

Sandra Said, I'm Bored

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She stifled a groan at the indignity and felt her heartbeat quicken in anticipation of humiliation.

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SANDRA SAID "I'M BORED"

Two things any self-respecting gentleman does not want to hear from his female partner are (1) "Is it in?" and (2) "I'm bored!"

The former is an affront to his sexual prowess and the latter is a dismaying comment on his ability to stir up an adequate spark of feminine interest.

Sir Ralph Hawkins had recently heard both comments from his mistress of several years, Sandra Whistlemore. He was particularly aggrieved to hear her "bored" comment in front of his dedicated butler, Thomas Steel just prior to the Boynton Benefit Ball at the Royal Cheshire Hotel.

Sir Ralph was aware that good old Thomas had seen his face redden at the comment, but he remained silent. The much younger Sandra was blithely chattering on about some silly tune recently released and much the vogue with the younger set.

Thomas pretended to be involved with polishing a set of cufflinks that were a gift from Sir Ralph's Regiment upon his retirement.

The astonishingly attractive 23 year old dark haired Sandra was seated in front of a mirror adding an exotic eyelash to her already stunning face.

Sir Ralph cleared his throat.

“My dear Sandra, however could you say you are bored? You just went out this afternoon and spent a small fortune on shoes and underwear at the shops. Surely you must have found that exciting as well as the Gourmet luncheon at the Fountainbleu.”

Sandra looked up and giggled.

“Ralph, dear, don’t be so serious. Women always say they are bored even when they are not. It just means they want more. They want to be entertained.”

Sir Ralph studied that for a moment, but he did not see any logic in it.

He decided right then and there that little Sandra would not be bored this weekend when they went for the shooting event on his family’s estate. He would make sure she would receive all the entertainment he and his drinking buddies from the Regiment could dish out to her.

This weekend, Miss Sandra Whistlemore would not be bored in the slightest.

It would be a good sendoff party for his mistress. He was certain it was time for him to move on to more untilled fields like the pretty Patricia Poshsaddle. She was the youngest daughter of his neighbor and rumored to be in the market for a reasonably fertile bedfellow.

Then, there was Lady Camille Simpson’s younger sister Eugenia who was supposedly devastated after being left at the altar by that rogue, Captain Jack Finch.

Sir Ralph had never liked that fellow Finch ever since the debacle in the Middle East and the Captain’s debauchery with his Colonel’s prim and proper wife Hortense.

It was all too sordid even for Sir Ralph who was a notorious debaucher of females in his own right.

He leaned over the attractive young Sandra after his butler Thomas exited the bedroom. His hands cupped the full breasts of the pretty young girl and he could feel the nipples pop out of their hiding place immediately. If nothing else, his Sandra was a nubile and responsive female in the bedroom.

Sandra sighed in resignation and bent over the mirrored dressing table with affable compliance. Ralph lifted her expensive frock up above her heart-shaped bum and viewed the delightful feast with great anticipation. His cock was trying to escape from the confinement of his trousers ever before he slowly pulled Sandra’s flimsy thong down to her knees.

The girl’s little brown eye was an inviting target, but Sir Ralph decided to spread open her luscious camel-toe with his huge cock instead. He ran his cock head already wet with pre-cum up and down her pretty little slit. The little hussy moaned like a Parisian tart and squeezed her own nipple.

Sir Ralph pulled her two exquisitely formed cheeks apart and with resolute firmness shoved his nine

inch cock slowly up her tight vaginal tunnel. He smiled at the beguiling whimpers his mistress voiced at the impalement. He wanted to spank her hard and punish her for her effrontery in front of his manservant.

He refrained from his impulse to beat a sharp tattoo on her flanks and settled instead for a firm and deep pounding of the young girl's delicious bottom. Ralph was greatly aroused by the sight of Sandra's contorted face in the mirror right in front of them. She was perfectly made up but her tongue was hanging out of the corner of her lovely mouth and her nostrils were flaring like a filly being ridden to the finish line.

"My dear Sandra, are you still bored, my sweet?"

Her pretty mouth opened and closed.

"errr....No, I'm not bored....I am....uhh....uhh...filled quite nicely, thank you, dear."

Ralph smiled a devious little smile and grabbed Sandra's trim hips pulling her back onto his probing cock. He was delighted to see her shudder and go into an orgasmic convulsion just as he allowed his full load to empty into her clutching pussy.

Sandra was still whimpering as Ralph pulled up her boutique flimsy thong pausing only to let his fingers push lightly into her quivering brown hole. She gasped but accepted it as the proper role of a pampered mistress. He carefully replaced her designer gown and gave her a light kiss on the cheek to thank her for her silent cooperation.

Sir Ralph's young mistress could feel the puddle of creamy cum inside her tight pussy lips. She kept them closed to keep it from seeping down the inside of her leg. It was nice to feel so wet like that inside and it would be so messy if it got all over her new gown. Sandra wondered why her mentor had not taken advantage of her proffered brown eye but she decided he was saving that for after the evening's festivities.

At the dinner, Sir Ralph talked to three of his Army buddies. They were all hot to trot to teach his protégée Sandra a lesson in humility. It looked like this shooting weekend would definitely not be boring.

Sandra wondered why Sir Ralph made a point of introducing her to his three close friends. They all struck her as "gone to pasture" pussy hounds ever on the hunt for fresh meat to pound. In point of fact, that was a fairly good assessment by Sandra. Tony Goodson, Harry Adams, and Phil Johnson were all visualizing just how young Sandra would be down on all fours stripped naked and waiting for their attentions. Their lust usually well hidden was most likely written on their foreheads as they devoured her lush body with naughty intent.

She felt her tight pussy lips easing up slightly as she spied the huge bulge in Harry Adams trousers. Some of Sir Ralph's sticky liquids began to ooze down the inside of her leg with torturous slowness.

Certainly, the portly gentleman with no title and a devastatingly boring name could not possess a member of such impressive length and girth. Poor Sandra would find out in the not too distant future that he most certainly did possess just such a shaft when he and the others made sport with her in Sir Ralph's den. She would be stretched to her limit by the insertion of his huge cock into her tiny little pucker hole whilst all the others cheered Harry on to "fill her to the brim".

The next evening after all the noise and the dust of the shooting party had settled down, Sandra was called to the den by Sir Ralph. She was tempted to not comply as she was fairly well worn out by the frantic pace of the shooting. But she knew she was required to accede in Sir Ralph's desires as she received full measure for her discomfort.

When she saw her mentor and his three friends sitting in front of the fireplace, Sandra felt something was a little amiss. She could not quite put her finger on it but all of the gentlemen seemed in abnormally good spirits. They seemed to her to be like viewers of a horse race waiting for the flag to be raised.

"Sandra, it is so good of you to join us, my dear. I was just telling my friends about your recent bout with boredom. They have convinced me that we must do something to rid you of that right away."

Sandra was puzzled and laughed a little nervously.

"I am so sorry, Sir Ralph. I did not think it would be a subject of conversation outside the bedroom."

"Sandra, you have met all my closest friends. I want you to submit to our attentions so that you will cease to be bored in future."

Sandra gasped.

She understood exactly what Sir Ralph was implying. She was to be a play toy for all of these senior gentlemen as Sir Ralph witnessed her humiliation.

It was just too much.

She was not that kind of girl.

Then again, her sojourn with Sir Ralph was the most lucrative of her positions. If it meant protecting her employment, she was willing to comply with his instructions to the fullest extent of her abilities. Under normal circumstances, her mentor kept her to himself for his sole pleasure. The only exception was the trip to Paris when she was induced by the promise of a diamond bracelet to spread her favors to his less than charming male guests. The two males in question were undoubtedly Russian and so crude in their treatment of her body that she had bathed repeatedly in shuddering remembrance.

She looked around at the hungry eyes of the three men and replied,

“All right, I will do it but no canes or belts. I know what you gentlemen can be capable of. Hand spanking is acceptable and nipple twisting is also allowed but no clamps or I will leave immediately.”

The three men found Sandra’s ground rules to be quite acceptable and they were all agreed to commence the sport immediately.

Sir Ralph placed the spanking horse on the white plush carpet and told Sandra to remove all of her clothes except for her black leather riding boots and the diamond studded collar she wore with much pride. She stifled a groan at the indignity and tried to slow her fast beating heart racing with anticipation at her humiliation in front of the four gentlemen.

With her ankles and wrists secure inside the padded restraints, Sandra was surprised that Sir Ralph also strapped her tiny waist tightly to the padded surface. That was the affirmation that she would be sorely used by Sir Ralph’s friends.

Sandra looked at the mirrored walls and ceilings. Her slender body was snugly fixed akimbo on the sturdy spanking horse. If she squinted, she could see her own pink pussy pulsating right under her quivering brown eye. They were two targets these experienced marksmen would find easy to hit each and every time. She saw the gentlemen strip their breeches off and noted with interest that Harry Adams cock was the largest she had ever seen. Suddenly, she was a bit nervous because she realized a full session with these three resolute men in addition to Sir Ralph would likely stretch her pussy and her tiny anus drastically and she would most likely never be able to present as tight a hole as before. She was overly proud of her extremely tight holes and loved to hear Sir Ralph and her previous two mentors comment on her lovely tight pussy and her tightly puckered brown eye.

Sir Ralph ran his hands over his mistress’s sleek flanks. He pulled her heart-shaped ass cheeks open for their intense perusal. Ralph wet his finger with saliva and prodded her brown eye to show them how it danced and flexed in anticipation. Harry Adams sniggered and remarked,

“She won’t be tight much longer, Captain. I’ve got a right nice sausage to fill that hole.”

Sandra felt eight greedy hands plunder her private parts both inside and out with a complete disregard for her female need for privacy and totally devoid of any semblance of gentle treatment or consideration of common decency. Her ears were burning with the rude comments informing her of how they planned to strip her of her pride and youthful spirit. She was most aroused by the thoughts of helpless submission and her juices started deep inside as she pictured the “beyond middle age” quartet riding her soft and tender body with hard cocks and harsh hands.

Her transition from a “bored” state of mind started slowly but picked up tempo after a few hours of total debauchery. Soon, all she could think about was the splash of creamy cum inside one of her holes or even descending like a sensual shower on her delicate face. She could not really see it for lack of glasses but she knew her nether hole was wide open. Her ass was so distended that even the thick Harry could slide his sturdy thick cock inside with little difficulty.

Sandra's cum covered body was in a state of complete exhaustion by midnight. She was so worn out that all she wanted to do was to crawl into the corner and shut her eyes.

It was at this point that Sir Ralph assembled the male servants, all 13 of them, into a single line in the hallway with cocks at the ready.

It was time for Sandra to lose any concept of boredom forever.

Nine months later, a much subdued and calmer Sandra gave birth to twins. Both she and her new husband the very proud Harry Adams could safely say the very thought of being bored never entered their mind again.