

Guilty as Charged.

There was nothing unusual as the day unfolded. Ally had left to do her stuff, having the oil changed, picking up the laundry, and going to Publix. At quarter of one the phone rang, "Hi Honey I'm at Publix do you need anything?"

"No, I'm all set...Oh, ice cream."

"Do you need cigarettes?"

"No, I've got plenty."

"I'll be home shortly, bye."

Ally arrived twenty minutes later and as usual asked me to help her carry in the groceries. Having placed everything in the kitchen Ally put it all away before joining me out on the lanai.

"I have a confession to make." she said making sure to have my undivided attention. "I didn't get the oil changed or pick up the laundry. Do you remember that carpet cleaning guy who contacted us through AFF? Randy."

"I remember."

"Just before I got to Spikes Oil place he called me. He'd had a cancellation and wanted to know if we could have coffee. We met at the Deli at Fisherman's. I was sitting at a table just outside the coffee shop deli people watching waiting for him to show up. I noticed this absolutely drop dead gorgeous man. Babe, he came off the pages of GQ! It was Randy. Up until this moment I had everything planned that I was going to say when we met. When he introduced himself, he approach my table and asked, "Excuse me. Are you the lovely lady I'm supposed to meet this morning? I'm Randy." My pussy contracted and mouth dropped onto my chest. "Wow! Are you gorgeous!" I blurted out. "I'm Ally."

"How do you like your coffee? He politely asked. My brain had him naked on top of me. "Anyway you want it." I answered.

He was kind enough to recognize my nervousness and calmed me down. "Are you all right? You seem a little nervous. I may not look it but I'm a little nervous too."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"Do you think we have a chance of clicking?" he smiled.

"Clicking? Just name a time and place and I'm all yours." I gasp, meaning every word of it. He was very polite, putting me at ease. Once we finished our coffee's he said, "Let's get out of here." I followed him to his van and we drove to his house. I couldn't tell you where it is because I stared at him the whole way there and back.

There is one thing you have to understand, when I say gorgeous, I'm mean the hottest, sexiest, best looking man on this planet. Even if you told me I couldn't fuck him I would. He's that handsome.

When we got to his house he lead me directly to his bedroom, we both stripped, getting on his circular bed.

Oh, Babe, could he kiss! Lying halfway on top of me he rubbed my tits, sucked my nipples, and as we kissed he finger fucked my pussy.

His dick was perfect. It was just the right size for me to suck. He placed his hands on the back of my head. At first he just placed them there, but soon he forced my mouth down his shaft.

"How big was he?"

"He's what I'd call perfect. Not too thick, but thick enough, not too long, but long enough, and hard as steel.

He didn't say much except it felt good until he was about to cum. Suddenly he became the boss. He began by calling me a bitch.

"Suck it bitch!" he demanded as I repeatedly deep throated it.

"Suck it off bitch! Show me how you drink cum!"

To show him who was in really in charge I took his balls into my mouth. He went "Woo!" trying to escape and move up the bed as I rolled them inside my mouth. He experienced both pain and pleasure before I released them. "You ball sucking slut!" he gasp once free from my oral arousal of his nuts.

I sucked him to the brink of orgasm, and just before he lost control he removed his dick from my mouth. I didn't put up any resistance as he positioned me on the edge of the bed, like Dennis does, and began to eat me.

I hate to admit it but he's even better than you at eating pussy. I swear he kissed every inch of my body before he placed his talented tongue on my clit. Like you, he fingered me, as he ate me into complete submission. I begged him to stop several times before he released me from his grasp. I can't remember any time previously that I came that much!

"Oh, yes fuck me!" I said as he pushed it into me. "How does that feel?" he asked making long, slow, deep, thrusts.

"I love it!" I responded. Unlike anyone who I've fucked before he changed positions every few minutes. He began on top, fucking me hard, then he switched my position by placing my legs over his shoulders. Wrapping his arms around my legs he drove into me so hard it hurt. The pleasure however, outweighed the discomfort and I begged him to fuck me harder. He responded to my request by calling me a "Horny slut!"

"You horny slut." he'd say.

"Fuck me!" I'd reply.

"You love it, don't you bitch?" he said pounding me for all he was worth.

"Yes, I love it!"

Next, he let one of my legs down, kept me on my side, with one leg still over his shoulder he hammered me sideways. It felt so good I begged him to

never stop. He called me every name in the book, "Slut, bitch, whore, etc." The cruder he became the more it turned me on. The sex got rougher and rougher. Rolling me onto all fours he took me from behind, doggie style. Talk about being fucked, he pounded me so hard it lifted me off the bed!

"How's that bitch?" he asked spanking my ass hard with an opened hand.

"I love it!" I told him.

He really got me going spanking my ass red, pounding me hard and deep doggie style. I enhanced the feeling by rubbing my clit as he fucked and spanked me. Oh, Babe it was so good!

I lost count as to the number of climaxes I experienced, but I'll never forget the last one! Randy arranged us back into the missionary position. Lying down on top of me he gave me a sexy, passionate, French kiss as he pushed his erection to the depths of my pussy. I moaned in pleasurable acceptance.

"You love being fucked, don't you bitch?" he said moving like my personal gigolo. Youth is an amazing thing, and he displayed it as he humped relentlessly telling me all the while I was a sexy, sultry, bitch. I'm not exaggerating when I tell you he fucked me non-stop for twenty minutes before ejaculating all over my body.

"Cum bitch!" he demanded feeling my cunt wrap tight around his pounding dick.

"Oh, yes!" I screamed cumming in quarts.

"Here cums the prize bitch!" he warned.

"Oh, god, yes!" I gasp.

Pulling out of my pussy, he jerked loads of cum all over my tits and tummy. Gathering the pools of cum with my fingers, I licked them clean.

"Un fuckin believable! You sexy whore!" he said watching me suck his cum from my fingers.

"I love the way you taste." I smiled.

"I love the way you fuck." he replied.

Now I thought the sex was over, but boy was I wrong. He insisted I take a shower before redressing so we went into his master bath. Everything was going along terrifically. I soaped him up and he soaped me up and after rinsing off he took me into his arms and we kissed passionately. During the kiss I felt his cock stiffening between my legs. Remember Tim fucking me on the tiled kitchen floor? Randy did the same thing in the shower. For some reason I didn't even feel the hardness of the tile shower floor, just the rock hard cock buried in my pussy.

"Just whores fuck on shower floors bitch. You're my whore!"

"Yes, I'm yours, fuck me!" I begged.

"Oh, what a cunt bitch!" he gasp fucking me harder and harder.

"Fill it!" I encouraged.

He got a serious look on his face. While pounding me with all his might, he looked directly into me eyes, "You're a great fuck Ally!"

"Oh, god, you're the best." I responded.

Several fast, hard, thrusts and he emptied a massive load into my cunt. Seconds afterwards he rose up asking me if I was all right.

"I'm wonderful." I answered.

"That was the best shower I've ever had." he laughed.

"Me too!" I smiled back.

"I apologize for the degrading things I called you during the heat of sex."

"Don't apologize, it turned me on." I told him. "I enjoy being some ones whore."

"But, your not a whore. You're a classy lady who just likes to fuck. I just got carried away a little."

"A classy lady who likes fucking you!" I said.

"I enjoyed it as much if not more than you, so I guess we are both slutty whores."

Babe, I didn't want to leave. I was naked, sitting on a circular king size bed with a gorgeous, sexy, young, man. He didn't want the affair to end either. We should have just relaxed, recovered from the fabulous sex and left, but neither of us wanted to. Totally naked, not even a towel to cover-up with, we talked at length about the pleasures of the erotic sex we had just shared. Listening to him telling me how fabulous my pussy felt, how great I sucked his dick, and how I blew him away licking his cum from my fingers, we began to make out passionately again.

It didn't mean a thing that we had been fucking for almost an hour, the honest, lustful, conversation we shared as we recovered on the bed put us both right back in the mood to fuck again. We attacked each other as if it was the first time that day. As he said, he couldn't wait to eat me, so this time we started out in the sixty-nine position with me on top. I tried my best to concentrate on sucking him off but the tongue on my clit and fingers in my cunt made it impossible.

"Oh, fuck I'm cumming!" I cried as waves of pleasure ripped through my body. He reminded me, "Suck it bitch!" I put my mouth back on his dick. He knew I preferred to be eaten the regular way, and switched into that position. Oh, my god does he know how to eat pussy! Within minutes he had me cumming in quarts! The only way I could get him to stop was beg to be fucked, which I gladly did.

"Fuck me Randy! Make me cum in quarts!" I seduced.

The last one wasn't as good as the one on the shower floor, but did he ever, make me cum in quarts!

I wrapped my legs around his waist, he hammer my pussy so hard I could hear our bodies slapping together. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" I begged. I

watched as he took a deep breath, driving his cock to the depths of my cunt.

"Oh, yes, fuck me !" I praised.

Randy didn't say much using his energy to hammer my pussy. However, when it came time for him to ejaculate he became very vocal.

"In you or on you? He questioned.

"Fill me. Cum in my cunt!" I begged.

I saw a strained look on his face as he tried to hold back from climax. The color of his skin changed from tanned to red. "Here it cums!" he gasp as the first explosion emptied into my cunt. "Oh, fuck!" he groaned as another massive load released.

"Fill me!" I encouraged.

"Oh, fuck woman." he gasp shooting the last few drops into my cunt.

I thanked him, "Oh, Randy, I'm so full! That was so good! I love the way you fucked me."

Before climbing off he gave me another sensual kiss. Dismounting he remarked, "That was a fabulous fuck Ally."

Lying next to me he joked, "Should we take another shower ?"

"I don't think I could handle you hammering me on the shower floor again. Let's take a pass." I remarked.

Neither of us made a move to get up and redress. We cuddled in each other's arms on the bed. Each time a little energy would return we'd kiss romantically until exhaustion took over. I swear every second we were together he either had his tongue, cock, or fingers in or on my pussy. Even as we struggled to recover he kept finger fucking my pussy. Of course I never let go of his cock either, rubbing it constantly.

I guess he had an agenda because his attention changed from my pussy to my ass. I didn't really notice the change, it just felt good having him massage, rub, and squeeze my ass.

I realize that regardless of what you may think you like and don't like, it can change in an instant in the heat of sexual arousal. Randy, slowly but surely lead me down the road to anal penetration without me suspecting a thing. One moment he was rubbing my ass, the next moment he was fucking it! He was in my ass before I knew it. And Babe, it felt really good!

Obviously he knew what he was doing because I didn't realize it until he was in me. Thank god he was the right size, because he fucked me for quite a while before filling my ass with cum.

Finely we cleaned up, redressed, and drove back to Fisherman's so I could get my car. Leaving me off he made sure I knew he wanted to see me again. He gave me his cell phone number saying I could call him any time I felt horny and promised to call me when he had another cancellation.

"So what is it you felt so guilty about?"

"Fucking Randy without asking if it was all right first. I have never felt so guilty as I did on the way home from Randy's. Babe, I really enjoyed him fucking me, even up the ass."

"Well, there is no question that you're a slut. Aren't you lucky that I love being married to a sexy, cock sucking, ass fucking, filled with cum, slut! I love you Babe. The more you fuck the better I like it.

The end

About the Author

Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex &Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?" J. Alex Hamilton

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