

## Hot Donna

I remember this all started with a big fight. My husband Rob had wanted me to dress sexy and flirt with a couple of his customers one night at dinner when we were out of town. He was always after me to wear low cut blouses or tight skirts, and I did wear them on occasion, but even then, they were never low enough, or tight enough, or showing enough, he was never happy.

"I'm your wife, not a slut." I hollered at him, slapping his hand away from undoing another button on my blouse.

Dinner was a mess, Rob was not paying any attention to me, the customers were enjoying my conversation but I certainly was not turning heads with flirty comments. I ended up drinking more than I should and got sick as a dog, throwing up my dinner and sleeping on the cold ceramic floor in the bathroom. Rob picked me up and carried me to bed, pressing a cold washcloth to my forehead as he dressed for work.

"Would have been a lot more fun and a whole lot easier just to have been a bit of a cock teaser last night." he intoned as he kissed my cheek.

My head was hurting so I didn't pay a whole load of attention to him but that evening when he got home we had a quiet dinner, then started in on the subject of the day. He explained that as he got older it was more difficult for him to maintain a hard on unless he had a sexy situation to spark his libido. The most erotic thoughts he had involved me showing off my body and flirting with other men, sometimes to the point of taking one or two of them to bed with me.

"When I ask you to be a cock teaser for other men and you do it well you make me hard just watching you with them, and when we get home I can hardly wait to fuck you," he explained, "and you like it when I fuck you don't you?"

I nodded, he was very good with his fingers and mouth, but it was special when he was hard enough to enter me.

"Then make up your mind, I need for you to be a cock teaser on occasion for our marriage to work."

And with that he turned over and went to sleep, ignoring me. I tried to sleep but kept mulling the issue over in my mind, thinking about some of the big fights we had when Rob had pushed me too far, then about the times I had relented, sometimes even enjoying the attention, and certainly enjoying the sex once we got home.

We were civil to each other for the next couple of days but no long heart searching discussions. On the third morning Rob asked if I wanted to go out for dinner and watch a little of whatever sports game at the bar. I smiled at him and said yes then asked if he wanted me to dress up. He looked cross for a moment and asked what I meant by that.

"Would you like me to dress like a cock teaser for you when we go out tonight?" I asked innocently.

"That would be hot Donna, thank you,." he smiled, "and I promise to enjoy what you are comfortable

with, and not to keep testing your limits"

I put in a good workout at the gym then came home and pampered myself with a sensuous soak in a scented oil bath then slowly did my make up and hair, finally choosing an outfit for the evening. Slipping into my bathrobe I enjoyed a glass of wine as I read the paper and waited for Rob to get home from work. After a quick kiss he jumped in the shower giving me time to get dressed and watch his reaction.

"Wow." was all he was able to stammer as he took in my sexy little outfit, and I do mean little. All I was wearing was a red silk peasant blouse over a short white mini skirt and white shoes. Rob could tell right away that I was not wearing a bra as my nipples jiggled seductively just beneath the edge of my neckline. He quickly got dressed and escorted me out to the car, opening my door for me like a gentleman. I smiled and moved into the seat slowly, knowing the only reason he was being so cavalier was to look under my skirt to see if I was wearing panties. I gave him ample opportunity to gaze at my smooth shaved pussy lips and the tiny trimmed runway above. His grin and the little sigh I heard told me I had made the right decision. Rob has told me countless times that my pussy is the most exotic, attractive and downright desirable slit he has ever seen. My outer lips are full and swell when aroused, a little of my pink inner lips always show between them leading up to the hood covering my prominent clitoris.

Rob could hardly drive he was spending so much time checking me out, and the bulge in his pants was very noticeable. He saw me checking him out and smiled.

"Every man that sees you tonight is going to have the same problem I have right now." he laughed as he tried to adjust himself.

I reached across to give his hardness a little squeeze.

"We could just stay home and take care of that." I teased playfully, feeling him twitch under my touch.

He shook his head as he moved my hand away from his bulge.

"I want you to see the lusty look in other men's eyes, I want you to watch their cocks swell in the front of their pants as they enjoy looking at your body."

He reached up and tweaked my nipples through my blouse.

"Every man is going to wish he could take you home and fuck you honey, they are going to jerk off thinking about how your exquisite pussy would taste, how they would feel with their cocks buried deep inside you."

Rob could see my body tremble as I thought about what he was saying, my nipples hardening under his touch. We had arrived at the sports bar but needed a minute or two to calm down before we entered. Once in Rob guided me to a booth on an upper level with a good view of the bar and the big screen over it. I slid in and Rob joined me on the same side, mostly so he could watch the game but also because he wanted to keep ogling my legs. The waiter was a young man with a beard and an Irish accent, his eyes roaming over all of me then meeting my eyes with a big smile. His name was Devan and him and Rob talked a little sports, but Devan's eyes were mostly on me. I just smiled back at him and let the two of them prattle on about their favorite teams until we finally ordered our drinks and he

left.

"He's cute." I whispered, deciding to take the initiative, "I think he likes me too."

Rob grinned at me as he rubbed the inside of my thigh.

"What's not to love honey, you look incredible, he couldn't tear his eyes away from you."

"Do you want me to flirt with him Rob, do you want me to tease him with my body and make his cock swell in his pants?"

I could hear him moan with passion, his head nodding his approval of the new me. When Devan returned with our drinks I made sure to catch his eye as I leaned forward to accept my cocktail from him, making sure I touched his hand and that he had plenty of time to gaze at my openly offered breasts. In the past I would unconsciously raise one of my hands to either hide my breasts or keep my shirt from gaping open but this time I just let my shirt slip down, I could feel my nipples rubbing on the very edge of my shirt so I knew Devan could see my pink aureole. I smiled as I watched his eyes slip away from mine for a peek at my boobs, then turn a bit red knowing he had been caught. He told us about the specials and left us to enjoy the game.

"That was very sexy Donna, Devan and I both enjoyed the view." Rob congratulated me with a little kiss on the cheek.

"It's much easier to cock tease a handsome young man." I admitted, "He certainly enjoyed looking down my blouse, next time I will get him to check out my legs."

Rob looked down at my skirt, already half way up my thighs. In the past I would constantly squirm and pull it down, but now I promised myself to leave it alone until Rob said something or I was arrested.

When Devan came back to take our order I caught his eye as I fluffed up my napkin and placed it on my lap, directing his eyes to the space between my legs. Once I had his attention I very slowly crossed my legs then rearranged my napkin once more, taking care not to cover the edge of my skirt or the hint of bare thigh exposed. He looked for quite a while as he explained the nights specials and I gave him a big approving smile when his eyes finally met mine.

As dinner continued and the cocktails and wine kept flowing my inhibitions quickly crumbled and my enjoyment and arousal as I flirted outrageously with Devan began to take over. Rob was being very attentive and grinning at everything I said, watching me as I engaged Devan in slightly sexy conversation each time he came to the table, my skirt rising as I moved my legs for him, my breasts almost slipping out of my peasant blouse as I giggled and leaned into his jokes, my eyes encouraging him to enjoy my near nakedness.

Sitting at the bar were three other young men, too far away to enjoy my show but obviously aware that I was wearing very little, they would turn and check me out every once in a while, and I'm pretty sure they were talking about me with Devan as he tended bar, I could watch him smile and look up at me quite often during their conversation. I had to go to the washroom and made sure my shoulders were back and my hips were swiveling as I walked past the bar, giving Devan a very sexy smile and a quiet hello. As I sauntered away I heard one of them tell Devan how lucky he was to be serving such a fucking hot chick. I have to admit it made my legs a little weak for a moment to think I could ignite

that kind of passion in a young man so easily, so quickly. Coming back I was even more forward, smiling at all of them then leaning forward between them all to ask Devan to bring a dessert menu by, bending enough to afford all of them a nice long look at my creamy white breasts. Their reaction was so good when I got back to the table I smiled at Rob and asked him to move in the booth, I wanted to sit on the outside.

"I want to be able to let Devan, and his friends, see more of me." I admitted.

Rob just smiled and slid into the booth as I perched on the edge, my legs swinging out in the aisle, grinning as Devan brought over the menu's, his eyes roaming up and down my body. I let my hand linger on his as my eyes dropped to his crotch, licking my lips a little then smiling over at his friends.

"Are those friends of yours in to watch the game Devan?" I asked, gesturing towards the bar with my shoulders and breasts.

He smiled over at them, all eyes on the both of us and admitted they were his mates, giving them a little wave with the hand I was not holding.

"I'm glad you are my waiter tonight Devan." I whispered as I crossed my legs very slowly then leaned forward until his hand I was still holding was just inches from my hardened nipple. "You are much cuter than your mates."

I let go of his hand and we discussed the different desserts, but eye contact between myself and Rob had decided we would be having dessert at home. I coyly let Devan know what we were going home to do and let my legs slip apart for just a second as he brought back the bill, never quite sure how much he may have seen. Rob took me home, all the way in the car going on about how incredibly sexy I had been, my hand on his steel hard prick confirming he at least had been excited, in my rush I had forgotten to check out Devan as often as I had wanted to. We had an evening of rough spontaneous sex and a week or so of slower loving basking in the afterglow of my first time as my husband's successful cock teaser.

Rob and I were getting along much better now that I was flirting and exposing myself when we were out. He was so attentive to me it was like we were first dating, bringing me little presents or taking me shopping, especially if he thought I might purchase something that was just a tad revealing, and of course now I did. The hardness of his cock certainly had me convinced this turned him on but I have to admit I still didn't get it.

"Don't you enjoy it when you can see a guy can't take his eyes off you?" he wondered.

"They aren't looking at me Rob, they are looking down my blouse or up my skirt, watching me walk, checking me out all the time."

"That's what guys do honey, they check out chicks, and if you are not a hot one, they stop looking. When you are being a cock teaser do they just look once or do they watch you all the time?"

I smiled and thought of the various guys that had an opportunity to see me dressed quite sexily the last couple of times out.

"All guys try and sneak as long a peek as they can, if they are cute and close I like to let them have a

peek at my boobs or legs, then watch their eyes as they come back to mine. Some look right at me, then check me out as I am watching them, showing me they are brave enough to look as I am obviously dressed like that to let them look." I shuddered a little as I thought of the hot lusty looks I have received over the past few weeks.

"Then there are the shy ones." I giggled, "They look, see that I have caught them looking and turn all red and embarrassed."

"So you prefer the brave ones over the embarrassed ones?" Rob inquired.

"No, the excitement is to watch them looking at me and enjoying me, watching their eyes get dark as they check me out, then for them to make eye contact with me and see that I know they are looking, want them to, dressed for them, that's when I start to get hot."

"That's what make me hard too baby, knowing they are looking at your low cut top or short skirt, but how do you get them to keep checking you out once they get caught?"

"Once I catch their eye I like to give them a little smile." I whispered, looking over at my husband, my eyes smoky as I licked my lips and gave him a sensuous smile, then running my fingers along his arm. "Then make a little body contact with him if I can."

"I let my eyes look deeply into his for a moment, then let them drop to my open blouse or short skirt, letting him know I am aware of what I am doing, knowing I am letting him have a peek, then smile at him again, letting him know I am enjoying him looking also, want him to look even more, encouraging him to take his time, maybe even rewarding him with a little more." I purred as I leaned into my husband, letting my blouse open even more.

"Ben is coming to town next week, would you like to go to dinner with him?" Rob asked, knowing I enjoyed Ben's humour and flirtations.

"I would love to go." I admitted, "But may not be able to dress quite as risqué as you would like."

"No pressure Hot Donna." Rob quickly stated. "Do your very best."

When the dinner evening with Ben, one of my husbands general managers came around I had settled on a red and white striped silk blouse, unbuttoned quite low but with a half cup brassiere, I was too nervous to flash a nipple. A short and tight black skirt and 3 inch heels made me feel sexy but not too showy, and the skirt seemed long enough I didn't wear any panties. Rob took my bra in stride, understanding my concerns and seemed very pleased that I was smooth and bare beneath my skirt.

We met in the cozy bar of a big hotel downtown, I waited as Ben and Rob shook hands, smiling as my eyes took in Ben all dressed up in a suit, looking very handsome, then leaning in for a hug and a kiss as we said hello. We sat at a low bar table with big overstuffed chairs and ordered some drinks. Ben was directly across from me and I caught his eyes enjoying the view down my blouse more than once. I had no qualms about him enjoying my breasts as they were encased in lovely lace and went out of my way to lean forward to take a sip of my drink as often as possible. I could see Rob had noticed also and was smiling encouragement to me.

We had quite a few cocktails, Ben is a very talented storyteller so we were laughing and comfortable

where we were so decided to eat dinner in the bar instead of the dining room. It was a little awkward as the table was low but we all managed quite well. Towards the end of dinner I excused myself to use the ladies room and ran into our waitress, a cute woman with a winning smile. She grinned at me as she was washing up, telling me what a lucky lady I was with two young men taking me out for the evening. I laughed and told them they weren't that young and that one of them was my husband.

"Ah" she exclaimed, "so a planned menage a trois for you this evening, I'm so jealous."

I looked at her with some confusion on my face and asked what she meant.

"Neither one of them can take their eyes off you and you are teasing both of them so much I'm sure they will burst their zippers if you continue, I just surmised you would be taking both of them to bed with you this evening."

I assured her tonight only my husband would be going home with me then asked her about my teasing and their zippers. She laughed and smiled at me, taking my hands in hers.

"Oh dearie you may not realize what you are doing but I'm quite sure you do. Your blouse is undone to show off your breasts, and you make sure they can see them as you are always bent over, and your short skirt is letting them both know you are shaved quite bald below. Have you not noticed how hard their peckers are in their slacks?"

I admitted I was dressed to tease but had not realized how effective I had been, but promised I would check them out as soon as I went back. The waitress grinned and asked which one was my husband and I described Rob.

"Would you mind then if I took the other one for the evening when you are done?" She asked, "No sense wasting a good looking man that you have got all randy and ready."

I shook my head and told her she was free to move in on Ben as soon as we left.

She smiled and then asked me to make sure to keep the kettle boiling.

"Keep him hard and thick for me will you please." she giggled, and all I could do was nod as she left.

It took me a minute or two to make sense of everything I had just heard, how a waitress could see I was flirting with two men, how they were both hard for me, and now I had given one of them to her after I had got him all hot and bothered. I went out to the table and took my seat, noticing now how low I sat and how short my skirt got as I sat back. As I leaned forward for my drink to let them both catch another look at my breasts I could see it caused my skirt to ride up. I decided to sit back in my chair and get comfortable, crossing my legs and watching Ben's eyes. Rob couldn't see my legs as the arms on my chair blocked his view but I was dead on straight with Ben. As he noticed I had my drink in my hand and was not leaning forward his eyes moved from my breasts to my legs. He noticed how short my skirt was and started to slouch down a little in his seat, trying to lower his eyes so they were more on an even level with legs. For him to do that it made him spread his legs and more or less present his crotch to me. I checked him out and saw no noticeable bulge, then slowly crossed my legs again, my skirt riding up just a little more. Once I had his attention I uncrossed my legs and let them slip about a hand width apart as I leaned forward to set my glass back on the table. His eyes wavered to my breasts for a minute, men are so predictable, but quickly settled back on my parted legs and the view between.

Within moments I could see a lump forming in his pants, turning into a formidable bulge. I could feel my body flush with excitement as I realized he could not hide it if he wanted to continue looking so I could now enjoy him at my leisure. Our waitress came over and flirted a little with us, spending time on Ben, her eyes moving over his bulge then moving to Robs crotch. Obviously Rob could see I had excited Ben and it had caused a predicament in his trousers also. The waitress gave me a quick smile and a wink and was off to fetch more drinks.

We finished this last round of drinks and called it a night. I had taken every opportunity to tease Ben as I bent forward to take my glass my legs would part a little, then would slowly move back together, his eyes focused on the bare triangle of flesh between my legs. As Ben paid the bill we said our goodnights, his body hot and his lips damp as he gave me a goodnight kiss and hug. Rob surprised me by saying he had booked us a room as he wasn't sure how late we would be staying out and had packed a small overnight bag for us. He could hardly wait to get me to the room for a very passionate flurry of sex, he knew I had excited Ben all evening and was lusting for his cock teaser wife.

The next morning I woke first and noticed Rob had packed my gym shoes and sweats so I dressed quietly and slipped out of our room to the elevator. As the doors opened I noticed our waitress from the night before was already on, looking the worse for wear. She smiled sheepishly at me and asked how my night was, then told me she had spent the night with Ben.

"I'm sure he was fantasizing that you were in his bed, not me." She whispered, " But he was still quite a treat in the sack."

i asked her what she meant by that and she giggled and asked for my e-mail address.

"I'll send you a picture, you'll see what I mean." she grinned

About 15 minutes later as I am running on the treadmill I receive a message on my phone. I open it to find a picture of the waitress, her face turned to the camera, a man's hand on her head, I recognize the ring as the one Ben wears from his school. She is holding an enormous thick cock in her hand, the shaft and large dark head are wet and shiny, her lips are also wet and swollen, the corners turned up in a smile. She has obviously just been sucking on Ben's cock when the picture was taken, I can see his arm stretched out to take it, and they must have timed it for just after he has cum for her as a string of his cream hangs between her lips and his cock slit.

I have to get off the treadmill before I hurt myself.

My heart is still pounding as I look at the picture of Ben's thick shaft held in our waitress's hand, a string of his cum still clinging from her smiling mouth to the wet slit of his bulbous purple cock-head. My pussy tingled knowing that I had made him hard like that, he was lusting after me to be the one to suck and fuck last night. I sat down quickly as my legs gave out, my orgasm devoured my body as I continued to stare at the erotic picture on my phone. Once I finally calmed down I had a cup of water and continued my exercises.

When I got back up to the room Rob had already left for work, leaving me a note that the room was paid for I should enjoy breakfast and that he had left me the car keys. I took a lazy shower and put on the complementary robe in the room and ordered breakfast from room service. I look in my suitcase that Rob had packed for me and see he has jeans and a sweater for me to wear home, not hot and sexy like last night, then I notice his shirt from last night over the back of a chair. I strip off my robe and slip into his shirt, I can smell his cologne and remember how hard I had made his and Ben's cocks last

night. My eyes close as I slide my hands up my inner thighs, pulling the shirt along with me, fantasizing the two of them are here now, in my room, watching me move for them.

A knock at the door and a deep male voice announced room service and I am pulled back to reality, but my mind is still locked in fantasy. I do one button up on the shirt near my navel and give my hair a wild toss as I open the door. A young swarthy man stands in my doorway, white teeth, clear brown eyes surrounded by glistening brown skin, smiling the company policy smile as his hands rest on the small cart. His eyes quickly scan my body, enjoying my breasts but locking on my crotch, his breath catching in his throat as he openly burns the vision of my smooth bald pussy into his brain. Rob has always told me just how sexy my pussy looks, but isn't that just what husbands are supposed to say. This young Latino in the tight pants is verifying that my pussy is drop dead gorgeous, his eyes meet mine for just a second, the lust he feels for me visible in them as without apology they drop back down to the junction of my legs.

I back into the room stopping when I feel the bed behind my legs, giving Renaldo space to move the cart into the room. He removes the cover and looks up at my face for a change.

"Breakfast for just one?" he questions and I just nod, my eyes slide over the noticeable bulge in his tight slacks.

"No husband with the beautiful lady?" he asks, voice catching in his throat, he is nervous and excited at the same time. His nervousness somehow makes me feel more confident.

"My lovers have already left." I whisper coyly, running my hands up my body to tangle in my hair, "It's just you and me Renaldo."

He moves from behind the cart and approaches me, his hands on my shoulders as he gently pushes me back on to the bed. I look up to see he has dropped to his knees between my legs.

"I must kiss your beautiful lips." he begs so softly as his hands caress my thighs, moving my legs further apart.

I smile my permission to him and watch as his face approaches my pussy, he inhales deeply, devouring my scent as if I was a fine wine, then a deep groan escapes his mouth as his lips lightly kiss along my slit, gathering my dewy wetness with each touch. I moan with pleasure and open my legs even wider, inviting him to taste me more fully, my head dropping back on the mattress as I sense his tongue lightly licking along each of my swollen outer labia, his mouth and my slit joining in a french kiss as his tongue slips into my hole then up between my inner lips to my engorged clit, his mouth encircling my hard little marble and sucking it between his lips so his tongue can flick at it's most sensitive tip. I am coming on the mouth of a man I have not know for five minutes while I am thinking of the hard cock of a man I had dinner with last night, God, can I be the same woman that bitched about dressing like a cock tease just months ago?

I churn my pussy against his face, my hands in his hair as I encourage him to continue to pleasure me. I can feel him lapping at my copious juices, his throat working to swallow all that my orgasms can produce, broad tongue strokes the length of my slit, his teeth nibbling the sides of my clit, his lips sucking my nectar deep from within my hole, my moans intertwining with his groans as he services my needy snatch.



One final kiss from his lips draws a satisfied sigh from me as he stands and excuses himself to use the washroom. I lie back on the bed, not bothering to cover myself or to close my legs and enjoy the after glow for a few minutes until Renaldo returns, smiles at me as he whispers a soft thank you and leaves the room, his eyes dropping to enjoy my open wet pussy one more time.

I look over my breakfast and decide to wash up first, heading for the bathroom. As I run the water I notice something in the waste basket and pull out a pair of pale blue men's bikini briefs. I can smell cum, and see the front of the underwear are coated in creamy white residue. I realize Renaldo must have cum in his pants as he was eating me out and had decided it was easier to discard them than to try and clean out the sizable load he had deposited. The scent and sight of his cum I find very arousing, my first thought is to scoop some of his jizz with my fingers, or to run my tongue along his briefs, then one thought becomes more powerful than any of the others. I bend and slip his soiled briefs up my legs, my pussy lips open to receive Renaldo's gift, my body shuddering with delight at the exotic and erotic feel of his cum sliding into my slit, my fingers pressing his goo over my lips and clit. I looked at the wild woman wearing men's bikini underwear in the mirror, not quite sure it was me.

I finished my breakfast wearing Rob's shirt and Renaldo's underwear, and decided to just slip my jeans on, leaving myself in a state of constant arousal. I went to the mall, leaving Rob's shirt mostly unbuttoned, enjoying the attention my breasts were attracting. Did some grocery shopping at a store I had not been to before, changing lanes when I noticed the very hunky college student working as a bag boy, and had Todd help me with my groceries out to the car. I rested my arms on the cart as he unloaded my bags into the trunk, knowing my breasts were completely visible to him the whole time. Even when he was done I continued to remain bent over as I told him how much I enjoyed our short time together and would make sure to visit his store more often as I loved to be serviced by handsome young men. I moved in close to him and pressed my breasts against his chest, one hand lightly cupping his butt as the other caressed his neck, kissing him lightly on the cheek. I could see he was flushed and excited, could feel the heat from his groin on my belly for just a moment as I whispered how hot he made me. He pulled away, a guilty look on his face as he knew I had felt his hardness, then a little smile as he could see I was enjoying his arousal also. I made a mental note to remember this store.

I found a photo shop and made a hard copy of Ben's fat dripping cock, cutting out the waitress until I had just her hand wrapped around his impressive shaft. It was getting late as I got home and unloaded the groceries, making a quick dinner for Rob and I, feeling wicked knowing I was having normal conversations with my husband as my pussy marinated in another man's cum filled underwear.

As we got ready for bed I discreetly slipped Renaldo's underwear off and cuddled up nude next to Rob. His cock was hard and he wanted to talk about last night's dinner.

"You were very hot last night Donna, Ben and I were both hard as hell."

"I know honey, last night was the first time I really watched a cock get hard as I teased it with my body."

"Did it bother you that it was Ben, someone from work, someone you already knew?"

"It did at first." I admitted, "But as the evening went on and I could see how much my cock teasing was affecting him I was way too turned on to stop."

"What were you thinking of that turned you on so much?"

"I wondered what his cock would taste like." I blurted out, feeling Rob's cock twitch against my leg.

"You wanted to suck his cock baby, that's just so hot."

"Yes I wanted to lick and suck his balls and cock and make him cum."

Rob quickly moved his thick shaft up towards my face, his fingers squeezing out a juicy pearl of pre cum.

"Close your eyes baby and pretend this is Ben's cock ready for your mouth."

I closed my eyes for Rob's fantasy but was not thinking of Ben's cock as I licked my way along my favorite all day sucker. He however was totally into this little bit of play acting. "Do you want Ben to cum in your mouth baby?"

I moaned a no as I slid up his body and slipped his hardness into my wet pussy.

"In my pussy baby, cum deep in my tight smooth pussy."

That might have been too much for Rob too quickly, I could feel his spasms as he lost control and orgasmed way before I had a chance to get off. I moved down to clean his cock as I would usually, turning to offer my pussy to him in a sixty nine, quite often he likes to go down on me after we have had round one, sometimes kindling a round two. As I ran my tongue along the shaft of his deflated cock it seemed as if he tasted a little different and it struck me, I would be tasting Renaldo as well as Rob this evening. I sighed and shuddered with excitement as Rob's tongue licked along my slit.

"Can you taste another man's cum on my pussy Rob, do you like cleaning me up after another man has fucked me?"

I could feel Rob groan into my slit as his tongue started working overtime fucking deep into my hole, his cock twitching in my hand as I licked him. It would seem he liked the idea, not realizing he was in fact living out my fantasy. I continued to tease.

"I can taste your cum and my juices on your cock Rob, and the taste of my lovers jizz mixed in, makes cleaning your cock so much more sensuous knowing I can taste both of you. Can you taste him baby?"

I hear a husky yes from Rob, his cock twitching uncontrollably as he plays out my fantasy for me.

'Does he taste good honey, do you love to suck his jizz from my hole?'

Another groan from Rob, his cock now erect again but I'm sure he is smiling at my dirty sex talk.

I slip off his sucking mouth and mount him reverse cowgirl, sliding very high on his shaft with each stroke so he can enjoy the view between my legs.

"That was so hot baby." I encourage him, "I never thought I would get off on having another man but you just made me crazy tonight."

I milked his stiff pole with my vaginal muscles as I rode him hard, making him shudder and grab my hips, pulling himself deep inside me as he released again. We cuddled after and fell asleep, in the morning after he had gone to work I put the picture of Ben's cock and Renaldo's underwear in a bottom drawer, the beginning of my cock teasing mementos.