



Sandi Finds Fun and Fulfillment

by Unknown Author

This story describes sexual acts and should be considered adult entertainment. If you are not a consenting adult, please read no further.

This is about my life. If you're interested in using me (either m or f) let me know.

I really can't believe I'm writing this down, but I can't really believe I'm living the two lives I'm living right now, either.

In my first life, I'm a happily married, 37-year old wife and mother and a very successful Realtor working for one of the Delaware Valley's top C21 offices. I'm smart, good-looking, eat right, exercise, and have a body that my critical eye says still looks pretty damn good in a swimsuit. In my second life, I am a wanton slut that will do whatever my young stud lover wants me to do.

Scott, my lover, is 21 years old and works at our firm doing odd jobs, delivering papers, photocopying, mail-boy, etc. By all definitions of the word, he is a "hunk." He works out and his body is rock-hard. Brown eyes, beautiful black hair, and the nicest ass I've ever seen on a man.

I am very much the professional in the office, but at luncheons, softball games, and parties, I'm an outrageous flirt. I just can't help it. At first, Scott was the perfect target for my flirting: good-looking, young, single, and very aware of my status and position in the office. He was always fun to tease, always a good sport -- until a Christmas party at a friends house.

In the holiday mood and feeling safe with my husband, Jim, at my side, I had been merciless flirting with Scott all evening. Later in the evening, I was walking out of the upstairs bathroom when a hand grabbed my arm and pulled me into a bedroom. It was Scott.

"Come here, you cockteaser." He hissed, as he closed the bedroom door behind us.

I didn't say a word because I assumed he was now kidding me in return, or maybe he had just a little too much to drink.

His hands shot to my breasts and roughly felt them through the green velvet of my dress. His fingers found my braless nipples and they hardened to his touch.

"No, Scott! What do you think you're doing? My husband is downstairs!"

"I'm breaking a cockteaser. In my neighborhood we know how to deal with cockteasers, and you are the worst I have ever met. When I'm through with you, you won't tease me anymore."

His rough talk and his rough grabs were so out of place, so beyond anything in my experience, so surprising, I was shocked and had to suppress a nervous giggle. But at the same time, the whole situation was turning me on. I didn't fear for my safety, because of the setting and that it was Scott, and I knew he would never hurt me. Still, the roughness was causing me to respond. Jim, always a gentleman in and out of bed, had never talked to me or felt me the way Scott was. This was new and exciting. I fell back almost willingly when Scott pushed me back on to the bed.

"Scott! Stop it! Are you crazy?" I was protesting, but I was also keeping my voice low.

Scott ripped down his zipper and pulled out a beautiful, rigid cock. He threw my skirt up over my face, pulled down my pantyhose and, instead of removing my panties, he merely pulled the elastic crotch far enough to the side to slide that wonderful dick into my already hot, wet cunt and I started the best orgasm of my life on his second stroke.

When he was done, he pulled out and stood up. I sat up and smiled at him, "Wow! I really can't believe that happened, Scott. It was great, but I can't believe I just cheated on my husband!"

Scott grabbed the back of my head and pulled me to his still hard cock, "Shut up, bitch. Lick me clean."

I took his warm and sticky cock in my mouth, sucking it and then licking our juices from its length.

As I was working on his cock, Scott said, "Do you know why cockteasers tease? Because they are really sluts and that's the only way they know how to ask for it the way they want it - hard and fast."

I heard him, but was enjoying his cock too much to pay that much attention to what he was saying. Finally, when he was clean, he put himself back into his pants and zipped up. He walked out of the bedroom without another word, and by the time I had reassembled myself and returned to the party, he was gone.

That night was the beginning of my descent into raunchy sex. I didn't know it then, but Scott had given me something I could no longer live without. Until Scott took me on that bed, I never knew sexual excitement like that existed. I had never been that aroused, and I wanted more.



At work the following Monday, Scott followed me to my car and demanded a blow job. There was never any question of doing what he said to do. I vividly remembered my orgasm, the total release and satisfaction, and wanted more.

I gave Scott his blow job, and that became the daily ritual. Every afternoon, in my business clothes, I'd be sucking on my stud's hot cock as his hands roamed over and in my body. He'd fill my mouth with cum, and watch me swallow it, and then I'd lick him clean, drive home and be the perfect wife and mother.

On Friday afternoon, Scott gave me his address and told me to be there by noon on Saturday. It was easy enough to tell Jim that I was preparing for a trial, which always entailed extra hours at the office.

When I arrived at Scott's, he pointed me to the bedroom and told me to undress. For the next three hours I was held in the most wonderful state of sexual awareness in my life! Scott tired this girl out!

His hard body and hard cock were all over and in my body. I became a slave to his touch. He would tease and play with me until my release was about to explode, and then back off - he drove me crazy and into ecstasy.

Jim had been the only other man to make love to me and he couldn't compare to Scott. I didn't want the afternoon to end. I wanted Scott to fuck me for days.

I was dressing to leave, standing on wobbly legs, hugging Scott around the neck, when he patted my buns and said, "Same time, next Saturday, slut."

"I'll be here."

"See you in the parking garage after work on Monday, slut."

"I'll be waiting, Scott."

It was hard to believe, but our fuck session the following Saturday was even better than the first! Scott was so young and strong and aggressive. The more he demanded from me, the more I responded and enjoyed. But after that second Saturday, I didn't want to wait another long week between Scott's fucks. Every night, during our garage blow jobs, I begged Scott to let me visit him. Finally, on Thursday he said yes. I stayed until midnight and just about crawled home and into my bed. Driving home, I admitted to myself, for the first time, that I was no longer in control of all aspects of my life -- I was physically and sexually addicted to Scott.

On the third Saturday, Scott wasn't alone when I arrived.

"This is my friend, Sean," smiled Scott.

I said hello to Sean and the three of us talked for a while. I couldn't wait for him to leave, so Scott and I could get on with our fucking! I get hot just being close to Scott.

Scott patted me on the knee and smiled again, saying, "I told Sean you'd give him a blow job, before he left."

"No, Scott, I can't do that." I couldn't understand why Scott would say that, and wondered how far he was going to push me.

"Well, Babe, then I guess you better get your coat and go on home. No more fun times with me."

I knew Scott was serious. I'm embarrassed to admit I thought about it for only a few seconds. I was not prepared to give up Scott's pleasures so easily.

"Okay, Scott, I'll do as you ask."

With a huge grin, Sean led me into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. I opened his belt and trousers and pulled them down to his shoe-tops. I knelt on the floor, between his legs, and wrapped my lips around his cock, feeling it grow and harden inside my wet mouth.

Before Sean came, Scott entered the bedroom. He was naked and seemed to enjoy watching me fuck Sean with my mouth. His dick was hard and I reached for it with my hand as Sean exploded in my mouth.

I'm sure you guessed that Sean didn't leave, and the next several hours had both men fucking and sucking me in turn and at the same time. It became obvious that Sean's favorite position was pounding his cock into me, doggie-style, as I sucked on Scott's cock.

My body was sore and tired as I drove home from Scott's apartment. I couldn't believe that, up until about 4 weeks ago, only my husband had ever made love to me, and that day I had been used and abused by two young studs. I wondered why I didn't have regrets or more guilt.

The relationship, if that is what this is, has gotten kinkier and kinkier. I continued to go to Scott's place almost every Saturday for the next couple of months. Most days Scott was alone, but Sean did show up occasionally and the 3-way was repeated each time.

In late March, Scott told me to get there a little early and when I did, he handed me an outrageous outfit. It was a skirt, too short for anybody, a T-shirt top, scooped low and wide in the front, and very high heels.

"Put these on, Sandi. I'm having some friends over to watch basketball, and you're going to be

our waitress."

I definitely didn't like the sound of that, after my experience with Sean. "Scott, please don't make me do this. I don't want to entertain your friends -- just you. I'll wear this outfit for you."

Scott grabbed the clothes from my hand. "No problem, Sandi. You know the rules--you do what I ask, or we don't play anymore. It's that simple. You wear this for my friends or you go home and don't ever come back."

An hour later, dressed in the outfit and wearing more make-up than I have since I was 14, I was serving beer and chips to Scott, Sean and three friends. My tits, ass and pussy were being grabbed, tweaked, poked, probed and fingered at every opportunity. I was pulled down on to laps for feels and kisses until one of the new guys pulled out his hard cock and told me to sit on it.

Of course, and as usual, all this mistreatment had really turned me on and I was only too happy to position myself in his lap, facing him, pulling my short skirt up, and slowing lowering my hot, wet self onto his cock. He pulled my top over my head and began to attack my tits with his mouth.

That started the party in earnest. After that first fuck, I moved from lap to lap, fucking and blowing the five guys as fast as they could shoot their load and get hard again.

I was having a ball, but instead of appreciating having an attractive, willing woman available to take care of their animal urges, these guys were crude and rude and gross. One guy had me lie down on the coffee table as he poured beer on my tits and pussy and lapped it up. Another guy pulled his cock out of my mouth as he started to come, and shot his warm, sticky jism on my tits, and then lifted each one up to my mouth so he could watch me lick his cum off my nipples.

For 2 hours, to the hoots, cat-calls, cheering and whistles, I serviced their cocks. They were no longer men to me, only jerking, pumping, shooting cocks. And I loved every minute of it.

Scott must have realized how exhausting the whole thing had been for me, because about 2 hours after starting, he told me to get dressed and go home. I left, blowing kisses to everyone's moans and groans because I was leaving.

When I got home, the kids were still at the roller rink and Jim was napping. Thanking my lucky stars, I stripped and made my way to the shower. I smelled like a whore house next to a brewery.

I was shampooing my hair when the shower door opened and Jim stepped in wearing a smile

and a hard-on. My guess was that he woke from his nap with an erection and wanted me to do something about it. Without a word, I leaned back against the wall and let my husband walk his cock up inside me. When he came, I thought about him adding one more gooey load to the 10 or 12 loads of cum already filling me, and I had the most intense orgasm of my action-packed day.

After the party, things got back to "normal" for a while. Everyday after work, I give Scott his blow job. He let me visit him about one weeknight every two weeks and every Saturday. Sean was usually there on Saturdays, and sometimes, Dave also showed up. It doesn't matter to me whether it's 1 or 2 or 3 -- I service them all -- letting them do whatever they want to me.

Last week was the ultimate demand by Scott. After work, he handed me a bag and told me to come to his apartment at 10:00pm that night, wearing a lot of make-up and the contents of the bag. I told him that it was impossible for me to get out that late on a Friday night. Scott told me to be there or else say goodbye, and then he walked away.

Lucky for me, Jim is a trusting individual. I know I abused that trust, but, that night, after dinner, I told him I was going out with some women from the office for a bachelorette party. I didn't know then how close to the truth I was.

I parked outside of Scott's and looked in the bag. All that was in it was a black garterbelt, black stockings and black high heels. It wasn't easy, but I stripped and put the sexy stuff on in the car, fixed my make-up in the visor mirror, and put on my raincoat.

Music was blasting through Scott's apartment door and I had to knock several times. Finally, Scott opened the door and held up a finger for me to wait. He turned back into the apartment and announced, "The entertainment's here. Get the groom ready!"

More yells from inside followed. Scott curled his finger for me to step inside. His livingroom was full of men. Beer cans were everywhere and an X-rated video was on the VCR. In the center of the room was a goodlooking guy sitting in a desk chair, with his hands behind him.

Scott took my hand and led me into the room, "Gentlemen. This is the Sex Machine. Some of you have already met her and know what I mean. The rest of you -- well, hold on to your balls!

"Our dear friend, and groom-to-be, Gary, requested that I not get a stripper for the party. It seems he didn't want to risk any hanky-panky the night before his wedding. He wants to remain pure!

"I didn't think it was fair to the guys to ruin our fun, so here's what happens. Gary is tied in

his chair and gets to watch what he could have had, because....." Scott opened my raincoat and threw it out of the room, "...the Sex Machine is here!"

For the next two hours, I fucked and sucked 11 of the 12 guys there. Everybody except Gary had me at least twice, and every time it was no more than 4 feet from his bulging eyeballs. It wasn't long after I started, that Gary began to beg to be released. I tempted him with my tits and ass and snatch, but Scott refused to release him.

Finally, when things slowed down, Scott asked everyone if Gary should be allowed to change his mind. Most of his friends booed the idea, but Scott said he'd let Gary go if he earned it.

We tried thinking of a challenge for Gary, when I felt the cum dripping down my thighs from my overused and overflowing pussy. I suggested that before Gary could fuck me, he had to eat me. Gary didn't hesitate.

I laid down in the center of the room, where the men could see their cum over and in my pussy. Scott untied Gary and he fell on top of me, diving into my cunt. The room burst into cheers as I came and came.

At last, Gary dropped his pants and shoved his meat up inside my sloppy cunt. He came in only a few strokes and collapsed on top of me.

I rolled Gary off and stood on wobbly legs. Scott wrapped my raincoat around my shoulders, told me to take Saturday off and said there was a present for me in my pockets.

I sat in the car for a few minutes. My thighs and hips and cunt felt like I had just given birth. My mouth and jaw felt like I had spent hours in a dentist's chair. My neck and shoulders and tits were sore and showed teeth marks. I asked myself, "What the hell was I doing?"

When I got home, I dressed downstairs and started up to the bedroom. All was quiet.

Then, I remembered my "gift" from Scott and checked my pockets. In each was a video tape. I couldn't imagine why Scott would give me a tape, so I put one in the VCR and hit "PLAY."

I couldn't believe it! It was a tape of this evening's festivities and I never noticed anyone filming! I wondered what Jim would think if he saw them? I popped the tape out and hid them in my closet.

As I stretched my sore body out under the sheets, I resolved to tell Scott no more parties. One-on-one with him, only. I just don't know what I'm going to do if he says "no way, slut."

Scott made me write this story. I can't believe he's going to attach one of the pictures he took of me at the office. I guess don't care anymore if I get caught. I just can't say no to him.

WARNING! NEVER, NEVER practice unsafe sex. In this day and age, it is just plain stupid to have unprotected sex with strangers. This story is for entertainment not to be imitated. You only have one body per lifetime... Take good care of it...

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