

Vicky's Wild Weekend



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by

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She felt Larry before she saw him, his big warm hands sliding over her arms to massage her shoulders through her white silk blouse. Vicky gasped and spun her office chair around to face him. She was getting a little tired of this! Larry smiled innocently, pulling his hands away and stepping back. The office junior was just out of college and looked every bit the handsome frat boy, even in his suit and tie. "Watch your hands, Larry!" she snapped at him, rolling her big brown eyes. Really, sneaking up on her at her desk to give her a back rub! Did the foolish boy want to get fired?

"I'm sorry, I just can't help myself, Miss Franklin!" he said. "You're the prettiest woman in the office, and you always look so fantastic!" His bright hazel eyes took a short round trip from her head to her toes and back. She'd worn a black pencil skirt along with her blouse, with black hose on her shapely legs and pumps to match. She wore her long, dark hair up, as usual. Pretty standard office fair, in her opinion.

"You realize that I have the power to fire you, right?" she scowled up at the sandy-haired young man. "And it is Mrs. Franklin, Larry, not Miss," she added sternly. "I've been married for fourteen years. You were probably in elementary school when I walked down the aisle! Pick on a woman your own age, will you?"

"Women my age aren't worth my time," he shrugged before leaning over the corner of her desk. "You wouldn't fire me would you, just because I'm madly in love with you?" His eyes sparkled, the boy did like to play with her!

"I swear to God, Larry!" she had to laugh. She should have known this would happen, the boy had flirted with her the day she hired him. It was flattering, she admitted to herself. How often did a woman in her late thirties and two children get hit on by hunky guys in their early twenties? "If you didn't do such a good job around here, I would send you packing!"

"See, you're warming up to me already!" he winked. "First it's compliments, then it's drinks after work, then all of a sudden you're calling my cellphone on a Saturday night begging to come over to my place!"

"You're dreaming, Larry! I'm a happily married woman, I'll have you know!" she said emphatically. Perhaps too emphatically. Randy, her husband, was a few years older and looked it. Acted it too. It seemed like one day a few years ago

her once energetic and attentive husband had turned into a tired, cranky, and balding sixty-year-old man overnight.

"Does he treat you like a princess, Vicky?" Larry persisted. "A beautiful woman like you... Well, it's Friday. Come out with me after work and I'll show you how a woman should be treated!"

"Okay, I've really had enough of this! Get back to work!" she ordered. He was really taking things too far now! She turned away from the young man, grumbling to herself as she faced her computer screen. Randy certainly wasn't taking her anywhere that evening, she knew. But then again, Larry didn't have two kids to deal with. It wasn't fair.

"Sorry, Mrs. Franklin," Larry said with a chuckle. "I actually came to tell you that my meeting with the boss is done. She wants to see you now."

"Ugh! You couldn't have told me sooner?" she pushed the chair back and shrugged into the black jacket that matched her skirt.

"I could have, but would that have been any fun?" he laughed and strode off to his own desk, unconcerned. Vicky straightened her hair before striding down the short hallway to Sarah Haverson's office. When she'd graduated college, Vicky had hired on with a promising new company, Haverson Accessories. She was start-up's first employee. Over the years, she'd grown quite close to Sarah, and had helped the woman build her business to the point where it thrived and Vicky supervised dozens. She slipped into the office, Sarah always kept the door open.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked.

"I did. Close the door," the woman said, her words quick and clipped. She was older than Vicky, and whip-slender where Vicky was curvaceous. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a bun. A long narrow nose dominated the woman's deeply tanned face. She was more handsome than beautiful, and ran religiously every day to keep her body lean. Vicky though maybe she worked out a bit too much. She stood behind her desk, resting her bony fists on the desktop, glaring.

"Sure, Sarah," Vicky eased the door behind her closed. She took a seat and smoothed her skirt. "Is something wrong?"

"I know you've been working day and night to finalize that deal with Marvin and

Hiassen's Department Stores," she began, and shook her head.

"They passed?" Vicky said incredulously. She'd been romancing the executives of the high-end regional chain for weeks now, and they were finally coming around. What had gone wrong?

"They faxed me over a signed agreement this morning," Sarah suddenly smiled. Her thin lips stretched over the even rows of her flat white teeth. "Well done."

"Oh you scared the shit out of me!" Vicky laughed. Sarah did like to play her tricks! Vicky sighed, not realizing just how tense her boss's little ruse had made her. Well done indeed! They had been all set to pass on the offer, at first. Now Haverson would have its purses and jewelry in dozens more stores across three states. Things certainly were looking up!

"It's all thanks to you, Victoria," Sarah came around the desk and bent to give the younger woman a tight hug. It was like hugging a fencepost! Vicky clapped her boss on the back, grinning for all she was worth. Vicky may have gotten a degree in business management, but the older woman had really been her teacher. It was only things to the business savvy she'd passed on to Vicky that she'd been able to make the deal.

"I thought I saw something in their faces when they turned us down the first time. I couldn't let it go!" she explained.

"Your instincts were dead right," Sarah nodded as she hopped onto the edge of the desk. "I don't have to tell you, this is going to be huge. My only regret is that I can't give you part ownership of the company. As you know, my husband," she sneered at the word, "owns half, and I'll be damned if I give him a higher share than I have!"

"Oh, that's all right, Sarah," Vicky nodded. The woman was full of spite for her domineering husband. Vicky had often asked why they stayed together. She claimed it was to not give the bastard the satisfaction of a divorce!

"But don't think I'm leaving you empty-handed! Take next week off, paid of course. You've earned a break," she nodded briskly. Vicky smiled, a week to herself wouldn't be so bad, with her own husband at work and the kids in school. "Plus a ten thousand dollar bonus, here's the check if you want to sign it!"

"You're kidding?" Vicky gasped. "That's too generous!" She took the check in trembling hands. She could do a lot around the house with this!

"Not really, we'll pull that much extra revenue in every month once they get our product on their shelves. Also, you'll need to sign this as well," she handed Vicky another paper.

"What's this?" Vicky pulled her reading glasses from her pocket.

"Your promotion. We'll have to hire more people as our business expands. Time for Haverson Accessories to have a Vice President, I think. Go ahead and sign, Vicky. There's a raise in it too!" she grinned.

"Sarah, you're the best!" Vicky gushed. She was barely able to scrawl her name onto the page. Her eyes started to water. People at the office may call the blonde businesswoman a bitch or a maneater, but she always repaid loyalty.

"Only because I've got good people with me," she nodded. She took the form when Vicky returned it and set it behind her on the desk. "I do need a favor out of you," she said carefully.

"Anything, you know that! You don't even need to ask!"

"Well," Sarah coughed and crossed her long legs. She smoothed her gray pantsuit before continuing. "You know, of course, about Craig, my boy toy?"

"Yes, you've mentioned him before," Vicky blushed. Sarah had confided in her about her lovers, a string of them, actually, a few years ago. All younger, some of them much younger.

"Oh don't give me that look! You've complained to me about your Randy more than once! You're an executive now, don't you think you deserve a stud who actually tries to please you?" Sarah smirked.

"I don't think I could bring myself to cheat on Randy," Vicky said softly. "Not that I'm judging you, of course! What you and Terry have, or don't have, well, it's not my place to comment!"

"Suit yourself," Sarah shook her head. "Anyway, he's also my personal trainer. I need you to pick him up at his gym at six tonight and take him to the Holiday

Inn at the airport. I'll be waiting for you two there. It's just a precaution, you see, in case my husband hired a gumshoe."

"Do you really think he would?" Vicky asked. She'd only read stories about private detectives, it seemed so exotic that a real-life detective might be stalking her boss. She smiled. "Of course I'll pick him up for you, Sarah. You can count on me."

"I knew I could! You're one of the very few people I trust, Vicky." Sarah drew a small card from her jacket pocket. "This is the gym's address. He should be in the lobby waiting for you."

"How will I recognize him?" Vicky asked as she took the card.

"He'll be the huge hunk of a man with dark hair and covered in muscles. He'll probably also have a dopey grin on his face. He usually does. He's about twenty-five, so don't tease him too much!"

"You do like them young and dumb!" Vicky laughed.

"Oh you know I do! Now," she checked her watch. "It's almost five already. Wrap it up and get on out of here, Miss Vice President!"

"I'm on it, Sarah. Oh, and thanks again!" Vicky said before dashing back to her own desk. What an interesting afternoon this was turning out to be!

* * *

"Franklin residence," Randy intoned as he picked up the house phone. He always sounded so utterly bored.

"It's me, honey," Vicky sighed. "Can't you see that on the caller ID?"

"Oh sure. Anyway what's up?"

"I'll be a little late tonight," she explained into her cell phone as she pulled into the gym parking lot. She realized she hadn't thought of a lie yet. She gulped. "I'm meeting with those clients I've been talking to, again." She could hear their kids, Allison and Randy Junior, screaming in the background. Randy let them get away with anything.

"Fine, but what about supper? I can't cook, that's your job, remember?" Randy snapped. They supposedly shared household duties, but he'd rather play the kids than do any cooking or cleaning. At least keeping them was something, she supposed.

"Order pizza then," she said in exasperation.

"We've had a lot of pizza lately, Vic. The kids want something different," her husband whined.

"Ugh! Just do it, and I promise," she took a deep breath. "I'll do that thing you like so much this weekend. You know, those little tricks I have with my tongue?"

"Oh yeah? Okay, pizza it is. Have fun making business, or whatever," he said and hung up without waiting for a reply. She nearly threw the phone out the window. Instead, she went into the gym to meet this young stud her boss was raving about.

* * *

"So you're telling me you really don't know who the Beatles are?" Vicky gaped at the big man as she parked her little compact in front of the hotel. The huge young guy hunched in his seat, barely fitting inside. Maybe she'd use that ten grand as a down payment on a nicer car. Thinking of the money brightened her mood. She chuckled at his youthful ignorance.

"Yeah, so?" Craig shrugged. He was lucky he was so good looking. And he was good looking, with classic masculine good looks. He had thick dark hair and a big square chin that seemed destined for a movie poster. He wore a sleeveless tee shirt and shorts, and was showing off a lot of perfectly sculpted muscle. It wasn't hard to see what Sarah liked in him.

"Come on, your lover is waiting," she said. He followed her along like a big dumb puppy, lugging his gym sack over his shoulder. The hotel lobby was crowded with business travelers trying to check out, but Vicky spotted her tall, blonde boss easily enough. She pulled her beefcake along after her.

"Ah, there you are!" Sarah sighed. Her eyes narrowed and darted side to side nervously. Craig took a step toward her, a big grin on his face. "Hold on," she stopped him.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" Vicky whispered.

"Don't make it obvious, but do you see that guy in the corner, the tall one reading a magazine?" Sarah responded, her voice a low hiss. Vicky checked over her shoulder quickly, and sure enough there was a tall man in an ill-fitting brown suit flicking through a fashion magazine. "He followed me in, and has been tailing me since I left work!"

"You think he's a private eye?" Vicky's eyes went wide. It was all so exotic. Could a thing be seedy and glamorous at the same time?

"I think so," Sarah licked her thin lips nervously. "After I checked in I slipped around the corner and listened to him as he talked to the clerk. He tipped the guy fifty bucks to get room next to mine. I don't know if you noticed, but the balconies are so close, he could step over to mine and peek through my window! I think he's trying to catch me with Craig!"

"Then just leave. I'll take Craig home and you can lay low a little while. I know you'll miss your boyfriend here, but you've got to be careful!" Vicky said.

"Hey, that's no fun!" Craig pouted.

"Sorry, lover, but Vicky is right. Game off tonight," the tall woman stomped her foot in frustration. "But how long will we have to go on hold, a week? A month?" she ground her teeth.

"I don't know what else you can do, Sarah. You don't want to lose the company. We've worked so hard at it!" Vicky said firmly. Surely her boss wouldn't throw it all away just to keep bedding this young stud, no matter how handsome he may be!

"Hmm, you know, just cancelling won't help. We've got to throw him totally off track. I have to make my husband think I'm being faithful," Sarah said thoughtfully. She handed Vicky her briefcase. "Here, take this, act like I met you here to give you my papers. I'll leave, and you and Craig can go up to the room, instead of me."

"What good will that do? Sure we could keep the curtains drawn and watch TV or something, I guess." Vicky frowned. A wasted evening, it sounded like.

"No, you're right, that might not be enough to convince him that Craig is your lover and not mine. Hmm. Maybe if..." a slow wicked grin formed on the woman's face.

"What are you thinking about?" Vicky asked cautiously. She didn't like that look.

"Well maybe you could give the private dick a little show. You know, kiss, make out a little bit. Leave the window open and let him get a good picture," she suggested.

"Whoa whoa, he's your lover, Sarah!" Vicky protested. "And I'm married, for God's sake!"

"I know, but it's not cheating if all you do is kiss a little. Besides, once he realizes that's what's up, I'm sure he'll leave! He's after me, not you!" Sarah said.

"Hey, I don't mind if she doesn't, Babe," Craig shrugged and smiled at Vicky. Did he really have to be so handsome? "She's awfully pretty."

"Yeah, all the boys at the office are totally smitten with her," Sarah laughed.

"Won't you be jealous?" Vicky asked meekly. The young man was leering at her now.

"We don't have that kind of relationship, do we, sweetie?" she winked at Craig. If anything his smile got even wider.

"Nope," he confirmed. "We're not exclusive. It's just for fun."

"Besides, it'll just be for a few minutes. I'll watch from the car and call you when our snooping friend goes back to his room. All you have to do then is wait half an hour and leave. Done deal!" Sarah said. When Vicky didn't answer, she pressed. "Look, if my husband thinks I'm just helping a co-worker have an affair, he might stop tailing me! This could end it all. Do you really want us both to be looking for another job if he finds out and takes the company in a divorce?"

"No," Vicky sighed. This was such a strange situation. Her boss looked about ready to get down on her knees and beg. She must really be desperate. "Okay, fine, I'll do it!" she said at last.

"Okay, great!" Sarah seemed relieved. "Now you two run along and try to have fun. Relax Vicky, and remember its all a show, all right?"

"I don't think I could forget!"

* * *

Craig was trying his best to set the mood right, bless him. He chatted innocently with her for a while, thankfully not about music. Mostly he just complimented her looks, going into detail about how he liked the way she wore her hair. He grabbed a bucket of ice on the way to their room, and once they arrived, he produced a bottle of whiskey from his bag and made her a nice bourbon and lemon soda. She gulped it down gratefully and sighed. He took her coat and laid over the back of a chair before pulling her down next to him at the edge of the bed. She smiled shyly at him.

"Don't be nervous, babe," he said as he brushed a stray lock of brown hair from her eyes. "It's just fooling around.

"I know," she said, and tried not to tense up when he laid a huge strong arm around her. "Do you think the private eye is watching us yet?" she whispered. The big lummoX turned to the window. With all the interior lights on, the glass door to the balcony might as well have been a mirror. She resisted the urge to jump up and close the drapes. She was supposed to be putting on a performance, after all. "Don't look now!" she hissed.

"Oh yeah," he turned suddenly and kissed her. She froze, momentarily startled as his soft lips met hers. She hadn't kissed a man besides Randy in well over a decade. Craig may not be the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he knew how to kiss! His lips brushed hers lightly at first, teasing them before giving her the tiniest taste of his tongue. She found herself responding to his kisses, her body flush with long forgotten passion.

She wrapped her arms around his beefy neck as she wiggled her tongue into his mouth. He sucked at it slowly as he pulled her tighter against him. She felt so dirty, so naughty, kissing another man! When she remembered the private detective watching through the window, she shuddered. A man, a stranger, was watching her! She ran her fingers through his thick dark hair. A full head of hair! How long had it been since Randy could claim that? She practically ripped the young man's sleeveless tee right off his brawny shoulders!

"You have a great body!" she said, but it seemed too little to describe him. His chest was broad, his waist narrow. Muscles flexed under his golden tan, unblemished skin. She bent to plant soft little kisses over his bulging pecs, leaving a trail of dark red lipstick marks all the way down to his washboard abs.

"Yeah?" he chuckled. He flexed his muscles even more for her. She giggled but traced those muscles with her soft fingertips. "Time to get you undressed a little," he said softly. She sat back and met his eyes, then nodded slowly. He carefully unbuttoned her blouse while she watched, willing herself to not think about her marriage, or the man watching them. She shrugged as Craig got the last button, and her silky top slid down her arms. Craig licked his lips as he admired the soft swells of her full breasts, barely contained by her black bra.

They embraced again, tongues teasing each other's mouths and necks. Vicky lost track of the time as their passion grew. She was making out with a young man, and it made her feel like a naughty teenager! Her hand dropped into Craig's lap, and she pulled away from their kiss with a soft moan.

"Go ahead, babe, rub it," Craig urged her softly. His black athletic shorts were loose-fitting, but the bulge under her trembling hand seemed far too large for the short garment. She could see the massive shaft of it, tilted to one side above the more rounded lump of his huge balls. Her hand glided back and forth, feeling every inch of him as best she could.

"That's quite impressive," she said at last. She couldn't take her eyes, or her hand, off it. Craig leaned back a little on the bed, letting her explore.

"Just lucky, I guess," he shrugged. "You could take my shorts off, if you want a better look," he suggested.

"I really don't think I should," she said, her voice small. But her hands were already working. She took a firm grip of his waistband and started to tug. He obligingly pushed his hips up, and the shorts slipped down his thighs. His thick cock snapped up to full attention, slapping against his muscular belly. Vicky's jaw dropped in astonishment. She'd hardly been a virgin before marrying Randy, though no one would ever call her a slut. All the same, Craig's cock was much longer and thicker than any of the few she'd ever seen. It curved up from his body gracefully, slightly thicker in the middle than either the base or tip. He kept himself shaved well-groomed, even his massive balls hung in perfectly smooth

sac. The deep purple tip tapered to a nice, rounded point.

"Like what you see, babe?" he asked. At least he wasn't smirking, he seemed honestly curious. Perhaps some women had run away screaming in terror. She stifled a chuckle at the thought.

"I've never seen a cock like yours before, Craig," she said instead. Her fingers curled around the base, and the young man groaned as she gave a small pump. The skin was so silky and smooth under her skin, but the shaft under it seemed harder than steel. Her little fist didn't even cover half his length, so she added a second hand and began to slowly stroke his whole massive length.

"I'm glad you like it," he smiled. He leaned down as she pumped his huge manhood, and once again she became lost in his firm, yet gentle kisses. She wasn't sure how the big man managed it, but over the next ten or fifteen minutes, he not only got her to purr, on the edge of orgasm, but also managed to strip off her skirt, hose, and bra, leaving her only in her panties.

"You have such a beautiful body!" Craig mumbled. Randy had been teasing her lately about putting on a few extra pounds. Most of it had went to her bust and her full round ass. She still had that classic hourglass shape. She realized again that she was showing that figure off not only to Craig, but a clandestine voyeur. She lay back on the bed, rolling back to slip off her simple black panties and toss them on the floor. She toyed with her curly dark hair seductively, spreading her long legs every so slightly to give him a better view.

"Thank you, Craig!" she smiled. Was Sarah ever going to call? Surely she and Craig had given plenty of evidence! Or maybe the private dick was just enjoying the show now! She thought about getting up to close the curtains, but Craig stopped her.

"Come here," he said, pulling her onto him as he lay beside her. She sprawled out atop his huge, powerful frame. Her big breasts pressed against his chest and his thick cock throbbed against her soft, plump ass cheeks. He was so big and strong, and she'd never felt more small and feminine!

"We can't, Craig," she whined in his ear, leaning over him with her long dark hair, now loose, hanging in curly waves around them. She pushed herself back, slowly grinding her bottom against that stiff pillar of manhood.

"Sarah won't care," he pointed out. His strong hands slapped down on her ass, making her jiggle and gasp. He pulled her up slowly. His pulsing cock dragged along her backside, sliding between her smooth white cheeks. His cockhead worked lower, as he positioned her body, lining up with her soft pink folds. A little wiggle of his hips and that tapered purple head nestled right at the entrance to her sweet pussy.

"Jesus Craig!" she gasped, holding still, her breasts dangling in the young man's face.

"All you have to do," Craigh said between kissing and sucking her long, pink nipples. She shivered as the small nubs tingled in pleasure. "Is push back, baby. Go on. I know you want to."

"I'm going to hell for this," she whispered. She pulled her knees up beside her, straddling the young man as she took the headboard in her hands. Her body tensed as she eased herself backwards. His thick cock burrowed deeper between

her lips and slid into her steamy hot pussy.

"Oh you're wet!" Craig groaned, rubbing her ass but not pulling her down any further.

"I can feel you stretching me!" Vicky said as she continued to take him. His girth made her quiver as he pushed her lips and walls wide apart, making her nerves sing in pleasure. Deeper and deeper he slipped into her as she rocked her curvy body back. She was fucking another man! Fourteen years of fidelity lost in a moment as her pussy opened up for a cock far longer and thicker than her husband's.

"Fuck you're tight! You must have really needed this, babe!" Craig grunted. He slapped her ass once again. "Go ahead and ride it!"

"Okay," Vicky agreed softly. She might as well, at this point. In for a penny, in for a pound! She pushed her hips as far back as she could, her wet lips sucking down his huge member all the way to the base. She could feel the tip of his cock pressing hard against the deepest part of her pussy, places where she'd never been touched. The feeling was electric! She pushed herself up onto her haunches, fully impaled.

"You're a beautiful woman, babe. You need this," Craig said as he took her breasts in his wonderful, knowing hands. Maybe she needed to rethink her opinion of the man's brains. He certainly knew the right things to do or say!

"My husband certainly isn't giving it to me," she said wryly. Craig chuckled in response, but his face suddenly got serious as Vicky rose up on her knees. Moaning in pleasure, she began to ride him. She took it slowly at first, letting herself get used to his incredible size. Her long deprived vagina adjusted far quicker than she would have thought. Her slippery walls gave way to him, and she felt herself stretching inward as well as wider as his impressive length pushed against the back of her sex over and over.

"That's it, get into it, babe!" Craig grinned, pinching her nipples softly. He let her do all the work for a while, offering encouragement and telling her how sexy he thought she was. She hoped the private eye was getting a good view too. She decided to put on a show, bouncing faster and faster on the brawny man's lap. Her breasts and ass jiggled as she moved, and it wasn't long before her head drooped back and she screamed in ecstasy.

"Oh fuck YES!" her voice rang in the small room. She'd only ever cum from having her clit licked or caressed with a knowing finger, and this was different. Like a wide, deep river, the incredible sensations flowed over her whole body, drowning her senses in a flood of pleasure.

"Fuck, babe! Cum for me!" Craig urged, watching her slam her wide hips up and down in rough jerky motions as she rode him through the longest, hardest orgasm of her life. She collapsed on top of him panting, unable to make her numb lips form words. Craig only gave her a moment to recover herself.

"What?" she managed to squeak as he held her tight and rolled her over onto her back, her pussy still stuffed with every inch. His huge balls slapped meatily against her ass as he pushed her legs open wide.

"Time for the main event, babe," he winked and began to move. With the vigor of a trained athlete, he pounded her stretched, wet womanhood brutally. Vicky shrieked in pleasure as his fast-moving cock set her nerves ablaze.

"More, more! Oh God More!" she cried as another orgasm rocked her. Craig didn't let up, hammering her tirelessly as one orgasm flowed seamlessly into the next. Finally, the huge man gave a shudder and pushed himself balls-deep one last time.

"Fuck!" he grunted. Vicky wrapped her arms and legs around his beefy, powerful body, holding him close as he shuddered between her legs. His cock lurched inside her, his balls pumping one shot after another of hot, sticky cum deep into her. Vicky sighed deeply, the feeling was delicious!

"If that won't throw the detective off, I don't know what will," Vicky giggled after she regained her breath. She kissed Craig softly on the cheek and the big man rolled off of her.

"Thanks a lot, babe," he smiled and patted her bare thigh.

"I should be thanking you, you know," Vicky replied. "That was amazing! You are amazing!"

"Thanks, babe!" he leaned over and kissed her passionately. A moment later, Vicky's cellphone rang.

"Ugh, it's probably my husband," she made a sour face. To her surprise, however, it was Sarah.

"Hey, how was it?" her boss asked when Vicky got on.

"Did he finally leave?" Vicky asked. "We've been here for two hours!"

"I have a confession, Vicky." There was a long pause on the line. "There never was a detective. I kind of set this up," Sarah admitted sheepishly.

"You what?" Vicky demanded. She cheating on her husband, for nothing?

"I'm sorry, but you really needed a good man to take care of you, Vicky!" Sarah explained. "Tell me you didn't love every fucking second of it!"

"Well, I... " Vicky blushed.

"Yeah, he's pretty damn good, isn't he?" Sarah chuckled. Vicky could almost see the woman smirking into her own phone.

"Yes, he was the best," Vicky admitted, smiling at the grinning man laying next to her.

"Then don't worry any more about it, Vicky. If your Randy could satisfy you, things never would have gone this far and you know it. Now get dressed and get your butt out of there, Craig's all mine for the rest of the weekend!" Sarah growled aggressively.

"Oh, sure," Vicky shook her head and said goodbye. "I've got to get home to my husband!" she wailed and quickly got dressed. Craig laughed softly in amusement. She realized as she slipped back into her high heels and tidied her hair, that she just couldn't bring herself to feel guilty.

* * *

Vicky tried her best to enjoy sucking Randy's cock. She truly did. He'd been annoyed with her about coming home so late the night before that he'd barely spoken to her all day Saturday. She'd done her proper wifely duties, cleaning the house, fixing supper, even helping the kids with their homework. Not long after she'd cleaned the kitchen and the children were settled down in front of the TV

did her husband pull her aside and demand "what she owed him".

And there she was, on her knees on a Saturday night, with her husband's cock stuffed in her mouth. Well not quite stuffed. She tried not to compare it with Craig's cock, but found that to be impossible. Her husband, thin except for a small pot belly, balding, and wearing a dissatisfied scowl sat on his favorite reading chair, his smallish pecker about three quarters hard as Vicky bobbed and sucked and licked as fast and hard as she could.

"You should work late more often," he joked. "I could get used to this!" Vicky shot him a dirty look and slurped even louder at his cock. It didn't take long. His prick stiffened for a few seconds as he pumped his thin, watery load into her mouth. She held him deep and swallowed quickly, so she didn't have to taste it. She pulled back, smacking her lips. His cock was already starting to shrink back up. How could she have ever thought that his penis was good enough?

"Did you like that sweetie?" she asked as brightly as she could. She stood up, running her hands seductively over her curvaceous frame. She wore a simple tee shirt, but she'd slipped off her sweat pants, and the shirt barely covered her plump shapely ass.

"Yep, thanks," Randy zipped himself up and looked at her. "What?"

"I thought maybe," Vicky blushed. She thought maybe he'd want to fuck her long and hard like they used to before they got married. "The kids will be busy for a while, and I could use a little attention myself!"

"Nope, I'm all tuckered out. Maybe in a few days?" Randy suggested as he got up.

"What about me?" she protested, stomping a bare foot on the bedroom floor.

"Oh, isn't that why you got a vibrator?" he shrugged before leaving her alone in the room, gaping like a fool. That man! How could anyone be that fucking selfish? She had her phone in her hands and was dialing before she realized what she was doing.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Victoria Franklin herself," Larry said on the other end when he picked up. Vicky closed the bedroom door.

"Yes it's me. Remember when you said that one day I'd be calling you on a Saturday night begging to come over to your place?" she reminded him, hoping the young man wasn't just full of hot air.

"You're god damn right I do!" Larry responded enthusiastically. "But you were supposed to join me for drinks first, if I remember!" he chuckled. The smug bastard!

"How about we skip that part?" she suggested.

"Oh, darlin' I'd love to, but I'm already at the bar. Why don't you come meet me at O'Clary's in an hour and we'll talk. Wear something hot." With that, the young man hung up!

"Men!" Vicky cried in exasperation. She must have paused to silently ask herself what on earth she was doing a dozen times, but she got dressed to go out nonetheless. She put on her slinkiest red dress, cut low to show off her impressive bosom. She slipped black thigh-highs up her shapely legs and stepped into tall black stiletto pumps. She touched up her mascara and applied a healthy coat of bright red lipstick. A little tease of her long, brown hair and she was ready. She threw on a long coat to hide it all.

"I have an emergency meeting, it may go all night!" she called over her shoulder as she headed out the back door to the garage. She didn't even wait on Randy's response. She didn't pause to think. She deserved this, and by God she was doing it! In no time she'd crossed town to the downtown bar Larry had mentioned.

"He'd better fucking be here," she muttered to herself as she stepped out into the parking lot. A group of young men loitering near the door leered at her. One of them even whistled. She smiled as she felt her confidence swell. She was hot stuff! At least they seemed to notice! The bar was fairly crowded, mostly with up and coming twenty-somethings, like the man she had come to meet.

"You came!" the tall man exclaimed when she found him drinking beer in a corner booth with another young fellow.

"Yep, just like I said I would!" she grinned and did a little turn. "Did I dress hot enough for you, Larry?"

"I'll say!" he shook his head. "I thought you might have been putting me on,

honestly. But I'm glad you did come. Sit down, I'll buy you a drink!" he said loudly over the music and the chatter of happy people enjoying their weekend. He was dressed more casually than she usually saw him, in a polo shirt and jeans. He filled them out as nicely as he did his work suits.

"Sure! Gin and tonic," she smiled and slid into the U-shaped booth, scooting to the back. The dark-haired young man nodded at her and took a long pull of his beer. He seemed shorter than Larry, with heavy eyebrows and powerful looking shoulders. "Who's your friend?"

"Kyle, my roommate," Larry explained before signalling for the waitress and putting in their orders. Kyle looked her over, a slow grin forming on his lips. He studied her like a lion studied a gazelle on the savannah.

"This is Vicky, the hot lady at the office I was telling you about," Larry explained. Kyle's dark eyes flitted down to her cleavage and Vicky felt herself flush with excitement. It was clear the young man liked what he saw!

"Is that how you describe me to your friends, Larry?" she asked, leaning into him as he returned to his seat across from his roommate. The men just laughed and nodded. She was flanked by two handsome young studs, she realized with a grin. The waitress soon returned, and the gin boosted her confidence even more. She flirted with them both shamelessly, laughing at their jokes and touching their arms and shoulders every chance she got. It didn't take long before she began to feel randy. She slipped her hands under the table, feeling for each man's bulge. Her brown eyes widened in pleasure.

"Oh, what do we have here, two big boys just for me?" she giggled.

"Yeah, you like that, Vicky?" Larry grinned, leaning back and letting her hand fondle him through his tight jeans. She smiled at them in turn. Neither seemed quite so big as Craig, but definitely more than poor Randy at home. She felt the smallest pang of guilt before squashing it mercilessly. Randy had had fourteen years of chances.

"I do, in fact," she slid under the booth. Larry laughed in glee and slapped the table. Kyle merely grunted; he wasn't as talkative as his friend, but his dark eyes made up for it. Crouching under the table, she turned to Larry first. She spread his legs and moved right in between them. She unzipped his pants and hauled out his thick cock. Once free of its confinement, his cock swelled to full

hardness with two strokes of her hand. It was long, nearly as long as Craig's but not quite as thick. Nice and hard though, she thought as she stuffed the bulbous head into her mouth.

"Oh you won't believe how good this is, buddy!" Larry grunted to his friend.

"Oh yeah?" Kyle responded. Even bobbing her head under the table, Vicky heard the sharp sound of the other young man pulling down his zipper. She swirled her tongue around Larry's cockhead on more time before pulling off and turning around carefully under the table. Even in the dim light she could see just how hard and thick Kyle's cock was. She dove onto it, loving the way his immense girth stretched her lips and jaw.

"Half the bar is looking at you freaks!" Vicky heard a stern man's voice as she lovingly slurped and bobbed over Kyle's thick cock. "We aren't that kind of place, now get the fuck out before I throw you out!" Apparently they were making a scene! Or rather, she was giving the other bar patrons a free sex show! She shivered under the table, her whole body feeling electrified.

Vicky giggled and helped the young man tuck his fat dick back into his pants. All eyes seemed to be on her as she emerged from under the table. Well, there wasn't a table cloth, after all. She grinned at the gaping men and women who sat near them. One man at the bar clapped.

"Thank you all," she laughed and curtsied. Larry took her arm and kissed her cheek.

"We'd better get out of here," he chuckled. "Come on. We live just down the street!"

* * *

"Strip for us," Kyle said. It wasn't a suggestion. He leaned back on the couch, watching her with those dark, intense eyes of his. Larry and his roommate shared a simple little place, and they'd paused only long enough upon entering for the two men to argue over whose bedroom they would all have sex in. In the end, they decided on the living room.

"Yeah, Vicky, show us what you've got!" Larry chimed in from the easy chair. Vicky wished she had some music to move to, but with two horny men more

than ten years younger than her watching so rapt, she really had all the motivation she needed. She swayed to an imaginary song as she shimmied out of her dress, her hips moving side to side seductively.

"Like this?" she cooed when she stepped out of the red garment. She'd neglected to wear panties, but she had trimmed her sex to a neat little black triangle over her tight pussy. Larry whistled lustily as she fondled her own body, taking her time.

"Get that bra off," Kyle said gruffly. Vicky winked at him before unclasping the lacy black bra, and flung it at his face. She turned to Larry and presented him with her big, round breasts. He licked his lips as she played with her long pink nipples. She propped her foot onto the arm of the chair to give him a good view.

"Should I take the stockings off, or leave them on?" She asked him softly.

"Oh definitely on!" Larry grinned as his big hand caressed her well rounded calf from her slim ankles to the back of her knee.

"And keep the shoes on too," Kyle added.

"You got it, boys," she blew Kyle a kiss before leaning down and pushing her bosom into handsome young Larry's face. He didn't hesitate to kiss and lick the firm globes all over, paying special attention to her long nipples. She sighed and ran her long fingers through his thick, sandy blond hair. "I should have done this months ago!"

"Yeah, you should have!" Larry grinned as he came up for air. "In fact, I'm kind of pissed you didn't!" his hazel eyes sparkled with mischief. "I should probably punish you for holding out on me so long!"

"Over the knee," Kyle said bluntly. That young man certainly didn't waste time on words!

"No, not that," Larry said thoughtfully. "Get on the couch, on your knees, facing the back, Vicky!" he said seeming only half serious. Vicky hesitated a moment.

"All right," she said softly before climbing up beside Kyle. He groped her body as she rested her hands on the back of the couch and pushed her plump naked bottom up.

"This is one fine ass!" Larry crowed as he stood up behind her. He slapped her cheeks so hard, she almost fell over the back of the furniture! Her bottom stung; he was strong!

"Ouch!" she cried in indignation, whipping her head over her shoulder to give him the dirtiest look she could muster.

"Holding out on me is a serious offense, Mrs. Franklin!" he said gleefully as he spanked her other cheek noisily. She cried out again, even louder this time.

"She's a noisy one, huh? Kyle, why don't you go around the back of the couch and put something in her mouth?"

"Yep," Kyle grunted. He stripped quickly as he walked around them on the carpeted floor. By the time he appeared in front of Vicky, the short, muscular young man was nude. Without ceremony he shoved his marvelously fat cock past her lips. "Suck it," he grunted. Vicky moaned around him. He was as thick as Craig, though a couple inches shorter. Was she just lucky or had Randy's disappointing cock skewed her perspective? Either way, she sucked hard at him, bobbing her head and working her tongue back and forth as her lips stretched around him.

"And that is for cheating on your man!" Larry cried as he spanked her bottom once more on each tender cheek. Her soft flesh burned, and she knew he'd left pink handprints behind. His words should have stung her, but instead, they only made the growing fire in her pussy rage out of control. She needed a big cock in her right that instant!

"Oh stop messing around Larry and fuck me!" she pulled her lips from around Kyle's fat tube of flesh just long enough to hiss. Kyle grabbed her hair by two fistfuls and roughly began to fuck her face. She gagged as his massive cockhead wedged down her throat. She gripped the couch harder and took it, eager to be used, to be fucked, like a wanton slut.

After a moment, she felt Larry grab her wide hips and ease his long, heavy tool deep into her sopping wet pussy. Maybe she was a slut, taking two men at once, and neither of them her husband! Her pussy fluttered around the insistent invader, flooding the long shaft with juices as she came all over the young man.

"Oh God damn, you're tight!" he gasped. Despite the rather awkward position, the three began to fuck in earnest. Larry's savage thrusts rocked her forward on

the couch. Kyle held her hair tight and himself still, smirking down at her as she gagged and throated his fat dick over and over. She could feel her mascara running down her face. Her throat throbbed from the sensation, but combined with the feeling of Larry's wonderful cock stretching and pounding her hungry pussy she found herself loving it.

The men grunted and groaned, mingling with the sound of her loudly gagging and slurping at Kyle's beefy cock. She'd never felt more sexual than right at that moment, sandwiched between two strapping young studs. They were using her as a sexual toy, only interested in conquering her lush, womanly body. But it was her body they wanted. She came again and again as their tempo spiraled into a frenzy.

"Jesus fuck!" Kyle grunted. He held her hair painfully tight and jabbed his cock down her gurgling throat to the balls. Long past the point of fighting her gag reflex, she felt her abused throat clamp down on him, milking his balls of every drop of cum. The hot, salty cream shot straight into her belly, and she sucked them down furiously.

"Oh yeah, paint her face, buddy!" Larry panted. He was heaving his lean, toned body into her at a breathtaking pace now. Randy had never, ever fucked her that hard, not even when he was Larry's age! Kyle pulled his fat cock past her lips and let the last two spurts fly across her cheeks. Vicky didn't mind, she licked her lips and relished the taste of him.

"Oh you're fucking me so good, Larry!" she squealed as he thrust so hard she fell onto the couch, her heavy breasts mashing against the upholstery. The feeling of his incredibly hot seed splashing deep into her sex set her off yet again. She hung her head on the edge of the couch and let out a long, low moan of satisfaction as the young stud's bucking slowed.

"Larry," she panted as the young man fell away from her to sit beside her on the couch. She stretched out beside him, resting her black heels on his lap. "I don't care what I have to pay you, but you're staying with Haverson's until I get tired of your cock!" she giggled.

"You got it, Mrs. Franklin," Larry chuckled and wiped his sweaty brow with the back of his hand. "I meant it when I said you're the hottest woman in the office. I just didn't realize how fucking sexy you really could be!"

"Nice to meet you, Vicky," Kyle said politely. Odd of him. He seemed to be collecting his clothes and heading to his bedroom.

"And where do you think you're going young man?" she demanded. He stopped and shot her a puzzled look over his shoulder.

"I thought you and Larry..." he shrugged. Vicky arched an eyebrow and looked at her fair-haired coworker. They laughed together. "Hey, I'm married. This is just sex, right guys?"

"You bet, Vicky!" Larry said, caressing her legs once more. She could feel his cock already starting to get hard against her slim ankles.

"So, uh, that means what?" Kyle said puzzled.

"It means you stay right here! I'm not letting you go until that fat dick of yours stretches me all out of shape! And you, Larry, if you think you're going to bed tonight without giving me hot load to swallow, you've got another thing coming!" Vicky crossed her arms under her breasts, knowing that pose only made them look even more round and ripe. She couldn't believe the change that had come over her. This was turning into the wildest weekend ever!

"Mrs. Franklin," Larry began with that impish grin of his. "You've got yourself a deal!"

THE END