

Winning Amanda Through Intimidation

A couple of weeks ago, I got a call from Greg. He'd just retired from the service, after 20 years, and wanted to come visit us. I hadn't seen him in almost 18 years, and wasn't sure I would even recognize him. Anyway, he was almost my brother, so Amanda and I put in for a few weeks vacation and invited him to come visit.

I couldn't believe what I saw when I picked Greg up at the airport, that Friday. At 3 years older than me, I knew he was 38, but he looked 10 years younger than that. His hair was still clipped short, military style, and his 6'3" body bulged with muscles on top of muscles. He looked like he had a 30-inch neck and could start as a linebacker for the Forty-Niners. He was huge and mean looking - just the way I remembered him, growing up. As I was driving home, he punched me in the arm while we were laughing about something, and I thought I was going to pop through the car door. He whistled when he saw the house, and whistled even louder when he saw Amanda. I knew he would be surprised. At 32, Amanda had never looked better. Blonde, blue-eyed, with fantastic skin and a drop-dead body, she was a knock-out, in that clean, All-American way.

Greg gave her a long, tight hug and ended the embrace with a loud, wet kiss on the lips. "Mandy, you're one prime piece of woman. The last time I saw you, you were a little scrawny thing, riding by the house on your bike. You sure have developed! Now, just what the hell are you doing, hitched up to a little geek like Jim here?"

Amanda blushed and giggled when Greg patted her rear, but I saw the little look she shot me. I had warned her that I remembered Greg as being rude and crude, and hadn't expected the army to improve on that attitude very much.

After showing Greg his room, we all moved out to the patio, by the pool, and had a few drinks. By his second beer, Greg was acting so at home, you would have thought it was his house.

A little later, Cindy got home from school. My pride and joy, I thanked the stars, every day, that Cindy got her Mom's genes in the looks department. Also blonde and blue-eyed, she was just beautiful, my sweet and innocent little girl. It was her last day of school for the summer, and when she joined us, I introduced her to Greg. He was crumbling his empty beer cans the way I'd crumble a sheet of writing paper and telling us all the places he had been in the last 20 years.

I got some steaks out for the grill, and we all changed

into swimsuits. I noticed Amanda wore her most modest one-piece, but unfortunately, my daughter, at 14, didn't have a bathing suit her Father considered modest.

We all went into the pool and Greg showed off his hard body and began horsing around, pulling everyone under, splashing, throwing the girls up into the air, and doing cannonballs from the side of the pool. One time, he wrestled me to the bottom, and I came up sputtering and gasping for air. I used that opportunity to get out of the pool and check on the food. Greg got out of the pool, popped open another beer, and sat down beside me. "Jimmy-boy, you have paradise here." His eyes were locked on Amanda and Cindy as they got out of the pool, "Yes, Jimmy-boy, I think there's every little thing a man could want - house, car, beer and two beautiful women. I think I'm ready to move in."

"Well, Greg, you're my brother; the house and car are yours to use, but," I nodded at Amanda and Cindy, "the older one is married, and Cindy is a little too young for you."

He looked at me over the top of the can, "Don't kid yourself, Mister Suburbia. In Bangkok, Cindy'd be too old already, to bring in the big bucks. 'Course, with a body like hers - already havin' those big tits at her age - and that blonde hair, she could still bring in a small fortune, every night."

"That's disgusting, Greg."

"Jimmy-boy, don't knock it, till you've try it."

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During dinner, Greg told us one tale after another - from war stories about the fire-fights he'd been in, the medals he'd won, and the men he'd killed, to drinking contests, and even his sexual conquests. He could tell a good story and the two girls were hanging on his every word. After dinner, Cindy reluctantly packed for a "sleep-over" at her best friend's house. It was her big, end-of-the-school-year celebration, and we had been hearing about it for weeks, so I was a little surprised by her reluctance to leave the "old folks."

When Amanda returned from delivering Cindy to her party, and checking to be sure it was chaperoned, we broke out some cards and began to play "Hearts." I guess with the drinks, and the fact that Greg hadn't done anything really outrageous, Amanda and I began to relax and enjoy the evening, and (as usual, after a few drinks) Amanda became a tiny bit of a flirt. Around about 10 o'clock, Greg asked if we ever went skinny-dipping. I guess he could tell from the look and smile Amanda and I shared, that we had - quite often, as a

matter of fact.

He grabbed the deck of cards and said, "I thought so. Well, we're all friends here. Let's play a few hands of 'strip blackjack' and then we'll go swimming."

I started to decline, when I felt Amanda's hand on mine, "What the hell, James. We're all family, and we don't want to get our guest angry on his first night here."

She was right. I didn't want to piss off a boozed-up Greg. Greg was the dealer and, to my surprise, he lost the first hand. He was wearing only his swimtrunks and he stood up and lowered them off his hips. He had the largest, thickest cock I have ever seen, hanging semi-hard between his legs, and a little surprised I could see Amanda giving it a close inspection.

He started to deal, and I asked him what he was betting, since he didn't have any more clothes on.

He smiled at me and said, "Don't worry about it, Jimmy-boy." He won the next hand, and Amanda and I shed our shirts. I tied Greg on the next hand, but Amanda went bust.

"Mandy, Mandy, Mandy. Time to pay the piper, Dear." Greg grinned from ear to ear as Amanda stood and slowly removed her bathing suit. I think she was really enjoying the attention even though she looked a little nervous as she quickly stripped and sat back down at the table. "I knew you were a natural blonde - never doubted it for a moment, Mandy. And your tits - magnificent. You give new meaning to going 'bust.'" Greg only lifted his eyes from Amanda's large breasts to stare into her eyes and smile. Amanda smiled back, totally confident with her body.

I stood up, "Well, I guess the game's over. Let's go swimming."

Greg grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me back down into my chair. "Jimmy-boy, what say you and me go mano-a-mano for one hand? Winner take all?"

"What are we betting, Greg?"

He smiled at Amanda and then looked at me, "Well, the loser gets the sofa for the night."

"And the winner?"

"Don't be dense, Jimmy-boy. The winner gets Mandy." I started to get up, "Don't be ridiculous, Greg. This has gone far enough. You can't intimidate me into a crazy bet like that." In an instant, Greg grabbed my wrist and clipped my feet out from under me. I fell forward, to the table, hitting it with my chin, and was held there, in his iron grasp. He wasn't even sweating.

Mandy placed her hand on Greg's huge chest. "Please! Please don't fight. Don't hurt James, Greg."

"I don't want to be ignorant, Jimmy-boy. Let's ask Mandy if she's game." He turned and looked at her standing there, naked and glowing in the moonlight. Still holding me, he stood and slapped his huge semi-hard dick on the table. "What do you say, Mandy? You look like a good sport. It'll be a good time for you, either way. Jimmy and I will play one more hand. You get taken by the winner. Do you want to be the prize, you beautiful woman?"

Amanda giggled and hiccupped. She looked at me, then at his cock, and back at me. She nodded and said, "okay," in a small voice. "Good! I'll deal." Greg dealt me 2 cards and I went bust on the third. He stood, grabbed Amanda around the waist and pulled her into the house. Over his shoulder, he glanced at me and said, "See you in the morning, Jimmy-boy. Lock up, turn out the lights, okay?"

To my right, our bedroom light came on. I walked over to the window and looked into the room.

As they walked into the room, Greg lifted Amanda by her waist and tossed her like a little stuffed animal onto our bed. He spit onto his hand and rubbed his big cock a few times.

"Let's just get the 'ice-breaker' out of the way, shall we, Mandy sweetheart?" He climbed onto the bed, spread Amanda's legs open and pushed his hard cock into my wife's pussy. She grunted loudly at the swift invasion. "Oh, Mandy! You're so wet, I could'a saved my spit. You must get off on all the macho stuff, huh? It sure feels good stretching your tight little twat, Mmmm, you feel so good baby."

I watched as my wife's legs began to wrap around Greg's hips and her arms went to his neck.

"I knew you'd like it rough, baby. I could see it in your eyes, all night. You like the big, strong types taking you, don't you?" And he was right. "Mandy" did seem to like it - hell! - she seemed to be loving it! She was pumping her hips hard into Greg's. Her breathing was coming in loud gasps and moans. She was clinging to him with all of her strength.

I suddenly became aware of the rock-hard erection I had. As I watched Amanda start to orgasm, I started mine, shooting my cum against the wall, without even touching myself. My legs felt wobbly as I reached back for a chair and sat down.

I sat there and listened to my wife getting fucked by my Greg and couldn't quite decide how I felt about the whole thing - angry, jealous, but also very turned on,

very hot.

I could tell by the grunts and moans that Greg was cumming and Amanda was enjoying his orgasm this time. Hoping that it was over, I stepped to the window, again.

Greg rolled off Amanda and grabbed her by the hair, "Lick me clean, woman. Suck all the cum off me."

Shocked, I watched Amanda position herself over Greg's still-hard cock and lower her mouth to it, licking and slurping the goo between her lips. I couldn't believe it! For our entire marriage, oral sex after I had an orgasm inside her was out of the question for Amanda - I always got up and washed myself. Now, she was slurping up Greg's cum like it was too precious to waste!

Greg held Amanda's hair in his fist, pulling her head up and down on his erection. "Yeah, that's good baby. Keep that up, just like that, you hot little slut. I'm loving it baby."

Amanda's head was bobbing as she sucked Greg in and out of her mouth. She was moaning with pleasure, her ass rotating in the air. Greg took his other hand and inserted three fingers between her legs and into her exposed cunt. His fingers were glistening with lubrication when he pulled them out and roughly shoved one, and then two, and, finally, the third finger into my wife's anus.

"Oh, you're good! Keep that up, now. Oh, yeah. Now, listen, you little slut, I'm getting ready to cum and I want you to swallow every drop of it. Do you understand?"

Amanda looked up at Greg and quickly nodded. Within seconds, Greg began to hump his hips off the bed, pushing his meat even deeper into my wife's hungry mouth. He was coming, again! And I could see Amanda's throat working as she swallowed his cum. A glob escaped her lips and ran down her chin, dropping from there to her swaying breast. When Greg was done coming in her mouth, Amanda knelt, caught the errant drop on her finger and sucked her finger clean.

Greg gave her bare ass a resounding slap, leaving a red mark. "You are a hot little piece of ass, Mandy, no denying that. But don't be getting too comfortable, I've only just started."

And he had. I dozed, fitfully, in the chair. Throughout the night, I was awakened by the sounds of Greg and Amanda's uninhibited sex. I may have missed a time or two, but by my calculation, Greg fucked my wife six times and demanded and received 2 blow jobs. He was insatiable - never getting totally soft, always staying

at least semi-rigid. They didn't get much sleep that night either.

Finally, at daylight, I walked in through the patio door, only to hear more moans and groans. Then after a while I heard the shower start and realized that the noises were coming from the bathroom. I peeked into the steam to see them both in our over-sized tub, Amanda bent forward, the water striking her back as Greg shoved his morning erection in and out of Amanda's asshole! That was something she had always said disgusted her, and she never wanted to even try it with me!

I stood there, with my own morning erection, stroking it until I added my cum to the sticky, sweaty mess that was the sheet on our bed. I dressed and went into the kitchen.

In a little while, Greg appeared and sat at the kitchen table. "Morning, Jimmy-boy. You don't look like you slept too well. I slept like a baby. I guess I should tell you that dealing Blackjack is a hobby of mine. You should'a cut the cards." He laughed a huge laugh.

"You're a real bastard, Greg. That's my wife you did that to!" And I swung at him.

Of course, he caught my hand and crushed it in his huge fist. I crumpled to the floor, my hand still in his vise.

"I didn't do a single thing to your little lady she didn't want me to do, Jimmy-boy. And she seemed to like it, too. She's got a hot and ready little pussy, and likes to use it. You didn't hear her yelling for help, did you?"

I managed a "no" between my clenched teeth.

"No, she didn't. Look, she's been married a long time - she just wanted to have a little excitement. Alright, now, Jimmy. I'm gonna let go, but you gotta behave, okay?"

I nodded.

He let go of my hand and I held it gently with my left. It felt like all of the bones had been crushed to powder.

Amanda walked into the kitchen, dressed in a skirt and sweater. She looked like she had gone to a PTA meeting, instead of fucking her ass into the bed all night. She looked at the floor and not at me. Greg smiled. "Well, here's the party girl, now. Jimmy was wondering if you had a good time, last night. I told him you did. You did, didn't you?"

Amanda nodded.

"Tell him, so he knows you're alright. Tell him you had a good time, Mandy. Tell him what you liked the best."

Amanda looked at me, then back to the floor. "I had a good time, James. I enjoyed myself, last night."

Greg smiled, "See, Jimmy-boy, everything's alright. Mandy, just so Jimmy can see that you WANTED to participate in the fun, last night, what say you show him how you like to suck my wang?"

"No, Greg. I can't do that. Not here. Not this morning." He reached up and grabbed Amanda by the hair, pulling her face to within inches of his. "Listen, you little cunt. You think back to last night and then tell me you can't. You're the hottest, cock-greediest, little slut I've fucked in a long time. Don't go playing Miss-Prim-and-Proper with me. You know you're my dirty, little whore." He grabbed Amanda by the shoulders and forced her to her knees. "Unzip me you hot little slut. You know what to do."

I stood there, cradling my hand, feeling my cock grow hard as I watched Amanda take Greg's hard cock out of his pants, and lower her mouth down on to it. I watched as my sweet little PTA wife sucked on Greg's big knarled cock.

"Jimmy-boy, in the spirit of goodwill, why don't you lift your little lady's skirt and do something useful with that boner in your pants. Show her there's no hard feelings for being such a good hostess to your guest." I didn't argue, because I didn't want to argue with him. I wanted to do exactly what he was telling me to do.

Amanda lifted her mouth off of Greg's erection as I lifted her to a standing position and lifted her skirt over her bent back, "No, James. Please don't. Not like this. Please!"

But I didn't care. I dropped my jeans and shorts, pulled her panties down and entered her wet, steamy-hot cunt.

I was nearing orgasm, fast, when Greg said, "Try her back door, Jimmy-boy. It was a real struggle, this morning, but it should be easier going, now."

I immediately began my orgasm, and I could feel Amanda clench around me as she started hers, too. When I was done and slipped out of her slimy channel, Greg pulled his cock out of her mouth, lifted her over his lap, until she settled her cunt down onto his erection, and she rode him to one orgasm after another.

Finally, Greg stood up, still holding Amanda on his

cock, walked to a wall, and pumped into my wife, pinned to the wall, until he came. Amanda slid off his pole and to the floor.

Greg stepped closer to her and held her chin up in his hand. "You know what to do, sweet little slut."

Amanda knelt before Greg, licking and sucking his cock clean of all our mixed love juices. When she finished, she gently replaced his still-hard cock in his pants and zipped them up.

Greg sat back in his chair, "Ah! You know? A guy could really get to like it around here. Now, who's cooking breakfast?"

Cindy returned after breakfast, and the four of us went sightseeing. Greg acted as if what had happened the previous night and that morning were as normal a thing as could possibly be. Amanda managed a "I'm so sorry James," whenever she got the chance, but I watched as Greg spent most of the day with my wife and daughter on his arms. I was watching for his slightest advance towards Cindy, but he was the "kindly Uncle" to her, all day.

I awoke with a start. The clock said it was after 1 am. The bed was empty beside me, and then I heard the heavy breathing. Amanda was on the floor, beside the bed, on all fours, and Greg was plowing into her cunt, doggie-style. I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. I woke up after 2 am, and as I looked to the side, it was obvious Greg was on his back, on the floor, and Amanda was stifling her cries as she came, riding Greg's cock as he pinched and pulled her hard nipples on her big, bouncing boobs. Greg was right - she was a slut!

Greg stayed for well over a week, and it was the same, every night. Greg came into our bedroom and fucked my wife, over and over, until the small hours of the morning. Whenever Cindy was out of the house, Amanda's mouth and cunt and ass were open for business, however and wherever Greg wanted them. It didn't matter to them whether I was in the house, or even in the same room! There was no denying the fact that Amanda was really getting off "being taken" by this big brute. She couldn't get enough of it. Greg was in total control. He even shaved Amanda's cunt!

By Tuesday, I had seen enough and went back to work. It was almost as bad as staying home and watching, because I couldn't get their fucking out of my mind.

One day, during the second week, I was leaving for work when 2 huge Black guys pulled into the driveway. They said they were Army buddies of Greg's, and he had invited them over for a visit. Fortunately, Cindy was staying over at a friend's that day. I don't know what happened, but the 2 guys were gone and Amanda was

asleep when I got home from work, and she didn't wake up until Greg joined her for his nightly orgy. Finally, on the second Wednesday, Greg told us he was leaving on Friday.

When Greg came into the bedroom that last night, I went out onto the patio and watched through the window. There wasn't a thing Amanda wouldn't do to or for Greg. She even cleaned his cock with her mouth after he came in her ass! The two of them carried on long into the night, until it was Greg who surrendered, saying he was too tired to go on. Amanda was asleep with a satisfied smile on her face by the time I got back into bed.

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At the airport, the next day, Greg sat beside me in the car. "Jimmy-boy, just make believe these two weeks never happened. I'm gone and things can get back to normal."

"How in the hell am I supposed to forget any of this happened, you prick?"

"Easy, boy, don't make it any harder than it has to be. Mandy was just having a harmless little fling with me and it's over. She told me that until I arrived, you were the only guy that she's ever fucked. She wanted some strange meat. She was just sowing some wild oats she had stored up. Let it rest, Jimmy."

He got out of the car and I called out, "Greg!"

He turned and looked in the window.

"Don't come back, again, Greg. Ever."

"I hear you, little brother. I won't be back."

I nodded. "And, thanks."

"For...?" he asked.

"For not trying anything with Cindy."

He shook his head and laughed, "I didn't have to try anything with Cindy, Daddy. My second night there, she came into my room and fucked and sucked my brains out. It was her idea. She said she'd been fucking older men since she was twelve, and that I was the most exciting man she had ever met, and she wanted me. Who was I to stop her?"

"That night, and every night, your little daughter visited me. After Cindy left my bed, I had to rest an hour or so, before I could visit Mandy. That little girl of yours tired me out! Oh, yeah - she's even hotter than her mother!"

He turned and walked into the terminal.

I started the car and wondered what life was going to be like at home. Greg had said to let it get back to normal - what the fuck is normal?

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Greg left a little over 3 months ago, but he left his legacy behind. Cindy moped a little after her "Uncle Greg" left. Amanda was at first conciliatory, but it was soon evident that I wasn't giving her what she wanted and needed anymore. Greg also left me a phone bill with over \$600 in long distance charges, he "borrowed" one of my credit cards and charged over \$2,100 in clothes and luggage, and over \$7,000 in stamps is missing from my collection.

But he did leave me something to remember him by. As hard as it is to believe, both Amanda and Cindy are pregnant, and I had a vasectomy years ago.