

Tit for Tat

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Tasty

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So Sandy and I were watching T.V. the other night and the female villain was going through the predictable moves of intimidation and indiscriminate flirtations. Sandy said to me, "Frank, let's do something outside of the norm, let's invite some folks over and place some sex toys in obvious places that our guests would find." I said, "Sandy, that sounds good but perhaps you want to re-think this before we invite anyone." She said, "You must think that I'm kidding?" I said, "Well, sometimes you are a little impulsive." Then she hit me with this offer that I could not refuse. Sandy said, "If this goes like I hope it will I will finally make your fantasy come to life." For years I had been begging Sandy to let me taste another woman's cream on her mouth. I said, "Don't play with me baby. I have wanted this for so long. Don't tease me like this if you don't mean it." Sandy said, "Frank, if we fail to make this happen you will pay a big price. Frank, if you don't support this fun your penalty will be severe. This is the penalty: Before you can be inside me again after the scheduled date of the party you will submit to me taking your ass cherry with a strap on. Now if you want to risk that, the deal is on." Sandy was a borderline dominatrix. In the past when we had made a deal like this one and I had lost she denied me sex for several weeks. That was bad enough but sometimes she would add an extra layer of pain. Twice during those weeks of punishment she put nipple pinchers on me, tied my hands behind my back and masturbated while straddling my face. Oh man, that sight got me so excited. When she would begin to moan and moan as she got closer to her climax it was so hot. As she rubbed her beautiful mound of pleasure I could see her woman cream glistening on her fingers as that juice ran down. Oh, I would be so hard, my tool would be so erect. But I could not touch it or get the relief that I so desperately needed. Then she would cum and squirt in my face, but still there was no relief for me until she had cleaned herself up, then she would wrap an ice cold towel around my tool until it lost interest in getting off. Two weeks after the agreement was struck we had five couples over for pizza and beer. The sex toys were scattered around almost every where. After a few people mentioned what they had found Sandy took a vote regarding how everybody felt about playing spin the bottle, with the people who were paired up by the bottle having a private or public session of masturbating each other. Wow, there was a lot of laughing, hooting and hollering. As a helpful husband I brought out the hard liquor. I brought our three gallons of Scotch, three gallons of whiskey

and three pints of schnapps. I said, "Hey, group, here is some liquid courage to help make the fun even more enjoyable." Everybody went for the liquid courage and so did I. The bottle only got spun twice because as the first pair got started disrobing, it set off a cascade effect on the others. The other party participants quickly got naked and were rubbing, licking and sucking each other. Everybody just decided to mix and match up in such a civil way that I was in awe. As the hostess with the most-est Sandy was now naked and was going down on Barbara's golden triangle. Sandy's plump and well shaped backside was profiled in such a hot way I could no longer be concerned about anything other than getting my cock out and having someone service me. As I took my pants off, Leslie was suddenly dragging her fingernails up and down my now exposed legs. Leslie was married to Bob, but Bob was so delirious about the hand job that Emily was giving him that he had no concept of anything except how close he was to blasting off a geyser of cum. Meanwhile Leslie had my full attention and my cock fully extended. She said, "Frank, I had no idea that you were hung like this, it is incredible that Sandy is letting this kind of thing happen." I told Leslie, "I had no idea that your boobs were so amazing, your nipples are so hot and your ass is beyond my wildest dreams." While I was talking she was rubbing her now soaking wet snatch. It was mind numbing to see and hear so much sex happening at the same time. Just listening to the moans of pleasure and the rhythmic sound of wet portals of pleasure being serviced was so erotic, so raw, so animal like. Then Leslie put her wet fingers across my mouth and said, "Frank, I need you to finish me, as you can taste I am ready for the finale." We got into the 69 position. I got her thighs around my head, it was wonderful, it was better than cake and ice cream. I inhaled her woman aroma, it was a new and rich smell, it was very exciting. Leslie began to gyrate her pelvis, trying to get my face into her slippery slit. Obviously I was not getting there fast enough so she took the issue to a new level by taking my tool into her mouth. She held my shaft with one hand and my ball sack with the other. Oh, yeah, Leslie knew what she was doing. Her tongue was flicking the underside of the head of my tool. She easily could have got my cork to pop right away but she tried to make me last longer but I refocused her attention and let my tongue lash her pearl of pleasure. I went at it with reckless abandon. My tongue was going so fast that she went off like a firetruck siren in no time. She stayed at the peak of pleasure for quite a while. After she began to come down from the peak of ecstasy she went at my tool like a brand new industrial strength vacuum. She got the desired result as I was gushing cum now, and contrary to how Sandy does it Leslie sucked harder as I gushed my man juice. She was such a natural. She began milking my shaft like she had worked at a dairy farm. Oh, man it was so exciting and it felt so good. I knew from that moment I would always want to feel Leslie's mouth on my tool. As that moment of passion subsided I found that everyone else was pretty much passed out, except Barbara who was now eating Sandy's sweet creamy orifice, her face was wet with that woman cream and Sandy had her eyes closed in a blissful kind of way. When Leslie saw that scene and knew that her man Bob was now unconscious she got down on her back and inched her way underneath Barbara. Then she began munching Barbara's golden triangle. It was great to see but I was pooped out and happy that I didn't have to face the fate of an unpleasant visit from the strap on tormentor. I was glad to see the girls getting each other to that special happy place called orgasm. Seeing and experiencing this night

exceeded my wildest dreams, what a great feeling.