

**WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment and should not be emulated in the real world.**

**Jen's Ten Men!**

**by Arthur Kay**

**I KNEW JEN VERY WELL. After all, I was her friendly lover for over five years, with two or three times a week fuck session. She was, in the real world of usual turmoil, one of the flower children, a believer in free love, and totally irresponsible. She lived for today and screw tomorrow. Planning ahead wasn't in her general makeup. This attitude of hers served her well in most circumstances, as long as nothing of importance was involved.**

**Her greatest asset, I'm sad and happy to say at the same time, was her ability in bed. She excelled on a mattress. At other aspects of life, such as day-to-living, she was a dismal failure. She had no concerns for the future, even her own. Plan ahead? She never heard of the concept. Balance a checkbook? Ditto.**

**Most times, the amount of money involved was irrelevant to her basic survival, and all she had to do was put in a few extra hours as a temp typist to make up the difference. Or borrow a fiver or a ten spot from me . . . just until payday. You know how that goes.**

**While I haven't seen her in a dog's age, I'll bet she has no idea she still owes me well over a hundred bucks. But Jen was Jen, so I take it with a grain of salt. I was only too glad to help her. And I certainly would have helped her if she had come to me first on that time she, in essence, robbed a bank. That's what it's called when you knowingly write a check without funds to cover it. A lawyer might refer to it as kiting a check.**

**Except Jen didn't kite just one check. She wrote nine! But unknowingly, as if the law would excuse *that* alibi, Jen being Jen holding no water with *jurisprudence*. And, from what I heard later on, she really *was* innocent, though foolishly naive. As usual.**

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**IT WAS NEAR the end of November, and Jen wanted to do some early Christmas shopping. So, she called the bank's self-service answer line and when she heard, whoopee, the mechanical voice say that she had over \$500 in her account, she went shopping, a checkbook clutched in her hot little hand.**

**It never dawned on her that possibly, just possibly, the mechanical voice didn't take any outstanding checks into account. Like the \$400 rent check she had given, merely a week ago, to her landlady.**

**Well, long story short, nine checks bounced and the bank charged her \$180 bucks in penalties. Which left her mighty short in the financial column. And, to make matters worse, one of the nine was her rent check. She was in a bind of a bind. But, instead of telling me first, she told Curtis.**

**Now Curtis is a real nice guy, if you don't count his fooling around with hookers behind his wife's back. He said he just does it for the excitement and seeks no love affair to take him away from his wife, whom he swears he loves up and down. As he does his three kids.**

**Well, Curtis listened to her plight and offered her a simple way out.**

**Curtis worked for a large plastics company, the kind that extrudes everything plastic you can think of, such as phones, computer keyboards, and lamp bases, to name a few. And this large corporation, like most, holds many seminars and conventions. And Curtis told Jen a new one was coming the very next day, and right here in midtown Manhattan.**

**I found out later that Curtis, and nine other guys at the firm, would chip in and rent a suite at each convention. In many of the contiguous states and some foreign ones, too, such as The Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Canada, and even Hawaii. They called this suite their hospitality suite, and all it needed was a willing hooker to provide the hospitality. Which, to hear Curtis tell it, they never failed to find.**

**Curtis, knowing how much Jen loved to suck and fuck, and how bad her situation was, told her she could pick up a quick two hundred bucks for a few hours hustle. He was upfront with her, I'll give him that, and told her, real early, that she'd have to suck and fuck ten guys for the money. Curtis was not the cagey type.**

**Jen told me later she took him up on the offer because she didn't want to borrow money, and worse, have to pay it back. That's probably why she didn't come to me. She thought I would, ha ha, expect to be paid back.**

**She told Curtis she would do it, but . . . "No funny stuff! No handcuffs or anal. And definitely no peeing in my mouth or ass licking!" He assured her there would be none of that crap, but he did tell her the boys always insisted on having their balls sucked. And it was non-negotiable. Take it or leave it.**

**She took it. She didn't mind sucking on balls, rather liked it, if I'm any judge of her likes and dislikes.**

Well, he gave her the address of the hotel and told her to be there at 6:30, with the main event to start at 7 pm. He told her to bring a see-through Teddy, one he knew she owned, and give the boys a half hour show before getting down to the nitty-gritty. She saw no problem with that little requirement. In fact, she told me later, she was turned on by the idea of exhibiting herself to the group of men.

However, Curtis still had two more stipulations to make before the deal was finalized. The first was, the men wanted to audio tape the entire proceedings, if that set all right with her. She said it was okay by her, but . . . "No fucking cameras!" He assured her there wouldn't be any, and, from what she told me, there wasn't. But, there were six portable tape recorders going at the same time, in the suite's bedroom arena.

Jen was even given a copy, which I listened to a few times, and now use the memory of that to jog my memory as I write this. And my memory, I dare say, is close to being a photographic one. I sure can picture Jen's face in my mind at this very moment.

The second request by Curtis was, she had to douche between fucking the guys. No prob, she told him. He then said the douche was to be nothing more than water. Seems, so he told her, some of the guys had pussy eating and 69ing in mind. Still no prob to Jen. Besides, water costs zip.

At 29, Jen was quite pretty. She stood 5' 5" tall, although a tad overweight, perhaps ten or fifteen pounds over the norm for the height. She had very curly, brownish-blond hair that just hit her shoulders, with those funny little corkscrew ringlets cascading down both sides of her face.

Pale gray-green eyes gave her a strange, exotic look, perhaps animalistic even. She also had soft breasts to die for, with mouth-watering pea-sized nipples, and a pair of legs that looked made for screwing. You know, with those soft thighs and slightly muscular calves that taper nicely down to slim ankles. The kind of legs that look simply scrumptious on high heels. Or wrapped around a man's neck. Or his back.

Her ass was a tad plumpish, the belly, too, if you get the picture, but I can't imagine any man fretting enough about it to complain. I know I never did. Hey, those extra pounds have to go somewhere, right, old sock? And, anyway, men love Rubenesque gals. Don't I?



This is the only picture I have of Jen. She was 24.

**She also had a slightly oversized mouth, with a pillowy bottom lip, that flashed brilliant white, perfect teeth, even when just talking. Many times, I would find myself transfixed on that puffy lower lip and the way it moved while she was chatting away. I'll bet many a guy, upon first meeting her for the first time, would get a gander at the luscious lower lip and picture the naughty things he could do with it.**

**I'm not saying I thought like that, mind you, but I do slightly remember an image of someone's lips and my cock, in a flashing thought on our first meeting. I think. It's been a while! Selective memory is great, ain't it?**

**When Jen told her neighbor, an elderly, retired hooker, about her upcoming gangbang plans, the lady told her to bring along a washcloth and a small basin. It was for washing the men's cocks before anything took place, most especially, oral.**

**"These men, honey," She said. "Will have worked all day long and their dicks are gonna smell a bit." That's what Jen told me she said. When I asked Jen, much later, if the old woman had mentioned soap at all, she said, "No, but I brought some, anyway." See? She can think ahead . . .**

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**THE FOLLOWING comes not only from those tapes I listened to, but from Jen and me lying in bed, after the fact, discussing the whole ordeal.**

**While it's been far too many years for even my keen old memory to accurately depict, I will resist the urge to overstate or embellish. But I will take an author's prerogative by putting it down as if it's a story I'm concocting and not simply lay it out as a blow-by-blow description. This way it will be more fun for me in the remembering .**

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**JEN ARRIVED right on time for her hotel gangbang, a few minutes early, in fact. And, she told me; she had never been so sexually excited and charged up in her entire life. The idea of sucking and**

fucking, not just ten men, but ten *strange* men, really turned her on. She would, in effect, be just like her elderly neighbor, the hooker, who once told her, ". . . I just loved fucking a new man! It's like opening a surprise package." It was, to her way of thinking, much more exciting than the repeaters.

"Geez, Arthur, I was actually cumming in the elevator going up to their suite! And, since I had cum three times while getting ready at home, I had to put on a Kotex pad! Which I'm glad I did." She looked as if she was getting turned on just by talking about it, so I played at interviewer. I asked her if she would tell me everything that happened, leaving out no detail, however small. She agreed, a wicked grin on her puss.

"So, Jen, did the boys like your see-through Teddy outfit?" Jen in that outfit? Mamma fucking mia, what a nice a piece a pie!" Don't wrap it; I'll eat it here!

She looked mischievous. "Oh, yeah, did they ever! And I surprised them, too. It was the *only thing I had on under my raincoat!* You should have seen their faces when I took the coat off! Priceless!" I'll bet.

"Describe the men to me?" God, how I wished it had been video taped!

"Let's see. There was one very skinny guy, the scarecrow sort. And one fat guy, but not obese. The rest were about average, I guess, with a few taller than the others, but none looked much over six feet. Most of them were in their late twenties to early thirties. One guy looked to be in his mid-fifties and another guy looked around fortyish." She had been looking up at the ceiling throughout this trip down gangbang lane, counting by tapping one forefinger against the other. But her memory really impressed me.

"Any black guys?" I knew Jen didn't have a prejudicial bone in her body. She had made it with a few black dudes while in college, and one fairly recently. A Wall Street stockbroker wannabe, who OD'd on something and never got the chance to buy and sell.

"Just one, the guy in his forties, but he was pretty light-skinned." I could picture him somewhat.

"What happened next?"

"Well, besides them gawking up a storm at me in the Teddy, saying what great tits I had, and what an ass I had, you know, they offered me a glass of wine, a red Burgundy, which, as you know, just happens to be my favorite." I knew. We were both sipping on red Burgundy right now. I asked, "And then?"

"They told me to strut around the room, and one of the guys opened

up a new deck of cards. Seems they usually play a little penny ante poker while waiting their turn at bat, hee hee." She sipped and went on, the mischievous look still on her face.

"Then, with me still strutting my ass off, they used the deck to pick the order. I heard one of them say, "As usual, gents, the ace goes first and the ten is clean up man." I had a stupid question.

"What was Curtis doing all this time?" As if it mattered.

"Oh, I forgot, he was the one who handed me the glass of wine. And he sorta introduced me to the boys. With a Johnny Carson shtick. 'Heeeeere's Jenny!' Know what I mean?" I nodded. "Then he was just sitting on a sofa and staring at me. He had a weird look on his mug. Like an observer or something. I think, ha ha, he was seeing me in a new light!" I'll bet he was. I could picture him, sitting back, just watching, and getting a kick from it all. And a few surprises.

"What number did he get from the cards?" Why this mattered at the time, I don't know. Curiosity, I guess. I knew I was getting a woody and would probably interrupt her at some point in her tale, if for nothing more than one of her fantastic blowjobs.

"He drew the five card. I heard a guy tell him so." Almost dead middle. Well, that sure described Curtis to a tee. A middle-of-the-roader.

"Who drew the ace?" I was getting my ducks in a row. The line-up was going to start forming.

"This nice looking Irish guy. I heard his accent when he started yelling and dancing a silly little jig. He kept hollering out, 'I got the bullet! Yeah, it's about time I got the ace!' I guess he had never gone first before." I guess not.

"Describe him to me." My line-up needed a little salient detailing.

"Duffy? Let's see." She remembered his name! I didn't think she would remember all ten, but you never know with Jen. I suspected she merely remembered the number one guy, the ace puller, but it *was* her first gangbang, after all. Who knows how much detail she tried to glom onto. For in her old age while on the old rocker.

"He was around, oh, 5' 10" with curly, light brown hair. Nice haircut on him. If a little shaggy at the neck. And a nice solid farm boy's build on him, too. You know, those broad shoulders with a narrow waist? And a small ass!" She giggled as I nodded.

"But his clothes looked a size too small!" She laughed. "His pants were 2" too short!" She laughed again. "And I, ha ha ha, remember thinking at the time, that I was about to suck and fuck a foreign farmer refugee!" She cackled, if that's the word, took a sip of wine,

and went on.

"Well, anyway, Duffy led me into another room, also with a bed in it, and closed the door behind us." I was all ears now; we were getting to the nitty-gritty part, and the part I just love to hear. "He took off all his clothes while I removed the Teddy." Man, I had a woody! "Then, when I took the face cloth and basin out of my large carryall tote, he asked me what it was for?"

"I told him, straight out, I didn't want no stinky dicks, but he said it wouldn't be necessary. They were, he said, a bunch of very nice and thoughtful guys. They had all showered before I came over. Wasn't that nice of them?" I nodded a yes, not knowing what else to do.

"Then?" I asked, eager for more sordid info.

"He kissed me and put my hand on his cock. Which, because I know you just love all the juicy shit, was only about 6" but it was fatter than average. And it had a big fat head on it, too. With, hee hee, a large pee hole! A nice cock. He was hard almost right away." I know I would have been. She continued.



Duffy?

"Then he sat on a chair and told me to suck on his balls, just like that. In his slight Irish accent. Ha ha. Which I did for about three or four minutes. He liked that a lot and told me so. He played with both my nipples while I sucked on his nuts, and I'll tell you, I was hot as hell! My pussy had enough wetness to mop down a battleship!" She grinned at me. I had a question.

"Was it him, Duffy, that had you going, or was it the idea that he was only the first of many?"

"A little bit of both, I guess, but I do remember thinking that I would be seeing lots of strange cocks and balls before it was all over. I also remember thinking that I wanted to pay attention to them and not just fuck to get it over with. I mean, after all, how many gangbangs does a girl have in her lifetime?" I wanted to tell her it was as many as she wanted to, but I didn't.

"Then?" I asked.

"Then he told me to suck him off . . . "

"How did he say that, I mean what words did you use?" Going for the teensy details.

"Oh, I forgot! He said, 'Jen, Herman needs a little attention. How about sucking on him now?' Something like that." Herman? You would think an Irish guy would be less Germanic, with something more Irish-like, like Sean or Patrick. Herman? Go figure. I motioned with a hand for her to continue.

"Well, I took little Hermie into my mouth and started sucking him. And it really blew Duffy's mind away. He had never had deep throat done on him before. He said he had seen the movie, you know, the one with Linda Lovelace? But he thought they had used camera tricks . . . to pull it off! Ha ha, silly farm boy!" Right, the silly goose.

"Oh, his pubic hair was the same color as his head hair. I guess, ha ha, he doesn't dye it!" That struck her as very funny for some reason. I managed only a small chuckle.

"I take it you liked sucking his Herman." I knew Jen would rather suck cock than eat dinner.

"Oh, yeah, especially that nice, fat head of his. It felt just great in my mouth. A lot like yours does." She reached out and put her hand on my penis, which was struggling against my shorts, trying to find the exit. She gave it a quick rubbing and I thought I'd drop the load right there, but somehow I didn't. When she pulled her hand away, I got her back on the story.

"And then?" Was I salivating?

"Well, we got on the bed and he fucked me. A nice fuck, but not a great one. Although I *did* have an orgasm. A small one, that was caused, I think, when he whispered in my ear to wrap my legs around his back. I did, and when he told me to put them as far up his back as I could manage, that seemed to trigger my cumming." I just learned a trick to use on Jen when I'm in a hurry.

"He came a little while later and thanked me! Like I was room service or something. Well, as I was going into the bathroom to douche . . . "

"Did he cum a big load?" Me and my need for the details.

"I was about to mention that. As I was going into the bathroom to douche, his cum was dripping out of me. I had to put a hand down there to catch it. Oh, as he went into the other room, I heard him say, 'Man, she sucks cock just like in that Deep Throat flick, right down to the fur!' I didn't hear any more because he shut the door. I douched,

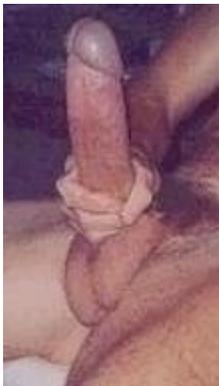
expecting a guy to be waiting for me when I came out, but there was no one there. So, I sipped the wine a little and sat on the bed and waited. About a few minutes later another guy came in."

"What was he like"? I just had to know.

"Tallish, maybe 6' with a nice body. Had a small moustache, too. He said hello Jen and started to undress. I went over to where he was and asked if he wanted me to help. He said no, he was fine. So I stood there waiting. I felt sorta silly, know what I mean?" I didn't, but at the same time, I did.

"He didn't kiss me, but he kissed my breasts a bit. Felt good. He had these fat lips that were very wet. Then he got on the bed, on his back, and told me he wanted a blowjob. Said it just like that, "I want you to give me a blowjob.' Said he wanted to see if Duff was telling the truth or giving out with his usual Blarney bullshit. Well, his cock was pretty thick and pretty big, but I've deep throated thicker and bigger!" I knew she had. Then she said, "Remember Marty?"

Marty! The guy who taught her how to swallow the whole enchilada. Jen said he had the biggest dick she had ever seen. As wide as a Coke bottle and as long as her forearm. The first time she hit his pubes with her lips, caused by him forcing her head down on it, she threw up all over him. But Marty was nice about it and took it all in stride.



Man 2?

"I sucked him all the way to, as Duffy had put, the fur, and he was moaning real loud. And his knees were shaking something fierce. Said it felt fantastic each time I went all the way down. Then, in the middle of sucking him, he asked me if he could cum this way. I, ha ha, mumbled an okay. Well, a few seconds later, he blasts me! I mean a blast. Right to the back of my throat. Then a few more just like that one.

"Well, I wasn't expecting him to cum so quickly, and it really caught me by surprise. I felt like throwing up. But I managed to swallow it all. But then, when he kept cumming and cumming after that, I knew if I swallowed it, I *would* throw up. So I held it in my mouth and ran into the bathroom and spit it out." She made a face at me.

I said, "Not very professional of you! Especially on your first time out."

"I couldn't help it. No one has ever cum that much in my mouth before. I mean, really, it was a fucking cupful!" 16 tablespoons? Not likely. More like three. But three's a mouthful at three fourths of a quarter of a cup. Stop it; I'm getting mathed out.

"Did you say anything to him when you came out?" Why am I so stupidly nosy at time? But I was curious about how he would react.

"No, he was gone and another guy was there, taking his clothes off. And, boy, he didn't waste any time! He was on me and in me and popped his cork in less than five minutes. A real minute man, that guy."

"I take it you didn't cum?" She shook her head no. And shammed a frown.

"Besides," She said. "He had a dinky little, skinny dick and didn't know how to use it." She laughed. "Just like yours! Ha ha!" I grinned at her and was tempted to remind her that I hit over 7" when really angry, really, really angry, but I didn't think it worthwhile defending.



Man 3?

Instead, I asked, "What was the fourth guy like?"

"He was the guy in his fifties, nice looking guy. Short cock, too, under six, but he was very passionate. The lover type. Kissed me a bunch of times. While playing with my tits, pussy, and ass. Then he said he wanted to 69, so we got into that position on the bed and went at it. He knew how to eat pussy, too. He had a nice, long tongue on him. Mmmm! Real long.



Man 4?

"He'd stop eating my pussy just long enough to tell me to suck on his balls, or stick my finger up his ass. He loved both, I'll tell you, but especially my finger up his asshole." She took a sip. "Then he fucked me, real nice and slow like. Telling me how nice it was to fuck me, how tight I felt, etcetera. And kissing me a lot. I came twice with him. Oh, his name was Frank." Two remembered!

She continued. "Well, he came and I douched and went out to meet number five . . . old Curtis! He asked me if I was enjoying myself and I told him I was having a fucking ball! Then he had me suck his balls, and then his cock. Then he fucked me, as he has many times before, in the doggy style, his favorite position, and was finished in less time than it takes to say Saskatchewan." She giggled. I laughed, too. Poor Curtis! He should only hear us now.



Curtis. #5. From Jen's photo of him.

I felt it was time I had some cock relief. My dick was on fire and the way she was so casually talking about having sex with five men in a row really got to me. I don't know if Curtis had anything to do with it, because he was the only guy there that I knew, but it was a good place to break in her yarn. Midway, so to say.

"Baby," I said. "I'm in heat. How about you and I doing some 69 of our own? You could use a break too, I guess. OK?" She said it was. She started rubbing her crotch while, at the same time, rubbing her hand back and forth over my short's dick bulge.



Me! Very angry. Very, very angry!

To heighten our pleasure, maybe mine more than hers, I put on the hotel tape as a background serenade. As I ate her pussy and she sucked my dick, we could hear the guys on the tape saying all kinds of sexy shit. And moaning and groaning as they got sucked and

**fucked. Some yelling when they came inside her pussy. Or moaning as they dropped their loads into her mouth. It was such a fucking turn on! With them saying things such as:**

**"Oh, baby, you suck cock real good!"**

**"Is it okay if I cum this way?"**

**"Put your legs around my back! Now, up higher."**

**"Does my cock taste good?"**

**"Kiss me! Now!"**

**"Oh, God, I'm cumming! Hold still, baby, hold real still."**

**"Grab my ass cheeks! Yeah, just like that."**

**"Oh, man, no one's ever done that to me before!" And so forth.**

**And the tape was real sound sensitive, too. We could both hear the sounds of the bed as each man fucked her. Squik . . . squik. And then faster, squik, squik, squik, as they were headed for the home stretch. You know the sound. All you have to do is hear it and you know it's coming from people fucking. Or kids jumping on a bed. There ain't no other sound like it. Played a zillion times a day in bedrooms and hotels all over the world. But without the tape recorders going.**

**And we could clearly hear the moans and shouts and groans coming from Jen and the man she was fucking at that particular moment. All the sounds, the bed sounds, and the ones coming out of the two fucking people, left very little to my imagination. But I still wished it had been videoed.**

**As Jen sucked my cock, I heard her moan extra loud, and then she squeezed my balls, which was our private signal telling me she was about to cum. This meant I should really go at her pussy with my mouth and tongue. Her instructions to me early in our game. Well, I did. Hard and furious eating. Actually biting her clitoris here and there, not hard, mind you, but definitely felt by her. This was something she liked only during an orgasm.**

**Then I came, and it poured right out of me. It was one of those rare times when I could actually feel my balls tighten up beyond their normal cum tightening effect. I heard Jen gurgle as she swallowed my built-up load, and, judging from her moans, I knew she was going off again. So I dove the tongue back in, came some more, and sucked and gently bit on her until she finally told me to stop.**

**While I was definitely eager to get back to her sex narration of the ten men suck and fuck marathon, I decided to save it for later, when**

I'd be able to get good and hard again . . . and cum again. So I took her out to dinner . . .

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OVER DINNER, Jen made a few attempts to get the story going again, her exuberance just bubbling over it seems, but I talked her out of it each time. It was one-sided of me, I know, but I didn't want to hear all the lewd details over a plate of lasagna. But we did skip dessert. And an after-dinner drink.

Back at her place, we fixed some wine and stripped down to our skivvies. Me in my old boxers and her in just panties. Black, lacy ones, if I remember rightly. Once we were comfy and cozy on her bed, I asked her to pick up where she had left off. She was only too happy to oblige.

"Oh, that sixth guy! Wow! What a bad trip that was!" She paused to take a sip and my imagination kicked in. Had he smacked her around? Tried to ass fuck her? Want her to lick his ass hole? I was all over the map. And totally wrong.

"His dick had all these big sores on it! I mean, all over it. All the way from his pee hole right down to his nuts. They looked oozy and bloody, like a picked scab. Know what I mean?" She made a face as if sucking on a lemon.

I said I knew about scab picking, but not too much about sore-covered cocks. But I told her I knew it wasn't a good thing, no matter how nice the guy's personality was. "What did you do?"

"I blew up! I told him to get the fuck out of there. Told him, I ain't fucking you, no way, Jack! Well, he just about begged me to just let him sit there a while before he left. I guess he didn't want the guys outside to think he was too fast on the old trigger." I agreed with her. It sounded like the reason.

The guy stayed for about ten minutes and then left. I asked her if this had had a bad effect on her for the rest of the night. Spoiled it, so to speak.

"Fuck no! I just took a sip of the old red, and tossed it right out of my head. I wasn't going to let it get in the way of *my* enjoyment. Why should I?" She glared at me, and looked a tad huffy.

"Good for you!" I said, feeling dopey. "Let's see, what number guy are we up to?" I had lost count. But she hadn't.

Without hesitation, she said, "Number seven. This guy Chuck." Another name remembered! "And he was cute, too. He reminded me of Steve McQueen. And he had that pouty, lost boy look to his face, you know, like James Dean? This was the guy I said was in his

forties. Good sense of humor, too. Asked me if I was getting enough fresh dick or did I want him to order room service for some more. I told him the dick was just fine, but I could use a side order of fresh nuts." She laughed, and it was so infectious, I laughed with her.

We each took a sip of the red, and then I asked her to go on with the lewd tale of man number seven.

"Seven's cock was the fattest of the bunch! Really fat! So fat, it actually hurt my pussy some when he fucked me. My pussy, I guess, from the previous fucking, was starting to feel very sore. In my mind, before I went to the hotel, I thought I could handle all their cocks with ease, but reality is a lot different from your imagination. Know what I mean?" I said I did.



Man 7?

"The guy made a joke about his cock not being too long, but that it had a head as big as a drum. Well, shit, man, he wasn't kidding! Even though it looked under five inches, it had to be over 2-1/2" wide. Christ, I could hardly get my mouth around him when I first sucked him off! Wide, wide, wide!" She put her hands way out to the sides. "Wide!" I guessed it was rather wide.

I asked, "Were you able to deep throat him?" I didn't think so.

"Amazingly, I could. I used a trick Yarma taught me (Yarma was her hooker neighbor). I got his entire fatso cock sopping wet before I attempted to take it whole. And, it worked! Like a charmo. I had to fight the gag reflex like a Muhammad Ali, for sure, just to keep from upchucking, but I managed it." She grinned, her wide mouth getting even wider.

I could picture that wide, puffy-lipped mouth of hers just chock-full of his big, fat, drum-sized cock. I felt my own dick wake up and say hello.

"Did you also suck his balls?"

"Shit, I sucked *all* their balls! Except the guy with the sores."

"Did he have big balls to go with the big prick?" Nosy me.

**"Not really, they were bigger than average, but only a little. But they were very hairy. His pubic hairs were very long, too, and went out in all directions. I remember thinking it was so unruly looking, it needed a perm!" She laughed. "When I sucked on his balls, the long hairs kept going up my nose and tickling me. Same thing happened when I deep throated him."**

**"Then what happened?" I was eager to hear about the drumhead fucking.**

**"Well, he was already lying on his back on the bed while I sucked him, so he told me to get on top of him. Man, when I felt him first go in, I thought he was gonna split my ass right in two! Wide! So fucking wide! I got used to it after a bit, but it still hurt some. It was like pain mixed with pleasure." She paused to wet her whistle. I followed suit.**

**"He played with my breasts a lot, sucked on them even, and also asked me if I liked playing with his big, old drum! I don't know why, but when I told him I did, plus the fact his cock was so hard, as rigid as fucking steel, I felt a big orgasm coming over me. He must have known it, for he said something like, 'That's it, baby, you cum all over my big, old cock!'**

**"Then he started fucking me like a friggin' jackhammer! His ass was going up and down like a machine. And he had a good grip on me, so I couldn't lift myself up if I tried. And it hurt like hell, but I had another orgasm in spite of that." She smirked at me, looking playful.**

**Damn, my dick was hard and raging now. I just had to fuck her. And now, not tomorrow, if you get my drift, which I'm sure you do. I could picture her on top of him getting her ass fucked off by his big, fat cock. Him slamming up and into her with his hands on her ass. Man, what a picture! And, I believed I even remembered him from the tape. The part where the fucking bed was squikking like mad. Squik! Squik! Squik! Squik!**

**I leaned over, took the glass out of her hand, and kissed her. She returned the kiss with a tongue exchange. She was hot, too, from her telling of it all. We kissed a handful of times, me interrupting now and then so I could put my kisses all over her hard nipples. I also played with her breasts and fingered her wet snatch. We were hot to trot. You think?**

**As I climbed on top of her, getting between her legs, I reached over and hit the play button on the cassette player. Thus, we fucked and listened to her fucking. And, it accidentally timed itself perfectly. When the part came on with the wildly squikking bed, and I heard his words to her, and his moans, and her screams and yells during her cumming, I blew my wad at the exact moment he said, "Here it comes, baby, here it comes!" You can't plan these things.**

He and I, the old drum cock head and me, seemed to be fucking Jen at the same time, cumming together, but in two different time zones. And right now, I knew I was in the better zone!

Jen had two big orgasms. I know this, because I'm used to her ways. And I'm sure the tape had something to do with it.

As was usual, Jen used her hot, wide mouth to clean my cock off. This was something she absolutely loved doing. She said she just loved the taste of a man's cum mixed in with her pussy juices. She had even coined a term for the taste. She called it Spercum! With a hard kay sound given to the c: Sperkum.

"Mmm, mmm," She said when I was whistle clean, and in her imitation of an English aristocrat's voice. "Exceptionally good Spercum tonight, I say, old Chumley, a light, delicate bouquet with a saucy little nose to it. But not too, too impertinent, old spoon, if you get my trend!" I broke out laughing. As I did each and every time she played this silly little game with me.

Tonight it was English, last time it was a southern drawl. And somewhere back there in time; I had heard Texan, Puerto Rican, and even Chinese! In which she tried to pronounce Spercum as Spelcum, but she tripped over the Sper part and it came out Sperlcum. Velly good, old bean, though, in spite.

"Well, Jen, only three more guys to go, if I haven't lost count again, that is."

"Oh, no, your count is good, but there were four more to go." Four?

"Four?" I asked. Had her mind lost the ability for simple math, just as it had for balancing checkbooks?

"Four! Wanna hear why . . . ?"

\* \* \* \* \*

DID I EVER! I had wanted to save the rest for another time, but my curiosity was beyond being piqued. It was triple piqued. Had they invited another guy from the company to join in? Or some stranger moseying down the hall looking for the ice machine? A fucking teenage bell boy delivering drinks? She got right into it.

"Well, right after I had fucked the guy with the drum dick, and was busy douching my sore pussy out, Curtis comes in. He tells me I can pick up another twenty just by picking out one of the guys and fucking him in front of all the others. At the end of it all He said they'd just love *that*, which I'm sure they would.

"But my pussy was too sore. So I told him about it, straight out, and even said I wasn't too sure I could finish fucking the last three men.

Then I had an idea pop into my head. I told him what if I just gave head to the last three and then fucked the guy I picked? He said he had to check, but he didn't think it would be too big a problem.

"Well, after Curt left I sipped the red and tried to figure out who to pick. Sure as hell it wasn't going to be the sore dick. Or the quickie dicky, either. And no Mr. Drummo dick, that was a given! And Curtis was out, too. I could fuck him any time I wanted to and I didn't think he'd give that good a show for the guys. Ha ha! I was playing casting director!" She laughed, and sipped a bit.

"That left three men, if you subtract the three I would be sucking next as I didn't think any of those guys would be able to cum again so soon after. So, that left Duffy, and the nice lover guy who knew how to use it, and man number two, the big cummer dude I had failed to swallow completely.

"Well, thinking this way, it almost picked itself! I had fucked both Duffy and the lover boy, and I felt I owed one to Mr. Cum-A-Ton! Curtis came back and said it was okey dokey, and asked if I had picked someone. When I told him it was guy number two, he looked disappointed, but who cared? I sure as shit didn't."

Oowee! I was about to hear her tell me how she sucked and swallowed three guys in a row. And then fucked a fourth in front of the crew. Man, it seemed impossible, but I was hard again . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

JEN TOLD ME that when guy number eight came in, she decided to take control of the situation, for her pure enjoyment and nothing else. No silly ass power trip for her.

She instructed the guy, after he was naked, that she wanted to blow him with him standing up. I asked her why.

"Well, I love to grab a guy's ass cheeks here and there while I'm blowing him. It adds excitement to it for me, the feel of his ass moving. And I usually tickle his ass hole, too. Sometimes, as you haven't seemed to notice, doofus, I like to grab both cheeks and pull him to me just as he's cumming." I remembered now. She did do that. Funny how I hadn't really noticed it before.

"And, here and there, I like to pull him to me and push him out, as if he's mouth fucking me. They usually get the hint and start fucking my mouth for themselves, which I just adore!" Oh, man, was I woodified! I was learning new things about Jen by the minute, and the knowledge was washing over me like molten lava. I knew she loved to keep her eyes open the whole time, but I had no idea she had planned it out so . . . so frigging carefully!

Thinking of her eyes, I asked, "Did you keep your eyes open as you

usually do?" I knew she had, but I wanted to hear her say it.

"Oh, yeah, for sure! I love watching the shaft go in and out of my mouth. And I love looking at their pubic hairs. Mmmm. Delightful! And, with most men, I can actually see their balls rise up when they spurt. This usually triggers an orgasm in me." Yes, Jen could cum even while blowjobbing.

"Who was guy number, let's see, uh, eight. I think." I was lost again. Just who was the irresponsible airhead here, anyway?

"Yeah, dummy, eight. Then nine and then ten. Got it? Or should I give you a scorecard?" She giggled. "And, to help you keep track of the last three, I call them my 21 Club!"

"21 Club?" Weird.

"Yeah, 21 Club. They all had 7" each! Get the math, schmucko?"

Let's see. 3 times 7 is . . . oh, yeah, 21. It made weird sense to me now. And, my memory had come back a smidgeon. I knew we had remaining: The slightly fat guy, the slightly black guy, and one of the Twenty-Thirty somethings. All now members, though they don't know it, in the Jenny 21 Club. Which this nation of ours could use many more of, if you ask me.

The black club "member" came into the room first . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

AFTER JEN had the guy in the naked and standing pose, with her on her knees, she described to me her blowing of him. His cock, it seemed, was darker than the rest of him, and had a beautiful head on it. I asked her to describe it further.



Man 8?

"It was very hard, but very soft to the touch, almost like velvet. Smooth and satin like. A lot of black guys are like that, don'tcha know?" I did now. "And he had luscious, nicely shaped balls with only a light dusting of curly pubic hairs. I could feel his balls on my lower lip when I took him whole. Nice. He told me I was the first white woman he had ever had. This inspired me to work him really good, which I did. Man, I sucked him off with all the passion I could muster up. I made love to that extra smooth dick of his!" I could picture it.

"Did he mouth fuck you?"

"Oh, yeah, and I didn't have to prompt him, either. He just grabbed my head and fucked away, deep throat fucking, mind you, all the way in and all the way out. I then grabbed both his ass cheeks and squeezed them real hard like. This drove him fucking nuts. He started moaning and groaning up a storm, his ass pumping wildly. Ooooh, did I love *that!* I came a big one, I'll tell you. A really big one!"

"Then what happened?" The words rushed out of me.

"H-He, he . . ." It was getting to her, too, the reliving of it all. "He said he was gonna cum and I should be down by the head. He wanted me to taste it and not have it go straight to my belly. Oooh, when he said that, I came again!" Jen was now openly rubbing her pussy through the sides of her panties. I suggested we take a masturbation break, and she had no objection to the idea.

I turned on the fuck and suck tape again, and we got into each other's arms on the bed. While I beat my meat, she fingered herself furiously. She liked to switch at times, between a finger and a knuckle. We were both moaning away, watching each other wank off, and listening to the fuck tape. There's something very wonderful about just hearing it rather than seeing it. I think it's because it allows you to use more of your imagination. I think.

And then, there he was, the black guy, in living sound. "Oh, girl, I'm gonna shoot! Scoot down to the head, baby. Now!" Then he fairly screamed out, "Oh, yeah, here it comes, darling, oh yeah, oh fuck, here I go!" I then heard Jen gurgling, spluttering, and, I swear, I could even hear her swallowing.

He was still going on. "Oh, yeah, oh yeah, oh Jesus, yeah. You're taking me good, woman. Oh, yeah, oh fuck yeah!" I surmised he enjoyed it a wee bit.

With Jen moaning beside me, fingering and knuckling along, I shot my load right into my left palm. Then, as we liked to do, I offered her the palm. She wasted no time licking it clean, still fingering herself with her other hand, and moaning. Then, when she had cum to her total satisfaction, I returned the favor, licking her fingers clean. We then kissed and swapped the tastes. The Spercum.

Then, with the tape having a long way to go, I went down on her. After one nice orgasm, she told me to stop. She was drained for the moment . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

MAN NUMBER NINE, the heavy-set, almost fat guy, was now in the room with Jen. She continued her tale of the blowjob action at her exclusive 21 Club.

She told me he was a big man, around 6" with large shoulders, huge thighs, and a potbelly. She said he reminded her of the heavy beer drinker type. And the fucker had a wicked looking cock on him. Although no more than 7," it was thick all the way through the shaft and had a very pronounced head on it. With a very indented innie-type pee hole. And it had veins that stood out along the topside that reminded her of ropes.



Man 9?

After he had his clothing off, Jen told him about her stand up routine. However, he had other ideas, and insisted he would sit on the edge of the bed. Not wanting to make a federal case of it, and feeling that the customer is always right, Jen agreed. I asked her for the details.

"Well, there I was, in between his massive legs, and looking right at his big old hardon. It looked so strong and powerful, I almost thought I'd change the guy I had picked for the grand finale show, but I was still too sore. And besides, he was about to get off and probably wouldn't be ready to go off again so soon."

Knowing Jen, I doubted that little idea. Shit, she could make a concrete statue raise a boner, and anyone who hasn't been dead much longer than a week.

"I started on his nuts first. They were hairy like, but felt great in my mouth. And he just loved it! And he told me so, lots of times. While I was doing that, I had a hand on his cock and could feel it pulsing and throbbing. As if it had a mind of its own. It would twitch real twitchy like, know what I mean?" I nodded. If I hadn't before, I sure did now.

"Well, anyway, he told me to suck on his nipples, and kiss his big belly all over. Which I did. He loved it when I was on his nipples. They even got hard, just like mine do. Then he told me to lick his thighs all over, both of them. I did, and again, he moaned a lot. Then he shocked me!" Huh?

"He fell backwards onto the bed, raised his big ass legs way back, and told me . . . to suck and lick his ass hole!" She paused, probably to let it sink in with me, and to take a sip. I was all fucking ears, for

sure. "Then what?" I asked. She wouldn't . . .

"Well, I know I told Curtis I wouldn't do that, no how, but the sight of him just lying like that, with his legs back, and that beautiful cock running up his belly, and those lovely hairy balls just hanging down. well . . . and I was so turned on, I said to myself, why the fuck not?" Why not, indeed! You go for it, girl!"

"So . . . ?" I asked her.

"Well, it's not as if I hadn't sucked a man's ass before, now is it?" Huh?

"You have? Who?" I was flabbergasted by this latest news.

"Marty. And only Marty, so far. Well, plus this new guy. Marty was the real demanding type, and very hard to say no to, know what I mean by that?" Know what you mean? Shit, honey, I can be very demanding if I put my mind to it! Christ, my middle name could be demanding. So, I'd have to practice a tad, so what?

I got off the bed and stood with my ass aimed toward her. "Suck my ass, bitch, and do it good. Got me?" How's that for demanding? I half expected Jen to laugh her ass off and tell me to go you know where, but . . .

The next thing I felt was her hands on my ass cheeks, spreading them. Then her face pushing in between them, and her tongue, that hot fucking tongue, going to work. It was unbelievable! In mere seconds, her ministrations had given me a full-fledged erection. I knew I couldn't cum again so soon, but that hardly mattered to me at the moment.

She worked for another few minutes, and then stood up. She turned around, reached back with both hands, and spread her cheeks. "Me, too, sweetie, or else I'll be an orphan!"

So, what would you do if you were me? I thought so. I dove right in, my tongue leading the charge. I tongued her. I licked her. I rimmed her. I tongue, licked, and rimmed her. And poked my tongue into her as far as the fucker could go. And, judging by the sounds coming out of Jen, I knew for certain we had added a new toy to our fun box . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

WE THEN got back to her tale. "So, dumbkopf, there I was, sucking and licking this big man's ass hole! His very hairy ass hole, I might add. And, after just a few minutes of this, he said, "Quick! Take my cock in your mouth! Do it now!" I bent his cock toward me and a spurt came out of it and went up in the air a good foot! It landed smack dab in the middle of his right nipple!

"Then cum started to bubble up and out of his pee hole, so I quickly put my mouth over it to, I guess, cap it off. It felt slimy and sticky when I placed my mouth on it." That's understandable, I thought.

"He came some more, and I had a mouthful of cum, I can tell you! A friggin' mouthful. We both heard me swallow it. It went down with a loud gulp out of me, like swallowing too much soda all at once. Anyway, he's just lying there, pooped like, so I hit him with a request. I was turned off, after all. I asked him if he wouldn't mind letting me suck on his dick while I fingered myself." Oh, shit, hard again, Arthur!

"He said it was okay with him, so I sucked on his cock, which was still hard, by the way, and played with myself. Ha ha! He was just laying back, both his arms crossed over his face, and moaning so softly, I thought he was humming. I looked up toward him and I could see the glob of cum was still on his nipple. He hadn't bothered to wipe it away.

"Well, I was hot as blazes and wanted to fondle his nuts at the same time. So, 'cause I don't have three arms, I let go of his dick and fondled his balls. When I let go of his dick, I could feel the springiness of it pushing up against my upper lip. Man, oh man, this triggered a big one out of me! I musta moaned like a maniac all over his fatso cock. We heard it on the tape, do you remember?"

I did now. So that's what caused her to moan way louder than at any other time on the tape. Well, I'll be! I now had a new mental image to add to my audiotape pleasures. I was sure there would be more as I explored the wild possibilities and figured out who was who and who did what. What fun lie ahead for me . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

THE LAST MAN was nothing extraordinary to speak of. An average cock in length and width. Even came an average load. The only outstanding feature, which was negative in aspect, was the guy had a wee bit too much to drink and Jen had to work her mouth off for over half an hour. When he finally came, she told me her jaw ached. I guess mine would have, too.

It was time for the Grand Finale with man number two. Curtis came in and said the guy would be in shortly. They were finishing up a hand of poker. Four guys came in almost right behind Curtis. Then, finally, the small room was filled with the ten men. Jen's ten men. All in their clothing except for the number two guy. He walked in as naked as they come.

Curtis, bless him, assumed the role of cruise director. He told the guy to lie back on the bed and let Jen suck him off. He complied. Jen started to get between the guy's legs, but Curtis redirected her. He wanted her to suck him while being alongside the guy. This way, he

told her, everyone would have a good view.

So, she went to the side of the guy and took his cock, which now was almost upside down in relationship to her head, into her mouth. Sort of a half assed 69 position. Here's Jen:

"His cock was real soft and flabby like. But it felt great feeling it grow inside my mouth. I love that sensation!" I knew she did. "Well, when he was rock hard, I deep throated him. You shoulda heard the guys?" I reminded her we had both *heard* the guys.

"Oh, yeah, we have! Hee hee! Anyway, the more I sucked on him, the more the guys were cheering me on. Saying things like, 'Holy shit, look at that, right to the balls!' and 'Can this babe suck cock!' and 'Go, baby, go!' And one guy yelled out, 'I wish my wife could do that!' Ha ha! I'll be he did!" I'll bet he did, too, Jen.

His picture is herewith repeated, so you don't have to scroll back!



Man 2?

"Well, I just kept working at him, waiting for him to do something, or for Curtis to say something. I alternated a little, ball sucking here and there just for fun. And, let me tell you, my pussy was awash in pussy juice! Ooowee!"

"Turned on a tad, eh?"

"I'll say, there's nothing like sucking a cock in front of an audience! It adds something to it. Something real hot like." I knew, right then and there, that I was going to get Jen to suck and fuck a bunch of my business associates. The ones from out of town, who always want to know if I can get them laid. I never do, don't like pimping, but now, this was different. This would be just for the fun of it.

And, of course, I would film it, in color and with tons of close-ups. I would also direct it, too, using a rough outline script for the basic action. True, I'd have to make damn sure none of the guy's faces were shown, but that would be a piece of cake to see to. I now went and asked her.

"Say, Jen, what do you think of my getting a bunch of my out of town

business guys together, renting a hotel suite, and you doing what you did with Curtis' group? And you'll make double what they gave you." I waited while she thought about it.

"Why the fuck not? I can sure use the \$400 and, in truth, I'd like to do it all over again. It was a helluva thing!" She grinned at me. We had a deal. I asked her if Curtis had offered her a rematch. She said the next convention wasn't for another six months, so he would let her know. But, she said she had her doubts as she felt the guys always wanted someone strange.

"But, Arthur, back to my story. OK?" I nodded. "Well, Curtis piped up and told me to mount the guy, which would put my ass in good viewing position. I did and proceeded to fuck away on top of him. I had two good orgasms, real blasters, and then the guy rolled me over and started to fuck the shit out of me. Real fast and pounding like. Damn if I didn't have two more send offs!" She wrapped her arms around her shoulders and seemed to shiver all over. "Brrrrrrr! How nice it all was!" Then she continued.

"As he and I fucked, the boys were back to cheering me on again. You know, you heard it on the tape, so I won't repeat it now." Aha! Another piece of tape added up. "But I will tell you that two of the guys grabbed my legs by the ankles and spread them wide out, and way up toward my head. Spread like that, I felt totally fucking wanton, a real whore. I looked around at the guys and saw them leering at me and us fucking. What a sight it must have been to them!

"I would have cum again, but the guy popped his cork in me and his dick died quicker than liquor can knock out a flea. He got off me and I said to myself, here's some more show, fellas! I fingered my pussy, played with my nipples, and kept running my tongue all around my lips. I closed my eyes so I could only hear their comments, and that did the trick. I came a bucket!"

"Jen, you little cum-slut hussy, you! What a woman! Jen, I don't believe it, but I'm fucking worked up again. Can I talk you into some old-fashioned, doggy style fucking?" She grinned at me, fingered her pussy, and nodded her head vigorously. So . . .

I reached out and hit the play button . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

WELL, that was the whole story about Jen and her ten men, but she and I did have a further adventure that very afternoon.

As I watched her masturbate, I got curious as to what she was thinking, so I went and asked her.

She said, "You know that big guy, the one whose ass hole I licked?" I nodded at her. "Well, I was thinking of his big cock and what it

would feel like to ride the fucker. Ooowee! And have you watching it all!"

"Yeah, I like to watch." I did. Everyone knows that.

"But being from the Midwest, Mr. Robert Frame is probably not up for that kind of shit. He's prob . . . "

"Mr. Robert Frame? You know his name?"

"Yeah, he was the only one with his name tag still on his jacket. You know, one of those silly *Hello, My Name Is* things." I then had an idea.

"Jen, you said the convention was going to last a while, why don't I have the hotel page him. You never know, he might . . . "

"Great idea! I think he said he's in town for the whole thing. Let's do it!" And we did. And he was still there. And he answered the page. I put Jen on the line.

"Hello Bob, this is Jen. Remember me?" He said something to her and she smiled at me, nodding her head. He remembered all right.

"Well, Bob, the reason I'm calling is I was just sitting here with my friend, Arthur, and we got to wondering if you'd be interested in having a threesome sometime later today. What say?" She put her hand over the mouthpiece and said to me, ". . . He's got to say goodbye to some bosses, but . . . he's up for it!" She smiled at me. "In an hour from now, in his suite, room . . . fourteen twelve." I wrote it down, just in case. They then said their goodbyes.

"Well, well," I said. "Looks like we're in for some afternoon delight!"

"Yeah, and I get to play with that big cocky of his again. Oooh boy!" She licked her lips. "But I want to add something to my riding on it, if that's okay with you."

"Probably. Like what?" I had no idea.

"Well, you once said you could do anal on me without it hurting too much. I'd like to try it now. I think it would be great to have you in my ass and him in my pussy . . . at the same time!" Well, blow me down.

She didn't have to ask me twice.

I told her to assume the doggy position on the bed while I got her KY lube. Lubed up, I was in her ass in less than a minute, with no more than a simple "Ouch!" out of her. I worked her a bit, while she masturbated, having one good orgasm, and then pulled out.

"Where'd you go, you party pooper?"

"Gotta save it for later and, besides, we have to shower and all if . . .  
"

"OK! I getcha, you wet blanket, let's hit the showers." And we did . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

WE ARRIVED at his suite a few minutes early. When he opened the door, I could see why Jen kept referring to him as a big man. He looked like a frigging linebacker. Big and wide across the chest.

He had on a dusky-red bathrobe, with nothing on his feet, and his hair, while combed, looked damp. I assumed he had just come from a shower. He invited us in, we made the usual hello handshakes, and I noticed there was further evidence of his recent showering in the form of wet footprints coming from the bathroom and fading out into the living area.

"We come a bit too early, Bob?" I said.

"No. I'm as dressed as I need to be, don'tcha think?" I nodded, and then he added, "You two like a drink? Got Scotch, bourbon, and rum."

Jen declined, saying she didn't want to dull her edges, and I said sure, make it a Scotch. With soda. As Bob opened up those little teeny bottles of booze, he said, "Jen, the raincoat looks familiar. You got that little teddy on under there again?" He turned to look at her.

Jen laughed. "Not this time!" She unbelted the coat and threw it open, and then closed it again real fast. She was naked under it. Which even surprised me. I had no idea. I'm dopey sometimes.

"Whew," Bob said. "No teddy . . . obviously!" He whistled at her. "She always this playful, Arthur? If so, you're one lucky guy."

"Yeah, Bob, Jen's one of the wonders of this world." I didn't like the way we were talking around her as if she wasn't in the room, but, knowing Jen, as I do, she didn't give two shits. She said she was of the Mae West school of philosophy, "I'd rather be looked over than overlooked." If I told Bob she was the biggest cum-loving whore in the world, she would have simply beamed at him.

He came over and handed me my drink. We said our cheers shit, took sips, and he went over to Jen. I took a chair about six feet from them.

I wanted to watch from the get go.

They were in the middle of the room, about a foot in front of the bed, and he had his right arm around her waist. He started kissing her

and I could tell she was kissing him back. It was like watching two lovers having a secret tryst in a hotel suite, the world going on around them.

Bob kissed her a few times, and then stripped the coat off her, letting it fall to the floor at their feet. I could tell her nipples were erect. He bent his big head down and started sucking and kissing her nipples in turn, going from one to the other and back again. As Jen moaned, I felt my boner coming up to greet me.

He kissed her again and started feeling her up, her ass, her breasts, and an occasional swipe of his big hand between her legs, lingering just long enough to rub her up and down a few times.

She worked a hand under his robe, and although I couldn't see it, I imagined her playing with his cock. Then he broke from her and went and sat on the side of the bed, his legs splayed out wide. We now formed a perfect triangle, with each side six-feet long.

Bob parted the robe's front, leaving the belt in place, exposing his hairy chest, plump belly, and hairy cock and balls. He looked absolutely fucking lewd. He took a sip of his drink, and placed it on the bedside table.

"C'mere, Jen, " he said." Kneel between my legs." She walked over to him, her naked tits swinging, her naked ass jiggling, and knelt down in front of him. My dick got harder just watching her move.

His cock, semi-flaccid, hung down, the heavy head looking humungous. Jen lifted it up and started planting wet kisses on the pee hole, over and over again. Bob started moaning, and then leaned back on his elbows, just watching her.

Then he said, "Suck my nuts, baby!" She complied, holding his cock up so she could get at them. She licked and sucked and took each one into her mouth, in turn. My dick got even harder.

Bob shot a glance at me, and then said to Jen, while throwing his legs way back, "Suck my ass, honey!" And she did. And did it with real gusto, too. Bob was moaning away. He let her do this for a few minutes, and then told her to suck his cock. She complied.

As he hot mouth took his large cock head in, he said to me, "Wowee, Arthur, this girl's got some mouth on her!"

"I guess you like, eh? And you don't mind me watching?"

"Shit, no, I may hail from sticksville, but I'm liberated. Christ, if you said you wanted to suck on it, too . . . be my guest!"

"Really?"

**"Really. You wanna?"**

**"Fuck, why not? If you're game, Bob, I'm game. Move over Jen!" I joined her on the floor, she taking it as a cue to work on his balls and leave the cock all to me. Jen was right in describing it at seven inches, but she didn't get across to me how wide it was. And it was wide, at least 2," possibly more.**



**Bob's 7"**

**When I first put my mouth on it, it was almost fully hard. And he made hard seem an insufficient word to describe it. His cock was like no other cock I had ever felt. It was rock hard and almost unyielding.**

**And, almost instantly, I felt gumminess on the head. He was pre-cumming, and a very large blob was forming. I let it ride into my mouth as I deep throted him all the way down to his balls, my chin bumping into Jen's face.**

**She said, "Fancy meeting you here!" Don'tcha just love her? I do. Then she added, "But, don't speak, I can see you have a mouthful!"**

**I busted out laughing, Bob's cock getting the full thrust of my ha ha's. He started laughing, too. "Oh, shit, Jen, " he said. "You're a pip!"**

**I worked his dick a bit more, and then turned the helm back over to Jen. I stayed where I was and watched her suck him off, deep throating him on the occasional down push. I noticed she had her eyes open and was staring at his pubic hairs.**

**She sucked him off a while longer, and then said, "Lie back on the bed, Bob, I wanna ride that puppy!" He complied, propping his head up with two pillows.**

**As Jen straddled him, I shifted to a seating position on the edge of the bed. I watched as she brought a hand around to her backside and guided his large, thick pole into her. She then slid right down on him, all the way down to his groin, her pussy wrapped tightly around the base of his cock, her pubic hairs entwined with his.**

She went up and down a few times, about an inch in length, and said, "Arthur, put it in my ass!" I looked at Bob as if seeking his approval, which I didn't think I needed, but you never know. He nodded. I was out of my clothes in record time.

I lubed up quick-like and got between his big legs. As I entered her tight anus, I could feel his super hardness through the thin, fleshly separation wall inside of her. It didn't seem as if there was too much room in there, but I managed to get all the way in her ass as far as I could go.

As he and I started a fuck rhythm going, Jen started yelling up a storm. "Oh, fuck, oh God, oh shit, oh man, oh, oh, oh!" She did this over and over, changing the order of things each time. Then, she started speaking in tongues!

"Oya mugga fugga wigoul ha ha yodallee wooo ha yaggy zaggy fucking mooga!" She sounded like an alien baby.

As Bob reached around her, grabbed her ass cheeks, and started lifting her bodily up and down on his cock, she went absolutely fucking nuts. Her ass was slamming and slapping against him, making loud noises, as she yelled in her new language.

With Bob moaning and yelling whatever he was moaning and yelling, and her screaming like a fucking banshee in three different tongues, and with me probably groaning and moaning, and the bed squeaking away, they probably heard us in Japan. Or at least in the next state.

Jen, with all the noise she was making, probably never heard me moan when I came.

But our next-door neighbors heard.

I had pulled out of her, and was standing by the edge of the bed, just watching them, when Bob flipped Jen over onto her back and gave his last three or four strong plunges into her, making the headboard rap against the wall so loudly I thought it would punch a hole in it. It didn't, but it sure got the neighbor's banging back at us and yelling for us to "Keep it down in there."

All three of us started laughing at the same time. Then, Bob yelled out, "Sorry, just hanging a picture!" We started laughing all over again.

I proceeded toward the bathroom to give my dick a little rinse off. When I got to the bathroom door, I heard Bob say, "Hey, guys, how about we order up some grub. On me, of course. OK?" Jen and I both said yes at the same time.

Then Bob added, "And, after we eat, we can try something new I'd

like to try out."

"What's that?" asked Jen. She beat me to the question.

"Well, if Arthur's game," he looked over at me, "I'd like to get fucked in the ass while I'm fucking you, Jen. I read, on the Internet, it makes a man's cock even harder."

I said, "Shit, I'm game, Bob, but if your dick gets any harder, Jen's gonna need crutches tomorrow." We all laughed.

I walked over and picked up the hotel's room service menu. "Let's see, what wine goes well with hot, pink pussy?"

Jen said, jovially, "Red!"

Bob said, "White!"

I said, "Screw it, let's get a small bottle of both . . . "

The End.