

I married a whore

My company sent me to England for a year to work in the branch office. While I was there one of my co-workers took me to an area in town where you can get anything you want.

When I said a blowjob would be nice he told me he knew just the place.

He took me to a building that had been divided into several small apartments. In the one we visited there was a girl sitting on a couch when we got there. She got up and greeted Rod like an old friend. They hugged and she kissed his cheek. He introduced me and said we'd both like some of her special talent.

She laughed and took Rod into another room. I sat down in a chair and waited for about 30 minutes. When Rod came out he had a satisfied smile on his face and said, "Jean's waiting for you."

When I went through the door I found myself in a room with a bed, a sink, and an open door leading into a toilet.

Jean was drying her hands at the sink. She turned around and gave me a smile and motioned for me to come over to the bed. I walked up to where she was standing and put my arms around her and kissed her. She gave a little jerk, but didn't pull away.

Jean helped me undress and had me lay down on the bed. She pulled off the negligee she was wearing and got on the foot of the bed. She leaned down and proceeded to suck my cock like a kid with her first popsicle.

Her hot wet mouth sliding up and down my cock while she fondled my balls and tickled my asshole had me blowing a giant sized wad of cum into her mouth in just minutes. There was so much she couldn't hold all of it and some ran out the sides of her mouth and down my shaft.

Jean got up and went to the sink where she spit out the remaining cum. She looked at me with a big smile, "Wow! You really needed that."

I got up and gave her a kiss. She didn't jerk that time. Later I remembered you're not supposed to kiss a whore on the mouth. Especially one that just sucked off your friend. And that was the reason she jerked the first time I kissed her.

I thought, well, it's too late now to worry about that. Besides, I think she enjoyed the kiss and it didn't bother me any.

After that first night I started going back to Jean's place two or three times a week. Each time I was able to hold out longer and longer before cumming. Every time I went back Jean greeted me with a kiss. And every time I was ready to leave she gave me a kiss good-bye.

Over the next several months Jean and I became not only customer and whore, but we also became friends. I learned about her business and the fantastic amount of money she made. I found out she was an independent and didn't have to pay a pimp.

One night after I had given her a mouthful of cum she didn't go to the sink and spit it out. Instead, she swallowed it and then slid up my body and gave me a kiss. I held her while we kissed and talked. She stroked my cock until I was erect again.

"How about a fuck this time?"

I said OK and Jean got on top of me and rode me until I filled her pussy. Then she got up and went in to clean up. The surprising thing was that she didn't charge me extra for the fuck.

The next time I was there I had to wait for a guy ahead of me to go in. After he left I went in and gave Jean a kiss. It had become our ritual for some French kissing before getting down to business. This time I noticed something different.

After our kiss Jean went to the sink and rinsed her mouth with Listerine. "You were too fast. I didn't finish cleaning up before you came in."

I thought about it for a minute and then said it was no big deal. "In fact it's kind of a turn on now that I know.

After that when Jean saw me in the waiting room she wouldn't rinse her mouth before our kiss.

Then one night I went in to find a black guy sitting in the waiting room. I sat down and waited until another black came out of the bedroom and the two of them left. Jean motioned for me to come in and I went in and gave her a kiss.

I could taste the mouthwash and I asked her, "Why did you rinse your mouth after that guy?"

Jean laughed, "I don't suck blacks I only let them fuck me. Lie down and I'll get cleaned up and be back in a jif.

I don't know what came over me, but I grabbed her arm and pushed her down on the bed. I spread her legs wide and could see the results of her previous customer. I leaned down to smell her cunt and she covered herself with her hand.

That didn't stop me from being able to smell the musky scent of a freshly fucked pussy. I took her hand and pushed it out of the way. I moved closer and closer as I inhaled the heady aroma.

I couldn't stop myself and licked her pussy. Hell, I didn't want to stop myself. I think from the first moment I smelled the heady aroma of her freshly fucked pussy, I knew I was going to have to taste it.

Jean let out a gasp and a moan. I licked her again and she stopped trying to cover herself with her hand and instead pulled my head tighter to her cunt.

As I began licking and sucking her well fucked pussy Jean screamed in orgasm. She had three more before I stopped.

I moved up the bed and gave her a kiss. "My God! That's the first time I've ever cum!"

"Well if you don't mind it won't be the last."

She threw her arms around me and kissed me.

Six weeks later we got married. Jean didn't stop working, but she did limit the number of customers so that she would have plenty of time for me. I told her things would be different when we went to the States because prostitution wasn't so open.

She asked if I wanted her to quit and I told her I liked making her cum by sucking her customers cum from her cunt. She said she liked it too. We both figured we could work something out when we went to the US.

A few months after returning home Jean had had a few encounters but we were being very careful to avoid her getting arrested.

Then Rod came to the US for a short stint at the head office. As soon as I saw him I knew the perfect way to thank him for introducing me to my lovely wife. I was going to take him home with me and let Jean give him one of her wonderful blowjobs.

I invited him to come home with me for dinner. I didn't tell him what else to expect.

I warned Jean ahead of time and she decided to dress in one of her old work negligees to greet him.

When Rod and I got home we went straight in to the rec room and I poured us a couple of drinks.

We'd had time for only a sip before Jean walked in. Rod's eyes flew wide open in surprise and he gagged on his drink.

"Are you OK Rod?" He looked at me and nodded.

"You know, I never did thank you for introducing Jean and me. I think we can remedy that tonight."

It took a few minutes and the rest of his drink before Rod accepted that Jean and I were actually married.

Rod was the first, but not the last, to witness Jean and I sharing another man's cum.

When he left the next morning it was with a promise to be back as a paying customer.

Jean is now the company whore. She entertains clients to help get signatures on contracts. She also entertains the boss whenever he needs some of her special attention.

I still get the pleasure of cleaning her cunt after she's been fucked. And she still never cums with anyone but me.