

The BACARDI SERIES

Volume 1

Contains the first four Books in the BACARDI SERIES Publications

By Charden Wood

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Mature Content Warning:

The following book is part of an adult book series and contains adult content and situations. All people involved are over the legal age for sexual situations. This entire book series is recommended for individuals that are considered to be of legal age, pursuant to the definition as it is understood in the United States; keeping in mind that the minor age limit may differ in other countries pertaining to sexual situations in media.

This story contains sexual situations including: lesbian sex, oral sex, anal sex (no penetration), and references to sexual bondage.

THIS COLLECTION CONTAINS

[*First Taste of Bacardi*](#) – *First Book in Series*

[*Table of Contents*](#)

[*Bacardi With A Chaser*](#) – *Second Book in Series*

[*Table of Contents*](#)

[*Drunk Off of Bacardi*](#) – *Third Book in Series*

[*Table of Contents*](#)

[*Hung Over From Bacardi*](#) – *Fourth Book in Series*

[*Table of Contents*](#)

[*Other books by this Author*](#) – *Other Charden Wood Books*

First Taste of Bacardi

Book One of the BACARDI SERIES Publications

Table of Contents

[Fight to Stay Dry](#)
[Bacardi's Lover](#)
[Creating the Game](#)
[Playing the Game](#)
[House on Plummet Street](#)
[Household Sexcapades](#)
[Bacardi's Life](#)
[Checking Out the Scenery](#)
[String of Dicks](#)
[Bodacious Boobs](#)
[Waiting for a Taste](#)
[Gino's "China" Rule](#)
[Glimpse of a Life](#)
[Seduction and Blackmail](#)
[Anna at Ease](#)
[Addicted to Gino's Cock](#)
[Hard to Focus](#)
[Taunting and Teasing](#)
[First Real Look](#)
[Making Things Happen](#)
[Getting Down to Business](#)
[Finally a Taste](#)
[It's "69" Time](#)
[Sharing Juices](#)
[Ordering Another Round](#)
[Keeping Gino Happy](#)
[Beeker Street](#)
[Something Refreshing](#)

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First Taste of Bacardi

Anna sat in the huge living room that was barely furnished and tried to appear calmer than she felt. Her heart was pounding fiercely underneath the slinky, sleeveless dress. Despite her nervous tension, Anna felt a familiar throbbing between her legs. She cursed her pussy for threatening to mess up the new satin thong she was wearing. She had only put the panties on less than thirty minutes earlier, following a long leisure shower. During the drive to her destination she forced herself not to think about where she was going or what she hoped to do when she got there. She couldn't allow herself to fantasize on the way to

Bacardi's house. If she did, she would have cum in her panties long before she finally met the sexy voice on the other end of the phone.

Fight to Stay Dry

Before arriving, Anna had driven down the street fighting off thoughts about what the blind date would be like. She willed her pussy to stay dry so her panties wouldn't smell like fresh cum. Anna had to keep the skimpy red panties nice and fresh, just in case the woman decided to do some exploring down there. She wondered if Bacardi might like the smell of fresh cum. When Anna pulled into an intersection to make a right turn, she briefly considered the idea. *If Bacardi is anything like she was on the phone the other night, she probably likes the smell AND the taste of cum. At least I fucking hope so!*

It was a late spring afternoon so Anna drove with the window down. The warm California sun on her thigh only amplified Anna's sensual mood. During the rest of the drive to Bacardi's house, she tried to focus on the weather and anything else she could think of. *Damn, I know this summer will be a scorcher cause it's already hot for April.* She turned the radio up loudly, hoping to drown out thoughts about pussy and cum. She pretended not to think about how she was actually the one that was turned on by the smell of hot wet pussy. Admittedly, the only pussy she had ever smelled was her own, but she had a feeling that wouldn't be the case for long.

When she finally turned on to the street that Bacardi lived on, her stomach filled with butterflies. Through her nervousness, she scrutinized the area and made an observation. Unlike the residential district where she lived, there were no apartment buildings in this neighborhood. The street was exceptionally wide and all the homes on the block sat back several yards from the curb. It appeared to be a neighborhood of modest income homes.

Midway down the block, Anna spotted the number 6999 on an old fashioned mailbox. The mailbox stood on a post behind a tall but unimposing wire fence. A wide grassy front yard separated the house from the sidewalk and a high row of hedges bordered both sides.

This was the address the woman had given her when they made their arrangements to get together. Anna's hands began to tremble slightly on the steering wheel and her heart did a flip flop. *Oh fuck! I can't believe this is finally happening!* She dismissed the idea that she might actually be dreaming, and gripped the steering wheel tightly to make sure she was really there.

Although you couldn't tell it from the outside, something decadent was always going on inside the place that the occupants simply referred to as "the house". Because the house sat back off the street and the neighborhood was nice and quiet, it was easy to come and go discreetly. The hedges on both sides, of the driveway were an added bonus. When it came to the house on 6999 Plummet Street, no one would believe all the lustful activities that went on there.

Bacardi's Lover

Anna was going to the house to see a woman she only knew as "Bacardi". Bacardi Sullivan, occupied the house with Gino, but it wasn't their actual *living* residence. Gino was Bacardi's lover, and more or less her sex master. They didn't necessary fall into the *standard* definition of what is typically viewed as "sex slave and master", but Bacardi played a submissive role in order to hold on to Gino's cock.

The house on Plummet was Gino's private sex den. It was used for both his sexual gratification as well as financial gain. The "work" activities and the dark games he referred to as "special parties" were all sex related. Everything they did gave Gino a chance to use Bacardi however he chose, to satisfy his sometimes twisted desires. The bedrooms at the house were wired just for such occasions. If the walls could talk, they would have a hell of a lot to say about the house. Anna knew nothing about what went on there; she only knew that she was on her way to fill her own deviant desires.

Bacardi and Gino would comb the telephone and internet dating services together, looking for naïve bi-curious women. Gino targeted specific profiles, choosing women who were so horny to try some pussy, that Bacardi could easily talk them into meeting her for a taste. Bacardi would seduce them when they arrived, pretending she was also "curious" about being with a woman. She used her irresistible titties that they longed desperately to suck on as a form of hypnotism. Not only would she eat their fresh virgin lesbian pussies, but she'd have them licking on hers in no time. All the while, Gino was in another room secretly videotaping the event and jacking off as quietly as he could manage.

Gino had been grooming Bacardi for years to perform for him; he taught her to enjoy his deviations from conventional sex. They started their games long before Gino had purchased "the house". The house just gave him an opportunity to establish some order to his less than ordinary life. Bacardi lived for Gino and Gino lived for the special parties he enjoyed so much, and watching the tapes that resulted from the parties. He and Bacardi would watch tapes that they made of unsuspecting women while they fucked like animals with the video playing in the background. Each new sex game at the house enabled Bacardi a chance to taste new pussy on a regular basis. Gino had 3 big-screen televisions specifically for the purpose of watching the tapes.

Pretty soon, watching the tapes weren't enough. Gino wanted to be closer to see the live action. That's when he came up with the idea of the two-way mirrors. Instead of looking at a monitor, he could get a full view of the live action right in front of his face.

Creating the Game

Eventually, they escalated from Gino secretly watching the show live, to him actually getting in on the act. He especially enjoyed fucking and sucking on the women himself while Bacardi held them down. He also liked to hold them down while Bacardi ate them from front to back. He loved it more when the women *submitted* to him *but* did so against their will. He didn't like hookers or women who were simply willing to play a role. Gino wanted the real thing. He needed the feeling of power and control that he received from forced submission. Gino's gratification came from raping a woman's mind while her body submitted willingly. His greatest desire and pleasure revolved around a woman claiming she didn't want it while her body clearing showed that she did!

Gino didn't care for physical force, but he did need the women to feel intimidated; completely helpless to surrender to his will. If he felt they needed a little extra coercion, he would allow his willing accomplice, usually Bacardi, to "enforce" the party rules and even insist on party "favors". That was his name for the alcohol and drugs the women were often given. Many of the women had indulged in the party favors by choice when they thought it was just going to be them and Bacardi. Some even brought their own marijuana, ecstasy, or even coke. They would sometimes need additional encouragement later if they were *too resistant* to the "party rules."

Gino didn't particularly approve of the weed, ecstasy or coke on a personal level; a semi-drugged and actively compliant woman was okay though. Gino considered himself above hitting a woman to make her fuck him. He detested fucking a drugged out corpse or a woman beaten into submission. The idea was too big a blow to his ego. He believed that if he had access to a resistant woman long enough, that she would give in and love fucking his huge cock. Instead of violence, Gino worked on perfecting his sexual seduction techniques.

Over the years, Bacardi came to recognize the necessary elements in order for Gino to experience pleasure. She learned to do what she could to help indulge him, even preparing women just the way he liked them. She did whatever it took. The more Gino was pleased, the more pleasure he would eventually give Bacardi; pleasuring her in more and more unbelievable ways. The grand finale of all their special parties involved the two of them fucking like crazy. Bacardi learned to thoroughly enjoy Gino's sexual proclivities. His desires eventually became her own.

Bacardi had helped lure lots of women for Gino's games. She would have them already aroused by the time Gino magically appeared in the bedroom. Bacardi would expose her charade about being "bi-curious" and suddenly turn off the charm. Her demeanor would change and she would begin barking orders; forcing them to comply with Gino, her demanding lover. *Too much* compliance from a woman, however, only turned him off. Gino got off fucking unwilling women; those who didn't want a man popping up out of nowhere, hogging in on the fun. That is when he would expose the video tapes.

Gino would make them watch the video to see what they looked like when they were sucking Bacardi's pussy before he had joined them. Then he would taunt them with vicious words, but in a sexy and aroused voice. *"Ooooh, look at how wet you are. You've been a naughty girl haven't you? Wow - you sure you've never eaten pussy before baby because you're working that tongue like a real pro. Yeah - you love it don't you? What do you think the PTA mommies will say about this, huh? You don't want them to know what a nasty little cunt you are do you? It's okay - we'll keep your secret, you just be a good girl and do what my baby tells you, okay?"* Then Bacardi would demand them to spread their legs so she could tease their pussy and remind them why they had agreed to meet her in the first place.

Playing the Game

In the beginning, Gino had to do some coaxing in order to get Bacardi to go along with the special parties. Using his most powerful form of persuasion, he had stood behind her one night, grinding his rock hard bone against her big ass. As he did this, he fondled her cunt; making her pussy juicy. Bacardi moaned loudly while he convinced her. *Come on baby. Do this for daddy and you KNOW I'll make you happy that you did. It's just a little fun and games baby, that's all. You can do this for daddy. Be my little party princess. I need you baby.* Gino had assured Bacardi that no one would get hurt, and that when they were done, the women would keep quiet. She had finally agreed, and once they had played the game enough to see that Gino was right, Bacardi enjoyed it and became more at ease. She hated admitting the fact that she loved the special party games as much as Gino, *especially* when they had to use intimidation.

Usually the biggest motivator for the women to comply was the idea of others seeing them in such a compromising position. While the woman's mind would try and recover from the shock, Bacardi and Gino would enjoy having their way with every part of the woman's body. Before it was all over, Gino *and* Bacardi would skillfully use their tongues, hands and everything else, to arouse the helpless women. Their bodies had no choice but to surrender.

By the time they were done, the women didn't know who to hate more; the couple for taking advantage of them, or their selves because their bodies actually enjoyed it. Gino got a rush from the fear and intimidation that blackmail creates. Sexual coercion on *willing* participants wasn't nearly as satisfying as *forcing* the women to comply. Both Gino and Bacardi found that they enjoyed the games better when they had to use powers of persuasion.

When women refused to play by the rules, Gino would commission Bacardi to intimidate them and verbally force them to comply. Bacardi wasn't really the intimidation type, but Gino didn't want to be the one to play that role either. He did, however, find it easy to threaten the women with publicizing the tapes of them eating pussy; this would usually be enough to make them cooperative. Then Bacardi would do what she did best; coax them into accepting the situation, encourage them to relax and enjoy it, and

pleasure their pussies until they begged her not to stop. But then Bacardi *would* stop; she'd tie one of their hands to the bedpost with a scarf to keep them restrained. The women would lay and squirm with desire, while their other hand would be free to frantically try and pleasure their own pussy. The helpless and horny women would lay and watch while Gino's dick attacked Bacardi's pussy from behind.

Before Gino let Bacardi cum, he would pull his long dripping dick out of her so she could go back to sucking on the woman again. The woman's hungry cunt would come close to the brink of climaxing again, but once again Bacardi would withdraw her tongue. By this time, the woman would be desperate for anything to be inside her, including Gino's fat cock. As he brought it to her face and teased her with it, she would beg him to fuck her soggy pussy and satisfy her unquenchable thirst. Before giving her what she wanted, Gino would make the woman lick and suck his cock; cleaning all the juices that Bacardi had just squirted on his slick dick. After the woman had properly serviced Gino's throbbing manhood with her mouth, Gino would finally fuck the woman until she came; of course he captured everything on tape.

Bacardi told herself that the women loved Gino's cock as much as she did, and most of the time she was absolutely right. Gino was an extremely skilled lover and knew exactly how to work his big dick. He had a whole bag of tricks, and Bacardi loved everything he pulled out of it. She never really knew what was coming next. Bacardi reasoned that the women she lured there to be fucked without their consent loved having their body ravished; they were just too ashamed to admit it. Gino counted on the women's shame and embarrassment to prevent them from ever calling the police or retaliating. He also had the video footage that he threatened them with for leverage.

Bacardi wouldn't allow herself to feel guilty afterwards either. She justified her actions by saying the women really enjoyed being held down while she ate their wet pussies just the way Gino commanded. He made her slip the tiniest bit of ecstasy in the drinks of women who were particularly uptight and more difficult to manage. Not enough of the drug to make them zombies, just enough to make them loosen up and behave. Bacardi told herself that the women agreed to meet her because they were looking for pleasure. She would give some of them "X" just to help loosen up their inhibitions. Others brought their own mood enhancements to enjoy alone with Bacardi. Sometimes it was "X", but mostly it was marijuana or some kind of alcohol. Typically, for the special parties, Gino would make sure all three intoxicants were available if anyone wanted or needed them. As for him, all he did was drink – lots of Bacardi Rum.

House on Plummet Street

Anna put the car in park but left the engine running. She reached in the black handbag lying on the seat and took out the paper where she had written down the details. Although she knew it by heart and it was burned in her brain, she looked at the address on the paper and confirmed the number. "6999 Plummet Street - Yep this is the right number", she said aloud. Anna read the notes she'd written just below the address and the directions. *BIG GRAY AND BLACK HOUSE, BLACK BARS ON WINDOWS, PARK ON STREET, GATE IS OPEN.*

This was definitely the right place. Bacardi's home was the only one on the property, but it had a long driveway that ran all the way back to the house. There was just one car in the driveway. She knew it was Bacardi's because it had her name on it. It was an old model Mustang like the kind that one of Anna's old standby dicks used to drive. She couldn't remember his name, but she remembered how he used to drive her like he drove the car that he loved so much – rough! Sometimes she enjoyed it, depending on the mood she was in, but as a rule, Anna didn't like men who pounded her pussy. She used to wonder why he didn't take better care of his car if he loved it so much. Basically, all he did was ride in it, just like he did her. *Damn, he really did treat me just like that fucking car!*

Unlike the Mustang that Anna's forgotten lover drove, the one sitting in Bacardi's driveway wasn't all beat up and dirty. Apparently it didn't leak oil either, because the driveway pavement was spotless. There was ample enough room for Anna to park behind Bacardi, plus allow for at least two more cars behind her. Anna didn't understand. Bacardi had instructed her to park on the street. *With all this fucking driveway, why in the fuck do I have to park on the street?!* Anna glanced up and down the street with irritation. She

spotted a parking space halfway down the block on the other side of the street, but she would have to turn around.

After parking the late model Chevy Lumina, she glanced in the mirror to check her face; then she readjusted a few of the freshly braided extensions in her hair. The only makeup she had on was a touch of eyeliner and a dab of sheer lipstick. She gently rubbed her index finger across her bottom lip, redistributing the lipstick. Then she pursed both her lips together and was satisfied with the result.

Anna had already put lotion on after her shower earlier, but the aroma no longer lingered. She took a small bottle of Bath and Body Works out of her purse. After applying some on her hands, arms, legs and sandaled feet, the sweet smell of apple blossom filled the car. Anna knew that in the future, the smell of apple blossoms would always remind her of Bacardi and this day. This made her want to quicken her pace. She couldn't wait to meet the sexy woman she'd been masturbating because of, ever since they first talked. She grabbed her purse off the seat, locked the car and hurried down the street to Bacardi's house.

Anna's annoyance about parking on the street had passed, but she was still curious about the driveway issue. She also wondered if Bacardi lived in the large single-level house alone. She found this awful hard to believe. *This is a big ass house to live in by yourself. I'd be scared to death!* Bacardi hadn't really told her that she lived alone, only that they would be alone for their meeting. Anna pushed it out of her mind and her thoughts returned to the business at hand, getting a taste of yummy Bacardi. She approached the door, rang the doorbell, and waited.

Household Sexcapades

While Bacardi waited for Anna to arrive for their "meeting" she asked herself what she was doing. This would be the first time she ever had sex without Gino since meeting him so long ago. Up until now, he had always been in the same room with her, or behind the wall watching. This felt like cheating, in spite of the less than conventional sex life that the two of them shared. Bacardi never questioned whatever Gino wanted, even if meant him fucking other women while she watched. But when it came to her own gratification, it all revolved around Gino. She'd never even consider being with another man, and he was always in the middle of her and any woman. Over the years, he molded her to exactly what he wanted and needed her to be.

Bacardi considered how it had become hard to tell where her working sex life ended and her personal sex life began. The two had become so entwined. This was especially the case after Gino's foster sister, China came on the scene. Gino brought China in to help with the new business. He needed help perfecting his scams for fucking and ultimately blackmailing unsuspecting women. He fully trusted China and together, they figured out the safest way to operate his sexual extortion schemes.

Bacardi accepted whatever games Gino wanted them to play, but it was China that Gino turned to in order to develop their lucrative business. China was the one who had finally helped Gino start profiting from the talent he had for sexual coercion and corralling women. Gino and China had a special connection. Together, they developed an effective method of operation. It allowed Gino to have all the pussy and money he needed. China was the female counterpart of Gino. Like him, she enjoyed being in control. While their lovers' Bacardi and Anthony stood obediently by, awaiting instructions, China helped Gino create his own little sexual empire. When it came to personal relationships, including the one she had with her boyfriend Anthony, China was the one who held the reigns. But as far as everything else with China, just like with Bacardi and everyone else; Gino was the one running things; that was the way China wanted it.

Gino referred to Anthony as China's lap dog. Since Gino trusted China, Anthony was allowed to know certain details about the "business" and even help in related real estate and investment matters. Gino also employed a feisty 23 year old named Roxie; she worked with Bacardi on occasion. Roxie had very specific skills that Gino only used when necessary. China worked the same kind of "bi-curious" schemes

that Bacardi worked on women, but she never did Gino's special parties, nor did she ever work with Bacardi. China, Anthony, Roxie Gino and Bacardi were a strange, twisted family. Bacardi had spent two years "working" with this particular cast of sex characters who made up her everyday life. Before they came along and helped, Gino's little sex games lacked a business structure. Whatever he had done before Plummet Street, he had done solely for pleasure.

Everyone at the house had their designated roles and Gino didn't like anyone deviating or stepping out of line. For the time being, Roxie was his enforcer; she liked playing the super aggressive role that the parties sometimes called for. Roxie was not allowed to enforce anything other than what Gino told her to handle; she had to follow Gino's rules and method of operation. Sometimes the role went to her head, probably because Roxie hated taking orders; she preferred being the one giving them. Something else that Roxie hated was the fact that Bacardi and China barely took her serious. She would try to step out of line with them and with the house rules in general. But Gino could get Roxie back in line with a simple look or expression. As for Anthony, he had few dealings with Roxie, or anyone else in the house except China. Anthony had a good head for business, but unlike Gino, he had a more of a corporate mentality than street hustler. Regardless of their roles, when it came to the house, it was clear to everyone involved; Gino called the shots, and they could take it or leave it.

Even though they all resided somewhere else, they spent a lot of time at 6999. Whenever they were at the house, typically it was sex-related. Gino had actually invested time, money and energy into finding the right spot and setting up the lucrative sex schemes. He had searched for months for just the right house to work out of. He knew right away when he had found it. The layout of the house allowed him to set things up just the way he needed to. He had a two-way mirror installed in two different rooms and created a private viewing area in order to monitor the women when they worked. The hidden cameras that monitored the bedrooms were also used to record his special parties. Those were reserved for Gino and Bacardi and Roxie on occasion; and of course the women that they were targeting. The *after party* viewings later on were exclusively reserved for Gino and Bacardi.

China and Roxie used the big and spacious house for other money making sex activities also. Gino wouldn't allow Bacardi to do any other work besides their blackmail schemes. *Naw baby, you already got a job. Your job is to look gorgeous, please your man, and do what I tell you. My job is to take care of you and give you and that fat pussy all the dick you need.* When Gino wasn't watching Bacardi and keeping her in his scope, he spent time working with his personal fitness clients. Not only did these women pay him well and lavish him with gifts, but he sometimes flew out of town to handle business for one of them.

Bacardi hated the times when Gino flew to Philadelphia on business, usually once a month. He would be gone a whole week. During his absence all work at the house on Plummet Street stopped, except for China's massage sessions. Bacardi was usually stuck across town; at home and horny the whole time!

Bacardi's Life

Bacardi could only imagine what Gino was doing, flying out of state every month, client or no client. She knew it wasn't drug related. Not only did he prevent Bacardi from doing a little ecstasy, he barely allowed her to smoke weed. The only thing Gino did was drink. He made it clear that he didn't care for drugs users or drug dealers. Bacardi suspected that whatever he was doing, knowing Gino, it involved pussy.

She accepted the fact that Gino was fucking other woman; he really did very little to hide it, or the gifts they showered him with. He didn't rub her nose in it; he just didn't feel the need to lie. But Bacardi accepted everything because SHE was the one that was special to him. So many women wanted Gino. *Yeah - they all on my baby's jock. I know they want him, but I'm his special party princess.* He wants me! Bacardi told herself it must really be true because Gino made a point to reassure her; he would get irritated if she seemed to doubt him. *Don't sweat it baby. Stop worrying about those cunts, this dick is yours. As long as I bring it home to you, you need to knock it off dammit! Just be what I need you to be – can you do that or not?*

Not wanting to risk upsetting Gino, Bacardi tried to look at it from his perspective and decided that he had a point. Her rationale was based on their crowded duplex with all the nice furniture, clothes and jewelry he lavished on her. He also kept plenty of cash in her pocket and Bacardi drove a cute little classic 1977 Mustang in mint condition. Gino had it restored for her, and the customized paint job was the color of Bacardi Rum. The vehicle also had her name scribbled across the lower part of the rear window. There was no doubt that he was a generous man and he didn't mind splurging on her. She asked herself was n't that proof of how much Gino cared about her? Bacardi was able to justify everything to herself with these, and similar thoughts.

When she couldn't pacify herself with this type of logic, Bacardi would press until Gino got impatient and ready to lose his cool. *Man, I told you, you got this! This dick is yours baby, but I'm going to do what I do, and you know this already! --- You need to stop with the nagging and quit riding me about bullshit! --- While you're busy worrying about me, you just make sure you remember that the pussy between your legs is mine! --- I don't want nobody near it, unless I say so!* All their discussions about Gino fucking Anna other women would always end the same. Bacardi knew that Gino would disapprove of her fucking Anna without him and their games. She wasn't even doing it for pay. Bacardi was taking a big chance just so she could have a little face time with Anna, all to herself!

Checking Out the Scenery

Sexual tension hung heavy in the room, from the minute Bacardi opened the door and invited Anna in. The huge breasts that greeted Anna instantly aroused her. She was certain she had creamed in her panties right there on the spot. Then, she felt a slight zing that sent a shock straight to the damp area between her legs. Anna realized that any notion about trying to keep her brand new thong dry was useless. She was already starting to get moist, and at this rate, she'd be dripping wet in no time.

The two women stood in the middle of Bacardi's spacious living room, grinning and making clumsy introductions. They privately considered how truthful the other had been in their phone profile. It was obvious to both of them that neither was disappointed in the other. Anna already knew it never took her long to decide if a man was fuckable. Now she knew it was the same when it came to a woman. *Cute, clean and big ass titties! Yeah, I can definitely work with this.* The tingling between Anna's legs was growing stronger. As it crept upward, it lit her warm snatch on fire and gave the rest of her body a hot and flustered feeling. She began to feel a little light headed, like she had just smoked some good weed.

Anna wished she had rolled the last bit of marijuana in the little wooden box at home. *Damn! I know I should have twisted a joint before I left!* Her and Bacardi hadn't really covered any personal information on the phone the night they spoke; just a lot of cat and mouse flirting and nasty word play. The issue of smoking was never discussed. Anna had decided she'd better not smoke anything before leaving home. She didn't want to smell like weed on their first encounter, just in case Bacardi was n't 420-friendly. Now, she wished she had at least rolled a joint and took a few puffs.

Both excitement and nervousness raced through Anna's veins at the same time. Her body was so alert that her nipples were conscious of the lining of her dress brushing against them lightly. Anna wasn't wearing anything under her dress except the thong she had purchased yesterday, just for this occasion. The loose fitting beige dress was made of soft jersey. It hung from her shoulders with the aid of two spaghetti straps. The skirt portion flared out just below the small waist that Anna was so proud of. Although it was loose fitting, the dress did little to conceal the outline of her big hips and nice firm ass. It also revealed the rock hard nipples protruding through the flimsy material.

In spite of her faked cool demeanor, every part of Anna's body was on fire. She knew that soon, her longtime fantasy of eating pussy would be fulfilled. Her mind instructed her to calm down and stay focused. *Just be cool Anna and try and get through all the god damn small talk!* She was finding it really hard to concentrate. When her heart wasn't pounding fast and hard, it felt like it was skipping beats. She

wondered if she was having a panic attack, worse yet, a heart attack. *Oh God, please don't let me have a heart attack before I get to eat some pussy!!!* Just like a raw nerve, every single part of her body was alert to Bacardi's presence. She prayed the woman couldn't hear how fast her heart was beating. Anna's mind was in a fog and she struggled to listen to what Bacardi was saying. She could barely keep up with the polite small talk her soon-to-be lover was making.

Bacardi seemed to prattle on nervously, asking one question after another. *Was there much traffic? Did you have trouble finding the street? Were you able to find a parking spot?* Anna figured Bacardi was probably nervous too, since this would be a first for her also. While they continued standing, Anna tried not to be too obvious as she made an appraisal of the woman from head to toe. *Damn, she's hot! Nice body, but there's no fucking way this woman weighs 130 pounds! I wonder what her real name is. I know her mama didn't name her Bacardi.* Anna doubted that Bacardi was truly the woman's real name, or that she had been truthful about her actual weight. She did however, appear to be around 30 years old and about 5' 5", just like her profile had described. One thing was for sure. From where Anna was standing, Bacardi was every bit of a D cup, just as she had bragged on the phone! She had a very nice body. She was a lot thicker than Anna, but she was still shapely and very sexy.

String of Dicks

From the looks of her, Anna was sure Bacardi could probably get as much dick as she wanted to; the same as her. So far, she wasn't really clear what Bacardi's current relationship status was. They hadn't covered that particular topic either. In reality, Deanna Williams and Bacardi Sullivan knew absolutely nothing about one another; other than the fact that they both had a jones for pussy.

Anna looked at Bacardi and decided that if Bacardi didn't have any dick in her life, it was definitely by choice. *With those titties, she probably keeps a whole string of dicks dangling somewhere.* Anna's own curvy hips and small waist never ceased to turn heads and get her all the dick she wanted. At 35 years old, standing 5' 7", Anna could still pass for being in her late twenties. She made a point of taking good care of her luscious body, all 145 milk chocolate pounds of it.

Usually, Anna had three or four men in and out of her life, all at the same time. All she had to do was open her legs and they would sniff her out like a bitch in heat. But lately she had been going through a self-imposed dry spell. None of her more recent lovers appealed to her any longer; and as for a real romantic relationship – for Anna, it was nonexistent. Ever since she had decided to stop fucking her ex-boyfriend Steven, her pussy hadn't been a happy camper. She didn't want to face the fact that she had been more satisfied, even with Steven as a side-fuck or bootie call. Anna's body demanded satisfaction from his beautiful and long cock that she enjoyed laboring over. But her mind couldn't accept anymore of Steven's bullshit; eventually her mind had prevailed.

Anna's cousin Shane had suggested she try something new to get Steven off the brain, but Anna doubted that Bacardi was what he had in mind. Anna couldn't wait to get home and tell Shane where she had spent the afternoon. She doubted if he would even believe her. Shane was Anna's favorite cousin and he shared a small apartment with her. He was a gay man that was happily out of the closet. Although he wasn't completely flaming in his demeanor, he would definitely be considered a "fag".

Between Anna's lovers and Shane's lovers, they had a parade of testosterone in and out of their apartment. They also had a strict house rule about NOT sharing dicks! Shane knew Anna loved dicks as much as he did. *I just know he's not going to believe it. I should have brought my camera and took pictures for proof! Shit, I just hope I have something worth telling Shane or that bitch is gonna' clown me for real.* Anna shook the notion from her head. The thought of going home still starving for pussy was just unacceptable!

Bodacious Boobs

Bacardi had answered the door wearing only black pumps and a flowery pink satin robe. The short robe was tied loosely around her waist with a sash. The garment did little to conceal the area just below her nice round buttocks, but it was the upper area that really held Anna's attention. Every single gesture and movement that Bacardi made caused the robe to hang open slightly. Each time it did, it reconfirmed what Bacardi was already telling Anna with her eyes: YES I HAVE BIG JUICY TITS THAT I HAVE NO PROBLEM SHOWING OFF! Her nipples managed to stay covered by the thin robe but the huge breasts still bulged out proudly. The majestic peaks stood together closely, and left little room for cleavage. In spite of their obvious size, her breasts weren't floppy or sagging. Anna was impressed at how firm they stood, lifted up on their own, without the aid of a bra. *Ummmm, just what I wanted!* She all but drooled, as she allowed her gaze to linger on Bacardi's bodacious boobs.

Anna's approving eyes scanned every inch of Bacardi's brown-skinned frame. When they had talked on the phone, Bacardi told Anna that she was a bi-racial mixture of Mexican and black. This was obvious from Bacardi's striking Hispanic features and curly but almost kinky hair. She was only two or three shades lighter than Anna. Anna couldn't wait to see what the hot little Latina would be like in bed. When it came to men, Anna had always been an open-minded black woman. Race was never an issue. She didn't really have a preference, as long as they could turn her on, and get her off. From the moment she first discovered sex, Anna had dated, fucked or been in relationships with men of various races.

Aside from her voluptuous breasts, Bacardi had an attractive face. Her eyes were almost as dark as the jet black hair that barely reached her shoulders. Next to Angelina Jolie, Bacardi had the sexiest mouth Anna had ever seen. Her soft plump lips were moist looking, with just a hint of lip gloss on them. They were the kind of lips you wanted to put in your mouth and suck on all day. Anna wondered if the lips between Bacardi's legs were just as succulent. She couldn't wait to explore and find out for herself.

Bacardi led Anna to an overstuffed leather sofa, opposite a wall with a gigantic flat screen television. Other than a loveseat and two end tables, the sofa and the television were the only things in the room. A huge area rug that matched the room's décor was covering the white decorative floor tiles. Bacardi offered her a seat but she didn't sit down and join Anna. She spoke in a soft sensual voice and Anna remembered that the woman had just a hint of an accent. She was saying something about not believing that Anna was really there. Then she asked if Anna wanted something to drink. Half kidding, Anna answered huskily: "Yeah, I'd love some Bacardi." The two of them laughed and Bacardi headed across the room towards what must have been the kitchen. "I'll see what I can do", she said seductively. "I'm pretty sure I have some of my signature drink in the cabinet."

Waiting for a Taste

As Anna watched Bacardi go into the kitchen, she drank the sight in. She examined the nice plump ass underneath a waistline much thicker than her own. Anna figured the young woman must weigh closer to 140 to 145 pounds, the same as her. Anna didn't mind. Even though Bacardi was a few inches shorter than Anna, she wore the extra pounds that she lied about very well. The black pumps and short robe really complimented her meaty thighs and shapely legs. Her sensual body had a sway of confidence to it when she walked. Anna couldn't wait for a taste!

The whole time she was busy in the kitchen, Bacardi was chattering. She kept talking to Anna even though they were separated by the dining room and the kitchen wall. Anna was trying to pay attention to what Bacardi was saying, while checking out her surroundings at the same time. The house was neat and clean, without so much as a rug out of place. Then again, there wasn't very much in the house to mess up. Except for a potted plant in the corner, even the modest size dining room only contained the bare necessities, a table and four chairs.

Anna thought it was strange that the house was so spacious but didn't really have any furniture. As far as she could tell, this was a definite choice and not for lack of cash. *She must have a little money, cause this is definitely not a cheap neighborhood. Plus, with the money somebody paid for that damn television, I could pimp this whole house out!* Anna wondered how many rooms the house actually had. She guessed

about three bedrooms. She couldn't be sure, but there didn't appear to be anyone else in the house besides the two of them. *Damn! At least I HOPE we're here alone!*

Scattered about on the living room walls, Anna observed various photos of Bacardi. They showed her either alone or with different women, usually three or four in one shot. Several of the same women were in multiple shots. White women, black women, Latino women; all the snapshots revealed Bacardi partying with friends. Anna noticed that the women in some of the pictures seemed extra chummy to her. She wondered were any of them gay or bisexual. All of the women were attractive and all of them looked straight, but Anna knew you couldn't just look at a woman and tell. *I guess girlfriend must really love her some women!* Something seemed strange to Anna as she observed the photos. With so many female friends, she wondered why Bacardi hadn't managed to get between some woman's legs by now.

Gino's "China" Rule

In spite of what Bacardi had told Anna about her bisexual status, over the past years, Bacardi had fucked and eaten the pussy of countless women. Many even tried to spark up relationships with her, not knowing about or understanding her obsession with Gino. He would allow her to befriend individuals, go partying, the whole nine yards; all as a means to an end; finding more victims to fall prey to their various sexual games. More and more, Bacardi tried to understand Gino, but she couldn't even understand herself.

She knew that the emotional and mental closeness she longed to have with Gino, or anyone for that matter, was nonexistent. When it came to the kind of love you read in books and watch on television; she would never have that with Gino. Yet whatever it was that he gave her, was somehow exactly what Bacardi needed, even while her heart yearned for a lot more! Gino's hold on her was so constricting, he didn't want her getting too close to anyone else, for any reason. That apparently included China. Bacardi suspected that was why Gino had the "no fucking China" rule.

Even China secretly felt that Gino was threatened by her when it came to Bacardi. It became evident to her nearly six months earlier. It had happened when Roxie "accidentally" slipped Bacardi some Ecstasy that was meant for a potential "mark". The word *mark* is how the women they seduced became known to the group. The mark had ended up passed out from too much liquor and Bacardi ended up trying to fuck everything in sight, including China and Roxie.

Bacardi, China and Roxie; the three of them had engaged in a nasty good time. Bacardi claimed she didn't remember anything later. A tape had been recording the whole time and when Gino saw it, he was pissed. He had previously made it clear to Bacardi that he didn't want her fucking China. Gino had gotten so mad that he was foaming at the mouth when he yelled at Bacardi. "That's my fucking sister Bacardi – what don't you understand when I say I DON'T WANT YOU FUCKING HER?!?!" China was also mad because she felt that Gino made too big a deal about the situation. As far as Gino was concerned, China's anger was irrelevant. Bacardi noticed that Gino was angrier at her than at China; he hadn't even cared that Bacardi had fucked Roxie.

For Bacardi, her forgotten threesome resulted in three long days without any dick from Gino. Even after Roxie admitted that she had given Bacardi the drug by mistake, Gino didn't want to hear it. He put her pussy on punishment. Out of spite, he even fucked Roxie on the third night, and made sure Bacardi could hear them. *Why is he fucking that bitch? This is all her fault anyway!* Later, Gino went to China directly and told her that he didn't want her fucking Bacardi again; he didn't care if Bacardi asked for it or not. China was annoyed, considering all the other women that Gino allowed to eat Bacardi's pussy. She doubted that it was just a matter of Gino being upset for missing out on the fun. This was specifically about her. *I know his ass just feels threatened by me. I just don't know why.* China knew that no one besides Gino had a snowball's chance in hell with Bacardi. Besides, all she wanted from Bacardi was a little taste. Other than that, China *could give a damn.*

Glimpse of a Life

Anna looked at the photos on the walls; she had no idea what an accurate glimpse of Bacardi's life she was getting. She couldn't help smiling as it dawned on her that she had no female friends in her own life. Besides her best friend Trisha, Anna couldn't think of one other female that she spent time with or gave half a damn about. *Well I guess I could count Shane. That bitch might as well be a woman.* Anna took a survey of the photos in the room again. She thought it was odd that practically all the photos were of women. Out of the fifteen to twenty pictures scattered about, only five of them contained men.

One photo had a handsome looking young black man; he was neatly groomed and manicured and wearing a gray two piece dress suit; the suit did his tall slim body justice. Bacardi was also in the photo, along with two women from several of the other pictures, apparently taken on different occasions. Anna admired the sexy looking white woman standing on one side of Bacardi. She was in between Bacardi and the young man. On the other side of Bacardi was a picture of a hot sexy black girl, much younger than the others. The first thing Anna noticed when she looked at the girl was the hefty titties she was displaying proudly. While her breasts were about as big as Bacardi's, the black girl had a tiny waist and big wide hips that made her titties virtually jump out at you. When Anna got through drooling over the girl's luscious tits, she scanned the rest of the photos that contained men.

The other four photographs all had the same man in them. She noticed the handsome white guy with long hair pulled back in a pony tail. He had handsome but rugged features; his piercing dark eyes looked right through you. Anna looked at one that showed him standing tall and erect, with his hand rubbing his chin and the tiniest of grins on his face. He was wearing a casual but expensive looking sweat suit; and wearing it very well. She thought to herself what she liked to do to such a tall drink of water. Judging from what appeared to be a slight bulge in his pants, he was obviously very well-endowed.

Anna could tell that the man in the photo was the kind of man who kept a semi-erection. She could size a man's cock up from across the room because Steven's dick had been the same way. Anna also recognized that whoever this person was in the photo, he was definitely the *trouble dick* in Bacardi's life. If anyone could determine when a dick was trouble, it was Anna. After countless breakups with Steven and going through pussy withdrawals; she knew a trouble dick when she saw one. Still, she muttered approvingly under her breath. "With a dick like that motha' fucker is packing, all girlfriend really needs is to have ONE dick hanging around on a string."

Seduction and Blackmail

Anna had the kind of reaction that most females had about Gino. Women that came in contact with him at any given time would react the same way; and he knew it. The seduction and blackmail schemes Bacardi and Gino began pulling for profit began after Gino saw how easy it was to keep the women quiet. He believed that the victims secretly felt guilty because he made them enjoy whatever he did to them, although they swore it was against their will. As a result of the women's misguided guilt, turning the money over later was awkward, but would usually go very smoothly.

Some women were extorted for sex only, while others were earmarked specifically to collect money on. During the women's initial "chatting", Bacardi and China had to really pump the women for information, without seeming obvious. They made conversation laced with sexual content while they asked the women all the right questions. Gino would listen discreetly. He could later determine if a woman had the mentality to pay without question, as well as the means to get the money. The schemes that involved blackmail for money were a bit more detailed and required an additional day, following the actual sex act. Once contacted, the women were only allowed one day to come up with the cash; that is why advance research and canvassing was necessary. Gino was skilled at planning the necessary steps to make things run successfully, both him and China.

Bacardi's role after the taped session with the mark was over was to simply contact the woman and claim she was being blackmailed with photos and a tape of the two of them. She'd email them the proof and they'd arrange to talk. Even if they suspected her involvement, they would do what was necessary to prevent the images from going public. The idea of being plastered online, cum drunk and eating pussy was too embarrassing to even think about.

When Gino first got Bacardi onboard with his plan to get serious about business, he had told her: "You don't have to do nothing baby but sit back and be my good girl – just do what I tell you to do." By that time, she was so hooked on his addictive cock that he could have told her to pilot him to the moon! He had assured her she didn't have to worry about anything but playing the role he told her to play. That's when he told her about China and Roxie and his plans to use outside help. "I got somebody who can help me put things together baby. Just be my party princess and let me do what I do, okay?" Based on his prior history with China, Gino knew he could trust her and count on her to do what he told her. While Roxie wasn't as reliable, Gino knew she was controlling and would put everything into her work, especially what he had in mind for her to do. Gino had discovered her by accident, and knew she would be right for a *very specific* role in his parties. He had a way of reading women and he was usually right.

Once Bacardi was comfortable, and even happy with what they were doing, Gino needed to make sure she didn't burn out. He didn't want her to stop enjoying the intimate games that they played with their unwilling party guests. To pick up the slack, he brought China in on a regular basis and taught her how they ran the schemes. This also allowed him to multiply the profits that they were making. Two thousand dollars was what Gino had determined was a reasonable extortion amount for the "marks" they spent time locating. He became skilled at determining which women could quickly come up with the money and pay it without incident. Gino only needed Roxie periodically, so she was more or less "on call", a status the young nymph didn't particularly like.

Anna at Ease

Anna realized that Bacardi was a complete stranger that she knew absolutely nothing about. Even still, she felt at ease and not the least bit nervous about meeting in Bacardi's home. Her mind could not have imagined the activities that went on in the house on a regular basis. Anna had an outgoing personality so she wasn't timid about meeting people. Bacardi wasn't the first person Anna had met on a telephone chat line. She had met lots of men before, some of them on the same chat line where she had found Bacardi. Anna knew enough to be careful and take precautions. Her pepper spray was always with her in her purse and so far she had never had to use it. Although she usually did it in a hotel room, Anna had fucked *more* than her fair share of strangers.

Up until recently, Anna had never thought seriously about being with a woman but the idea had always been in the back of her mind. Listening to the hot and exciting telephone profiles in the *alternative* section had made Anna more conscious of her desire. One night, she finally decided to respond to one of the "women seeking women" ad profiles. After a couple of failed attempts, she eventually ran her own ad. She had gotten straight to the point about what she wanted. DISCREET SEX WITH AN ATTRACTIVE, FEMININE WOMAN, NO STRINGS ATTACHED. Bacardi was the final result of that ad. According to Bacardi, all she wanted was the exact same thing as Anna. Anna had no idea that no matter what lie Bacardi had told to lure her into bed, it didn't change the truth. Bacardi's love, devotion and sexual obsession was – Gino!

Addicted to Gino's Cock

Gino Elliot was an attractive, big and muscular man weighing 220 pounds and standing six feet, 2 inches tall. He had a handsome face with soft brown eyes, but he wore a permanent scowl. As a boy, Gino's quick temper always kept him in trouble in school. His strung out mother had been a white prostitute that

eventually lost custody and contact with her only child. She used to tell Gino that he had inherited his father and grandfather's hot Italian blood. After watching his mother whoring around for the first 12 years of his life, Gino doubted that she even knew who his father really was.

In the fifteen years that Bacardi had been sexually active, Gino was the only man that had ever been able to make her cum. She had never in her life experienced such pleasure from a lover, and she continued to feel the same way. In return for taking her to eternal ecstasy, *by choice* she had become Gino's virtual sex slave. She knew that his pleasure meant her eventual pleasure. Gino had forbidden Bacardi to ever have another cock enter her precious cunt again. When it came to men, her pussy was territory reserved exclusively for him. Bacardi didn't mind agreeing because she had gone for years being unsatisfied by men.

In spite of her discontentment, until she met Gino, she had never even been with a woman before. It was him that introduced Bacardi to the sweet taste of pussy. When Bacardi had first tried it, she did it because Gino had wanted her to. She would have – *then and still would* – do anything for Gino. But Bacardi had found out quickly that she loved eating pussy as much as, or more, as he enjoyed watching her eat it, while he issued out commands. *Suck her baby, that's a good girl. Suck her! Do it harder – use your finger baby, stick it down her wet hole! Yeah, that's a girl baby. Yeah, just like that!* But what was even better than all that, was no matter how much outside pussy the two of them consumed together, afterwards, he'd always suck Bacardi's pussy real good and fuck her until she literally cried tears of pain and joy! Bacardi adorned Gino's cock and she knew beyond a doubt that she was addicted to it!

Hard to Focus

Whatever Bacardi was saying in the next room, Anna had no idea what it was. Instead of listening, she was picturing Bacardi's big luscious titties. She hoped to be playing with them shortly. She couldn't wait to squeeze and suck on the tantalizing melons. The image only made the throbbing between Anna's legs intensify. In between throbs, she felt the delicate pearl tongue nestled between her fat pussy lips start to pulsate. Anna's cunt literally began to ache from want.

The temptation to reach between her legs and massage her aching pussy was strong. She resisted out of fear that if she did, she might explode all over Bacardi's nice leather couch. Anna remembered how she had came all over her fingers the first night she got through talking to Bacardi on the phone. Neither of them had been shy in their conversation. They didn't really have phone sex, but the discussion was full of sexual innuendos. The conversation was so heated that Anna couldn't get to sleep that night without fingering herself into a frenzy. She had been so horny that it took cramming four fingers in and out of her wet pussy repeatedly, until she was finally satisfied. Oddly enough, as horny as she was, she didn't bother to contact any of her usual standby dicks. She hadn't even thought about having Steven's hard cock insider her that night. Once Anna had started yearning for pussy, she couldn't seem to get back in a dick frame of mind.

Anna had always fantasized about what it would be like to be with a woman. She was particularly infatuated with breasts, especially big ones. She longed desperately to taste and feel a pair of large erect nipples in her mouth. It wasn't uncommon for her to watch herself in the mirror, studying her own modest breasts. Anna was only a C cup, but not only were her breasts nice and firm but they had huge nipples and areolas. Anna would often trace around the dark brown crevices of her titties, and feel the nipples rise as she pinched them tightly between her fingers. She loved having her tits played with and sucked on. She actually got so turned on when she fondled them that Anna wished she could suck them herself! She had tried before, but her lips couldn't reach the nipples.

Bacardi came from the kitchen balancing a tray with two partially filled glasses and a half empty bottle of Bacardi Rum. Floating in the brown liquid in each glass were a few small chips of ice. Bacardi switched past Anna and said in a throaty voice, "Bacardi on the rocks; you ask for it, you got it." She stopped at the end table in the corner that separated the sofa from the matching loveseat. Then she bent over and sat the tray on the table. When she bent over, she positioned herself so Anna could get a good look at her

inviting ass. She stuck it out specifically for Anna's viewing pleasure. Anna feasted her eyes on the bare butt cheeks and a small patch of pink.

Taunting and Teasing

Bacardi came back over to the sofa and looked down at Anna with a feigned look of innocence on her face. "Do you want some soda in it? I have some Pepsi if you want some", she said. The look in her eyes was anything *but* innocent. She stood so close that her crotch area was actually eye-level to Anna's face. Anna got a quick whiff of Bacardi and another flash of the pink. It was the pink lace bikini panties that Bacardi was wearing. They were partially visible just beneath the robe.

Anna considered putting her hand between the woman's thighs and reaching up to pull the satin aside. She wanted badly to pry the pussy lips apart and run her tongue across the woman's clit for a quick taste. Before Anna could give it some serious thought, Bacardi had moved across the room and headed back towards the kitchen to get the Pepsi. She turned when she got to the dining room and said, "I like mine with a little lime in it. Is that okay for you?" She disappeared without waiting for an answer.

In a moment, Bacardi reappeared from the kitchen with a bottle of Pepsi and a small bowl of lime slices. She picked up one of the glasses from the tray and poured a little of the Pepsi into it. She plopped a slice of lime into the glass and went to hand it to Anna. After preparing her own drink the same way, she went and sat on the loveseat by herself. Bacardi sat back with her drink and looked at Anna flirtatiously. When she sat back on the loveseat, she crossed her legs. This caused the already short robe to hike up even further, showing off more of her thick creamy thighs. She took a sip from her drink and made a little slurping noise. Bacardi drank from the glass again, but this time she took an ice chip in her mouth and sucked on it seductively.

Sitting on the sofa alone, Anna was turned on, but also slightly irritated. She wondered about the woman. *Why in the fuck is she sitting way over there?* Anna had never been the kind of woman that was coy, and she wasn't about to play any head games with one. She recalled the steamy phone conversation that had got her so hot and bothered. *I know this bitch is not trying to play shy or hard to get after the other night! The way she was talking, we ought to be knee deep in pussy by now!* Anna fought to keep her irritation from showing.

What she wanted more than anything at that moment was to lay Bacardi down on the floor and start exploring every nook and cranny with her tongue. In spite of the mixed signals Bacardi seemed to be giving, Anna knew the woman wanted it just as much as she did. When Bacardi had stood in front of Anna a moment ago, the sweet musky smell of sex had escaped from her pussy. The scent was so heavy that Anna wondered if the woman had been fingering herself in the kitchen. Even though Anna had never fucked a woman, she couldn't wait to satisfy Bacardi. She knew once she started licking and sucking on all Bacardi's special places, her coy act would disappear.

There was no doubt in Anna's mind about whether she could satisfy Bacardi. She had always been an excellent lover, even though she only fucked men. When she reached age 35, Anna had become more explorative. She had tried new ways and places to get turned on. Soon she was allowing herself to indulge in whatever felt good. That's when she started making some interesting discoveries. She found out she actually liked sucking dicks almost as much as she enjoyed having her pussy licked. She also didn't mind anymore if a man wanted to play with her ass. Once upon a time, Anna wouldn't dream of letting a lover near the well guarded ass, no matter how much they begged. She had never even allowed Steven that pleasure. She knew her firm juicy butt was enticing, just like the rest of her seductive body. Lately, if a lover was skilled enough, she'd let him get away with fondling or licking her between her butt cleavage. Anna had to admit, she enjoyed a wet tongue licking her ass a whole lot more than she would have ever imagined.

Shaking off her annoyance over Bacardi's apparent teasing; Anna took a sip from her drink. She swirled the slice of lime and a piece of ice around with her tongue, trying to mix the Pepsi and alcohol together.

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