

## I Like To Watch Boys Masturbate

I remember the first time it happened.

I sat gazing out my bedroom window in our little rental cabin on Cape Cod. The summer sun cast a dark shadow when filtered through an enormous tree in the yard.

My parents had been coming here every summer since before my brother and I were born. It was what they looked forward to all year. But for my brother and me it was quite different. This annual two week excursion simply drained fourteen days from our all too short summer vacation.

There were some other kids who also got roped into this forced sabbatical so we kind of all had something in common. A bond of sorts. I was fourteen at the time and my brother was thirteen.

There was a girl around my age in the cabin right next to us and we hit it off pretty well right from the start. Her name was Susan; mine is Sarah.

I'm what people call, "a tall girl". At five feet ten I guess they are right. But I carry my height well. I'm a thirty-six C which really doesn't look all that large considering my height and I weigh in at one thirty-five. Again, I carry it well. My hair is short and a light chestnut brown. I have green eyes and even back then I liked to wear red lipstick.

Like I said, I was gazing out the window hoping that something would end this boredom and that we could just get in the car and go back to our real world when Susan ran up to my window. She was out of breath.

Susan was shorter than I at around five four. Her hair was blonde and to tell the truth that's about all I can remember about her. We weren't great friends. Just passing ships bound for adulthood.

"You want to see a guy do it," Susan said through panting gasps. She was obviously very excited.

I shrugged. "Do what?"

Susan looked first to her right and then to her left as if maybe someone might be listening. She was very conspiratorial.

"There's a guy over in a cottage by the Bikini shop. He said if we let him see our panties he'll let us watch him jerk-off".

"What?"

"Masturbate," she said as if I didn't know what jerk-off meant.

Susan was still standing by my bedroom window when I got outside.

"Is this guy safe? I mean he's not going to rape us or anything is he?" That was a dumb question, but I didn't know what to say so that just blurted out.

She smiled a tiny bit. "He's kind of a nerd. I've been talking to him on and off for a few days, just being nice when he asks me if I ever saw a guy jerk off. Then he says, do you want to?"

Well, I for one wanted to, that was for sure. Since I'd been around ten years old I had fantasized about boy's penises. Just the thought of seeing one got me damp and the fact that he was going to make it shoot was the icing on the cake.

"Well, do you" Susan asked?

I tried to sound uninterested but failed miserably. "Sure, why not"?

We started to walk in the direction of the bikini shop, then sort of stepped up the pace until we were running. It was really hot out and little droplets of sweat trickled down from my neck disappearing under my blouse.

When we got to the boy's cottage we stopped.

The place looked deserted. "Are his parents home" I asked?

Once again, Susan was out of breath, but this time I was, too.

"He said they'll be gone until tonight. Went to P-Town".

We stared at each other for a moment then walked up to the door. Susan knocked.

At first no one answered. She knocked a second time and a boy around fourteen came to the door. He was a little taller than I, with long shaggy hair the color of muddy water. He looked at Susan then at me. "Come on in," he said.

The cottage was pretty much the same as the one my family was staying in. I think they were all the same in that area. Typical summer rental stuff.

Suddenly I was feeling embarrassed. We knew what we were there for, but it was still just a little bit weird.

The boy, on the other hand, was ready. He simply unzipped his fly, reached in and pulled out his penis. Looking back it was probably average in length, but at the time it seemed to be enormous. There was a tiny drop of clear liquid at the tip.

"Show me your panties," he said.

Susan was wearing shorts and I was wearing a short skirt. I looked over at her and she just shrugged and pulled down her pants. I hesitated for a second then followed by lifting my skirt.

When the boy (I never did get his name) looked at our panties his penis began to get hard and he started rubbing it.

While I held my skirt up he rubbed faster and the harder he got the more pronounced the veins in his dick became. His balls hung loose and swayed rhythmically from side to side like a fleshy pendulum. I looked at his swollen cock head not caring that he was looking at my dampening panties. Then I looked up at his face at the same time he looked at mine.

At this point I wanted to shove my hands down into my panties and jerk myself off just like he was doing. If Susan wasn't there I probably would have. I could feel that my clit had grown to a much larger and puffy size than it normally was. It was actually protruding out through my pussy lips and rubbing against my silky panties.

I think he was prolonging his ejaculation because he kept stopping every few seconds. When he did the head of his cock swelled and turned an angry purple. I didn't know how much more I could take.

"Get that trash can," he said motioning to a plastic container a few feet away.

I looked at it then back at him.

"Hurry," he said with a certain urgency in his voice.

I did as I was told and got the can.

"Hold it out in front of me, I'm getting ready".

I held the can out and looked at his cock once more. The head swelled then receded then swelled again. The clear, sticky liquid which had been oozing out of the slit in the end was now leaking all over his hand. He smiled for a quick moment then grimaced and threw his head back. His cock head swelled once more before he moaned, "Now," and a huge stream of white cum shot out of his prick.

I hadn't had the presence of mind nor the experience to know that I should stand to the side of the trash can and not directly in front of it. The first powerful shot struck me full force on my arm.

I was totally mesmerized. Another stream of cum fired into the can followed by still another. I thought I would cum just watching him.

A few more weaker shots hit the trashcan before he finished. He stood motionless as if nothing had happened then took a tissue and wiped the head of his dick and threw the tissue into the trashcan.

I also took some tissues and wiped myself clean. I had an urge to taste it, but with Susan there I thought better of it.

"You girls can leave now," he said pushing his shrinking cock back into his pants.

I dropped my skirt while Susan pulled up her shorts. "Thanks for the show," she said.

He was sitting on the sofa fumbling with some kind of game controller and merely nodded.

When we got outside Susan was a bundle of excitement.

"Have you ever seen anything like that in your life? Oh man; I'm gonna remember this for a long time. What did it feel like on your hand?"

I could hardly speak. My clit screamed for some attention.

"Yeah, that was pretty cool," was all I could manage to say. I was afraid that the way my legs were moving would make me cum right there in front of Susan.

When we got to my cottage I mumbled something about a book I had been reading and after bidding Susan good-bye I rushed inside.

My mom was still in the living room, though I never knew what she was doing. I was too preoccupied with the burning need in my wet panties.

"What's the hurry?" she asked as I sped past.

"Gotta go potty," which in fact was very close to the truth. If I went to my bedroom and locked the door Mom would be suspicious. Instead I nearly ran to the bathroom. Once inside, with the door locked, I lifted my skirt and pushed my panties down to my knees. There was no time to step out of them.

Holding my skirt up with my left hand I used my right to part the hairy lips of my pussy exposing my throbbing clit to the cool bathroom air. Without delay I formed a vee-shape with my index and middle fingers.

As near as I can remember I rubbed my swollen button three or four times while playing the image in my mind of the boy's cock spitting cum at me. And I came harder than I had ever cum in my whole life.

The first spasm hit like a bolt of lightening. I had all I could do to stifle the scream that hung in my throat. For the first time in my young life a wetness like I had never experienced leaked onto my hand then ran through my fingers to the floor.

Normally, when I masturbate my first shot is the most powerful followed by several of lessor intensity. This time, with each shot, I remembered how the boy's cockhead had swelled before he came and how the cum made a splattering sound when it hit me. Each of my own shots were as powerful as the one before it. I feared it would never end while at the same time hoping it wouldn't.

When the final twitching stopped I felt as though I would collapse right there in the bathroom.

For the next two days all I could think about was that boy and his spitting cock. I masturbated so much I thought I would suffer from exhaustion. I tried not to think about it. It didn't work. I told myself how wrong it was and that didn't work either. So I finally got up the nerve to ask Susan if she could arrange for a repeat performance.

"Oh that kid. He's gone. Their vacation was over so they packed up and went home. But man, that was really cool wasn't it?"

Gone? Gone? I had to hide my disappointment, but was I ever disappointed. I still thought about it a lot, but it was certainly a one time thing, never to happen again... shit!

A few days later my Dad, my Mom, my brother and I packed our stuff and left the Cape.

The remaining days of summer vacation passed quickly. School started and life got back to the old

routine of early mornings and homework. Still, I couldn't get the image of that boy's cock squirting onto my arm out of my mind. I masturbated every night to wild images of random fantasies always based on our time at the Cape. I started looking forward to next summer and going back there.

Christmas came and went with little fanfare. In February I turned fifteen. Two months later my brother, Charlie, turned fourteen.

Charlie was becoming a handsome young man. He was approaching six feet tall and was getting muscular in all the right places. His hair was on the longish side and seemed to be naturally combed. His eyes, like mine, were green.

By Spring I began to take more notice of Charlie. A couple of times he walked passed me wearing only his briefs. He had, what could only be called, a nice package. I decided to play around and see how much I could torture him.

I began by wearing low cut blouses when Mom and Dad weren't home, then leaning over him at every opportunity. If we sat across from each other at the kitchen table doing our homework I would reach across to borrow an eraser while being sure my blouse hung loose enough to give him a view of my braless boobs with my eraser sized nipples. He never said anything, but I know he noticed.

One afternoon when I gave him the show he got a good look then went off to the bathroom. I waited a few minutes then followed.

I gave him a few more minutes then put my ear to the door and sure enough, as I had expected, I heard him grunting. He was jacking off.

That night my fantasy changed. I no longer fantasized about the boy in Cape Cod. My mind was filled with new images, this time of my brother. I knew he was in the bathroom jerking off after seeing my tits. I knew it was wrong, but I was going to see him do it; I just had to figure out how.

I didn't want to peek through a keyhole or spy through a window like a common pervert. I wanted it to be like that boy. I wanted him to know I was watching. I wanted him to look at me when he came. I wanted to see his cum shoot out onto the floor. I wanted it to be dirty!

The next time we were alone doing homework at the kitchen table I leaned across exposing my tits to him like before only this time when I caught him looking I called him on it.

"Like what you see"? I said as I sat back down. He tried to act like he hadn't been peeking.

His face turned red. "What? I didn't do anything".

"Ha! Don't act like you haven't been copping a look every chance you get".

Charlie didn't respond to that. He continued doing his homework so I took it to the next level.

"Well, did you"? My pulse was rising.

"Did I what?"

"Did you like what you saw"?

He squirmed a little. "Yeah. I liked it okay".

I was trembling now. I wanted to take this up another notch, but I had to be careful. I was on shaky ground. And my panties were beginning to dampen.

I waited a few minutes acting as though I too, was back to school work before speaking.

"You want to see more"?

Charlie looked up. "What..."?

"I said, do you want to see more". This was the make or break moment. I actually held my breath.

Charlie put down his pencil. He looked up and said, "Okay."

I acted as though I was about to unbutton my blouse, but then stopped.

"What's in it for me," I said?

Charlie merely shrugged. "I don't know. What do you want? Chores, homework, what"?

I took a deep breath. "A few days ago I saw you copping a look then you went to the bathroom. I know what you were doing in there"!

His face reddened again. "What, taking a leak"?

"Common little brother. You and I both know what you were doing".

Again he denied it. "I wasn't doing anything but pissing".

I laughed. "Do you always grunt when you piss"? He didn't say anything.

"Okay, here's the deal. I'll take off my shirt and let you look at my tits but only while you are jerking-off".

Charlie came alive. "Are you serious? You want to watch me jerk-off"?

"I do".

Now I could tell he was thinking of something.

"Can I touch them? Like maybe hold one when I cum"?

I hadn't thought about that, but it did sound pretty dirty.

"Okay."

"Where should we go."

"I want to see you cum on the floor. Make a nice puddle for me".

The bathroom was the only room in the house that had tile. I followed him to it.

Once in there, Charlie became a little reluctant. I expected him to drop his pants and start jerking like that boy had.

"Come on," I said. "What are you waiting for"?

He looked at my chest then my eyes.

"Okay, I'll go first". I was so horny I wasted no time. I unbuttoned my blouse and took it off exposing my naked chest to my brother. His eyes nearly popped out.

What happened next surprised me. I expected Charlie to unzip his fly and pull his cock out the way that boy had. But instead he unbuckled his pants and let them fall to the floor. Next came his underwear which also fell to the floor. He stepped out of both. Then he took off his shirt. He was now completely naked.

But now, instead of starting to stroke it he opened a draw in the counter and withdrew a small, fat rubber band which he stretched around his balls. The tight rubber band made his balls look like a bouquet. His dick was already hard and it was impressive. It wasn't eight or ten inches like you read in the smut stories, but it was long enough and hard enough to make any girl quite happy.

Next he took a bottle of Mom's hand lotion and squirted a stream onto the top side of his cock. With his pointer finger he spread the lotion all over his dick, both on top and underneath.

I had been watching Charlie spread the lotion on himself, but when I looked up he was looking at me.

"It's not going to take me very long," he said.

"Go for it," was all I could say.

Charlie wrapped his right hand, which was already wet with lotion, around his cock and began to stroke it up and down. Before a minute had passed clear liquid came seeping out of the slit in the tip just like that boy at the Cape. It quickly mixed with the hand lotion.

"I want to hold it when I cum," he said.

I knew what he meant so I came closer to him. He took my right tit in his left hand and very gently rubbed his fingers around the nipple.

"I'm getting very close," he said. "What should I do"?

Cum on the floor while I watch!"

Charlie held my tit firmly, but gently. "Here it comes," he said and a moment later a stream of his cum shot out of his cock and splattered onto the floor. Then he did something that really surprised me. He bent forward and took my nipple in his mouth. As soon as his lips touch my tit he shot another huge stream and then another. All the while he was groaning as if he was in pain. But I knew he wasn't. Charlie must have drained himself dry with as many times as his cock fired off until he finally slumped his shoulders and let out a deep breath. We smiled at each other and then began to laugh and we laughed hard and long.

Finally, when we both regained our composure I said, "I want to see it again tomorrow."

And he said, "Maybe you can do it for me?"

I hadn't thought of that, but it did sound good. I smiled and said, "Maybe."

The next day when we got home from school I was ready. No playing around with innuendoes. I was ready to get right to it and so was my brother.

"The bathroom," he asked?

"Yes," I said already heading that way. Charlie followed behind.

Once in the bathroom I started to take my blouse off, but Charlie shook his head No. "I want to see it," he said.

"See what?"

He pointed at my crotch.

"You want to see my pussy? No way, Jose!"

Charlie shrugged and started to walk out of the bathroom.

Damn. He had me right where I hadn't wanted to be. He turned the tables on me that little shit.

"Okay, but no touching."

"Tits, too," he added.

"Tits, too," I said.

We began to strip together.

Fortunately, I had trimmed my bush to a presentable length so I wasn't feeling too awkward when I was standing completely nude in front of my brother.

Charlie got the bottle of lotion from the cabinet and turned to me. "Why don't I do myself and you can do yourself," he said.

Wow! I hadn't thought of that. My clit was as hard as a marble so I was certainly ready, at least physically.

The prospect of being watched while I jilled myself off was certainly exciting to fantasize about, but the actuality was.

"I guess we can try."

Charlie poured some lotion in his hand and began stroking his cock. It was already growing.

I boosted myself up onto the counter and tentatively began combing my fingers through the hair above my slit being cautious not to open my legs so far as to expose my aching clit.

Charlie continued stroking his cock while keeping his eyes on my wandering fingers. It was time to go, as they say, for broke. I let the pointer fingers of both my hands drop down into the folded flesh that hid my throbbing nub and began to rub it first gently, then with more urgency.

Charlie was rubbing his cock from top to bottom while copious amounts of clear sticky liquid leaked onto his hand. I, in turn, was doing much the same but in a girl fashion.

By now all the nervousness had passed and I concentrated only on Charlie jacking his cock and the

intense feeling as I jacked my clit. I think we both sensed the impending climax rising to the surface. With a groan Charlie said, "I'm going to cum soon," and I, in a breathy voice said, "Me, too." For no apparent reason, except that I was so fucking horny, I opened my legs fully and told my brother to get between them. He, of course, wasted no time.

"Cum on my stomach," I said.

Charlie pushed himself forward until the swollen head of his cock rested on my bellybutton. I saw the look on his face just as an enormous wad of cum splattered onto my stomach and chest.

That was it. I threw my head back and shouted, "Oh fuck," as my own orgasm overtook me.

Charlie was pumping out stream after stream of cum as I bucked into my hands while holding my spasming cunt wide open. And then to both our surprise it happened. A stream of clear liquid, not pee, fired out of my pussy and hit Charlie in his stomach. Just when I thought he was finished his cock began to shoot again. We stared into each others eyes as we drenched each other in a mutual ejaculation. When it was finally over I looked at my brother who was covered in my girl cum and then at myself covered in a mess of white jizz that he had sprayed on my stomach, tits and even a little on my neck. We showered together and then went to the kitchen to do our homework.

That was a long time ago. Although we spent a few years jacking off together we never took it any farther. We had found a closeness that filled our needs and that was enough. But now, twenty years later I wonder. Should we have gone farther back then? Would our lives have been different? Better or maybe worse? Maybe one day I'll head out to California and surprise him. Maybe we'll find out.

By the way, I still love to see men jerk-off. It's my fetish...

As time went on, Charlie and I were finding each other less and less interesting. I'd seen him jerk off so many times it was less exciting and just really more mechanical each time we did it. Finally one day we stopped. We didn't talk about it or even plan it. We just stopped doing it together. That's when I met John Fuller.

By then I was seventeen, nearing eighteen and a senior in high school. I wasn't a cheerleader or anything like that, but I was sort of popular and got along with just about everyone. And this was actually detrimental to my blossoming young sex life which I might add was in full speed ahead. I can't remember ever going to bed without one hand jammed in my panties.

As much as I fantasized about all the boys in school jacking off for me I couldn't approach a single one. Everybody was working their little asses off trying to get laid so I wasn't about to risk it all by letting anyone know about my secret fetish. Well, almost secret. I mean Charlie knew.

This is where John Fuller came on the scene. It was rumored that John Fuller had been caught masturbating in one of the stalls in the boy's room. He denied it, but the kids thought it was really funny and christened him, "Fuller the Puller". His social life was doomed. And it looked like mine was about to take off.

I waited about a month before I made my move. It was lunchtime when I put my plan into action.

After the rumor about John no one would sit with him in the cafeteria. I waited about ten minutes before going for lunch. I knew by then all the seats would be taken, all except where John sat.

I got my lunch tray and acted as though I was looking around for a seat. And, of course, as I already knew the only available seat was at John Fuller's table.

"Anybody sitting here," I asked as if I had never heard the rumor?

He looked up from his meal. "Not that I can see."

I sat down and began to eat. After a few minutes I started a conversation.

"Aren't you in my chemistry class," I asked though I already knew. He had been sitting two chairs behind me since September.

"Yea, I'm in it. "

"I thought so. You're that real smart kid aren't you?"

John looked directly at me then turned his gaze around the room.

"Is this a joke," he said turning back to me?

"What?"

"Did your friends put you up to this? Are you supposed to be nice to me and then when I least expect it you call me "Fuller the puller" and everybody laughs".

This is where my time in drama class was about to pay off.

"Look Pal. I don't know what your problem is. All I wanted was to eat my lunch sitting down. You don't want to talk, that's fine. We won't talk." I looked back down at my tray and waited. He'd either get up and walk away or...

"I'm sorry," he said.

"What?"

He cleared his throat. "I'm sorry. That was rude."

I paused for effect then said, "Hey, no worries, Mate." John smiled.

We spent the next ten minutes or so talking about chemistry class before I moved onto step number two.

"I've got a confession to make," I said.

John stopped smiling. He looked around the room, expecting to see everyone laughing, then turned back to me.

"It wasn't exactly an accident that I sat here today. I mean I wanted to ask you something and so I kind of set this up." I could see the look in his eyes that said, "here it comes".

I continued. "I suck at chemistry. I mean I really suck at it and I was kind of wondering if you would maybe want to help me with it? You know, like tutor me." I could almost hear the air come out of him.

"That's it," he said. "That's it. You went through all this just to ask me to help you with your chemistry class?"

"I'm sorry. I guess I'm as bad at social etiquette as I am at chemistry."

He broke into a broad smile. "Of course I'll help you. You should have just asked. But then again, if you had just asked I wouldn't have had the pleasure of having lunch with you."

We talked for a few more minutes and then lunch was over and we parted, but not before making plans for him to come to my house after school and tutor me in the finer points of alchemy to which I already had a B+ average.

I was wearing one of my low cut blouses when John arrived. I introduced him to my brother, Charlie and then we went into the kitchen to begin studying.

John really was smart and despite all the abuse he got from nearly everyone at school he was a nice guy with a good sense of humor. This was going to take time. I had to win his confidence before continuing with the plan. That is, if the story of the boy's room episode was actually true.



John came to my house three or four times a week after that and even stayed for supper a few times. I was really getting to like him, but that wasn't going to stop me. It was after five or six weeks that I made my move.

It was one of the days when my parents were both gone and Charlie was in his room. I think he knew what I was up to and left me alone with John. I took the next step in my plan. I'd put a lot of time into it and if it didn't work I was going to be really pissed.

We were sitting at the kitchen table like always when I popped the question.

"John, I want to ask you something very important and I hope we are good enough friends that you will tell me the truth."

He looked as if he knew what was coming. "Go ahead, ask me."

"The rumor about you masturbating in the boy's room, is it true?" I reached out and put my hand over his. He waited for almost a minute.

"Does it matter?"

"It does to me."

"Yes," he said. He looked like he had just lost his best friend. I squeezed his hand.

"It's okay. It's okay. What happened? Why did you do it in school?"

He kind of shrugged like he didn't know then began to tell me what happened.

"I was in class and there was a girl sitting across from me. She had her skirt pulled to one side so her leg was showing. It got me, well, sort of aroused I guess you'd say. I have a problem with that. My sex drive is over the top. So I went to the lavatory and started to relieve myself and, well you know the rest."

He looked so downcast I really felt bad for him. "It's okay," I said. "Really. Not a big deal. The only difference between you and most people is you got caught."

He looked at me as though I had just confessed to a murder. "Say that again!"

"I said, you got caught. That's the only big deal about it. You got caught. Everybody jerks off, and yes, even girls do it."

Then I told him about the boy in Cape Cod. I didn't bother to tell him about Charlie and me. That would have been too much all at one time.

"So when you watched the boy did you like it?"

I smiled, partly at him and partly because my plan was working.

"Oh yea, I liked it. I liked it a lot." I moved the conversation forward. "Do you jerk off everyday?"

He nodded. "Sometimes more than once a day."

"Do you think about girls when you do it? Like maybe you are fucking their pussies?" I was being as graphic as I could to try to get him horny enough for the rest of my plan.

"Yes," he said. "I think about them a lot."

"Do you think about me?"

He wouldn't look at me, but quietly said, "Yes, I think about you all the time when I do it."

"Does that make you cum when you think about fucking my pussy?"

He looked straight into my eyes. "Yes, it makes me cum hard and a lot."

"Have you ever had anyone watch you?"

His face reddened. "No." He looked away then for a moment. "I have fantasized about someone watching, but it's never happened."

"Who do you fantasize about watching you jack your cock and seeing you squirt your cum?"

"I think about you," he said.

I paused for a few seconds then looking directly at him said, "Would you like it to happen. Would you do

it for me? Would you jerk your cock for me?"

At first John didn't say anything, he just nodded. Then he said, "when?"

"Well, no one is home, but my brother and he won't bother us. How about right now?"

He stood and I could see he was already getting hard.

"Where," he asked?

I took his hand and lead him to the bathroom.

I locked the door behind us and sat up on the counter. He waited for me to tell him what to do. I think he was still a little afraid that this was a joke.

"Okay, Big Boy. Unzip and stand right here," I said pointing to the spot where Charlie use to stand.

"You want me to do it on the floor," he asked? Before I could answer he said, "that would be hot."

John unzipped his fly, reached in and pulled out a large, hard penis. If I thought that boy at the Cape or even my brother had a big one I was wrong. John's looked like one of those mini baseball bats they hang restroom keys on at the gas stations. As I watched it continued to rise upward on its own growing in length and girth.

I looked at my watch. Time to get moving. I did not want to have my Mother driving in and John stuffing his cock back in his pants. I wanted to see this monster firing off before he went home.

"Go ahead and jerk it," I said. I handed him some baby oil that was on the counter.

He poured some into his hand then wrapped his hand around his dick and started stroking. He was going slow and we didn't have a lot of time.

"Just hurry and make it cum," I said anxiously. "My Mom will be home anytime now."

John took my cue and started jacking off with a purpose. His cock was already spitting clear liquid from the pee hole and it was mixing with the oil I had given him. He was grunting as his hand slid up and down in a total blur.

"I cum a lot," he said through gasps and groans."

"Do you need a towel," I asked?

He nodded. "Stand near the wall and hold it up like a screen. I'm getting real close." I did as he asked.

My brother and the boy at the Cape both had cocks that bent upward as they got hard. John's cock bent downward sort of like a rainbow. When he held it up to jerk it the shaft was pointing up but the head was point straight out at me. I really would have liked to take the place of the towel, but that would have to be another time.

Suddenly I heard my Mother's car coming into the driveway. Shit. This was going to ruin everything I thought. But I thought wrong. At the same moment I heard the car, John threw his head back and moaned, "I'm cumming," and his cock began to fire huge streams of white hot cum onto the towel. I couldn't believe how much cum there was or how far he could shoot it.

I heard my Mother's car turn off and he just kept cumming. I was screwed. If he didn't stop and put that thing away there was going to be big trouble. And then I heard it.

My brother was at the front door telling my mother about something outside that required her immediate attention.

Meanwhile John was somewhere around his sixth or seventh spurt when I took matters into my own hands and grabbed his cock. I wanted to hurry it up and get him empty before my Mom came back inside, but all I managed to do was get him started all over again. He shot off four more big loads before I let it dribble to a stop. I grabbed some TP and wiped the cum off the end of his prick.

"Quick, stuff it in your pants. I'll hide the towel." He did as I asked. I, on the other hand, was frantically wiping cum up off the floor then threw the towel in the hamper hoping that Mom would not go in there

until I had a chance to wash it. (Okay, so you caught me. We both know I was going to save that towel and jill my pussy off with it the first chance I got)

By the time Charlie and Mom got back inside John and I were sitting at the kitchen table with our books opened.

"So, are you guys getting anything done," my Mother asked?

"Oh yeah, Mamma. We're knockin' 'em dead." I winked at John and he turned a shade of red.

I wait till my Mother left the room.

"Holy shit, Man. You cum like a freaking horse!"

He lowered his head. "I'm sorry, Sarah. I can't help it. I'm sorry I made a mess."

I would have laughed out loud if I hadn't seen that he was so serious.

"Are you shitting me man? That was so cool. I've never seen anything like that. Crap! Can you do that all the time?"

He shrugged. "No, not really," he said. "Sometimes three times a day, but mostly only two."

"Well you're going to be doing that for me everyday..."

For the next few weeks John jerked off for me whenever I wanted him to. And he always mustered a huge load. Sometimes I would tie his balls up and then tickle underneath while he was stroking. That always seemed to get him to really cum a lot. Then one day John came over to my house with something on his mind. I could tell because he was more quiet than usual.

"What's going on," I asked?

He looked at me and did that shrug that he always did when he wanted to say something, but didn't quite have the nerve.

"Come on, John. Spite it out."

He looked around. "Well, I've been looking on the internet at some porn sites."

I waited, but he didn't say anymore.

"And what have you been looking at?"

Again, he hesitated. "I've been looking at women."

Crap! I knew this was coming sooner or later. Up until now John had been doing all the showing and I'd been doing all the looking. I knew all this was about to change.

"So, I guess you want me to jerk off for you, right?"

He shook his head, no.

"No? So what do you want?"

"Well, the women on the internet seem to like it when the guys lick them down there."

Glory be. John wanted to eat my muff. He actually wanted to go down on me.

"What you're telling me is you want to lick my kitty the way those guys on the internet do it?"

Again, he nodded.

"Well, no one is home so I guess we can give it a try," I said. I took his hand and led him to my bedroom.

Now to be quite honest with you, at seventeen years old my entire sex life consisted of watching guys jerk off and even that was a relatively small amount. I was apprehensive, but also getting very turned on.

John was very much to the point. I sat on the edge of my bed. He got down on his knees in front of me. I didn't know exactly what to do; let him undress me, undress myself or what. Before I could really think about it, he reached up, unbuckled my belt and pulled my pants down, underwear and all.

Although I was nervous I was also getting very turned on. I think he knew this. He slid my pants over my feet and tossed them on the floor. Without any hesitation he gently push my legs apart and moved in. My pussy was soaking wet in anticipation.

I don't know what porn site John had been watching, but he must have taken notes. Using his thumbs he open my lips exposing my throbbing clit. Holding my lips apart he moved in and began to lick all around my steaming pussy, but not touching my clit. And I really wanted him to touch my clit.

I tried to sit still while John licked from my puckered little ass-hole to just below my clit, but had no luck at it. I couldn't help bucking into his mouth. Up until now, I had complete control of our relationship, but things were changing. I had never felt anything like this in my entire life.

As John moved upward toward my screaming button he shocked me and placed his index finger against my ass-hole. I gasped but it was short lived. Just as he slid his finger into my anus he moved his mouth over my clit. It was unbelievable.

I was so glad no one was home because there was no way I could have stifled the scream that came up from the center of my being.

John had definitely taken notes. He covered my twitching clit with his mouth and began to gently suck. Each time he moved his head forward I pushed my hips to meet him. He was driving me crazy lapping with his tongue and sucking at the same time.

He must have felt my impending orgasm before I did. Suddenly I was there. I pushed my pelvis into his mouth at the same time he pulled his finger from deep in my ass and I started to cum like a tidal wave. I held his head and fucked his mouth with every bit of my being. And like the trooper he had proven to be he held on and sucked my spasming clit with each of my thrusts.

I don't know how long it lasted, seconds or hours or maybe days, I lost my whole sense of time. When it was finally over I collapsed backward onto my bed.

I was still gasping for air when John stood over me, his face wet with my juices.

"Did I do okay?" he asked like a little boy looking for approval.

I could hardly speak, but I managed to nod and he smiled.

John Fuller and I continued our relationship until graduation. He jerked off and ate my pussy nearly everyday. After graduation we went off to different colleges and different lives. I saw him and his wife at a class reunion a few years ago. We smiled and made pleasantries, but nothing was mentioned of our former fun and games. His wife seemed really nice and I must admit I wondered what kind of life she and Fuller the Puller had together. Didn't really matter because when we parted after High School my life took on a whole new chapter. I just love to watch men masturbate...

After graduation and summer vacation I headed off to college. At this point I had no idea I would someday become a nurse so I decided I'd take an exploratory year to see where my interest as well as talents lay.

My new roommate's name was Gloria. She was a somewhat nondescript girl of average height and weight and although I wish I could tell you we were instant friends, that was not the case. Gloria had her own circle of friends whom she had graduated high school with and had gone off to college with in group fashion. I often wondered if they had chartered a bus for the drive from home to the university. She never failed to tell me how she had drawn the short straw and had not been partnered up with one of

her cronies. As if I really cared.

Within a few weeks I began to develop my own circle of friends, none of which were males I might add. I had a bad feeling that my sexual persuasions or perversions were drying up faster than the mojave in draught. That's when I met Angela Gordon.

I was sitting in the library one afternoon idly thumbing the pages of a book on American history when Angela walked in to both the library and my life.

The only word that comes to mind to describe her was "stunning". She was statues at somewhere around five eight or nine with an hourglass figure. Her amber green eyes sparked, her jet-black hair shinned and her soft pink lips seemed wet. And her breast were, oh well, you get the idea. I was not into girls at all, but I was mesmerized by her enchanting beauty. She looked at me and smiled. I smiled back.

Angela surprised me when she walked over to where I was sitting, pulled a chair up and sat down. She held out her hand and said, "Hi, I'm Angela Gordon". I shook her hand and said, "I'm Sarah..." and she finished my sentence for me with, "Garner. I know. You share a room with Gloria. I went to high school with her."

I guess I failed at concealing my feelings because Angela said with a smile, "You're right. She's a snobbish jerk. I was coming to this college anyway so I figured knowing a few people in advance would be a plus. That was fucked up thinking".

I couldn't hold back a little giggle. "Well, she's not the friendliest girl I've ever met, but she is clean and she doesn't snore, well at least not real loud". Now we both laughed.

"Listen, if you're done with that book let's go get a cup at the campus shithouse".

I frowned. "Where?"

"The campus coffee house."

I closed my book.

Angela and I became fast friends. She was bright and beautiful and so full of energy. She got me into jogging in the mornings and dance in the afternoon. Soon I was losing my summer vacation bulge and toning up really fine. We were spending a lot of time together.

One evening we were sitting around the "campus shithouse" when Angela said, "I don't see you around any of the guys here. Do you have a boyfriend back home who's waiting with baited breath for you return?" She grinned, but there was something behind that grin that I couldn't quite put my finger on.

"You know," I said, "I've never had a boyfriend. There was this guy in high school I spent a lot of time with named John Fuller, but we were just friends." I paused while remembering the things John and I

had done then I added, "with the same interests."

"Oh," Angela said and raised her eyebrows! "What kind of interests?"

I was sorely tempted to tell her, but I didn't want to ruin our relationship with tales of my sorted passed. Instead I just said, "You know, school work and crap like that." She nodded.

One night after having coffee Angela and I were walking back toward the dorm when she reached down and took my hand. We stopped and she looked at me. I was frozen in place.

"I've got an idea I've been wanting to run by you for a while," she said. "Now if you don't want to I will understand so don't feel pressured, ok?"

I merely nodded. I didn't know what her idea could be, but with her holding my hand I was really hoping it wasn't what I was thinking.

"I've been thinking that since you and Gloria are a really bad match for roomies and I'm stuck with her fat ass friend, Rachel, why don't we let those two have each other and we can share a room?" Again she paused then added, "What do you think?"

My first thought was thank God it wasn't what I was thinking she was going to say and secondly, "That's a great idea. What do we need to do to get it to happen?"

"It's easy. We just go to our "Den Mother" and tell her we're moving in together. Angela had a way of giving everyone a nickname. I'm sure Gloria and Rachel will jump at the prospect of re-living high school for the next four years."

And so it was done. Our dorm mother gave us the okay and within a few days Rachel had moved in with Gloria and I moved in with Angela. It was going to be great I thought. I underestimated just how great it was going to be.

Angela and I pretty much quit going to the campus coffee shop. We bought a coffee maker and just stayed in most nights studying and gossiping. After about a week Angela brought up the subject of boyfriends again. This time she dropped the bombshell.

We were quietly studying when Angela closed her book and sat up on her bed. "I need to tell you something," she said. She sounded so ominous.

I closed my book and also sat up. "What is it?"

She drew in a deep breath. "I've been wanting to tell you this since that first day I met you in the library, but I was afraid of what you'd think."

"And?"

"And well, you know how you and that friend of yours in high school were just friends and not boyfriend and girlfriend?"

My mind did a quick flashback to John jacking off for me. "Yes, I remember."

"I'm really hoping you and I can have the same relationship. I really want to stay friends with you. I like you and I'm afraid when I tell you my secret you'll go running and screaming back to Gloria."

"Angela, I like you, too. And there's no way I'm going anywhere near Gloria. You are my best friend so just tell me already!"

Angela took a deep breath then said, "I'm a lesbian".

To say I wasn't totally mowed down would be a lie. I didn't say anything for at least a minute. Finally I said, "I'm not."

"I know that. I've known that from the very beginning. I'm not trying to hook up with you. I just want to be your friend like the guy in high school. Can we be like that?"

Poor Angela. For the first time since we met I thought she was going to cry.

"Angela," I said. "We can't be like that."

She kind of gave a little choke sob and nodded. "I understand."

I shook my head. "No you don't understand. We can't be like that because we already are. You are my best friend and I don't care what you are or what you do. We are buds."

By now tears were running down Angela's beautiful face. I went to her and we hugged. And for the first time in my life I felt a feeling that I'd only felt with my brother, John Fuller and of course that boy, so long ago, in Cape Cod.

Life for Angela and me went on as it had. We studied, gossiped and laughed just like always. But I felt bad that Angela had revealed something about herself that was so personal and yet I still held something deep inside. But it wasn't as deep inside as it had been. It was fighting its way to the surface each day. Finally one evening it broke free.

We were sitting in our room having coffee when I said without warning, "I like to watch boys masturbate!" I think it shocked me more than it shocked Angela.

She put her cup down. "I thought maybe you were into girls and just not interested in me. Cool."

The room felt very hot. "That's it? Just cool. Isn't there something you want to know? A question

maybe?"

Angela shrugged. "Well, yeah. But I figure you'll tell me when you're ready."

Suddenly the flood gates opened. I poured out my life's obsession with boys jacking off. I told her about how it started in Cape Code and how I did it with my brother and about Fuller-the-puller. I told her how frustrated I had been since coming to the campus and how much I missed my brother and John.

Angela laughed. "You're preaching to the choir Honey. It's been so long since I strapped a chick on I think I might be going straight." We both started to laugh and maybe because of the tension or just because I had come clean we laughed until we nearly lost control.

It was about a month later that Angela approached me with a proposition. Again, like always, we were in our room.

"Do you know what an estim is?" She asked.

I had to admit I didn't.

"It an electronic device they use in medical procedures. Something about muscle toning and shit. It sends an electrical impulse through unbroken skin to stimulate the muscles."

"Is that something you're studying?"

"No, I'm not, but you may be."

I gave her my best puzzled look.

"Guys hook it up their dicks and it jacks them off hands free."

I sat up straight. "No shit? That I'd like to see."

Angela nodded. "I thought maybe you would. I know a guy who does that. You can watch him if you want. But he has some stipulations for an audience."

The very thought of seeing a guy masturbate without touching his dick had me leaking already. "What stipulations?"

Angela looked me directly in the eyes. "I'm not making this up. It's what he said, I swear. He wants to watch a girl eat your pussy while you watch him. He says he knows a girl into that and all you'll need to do is show up."

Man I wanted to see this, but I wasn't about to go to a stranger's house alone. I was absentmindedly shaking my head.



"That's cool," Angela said. "I'll tell him never mind." It seemed she closed the subject.

The next day I approached Angela. I wanted to see this guy with his estim so badly that my pussy was soaking my panties. "Would you go with me?" I asked. "Would you be the other girl?"

It was about a week later, on a Friday night, that we showed up at the estim guy's off campus house. I was shaking like a leaf when we walked up the sidewalk and knocked on the door. As the door opened the porch light suddenly went off. A muffled man's voice said, "Hey Angela. Come on in."

We stepped through the opening and were greeted by a man dressed completely in leathers and wearing a full-face motorcycle helmet with a very dark visor. He was also wearing a pair of black shorts which I suspected was covering his personal package. I was shaking with both fear and anticipation.

The man, whom I will call Leathers, led us to a back room where he had a chair with raised foot rests facing a bed. There was just enough room for someone to sit in the chair while someone else knelt on the floor. And then of course there was the bed. I could see it in my mind's eye, him sitting in the chair, me laying on the bed and Angela between us on the floor. My heart was trying to jump out of my chest.

Leathers walked out of the room for a minute then returned with a tall plastic tube shaped device with a hose coming out of the side. I recognized it right away as a bong. Without asking, he struck a match and lit whatever it was inside. It fired up instantly. He sneaked the hose under the helmet drawing in on it and holding the smoke in his lungs while passing the bong to Angela. She did the same then passed it to me.

I was never a doper although I had tried it a few times at parties and once with my brother during one of our jerk-off sessions. But this was beyond anything I had ever done. By the second hit I was lost in my own fantasy of what was soon to happen.

Leathers slid the shorts off revealing a very large cock and equally large pair of balls. His cock and balls protruded through the opening in the leather pants with only enough room for them and nothing else. The tightness of the pants forced his cock and balls upward the way an uplift bra holds up a set of tits. He began hooking up his estim.

Meanwhile, Angela was helping me out of my clothes. I was glad because I would not have been able to do it myself in the drugged state I was in. She had also removed all of hers. Her hands on my flesh made my poor little pussy cry its own wetness. I knew something unreal was about to happen.

Leathers had his cock all strapped in place with his electrodes wrapped around his balls, the base of his rapidly growing cock and the head itself. There was already a clear precum oozing out of the peehole and running down the length of his shaft to the electrodes at the base.

Leathers reached over and turned the little switch on the black box connected to the electrodes and

settled back in his chair. Angela and I watched with fascination as the enormous prick began to grow larger with each passing second. I was hornier than I had ever been in my entire life.

Although I was not a lesbian or even slightly into girls, at this point I probably would have attacked Angela if she had decided not to perform on me. I didn't have to worry because while I was watching that beautiful cock grow, Angela took my right breast in her hand and very tenderly nibbled on my nipple. I felt that nipple as well as the other become hard.

I watched Leathers turn a dial on the black box which made his cock straighten up and expell more precum. He was watching intently while Angela slowly moved down my body heading for the glory spot. When she got as far as the hairline she paused momentarily while her thumbs opened me up. I felt a rush of cool air hit my clit and I thought I would cum right then and there.

I guess since this was my first time, Angela decided to go for broke. She slid further down until her mouth was right in line with my clit then stuck her tongue out and very gently tapped it against my aching nub. She gave it a couple of licks then took it into her mouth with a soft rhythmic sucking. I came right then.

I couldn't hold back. I grabbed Angela by the back of her head and pulled her face to me while I pushed my wet pussy into her mouth. She knew how to work me. She took my clit and inner lips into her mouth and somehow held them with her teeth while her tongue lashed across my clit with the fury of a storm. I screamed out and bucked into her face over and over until I was finally spent and relaxed back against the bed. But Angela wasn't finished yet. She gently licked up and down the length of my exposed cunt and I felt the inner stirrings begin again.

Meanwhile Leathers was turning knobs and arching his body upward in time to the electronic pulsings he was getting from his magic machine. And then, as I was beginning the climb back up the mountain Leathers did something I had never seen before. He took a very thin glass rod and slowly inserted it into the hole in his cock and just as slowly worked it down inside. It must have felt really good because his now enormous prick seemed to grow even more as it straightened. Precum was pouring out from around the glass rod.

Angela had me there again. I was going to cum once more and I hoped Leathers was going to cum with me. I didn't have to hope too long because as I watched his cock the glass rod began to come out of his pee hole pushed by the force of his cum. We both groaned out, "Now," at the same time. My pussy spasming at the same time his beautiful cock grew to an enormous size and a huge stream of white hot cum shot out hitting Angela in the back of her head. She turned to see what was happening and managed to dodge the the stream which missed her head and hit me directly in my tits with a splash. I grabbed her head and pulled it back to my spasming pussy. She went back to her work with a relish.

When Leathers had finally fired all he had, which was at the least, five or six huge shots we all fell back spent and relax. But Angela had not gotten hers.

I sat up on the bed and leaned forward. I looked into Angela's eyes. "That was unreal," I said. "I'm not

ready to do that and I don't know if I ever will be, but I will jill you off with my hands if you want?"

Angela smiled. "That would be wonderful," she said and traded places with me, she on the bed and me kneeling on the floor.

Angela was ready. Her pussy was soaked. I wanted to make it as good for her as I could so I leaned up and forward and kissed her on the lips. She let out a sigh. As she had done to me, I moved down to her breasts and took one nipple in my mouth. She moaned. Again, as she had done to me, I worked my way downward and stopping at her hairline I opened her pussy with my thumbs.

I don't know if it was the pot or the fact that Leathers was watching, but when I got to Angela's pussy I couldn't help myself. I let my tongue trace over her clit in slow soft licks. She cried out and kicked her legs open. I went for broke doing what she had done to me. I took her clit and inner lips into my mouth and began to lick.

Angela cried out, "Suck it. Suck my clit!"

I did as she told me and she came right then into my waiting mouth. I kept on sucking her throbbing cunt while she kicked and grabbed my hair to hold me tight against her.

When she finally stopped coming my face was completely wet with her juices. She pulled me to her and kissed me softly. "Thank you" she said. To my own surprise I pulled her to me and kissed her with my mouth open. Our tongues found each other and we held our embrace for a while.

Now Angela and I were more than friends. We were lovers, too. But I was still technically a virgin and I wanted to try it all, both girls and boys. I wanted to know what it felt like to have a cock like Leather's in my pussy. I wanted to feel it ejaculate deep inside me. And I knew Angela would help me accomplish this. I knew she would help me get fucked...

After my trip to Leather's place I was a complete mess. The intimacy that Angela and I had shared had my mind in turmoil. Was I a lesbian? Was I hetero? Or was I just totally screwed up? It seemed I was leaning heavily toward the latter.

Angela knew I was technically a virgin. When I say technically I mean that my female parts had all been violated many times by dildos and other foreign, but lovely devices so I was in no way what anyone would consider pure and fresh. And this very fact left me in a quandary about sex. I wanted to feel a human penis, a cock, a dick, a prick inside me. And I hoped Angela would help me arrange it.

It was just over five weeks, thirty-seven days to be exact, since Angela and I had visited Leathers and I was so ready for a return engagement. As much as I had enjoyed watching that big, beautiful cock of his erupt in a fountain of hot and nasty... Oh, sorry, I'm getting carried away here. Anyway, every time I thought of Leathers cumming I imagined how it would feel inside me. I never told Angela, but when we had sex together it was always the thought of Leathers fucking me that got me off. I finally had to come clean, excuse the pun, and tell her I wanted him to be my first.

"That's cool," Angela said. "He fucks me every once in a while. He's actually pretty good."

"What?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Why didn't you ever say something? And here I thought we were, you know, kind of in a monogamous... Oh shit, never mind. So you'll help me?"

Angela shrugged as if it were no big deal. "Sure. I can set it up for you. How's Friday night sound?"

It was now Wednesday morning. Tonight would have sounded better, but beggars can't be choosers. "Friday sounds good," I told her.

I was sure the clocks around the world had all stopped sometime early Wednesday morning, then restarted at a painfully slow crawl. It seemed forever till Friday finally came. But it finally did and we were now standing on the porch of Leather's house. Angela rang the bell.

As before, the porch light went out and the door opened with an ominous creaking. We stepped inside.

Leathers was standing there. He gave Angel a peck on the cheek and said, "Hi," then turned to me. "Hey Sarah, how've you been?" He was no longer wearing his motorcycle helmet. This time he wore a cloth hood type mask with only his eyes, nose and mouth showing.

I was feeling a bit nervous, but in a strange relaxed sort of way. "Been doing good," I said. We all walked into the living room. And there my mouth suddenly went dry.

Sitting on the sofa were two more guys, also wearing cloth masks. I turned to Angela and she shrugged.

"Hope you don't mind," Leathers said. A couple of my bros wanted to come by and maybe have a wank while we were doing it."

Now you might think that any respectable girl would be appalled at the prospect of two guys jacking off while she was getting her first real live fuck, but then again, I was no respectable girl. The idea of getting laid while watching a couple of guys jerking their dicks nearly put me over the top.

I couldn't hold back a giddy little chuckle and said, "Dude, I don't mind at all."

The five of us sat in a circle on the floor and began passing the bong around. As before whatever was in that thing just set me off. My nipples were as hard as marbles and my lower region was totally on fire. By the third or fourth pass I was blitzed. And it was showtime.

The three men began to undress. As they did I soon realized they each were wearing latex underwear with a narrow slit in the crotch area. From each slit protruded a huge cock and set of loosely hanging balls. All three were semi-hard. I felt my pussy begin to cry, I was so horny.

Angela and I stood and undressed as rapidly as the men had. I was ready.

Leathers took my hand and gently lowered me to the floor. He gently opened my legs and positioned

himself between them. His cock swayed like a pendulum, the nip grazing just above my clit. As he lowered himself one of the other men took my right tit into his mouth and sucked the nipple as if he were nursing.

Leathers gave me a tender kiss on the lips then let his cock begin to enter where no man had gone before. And it was indescribable. Nothing I had ever done before felt as good as that velvet cock enter my soaking pussy. When he hit bottom I came with a grunt and a scream. And then he began the long so withdrawal followed by sinking it back in. I came again. I felt as if I could cum every time it hit bottom.

During my orgasm I had lost track of Angela. When I looked to my left I saw her on her hands and knees. She was getting fucked from behind and apparently loving every stroke. She looked at me through glazed eyes and tightened lips as she came which of course sent me over the top causing my third orgasm in such short order I thought I might just pass out.

Leathers was doing what I would later come to know as, "long fucking me." He was methodically sliding his enormous cock in and out of me with a rhythm as if we were dancing.

I had lost track of the man who had been sucking my tit until I realized he was kneeling beside me slowly jacking his cock. The tip was very wet and a string of precum hung precariously an inch or two down. It was mesmerizing.

Leathers looked at his friend's cock. "You ready, Man?" His friend nodded.

Leathers slowly pulled his cock out of my aching pussy until just the head was inside. His friend moved over and for a moment I thought the two were going to trade places. I did not want Leathers to take his cock out of me. I tightened my vaginal muscles and Leathers knew what I was doing.

"Don't worry, Sarah. I ain't going nowhere. We got a little treat for the girl who likes to watch boys jerk it."

With that, Leathers' friend positioned himself and with a final stroke of his cock shot a huge stream of hot cum right where Leathers' cock and my pussy met.

This was the wildest, the horniest, the dirtiest thing I could have ever imagined. My clit stood up at full attention. My asshole puckered and my nipples hardened past the marble stage. I began to cum again. But it wasn't over.

Leather's friend kept cumming. It hit Leathers in the stomach and me all over my pussy and some on my tits. It seemed as if he was never going to stop shooting that scalding hot cum on us. When he did, Leathers simply restarted the rhythmic dance by sliding his cock, which was now completely covered in his friend's cum, back into my cum-covered pussy. I thought I must have died.

As good as all of this felt I was beginning to feel weak. A girl can only cum so many times before lights out. Leathers must have known this because he ramped up his stroking until he was ready to cum.

"I'm getting close, Sarah," he said through strained lips.

I had finally been thoroughly fucked and I loved it. There was just one more thing left to do.

"I want you to cum in my mouth," I said. I hadn't ever thought about a guy cumming in my mouth, but somehow it just seemed like the right thing to do. I think Leathers thought it was right, too, because he suddenly pulled his dick from my sopping pussy and nearly screamed, "now!"

I grabbed that beautiful cock with my right hand and was going to hold his balls with my left, but my throbbing clit had other ideas. My left hand shot down to my pussy just as the first stream of Leather's cum hit me in the face. I jammed the head of his prick into my mouth before a second shot fired off and was able to catch the next shot on my tongue. I swallowed as fast as I could so as to be ready for the more.

And then the craziest thing happened. As I was swallowing all of that hot cum my pussy exploded soaking my already wet hand with my final mind blowing orgasm of the evening. And I just kept sucking.

As I finally fell backward onto the floor it became obvious to me that Angela had experienced the same mind blowing night that I had. She, too, was covered in cum with a long stringy mass hanging from her mouth. I didn't know it at the time, but this had been a life changing experience for her.

Well, that's about all I can remember from that night so long ago. And this is where my story ends. Perhaps I will dabble in some fiction in the future, but until I get out to the left coast to visit my brother there won't be much to tell.

Oh, incidentally, the last time I spoke with Angela she was married and expecting her second child. I wished her the best. As for me, I never married and sure as hell never had any kids.