Onward, Christian Voyeurs

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I answer one of the weirdest personal ads I've ever read.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/onward-christian-voyeurs.aspx

Normally, I don't "watch," but I was looking through the personal ads the other day and came across something that really arrested my attention:

CHRISTIAN VOYEUR WANTED
My husband and I are a married Christian couple, living in the Mesa neighborhood. We are looking for a Christian voyeur who will watch as I dominate and abuse my husband, eventually abusing his anus with a strap-on dildo. No touching. No nudity. No masturbation. Watching only. Christians only.

OK, I thought to myself, this is too weird. A Christian voyeur? What difference did it make if you were a Christian or not? Are you supposed to show your church affiliation at the door? In spite of being on the Judeo side of the Judeo-Christian fence, I just had to check this ad out. I sent the couple an email, and, after a few pleasantries, I was invited over at noon on a Saturday.

The house was one of those neat, one-story frame jobs with a very nice lawn and a little decorative Japanese lantern made out of cement. I saw the sign stuck in the lawn that said, "THIS HOME IS PROTECTED BY THE BLOOD OF OUR SAVIOUR" and just had to suppress a smile. This was going to be very interesting.

I rand the bell, and the wife answered. She was tall -- about 5'10" or so -- in her 50s, heavyset with large, pendulous breasts and an equally ample bottom that were packed into a faded blue jumpsuit. Her blonde hair was cut into a page-boy style that was popular back when I was in high school, but it didn't really suit her face. Her make-up was simple and sensible, as was her jewelry and her nails. Nothing flashy about her.
She stuck out her hand and I shook it. "Do come in," she said, flashing me an unexpectedly dazzling white smile.
"You have a lovely smile," I told her.

"Thank you," she said, "They're brand new. When my dentist told me it was finally time for me to get dentures, I told him I've always wanted really white, straight teeth. He warned me against them, said they wouldn't look natural, but I just love them."
"Well ... you look great," was all I can manage. Usually, I'm not at a loss for words, but she had an open, frank style to her personality that was catching me off guard.
"Leonard?" she called, "Our guest is here!"

Her husband walked into the room. He was barely five feet tall, but muscular and compact. He may have been almost sixty, with a receding hairline, thick glasses, and a large salt-and-pepper mustache that seemed to dominate the entire lower half of his face. He was neatly dressed in a simple grey suit and a tie. I felt a little underdressed in my turtleneck and slacks.

"Leonard, dear, this is our guest. I'm sorry? I didn't catch your name?"
"Lee," I volunteered, taking Leonard's hand.
"And what church do you go to, Lee?"
"Lakeside Christian," I said. I was making it up. I didn't even know if there was such a thing, but there are so many lakes where we live, I figured there had to be a "Lakeside Christian" church around somewhere. On a whim, I added "I do a little Sunday-school, too. You know ... when the regular teacher can't make it."
"Isn't that wonderful! Praise the Lord!" she said in a warm voice. "I'm Patty, by the way. Shall we go into the bedroom?"
"That will be fine," I said.

I followed Patty and Leonard to the back of the house, where a very simply decorated master bedroom sat. There was a recliner chair, facing the bed. The sole decoration on the walls was a framed picture of Jesus.

Patty pulled the drapes closed, turned to face me, and said, "Shall we pray?"

The three of us held hands in a circle. I obediently closed my eyes and bowed my head. I was thankful I hadn't been invited to give the invocation. I don't think I would have kept a straight face.

"Heavenly Father," Patty began in a low voice, "We're just so grateful to have Lee here with us under our home to spend some time together in Your Perfect Love and Fellowship. Watch over us, Lord. Keep our friends safe and protect us from our enemies. Let this be a time of marital love for both of us, and we pray this in the name of your Son, Jesus Christ. Amen."
"Amen," Leonard and I echoed.
"Make yourself comfortable, Lee," Leonard said, gesturing to the chair. "We don't keep liquor in the house, but I could make you some water, or some iced tea."

"Nothing for me, thanks," I said, settling into the chair. Patty was already out of the jumpsuit and was removing her undergarments. When she unhooked her bra, her giant-sized breasts fell, but not by much. For a woman her age, they had amazing firmness. The nipples were large and dark. Her ample belly sagged enough to almost hide the dusky little triangle of pubic hair. As she turned to get some items out of the closet, I noticed that her large buttocks had stretch marks and other signs of age.
I was so intent on looking at her, that I hadn't realized Leonard had left the room. When he came back in, he was totally naked. His hide was dark and sun-baked. He looked like a man who spent his whole life working outdoors with no shirt. His sizable cock jutted out from his crotch and the plump head of it bobbed when he walked.

Patty sat on the edge of the bed, spread her meaty thighs, and started to rub at her labia with her fingertips. She looked directly at me, and said "Please do NOT disrobe or play with yourself."
"I'm familiar with the rules, ma'am." I assured her.
To Leonard, she said, "Get on your knees and lick my vagina. Go on, lick it!"

Leonard promptly knelt down in front of his wife. She obligingly spread her pussy lips apart with her fingers, exposing the pink meaty interior of her moist cunt. I caught a whiff of her muskiness and heat as her husband placed his head between her legs and started licking away.
I could see very little after that, except his head moving between her legs. I idly thought of the number of times I've watched pussy-eating in porno films. They are always staged in some elaborate pose to show off as much of her cunt and his tongue as possible. It never looked comfortable to me, and I remember a friend of mine once remarking, "If you can see what's going on, then it ain't eatin' pussy!"

Well, this obvious WAS "eatin' pussy," as Leonard's head worked up and down between his wife's outspread thighs. "Lick it. Lick my vagina. Lick the inner walls. Taste me. Taste my woman-flavor. Lick the labia good. Now, lick my clitoris, but LIGHTLY! Lightly."

As her husband ate her out, she teased and pulled at her nipples, her face in a contortion of ecstasy. She moaned in an almost continuous low voice that gave the impression she was humming. This woman was hot. Age may have taken a toll on her looks, but she was radiating sexual energy. I was throwing a huge rod in my pants, but I knew better than to touch anything. I just sat back and enjoyed the show.

In the midst of all the moaning, and grinding, Patty suddenly sat up with an angry look on her face. She slapped the top of her husband's head and said, "NO!! Do not tongue my anus! That's disgusting!"

"Sorry, Ma'am," her husband said, and went back to eating her cunt. I noted with some amusement

that neither one of these two resorted to any four-letter words.

She abruptly slapped him again. "STOP THAT!!" she barked. "Your tongue touched my anus again!"
"Sorry, Ma'am."
"You are acting like a disgusting pig in front of our guest. Stop it!"
"I apologize, Ma'am."
"Return to pleasuring my vagina, please."

Again, he dove in between her legs. Again, he lapped and slurped loudly away at her cunt. The moaning continued for several minutes, then Patty suddenly arched her back and cried out "Lick! Lick! Lick!" as she pulled on her nipples as if she was trying to pull them off. She was choking with sobs of pleasure and I could tell she was having one hell of an orgasm. Her husband clutched her thighs and kept his lips firmly planted on her pussy.

Without warning, she suddenly cried out, "NO!!" again and abruptly sat up. "Look at me!" she barked. Her husband lifted his head up to look at her, and she slapped him across the face so hard it turned his head sideways. She reached back and slapped him again.

"You're a pig!!" she hissed, "You're a disgusting pig! What's the idea, putting your tongue on my anus?!?"
"I want to rim you," Leonard replied.
"What ... did ... you ... say?" she snarled in a low voice.
"I want to rim your asshole and then I want to butt-fuck you like a bitch," he said in a voice barely over a whisper.
She slapped him again, hard. "Don't you EVER use that sort of disgusting language in my presence again! You'll pay for that! Get the pad!"
"Ma'am, I'm sorry if I ..."
"GET THE PAD!! NOW!!"

Her husband practically ran out of the room. His face looked red and raw from where he had been smacked, and I was thinking it was probably going to bruise. His cock had lost none of its vigor, though, and I saw that it was iron-hard as he left.
He came back with a large, thick cottony pad of something, about the size of a pillow. He laid the pad on the floor, and then he got down on the floor with it so his head was on the pad, facing up. Patty got off of the bed, squatted over her husband, and proceeded to piss on his face.

"That's what pigs like you get!" she snarled.
"Yes, Ma'am. I deserve ..."
"Shut up and drink it!!"

Leonard opened her mouth and Patty shifted her stance a bit so that the golden stream was going straight into his mouth. I was a little open-mouthed myself ... I hadn't figured these two for being in for that sort of fun-and-games. This was getting more and more interesting.

When Patty stopped pissing, he stood up and kicked her husband in the shoulder. "Now, get out of my sight and go get yourself cleaned up! Now! Go!!" Leonard picked up the now soaked pad and carried it out of the room.
With her husband gone, Patty grabbed the strap-on dildo, squirted some lube on to the enormous head, laid back, spread her legs, and proceeded to fuck herself with it. She looked me directly in the eye, and said "I really must apologize for his behavior."
"Quite all right," I said.
"I love him dearly, but he does have one or two sick ideas in his head."
"I understand." I couldn't figure out if she was being serious or if this was all part of the role-playing. Maybe a little of both.

While I pondered this, Patty used her free hand to rub her clit while she stuffed the dildo in and out of her cunt. Soon, she was gasping and moaning again, stifling a scream when her second orgasm hit. She laid back, panting and getting her wind back for a couple of moments, then she strapped the dildo on and called for her husband. Leonard re-entered the room, as hard and ready as ever.

"You've got a nice cock," he said.
"You watch your language," she warned. "What is this?"
"It's a penis," he said.
"Yes. Whose penis is it?"
"It's your penis, Ma'am."
"Is it hard?"
"Yes, Ma'am. Your penis is very hard."
"What do you do when you see my penis is this hard?"
"I want to suck it, Ma'am."
"We don't talk that way."
"Sorry, Ma'am. I want to perform fellatio on you."
"Then get over here and do it."

Leonard returned to the bed and promptly stuffed the fake cock in his mouth. I was surprised and impressed at how easily he could suck the strap-on. It was a mammoth cock, a real jaw-breaker, and yet he sucked it like a pro.
My own cock was jumping in my pants when I imagined what that mouth of his could do for me, and I admit my own mouth was watering when I looked at his poor, neglected dick. It still stood out firmly against his belly, twitching in time with his pulse.

Patty grabbed the back of his head and pushed it down on the fake prick. "Fellate my penis. Lick it. Put my penis in your mouth. Fellate it. Give my penis fellatio."

The bizarre, stilted language and the curious use of medical terms were too funny for words. I pretended to cough so I could put a fist in front of my mouth and suppress a smile.

Patty looked at me again, and said. "You're doing well. I see you are keeping yourself dressed and you are behaving appropriately."
"Like I said, I knew the rules when I got here."
"That's courteous of you," she said, "We have tried this before a couple of times, and there have been ... problems."
"You won't get any problems out of me," I assured her.
"Good." she grabbed Leonard by the back of the neck and pulled his mouth off of the dildo with an audible pop. "Get on your stomach," she commanded.

Her husband rolled over on his stomach, spreading his asscheeks and giving me a good view of his asshole and his ball-sac. Patty smeared some more lube over his anal entrance, maneuvered herself behind him, aimed the cock at his butt, and shoved. Hard.

I thought Leonard was going to tear a pillow in half. His hands were frantically moving around, his arms thrashing at the pillows and the covers as his wife drove the fake cock up his ass. He gritted his teeth and let out a loud, animal moan. I was amazed that he could take that much up his ass at once. It would take a good half-hour of foreplay to get me loosened up enough for something that big.
But there was no foreplay between these two. Patty ground and thrusted and grunted with effort as she slammed the cock up her husbands super-stretched butthole. She grabbed his hips and plowed it up his ass without mercy. The action of their fucking was making wet noises that were the only sounds in the room.

"UP!!" she commanded, and Leonard rose up from his face-down position to a pose where he was on all-fours. His wife immediately reached around, seized his burgeoning prick, and started jacking on it.

"Yeah!" Leonard practically shouted. "Jack my cock!"
"Stop talking like that," Patty growled.
"Stick that big fucking cock up my ass! Fuck me!"
"Stop using that kind of language, you pig!" his wife answered.
"Jack my prick! Fuck my ass! Make me blow a load!" Leonard howled as his wife fucked him. Her hand flew over his cock in a blur of motion.
"You're sick," Patty growled in his ear. "You disgust me. You belong in a psychiatric ward. You are

perverted...."
"Gonna shoot!"
"So perverted ..."
"I'm gonna fuckin' shoot it!!"
"You are filthy. You are a filthy, disgusting animal!"
"COMING!!"

And come, he did. The sperm started jetting out of him in a torrent while his wife jammed the dildo up his ass and milked his cock with his fingers. I am not a big cummer, myself. I am usually only good for a few drops, and that's it. This guy, on the other hand, was shooting off like a fire hose, spattering all over the bedsheets. I think he may have fired off enough cum to fill up two or three shotglasses. It was really impressive.

She stopped jacking his prick, pulled the dildo out, wrapped it in a towel, and threw it off to one side. She was bathed in perspiration from the effort and panting heavily.

Between gasps, she said. "That's it. Thanks for coming." She extended her hands and said, "Shall we pray?"

I had difficulty getting out of the chair, due to my hard-on, but I stood up and joined hands with the two naked, sweating people.

"Dear Lord," she said, "Thank you for this time together and the love we were able to share. Look over our brother, Lee, and grant him a safe trip home again. We pray this in the name of your only son, Jesus Christ. Amen."

I said my "Amen's," thanked them for having me over, and got out of there. As I drove home, I thought to myself:, *Christian exhibitionists ... now I have seen everything.*