The Haunted House: Part 1

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The old house casts a spell on us

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As I pulled up in my car, my jaw dropped. The house was damn near perfect! You could see the faded glory in its façade. If only the structure was sound enough then our dream could come true. With a little money (not a problem, since I was left a sizeable inheritance), time (also not a problem), and a lot of sweat equity, Kelly and I could fix it up and run our own Bed and Breakfast in this small upstate N.Y college town.

A woman got out of the car in front of me, smiled, shook my hand and introduced herself. I was being shown the house by Maggie, a local real estate broker. Maggie was average height, with a full, Rubenesque figure. And had shoulder length, bright red hair. She was wearing a white blouse, buttoned almost to her neck, a black , knee length skirt, and a matching blazer. Very professional, but very personable at the same time.

Maggie unlocked the front door, and, gentleman that I am, I let her in first, following right behind. Standing a head taller, I got a good whiff of her perfume, Chanel No. 5, I think, and its effect went right to my crotch. Odd, I thought, that a simple sniff of perfume on a perfect stranger could get the attention of my at present, under-utilized maleness, but I dismissed it as nothing totally out of the ordinary.

I told her I was interested in checking out the wiring and plumbing in the cellar, and that she need not get dirty climbing down the cobweb strewn stairs, so she waited in the vestibule. After my inspection of the nether regions of the house, I returned to the main floor where she started in on the main part of the house tour. She admitted right off that she had never been inside this house before, but had read up on it and was confident that she could answer any questions I had.

After a tour of the kitchen, front and back parlors, and the formal dining room, I was sold! I wanted this house! Upstairs was next, through a series of empty bedrooms. By now I had noticed a funny feeling in my head and my gut, not to mention the now obvious stiffy I was sporting. It was getting quite warm in the house, which also puzzled me. After all, it was October, and not all that warm outside. Maybe I'm running a low grade fever. No big deal! Our last stop was the attic. Upon opening

the door, I sensed a charged atmosphere in the room. By now my cock was at full hardness and when I turned to ask Maggie a question, there she stood, jacket off, blouse unbuttoned halfway, showing off ample cleavage, staring at me with smoldering eyes.

She stepped forward, reached up for my head, pulled it to her and planted a wet, forceful kiss on my lips, shoving her tongue into my mouth.

Involuntarily, I pressed my hardness into her as I responded to her kiss, fencing with her tongue, as my hands moved up to her chest, kneading her 38 DD's through the fabric of her blouse and bra. Her hands went from my head to my crotch as she gave my cock a hefty squeeze, moaning into my mouth as she did so.

Breaking the kiss, we noticed several pieces of furniture in the room, all covered with sheets. Grabbing one I pulled it off, revealing a sturdy, Victorian fainting couch in bright red velvet.

Holding onto my belt she moved to it, sat and pulled me on top of her, kissing me deeply again. Trying not to lose my balance I put out a hand , which landed in her lap. She hiked up her skirt, exposing her pantyhose clad thighs. One look at the black lace panties and I was clawing at her stockings, shredding then at the crotch. My fingers were rubbing her almost visible pussy lips through the fabric. She urged me on, pulling aside the flimsy lace, letting my fingers feel the moisture and heat emanating from her sex. While I was busy shoving two fingers inside her sopping vagina, she had unzipped my pants and freed my cock from its cotton jail, running her fingers up and down the shaft.

Breaking the kiss, she whispered huskily, "I know you like how it feels! You want to taste it? I know I want to taste yours!"

She got no verbal answer from me, just a swift repositioning so she could play with my fully erect penis as I shoved my nose into her warm wet, orange fringed folds.

""Oh! Yes! Eat me! Suck my cunt! Drink from my pussy!" she moaned just prior to licking the pre-cum from the tip of my manhood. As I felt the dampness of her mouth surround my cock I pushed it into her face as I sucked greedily on her leaking gash.

She moaned onto my meat as I face fucked her and chewed gently on her now visible clit. Her hips were now gyrating in sync with my tongue thrusts and I felt her hands digging into my butt cheeks as I sawed into her face, while bathing my own in the copious flow of honey from her pussy.

She screamed onto my cock as she orgasmed, thrashing under me. As she started to come down

from it I pulled out of her mouth, turned and rammed my pussy-starved cock inside her until our hairs met.

"Oh God! Fuck me! FUCK ME! HARD!" she ordered as I bent her double trying to shove my cock into her throat from below. My balls slapped loudly as I pistonned in and out of her cunt. Luckily, she had unbuttoned her blouse, or I would have torn that off her as well. I roughly pulled her bra from her tits and pinched and squeezed them in time with my thrusts in and out. Looking into her once pretty face, now contorted with lust made me slam harder and faster. Her tits jiggled with each thrust, and she egged me on, demanding that I drown her in sperm.

"You want cum? I'll give you cum, you slut!"

"Yeah! Empty your balls in me, fucker!"

And I did! I never thought I could come that much. Four hefty squirts which were dribbling out and down her ass crack before I even had a chance to pull out.

"Jesus! Don't waste it!" she panted scooping up the pearly liquid with her fingers and bringing them to her mouth, sucking the sticky stuff from her fingers. It was then that she noticed the time.

"Oh Christ! I have another appointment in twenty minutes. I have to go!"

"Not before you clean off my cock!" I demanded.

Looking up at me with a devilish grin, she replied, "And you'll do the same, right?"

"With pleasure!" I answered as we 69'ed again, quickly sucking the remnants of our love-making from each other.

Reaching the vestibule without saying anything, I broke the silence with an apology. "I don't know what came over me! I've never done anything like that before."

"Neither have I," she said, and noticing the guilty look on my face, added, "but we can keep this as our little secret."

"God! I hope so." After a moment of silence, I told her how much I loved the house, but needed to have my wife see it before we signed any papers. She suggested we all meet the next day. "And, don't worry! Two is company, three's a crowd! If you get my meaning."

Before we go any further, I need to explain my relationship with my wife. I love her dearly. She is tall, thin, small breasted, with dark, dark brown hair. We have a great deal in common, like our passion for Victorian architecture, but for some inexplicable reason, she has no interest in sex. There must be some repressed childhood memory or something. She just doesn't have the drive for sex like most women her age. She likes to cuddle on occasion, but that's about as close as we usually get. Sure, I get an annual birthday fuck, and when she gets drunk, she loosens up, but otherwise, it's just not there! And as for oral sex...she wouldn't put 'that thing' in her mouth if her life depended on it, nor would she indulge me by letting me lick her pussy. ' It's so dirty!' But as I said, I love her dearly so I put up with 'Lackanooky disease' for the greater good. And besides, running an online business, I have ample opportunities to check out the smut scene.

As agreed, we met the next day in front of the house. The clincher for her was the mansard roof. It was her favorite of the numerous Victorian architectural styles.

We just sat there and stared, talking about how to dress it up and make it the envy of the neighborhood, until Maggie pulled up and introduced herself to Kelly, suggesting we go look inside. The interior just blew Kelly away!. Sure it was dirty and dusty, and in need of some repair and lots of paint, but she could see the 'good bones' in this place, just as I did.

I still felt that uneasiness as I entered the house, but could see no outward signs on my wife. Just like yesterday, my cock stirred as I walked through the front door, and the closer we got to the attic, the stiffer it got. I was really beginning to wonder what was going on with me. Maggie was dressed more conservatively, and with a different fragrance, more clean and soapy. Kelly rarely wore perfume, so it wasn't her. It had to be me!

As Maggie opened the door to the attic room, again the charged atmosphere hit me, my cock was fully erect and throbbing with hunger. Again the heat from the room made Maggie and Kelly both doff their jackets. And again, Maggie turned to Kelly, looked her in the eye, lifted her hands to my wife's face, and planted a deep kiss full on Kelly's lips.

I went into panic mode! What if Kelly freaks? The deal for the house will be off instantly! And I so want this house! But to my surprise, and consternation, Kelly returned the kiss. My first thought? I married a closet lesbian, no wonder I don't get any! But I still love her for who she is, not what. While all these conflicting thoughts ran through my head. Maggie had pulled Kelly on top of her on the fainting couch, just as she had me.

The alternately kissed and fumbled with each others blouses until they were both bare chested, their nipples rubbing on each other as their hands caressed each other and their tongues danced in the others mouth.

"I just love your breasts!" Maggie throatily whispered as she lifted Kelly and kissed her nipples.

"And I'm jealous of yours" Kelly replied as her thumb and forefinger rolled on Maggie's left nipple.

"I want to taste you!" Maggie said.

"I thought you'd never ask!" was my wife's surprising reply. They got up, finished undressing and resumed their position on the couch, only this time Kelly's dark brown bush was over Maggie's face and Maggie's trimmed orange fringe was inches below Kelly.

Maggie parted Kelly's moist lips and began feathering the puffy pink flesh with the tip of her tongue. Kelly's moan was muffled by the soft folds of the real estate agent’s pussy. I watched in awe as the two women pleasured each other, noticing the hip movements of them both as they worked each other toward orgasm. Maggie came first, flooding Kelly's tongue and lips with a copious issue of her juices. Pulling my wife's pussy into her face to muffle her cries of ecstasy, Maggie latched on to Kelly's swollen clit, alternately licking and sucking the little bud.

On her way down, Maggie looked up at me from between Kelly's parted legs, and panted, "Don't just stand there, stud! Dig that thing out and use it!"

Disrobing as quickly as my lust hardened dick would let me, I walked around to my wife's honey soaked face, and pointing the crown toward her lips, I steppe forward, pushing it into her face. Prepared for her rejection, I was shocked when she opened her mouth and said, "Closer! Bring it closer! I want to suck your cock!"

For the first time in seven years of marriage she was asking to give a blow job! Stepping forward, I fed my rod into her hungry mouth an inch at a time. Not wanting to choke her I stopped halfway and let her bob up and down on it. Maggie resumed sucking her cunt, making her moan onto my shaft. The vibrations drove me wild. I wanted to jam the whole thing into her mouth, but resisted, reveling in the sensation of her lips as they rubbed against my head and shaft. Swaying back and forth, watching in amazement as Kelly drooled while ministering to the carnal needs of my manhood. I felt my balls tighten, signaling the impending flood of semen, and warned her that I was close.

Not taking her mouth from my pole she mumbled, "Cum im ma mouf," and sucked harder.

I couldn't believe my luck! Forcing myself to keep my eyes open, wanting to witness this historic occasion, I sawed in and out of her face, smiling as she struggled to keep it in.

Maggie's attention to her clit finally took its toll, Kelly began moaning on my prick as her orgasm loomed larger and began to take over. She screamed, refusing to pull me from her as she came and came hard. Writhing on the couch with Maggie's tongue buried deep in her gash, she let loose a torrent of her juices, soaking Maggie's face, rivulets of her cum dripping down onto the fabric of the fainting couch.

This sight was more than I could take and I let loose. "Oh! God! I'm cumming!"

I grunted as I felt the first rush of sperm spew from my cock, filling Kelly's mouth with my essence. The second quickly followed, and despite her efforts, she could not swallow fast enough. The white viscous liquid leaked from the corners of her mouth, dripping down her chin and landing on the orange hairs of the woman beneath her. The third and fourth squirts quickly followed, much of which also ended up seeping into Maggie's cunt folds.

Again I noticed that I was still hard and still horny. I walked around the couch, standing over Maggie's upturned face and my wife's ass. She gave me an evil grin, switching her gaze from my cock to Kelly's ass and back, nodding her approval. She even spread Kelly's cheeks as I stepped forward, pressing my love juice coated penis to my wife's asshole.

Maggie silently mouthed, "Go ahead! Fuck her in the ass!"

Having never done this before, I proceeded slowly, with gentle force, watching intently as my cock got swallowed by her virgin sphincter.

"Oh! GOD! It's so big! It hurts so good!" Kelly moaned pushing her butt in the air as I pressed forward.

Maggie, in the meantime had latched on to my left nut, sucking it into her mouth, massaging the crinkly bag with her tongue and moaning.

My cock was buried to the hairs in Kelly's super-tight ass and I began pumping in and out. Maggie's tongue was alternating between licking my balls and sucking my wife's clit, and Kelly returned to washing her face in Maggie's warm, wet cooze.

In only a short period of time, Maggie came first, pouring a fresh supply of her cunt juices for Kelly to drink. Kelly followed, screaming her pleasure at the double assault, and I finally came again, pulling out at the last second, aiming my spurting tool at Maggie's face. My cum landed on her left cheek, across her nose and chin, but most of it made it to her open mouth, where she held it until I was done. Smiling, she pushed the glob of creamy white sauce from her mouth to Kelly's still pulsating cunt, drowning her clit in a sea of sperm.

Kelly stood, put a hand to her leaking crotch, and massaged the syrupy glob into her swollen ass and pussy. Maggie arose from the couch, wiping the semen from her face and sucking it off her fingers. And I stood there, cock in hand, stroking it slowly, amazed that it was STILL hard.

We all dressed in virtual silence, went downstairs, not speaking until we reached the vestibule. Kelly spoke first. "What happened up there? I...I've never done anything like that before."

"It was pretty amazing, wasn't it?" Maggie replied, not letting on about our session in the same room yesterday. "I hope you weren't put off by it. I just couldn't help myself."

Looking at Kelly, I chimed in, "Why don't we put in an offer on the house, hon? I think you'll agree, its almost perfect for what we want." She agreed and we wrote an offer on the spot, said goodbye to Maggie, and got into our car to drive home.

"What the hell went on back there!" she said sternly. "I have never known you to behave like that before. Coming in my mouth? And in my ass, no less. I am totally mortified that we did those things, and in front of a total stranger."

"I don't know, hon. But you weren't exactly resisting, either. Maybe Maggie's a witch! I dunno."

"She...she damn near assaulted me, how could I stop her?" Kelly argued.

"You have to admit, hon, you didn't have to suck on her pussy until she came on your face. I f there's any blame for this, we all have to take responsibility for it. And besides, didn't you enjoy it just a bit?"

"Well, I guess so. Just don't get any ideas that this is going to be a regular occurrence."

TOO LATE!