The Pass Out Game

Teen,bi, mf, mm, oral, anal, unconscious (sorta), pee, exhibitionism, true

The standard disclaimer applies. This is a work of fantasy and fiction, involving people under the age of 18. If this offends you, or is illegal where you are to read, then go away. Not everything in fiction is a good idea to try in real life- this story is not meant to encourage or support anyone to do anything. If you’re not interested, stop reading now.

This is my first attempt at writing erotic fiction for the public. If I get any positive feedback, I’ll write more. I welcome all comments, and am willing to take story suggestions if anyone has any. Enjoy it, I hope you get off!

The Pass Out Game

This story is more or less a true one. Some minor details and the names have been changed, but yes, this did actually happen.

I was nineteen when Jennifer and I created the pass out game. Jennifer lived with her divorced mom and her thirteen year old step brother Marcus, and she had the entire basement to herself. Many were the nights that she and I would smoke pot, drink her mother’s terrible boxed wine, and fuck with abandon, knowing that her mom was safely passed out upstairs from drinking the same wine, and wouldn’t wake up if we went upstairs and fucked on top of her.

Jennifer and I were both what you’d call Goths today, although the term wasn’t really in use back then where we lived. Black clothes, black eyeliner, black lights, and the soundtrack to our lives was mostly the Cure. I was a slender kid, a very skinny frame with a bit of muscle definition, but still relatively girlish. Dark red hair, streaked with black, and although I didn’t go as heavily on the makeup as the other Goths did, I usually tended to look either androgynous or downright girlish. I have blue eyes, fair skin and my multicolored hair reached the middle of my shoulder blades.

Jennifer was a short thing with very pale skin who went for the blood red lipped vamp look. She wasn’t chubby yet (although I heard that she did gain a lot of weight when she got older), but still had her baby fat, giving her skin a tight, plump appearance. Her belly had an adorable swell to it, and her tits were small enough that they all but disappeared when she raised her arms above her head. Shaved pussy, a surprisingly firm ass, and not a speck of hair on her body below the neck. At the time of this story Jennifer was also seventeen, still in high school, and could look the part of the innocent young girl without an effort, even though the mind of a pervert lay beneath.

The Pass Out Game came about through a game of truth or dare we were playing one night. We often had other friends over for truth or dare games that always ended up in some sort of sex play, and frequently ended up with everyone fucking, either in their own spaces scattered across the basement, or in one big pile.

Jennifer and I were alone that night, and although we knew there’s be sex later, we wanted a prelude, a tease before the real action. We considered ourselves refined sexual deviants- if there was a fetish we’d try it, if there was a new way to get off we’d work together to perfect the technique, and each of us tackled sex with abandon and a determination to leave no stone unturned, except for the ones covering animals and shit- our only lines. We’d experimented with pain, blood, bondage, role play and our favorite, age play, and were always willing to try something new. As lovers, we considered ourselves better than the other kids our age because rather than just humping away until we came on each other, we explored, and dared ourselves, and approached sex like gourmets do food.

Unfortunately, when you’ve played truth or dare with a person dozens of times, and know their limits like I knew Jennifer’s, the game loses its appeal if there’s no one else there to play. After some halfhearted truths, a bunch of dares that didn’t hold much in the originality department, and lots of wine, Jennifer suggested something new when I chose my next dare.

“I dare you” she said “to pretend you’re passed out for three minutes.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“You have to go limp, not move, and not react to anything I say or do.” She replied with a grin. I returned one of my own, said “Okay.” and promptly slumped over on the couch, doing my best to appear lifeless and limp.

I could hear Jennifer stand up, and feel her warmth as she moved close to me. I was wearing black jeans, my favorite Siouxsie and the Banshees t-shirt and a black button down shirt over that. Nothing else- no underwear, not even socks. Jennifer’s feet brushed mine as she stood before me and determinedly placed the sole of her shiny red stiletto hip boot on my stomach, so that the heel ground into my crotch. I must have impressed her by not moving, but what she didn’t realize was that she’d missed my cock by an inch, and the pain was negligible.

I then felt her hand in my hair, gripping my bangs and squeezing tight. When I didn’t flinch, she stepped harder into me and shook my head side to side. It was hard to resist the urge to move, but I did okay, even letting my head flop down naturally when she let go. She laughed a bit and then moved away.

I could remember that Jennifer was wearing a reddish plaid school girl skirt and a white blouse, but I knew it was no fair peeking, so I could only wonder what she was doing as I heard her clothing rustle in front of me. I felt the couch cushions shift and move, and could tell that she was standing, straddling me on the couch. I guessed she was facing me, but found out I was wrong when I smelled the sea foam scent of her pussy, and felt the tight cheeks of her ass on my face for a split second, right before my mouth was covered in her teenage cunt. Jennifer had backed into me- I could feel the heat of her little asshole on my forehead and she rubbed her pussy in slow, grinding circles on my face. She was smart- if her goal was to get me to break character from being passed out, this was a good tactic- I loved eating pussy, and hers was ideal. Like a pink peach, always a little salty and musky, and smooth as molten glass. It was all I could do to not slide my tongue into her, but I resisted, allowing my mouth to hang open a little so I could at least taste her juices.

“Time’s up!” she chirped, jumping off the couch and spinning in the air so that she faced me when she landed. I opened my eyes top see her standing in front of me, one finger between her teeth in an over-the-top rendition of the innocent lass, swiveling on the ball of her foot, the other hand pressed into her skirt, clutching her pubic mound like a kid who has to pee. I just stared, a slow smile spreading across my face as my breath leapt in and out of my lungs. My cock was rock hard, making an obvious bulge in my jeans. I licked my lips and smiled at her.

“That was awesome!” I said, adjusting my dick through my pants.”You want to have a go?”

Jennifer said nothing; she just slowly collapsed to the floor, leaving her on her stomach, one leg cocked out and her face turned away from me. I stood up, and walked around her slowly, not really knowing what I should do first. Standing at her feet, I kicked my foot out and flipped her skirt up. Just as I thought, no panties- staring me in the face was her adorable ass, a bit thick in the way I like, her pussy barely peeking out from beneath. I got down on my hands and knees and brought my face close to the cleft, gently inhaling through my nose just in case, like anyone would do when they get close to someone else’s ass. Nothing made me want to stop, so I inched my face closer to her exposed asshole, a vibrant pink rosebud in the middle of two snowy white globes speckled with faint freckles. Glancing up to make sure she wasn’t moving, I decided to test her. I puckered my mouth up and drew up all the spit in my mouth, and without making a noise on the inhale, spat a wet load of saliva right onto her asshole as hard as I could. She jumped a little, and immediately when she did I shoved my tongue as fast, deep and roughly as possible right up her tiny little butt. She moved, but I chose to ignore it, not sure what the penalty for breaking character should be. I just rammed my tongue as deep as I could, feeling the stretch on the piece of flesh underneath, and loving the dark, salty taste of her. Grabbing her ass cheeks with my hands, I spread them apart and literally slammed my face into her, sliding my tongue in an out of her with a speed of a porn star deepthroating for all she’s worth. Jennifer did a fantastic job of lying there as my tongue raped her ass- I wasn’t being gentle either. As soon as the tip of my tongue slid out of her, I’d stiffen it again and slam it back in deep, no tenderness, no grace. I knew that once she got fucked for a while she loved this rough treatment, but I had never started with it before. Spit covered my face, and the scent of her pussy filled my lungs.

I wasn’t watching the clock, obviously, but before too long I sat up and announced “time’s up!” Jennifer sat up, turned around and stared at me with wide eyes and a pained expression on her face, and my heart dropped, thinking I’d gone too far and ruined the night. Just before I could ask her what was wrong or apologize, Jen broke out of her stunned paralysis, thrust a hand between her legs and started strumming her pussy with abandon, her breaths coming in ragged, rough gusts. It was a look I knew well- apparently she liked what I did, because she was furiously rubbing herself to an orgasm that was less than a minute away.

I stood up and in one movement slid my hands under her arms, lifted her and threw her onto the couch. Jennifer didn’t stop masturbating for one moment. I threw her legs apart as she started to whimper, and held her thighs up and open, so that her ass was again exposed. She just looked at me with that urgent, pained expression girls get when they’re about to come. I dove between her legs, and while doing my best to not get in the way of her rapidly moving hand, shoved my face between her legs and my tongue up her asshole.

“AAAAAAH!” she screamed, sounding almost frightened as I resumed my forceful, fervent raping of her nether parts with my mouth. Although I couldn’t get my tongue as deep in her ass in this position, I did a fairly good job, judging by her babbling.

“Oh my god… oh my god… oh god please keep shoving your tongue in my ass, I’m gonna come… don’t stop, keep licking me… you’re so fucking dirty I love it I’m gonna cum all over you… Don’t stoop Jared don’t stop oh god please PLEASE DON”T STOOOOOOOOOOOOP!!!”

Her moans became unintelligible as she orgasmed, three fingers in her pussy and the other hand strumming away at her clit like a flamenco guitarist. I held on to her thighs, and when the convulsions came, did my best to shove my tongue inside her in time to them, even though every time a wave passed through her, her ass clenched down, making it almost impossible for me to slide my tongue in. Almost, though, as I managed to get it in and hold it there towards the end of her come, loving the way it throbbed and squeezed my tongue.

“Oh god, you gotta move” Jennifer said as her orgasm subsided and she became too sensitive to be touched. “I haven’t come like that in weeks.”

I rolled over and sat with my back to the couch, wiping my face as if I’d eaten the best barbecue in the world, breathing heavily myself. My cock ached for attention, but I wanted to wait for it. After a few minutes of Jennifer idling running her fingers through my hair and the two of us catching our breath, Jennifer got up and walked to the stairs.

“I’m going to get some more wine, you want any?” she asked.

“Sure”, I said, making my way to the bathroom to clean my face off, smugly grinning to myself.

Part Two

Jennifer returned to the basement, two full pint glasses of wine in her hands, and sat down next to me on the couch. I had put a CD on, Sisters of Mercy, and hit repeat, knowing it was some of her favorite music.

“Okay, I have an idea.”Jennifer said.” From now on, if anyone moves while they’re passed out, it means more time added to their sentence. Also, I want to be able to call when you’re passed out.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I mean that instead of flopping down wherever we are, I want to either tell you to pass out whenever I choose, so that if you’re sitting or lying somewhere conscious, I can keep you in that position. That way we don’t have to try to lug each other’s limp bodies around if we want them in a certain place. And I think that from now on, you may never know when I tell you to pass out, but you have to do it immediately, unless of course you’re driving or something.”

“Okay.” I said, happy to adapt to this new policy. “But it’s my turn- so do I just wait until you tell me to pass out?”

“Yep!” she said. “And I get to tell you where, too, right before it happens.” For some reason, this made her giggle.

“You KNOW I’m up to anything you want to try, Jen. And we have GOT to make this a dare next time we play with anyone else.”

“Oh, fuck yeah.”

Jennifer turned on the PlayStation and kicked my ass at Soul Edge for about a half hour after that. That’s one thing I love about her, she’ll fuck like a whore one minute, and then switch gears and goof off with something non-sexual for a while, until she’s ready for more. It works both ways, too. Often I’ve walked up to her while she was reading a book, or washing dishes, and just slid my cock inside her, with no preliminary movements other than pulling my cock out and getting her clothes out of the way. We were best friends, completely horny, and our sex drives matched as well as our black fingernail polish did.

After being soundly humiliated and finishing my glass of wine, I stood up and reported that I had to pee. I walked to the bathroom, and as I got to the door to close it, Jennifer announced “Stop!” in a stern voice. I turned to see her following me, her typical wicked gleam in her eye.

“Sit down on the toilet, pull down your pants and pass out.” She commanded.

I turned, saw that the lid was up but the seat was down, and proceeded to sit down, dropping my pants to my ankles and letting my head fall back and rest on the wall, eyes almost but not entirely closed. I didn’t move them, but I kept a tiny window open so I could barely make out Jennifer’s form in front of me. My cock was completely erect, a bit of a giveaway that I wasn’t really out. I could feel it throb in time with my heart.

Jennifer decided to ham it up a little.

“God dammit” she said in a mock exasperated voice” The only bathroom in the house and Jared’s fucking passed out on the toilet. Fuck, I have to piss!” She slapped my face a couple times then. “Fucking wake up! Jared! Get up, I have to piss!” Naturally, I remained motionless, being able to withstand the stinging slaps to my face because I could see them coming.

“Fuck! Fine, if he’s not going to wake up, I’ll piss with him there. He’ll just think he made a mess of himself while he was blacked out.”

Jennifer and I had pissed in front of each other before, but we’d never explored the realm of golden showers before. We’d talked about it, but the conversation never went much farther than a mutual agreement to never try pee games if we’d been eating asparagus.

“Fucking idiot” she said lovingly. We’d taken care of each other when we’d passed out for real before, and although the words we used to vent our frustrations were harsh, the tone always was one of loving resignation.

Then she slapped my cock! As if it was an unruly redheaded stepchild, she just open-handed slapped it back and forth a few times. The pain registered, but it wasn’t too intense, and it only made me harder. “What am I supposed to do with this thing?” She mused out loud, a bit of a laugh in her voice. “I wonder…”

Peering through my barely opened eyes, I could see Jennifer move closer to me, ultimately straddling me. Her nipples were erect and making sharp tents in her white button down blouse. I watched them pass from my view as she squatted, confidently sliding my cock into her in one smooth motion, eventually sitting on my lap. Perhaps she doesn’t need to pee after all, I thought, reminding myself that *I* had a full bladder, and still hadn’t taken care of it. The pressure of her pubic mound bearing down on me would have made it impossible not to pee, were I not so hard.

I expected Jennifer to move, to bounce up and down on me, perhaps taking advantage of the piss erection I had, but she didn’t she just sat there, leaning forward onto my chest, her breath hot and steady in my left ear, her dripping, steaming cunt wrapped around me like a living glove, breathing slowly as if she was concentrating. I just lay there, wondering what was going to happen, what her plan was.

I soon found out. Holding her breath temporarily, I was shocked and surprised to feel a small flow of hot liquid, first pooling at the base of my cock, and then running down either side to dribble off my balls into the toilet. It was over as soon as it started, and I felt Jennifer tense up a little, probably out of nervousness to my reaction. I held still, but my cock, as hard to believe it’s possible, got a little bit harder.

Whether Jennifer could feel it from my cock pulsing or my lack of movement, she took this as an okay, and once again held her breath. Soon, I felt the hot wetness on my crotch and heard the trickle of water falling into the toilet beneath me. She didn’t let it go full force, out of nervousness I suppose, but maintained a steady trickle that seemed it would never stop. I knew I wasn’t supposed to move, but I started flexing my cock inside her, trying to get a little friction. Soon Jennifer’s breaths became short and sharp, as she became more turned on by pissing on me. The stream was still continuing, and I came up with a better idea than simply trying to get off by making my cock move minutely inside her. I started focusing on the pressure on my bladder, and before long, I managed to let go of a little stream inside her. Apparently this was the thing to do, because as soon as she felt it, Jennifer leaned back just enough to place her hand on her crotch, pushing and grinding on her clit with her fingertips.

Jennifer’s piss flow got stronger as she pushed down, and I was afraid she might get up as soon as it was over. Trying my best to relax and push at the same time, I felt my own flow start just as hers was coming to an end. The timing couldn’t’ have been better, Jennifer ground her hips into mine as I flooder her pussy, the liquid splashing out of her in short, hard splashes as her gyrations would temporarily seal her up, allowing me to fill her with an ounce or so before it flushed out of her. It was dirty, and completely perverted, and more intimate than I had ever been with someone else somehow, and we both loved it. My cock was amazingly hard as I peed inside her, and I could tell by her movements that she was about to come.

Paying close attention to the way she was grunting and mashing her fingers into her clit, I waited until I was pretty sure her orgasm was near. As soon as she started to make those high pitched, short gasps I’d learned to recognize, I opened my bladder and pushed for all I was worth. Unable to keep up the sham of being passed out, I wrapped my arms around her, squeezing her close, her arm scrunched between us as her fingers kept up their furious work. I pushed with all my might, and as Jennifer came, I filled her pussy up with as much piss as I could as fast as I could. The sensation of being inside her with the hot fluid sloshing around was exquisite- and then a forceful splash as her vaginal muscles constricted, forcing the pee out and hugging my cock.

Jennifer let out a loud, quivering sigh and slumped down on top of me. I relaxed my arms and felt the last few drops leave me, at which she giggled and suggested a shower. There was a slight odor of urine in the air, but nothing too offensive. Still, I didn’t want to walk around with pee on me, so I said yes. As Jen got into the shower and turned it on, I smiled slightly, knowing that we’d hit on a new game that was going to prove very interesting. I wiped up the surprisingly small overflow and got under the hot spray with her.

Part Three

By now we were pretty sauced, and both pretty horny. I hadn’t come yet, but that’s never been a problem for me, I like to wait. Jennifer and I had just gotten out of the shower, had toweled ourselves off and sat on the couch, both wearing terry cloth robes. As I put a DVD in the player, a Tim Burton movie, Jennifer leaned over and opened the drawer of the coffee table beside the couch, pulling out a small water pipe and the ornate glass jar she kept her weed in.

Right then, we heard a door close upstairs. It sounded like the back door in the kitchen, directly above us, and we froze for a moment. Jennifer’s mom sometimes woke up in the middle of her drunken stupor to go outside for a smoke, even though we all smoked in the house. If she woke up and found us hanging out it wouldn’t matter to her, but she had a tendency to want to hang out with the kids and socialize as if she was one of us, which just didn’t fit into our plans tonight. We held our silence, I paused the DVD and we waited, thinking that if she started down the stair to the basement, we’d just pretend to be passed out after watching a movie.

Finally we heard footsteps, but rather than the shuffling thud of her mother’s feet, they were slow and careful light steps. It was her step brother, Marcus. Jen and I exchanged a look, our eyebrows raised. Marcus was thirteen, and it was one o’clock in the morning. Jen got up and ran to the stairs, which she climbed noiselessly in her bare feet. I adjusted my robe and sat back, lighting a cigarette and wishing that Marc hadn’t interrupted the packing of the pipe.

“Marcus! What the hell are you doing out this late?” I could hear Jennifer’s harsh whisper from the kitchen upstairs. “Get down here!”

I looked behind me to see Jennifer leading her little brother down the stairs, an authoritative hand on the back of his neck. Jennifer often played the big sister role with him, but as he was the product of another failed marriage of her mom’s, and not actually related by blood, they both knew it was a farce. She didn’t try to pull rank on him, and in exchange, he was pretty open with his big stepsister, telling her about the trouble he got in on a regular basis and more often than not seeking her advice on girls, getting along with his peers, and growing up. They had a close relationship, and sometimes I’d considered asking her how close, although I never broached the subject.

Marcus was a cute little guy, too. Thirteen years old, blond hair and blue eyes. Acne hadn’t hit him yet, so his skin was perfect, fair and quite feminine. He had a slight gap between his front teeth, which looked great on him, and full, girlish lips. Jennifer and I both agree that he’s going to be a stud when he gets older. He was wearing the bright, oversized clothing that was becoming popular among the hip hop crowd, but he wore it in a goofy, almost ironic way, all the way down to his favorite accessory, a huge digital watch that he wore on a fake gold chain around his neck. If he was a douche bag, it would have been awful, but he was a totally sweet little hooligan. Lately he’d been acting out, stealing the mom’s booze, getting in trouble at school and even sneaking out at nights. Funny, all the things I did when I was his age, and if I remember it right, it comes from all the hormonal changes and no outlet. I wondered if he could even jerk off, as it took me until I was fifteen to experience that life changing event.

Marcus was obviously drunk, stumbling and giggling a bit as he came down the stairs. “Hey Jared, what’s up?”He asked, looking at me and promptly tripping over his own two feet onto the rug. I got up, laughing, and helped him to an almost standing position. We both laughed as I guided him to the couch, where he flopped down gracelessly. Jennifer and I stood before him in a mock authoritative pose.

“Where have you been, young man?” I asked him in a deep voice. Marcus giggled, but Jennifer wasn’t having any of it.

“Seriously, Marcus, it’s fucking one in the morning.”

“It’s Saturday!” Came the reply.

“I don’t care, Marcus, you’re too damn young to be out that late! You don’t know what kind of people are out there!” Jennifer was clearly getting worked up. Marcus switched gears, as best as he could. He made a serious face, but the giggles were visible just beneath the surface.

“Jen, I can take care of myself. Mostly Billy and I walk around and shit.”

“Yeah, walk around, toilet paper people’s cars, smoke cigarettes and generally do stupid shit. I know about shit *mom* doesn’t, kid brother of mine. Like trying to peek into Darcie Cooper’s windows? You’re going to get your ass kicked, or worse.”

“Yeah, like get picked up by a pervert like you guys?” Marcus barely got it out from the laughter.

“Dude.” I said, in a sincere tone. “There’s more out there than perverts. At this hour, on a weekend, you gotta watch out for drunks. There’s three bars within walking distance, you could get run over, caught up in a fight… you never know. Besides,” I took a chance here, “we’re the *good* kind of perverts.”

Jen looked at me, her resolve breaking, and chuckled “hell yeah”. I felt a tightening in my stomach.

“So what are you guys doing? Or did I interrupt it?” Said Marcus, picking up the PlayStation controller

“Just… hanging out.” Said Jen, the disappointment evident in her voice.

Without looking away from the screen, Marcus says “You can get high if you want to, I don’t care.”

Jennifer and I whipped our heads to face each other, and then simultaneously whipped around to look at the jar and pipe on the end table. Shit. Dead silence, and the kid’s still playing the game. Not asking to smoke any himself, and not acting like it’s anything. Well, the mom does it, I thought. Maybe it’s no big deal in this house.

Jennifer blinked, sighed and flopped down on the couch. She pushed Marcus to the floor, where he continued fiddling with the controller, adapting an Indian style pose. I sat on the other side of him and raised my eyebrows as Jen shrugged and loaded the pipe, instructing me to blow the smoke in the air filter behind us.

We traded the pipe back and forth, taking small hits like we like to do. After a while we took turns letting Marcus humiliate us on the t.v. screen. Jennifer got up and walked over to the bathroom door to take another pee. Checking to see that Marcus’ attention was focused on the game, she turned and gave me a full frontal flash before shutting the door.

“I totally saw that out of the corner of my eye” said Marcus.

“Awesome!” I had no problem with it. I remember how lucky I always felt when it happened to me at that age, and I can’t begrudge him. I remember that feeling. Marcus turned around and looked me dead in the eye, and said “Dude, you are really, really lucky. Can I have a hit?”

Wordlessly I handed him the pipe. He took a quick toke, handed it back to me and leapt up on the couch, straddling me like a horse as he blew smoke over my shoulder into the air filter. He immediately got up, but did it clumsily, accidentally laying his hand on my crotch for a split second. Deliberately?

He had just sat down when Jen came back, sitting down so that she faced me, her back in the corner of the couch and her legs splayed comfortably, one foot in my lap, the other tucked between her brother and the couch. Her hair was still damp from the shower, hanging in delicate clumpy wisps around her round face. She gave me a look that I easily read as “dammit, I’m still horny!”

It was then that I formulated a plan.

I looked at her after her turn to get spanked on the game ended, and when Marcus’ attention was on the screen, I mouthed the words to Jen- “pass out”.

Her eyes widened, and then narrowed into slits. I raised an eyebrow, daring her. And then she did it.

Head flopped down. Legs splayed. Admittedly horny and a fair bit stoned.

I tapped Marcus on the shoulder and pointed at her. She did a good enough job of convincing him that she was totally out of it- not a movement, eyes shut. He laughed silently, looking at me, and I held up my glass of wine as explanation. Thinking it was an offer, Marcus grabbed the glass and downed its half full contents in two seconds flat. I laughed out loud.

Smacking his lips, Marcus said “Is she passed out?” “Yeah.” I replied. “But be quiet, or you’ll wake her up.”

He shut his mouth immediately, and then slowly shifted away from the couch. I knew what he was going to do, and my cock twitched at the thought. Leaning over, he peered first at Jennifer’s face, close, to determine that she really was passed out. Then, shyly at first, he bent his neck to look straight down between the folds of her robes at her tits. He must have seen something, because he stared transfixed, smiling a little. I leaned over, and without a word, lifted the side of her robe. I stared not at her exposed breast, but the look of wonder and lust on the little guy’s face. Clearly it was his first up close tit.

His eyes widened further as I exposed the other one, two plump, ripe to bursting mounds of flesh with rosy pink nipples, the areolas no bigger than a half dollar and slightly puffy. Maybe one day she was destined to huge hooters, but for now, they were still girlish and perfect. Marcus mouthed the words “oh my god”, his hands covering his crotch as if he had to pee- but I knew better.

I figured I only had a minute left, and wanted to test Jennifer, so I held my finger to my lips in a shushing motion, and then pulled the robe entirely open. Jennifer’s entire body was on display, and it was a wonder. Marcus’s eyes went straight to her pussy, and he visibly swallowed his drool. Jennifer had a remarkably plump pussy. The outer lips always puffed out, and her inner lips, when she was excited, peeped out from between, a darker shade of pink, like tiny tongues. And it was dripping wet.

Marcus seemed paralyzed, and I knew this was pushing things, so I slowly pulled her robe closed- and then he stopped me.

“Wait.” He whispered, leaning in closer. Before I could decide what to do about it, he bent over and placed just the tip of his tongue directly on his stepsister’s pussy! Only for a second, just a taste, and then he immediately jumped back, sat down and picked up his controller. Stunned, I wrapped her robe around her and picked up my controller, both of us acting like we’d been caught, and both of us, I knew, hard as steel. I’d seed a bulge in his baggy pants; I knew he had a full erection under there. I really wanted to see it, too. I’d never looked at him like that before, but I knew right then and there that I wanted to try something new, if the opportunity presents. And yes, I knew he was only thirteen, but I remembered being that age- I would have been grateful for any sex I could get back then. And I *was* only six years older. Not even an adult yet, right? Right.

Jennifer did a marvelous job, though. Even when his tongue touched her, she didn’t flinch. I was impressed, but I was also worried that it might mean she wasn’t cool with it. She remained like that while we played more video games, to the point that I stopped glancing over to check up on her. After many losses and a few wins, I noticed movement on the couch, and turned to find Jennifer staring at me, her eyes a bit wide, her hand in her lap. She had a panicked expression on her face, and I realized she was desperately trying not to alert Marcus to the fact that she was about to come.

“You liked that?” I silently mouthed the words. Jennifer’s eyes widened and she nodded her head. I smiled, and then said out loud “Oh, you’re awake!” in a voice that clearly reached Marcus, sitting between us. Jennifer whipped her hand out of her twat and affected a sleepy tone.

“How long have I been out?” she asked groggily.

“Just a few minutes, I’m sure. I hardly noticed” I said with a casual air.

Marcus must have been spooked, because he got up wordlessly and went directly to the bathroom. When the door shut, Jen and I leaned in close for a hurried, whispered conversation, to the accompaniment of the sound of Marcus’s piss hitting the water.

“You really got off on that, didn’t you?’ I said, smiling.

“Oh fuck yes! When he touched me with his finger I almost came! That was fucking hot as hell- I’m so glad he’s not really my brother!”

I didn’t miss the last part, but I said “His finger? Jen, that was his *tongue*.”

Her eyes widened again and she bit her lip, stifling a squeal.

“Oh my god." Oh my god, Jared, what do we do? Oh my god.” She was talking in a panicked voice, but I could see the lust in her eyes.

“Let me be to blame.” I said. “Pass out. I’ll take care of the rest. If anything happens you don’t like, wake up.”

She looked me directly in the eye, and said “Seriously?”

I said “Yeah. I’ll act… well, naturally. Just sit back and enjoy.”

Part three

“Jen? Jen!” As Marcus came back from the bathroom, I pretended to make an effort to rouse her from her drunken slumber.

“Dude, how much did she drink?” asked Marcus.

“Oh, about three glasses of wine. And we smoked pot.” I eyed him casually. “And then there was the fucking” I said nonchalantly. He laughed, and reached for the pipe again.

“Do you care?” He asked

“Do you smoke?” I asked back

“Sometimes. Not a lot, ‘cause I hear it’s better if you don’t. But I wanna.”

“Well, go ahead then.” I admit I felt some misgivings, I was older, but fuck it.

He toked a bit, coughed a bit, and we began passing back and forth for a while. Conversation revolved mostly around how much pot we’ve smoked. He started just a few months ago, but his mom hasn’t said anything because his grades have actually improved, or so he claimed.

“I heard you guys playing truth or dare the last weekend. Wanna play?” Marcus asked.

“Um, sure, why not? You go first, truth or dare.” I joined Marcus on the floor, letting Jen rest for the moment in her half reclined position on the couch.

Marcus considered for a few moments, got up to retrieve Jen’s wine glass, which was still full, and sat back down.

“Dare” He said finally.

I gave him a look, and said “Fine, I dare you to get your ass up and get me a glass of wine, since you took all of mine.”

He laughed, cursed and got up. As he left the room, Jennifer opened her eyes. “Come here” she commanded.

I walked over to the couch, expecting to sit down and talk to her, but instead she reached out, slid her hand between the folds of my robe, and pulled my cock to her mouth. As I looked down into her round brown eyes, she sucked the entire length of my soft cock into her mouth. I gasped as her teeth clamped down at the base of my cock, not hard enough to hurt too much, but enough to keep me in her mouth. Her tongue swirled around me as I grew hard. I placed my hands on her head, forcing her to keep my entire cock in her mouth. As my trimmed pubic hairs pressed against her lips, I could hear Marcus walking around upstairs. Jennifer’s eyes started to tear up as I reached my full length. She loved deepthroating, and I was always astounded at her skills. As I started to fuck her mouth slowly, just pulling out about a half inch before pushing back in, her hand moved up to cup my balls and pull on them, something she introduced me to and I love. I could feel an orgasm building up, but was afraid that Marcus would come down in the middle of it, so I roughly pulled my cock out of her mouth. Swiftly bending down, I put my mouth on hers and kissed her hard, loving the taste of my cock on her tongue. I licked the spit off her chin and face and then told her not to pass out for real, and then sat back down, fluffing my robe to hide my erection. Jennifer, like the great actress she was, flopped back down on the couch, laying down fully this time. I noticed that she arranged her robes so that if either of us wanted to look, we’d get a great view.

Ten minutes later, as I was just about to go look for him, he returns. He had changed clothes, and was now wearing blue plaid flannel pajama pants and a matching blue top. He sat down in front of me, looking once at Jennifer to see if she was still out, and handed me the box of wine from upstairs.”Mom’s passed out, and I replaced this box with a new one. If we drink some of that one, she’ll never know.”

I took the glass, drained it of a few swallows and said “okay, my turn. I pick truth.”

“Okay,” said Marcus. “What did you think of when I licked Jen’s pussy?”

“Woah,” I said. “I guess… well, it was pretty fucking hot, to tell you the truth.”

“You didn’t care?” he didn’t seem shocked. More like leading.

“No.” I replied. “You’re not related, after all.”

“Okay. My turn, I pick truth”

“Was that the first time you’ve seen Jen naked?”

“You promise you won’t tell?” He asked in a hushed tone, glancing over at his apparently unconscious stepsister.

“I promise, dude.” I said, as if it were no big thing.”

“Okay.” He shuffled closer to me to impart his secret. Speaking softly, but loud enough for Jennifer to hear, he said,” I’ve seen her naked *lots* of times. The bathroom window is right next to mine, and I have a mirror that I can use. I see her in the shower all the time.” Bold kid! I thought. He continued, though, my eyes widening with each sentence. “I’ve hid in her closet and watched her change, and one time I climbed the tree outside her window and watched her masturbating while she was talking on the phone. To you.”

“Holy shit! So I guess you think she’s pretty hot, then.” I resisted the urge to look for Jennifer’s reaction to this news.

“Hell yeah, dude. Like you said, she’s not my sister.” He paused. “I don’t think I’d care if she was.”

We sat in silence for a moment, and then Marcus said “Truth or Dare.”

I took a hit off the pipe and coughed out “Dare.”

Marcus looked at me for a moment, and said “Okay. You gotta try to wake Jen up. If she’s still passed out, you gotta put your dick in her mouth!” He burst into gales of laughter at my facial expression, which was again shocked.

“Okay, fine.” I said, throwing caution to the wind. I’d drunk enough, and so had he, and smoked enough, that I didn’t really care. Any less and I might have, but like I said. Fuck it.

I got up and walked over to Jen, leaning over. I cupped her face in my hand and said her name a few times. Marcus came over right next to me and stuck a finger up her nose. Jen was a trooper, she didn’t even flinch.

“Okay, she’s passed out.” Marcus said.”Do it”.

I took a deep breath, put a finger into her mouth and pried it open. With my other hand, I pulled my robe aside. I was raging hard, and could feel Marcus’ stare as he looked at my cock. I made sure he had a good view as I slowly brought it to Jennifer’s slack mouth. Marcus said “Wow” under his breath as I slid two of my six and a half inches into her mouth. Sighing, I moved my hips back and forth while Marcus stood transfixed. I looked at his pants, there was an obvious bulge in there, and he was rubbing it slowly.

Jennifer lay still as I pulled out and rubbed the tip on her lips. I tapped her mouth with it a few times, to which Marcus laughed, and then pulled away. Grabbing his arm, I pulled Marc back to the floor where our drinks were, leaving Jen for the moment.

“Truth or dare, Marcus?” I asked, swigging from my wine

“Truth?” Marcus said, visibly shaken.

“Was that the first cock besides your own you’ve ever seen?”

“Yeah. It was kinda hot. Can I see it again?”

“Is that a dare?” I asked.

“Yeah.”

“Well, you didn’t ask truth or dare, so I think you should suffer a penalty. Let me see yours.” I went for it. Silence. I held my breath.

“Okay” He said, standing up and dropping his pants. He wore white briefs, which also went down, and stood there perfectly comfortable, his penis sticking out from his body.

I was flabbergasted. It was beautiful. He didn’t have much hair, and what was there was soft and downy looking, blond like the hair on his head. His balls were the size of large grapes, tucked against his body by a scrotum that had a fine shimmering of pale hairs on it. But his cock… oh, his cock.

Marcus’ cock was huge for his size and age. He was a skinny kid, and his goofy manner din’t make you think he was any kind of a swinging dick, but still waters run deep. He was completely erect, pointing at the ceiling. He had to have eight inches on him; the tip was level with his belly button. It was the cock of a man, every beautiful vein standing out as it softly jumped with his pulse. I could even see a small drop of pearly moisture at the slit. Saliva jumped in my mouth- I had never seen such a beautiful cock, and on such a beautiful boy.

I stood and opened my robe, and was treated to a performance much like mine. My cock, still hard as nails, stuck out from my body a little bit more than his, and was a bit smaller, but he didn’t seem to care. He stared down at me the same way I was staring at him. After a short while I swear I could see our cocks bouncing in unison.

I was the first to break it. I slowly closed my robe, looking into his face. He looked up at me, smiling a little. Not embarrassed, but amazed.

We sat back down, and I think we both tried to act nonchalant about it, but I couldn’t get the sight of that throbbing cock out of my mind. I cleared my throat, lit a cigarette and said “Truth or dare?”

He sipped the wine- we were both pretty damned buzzed at that point, and said “truth.”

I thought about it, and then asked “Have you ever had sex before?”

Now that we’d seen each other’s cocks, it was as if a barrier had been broken, and he spoke conversationally.

“Y’know Billy, that I hang out with? We’ve fooled around with each other a few times, but that’s it. No girls.”

Oh. My. Oh my my. He likes guys.

“Truth or dare, Jared?”

Um. Gulp.

“Dare”. Pounding of heart.

“Can I fool around with you?”

Once again, astounded. Blue eyes. Full lips that look designed to suckle on things. Perfect skin, a little bit tan, unassuming, cute cute CUTE. And that cock.

“That… that wasn’t a dare, Marcus.”

“Then I guess I have to pay the penalty.” And that was it. He moved directly to my mouth before I could say anything, slipping his tongue inside like I was the younger boy. My eyes widened, and then shut, as I let myself be lost in the kiss. He moved his tongue swiftly, eagerly, but softly, over mine. I could hear the hiss of his breath, heavy now, as he reached up and cupped my face. How long had he wanted to do this? His lips locked onto mine, and he caught my tongue in his teeth gently. I slid my entire tongue into his mouth and was rewarded with his mouth clamping down, sucking greedily. Wet. So wet.

I was happy to keep swapping spit with this gorgeous guy, all tan skin and blond hair, but he had other ideas, and eager as a virgin… which I guess he practically was. His hand slipped inside my robe, and he fumbled his hand on my cock, which was almost aching by now. He didn’t move at first, just gripped it like he was making sure it was his, all the while running his tongue over my teeth, into my mouth, as if kissing was his discovery. I raised my head for a breath; he licked and chewed on my neck like a puppy. I wanted to free his cock from his pants, so I told him to stand up.

Marcus held on to my prick as we both stood, our heads turning to look at the couch where his step sister supposedly slept. I thought I could see a glimpse of her eyes shutting, but wasn’t sure.

I walked over to the end table and turned on the red light bulb in the lamp. Marcus switched off the white lights, and moved towards me at the couch. “Come on, help me move Jen.” I said. There was a bean bag on one side of the coffee table; we placed her there gently, and I made sure to arrange her so she could have a good view.

I then pulled Marcus towards the couch, sitting down with him standing in front of me.

“I’m going to suck your cock, Marcus. You can come in my mouth if you want to- you don’t have to tell me even.” I pulled the drawstring and dropped his pants to the floor. His erection was pushing out of the waistband of his tighty whiteys. I looked up at him and asked “Have you ever come before? Where stuff came out?”

Marcus bit his lower lip and shook his head. “Billy and I have come close. He can, but I haven’t yet. I really wanna.”

“Well, if you do, go right ahead.” I pulled the waistband of his briefs down a few inches, staring at his cock. He wiggled his butt, eager to have them off, so I complied. He pulled is shirt off and let me see him completely naked. Absolutely gorgeous.

His cock was right in front of me, just the right height for a seated blowjob. I wrapped my hands around its soft thickness, marveling once again at how beautiful it was. Delicate, soft skin at the tip, that reddish purple color only cocks have, and still moisture at the tip. I bent down and rubbed my face on his scrotum, loving the feel of that skin on my cheek. I loved sucking cock- I was a confirmed bisexual by the time I was thirteen- and this one was my ideal.

I looked up at Marcus, who was staring down at me in wide eyed wonder, and slowly slid the head and first inch of his cock in my mouth, angling my head so that he could see every detail. I moved very slowly, letting the saliva build up in my mouth, never swallowing a drop. His dick throbbed in my mouth as I could hear him breathing deeper.

“Do you like that?” I asked, swallowing the head again before he answered.

“OhmyGOD yes!” He panted.

Smiling at him, I licked the tip of his cock. “Good. Now see how you like this.”

With that, I slowwwwly sank my mouth onto his cock. Using my hands at the base to gently bend him down to the perfect angle, I let his cock completely invade my mouth. When I could feel the head at the back of my throat, I swallowed, bringing all that spit down. I then relaxed my throat, inhaled through my nose and slid the entire length of his cock down my throat. He moaned, a little loudly, and I think I head Jennifer give a little sigh as well. I could feel his pulsating meat behind my Adam’s apple. Instead of moving, I simply swallowed and relaxed, swallow and relax. His breaths became shallow and fast, so I backed up and starting fucking his cock with my mouth vigorously. He started moving his hips a little to help, and his hands wrapped themselves in my hair. I was stroking my own cock as well, the spit dribbling from my mouth to lube up my hand.

Marcus started moving rapidly, and I was pleased to feel his hands grip my hair. I reached a hand up between his legs and cupped his ass with my hand, pulling him into me, sharp thrusts that made it clear I wanted him to fuck my face.

Marcus took the cue- soon I was gasping for air between repeated thrusts of his cock into my mouth. Spit became frothy, got all over the place, running down my chin, neck, even splattering onto my nipples. I shrugged the robe off and gave in- this kid had endless energy, and I didn’t care how long it took, he could fuck my face all night. Every once in a while he would pull out long enough to give me time to breathe, and I would pull him closer to let him know to continue sliding that fat, slick cock down my throat.

Soon Marcus pulled away from me, however, and sat on the couch. “My knees are weak, but can you keep going?” I said nothing, but got up on all fours next to him and started plunging my mouth over his hot, fleshy pole. At this angle it got even sloppier, drool was pooling in between his legs, all over his balls, and the crack of his ass. I held my head still for a while, letting him thrust himself into my mouth, but he seemed happiest when I used my body weight to push my mouth all the way down his cock.

I knew Jennifer had a good view at this point, and I stole a glance that proved me right. I could see her dark pink cunt from where I was, and it was obviously wet. Her eyes were half open, too. When she saw me seeing her see me, her eyes narrowed a bit and then widened. I winked at her, and then slid my throat once again around Marcus’ cock.

The boy was getting agitated. He gyrated his hips into mine, and I took the opportunity to lay a hand between his legs, so that my fingers rested on his ass. With all the saliva coating him from my almost violent throatfucking, it was ridiculously slick. I found his puckered hole easily, and just laid the tip of my finger on it. Grinding his hips, Marcus surprised me again by pushing himself entirely on my finger! Before long, he was bouncing on my fist, one finger in his tight little ass, while his cock pistoned in and out of my mouth. With his left hand he reached down, wiped the saliva from my face, and proceeded to slide his hand up and down my throbbing, aching, maddeningly erect penis.

“I wanna make you come.” Said Marcus breathlessly. I sat up, feeling a shameful amount of spit drip down my chest, and said “Okay. How?”

I will never forget the moment Marcus looked me in the eyes, almost scared at first, then eager, as he placed his hands under his thighs, pulled his legs apart and said “Fuck me, Jared.”

In a daze, I knelt before him. I knew that Jen wouldn’t have the best view, but I didn’t care. His legs were strong, lean, and coated in downy blonde hairs. He had a hairless ass, as far as I could see, and the prettiest asshole I’d seen on a boy- perfectly round, a delicate shade of pink almost matching his step sister’s pussy. Hypnotized, I reached out and easily slid a finger, then two, inside him. He groaned, gyrated his hips around my cock, and said “Do it. Put it in me.”

What else could I do? As we both looked down, I moved forward. I placed my hands on his cheeks, thumbs on either side of his ass, and pulled apart. Moving my cock in, I placed it at the opening of his ass and left it there, releasing my thumbs so that his ass almost kissed my cock. He shuddered, and immediately began moving his hips, trying to get more of me inside him. I held him steady and looked him in the eye as I pushed in one inch… two… His ass was almost painfully tight, slicked up with my spit, and felt heavenly. I pulled out a little, then forward a bit more, slowly inching my way into his ass. He was furiously stroking his cock, delirious with the sensation. I pulled my cock out all the way, leaving only the tip inside, and felt his ring convulse around mean. I looked down, clean as a whistle, thank god. He looked at me. I said “Are you ready?” He nodded.

Slowly, but determinedly, I slid into his tight, hot, delicious young ass. He inhaled a full lungful of air as I slowly plowed into his ass. Once half my cock was in, he held his breath, and I could feel him bear down. I pushed on, loving every silky inch of his ass on my dick. Before long I was buried to the hilt, and he let out his breath in a loud burst.

I began by moving my hips slightly, but hard. Not letting my cock actually move out of his ass, I pushed and pressed against him. I could feel the hardness from his cock on mine, and his prostate, a firm little nut, on the top of my shaft. I looked down at the juncture of our bodies. I remember thinking I’d never seen porn so good.

Marcus was alternating speeds on his cock, stroking slowly and then quickly. The way it pulsated, I could swear he was about to come, but nothing came out. It was like he was constantly hovering on the edge. I increased my range of motion, pulling my dick out of his ass just enough to find his prostate with the head of my cock. When I located it, I began to fuck him thoroughly, long sliding strokes that focused on the hard little ball that could give him so much pleasure. He responded in kind, grinding his ass down on my cock, jerking his own dick in time to my thrusts. I could see the frustration in his movements, but his face was a mask of lust and total concentration.

I bent down and discovered that if I stretched, I could get almost half his cock in my mouth while I was fucking him! I decided to try something. I moved his hands way, replacing them with my own. I began to hold on to his cock like it was a pommel on a saddle, pulling him by it towards me to impale his juicy little butt on my cock, which was going be ready to blow soon. He loved it, bouncing his ass so that his cock slid in my hand. Bending over, I spat noisily onto his cock, getting it even wetter than it already was. I rotated my hand around his cock, pulled at the tip, squeezed it and jerked it sharply. His body writhed on the couch, and hips began humping quickly in the air. Eventually I was literally drooling, my head bent as the saliva drizzled over his cock, my cock, his ass.

Suddenly, Marcus’ eyes got real wide. H stared down at my hand, and I was reminded of the look on my face the first time it happened to me. I simply picked up the pace a little, stroking down on his amazingly hard cock as I thrust my own rod into his bottom. His asshole clenched rhythmically around my dick, and his own penis began to throb and jump. Curling my back as best as I could, I swooped down and sucked as much of his cock into my mouth’ as I forced my dick right against his prostate.

That did it. His cock erupted into my mouth, a forceful jet of cum, followed by what seemed like dozens more. I’d never had so much come in my mouth, and it started to leak out the sides on the third spurt. Marcus whined and gibbered, and his hips shook as he unloaded his first orgasm into my mouth. I could feel his prostate pulsing, a tiny heart vibrating on my cock, and I applied suction to get every last drop.

I needn’t have worried. He literally filled my mouth with cum, the surplus spilling over the side. When his orgasm subsided, I sat up, come and spit all over my face and chest. He wrapped his legs around me and started forcing me into his butt, with powerful strokes that I couldn’t fight. His hands reached up and smeared come all over my face, and I held on to his cock as I shot my first jet inside of him. Whether he was surprised or ready I don’t know, but as soon as the first shot of my cream entered his ass, he tightened up like never before. When the next spurt came, he relaxed just enough to let it through, then tight again. He’s milking me! I thought, delirious with pleasure. It felt like a liter of come, and when I was done, I rested, panting, propped up on my arms with my cock buried completely, still hard.

Marcus began to giggle, and it made me giggle, and before you know it, we’re both cracking up, my cock inside him, come everywhere, sweating and exhausted.

“We need a shower.” I said, sliding my cock out of his ass. “Squeeze tight when I pull out, kiddo, okay? Then you can let it out in the toilet.” Marcus did as told, and we both walked, a little groggy, to the shower.

Later…

We were exhausted. Marcus and I stood under the stream, soaped each other up and stumbled out like zombies, or more like exhausted lovers who have completely fucked themselves out. The clock on the counter said 3:23, so when Marcus told me he was going to bed, I didn’t argue. After all, I still had Jennifer to attend to, and she was definitely going to need to get off after that display. Marcus gave me a tired but passionate kiss, squeezed my crotch through my towel and hugged me. As he walked to the stairs, he whispered so as not to wake Jen up

“Jared? We can do this again, right?”

“Of course we can. I want to” I replied.

“And it’s our secret?”

I glanced over at Jennifer, then back to him. “Sure”, I said.

Marcus smiled and continued up the stairs.

I walked over to Jennifer, who must have actually fallen asleep while we were showering. Her legs were splayed, and one hand covered her pussy, as if she fell asleep masturbating, which she probably did. I considered slipping myself inside her, but was quite frankly exhausted, so instead I lay down on the couch, idly fondling myself while reliving the evening in my mind as I fell asleep.

Part five

I woke up to Jennifer fucking me. Apparently she’d maneuvered her way on top of me, gotten me hard, and managed to slip me inside her. What started as a dream about fucking became reality. I opened my eyes to see her tits, small handfuls with deliciously puffy pink nipples, bouncing before me. Jennifer had her back arched, and was roughly rubbing her pubic mound with one hand as she ground herself onto my prick.

Jen looked down to see that I was awake. “Good morning, you little boyfucker.”

I laughed, and pushed myself deeper for a few thrusts, to which Jennifer squealed appreciatively. “You loved watching that, didn’t you? How the hell did you manage to keep still?”

Jennifer tightened her cunt muscles, eliciting a grunt from me, as she answered “I didn’t. Marcus couldn’t see me, and you were facing away. I was jerking off the whole time. I came at least five or six times.” She flipped over, sitting on the couch, pulling her with me to fuck her from above. Jennifer wrapped her legs around my neck, a signal that I knew meant I was to pound her hard, she was going to come soon. Pinning her down by holding her under her ribs at the waist, I shifted to a standing position, to put my body weight behind each thrust.

“I thought you were going to have him fuck me” Jennifer said breathlessly “I had no idea you’d fuck him. Totally fucking hot”.

“I didn’t really expect that to happen either. Did you hear what he said? He likes boys, and he’s completely hard for you” I told her, while pounding my cock steadily and roughly into her cunt.

Jennifer started frigging herself again, and I concentrated on fucking. Jen’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, and I could see her toes curling, a sure sign she was going to explode soon. Her pussy became drenched, fluid spilling out to coat both of our pelvises. I began to use my arms to lift her up onto my cock, a punching noise coming from our pubic mounds as they slammed into each other repeatedly- we both love it rough. Soon, I could feel Jennifer trembling, her entire body shaking as she approached her climax. I flexed my cock, trying to make my own orgasm happen simultaneously. Jennifer started yipping, and I could feel a gush of excess fluid soak my cock and balls as she started to come. That was all I needed, my cock jumped and I roared low in my throat as I pumped jet after jet of cum inside her tightness. Her fingers continued their assault on her clit, her orgasm lasting longer than mine, so I unwrapped her legs and buried my face in her pussy, sucking up the come and vaginal fluids as her orgasm flooded over me, my face coated in our juices. She convulsed a few more times before she finally collapsed, and I collapsed on top of her, laughing slightly as she licked my face like a puppy, savoring our commingled fluids. I rubbed my face all over hers and kissed her messily, the two of us swapping come like the depraved teenagers we were.

We enjoyed a post-coital snuggle, and talked more about the night before. Did she want to see me fuck him again? Yes. Did she want to fuck him? Yes, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted to be passed out. Should we introduce him to the pass out game? Absolutely. In fact, we decided to introduce a number of our friends to this new pastime, and I secretly had plans to try to introduce some of Marcus’ friends to it too, knowing that if he was fooling around with any of them, he’d be telling them about his first orgasm and how it happened.

Jennifer and I then went upstairs to make breakfast and discuss our plans to take this thing even further.

…. To be continued