

Congratulations, your first...

Chapter 1

I usually pick up girls in the park. Well, not actually girls, women. I like women, not girls. Girls are trouble. I'm kind of good looking. I keep good care of my body, eat healthy foods, train twice a week, play squash and beat up the opponents, like to skate, swim and climb. I live in a major American city. Not a huge one, but big enough to be anonymous. I like my anonymity. I can get most women with a casual pick up maneuvers. I don't like the disco part! That's one thing I won't do, because I don't like the booze and the noise, and, as I already mentioned, I don't like the girls. I like mature women. Women between 30 to 40, not more, but not less. Perhaps it is because I was raised by women.

I'm 24, by the way, and my name is Mason. I'm 6'1" tall and I got black curls and a terrific smile. I don't know much about anything. I work as a delivery boy. Never had any education. I guess I'm just not smart enough. I like sex though, but I don't want any commitment. So I go to **fuck** a casual victim in the park and then dump her. Or rather, they don't need any commitment either. Just diversion. This is a nice word for amusement, fun. They, the women, notice I'm not a rocket scientist. I haven't had much schooling. Got kicked out of high-school for **fucking Mrs.** Reese, the English teacher. That's why my English **sucks**. Oh, well, she also **sucked**. They caught us with my pants down and her mouth full. Of goo. She's much prettier than Ms. Carmichael the Math teacher, although she too **sucked cock**. Since I had some mediocre grades, C- mostly, I looked for the easy way to improve them. It turned out to be the reason why I don't have an education, nor money, nor a steady job. My plan is to find the rich girl and marry her. Some people would pay for a husband like me, even though I can't make any money.

Well, let me tell you about **Nancy**.

As I was walking in the park one day... (Just like the lyrics) I saw a pretty woman sitting on the bench in Piedmont park. She was tending to two babies in a double baby stroller. I took a look at the babies and smiled. Babies are cute. If they start hollering, I wanna kill them, but if they smile they're kinda nice. Nothing like smiling to a kid to get its **mother's** attention. I circled her bench just to take a better look and jogged off the the ice-cream stand in the corner. I bought two strawberry vanilla cones and walked back, handing her one and **licking** suggestively on the other.

"What a charming couple. How old are they? Are they identical?" I asked her and looked deep into her blue eyes.

"Stan and Roger. They are seven months old. No, they are not identical twins." I looked at her thoroughly, trying to undress her with my stare and see all those hidden birth marks. Imagining her **vagina** stretch to expel those babies. But, a **cunt** is a **cunt** is a **cunt**, and after seven months it is as good as new. Better even. I prefer a more roomy, stretchy **cunt**. It is more relaxed. I have also heard, that broads just before their menopauses, are getting sexier. One last chance before old people's home. And this bitch looked very sexy. By god, I

had a hard on. But then, I always have when talking to a woman. I made move.

"Where is daddy? You know, if... just if..." I stared at her beautiful blue eyes and gave my best smile. I got nice teeth. I think I noticed a blush.

"Here he is, talking to that gentleman. She pointed to two men standing just a 100 yards away from us. They were both tall, about the same age, looking about 35 and wearing both a business suit. She noticed my confusion. "Henry is the one on the left." I thought I noticed some contempt in her voice when talking about her man. Anyhow, I saw both man shake hands and the other one walk away, while Henry came towards us. He noticed me, I'm sure, but said nothing.

"Hi dear," he said casually, tap **kissing** her on the **lips**. "How have they been?"

"Oh, fine, Henry. Stan cried a little and I gave him a piece of bread and a bottle. Hard to imagine how much these guys can sleep in the sun. They also pooped a lot". She said, wrinkling her nose.

"Is this guy bothering you? I can call..."

"Forget it! He's fine. Anyhow, I got to go back to work."

"Thanks, **Nancy**. See ya later!" He pushed the stroller giving me a nasty glare and disappeared.

"Let's go, I have a room here at the Panorama hotel."

"You have a room?" I wondered, but we walked together the half mile to the hotel, hand in hand. I felt the warmth of her right **breast** press against my chest. She hugged me with her right hand and let her pretty curls rest on my shoulder. I had a hard on. She took the key from the reception as the clerk nodded and gave his best shot for a smile. It came out crooked.

I've never been in such a luxurious hotel room. Actually, I've never been in a hotel at all. Everything sparkled and smelled clean and I felt myself dirty.

"What's your name?" She asked.

"Mason."

"Nice name. Are you from Atlanta?"

"Yes."

"Let's take a bath." She said and started undressing. I was quicker, kicking my dirty jeans and T-shirt away. I was pretty ashamed at the state of my underwear. She picked it up, smiled and winked and took a big sniff.

"Worse than the Atlanta sewage." She threw it in the wast basket and walked naked to the bath. Well, it wasn't even a bath. It was one of those enormous Jacuzzi baths, which three people can share. Fat people. It filled up slowly and she pushed me in. We stood there, naked, she scrubbing me, me having a painful hard on and she hanging on it. Her body was not bad. She had a **boob** job, I can tell. There ain't no woman alive who can have such firm

and big **breasts**. Certainly not any one **Nancy**'s age. She was 35 or 40 I guess. I didn't ask. Her body was lean and well trained. I like that in a woman. I don't like frumpy women who let themselves go. But **Nancy** was something else. Perhaps a little old for me, but I don't care. Up to 40 is fine with me. I'm not choosy. The water now reached half height and she turned the whirlpool on, pushing me down. I fell on my **butt** splashing water all over the place. She pressed a small blue button on the wall.

"Yes **Mrs. Evans**, what can I do for you?" Sounded a female voice on the intercom.

"Champagne, Two glasses, Marlboro's."

"Do you need me to set up the equipment?" sounded the female voice. She was black, I can tell by the voice. Atlanta is full of them.

"Don't bother. Just bring the champagne and the cigarettes. Wait..." and talking to me she asked, "Would you like some cigars?"

"No, Marlboro's are fine." She started scrubbing me again using a lot of this smelly liquid bubble bath cream.

"OK, **Annette**, that will be all." I enjoyed her scrubbing and masturbating and my hands flew all over the place, soaping her. Soaping can be a lot of fun. She **kissed** me as she continued her scrubbing. Then she left her right hand on my **cock** and used her other hand on my balls, reaching behind between my **ass** cheeks. She wasn't shy. The bubbly streams caressed my body and I felt just fine, mighty fine. I returned her compliment, rubbing her **cunt** and **ass** split. I felt the pain of her fingers penetrating me and winced.

"I don't like filthy assholes. Relax, I need to reach inside. Just lift your **leg** like that..." Her finger went all the way in, a few times. To help me relaxed, she took my **cock** in her mouth and **sucked** gently. The sensations in my **ass** and **cock** were terrific. I didn't care much about the pain anymore. It was kind of nasty, but sexy. Then she turned around, on her knees, displaying a most sexy and inviting bubble **butt**, saying: "OK, now clean me. Don't be shy." I wasn't, and cleaned her with my fingers reaching as far as I could. "Push in and out, **fucking** motion." She said. I did. "Faster." She demanded and I complied. "Stop." She said, climbed out of the bubble bath and sat on the toilet, emptying herself and coming back to the bath. "**Fuck** me in the bath." She demanded.

"Not without a condom." I objected. She pressed a lever in the wall and a first aid box opened up from within. Reaching inside she pulled a condom and put it on me. I penetrated her in one thrust, face to face, my chest rubbing her fake **boobies** and my hands spreading her **ass** cheeks forcefully. She liked my **fucking**. I **fuck** hard. Some women like it. If they don't, I can go gently, but **Nancy** liked it rough.

"Put your finger up my **ass**, I like **ass** sex." I did, and continued to **fuck** her. She wasn't shy in giving me instructions. "Harder, no, you don't have to go fast. Slow and hard. Give it to me. Hit me with your muscular thrusts. Press is longer when you're all the way in."

I never **fucked** in a bath before. It takes some getting used to. What's the point? I like **fucking** in bed. That's what a bed is made for. I heard **Annette**'s voice from the hall.

"Would you like the Champagne in the bath, **Mrs. Evans**?"

"Yes, come in, put it on the chair. Pour the drink." The door opened and Anette walked in.

She was stacked, man. Heavy top, curvy **bottom**, all wrapped in this bizarre servant outfit, with this stupid apron and everything. She was pretty. I liked the cleavage. It didn't bother her that her guest was **fucking** in the bath. It was probably not the first time. She pushed me out, and I stood up.

"Wow, **Mrs. Evans**. You got big one this time." Said **Annette** with appreciation, staring at my **penis**. I do have a big one. Long and thick. Everybody says so.

"Thanks, **Annette**, for your frank opinion. You can pour the drinks and leave now. I'll call later if I need anything." **Annette** left.

"Shit, I almost came and she interrupted. Get on you knees." She ordered, stood up before me, **legs** spread, sipping on the Champagne. "Stick out your tongue, yes, like that." She started rubbing her **clit** on my tongue, pulling roughly on my head to facilitate her friction. Within 30 seconds she came, cried out loud and dropped the glass in the water. It didn't break. "Thanks, I needed that. Let's go, bring the bucket. She ordered, wrapped herself with the bathrobe and threw the other towards me. It was from silk. She dropped on the bed, turned on a soft light, and pressed an invisible button. Sweet music emerged from invisible speakers. "**Fuck** me now. Like before, do it hard but slow." I mounted her and started thrusting. I then changed the rhythm and began a **screw**, churning motion with my hips. Women like that. **Nancy** did. "Oh, yes, that's good, oh God, where did you learn that, oh, my, do the churning stuff again, oh, you do it so good, **kiss, kiss, kiss** me, do it, **kiss**, rub your finger on my **asshole**, push, push it in, oh. Oh! yes! that's the way! a little harder..."

I was squeezing her, my right arm lifting her tush and my index finger pricking her **ass**, my face against her, but not **kissing**, letting her direct me, my chest pressing against her rubbery tits. The rancid smell of sex and secretions filled the air. I leaned on my knees, pulling out and shoving with force inside jamming and jabbing inside her and pressing my full weight on each jab.

"Is it hard enough?" I asked. She didn't answer but her panting proved she was liking it. "Oh, Jesus, you're good. What a man, Jesus, **fuck, fuck**, Ahhh..." She came again. Her **lips sucked** a hickey on my shoulder. I got off, and took a sip of my Champagne. Never had Champagne in my life. What a taste, awful. Just because I'm polite I didn't **spit** it out.

"You don't like it?" She mewed.

"I'd rather have a beer."

"Open the refrigerator."

"Refrigerator? Where?" She showed me. I took out a beer. She lit two cigarettes, giving me one.

"You made me come twice. You're good. I'll give you one more test and if you score right you can make some money."

"Money? Test? Any time." As always, I was broke. I never thought of **fucking** for money before. There are so many horny good looking guys. Why should this rich broad with twins pay me for sex? She wasn't crazy. Just some broad looking for a thrill.

"Come here," she said, stubbing the cigarette out. "**Lick** me again." I tried to see in the dim

light tears of loose tissue in her pussy, but couldn't find any. Her pussy looked like any of the women I fucked lately. Tight, trimmed, handsome, pretty and tasty. Hard to imagine that this lady just gave birth to twins 7 months ago. Her tummy was tight and shapely. Her cunt, despite having orgasmed twice, smelled fresh and clean. I licked. She lifted her legs and placed them on my shoulders, keeping the instructions pouring out. "Now lick here, now lick there. A little above, not too rough on the clit." I had so much fun. "Stick your tongue out, like before, then push it in the hole. That a boy, rub your nose on my clit. Fuck me with your tongue. You got a nice big tongue. You are a beautiful young boy. I loved your cock in my pussy banging me. You do me so good. Lick, lick. That a boy. Now reach back." She lifted her legs to her own shoulders, exposing her anus. Quite flexible for an old bitch, I thought. Many of the women I fucked would not be able to do such an acrobatic stunt without panting. "No, not in the cunt. Lick, back, back, back, between the cunt and the ass. Right there, yeah, yeah, rub your tongue, oh, yes, I can feel your tongue licking. Lick me, further down, yes, you know what I mean. Lick, lick, don't be shy. Lick my ass. I like it in the ass. Lick it good. I'll lick yours later if you want. You gotta nice little ass, strong and manly. I like the hairs on your hole, it turns me on. Man, you make me horny, lick lick lick. Push. Push. Push. Push." Her ass was clean and I don't have much inhibitions about oral sex. I love it when a woman loves it. If she likes it, I like it. I'd lick my woman anywhere if she needs it. If she needs tongue sex. It's dirty, I know, but sure suits me. I'm also dirty. Push she said? I gave it to her. I pushed my tongue right there in her young asshole. I even wiggled my tongue inside. It made her moan more. She took a condom out of the drawer and pumped some lubricant on it. Then, repositioning, she took my cock in her mouth, spit on it and smeared it with lube, then rolled the condom on it.

"Lube me," she asked, turning around and jutting her bubble butt up. She now looked much younger. I took a generous gob and smeared her asshole. Then, squeezing the tube I pushed some in her ass with my finger. Then two fingers. Then I added some more lube. She gasped. "Fuck me, fuck me in the ass, do it now. Slow." Positioning behind her, I pushed my cock in her ass. Almost immediately it went all the way. "Take it out." I pulled out. The condom nearly ripped off my cock. "Put more lube. Then push slowly, slowly, sloooowlyyyyyyy...."

Pretty soon we were fucking with an easy rocking rhythm, in and out of her ass, which made funny squeaking noises, being saturated with lube. She was grunting now earnest. "Push as deep as it gets." She directed me. "Push, push, fuck. Fuck me in the ass. Fuck hard. Now give it to me in the ass, all the way. Harder. Pump me ho, ho, ho, oh, ouch. It hurts but I like it, no mercy. Shove, shove." She heaved her ass back towards me. I noticed that she was finger fucking herself at the same time. Then she started shouting, her voice becoming hoarse and rough and growling as she directed me. "No mercy, shove. Push harder. Fuck it, you fucker. Fuck it harder. Jab me you motherfucker. Jab me, thrust, push. Push you sonofabitch, push." She kept encouraging me to push harder, but I couldn't! I was already giving all I got. I pulled out and socked it with force inside, yelling from exertion. "Yes! Yes! That's the way, that a boy! YES! YES!" Then I heard the condom rip and my cock was moving freely in her bowels with no protection. But neither me nor her could now care. She was on the brink, and so was I. "YES! YES! AWHHH!" She was coming and I felt her pressure and her pleasure pulse on my naked cock. I couldn't hold back anymore and released my goo in her ass falling with exhaustion on her naked back. My big cock remained hard. She was mewling softly, gently shuddering and weeping. "Stay in, just a little bit. Stay." I did, kissing her sweating back. I guess we needed another bath. "OK, get out." I did, and a stream of lube, sperm and some blood trickled from her swollen asshole on the satin sheet below.

"The condom broke, I'm sorry." I apologized.

"It's not your fault. You were very good. You are very good." She got up, pulled my hand and dragged me to the bath again. We dipped in the cold water and she rinsed her holes and my shaft, giving it a small **kiss**. "**Nancy**, what did you mean when you said you had a room? Were you planning on seducing me?"

"Me?! Oh, no. I really have a room here at the hotel. My husband owns the hotel. **Annette** knows I bring a guy or a girl to **fuck** every week when I take the babies for a walk."

"Really? Gosh, your husband is loaded... Does he know?"

"I don't really care if he knows. He is just an old fat bugger, who's not at all interested in sex. He's interested in making money. I'm interested in spending it."

"Really? I can't believe it. He didn't look fat or old to me."

"What??? When did you see my husband?? Are you spying on me?" She was getting upset. Then it dawned on her. "No! silly boy. You mean Henry? No, stupid. Henry is not my husband. He's my son-in-law. I like him, even though he is a total loser. Did you think... Henry and I... I guess I should be flattered."

"So, these babies are not yours? Oh, I get it." She looked at me with a scorn disbelief.

"Did you really think I was their **mother**? Their **mother** is shopping on Saturday. Henry is doing business and I walk with the kids. She got knocked up when she was still in college, 19 years old. We married them Julie and Henry, even though Henry is 10 years older and a total loser. The kids need a father. No, my fat husband hasn't made love to me in 10 years. Why, how old did you think I am?"

"I thought you were something like 35-40." She laughed.

"I'm 49, silly. 49, pretty boy."

"Hard to believe."

"Congratulations," she laughed. "You've just fucked your first **granny**."

"You look 15 years younger. And you **fuck** like a young woman. I don't remember having so much fun in a long time. You're kinky, I like that." She rang the servant bell again.

"Yes, **Mrs. Evans**?"

"Come on up, **Annette**. I need some loving. Mason is about to leave."

"Take this," she handed me two hundred dollar bills. Come back next week, there will be more.

"How much more?"

"Much more. \$500".

"What do I have to do?"

"The same you did today, with me, and other people. And it will be filmed." I took my jeans and t-shirt and put my stinking sneakers on. **Annette** came in, poured a glass to her self and started undressing.

"My **ass** is sore. This guy plays rough. Come here, honey, **kiss** my sorry **butt**." The naked black girl jumped on the bed and **kissed** her mistress. Then she couched and starting eating **Nancy's pussy**.