

Always Up for a Party

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Trevor's idea of a party, with me as entertainment

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I got home late. What a night! I had gone to the video booth at the bookstore horny as hell but in my wildest dreams I could not have imagined the outcome. Oh sure, I expected sex. I had yet to leave those dark little booths without a mouthful of cum, an ass full of cum or having my balls sucked dry but tonight ... tonight! Not only had my ass been filled in the booth but at Trevor's party I had been fucked like a cum slut, no doubt earning me a reputation as well as a nice little bonus. I smiled and fondled the hundred dollar bill in my pocket and decided to check my email before bed. I signed on and looked at my inbox. There was a note from Jeff. I had met Jeff before online. The first time we met he'd given me a two course cum lunch but tonight, along with two of his friends, they'd given my ass load after sweet sticky load! I opened his message: "What a hot night, huh?" he began. "Trevor wants to have a party Saturday if you can make it. Is it okay to give him your email?" I wrote back that I was free Saturday and that Trevor could have my email address then signed off. I went into the bedroom, stripped naked and pulled on a soft satin nightgown from my drawer. I slipped between the sheets enjoying the cool caress of the satin and drifted into sleep. As I suspected, Trevor had sent an email when I checked mail the next morning with specifics about the party on Saturday. As he had mentioned, he knew some people who would want to meet me or, more precisely, want to fuck me. We went on chat and talked about some of the ideas (and some of the fantasies) that had been mentioned to him. He was very curious, asking me "Would you try this?" or "What would you think if someone wanted to ...?" As we chatted a bulge began to grow in my nightgown. I lifted the hem and began to masturbate. I kept reading his questions, trying as best I could to answer one handed and very distracted! My imagination was at a fever pitch to match my hand on my cock. In minutes I was squirting hot cum all over myself and finally leaned back in my chair. The chat screen was still on the screen. I told Trevor I would do whatever he wanted to accommodate his guests, excused myself and signed off. I licked the cum off my hand and my lap, pulled off my nightgown and headed for the shower. Saturday couldn't come soon enough. The anticipation was always on my mind and it was almost impossible to get any work done. Trevor had asked if I would come to the party in drag. Though I'd not dressed up in a long time, the idea made me VERY hot! I bought new stockings with wide lace at the tops, a black satin suspender belt and a pair of ankle strap pumps with two and a half inch heels! It had been a while since I'd walked in heels, especially with heels this high, so I practiced

around the house. It was a nice feeling. The garters slid back and forth across my butt when I walked or bent over and the sound of those heels as I walked about the house was so SO sexy! I tried on this dress, then that, then another looking for the perfect look for the party. On Saturday Trevor called just to be sure I wasn't having second thoughts. "It's all I've been able to think about for the last three days!" I told him. He laughed and said he'd pick me up at 7:00. I shaved myself smooth and began dressing, first attaching my breast forms and slipping into a black satin bra with lace trim on the cups. Suspender belt and stockings were next and a vintage satin and lace half slip. I'd picked a full red taffeta skirt and ruffled satin top with a shoulder length brunette wig. Almost an afterthought, I slipped on some red lace panties to hold my anatomy better then stepped into my heels and fastened the buckles. I looked in the mirror admiring the woman I'd become. When his car pulled up I walked out and down the sidewalk to the street. The sensuality of the stockings and garters and the high heeled shoes made me walk with a certain swing, a provocative sexy strut that caught Trevor's eye right away. The swing of my hips made the skirt and slip swirl around my legs. The cool night air and my satin top made goose bumps pop all over me. When I slid into the seat next to him my nerve endings were going crazy! Trevor complimented me and I thanked him. He could tell I was nervous. "How should I introduce you tonight? 'David' seems kind of inappropriate," he joked. I laughed and said 'Samantha' was fine. Most of the short ride to his house was pretty quiet. We could hear music and people in his party room when we got out of the car in his garage. He opened the door and we went inside. The room looked a lot different than when I'd been here before with Trevor, Jeff and Craig. In addition to a few haphazard party decorations, a collection of glasses and bottles and a random scattering of articles of clothing, a mattress had been laid in the middle of the floor. Jeff was here and started walking over with another man. Trevor introduced me as Samantha and Jeff introduced his friend John. Behind on the couch were a man and woman who seemed to be a couple by the way their hands were exploring each other. Jeff introduced them as Bill and his wife Kara. They were a handsome pair, Bill a dark haired hunk of a man and Kara a very curvaceous redhead in a low cut black dress. Another couple had moved onto the mattress, undressing as they went, and after very brief foreplay she straddled him and began riding his cock as we watched. John got me a drink and then pulled me aside. "You look hot, Samantha," John started. "I've never done it with a TV before. You wanna go in the bedroom?" "Okay," I whispered and nodded. John began leading me away toward the bedroom. I turned to look at Trevor and Jeff who just smiled and gave me a wink. Once in the bedroom John wasted no time, not even closing the door behind us. His hands were on my breasts, grabbing and groping. He lifted my skirts and felt my stockings, then higher up to take my butt cheeks in his strong hands and squeeze. He hurried to unfasten his pants with one hand, pushing them to the floor while the other was inside my panties probing my anus. Bending me over the foot board of the bed John flipped my skirts over my back. He quickly slipped on a condom, pulled my panties down and smeared some lube on me and the condom. "Trevor told me you'd be here tonight. He told me you like to be fucked. Do you like to be fucked Samantha?" John was rubbing his hard cock up and down the slippery crack between my cheeks, admiring my smooth ass framed by the garter straps and bent over waiting ... inviting. "Yes! Yes, John, YES! I love to be fucked! I WANT

to be fucked! I want to be fucked by YOU!" I exclaimed. I wanted him to fuck me, to just take me and use me. I wanted his meat inside me, and NOW! I felt John line up his prick with my anus and then push, push in a little, push in more, then finally holding my satin covered hips he buried his cock inside me. God, YES! He was deep in me at last. He started moving in and out, not in the easy pace I was used to but like I was the fire only his squirting hose could put out! He held my hips but with each of his thrusts I bounced back and forth. My breast forms rocked inside my bra and each push of his cock brought me up on the toes of my high heels. It wasn't long before this powerhouse was cumming, and cumming hard. His strong hands locked around me, he bucked and jerked and slapped his pelvis against my bare ass as he buried himself inside me. When he stopped I was as limp as he was. "God, you can fuck!" I said. John just smiled, removed the condom and walked into the bathroom. I pulled my panties up, adjusting my skirts as I straightened up when I noticed silhouettes framed by the open bedroom door. At first I was a little embarrassed. The rest of the party had been watching me bent over the bed (and Trevor again holding his video camera!) They'd enjoyed the sight of John banging my ass and the sounds of me loving it and of him cumming in me. As I thought of it the flush of embarrassment turned to a flush of a different kind and suddenly I was horny as hell! "That made me so wet!" It was Kara, the woman I'd seen in the living room when I arrived. "Would you like to see?" I nodded and she came over and lifted her dress revealing teal satin panties with sweet embroidery and a delicate ivory ribbon entwined through the lace at the hem. Tiny ivory bows set off her round, womanly hips. Lower I could see the outline of her labia and a dark and very noticeable wet spot on them. "Mmmm ... come closer," I cooed and she walked over in front of me. I gently traced my fingertips across her panties, lingering in the dark wetness over her labia. The satin was slick and fragrant. I brought my fingers to my lips and sucked on them. "Would you like more?" she asked. I nodded and slipped a finger inside the satin and then inside her. She gasped a quick breath. "I want you to eat me while my husband fucks you," she said. "He wants to cum in you with your face buried in my pussy." I smiled up at her and slipped her panties down her legs. Leaning into her dark muff, I gave her pussy a kiss, a deep penetrating kiss. "Lie back on the bed, dear," I said. Kara reached back, unzipped her dress and wriggled her curves out of it. The matching bra gave her large pale breasts a wonderful roundness and her hands caressed them, now free of the bonds of her dress. She lay back and spread her legs in front of me. Pale skin and voluptuous curves lying on the bed ahead of me, the scent of her filling my nostrils, I had only one desire. I lowered my mouth to the feast of her wetness. My tongue found her pussy lips. I kissed and sucked them and nuzzled my face into her bush. I gently parted her labia with my tongue and the taste of her juices exploded onto my taste buds. My tongue probed between, explored inside, wandered up to her clit. She gasped when I touched her clit and pushed her pussy toward me. I felt my skirt being lifted from behind, then my panties descending my thighs. While I pressed my tongue firmly, expertly against the swollen clitoris at my lips I felt the coolness of lube in between my ass cheeks and then the heat of Bill's very hard cock easily push into me. Standing behind me, holding my hips and thrusting into me, Bill must have had a perfect view of his wife. Kara had slipped down the cups of her bra and was rubbing her nipples while she enjoyed my tongue's firm caress on her clit. At first, Kara watched Bill

fucking me and felt the extra pressure on her clit when he pushed his cock into me but soon she was in another world, a pleasure world. I felt my tongue push harder against her, push deeper inside her each time Bill buried himself in me. It was heavenly! Kara's juices were flowing like a heated river of lust, my tongue playing and toying with her and making her hips quake while Bill's cock rammed deep and hard against my prostrate. Bill's motions became jerky and suddenly he stiffened and rammed hard into me. His cum shot into my ass while his fingers dug into my hips. I held Kara's hips with my arms wrapped around her thighs. I felt her stiffen, then shudder and then gush her cum juices into my mouth. "Oh GOD! Oh sweet Jesus, YES! Oh yes ... YES!" Kara's hips bucked against my face and she squirmed under my relentless tongue. My mouth was bathed in her tangy sweet juice and I lapped it up feverishly. Bill was moving slowly in and out of me as his orgasm ebbed. I released the hold I had on Kara's pussy and let her relax into a blissful glow. Slowly her senses calmed to where she could speak. "My God, Samantha! How do you know just where ... just how?" Kara breathed. "You are one hot piece of ass," Bill added. I gave Kara's muff one last nuzzling kiss and got up to my hands and knees. Coyly smiling I thought, "I just love sex. It's that simple." I got up to go clean up in the bathroom, giving Bill a long kiss with lips covered in his wife's cum. As I walked toward the bathroom I felt Bill's cum slipping out of me and wetting my panties. I noticed Trevor once again holding his video camera with a smile from ear to ear. Well, if I was to be tonight's entertainment I guess I've entertained! When I returned from the bathroom the party had once again returned to the other room. The other couple on the mattress was lying naked together cuddling. Bill and Kara were dressed and chatting with Trevor. I walked into the room and they all turned and smiled. Jeff walked over and offered me a drink. I was parched, and nervous, and drank half of it down immediately. All the energy was draining away from me and I was suddenly very tired. A television was on in the corner and everyone had been watching it. Trevor walked up to me. "Do you see what I've got playing?" he asked. I looked more closely at the TV. The video that was playing was ... ME! It was the video of my first visit here. It was me fucking Jeff and Trevor and Craig! "I'm going to love tonight's video even more!" I sat on the couch and stared, watching the video, watching one cock after another have my ass. It was almost surreal hearing it again, seeing it for the first time from a third person viewpoint, and it was hot, VERY hot! As we all watched I couldn't help but feel that certain stirring in me, deep and growing, trying to escape my satin panties. I reached down to rearrange my hardening member, trying to be discreet, but Jeff caught me. Without so much as a word, Jeff knelt in front of me, parted my legs and lifted the hem of my skirt. A dark wet spot had formed on the satin of my panties and my cock strained against the smooth material. To everyone's delight, Jeff leaned down and kissed my stiff prick and it hardened and jumped at his touch. He took the waistband and pulled it down and gave the head a long slow wet kiss before licking the precum from the tip. Everyone was watching, amazed by Jeff's forwardness, and I was the most amazed of all. I leaned back on the couch and watched as my cock slid into Jeff's mouth. I groaned and closed my eyes and let his mouth carry me into another world. After everything else tonight I was so hard, so wanting and so close! I knew Jeff had done this before. He knew just how, just where, just how much. I gave myself to the feeling as the room and everyone in it faded away and my orgasm built. All I

knew was Jeff's wonderful mouth coaxing the passion from inside me. I bucked my hips toward his face, meeting his mouth again and again until the feeling took me away and I began to cum and cum hard. "OH MY GOD!" I screamed. I clutched at Jeff's hair as my hips bucked and thrust. My cum shot out in thick streams into his mouth and I could hear him swallowing. The sensations of my orgasm while he still sucked and moved on my shaft left me breathless and limp on the couch. When he was satisfied that every drop was drain from me he let my softening prick fall from his lips with one final kiss. He looked up from between my legs and smiled. I was glowing, still breathless. Jeff gently tucked my satisfied cock back into my panties and arranged my slip and skirt over my lap. "Now isn't that better?" he asked. "Oh my yes," I replied, "And thank you." "Would you like a ride home now, dear?" asked Trevor. I realized that for once he had not had his camera in hand but had been watching wide eyed. After some polite goodbyes Trevor walked me out to his car and we got in. We backed out of the garage and headed toward my home in an awkward silence. "You were amazing tonight," he said as we neared my house. "Could you do this again? I'm thinking a party once a month?" The events of the evening ran through my head and I felt myself getting excited. "I think I would really like that, Trevor" I replied almost blushing. We pulled up in front of the house and I reached for the door handle. "Aren't you forgetting something?" Trevor asked with a wicked smile. I turned and ran my hand across his crotch. "Would you like to come in?" I offered. "I'll take a rain check on that. I meant this." Trevor pulled an envelope from his jacket pocket and handed it to me. I looked inside to count five crisp hundred dollar bills. "Are you serious?" I asked. He nodded and smiled. "You made a lot of people happy. We'll be in touch." I got out of the car and walked, maybe even strutted, up the walk to my door.