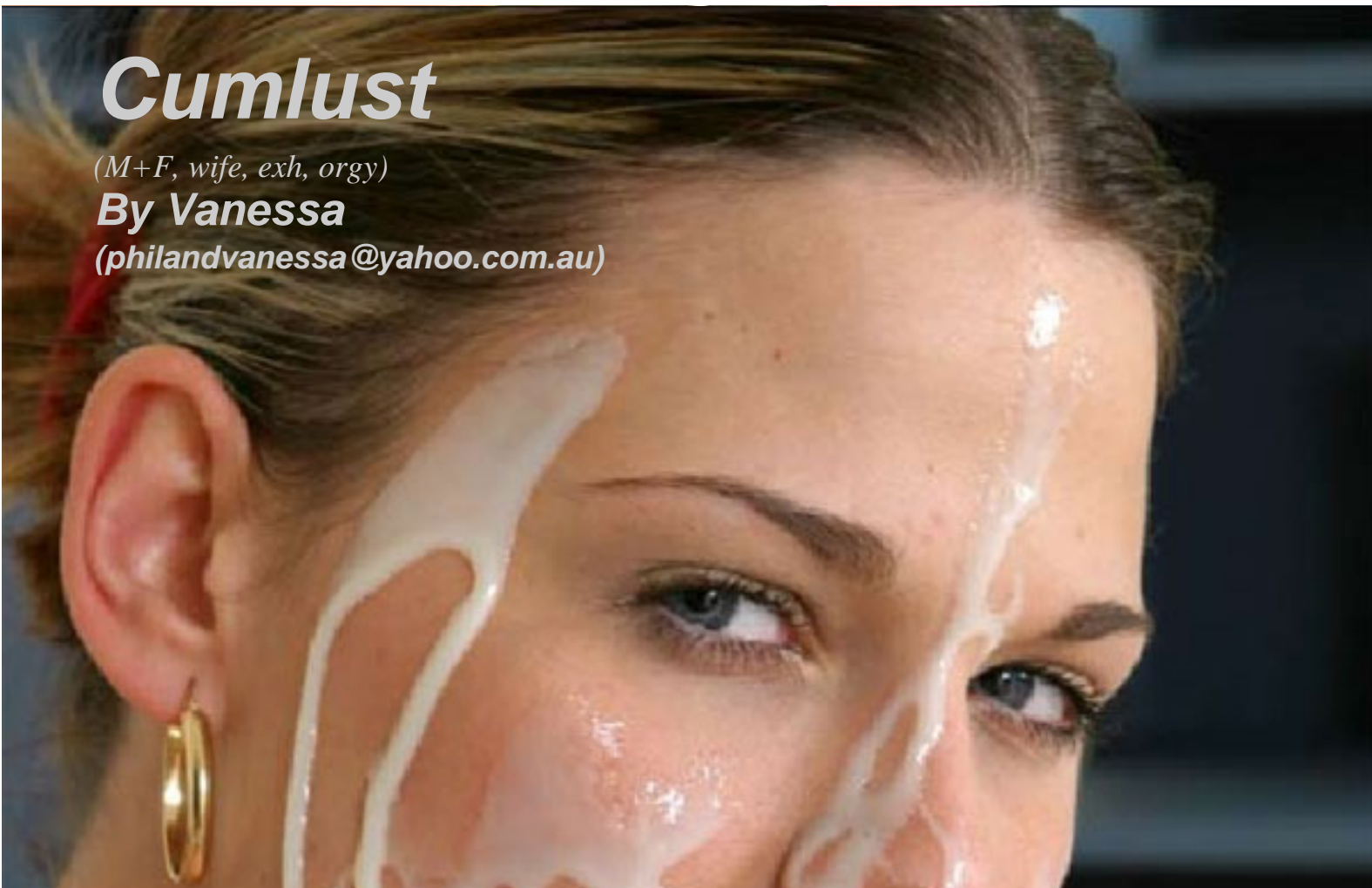


Cumlust

(M+F, wife, exh, orgy)

By Vanessa

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Okay, I want to tell this story, but I want to write it in the `third person' if that makes sense, as I feel very self conscious now writing about the events of `that night'. Not that I regret them, it just feels a little, you know, weird. It's a girl thing. Anyway, just a quick intro to set the stage so to speak for the `good bit' (as my husband calls it) – the bit where I get gangbanged.



We'd been married about 6 months or so at that stage and my husband had brought me to Perth to meet and hang out with this bunch of people who were part of a big cabaret-cum-rock group-cum-dance troupe that he used to be part of. They were having a reunion of sorts. So over the span of a few days I indeed met all the guys and we spent quite some time with them, surfing, dining, sailing, swimming – you name it.

They were a real nice bunch and I got on



with all of them like a house on fire. Then, about a day or so before we were due to head back to Sydney, they invited us for a BBQ lunch at the house of the group's unofficial leader, Kris (who used to play with a very famous rock group by the way). I got to tell you, I was already horny by the time we got there.

About a month before I had been pretty sick with the flu which had dragged on for weeks, and when I got over it, my husband got it. We were just making a full recovery and all my 'bits and pieces' were waking up. And if all that sounds like I'm trying to make an excuse, well so be it. Anyway, there were a lot of people there, but

several hours after the lunch was over most of them dispersed until it was just the 'original' bunch hanging around in Kris' big, spacious 'sound pit' (A big concrete garage converted into a studio/lounge type of room – very cozy).

We had been drinking my special and (slightly) alcoholic pineapple fruit punch like it was going out of fashion (it was a HOT day) singing, talking, dancing and laughing and generally having a good time. I must admit I did flirt outrageously and showed a lot more flesh than I ever would, (at one stage I lifted my skimpy mini skirt and teasingly wiggled my bottom at them in response to some joke) but I just felt so utterly comfortable with these guys. In fact I was so comfortable that I never noticed that I was the only female there until someone put on a porno DVD and another person pointed out that they were in 'mixed' company.

Laughing, I reassured them that it was okay, I didn't mind one bit etc. The movie in question was really very hardcore – with some deeply imaginative title like "Californian cum-sluts' or something similar. Someone else piped up, saying that perhaps this wasn't appropriate, considering the general tome of the film and women's general tolerance of this kind of scene (some blonde bimbo was getting her face cum-sprayed by some dude with a cock the size of an elephant's) That was when I said it – not the smartest thing to say in a room full of horny guys when you're the only female there, but I said it anyway, just blurted it out:

"It's okay with me – honestly. I love cum!"

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?!" several people intoned simultaneously. Vanessa smiled, blushing, "I said, I like cum." Kris shook his head, "No, what you said was, you 'LOVE' cum, with emphasis on the word LOVE!"

"Okay. I LOVE cum. Happy? What's the big deal?"



"Just that none of us have ever heard a woman say something like that. For one, they think cum tastes foul so they never want anything to do with it, let alone, you know, swallow it or get covered in the stuff like we're seeing here. Most women are disgusted by this kind of scene. Or if they're not, they feel that they should be." Vanessa shrugged.

"I don't see why. To me, sex is meant to be fun. If you get sticky and messy with sex juices doing it, all the better. In fact, it turns me on. Like eating a mango, you can either eat it nice and tidy like, or you can enjoy it. It's the same with cum. And it doesn't have to taste that bad either."

Her husband, Phil was looking at her, stunned, and nodded when someone slapped him on the shoulder. "You have an amazing woman there, Phil. About time one of them accepted that it's okay to enjoy sex, and think dirty and stuff."

"Yeah, how do you feel about anal sex?" someone piped up.

"Hey!" Phil interjected, "That's enough!" Vanessa laughed and kissed him.

"As if you don't want to know yourself! It's okay hon, I can handle 'twenty questions' if that is what they want to do" He shrugged and leaned back. The question was asked again. "I don't mind anal sex – when it's done right, and when I'm in the mood."

"How about oral sex?"

"Love it!"

"Girl on girl sex? Eating pussy? Have you? Would you? And if you have did you like it?" Vanessa laughed, rolling her eyes deliberately. "Yeah, I once did it with another girl. Several times actually. Back in high school. It really was awesome. I totally love eating pussy, LOVE it!" And so the questions continued, each one delving deeper, and more personal.

Meanwhile, the movie continued on, depicting one lewd, cum drenched scene after another. Vanessa was growing more and more aroused, answering each question boldly and in great detail. She was clearly enjoying the attention. Then someone asked; "What about gangbangs? Have you ever felt like fucking a whole group of guys?" She fell silent.



Even Phil, her husband stopped in his tracks. She had been rubbing his crotch surreptitiously and now stopped. She looked at him, biting her lips nervously. He opened his mouth after a continued pregnant pause to answer for her but she cut him off.

"Yes" she said demurely, as if confessing some dark secret, which in fact, she was. "Yes, I've thought about that." She took a deep breath, smiled and looked up. "When I was about 16, my Dad once brought these four guys home. They were visitors at Dad's company – from America. I know it sounds cliché but they were these gorgeous black dudes.

They stayed with us for two days and I flirted with them something terrible and they flirted back when my Dad wasn't around. One of them even kissed me, and they all managed to touch my tits or arse at least once when we were in the pool. I loved it.

I have had lots and lots of orgasms and fantasies since then just imagining all four of them fucking me at the same time." Silence. Someone coughed. The tension in the air was incredible. Everyone was thinking the same thing. Finally, Kris posed another question:

"How about now? If the... em, opportunity arose...would you agree to a gangbang?"

She took a deep breath, or it may have been a deep sigh, and looked at Phil. "I'm a married woman now. I don't think my husband would go for that."

Kris shook his head, smiling. "You didn't answer my question. Besides, Vanessa, I know your husband here pretty well. We didn't call him 'filthy Phil' for nothing. He has frequently said that women should allow themselves to shed their sexual inhibitions, no matter what they are. I believe his exact words used to be, 'fuck like a slut, live like a lady' isn't that right Phil?"

Phil nodded, almost blushing.

Kris continued, "So my next question is to you Phil old mate; IF your pretty wife here asked you to let her take part in a gangbang, would you let her, considering your desire to meet a woman who isn't afraid to indulge their most secret fantasy?"

Timidly, Phil answered, after a long pause. "...I guess so. But only if she really truly wanted it herself, you know, not to satisfy anyone else's fantasy or anything."



"Why don't you ask her?" Kris came and knelt down besides Phil and his wife, who was still sitting on the lounge. He put his hand on her knee. Vanessa made no effort to remove it, and neither did Phil.

"Vanessa?" Phil asked, "Do you...um.. know all the stuff that happens in a gangbang?"

He pointed at the TV where a beautiful Asian girl was getting pounded front and rear, semen already dripping from her face.

She nodded. "So if I said 'okay' to that... um, I mean... would, er... do you... er, want to?"

"Yes!" she said, after a lengthy pause in which her shallow, ragged breathing was heard by everyone.

"Yes, what?" said Kris with an evil smile as he slowly slid his hand up her leg, under her skirt, and between her thighs. She arched her back and gasped softly. It was obvious that his hand hadn't stopped at her thighs, and that his fingers were creeping under her wet panties and into her even wetter vagina.

She was being fingered by another man, and her husband was sitting right beside her! Still, she was by now so horny that, had he not been doing it, she would have been

fingering herself, and as soon as he paused, even for a second she did just that.

"What do you want, Vanessa?" he asked her, slowly and emphatically. He wanted her to spell it out. Phil tried to speak but no words came out.



"I want you to fuck me," she whispered as another gasp escaped her lips. Kris' arm was visibly moving backwards and forwards as he pumped three fingers into her. Wet, slurping noises came from between her thighs betraying her advanced state of arousal. "ALL OF YOU!" Kris turned to Phil.

"How about it Phil?" Will you let us fuck your wife?" Phil looked at his wife, whose eyes were closed in bliss. When she opened them she looked at him, and her eyes almost pleaded with him.

"You really want this?" she nodded and he continued "You want to be fucked like a slut, in every hole of your hot little body?"

"Yes!"

"By every man here?"

"Yes!"

"To be drowned in cum and suck every cock that's shoved down your throat?"

"Yes! Oh fuck yes!!! I want all that!!! I do! Please!" she was breathing frantically now as

Kris continued to pump his fingers in and out of her tortured pussy "Pleeeeeeeasssse1"

"What about..." Phil began, but Kris cut him off. "Oh for fuck's sake Phil, if you were gonna say 'no' you would've done so by now. She wants it, and so do you!" With that, he suddenly dragged Vanessa off the lounge and onto the floor. "Let's give her what she wants!" he said, and with that he violently ripped and tore of her skirt.

Phil was in shock, but Vanessa writhed around erotically, thrusting her hips towards her 'assailant'. Her blouse was next; Kris ripped it open and roughly yanked the shredded remains from her body, followed by her bra, and finally, her soaking wet panties.



"Oh, how sweet is that!" exclaimed Kris as her smooth, shaven pussy lay revealed, "That is so beautiful! Don't you just LOVE a shaved pussy? Almost a shame to mess it up eh?" He quickly stood up and removed his pants – he was already shirtless - as were most of the other men.

Having said that, he aimed his huge erection at her swollen vaginal lips and drove himself forward. Phil watched with horrid fascination as another man began to fuck his wife – right in front of his face!

Vanessa, on the other hand, moaned her approval and when someone presented her with another (equally big) cock, right next to her face she immediately took it in her mouth and began to suck, so hungrily and greedily that her husband could only look on in stunned silence. Kris was by now pumping into her with long, violent strokes, slamming his massive cock deep into her.

"Yeah, slut – suck that cock!!" he shouted "We're gonna fuck you stupid!" He looked at Phil, who was glaring at him in hurt and horror for talking to his sweet young wife that way.

"What?" Kris (almost) sneered, as he continued to pump into her. "Does that shock you? Does she sound like she's complaining? She loves it, trust me. Now go and make yourself useful Phil. There's a big jar of Vaseline in the bathroom. Get it, we'll all need it to fuck your horny bitch of a wife in her arse! GO! NOW!"

Phil fled the room, his own erection pointing straight ahead of him despite his misgivings, looking back just as the first cock erupted in his wife's hungry, slutty, beautiful mouth.

"Mmmm..." moaned Vanessa, as the hot liquid spilled over her tongue and into her mouth and over her chin. Kris continued to pound her, feeling her climax against him.



"You really do love that cum don't you, you little slut?" Vanessa nodded, reaching for another cock, cum frothing out of her mouth. "Tell us about it. while hubby is out of the room, tell us all your filthy little secrets." Vanessa looked at him uncertainly. He meant what he said. "Come on," grunting as he fucked her.

"Stop acting so 'demure'. You want a chance to be a slut, this is it, slut it up girl, don't hold back. Tell me your most disgusting secrets!" She paused, panting, trembling, sweating. And then, in a rush she told them, about the next door neighbor who first fucked her when she was only 16.

"He had a shed, he asked me to stay and look after some things while he went to get some parts. I found his stash of porn magazines. He came back early, found me

fingering myself and so he fucked me –



he fucked me up the arse because he said I'd get pregnant otherwise.

I found out later that was bullshit because he'd had a vasectomy, but I didn't care. He just wanted to fuck me up the arse. He was sooo good at it, it didn't even hurt and I liked it." She stopped to moan, and wrap her lips around the next cock, and then stopped to continue her story.

"After he fucked me I went inside to have a shower. I felt his cum dripping out of me, there was so much of it. I was so horny, I licked it up to taste it and before I knew it I was fingering myself again. I didn't even hear him come in the house, to check if I was ok. But he caught me doing all that and I sucked his cock there and then and he came in my mouth and I drank it all and I loved it! I've loved cum ever since, I have wiped it out of my pussy after sex, and I've even sucked it out of a condom once. I can't help it, I just love cum, I don't know why, I love it, I love it, I love it. I never told any of my partners, not even Phil, I was too embarrassed, I'm such a cum slut." Kris shook his head in astonishment.

"Wow!" he said. "That's one awesome confession. So what do you want from us?" he teased.

She moaned her response, "CUM! Lots and lots of hot sticky cum!"

"What? I can't hear you! You're still acting like a fucking princess! Is that what you want? Do you wanna be a princess or do you want to get fucked?"

"No, I want to be FUCKED!" she replied aggressively.

"So TELL us, and stop whispering. Believe me this place is soundproof." This time she yelled out louder "FUCK ME!!!"

But still he taunted her, "Demure is sexy, but not in a gang-bang. Come on, slut it up bitch!!"

He slammed his huge cock into her one last time, and exploded his big load into her just as she too came, screaming at the top of her lungs, "FUCK ME YOU BASTARDS! FUCK MY CUNT! FUCK MY ARSE! FUCK MY MOUTH! FILL IT WITH CUM! FUCKING GALLONS OF IT! I WANT YOUR CUM ALL OVER ME! FUCK ME LIKE A SLUT! DROWN ME IN CUM! FUCK ME! USE ME! POUND ME! HAMMER ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK MEEEE!!!"

"That's better," said Kris as he pulled out of her already sloppy pussy. Phil was standing in the doorway, still stunned, having come in just in time to hear his wife's uninhibited lust-filled screaming. There was already someone else between her legs, pushing his cock into her, while two more guys took position by her head, cramming their cocks into her eager mouth.

Within minutes, they too were cumming, pumping huge jets of thick semen into her mouth, and splashing crudely over her face. She felt the guy inside her cunt climax also, his sperm not only filling her pussy, but spilling out to splatter all over her naked vulva.

"Get in there and lube her up Phil," commanded Kris. "Almost time to see just how much she does like taking it up the arse."

Phil knelt beside his wife and began smearing a thick layer of lubricant around and inside her anus, His cock was rock hard but he couldn't believe that here he was, preparing his beloved girl's arsehole to be fucked by another man. Several men.

She moaned as he pushed his fingers into her, already sucking on another cock. No sooner had he finished, and someone was already taking position between her legs. More cum was being pumped into her mouth and onto her face while Vanessa grunted her encouragement.



"More..." she moaned, purposefully choosing words to incite and fuel not just her own lust, but theirs too. "I want more cum..." She had not stopped climaxing, one orgasm after another ripping through her body, as she sucked, and allowed herself to be savagely, wonderfully fucked.

Soon, a third load of cum was delivered to her hungry cunt, which was already oozing a steady stream of the same creamy liquid, and then a fourth, spewing huge jets of thick cum into her overflowing hole.

When the fourth man withdrew, Kris was suddenly there again, his cock hard once more. He grabbed Vanessa by the waist and casually flipped her onto her hands and knees. There was no doubt what he was planning.

Phil could not help himself as he craned his neck to watch Kris slowly stuff his mammoth cock into his wife's willing anus.



"Oh, holy fuck!" Vanessa screamed, as she suddenly became aware of the size of Kris's cock. Her pussy had been so hot and wet she had barely noticed that he was extremely well endowed.

"Thought you'd like that, you hot little slut!" He fed more of his cock in and Vanessa moaned, half in pain, half in obvious pleasure.

"Do you have to call her that?" Phil asked, annoyed but stroking his cock at the same time as he watched his wife's tight arsehole being stretched "I don't have to" Kris replied with a laugh, "but she seems to enjoy it, and so do I." He looked at Phil as he slid the last inch in. Vanessa gasped, and shook as yet another orgasm hit her.

"Look," Kris explained, "I have been in a few gangbangs and let me tell you, it's no place or time for sweet nothings. That's between you and her. This is all about fucking and sucking, nothing more, nothing less."

As if to prove this point, he suddenly grabbed her shoulders and drove as much of himself into her back passage as he could before her orgasm could subside. Wailing, Vanessa took him, her body shuddering from both his ruthless pounding and her continuing orgasm.



"Oh YES! FUCK MY ARSE!! she screamed, as two more men struggled to find a position near her mouth, their cocks ready to explode. At last she managed to take them in to her mouth. Her anus had grown accustomed to the invading rod of flesh, and she was ready for more. Kris allowed her to raise herself up enough so that she could enable herself to suck the cocks that were impatiently thrusting at her mouth.

She took them in her mouth, one after the other, eagerly licking, sucking and fervently stroking the long, rigid shafts. She was quite obviously still enjoying the moment, reveling in the decadence of it all.

Each time someone climaxed, she chortled, groaned and moaned in delight as the warm semen would hit her tongue, or splash thickly onto her face and chest to mingle with the many previous loads that were already streaming over her torso. She had already swallowed so much, but still eagerly ladled up every drop to hit her tongue, sending it down her hungry throat, accompanied by a delighted 'aaaah' as if she were drinking some refreshing nectar.

Kris watched her settle into a rhythm, alternating between the two cocks she held in her hands, flowing effortlessly between them, while at the same time pushing backwards onto his pumping cock as it pistoned in and out of her arse.

Damn, she was hot, this one! Better than any girl he'd had in any gangbang. She loved it and was not afraid to show it. "You've got a live one here, Phil. I'd hang on to her if I were

you!" Phil nodded. So far he had not yet been able to get near Vanessa – it seems the other men were determined to make him wait till the bitter end.

"I gotta tell you," moaned Kris as he neared his second orgasm, "I thought I'd had the best, but she's proving me wrong!" With that, he tilted his head back, grunted loudly and let his cock explode deep within her bowels. Vanessa felt each spasm, each searing hot spurt as it flooded her anal passage.

It felt sublime.

She felt him withdraw, her anus gaping and distended, sucking in air until suddenly, she felt the soft, spongy flesh of another cock tip, nudging against her opening. Aided by Kris' volumous explosion, this one too slid easily into her cum-filled rectum.

Kris slumped back in a chair, sweating profusely. As he sat and watched, he went on to tell all those listening about a gangbang he'd had while touring with 'the band' Apparently a couple of newlyweds, or at least the husband, had recognized them in the hotel they were sharing and would not leave them alone.



"We told him to get lost, go spend some time with his new wife and that, but he was adamant that he'd party on with us – so he could brag on to his mates I suppose," Kris explained. "His new wife was not impressed at all especially when he started to get really drunk. She was there with us in our hotel room, so we all thought we may as well do the job properly.

"We got her husband absolutely plastered, until he passed out. When we were sure he was totally out of it, we got down to business with his bride. There was only six or seven

of us that night, but we fucked her senseless – it didn't take us long to convince her to party and she had a ball.

"At one stage she was almost straddling her unconscious husband, while taking one up the arse. It was quite a sight. Husband wakes up next to her the next day and never had a clue what his pretty young missus had been up to the night before. He thought that he'd been the life of the party!"

He paused, watching Vanessa as she gasped when the two cocks she had been working' erupted simultaneously, delivering a double gush of semen so large that it caught her unprepared. Her tongue swirled around frantically, scooping up some of it, while the rest fanned across her face and dripped from her chin.

Vanessa barely had time to recover from the last facial blasting that was now also pouring over her tits. Her arse was also being pumped full again and she stopped long enough to savor the feel of hot cum splashing against her rectal walls. But her respite was short-lived.

One of the guys came and laid down on the floor in front of her, his throbbing cock in his hand. He beckoned to her and she obediently crawled over to him, instantly wrapping her lips around his cock, but he stopped her. "No. This one's for your pussy, babe. Climb on."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than someone behind her said, "And this one's for your arsehole, let's go!"

Before she could react, the owner of that voice, plucked her up and sat her on top of the other man, almost directly on top of his cock. It slid smoothly into her extremely wet and sloppy pussy.

"Ever had a sandwich fuck?" the guys asked, and she shook her head, realizing with a mixture of dread and anticipation what was about to happen. There was no time to panic. She was now fully impaled on the guy below her, and seconds later, felt the other cock nudge her arsehole.

She gasped loudly – dread fading as the second cock noisily slid into her overflowing anal passage. No pain, only sensation and pleasure unlike any she had ever experienced. She came almost immediately as the sheer impact of being fucked in both pussy and arsehole at the same time hit her mind and body.

"Oh, yes, do it, do it to me hard!!!" she exclaimed. The two guys responded and began to stroke into her, short, stabbing pumps that sent bolts of pleasure through them all and it wasn't long before they too began to cum. When they did, Vanessa cried out even louder, absolutely delighted in the new sensation as both her holes were simultaneously flooded with a torrential flow of thick, hot cum.

"Oh yeah! That was awesome," she whispered breathlessly.



"Glad you liked it," said another guy, stroking his cock as he approached her, "cause we're about to do it again!" And before she knew it, she was impaled on another cock again, spearing deep into her gushing cunt while another invaded her well-fucked arsehole.

She had no idea how many men had already fucked her, or had cum in her mouth, had no idea even how many men were there in the room, but in her blissful, depraved state, she didn't care. She was cumming again, for the millionth time as the two cocks relentlessly pounded her, in perfect unison, thrusting noisily in and out of her overly sloppy, gushing holes sending semen splashing in all directions with each and every stroke. She felt something nudging her lips so she opened her mouth. Another cock.

Now she had one in her mouth as well as her pussy and arse. Her mind reeled, and then spun out of control when she felt her hands being lifted and a cock placed against each of them. The guy fucking her pussy was holding her up. He smiled at her, "C'mon you can do it. I got ya!" She smiled back at him and proceeded to suck, and pump, and fuck. Her body couldn't even register the sensations. She was in another world, a dream. All she could do was moan, and enjoy the ride.

How many men? She wanted to know, vaguely aware that a few had taken her twice – except for Phil. Her husband Where was he? Then it happened, the moment her subconscious had secretly yearned for. They started to cum. All of them, in her mouth,

onto her face, in her pussy and in her arse. All at the same time.

The cocks she had been vigorously stroking with both hands, each sprayed numerous jets against her cheeks, further drenching her already cum splattered face. The cock in her mouth pumped surge after surge of sweet creamy cum onto her tongue. She drank, shuddering in delight while down between her legs, both her pussy and her arse were again being filled. Overfilled.

It seemed to be happening in slow motion, and she relished each moment and sensation, every spurt, every gush, every drop until at last they all collapsed in a heap. The taste, and smell of sex, and cum was everywhere. Her head reeled. Someone was moving her onto her back. Phil.

He was between her legs, his chest heaving, his eyes almost glazed over. His cock was so hard and ready to explode that it looked purple. He surveyed his wife's utterly cum soaked body, streaked and splattered from head to toe with endless streaks and puddles of thick, white semen.



"Phil couldn't quite put his finger on it, but he suspected his wife might have been somewhat unfaithful," someone piped up, as if reading a caption on a photograph, and everyone erupted in laughter, even Phil and Vanessa. But then the room fell silent, as he slowly guided his cock into his wife's beautiful, soggy cunt. It slid in noisily, and he began to pump her. Vanessa moaned in encouragement, her legs wrapped around him.

Suddenly he stopped, leaned down and to her amazement, and joy, kissed her. He pressed his lips against her extremely cum stained mouth, even caressed her creamy tongue with his, before raising himself up once again. "I love you," he whispered, and Vanessa felt as if her breath was stolen away. He leaned back and thrust into her for a few moments, then suddenly withdrew his cock, reinserting it into her anus.

She pushed back against him, giving him free reign and he pounded her as long as he could. Then suddenly, with a loud roar,

he was cumming, and Vanessa too. His tortured balls erupted inside her bowels, then all over her sodden pussy as he withdrew and began to move upwards.

Each spurt more volumous than the last, he splattered her stomach, her breasts, her neck, her face, and finally plunged his cock into her open, willing mouth where she drained every last drop from her husband's throbbing cock. Vanessa lay in a daze, her mind still reeling.

Phil's proclamation of love had reassured her, and now she felt free to bask in the afterglow. She was amazed that her body was not aching, nor her pussy and anus raw, but the only sore part she felt was her jaw, which had sucked one cock after another.

The taste, feel, and smell of semen permeated her entire being. It was in her hair, clung to her ears and chin like stalagmites, streamed down her neck, over her breasts and down her stomach. It literally poured from both her pussy and her anus and trickled down over her thighs and buttocks.

She sat up, and was vaguely aware of someone taking a picture on their camera, relieved to find that it was Phil. Then she saw herself, in the large mirror that had hung on a wall and which someone had now removed for her benefit. She looked in amazement at the endless streams of white fluid trickling down her entire body.

She let her hands run through the sticky topping, she licked it from her fingers, explored her overflowing loins, shivering with each new, cum-soaked part of her body that her hands reached. Her body trembled. She was transfixed with her mage.

Her fingers found her sappy pussy again and shamelessly plunged deep inside while her other hand scooped up more and more cum from her body to her mouth. She smeared it into her skin, into her hair, into her mouth and even into her pussy itself. Finally she could stand it no longer. She flopped back onto the carpet, her legs spread wide apart.

"Fuck me," she whispered, "I need someone to fuck me."



Well, I could go on and on about the next hour or so but to tell you the truth not that much happened next. Okay, I tell a lie, actually a LOT happened next – I took them all, just in my pussy this time, one after the other and that was something else in itself.

Much later, Phil took me into the bathroom and we had a shower together. And just to show me how much he still loved me (or something like that) Phil actually got down on his knees and ate my pussy for a full five minutes or more. That was BEFORE he cleaned me up.

I know that might sound gross in any other situation, but I have to admit, that I went totally nuts over that `gesture' and I love him all the more for it. We went back to our lives and homes and haven't seen Kris and the other guys since, despite their warm invitation to come over if we're ever down in Perth again, and my subsequent reply for them to cum over me again the next time we were down.

That hasn't happened, and won't. There's no need to, and my dark fetish or fantasy has been dealt with. Besides, time changes a person and it's been two years since this happened. Since then we've had a child, and motherhood itself can make you look at life differently.

I recently looked at the photo that Phil took of me that day and went into a spiral of depression, thinking that he must look at me as a real slut and expecting me to be screwing every guy I meet. I wrote him this in an email while he was interstate on business. This is what he wrote back – thought I'd share it with you:



"First, I trust you more implicitly than I would any other woman. I have seen so many different sides of you. I have seen you radiantly beautiful, like when you emerged in your wedding dress on our wedding day.

"I have seen you covered in grease and sweat from a hard days work in the shed or in the yard. I have seen you deliriously happy, like when I bought you your new car, and when you landed your new job.

"And I have seen you intensely sad, like when your Nana died. I have seen you give birth and I have seen you embrace motherhood. And yes, I have seen you drenched in cum from head to foot after a night of living out your darkest desire, and I saw you in the heights of passion."

What a guy eh? Anyway, that is all. Oh, except for this – guys, if you would like your girl to be more enthusiastic about gulping down your juice, try drinking juice. Pineapple juice etc works a treat, (yes, the fruit punch that was served on the night was more than a coincidence I must confess.

Perhaps subconsciously I was hoping for it all along to happen the way it did) and as the saying goes, you are what you eat, so there's food for thought! Also, if you have any comments on this story, please let us know at:

philandvanessa@yahoo.com.au.

Love to hear from ya. The pictures in this story come from various places on the Net, so are not actually pictures of me, although the last couple does bear an uncanny resemblance -including how I looked at the end of that wild night!

Xxx Vanessa





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