

CYNDI (Part 2)

(a Sean Porter Story)

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I closed my eyes and sucked air through my teeth, reeling from the intense pleasurable sensations I was receiving. My girlfriend Cyndi had my cock trapped between her incredibly firm, round breasts, and was now sliding them up and down along my throbbing shaft while flexing her pectoral muscles so hard that her amazing tits clenched me tightly without any help. I moaned loudly, knowing I wouldn't be able to delay my climax very long under the circumstances.

Three weeks had passed since Cyndi had been inexplicably transformed into a super-powered sex goddess, and we hadn't even begun to tire in the slightest of enjoying her unbelievable new abilities. She had been a gorgeous woman to begin with, possessing deep green eyes, luscious auburn hair, and sensual, delicate features to compliment her fit, shapely physique. She was a fun-loving, open-minded girl who loved sex. What more could a guy ask for? Nothing, I would have thought, but as I had recently found out the answer was fairly simple:

unfathomable strength, breasts that defied the laws of nature, and a voracious, insatiable appetite for my cock. My girlfriend was now the ultimate woman.

The unique new properties of her breasts were currently on full display. As she arched her back, slowly sliding those wonderfully firm, silky spheres up and down the length of my cock, they were gradually expanding. They had started as D-cups, but soon left behind the DD, E and F ranges and were now beginning to test the limits of what I had imagined possible. As they continued to grow, now larger than soccer balls, now almost calling watermelons to mind, they continued to remain impossibly firm and full, still pressed tightly together by Cyndi's flexed chest.



As she gazed steamily into my eyes and pursed her sexy red lips, warm milk started to dribble from her rivet-like nipples.

"Oh my God, baby..." I moaned, even more turned on now. I put my hands on her luscious, ever-expanding chest and began to smear the creamy milk all over those gorgeous tits. She responded in the same way, purring with pure delight and sliding them back and forth even faster. They kept growing, almost the size of beach balls by the time I let loose with a primal grunt and spasmed, shooting gobs of thick, hot cum all over her beautiful face and milk-coated tits.

My supergirl didn't miss a beat, but started to smear my jizz all over her enormous breasts, mixing it with her milk. As I lay back and watched, gasping for breath, she began to lick the milk and cum off of them. Her legs were spread wide apart, her hands rubbing and squeezing her mammoth tits, pinching her hard, leaky nipples, as her eager tongue steadily lapped up as much of my cum as it could reach. I simply laid back and watched the incredibly sexy spectacle. She was enjoying the feelings of her own tongue and hands on her tits so much, her cunt was dribbling a steady stream of thick juices.

"Ohhhhhhhhh my godddd..." she moaned, leaning back and spreading her legs wider. Unable to resist any longer, I lunged forward and began licking her sopping wet pussy. She squealed with pleasure, shoving her hips at me and arching her back. Her spectacular chest filled my range of vision as I looked up from between her hard thighs. It was only a matter of seconds before she started to cum. Her cunt spurted delicious juices all over my face as her tits spattered milk across the ceiling. Her loud screams of satisfaction seemed to shake the room. I eagerly sucked at her throbbing clit, practically drinking her heavenly nectar as it flowed from her spasming pussy.

At last, after several minutes, Cyndi's climax was spent. She fell back on the mattress, her two-foot-high breasts remaining perfectly round as they jiggled atop her chest. If she wanted to touch her nipples, she would probably have needed to extend her arms to their full length to reach them. As I watched, a final trickle of milk made its way slowly earthward from the peak of one of those awe-inspiring mountains. She was still panting for breath, causing them to rise and fall majestically.

"Oh my god," she moaned, when she could speak again. "My orgasms are like fucking earthquakes. I don't think I'll ever get used to this."

"I hope not," I said eagerly. "You are so amazing, baby. You just blow my mind every time."

"Holy shit, look at my boobs," she giggled, half sitting up and shaking her chest a little. The effect was fantastic. "I think this is the biggest they've ever gotten."

"I know," I gushed, unable to resist them. I gently stroked their vast round contours again.

"Ooooh," she purred, shivering. "Careful baby, it won't take much to get me started again."

"I know," I said again.

"Someday we'll have to really try to find out how big they can go," she grinned. "How'd you like it if I couldn't leave the house for a whole day because my tits wouldn't even fit through the door?" She was laughing, but I could see in her eyes how much she liked the idea.

"Uh huh. Not even one at a time, right?" I answered eagerly. She giggled even harder. Her breasts were starting to reduce to their normal size again, slowly deflating back to a healthy D cup.

"That's right," she smirked, regaining control of her laughter. "If you want it you got it." She sighed, gazing at me. On her beautiful face I recognized a familiar mix of love, lust, and glassy-eyed satisfaction. I knew the same expression was animating my own features right now, and I resisted the urge to put it into words only because I knew that was what she was trying to do right now.

"You know I mean that, baby. Anything that my man wants, he gets. Period." She shifted herself onto her knees, leaning forward and enunciating every word in the sexiest way imaginable. "Anything at all. Doesn't matter how crazy, how bizarre. Doesn't matter how dirty or twisted." She curled her lip knowingly. "And as you know, it doesn't even matter if its completely impossible. All you have to do is name it and your supergirl WILL do it."

Her speech finished, she folded her arms under her cum-coated tits smugly and stared at me through a wisp of her auburn hair. Her words had had their intended effect on me, and I was struggling to formulate a lucid response with my cock now as rigid and throbbing as it was.



"I know baby," I managed. "And I hope you know that I feel the same. I mean, maybe not the impossible part, but everything else...anything you wanted I would do..."

Her expression melted, and she nodded. "Yes, I do know. And I wouldn't hesitate to ask. But of course, everything you do to me, every way you touch my body, and every crazy sexy thing you ask me to do, makes me feel so good that I can hardly stand it, let alone think of anything else to wish for. All I want is to be your sexy supergirl and fulfill every fantasy you can possibly dream up, forever. That's all I need!"

I beamed, wondering for the zillionth time why I had been chosen to be the luckiest man in all of history. As I moved toward her, taking her slender waist in my hands, I growled, "Well trust me baby, that's what you're gonna get!"

She wrapped her long legs around my waist as I sunk myself deep into her warm, wet pussy, her breasts supporting my weight as I squeezed them and felt them beginning to expand again.

At that moment, as our bodies were gyrating in unison and pounding against each other, building towards yet another mind-scrambling climax, I couldn't have imagined anything on earth that would make me doubt my words to her, that I would do anything she asked just as she had promised she would for me, especially where her pleasure was concerned. But my supergirl still had more surprises in store for me.

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It was later that same day that the two of us were walking through a busy parking lot, having just picked up a few much-needed supplies after four straight days of not leaving the house. We hadn't bothered with a shopping cart, as Cyndi preferred to show off her strength even in small ways such as carrying eight full grocery bags in her two hands with an easy, casual sway in her walk.



She was smiling alluringly at me over her shoulder, letting me enjoy the rear view as she made her way toward our car.

As intoxicating a vision as she was, my enjoyment was slightly decreased by self-consciousness. I found myself glancing around to see if anyone else had taken notice of her conspicuous demonstration of strength. Several heads were turned our way, though it was impossible to tell if this was because Cyndi was nonchalantly carrying close to 100 pounds of groceries or simply because she was stupefying beautiful.

It wasn't that I was jealous in the slightest of other men, or women, taking notice of my girlfriend. As far as I was concerned, they were welcome to stare all they liked, and their loss if they didn't. I knew Cyndi was mine, and would never give another guy a second glance. No, my uneasiness was more that her impossible strength would be noticed, discovered, and that the ensuing attention would be more than I wanted to deal with. I was perfectly happy to be the only one who knew her secret, and enjoy it in blissful privacy.

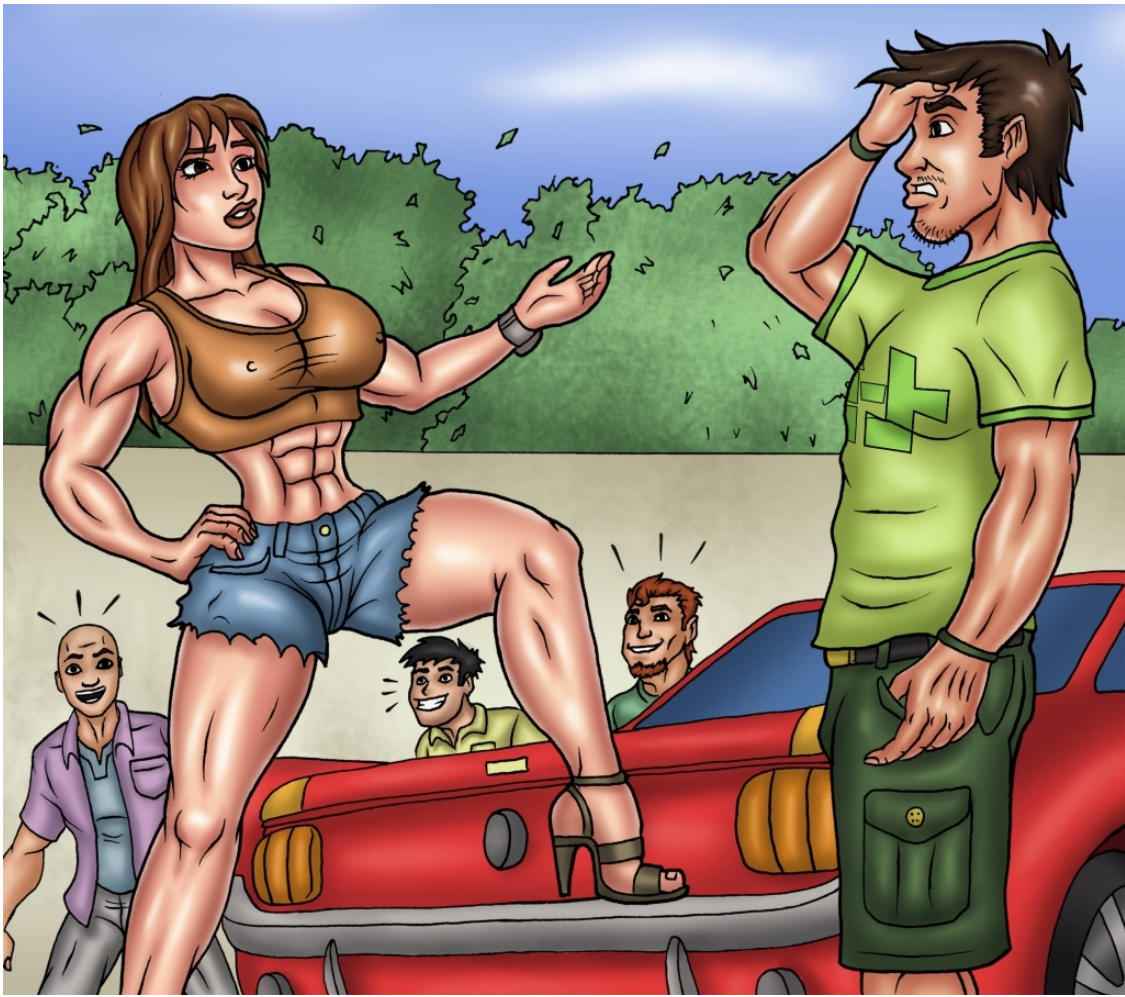
Cyndi, though, seemed unaware of this preference of mine. Playfully curling four of the bags as she walked backwards down the aisle of cars, she called back to me, "Oh, this is so heavy! Good thing I've been working out, hey babe?"

I caught up to her and popped the trunk, trying to seem at ease as I chuckled, "Better watch it, hun, or everyone will want one."

She raised her eyebrow and looked at me as she plopped the bags into the back of the car. "What do you mean by that?" she asked innocently.

"Nothing, I was just afraid you might attract too much attention." I slammed the trunk shut, wishing I hadn't said anything.

Cyndi leaned back against the car, arching her back and putting one foot on the bumper. "You don't like me attracting attention?" she asked, pouting.



I looked at her, seeing her as any other man in a half-mile radius would: a drop-dead gorgeous babe; her evenly tanned legs looking so long and succulent in that pair of ripped jean shorts, her firm young chest so admirably stretching out the bright orange tank top, clearly without the aid of a bra. Even her bare shoulders and arms were flawlessly sculpted, the epitome of subtle, feminine muscularity, and her rich, lovely hair formed the perfect frame for her angelic features.

Sighing, I tried to explain. "Babe, you know I love showing you off...it's not that. I guess I'm just afraid of what would happen if somebody else found out...you know."

"No, I don't know," she said, folding her arms. "Found out what?"

It was hard to look her in the eye. "How strong you are," I mumbled.

She bit her lip. "That's really how you feel?" She sounded hurt. At last I did look up and meet her gaze, and saw she wasn't angry—just disappointed.

"Well, yeah. I mean, we haven't told anybody, right? It's our little secret," I said, trying to smile.

"Sure," she nodded. "But does that mean you never want me to be like that in public, when anyone else can see? I guess we haven't talked about it..."

It was my turn to be surprised, as I realized she was right. It hadn't really come up until now. "I didn't think you would really...I don't know, I guess I thought you would be kind of uncomfortable with it too. I mean, maybe I was assuming..." I trailed off.

She was looking off into the distance. All around us people were getting into and out of their cars, loading their bags just as we had. "I don't think I'm uncomfortable with it at all. I have no desire to hide it. It's just who I am now." She looked back to me with a worried expression. "I mean, it's not like I want to call up the evening news and ask them to do a feature on me or anything like that, but I can't help wanting to show off a little." She watched me carefully. "Maybe more than a little?"

I hesitated, wondering what she meant.

"But if you aren't comfortable with that..." she went on, struggling with the words, "...I won't. I'll be completely...normal. In public. Is that what you want?" she asked, without any trace of sarcasm. She truly wanted to know the answer.

I found myself unsure of what the answer really was. Normal? I didn't want my Cyndi to be normal, ever. I wanted her to be who she was--my supergirl, the girl of my dreams. I had just never imagined what that would be like, in public.



Cyndi saw the doubt in my face, and blurted out, "I mean, just look at this lot full of cars. Doesn't it just make you want to let loose? If you asked me to, I'd pick up that Hummer right there and bench press it while you ripped my clothes off and fucked me on the hood of that BMW!"

My jaw dropped as she pointed. There was no mistaking her tone; she was not exaggerating. She would have done exactly that, right at that moment, without batting an eye. There was no need to question her willingness, or her desire.

"And you'd be okay with everybody staring at you? I mean...what would you say when we finished?"

"I'd just dust myself off, kiss you like it was the best fuck I'd ever had, get in the car and drive home."

"And if we got arrested?"

She scoffed. "Who's going to arrest me—the U.S. Army? They'd better bring a few SWAT teams for backup."

I shook my head. "I just can't believe you'd want that kind of attention, that's all."

"Come on hun, it might not be as bad as you think. People have a way of ignoring what they don't know how to deal with. I bet we could get away with a lot. Aren't you at least a little bit curious to find out?"

I saw some truth in her words, but couldn't bring myself to admit it.

"What about all those supergirl stories from the internet you used to read to me? They were all about girls having incredible orgasms in the middle of shopping malls, or tearing up gyms and construction sites in plain view when they got horny! I kinda thought that's what you'd want me to be like..."

"I - those were stories, baby! They never dealt with what would actually happen in the real world! Girls like that don't exist in the real world!"

I swallowed my tongue, realizing the impact of what I'd just said. Cyndi was quiet for a long time, clearly hurt. She looked at me, waiting until she could speak without anger in her voice. Despite being younger, in many ways she was far more mature than I was.

"One does," she said.

She got in the car. I half expected her to drive off, tires squealing, but she waited for me to get in, calmly put the car in gear, and silently steered us out of the parking lot.

We were both quiet. I turned my thoughts over and over in my head, amazed at how wrongly I had guessed about her feelings on the subject, and wondering if I really disagreed with her as strongly as I thought I did. I also remembered her words from that morning, and my vow that I felt the same way towards her.

We were more than halfway home before I broke the silence. "I'm sorry, Cyndi. I was completely wrong," I said anxiously.

"No you weren't." She looked at me and managed a smile. "I'm sorry too...I understand how you feel."

"No...seriously," I began.

She interrupted me again. "I meant what I said, baby. I can keep our secret. I'm your supergirl, only yours. I want to be--"

"My fantasy, I know," I interrupted back, almost annoyed. "And I was wrong about what my fantasy was," I went on, softening my voice. "You knew even better than I did."

She glanced at me again, but kept her eyes on the road as a tear began to roll down her cheek.

"My worrying about what other people would say or do...I think it was for your sake, not mine. Or at least, for both of us. And now that I realize...I misjudged you, I thought you wouldn't want the attention. But if you're fine with it, if you want to be that for me too...how could I not want you to?" I took a deep breath as I saw the tears of joy on her cheeks and realized that this had been even more important to her than I thought. And she had been ready to give in to my wishes...

"I don't think I completely realized," I went on, "how much this really is who you are. I couldn't ask you to hide it in public, to only be strong when we're alone. Baby," I smiled, "You are my supergirl, and you better act like it all the time. Not just once in a while, I want it 24 hours a day!"

She sniffed, drying her tears. "You can't imagine how happy that makes me, baby," she gushed. "But only if you're really sure..."

I looked her square in the eye. "Let me show you how sure I am, right now."

She trembled excitedly. "Mmm, really? What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know, but let's find something. A construction site or whatever...anything you want!"

Laughing with delight, she yanked the wheel and pulled the car into a U-turn. This time, she really did squeal the tires when we took off again.

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"Here?" I asked as we pulled into a parking space.

"Not going to go back on your word now, are you?" Cyndi teased, yanking the keys out of the ignition and flinging open her door.

"No way. I was just expecting somewhere with more people," I smiled.

"We can build up to that," she laughed. "Gotta start somewhere."

I chased after her as she dashed up the walkway to the front entrance of our local gym.

I should have known that Cyndi would keep a change of workout clothes in her car at all times. She looked dazzling as she emerged from the change rooms five minutes later in short shorts and a sport bra, while I had to make do with the T-shirt and shorts I had been wearing to the grocery store.

"You ready for this baby?" she whispered in my ear as we made our way over to the machines. "Your supergirl working out, ready to do whatever you ask, with all these people watching?"

"Can't wait," I shot back.

She chuckled, enjoying the stares of every guy in the place as she strolled through the room. It looked like we had about a dozen fellow exercisers, all but one of them male. The lone woman appeared to be slightly older than us, but attractive and in good shape.

"Alright then," she said, putting a hand on her hip and glaring at me. "What's first?"

I looked around, and pointed to a barbell loaded with free weights. We walked over to it.

"Looks like somebody was using it for squats," I guessed, counting up the three hundred pounds' worth of plates on the bar.

"Squats? You think?" my girlfriend cooed, frowning and sticking a fingernail in her teeth. She was using her 'ditzzy' voice, loud enough for those nearby to hear. "Must not have been a very strong guy then."

I suppressed a laugh, stepping back to watch as she gripped it with one hand. She lifted it about six inches off the rest, then shrugged and set it back down. "Yeah, pretty light. Well, we can fix that."

By the time she had finished adding plates to the barbell, nearly every guy in the room was casting frequent glances our way. I, of course, had kept a running tally in my head and had the total at 875 pounds, but I doubted that Cyndi had paid attention or would care what the number was. She wasn't looking for a challenge or a workout; for that she would have need a lot more weight than was present in this gym. This little endeavor was purely for show.

"That's more like it," she chirped, fully in beach bunny mode as she flipped her hair back. She hefted the fully-loaded bar off the rests and began smoothly curling it. Her densely muscled arm moved easily through its full range of motion, lowering the massive weights down to her waist, then raising them all the way back up to her chest.



She pursed her lips to blow me a kiss, and then allowed herself a glance around the room to acknowledge her other admirers. Nearly every jaw was hanging open, and several crotches were quite obviously in a state of discomfort.

"Hmmm, how many reps do you think I can do today dear?" she asked me.

"Oh, I'd probably settle for 300, hun," I replied in the same bored tone, playing my role. "We don't wanna be here all day."

"Just 300 per arm, huh?" she giggled, cranking them out at full speed. "Okay, be with you in a couple minutes."

I wandered away, seating myself at a butterfly press where I could still watch her but pretend not to be too interested. In actuality, my heart was pounding as fast as anyone else's there and my cock was threatening to burst through my zipper, but I played it cool. When I could tear my eyes from her, I glanced around and enjoyed the looks of disbelief on the other faces around us. Most of the guys had stopped exercising altogether, and were just staring unabashedly at Cyndi. I glanced at the only other woman besides her, across the room on a stationary cycle. Her damp blonde hair clung to her bare shoulders as her slender, spandex-clad legs pumped steadily. She was stealing glances at my girlfriend, but seemed to be trying to ignore what was going on.

True to her word, Cyndi finished her 300 reps with each arm in about four minutes, set the overloaded bar precariously back down on its rests, and sauntered over to me. "My turn," she cooed, motioning for me to get off the butterfly press. I smoothly slid off, turning to move the pin down to the bottom of the stack of weights for her. This only gave her 500 pounds to work with, so I secretly hoped she would go easy. I didn't want to end up paying for a bunch of permanently damaged equipment.

Fortunately, Cyndi seemed to be of the same mindset. It was clear she was more focused on drawing attention than on actually working out. "Ooooh," she moaned softly as she drew her arms together in front of her with about as much ease as I would have had in brushing a hair off my sleeve. The weights behind her rose smoothly up and back down as she opened her arms wide again, thrusting out her spectacular chest. She knew that this had always been one of my favorite machines to watch her use, even before her transformation. Even a normal woman's breasts look fantastic when she flexes her chest while arching her back in the manner demanded by this exercise, and if the woman's chest happens to be immeasurably powerful and also blessed with the ability to inflate at her will, which she seemed to be utilizing at this moment, well then the effect is simply an awe-inspiring thing to behold.



Cyndi knew this, and was determined to maximize the enjoyment for me as well as every other pair of eyes which were now glued to her. With each smooth, slow rep, she would purse her lips and exhale softly while her heaving breasts, impossibly firm and and round, pressed together and swelled forward. Delicate beads of sweat were forming on the deeply tanned skin of her chest and trickling their sexy way down into the depths of her cavernous cleavage. Each deep breath she took seemed to force her magnificent tits even further outward, dangerously straining her skimpy sport bra, but only I knew that it wasn't an illusion. Her breasts really were growing, just as surely as every dick in the room was.

At last she had pressed the quarter-ton a full one hundred times, and I tapped her on the shoulder. "I think that's enough, baby," I said.

"Awww," she pouted, "I was just starting to have fun. Working out gets me sooo horny," she purred, stroking my arm. "Let's do one more machine."

I looked across the room again at where the cute blonde was still pedaling, and pointed to the machine closest to her, which happened to be a lat pulldown. Cyndi trotted obediently over to it. As she adjusted the weights and seated herself on the bench, I noticed that our friend on the bike was no longer able to keep her eyes off of Cyndi. I smiled knowingly and watched as my supergirl began her set. Once again, the exercise was clearly far too easy to tax her gorgeous body, although she accompanied each rep with a sexy grunt as though it had required effort. Her back was perfectly straight, muscles flaring to life as she pulled down on the bar and caused the 500 pound stack to rise abruptly, her breasts still jiggling magnificently as though they might burst free from her top at any second. She contented herself with showing off in this manner for a few minutes, then decided to try something even more distracting to her lucky audience.

Raising her shapely behind from the bench, she straightened her legs while bending at the waist, so that her intoxicatingly hard, rounded ass was prominently pushed out towards me as she continued to pull the bar down to her chest again and again.

"Mmmm...this feels so good," she moaned passionately. "Come here baby, I want to feel you against me." She was breathing hard, obviously more from arousal than exertion. I stepped closer, and she pressed her ass right into my body, feeling my cock growing even harder as she grinded against it eagerly. "Ohhhhhyeahhhhh," she purred, not caring whether she made me and every other man in earshot cum in our shorts.



It seemed that our closest neighbor could no longer ignore this behavior. The lady on the exercise bike gave a polite, but insistent cough, raising her eyebrow at us. At this interruption, Cyndi pretended to notice her for the first time, and smiled broadly.

"Hi," she introduced herself as she gracefully returned to a seated position without slowing her reps. "I'm Cyndi."

"Darla," the cyclist responded. She brought her legs to a halt, sitting back on the bike for the first time and reaching for a towel to wipe the sweat from her face.



"Nice to meet you," said Cyndi in a voice that clearly meant it. "I think I've seen you here before."

"My husband is the owner," Darla volunteered, dismounting and strolling over to us. "I've seen you before too, but uh..." she glanced at the full stack of weights on Cyndi's machine as it continued to fire up and down like a piston, "...you seem to have made a lot of progress since then."

"Hard work pays off," Cyndi replied with a wink. She arched her back slightly, displaying her assets even more advantageously as she pulled the bar down again. "Husband, eh? That's too bad...I was going to ask what you were doing later." Darla raised her eyebrows and glanced over at me. Cyndi laughed kindly. "My boyfriend and I are always open to new...workout partners, shall we say?"

"Oh really," Darla said, crossing her arms but not hiding a smile. "Well, I'm sure Mitch wouldn't object to me getting to know a couple of our valued customers a little better."

Cyndi returned her smile warmly. "Great! Care to join us in the hot tub then?"

"Unfortunately, I have to be getting home now," Darla sighed. "But please ask the receptionist for my number before you leave, okay?"

Cyndi promised to do so, and Darla left in a hurry. "Well, that was interesting," I chuckled.

"I didn't think you'd mind," Cyndi smirked. "She's pretty hot, isn't she?"

I laughed, wondering how many guys would have to be careful about what they said if their girlfriends were to ask them such a thing. "Yeah, she's not bad," I replied, knowing I didn't need to worry in the least about Cyndi being insecure. Even so, I couldn't resist adding, "But it's not like any guy would notice her while you were around."

Cyndi chuckled, playfully swatting at me. "I think I've had enough of a workout, baby. Take me home and fuck me before I go crazy."

"What, you mean you don't want to rip your clothes off and do it right here on the floor with everybody watching?" I teased.

"Careful what you wish for," she shot back, her ass swaying as she strolled towards the locker room.

"Maybe next time, then."

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I don't think I'd ever seen Cyndi drive so fast before. The second we were inside the door, she bent over the back of our couch, tearing off her denim shorts. "Oh my God baby, I need it so bad," she moaned desperately. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me NOW!!!"

I needed no encouragement whatsoever, and hurriedly grabbed her by the hips. Her pussy was already leaking rivers down both of her legs, and I rammed my throbbing cock deep into its tight, wet warmth with all the force I could muster. She screamed out, cumming immediately. I felt her superhumanly strong vagina clenching in ecstasy on my shaft. Perfect woman that she was, she seemed to have a built-in instinct that prevented her from using too much force even in moments like this when she had seemingly lost all control. Her body quaked and shuddered as I pounded her over and over, her cunt spasming deliciously but never with more force than my pulsating cock could take. Her tits suddenly tore through her halter top, once again nearly the size of beach balls, and began bouncing against the cushions of the sofa.



"YESSSSSSS!!!! OH MY GOD!!!" she shrieked, a second orgasm coursing through her amazing body as I clenched my teeth and rammed her pussy unceasingly. She reached down and gripped the front of the couch, her hand closing on the solid oak frame. Two seconds and one loud "CRUNCH" later, the sofa had collapsed beneath her. She growled impatiently and pulled it apart, the fabric and frame ripping away in two halves. She pushed these out of the way and let her hands rest flat on the floor, her ass pushed all the way up and her pussy taking the force of my every thrust eagerly. In this position, one of her favorites whenever she got this intensely aroused, her mammoth tits hung almost down into her face, occasionally bouncing against it when I pounded her. She gritted her teeth and urged me on.



"Fuck yeah, fuck yeah, fuckyeahhh babyyyyyyy...OOOHHHHHHHHHHH
FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKK!!!!!" She screamed uncontrollably as her third orgasm overtook her. At last I joined her in climax, slamming against her several more times as my cock spurted thick, hot cum deep into her spasming cunt.

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"So, that really got you worked up, huh?" I asked casually when we had recovered our senses somewhat.

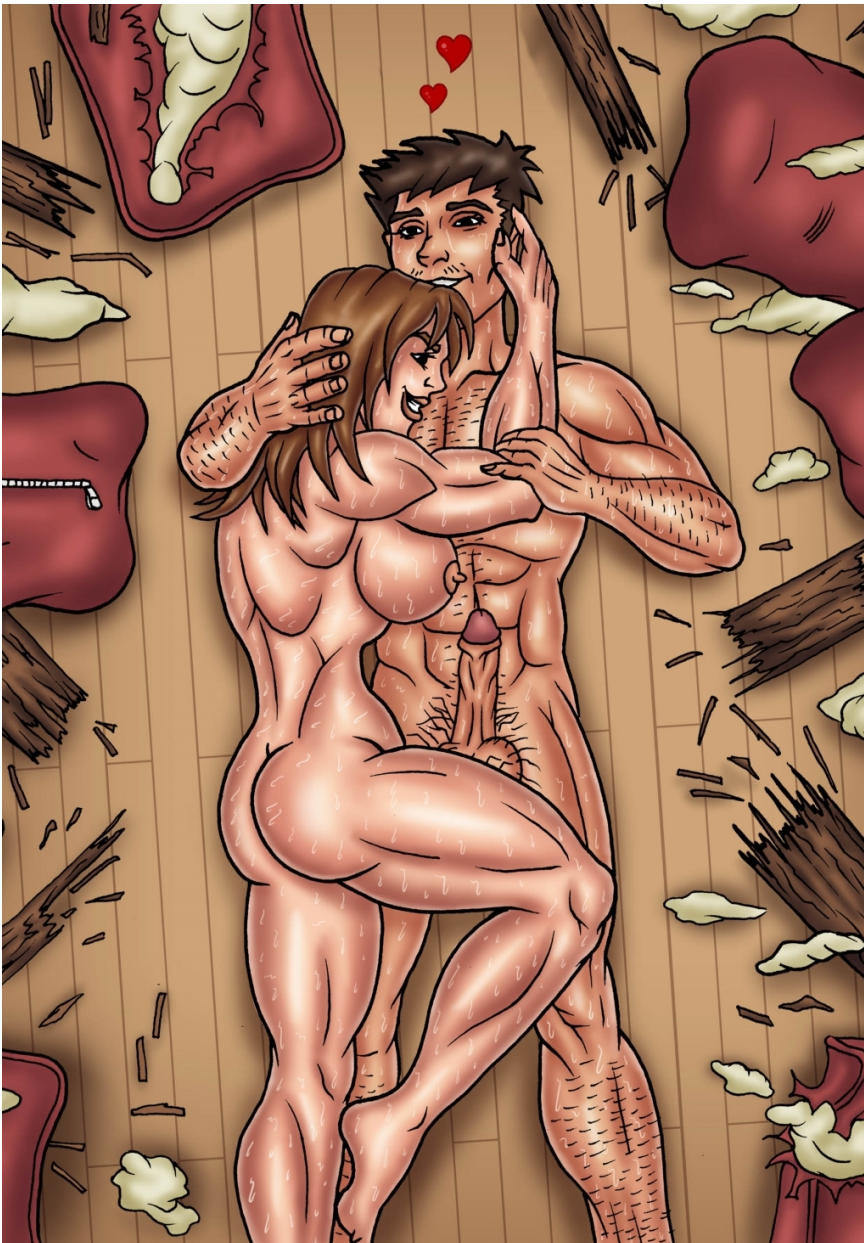
She shook her hair away from her face, giggling at the understatement. "Yeah, it kinda did."

"I never would have guessed you would get that turned on by showing off in public. But it was definitely hot," I smiled. "I sure liked it."

"Uh huh...I don't know what it is exactly. But all those guys watching me...knowing how bad they wanted me just made me so horny for you. I hope that doesn't sound bad..."

"It sounds very good, baby," I reassured her. "It made me want you even more too, if that's even possible."

She chuckled. "And the girl too, Darla? It made me even hotter that she was watching."



I smiled curiously. "Maybe we'll have to give her a call sometime."

"Definitely," Cyndi agreed. "On the whole, I'd say our first attempt at causing a scene was a total success." She gave me a warm smile. "Baby, thank you so much for changing your mind and wanting to try it with me."

"My pleasure," I responded eagerly. "But I was kinda expecting more. You really just gave them a tease...I thought you were really going to do some damage in there, maybe even fuck me right in front of everyone..."

"And I told you...we gotta start somewhere. I didn't want you to feel too uncomfortable the first time around, but since it went so well...I think we're both ready for something even crazier next time." She shot me her sexiest look. "Don't you think, baby?"

There was no need to respond. My cock, already rock hard again so soon after our intense climax, was all the answer she needed.

THE END.....for now

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