

Katy's Way

"We were married too soon," thought James, leaning back against the closet wall, behind Katy's seemingly endless, tightly stacked wall of hanging sundresses.

"Whoooooo, BOY!" exclaimed Katy in a breathless, joyfully resigned whimper as she let her naked body fall lightly to the bed. Her petite frame was still shuddering, her chest and B-cup tits red and heaving as she panted for breath. Katy spread her legs, revealing her a glistening pussy, hair wet with sweat, lips beginning to ooze cum. She closed her eyes and used her right middle finger to simulate her own clitoris. Katy's mischievous smile quickly turned into a look of bittersweet agony as she laid hard into her clit and produced a screaming orgasm the likes of which James had never heard. The whole thing was over in seconds. She cast a look to her right, widened her eyes, and giggled playfully before turning towards the opposite wall and reaching her right hand across the bed. A thin river of cum appeared to outline a shimmering path to her asshole.

"She's 23, I'm 36. What was I thinking?" thought James, hiding behind his young wife's garments. He took a quiet step sideways and reached out to grab hold of a black two-piece lingerie item. The fabric of both pieces was sheer, and the panties had very discreet tear-away straps. He remembered fucking her in it. Then he imagined someone else fucking her in it. She would probably make those ungodly, those sweaty, animal, orgasmic noises—only, it appeared, they might have been louder, more primal than he had originally thought. He squeezed his hand around his erection to stop himself from cumming. Just the thought of those noises could make him cum while he was fucking her. That's why they never fucked for more than 15 minutes at a time. She drove him a little too wild.

"What was SHE thinking?" thought James. "You can't get married after only knowing someone for 3 months. That's crazy! But she was so fucking good to me--that tight little body, that tight little pussy, and the noises—jesus christ, the noises. How could I have thought she would stay interested in me? How do I stop this?" His heart was pounding, his eyes were wet with jealous pain. "I can't believe they can't hear my fucking heart pounding," thought James, as he watched them.

"Well!" exclaimed Tim and smiled back at Katy as she wrapped her fist around his erection and pumped slowly. She was using his cum as lubricant. She only did this for a moment before getting on her knees on the bed to bend over and suck his cock clean. This finished, she giggled again, cuddled up next to Tim, and continued to slowly stroke his unwavering hard-on.

"It's much thicker than mine", thought James, in the dark of the bedroom closet.

"It is soooo much bigger than James'", laughed Katy, as Tim reached down to feel her pussy.

"What were you thinking about?" asked Tim.

"When you fuck me, it's all I can do not to pass out from the intensity of my orgasms. I sure don't have any room left up there to be thinking about anything." She gasped and closed her eyes as Tim fingered her button.

"No, I mean, when you gave yourself that last orgasm. You weren't thinking of me."

"Not exactly," said Katy, with a lift of her eyebrows and a wry little smile. She pumped his erection a

little faster and made a groan of desire.

Tim pushed his index finger hard against her clitoris, causing Katy to release a surprised shout, close her eyes tight, and bury her face in her lover's shoulder. "So, you'll tell me," he ordered her, almost too quietly for James to hear as he stroked himself behind Katy's dresses, using his free hand to push one side of the sundress spectrum out of his way.

Katy gyrated her hips and began to make obscene noises as Tim's finger popped to either side of her clit. Tim quickly moved his finger, wet with his and Katy's mingled fluids, to her asshole. He slid it in easily, to which Katy shouted "Fuck!" and arched her back. Tim put the thumb of the same hand back on her vibrating clitoris. Katy was gasping for breath, eyes wide open, mouth agape. She stared at her lover with a look of sheer amazement before closing her eyes and repeating herself, this time, more softly: "Fuck."

James had a clear line of vision to the wrenching portrait of his new wife's holes and the stranger's fingers buried in them, wriggling around, causing Katy to swear and hyperventilate.

"Tell me what you were thinking about that was so hot it made you cum in 10 seconds, right after a huge orgasm. "

"No," said Katy quietly as she shuddered, her face screwed into a wince.

"Tell me," demanded Tim, "or I'll stop."

Katy grabbed his wrist and begged, "NO! Please please please, I'll tell you whatever you want, please don't stop fingering me!"

"Okay," Tim said, backing down. "Slow down, and tell me this oh-so-secret fantasy of yours."

"Well, it involves James" said Katy, licking her lips as Tim resumed rubbing her with his thumb.

James began stroking his erection again, this time peeking his head out from behind Katy's wardrobe to get a closer look at the scene through the closet door slats.

"Your husband?" asked Tim, sounding more than a little disappointed.

"Yes," smiled Katy, and bit her lower lip as Tim thrust his finger into her asshole. "But not in the way you're thinking."

"Oh, how then? Keep stroking." He directed her hand back to his still-hard, sticky cock.

Katy told Tim her fantasy through frequent shudders and sudden gasps as he savaged her with only his index finger and thumb. James remembers her having to pause to cum at least twice, each time letting go of her lover's cock to grab his shoulders and convulse wildly against his chest, his face buried in her tits. And all of this after having just watched his wife of 6 months get her brains fucked out for nearly 2 hours. It was as musky as a bath house in there, their sheets stained with sweat, the stink of earth-shattering, back-stabbing sex permanently embedded in their marital bedroom. Katy's body writhed under her lover's command, her hair matted with sweat as she related this little gem:

"Well, I've masturbated to this image quite a bit, so it's pretty clear in my mind. I want to have James kidnapped and brought to a secret location. Your place, maybe. I'm on your bed, on my back, getting pounded by one of your friends. You're standing there naked, filming me. Two more of your buddies bring in James. He's blindfolded, his ankles and wrists are bound to the chair he's sitting in, but he's not gagged. They put James down so he's facing the bed, but still blindfolded. James can hear me begging your friend to fuck me harder. He realizes it's me. He starts to struggle in his chair.

'Katy?' he calls out worriedly. 'Is that you? What's going on?'

You hand the camera to one of your kidnapping friends so you can deal with James.

'James,' you say, 'That's your wife, Katy, with a giant cock buried deep inside of her.'

'NO!' shouts James.

'YES' you say, 'and she loves it!'

'I FUCKING LOVE IT!' I shout, as your friend brings me closer to orgasm.

'No, Katy please!' begs James, trying to wriggle out of his chair.

'It's no use, James,' you say, 'we made sure you got a front row seat, buddy. Actually, pretty soon, everybody will have a front row seat!'

This sentence pushes me to the edge, so I spread my legs wider, to encourage your friend to get as deep as he possibly can, and to try to entice him to cum inside of me. His balls make a loud slapping sound against my ass as he begins drilling me with everything he's got.

'What do you mean, everybody?' Asks James pathetically, still straining against his ropes, red with fury, tears streaming down from behind his blindfold.

'What I mean is, we're filming all of this, and we're going to put it on the internet!' you say, with a smile on your face.

'WHAT?!' cries James.

'Oh my god, I'm cumming!' I yell, and at this you tear off James' blindfold just in time for him to see your friend groaning and emptying his load into my pussy as I shudder and have a very loud orgasm.

'NO! KATY!' shouts James and breaks down into a sobbing heap, tied there in his chair. (Katy cums on Tim's fingers while trying to say "tied there in his chair", so that sentence is actually punctuated with a guttural, muffled groan.)

Your friend slides his cum-covered cock in and out of me while you tell James how the next hour is going to play out..."

"Whoa!" said Tim and slowed his hand down to let Katy ride out the elongated orgasm that story and Tim's fingers were giving her. "Let's save some of the story for later, shall we? I can tell you're not finished."

"Nowhere near it," gasped Katy, and she kissed Tim deeply on the mouth, pressed her body against his, and hugged him tightly. Then she grabbed Tim's cock, guided it to her pussy, and slid down onto it as she sat up, facing the closet, her back to her lover's chest: Reverse Cowgirl.

She rode his cock slowly at first, savoring the pressure against the front of her vagina. Tim sat up, his back against the headboard, and cupped Katy's breasts from behind, gently rolling her nipples in between his fingers.

James watched, getting a full view of his wife's ecstatic face, seeing down into her throat as she howled with reckless abandon 5 minutes later.

James' cheeks were streaked with tears as Tim came inside of Katy for the third time that evening, his little pumpkin arching her back and planting her hands on the mattress as she climaxed in time with her lover. James' eyes rolled back into his head as he simultaneously shot his own load onto one of his wife's yellow cotton dresses. It was a sexy little number, with a very short hem and a plunging neckline. James wondered how many men had peeled that yellow sundress off of her to find her bra-and-panty-less. That's how she wore them, and James liked seeing strange men turn their heads as they realized that those perky little nipples were only separated from the air by one, thin layer of cotton--or better yet, as they saw the outline of her ass and realized that her pussy was exposed to the open air. It always titillated him, the fact that she was constantly one piece of clothing away from full nudity-- until now.

Katy laid on top of Tim, tits toward the ceiling, still moving herself up and down on his cum-lubed erection.

James' gaze fixed on the floor next to the bed, where slightly more than a handful of nearly-sheer red cotton lay in a heap. The sundress she'd been wearing when he left the apartment earlier that evening.

"It was too soon," thought James, slumping quietly against the closet wall as he had yet another orgasm in unison with his wife.