The Breeding Room - Part II

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Judy's fixation with the secrets of the room reach new heights

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Judy stood naked in front of the mirrored wardrobe doors, one hand held a large bath towel and the other cupped her left breast. She was admiring herself. She couldn’t understand why because until moving into the house she had never spent a great deal of time paying attention to her body. She had never really paid much attention to her sexuality; Judy just took it for granted.

Yes, she was aware of her body and took care of herself as far as diet and exercise was concerned but she had never been obsessed with it. She was happy enough with her 36C breasts; her waist was quite trim, tummy flat and although she could perhaps afford to lose a couple of inches from her bottom, if you believed the beauty magazines, she had no intention of letting it become a preoccupation with her. Sandy never complained about her body, he always got a stiffy when he saw her naked, so why should she see fault with it.

Other men too seemed to like it. Past boyfriends complimented her on it and she remembered a couple of work colleagues in her last job who were always staring at her bottom. And there was also Al. Al had been round a few times since they had moved in. The first time was to show them around again and make sure they knew where the utilities points were. He had also happened to be passing when their boxes of personal belongings arrived and he helped Sandy with the lifting of them. He had also called round the day before at her request. The new dishwasher could not be plumbed in because of faulty fittings and he had sorted it out.

With each visit he had stripped her naked with his eyes but yesterday he had physically shown his excitement; there was a distinct bulge in his trousers, a bulge that far outgrew anything that Sandy could produce. He had caught her staring at him as she stood by his side while he worked away with the plumbing connections. He looked flustered as he looked her in the eye momentarily.

Judy dropped her hand from her breast to her groin. Her shaved mound was prominent and she

looked at its reflection admiringly. Unlike some women she had seen, her cunt lips were almost closed. She did not have protruding labia petals like some girls she knew. Her fingers strayed to thefurrow between her pussy lips and she gently opened them. Then she wondered what Al would do if he were here now.

She wondered what he would do to her if he were to walk into the bedroom right at that moment. How long would it be before his pants were off? How long would he take to hold her in his arms and kiss her? Would he kiss her? Would he even waste time kissing her? She imagined that he would be in too much in a hurry for any foreplay.

Al's lust was strong yesterday. It was not just his bulge that showed it, it was also his eyes. There was hunger in them; there was fire in them; there was an unquenchable lust in them. In her mind she could almost feel his hands gripping her arms and pushing her backwards towards the four poster bed; his cock pressing against her belly. She felt the backs of her thighs pressing against the edge of the bed and then came the shove; a shove that would force her backwards onto the bed and bring her legs rising into the air. Al's hands would automatically catch her ankles; she would be at his mercy now. He would raise her legs high and spread them wide.

Would he bother with any romantic formalities at this juncture? Of course not. He would be pressing the bulbous head of his huge cock against her cunt lips. He would look her in the eye though; there would be no look of lust however, there was no need for it. He would just smile; smile at her as he pushed forward; smile as he relished his moment of conquest.

Judy momentarily remembered a boyfriend that used to look at her when he fucked her. All other men she had known had closed their eyes when they fucked. She imagined that Al would be like him; he would look her in the eye as he pounded her bottom into the bedding; look at her to see every reaction on her face as he thrust harder and deeper into her; look at her to see every emotion that crossed her face as he thrust faster and faster; look at her to see the joy in her eyes as she received his seed.

Judy swore as reality overtook her fantasising. Her fingers were wet from her involuntary masturbating. She did move backwards; back to the bed behind her. She swore again as she felt the edge of the bed. It was the room. "This fucking room." She swore.

She had been like a bitch on heat ever since they had made it their bedroom. Judy just couldn't seem to stop masturbating. Two days ago she had actually masturbated six times; yesterday it had been four times and she had already masturbated once that morning before showering. She lay back in the middle of the bed and began working her clitty with her finger. There were men holding her down; two men pinning her by the arms and two men standing either side of the bed holding her legs in the air

by the ankles. They were all naked; all with large thick cocks; all with large testicle sacs heavy with seed; all waiting to take their turn with her; waiting for the man who was between her legs and fucking her to finish. That man was Al!

He was swearing at her; calling her a whore and a fuck bitch, in between his grunts and his groans. And she was crying. No they weren't cries of 'No'; they weren't cries for help; they were cries of ecstasy. The other men were calling her names too and urging Al on. They were impatient; they wanted her; they wanted to feel her tight white pussy, as they called it, pressing against their cocks. They wanted to fill her with their seed.

Judy began to thresh on the bed; her hips moving involuntary as the spasms grew stronger and stronger. She was coming, not at the hands of the men in her fantasy but at her own hand. Judy cursed again as she pulled away her wet and sticky fingers.

She lay for a few minutes recovering and then she took another shower. Once again she stood in front of the mirror looking at her body as she dried herself. Her thoughts started to drift again but she suddenly heard her name being called out. It was Al's voice. She went to look out of the bedroom window and then she realised that she was naked. She reached for her white silk gown and put it on before going to the window and opening it.

"I just called to see if the dishwasher was working okay." He shouted up. "I did ring the doorbell but there was no answer."

The bell needed a new battery. "It was okay last night." She told him.

She realised that she shouldn't really be shouting to someone from her window and went downstairs. She should have dressed first; she knew that, but she intended only talking to him from her doorstep. It didn't quite work out that way though. Al came inside as the door opened. He apologised. "Sorry, were you busy?" He said.

"I.....I.... was just showering." She said.

For a moment they just stood there in the hallway. Judy seemed paralysed to the spot and Al was looking at her, again. There was little to undress this time; no top or blouse; no skirt or jeans; not even bra and panties. There was just a white silk dressing gown to relieve her of. Suddenly Al's hand reached forward. Judy just stood there transfixed as his hand slowly reached out and his fingers took hold of the the end of the thin sash. This was no fantasy, this was no premonition or vision, this was real.

“Please don’t.” She spoke.

She didn’t know where the words came from; she didn’t even know how her mouth had opened but the words were said. He did stop but the belt now had no slack and his fingers still gripped the end of it tightly.

“I want to fuck you Judy.” He told her.

Her mouth fell open. No man had said that to her before; well Sandy and previous boyfriends had said things like that to her in the past but she already knew them intimately. Al was virtually a stranger.

“I think you want me to fuck you as well don’t you Judy?” He said as he gave a little tug of the belt.

“Please don’t. I love my husband.” She said quietly.

“I know that.” He replied.

It didn’t stop him from pulling again. The bow in the belt was getting smaller.

“Please.” She told him.

“Is that all that is stopping you, your love for your husband?” He asked.

She nodded and looked down.

Al released his grip on the belt. “As much as I want to fuck you Judy I wouldn’t want you to do anything that you might regret afterwards.”

“Thank you.” She told him.

“That’s okay.” He replied.

Al turned towards the door and then turned back again. “Have you ever let a black man fuck you Judy?”

She shook her head.

“I thought so.” He said as he reached for the belt again. “You must try it one day. You would enjoy it.”

Judy was speechless.

“Can I see your body Judy?” He asked.

Judy was taken aback. No one had asked her a question like that before.

“Please Judy. I really would like to see you naked.”

Why? How? She didn’t know but she nodded. Judy actually nodded her head consensually.

Al tugged and the gown fell open. His hands quickly reached up to her shoulders and pushed the gown away. Judy felt it slide off her body and onto the floor. She stood head bowed for a few moments as he looked at her. He didn’t speak; he didn’t touch, Al just looked at her.

Moments later he stepped forward and kissed her on the lips. “Sandy’s a very fortunate man.” He told her. “You are very beautiful Judy.” He added as he knelt down and picked up her gown.

“Thank you.” She told him as she took it from his hand.

As he turned to reach for the door she stopped him. “Tell me about that room please?” She asked.

“What about that room?” He said as he turned around.

“That room has secrets. You know it and I know it. Tell me what they are please.” Judy asked him.

He looked at her for a few moments and then turned away. “Tomorrow.” He said. “I will tell you tomorrow.”

Judy watched the door close tightly behind him and then she climbed the stairs again trailing her gown in her hand. She needed to masturbate again.