

# Soft Target

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*Trevor was so happy to be going on a date but what happened was more than he was expecting.*

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She walked into the bedroom, naked, ruffling her short, wet hair dry with a towel. Catching sight of her body in the mirror she stood and smiled. Despite her age, Chrissie still had the kind of body that attracted attention. Breasts still pert, curvy hips and those legs that had enticed men for many years. A muffled ringtone came from her dressing table and, rummaging through the selection of panties that she was choosing for tonight, found her mobile and opened the message. I'm waiting outside the cinema. Looking forward to meet you J Chrissie hurriedly typed in her reply. Me too J c u soon xx She pressed send and set about getting dressed. She pulled on a pair of sheer black stockings and, looking at the panties that were now strewn on the floor, bent down to pick up the red satin ones. Hopping into the panties, which made her breasts jiggle, she grabbed the matching bra. In a well rehearsed moved she fastened it around her midriff, twisted it round and pulled up the straps to encase her breasts. Finally she put on her lucky dress. Black and silver in an abstract pattern, she smoothed it down over her hips and adjust the hemline so that it showed enough of her legs to entice but did not give away that they were encased in stockings, rather than tights. Finally she eased her feet into her red stilettos. After applying some make up (powder blue eye shadow and natural lip gloss), checking herself in the mirror, and grabbing her bag Chrissie sent a brief text to her two best buddies and set off for the cinema. He's there. Text me in an hour. X Trevor sucked hard on his cigarette and exhaled audibly. He stared at the message on his mobile. Me too J c u soon xx This was really happening. After six depressing months on the dating site he was finally going out with a real woman. The site, that promised much when he first signed up, had not exactly delivered. Every week he received lots of messages, but these were icebreakers and had been sent to every man on the site. Not one woman had shown the slightest interest in him. He knew that his profile picture didn't exactly help. He was fifty years old, balding, with a middle-aged spread that was hard to conceal. Because he lived alone he had taken the picture to use on his profile page with his web cam. He had tried to look warm and friendly. He looked like a desperate man (which he was). So when he received a personal message from Chrissie he didn't quite believe it. Why would this glamorous woman be interested in him? After chatting online for a while she explained that she was looking for someone

stable and reliable, as she had been messed around by men all her life. Messages became texts. Texts became phone conversations. And now he was standing outside the cinema waiting to meet Chrissie for the first time. As the minutes passed he started to panic. It had been fifteen minutes since her text. Had she changed her mind? Had she suddenly decided not to come? The thoughts were making him so nervous that he reached in his pocket for another cigarette but then they evaporated as he caught sight of those unmistakable legs coming towards him. He looked up and smiled as Chrissie walked up to him and kissed him on the cheek. "Come on Trevor, let's go and eat, I'm starving." Grabbing his hand she led him down the street to the restaurant. At first he was so scared of saying the wrong thing that he couldn't speak, except to make polite responses to her questions. "Did you find the cinema o.k.?" "Yes it was fine." "I hope I didn't keep you waiting. We ladies like to take our time to get ready." "No, it's fine." But, as the evening unfolded, he began to relax and enjoy talking to Chrissie. She was warm and friendly and they laughed and chatted their way through the courses. They swapped stories of their ex partners, holidays, favourite music, family, between mouthfuls of pasta and sips of wine. During the main course a beeping came from her handbag. She quickly type in a message and then said to Trevor, "It's my friends. Just checking you are not a psycho. I'll switch it off. Don't want anyone to interrupt a lovely evening." Trevor was in dreamland. He hadn't enjoyed himself so much in years. He didn't want it to end and felt a tinge of sadness as he settled the bill and stood outside the restaurant. "Thank you for a lovely evening, Chrissie. I'd love to see you again." "Are you going? I thought you might want to come back for a coffee." Trevor couldn't believe what he was hearing. This was too good to be true. He had no thoughts of taking advantage of her; he was just so pleased that she liked him enough to continue the evening. "That would be lovely. But just one coffee and then I have to catch my train." "Of course! What kind of woman do you think I am," she giggled. Trevor felt terrible. Had she thought that he was suggesting sex! He wanted to explain that he never thought anything of the kind but, before he could stutter an apology she had linked her arm through his and they were walking down the main street to her house. Trevor sat in the arm chair, hands around his coffee cup and taking it all in. He was in her house. She had actually invited him. Chrissie came out of the kitchen, put down her coffee cup and collapsed on the sofa. Bringing her knees up, she removed her stilettos and rubbed her feet. "Ooh that's better." The sight of Chrissie on the sofa rubbing her feet was beginning to make Trevor aroused. He felt guilty. This was a first date and he didn't want anything to spoil his chances of seeing her again. He tried to avoid staring at her legs but, as she made herself comfortable her dress rode up revealing her top of her stockings. Trevor couldn't stand it any longer. He gulped down his coffee and decided that he should just go before he did or said something that would offend her. "I'd better go now. Thank you for a lovely evening." "O.K. then, but before you must see the rest of the house. I've just had the upstairs decorated and I'd like your opinion." Before he could stop her she had walked across the room and began to walk up the stairs. Trevor, not wanting to appear rude, followed her. As he ascended the staircase she paused at the top, giving him a clear sight of the red panties. This was unbearable. Trevor decided there and then to make some polite comments about the decorating and then leave. Chrissie led him into the bedroom and Trevor looked around at the decor. Deep red walls with a

Chinese pattern, matching curtains, two large wardrobes, a messy dressing table and a large luxurious bed. As Trevor was deciding how to compliment her on her choice of decor he heard the door shut and the key turn. He spun round to see Chrissie, her back against the door, twirling the key around her fingers. "What are you doing?" stuttered Trevor. "I've brought you up here for a reason. I need you to do something for us." "Us?" The doors of the wardrobe swung open and two women stepped out. Trevor was stupefied, his eyes trying to take in what was unfolding. The two women were in their late thirties, dressed only in lingerie which left nothing to the imagination. The blonde was dressed only in a black basque, her shaved pussy on show, already puffy from masturbating in anticipation of what was about to happen. The brunette, her pendulous breasts on show, wore only pink stockings and was massaging her hairy clit as she looked at Trevor. "You see we are three happy housewives," explained Chrissie. "But our husbands are always so busy with work that they rarely have the time or energy for sex." "And we have needs!" chipped in the blonde. "Yes," said Chrissie. "So we need to be satisfied." "And that, my dear, is where you come in," grinned the Brunette, still rubbing her pussy. Trevor was paralysed. He was expecting to spend a nice evening in a restaurant with Chrissie and, perhaps, end the evening with a polite kiss. Having gone for so long without a date he would have gone home happy. Now he was standing in her bedroom, surrounded by three hot and horny women wanting sex. "So are you going to be a good boy?" asked Chrissie. Trevor nodded. "And you will do as you are told? You have to do exactly as you are told or you can leave right now." Trevor nodded again. "Then, my willing slave, we shall begin," smiled Chrissie pulling her dress off her shoulders and down her body. Trevor was told to lie down on the bed. The brunette opened the bedside table drawer and produced four long strips of black silk and, with the blonde began to tie his wrists and ankles to the bedstead. Chrissie was standing over him, her red lingerie and stockings now on show. The blonde sat on the bed next to him, her ample tits spilling over the top of her basque and jiggling as she giggled. "Well he's not exactly a hunk but he'll do. Any port in a storm, eh?" "He'd better have a decent dick. My pussy is desperate for some action." That voice came from the brunette who had climbed onto the foot of the bed and was kneeling between his legs. She pulled his trousers down to his knees and pulled his flaccid cock roughly out of his pants and, without ceremony, began to suck it into life. As she licked the tip of his shaft he gave a sharp intake of breath. He had never experienced oral sex before and he felt a pleasure that was beyond comprehension. Trevor wanted to scream "Oh yes!" but, before he could utter a word, Chrissie straddled his face and, pulling her panties to one side jammed her pussy in his mouth. "Lick me out slave!" Trevor did as he was told. He began tentatively touching her pussy lips with his tongue. But this was not enough for Chrissie. She parted her pussy lips and his tongue slipped into her pussy. Grinding her hips back and forth on his tongue, Chrissie began to moan with pleasure. Trevor could feel her warm thighs on his cheeks. The sensation of the nylon on his skin was unbearable pleasure. The brunette, having coaxed Trevor's cock into life squatted over his thighs and, opening her wet pussy, descended on his dick, taking it all in one go and screaming in pleasure. Trevor's view was obscured by the sight of Chrissie's thighs and trimmed pussy hair squirming on his face but he could sense fingers undoing the buttons on his shirt, revealing his flabby midriff and chest, and teeth

nibbling his skin, presumably the blonde. He felt one of his wrists being freed. A hand grabbed his wrist and placed his hand on a soft damp pussy. Trevor did not need telling what was required and he began to slide his fingers in and out of the blonde's slit. Trevor was overwhelmed by the situation. Three women all demanded pleasure at the same time. Chrissie grinding his tongue, the brunette slamming herself onto his cock and the blonde's pussy accepting first two, then four fingers until his hand was inside up to the wrist. He was beginning to feel dizzy. The effect of the drug Chrissie had slipped into his coffee was still making his head feel numb and he was finding it difficult to breathe as her pussy was clamped over his mouth. And then it happened. In a well rehearsed move all three women began a mass orgasm. Chrissie grabbed Trevor's head and forced it onto her pussy, the Brunette clamped his thighs with her knees and the blonde grabbed his hand and rammed it hard into her clit. The women squealed and screamed in pleasure as they orgasmed simultaneously. Trevor's mouth filled with Chrissie's juices, the brunette's pussy drenched his stiffness and the blonde, having cum hard, had pulled his hand free and was sucking on his fingers. The women climbed off Trevor and stood around the bed. "Now listen carefully Trevor," said Chrissie, still slightly breathless. "You have been a very good boy but you have to make a decision now." Trevor looked at her quizzically. He had already experienced pleasure beyond his wildest dreams. He didn't care that he hadn't cum. Surely they would just want him to go now? "No one must know what just happened in this room. If any of our husbands ever found out it we would have a lot of explaining to do. If you promise never to tell a soul of what has just happened we will reward you. But you must promise." "I promise," said Trevor, licking pussy juice from his lips. Suddenly the blonde trained a digital camera on him and the flash made him blink. "And if you break your promise this will appear on your dating site," grinned the brunette. "This will be the last date you ever have." "I promise," repeated Trevor. "Good boy," smiled Chrissie. The women sat on the bed around his cock, which stood up stiff and unsatisfied. In turn the three women licked, sucked and nibbled the entire length of his shaft. Hands were squeezing his balls gently. Trevor closed his eyes and clenched his teeth in pleasure, breathing erratically as tongues licked his shaft, lips teased his tip, and teeth nibbled his balls. The pleasure held him like a strait-jacket until his body could stand it no longer. With a gruff moan his cock went into convulsions, spraying cum high into the air. The women descended on his dick like a pack of wild dogs, licking up every last drop of his thick white liquid. Trevor sank back into the bed in exhaustion and ecstasy. As Trevor walked back to the station he felt the need for a cigarette. He couldn't quite believe what had happened. He had been looking for someone to settle down with. What he'd found was three, sexually charged, mature, women who preyed on sad, lonely men to get their thrills. A soft target. As he felt in his coat pocket for the cigarette packet he felt the touch of satin. He held up Chrissie's red satin panties, still warm, still damp. Holding them to his nose he inhaled her perfume and smiled. A perfect end to the evening.