

A 'JoyFul' Homecoming

Mark was thirsty, tired, hot and horny. He'd only made it halfway through his lengthy sales trip when his car's air conditioning conked out, leaving him feeling baked for three straight days as he called on clients. Now, pulling into his driveway, he could think only of the swimming pool in his neighbor's back yard and the open invitation he and his wife Joy had to use it anytime they wished. He could hear noises coming from the pool area as he neared the corner of his neighbor's house and figured Joy was already back there, sunning and swimming.

The thought brought a smile to the face of the 30-year-old minister and religious supply salesman. Joy was barely 20 years old, and Mark was grateful that Rod and Vivian -- their mid-40s neighbors -- had taken such an interest in her, always looking after her, inviting her over for swims and meals while Mark was on the road selling hymnals, choir robes and Bibles. He was home each weekend but spent most of the time working on his sermons or visiting members of the small church where he preached, so Joy frequently accompanied Rod and Vivian out to dinner or a movie. As far as Mark was concerned it was like the older couple had become Joy's surrogate parents, and he was very grateful for the way they took care of her, because his wife was so beautiful it would have given any man -- even a fine upstanding young pastor like Mark -- cause for worry. Joy was extremely petite, barely 5-feet tall and weighing perhaps 94 pounds at her heaviest, with an eye-popping 38-24-37 figure that never failed to catch eyes, her tiny frame accentuating her perfectly formed curves. She had thick, wildly curly brown hair that seemed to spill over her shoulders in all directions and a face so gorgeously young and sweetly pretty that she could only be described as angelic, with wide, soft brown eyes that could make her look so innocent she appeared much younger than her years.

He walked straight toward his neighbor's house after he got out of his car, figuring he would check on Joy before going in for his swim trunks. He could hear his wife and Rod talking as he neared the edge of his neighbor's house. He was just about to step around the corner and call out to them when Rod's words shocked him to a halt. "You hot ass little bitch, you know you want it, look at you, you were born to be a slut for big cocks."

Joy was giggling as her stunned husband peeped around the corner, further shocked by what he saw. Joy was wearing a white thong bikini that seemed two sizes too small, the top barely able to contain her big, firm tits, along with a pair of matching white heels that had to be at least four inches high. Rod, bare chested, was standing a few feet in front of her, rubbing a bulge in his damp swim trunks that Mark couldn't believe, feeling a twinge of envy at the size and girth of the older man's equipment. "I'm ready for an answer baby, you ready to slut that sexy young body for a big dick'd stud of your own?"

Joy moaned softly, staring into Rod's face with a wild look in her soft brown eyes. Biting her lower lip nervously she nodded and undid her top, letting it drop carelessly to the ground. Both her tiny hands instantly started cupping and caressing her big, bare boobs, her nipples swelling and straining to hardness as her fingers brushed them with smooth, sensuous strokes. She stepped toward Rod until she was only a couple of feet away from him, still looking into his eyes, and hefted both her tits, cupping the big, firm globes from the bottom as if offering them to him. Mark couldn't believe it, amazed at how thick and hard her nipples already seemed to be as she smiled into the older man's face, their eyes still blazing lustfully into each other with a look that made the peeping husband envious, a look of pure sexual need in his curvy, petite young wife's eyes that he'd never enjoyed himself.

"So I can take that as a yes?" Rod asked huskily, his eyes finally leaving hers to stare openly at Joy's lewdly displayed tits, his hand going casually downward and

again rubbing softly over the massive bulge straining inside his swim trunks, her gaze following his hand, her eyes widening at the sight of the huge outline of his cock, visibly moving down the leg of his shorts, the dampness of the thin, clinging fabric displaying it clearly. Mark felt another deep twinge of envy as he watched the slutty scene unfold.

With a smile Rod then moved to the stacked young wife, trembling slightly as she held out her big breasts in obvious offering, and his hands covered hers on the firm, smooth mounds, squeezing gently, fingers sliding between hers to caress the youthful, tender titflesh, finding her stiff nipples and flicking over them. With a soft moan Joy tilted her head back and Mark watched her receive the older man's kiss, gentle at first, lips rubbing and sucking softly at each other, then she moaned again as her lips parted, their tongues seeking each other wantonly, lewdly, lapping and licking for a long, erotic moment before Rod crushed his open mouth hard to hers. Mark watched, amazed by his wife's passion, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked their neighbor's tongue deeply, her big bare breasts mashed into his hairless chest. Rod cupped and caressed Joy's firm, curvy asscheeks as he tonguefucked her mouth wetly, demandingly, causing the petite young preacher's wife to whimper weakly, her hands slowly moving up his bare shoulders, caressing his flesh until her arms were wrapped around his neck.

Mark became aware of his growing erection for the first time as he watched Joy's arms tighten around Rod's neck, pressing his swampy, open mouth even tighter to her own, the two of them groaning lewdly amid the nasty slurping, smacking sounds of the sensuously sloppy suckkiss, streaks of saliva slowly slithering from their moaning mouths. One of Rod's hands found its way into Joy's thick, curly hair as the other remained on her ass, rubbing and squeezing firmly while he brought the long, passionate tonguekiss to an end, both of them panting deeply as they again stared meaningfully into each other's eyes, the curvaceous young wife's tiny hands gently caressing the older man's face. "I want it -- all of it, everything," Joy said softly, her fingers tracing the lines in Rod's face as she looked lovingly into his eyes. "I want to try everything we've been talking about."

Without a word Rod took her small hand in his much larger one and guided the visibly trembling young wife into the changing room, which was actually an Arabian-style tent rather than an actual building. Mark, the throbbing of his five-inch dick putting a delicious pain in his pants, scurried up to the changing room as soon as they were inside. Through the canvas tenting he could hear the two resuming the sucking and smacking sounds of another hot tonguekiss. He crept closer, easing his dick out of his pants, as Joy began to moan softly. "Oh god yes that's what I need Rod," Mark heard his wife groan as he moved the flap that served as the tent's entrance just enough to peer inside, his other hand starting to move slowly on his exposed dick, unable to do anything but admit to himself it was by far the sexiest sight he'd ever imagined.

Joy was on her knees in front of a hugely hung stud old enough to be her father, both her little hands jacking on the biggest, hardest cock Mark had ever seen in his life. He judged the gigantic joystick at roughly 10 inches, its girth as thick as his wife's wrists, topped by an even thicker uncircumcised head, glistening with cockleak, big bulging veins running up and down its length, growing fatter as Joy continued to jack it gently with both hands, staring up into the older man's face. Rod smiled down at the kneeling, panting wife as she stroked his massive fucktool reverently. "Show me you need it honey, prove it to me," he said firmly.

Joy groaned gently as she used both hands to guide the big, broad head of the magnificent cock to her mouth, her eyes slowly drooping shut as she slid the thick, sticky dickhead into her watering mouth, her moans throaty, muffled by the thick tip of manmeat. She sucked deeply, lovingly on the fat cockhead, her cheeks

billowing, both hands still jacking slowly on the vein-lined shaft. Rod reached down and twisted his fingers into her thick mane of hair, guiding her as he too groaned deeply. "Yeah, that's it Joy baby, slick that big prick up good honey," the older man moaned, tugging at her hair.

Joy gurgled and gasped with a lewdness Mark would have never been able to imagine as she nursed and nuzzled on the tip of Rod's massive slab of manmeat. Her spit oozed down the fleshy column of his cock as she suckled loudly, her head steadily moving faster under her horse-hung lover's commanding hand, taking more and more of his huge hunk of cockmeat until at last she gagged, Rod allowing her to pull off his obscenely swollen fuck-pole. "Oh god, it's big, so fuckin' huge," gasped the panting, horny housewife.

"Lick it," Rod ordered, his hand tightening in her hair again. "Slick that big mansize prick up good baby."

Mark glanced down at his own throbbing penis, briefly struck by the contrast between it and his neighbor's monster-large member. When he glanced back into the tent Joy was licking and lapping at every inch of the huge fuckmuscle, her pink tongue trailing sensuously along the milky white cockflesh, wetting it thoroughly. With another tug at her hair Rod commanded "Put it between your tits Joy, I wanna fuck those big boobs with this hard cock."

"Yessssssss," the kneeling housewife hissed, sliding the huge stalk of her neighbor's cock into the deep, soft valley between her firm young tits, her red-tipped nails dragging roughly across her swollen, equally reddened nipples as she wrapped his massive manhood tightly in her silky soft tifflesh. Slowly, sensuously, she stroked the oversized fuck-organ with her tight, firm tits, looking upward into Rod's lust-filled eyes, her tiny pink tongue trailing nastily over her cockleak-coated lips. The studly older man effortlessly found her rhythm, titfucking her with slow, slick strokes, his uncut cockhead nudging into her chin, smearing it with gobs of thick, clear pre-cum. "Oh gee-zus it's so big," Joy panted, tightening her tits to him, rubbing her chin and cheeks deliberately over the raw, gooey cockhead, purposely painting her beautiful young face with his glistening dick-lube. "So big, so big," she repeated softly, her eyes upward on his. "So big and strong and manly."

"Yeah baby, your preacherman husband ain't got nothing close to this, has he?" Rod moaned in a slightly taunting tone.

"No, no, it's beautiful," Joy whispered, lowering her head and kissing gently on the swollen, uncut cockhead.

"You're gonna be a good little whore for me, ain't you slut?"

"Yes ohhgod yesssss," Joy groaned, slowly slipping her lips over the thick, sticky cockcrown and sucking hungrily, her cockleak stained cheeks drawing deeply inward, careful to keep her swollen tits sliding back and forth on Rod's super-size, steel-like shaft.

Mark forced himself to take his hand off his own aching penis for fear of getting off too soon as he watched Rod clasp Joy's head in his hands, holding her like that, nursing on his huge head with a wickedly worshipful whimper as she stroked his fleshy, vein-marked shaft with her tight tits. He couldn't believe the scene before him, the sex-charged atmosphere that seemed to flow from the tent's flap, like an unseen force with a power all its own.

Rod released her head from his grip and groaned lewdly as Joy reluctantly ended the sizzling series of suckkisses she was smearing on the tip of his cock, looking back

up into his face expectantly. "Remember what else I told you I was gonna do to you before I can make you my little fuck-slut," he said. "You know what's coming next, you want it honey, want me to do it?"

Joy's face lit up with a bright sexy smile of delight. "Yes, yes I want you to," she moaned eagerly. "Make me your fuck-slut."

"Over there," Rod ordered, motioning toward the small sofa on the other side of the tent.

Joy scrambled over to the sofa and got on all fours, thrusting her ass back lewdly as she slowly let her weight sink down onto her forearms, resting the side of her face on the cushions, her eyes glowing wildly as she watched Rod approaching, his massive cock sticking straight out from his lean, muscled body, its size and strength causing Mark to blink, as if still unable to believe how hung their older neighbor was. "Yeah, please," Joy cooed softly, wiggling and waving her outthrust ass obscenely, its firm, soft whiteness completely exposed except for the small strip of white fabric running up her asscrack. "Please, please," Joy pleaded, her asscheeks undulating sexily. "Do it, I need it."

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Rod started slapping Joy's tight young ass with sudden, sharp strokes, the smacking sound echoing loudly as his hand sank deeper and deeper into her tender, tight bottom, reddening it. He snatched a handful of her hair with his free hand as the pace of the spanking speeded up, his hand becoming a violent blur as it slapped roughly into the soft assflesh, making it quiver wildly while Joy gasped and groaned. "Oh-oww-ohgod-owweeahh do it, spank my bottom-ohwowwww-ohgodyesssss." Mark saw tears forming in his wife's eyes just before she squeezed them shut and buried her face in the cushions of the sofa, slightly muffling her obscene mewling and moaning while willingly submitting her soft, heart-shaped ass to the solid, stinging slaps of her dominant, massively hung older lover.

When at last Rod ended the spanking Joy sobbed softly into the cushions, though her hips and ass continued to churn lewdly, as if wanting the whipping to continue. Mark masturbated steadily as he watched Rod fondle Joy's reddened asscheeks for several long moments, his hand cupping and caressing the smooth, warm flesh lovingly. Then he tugged the skimpy thong down until it was hanging midway between her taut, widespread thighs. Joy remained on her knees, still whimpering meekly, her face buried in the sofa cushion. "Oh lord, so hot," came Joy's muffled sobs as she struggled to raise the upper half of her heavily trembling body. "Oh Rod I'm so hot, oh god I'm on fire, I'm burning."

Rod reached between her thighs and rubbed the small wisp of a bikini bottom with his fingers. "Yeah, I knew a good spanking would make that tight young pussy start soaking," he growled, flipping the writhing little housewife over on to her back and jerking the soaked thong off her trembling legs. "Spread for your stud baby."

Joy threw one leg over the back of the sofa and put her other foot on the floor, opening her shapely legs as wide as possible. Mark's masturbating halted as he stifled a gasp, sure Rod was about to stuff his young wife's oozing cunt with his stiff, oversized fuckstick. Instead, the older man laughed softly as he slid his body down on the sofa and pushed his face into Joy's lewdly displayed pussy, slowly swiping his thick, wet tongue into her slit.

Panting and shaking, Joy's fingers found the back of Rod's head, tangling into his hair, her back arching as she offered her sex starved center to his hot, hungry mouth. "Oh god yes-ohyes," she gasped as she felt his tongue slithering slickly into her rapidly overheating fuckhole, flicking and probing, her head twisting from

side to side as she humped her hips, working more of his darting tongue into her. The horny young wife felt her head starting to spin as Rod's strong hands reached under her, grabbing her ass and lifting her slightly, tonguefucking her oozing pussy deeply, frantically, his muffled groans adding a delicious vibration to her wildly throbbing cunt. "Oh shit ohgod so good, so fuckin' good," she gargled wildly, expressing her lust with words Mark had never before heard her use. "Oh yeah, tongue-tongue me, eat me, ohshit, oh Rod, I--"

Her words trailed off into a long, low groan as Rod slid his tongue out of her tight cunt and swabbed it roughly across her swollen pink clit, her hips thrashing as he lapped it again and again, soaking it in his spit before letting his lips slip over it and sucking deeply, almost roughly, stretching the tender bud slightly inside the steamy cavern of his mouth and simultaneously slapping at it with his thick, slick tongue. "Ohfuckkkkkkyessss," Joy squealed loudly as her voice returned, the sound seeming to inspire Rod, who lifted her higher and sucked with even greedier intensity on her deliciously aching clit, his mouth clamped tightly around the soft bud, his tongue swirling wetly as he suckled like a starving animal, the obscene slurping sound finally drowned out by the power of Joy's eruption into orgasm.

"OHFUCK-SHIT-GODDDDDDDYESSS OH ROD OHFUCK I'M CUMMING-OHSHIT-OHSHIT-YESSSSSSSS CUMMINGGGG!" Joy's lust-laden scream echoed wildly through the concrete encased pool area and instantly Mark was joining his wife, spurting into his cupped palm as she thrashed and squealed through a chain of explosive orgasms, Rod continuing to suckkiss her clit, carefully maintaining his suction as she thrashed and twisted around on the sofa. "CUMMING SO HARD OHSHIT YESSSS BABYYY OH CUMMING OHGODDAMN!"

Mark stood wide eyed with a hand full of his own semen as he watched Rod smear his tongue down Joy's spasming slit and slither it fully into her cumming, clenching cunt, still cupping her ass in both hands as her body flailed. "Oh god-ohgoddam honey, that tongue, ohfuck, ohyes, that hot fuckin' tongue," Joy groaned, shuddering and shaking, her legs draped over the older man's shoulders.

Rod rose to his knees, hands keeping Joy's firm, toned legs on his shoulders, kissing and nuzzling each soft limb as he whispered, "Take it baby, put this big cock in your tight young pussy if you wanna be daddy's little babycunt." His words and his wife's eager response and caused Mark's hand to go back to his already re-charging penis as he watched the adulterous couple reach the conclusion of their lewdly sexy, illicit coupling.

"Oooh yeahhh, fuck it's so big," squealed Joy with delight, her eyes glowing happily, her face radiating pure bliss as she gazed worshipfully into Rod's penetrating eyes. She slowly stroked his meaty, pole-like prick as she guided the shiny, oozing head to her hot fuckhole, twisting her hips to begin nudging it into her as she whimpered in a high-pitched, girlish voice. "Yeah daddy, wanna be your little babycunt, make me your whore-girl daddy, please?" she cooed sexily.

With a slight lurch of his hips Rod buried his oversize cockhead into the furnace-hot fuckhole of the now-groaning young wife, her girlish whimper replaced by a throaty, husky grunt of lust as the huge dickhead pushed open her entrance, the pressure intense, opening her wider than Mark had expected, his wife's damp cunt lips stretching thinner and thinner as Rod eased three throbbing inches into the clinging, soggy grip of her pussy. "Umm-god-ohshit it's huge," gasped Joy, eyes widening as she continued to stare up into the older man's face.

Rod only smiled down at her in reply as he pushed more of his hard, huge slab of fuckmeat into the willing wife's hot cunt, Joy gurgling and groaning, her hands instinctively going to his chest, her palms flat against his smooth skin, causing Mark to think momentarily that she was trying to halt the slow, steady burrowing of

the battering ram-like cock as it snaked into her soggy, vise-like snatch, a full two-thirds of it now buried in the steamy sheath of her tingling, twitching fucktunnel. Instead, after grunting though a quick shock of pain as another inch of hard, thick prick was suddenly shoved into her, Joy's hands relaxed, stroking and caressing the older man's glistening chest lovingly, purring and whimpering, her smooth legs massaging his hips, a dreamy look of lust on her beautiful young face as she stared sensuously into her new stud's eyes. "Geezus what a man," she whispered. "You sexy hung motherfucker, you knew, knew I was dying for that big hard cock, knew I needed a nasty daddy to spank me and fuck me and keep my young ass in line." Rod responded by rocking his hips slightly, gently fucking the writhing wife with all but an inch of his cock, slow, easy strokes that instantly had her gasping and groaning in carnal delight, her legs clasping at his lower back, trying to force the final inch of his hardness into her drenched depths. "Oh shit, oh yeah daddy, fuck me, fuck your little slut-girl," she whimpered.

Joy's obscene words turned into a loud, lusty scream as Rod suddenly grabbed her hips and rammed his entire oversize fuck-organ into her tight, goey twat. "Godddammmmmnnnnnnnnbabyyyyyyyyy!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

The horny young housewife's body briefly stiffened as a searing pain shot through her suddenly stuffed cunt. By the time the scream shot from her throat the pain was being replaced by a sensation of erotic fullness that began as slight ripples deep in her wildly stretched pussy, the pleasure growing until every nerve and fiber in her body felt like it was vibrating, sending electrical currents of ecstasy racing through every inch of her being. "Oh fuck yessss," Joy hissed, working her hips lewdly, wiggling on the impaling, animal-like erection, her pink, throbbing clit scraping roughly over the hard base of his massive, meaty dick, shooting sparks into her clenching, creaming cunt. "I'm r-ready," she gasped, her little hands sliding up to his neck, tugging at him, as her legs tightened around his hips. "Ready to cum."

Joy seemed starved for his kiss, pulling on his neck as she tried to struggle upward while keeping herself stuffed with his big prick, pink tongue wetting her lips as they opened submissively, looking pleadingly up into his eyes. Rod gave a soft, almost cruel chuckle as he gave it to her, letting his weight descend on her writhing, petite body, clamping his open mouth nastily to hers as Joy wrapped both her arms and legs tightly around him, giving herself completely to the dominant, donkey-hung stud old enough to be her father. Joy whimpered loudly, lewdly as she sloppily sucked on Rod's tongue, the obscene sound quickly joined by a soft, nasty squishing as the two of them fell into a perfect fuck-rhythm.

Their bodies stayed locked together as the two of them squirmed and slithered gracefully without losing their lewd liplock, saliva streaming down Joy's chin as their mouths worked wetly at each other. They grunted and groaned through the torrid tonguefucking as Rod speared his massive cock harder into the wet, willing young pussy, the taut, tingling walls of her scorching cunt massaging his aching, enormous fuck-rod as it spasmed in pleasure.

Mark's hand matched the illicit couple's erotic movements on his own, much smaller cock, thrilled beyond belief at the sight before him. The two seemed unable to break their wetly nasty fuckkiss, faces tilting and moving this way and that to keep it going as they started fucking harder, faster, Joy thrusting upward eagerly to meet each spear of the huge hard cock as it sliced through her parted pussylips, wiggling her hips as the log-like dick pushed through her clinging cunt channel, the big bulbous head smearing searing hot wetness into her womb each time he bottomed out.

Their bodies bucked and bounced, Joy using her legs to maximize each downward thrust of her hugely hung lover as he stabbed his big meaty cock into her with an

animalistic passion, their kiss-muffled moans and groans getting louder along with the slapping of their skin. The power of Joy's orgasm finally forced their hungry mouths apart as she wailed and moaned loudly, legs flailing at Rod's pistoning hips. "Oh there-ohfuck-there ohgod baby I'm cumming," she squealed. "Oh don't-don't stop, fuck-fuck me, ohgoddam I'm f-fuckin' cummingggggggggg."

Rod responded by growling deep in his throat and lifting back up on his arms as he hammered into the howling, humping housewife with renewed lust. He pummeled and pounded her pulsating pussy with almost savage intensity, driving his supersize dick deeper and faster. Joy kept pace with the powerful fucking, clinging to his shoulders with her arms as her hips churned lewdly. "Oh fuck yeah fuck me, ohhhgoddd d-don't stop daddy, please don't stop," she sobbed her eyes filling with tears, her orgasms like chain explosions that kept building and building. "I'm cumming ohfuck I'm cumming f-fuck me, k-keep f-fuckin' me."

The hung stud had her completely under his spell for good now, Mark could tell, amazed by his wife's continuing orgasms and the older's man superior sexual skills. Rod's hands toyed with Joy's bouncing tits, fingers gently flicking her nipples, then swept up and down her undulating body, caressing her hips, her wickedly flexing ass, all the while slamming his oversize fuckstick into her spasming, soaked pussy with surprising force, her cunt smashing wetly into his hard groin, clit pressing into his cock-base, on each full downward stroke. The horny husband was equally amazed by how stretched and stuffed his wife's fuckhole looked, her opening wildly distended, her cuntal lips stretched tight around his huge, hard thickness. I'm gonna cum, Mark suddenly realized as he concentrated on the sight of the log-like prick sawing in and out of his wife's soaked, clinging cunt.

Rod had reached the same point. "Gonna blow," he grunted, easing his upper body down on Joy, her arms slipping back around his neck. "Suck my tongue while I cum in you." Joy clamped her limbs tightly around Rod's humping body and slurped his tongue into her gasping mouth with a lewd whimper. Mark spurted another load into his already gooey hand as he watched the older man's buttocks clench, drilling every last inch of his horse-size dick into Joy's creamy, cumming cunt. Mark cupped his spewing prick as he watched Rod empty his load deep into his wife's womb.

They lay still for several moments, catching their breath. As they started to shift their bodies around, getting ready to break their clasp on each other, Mark was forced to move away from the tent door, fearing he would be seen. He could only listen as he crept to the other side, away from the house, putting his undersize penis back in his pants. He knew from the soft slurping sounds that the adulterous couple was sharing another wet tongue kiss, then he heard his wife's soft giggle, followed Rod's gruff murmur. "Yeah, you're gonna be a good little whore-girl, you're gonna take real good care of your daddy, ain't you baby?"

"Oooh yeah daddy," Joy replied, her voice slipping back into the little girl tone she'd used earlier. "I really am your slut now." Rod's chuckle was followed by the soft wet sounds of yet another kiss, Mark paying particular note to the lusty, needy whine to his wife's voice as she whimpered weakly amid the wet sucking and smacking sounds, yet another sight and sound that literally made him weak in the knees, one of many in a day filled with them, the sum of which meant only one thing -- their lives had changed forever.