

Vicky Bound for Vacation Part 2

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Vicky continues to discover her desires on SFO vacation

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Part 2 "Oh God....This thing is driving me nuts." Vicky was squirming in her seat at the restaurant with her new remote controlled vibrator snug in her pussy. Looking at me with a slight pout she asked, "Turn it up just a little higher, please. I want to see if I can cum right here." She was way into this. I was holding the remote control in my hand under the table, playing with the buttons and dials. Every time I tweaked the control her head would jerk back and forth in a body spasm. Her long, dark blond hair hiding her exotic face. This was one of the toys she'd picked out at the sex shop today. She had already decided she liked it. "I thought we were going to have dinner before we played anymore?" I was really hungry. Vicky had barely touched her food due to the vibrator's distraction. "I've got to have my dessert, don't I?" She looked me in the eyes then shifted her gaze to my hand under the table. In reply, I spun the control a little higher. Vicky's hand shot under the table to cup her pussy. She almost dropped the glass of wine from the other. "UUhhhhgod....that thing is squeezing my clit so hard. Can you hear it buzzing.....I can feel it through my whole body." I rolled the dial back in my fingers. "No..DON'T TURN IT DOWN....turn it higher." She was almost squealing and had drawn the attention of the only other couple dining in our part of the restaurant. The vibrator was an egg, about the size of a golf ball. It was inserted deep in her pussy. A wire extend out between her lips acting as the antenna to the remote control I carried. The end of the wire had a clip that attached to her clitoris. As the egg

vibrated it made the wire vibrate and stimulate the clit. Vicky's clit always extends a good ¼ inch from its hood and her body is waxed free of hair. Her skin has a constant, baby oil glow. "OK. Be careful with what you want, I may just give it to you," I said smiling. She stared at me in anticipation. Several minutes went by. Our waiter, an elderly Italian man, had brought after dinner drinks. As he set a liqueur glass in front of Vicky I began rolling the control's dial higher. Vicky shuddered and her eyes flew open, staring at me in surprise. I sat back like nothing was happening and smiled. The waiter, taking in everything, began reciting the desert menu. As he spoke I was rolling the control's dial to the stopper. As Vicky's excitement was gaining he was staring at her with a concerned expression. "Signorina, si sta bene? Are you O. K. Is there anything I can get for you?" Realizing the question had been directed to her, she responded, "Oh...Oh no. Everything was delicious." Her eyes closed for a second and reopened with a flutter. "I'll bet just fine...just fine." Her hands were gripping the bottom of her seat to control her shaking. I ordered a Drambuie on ice and the waiter retreated. Vicky had her eyes closed and was chewing on her lips as she sucked them between her teeth. Her body trembled as she concentrated on her building orgasm. Vicky has the exotic face of a goddess, now it had that extra little tinge of lust. I'd played with the big button on the control all evening, but had not pressed the smaller button. As my thumb pressed down Vicky's reaction was amazing. Her body jerked and her head snapped forward throwing her yard long hair over her face. The vibrator had sent a sharp, electric shock to the clip squeezing her clitoris. Her orgasm was fast, violent and it shook her entire body. I could see a flush of pink start in her face and flow down all that beautiful skin, exposed by her dress. The older couple, dining several tables away, had stopped their meal and turned to stare in our direction. The woman lifted her hand to cover her mouth but I still heard her gasp, "My goodness." Her husband had tilted his head and was grinning as he watched Vicky continue to jerk through her orgasm. I noticed they were a very handsome couple. Maybe late fifties or early sixties. Despite their silver hair, they seemed to be in excellent shape. Well dressed and obviously, well moneyed. "Isn't that remarkable," the wife continued in a whisper. "She's so beautiful. And having such a good time. I'm jealous." They continued watching us. Vicky finally relaxed. This was her fourth or fifth orgasm of the day. At least the ones I'd seen. We finished our drinks, paid the bill and started for the street to catch a cab. Before walking out Vicky grasped my arm and reached up to whisper in my ear. "Let me go to the ladies room. I've got another toy I want to try on for you." I looked down at her small clasp bag and wondered what the hell she could have brought along. Taking the black box, control from my hand she spun on the toes of her 4" spiked heels. The edges of her short dress swung up displaying her longs, shapely legs and the edges of her bare ass cheeks were displayed for all to see. As she sashayed to the ladies room all the old Italian waiters, crowded around the front of the restaurant, turned as one and watched her glide through the room. I heard a low whistle and a someone mumbled, " Che un pezzo di culo." What a piece of ass. Vicky returned and we moved to the street to catch a cab. It was a typical, cold, October night in San Francisco. Vicky put her arms around my waist and tried to plaster her body against mine for warmth. Just then the older couple came up behind us in the taxi line. I noticed the woman was attractive, maybe 5'9", slim, with very shapely legs. Her husband was the same height, trim and distinguished. They were both very tanned. As our

taxi stopped and we were climbing into the back seat the wife looked down and into the cab flashing a big, pearly smile at Vicky. Vicky and the older woman waved at each other. Interesting. As I was closing the car door I told the driver to take us to Pier 39. We moved into traffic and I glanced over at Vicky. She had crossed her long legs and the split in the dress had opened to reveal the top folds of her mound. I didn't see the silver loop. She had removed the vibrator. Watching me checking out the view of her pussy, her hand moved up to the waistcut neckline of the dress. Slowly, she moved her fingers up and down the deep cleavage between her breasts. When she pulled her fingers away her thumb was pulling a slim, but sturdy, gold chain. I hadn't remembered her wearing any jewelry except her ear ring loops. "That's nice. What is it?" She smiled and watching my face pulled the chain further in front of her body. The front of the dress pulled out slightly as she slowly pulled the chain. Smiling her sweetest smile, she pulled the chain a little more and the front of the dress separated and her beautiful tits popped out. My eyebrows shot up and I turned in the seat to take in the view. The ends of the chain had clamps with tiny screws that pressed one flat edge against another. Between the clamps were her nipple buds. "Do you like?" she asked, looking up at me expectantly. "Baby, that's hot." I reached up and took the chain from her fingers. As I pulled it even further out and her full, round breasts extended, her nipples stretched out to points. The clamps pressing on her nipples were very tight and the tips were full and red. "You remember the redhead at the shop today?" How could I forget Christina. "She was wearing one just like this. It was clamped to the rings in her nipples. She let me pull it and stretch her nipples. They were so beautiful." She was getting that flushed, wanton look on her face. Holding the chain tight with one hand I moved the fingers of the other hand over the tips of her nipples. Her head dropped back and her hands slid between her thighs massaging her pussy.. "Oh...God....The pressure is incredible.....MMMMM..... It hurts so good.....It makes my pussy tingle almost as much as that vibrator." As she purred this out I caught a movement from the corner of my eye. The driver's head had snapped to the side and he was watching us through the rear view mirror. He'd heard every word. Vicky opened her eyes and locked onto the reflection of his eyes in the mirror. She lay back in the seat and let me do as I wished. She watched him as he watched us. I was squeezing and tweaking her breasts and nipples as I pulled the chain. She made no move to stop me. We reached our destination and exited the cab. As I started to pay the driver he shoved a business card into my hand. Shaking his head he said, "Don't worry about the fare. It's only a couple of bucks. Just call my cell if you need another ride, anywhere, any time." With a grin, he rolled up the window and drove away. Pier 39 is a tourist trap situated on the edge of San Francisco bay. It's known for the seal population that has taken over its docks. It's separated from Fisherman's Wharf by a long parking lot and a few docked fishing trawlers. During the day it's very popular with parents and kids. At night it's mostly young adult tourists and locals visiting the bars and restaurants. We found a nice lounge with dark mahogany walls and very low lights. Booths along the window offered a great views of the bay. We found the most remote and secluded and slid in. I ordered and the waitress brought our bottle of champagne. As she was popping the cork I looked up to see the older couple from the restaurant moving into the next booth over. They smiled at our way and I leaned over to whisper into Vicky's ear. "That older couple from the restaurant just came in. I'm not sure, but I think

they may be following us. You've collected a few more admirers." She peeked around my shoulder, smiled and waved at the couple. As we took our first sips of champagne, I realized the older gentleman was standing at our table. "Good evening. I am sorry to interrupt. My wife and I saw you at the restaurant and happened to over hear you telling your driver to bring you here." He was very polite and spoke precise English with a slight European accent. "We were wondering if you might join us for a nightcap." Before I could answer, Vicky had flashed her smile. "We'd love to," the mischievous gleam in her eye was made me perk up, she continued, "Why don't you and your wife join us. We have plenty of room and we just opened the champagne." "That would be wonderful." He turned and politely assisted his wife to our booth. Introductions were made. Malcolm and Ashley. The wife slid in next to Vicky and he sat opposite me. After an hour we had finished the wine and learned much about our guests. They were English, definitely upper class, and they were here on vacation. They owned a townhouse in Pacific Heights. Very expensive. They were lavishing compliments on Vicky and she was eating it up. On closer inspection, I noticed the Ashley was actually a very beautiful woman. Her silver gray hair set off her smooth, tanned complexion. She had a slim figure and, what I imagined, were enhanced breasts. Ashley had been moving closer to Vicky and I could see her eyes roaming over Vicky's body. Suddenly, she reached into Vicky's cleavage lifted the gold chain with her fingers. "Oh. This is beautiful." She lifted it higher and I almost choked on my drink. The front of Vicky's dress began to separate. Before I could clear my throat to say anything, she had moved her face to within inches of Vicky's chest and pulled the chain up higher for inspection. Suddenly the dress separated and Vicky's beautiful, full tits popped out with the ends of the chain attached to her erect, pointing nipples. Ashley's face flashed pink, "Oh....my goodness." She froze and couldn't move her eyes off Vicky's nipples. Vicky arched her back further enhancing the view. She was enjoying this. Ashley hadn't moved an inch. Her face just inches from Vicky's breasts. "My...that must hurt, my dear. I hope there are no marks on that beautiful skin. Your bosoms, they are extraordinary. Much more beautiful than I had imagined." At that my ears perked up even more. I looked over at the husband. He had a Cheshire cat grin on his face, nodding his head and looking very pleased with his wife's estimation of Vicky's tits. The wife announced that she had to visit the conveniences and her husband volunteered to accompany her. Vicky was rearranging her dress. "O K, you want to tell me what's going on?" I wasn't mad. More surprised and definitely interested. "God, I'm so glad you're such a laid back guy." She batted her eyes and started waving her hands with excitement. "Well, you remember Christina today?" I nodded my head. "She said she knew this couple visiting here, like us, except they had this big house here. Anyway, they were always looking for a couple or a woman to join them. Malcolm, the husband, got hurt somewhere a few years ago. Everything got fixed but now he's impotent. He can't fuck her anymore, but he lets her have her affairs. He likes to watch his wife fuck, guys or girls, he just wants to watch her have a good time. Christina's been with them before and said they were really nice. She gave me their number and said she'd call them and make the introductions. I called Ashley before I got in the shower today and made the date. She's very nice and so beautiful." Vicky was so excited she was talking a mile a minute. Suddenly her expression changed, her eyes got that lustful look and her voice got that smoky edge with this sexy whisper. She was trying to talk me

into something. "We've talked about doing this. Have another woman join us. I know you'd like to watch. I can tell. Every time we talk about it your cock gets bigger than it already is." As she talked she had moved around to press her tits into my side and her hand reached down to grab my dick through my pants. "So you and Christina got to be good buddies today? That's not a surprise. And you were worried that I'd be upset about this?" I asked in mock credulity. "Well, kind of, maybe, not upset, I just wasn't sure you wanted to share me right now." Laughing I replied, "Vicky, this is your vacation as well as mine. I don't think there's anything you could do to upset me. They're nice people. I think this might be fun." Our guests returned to the table and without sitting, they invited us to their home to see their view of the Bay and have more drinks. In minutes we were in cab and headed up to Pacific Heights. The town house was three stories tall built into the side of a hill. On the rear of the house was a large, three story living room with a glass wall. The view was tremendous. Vicky leaned into me and whispered, "Didn't we do this today already?" I pinched her ass to shut her up. Malcolm began pouring wine. Ashley excused herself to go change clothes. Vicky and I relaxed on one of the plush couches and took in the incredible view. As Malcolm brought our drinks, I heard Vicky gasp and suck in her breath. Ashley came sliding into the room. She wore a barely closed, flowing silk gown that left little to the imagination. The silk draped and hung over her breasts, her nipples poked through the material. The split in the front allowed her tanned legs to extend with every step. Her black, very high heels had straps that ran around her ankles. This woman was a knockout. She glided to the facing couch and with a flourish, spun and sat beside her husband. The front of the gown had blown out and parted. Her shapely legs were in full view. Like Vicky, she had to be naked beneath her clothes. From what I could see she was also shaved bare. Patting the seat beside her she gazed over at Vicky and spoke in her English accent, "Darling, please come sit beside me. I would love to see that wonderful piece of jewelry again." Vicky had been in a trance watching Ashley's grand entrance. When she heard her name she straightened and smiled. Without a word she rose and moved over to sit beside Ashley. Malcolm began asking questions about my job and my background. I was having a hard time listening. I couldn't take my eyes off the two women. Ashley had pulled Vicky's top down around her waist, Ashley was squeezing one breast and rubbing the nipple clamp on the other. Vicky had fallen back against the couch, letting the older woman do as she wished. Malcolm was relating to me his experiences in the British military. Vicky must have told Ashley about my military background. When I looked back at the women they were both nude. Vicky had removed the chain and nipple clamps and was helping Ashley fit them over her nipples. Malcolm rose, crossed to my couch and sat beside me, "Now that the activities have begun we should give the ladies our undivided attention." How British. As Vicky was tightening the clamps on Ashley's nipples, the woman's head dropped back, eyes closed and she moaned. Vicky lay back on the couch, spreading her body for the woman's view. Ashley had taken the commanding lead but I could tell she was falling under the spell of Vicky's glorious body. Her eyes and hands roamed up Vicky's body starting at her inner thighs, across the dips where the thighs met her hips, around the muscles in her upper thighs where they would contract and dimple, up over her rippled stomach and finally cupping and squeezing her firm, round breasts and erect nipples. "My god. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." Slowly she moved

her face closer to Vicky's body and blew streams of air at her sensitive parts. I could see the lips of Vicky's pussy twitch under the stream of Ashley's breath. As Ashley moved higher to lick Vicky's stomach, Vicky moved her hands behind the older woman's head and pulled her in closer. Moving even higher Ashley began sucking and biting Vicky's breasts and nipples. Arching her back she started gasping, sucking in her breath. "Harder...Bite my nipples." Her eyes were closed and her head moving from side to side. Ashley's head was moving from one of Vicky's breasts to the other. One arm was wrapped around her waist, pulling her body into an arch. With her other hand she was pumping all four fingers into Vicky's cunt. Vicky was mumbling and tossing her head and her hair was everywhere. Ashley stopped, she extended her tongue and with it flattened against Vicky's skin, moved it around and around until she had found the juices of that sweet pussy. As Ashley's tongue worked over the lips and clit, Vicky's eyes flew open and her gaze locked on mine. She was in that place between agony and orgasmic bliss. For the next few minutes, Ashley worked Vicky's pussy with every trick she knew. At one point she was using her tongue like a small prick and shoving it in and out of that flowing hole. Finally Ashley stopped, stood over Vicky's heaving body. With a smile she grabbed Vicky's hand and pulled it into the her own hot pussy. "Now, shall we see how well you use your beautiful mouth." She moved Vicky down to her back on the floor and stood over her face, slowly easing herself down to her knees. Vicky reached up with both hands, grabbed Ashley's hips and pulled her cunt down on her face. She shoved her tongue into the older woman's slick cunt and was rewarded with a flow of sweet juices. I had forgotten all about Malcolm. I looked over at him. He still wore his suite coat with his tie perfectly tied. His arm and legs crossed and his smile was a combination leer and satisfied grin. I looked back at the women. Ashley was sliding her hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy on Vicky's face and tongue. Her hands were roughly squeezing and pulling Vicky's breasts. Every few seconds she would pinch one nipple up high in the air then slap it, hard, with the fingers of her other hand. With every slap, Vicky's body would jerk and she'd pull Ashley's cunt tighter to her face. Ashley moved her body forward into a sixty-nine position over Vicky. The air was becoming thick with the smell of pussy juice and their moans. Vicky opened her eyes, tilted her head back and stared up at me through Ashley's thighs. She started shifting her eyes from mine to Ashley's cunt. She released the woman's hips and motioned me over with the fingers of her hand. "By all means, old man. You should join in." Malcolm was lifting my arm, helping me off the couch and offering his wife to me. I stood and was out of my closes in a heartbeat. My dick was already stiff as a pulsing with my heart beat. Malcolm shifted his position on the couch and leaned forward placing elbow on knee and chin in hand. He wanted the best view possible. I knelt behind Ashley. Moving closer, I was positioned just above Vicky's face. With her lips, she grabbed my dick with her mouth swallowed as much as she could, holding it there for several seconds. There was a popping noise as I slid from the suction of her mouth. With the fingers of one hand she lined up my cock to fit Ashley's lips. With the other hand she grabbed my balls and squeezed. I flexed the muscles in my ass and started to move forward. Suddenly, she slipped one of her slick fingers into my ass. In surprise I shoved my hips forward in one fast, brutal motion. Ashley's hot channel opened and gave way to my size. I was buried to my balls in her sucking pussy. Ashley started wailing into Vicky pussy. "Oh my

god. Your right were right. He's so big." I took her hips, in my oversized hands. Roughly, I pulled her tighter against my groin, I lifted her hips, shifted my angle and shoved even deeper as the woman's walls swallowed in my shaft. For a woman in her late fifty's her body was solid and very soft. Her pussy was as wet and tight as any I'd ever felt. I started taking long strokes pulling my shaft to the edges of her pussy then slamming back in as hard as my hips would go. Vicky was squeezing my balls, pulling them back and forth with my motion. I could feel her moving her tongue around my cock as it moved through Ashley's lips. Every few seconds she would catch Ashley's pussy and clitoris between her lips and teeth causing the woman the woman jerk even more. Ashley let out another wail. "Ahhh....Ahh God. He's stretching my cunt so wide." She had thrown back her head, wrapped her arms around Vicky's thighs and replaced her tongue in Vicky's delicious pussy with the fingers of both hands. Babbling on, she was not expecting a response, "How long can he do this? Does he fuck you like this? God, he could fuck me forever." Her head turned and her gaze locked with her husband's. She continued to talk in a growl. "Harder...FUCK ME HARDER.....I want Malcolm to see how hard you fuck me.....Make me cum....I want to cum so hard.... Malcolm, do you see how hard he is fucking me?....He's going to make me cum... now. Do you see his big cock sliding in and out of my cunt?..... Make me cum..... RIGHT NOW." I picked up my pace I felt Vicky's chin hitting my balls. Her mouth was prying open the hood around Ashley's clit sucking and biting like it was my cock. I could feel my groin begin to boil. "Shit..Shit...Shit.... I'm gonna' cum." Ashley looked at me over her shoulder. "Tell me when... Tell me before you unload." "Now. Right Now." Her speed was incredible. She spun around, pressed her body into Vicky's and had her lips around my cock in a flash. I shot my load in her mouth in several long, jerking spasms. When she had finished draining me she released my cock and pressed her lips into Vicky's in an opened mouth kiss, sharing my load of cum. When their lips broke Vicky whispered in Ashley's ear. "I told you he'd cum by the gallon, doesn't he taste wonderful?" They both began to giggle. Malcolm had removed his coat and was sipping a new drink. Looking us over he blurted out. "My word. Ashley, I believe your young man is ready for you again." Ashley and Vicky turned in unison. Ashley brought her hand to my cock and stroked it for several seconds. She looked over at Vicky with surprise. "My word." Laughing, Vicky replied, "Yes, he just stays hard. He can come once or twice and stay hard as a rock. He could go on for a while with that." I was blushing as Ashley moved her fist up and down my shaft. Suddenly her eyes opened and she spoke to Vicky. "I want to watch him fuck you. I mean really fuck you." Her proper British accent had returned. "Here, let me sit back on the chase. You lay back against me and he can fuck you while I watch." Malcolm was smiling and nodding his with approval. Vicky stood up on those spiked heels and ran over to her purse. "Here, I've got a wonderful idea." Returning with the bag, reached in and pulled out her new vibrator and knelt between Ashley's legs. She looked at me and began to explain, "We'll put the vibrator into Ashley's pussy and put the clip on her clit. Malcolm can work the control and drive Ashley crazy. What do you think?" The idea was a complete hit with our guests. Vicky helped Ashley insert and adjust the egg. I took the control over to Malcolm and explained the knobs and the importance of the single button. He was ready. Ashley was perched on the couch. I noticed she still had the clips and chain attached to her nipples. Vicky sat between Ashley's legs and drew me

over to stand with my cock just inches from her mouth. Before she slid me length into her mouth, she looked up in my eyes and sweetly asked, "What do they call those girls in the porn movies,? You know, the ones that suck the guys dicks to keep them hard?" From behind her Ashley spoke out, with a matter of fact tone to her voice " Oh..They are called Fluffers, dear." We both broke out laughing. How in the hell did this upper class lady know such a term. Vicky went to work on my erection. It didn't take a second before I was slick and ready. Vicky leaned back against Ashley used her hands to motion men in. As I got closer Ashley reached down with one hand and began slapping Vicky's already swollen and open pussy. Her other hand had was applying as much pressure as she could to Vicky's already sensitive nipples. Kneeling between Vicky's legs, I was still too tall to slide into her. I used my hands to lift her hips in line with my cock. Slowly I worked the head between her swollen lips. She was so wet I slid into her channel in a simple gliding motion. Ashley was in charge. She knew what she wanted giving commands and forcing Vicky to her will. Suddenly, her head snapped back, a loud moan escaped her lips. Malcolm must have found the buttons on the remote control box. I found my rhythm and began a steady deep shove into Vicky's center. Ashley's hands seemed to be everywhere. One second she had her fingers wrapped around my cock as it slid through Vicky's pussy. The next she was slapping Vicky's thighs in rhythm to my thrusts. The vibrator Ashley wore seemed to added fuel to her sadistic manipulations of Vicky's body. I reached over Vicky's head to grabbed the golden chain that was still hanging from Ashley's nipples. Pulling the chain taught I slipped it into Vicky's fist. She pulled and shifted the chain, making Ashley's nipples taught with each of my thrusts. Ashley was racked with another shock from the vibrator. When she gained her senses she decided to shift positions. Grabbing my hand she began explaining what she wanted. "Here, you sit on the edge of the couch and lean back. Vicky, straddle his hips with your back to him." Turning to look at Malcolm she commanded, "Darling, turn that up as high as it will go." As he did, Ashley's body jerked slightly forward several times then she knelt in front of us. With one hand she held my shaft straight in the air. "Vicky, slide down on top of him. Take him in deep. I want to watch him fuck you. I want to see those beautiful lips open and pull around that piece of meat." I grabbed Vicky's waist and pushed her down. Her pussy lips spread and my cock easily up her channel. Ashley's hands, mouth and tongue were everywhere. As I slid in and out of Vicky, Ashley's tongue slid along my shaft catching Vicky's juices. Occasionally, her tongue would slide into Vicky's pussy with my hard shaft. Her hands continued to kneed and pinch Vicky's breasts. Every few seconds I'd hear a pop where Ashley had pinched up one of Vicky's breasts and slapped a nipple, hitting it with her palm. I looked beyond the women and saw Malcolm leaning over, sitting on the edge of his seat watching his wife. He was squeezing the black box in his hand. His thumb was white from pushing the dial against its forward stop. Our fucking went on for another 5 minutes. Vicky finally began to wear down and was quickly reaching her orgasm. I could feel mine approaching. Vicky could feel it too. "Oh.... Ahhhh....Ashley, I can feel him getting bigger.... He's going to cum." She was shaking and gasping. She was very close. I was watching the dimples at the base of Vicky's spine move up and down as she slammed down on my cock. "Ashley,... Damn.... I'm going to cum. What do you want me to do?" Both women answered at the same time. Vicky's voice was raspy, "Inside. Cum in me. I want to feel

you pump it in me." Ashley's voice was a command, "Shoot it inside. I want to see the that big vein on the base of the cock pump that cum up inside her beautiful body." Ashley took my balls in her mouth, almost biting me, and rubbed her nose against Vicky's clit. That all it took. For both of us. I shoved my hips higher into Vicky and I let go with a series of shots that had me in a daze. Vicky hit her peak, fell back against me, her body jerking every few seconds. Her beautiful hair covering her face. Ashley watched the vein in my prick contract and expand, sending cum into Vicky's pussy. As I continued to pump, she placed her tongue against my shaft to feel the vein expand and release. When my cum started to seep out of Vicky's pussy and down around my shaft, Ashley pushed Vicky off my lap and onto he back on the couch. Ashley shoved her arms between Vicky's legs and under her thighs lifting her closer to her mouth. She buried her face in that exotic mix of our combined juices shoving her tongue into Vicky as far as it would reach. As Ashley was feasting, Malcolm stood up and was slowly removing his belt. He moved behind his wife and began slapping her ass with the doubled over belt. He hit her over and over, each time a little more force was added to make the blow harder and the sting sharper. He was leaving large, red welts across the older woman's ass cheeks. Ashley made no attempt to shy away the punishment. She actually raised her ass higher to allow the strap to fall on the bare lips of her cunt. I could see the wire that extended from her pussy and clipped to her clit. As the belt flicked the lips they would contract then open wider. Vicky lost it first. "Oh god....baby, she's got her tongue so deep in me.... she's in there where you go.....Oh god...OH GOD....I'm CUMMING.... NOW." Vicky screamed, arching her body. Her head flew from side to side and that hair was fanning out everywhere. Ashley hit her peak just as suddenly. Her body spasmed and she fell forward onto Vicky's belly. She continued to shake and convulse for several seconds. Malcolm and I returned to the opposite couch, began sipping our drinks and continued gazing at these incredible women. Malcolm's smile beamed, "My wife is just so wonderful. So animalistic. I do wish I was able to perform and join her in the rituals." Turning to me, "And you, You Sir, are a very lucky chap. Vicky is smashing. So beautiful and willing." We sipped our drinks, carried on small talk and waited for the ladies to compose themselves. We all retrieved their clothes and joined Malcolm, sitting on the couches. Ashley was flushed and fanning herself with her hand. "My, My. That was stimulating. Malcolm, you heathen, I will probably have difficulty sitting for a week." Her prim, proper accent had returned. As we made our goodbyes, the ladies exchanged phone numbers, and they promised to arrange another get together if possible. Vicky gave the surprised Ashley the vibrator and nipple clips as a present. She smiled at me saying, "We'll go and buy some new ones tomorrow." Grinning, I was thinking to myself, Yea, I'm sure we would. In the cab ride back to the hotel Vicky looked over at me, "WOW. That was fun." Then she dozed off on my shoulder. At the hotel I directed her half awake body to the room, stripped off her clothes and used a warm, wash cloth to wipe the different juices from her body. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she was out. I gazed at the night skyline from our 20 story window. Two days and two more nights to go. The Ball and the Dungeon were still in the wings. I wondered if Vicky could hold up that long. I'd soon find out. to be continued..... Please read Part 1 to see how we got here. Any feedback is welcomed. Thanks.