

'JUST' JANE CH. 08

twofourthree

Jane's adventures intensify, then Poole takes her on a trip.

Incest/Taboo

4.64

18.1k words

I am not a writer, far from it. Except for the names and places, the stories you read are for the most part true. Still they are not biographies. Artistic license has been taken to enhance or in some cases minimize the events described. All sexual situations were between consensual adults within the framework of their story.

This is the ninth of now twelve interviews I have worked on over the last four years.

Most of these stories cover several years. I will try to keep the chapters short. I suggest you save one for reference. None of the stories are mine, any personal friend, or relative.

Chapter 8

It's been almost two years since we moved here, and just over a year since I started working for Poole. Claudia is our office manager and is doing a much better job than I think even Poole expected. Still a little rough around the edges when it comes to personal interaction, she is by far the smartest female here. Interestingly enough I am still the one that Poole chooses when he holds business meetings.

Donald has accepted his position at the sports bar with a minimum of protest. He is still not happy with his salary but seems to enjoy having his days free to go out golfing.

With Donald working nights I now spend more time at Poole's as well. My typical week now takes me home just Sunday and Wednesday nights. So far Donald hasn't complained, from what I can tell our sex life hasn't changed for the better or worse.

Tuesday Poole approached me after work asking if I would be up to joining him Friday night on his friend Jack's boat. Tina's business has been taking off lately and Poole learned she would be out of town that night as well. Poole had that gleam in his eye as he asked, I willingly accepted the date.

I had met Jack and his wife Sophia at the charity event. Also known as Dozer he is medium in height and a bit stocky. Poole talks highly of him and although we only talked briefly his wife Sophia is a gem.

Tuesday night Poole and I made love as usual, Wednesday I went home to Donald but he didn't even join me in bed when he got home. Tina joined me in my room at their house late Thursday night but we just slept. When Friday came I don't remember being this excited to spend time with Poole.

It was a long drive to the lake but still Poole had me drive. I love my new car and out on the highway it was even better. Poole insisted I pack light, bringing only a couple of suits and one

change of clothes. We left early afternoon hoping to meet them for dinner at a restaurant on the water.

Poole and I have never had a problem finding something to talk about and this was no different. We talked about things relating to work but never work itself. He was always happy to keep up about Cassie and Cody. I would listen as he updated me on Tina's business. We talked about our extended family of course, Poole was usually the one who knew all of the latest gossip. The one person we never talked about was Donald.

Listening to the satellite radio Poole seemed happy to just enjoy the scenery passing by and keeping our conversations brief. It was a beautiful evening as we pulled into the restaurant's parking lot. Poole hopped out and came around to open my door. Taking me in his arms he gave me a firm kiss before setting me back down. Taking my hand we walked inside.

Poole's friend Jack must have been watching as he all but met us at the door. Leading us to the table Jack introduced me to the other guy, Brandon. A black man of average height and like Jack himself a bit stocky. Brandon seemed nice enough, it was obvious Poole knew him as they exchanged pleasantries.

We started with drinks, then dinner, followed by more drinks before we made our way down to the dock where Jack's boat was tied up. Poole and Jack took the keys to my car and parked it in the overnight lot and carried our bags down. Just as the sun was setting Jack fired up the boat and slowly pulled away from the dock.

Jack headed the boat out to the open water letting the mighty engines roar. This time of the year it isn't uncommon to have a night as warm as this. I looked around the lake and noticed we weren't the only ones taking advantage of the calm water and bright moon. With houses dotting the landscape and other boats out as well Jack pulled back on the throttles and let the craft just drift.

I took the opportunity to go below and freshen up. Along with the bathroom were two small bedrooms. I found my belongings on one bed with Poole's. Maybe it was the booze, maybe I just wanted to show off for Poole. I took off my clothes and slipped into a bikini. I threw on a sheer cover up just to show some sort of modesty.

Back on deck I was met with appreciative smiles. I moved to sit with Poole knowing he would be happy at his side. Jack handed me another glass of wine, I wasn't wasted but just a bit buzzed. The guys talked and as they did Poole caressed me lovingly but not obscenely.

As I sat and milked my drink the guys got up and milled around talking about guy stuff. The next thing I know Brandon and Jack are sitting on either side of me. Poole is now sitting across from me watching my every move.

The first hand I felt was Jack's on my thigh. Poole took notice but said nothing. I really wasn't sure what Poole wanted but I took that as a sign he was ok with it. My stomach tightened when Brandon's hand did the same to my other thigh. Still Poole looked on without a word of protest.

Although Poole never suggested I was here to be the entertainment for the night he sure didn't seem opposed to it either. Things progressed rather quickly as each further advance grew increasingly bold. I'm not naïve, I am his slut after all, I decided to just let things play out.

Was this the plan all along, or was Poole just letting this happen? I glanced at Poole every chance I got and yet he seemed indifferent to what was taking place. My top was off and my tits getting

mauled. My lips passed from one man to the other and still no emotion from Poole.

My hand was on one cock and the other cock guided in my mouth. Brandon picked me up and pulled my bottoms off stabbing a thick black finger in my dry pussy. My head was spinning, I heard the water lapping at the side of the hull. Jack and Brandon were only getting started.

"My turn Jack." Brandon called out to his friend as a black cock was offered to my lips.

Jack pulled me on my knees and started licking my pussy no doubt to stuff his cock in it. Brandon's cock was good sized, not Poole sized of course but bigger than average. He tried fucking my mouth before I took control and started sucking and stroking.

I felt Jack move behind me and just as I expected his cock pressed against my opening. I had never been in a threesome with two guys, or had sex with a black man. With a certain amount of anticipation let them use me.

"Watch this Brandon." Jack bragged. "Turn this bitch on a spit."

Jack eased himself in my pussy as Brandon pressed deeper in my mouth. I tried to get a rhythm going but they only wanted to pleasure themselves. I took control of Brandon first returning to stroking and licking his knob.

Jack started fucking me faster and faster no doubt overstimulated by the situation. Brandon continued to try and shove his cock down my throat but I was able to hold him off for now. Luckily Jack erupted in my pussy with a loud groan.

"Damn it." Jack cursed.

"What's wrong buddy? I little quick on the draw?" Brandon laughed. "Bring that shriveled dick over here and let the bitch bring it back to life."

"Really?" Jack perked up.

"Sure, I don't mind sloppy seconds." Brandon chuckled pulling out of my mouth.

They quickly changed positions and in doing so I looked over to see how Poole was taking this. I was disappointed to find he was nowhere to be seen. Somehow knowing he left bothered me in a way I can't explain, it just did. What was the point if he didn't derive pleasure watching me?

Jack brought me back to reality by slapping my cheek with his cum covered cock. Just as I took it in my mouth Brandon slammed in my well used pussy. Since his cock wasn't much bigger than Jack's it really didn't feel much different.

Brandon fucked me hard as Jack's cock slowly started to respond to my efforts. I can't say Jack was more caring but he was at least less forceful. I tried my best to please them both but again they were on their own agenda.

My knees were starting to get sore even on the cushions. I was about to suggest a new position when Brandon filled my cunt for the second time.

Brandon gloated and as he pulled out I rolled on my back hoping to rest. Jack walked over and took a swig of his drink as Brandon degraded my gaping pussy. My respite was short lived as Brandon moved over my head offering me his cock.

"Time to wash the dishes bitch." Brandon growled.

His sweaty balls pressed over my nose as he pulled my chin back so I could take his cock. The taste of their cum mixed with my juices was less than appealing but not exactly gross. Fortunately from this angle Brandon couldn't get as much cock in my mouth, but that didn't stop him from trying.

Jack moved to join us again. Pulling one leg off the cushion he mounted me at an angle on top. His cock slipped easily back in my cunt as he held his drink in one hand. Brandon was now starting to get hard as I cleaned off his cock.

He pulled out and turned my head to the side for better access. I gripped his cock just in case he tried to face fuck me again but he seemed content to let me just suck him off. In this position they took turns grabbing my tits and pulling on my nipples.

Since they had both cum I knew it could be awhile before they came again so I decided to just try enjoy this new experience. There were moments when being used by two lovers might have aroused me, but in the end they really weren't lover's just two guys getting off using me.

I did experience some level of pleasure, mostly when I thought Poole was watching. The rest of the time was just sex, and for me not really good sex. An orgasm never really crossed my mind as the two of them seemed more focused on themselves than on me.

"Maybe we should DP her?" Jack snarled hoisting his drink.

"Nah." Brandon replied less enthused. "That's some nasty shit. You can leave me out if that."

"Why don't you fuck her pussy, I think the bitch needs a belly full." Jack then suggested.

Brandon quickly agreed and just like that Jack's cock was back in my mouth. He must have been closer than I knew because it wasn't but maybe two minutes when he filled my mouth with cum.

I let most of it spill out but he came so fast I wasn't prepared for the first surge. Falling back on his ass the drink still in his hand Jack watched as Brandon pounded my pussy.

It was Brandon's turn to be uncomfortable, so he pulled me back on my knees. He moved behind me and slammed his cock deep in my pussy thinking he was filling me up. Not by a long shot I consoled myself.

"Bet you love that big black cock, don't you bitch?" Brandon gloated.

I murmured in reply not wanting to agree or disagree. Satisfied he got some response Brandon took it as a yes. I whimpered and cooed as that seemed to feed his ego and then just before he came Brandon pulled out, turned me around and sprayed my chest and stomach with his cum.

"That was some serious fucking bro." Jack praised his buddy.

"Damn right!" Brandon replied as they bumped fists.

Jack threw me a beach towel and my cover up. Brandon grabbed his drink and the two of them climbed the stairs to the upper deck.

Exhausted I cleaned myself off the best I could and curled up on the cushion. I was too tired and scared to go find Poole. I drifted off to the smell of cigar smoke in the air.

"Jane." I heard him whisper in my ear.

I lashed out being startled. I felt his strong arms encase me as I quickly woke.

"Poole...!"

"Shhhhh, it's ok." Poole held me tighter lifting me up. Let's get you cleaned up and in bed." He whispered.

Remembering where I was and what had happened earlier I wanted to cry. Just then Poole kissed me on the forehead and carried me inside. The shower was tight but the water warm as I cleaned myself alone.

Poole met me outside the bathroom with clean clothes.

"Go lie down and lock the door." He whispered.

"What about you?" I pleaded.

"Do as I say Jane." Poole snapped back.

I was almost more upset he called me Jane than leaving me alone. When I woke the engines were just idling. I could hear taking up on the deck as I ducked into the bathroom. I went back to the bedroom not sure what to do.

It wasn't long before Poole knocked on the door. I opened it and looked immediately in his eyes. The happiness I hoped to find was missing, his eyes filled only with concern.

"We should be leaving." Poole spoke softly.

"Is everything ok?" I dared to ask.

"Just fine." He replied unconvincingly. "Please come with me now."

Poole grabbed the bags as I finished packing, and without a word, or a goodbye we left the boat. Back at the car Poole took the keys and opened the passenger door for me to get in. The whole drive home we hardly spoke. I was all but devastated.

We reached Poole's house, I headed up to my room and fell on the bed crying. Somehow I fucked up but Poole wouldn't tell me why. When I came out of my room the house was eerily quiet.

There was a note on the counter. 'We'll talk tonight' P.

I spent the whole day at Poole's house alone. I even called Cassie and Cody but they were not around. Thinking I could somehow make it up to Poole I made preparations for tonight.

When Poole arrived home Tina was with him. They didn't seem to be talking either. After the quietest but mostly civil dinner I went back up to my room.

Tina knocked on the door, I let her in and she held me tight.

"Tell me about last night." Tina insisted.

"I can't." I started to sob.

Not one to take no for an answer Tina insisted but I refused to tell her. This was between Poole and me.

I waited for Poole to come talk to me but it seemed that wasn't going to happen. That of course only made matters worse. Just as I was getting ready for bed I heard screaming. I opened my door and heard very clearly what was being said.

"That's bullshit!" Poole bellowed.

"Bullshit yourself. She's your slut, yours Poole. You need to fix this now before we lose her." Tina screamed.

"I'm just telling you what he told me." Poole said his voice raised.

"Fine, add it up anyway you want but I still say he's leaving something out." Tina raised her voice another level.

"So is that my fault?" Poole countered.

"Fault, fuck fault. You take that ego and shove it in that tiny little cock you're going to have if you don't fix this and apologize to Jane." Tina screamed.

I wasn't sure what the argument was about except it had something to do about me. I went back in my room and closed the door. This was only getting worse and it was clearly my fault. I paced my room before deciding to go home to Donald. I just finished dressing to leave when a knock came on the door.

"Hello?" I called out.

"Jane its Poole." He replied softly.

I leaned my head against the door conflicted if I wanted to see him right now.

"Jane?" Poole called out again.

I opened the door to find him in just shorts. Poole seemed surprised by my attire, then he looked around the room as if he expected to find someone.

"I don't understand, you're dressed?" Poole asked clearly rattled.

This was so unlike the Poole I knew. Obviously Tina had more of an impact than I realized.

"I'm going home." I replied defiantly.

"But Jane..." Poole took a step closer.

I wanted to throw myself at him but instead I took a step back myself. I could see that hurt Poole as he stopped in his tracks. Just then I saw Tina move into view at the far end of the hall. Poole must have guessed as much when my eyes left his.

"I was hoping we could spend the night together." Poole said softly.

"Talking?" I snapped back remembering the note.

"Talking if you want?" Poole suggested. "Maybe more if you want that too?"

I expected Poole to try and sway me but not like this. My pussy started to dampen but I tried to hide my weakness for him.

"What about Tina?" I raised my voice so she could hear me clearly.

"Why don't you ask her? You're not the only one upset with me." Poole responded.

"You've got that right buster." Tina yelled from the other end of the hall.

Poole nodded he was right and crooked his head. He hadn't said he was sorry but that was irrelevant to me at this point. All I could think of was not losing him.

"Come in but leave the door open." I said. Tina smiled and nodded she approved.

Poole took me in his arms and met my willing lips with his. I led him to the bed where I pulled him on top of me. Just having Poole come to me gave me some of my confidence back. Holding him and having him hold me filled my heart with hope.

"Will you make love to me?" I whispered.

"Gladly." Poole nuzzled my ear.

Poole took his time undressing me. By the time I pulled his shorts off we were both already quite worked up. Poole gently guided me down to his cock.

"Please not tonight." I requested.

"Ok." Poole replied but I could tell he was disappointed.

Lying me on my back he started to move between my legs.

"Poole, I was hoping." I pushed up on his chest making him stop.

"What?" He asked impatiently.

"There's only one place they didn't use." I said choking up. "I was hoping to make it up to you tonight."

I turned over in the bed and stretched out opening the nightstand drawer. I pulled out the bottle of lube and handed it to Poole.

"If you're not still mad at me maybe you could use this." I offered.

"Jane you don't have to do this." Poole argued.

"As your slut I insist." I stretched up and kissed him.

Turning I moved to my knees and presented my ass. There was a moment of indecision on Poole part before I felt the cool gel being applied to my back door. Just then I looked up and saw Tina watching from the doorway.

I closed my eyes trying to relax in anticipation of Poole's cock. I didn't have to wait long before the blunt end pressed against my willing asshole.

"It's yours Poole." I whimpered as I pushed back firmly.

I felt his cock bend under the pressure but then he reached down and held the head forcing my straining muscle to give way.

"It's too big Jane." Poole indicated.

"No Poole, it's just right." I grunted wiggling my ass as I pushed back harder.

I could feel the agonizingly slow progress the mushroom head made until that moment of ecstasy when it pushed its way in and my sphincter locked it in place. For just the second time Poole's cock was in my ass and I couldn't be happier.

"I want it all." I moaned through clenched teeth.

Taking a deep breath I pressed back as Poole slowly pushed in deeper. I could feel the lube scraping off his cock as my sphincter was not yet ready to give up the fight. Poole's hand now left his cock as he gripped my hips to steady his advance.

My whole body was on alert based on the slight discomfort of his cock in my ass. I knew soon enough the pleasure Poole was experiencing right now would soon be shared with me. Deeper and deeper Poole progressed until I felt the hairs on his thighs brush against the back of mine.

"Yes." I cried out in victory.

I expected Poole to stop for a moment to allow me to adjust to his cock, but instead he pulled out quickly. My sphincter locked in behind the flared head and just as quickly Poole drove his cock back in my ass with his powerful legs until his balls smacked my cunt.

"Ugghhhh." I cried out through a stabbing pain.

Poole drug his cock back through my sensitive opening before fiercely driving it back in again.

"Oh shit!" I hissed through clenched teeth.

Poole was punishing me I started to think. As he pulled back again I braced for the next onslaught.

"Tim." I heard Tina call out.

Just then Poole followed through with more discipline slamming his cock back in even deeper.

"TIMOTHY!" I heard Tina yell followed by a sharp slap.

"What?" Poole reacted as if he was startled.

"You're hurting her!" Tina replied exasperated.

"What?" Poole repeated as if he didn't hear the first time.

"Jane, you're hurting her." Tina repeated now more composed.

"Oh no!" Poole cried out. "Jane I'm so sorry. Are you ok? Do you want me to pull out?"

Poole must have been thinking of last night and acting on his pent up emotions.

"I'm fine Poole..." I lied. "...and whatever you do don't pull out."

"Are you sure?" Poole asked still upset with himself.

"I'm sure, can we just start out slowly at first as I get accustomed to your cock?" I teased.

"Sure, Jane." Poole quickly agreed.

"Ahhh, that's more like it." I cooed as Poole moved slowly back in my ass. "And its slut to you."

"Speaking of our slut I have an idea to join you." Tina laughed.

Tina stripped naked and with a little help wiggled her way beneath me. We interlocked our legs as our pussies pressed against each other. Forcing her lips to mine Tina kissed me like a hungry lover.

"Fuck your sluts' ass Poole." Tina squealed.

Having adjusted to our changing position Poole did just that. He added some lube then slowly worked in and out.

"I can feel him slut." Tina gasped as her eyes opened wide.

I pressed my clit against her slippery mound as the pleasure I so desperately waited for from Poole's cock in my ass flooded through me.

"Are we a bit horny tonight?" Tina taunted me pressing her clit against me.

"Yes." I was able to squeak out.

"Didn't you cum last night." Tina questioned me.

I was afraid to answer so I whispered in her ear.

"No." I admitted.

"Oh baby." Tina sighed.

I knew she was giving Poole the evil eye as I felt him stop momentarily when she consoled me.

"I think Poole owes you big time starting now." Tina scolded him.

I felt his cock expand in my ass, I took that as a sign he was looking forward to it.

With Tina's clit and mine dueling for attention Poole was steadily working in and out of my ass. Knowing she was on a roll Tina reached around and gripped my ass cheeks spreading them wide.

"Bet you never thought you'd fuck a white ass did you?" Tina taunted Poole. "Especially one as tight as this?"

Poole's cock grew even bigger but he didn't say a word. I thought it an odd statement but was focused on other things. I was good and loose now and on a way to a much needed orgasm. I pressed my tits against Tina and found her waiting lips.

Rubbing my clit in a circle over Tina's and with Poole's cock deep in my ass I started to shake.

"Deeper Poole." I begged.

"She's cumming Timmy fuck your slut hard." Tina hissed.

My orgasm hit like a swinging door in a tornado. First my ass shuddered and then my clit tingled. Back and forth my orgasm passed between my two lovers. Soon I realized Tina had joined me, then Poole's cock started spewing cum deep in my ass.

"Oh fuck" Poole cried out.

He fucked me even faster as my stretched asshole tried to grip his slippery cock even tighter.

"I wish you could feel that" I moaned in Tina's ear as Poole emptied his balls.

"I do my love. Please forgive him." Tina held my face then kissed me as my body went limp above her.

I remember Poole's cock leaving my ass and the cool air rushing in my gaping hole. I remember Poole carrying me into his shower and rinsing me off before toweling me dry. I remember Tina cuddled up against me in her bed.

What I don't remember is where Poole slept.

I smelled the coffee first, then the cold air before a warm body pressed against me. I took in her scent before she started her infectious giggle. I turned to face her and found her lips searching for mine.

My hands roamed her naked body as her hands roamed mine exploring all but our most sensitive of places.

"Good morning Jane." Lela's big brown eyes waited for mine to open.

I reached for her hand intertwining her black fingers in mine. I smiled as her bright white teeth waited for a response.

"Are you minding your manners?" I scolded her.

"Poole said I didn't have to today." Lela boasted.

"Did he now?" I questioned her.

"He did." Tina replied leaning up against the open door. "But that will have to wait for later."

"Aw... please just ten more minutes." Lela begged.

"Ten minutes, no longer. Oh and don't you dare soil my sheets, I just washed them." Tina winked.

Given permission Lela wasted no time pulling me on top of her. Still not sure what was going on we spent the next ten minutes kissing and caressing each other.

When Lela and I met Tina in the kitchen she had a happy look on her face. I chalked it up to Lela surprising me in bed but I would soon find out there was more to her devious plan. After breakfast we headed out to the patio to relax. Lela was soon in the pool enjoying herself like usual. It wasn't long after I heard the doorbell ring.

"I'll get it." Tina jumped up as if she was expecting someone.

Without even taking her cover up Tina headed in the house in just her skimpy bikini. I heard voices and then turned to find Cassie and Cody joining us on the patio.

"Mom!" Cody squealed as she ran to greet me.

With a hug and kiss for them both the girls started taking off their clothes revealing they had suits on as well. It wasn't long before they joined Lela in the pool to splash about. Tina and I brought out a simple lunch as we sat at the picnic table to eat. I could tell Lela was feeling a bit left out until I insisted she sit beside me. Cassie and Cody both took notice but said nothing at the time.

Tina eventually turned the conversation to the girl's love lives. Cassie complained hers was in a trough, Cody seemed to be happy hers wasn't much better. Tina popped the cork on a bottle of wine and except for another time spent in the pool the five of us just hung out on the patio. At one point Lela sat with me and was bubbling over as we held hands.

Late in the afternoon Cassie and Cody announced they needed to leave to attend a friend's party. We said our goodbyes and reminded them to call me for a ride if needed. Cody assured me she would not be drinking as she had school tomorrow. Cassie made no such commitment but promised to say good night before she went to bed.

Lela started to clean up, I offered to help but Lela insisted on doing it herself. Tina and I watched as she clearly enjoyed making sure the whole patio was spotless. I looked at the time and knew I too should be heading home soon. I mentioned this to Tina as Lela went in the house to load the dishwasher.

"Maybe you could stay just a bit longer?" Tina suggested looking at the house.

"You think it wise?" I asked just to make sure.

"I think it would be unwise if you didn't. She's been patiently waiting to be alone with you all day." Tina suggested.

"Let's hope Max agrees with you." I stood up.

Tina reached out and took my hand. "He does Jane, she wouldn't be here if he didn't trust you." Tina smiled.

I headed in the house finding Lela wiping down the counter. I moved slowly watching her ebony body flex with each movement. Focused on her work I was almost upon her before Lela looked up.

"I need to leave soon." I spoke softly taking the towel from her hand.

I could see she was perturbed I took the towel and yet hopeful when she looked at my broad smile. Setting the towel to the side I took her fingers in my hand and slipped it around my waist.

Lela paused for a moment just to make sure she knew what I was suggesting. I reached up and untied the strings behind my neck letting the top of my suit stubbornly rest on the slopes of my tits.

"Would you mind untying the other?" I whispered turning my back to Lela.

Her fingers caressed my skin as I turned, then slowly moved up to release the other string of my top. Still the material clung to my body as if I was purposely teasing her. Just then Tina appeared from the patio.

"If you're going to help with the rest you'll have to join me upstairs Princess." I pulled free looking back over my shoulder.

I made my way to the first step and looked back at Lela as my top fluttered to the floor. She looked up at me her eyes filled with emotion. Lela then looked at Tina as if to ask what she should do.

"The choice is yours Princess." Tina said.

I walked up the stairs and headed to my room. As I looked back down the hall it was my turn to be disappointed, but only for a moment. I watched as Lela turned the corner then stopped her approach as her eyes met mine.

As Lela stood there I could see she was excited but still afraid.

"You heard Tina, it has to be your choice." I reminded her.

"Why Jane?" Lela asked her voice unsteady.

It was a fair question, one I asked myself many times since I've gotten to know her. Lela stood midway down the hall her question still unanswered. I knew then and there what I did next would decide our future.

Dressed in just my bikini bottoms, I walked to Lela stopping in front of her. I reached up and touched her cheek kissing her lips softly. I knew she wanted more but first I needed to answer her question.

I moved my hand down her long neck to the top of her shoulder. I brushed the strap of her bikini over her arm following it with my fingers. I kissed the soft roundness of her shoulder as Lela tilted her head to that side and cooed.

Moving slowly around her right side. I released the clasp on her top then kissed the nape of her neck. Lela whimpered now as her top slid further down her arm before falling to the floor.

"Why not you Princess." I asked tugging on her ear lobe.

I reached around and gripped her modest tits and caressed them gently. Lela moaned then pushed back against me. With my tits forced against her back I kissed the other side of her neck.

"You are so beautiful." I reminded her.

My hands drifted lower over her tight stomach and found the top of her bikini bottoms. I slipped my right hand inside the tight material as my left hand held her firmly against me.

"You are so sexy." I softly hissed.

My hand brushed over her coarse pubic hair and found Lela starting to get aroused. I brushed over her clit causing her to flinch. I pulled my hand out and gripped the waist band of her suit with both hands.

Teasing her, I took my time playing with the thin material. Lela's hands joined mine guiding them to push her suit down her legs.

"Take them off Princess, I want to see that sexy ass." I taunted Lela.

I could feel her whole body shudder as my ebony princess followed my command. Lela seemed happy to bend over holding the pose until my hands quickly caress both dark brown cheeks. Standing up I embraced her again.

"I love you Lela, but the choice is still yours to make." I kissed the back of her neck one last time then released her and walked back to my room.

I had just stepped inside when I realized where I was, whose house I was in. Was I being unfair? I started to grab the waist of my bikini bottoms when two brown hands gripped mine.

"Please let me do it." Lela whispered standing behind me.

I stopped her from taking them off.

"Are you sure Princess? You know I'm Poole's slut, right?" I said firmly. "I belong to him first."

I felt it only fair to remind her now before she got hurt. Lela pulled her hands free from mine then gripped my bikini again.

"Then I will be your slut, I will belong to you." Lela replied.

"No!" I turned to face Lela. "You will never be a slut, you are a princess." I yelled startling Lela.

I could see she thought I was mad.

"I'm sorry baby, I didn't mean it like that...it's just..." I searched for the right words.

"Can I be your Princess?" Lela seemed to understand my outburst.

"Is that what you want?" I nodded with a smile.

Lela reached for my bathing suit again and started to pull them down my legs. When I stepped out Lela was focused on my naked pussy. She looked up at me with those soft brown eyes.

I reached down and pulled her up.

"Please let me do it." Lela whimpered.

"Another day Princess, when we have more time to enjoy it." I suggested. "Come with me."

I led Lela to the bed and guided her to lie down. I could tell she was eager to have me join her but I proceeded slowly. Leaning over her from a sitting position our lips met in anticipation. Not sure exactly what to do Lela's arms moved around my back.

I pulled up from the kiss and grazed her dark brown nipple with my pink one. Lela smiled happily. I caressed her stomach as I moved my hand lower to her pussy. Pulling me down to kiss her again Lela spread her legs thrusting her pelvis up to greet my probing fingers.

"Please don't tease me." Lela moaned before our lips met.

Duly instructed I parted her outer lips and slipped two fingers in her juicy snatch. Her pussy thrust up, Lela moaned again, then her whole body gave a quick shudder.

"Shhh, my darling, we're not in that big of a hurry." I teased Lela.

My fingers pulled out slightly and Lela settled back in the bed. I gave her a quick peck on the lips for reassurance then again started to probe her depths.

"You're so tight Princess. Maybe just one finger?" I taunted her.

"No Slut!" Lela snapped back. "Show me what it's like when he's in you."

"You're a bad girl." I laughed. "Just for that I might tease you?"

Lela glowed in happiness as my fingers worked deeper. When her back arched I leaned down and sucked on her nipple. Lela raked my back and offered me all of her tit. I raked my teeth over her soft flesh and nibbled her stiff nub.

It didn't take long for Lela's breath to become rapid and shallow. I enjoyed watching her brown body squirm in anticipation as my fingers continued to work their magic. Lela was as quiet in bed as she was in life, only the softest of squeaks and moans, told of her impending climax.

"Jane!" Lela gasped as her body contorted against the brunt of her orgasm.

Lela pulled me tight her lips desperate to find mine as her legs clamped shut. I let my hand fall limp my fingers just inside the greasy entrance to her pussy. Lela's tongue found mine and we shared the most intense kiss maybe to this very day.

It was a moment I will never forget.

Lela held me not wanting to let go. I pulled up from her lips and looked into her eyes.

"Please don't go." She pleaded.

"I will soon, but not yet." I smiled to reassure her. "This time we do it together."

Lela looked up at me content but somewhat confused. I lifted my shoulders and pulled my greasy hand from between her legs. Lela allowed me to straighten up but watched me warily.

I moved over Lela, my tit's dangling like fruit before her. I moved one leg between hers and one over her thigh. Lela looked at my glistening cunt and then smiled at me. She shifted to a more natural position before I lowered my pussy to hers.

"It's called scissoring." I giggled as she thrust up firmly. "I think you'll like this."

I brushed my juicy pussy over her extended clit and her body quivered in response.

"I think I will too." Lela looked up with her eyes wide open.

The dark brown lips of her pussy mashed against the pink folds of mine. It took some practice but Lela and I soon found how to pleasure each other and ourselves. I thought I might have to fake an orgasm like I do with Donald as the coarseness of her pussy hair over stimulated my clit.

Unlike my husband of over twenty years Lela soon realized my enjoyment did not match hers. Lela shifted slightly and tugged her lips open letting my clit settle within the pink insides of her gaping pussy.

"Cum with me slut." Lela demanded. "Fill my pussy with your cum."

"Oh Princess here it comes!" I eventually roared.

We shared a glorious orgasm together that night Lela and I did. We hugged and kissed, she begged me to stay longer. It was hard to leave her in the bed as I got dressed. It was even harder when Tina asked me to stay as well.

On the drive home I could only contemplate what the future would now hold for me. There was no doubt I was Poole's slut, Tina's slut, and now Lela's lover.

Monday at work I was greeted like every other Monday by both Poole and Max. If there was any repercussions of my time with Lela it was not shared with me. As far as I could tell we both enjoyed our time together and everyone accepted that it happened.

Over the next few weekends Lela and I would share similar experiences together never varying from the original script for now. But now I'm getting ahead of myself.

Donald's job kept him busy but he was no happier because of it. Working in a bar was a big step down from his previous career but for now he was stuck with it. At least he was paying his own bills, well most of them. I continued to offer him sex regularly but other than a few blow jobs, intercourse was still a rare occasion, and an orgasm even rarer. I know this sounds crazy, but I still care for the man, and unless he files, I'll never divorce him.

Cassie and Cody are doing great, but neither one seemed to be dating any potential long term guys for now. Cassie has known for years but now even Cody realizes Donald is all talk. Cody, slowly at first, and now more clearly understands that Donald is not the person she thought he was. As much as they don't always respect him they too still care for him. Their relationship with their father is cordial if not close. He seems as indifferent to them as he does to me.

I had accepted the changes in my life thus far but still felt, even with Lela's addition, something inside was missing. I was spending more time with Poole and Tina and less at home with Donald. That suited me just fine and we seemed to become closer as each day passed. It's not like I was having sex every day, or even every week, but when we did it was always special.

Saturday was my birthday, and as the day approached I knew something special was in store for me. At work that Friday morning I stood in front of Poole for inspection. I could see he had that special look in his eyes. Poole always had a way of making you feel special and a party was not out of the question. As the day wore on it was all I could think of.

Claudia and I finished the day's work and recapped the week with Max. I looked for Poole to take him home but he was nowhere to be found. A surprise party I assumed? If it was, Max didn't let on, and neither did anyone else. Cassie and Cody were going to spend Saturday with me, but that could just be a diversion from tonight. Tina was out of town until Sunday, or was she?

After changing into my normal clothes I drove to Poole's house alone in anticipation. Entering from the garage I expected a number of people to jump out and yell 'Surprise'. I admit to being disappointed but only slightly since my birthday was actually tomorrow.

Just the same I found a note on the counter directing me to my bedroom. When I arrived much to my surprise there was a revealing outfit laid out for me. The second note from Lela explained Poole would be picking me up at eight. My spirits picked up.

Taking my time I prepared myself to spend the night alone with Poole. Standing in front of the mirror the outfit I wore had slut written all over it. My tits pushed hard against the taunt fabric, my nipples clearly visible. The skirt barely covers my ass, the panties also clearly on display. I slipped on the shoes and gained four inches to my height.

I did my hair up and added extra makeup for effect. My guess is we were going someplace private as I was not dressed to be in public. My heart raced as my pussy continued to get more aroused. I had all but forgotten my birthday and now focused on how Poole would use me tonight?

"SLUT!" Poole yelled up from the main floor.

Waken from my daydreaming I stood at the top of the stairs and looked down to find Poole checking me out. A broad smile crossed his face as he looked up his eyes meeting mine.

"I'm ready." I replied gleefully.

"You sure?" Poole asked softly.

"My pussy say's yes." I giggled happily.

"It's your call." Poole pulled me free from the second step and held me in his arms. "I've planned something special for your birthday."

"How special?" I kissed him firmly until he set me on my feet.

"That's for you to decide." Poole taunted me.

"Will you be there?" I teased him.

"If you'd like." Poole replied

"I insist." I stretched up to kiss him one more time.

"We should go." Poole gripped my ass and led me to the sports car.

Driving into town I started to get nervous. Poole was uncommonly quiet. Refusing to answer my questions didn't help. As we made our way through the city my heart raced knowing I would soon be on display for all to see. I shifted in my seat contemplating calling it off. Poole must have sensed my apprehension as he looked over constantly but never spoke.

Pulling into an alley we found ourselves ushered by the attendant into a small covered parking structure. Turning off the car Poole looked over and ogled me one last time.

"Or we could go home." Poole looked up at the club in front of us.

I had never been here but it had a reputation as being a bit raunchy. Rumor has it once inside anything goes as long as you agree to it. I looked over at Poole to see if this is what he wanted. His emotions hidden, I had no clue one way or the other. I based my answer on the fact he brought me here.

"You will be here the whole time." I asked nervously.

"If you want." Poole whispered.

"As your slut I agree." I smiled broadly.

Just getting out of the car made my head spin. I was really doing this, half naked in front of the world, I held Poole's hand tight. The attendant ogled me as did the hostess. Our phones were confiscated and inventoried. If we needed to use them they had a separate room for just that reason. Several signs warned against photos or recordings.

There was a stage and a stripper pole, loud music played to a sexy beat.

Poole led me to the bar and a scantily clad bartender poured us each a drink. Even at this early hour the place was already quite busy. I looked around and noticed I was not the least dressed nor the most. Poole and I appeared to be the oldest customers by far. Based on the number of heads turned my way I guess they still found me attractive enough.

"Why are we here?" I finally asked since Poole didn't seem to be offering any information.

"It's your birthday, I wanted to do something special for you." Poole smiled coyly ordering a second round.

"And exactly what special thing are you going to do for me?" I asked excitedly.

"When we finish our drinks you'll find out." Poole chuckled.

Poole took his time drinking, and so did I. Seated where he was Poole was able to keep a watchful eye on the door. I looked in the mirror behind the bars as people slowly but steadily filed in. Mostly men but a few women passed by us, if they knew Poole it wasn't evident.

Poole rarely glanced at the stage where amateurs, both men and women were being encouraged to let loose. I wondered if at some point I was expected to perform as well. It was a fantasy of mine I had never acted on, and at this age should think better of it.

Sex acts were prohibited on the main floor but several rooms were available for private use on the upper two floors. We had been seated for almost forty minutes but when I looked around the crowd in the club didn't seem to have changed. It struck me odd but then Poole looked at his watch and gulped down the last of his drink.

"Are you ready?" Poole asked flatly.

"For what?" I questioned my stomach in a knot.

"To stay or go home." Poole answered. Again he gave me no clue to his preference.

"Since you brought me here I guess we should stay." I answered hoping to get a clue.

"Ok, but we can go home at any time." Poole smiled.

I hoped I had made the right decision. Picking up my glass of wine Poole took my hand and watched me slide off the bar stool. We walked to the hostess where Poole asked if he had missed any phone calls. She replied he hadn't which seemed to make him happy.

We entered the elevator for the short ride to the third floor. I moved to kiss Poole as he gripped my ass. Pressed against him I whispered.

"What do you have in mind?" I giggled seductively.

Just then the doors opened to a large room with many people milling around. There were maybe twenty guys and four women. They all looked in their mid-twenties and early thirties. Two of the women were topless and on their knees giving blow jobs while several guys stood around stroking their cocks. The other two women were standing up kissing each other while more guys looked on.

Some of the guys were milling around the edges of the room with a drink in their hand, more than a few looked bewildered. Maybe they were waiting their turn or were just voyeurs for now.

I turned to Poole still standing in the elevator.

"Is this the right floor?" I asked afraid of the answer either way.

"We could go home if you insist." Poole said calmly. "It is your birthday."

I looked back to the room and found I had now garnered the attention of several party goers. My pussy started throbbing at the thought of them watching Poole use me. I took his hand and pulled him from the elevator just as the door started to close.

Poole leaned down and kissed me sending a flush through my body. I swayed to the music that was a bit more sensual than the heavy beats downstairs. Moving to the floor not far from the two girls making out Poole let my hand go and stepped back.

"I'll be watching from there." Poole smiled pointing to a raised viewing area in the shadows of the room.

Setting my glass of wine down Poole moved away and made his way up a couple of steps to take a seat. Hidden in the shadows I could just make him out his eyes glimmered as he looked back at me seemingly satisfied we stayed.

"Would you like to dance?" A brazen young man slipped his hand around my back and thrust his pelvis against me hard.

I could feel his hard cock straining inside pants as he led me further in the room. My head was spinning as his lips pressed against mine. I looked for Poole but the shadows obscured him from view at this distance. The dance was quickly interrupted by another young man, and then another.

Hands groped and lips moved lower and lower on my body. The sounds of a young man climaxing over one of the women on their knees seemed to embolden them even more. Before I knew what was happening my top was removed shortly later my skirt. Dressed only in my panties and high heels I found my hand wrapped around a stiff cock.

Flashes of one woman on her knees with a cock in her mouth and a condom covered cock in her pussy made me realize there was more expected. I slipped down to my knees and took a hard cock in my mouth. My pussy was flush and soon a hand was inside my panties. I sucked on the cock and rocked on the two fingers in my cunt.

This is how a slut is treated I remember thinking.

Bolstered by the thought Poole was watching I decide to give him the show he arranged. The first cock was soon replaced by the second and before long my panties were gone. The next thing I know I'm on my back with a black cock in my mouth and one of the girls eating my pussy.

Not a word was mentioned about my birthday but several comments about me being a hot milf bandied about. I was just about to climax from the tongue swirling around my clit when I received the first coating of hot cum on my tits. This sent me quickly over the edge. The cock in my mouth pulled out and soon my face was coated as well.

As my orgasm started to dissipate someone handed me a towel to clean up with. I hardly cleaned up when a pair of strong hands turned me over and plunged a cock in my pussy. I could feel the condom ride along his cock as it was much smaller than I was used to.

'SMACK'

My ass stung sharply as the hand found its mark.

"Look at that firm ass!" Someone behind me bellowed.

"Fuck that milf." Another shouted.

I looked up to see all of the women were engaged in sex now, the two girls putting on a show earlier kissing each other while they got fucked. Just then another cock was presented for me to suck. Suck it I did.

I lost count of how many cocks I sucked, I just had the third cock leave my pussy. Pulling off the condom he took pride in coating my back in fresh cum. I had spent a short time with one of the girls but being outnumbered five to one by the guys that was short lived. Well enough I thought as we just didn't have that connection anyway.

I thought for sure every guy in the room had shot his wad at least twice by now, but I was wrong. A tall, young, black man approached me after I had just come from the ladies room to clean up. Still fully dressed he looked me up and down and smiled broadly.

"May I have this dance?" His white teeth gleamed as he grinned.

"I think you're a bit over dressed don't you?" I teased back, still naked.

"Yeah well, I'm not like the other guys." He replied boldly.

"If you're man enough I'm woman enough." I quipped.

"You think so?" He dared me cocking his head.

"There's only one way to find out."

"TJ." He offered me his hand.

"Jane." I offered him mine. "Let's get you undressed."

The music played while I helped him disrobe as if this was some sort of choreographed event. By now others were looking at what had long past taken place for them. TJ stood in just his black briefs, a large bulge hidden within. I looked up and smiled noticing a look of concern on his face.

"No dancing until you're naked." I explained.

"It's up to you." TJ warned me.

It reminded me again of what Poole had said earlier. I had looked up at him often but found he was always hidden in the shadows. I looked that way again now but somehow I didn't need to see his face. Something about TJ just felt different. I knew Poole would see that as well.

I dropped to my knees and pulled TJ's briefs down.

"Oh fuck would you look at that?" Someone yelled. I could feel all of the eyes in the room look our way.

Without hesitation I took the semi-firm cock and stroked it gently. I looked up at TJ and smiled as I licked along the length and around the large head. His black cock started growing longer and harder. I spat on the end then guided it in my mouth. His knees buckled slightly as I worked it deep.

It was big but not Poole big. Still I knew as much as he wanted it in me I wanted it just as much. I pulled off his hard cock and stood up.

"Ohhhhhh." TJ protested.

"You owe me a dance." I taunted him.

Pulling his cock hard against my stomach I dipped down and stroked his cock between us. TJ pulled me tight and started 'dancing'. Moving in a small circle I kept him on the edge of excitement.

"Jane you're beautiful." TJ whispered.

"Is that why it took you so long to approach me?" I countered.

"Why are you here?" TJ asked replying with a question. "You're not like the others."

"How do you know? Maybe I am?" I dipped down taking his cock between my tits.

It was like a black missile between my small creamy white mounds of flesh. TJ moaned and a small pool of precum surface at the slit. I moved down and licked it off. He moaned again.

"Why are you here?" I asked boldly.

"I thought it was required?" TJ struggled to reply. "I'm going to cum if you do that again." He warned me.

I was surprised at his answer and wanted to get more information but heeded his warning.

"Well I'm done dancing if you are." I pulled back for all to see his cock.

The murmurs started getting louder as I moved to the couch and spread my legs. TJ reached for a condom.

"I don't think you'll need that." I offered.

It was boost to his ego as well as a confirmation of my desire. Slowly and confidently TJ moved to join me.

"Fuck me." I demanded.

"I'll go slowly." TJ suggested.

"It won't be the same if you do." I warned him.

TJ moved between my legs and slipped his large cock in my well used pussy. I was a bit tender but the more TJ filled my cunt the more I wanted.

"Don't hold back fuck me, fuck me like a slut." I cried out for Poole to hear.

"I'll make love to you but you're no slut." TJ replied.

I was too far gone to argue. TJ was a gentleman starting out but when he found my heels digging in the back of his thighs he plunged all the way in.

"Are you ok?" He gasped concerned.

"Are you going to fuck me or talk?" I grunted.

With that TJ abandon all concern and filled my pussy with all he had. It's not fair to compare him to Poole but in many ways he was. The instant he entered me I knew he was different. A manly confidence tempered by a true concern for my pleasure. Bold but patient, caring but forceful, even his touch was similar, TJ was special.

"Deeper." I moaned as TJ pounded my cunt.

"That's all there is Jane." TJ grunted.

"Then faster..." I gasped.

I would like to say we fucked for hours but the reality was we were both too excited to last that long. I wanted TJ to fill my pussy but at the last minute he pulled out and coated my stomach. It was the polite thing to do but just the same I was a bit disappointed.

We held each other and even kissed. He looked deep in my eyes and I knew he felt the same way I did. He was young enough to be my son yet he looked at me with true desire.

"Thank you for the dance Jane, I will never forget this." He whispered. "Never."

I laid there as TJ stood up, his big black cock hung down glistening in our excitement. It lasted maybe fifteen minutes and except for Poole I can't remember being this satisfied by a man. TJ offered me a hand up and watched me head back to the ladies room to compose myself.

It was getting late several young men had left, those that stayed seemed wary to approach me now. I guess they figured if TJ wasn't big enough to satisfy me neither could they. Men, they think it's all about size.

I moved to join the two women but they seemed to be into just themselves. Looking for Poole in the shadows. He stood and made himself seen. I started his way when his eyes led mine to a young man sitting alone along the wall. I could see his drink was all but empty, he shifted uneasily on the stool when I looked his way.

I turned back to Poole, he nodded his head then stepped back in the shadows. It was just like Poole to make sure everyone was included. I looked the young man over again and decided, what the hell, it is my birthday isn't it? With a baby face and curly hair the young man looked younger than his attire indicated. Average in height and a few pounds overweight his smile was welcoming just the same.

"You look lonely." I whispered as I ran my hand down his arm.

"I'm fine." The young man stuttered.

He tried not to stare at my naked body, but at this distance it was hard to look anywhere else but at me.

"I'm Jane." I smiled brushing up against him. "Don't you like women?" I teased holding out my hand to shake his.

"Sh...sure I do" He gulped.

I waited for him to continue, it took a moment for him to realize my hand was still waiting for his.

"Sorry." He blushed deep red. "I'm ...I'm ...Fred." He said taking my hand.

"Is that your real name, you don't look like a Fred." I laughed pressing my tits against him.

"No..." He admitted.

"Ok Fred, do you want to dance?" I leaned in and kissed his cheek.

"I...I can't dance." Fred suggested.

"You can't or you don't want to?" I teased him.

"You're very pretty, even beautiful..."

"But?" I asked as I moved between his legs.

"I'm still a virgin." Fred blurted out.

I moved my hand into his lap and felt his hard cock inside his slacks.

"Oh I see..." I smiled wickedly as I unzipped his pants.

"Uh ...Jane!" Fred cried out as I worked his cock free. "I'm saving myself!"

Fred looked at the couch and back at me. I looked at the couch where TJ just fucked me and turned back to Fred.

"You do masturbate don't you?" I snickered.

Fred bit his lower lip and blushed deep red again.

"Of course you do." I confirmed. "Just think of this as me helping you with that.

I lowered my head over his cock and took it in my mouth. Fred spread his legs wider as I crouched so I could watch his reaction to what I surmised might be his first blow job. Fred's eyes rolled back in his head and his pelvis thrust up.

I knew this could be short experience so I pulled off and licked along the length of his cock.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked in a sultry voice.

"Nnnnooooo..." Fred moaned placing his hand on my head.

He gently guide me back to the center of his desire. Not holding back I engulfed his cock a second time. I teased Fred again just as he was getting close.

"Don't stop!" He shouted, his throbbing cock waiving in thin air just outside his pants.

"Make me Fred, I need you to want this." I looked up at his glazed eyes. "Make me a slut."

I took his cock back in my mouth as Fred thrusted off his stool. I had him on the edge of coming, just as I was going to pull off again his hand shoved me down over his cock. The pulsing member swelled and filled my mouth with warm salty cum.

"Ooohhhhhh...fuck!" Fred yelled to the rapturous applaud of the crowd.

I swallowed every drop and waited for his cock to stop twitching before I let the shriveled cock slip from my mouth.

"I...I'm so sorry." Fred said as I stood up licking my lips.

"I'm not." I leaned in and kissed him on the lips. "By the way you have a perfect cock."

Just then Fred looked behind me. I turned to find Poole standing there with a robe.

Poole's eyes met mine, even though he smiled I saw a sadness in his eyes. "We should go." Poole said.

He looked at Fred and nodded. Wrapping the robe around me we headed to the elevator without another word. The ride home was quiet but Poole held my hand. It was at times like this I didn't know if he was happy or sad, proud or disappointed.

"You get cleaned up and I'll meet you in bed." Poole kissed my cheek.

He knew I hadn't brushed my teeth used mouthwash after taking Fred's load. I spent extra time getting prepared. When I joined Poole in his bed I could tell he had just come from a shower as well.

"Happy birthday. Jane." Poole spooned me and wrapped me in his arms.

I looked at the clock and it was just after midnight.

"Poole?" I whispered.

"Yes Jane?"

I pulled loose and turned to face him. I reached down and gripped his heavy cock.

"Can I have your present now?" I stretched up and kissed him.

Poole's cock grew and swelled.

"Are you sure? You might be a bit tender down there?" He tried to say it politely but I could tell he was hurt.

"Not really, but I was hoping you would give me the present I really wanted." I kissed him again. "A present only you can give me."

I kissed Poole hard this time, as I did I guided his one hand to my ass. Poole's tongue met mine as his other hand gripped my ass as well.

"Are you sure?" Poole held me tight.

"It is my birthday..." I kissed him again. "It's what 'your' slut wants."

I pulled free from Poole and grabbed the lube after teasing us both as I lathered us up, I straddled Poole and guided his cock to my asshole. I could see the concern in Poole's eyes as I pressed the massive head against my tight hole. I closed my eyes and willed myself to relax back there.

Poole gripped my tits to steady me, I cried out slightly as my sphincter stretched to its limits.

"Jane!" Poole started to pull me free.

"Don't stop me!" I cried out. "It's just starting to feel good." I opened my eyes and gave him a pain filled smile.

"Why Jane?" Poole looked at me still concerned.

"Because I need you to know I'm still your slut Poole." I gasped as the head of his cock pushed past my vise like opening. "Watch Poole, watch ..."

He looked down between my legs and saw my ass move further over his cock. I felt it swell even bigger as the sight excited him even more. I stopped about half way, Poole looked up at me now confused.

"Now do you want me to stop?" I cooed with a naught grin.

"Not if you want the rest of your birthday present slut." Poole said slyly.

"I want it all, I want you fill my ass with cock and cum." I continued to lower myself over his manhood. It took a few strokes to get it all in me but when I did Poole pulled me forward on top of him. Some of his cock pulled out but my ass was still stuffed.

"Please take your time." I whimpered as I wiggled my ass side to side. "I want you in me all night."

"A greedy little slut aren't we?" Poole slid his cock out and back in slowly.

"Mh hm." I snuggled deep against his chest. "Greedy for you Poole."

We fucked like it would last for hours but the lube didn't hold out that long. Poole filled my ass with cum long after my second orgasm. He even got up and washed us off. I curled up inside his arms and fell asleep my ass still full of his love.

Saturday Cassie and Cody came over and spent the day with me. Poole was around and although he was attentive towards me I still had a feeling something was wrong. After a day of lounging on the patio and in the pool he took the three of us to dinner. Poole held my hand as we walked about and at times through dinner.

That didn't stop Cassie from flirting with him as Cody cringed in embarrassment. I opened their birthday gifts as we sat and talked with Poole. It was Cody that cuddled up beside him much to Cassie's dismay. The girls left just after dark leaving Poole and I alone.

"I'm going to turn in." Poole reported. "Max is picking me up early."

We shared a passionate kiss but his announcement suggested I was not invited to sleep with him. I went to my bedroom and checked my e-mails and the scores of posts wishing me a happy birthday. I turned off the light and laid my head down remembering the events of last night and today.

"Move over slut." Tina whispered forcefully.

"Tina you're home?" I sleepily stated the obvious.

I looked at the clock and it was a quarter to twelve. Tina shifted in the bed until she straddled my waist.

"I paid extra for an earlier flight." She moaned as her pussy brushed over a tit leaving it wet.

"But why?" I asked realizing how excited she was.

"I wanted to give you your present on your birthday." Tina shifted higher.

I could smell her arousal as she shifted her pussy above my mouth. Grabbing my hair she pulled my face to her gaping cunt.

"Eat me slut!" Tina pulled hard. "Enjoy your present."

I stabbed deep inside Tina's gushing pussy and lathered my tongue. It had been some time since we were intimate and this was truly a treat. I rubbed her clit with my nose until she pushed my face away.

"God I love you slut." Tina hissed.

She pulled my face back to her cunt and let me lap at her inner folds. I could tell she was on the edge again when she pushed me away.

"Not yet birthday slut." Tina growled.

The next thing I knew she turned to face my feet and lowered her pussy over my face again. I had just licked her clit when her small breasts pressed against me. I felt her hands spread my legs and her tongue tease my sensitive nub.

"Cum for me slut!" Tina yelled. "You know you want to."

I thrust my cunt up to meet her mouth and attacked her pussy as she attacked mine. Wrapping my arms over her narrow waist I held her ass so I could focus on her pussy. Tina tried to hold off but she was too far gone. Mashing her cunt hard to my mouth I was rewarded with a small stream of heavenly excitement.

"On your knees slut!" Tina ordered me as her orgasm plateaued. I rose up as she demanded and presented my ass. With my head on the pillow Tina started lapping at my splayed pussy from behind. Occasionally her tongue moved over my anus sending shivers up my back. Then without warning she stabbed her tongue deep in my ass.

"Is there any cum still in there?" Tina smacked my ass smartly.

"Nooo..." I moaned overly excited.

"But you prepared it for him just in case didn't you slut?"

"Yesssss." I happily admitted.

"Good." Tina smacked me again.

She turned to the nightstand then returned. Spitting on my puckered hole she pressed a good sized dildo to my ass.

"It's not as big as Poole but it should do the trick." Tina chuckled.

I grunted as Tina pressed it in then moaned as she worked it in and out. When she started licking my pussy I was so excited I was ready to burst. Tina buried the dildo in my ass then sucked my swollen clit into her mouth. I rocked back and forth fucking myself on the dildo as Tina brought me off.

I don't even remember her taking the dildo out of my ass. I just remember her holding me and wishing me a happy birthday.

"Slut." Tina whispered in my ear.

"Hmm." I nuzzled deep against her.

"We have company." She replied nibbling on my ear now.

I opened my eyes and saw her standing near the doorway. Lela looked on in a sad way which concerned me.

"What's the matter Princess?" I rose up exposing a breast.

Lela looked at my tit and her mood seemed to brighten just a bit.

"I missed your birthday. I'm sorry Jane." Her eyes pleaded with me to understand.

"Only by a few hours." I laughed looking at the clock. "Please come join us."

"Can I get undressed?" Lela again looked at my bare tit.

"Better still take my place." Tina offered. "Here let me help you with your clothes."

Tina popped up from the bed and went to help Lela. I thought Lela would watch a naked Tina undress her but her eyes mostly stayed on me. (Ok well she did check out Tina's tits a few times.)

It was pure erotica to watch this innocent woman being exposed before my very eyes. Her dark complexion radiated beauty and left me dangling with desire. When at long last Lela allowed Tina to remove her favorite panties a gleaming smile crossed her face.

"Thank you Tina." Lela said as if she was waiting for her to leave.

Tina looked back at me and winked.

"You two don't have all day alone in here. I came home to spend time with you too." Tina kissed Lela lightly on the lips. "And that goes for you as well our little Princess."

Lela was embarrassed but delighted by what Tina suggested would happen and that she was welcomed to stay. Closing the door behind Tina, Lela stood waiting for my invitation.

I picked up the covers and held them open exposing my naked body. Lela ogled me like a deer in headlights.

"Hurry up I'm getting cold in here without you." I teased Lela.

Without a word she bound across the room and joined me. Slipping in front I pulled her tight and started kissing her profusely.

"Happy birthday to me." I hovered over Lela. God you're so beautiful." I brushed my hand through her hair.

Lela spread her legs and with an urgency and confidence I hadn't expected guided my thigh between hers. She shifted and guided me until I was just where she wanted me. I pressed down lightly causing Lela to thrust up.

"Is that what you want Princess?" I whispered as she moaned slightly as my clit rubbed against hers.

"Yeeessss." Lela struggled to reply. "But it is your birthday."

"And you are my present." I kissed her nose. "Now cum for me baby."

I reached down and gripped Lela's ass cheeks, our tits mashed together as I maneuvered our pussies for just the right pressure. Lela came quickly but I didn't let go. After she recovered I set about building her up again.

Lela is not only very passionate but a quick learner. For the next hour we rubbed pussies, fondled tits and kissed. I showed her how to set a pace we could enjoy, how to vary it. I showed Lela how to explore my body as I explored hers.

Our lips never went below our tits our hands never touched each other's vagina's. The asshole was off limits but asses weren't. Lela was on top our legs intertwined, our clits red and swollen.

We both looked down as Lela played with our excitement as it clung to our pussies. In the end it was me begging Lela to let me cum.

"Happy birthday slut." Lela hissed as our orgasms coincided.

"I love you Princess." I grunted as my pussy exploded all over hers.

Too exhausted for anything but kisses we both nodded off. Tina found us later still embraced and woke us up. Later that day Tina took us both shopping where Lela bought me a birthday present. But that's another story.

It has been just over a week since my birthday. Poole and I never did discuss the night at the club. Nothing has really changed in our relationship, or Tina's for that matter, but I still feel Poole is holding something back.

I had just changed into my bikini and stood for inspection with the others at the start of work. As degrading as it seems on the surface, I doubt any of the women would miss the chance to interact with Poole. He has a way of putting a smile on your face in some personal way.

"I would like to talk to you later." Poole said after he looked me over one last time.

"Ok." I smiled not knowing what for.

Max came and got Claudia and me and invited us into the conference room. Poole followed us with a stack of papers almost three inches thick. He smiled as he sat down and waited for Max and us to sit.

"Jane, Claudia, I want the two of you to interview this year's potential interns." Poole said seriously.

"But I've never done that." Claudia spoke up then looked at me nervously.

"Neither have I." I replied back to her shrugging my shoulders.

"Well now you will." Poole chuckled. "Claudia, Max will work with you."

Poole flipped through the stack of papers and handed it to Claudia.

"You will get the women." Poole explained. "Jane will get the men."

"There must be close to thirty resumes' here." Claudia said almost to herself.

"Twenty, you will both whittle that down to the final five." Max now chuckled. "Jane has twenty as well."

"Who is going to help me?" I now asked nervously.

"Don't worry about that for now." Poole spoke up. "You start next Monday."

"This could take weeks?" Claudia thumbed through the stack of papers.

"It could, but you need to do it in three days." Max said raising his eyebrow. "You both have your work here to do."

Claudia and I looked at each other and swallowed hard.

"What if we pick wrong?" Claudia asked purposely now.

"Well, you will be the one working with them and firing them if you do." Poole assured her. "If you want to move up in this company it's time you get the responsibility that goes along with advancement."

We talked for some time after that before Max and Claudia left Poole and I alone.

"Jane, I didn't want to say this in front of Claudia but Lela is going to help you." Poole explained watching me closely.

"Lela, Max's sister?" I asked to make sure I heard him correctly.

Poole nodded. "Is that a problem?"

"No, not a problem." I replied hesitantly.

"Are you sure?" Poole challenged me.

"Knowing Lela she would probably do a better job than me." I laughed.

Poole seemed a bit surprised at my answer but laughed as well. In my mind if Poole thought Lela would be of help, I trusted his judgement.

Max gave us the rest of the week to study the applicants. After work I took five resumes and studied them thoroughly. The next morning I would leave them in my changing room for Lela. That night after work she would leave me five new ones.

The following Monday we would start and have three days to complete our interviews and research. That Wednesday night all forty candidates will be assembled around the office pool for our decisions.

As is the custom they will all be required to wear a bathing suit of their choice. This had Poole written all over it.

Wednesday afternoon Poole and Max called Claudia and I back in the conference room. Max informed us that he and Poole could be gone until Sunday on a golf outing. Claudia would be in charge during their absence.

"Are we still on for Monday with the interns?" Claudia asked warily.

"We are." Max replied.

"Well Jane it looks like we will be working overtime." Claudia chuckled nervously.

"Jane is going with us." Poole replied with a chuckle of his own.

"I am?" I looked at the men and then Claudia.

"You are." Poole confirmed.

Needless to say Claudia and I were both caught off guard. I still had a stack of resumes to study and questioners to make out. Claudia almost had a meltdown when Max explained she would be running the office. Then Max talked her through the required duties and assured Claudia she could always call.

I drove Poole to his house after work and peppered him with questions. He refused to answer any of them except to trust him. Only when he reached over and took my hand did I realize Poole understood my concerns.

We had just pulled onto his street when Poole squeezed my hand gently. "Just so you know I've invited Donald. The two of you will be sharing a room."

As Poole's words sunk in, my heart skipped a beat.

"What about you? Isn't Tina still out of town?" I asked whining just a bit.

"She is, I'll be fine." Poole assured me.

He held my hand until I pulled into the garage. Poole came around and opened my door. Closing it behind me he took me in his arms as the garage door closed behind us.

"Do you trust me Slut?" Poole's lips grazed mine.

"Yes." I moaned in anticipation.

"Then kiss me now as there may not be time later."

Poole pressed his lips to mine and let me know how much he still wanted me. I tried to hold on but it was clear we were on a schedule.

"Lela has packed for you and laid out an outfit for tonight." Poole placed me back on my feet. "If things play out as I expect we may have time later."

Poole smacked my ass and sent me on my way. I went to my room and looked at the outfit before heading to the bathroom. Fresh from a shower and intense personal grooming I looked on my bed once again.

The black G string panties slipped firmly into place. The print skirt fit perfectly at the waist but only covered my ass by three or four few inches. The matching bra held my small orbs on a shelf as if offering them up for grabs. The top was a soft, thin, sweater like material that clung to me like a second skin. With only three buttons up the front the bra was clearly on display as were the swells of my modest breasts.

Lela may have laid this out but Tina or Poole picked it out. They appeared to be sandals but with a four inch heel I guess they were shoes. Fortunately they were more comfortable than they looked. As I turned in front of the mirror admiring my legs I heard a horn honk.

Looking out the window, the drive was filled with sports cars and a full sized van. Just then there was a knock on my door. I opened it and almost fainted.

"Donald!" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

My husband looked at me almost as shocked as I was with him. He took one look at me and then into the room. It was like he was expecting to find someone else in here.

"Donald...what do you want?" I said slowly and angrily.

"Poole asked me to carry your suitcase down." Donald replied still looking intently in the room.

"Is this where you stay?" He asked sheepishly.

"When I'm here. " I spat back. "The suitcase is over there." I pointed to the corner.

"Uh...yeah...well they're ready to leave..." Donald picked up the suitcase and looked around the room one last time as if he was looking for a secret panel or something. "...Is that what you're wearing?"

I could tell by his voice he was not happy.

"I am." I stood defiantly.

"You look like a slut." Donald mumbled as he left me standing alone in my room.

I came down to find Poole and the others out on the patio, most with a drink in their hand. A hush fell over the place as I walked outside, Poole who had been waiting, smiled and handed me a glass of wine.

"Everyone, this is Jane." Poole said almost bragging.

The conversation started back up slowly but many eyes lingered as Poole kissed my cheek.

Among those gathered were Poole's friends Digger and his wife Jenny. Dozer and his wife Sophia were here as well. Considering I had fucked both of them it was no surprise that they weren't eager to greet me.

Slim and his girlfriend Rita on the other hand did walk over and say hi. Max is here, alone as usual. Mel and Rhonda, the first clients I met with Poole are here. There were several people I didn't know but Poole made sure to introduce me.

"Five minutes folks." Poole announced. "We have reservations for dinner."

Donald approached Poole and explained the van was loaded. "Are you coming?" Donald looked at me as if to suggest I was riding with him.

I looked at Poole to see if this was the case. I could see the corners of his mouth crease just enough to know he approved of my desire to be with him.

"I was planning on Jane riding with me." Poole explained.

"But you said she would be staying with me." Donald whined.

"Staying yes, riding no." Poole shot back.

"But..." Donald tried to protest.

"We agreed you would drive the van with the clubs and luggage. In return we would pay for your room, greens fees, and your meals at the hotel." Poole reminded him. "If you don't want to play, I have several people that will be happy to take your spot."

Donald quickly backed down and turned to leave.

"Donald..." Poole stopped my husband. "...if you behave these next few days, I'll drive the van home and you can drive the Ferrari."

"Really?" Donald asked ecstatically.

"I promise, but that means not getting drunk, or offending any of my friends." Poole clarified.

"Wow, I get to drive the Ferrari!" Donald all but ran to the van.

Seven sports cars and a van headed to the highway for a destination I still didn't know. We had no more left the driveway when Poole's hand went between my legs. He fingered my pussy through the thin material getting me excited.

"You planned this all didn't you?" I turned and released the top button to my blouse.

"I had help." Poole smiled at my newly exposed cleavage.

"Am I to be your slut this weekend?" I asked shifting in the seat allowing Poole better access.

"When you're not working." Poole chuckled.

"So this is a test? Get fucked or spend time working?" I surmised.

"Something like that." Poole seemed impressed I figured it out.

"Do you have any special plans for me other than cuckolding my husband?" I asked seriously.

"I don't see it that way." Poole looked at me sternly.

"What about Claudia?" I asked changing the subject.

Poole looked over and studied me for a moment before answering. For once he didn't seem sure how I felt about what we were doing together.

"Max has plans for Claudia. This is really more about testing her than you." Poole backpedaled slightly. "We need to see if she can do this without you."

"Me?" I asked dumbfounded.

"Claudia is very talented, but Max is concerned that without you there to support her she may become a bit...shall we say inflexible?" Poole explained.

"She'll do great with me or without me." I assured him.

"We'll see." Poole looked at me smiling. "You better get buttoned up, the restaurant is up ahead."

I flashed Poole a tit and did as he suggested. The valet ogled the car then me as he helped me out.

I'm not sure where Donald was but he was not with the group. I sat between Pool and Rita, Slim's girlfriend at the table. At first I thought she was so friendly because I hadn't fucked her boyfriend. When her hand drifted over the top of my thigh during dinner I guessed it might be something else she liked about me.

I actually enjoyed dinner with Poole's friends. The conversation was lively at times but well mannered. I listened mostly but answered when questions were asked of me. Coffee was being served when I stood up to use the restroom.

Rita offered to escort me and stood also. Slim looked at Poole for what seemed to me like permission. Nothing was said as my new friend and I excused ourselves. Once in the bathroom Rita reached out and took my arm

"I have something for you." She whispered next to my ear. "From Poole."

I turned to face her and she had this alluring smile.

"I really do have to pee. What is it?" I asked intrigued.

"When you're finished." Rita leaned in and kissed my cheek.

A bit flustered I took the first stall, Rita took the only other. We both finished about the same time and met back at the sinks. After washing Rita opened her purse and pulled out a long object wrapped in a cloth.

Removing the outer wrapper she showed me a thick dildo wrapped in type of clear plastic used in the kitchen. It was not that long, and not as big as Poole but still intimidating.

"Your bra first." Rita grinned stroking the plastic covered cock. "Poole's orders."

I knew she wouldn't lie about something like that so I pulled my top off and handed her my bra. Rita seemed happy I complied so easily and placed the bra in her purse.

"I assume I need to put this in?" I looked at the plastic cock.

"My instructions were to place it there personally." Rita winked.

She was obviously enjoying this, and I'll admit being intrigued myself. I lifted my skirt and pulled the small patch of panties to the side. Rita guided me to the counter so she had better access. Removing the plastic wrap I noticed the dildo seemed to be covered in lube.

I'm not sure she would need it but the thought was nice. Rita's hand trembled a bit. I reached down and took hold of it. Rita looked up like I might try and stop her. I smiled and led her eyes back down to my pussy and helped her find the opening to my cunt.

I closed my eyes and moaned as we worked it in. When she pulled it out and worked it in again I opened my eyes and looked in hers. She was licking her lips and was clearly aroused.

"Yesssss." I moaned softly.

"You're not allowed to cum... Slut." Rita quickly mentioned.

"Are you?" I asked pulling her in for a kiss.

"No." Rita gasped as she slowly parted. "Not yet anyway."

I took her hand from the dildo and shoved it deep in my pussy. Pulling the panties back to hold it place I kissed her passionately again.

"Too bad." I said then bit her lower lip. "I have a feeling we both might enjoy that."

"You really are a slut aren't you?" Rita gasped.

"Let's hope you get to find out." I moved from the counter.

We both washed up and headed back to the table where my missing bra was clearly noted. Poole seemed happy as we started off for the hotel. His hand wandered under my skirt a few times just to make sure the dildo was still in place.

When we checked in I rode the elevator up to our floor with Poole and several other guests. We got off alone, Poole waited for the doors to close before speaking.

"You're at the far end." Poole pointed to the sign on the wall. "I'm at the other end around the corner."

"I'm not coming with you?" I asked disappointedly.

Again there was this hesitation on Poole's part. This just wasn't like him to be so...so uncertain what he wanted.

"Here's my spare key." Poole slipped it out of the paper sleeve and handed it to me. "If Donald hasn't removed the dildo before you're ready to go to sleep you may join me."

"Oh...ok, I guess." My disappointment dripped off my words. "How do you know I won't just blow him off?" I said sarcastically.

It was only after Poole started chuckling that I realized my choice of words.

"I trust you Jane." Poole said sincerely. "He is your husband isn't he?"

I was both proud he trusted me and stung by his words. I don't think he meant to hurt me but it did. As he bent down to kiss me I felt some of the passion we shared had tapered off. Still I was reminded he did offer to have me join him later.

Our luggage was in the room when I opened the door. Donald must have eaten at a drive thru and arrived earlier. My guess he is at the bar talking to anyone that will listen.

Donald found me in our room in the sexiest negligée that was packed. I almost expected him to be in a foul mood but he seemed quite happy and not drunk.

"Why are you dressed like that?" Donald asked raising his eyebrow.

He seldom initiated sex, but this outfit might just have changed that for tonight.

"Oh, I don't know, out of town, with you, in a hotel." I walked over and kissed Donald lightly. "What do you have in mind?"

"Let me clean up and I'll be right out. I have to be up early for the tournament." Donald offered.

We first kissed standing up, something that Donald is good at. With Donald wearing just a towel we made the way to the bed. He passed on another kiss instead guiding my face to his cock.

"I thought we might save that for another time?" I suggested pulling off the towel.

"Mmmm." Donald moaned as I stroked him.

I started to move up his body but Donald shifted offering me his cock again. He had not so much as fondled my tits, squeeze my ass or offer to kiss me more. I've always wanted to please him, and lord knows I've tried, if it's what he wants, I'll be willing to do it again.

I took Donald in my mouth and slathered it with praise. I knew the odds of getting him aroused a second time dwindled the longer I took. Hell bent on getting fucked I eagerly devoured his cock and stroked his balls.

I knew all the right buttons to push and soon Donald squirmed below me.

"I want you in me." I whispered stroking him quickly.

"Please Jane, I don't want to take another shower." Donald moaned.

I'm offering him pussy and he's worried about a shower? Where had it all gone wrong, was all I could think of. I stroked his cock faster and faster. Donald thrust his hips up offering me his cock to do with what I pleased.

I had never wanted to hurt anyone but this time the thought had crossed my mind. Then with one last thrust his cock spewed cum across his belly and up his chest.

"Aaaahhhhhh..." Donald moaned in ecstasy.

He had cum from a hand job. I didn't know if I should laugh or cry.

"Can you clean me up?" Donald mumbled laying spread out on the bed.

I picked up the towel he wore earlier and tossed it to him.

"Here, I'm going in the bathroom." I said tersely.

I went and locked the door behind me. The dull throb in my pussy from the dildo reminded me what a failure I was with my own husband. I gripped the plastic cock to pull it out when Poole's words came to mind.

Would it be fair to Donald to admit defeat this early in the trip or give him a second chance? I pulled the dildo out then pushed it back in. The burning of excitement in my pussy made the decision harder and harder.

"I could just bring myself off and Poole would never know...or would he. I remembered then he trusted me. I shoved the cock back in my pussy and brushed my teeth. Entering the room I found Donald fast asleep.

I grabbed my purse and with only the negligée on I made my way to Poole's room. The thought of getting caught only added to my excitement. Pulling the key out I opened the door and slipped in closing it behind me.

The room was much the same as Donald's and mine, a soft glow filled the area past the bathroom to the main room just out of sight. I heard a murmur as I walked the few steps past the bathroom.

On the chair by the desk appeared to be clothes, women's clothes. It didn't register fast enough so as I rounded the corner I saw her straddling Poole's cock.

"OH SHIT!" I cried out

Poole looked up over his brow, the younger lady froze half way down his cock. Her raven black hair matched perfectly by the small patch just above her swollen pussy lips. Poole's one hand didn't cover half her massive breast. Her large areolas sported thick plump nipples.

"I should leave." I turned and bolted to the door.

"Come back here." Poole called out.

"NO!" I shrieked.

"Slut..." He started to say

"Why Poole?" I started to cry turning the handle to the door.

"Jane...please come here." Poole's voice pleaded with me.

I closed the door and released the handle. I was still sobbing when I move back in sight.

"Misty was just leaving weren't you?" Poole looked up at his lover.

There was an awkward pause as she looked from Poole to me. I'm not sure what she was thinking, maybe it was pity, maybe she didn't dare argue with Poole.

"Yeah I guess I was." Misty replied disappointed but not impolitely.

I watched as she raised up her pussy swelled as Poole's flared head pulled free. I could see their sexual fluids drip from her gaping cunt. Sticky strings of excitement pulled tight until they lost the battle and clung from her plump labia's.

Misty dismounted as gracefully as one can in such circumstances. She moved not to the bathroom but the chair where her clothes laid. Comforted that she would actually leave, my crying started to wane.

This beautiful woman looked only at me as if to remind me what she was sacrificing.

"If you change your mind you can still call me." Misty looked at Poole. "If not, maybe Jane could?" She said in a sultry voice.

When Poole didn't reply Misty turned her attention to me.

"Funny, you don't look like a slut." She smiled.

I wanted to scream at her how wrong she was. I am a slut I wanted to argue. Then Misty winked, that simple gesture let me know she didn't care one way or the other. As Misty moved past me her hand floated over my shoulder and under my chin.

I flinched still expecting some rebuke. She leaned in for a kiss but I backed away slightly.

"It's ok, he's all yours now." With that said she leaned in again and with the softest lips kissed me.

Suddenly I felt bad for Misty, I wanted to say something, to apologize. She put her finger to my lips then turned and walked down the short hall. I watched Misty open the door and leave without looking back. I almost now wished she would have stayed.

"Come here." Poole commanded as he propped up with another pillow.

I moved closer not knowing what to expect. He took my hand firmly but not harshly and moved me to where he could see me.

"Strip."

I don't think I have ever been so nervous to take off my clothes. Misty had the body of a goddess and now he wanted to see mine. This just wasn't fair.

I removed the negligée and soon I was standing before Poole naked. He looked at my pussy and saw the small end of the dildo. He seemed conflicted as he looked back at me.

"I expected you earlier." Poole whispered.

"Donald was late...I really did try..." I started to cry again.

"Shhhhhhhh...it's ok." Poole caressed the cheek of my ass. "Besides she's gone now too."

My heart filled with joy as Poole said it without remorse. I looked down at his shimmering cock and knew what needed to be done.

"But she isn't really gone is she?" I laughed through my tears. "Not all of her."

Poole looked down at his cock now understood my meaning. He looked deep in my eyes and seemed to know what I wanted.

"I suggest my slut should take care of that first." Poole suggested.

"But I want you inside of me." I shot back.

"There will be plenty of time for that as well." Poole assured me with a smile. "That and other things."

"Don't you have to get up early for golf?" I questioned.

"I do, so I suggest you stop talking and start swallowing." Poole replied acting perturbed.

Misty's essence was delicious alone, mixed with Poole's cum it was downright exquisite. I sucked the head of Poole's cock and licked along his length. With Misty's warmup it didn't take long for Poole to fill my mouth.

I expected him to fuck me next but instead he pulled me up until my pussy straddled his face.

"We'll need to get rid of this." Poole stretched up and took the dildo in his teeth.

I lifted slowly as he watched close up the intruder leave my cunt. Tossing it to the side with a flick of his head Poole waited for my pussy to lower back over his mouth. It didn't take long, neither did I.

I didn't realize how excited I was until Poole's tongue found my clit. My pussy spasmed the instant he touched it and continued to spasm for the next ten minutes as I rode his face.

I clawed at his hair and squeezed my thighs. Poole never gave up, instead he doubled his efforts. He'll never beat Tina for technique but I wasn't complaining when my orgasm ripped through my body.

Oh, I called him every derogatory name I could think of and a few I wasn't sure about as I came. As Poole's tongue swirled around my sensitive clit I started to move off of him.

"Where are you going?" Poole stopped me.

"To get us cleaned up." I explained.

"And leave me like this?" Poole looked between my legs at his swollen cock. "Do I need to remind my slut I have to get up early?"

"No." I smiled moving back over his cock.

I picked the heavy shaft up from his stomach and lined it up to my pussy. Without hesitation I plunged down taking Poole's whole cock. I flopped forward and embraced my lover.

"Your slut's pussy is yours to do with as you please." I cooed.

"I'm sorry Jane." Poole whispered, talking about Donald.

"I'm not." I looked up at Poole. "Are you going to talk or fuck?"

Poole thrust up from below me forcing his massive cock deep in my pussy. I moaned and kissed his chest letting him know I meant what I said. I love being on top but tonight I wanted more.

"On top or behind me, I want all of you." I teased Poole by tugging on his nipple.

Poole happily rolled us over. I splayed my legs wide offering all of my cunt. Poole drilled deep in me pressing hard against my cervix.

"Now cum." I gasped in animalistic pleasure.

"This soon?" Poole asked as his cock slammed in again.

"No golf until you do." I bit his nipple again.

"You little slut!" Poole admonished me.

"Your little slut." I corrected him. "Now cum."

I'm not sure if anyone has ever told Poole what to do during sex. Maybe ask or beg, I'm sure I've done that many of times. Tina might do it, she's has that kind of confidence with Poole, and she's deserved it.

"Cum now Poole, fill that tight cunt." I switched and bit his other nipple.

Poole reached down and slipped his hands under my ass. With his torso supported by just his forehead he pulled my pussy hard against his cock. I winced as there was no more stretch in my pussy, then I felt it.

"All of it..." I cooed.

My cunt was bathed in his warm semen. I contracted my pussy hard around his shaft, Poole didn't really pull out as much as just thrusting deeper. I heard his first few moans then was lost in my climax.

It was like when some part of your body has the blood cut off and it goes to sleep. That was the feeling I had inside me now. Maybe it was from having a dildo inside most of the day, I didn't care it felt marvelous.

It was like a thousand sparklers all lit at once going off in my pussy. I gripped his cock in desperation as Poole lifted up and pulled out.

He looked down at me as I looked up in half closed eyes. I could tell he was happy, I know I was, but he still had that look I couldn't quite figure out.

"What?" I smiled moving my hand to his lifeless cock.

"We can get cleaned up now?" Poole teased.

"Why? Don't you like your sluts nasty?" I closed my eyes.

"Jane you know I don't." Poole snapped back.

"Maybe later, I don't have to get up early." I smiled and rolled over showing him my ass.

"Well I do." With that Poole scooped me up in his arms and carried me in the bathroom.

Before I knew it I was in the shower with only cold water coming out of the shower head. I squealed as I searched for the control. Just as the water turned warm Poole pulled back the curtain and handed me a toothbrush with toothpaste on it. He had one in his mouth as well.

In some ways Poole is a germaphobe, especially when it comes to sex. I know this, and also knew he could never get a goodnight's sleep until he took a shower. Especially after eating pussy.

I brushed my teeth and we quickly showered. Poole was still awake when I came out of the bathroom. I rounded the corner again dressed in my negligée.

"You're leaving?" Poole asked disappointed.

"He'll be expecting me when he wakes up." I explained.

"Hmm... I guess you're right." Poole took it better than I expected.

I kissed him quickly and headed for the door before I changed my mind.

"Jane." Poole called out.

"Yes." I replied with my hand on the door knob.

"Thank you for coming." Poole answered.

I closed the door softly behind me. I found the key to my room and opened the door. It was as if I never left. Donald snored lightly as I slipped in beside him. It was more than an hour before I fell asleep.

As usual Donald was less than stealthy as he got ready in the morning. When I heard the door close behind him so did my eyes.

To be continued...