The Preacher, His Wife, and Me - Finale

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Purely fictional but based on some fact

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When we finished our meal on the patio, Paul suggested that we retire to the den where it was cooler and less humid, and that he and Darla wait until morning to clean up other than putting leftovers in the refrigerator.

Paul was still fully clothed whereas his wife Darla and I were naked and weren't as bothered by the outside temperature as he was. Nevertheless, we all went inside.

Once in the den, Paul brought in a chilled bottle of wine for after dinner drinks for himself and Darla, and he brought me a tall highball of Jack Daniels and branch water.

Darla and I sat next to one another on the couch and Paul sat across the room in a recliner where he had a good view of us as Darla fondled my cock playfully while I massaged her clit.

Darla said, "Paul, would you call Heather and ask her to join us? She's told me that she enjoys masturbating with Dirk and she's hinted that they've fucked. I know you would enjoy watching the three of us enjoy sex with one another, wouldn't you?"

Paul, grinning foolishly, said that was a splendid idea and immediately phoned Heather and asked her to come and join us.

Within minutes Heather arrived. She looked stunning and sexy the way she was dressed. When she saw me there her face lit up like the sun coming over the horizon in the morning and she looked eager to take part in whatever might happen. Darla asked her to take her clothes off and join me and her on the couch, which she did in no time flat. She sat down next to me to my left since Darla was on my right side

Heather and Darla sent silent messages to one another by winking, placing their hands over their mounds, licking their lips, and then inserting fingers in their mouths and sucking on them. Then they both began playing with my rock hard dick and fondling my balls as Paul sat across the room grinning

at us.

They took turns licking my pre-cum off of my engorged helmet and swallowing it. They were thoughtful of me, and gathered some of it on their fingers and stuck them in my mouth.

Paul spoke up and suggested that the ladies and I might be more comfortable on their king-size bed. We agreed, and everyone went to the master bedroom.

Once there, the ladies took charge and told me to lie down in the middle of the bed, then they took positions on either side of me, and we began fondling, caressing, kissing, and sucking on one another.

The foreplay was enjoyable and protracted, but eventually the ladies wanted more out of me. They told Paul to decide which one of them would be the lucky first to fuck me.

Paul chose his wife.

Darla promptly straddled me, mounted my rock hard cock and rode me like a cowgirl gone wild. At the same time, Heather was playing with my hot nuts and kissing me.

I was thoroughly enjoying myself, and wanted to hold back as long as I could before shooting my load, but Darla was fucking me so hard and furiously that I lost control sooner than I wanted to and exploded my cum into her sweet dripping pussy with her enjoying a volcanic orgasm at the same time.

BLISS…..PURE TOTAL BLISS, for both of us!!

With a satisfied smile on her face, Darla rolled off of me and told Heather it was up to her to get my pecker hard again if she wanted to fuck me.

Heather, knowing exactly what to do, immediately took my flaccid tool into her mouth and began working her magic on it. Within a matter of minutes it was standing tall and proud again and she straddled me and mounted it with her back to my face and fucked me with zeal until we both enjoyed orgasms together.

DOUBLE BLISS!!!!!

The ladies continued to take turns either fucking me or sucking my prick for several hours until sometime in the early morning yours they drifted off into deep sleep.

When I regained enough strength to look around, I saw Paul looking at me. This time he wasn't grinning. He was licking his lips.

He motioned for me to follow him into the bathroom. When I got there, Paul closed and locked the door and began whispering to me.

"I want to suck your cock," he said.

"Paul, I'm not into men", I replied.

Paul leaned closer and whispered more softly.

"I have a secret that no one knows, not even Darla. My name at birth was Paula. I was female, but I wanted to be male. Many years ago I began having sex-change surgeries performed. They managed to deepen my voice, flatten my tits, and make my face appear to be masculine. Then there were problems and they were never able to transform my genitals. I still have a pussy, and after I suck your cock I want you to fuck me".

"Tough luck, Paul", I said as I went outside, picked up my clothing, and went home.