

# A Very Messy Birthday Present

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*A Japanese girl has fun with 40 men her boyfriend.*

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Two weeks before my twentieth birthday, my Japanese girlfriend Ayumi turned to me in bed. "Are you sure you don't mind me fucking other people?" she said, wanting to confirm our pact of an open relationship. "Of course," I replied, "as long as I can too. And if I can watch, all the better. Why d'you ask, we agreed that months ago?" "Just checking," she replied, going quiet and thoughtful. However, she would say no more. My birthday arrived surprisingly quickly, even though I had been looking forward to it for a long time. All my housemates had gone home for the weekend, so Ayumi was coming over for some mad sex all day before we went to the pub. Things looked promising when I opened the door to find Ayumi dressed in her old school uniform. As I gawped admiringly at her pretty light brown legs covered up to the ankles in white cotton socks in her shiny black shoes, then from half-way up her thighs by a short pleated green skirt. Into this was tucked a white shirt, and around her neck was a green tie which hung down between the bulges of her bra-less breasts. From her bag she pulled a matching boy's school uniform and threw it at me. I changed into it while she spread an old blanket over the sofa, placed a large glass bowl and a small shallow metal tray by the door, and then began setting up a video camera on a tripod. She pressed a button on it, sat down on the sofa, beckoning me over, and we kissed. Her waist was soft and warm under the material, and I moved my hands up to her breasts, stroking her nipple with my thumb. She pulled me on top of her and arched her back to push her tits against me, and I obliged by breaking the kiss and moving my lips down to her neck. As I kissed her hot flesh she told me her plan for the day, which was so obscenely kinky that I was hard before I'd undone her shirt and started licking her nipples. I kept at it though, knowing how much she liked her boobs to be stimulated, until they were hard and erect. Licking between them I moved my face down over her stomach so I was kneeling between her legs. With my hands I stroked her calves above the socks which I now saw had a little lace frill around the top and the shiny black buckle shoes she was wearing, while kissing her legs up from behind the knees. Up I went, lifting up her skirt, until I was nuzzling her plain white knickers, her short and curly pubic hair forming a cushion, and smelling the musk from the damp patch over her hole. Slipping my fingers under the

waistband, I drew the knickers down, leaving them hooked around her left foot and set about eating her pussy. I slurped at her little hole, poking my tongue in, then kissed and sucked her clit with a finger inside her. I loved it, and could have gone on for hours if I hadn't been called up by Ayumi to kiss her lips. It was now my turn, as I sat back on the sofa and felt her small fingers undoing my flies. A small, slender hand reached into my pants and pulled out my engorged penis, holding it firmly, and then Ayumi released me from the kiss and bent down over my groin. As usual, her hot wet mouth felt fantastic as it took me inside, and my dick was soon rock hard with her tongue circling slowly around the head. I tucked her shoulder-length hair that had fallen over her face behind her ear so the camera would get a good view, while with my right hand I reached down to her naked muff and slowly masturbated her. However, she did not suck for long, and after only two minutes of having me fully erect she sat up again. I stood up, pulling my pants and trousers off, taking my shoes with them, and stepped in my socks between my girlfriend's open legs. Carefully, moving my feet back and bracing my arms against the back of the settee, I got into position over her, my green tie hanging down on to hers and my cock resting in her soft silky bush. With a thrust of my hips I entered her, eliciting a cry from her, and slowly moved up her tight wet tunnel until my pubes were against hers, my balls touching her arse. I began fucking her steadily, bending down occasionally to kiss her lips, or to watch my wet cock slide in and out of her juicy cunt. At her bidding I went faster, the force of my entries making her breasts shake like firm jellies, and she gripped the back of the sofa in tight fists as she moaned in pleasure. Slowing down again she brought her legs up and wrapped them tight around me, her shoes pressing against my skin, drawing me closer. I lowered my front down on my elbows so her bare breasts pressed warmly into my chest through my shirt, hers wide open as I'd left it. Our kiss muffled her moans as I sped up again pounding as fast as possible until the end of my knob began to tingle and I pulled out. Pushing myself up again and taking it in my hand I slapped it playfully on her slit with a wet sound, letting it go ever so slightly limp on her damp bush before reinserting it and resuming a slow and steady pace of fucking. I repeated this several times, starting slow and speeding up and pulling out, and then rolled off her. Now it was her turn to be on top and she knelt over me, the dark green skirt obscuring mine and the camera's views of our genitals before I tucked the edge into the waistband out of the way. Tucking some of her hair that had fallen over her face behind her ear and holding my arms around her waist for support, Ayumi lowered herself down, impaling her wet twat on my cock. Up and down she went going faster and faster and crying out, her boobs bouncing around as I watched, her hairy crotch almost a blur. Suddenly she stopped, fully down on me so her buttocks were touching my thighs, allowing me to recover a little inside her hot wet tunnel before starting again slower. This routine continued for a while, and I began to thrust upwards too, so that soon she just knelt up while I pushed my cock up into her. She leant forwards and we could kiss again, and carried on fucking this way for a good few minutes. Eventually, Ayumi got off me and lay back, bringing her legs up and holding them by the ankles above her head, her shoes touching the top of the sofa back. I stood up and positioned myself, poking my dick into her twat. Thrusting down in the new position I could enter her tight Asian pussy deeper, and was soon screwing her as hard as I could. However, even with frequent stops I knew I couldn't last much

longer, so I pulled out and got up on the sofa, my groin level with Ayumi's head. She immediately took my cock in her mouth and started slowly and sensually sucking and licking it, breathing only through her nose. I caressed her hair, and then after only a minute, I came, still in her mouth, her tongue still swirling over the head as I ejaculated, seven hard spurts of semen filling her mouth, before she released me. A small trickle of cum escaped as she cleaned my shaft with the tip of her tongue, but no more as she indicated to me to get the camera from the tripod. Doing so I filmed as she opened her mouth to show a mini, milky coloured lake of jism and saliva under her tongue, as well as some clinging to her tongue. As she had told me to before, I got dressed again, my girlfriend watching with her mouth closed again, fingering herself gently. I'd only just finished doing my flies up when there was a ring at the doorbell. Picking up the camera I went to answer it, and leaving the front door open I followed the two guys I'd let in. They were from her halls of residence, one eighteen like her, a rugby player, and the other nineteen, taller and less stocky but sporty looking none the less. Both emptied a jar of something into the glass bowl Ayumi had placed by the door, and looking closer I saw it was indeed semen, as she had told them to bring as much as they could wank since she'd invited them. Quickly they both undressed, showing off their well muscled bodies, and climbed up either side of Ayumi, barely saying a word. She pulled one of their limp cocks into her mouth, pulling the other's foreskin back and forth, and then swapped leaving a strand of her saliva and my cum dangling from the end the penis and her mouth. Soon they were both hard, and the rugby player got down and knelt between her legs, his thick seven-inch cock in position, and began fucking away. I had fun with the camera, panning over my girlfriend's body and zooming in on the guy's dicks wet from her bodily fluids. Her tits were wobbling with the movement and she was moaning, muffled most of the time by the cock in her mouth except when it slipped out and she pushed it back in. Three minutes of fucking and the rugby player stopped, pulling himself deep inside Ayumi with his hands on her hips, the expression of concentration on his face changing. His arse shuddered slightly as he climaxed, and then after a bit he pulled out, wiping the rest of his cum on her muff and thighs. While he got dressed and waited for his mate, I got down and filmed Ayumi's creamed cunt. The stuff smeared on her thighs just looked wet, but there were droplets of whiteness in her black pubic hair, and one long strand tangled in it led right into her hole. With my fingers I parted her lips to film into her dark and juicy insides, and saw a clump of semen sliding slowly down and out. Getting up again I panned up over her raised skirt, open shirt, tummy and bare breasts to the cock she was sucking, the guy's hand on the back of her head pushing her back and forth. A couple of minutes after his friend and he ejaculated too, pulling out and jacking off in the direction of my girlfriend's open mouth, already swimming with cum and spittle. His aim was quite good, although the first few spurts were so strong that apart from one which reached the back of her throat, the rest streaked up her face. When he'd finished and she'd cleaned him with her tongue, there was semen on her top and bottom lips, right cheek, the bridge of her nose and even a bit in her fringe. Once they'd gone I picked up the small round metal tray that looked a bit like a medical dish of some sort by the glass bowl, and looking straight into the camera with her pretty brown almond eyes, Ayumi opened her mouth and dribbled all the cum and saliva out. It cascaded down her chin and over her neck, where I caught a little by

scraping the tray up the sides, but some still got into her hair, clumping strands together. The rest ran down her cleavage where it settled, but as I filmed one trickle as it moved slowly over her stomach towards her navel, the next lot of people arrived. This time it was a group of three Sikhs from her course, all with beards, though one was not as impressive as the other two, and wearing turbans. Naturally their skin was brown as they undressed, having deposited their sperm donations in the bowl, but one was almost black. While two of them undressed fully, one just took off his trousers, his long brown cock already erect, and stuck it straight in Ayumi's twat. He was tall and grabbed hold of one of her tits as he fucked her, while his shorter, skinnier friend with the thinner beard got up on the sofa. Apparently he didn't think a Sikh girl would give him a blowjob, so Ayumi began sucking his brown dick, while the other taller, darker skinned guy watched and wanked. I filmed everything, enjoying the contrast between their darker brown skin and her paler Japanese skin, and also the expressions on their bearded faces and particularly the physique of the guy fucking her. It didn't take long for her talented sucking to make the boy cum, which he did quite loudly. For the first few he stayed in her mouth, but finished off on her lips, chin and cheeks. Once he'd got down his mate who'd been watching stepped up and she started on him. After only a minute or so though, the other guy ejaculated, pulling out immediately and scrambling up to cum on her face, spraying her muff, skirt and left breast on the way, and only getting a tiny amount in her mouth. The rest went on her wet chin and her left cheek, in her hair, forehead, and fringe. Ready to resume sucking the darker guy, he stopped her, saying he wanted to do something else no Sikh girl would ever let him, and told her to turn over. Guessing what he wanted, I quickly got a tube of KY jelly from Ayumi's bag while she got on her knees on the sofa, elbows on the back with her arse sticking out invitingly behind. Passing him the tube I told him to smear it around her sphincter and his knob before doing anything, which he did, his large brown finger twisting around in her bum. Standing now with one bare foot on the sofa, he placed his two-inch thick, nine-inch long dark brown cock at the entrance, and started to push. Grabbing the metal tray I darted around to the other side of the sofa just in time to catch the cum which was cascading out of her mouth, which she opened as she cried out the moment the guy had pushed his dick in. A large dribble hung from her chin, swaying as he started to bugger her, which I scraped on to the tray before moving around again. Somehow all nine inches of his dark brown penis was disappearing up her anus, her sphincter tight around it as it was pushed in and pulled out with each thrust. He was pounding pretty fast, Ayumi moaning and squealing, and he bent over her, still fucking, reaching under her to squeeze her tits, his big black beard brushing her ear. With a grunt he lifted himself up half way, supporting himself on her shoulder and slowing down, half withdrawing then back in sharply a few times. Thanking her, he got off her, leaving a small trail of cum from her open arse as it slowly contracted. It had hardly closed before the next guy, who had been waiting and masturbating for the last couple of minutes, took the Sikh's place. He was a friend of another from her halls who'd come along, fairly fit looking with a shaved head and a goatee, and long blond hair past his shoulders. His friend who was a bit younger, quite tall but fairly thin with a cock of a similar size to mine, just watched, his dick twitching slightly while his friend rammed his dick into my girlfriend's arse. Though he hadn't bothered with KY jelly it didn't matter, as there was still plenty there, and the other

guy's spunk acted as a fairly effective lubricant anyway. For a couple of minutes he fucked her, Ayumi moaning in pleasure, but then the long haired guy complained that he wanted a go, so his friend sat down. Ayumi turned around and, with his hands on her waist and her shoes on the edge of the sofa, she crouched down, the tip of his dick touching her sphincter. Leaning back so the bloke's goatee was over her shoulder, she pulled her skirt up out of the way as it had fallen back, and told the other guy to fuck her vagina, breaking off half way through as a cock slammed up her arse with a squelch. Soon she was in a human sandwich, the blond guy on top of her leaning on his hands on the back of the sofa as he fucked her and the guy with the shaved head thrusting up into her anus. Four minutes and the guy on top came, still fucking so it came out the sides, and then he got off. Although the skinhead seemed more experienced, he put on a sudden burst of speed making Ayumi scream as he climaxed too. Lifting her up he got out from under her to wipe himself off on her skirt and joined his friend in getting dressed. Ayumi watched them leave with her legs crossed and then squatted down on the floor, telling me to put the tray under her. Gradually I saw something white emerging from her wet pussy and then the first glob of jism came out hanging down. As three men's worth of cum, held in by her position whilst being buggered except for some flecks in her hairs and a bit of a mess around her entrance, escaped in a thick stream dripping into the tray. Once or twice there was a farting sound which made us both laugh, caused by a bubble of air in the stream. Once most of it had come out, she shifted position and pulled her buttocks apart, trying to relax her muscles to let the semen in her arse fall out. I'd just finished collecting the first lot and was emptying the tray into the glass bowl while Ayumi spread the old blanket on the floor before we continued, when the next lot of people arrived to screw my girlfriend. There were nine this time, all Japanese from her department, all fairly short but of different builds, some skinny, some well built and a couple who looked slightly tubby. They all whipped their dicks out straight away and one lay on the blanket holding his semi-erection up in the air, which was soon swallowed by Ayumi's damp pussy as she knelt over him. Leaning forwards and to one side while her cunt was fucked from beneath, she took another limp cock completely in her mouth. A few moments later and after massaging it stiff another was inserted in her arse. She moaned ecstatically at being gangbanged like this, sucking hard on the cock in her mouth. It wasn't long before he came, ejaculating all over her face and then letting another take his place. They all did this, climaxing quickly and then letting the next replace them, so that after less than a quarter of an hour she'd been fucked twice each anally and vaginally, and her face and her hair was splattered with semen from three ejaculations. I kept having to catch drips in the tray, there was so much. The last two though wanted a different position, so Ayumi lay on her back; a skinny guy kneeling down and pulling her bum up on his lap started fucking like a pneumatic drill he was so fast. Meanwhile a chubby boy with a round, podgy stomach had knelt with his balls over her head and his cock in her mouth letting her suck his fat dick while he kept his hands on his hips. He didn't move until the skinny guy had finished, when he told her to get on her hands and knees and shuffled around behind her. It took him five minutes of doing her doggy style to cum, panting with effort and his flesh wobbling. Ayumi sank her head gratefully to the ground, catching her breath as he dressed and left with his friends. Placing the tray under her crotch again, I caught another load of jism pouring from

her orifices and emptied it all into the growing sticky lake at the bottom of the glass bowl. Over the next two hours nearly forty people came to fuck or be sucked by my girlfriend. In total her breasts were cummed on four times (though only one fucked them by squeezing them together), people came eleven times in her anus, fifteen times in her vagina, and twenty-one times on her face or in her mouth. Cocks of all different shapes, sizes and colours, circumcised and not circumcised, had entered her and when she wasn't full she was anally or vaginally farting out semen or spitting it out. She seemed to have asked nearly every male she knew, from people in her and her friends' halls of residence and people on her course or in her department, to people she'd met at gigs or clubs, and even three genuine schoolboys just turned eighteen from a local sixth form who all fucked her and then finished by being blown. There were a couple of massive black blokes from university, one over seven feet tall with a thirteen inch dick which was only just too long for her tunnel. The other was a bit shorter but wider with a ten-inch cock that was practically three inches thick. Ayumi screamed so much she had to keep reassuring him to continue, and when he pulled out he left a gaping dark red hole I could fit all my fingers in to smear the cum around inside, which took ten minutes to close. But there were also white guys with big penises and black guys with ones shorter than mine. She'd also invited two of her lecturers, the first of which was a big hairy chested bearded man, with black hair everywhere including his large and bulging stomach. He fucked her up the arse, while the other lecturer, a geeky looking younger guy with glasses who came later just wanted a blowjob. At last, the last person left and I closed the door. Returning to the living room, I found Ayumi lying where I'd left her, cum all over and in her pussy and leaking from her arse, and beneath the mask of semen her face was flushed red with excursion and the countless orgasms she'd had. On her instructions I placed the now brimming bowl of cold jism in the microwave for a couple of minutes, wanting to warm it up to the temperature it was when it left the body, and returned to my girlfriend. She smiled at me as I looked down at her again, so I knelt between her legs, leant over her cum stained clothes and kissed her on the lips. I could taste the salty sweetness of the semen on her tongue, and then shifted myself down, collecting a few smears on my 'school uniform' as well, to look at her pussy. It was soaked in jism, her short pubic hair bedraggled and clumped together with white jellyish lumps, her inner thighs wet too from both her own and the men's juices. As I watched, another bit of semen dribbled out from her labia. In all it looked too tasty to resist, so I buried my face in her bush, stickiness transferring on to it. Pressing my lips to her twat, I sucked out a mouthful of cum and spat it out over the opening, then set to work on her clit. Taking my time, I tried to express my thanks by giving her a wonderful orgasm, and after a while her moans, convulsions and finally hyperventilation told me I'd succeeded. Ayumi sat up, her legs bent under her like a mermaid, and she kissed me, wiping a few strands of semen from my face, and told me to fetch the glass bowl. Taking great care not to spill any, I carried the now warm bowl in and set it down in front of her, then picked up the camera again and focused it on the bowl. It was full almost to the top with a fairly viscous, slightly translucent, pale yellow-white creaminess of semen, and the sexually charged fumes emanating from it were almost overwhelming, making my erection harder than ever. Ayumi dipped a finger in it to test the temperature, letting the excess drip off and then sucking it clean, before lifting the bowl in both

hands. She held it for a moment with the side against her head, and then slowly tipped it. A semi-translucent sheet of cum cascaded over the back of her head for a second, gluing her silky black hair to her neck and splashing down the back of her shirt. She moved the bowl forward pouring yellowy white goo over the rest of her head and over her face, making it all shiny and lumpy, a film edged with white forming over her mouth when she paused to draw breath. Rivers of jism ran down between and over her breasts, coating her tie, and then as she licked her sticky lips, cum dripping from her nose, ears and chin, she poured another lot over her tits. They were shiny now too, as was her stomach, and some of the shirt was soaked in it, sticking to her, with big obvious white splatters down the front of her green skirt. Ayumi asked me to lift up her skirt, and then poured semen over her hairy crotch, where it formed a small, silvery, lumpy lake due to her thighs being pressed together. She then let a thick trickle fall from the bowl over her legs to her so far spotless socks and shoes, splashing a handful on her knickers still around her ankle. Resting the now half-full bowl on the floor, she dipped her hand into the pool at her crotch and spread it around, shampooing her pubes with it and rubbing herself until the most liquid part had either seeped away, been smeared over her thighs or absorbed by the skirt. This left a gungy creamy mess behind that clung to her, acting as a lubricant as she masturbated. Satisfied that she'd covered herself as much as she wanted, Ayumi looked up at the camera and me, bringing the bowl to her lips. Up it tipped, the thick fluid sloshing towards the edge, and then into her open mouth, leaking down her cheeks either side. With her mouth full, she lowered the bowl to her lap, and tilted her head back so I could see the lake of jism. Closing her mouth she swallowed, coughing halfway through, spraying cum everywhere before she could spit the last back into the bowl and giggled, bubbles of semen escaping from her mouth and moving down her chin or popping. Picking up the bowl again, Ayumi took another mouthful and let it all come out, a waterfall of cum pouring down her chin, her front and on to her skirt. Now she was more ready, she brought the bowl to her lips a third time and started drinking jism. A soft glugging and her irregular breathing was the only sound as she swallowed nearly half a litre of cum, some escaping down the side. Upraising the bowl she let the last bit dribble on her tongue, and set the bowl down, the sides still covered in sludge that was making its slow journey to the bottom. She sat back panting, globules of cum dangling from all sorts of places, a thick moustache of it on her top lip. Thinking she'd finished, I moved the tripod close by, ready to transfer the camera, but, having got her breath back, Ayumi sat up again. Pulling her semen soaked panties back on and smoothing the material over her crotch, she slipped off her shoes and socks. I'm not a foot fetishist by any means, but there was something about the perfect smoothness of her shapely feet that always turned me on, and now she was scraping what slime was left in the bowl with her hands and transferring it to her feet. Soon there was a decent amount of jism on them, spread around and between her pretty little toes, and she was licking the bowl clean. Believing she must be finished now, I put the camera loosely on the tripod and started kissing her. Bits of cum now joined our mouths whenever they parted, and my hands smeared it evenly in her hair, stroking the slimy skin on her stomach and breasts, transferring large patches to my dark trousers. She didn't stop me as I kissed my way down to her legs and started licking her feet clean, sucking each individual toe. Then as I nibbled playfully at the instep, pulling her soaking, slimy

knickers back down to her knees, she did. "Wait," she said, sitting up with a glint in her eye. "I haven't had any school dinner yet." she jerked her head towards her bag. Puzzled, I went over and looked inside. Then, grinning, I pulled out two big cartons of vanilla dessert, and took them over to my girlfriend, who was leaning back on her hands, her bare chest sloping and glistening, smiling at me while I opened the first one. I picked up the camera again, holding it in one hand and the open carton in the other, and knelt next to Ayumi, she now had her mouth open expectantly, cum all around it. Tilting and squeezing the carton, I got a stream of something like very thick school custard, an opaque, creamy, pale yellow. It poured straight into her open mouth, filling it until it overflowed down her chin to drip on her cleavage, mixing with the semen. I poured more over the rest of her face until it was covered in a yellow layer, and then moved up to her hair, thick streams of custard plastering it more visibly than jism. With her head now encased in a shining yellow helmet of custard, black hair and cum, I started covering the rest of Ayumi's body, starting with her boobs. As I poured she spread it around, creamy slime oozing between her fingers before sliding over her belly. Next I moved on to her legs, dripping the pudding in a long line down each and ending by topping her feet with it, and she wiggled her toes delightedly as the goo slid over them. Much less than a quarter of the carton was left now, so Ayumi pulled her skirt up, leaving trails of vanilla flavoured slime on the dark green, and I emptied it on her pussy. Already matted with white cum, her muff was soon drowned in custard as it ran down towards her arse. Discarding the empty cardboard, I helped her spread the pudding over her legs and rubbed it into her cunt, but she soon asked me to open the second carton. As I did so she pulled her socks and knickers back on, and after I'd poured a little custard into them, her shiny black buckle shoes, forcing the stuff to ooze out down the sides, sticking to her socks as it did so. She stood up and buttoned her shirt before allowing me to pan around her. I thought she looked incredibly sexy, from the hair plastered to the contours of her head and neck by the pale yellow dessert, lumps of spunk clearly visible, on the face especially, to the semen and custard hanging and dripping from anywhere it could. A big stain of jism overlaid with custard ran down her back and over her arse to drip from the short skirt to streak the backs of her legs, making her shirt stick to her skin. This it had done on her front too, this time mostly from the pudding and cum on her skin, making the fabric slightly see-through, especially at her nipples. Her tie was practically unrecognisable, soaked with both messes, as was the front of her skirt, but this was mostly cum with just some splodges of custard. Her legs on the other hand were encased in smooth pudding, right down to where it was seeping through her socks and splattered her shoes. Most delicious as well, when she lifted her skirt with her sticky hands, the sleeves of her shirt baring various splashes, were her knickers. Like her shirt they had gone semi-transparent and amongst the cum and custard stains I could see her thick black bush. Having fully admired her messy body and clothes, I passed her the second lot of custard and, looking down through her eyes that opened with difficulty thanks to the scum stuck in her lashes, she set about making herself even dirtier. She filled her mouth and then dribbled down her front several times before adding another coat to her face and hair, working it in with her hands. Another load was poured all down the front of her shirt and smeared around until the cotton stuck to her like a second skin, her erect nipples clearly visible, and the front of her shirt had turned yellow. Passing the



half-empty carton to me, she lifted up the back of her skirt and pulled the waistband of her knickers out, into them I poured so much vanilla pudding that it overflowed and dripped between her legs. When she released the waistband more was squeezed up over it, running slowly down over the outside of the material. We did the same at the front, making her panties bulge and sag a little, trickles of custard leaking out where the elastic around her thighs was and moving slowly down her legs, and then I poured the remaining bit of gunge down inside her shirt. Again I filmed her in detail, and then, with her holding up her skirt, I began to push on her knickers. It felt like a squishy wet cushion as I forced big blobs of vanilla pudding to ooze out of her panties. I reached behind as well, smoothing the material down until it fitted the shape of her butt and pussy tight and slimily, her legs caked in custard. Now that there was definitely no mess left to film I put the camera back on the tripod to film our subsequent activities. We kissed and hugged, my face becoming as messy as hers, and my clothes beginning to stick to me as she rubbed her body against mine, grinding her soaked skirt front against my boner, transferring goo to my trousers. Getting down on her knees she fumbled with her slippery hands to undo my flies and pull my trousers down, releasing my semi-hard cock, while I removed my shirt and tie. She looked up and smiled from under the cum and the custard, then with her sticky hands on my legs she took me in her mouth. With everything that had gone in it, it was wetter and stickier than before and the suction more incredible, but though I would have loved to let her continue until I came, I had another idea. Once she'd got me fully hard again and sucked for a while, I kicked off my trousers around my feet and removed my socks, and knelt down with her, feeling the cold sliminess of her clothes over her warm body against my bare skin. I took her tie off and played with her tits, squeezing them through the sticky material and untucking her shirt to feel her warm stomach, spreading the custard around. My hand moved down to her legs, smoothing sludge over her perfect skin and then running through hair gelling it behind her ears with the pudding. Returning to her legs, I moved under her skirt, heavy with custard, to her slimed knickers, caressing them, rubbing my hands over her genitalia. Ayumi chose that moment to remove her shoes, revealing her dainty white socks soaked and smeared in yellow gunge. I asked her to face away from me and get on her hands and knees, which she did, presenting me with her custard, skirt and panty covered rear. Lifting the skirt, I peeled her knickers off, sucking them for a second, and then jammed them in her mouth. While she sucked and then spat them out I grabbed her messed up buttocks and stuck my mouth between them, engaging in a bit of anilingus. A couple of minutes later and I stopped licking her vanilla and jism caked shit hole, and started sticking my fingers in it instead. First one, then another, until I was sliding all four in and out, whilst I rubbed my cock between her tightly held thighs. Then, with deliberate slowness, I inserted it through the sticky mess of her pubic hair into her vagina and began fucking her. My hands gripped her sticky waist, keeping the skirt out of the way, and she pushed back on my dick, meeting my thrusts. I leaned forwards, kissing her neck and nibbling her ear, putting my cheek against the drying stickiness of hers, and held her swaying breasts through her soaked shirt. Eventually we fell purposefully over on to our sides, both our left legs, which were on top, bent up, my knee in the crook of hers so as to penetrate her deeply. In this position it was easier to kiss, and I slipped my hand up inside her shirt as we did so. However, Ayumi soon persuaded me

to roll on to my back with her on top, so I was thrusting up into her but she had more control, which forced me to stop fondling her breasts and to support her hips instead. This position still didn't give her the control she wanted though as her messed feet kept slipping, so she sat up, took the crumpled skirt off and turned around to face me. Her shirt, the only piece of clothing she was now wearing other than her socks, was riding up way past her navel, so I pulled it down, cupping her breasts. Two minutes and my restraint reached its limits; I ripped the shirt open, sending buttons flying, and pulled her down to me so I could suck her nipples. Obviously sensing that I was starting to near an orgasm, Ayumi wrenched herself away from me, and took the shirt off completely, brushing hair from her face. Holding my hands down around her hips, she speeded up her bucking, her cunt unbelievable snug despite all those cocks, and slick with semen but with a sticking suction. Splatters of custard and spunk were being flicked from her breasts as they bounced away with her movements. Suddenly, she came, moaning and crying out, stopping her movements completely, but her vagina convulsing around my penis. This proved too much for me and I climaxed too, and loudly. I was surprised by how much jism I produced this second time, and then just lost myself as Ayumi snuggled her warm, sticky, slimy, cum and custard soaked body into mine, peeling her socks off to stroke my legs with her bare feet, and we drifted off into subconsciousness together.