

Annie's Story Laid Bare

By Rachel Ellis

Contents

Annie's Story Laid Bare	1
By Rachel Ellis	1
Preface.....	2
Chapter 1. Two's Company. Three's A Crowd	3
Chapter 2. Let Me Introduce Myself	4
Chapter 3. That Fateful Night With Tim	7
Chapter 5. The Aftermath	20
Chapter 5. Behaving Badly In A Limmo.....	22
Chapter 6 Round Three	29
Chapter 7. No Going Back.....	43
Chapter 8. A Quickie Lunch.....	44
Chapter 9. A Full Blown Affair.....	58
Chapter 10. My Nemesis	61
Chapter 11. The Mourning After	87
Chapter 12. Moving On.....	89

Preface

This I fear will be a fairly tame story for some readers as this is about a real person (Annie) and you need to get to know a bit about her and her feelings along the way in order to get the most out of it. If you like fast moving stories where the sexual gymnastics start in the first paragraph before you know anything about the characters then this story will not be for you and you should move on. Her story is erotic but it is a slow burn and you need to get into the rhythm of it. What makes it erotic is that these are real events that have all happened to her. It is not an unbridled fantasy like most erotic fiction where anything and everything can happen but probably did not.

An important part of the eroticism in this story is the subtlety of human behaviour of real people that led to the events that unfolded. This was not something that Annie had ever planned or expected to do and she was as surprised and caught out by her behaviour as her husband. This story is about the feelings and emotions of real people and how one thing led to another and eventually got out of control. Threesomes can seem too exciting to resist at the time but for a loving and devoted couple will usually change their relationship for ever and be tinged with regret.

This story involves the cuckolding of Annie's husband and if you do not like such themes do not read it. You have been warned. This story contains adult content and explicit descriptions of sexual acts so please do not read it if such content might offend you. The names of the people in this story have been changed to protect their privacy.

Chapter 1. Two's Company. Three's A Crowd

I was lying face down on my lover's bed being given his magical treatment. My pussy was on fire and I was moaning uncontrollably desperately trying to not make too much noise. With each thrust I was moving gradually across Tim's king size bed until my left arm started to dangle over the edge. I was right on the edge of his bed now in danger of sliding off!. I was in heaven and losing control. Tim then took hold of my left hand and squeezed it in a loving and gentle way and then intertwined his fingers with mine. He then started to stroke and massage my left arm as it hung over the side of the bed. I lifted my head from the pillow and turned it to the left to see how on earth he was doing that given he was holding both my hips up in the air off the bed. I screamed when I realised that it was not Tim's hand at all but one of the other guys who had drunkenly crashed out on the floor of the wrong bedroom, in Tim's bedroom between the bed and the wall. In the twilight I saw that it was Pete.

Pete then sat up on the floor still holding my arm smiling. He said, "Christ you guys, can you keep the noise down. I am trying to sleep down here!"

How did I get to be in Tim, my lover's bedroom, with one of his mates in there with us? It is a long story. My story. Let me go back to the beginning and how I first had sex with Tim with the encouragement of my husband Stewart.

Chapter 2. Let Me Introduce Myself

Hi I'm Annie and this is my story of what happened one night, which changed my life, when I let our good friend Tim fuck me in front of my husband Stewart, and what has happened to me since. Up until that night I had not had sex with anyone else but Stewart during our 25 years together. This was not something that we planned or something I ever imagined I would do. It was just a very enjoyable drunken night-a good laugh with a close friend which went too far. A night which revealed a fantasy harboured by Stewart, and where one thing led to another and a wild conclusion.

I am grateful to my lifelong friend Rachel for writing my story. I could never have done that, but it has its uses having an author for a friend. Actually it was Rachel who suggested that my recent life had been so roller coaster and racy that it would make for a good erotic story. I was obviously concerned about everybody knowing about my personal life but she assured me that she would change the names so no one who knows me will know it is me. I hope she is right! She lent me a dictating machine so I could dump all the detail for her to use. I hope you find it enjoyable and erotic. I succumbed to temptations and indulged too much in the pleasures of the flesh. Some of the things that have happened to me have been pretty hot and exciting, but in the end I warn you that you may find my story sad. It is definitely a lesson in 'Be careful what you wish for.'

At the beginning of my story Stewart and I were both in our mid forties and up until this evening were very happy together. I have shoulder length brownish reddish hair and blue eyes. My skin is unusually pale white and I am covered in freckles. I wear a sexy little silver ankle chain I am about 5' 3 "and what you might describe as a little chubby but my Stewart likes me like that and says I am cuddly. Stewart says that no men that he knows likes the skinny stick insect women that you see all the time in magazines, preferring instead real women with curves and 'something to hold onto'. Stewart says that real women and girls with tummy and hip bulges under skin tight T shirts are far sexier than really thin women. Stewart's favourite bit is my soft fleshy inner thighs which he regularly gives a carpet of kisses before proceeding to my pussy. I am always up for a laugh and do a lot of giggling and try to see the funny side if life.

I want to try to explain the events that could and did lead to me, who had previously been faithful to my husband for 25 years, having sex with a close friend while my husband watched. Often people say that when they have done such a thing whilst they enjoyed it at the time they have regretted it afterwards. It was not like that for me-more the opposite really. Emotionally I did not enjoy it at the time although the sex itself with Tim was amazing. For me it was that, once the dust has settled and I had got used to the idea, my only regret was that we had not done it before! It was a truly amazing and exciting experience for me and it definitely revealed a side to my husband where he openly acknowledged that he enjoyed seeing me screwed by another man and being cuckolded and wanted to repeat the experience.

I work in an estate agents office and I am the only woman in an otherwise all male office. Rachel works for the same company actually although not in the same office. Stewart had this regular fantasy where he asked me to make up stories about what the men do to me at the office. When we were making love he would fantasise about me being gang banged by the men in my office but it was only a game -we had never intended in reality to involve someone else in our sex life. When we were making love he would say things like, "Do you they lay you out on the meeting room table? Do they hold you down? How often do they gang bang you?" And I would egg him on by making up all sorts of outrageous responses. But it was all a complete fantasy and nothing more.

The other sexy thing that we used to do which was a bit on the wild side is that occasionally Stewart persuaded me to go out without any underwear. I only ever did this with at least a knee length skirt so it was not that daring but it is still felt very sexy to sit in a pub full of blokes knowing that your pussy was open to the fresh air. I would always be very careful that no one would ever see though. But somehow when you are doing that you just seem to look sexier anyway-you wear a sort of sign on your forehead that you are not wearing any underwear, and although there is no logical explanation you seem to attract lots of attention from men anyway.

Actually there is one other thing that we did that kind of led to what happened on this night with Tim. Sometimes I did a sort of special dance -a slow sexy strip tease where I danced around the bedroom brushing up

against Stewart's cock but facing away from him, throwing the clothes I removed at him, -well you know the sort of thing. This routine got gradually more elaborate over the years and normally ended with us making love. It got Stewart very aroused and usually as soon as I was naked he jumped on me and gave me a good seeing to as he could not resist any longer. But the last time it happened it ended with me stretching out on the bed facing Stewart sitting in a chair in such a way that he could see my entire outstretched body and my open pussy. I then started pushing my hips up at him and playing with myself. I know it is hard to believe in this day and age but I had never brought myself off in front of my husband with him just watching. But on this occasion I was feeling so horny that I closed my eyes and was really rubbing hard. I could feel an orgasm starting to build and I just wanted to cum so badly. I opened my eyes to see Stewart standing over me looking adoringly and saying how beautiful I looked playing with myself. That just set me off and I just started cumming with my eyes wide open staring at Stewart, who had a smile from ear to ear. Displaying myself and performing like that seemed such an erotic thing to do in front of Stewart. After I had finished cumming Stewart sat on the side of the bed and kissed me and held me tight and said he loved me and how sexy I was. Stewart and I were so happy then.

Chapter 3. That Fateful Night With Tim

Anyway on the night my story begins we were having our long standing and close friend Tim over for a few drinks. Tim used to be married when we first knew him but his wife was a real odd ball, very difficult to get on with and a bit snooty. Certainly from the hints that Tim gave us their sex life was rubbish too and we were glad when they eventually spilt up. By this time this evening happened Tim had been on his own for about 5 years. He had had a number of relationships since his divorce but none have ever become permanent.

We had just walked down to our local pub that night and had a nice time actually; a really good laugh. Nothing exceptional happened but we did stay too long and we all had a lot to drink. I suppose I was flirting with Tim a bit and I was on good form that night. Both the boys were habitually putting their hands on my thighs and I was not removing them. Inevitably the conversation got around to sex and we told Tim about how on our recent holiday in the Maldives we had discretely watched our neighbours in the villa next to ours having full sex out on a sun bed on their decking when they thought no one could see them.

To get back to our house from the pub you have to walk along a quiet dark country lane. All three of us were very merry and the worse for drink and I walked in the middle with Stewart on my left and Tim on my right and they both had an arm around my waist. We were incapable of walking in a straight line and meandered from side to side of the lane laughing. After a while Stewart saw fit to put his hand into the back of my skirt under my panties. I tried to pull it out, and as a result Tim knew it was happening, but I couldn't. Tim took this as an invitation to move his hand further round my side until I swear he was holding his palm over my left breast. I thought this was very inappropriate but at the same time was too happy and enjoying the closeness with the two of them too much that I did nothing about it. As I staggered down the lane I knew for sure that whilst Tim was holding me up he was taking advantage of me at the same time by squeezing my left breast every time I needed stabilising! And Stewart's fingers kept working their way into more and more naughty places down in my panties.

When we got back in the house I started to feel tired and flopped on the sofa. Stewart was enjoying the sexually charged atmosphere and wanted to keep it going so he went and opened a bottle of wine and poured us all a glass. The boys sat down each side of me on the sofa. I let out a big yawn and Stewart said, "Don't be a party pooper-the night is young." Once again they both placed a hand on one of my thighs.

I said, "I am absolutely exhausted. I'm having this glass then I'm going to leave you boys to it."

But we were soon laughing and joking again at this and that, and then Stewart said, "Hey-we haven't told you the story about when Annie got locked out of the villa stark naked in the Maldives yet have we?"

I did not want Stewart to tell Tim that story. It was very embarrassing and private. I glared at Stewart. Stewart saw my reaction and put his arms around me and said, "Oh come on-don't be a spoil sport. It's really funny and we know Tim well enough."

I could see there was no stopping Stewart.

Tim chimed in, "Yes, well this sounds interesting. I definitely want to hear this."

Stewart carried on, "Yes well it was so funny. We had this fantastic Jacuzzi on the decking and Annie had been in there ages. I had had a few beers at lunch and was fast asleep on the bed with my IPod headphones on, so I could not hear anything. Anyway Annie hears her phone ringing and gets out of the Jacuzzi to find it and looks around but then realises it is outside our front door. So Annie opened the front door a fraction and sees that we have left her handbag on the seat outside with her phone in it. So anyway she does not want to lose the bag and our money is in it as well so she pops open the front door stark naked to grab it."

By now Tim is starting to laugh. I think I may as well tell the rest myself. I did not want to look too stupid. I jumped in, "Yes well the villas were out over the water on stilts and a long way apart so I figured the chances of anyone seeing me were miniscule so I thought I would just pop the door open for a second, grab my bag and close it again. I did not think I had

time to grab a towel else I might lose the call. Anyway what happened was I had wet feet and slipped just enough to let the front door shut behind me on the latch.”

“I couldn’t believe it. There I am standing outside our front door stark naked with the door locked. I started banging on the door but just could not get Stewart to hear it. The next thing is that a Japanese couple come walking down the spine access pontoon between the villas, so I sat down quick on the seat and try to look normal. They gave me a double take but they were far too polite to stare. I did not know what I was going to do.”

By now Tim was rolling about laughing.

Tim asked, “So how did you get in the villa again?”

I answered, “Well I must have sat there for 15 minutes or so, banging the bloody door from time to time but there was no waking Stewart up, and then our room Indian chamber boy came walking by down the spine pontoon pushing his service trolley full of all his stuff.”

“I waved at him and called him over and he walked down the arm pontoon to our villa. As he got nearer he gradually realised my predicament and his smile got broader. He was very sweet and tried to open our door with his master key without staring at me too much. Can you believe it though but that evening we found he doubled up as our table waiter so can you imagine his cheeky knowing smirk when he was pouring our wine!” It said, ‘I know exactly what you look like under your dress -in every detail!’

Stewart then ploughed on and said, “Anyway Darling, you have nothing to be ashamed of. You have a beautiful body.”

Then Tim confirmed a little too rapidly, “That’s right Annie-you do have a beautiful body. I wished I’d been there to see this. Tell me where you are staying next year and I’ll book next door!”

I knew that Stewart would not let that pass. He had a gleam in his eye. He said, “She does a lovely little strip tease for me Tim. Why don’t you ask her if she’s in the mood? I’m sure she wouldn’t mind showing you her assets if you ask her nicely.”

I was shocked. This was a private thing between Stewart and me. But I could tell from the look on Stewart's face that he was serious and Tim just looked open mouthed at the prospect.

For a second I was excited by the idea and my pulse was racing but then I started to get cold feet and said, "I don't think Tim has ever even seen me in a bikini let alone starkers."

Stewart said, "Don't be shy of Tim-he's told me before that he thinks you're fantastic."

I said, "Has he indeed."

I was at this great fork in my life. Should I follow the left fork and strip off in front of these two guys which seemed just about most exciting and erotic prospect that had ever happened to me. Or do I take the right fork and do the sensible thing as a staid married woman and laugh it off and retire to bed (on my own!).

I needed to stall for a few moments while I decided. I said, "I am not dressed to do a striptease. I'm only wearing an old top and skirt."

Stewart said, "I think you're missing the point Darling. A strip tease is about what you will not be wearing-not what you are wearing!"

We all chuckled and then I have to admit that I was thinking that if I did end up stripping at least I had some very nice sexy lacy underwear on. I have long ago purged my knickers drawer of what Stewart calls 'industrial underwear' at his insistence. And then I thought I cannot possibly do a strip because I like to keep myself shaved and I cannot possibly let another man see my pussy if it is all shaved. I only really shave my pussy because Stewart likes it so much: in fact he shaves me most of the time. In fact it was only about 2 days previously that Stewart had done it and I have to say when he shaves me he is very thorough! And then I was puzzling that Stewart would obviously know that I am freshly shaved so why would he think that it was OK for me to expose myself like that to Tim? I decided the answer was to just strip down to my undies for a bit of erotic fun , maybe even take my bra off depending on how I felt. But then I thought I was desperate for a pee anyway.

I said, "I will think about it. You'll have to ask me nicely and make it worth my while when I get back because I am desperate for the loo."

I was absolutely bursting and hot footed it off to the downstairs cloakroom and locked the door. I slid my panties down and felt huge relief as I released the torrent. I looked at my reflection in the mirror and grinned. I could not recall ever being more high or excited. The prospect of doing a partial striptease before my two boys just seemed intoxicating. But then I had that feeling of sobering up and a feeling of cold feet washed over me. I thought 'Don't be ridiculous. You are drunk and will regret it so much tomorrow.' And I gathered up my resolve to go back and give the boys the bad news that there would be no show from me tonight.

When I went back in the room just as I entered it Stewart turned on the music quite loud. He had obviously been fiddling with his IPOD while I had been away. It was Tina Turner –Simply the Best actually. The beat of that always gets me going and the boys were both looking at me expectantly so I instinctively started bopping in front of them laughing. I had no idea where I wanted this to go or how far I would go. As soon as I started dancing they both began cheering me on enthusiastically. I felt so appreciated.

I laughed and said, "Don't get too excited. I am not stripping off for you weirdos."

But it wasn't long before Stewart started chanting, "Off, Off, Off," in the traditional manner.

Tim came up to me with my glass refilled with red wine. He said, "Here you are Annie; have another drink. Dutch courage!"

I stood and glugged it down in one go, a bit breathless, and handed the wine glass back to Tim.

Not wanting to be a party pooper I now thought I would at least take my top off and began struggling out of it. I had to pull it over my head but it sort of got stuck and we were all laughing at my lack of finesse. I should have undone more buttons before I attempted to get it over my head! When I had finally wrenched it free, I suddenly felt a little silly standing

there in my bra and skirt and Stewart immediately realised and went back to encouraging me chanting, "More, More!"

In the background Tina Turner was still doing her stuff urging me on with a sexy beat.

Tim joined him in support and I think that was when I thought, 'I'd better give them a little more to cheer about.' As I said I was wearing some lovely lacy cream underwear and my bra was sufficiently flimsy that you it gave them a good view of my erect nipples through the lace.

I smiled at them, nervously I admit, and said, "Right then here goes, you pervs. Settle back and enjoy the show! I hope you like what you see." They were now both sitting in their own easy chairs at opposite ends of the sitting room leaving the sofa empty.

By now Tina Turner had moved on to 'Steamy Windows' which gets me going just as much. I was more in the mood now and was unbuttoning the side of my cotton skirt and seductively allowing it to slip slowly down to the floor. The boys loved it. I stepped out of it and danced around provocatively whilst licking my lips. My panties were matching and equally brief and revealing so Tim could now see most of me now and he was lapping it up. He could see all the more due to the definite and unmistakable wet patch over my vagina.

Tim was mesmerised and looked like the cat that had got the cream and Stewart was just looking lovingly and adoringly. The atmosphere was electric-like anything could happen and would. The boys were still chanting over and over, "More, More."

I felt very naughty and danced over to Tim and squatted down facing away from him and said, "Could you be so kind as to unhook me kind Sir?" I would love to have seen the look on his face!

Stewart looked like he couldn't stand the excitement. His eyes were coming out of their sockets. I could see he was sporting a full erection.

Tim replied, "Certainly my lady. It would be a pleasure."

I felt Tim's fingers struggling urgently with the clasp and then my liberated white breasts fell free. I wrapped my bra around Tim's neck and then skipped away with my hands over my breasts laughing. I said, "Right that's your lot you randy bastards! Show's over!" I really did intend to stop then. I had gone far enough.

Stewart said, "Isn't she beautiful Tim? Aren't those breasts just gorgeous?"

Tim said, "Yes they are but I so wish she'd let me see them uncovered so I can really appreciate them."

I had already gone further than I intended but I dropped my hands away anyway so Tim could really see me in just my panties. He said, "Jesus Stewart you're right. They're magnificent!"

I felt so good with all the admiration.

Stewart could not just let it go. He started chanting again, "More, More!"

I skipped back over to Tim, and was very naughty. I faced him and jiggled my breasts right in his face. He just could not resist raising his hands and cupping them one in each palm. I felt absolutely outrageous. He leant forward and planted a kiss on my forehead.

Stewart started stamping his feet and continued the chanting. He was so loving my wanton behaviour. I said, "Jesus Christ. You guys are never satisfied. I am not going to take my panties off unless you dim the lights."

Before I had finished speaking Stewart was up like a jack in the box and turning the lights down to their lowest setting. Then he changed his mind and turned them off completely and said, "There you are-we can hardly see you! Nothing to worry about now!"

But actually there was a low level of light coming in through the doorway and then Stewart turned on a small table lamp in the corner.

I faced away from them, and Tina Turner was still spurring me on, and then Stewart did a sort of fanfare. I was slowly working my panties down over my hips, and over my knees, and then I stepped out of them. I felt

fantastically sexy. I put my hands over my pussy and turned to face the boys. I did a little bow.

Stewart said, "That was fantastic love. "

Tim just said, "Wow!" He started mock fanning himself like he was overheating –which he was!

And then I came over completely exhausted and collapsed down onto the sofa. I think all the drink I had had caught up with me and I just flopped down, swung my legs up and lay flat out on my back. It was late and I had even been to work all day that day. I gave up trying to cover myself up and my arms flopped down either side of me. My freshly shaven pussy was now completely on display.

I felt like the Queen of Sheba lying out flat on our sofa with my legs spread shamelessly. Our sofa is dark brown and it accentuated the contrast with my freckly pale white skin. The two boys just stood over me adoring me and I just smiled back at them obediently and compliantly like I was available to them in any way for their pleasure. I think the more I gave them the 'little girl lost' look the more it aroused them . My husband stared down at me and said, "Darling I don't think you've ever looked sexier and more a vision of beauty than you do at this moment."

I smiled and shut my eyes. I just wanted to go to sleep now. Then I felt my nipples being kissed and I opened my eyes again and it was Stewart. Then he was kissing me on the mouth and I could not resist responding. His tongue was down my throat .Then he said, "Aren't you going to finish the dance routine."

I could not think what he meant at first and then it dawned on me-he was talking about the last time I did it when I brought myself off in front of him. I couldn't believe he would want me to go that far in front of Tim. That was supposed to be a very private thing between Stewart and me. And then Stewart sat down on the edge of the sofa and started stroking my inner thighs. I kept my eyes closed and purred. I found behaving like a slut easier if I had my eyes closed and did not look them in the eyes. And that was when Stewart inserted a finger into my soaking wet pussy.

I could not believe he was doing this. He knew what the effect on me would be. It felt gorgeous –too nice actually to resist. I felt shivers going through me. I said in my serious voice, “Don’t do that –you won’t be able to control me.” I was not laughing now.

Stewart said, “Don’t mind Tim. It’s just a bit of fun. You look so fabulous when you are doing it. Don’t be shy.”

He played with me for a couple of minutes and my orgasm started to build, and then he placed my own hand over my pussy and pressed my fingers into the lips. And then the bastard got up and walked back over to his arm chair and sat down to watch me. At that moment I hated him. But I had to rub myself, slowly at first, to try to relieve my frustration. I wanted to cum so bad. I started heaving up and down, rolling from side to side, moaning like a crazy woman and frantically rubbing my clitty as fast as I could. I was beyond the point where I could stop. I just had to cum. I ached so much between my legs. I had my eyes closed tight and then I opened them to see Tim standing over me looking very concerned. He said, “Are you alright Annie?”

I pleaded with my husband, “Please Stewart, I beg you. Take me to bed and finish what you have started. This should be private”

But Stewart just sat in the arm chair smiling enjoying his handiwork. He had lit the blue touch paper and now had settled back down to watch the firework display. He was sipping a glass of wine cool and relaxed as you like.

I was desperate and came to terms with the inevitable.

I said to Tim, “Please fuck me Tim. My husband won’t do it. He just wants to watch.”

It was Tim’s turn to sit on the edge of the sofa next to me. At first he just looked a mixture of puzzled and pleasantly surprised. He looked at me heaving up and down like a mad woman, and then looked over towards Stewart and said, “Stew?”.

That was it. That was all he said.

My husband was equally succinct. He just said in a matter of fact way, "You heard the lady. Be my guest."

And that was it. The deal was done. The genie was well and truly out of the bottle and galloping down the road. It was unbelievable how quickly the evening had taken this astonishing turn. We had been paying with fire and were about to get very burnt.

It was then Tim that was kissing my nipples, and then passionately on the mouth. He then plunged his fingers into my sopping wet pussy as if I was not already aroused enough. I clamped my legs around his hand. By then I would have allowed anyone to screw me-it wouldn't have mattered.

I said, "For Christ's sake just fuck me Tim. I need one of you bastards to fuck me now. I don't need any more warming up for fuck's sake!"

Tim was red in the face and panting. He started undressing as fast as he could. I was crying by then at the situation. Not just sexy crying but emotionally distraught crying. I hated the situation really. I screamed at Stewart, "Are you really sure this is what you want? Do you really want me to be screwed by another man?"

But he still would not reply. He was just smiling. And then he nodded and whispered, "I love you so much."

What the hell did that mean? Does he want me to watch me being fucked by Tim or not?

I hated him getting me into this situation. I just said, "You're a bastard doing this to me."

And I really did hate him at that moment. I was sobering up fast. At an emotional level I was terrified. I just thought, 'What the hell are we doing? What have we got ourselves into?'

But my body was just aching and burning up. My body was having no second thoughts at all. My pussy was absolutely desperate to be penetrated. Tim now had everything off except his socks and had a huge erection. I was pushing my wet pussy up at him with my legs apart. It was like my body had been taken over and I no longer had any control over it. I

seemed to have become this shameless insatiable whore. He was starting to lay down on top of me and I just cried real tears as I opened my legs wider and felt his hard prick at the entrance to my pussy. I could see immediately that his cock was wider and longer than Stewart's and wondered whether I could take it and whether it would hurt. I could not believe that this was happening and wanted to turn the clock back and not be in this situation but I had no resistance or self control left. I submitted completely. Tim took hold of his prick and rubbed it up and down my wetness several times before he started to push it in. As his rigid cock started to enter me I knew absolutely this was a mistake. I screamed, "Oh God, Oh God, Oh No! –What the hell are we doing Stewart?"

But Stewart looked like he was in a trance playing with his own cock. There was to be no eleventh hour last minute reprieve. He was not engaging with me at all. He was just totally absorbed in enjoying the show. I was on my own. He had cast me loose. I just thought, 'Well fuck you then Stewart. If you don't care then neither do I. I am just going to let Tim do whatever he wants with me and I hope you bloody enjoy watching me giving him whatever he wants. Let's see if you like that.'

My lust had taken me over and I spread my legs as far as I could and pulled him into me as deep as I could get him. I was so wet I enveloped his tool with no difficulty at all. The relief was total. I was emotionally hysterical really at that point. Tim was now fully in position, his cock in me up to the hilt, and then he looked into my eyes and kissed me and said, "Enjoy."

He was sufficiently confident about his own sexual prowess that he felt able to formally introduce himself as if it was a privilege for me to be fucked by him and I should make sure I fully appreciated the opportunity. I thought, ' "Enjoy"- arrogant sod-it's him who should be enjoying it. This isn't going to be happening again'. I don't know what he must have thought of me though as all I was doing was crying really.

He started to fuck me and I had my arms and legs wrapped around him and was thrusting up my hips in time with him like a wild animal. I was shouting, "Fuck me, Fuck me", and crying at the same time. The sound of his balls slapping against my ass, and the slopping sound of our sweaty bodies coming together was disgusting. As Tim pounded away at me, I

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