to town. She'll do it either way, but I think she really likes being on her back, legs up while Pilot pounds into her clit. And know something else? The fucking is good, but she really gets off feeling Pilot cum in her. He just stands there, Sue holding his head, legs held wide as he takes his own damn time at emptying his doggie balls inside the woman. That's when she really gets worked up.

"When I was watching that first time, Susie began waving her legs and screaming out like a banshee, bouncing her ass up into the dog's cock long after he'd stopped humping her. Swear to god she started crying, real tears, and not because she was being hurt by his knot or anything. Every time the dog's balls empty into her, Susie just goes nuts. That dog's boner seems to do something for her. The woman loves it. Almost makes me feel inadequate. Gotta admit, the dog's hung, and he's sure got the moves Sue likes, but he's still just a dog."

"So, shit. Wow. Never knew. But, you say you do it with her and Pilot now?"

"Shit yes. Susie loves it, so I'm happy to accommodate. She was reluctant to show me at first. When I walked in that first day, cock hard and at the ready, Sue screamed and tried to roll away, but Pilot was still finishing up inside of her. I held her down, and when Pilot finally pulled out, I just rolled her over and did her doggie style. Didn't get much out of that, the woman's pussy being pretty stretched out for the day, and I've always hated pushing into a pussy filled to overflowing with some other guy's jism, but this was different. I was so turned on I blew my load in record time and was ready for her to lick me clean for a second go round. She sure gave me a good mouth job, sucking down doggie cum and everything.

"It was when she started begging me not to tell anyone that I knew I had her. After a few more sessions with Pilot licking her slit and fucking little Susie silly, I realized what a gold mine I had. It's a perfect setup. I'll let the woman do anything she wants, maybe everything she doesn't even know she needs, so its not like I'm forcing her to do what she hates. Move out the useless husband, get a room and free snatch whenever I want it, and all the porno sex any young man could want. I'm set for life, man. It could have been yours, but I saw it first."

"But, why should Sue do this? I mean, you're great Zack, but I don't think you two have much more in common than the bedroom."

"Yeah, but what's she going to say? I know what she doesn't want anybody else to know, maybe not even you. And like I said, girls are forced by society to pretend to be all virginal and coy and shit. Now she's with a man who'll let her do anything she wants. I've got a feeling Susie has a lot of fantasies up in that head of hers, and I'm just the man ready to bring them to life. By the end of next year, she'll be drowning in orgasms and she'll be on her knees thanking me. Might have to

soundproof that bedroom of hers.”

Zack was willing to talk on, starting to describe just how long and thick Pilot’s boner was, but Ron had had enough. He excused himself, thanking Zack for the beer and saying he had to get back to his parents. Ron felt sick to his stomach, sick at how sexually excited he’d gotten listening to Zack talk about Sue’s escapades with Pilot, and sick at knowing Sue was now powerless in Zack’s selfish hands. Ron cursed himself, cursed all of life, and couldn’t eat a bite of the dinner his mother had made. Understandable. Turkey leftovers.

Ron couldn’t bring himself to visit Sue again and spent his Saturday trying to prepare for his classes. Sunday morning he hugged his parents goodbye, and on a whim, he drove by Zack’s house. He knew it was a stupid thought, but maybe he could tell Zack to back down, to limit his pleasures without ruining the life Sue (not Susie) had worked so hard to build for herself. Ron knew he had little chance of making Zack see beyond his own cock and balls, but felt he had to try.

Pulling in front of Zack’s house, Ron noticed the garage door open slightly, being held up by a large concrete block. Ron banged on the garage door and heard Zack yell something over the sound of a car engine. Ron was only dressed in a pullover and sweatpants, so he rolled under the door and found Zack tinkering with his car, hood up and engine running.

Zack waved, reached in to turn the engine off, and told Ron to go inside and get them both a beer. “Been up all night at work, but my fucking belts are slipping. Just put them on last week. Almost got it. Easy shit. Nothing like changing out a trani. Get us a beer and I’ll turn up the heater. Fucking cold outside. Can’t wait to move into Sue’s place. All the heat I can soak up.”

Ron ground his teeth and walked into Zack’s house, locating two Colts in the fridge. Then he stopped. There was no plan, no step by step vision, just a vague possibility running before him, like a roadway in the fog. Ron ran to Zack’s bedroom and easily found the man’s stash of odd drugs. Pushing aside the small vial of powder and other assorted things, Ron found Zack’s sleeping pills. Zack had offered them up to Ron the previous summer with the thought of drugging some girls at a party they were going to go to, but nothing had come of that. Now they’d be of real use to Ron in a completely different way. Crushing four, he poured the powder into one of the beers and gently swirled the can. Okay. One step down.

Ron walked back into the garage and handed Zack a beer. Sitting down on the ratty old couch Zack and his housemates kept in the corner, Ron tried to stay far away from the subject of sex and Sue, but Zack seemed more than willing to push his conquest of Sue in Ron’s face.

“You know how much cum a dog can put out? I was sure it was like a quart, two quarts from what I’ve seen running down Susie’s ass when Pilot’s really got his game on. Maybe not, but damn if Susie doesn’t squirt just as much every five minute’s he’s in her. I’ve got some photos on my phone. Best porn you’ll ever see. Here. Check it out. Nicest present you ever got me, Ron. My very own pornstar. I owe you.”

Ron blanched at the photos, though the cheap flip-phone didn’t have much of a camera. Still, they were clear enough. Some with Sue’s face, some with her ass up to receive Pilot, one with her feet tied together with a belt, held high above Pilot’s back as the dog was pushing tight between her thighs. Ron blanched, but pretended nonchalance, shrugging and asking how work was going with Zack and if he still enjoyed working the night shift.

The two went back and forth for a short while, the small electric heater barely keeping up its fight with the chill morning air that found its way into the garage. Zack nodded off for a second, then

came back to life to say something about his front brakes, only to settle into the old couch, his empty beer can resting on the workbench at his side.

Ron felt nothing as he switched cans, his own beer only half empty. Then he quietly walked over to Zack's car and turned the motor over, the dozing man not even giving a twitch. He moved the large concrete block back next to the couch and slowly lowered the garage door to the ground. Then Ron paused, thought things through, and lifted the heavy door just high enough to push under a short length of garden hose. That gave his friend a chance at survival. Not much, but a chance. Ron knew the possibilities, knew of what might happen to him from doing this, but it was the least he could do for Sue. He realized he loved her far too much for an asshole like Zack to take her over and ruin the woman's life. Better prison or hell than doing nothing.

Ron looked around the garage and started second guessing himself until he began to feel the effects of the car's exhaust. He shook his head and went out the front door of the house to his car. He gassed up at a remote station some miles down the highway, shoving Zack's empty beer can and newly-crushed phone deep into a garbage can. What if he'd left fingerprints on something? What if a neighbor had seen him? No matter. Nothing mattered anymore.

All the way to school he waited for the phone call from his parents with words about the police looking for him. All that night he kept scrolling the news sites for information on town gossip where his parents lived. All the next day nothing, until the evening news had a thirty second spot about a man being found unconscious in his garage, but nothing beyond that. Then the next morning Sue was missing from her weather and traffic spot, everyone wishing her a speedy recovery from whatever ailed her.

Two days later Sue called, and it took all of Ron's willpower not to answer it. Fortunately, she didn't leave a message, and Ron of course didn't return the call. He focused on upcoming finals, went to a number of parties, and made sure to advertise his spending the last night of finals in the bed of a popular coed. Then it was home for Christmas and having to face his demons and all he had wrought.

His parents seemed clueless, happy to welcome him home, the house fully decorated for the holidays. Ron did a drive-by of Zack's place, but he didn't see Zack's car. He knew he couldn't call Zack's number, and didn't want to walk up to his house, so he did the only thing he could do: visit Sue.

Ron called first, Sue picking up on the first ring.

"Ron. Um, are you home? For Christmas?"

"Yeah. You free some time?"

"Sure. Come on over. I'm alone."

Ron almost ran over. The most important part of the conversation was taken care of in under two minutes.

"How are you, Ron? You look good."

"You too. How about Zack?"

Sue's face seemed to drain of blood. "You don't know? He's, you know, died, sitting in his garage while his car was still running. Carbon monoxide. Didn't you know?"

"No." Ron's didn't try to act sad or surprised. He was calm and deliberate as he spoke, and it was obvious Sue knew everything he wasn't saying. "No, I didn't know. He should have known about working on a car in a closed garage. Drinking a beer while sleepy from overwork in a situation like that can be deadly. Too bad for the guy."

Sue stared at Ron for a few seconds, unsure of whether to believe what she now knew to be true or push that away in favor of Ron's emotionless and fact-filled lie. She was only able to get out his name, saying, "Ron," before he closed the gap between them, pulling Sue in close and kissing her neck. With a quick nibble on Sue's ear, Ron murmured, "You're safe. I just wanted you to be safe and happy."

Rather than receive Ron as her hero, Sue's eyes remained wide, one hand up to push against Ron's chest. He got the message. Stepping back, he made his apologies and started for the door. Sue reached out to pull on his arm, repeating her last word, "Ron," but in a softer tone. And then she collapsed, sitting down on a footstool, her hands clasped and shaking.

Looking up into Ron's surprised face, Sue asked him this one and only time. "Really?" Ron knew what she was asking, what she was insinuating. He kneeled by her and repeated himself, saying, "I just want you to be happy."

Kissing Sue again on her cheek, he rose and started again for the door, but was stopped when Sue rushed him, wrapping her arms around his much larger form and breaking into tears. Ron embraced her sobbing form, happy that Sue was able to show emotion again, able to break through the dam she must have built for herself months before. Then the kiss, their mouths easily finding each other, devouring one another as lovers separated by a long and difficult journey.

Sue finally pulled away, wiping at her tears, trying to push her curls away from her face. Ron was worried that she might ask for details of his past deed, but she seemed to know that some things should remain in darkness. Tears shone on her cheeks as she looked up into his face. "My husband is gone for a few days, until Christmas eve. Could you stay?"

Ron nodded, all of his worries now gone, his most delicious and improbable fantasy coming to life. "You know you never need to ask. How about a quick drink and you give me a tour of your bedroom?"

"How about the bedroom first and then we open a bottle of wine?" countered Sue. As she took his hand and pulled him forward, Ron looked through a back window, just past the front room's Christmas tree and into the yard. There he saw the familiar forms of Bush and Pilot running by, probably chasing some wayward bird. A bit of the devil took him over and he said, "You know it's going to freeze tonight. We should put Bush in the back room, maybe bring Pilot in to sleep at the foot of your bed."

Sue froze for just a moment, a moment of horror seeming to pass in front of her eyes, but then she looked up and saw Ron and knew he was a different sort of man. With another tug on his hand, she smiled and said "Sure. Be nice to be alone again with my two favorite men," and they disappeared behind closed doors.

*The End*