A Very Handy Handyman

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It started with a new handyman who was more than handy.

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Chapter 1

I married Stan for several reasons; he was dependable, he had a job with a good future, he loved me, he was honest, he knew how to make me have great orgasms, well, that's pretty good, right? And, of course, I loved him dearly.

He's wonderful but one thing I now know is that he's no handyman. He kids that he doesn't know which end of the screwdriver to hold. He may be right.

So, when we bought our condo, there were some things that needed repair and replacement; no real big things, the inspection caught those. No, it was more a bunch of little things that you find out about after you've lived in a place for a month or two: loose shelves, sticking drawers, dents in the wall, a tile that comes loose in the shower, things like that.

Now, I've told you that Stan keeps me well-fucked and that's wonderful, more the better. But, he's totally inept around the house, or condo, in our case.

So, I asked around the office where I worked and one of the girls I work with, Denise, gave me the name and number of a guy she had used and was pleased with enough that she and her husband have used him a number of times. She told me I would be very pleased with his work and that she was very happy with what he had done for her.

I called him and made an appointment for him to come over and look at the things we wanted done so he could give us an estimate. He was right on time and Stan and I showed him all the little projects and he gave us an estimate right there on the spot. It seemed reasonable to us so we asked him when he could start and it turned out that he could start the coming Tuesday. I figured I would work from home while he did the work to just make sure everything went as expected.

Now, right after he left, my husband said, "Well, hon, I think you caught his interest."

"What? You don't mean, like, sexually or something."

"Yes, sexually or something. He was checking you out the whole time."

"There was once when, well, he did seem to be looking down my top, but…"

"Hon, he was drooling and you hardly noticed."

Let me stop for a moment and explain a few things. First, I'm not a Playboy Bunny, I'm fifty-three. Having said that, I do look pretty decent for a woman my age, I've gained only a few pounds since I was in college, even my boobs have held up pretty well. Not every woman my age can get away with wearing a blouse braless but I can and they don't really sag particularly at all. Second, I've been married for over thirty years. And, well, I've never strayed from my husband ever.

There was once, well, I was about twenty-eight, a fellow that worked to the same company, he wasn't shy about what he wanted, we even did a little necking in a back room after everyone had left. Had my blouse and bra off and I just made him stop. That was not easy.

Well, this handyman wasn't the first guy who had shown an interest but, truthfully, it did feel pretty good.

"So, are you jealous that he's checking out your little wifey?"

"Here, feel," and he took my hand and led it to the bulge in the front of his pants.

"What got you so excited?"

"Seeing a guy that so obviously wanted you."

"And that makes you hard?"

"Oh, yeah. I know it sounds strange but I think you should go braless the day he's here. He'd love a look at those great boobs of yours. Bet he'd love to suck those hard nipples," he said as he reached out and lightly pinched my nipples which were hardening with the talk of teasing the handyman.

Walt, the handyman, appeared to be in his mid-forties and was in pretty nice shape. He was nice

looking and clean-shaven and Denise had told me that he was divorced and also a bit of a flirt. Ah, well.

The next day, I mentioned to Denise that we had hired him and thanked her for the recommendation.

The night before he came to start the repair work, Stan, after supper, almost dragged me into our bedroom and began taking my clothes off.

"What has gotten into you?" I asked as we stood there naked, my husband's cock hard and stiff like a teenager's.

I took hold of it, "Look at you, what a hard-on."

"Well, you've just got to give this guy, Walt, a show tomorrow. Braless, that low-cut peasant blouse, short skirt, no panties. Give him something to live for, hon, you are such a hot woman and you know he wants what you've got. He'd love to do this," and he bent down to begin sucking my nipple as he fondled my other breast.

We were soon in bed, Stan up over me fucking me like he hadn't done in quite a while; this was no love-making, he was fucking me. Now, that's not a complaint, I'm a woman who loves both. And right then, it felt right, oh, so right.

After our sex, we lay there in each other's arms as he asked me, "So will you dress like that tomorrow? See what the thought does for me?" and he led my hand down to his re-hardened cock.

"What is this all about, Stan, you want me to start something with this guy?"

"Well, hon, just go around without panties or a bra and see what happens. You're a sexy woman, you know he was looking you over."

"And, what if things go a little further? What about that?"

"Just promise me you'll have fun, that's all."

"So, whatever might happen is okay with you?"

"As long as you tell me all about it."

"You're crazy, Stan, but I've got a use for this," I said as I gripped his hard cock and moved up over

him and gave him a fucking. Yes, I was turned-on, my pussy wanted action even though I'd had a quite nice screw just a while earlier.

The next morning, Stan watched as I got dressed. No panties, no bra, peasant blouse that tended to dip open whenever I bent forward even the slightest. And a skirt that just came below my pussy and butt cheeks. I may be over fifty but I was looking pretty good.

"God, if I had the time, I'd fuck you myself but I'll leave you to your handyman. Have fun," and he kissed me and left for work.

I went to the kitchen for a final cup of coffee and sat there wondering what the day might bring; my pussy, all tingly.

Denise had told me the guy was a flirt, well, lots of guys flirt, maybe that's all he ever did. Then, maybe Stan was right, this Walt guy really wanted to fuck me. Well, I was probably just becoming a teenager when he was born. Surely he's got younger women to have fun with.

I stood up, rinsed my cup and walked back into the bedroom and stood before the full-length mirror.

Well, for fifty-three, not bad. Nice tits, you can even see my nipples a bit through the fabric and, turning around and bending over, let's see; mmm, well, that leaves nothing to his imagination, mmm, pussy lips and all.

I had freshly shaved knowing that things may go farther than I first thought, after all, looking at myself, and feeling the wetness inside me begin to build, well, I wanted to look my best and be at my sexually most appealing. Then, the doorbell rang.

He came in, gave me a brief hug, took his toolbox and painter's tarp and went to the kitchen where there were several small projects. I went into a spare room we use as an office and began some office work and about an hour later went back out to the kitchen to see if he would like some coffee or something else to drink.

He told me water was fine and showed me two things he'd already done. We sat at the table and it's obvious that he's very interested in the amount of cleavage I'm giving him and when his glass was about empty, I got up to fill it and, at the sink, I pulled down the front of my blouse some more and went back to the table.

There's no question where his prime focus was and I could see the effect it was having on the front of his workpants. When we were finished, I made sure to brush my breasts along his arm as he was

getting up and to lean forward offering him an enhanced view for him to think about as he went back to work.

As it neared noon, I went back out and asked him if he'd like a sandwich and I went to make them as he came in to sit at the table. As I was working on our lunch, I pulled my blouse down even further, just keeping my nipples covered, yes, I was turned-on, yes, I was pushing the envelope.

We were just chit-chatting when he moved the subject.

"I must say, Lisa, I'm really enjoying the view, I do appreciate it," he said as he smiled across the table.

"Well, thanks, Walt, that's a nice thing to say," and I leaned forward giving him a better view as I looked directly into his eyes making sure he knew that it was all intentional.

He looked right at me as his hand came across the table and slid into the top of my blouse, right under my breast, as he moved his chair over to me, then pulled my blouse down off my shoulders.

Chapter 2

"Very pretty, Lisa," he said and he bent over to take one of my hard nipples into his mouth and began to suck. I petted his face as he sucked me. By now, I was so turned-on, so horny, so aroused, that I dropped my hand to his lap and began rubbing it on his very hard bulge.

I pulled my breast away, got down and unzipped his fly, wrestled his hard cock out, sucked it for a minute, then, got up over him in his chair, facing him as I crammed his cock into me and began scissoring up and down as his strong hands helped me raise me up and down.

"Oh, Lisa, you are one hot woman. And tight, really tight. I've been wanting this since I walked into your condo last week."

"I saw you looking at me, you naughty man. Here I am, happily married, and you come along looking me over, making me get hot, getting me juicy."

"Oh, you are juicy, all right. I just went right up inside you, right where I've been wanting."

I was grinding down on his cock, twisting my hips, rubbing his cock tip way up inside me where it felt so good.

"Mmm, I love your cock, Walt, nice and gets deep where I want it."

"Your pussy muscles are awesome, Lisa, you must exercise them a lot, they sure are making me feel good."

"I've got a dildo that I can stick on the bathroom floor, and, no, that's not why the tile came loose, don't even ask. I use it to keep my pussy toned-up, so, you like it, huh?"

"Mmm, your pussy is fabulous, you're gonna get me off pretty soon."

"Good, I'm close, too, then, we've got to get back to work and quit fucking around," I gasped, breathlessly as I smiled at him. Oh, yes, this was great. I've never fucked another man since I married Stan but he didn't seem to mind, even encouraged me, of all things, and now, here I am, impaled on our handyman's lovely, hard cock fucking him up and down with all I have.

"Mmm, mmm, yes, yes, OOH, OOH, UH, uh, mmm, oh, yes, that's wonderful, mmm," I groaned as my orgasm took me over and I kept moving, wanting his cum, wanting him to cover my insides with his cum, to leave me full of his body's love offering to me. Oh, yes, I wanted his cum.

And I got it, "UUNH, UUNH, uuh, uuh, uh, mmm, mmm, oh, that was wonderful, Lisa, you are so good, so sexy, I knew when I first saw you that you would be the best," and he leaned forward and kissed me long and hard, our tongues fucking each other's mouths, his cock soaking in his cum lining my throbbing vagina. I loved it and didn't want to ever move.

But, I also knew that there were projects to be finished and I pulled off him and got a wet cloth to wipe his cock with. I also took the opportunity to suck it a little more because it was so handsome and hard.

About four, I went back out and got him.

"It's time to knock off work, Walt, I've got something that needs some attention" I told him as I pulled off my peasant blouse and skirt and led him into the bedroom. He got up over me and we had a lovely, long, leisurely fuck that ended in two wonderfully explosive orgasms. We snuggled and kissed and played with each other until it was almost five, then had a quick shower and off he went after promising me he would be back for more at eight on the money. It's nice to have a promise.

About five-thirty, the door opened and Stan came in, took one look at me and said, "Well, you have a well-fucked look about you, hon. Have a nice day?"

"Quite a nice day, thank you. I think you were right about our handyman. Seems he was into me. And more than once," I said with a smile and a wink.

"Still drippy with his cum? Anything left for me, a little creampie, perhaps?"

"Already showered but you can try," and I sat on the sofa and put my legs up over his back as he knelt before me, lapping me out. Then, he sat up and said, "Well, I think I'll leave you alone tonight so you're good and hot for him tomorrow. So, you can really let him have it."

"Well, that deserves a nice suck for being such an understanding husband," and we changed places. I made dinner with the nice taste of my husband's cum in my mouth, rinsing it down with a glass of red wine.

Over dinner, Stan just had to hear every bit about my coupling with our hired man and how my orgasms each were in great detail. He was so hard, I sucked him off again. I was so horny when I finally went to sleep, I wanted the morning to hurry so my new lover would be here for another fuck.

I wore a low-cut tee and another short skirt, this one, denim, and Stan greatly approved of my attire before he left.

"Oh, babe, there might not be much work done today after he sees you like this. Save me some cum, so I can eat it out" and he kissed me as I squeezed the large prominence in the front of his trousers.

I was sipping the last of my coffee when the phone rang. It was Denise asking me if Walt was coming today. I told her he was due any minute and she asked if she could stop by to collect on an IOU from Walt since she'd be in the neighborhood around noon. Well, I told her I'd pass it by Walt when he arrived and call her back. Strange, I thought.

At exactly eight, the doorbell rang and there was Walt, looking all eager for another day of work and play.

"Come in, Walt, um, Denise just called and asked if she could come by around noon to collect on an IOU. She said you'd know all about that. I'll call her and let her know."

"Um, huh, well, sure, yeah, tell her, fine, just fine. I'm sure we'll all have a grand time of it," so I phoned Denise and let her know.

"Well, we got quite a bit done yesterday, Walt. I've got a few ideas I want to pass by you for today," I said as his arms swept me up in a kiss and tight hug, his hands under my skirt exploring my bare butt.

"You're looking so good, this morning, Lisa, okay, what's your plan?"

"Well, that uniform is so nice and clean, I hate to see it get messed up. Maybe you should take it off to work around the house. And, I could help you, too, hand you any tools you need, I'm good with guy's tools."

"Oh, you sure are. Well, I'll work naked if you will, that's fair, right?"

"I was hoping you'd be fair. Shall we, then?" and I pulled off my top and unzipped my skirt and put them on the arm of the sofa to stand there naked as his eyes ate me up hungrily. He quickly shed his work shirt and pants along with the briefs he had on underneath. Then his shoes and socks.

"This what you wanted?" he asked, standing there with his cock at full mast.

"This is exactly what I wanted. What about you, Walt?" I asked as I wrapped my fingers around his shaft.

"Exactly what I've been hoping for all night long."

"Well, let's do this properly and get ourselves in the mood to work by taking a little time out for ourselves," I suggested and I pulled him down the hall to our bedroom, gripping his cock, never letting go for a single moment.

I had him get down on the bed and got up over him, squatting down as he held himself steady. As soon as his cock touched my wet pussy lips, a shiver went through me, then I pressed down as his hard cock was swallowed up inside me, right where I'd wanted it ever since he pulled it out of me late yesterday afternoon. Now it was back, deep inside me. Mmm.

It was a fantastic fuck, even better than yesterday if that was possible. My pussy was delirious. But, after, we did get up and go to work on several projects. It was so sexy to see Walt in just a toolbelt, his cock hanging down when he squatted to adjust a cabinet door, or up on a short ladder tightening a loose ceiling fixture. I stood below, offering him a steading hand on his hip as I sucked his cock.

"i'm gonna hire you full time, Lisa. It might kill my productivity but I'll sure be a happy man."

"I'm sure you tell that to all the helpers who suck your cock."

We laughed and fooled around some but did manage to get some things done other than each other.

Then, Denise called and said she was on her way.

So, Walt and I got dressed, I hoped Denise had a good reason to interrupt our fun.

The doorbell rang and I let her in. She grabbed me and kissed me full on the lips, thanking me for letting her come by, then went right to Walt, arms out and kissed him hello in a way hardly reserved for strangers. Well, well, I thought. Maybe Walt gets a lot of pussy.

She looked at me and said, "Um, about this IOU, well, uh, I brought my van and thought maybe I could borrow Walt for a bit and take him and show him how the inside of the van is set up."

Walt took me aside and whispered, "Um, see Denise and I did pretty much what you and I've done. She want's a little replay, which is nice of her. But, what I was wondering, well, would you want to do what we were doing with her included?"

Really not expecting this, I told him sure, why not, and he went to Denise and posed it to her. Then, they both came over to me and Denise said, "Well, looks like we all get to know each other a lot better, huh? I always thought you were pretty sexy, Lisa, this should be fun."

My heart did a little flip when I realized that she meant that we all three would be having sex together including the two of us women. Well, that hadn't happened to me since college. But, she was pretty and certainly sexy, well, why not, I thought, and I led them both back to our bedroom where we were all quickly out of our clothes.

Denise immediately embraced Walt as I got on our bed.

"Oh, I want to fuck him so bad. Lisa you get up over him, have him eat you out."

Well, that seemed fine, I love my pussy eaten and I'd been fucked by my nice handyman a while earlier so Denise had Walt get down and she moved to between his legs, facing away, and slid back down on his cock to begin rocking back and forth as his hands rubbed her butt and along her pussy as it went up and down on him.

I got up over his head and lowered my wet pussy down on him and felt his tongue probe in between my lips and wipe back and forth. I wanted to get his face all smeared with my abundant juices and to rub my clit around on his face as well.

"Oh, I love your cock, this is just what I've been wanting," Denise moaned as she rocked up and down. Walt's hands were now up under me, rubbing my juices all around, easing my pussy open so

he could tongue me deeper, rubbing my labia and my clit. He got me off in a wonderful orgasm and I just stayed over him as he continued to lick me.

Soon after that Denise climaxed and she's a screamer. She let the whole neighborhood know. Then Walt cummed her full. We lay there with Walt in the middle when Denise suggested that she and I have some fun showing Walt how women have their own little romp.

So, she got up between my legs and I was soon squirming and writhing with the second tongue of the day caressing my pussy. It did bring back memories from my college years rooming with Becky McTeague who I had quite an affair with my junior year. Yes, the memories of Becky pleasuring my body brought me my third orgasm of the day.

"Look who's hard," Denise squealed as she grabbed our handyman's newly-risen cock. Here, Lisa, you suck him and get him real hard. I bent over him as I felt two of her fingers slide into me and begin fucking me in and out as I bobbed on his cock.

Soon, I knew his cock was as hard as I could get it, so I lay down and Walt got between my legs and shoved into me. As he was fucking me, Denise got up over my head and dropped her wet, cummy pussy down over my face and began scooting around as I tried to lick and tongue her.

Denise and Walt were kissing and he was squeezing her boobs while he fucked me back and forth and she rode my face and tongue.

This was something I'd never done before. Eating a woman while being fucked by a man. I really have never been all that adventuresome in sex but, oh, this was exciting. I mean, really exciting. Maybe I'm a lot different than what I had always thought? Maybe I'm a real swinger? Maybe I'm bisexual?

I've always loved the look of a girl's or woman's body, all those sinuous, sexy curves. And, yes, there have been times when I was turned-on by a naked girl or woman. Including Denise, today. And now, I'm up under her pussy lapping up her juices, licking her fleshy labia and tonguing up into the opening of her vagina. Me.

But I wasn't lesbian. Oh, no, the feeling Walt's cock was giving me was out of this world. Now, to be sure, there was a whole lot of the sense of the taboo and the naughty in what I was doing right at the moment. It's not something I would want my mother watching. Or my pastor.

But, it was terrific. I loved it. I wondered what Stan would think of me eating out a woman? He didn't seem to mind my fucking another man, even encouraged it. Wonder how he'd feel about this? I knew

I was eating it up. Mmm, I sure was.

As much as I was loving getting fucked again by Walt, I was really into getting Denise off, trying everything I could think of and, yes, finally, she groaned long and low as she pushed down on my face, smearing her pussy all over me as I felt the tremors go through her.

In a minute, she lifted up off me, turned around and kissed me long and deep as her hands rubbed my breasts as Walt fucked me in and out. The sensations were wonderful throughout the whole time,I was just immersed in feeling totally and completely stimulated.

Walt started rubbing circles around my clit and that was it, I just convulsed into one of the hardest, most erotic orgasms I'd ever had; it just seemed to go on and on. Just as I was coming down from my high, Walt let out a grunt and I felt his warm cum flood into my deepest recesses.

We all three cuddled and snuggled playing around with whatever and whosever sexual organ was close at hand. Walt told us he had to go, he was doing an estimate across town and hated to tear himself away, so we both sucked him for a minute or two so he'd remember us as he went about his business.

Then, it was Denise and me.

Chapter 3

"I hope you like sex with women, Lisa. I didn't know for sure but this has been wonderful. I love your body, mmm," and she gave me a kiss and rubbed her fingers across my labia.

"Well, I did some with another girl in college but really nothing since. I just didn't think I was in to that. Well, until today. This has been wonderful and you really got me off, not that Walt didn't do a nice job of that, as well."

"Yeah, girl, we had a hell of a day. Walt's got a great cock and knows how to use it. And, really, his carpentry work is good, too," she snickered. "I'd love to have some more of your pussy, if you want me to," she asked.

Well, I was now thinking that I must really be bisexual because I really did want Denise to suck and lick and tongue my pussy.

"You know I've got Walt's cum in me?" I asked.

She got right up and turned over me and began eating me right out. I wanted her pussy as well, so I pulled her leg up over me and she quickly got the idea. We are soon lost in each others wonderful pussies.

"Oh, sorry," I heard, immediately knowing it was Stan home from work. Where had the time gone? I wondered.

Denise pulled up off me and swung her leg back off me as I said, "Oh, you're home early."

"Not really, but I see you've been busy. I'll be happy to leave you two alone to enjoy one another. Glad to."

He didn't look upset at all, in fact, even pleased.

Then Denise, who had never met Stan before, said, "Look, why don't you join us, I'll call home to say I'll be late, then we three can have a good time?"

Stan's answer was his taking his clothes off while Denise went in the hall and called home. She was soon back in the room and took Stan in her arms and kissed him as she groped his cock. Nothing shy about this fellow worker.

"Did you save what I wanted?" my hubby asked.

"I've got a pussy full of Walt's cum, Denise saw him put it there, so if you want his creampie I've got you a generous serving."

"Why don't I fuck your husband while you sit on his face and he gets his dessert and a good fucking?" Denise offered.

"It's fine with me, I've sure had my fun," I said enthusiastically.

Stan was immediately down on the bed as Denise stood up over him and lowered herself over my hubby's hard, excited cock. I got up straddling his head and lowered my wet, creamy pussy down for him, and me, to enjoy.

I could see Denise fucking Stan in the dresser mirror, she was really pumping him for his cum, her tits bouncing so hard he could hardly hold them. I was squirming around on his face drenching him with all my copious juices along with plenty of Walt's cum from all my earlier fucking.

It didn't take me long, I was so wound-up and excited from my two days of naughty sex, I erupted in a massive orgasm that just set my whole body afire. As soon as I recovered some, I got up and got behind Denise as she was fucking Stan and reached around her to rub her boobs.

Not long after that, Stan, having come home to a lesbian tryst his wife was having, knowing I had been fucking our handyman all day, well, poor Stan's cock just couldn't last very long, could it? So, he cummed Denise full and right when he was shooting her full, she got off herself. What a day.

We all lay there panting, happy and well-fucked, when Denise rolled over and kissed me, tonguing my mouth as she rubbed her pussy on my leg, then said, "I hope you and I can get together again. I know it kind of surprised you but you seemed to like everything I did."

"Well, it did catch me off-guard at first, but you have a beautiful body and you're so sexy, yes, I'd like to see you again. I'm sure Stan won't mind."

"Oh, I'd love Stan to be part of it, too. I loved fucking him. In fact, before I go, I'd like to give him a goodbye suck on that nice cock of his."

So, Denise squatted over my happy husband and I decided that, well, now that I'm bisexual, maybe I should start acting like I'm bi- and I positioned my head right under her and began licking and tonguing her pussy, all nice and recently-filled with my hubby's lovely cum. I loved her taste mingled with his, maybe I am on my way into a whole new phase of my sex life, full of men and women.

As she sucked Stan, I had her wiggling her butt in pleasure from my licking and tonguing of her pussy which was running with juices and Stan and Walt's cum. I got her off first, then she got my hubby off right after. She kissed Stan with her cummy lips, then turned to me and we embraced and frenched each other's mouths full of the juices from all four of us. What a day. I was hooked for sure.

"Whew, I've got to get home, but, what a day. Oh, Lisa, I think you and I are going to be great friends. Just think, we work together and now we play together. I love your pussy, girl. And, Stan, I want to play with you two again. You have a great cock. So, we do this again, real soon?" Denise asked.

We both agreed and Denise got dressed, I gave her a panty liner to help soak up some of her pussy juice and off she went.

Then, Stan held me in his arms and kissed me for a long time, his cock making itself known between us as it began to harden.

"I never knew you liked women, hon. That was kind of a shock. But you two sure looked hot."

"Well, I guess I do, it surprised me as much as it did you. I guess you don't mind, huh?"

"Not me. I enjoyed fucking her as well. And she gives a great blowjob."

As we were getting ready for bed, Stan, dressed in his usual sleepwear, nothing, walked into the bedroom from our bathroom, his cock well ahead of him.

"Oh, look who's all nice and hard," I commented.

"Better to fuck you with, my dear. Ready for even more cum in that pretty pussy of yours?"

I widened my legs, after all I was also wearing my favorite sleep clothes, nothing. He got up and drove into me and fucked me hard until I had a super orgasm and he creamed me full, once again. Whew, what a day. Three lovers, oh, my, how my life was changing.

I was ready for Walt the next morning. I was slipping on a robe as I got up and Stan told me to just stay naked and let Walt in and have some nice morning fun, right off, first thing. I thanked him for his lovely idea and had him pull his cock out and in a few minutes he gave me a mouthful of his cum, my first of the day. Then, off to work.

Right on time, the bell rang, I looked out the peephole to be sure, then swung the door open and stood there with my arms outstretched. He sat down his toolbox, kicked the door shut and swept me up and carried me back to our bedroom and put me on the bed.

I watched as he undressed, eager for the first look ah his lovely cock and, yes, there it was, soon to be inside me.

"Mmm, just what I'd hoped, Lisa. I didn't touch my cock since I left here, I just wanted it all for you."

That was so sweet, I wrapped my legs up around his back and fucked him until he cummed his overnight load deep inside me.

"Mmm. what a nice way to start a job. You gonna be my naked helper, today?" he asked me.

"Only if you're naked, too," and we got up to see what was next on the repair list.

We did work on projects until lunch time, had a quick sandwich and a long, leisurely fuck until after two. He gave me two wonderful orgasms, then we did some more work and I sucked him while he

hung some shelves. He was pretty well-hung himself, of course, but I didn't suck him to completion, that was for the end of the day when I used my pussy to do that.

Stan got another creampie when he got home, I guess he really likes that and then he fucked me good and hard. I really like that. As you know.

I've had Walt over since and Denise has become rather a fixture around our place. She loves sex with Stan and me, seems her own husband doesn't take much interest, but we sure do. She loves eating me as Stan does her pussy, then hubby and I usually reverse and I eat Walt's cum out of Denise while she sucks up some more out of him with her pussy.

Oh, we do have fun now that I've loosened up a bit. Would you like to come around on Saturday? It's just Stan and me, well, Denise may stop by; we'll be home, no need to call, just stop by. Oh, and bring that hard cock I see in those pants of yours. Promise?