En Vacances Part 6: Fucktoy Fucked 1

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I want to be a perfect plaything. A favourite fucktoy. A good girl.

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En Vacances Part 6: Fucktoy Fucked 1

The air, trapped in the unventilated bedroom, sticks to my skin causing tiny droplets of sweat to seep through my porous epidermis to coat my body in a fine film. My large starring pupils are following Anita's descent as she lowers herself onto her haunches between Grant and my widespread thighs. Grant's breath plays hotly about my neck, liquid pools beneath his hands as they grip tightly at my waist and on the underside of my thighs where our sticky flesh conjoins.

A bead of sweat breaks free of the slippery skin between our legs and starts trickling its way down my calf towards my aching ankle and my flesh tingles with every millimetre of its progression.

I am sensation, nothing more; barely a cognitive thought in my befuddled brain, everything reduced to my primal senses; the aroma of my dribbling sex thick in my nose, the sound of Grant's heavy resonating in my ears, the taste of my ejaculant and cum mixing amongst the pool of saliva in my mouth, the sight of Anita's auburn curled head between my thighs and the touch of her breath as it teases my naked pubis and swollen clitoris.

"Very pretty."

Anita's words cause havoc as her breath assaults my excessively sensitised skin, the vibrations amplified within the pulsating folds of my quivering sex. Juices fill my empty void, gurgle about Grant's cockhead as it waits expectantly at my entrance and slide down his stiff throbbing muscle to join the growing dampness of my excitement that soaks his pubic hair.

There is one thought implanted in my overheated brain, and as Anita's breath teases and tempts me

into driving my dribbling pussy down onto Grant’s thick cock, I grasp hold and cling to it with every aching sinew of my spread and lust addled body.

“I want to be a perfect plaything. A favourite fucktoy. A good girl.”

So, despite all the temptation, despite the endorphins rushing through my shaking flesh, despite the subtle but noticeable movement of the tip of Grant’s cock as it slides ever so slightly back and forth between my engorged labia, despite the plaintive cries of my stiff nipples begging for a touch, despite my shaking legs and aching ankles, despite the thickness of the air that I’m having problems sucking into my lungs, and despite Anita’s very naughty breath as it vibrates about my shivering clitoris; despite all this, I resist and hold myself unfilled and unfulfilled, mounted on and ready to be impaled by Grant’s lovely thick cock.

“Good girl.”

The words are almost too much, sending me spiralling dangerously close to that dark place where lust consumes everything and all control is lost. Yet still I hold myself prettily upright and with reddening skin and raggedy breath await my release.

Anita’s mouth moves on; her breath departing my pubis to sink down beneath me. A grunt of pleasure escapes Grant’s mouth and his groin wriggles expectantly causing soft, squelching sounds to escape my pussy as his cockhead slaps itself gently against my wet flesh. I am looking down; watching Anita’s face disappear until all that remains visible is her loosely curled hair as it cascades across her broad shoulders and tickles itself against the inside of my thighs.

It is her mouth I wish to see; the pale pinkness of her tongue as it slides about Grant’s cum laden balls, the snail trail dampness that it leaves in its wake, her saliva glistening trapped amongst his thick pubic hair.

I can hear her slurping as she opens her full lips to reveal sharp teeth and the warm, welcoming, wetness of her mouth, as she sucks Grant’s softly throbbing, squidgy sacs of yummy, gooey, sticky, creamy, hot semen deep into her, as her tongue swirls around his soft plums, as she cleans his dirty flesh of every last molecule of dead skin and liquid secretions.

Grant is most definitely not a good girl like me; as Anita suckles, his fingers squeeze about my waist, his breathing becomes more rapid and his groin starts rocking in time to the inhalation and exhalation of the air from his lungs. It isn’t much; an inch at most, but perched as I am atop his cockhead, every tiny thrust pushes him between my patiently waiting lips and into the dripping wetness of my vaginal canal.

I close my eyes and try to focus on my own breathing; my mouth falling open, hot air filtering back and forth across my wet tongue, saliva pooling against my bottom lip before flooding across this quivering barrier to trickle down my chin. Beneath me the sounds of Anita's busy mouth has been complemented by the gentle squelching of Grant's engorged, purple cockhead sliding in and out of my cum soaked, orgasming pussy.

I am cumming endlessly now. I don't know how it is for you, but this is how it is for me. At some point I started and already that moment is lost in the depths of my memory. Certainly I was already cumming when Anita mounted her plaything on Grant's stiff cock and … In fact it is hard to remember a single second when my pussy hasn't been pulsing ecstatically since Anita watched my busy fingers fuck my needy, sloppy, wetness by the pool … and once I start, I really don't stop; I just pulse and throb and dribble happily until someone or something drives me through spiralling ecstasy to the next crescendo.

Which is where Grant's cock, with its subtle caresses on the puffy flesh of my vaginal entrance, is now leading me.

Anita's hair moves; drifting up my thigh before settling against my quivering pubis as her mouth leaves Grant's well-sucked, glistening balls and her tongue starts attending to his throbbing shaft; a muscle that is sticky with all the naughty cum mess that my lightly fucked pussy has dribbled down it. With every flick of her tongue I feel Grant quiver inside me, his cock still sliding with miniature thrusts between my legs, his breathing now full of unintelligible grunts.

I can feel Anita's upward progress transmitted to me through the steady creep of her teasing hair up the slight swell of my stomach. A barely audible mew of pleasure escapes my slack lips at the knowledge that her mouth is full, not with Grant's sweet cock, but with my wanton pussy's hot, sticky juices; that it is me that she is savouring as she slides her way up and around the veined muscle that separates us.

I want … I want … I want so much, but still I am the perfect plaything, the good girl, the favourite fucktoy. Even as Grant's cock splits my beautifully naked, shaven peach, even as his tempo accelerates, even as he fills me yet deeper with every thrust, even as my pussy muscles clench around his thickness, even as he invades my most private place, even as Anita's tongue slides up his still cum soaked length, even as her tongue tip explores along both sides of my cock-split vulva, even as she drifts up and around my exposed, pouting clitoris and Grant pushes every last millimetre of his throbbing muscle into the wonderfully orgasmic wetness between my splayed legs … throughout all this, despite the ascending crescendo of pleasure emanating from my fucked and teased pussy, I remain quivering and cumming poised as I've been positioned with my legs shaking uncontrollably

and my ankles screaming for mercy, determined to be a good girl.

And then, Anita’s tongue finds my clitoris.

How can I find the words in the finite lexicon of the English Language to explain? How can I possibly convey the unbridled intensity of that moment with my oh so limited vocabulary? Should I string all those prettily descriptive words together in the hope that if I write enough of them you might be able to comprehend the absolute, total, mind-blowing ecstasy of the first touch of Anita’s tongue across my wildly pulsating clitoral nub? Or perhaps I could seek refuge in a generalisation; declare myself lost amongst the physical thrusting as Grant’s cock plunders deep amongst my wildly spasming pussy muscles?

Every cell in my body erupts; electrons spinning wildly out of orbit, smashing into quivering neutrons and protons, mini atomic explosions as each and every nuclei split, as the twisting double helix of my genetic blueprint sunders. Every single firework in the whole world erupts simultaneously inside my head filling me with dazzling starbursts of multi-coloured light. My shaking limbs and quivering torso are awash with a tingling so intense it is as if I’ve been attached to mains electricity and someone has just flicked the switch. Whilst between my legs, beneath the twin assault of Grant’s cock and Anita’s tongue, constant and almost unbearable pulses of pleasure resonate out from my fucked and licked groin to send every muscle in my stomach, in my pubis and in my constantly orgasming pussy into endless contractions.

They’ve found a rhythm, Grant and Anita; as his cock slides effortlessly out of my dribbling wetness; her tongue slips between my labia and slides between my petal-like lips, rapidly traversing the short trough of my cum-soaked smooth flesh betwixt my near empty pussy and my erect clitoris. Then, as Grant’s thickness begins to ascend once more, as he starts to slide his manliness deep into my sodden and receptive body, as my contraction addled pussy muscles clench about his throbbing cock, Anita’s tongue darts once more across my stiff nub sending me spinning to another level of orgasmic pleasure.

They fuck me in unison, a true partnership; methodically at first, each thrust filling me and bringing my sweat stained, cum soaked arse and thighs into squelching contact with Grant’s groin as Anita’s tongue unerringly locates my helplessly exposed clitoris. Gradually the tempo increases; every plunge into my pool-like pussy more assertive, the ascent of Grant’s cock more rapid, Anita’s tongue licking wildly across the whole of my saliva coated and cum sheened pubis as they rush to sate their own arousal.

I am drenched; watery emotion trickling from my eyes to smear my finely applied eyeliner down my cheek, saliva droplets escaping from the corner of my mouth and wetting my chin before splashing

down on my heaving breasts, my skin a slippery film of moisture glistening in the mid-afternoon sunlight that filters through the balcony doors and as Grant's hips thrust in increasing ferocity against my lightly rounded buttocks and crash into the sopping wetness of my increasingly well-fucked, juicy pussy each slap of flesh on flesh produces a fine spray of sweat and cum to dampen further the humid air.

Worse yet; as his fully rigid cock abrades its way between my puffy pussy walls he begins once more to stimulate the same swollen flesh that Anita's dexterous and nimble fingers caressed so thoroughly, and as he exits me; as his cockhead rubs its way down the thin membrane that divides my gaping pussy and my tightly clenched urinary canal; the remnants of the ejaculant Anita so cleverly produced gets forced unwillingly through the spasming exit I can no longer control.

I squirt over Anita; over her pretty face with its big eyes and full lips, with its open mouth and extended tongue that is sliding up Grant's departing cock to pleasure my expectant clitoris. It is the tiniest of amounts, not even a quarter of a thimbleful and perhaps she won't notice; perhaps with the flood of thick pussy juices and the constant spray of sweat it will be no more than a little added dampness on her already shiny face.

I am consumed with guilt at the deplorable baseness of my body. Frantically I squeeze my muscles tightly shut as Grant once more thrusts his shaft deep into my nether regions and his pubic hair slaps into my ejaculant dampened clitoris. But it is to no avail; even as Grant's throbbing cockhead pushes against my cervix and even before he begins to press his way back down my wildly pulsing flesh, I feel the liquid pressure building on my urinary sphincter.

There is no lovingly parted mouth this time, no tongue darting up to slide across my clitoris, just Anita's upturned face poised and waiting to be showered with the disgusting essence of my loss of control.

A loss of control that is getting more obvious as Grant pounds his way between my widespread legs, as he slides his hands onto my hips and starts jack-hammering his cock into poor, helpless, twitching me. As he assaults me, as my eyelashes flutter spastically about my barely focusing eyes and my vocabulary is reduced to mewling moans, what began as a dribble is becoming a shower.

Then, like Botticelli's Venus emerging from the waves, Anita stands. Ejaculant coats her face, the tendrils of her hair that curled so prettily about her shoulders now stick to her soaking skin, the full moons of her bosom shimmer coated with my precious offering, her bikini top splotched with dark stains, and rivulets of liquid run down the soft undulations of her stomach to soil the top of her panty line. She looks dirty, disgusting, totally debased and irresistibly gorgeous.

“Wow.”

As Anita stood, Grant’s tempo slowed and now, as we both hungrily admire the dripping Rubenesque form before us, he has buried every inch of his cock within my wet and welcoming sheath leaving me to wriggle my pretty little bottom against his lower stomach.

“She …?”

Anita nods in response to Grant’s incomplete question, simultaneously wiping a hand across her sodden cheek and chin before holding it up to inspect her dripping fingers. Immediately I’m leaning forward ready for her to insert them into my gaping mouth so that, as in the bar earlier, I can suckle them clean.

“I think Grant, that it might be time for you to explore our little friend’s arse …”

Anita’s hand dangles temptingly in front of my face yet remains teasingly out of reach.

“… because if you carry on fucking her pussy like that, well …”

I’m sliding up Grant’s cock trying to reach Anita’s dripping fingers but as I do she uses her hand to gesticulate at her bespattered body leaving me moaning and empty top and tail.

“… we’re going to have to call room service and ask them to bring a mop.”

Dripping digits veer near my parted mouth once more; I stretch myself forward, managing to catch a single fingertip with my extended tongue. Between my legs, Grant’s cock no longer nestles betwixt my slippery lips; my movement allowing him to escape my tender clutches and causing all the warm, sticky girl-cum, that had been trapped within me by his muscular plug, to gush down the inside of my already sodden thighs.

Assertively, uncharacteristically, I reach out a hand, capture Anita’s wrist and pull it towards my panting, wet, gaping and needy mouth all the while wiggling my juicy, cock fucked pussy and well oiled arse before Grant’s appreciative gaze. Slowly, sensually, seductively I slide my tongue up Anita’s elegant middle finger until I reach its beautifully manicured summit before turning my head to look back over my shoulder at Grant’s sweat streaked torso and reddened face. Then in my absolutely best ‘I’ve been so good that I really deserve a treat’ voice, I whimper.

“Please Grant. Please will you stuff your big, fat cock into my tight, little arse?”

To be continued …