



# The Neapolitan

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*A southern boy's broken heart and rebellion send him on a journey of discovery to New Orleans.*

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1976 Logan Lee Beauregard drove his sporty, little green, convertible MGB onto Interstate 85 West, just north of Columbus, Georgia. The top was down on the little convertible sports car as he felt the wind blowing freely through his long hair. He was hyped with eager anticipation about the

mischievous adventures ahead of him. He sat low in the seat, his left arm resting on the top edge of the door, while his left hand rode the wind. His right hand firmly gripped the steering wheel as he sang along to ZZ Top's "Just Looking For Some Tush" blasting from the stereo cassette player under the car's dash. Logan Lee felt free at last as he was on his way to the most deliciously wicked city in the Deep South: New Orleans. Soon, though, his mind was back in Macon, Georgia playing over the events that had launched him on his defiant westward journey that morning. Two weeks earlier, Logan Lee's high school sweetheart, Bethany, had dumped him, leaving him heartbroken and dejected. He began to mope around despondent for days. His melancholy only deepened once he realized that his love, Bethany, had taken up with Dallas, his philandering third cousin. Everyone knew that if Dallas had not had fornicated with a girl by the second date that there would not be a third. Adding insult to injury, Bethany had been seen with Dallas every day and evening for the previous week and half. The thought of his sleazy cousin, Dallas, frolicking between Bethany's legs was more than Logan Lee could stand. Bred into southern aristocracy, Logan Lee felt trapped by his cultural upbringing and family traditions. Why, even his first kiss from Bethany had been a stolen moment, behind a huge magnolia tree at her debutante party. They were both 16 years old and Bethany was wearing a long, pastel, flowered dress, underscored with a poofed-out petticoat, whilst he was appropriately decked out in a pastel seersucker summer suit, white shirt and tie. That first kiss had mesmerized him so that he could not sleep at all that night. Eventually, Logan Lee and Bethany discovered sex and spent many moonlit evenings fucking on a blanket, down by the Ocmulgee River. Life had been blissful for Logan Lee. That was until their recent high school graduation. That was when Logan Lee's content life began to fall apart. Bethany had been accepted to attend The University of Georgia, in Athens, where she anticipated pledging the same sorority that her mother and grandmother had been in. Logan Lee had hoped to follow Bethany to Athens to attend the university also, but his parents had other plans. They were convinced that The University of Georgia was a terrible, sinful den of iniquity. Just three years before, nearly the entire student body had made national news by discarding their clothes with the entire campus frolicking in a college craze called streaking. Some two-thousand students had run naked over the bridge by the football stadium. Logan Lee's ever-so-fundamental mother would not hear of her son attending such a morally decadent institution. Logan Lee had been relegated to applying to Georgia College, just 30 minutes from Macon. There, he would be expected to pledge his father's old fraternity and come home to visit most weekends. Not only was Logan Lee despondent over that arrangement, but Bethany had also objected to it, though it is quite possible she used that as an excuse to end their relationship. Logan Lee pondered that concept as he continued cruising south-west along the interstate. It all made sense to him then. His cousin, Dallas, was a junior at the university in Athens, and knowing that Logan Lee's parents would never let him attend there, Dallas had made a successful play for the ever-so-gorgeous and ultra-rich, Bethany. Logan Lee had desperately come up with a ploy to, at least temporarily, escape his ensnarement. He knew that his own father had made a youthful pilgrimage to New Orleans just before he started college. So, Logan Lee had packed his bags the night before and announced the next morning, over family breakfast in the veranda, that he was going to New Orleans

for a month. His mother had stood up and forbidden it, but Logan Lee stood his ground, using his father's one-time trip as an excuse. By the time the shouting had settled and the biscuits and gravy were cold, Logan Lee was packing his bags into the little trunk of his MGB. His mother stood crying, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, as his father waved goodbye. Their ploy of withholding funds for such a trip had failed, as Logan Lee, at age 18, was already eligible to start receiving his rather substantial trust fund. He had driven by the stock brokerage and picked up a check that morning, before cashing it at the bank and heading out on his journey. After stopping for a fried chicken and biscuits dinner, Logan Lee found himself driving into Mobile, Alabama, with Mobile Bay on the horizon. Soon thereafter, he found himself cruising along the Gulf of Mexico, the white sands of Mississippi beaches on his left and the beautiful but ancient historic white-columned, antebellum homes behind well-manicured green lawns on his right. His journey through Mississippi was brief because he soon passed the large granite sign carved into the shape of the state of Louisiana, which proclaimed, 'You are now entering Louisiana, the Pelican State.' He found the sites of Louisiana most compelling: miles and miles of swamp, teeming with many kinds of birds and the occasional alligator scurrying into the green, reed, thicket swamp water, when he heard the sound of his car approaching. Logan Lee knew that he would soon be in New Orleans, when he reached the nearly thirty-mile-long Lake Pontchartrain Causeway that seemed to barely hover over the nearly endless span of water. He then happily anticipated his arrival in The Big Easy. Once he arrived in New Orleans, Logan thought it best to find one of the better hotels downtown, rather than stay over in The French Quarter. He may have been southern aristocracy, but he had spent enough time hanging out in the rough streets and illegal 'juke joints' around Macon to know to take precautions. He finally stopped at the high rise downtown Marriott, with its secured parking lot and registered at the front desk. Logan Lee ordered a hamburger and French fries from room service, then he showered and changed into khaki trousers, a white linen shirt, a light-colored summer blazer, penny loafers and no socks. He rode the elevator downstairs and hailed a cab on the street, "I'd like you to take me to one of the better jazz clubs on Bourbon Street," he told the cabby, as he handed him a very generous tip. "No problem," answered the cabby in a slightly Cajun accent. He dropped Logan Lee on Bourbon Street, in front of a bar. "You will like this place," said the cabby, "No one here will try to rip you off." Then he added, "The bartender is Bobby Joe and he is a friend of mine, so tell him Hank said 'hello.'" Logan Lee stepped into the bar. A jazz quintet made up of elderly black gentlemen, wearing black suits and ties, was playing and large ceiling fans spun slowly overhead. He sat on a stool at the bar, and as the bartender walked up, Logan Lee asked, "Are you Bobby Joe?" "Yea, I sure am," the bartender answered, bewildered. "Hank says 'hello'," stated Logan Lee. "So, Hank dropped you off outside," the bartender chuckled and said, "He's my brother-in-law. What'll ya have?" "Jack and Coke on the rocks," answered Logan Lee. Since the jazz club was nearly empty that early in the afternoon, Logan Lee had Bobby Joe's attention for the next hour as he sat listening to the jazz band play. He revealed to the bartender all of the events that led to his trip to New Orleans. Finally, Bobby Joe said, "Young man, what you need is to get laid." "Yes sir, I need it bad," answered Logan Lee. "I know a place that will treat you right," said Bobby Joe, "But it's a tad pricey." "That wouldn't be a problem," answered

Logan Lee. Bobby Joe took out his pen and wrote an address on one of the napkins with the bar's logo on it. Then he scribbled his initials underneath. He folded the napkin and handed it to Logan Lee. "Do me a favor," said Bobby Joe. "Since I am referring you, please be on your best behavior." "I promise I will," answered Logan Lee. "It's just around the corner, third door on the left," said Bobby Joe. "Have fun." "Thanks, I will," answered Logan Lee, as he slapped some cash down on the bar and eagerly waltzed out the door. Logan Lee went to the address and stopped in front of a three-story, typical French Quarter row house, brick painted white, with two balconies, all set off in ornate, black wrought-iron. He stepped onto the porch and started to turn the door knob on the wrought-iron door that led to an open foyer. A very large, well-muscled, dark tanned man was in a chair, casually leaned back against the wall, but he suddenly stood up and walked over to Logan Lee. "Can I help you, young man?" The man asked in a thick Cajun accent. "Sir, I was given this address by Bobby Joe," said Logan Lee, showing the man the napkin with the address on it. The man grunted under his breath, then pulled some keys out of his pocket and unlocked the wrought-iron door and opened it, gesturing for Logan Lee to enter. "Ring the door bell," the man said. Logan Lee stepped up to the fancy, stained-glass door at the end of the open foyer and looked for the doorbell. He finally guessed that it was the fancy chain with an ornament on the end which extended from the wall and hung down. He pulled the chain and could hear the faint sound of the doorbell inside. Seconds later, a short chubby bald man, wearing a butler's tuxedo opened the door and gestured for him to enter. "Follow me," the butler ordered. Logan Lee followed him down a hallway where many French style paintings of reclining nude women adorned the walls. The butler led him into a large room with many fancy sofas and sitting chairs. The style was Victorian and seemed quite expensive. "Sit here. Madame May will be in shortly," the man said in a rather sophisticated accent. It wasn't long at all before a smartly dressed, pudgy, middle-aged woman with a very pretty face came in, wearing a warm smile upon her face. "Hello, young man," she greeted Logan. He stood up and bowed slightly saying, "Good evening, ma'am." She motioned for him to sit back down as she sat in a chair next to him. "I'm Madame May," she said, "What may I inquire is your name, young man?" "Ma'am, I'm Logan Lee Beauregard," he answered, "From Macon, Georgia." "Oh, I see," she said, "I was going to ask where you were from. I recognize your Georgia accent. You come from a society family, it sounds like. In my business, I can tell a lot about people by the way they talk." "My dad owns a kaolin mining company," answered Logan Lee. "I'm expected to take over the family business someday." "I see," she said. "My aunt used to have a place in Macon. I believe it was known as Miss Marie's Place." "Oh yes," answered Logan Lee, "It was well known, kind of an icon of old Macon; people still talk about it." "I bet they do," answered Madame May. A smile played around the corner of her mouth. "You must be wanting to see a pretty young lady this evening?" "Yes ma'am," he answered. "Anything in particular that you are interested in?" "I've only been with my one girlfriend before," said Logan Lee. "I'd love something different." "Let's see, hmmm," Madame May stood up, walked across the room and retrieved a rather large fancy leather portfolio from a drawer in an end table. Her expression was unreadable as she handed the folder to Logan Lee and sat back down. Logan Lee examined the document in his hands. It had the appearance of a fancy menu from a very expensive restaurant. He

soon realized that it was a menu of sorts. Logan Lee was awestruck at what he was reading: a menu of services. His heart began to race and he could feel his cock as it tugged snug inside his pants, growing as his mind pictured the possibilities laid out before him on this expensively engraved menu. After reading over the options offered in the 'menu' and pondering the scenarios, he soon settled on one that really appealed to him. Logan Lee looked up at Madame May with a very mischievous smile and said, "I've decided." "What will it be, Mr. Beauregard?" asked Madame May with curious anticipation. "My mama would surely not approve," said Logan Lee, "This would surely offend her Christian and southern aristocratic sensibilities, which makes it all the more appealing." Madame May sat straight up in her chair, hands crossed at her knees, smiling and waiting for his answer with great interest. "I'll have the Neapolitan," answered Logan Lee with a devilish grin. "Well," said Madame May, as she smartly clasped her hands together and smiled. "I am positive your mama would not approve, but you have made an excellent choice and will have an absolutely wonderful time." She stood up and moved towards the door. "I'll go make the arrangements. I know just the ladies for you." She left the room and Logan Lee sat there for a few minutes until a tall blonde in her late thirties dressed only in a red negligee and high heels marched into the room. "Follow me, Mr. Beauregard," she commanded. Logan Lee got up and eagerly followed her down the hall and then up a fancy staircase. Two flights of steps they walked, then he followed the woman down a hallway and she opened a door for him. Logan Lee entered the room, which was decorated in a very ornate Victorian manner. The largest bed he had ever seen was against the back wall, with an enormous, framed mirror as the head board. Above the bed, another huge mirror covered much of the ceiling except for the ceiling fan with slowly rotating wooden blades. The windows were large, though one contained a window air conditioner which hummed monotonously as it cooled off the room. A French door led out to the balcony. A fancy bar was at one end of the room and several pieces of Victorian style furniture were neatly arranged throughout. The blonde woman in the red negligee said, "Make yourself comfortable Mr. Beauregard. Your hosts will join you shortly." With that, she turned and left. Just as she walked out the door, the butler who had answered the door earlier came in carrying an ice bucket with two bottles of champagne. Without saying a word, he grabbed a tall but small folding table from the corner and sat it next to the bed, placing the champagne and ice bucket on it. He then left without saying a word. Logan Lee reclined on the bed and waited several minutes. Then the door opened again and two young girls entered. He jumped to his feet and gazed at them with hungry anticipation. A gorgeous, slightly tall, black girl entered first, her long black hair straightened until it looped into an under curl that wrapped around her shoulders. With her was an equally beautiful Asian girl, of average height, her black silky hair also long and straight. Both girls stood before Logan Lee, whose mind felt numb as he gazed at those extremely gorgeous girls wearing only negligees and high-heeled pumps. "Hi Logan Lee," said the black girl, sporting a wide, friendly smile and gesturing to the Asian girl. "This is Cai and I am Naomi." "Hi y'all," drawled a very mesmerized Logan Lee. Before he could get another word out, the two girls stepped closer and gave him a gentle nudge down onto the bed. The two girls simultaneously grabbed his feet and pulled off his loafers, tossing them playfully over their shoulders and giggling. Logan Lee watched in utter amazement, as the two girls, who were

still smiling and looking him in the eyes. Naomi then reached in, unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. Each girl then began tugging on a pants' leg until his chinos slid off his legs. Cai then folded them neatly and laid them in a nearby chair. The girls next unbuttoned his shirt and pulled that off of him, leaving Logan Lee sprawled on the bed in only his red paisley boxer shorts, which conspicuously protruded upward as a result of his throbbing erection. "I like boxer shorts," said Naomi, "They are for men of distinction, unlike those silly tightie whities most boys about your age wear." "I like boxers too," added Cai, "No tightie whities." Logan Lee did not know what to say. He just lay back on his elbows smiling. Just then the girls grabbed his boxer shorts by the waistband and pulled them off his legs, exposing his already totally erect penis. He wasn't sure what to make of it, but Naomi looked at his pecker with what seemed like approval, then she glanced at Cai for her reaction. Cai returned her look, raising her eyebrows and smiling. The girls giggled and Cai jumped playfully on the bed next to him. Naomi walked over to the tray with the champagne bucket and popped open one of the bottles. The top shot across the room and bounced off the wall. Both girls broke out into hysterical laughter. Logan Lee of course, joined in laughing along with them. Naomi then poured them each a glass of champagne and joined them on the bed. Naomi raised her glass. "A toast to your sexy blue eyes, Logan Lee," she said. "Very pretty eyes!" said Cai in her thick accent, which Logan Lee took to be Chinese. They all quickly drank that glass of champagne and then Cai exclaimed, "I get!" She enthusiastically sprang off the bed and grabbed the bottle of champagne and refilled Logan Lee and Naomi's glasses. She refilled her own glass and then jumped back onto the bed with them. The girls stroked Logan Lee's arms and shoulders as they finished that next glass and then Cai gathered the glasses and put them back on the tray before she eagerly plopped back down next to Logan Lee. Immediately both girls began to run their fingers lightly over his chest, tickling him ever so slightly. Their fingers slowly made their way down his stomach toward his totally erect and throbbing cock. The closer their fingers were, the bigger his eyes got. Finally, both girls had their hands on his hardened penis. Naomi then leaned into him and gave him a short kiss on the lips. She pulled her head back and Cai then kissed him also, only to be followed by Naomi kissing him erotically again. Naomi held her kiss and Logan Lee could feel her tongue slide passionately into his mouth. He had never kissed either a black or an Asian girl before, and he thought Naomi tasted like sweet peaches. As Naomi continued French kissing Logan Lee, Cai began kissing his chest and slowly running her soft wet tongue down his hard-muscled abdomen. Naomi's hand then left his cock and she began running her fingers through his hair. Meanwhile, Cai's warm, wet tongue had arrived at its destination. Logan Lee then felt wet lips on his cock for the first time. No matter how much he had begged in the past, his girlfriend, Bethany, had never put her mouth on his penis. He now felt Cai's lips kissing at his engorged throbbing erection. Her tongue slipped out and played all along the head of his cock then teasingly down his pulsating shaft. Logan Lee uttered a long, slow but deep moan, even while Naomi's sensual tongue was deep in his mouth. By this time, both girl's negligees had slid off, leaving their dark, sexy bodies completely naked. As Cai continued to lick his cock in the most wonderful way, Naomi slid her body up and pushed her rather ample but perky breasts into his face. He gently grabbed both of them and pulled them together and began to tongue at her dark chocolate nipples.

“Suck these bad mamas,” Naomi said to him, “My peaches love to be sucked.” “Mmmmmmmmmmm,” moaned Naomi as Logan Lee sucked her nipples and squeezed her tits. “Mmmmmmmmmmm,” moaned Logan Lee as he felt Cai licking his throbbing cock. “Oh my God!” exclaimed Logan Lee in an outburst, his eyes wide open as he pulled his face out of Naomi’s delicious mounds. “What was that?” he asked looking down and seeing Cai’s mouth buried down to his abdomen. “It’s deep throat baby,” Naomi informed him by whispering in his ear. “That must be your first.” “Oh yeah,” sighed Logan Lee, “It is!” Cai then slowly pulled her mouth off of his cock and started to massage his legs. Naomi crawled slowly and provocatively upon his chest and slid her wet crotch toward his face. As she sat nearly on his neck, she squeezed her nipples together and kissed them with her own mouth and she looked at him seductively. “Are you ready for some chocolate pudding?” she asked. Logan Lee could only nod yes. Naomi slid her pussy over his face, landing it strategically on his mouth. Logan Lee grabbed her by the back of her hips, gripping her firmly as he buried his tongue into her pink, plump pussy lips. Her curly pubic hair tickled his nose as he tasted her delicious musky pussy. Naomi’s hips slowly swerved from side to side in a slow motion dance perched upon Logan Lee’s face. He was in ecstasy as he licked her wet succulent cunt. As he continued licking Naomi, he felt Cai maneuvering around his midsection until she was sitting on his chest with her arms around Naomi, squeezing her breasts. Logan Lee watched in total fascination, as Naomi crawled off of him and wrapped herself up in a tight naked embrace with Cai at the foot of the bed. They began to kiss passionately as he could see their tongues entering each other’s mouth in an erotic dance. Their hands slid down their tight sexy bodies and they caressed each other erotically. He found himself mesmerized when Naomi began to suck on Cai’s puffy erect nipples and squeeze them tightly between her fingers. Not to be outdone, Cai soon buried her face into Naomi’s rather ample dark brown breasts, kissing and licking them and soon sucking her big nipples. Cai then turned her body, putting each girl face to pussy on one another, with Cai, the smaller girl, on top. Their faces then attacked each other’s cunts. Logan Lee could feel his penis throbbing and aching as he watched two girls having sex for the first time in his life. He was thrilled as he saw Cai’s head bobbing quickly back and forth as her tongue dove into and all over Naomi’s big juicy pink cunt lips. All he had to do was slide over a bit and he could see Naomi with her face between Cai’s legs, licking intently at her dripping wet pussy. Soon each girl was working her fingers in and around, massaging each other’s clits as their tongues continued flicking and dancing away upon their soaking wet labia. Their soft and continuous moans tantalized Logan Lee’s auditory senses with their erotic sounds. The sensual sight was a delight to behold. Watching intently the two squirming bodies before him, Logan Lee found himself aroused beyond anything he had ever experienced. The two girls’ heads bobbed back and forth as they licked and tasted each other’s juicy muffs. Cai began to really squirm and she gently pushed Naomi’s head back and blurted out something in her native tongue. It was obvious to Logan Lee that she was having an orgasm. Naomi, whose mouth was covered in wet cunt juice, rolled her head to the side and pushed Cai’s leg up so she could look at Cai and softly said, “You’re welcome!” After catching her breath, Cai then buried her face into Naomi’s cunt and began licking away. Naomi laid her head back on the bed, throwing her arms back so that she could concentrate on receiving Cai’s oral love making. As Cai

continued licking her cunt, Naomi's hips began to rotate slightly and she began lifting them up off the bed into Cai's face. Soon Logan Lee noticed Naomi's thighs clench and her legs suddenly wrapped tightly around Cai. Naomi's back arched upward and her hands grabbed Cai's head as Naomi let out a loud moan and then loudly uttered, "Oh my God!" Cai pulled her wet face back and giggled, as Naomi was clenched in a riveting orgasm. Logan Lee was lying next to them, watching in an almost hypnotic state while his fully erect penis pulsed and throbbed. Naomi caught her breath as her orgasm subsided and exhaled loudly. At that, Cai rolled over and planted a big wet tongue kiss in Naomi's mouth. Having provided Logan Lee with his first ever girl on girl erotic show, the two girls then turned their attention to him. Naomi grabbed Logan Lee's hard penis as Cai crawled on him first. Naomi held it firm but gently and led Cai's torso down onto him. He could feel Naomi's fingers give way to Cai's warm wet snatch as it tightly engulfed his pulsating prick. "Oh, fucking shit!" exclaimed Logan Lee as Cai began to slowly slide her torso up and down on him. Her tight juicy snatch seemed to grab his cock and he realized that Cai was tightening her vaginal muscles and clenching them around his cock. She looked at him and smiled sweetly as she began to fuck him. Her gorgeous white teeth displayed prominently into a beautiful wide smile and her deep black eyes looking deeply into his seemed to emotionally seduce him. She continued fucking him hard as Naomi slid underneath Cai's ass and fondled and licked not only Logan Lee's nuts, but Cai's ass as she slid up and down upon Logan Lee. Despite his best efforts to hold back, Logan Lee soon found himself at the onset of an orgasm. The two girls knew it was coming as soon as he did and with impeccable timing Cai squeezed her juicy snatch off his cock just in time for Naomi to bury her thick sexy lips over his cock. He felt her soft lips and tongue over his dick just as it began to shoot warm cum. "Damn!" he yelled, "oh fuck this is great!" Naomi drained his cock of all his hot semen then smiled and stuck her tongue out playfully, displaying his cum all over it. To his astonishment Cai then kissed and licked Naomi's tongue. The two girls embraced on a hot juicy kiss, sharing his cum between them. Naomi then looked at Logan Lee and said, "I bet you've never seen that before." "No, no, I sure haven't," stammered Logan Lee. Naomi then slid off the bed and walked over to the champagne stand while Cai slid over and began to caress Logan Lee's shoulders and arms. Naomi popped the top to the champagne bottle and poured them each a glass. "We better get you ready for the next round sweetie," she said to Logan Lee. "I want that pecker in me this time," she declared. The three of them sat on the edge of the bed sipping the champagne, both girls rubbing Logan Lee's thighs with their free hands. Within a few minutes, the girls realized that Logan Lee had probably had enough recovery time, so they began kissing and blowing in his ears. He began to moan in ecstasy and soon enough proved the girls correct as they noticed once again his penis rising to the occasion. Naomi pushed Logan Lee forcefully down onto the bed. Without hesitation, she spread herself above him and mounted him like a young stallion. Her cunt was still soaking wet and she pushed herself down onto his throbbing shaft, engulfing his hard cock in a maneuver that displayed her vast sexual experience. Naomi slowly ground her pelvis into his torso as her mischievous eyes peered into his. She then smiled and said, "I love your cock, Logan Lee." "Umm...thanks," Logan Lee uttered. Almost like someone shot a starter pistol at a race, Naomi yelled out, "Oh God! This is gonna be fun!" Then



she began grinding and humping on him like a woman possessed by a wild spirit. "Mmmm... mmmm... Oh, Fuck!" She yelled out. Logan Lee just lay on his back trying to do something as she attempted to push and grind his torso back at her, but her energetic physical exhortations were in total control. He soon decided to just lie there and allow the professional to demonstrate her rather amazing skills. As Naomi continued to ride him like a rodeo horse, Logan Lee had completely forgotten and lost track of Cai. She soon made her presence known again. Her shadow soon loomed over him as she crawled onto his face and mounted her tight wet cunt on his mouth. His tongue immediately began to lap and lick at her horny drenched twat. As Logan Lee felt Naomi's warm juicy cunt tighten its grip around his engorged cock as she rode up and down and Cai rode his face, he realized that the two girls who were facing one another were deeply embraced and French kissing. His mind struggled to take it all in, but he knew this was one of those once in a lifetime moments that he would remember into his old age. Naomi continued riding his young hardened pecker and realized that Logan Lee was not about to cum anytime soon. She whispered into Cai's ear, "This bo's gonna need some extra stimulation, girl." Cai giggled and picked her torso off of Logan Lee's face and she slithered down the bed behind Naomi who did not interrupt her hard grinding motion on young Logan Lee. Cai slid in behind tightly and licked her finger until it was sopping wet with her saliva. Cai then found Logan Lee's virgin asshole and inserted her forefinger. "What was that?" Exclaimed Logan Lee. Naomi smiled and laughed. "I believe you just felt Cai's finger up yo ass! How do you like it?" Logan Lee, who had gone almost cross-eyed by that time, gazed up at Naomi and answered, "Well damn! It feels pretty damn good." "I thought so," said Naomi, still grinding away. Cai began to maneuver her finger deeper into his tight asshole until she was gently pushing at the back of his prostate. She knew exactly what she was doing as she wiggled her finger inside his ass. "Oh, my! Fuck me! Shit!" yelled out Logan Lee as he experienced the erotic feel of Cai's finger massaging his prostate while Naomi's warm, tight and soaking wet cunt clenched his throbbing cock and slid up and down on it. Naomi knew that he was on the verge of shooting a load and her impeccable timing worked just perfect. Naomi slid off Logan Lee's cock as her hand grabbed it, jerking it softly, allowing his cum to spurt into the air like a geyser. Cai had immediately pushed her face forward and she caught all of his hot squirting semen all over her face. Logan Lee lay on the bed, his cock now drained for the second time, mesmerized at how sexy hot Cai looked with his cum dripping down her chin as she smiled at him. He then looked around to see where Naomi had gone after she had finished stroking him. He then saw her walk over to the corner of the room and tug twice on a fancy gold cord. She then came back over to the bed and sat next to him. "Well Logan Lee," she asked, "didja like all this?" "Oh yeah!" he enthusiastically answered. Just then the butler entered the room, carrying a tray with towels and a pan of water, which he sat on the night table next to the bed. Without saying a word, he turned and left. Immediately the girls looked at each other and giggled. Logan Lee lay very satisfied on the bed as Naomi got up and soaked a towel in the warm pan water and squeezed it out. She then began gently wiping the cum off Cai's face until she was all clean. "Are you gonna come see us again?" Naomi asked Logan Lee. "Why not?" he answered "I'm planning on spending at least a month here. I thought I'd try out some more items on Miss May's menu." "Anything in particular?" asked Naomi.

“The Oreo Cookie and Creme caught my eye,” said Logan Lee, “And also the Peppermint Ripple.” “Oh please do the Oreo Cookie and Creme!” exclaimed Naomi, “You’ll get me again!” “Okay that’s great!” said Logan Lee, “What about Cai?” “Me?” asked Cai, “Oh, I do Rainbow Sherbet. I also do Rocky Road.” “You do Rocky Road with me!” Cai said, giggling. Just then the door opened and the butler again entered the room carrying a silver tray with a lid. He walked up to the three of them still sitting naked on the bed and bent slightly toward them as he removed the lid. “Your ice cream is served,” the butler explained. On the tray were three silver ice cream goblets scooped tall with Neapolitan ice cream. They each jumped to the edge of the bed and grabbed a spoon and a goblet. The butler put the lid back on the tray, turned smartly and left the room, closing the door behind him. Logan Lee, Naomi, and Cai sat tightly next to each other on the bed eating their Neapolitan ice cream. Just then back in their home in Macon, Georgia, Logan Lee’s mother, Mrs. Beauregard said to Mr. Beauregard, “My goodness, what do you think Logan Lee is doing in that sinful New Orleans?” Logan Lee’s father stood staring out the window, reminiscing, and a faint smile came across his face. “Oh don’t worry honey. He’s probably just eating ice cream about now.” Copyright ©2013 Buz Bono. All Rights Reserved. No part of this story may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without prior written permission of the author, Buz Bono.