

The Friday the 13th Party

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Harry throws a party

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Harry's parties were famous.

Any excuse, no matter how insignificant, could result in a party at Harry's bar.

Thus, on an uneventful Friday, the 13 th in October; he put out the call to the bored, restless expatriates and others familiar with his unique style of hospitality, his door was open at 7 PM for festivities celebratingFriday the 13 th .

His parties were a mix of young Embassy female workers, Security types, and the odd spy here and there. There always were a good representation from the European Embassies and some exotic types from South America as well.

Lady Patricia was sure to be in attendance, if for no other reason than to keep a watchful eye on her secret paramour Harry.

The first couple to arrive were the husband and wife team from the U.S Embassy. Yes, everyone knew they were CIA, but it was supposed to be a very hush-hush secret. Harry suspected they were a mere decoy for the real agent. He had a good idea who it was, but that secret was safe with him.

When Lady Patricia arrived, Harry swept her through the curtain into the secluded hallways in the back. He pressed her body against the wall and explored her lush and secret places.

"Oh Dear! No underwear again.....you are such a slut!"

Patricia looked up into Harry's eyes. Her lips were slightly open as she whispered,

" I want to feel your hard cock sticking intome when I dance, Harry, Dear."

Just over Harry's shoulder, Patricia saw Andy watching her with a bemused grin on his face. She still remembered the night in Venice with sharp clarity. The way he steered her head from side to side as he slid his beautiful thick cock into her more than willing mouth. Her sphincter muscle contracted at the memory of his well lubricated penis forcing open her tight soft bum. The all night orgy with Mike, Hugh and Andy was etched into her memory. Her most vivid exercise in extreme slutiness .

"Thank God, Harry has no clue!"

Her unspoken thought made her cling to Harry with a guilty self-hating sense of disgust. Patricia knew she was a bad girl and would have to be punished for her behavior. She vowed to herself that this very evening Harry would discipline her quite severely and make her pay for her slutty ways. The sound of the cane in her mind and the pain to be suffered by her bum brought her back to her private school days. She was famous for her stamina and ability to withstand even the most severe of corrections dished out by the upper class female school mates.

A young girl tapped Harry on the shoulder.

"You want me tonight, Mister Harry?"

It was almost amusing to see Patricia's eyebrows rise high on her forehead as nasty thoughts ran rampant through her sexually obsessed mind.

"Thank you, BojanaYes, for about 2 hours after midnight, if it is all right with your mother. I will have Andy drive you home. Just tidy up a bit and we will finish tomorrow morning."

Patricia realized this new girl was one of Harry's housemaids. They seemed to change so often. She scanned her jealously. The unfettered pert titties sticking up high in youthful enthusiasm. Heart-shaped little petite bum with an exotic shelf and absolutely no droop whatsoever. Bedroom eyes that sparkled in innocence. Lush lips demanding to be kissed. She obviously adored Harry and allowed her fingers to linger on his muscular shoulder perhaps a second or two too long.

"I am going to have to watch this one!"

She pictured Harry's cock sliding in and out of this delectable girl's mouth and the torrents of creamy cum spilling down her chin and onto her cute boobs. Her innocent eyes looking up into Harry's face would, no doubt, be filled with unmistakable adoration and devotion to serving "Mister Harry"

Oh, yes.....She could easily picture that scene.

They moved back into the front area. The place was really jumping now. About 4 dozen of Harry's intimate circle were rubbing elbows. Perhaps more than elbows. The booze was flowing fast and furious. Harry never charged for anything at a "party". At that was required was a bottle of anything from inexpensive wine to the very best cognac. Strangely, this *modus operandi* worked quite well. Harry had stocks of booze of every variety to meet even the most demanding of tastes. From the corner of his eye, Harry saw the Brazilian Ambassador running his hands slowly over the ass of Lynette, wife of Harry's best friend Terry.

Lynette didn't object. She already had 3 martinis and felt very warm and friendly. A girl of few pretensions and a very giving nature. With a slew of kids and a very horny husband, she needed to be giving.

Harry could see Terry was himself in earnest conversation with LisBeth, the sultry Swiss secretary with cleavage any girl would be proud of. Perhaps the reason why Terry's eyes were repeatedly drawn ever downward. Harry hoped poor LisBeth had a supply of condoms handy. Terry had the reputation of being a cocks-man without armor.

A slow dance was playing on the stereo. Harry's speakers were balanced perfectly. He was grinding deliciously into the pubic mound of the cultural affairs redhead with tiny little boobs. The girl was a little looped and dangled erotically on Harry's rock hard cock. Her body was quivering with sexual anticipation and she clutched Harry's arm, either in the throes of a standing orgasm. or. just to keep from sinking to the dance floor.

Patricia was not pleased!

For the life of him, Harry could not remember the redhead's name. It was something like.....Sue.....Suzie....No, close, but not right. He resorted to calling her Red.....their own private nickname. She told him it made her feel horny when he called her by that name.

When the music ended, Harry hoped for some respite for his throbbing cock. No, Lynette came up to him and in a somewhat bleary toned whisper said,

" Harry, Love, be an angel and give us a good shag. Just a quickie. My pussy is so hot. I promise to

be ever so grateful."

This startling declaration was punctuated with a firm clasp on his still erect penis. Now if you had read "The British Ambassador's Secretary in Venice", you would be not least surprised by that sensual entreaty.

Harry guided the slightly besotted young wife and mother back to his office. He could never refuse a request that direct and that explicit. Quickly sweeping all of the papers from the top of his desk, Harry placed a couch pillow under Lynette's hips and pushed her head down all the way. Her beautiful plump ass stuck up right at the same level as his fully extended cock. He pulled up her black silk dress and jerked her dampening panties down to her knees. Moving in behind her, he spread her lovely white cheeks and placed his hard cock on her dripping vagina. One quick forward movement and they were linked together, moving in unison, breathing in unison. Lynette gasped at the hasty insertion and went immediately into a long delayed orgasm.

"Oh my God, Harry.....that is brilliant.... thats itright there, love....mmm.....mmm.....mmm....make me do it, Harry. Please, make me do it.....unh.....unh.....unh....make my ass cheeks feel it, Harry. Poke me hard, Harry. I need it so bad.....so bad.....I'm so bad.....make me bad, Harry. Stick it in hard, Harry.....arrgh....arrgh....arrgh.....I got to cum, Harry.....You are making me cum. cumming now, Harry....oh, yes.....oh, yes.....oh, yes."

Harry felt Lynette's sopping wet pussy clutch frantically around his driving cock. Her juices covered him and made the slap of their bodies meeting sound like waves lapping at the shoreline. Her fine and well-shaped bum convulsed in a rolling orgasm. He could not hold back any longer. The rising tide of creamy cum juice rushed up from his balls into his long shaft buried in Lynette's hot little pussy and spurted in long streams of liquid fire against the deepest wall of her tortured vagina. It seemed to both of them to last forever. A moment in time never to be erased from memory. Later, he pulled out slowly and looked at the pool of cum leaking from Lynette's swollen pussy lips. Ever the gentleman, Harry cleaned her up, pulled up her still damp panties, and smoothed her black silk dress over her hips.

"Thank you, ever so much, Harry. You know I get upset to see Terri cheating like that."

Harry understood completely. He was lucky to be handy at times like these when Lynette needed fucking. He only hoped Patricia did not suspect what they had just done. The last time, in Venice, Patricia had made him suffer for his inattention.

(The remainder of this Friday, the 13th party will be concluded in Part 2.....Find out Patricia's reaction....Read how Terri makes LisBeth beg for more.....Discover Andy's attraction for Bojana's bum)

