

A Hurricane in Mexico

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My boss and I are in a shelter during a hurricane in Mexico and I suck his cock and others.

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I am a construction superintendent for an international construction company headquartered in the Houston area, and we had just won the bid for a large housing and hotel project in Veracruz, Mexico, which is on the Gulf of Mexico. My name is Ed, and at 42 years old I was usually the go-to guy to start new international projects, and it was sometimes difficult for my wife when I was gone for months at a time. I was traveling to Veracruz with my boss, Ted Ferguson, who was 45 years old and was the vice president of new development, and he was just going to stay a few days to introduce me to our clients and get me started on the project. Ted was considered to be a handsome man, and at 6'2" tall and 195 pounds, he was in very good shape. Ted was also married and he traveled quite a bit, although he was usually only out of town a few days or a week at a time. He also had quite a reputation for having a big cock and fucking around with the ladies when he was out of town on business, and I knew that he was looking forward to fucking some fat-lipped Mexican pussy on our trip to Mexico. Ted and I arrived in Veracruz on a Monday evening, and were having dinner at our hotel, where we met our interpreter Bolivar, who I'm guessing was in his mid-40s. Bolivar was about 5'7" tall, and he weighted about 150 pounds, being very lean in appearance with his brown, swarthy complexion. We had a great dinner of traditional Mexican food, and also had plenty of sangria wine to drink. Bolivar was a really nice man, and I felt comfortable knowing that he would be interpreting for us, and hopefully keeping us out of trouble. We spent the next two days out at the job site, meeting our subcontractors and getting the permits in order, and then we got some bad news. A hurricane that had moved into the Gulf of Mexico was originally expected to strike the Louisiana coast, but a developing high pressure area had caused the storm to turn west, heading directly for Veracruz. It was now too late to make arrangements for transportation out of the area since the storm was so close, and we were directed by the local authorities to take shelter in an old, abandoned motel. There weren't nearly enough housing areas available for shelter, which is one reason we had the contract to build some modern facilities in the area. It was decided that Bolivar would stay with us since his family was safe with relatives, and we were taken to the abandoned motel, and were led down a smelly and musty hallway to our room. We opened the door to our room, and were then given instructions by the civil defense personnel who were assisting us. They were speaking Spanish, but Bolivar interpreted for us saying, "They said that this will be our room until the storm passes, and the

rest of the rooms were also being occupied by foreigners escaping the storm. We should be safe here due to the concrete walls and sealed windows. The room has electricity, and a toilet, shower, water and mattresses on the floor, so just settle in and hope for a quick ending to the storm. We needed to conserve water since all we had was provided by a cistern on the roof, and we would be allowed to take a shower together every two days, to conserve the rest of the water for drinking and the toilet. They also said that the authorities would provide us with two meals a day.” I finally got my bearings in the dimly lit room, and assessed our situation. Many of the old motels in Mexico were built with solid concrete walls and ceilings, much like concrete boxes stacked together, so I knew that we should be safe here. The windows had also been filled in with concrete blocks, except for a few small slots to allow air and light to enter. The room was only about 12 by 14 feet in size, and the toilet and shower were in one corner and open to the room. It was already very late by now, so we arranged the dirty mattresses and went to bed, having a fitful night’s sleep. The next morning we were awakened by the civil defense workers, and they brought us a meager breakfast of burritos. There were two of them looking after everyone in this part of the motel, and seemed very friendly and were helpful. The storm had now made landfall, and we could hear the roar of the wind and heavy rains outside, and we didn’t hear from them again until they brought us our evening meal. The room was very hot, with little ventilation, and we soon all found that it was more comfortable to just sit around in our underwear. It was pretty boring just sitting there waiting for news on the storm, and for the first two days we mostly talked about our situation and when we would be able to leave, and we also talked about our families and our personal lives. On the evening of the second day, our helpers brought our evening meal, and let us know that we could now take our first shower, reminding us that we needed to take it together to save water. They gave us soap and some worn out towels, and we finished our food before cleaning up. They also let us know that even though the brunt of the storm had passed, and the sun had been out for part of the second day, the flooding from the hurricane had washed out all of the roads, and we would need to stay in that old motel for a few more days. The shower stall was more like a four by five foot concrete basin, with one shower head and a flimsy curtain separating it from the room. I was a little embarrassed at taking a shower with these men because I have a small, four inch dick, and it was always uncomfortable for me to be naked with other guys. I even got laughed at sometimes in the high school showers, because when I’m soft it is only one inch long. But, in this situation I really had no choice, so I pulled off my underwear and stepped into the shower with Ted and Bolivar. The water was warm from the hot sun heating up the cistern on the roof, and at first I tried not to look directly at the other men’s bodies. But as we soaped up and began to bend to wash ourselves, we couldn’t help bumping into each other. At one point Ted was facing me and I bent down to wash my lower legs, and when I stood back up a little, I was staring at his huge, cut cock. Ted’s cock was about seven inches long and very thick, and it was still soft. All of those stories about his big cock and his exploits with women must have been true, and I just couldn’t stop staring at that big piece of meat. His balls were also very large and hung heavily in the warm water, and they looked to be the size of small plums. I was finally able to stop looking at Ted’s cock, but then Bolivar turned to face me when he was rinsing himself, and I was also amazed at his big cock Bolivar was a much

smaller man than Ted, but his cock looked even bigger to me. He was uncircumcised with the foreskin almost totally covering the big head of his cock, and he must have been about eight inches and very thick, even when soft. The skin on his cock and balls was also a darker brown than the rest of his body, and his balls were even bigger than Ted's and hung heavily between his legs. We were finally all rinsed off and we ended the shower, and I just hoped that neither of them saw me staring at their cocks. I was deep in thought following that shower. I didn't understand why I was so interested in their cocks, and I liked thinking about their cocks and balls swinging in the shower as they rinsed, with the water flowing over them. I have to admit that I had seen many hundreds of pictures of other men's cocks on the internet, since I often visited cuckold sites. I liked to fantasize that other men were fucking my wife Jennifer, and then I would imagine that I sucked their cum from her pussy. We sometimes did role play in bed about my cuckold fantasies, but both of us knew that we would never act on them. And yet now, here I was staring at these cocks, which was especially surprising since we were in this stressful storm situation. The third day in that old motel we were sitting on our mattresses and talking, and Ted changed the topic to sex. He said, "Man, I have been away from my wife for three days now, and I'm really getting horny. No offense Bolivar, but I had hoped to be fucking some nice, plump Mexican pussy by now, but I can't very well get any cunt being sequestered like this. How do you guys feel about this? Aren't you getting a little horny too?" Bolivar was the next to speak and said, "I agree Ted. I'm used to getting pussy almost every day from my beautiful wife. She has big, DD-cup breasts and a thick pussy, and her ass is soft and large." Then Ted chimed back in, "Hell yes Bolivar, again no offense, but that is just the kind of woman I was hoping to fuck in Veracruz. My wife is pretty thin and has nice tits and a sweet pussy, but every now and then I really like to fuck a thick, full-figured woman." Bolivar then replied, "You'll probably never get to meet my wife, but she sounds just like what you are looking for. I can't seem to get enough of her pussy. But sometimes when she is on the rag or is mad at me and won't fuck me, I go out with a friend of mine who likes to suck cock, and he sucks me off. We call guys like him maricons here in Mexico. Some of my macho buddies would never think of using a maricon to get off, but I like to be sucked, no matter who is doing it." Ted was getting excited at hearing Bolivar talk about having his cock sucked, and replied, "Yeah man, I really like having my cock sucked, and I've even had a few men suck me, but not to completion. My wife Barbara will sometimes blow me, but I mostly get sucked by the married women that I meet in bars when I travel. A lot of them just love my big cock, and some of them have their cuckold husbands with them in the hotel and they will suck me after I fuck their wives. It would feel good to blow my load into any sucking mouth, man or woman. What about you Ed, wouldn't you like a blowjob too? I saw your little dick in the shower, but even little ones need some relief. You've been pretty quiet so far, so tell us what you are thinking." I was really embarrassed now, with Ted calling attention to my little dick, but I was getting turned on by their comments and my little dick was hard, and would have been sticking out of my underwear if it was big enough. I hesitantly spoke and said, "Well guys, I enjoyed hearing about your experiences, but I don't have anything like that to tell. Jennifer and I mostly have regular sex, and she usually doesn't want to suck my dick. And I certainly have never been sucked by a man. I guess my sex life sounds pretty boring to you guys." Then Ted

said, "Well hold on just a minute Ed. I don't think you are that boring. Jennifer told Barbara one time when they were drinking that you guys sometimes did some fantasy role play about you being a cuckold. That sounds pretty sexy to me." I was more embarrassed than ever now and said, "Come on Ted, I don't want to talk about that. It is just a fantasy anyway, and neither of us would ever do it for real." Ted had an amused look on his face and said, "That may be true, but from what Barbara told me, you do suck your own cum out of Jennifer's pussy after you ejaculate in her. That's a hell of a lot closer to sucking cock than I have ever done. Also, the Mexican culture is pretty macho, and I'll bet that Bolivar has never eaten his own cum either." Bolivar then chimed in, "You got that right Ted. I don't hold it against those maricons who suck my cock and eat my cum, but I damn sure wouldn't do it myself." As we continued talking, I could see that Ted and Bolivar were also getting aroused at the conversation we were having. Ted was stroking his hard cock that was sticking out of his boxer underwear and it must have been 10 inches long. Bolivar was wearing tight, white briefs, and I could see his hard cock curled around his thigh and his huge nuts pressed against his crotch, as he lightly rubbed himself. I didn't understand why I was getting so turned on by this conversation about sucking cocks, because I had never done anything like that. But I couldn't deny that I enjoyed looking at those big cocks, and I was beginning to wonder if I really might be willing to suck them. Maybe it was all of those cuckold stories I have read, and I didn't realize how much I enjoyed the cock sucking aspects of those stories. Whatever it was, I was sure having a hard time sorting out my feelings about all of this. Ted started to speak again, distracting me from my thoughts when he said. "Ed, you seem to be in deep thought about something. Were you getting excited seeing our big cocks? Were you thinking about sucking our cocks? I can see that your little dick is poking up against your underwear, so you must be turned on about something." I wanted to distract Ted from his line of thinking and end this conversation. I didn't understand my own feelings, so I sure didn't want to share them with them. I lied saying, "Sorry Ted, but I'm not thinking about sucking your cocks. I'm hard because it's hard not to get turned on hearing you guys talk about that fat Mexican pussy. Hell, look at you two. What are you thinking about that has you so aroused?" Bolivar then laughed and said, "I don't know about Ted, but my cock is hard because I was hoping to get a blow job. And besides, I did see Ed staring at our big cocks in the shower yesterday, and thought he might have some interest in them." I then said, "No body is getting a blow job, so let's just get to sleep and hope that we will be able to leave this place soon." I was in the middle of our three twin-sized mattresses that were arranged right next to each other, with maybe a foot between each one. We all said our goodnights and went to bed. There was a little residual light coming in from under the door from the light in the hall and through the air vents in the window, but it was dark enough to be able to sleep well. Despite how aroused I was at our conversation, I was able to fall asleep pretty quickly. It must have been about two hours later when I sensed some movement, and noticed that Bolivar had gotten up to use the toilet. I listened to him piss, and couldn't help thinking of his big cock and the strong stream of piss that I heard hitting the bowl. I had been sleeping on my side, but then rolled onto my back to get into a more comfortable position and to finish listening to him piss. I could see in the dim light Bolivar walking back towards his mattress, and I expected him to lie back down to go to sleep. I was surprised when I felt him kneel

next to my head on my mattress, and he must have taken off his underwear because I felt a drop of something warm hit my cheek. He leaned down next to my ear and whispered, "Hey maricon, I heard you wake up when I was pissing. My friend who sucks my cock sometimes likes to see and hear me piss, and I was hoping that you might be turned on by it too and change your mind about sucking my cock. Come on now, just turn your head a little and take my wet foreskin and cock into your mouth. I know that you will like it, just like my maricon friend." My mind was trying to process what I was hearing, and although what Bolivar was saying was disgusting, I was also aroused by it and really did want to taste his piss-dampened foreskin and cock. I didn't want to miss this chance to suck his meat, so I turned my head his way and felt his cock press into my mouth. He then whispered, "That's it maricon, let in slide into your mouth and taste my tangy foreskin. Close your lips around it and start sucking, and then I'll feed more of it into you. Chupe el pene (suck my penis) maricon, I know that you'll love it once you get a good taste. And you'll really like my cum." This was all a new experience for me, and I liked the feel of his big, thick cock pushing into my mouth. I could feel the foreskin moving back and forth, and I could also feel his prominent veins sliding against my lips and mouth. Bolivar leaned farther over me and was now fucking my mouth, and trying to push his big cock into my throat. I could also feel his swollen balls slapping against my chin and throat. Bolivar continued fucking my mouth and I was taking all of him that I could, which was only about eight of his thick 11 inches. He had only been fucking my mouth for a few minutes when I could feel him stiffen up, and then his big, brown cock throbbed as he shot squirt after squirt of his potent semen into my mouth. He was still shooting into me when he whispered, "Trague mi esperma (swallow my sperm) maricon. Keep sucking me Ed, you know that you love it." I continued sucking Bolivar's cock as he softened in my mouth, and I enjoyed pushing my tongue into his foreskin to get the remnants of his cum. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and straddled me with his knees on each side of my head and whispered, "Chupe los testiculos (suck my balls), I really like to feel someone sucking my scrotum after I cum and it's hanging low, and then feeling my balls in their mouth." His balls were heavy on my face and I liked the taste of his sack as I sucked him into my mouth. He continued pressing on me and rubbing his balls and perineum into my mouth, and I could also feel his now-soft cock flopping heavily on my chin. Bolivar continued feeding me his balls, but then pulled away and pushed his cock back into my mouth. I sucked him for a little while until he started to harden again, and then he rolled off of me and lay back down on his mattress. He leaned over a little and again whispered saying, "Thank you so much for sucking me and swallowing my load of cum. I just knew you would like it if you had a chance to try it. Hopefully you will want to do this again and again." I didn't have anything to say, and I was very tired from the fucking he had given my mouth, so I just rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. Ted must have woken up and heard and seen everything that Bolivar and I did, and I'm sure it wasn't a coincidence when Ted got up to piss and then he knelt by my head and whispered, "Damn Ed, that was really hot watching you suck Bolivar's cock and swallowing his cum. I just knew that you would do it given the right motivation. It must have been the sound of him pissing that got you interested, and you started sucking him right after he talked to you about it. Well, I just took a piss too, and didn't wipe it off, so come over to my mattress and suck my tangy cock." Sucking

Bolivar had awakened a lust in me that I didn't know existed. I knew that I wanted to suck Ted's cock, and I didn't mind that it was still wet with his piss. Ted lay back on his mattress, and I got up on my knees between his legs, and took that huge 10 inches of thick cock into my mouth. I had learned a few things from sucking Bolivar, so I starting sucking his cock head and the first four inches into my mouth, and Ted began thrusting his hips into me. He also put his hands behind my head and held me in place, and was fucking my mouth like a cunt. He wasn't kidding that he really need to cum badly, because I had only been sucking him for 10 minutes when he pulled my mouth firmly onto his thrusting cock, and began shooting a huge load of cum into me. I had to swallow three times to get it all down, and then I continued to suck his cock as it softened. I then pulled back and got between his legs to suck his large balls, and he continued to moan softly as I sucked him. I finally fell asleep between his legs, with his soft cock lying across my face and my mouth still on his balls, and didn't wake up until early in the morning, just before the civil workers brought our breakfast to us. Ted, Bolivar and I sat on our mattresses eating breakfast, and Ted finally broke the awkward silence by saying, "I know that Bolivar will agree with me in saying that what you did for us last night was special, and I'm very thankful to you for sucking us, and especially for swallowing our loads and not spitting it out. I like knowing that a cock sucker appreciates my load of cum and swallows it. I really needed to cum badly, and it looked like Bolivar did as well, and it felt so good having you sucking my cock as I filled your mouth with my cum. That was just amazing, especially considering that was your first time sucking cocks. How do you feel about the experience?" I was a little embarrassed, especially at hearing Ted call me a cock sucker, but managed to say, "I never believed that I would do anything like that, and I never had any previous thoughts about sucking cock, even when I was reading those cuckold stories. I didn't mind fantasizing about sucking other men's cum out of Jennifer's pussy, but I didn't take it so far as to mentally suck the guy. I guess I started thinking more about it when I saw your big, thick cocks and hanging balls in the shower yesterday, and then hearing Bolivar piss last night just put me over the edge. I still would not have started anything, but when I felt that warm drop on my cheek, and saw Bolivar's big, wet cock hanging by my mouth, I just couldn't resist sucking him. I hope you guys don't think any less of me for doing this, and I have to admit that I'd like to suck you guys again if you want me to." Bolivar then spoke up and said, "Hell man, I really appreciate it and don't think any less of you. I didn't mean any offense calling you a maricon, and that is just my way dealing with being sucked off by a man, being macho and all. I'd love to have you suck me every day if you're up for it." Ted then chimed in and said, "Damn right Ed, I feel the same way and could use a good suck job every day as well." We had to stay in that motel for a few more days while the roads were being repaired. In the meantime, I was sucking Bolivar and Ted off every day, and I guess you could say that I was getting very good at sucking them just the right way to make them cum the hardest. We tried all kinds of positions, from me just sucking them on the mattress, to having them fuck my face with me on my back, and I even sucked them when they were sitting on the toilet. And of course, our shower days were always a lot of fun and I sucked them off in there as well. Several days later we weren't paying close enough attention to the time, and I was sucking Bolivar's cock while he was sitting on the toilet, and we didn't hear the two civil defense men open the door.

They were coming to tell us that the roads would be passable in the morning, and we would then be taken back to the city by bus. All of a sudden I heard their leader say, as translated by Bolivar, "Son of a bitch! Look at that maricon sucking that big Mexican cock. If he likes it that much, we have a couple of more big, brown dicks that he can suck too. What about it you white cunt mouth, do you want some more big cock?" I was stunned and embarrassed at being caught by them sucking Bolivar, but I was also excited by the chance to suck some other cocks and I said, "Yes, I'd love to suck your big cocks. Just let me finish taking Bolivar's cum and I'll suck both of you right now." I continued sucking Bolivar as the two men came into the room and took off their pants and underwear. They stood beside me stroking their cocks to hardness as Bolivar erupted into my mouth, and I greedily swallowed his thick load." Then the leader said, "Stay right there on your knees maricon. Since you liked to suck his cock on the toilet, you can watch me take a piss and then you can suck my wet cock. I haven't had a good cum since we've been out here during the storm, and you'll really like my big, juicy load." I stayed on my knees and watched him piss, and his urine was spraying forcefully out of his foreskin. He then sat down and pulled my mouth to his cock. He was also uncircumcised, but his cock was a little shorter and thicker than Bolivar's and his foreskin was long and covered his cock head. He pulled my head forcefully onto his thick, brown cock and then started fucking my mouth. It didn't take him long to cum, and he was soon filling my mouth with his bitter semen. He must have been smoking or drinking to make it so bitter, or maybe it was just the spicy food, but in a way it was arousing. The other man came over and said, "Suck my big cock too maricon. You sit on the toilet while I stand in front of you." I moved up to the seat and he stood in front of me with his cock in hand. His cock was cut and about as big as Ted's, and I reached out and pulled him by the ass into my mouth. He then placed his hands behind my head and forcefully fucked my face until he also shot a huge, saved up load of semen into my mouth. I swallowed his cum eagerly, and then both of the men zipped up their pants and left our room. Ted and Bolivar could hardly believe that I would so easily suck those two men, but I told them, "Well, I look at it this way. I really like to suck cock and swallow cum, and after they saw me taking Bolivar's load, I knew they would want me to suck them. Honestly, I just wanted some more of that thick, brown, Mexican cock." I sucked Ted and Bolivar again that night and the other two men in the morning before we left on the bus. I just loved the feeling of having those thick cocks sliding into and out of my mouth, and I especially liked the cum. All of their loads tasted slightly different, and were different in texture and smell, but all of them tasted good to me, and I just couldn't get enough of it. We were in that motel for six days in all, and the company decided that I could come back to Houston for a two week paid leave before returning to the assignment. I was anxious to get home to Jennifer and the kids after our ordeal, but I was also looking forward to getting back to Veracruz and Bolivar's cock and cum. Bolivar drove us to the airport, and I just couldn't resist sucking his big cock in the parking lot, one more time, before we entered the terminal. Ted and I talked quietly on the plane ride home about all that had happened, and I decided that since I had already sucked his cock and swallowed his tasty cum so many times, that I wanted to see if I could get Jennifer to fuck him. We waited for a week after we got home, to allow time for both of us get reacquainted with our families, and the plan was to invite Ted over to our home on a Saturday

afternoon when the kids were out of the house, on the pretense of going over some business details and then watching some sports on TV. But in the meantime, I started including my cuckold fantasies in my sex talk with Jennifer, and eventually started talking about specific men, including Ted. I told her that I had seen his big cock while we were in captivity in Mexico, and it was big enough to stretch her pussy to the limit. Jennifer still didn't know that I was serious about it all, but it still got her very aroused to think about that big cock sawing into her pussy. I even told her that I had sucked Ted's cock and another big, brown Mexican cock, still under the guise of our fantasies, and that they shot huge loads of cum that were thick and sweet. I was a little surprised when that excited her as well, but I guess she was just getting fully into the cuckold fantasy with me, and would enjoy seeing me suck her lover's cock. Ted came over to our home on a Saturday afternoon, and after we finished discussing our business, we turned on the big screen TV in the basement to watch a college football game. Jennifer was also into college sports, so we all sat on the couch, with Jennifer between us, and I made sure that we had a steady flow of beer and wine during the game. Jennifer can't handle too much alcohol without getting a little silly, and she also gets sexually aroused when she drinks. After we were all pretty drunk, I started teasing Jennifer and making silly bets with her and Ted, and finally she lost a bet and had to sit on his lap. I watched them sitting on that couch face-to-face, and Ted started to slowly move his hips back and forth, as Jennifer was starting to get turned on by his movements. She must have been thinking of all of our cuckold fantasies, because she looked over at me as if to ask my permission, and I nodded and gave her the answer she wanted. She started grinding her pussy into Ted's swollen crotch, and finally all pretenses were off as she leaned in and kissed him passionately, while rubbing her large, firm tits on his chest. Ted pushed her back for a moment while he unfastened and lowered his pants and underwear, and Jennifer just pulled her sundress out of the way and then moved her thong to the side. Ted slowly pressed his huge cock into her, and was careful to take it easy so she could get used to his size. Then they began to move against each other, and Jennifer just loved Ted's big cock. She looked over at me and said, "Oh baby, thank you so much for inviting Ted over today. I have never felt anything so good and large in my pussy, and I can hardly wait for him to cum in me, and then for you to suck me clean. I'm also starting to think that you might have really sucked his cock in Mexico, and I want to see you clean his cock too." Ted had taken out her breasts and was hungrily sucking them, as they continued fucking there on the couch. Jennifer was having almost continuous orgasms, and Ted started pushing harder into her stretched cunt and moaned, "Oh Jennifer, I'm shooting my big load into your tight pussy right now. It feels so good to bottom out in you, like Ed never has, and I'm pumping my big load right into your cervix. You better be on birth control, or I'm sure to get you pregnant." Jennifer was also in rapture and was screaming, "Fuck me Ted, fuck me with that big cock. I'll have to have your huge cock in me all of time, even after Ed returns to Mexico. Can you do that for me baby?" I was a little shocked that Jennifer had taken things that far, but I was still happy knowing that she would be well-fucked while I was away. I sat down on the floor in front of them with my back to the couch, and when Jennifer slid back on Ted's knees, I was able to push my head between them and cover her cum-filled pussy with my mouth. This was a totally new experience sucking Ted's cum from her pussy, and

I sucked until she was clean. Jennifer then rolled off of his legs and sat next to him on the couch, and watched breathlessly while I turned around and got on my knees, and took Ted's cum and juice-covered cock into my mouth. I sucked him until all of their juices were gone, and then continued sucking him to get him hard to fuck Jennifer again. We moved to the bedroom to be more comfortable for her next fucking, and all of this was the realization of my favorite fantasies. Ted came over to fuck Jennifer again before I had to leave, and it was agreed that he would continue fucking her after I returned to Mexico. It was nice getting back to my job when I returned to Veracruz , and happily, Bolivar was still my interpreter. We started again with me sucking him, just as we left off at the airport the day we left for home, and he even introduced me to a few of his friends that needed a friendly mouth to fuck when their wives were on the rag or just weren't otherwise available. These Mexican men liked the idea of a white man being submissive to them by sucking their big, brown cocks and swallowing their sperm. I also became good friends with Bolivar's wife, and she eventually agreed to let me suck her fat pussy after Bolivar fucked her. I was on that assignment in Mexico for a total of two years, and as excited as I was to return home to Jennifer, who was cuckolding me with Ted and some of the other company executives, I still missed all of the cock and cum that I got in Mexico.