Dessert comes first

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A helping in the kitchen goes down a treat.....

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Her large, milky white cheeks wobbled as her ass bucked back onto the oversized rubber dildo. Her luscious tits quivered as the toy rammed deeper into her stretched anus. His fist tightly gripped her long blonde hair, pulling back her head. Her back arched as he pumped the toy harder into her taut hole.

“That’s it you little slut, fucking take it all for me. I want to see you take every fucking inch of it!”

“Ohhh fuck me… I want to fucking squirt for yooooou…” she groaned.

His left palm slapped off her soaked cunt as she bent over the table in front of him. Her juices began squirting from her reddened pussy dramatically, as his right hand continued to fuck her ass with the false cock.

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Steve’s hand pounded his lubed shaft as he sat in front of the computer screen watching the sordid, pornographic act. His jeans hung loosely around his ankles, knees wide apart as he lay back into his leather seat. His hand slid furiously over his dripping cock, imagining it hammering deep inside the pretty blonde girl’s forbidden hole. His loins aching as the orgasm was building inside of him, his balls desperate for a release, his head fell back against the chair, grunting.

“Uhhh..uhhh..fuckkk.!!” he groaned as his hot thick liquid began spurting like a fountain over his stomach and chest.

His evening ritual had become quite an addiction since his wife's working commitments took an ever-increasing strain on their sex life. Her recent attempt at setting up a catering business with her best friend, Rebecca, had seen her working ridiculously long hours and she was always too exhausted for sex. If he was lucky she would allow him to roll on top of her after a long day, and a few thrusts and grunts later, he was done. He couldn't remember the last time his beautiful wife wrapped her lips around his cock.

Breathless, he sat in his chair, composing himself after his much needed release. Suddenly, he heard the turn of the key in the front door, and the sound of laughter filtered up the stairs. He desperately tugged at his jeans and fumbled with the keys on his computer, quickly deleting the perverted evidence of his private indulgence on the screen.

"Hey honey, I'm home," Suzanna cheerfully called upstairs.

"Oh hey, sweetie, two minutes I am just checking the football scores," Steve called back, hoping his strained voice wouldn't give him away.

The sound of giggling continued. He could hear his wife chatting and laughing, but was unable decipher the muffled sounds, followed by the clinking and banging of glass and porcelain cookware being removed from the cupboards in the kitchen.

He rushed to the bathroom, his flushed face reflected back at him in the mirror as he washed away the evidence of his self-pleasured act.

"You ok honey?" he called as he walked down the stairs to greet his wife.

Suzanna stepped from the kitchen. Her wavy, light blonde hair hung loosely around her shoulders; her golden highlights shimmered under the dining room light. She looked radiant, as she flashed him a pearly white smile.

"I've got some great news!" she grinned. "Rebecca and I have managed to secure the booking for that large corporate function. I hope you don't mind, but we're going to experiment with a few desserts tonight. And…we have champagne!" she cried as she brandished a bottle of the finest Moet.

Steve glanced into the kitchen. The brilliant white ceramic bowls were laid out on the black kitchen worktops. The stainless steel pots and pans hung neatly above the island in the centre of the grand kitchen. The ingredients were sprawled everywhere. His eyes scanned up Rebecca's bodacious body, watching her as she bent over the polished granite counter. Her grey yoga pants covered her

voluptuous ass and a tight white vest top clung to her toned torso perfectly. Her long dark hair was pinned up on top of her head, with a few curls hanging loosely, framing her gorgeous face. Steve stared at Rebecca as her cleavage was on display while she pushed her weight onto the rolling pin, smoothing out her dough.

“Oh of course not my darling. Do what you have to. It’s fantastic news and so proud of you…proud of you both,” he said as he kissed her forehead gently, grimacing briefly as the vision of her best’s friend’s fabulous tits became stuck in his mind.

“Hey, hot stuff, don’t think you are getting off lightly!” Rebecca giggled, dimples prominent in her cheeks as she flashed him a flirtatious smile. “We need your help, and its aprons only!”

“Oh my god Becca, you are crazy!” laughed Steve awkwardly, his cheeks flushing a tint of red.

“I agree with Becca.” laughed Suzanna. “We could do with a giggle!”

“Vultures the pair of you!” Steve exclaimed, wondering how he was ever going to get through the evening’s prep work without sporting an untimely hard on under his apron. Working around Rebecca and Suzanna in nothing but aprons was sure to make it an utter impossibility. On the other hand, the prospect was much too intriguing to pass up.

“Spoil sport!” yelled Suzanna.

Steve walked into the living room with a smirk on his face neither his wife nor her friend and business partner could see, and quickly began to strip off his clothes. He pulled his white t-shirt over his head, and pulled at the belt buckle of his stone washed jeans. His clothes lay crumpled around his feet as he stepped free from his boxer shorts. Steve had grabbed a white apron from the kitchen without the girls noticing and covered his modesty as he tied the strings around his naked waist. He could hear the cluttering of the pots and pans and kitchen utensils.

“Do you like my cherries?” Rebecca asked as she turned to Suzanna, holding two red cherries up to her breasts, to mimic her nipples.

Suzanna laughed, “Oh wow, they look delicious.”

“Could I pinch one of your cherries?” grinned Steve, leaning against the doorway in nothing more than a plain white apron.

“Oh my god Steve! I can’t believe you really did that!” shrieked Suzanna.

“Well it’s only polite if you girls join me and I will gladly be your assistant chef.”

“Sounds like a plan to me, kitchens can be hot places to work!” giggled Rebecca.

She had never been shy around Steve and would often respond to Suzanna’s open invitations to flirt with her husband. Rebecca had a naturally flirtatious personality, one of the traits in which Suzanna adored most about her best friend.

Rebecca unhooked the top of her apron over her head as she peeled her white vest top up and away from her body. Her pert tits sat comfortably in her white lacey bra, her dark nipples clearly visible through the mesh of the cups. She reattached the top of the apron before unhooking her bra, attempting to hide her modesty. The perkiness of her breasts remained, allowing a glimpse of them through the side of her apron. Then her delicate fingers slid inside of the waistband of her yoga pants. Standing with her back to both Suzanna and Steve, she wiggled her perky ass from side to side as she slowly stripped her body free from them, seductively unveiling a matching white g-string. The strip of material lay perfectly between her perky cheeks. Steve momentarily averted his eyes from the ravenous beauty and glanced at his wife. Suzanna’s lust-filled trance was evident. Her piercing blue eyes scanned Rebecca from behind, in complete awe of her beauty. Steve could feel his cock twitching and desperately disallowed his member to thicken as he controlled his wicked thoughts. His devious imagination was allowing him to visualize his stunning wife on her knees behind her best friend as she slowly tugged at Rebecca’s delicate thong, strings of her pussy juice still attached to it as Suzanna dragged it down her svelte thighs. Steve was fighting his desires with a growing ache in his loins as he pictured his beautiful wife twirling a web of Rebecca’s lubricant around her finger then sucking her best friends honey clean. He was practically salivating at the thought of kissing his beautiful his wife at that moment, sharing Rebecca’s sweetness.

“God Becca, I think you have just melted the candy.” giggled Suzanna, snapping Steve back from his horny daydream.

Rebecca laughed, “Ok sweet cheeks, now your turn!”

“Would you help me please, baby?” Suzanna asked Steve, sweeping her long blonde hair to the front of her shoulder.

Steve moved around the counter hoping that Rebecca wouldn’t notice his increasing erection under his apron. He stood close behind his wife while she was standing at the kitchen sink, her delicate hands washing a punnet of strawberries. Steve’s thickening shaft was only inches from his wife’s shapely bottom. His fingertips worked their way up the seam of her figure-hugging, black knee length

skirt. He reached for the zipper and slowly started to pull on the steel tab, one catch at a time. His loins ached even further as he slowly revealed her curvaceous ass. She wiggled her hips as her skirt fell to the floor. The scent of her raspberry shampoo filled his nostrils as she removed her white top.

“Fucking hell, Suzanna, you are a god damn tease.” groaned Steve.

“No baby, teasing would be doing this!” Suzanna breathed, as she turned to face him. She placed a cherry to her lips and began rolling her tongue around it, keeping eye contact with him, before biting the cherry from its stalk and popping it seductively in her mouth.

“Shit, shit, ok, ok… fucking hell! This apron is going to be wet before we even start,” moaned Steve.

“I could make you a little wetter if you like?” laughed Suzanna as she reached into the sink and flicked cold water at him.

“Oh don’t even start something that you can’t finish, missy.”

“Oi! You two, get a room!” called Rebecca, throwing a handful of flour at them, shrouding them in a cloud of white dust.

Suzanna gasped as the flour hit her shoulder. “Oh my god Becca!”

“Food fight!” exclaimed Steve as he grabbed a can of fresh cream from the counter, pressed the nozzle and squirted the two girls.

The cream hit Suzanna’s cheek and across her lips.

“Hey you guys are mean! You’re ganging up on me!” whined Suzanna.

“Awww baby,” Steve mocked as he cupped his wife’s cheek in his hand.

Raising her face up to look at him, he gently brushed over her lips with his thumb smearing the cream over them. Her tongue met his thumb as he gently forced it between her needy lips. She teased him further by sucking on his finger, circling it with her tongue. He removed his finger and she continued delicately lapping up the cream like a hungry kitten. Wrapping his arm around his wife’s tiny waist, he pulled her close to him. His erection full and pressed firmly against her body as he bent down to lick the remaining cream from his wife’s lips before kissing her passionately.

“Oi, you two.. I said….” giggled Rebecca, walking towards the embraced couple before whacking

Suzanna on her ass cheek. “Get a room!”.

Suzanna’s rounded cheek was covered perfectly by the print of her friends’ right hand and was deliciously stinging from the contact. She turned quickly, as Rebecca was walking away and pulled the ties of her friend’s apron. The apron pulled to the side of her body, exposing her smooth mound through the sheer material of her thong.

“Oh you didn’t just do that!” gasped Rebecca, her apron hanging loosely around her neck, as she threw another handful of flour at the couple.

Suzanna grabbed the can of cream and sprayed it in Rebecca’s direction laughing while doing so.

“Girls, girls! Let’s just settle this. Aprons off as they are only going to get messy.” exclaimed Steve, unable to hide his aching hard on any longer.

He pulled at his wife’s apron ties and unhooked it over her head, exposing her naked body, apart from her tiny panties, to her best friend.

“That goes for you too then big boy.” winked Rebecca as she pulled her loose apron free from her body.

Facing Suzanna, Rebecca walked behind Steve and slowly untied his apron. He could feel the heat from her nimble fingers, her perfectly manicured nails so close to the small of his back. He unhooked the apron over his head and let it fall free from his body. He was stood between both women, looking directly into his wife’s eyes he could see the lust that she had for her best friend. In one swift motion Steve picked up his wife and sat her on the counter in front of him and with his hands placed on the insides of her thighs, he pushed her legs apart, exposing her to him.

“Can I have my dessert first?” he grinned, pulling her soaked knickers to the side.

Ste….Steve.” Suzanna groaned, a feeble attempt to stop him from exposing her swollen labia.

“Mmmm.. I want to skip my main meal too..” breathed Rebecca, peering over Steve’s shoulder.

Rebecca’s lustful confession spurred Steve on as he traced his fingertip along his wife’s slit. Her smooth pussy throbbed as the cool air hit her heated mound. Using his thumb and forefinger he spread his wife’s sex apart, and listened to hear moan as her head fell back. He reached inside of the sink with his free hand and retrieved a strawberry. He pushed the cold, freshly washed fruit into the entrance of her hot hole, covering it with her arousal juice. He slowly teased her with the fruit, pulling

it out and over her slit, pushing it gently against her engorged clit.

Rebecca groaned in his ear as she watched the sexy act take place, her own juices soaking the crotch of her gstring. Steve turned towards Rebecca and placed the strawberry onto her lush pink lips. She opened her mouth and closed her eyes while Steve seductively fed it to her, coated in the taste of his wife's pussy. His cock was standing rigid. He did not care about fighting it any longer; he couldn't even if he needed to. Reaching down between her own thighs, Rebecca pressed down on her swollen clit, through her panties, attempting to control her state of arousal. She welcomed the strawberry in her mouth, taking time to suck off her best friends juices before biting into the delicate fruit. The juices squirted from the strawberry and ran down Rebecca's lips and chin. Steve pulled Rebecca to him and licked the strawberry juice from her mouth. The combination of his wife and friends taste was driving him insane. His cock throbbed between his legs. Suzanna moaned as her own fingers found their way to her aching pussy, running her fingers over her throbbing slit as she watched her husband kissing her beautiful friend.

Turning back to his wife he picked up the can of squirting cream and sprayed it across her heaving breasts. His hands smeared the cream across her chest as she groaned, before bending down and flicking his tongue over her dark, pink areola. Rebecca started to tweak her own nipples with her thumb and forefinger, biting her lower lip as she watched Steve's tongue devouring his wife's tits.

"Mmmmm…fuck that feels so good." breathed Suzanna. "Join him Rebecca."

Steve's hand, thick with cream, found its way to his rigid cock, he pulled gently on it to satisfy the growing urge. His eyes feasted upon the delectable sight of the dark haired beauty sucking hungrily on his wife's breast. Rebecca's eyes flicked between her two friends, watching the expression on their faces at the state of their arousal, her fingertips frantically running over the crotch of her thong as she satisfied her own increasing need.

Steve turned to Rebecca, "Let's see how sweet your tooth is."

He tugged at the sides of Suzanna's gstring while she lifted her hips allowing him to peel them off with ease. Taking a spoonful of melted chocolate he dripped it down over his wife's soaking, smooth pussy.

"With pleasure." Rebecca moaned as she bent down and began hungrily lapping it off and pulling her best friends clit with her teeth.

Suzanna grabbed her best friends head and pushed her face harder into her pussy, groaning. Rebecca teased Suzanna even further; stretching her clit and then letting it go, watching it snap back

into place.

Steve walked behind Rebecca, his fist pumping his shaft. The sight of her performing an oral sex act on his gorgeous wife was almost too much for him to take. His fingertips found their way to the sides of Rebecca's now soaked panties and he slowly pulled them down over her thighs. Her lush ass and swollen pussy was fully on display. He picked up a bottle of syrup and drizzled a thin layer of the sweet liquid over her rounded cheeks, watching as it began to slip down her crack.

Steve bent down and began to hungrily lick up the running liquid as Rebecca's fingers found their way quickly into his wife's aching cunt. She began to urgently finger fuck her best friend, bringing her to an earth shattering orgasm. Rebecca moaned in unison with her friend as Steve began tongue fucking her madly.

"Oh god, mmmm…that's it, fuck I want to cum.. harder! Yes..fuck me.. like that! Ahhhhh….." Rebecca screamed as her liquid gushed into Steve's mouth.

Steve stood up and licked his lips. He walked over to the two beauties, pulling their heads to him as their tongues lashed in others mouths', tasting their own scent with a mixture of the sweet ingredients.

"Now, you're turn big boy!" grinned Suzanna, as she jumped down from the counter.

"Get up on there." Suzanna commanded, pointing to the island in the centre of the kitchen.

Without hesitation Steve reached back his hands and raised himself up on to the counter. He instantly lay back. His erect cock flat against his stomach.

Suzanna pushed open his thighs as both girls started to run their tongues up his legs and towards his desperately full balls. The heat and wetness of their tongues, dancing along his body was mind blowing.

"God I need this in me!" Suzanna breathed as she licked up the taste of her husbands seeping precum.

Steve submitted to the two beauties as they continued to devour every inch of him with their gorgeously skillful tongues.

Rebecca walked around the top of the counter and climbed up. She straddled herself over Steve's face and moaned as she lowered her hot pussy lips onto his waiting tongue. He groaned, welcoming her beautiful pussy and inhaled her intoxicating scent. The muscle in his mouth poked and devoured

Rebecca’s open sex with sheer greed, lapping up her sweet cum juice mixed with the sticky syrup. Suzanna joined Rebecca and climbed onto the polished surface. Her sweet covered pussy ached to have her husband; it had been too long since she enjoyed his thick cock. Steve groans vibrated into Rebecca’s pussy as he felt the wetness of his wife’s pussy walls engulf his throbbing shaft. The girls began gyrating, taking full advantage of their shared pleasure. They leaned into each other, kissing wild and passionately as they both rode Steve for their own satisfaction. Their hips slapped off Steve’s body, grabbing at each other’s tits as the feeling of sheer euphoria washed over them both.

“Mmmphhh..ffff..mmmmm” Steve muttered, as he was on the brink of his own climax.

“Oh fuck me! That was amazing!” panted Rebecca, almost suffocating Steve with her pussy and ass.

She climbed off him and walked around to join her best friend as Suzanna started to take Steve in her mouth. Tasting her own sweet scent on her husband.

Both girls moved their mouths to his cock, each working their hot tongues on either side of his throbbing member. Suzanna took her husband deep in her mouth. She could feel him pulsing, knowing that he needed to release his cum. Without warning, Rebecca pushed her tongue inside of Steve’s ass, invading his tight hole. She greedily began tongue fucking it, lubing it up with her saliva before slowly pushing her middle finger inside of his resisting hole. Steve could no longer take it.

“Uhhh…Im cumming… fucccckkkkk…!” he screamed.

Both girls’ looked up towards Steve, their tongues were outstretched, almost begging him as his hot spunk splattered all over their faces.

“Mmmmm….now this is what I call a tasty dessert.” grinned Rebecca as she turned towards Suzanna, pulling her head to hers and kissing her passionately, sharing her husbands taste.

Suzanna licked her lips; “Well I’m not sure if the company would like this put on their menu!”.

“Mmmm….I highly recommend it.” giggled Rebecca.

Steve grinned, “Hmmmm…..give me a few minutes then maybe we can work on some starters.”