Cum Burger

by drpssyÂ©

"Your total is eleven thirty-thr...," the indifferent feminine voice halted for

a moment while she regained her composure. After a few seconds, she continued,

"never mind."

The momentary surprise on her ugly face was nothing compared to the shame

evident on mine. Working the late night had turned into one this drive through

attendant would never forget. Guaranteed! To her credit, she handled the whole

thing extremely well, really. Much better than I would have, had I been in her

situation.

With a smile suddenly appearing onto her homely brown face, she leaned out the

drive through window and looked across from me, nude, now at a solid half mast

and rising, toward my companion who...ahem...had her hands full. I noticed,

distractedly, that her name, 'Shaniqua,' was smudged on her name tag.

I should explain how I ended up here in a late night fast-food restaurant at

midnight bare-butt-assed naked. Good for me there was no one out this time of

night, 11:53 to be exact. You see, it all started with a game of poker and a few

cases of beer. I never wanted to play with these women, but there actually was

NOTHING on TV. Not a movie, not even a game worth a damn on the tube, unless

women's golf highlights count. (I'll pass on that game, thank you very much).

And I had been watching SportsCenter for the past hour and even for me a sports

fan, you can't talk about steroids in sports all of the time.

So it was pure boredom along with a healthy dose of male pride mixed with

curiosity hearing the occasional "You, bitch!" that led me to my girlfriend and

her college buddies playing poker in kitchen with an empty bottle of Crown

sitting in the middle of the table. Being the only guy, these tipsy girls

unanimously decided instead of playing for money, that we would play Strip

Poker...there is not one guy alive who will ever pass up a chance to play Strip

with his wife not only there, but encouraging too.

You see, Cindy and I love to be naked, oh, there is a definite sex thing there

but we both rarely wear clothing around the house. Like I said, male pride is a

bitch, but not as bad a one as that redhead Maria on a poker table.One thing led

to another and another here I was, naked as my birthday, excited and scared,

horny and repulsed at the same time, sitting in the late-night drive through

with a car full of fully clothed women. Did I mention I get off on humiliation?

I was horny as hell and during the long drive; I had already spurted once into

Jacqueline's coffee cup, which she currently drank with great gusto.

"Ya'll want anything?" our attendant asked my passenger seat-mate all the while

staring at my rapidly expanding member, "A Soda, burger or something, we closing

in a few minutes and we got some stuff left." Her pendulous breasts literally

fell from the window she was leaning from to flop as if half deflated balloons.

This particular trip really wasn't for us any way it was Jacqui's day, but my

wife segued the situation smoothly. "Oh really dear," Cindy said cheerfully,

never ceasing her ministrations to my now fully hardened dick. "What time do you

close?"

A crystal bead appeared, only to increase as Cindy tugged from the base to the

tip with an especially tight grip. It shone, like the pearl it was, in the dim

parking lot lights.

"In about an hour, I'm the only one here now and I just turned the grease off,

it'll take a few minutes but for ya'll I could wait a few minutes," I could

swear I saw her lick her lips, but she met Cindy's eyes and continued "if ya'll

ain't doin' nothing but dicking around, come on in. I'll turn off the lights,

nobody's gonna come in anyway."

The other women, the other poker players from earlier did not even try to hide

the pure hilarity from their backseat views. I thought Mary in particular would

laugh so hard she would pee in her pants. As for me, I was terrified. Have you

ever experienced a full body blush? It was definitely not my idea to stop

here...especially in my current condition... and going in was the last thing on

my mind.

Cindy must have seen the look of terror crossing my face and apparently gave

mercy on me. "We would love to dear, but I'll tell you what," she began her

bargain, "you can watch till he pops, how's that?

"Well then, can I uh...?" Shaniqua began, and then looked back down to the

growing drop collecting on my tip, then around the car. To tell the truth, she

wasn't nervous or anything; after her initial shock, she picked up on our little

game quickly, meeting each of our eyes briefly.

"Of course you can, dear," Cindy replied happily

With that, the pie-faced drive-through attendant reached her left hand through

the window. With the tip of her index finger, she lightly smeared the clear mass

around till it not only covered the head, but also her finger. I was in heaven,

one woman playing with my dick, two female friends who know I am getting a hand

job, and not only that the lady from the drive through, a complete stranger, was

playing with my precum. Then to our even greater surprise, she bought the finger

tip to her mouth and stuck the whole thing in. She swirled her tongue around the

finger tip, making a lewd spectacle of the act...I reacted by drooling more

pre-cum from my slit.

"Mhhhhh," she moaned, savoring the taste of my man juice, "wish my man tasted

this good. I'll be right back with your food, hold on one minute. I wanna see

him blow before you go." With that, she turned a pendulous ass away from the

window. Call me fucked up if you want to, but I watched mesmerized until I felt

a beginning tingle begin in the pit of my stomach.

Cindy, knowing how to get me off for years, sensed what was "cumming" and

stopped the urge with a quick pluck to my right testicle. Needless to say, the

pangs stopped as soon as they began. When she was satisfied that I was safe from

the impending accident, she announced that she wanted to trade places.

"Jacqui, Mary already got hers today," she said turning toward the back seat.

"It's your turn now." With that, the two women traded places

I have never had the pleasure of talking much to Jacqueline, but I knew from the

moment I first saw her and shook her hand, I knew that she could give a damn

mean tug-job. Boy, was I not disappointed. She has the softest hands of anyone I

have ever met.

First, she started at the base, rubbing in a twisting motion all the way till

the tip; then repeating the process back the other way on the down stroke. When

more pre-cum began to seep copiously from my tip, she would look back for Mary,

the card sharp and the reason I was now naked, who would then gladly wipe me

till I was relatively dry once more. The feeling of a strange hand that knows

what it is doing to you is one that should me missed. Especially if you can get

that strange hand to rub one out for you. After only a few minutes, which seemed

like seconds to me, I again felt the slowly rising urge to release my seed. With

that, my breathing began to quicken, first as slow deep breaths to shallow ones.

If only I could hold out for our food, then we could go home where the real fun

would begin. Tonight, everybody in that car would find themselves begging for

the climaxes to stop. I expected to be eating beaver till my face locked...and

loving it!

Just then, Shaniqua returned with the burger that my Cindy had demand I order,

even though we don't eat here. If she was taken aback by the new seating

arrangements, didn't show it. Therefore, I was as surprised as she when Cindy

told Shaniqua to get ready for a BIG surprise; I didn't have THAT big a surprise

left.

Instead of taking a bite, like she normally would have done, Cindy unwrapped it

and handed the burger to Jacqui, who was busy with one hand taking me toward

eternal bliss. Jacqui asked for the wrapper and set it on the dash then removed

the top bun and set it on the wrapper.

"Are you ready, Spurt?" Jacqui teased, "Are you ready to give up that hot sauce

for me, baby?"

Looking into the rear view, I could see that Cindy and Mary had both scooted

closer to peer over our shoulders. I again felt my need to cum pick up.

"Shoot it, baby" Mary goaded. "Shoot that hot cum for us."

Cindy, knowing about my sweet spots merely took my earlobe into her mouth and

began sucking. I was getting damn close. The pre-cum ran freely now.

"Squeeze that nut out," out new spectator added. I looked to see that she had

leaned out the window again, this time however, her nipples were definitely

pointed instead of just hanging.

"You know where you are going to cum don't you? Cindy asked. "Do you want to

show her where you're going to pop?"

"Oh God!" I panted feeling the rush of an unstoppable cum on the way, "where do

you want me to come."

"I wasn't lying about that special sauce. You're gonna cum right here"

With that, she began to wank faster, and placed the burger under the purple

headed monster that once was my dick. Her grip was exquisite. Her technique was

top notch. Then she looked into Shaniqua's eyes, "If you had this here I would

eat here more often."

"Cum on my burger baby," she cooed, "let me taste that hot creamy sauce. I wanna taste you, cum for me"

That did it. She wanted me to cum on her burger, the sick freak. Damn good thing

I'm a freak too, because I started tightening then. I started to tense up and

the veins started popping out of my neck. I could literally feel myself shake.

The pleasure...oh God I was in heaven.

The pain....what pain...there's only pleasure.

"Oh yea, oh yea." I panted, "Right there, right there."

"Shoot that big load daddy." Shaniqua quipped.

Just then, the sun went Nova.

"I'M CUMMING!!!!" It felt like my asshole was trying to come out through my

ears. For a second I half thought my hair was having an orgasm too.

The first shot went clear over the burger; it sailed straight through the

steering wheel to impact on the windshield in front of me. By the second squirt

though, Jacqui had repositioned the open faced burger so that most went directly

onto the patty, but some still managed to find its way into her hand, this

caused her to jerk her hand away spoiling the third shot which landed onto the

steering wheel. The fourth, fifth, and sixth shots were placed exactly where she

wanted them however, directly into the middle of her burger.

By the seventh and eight shots I was beginning to spasm more than spurt, cum

still came out just not with the same force as before.

"You can have some if you want," Cindy said from the backseat to the

flabbergasted Shaniqua.

Apparently, she did because the pudgy hand came through the window and gave me a few last tugs, coating her thumb and forefinger with the remnants of my essence.

What really shocked her thought was when Cindy picked up the bun that had been

sitting on the dash and reapplied it to the now cum battered burger. There was

cum dripping from the sides, which Jacqui eagerly licked off, along with the

drops still on her hand. Shaniqua still tended to my waning hardon, as she

looked to see Jacqui take a big bite of her Cum Burger.

It was so erotic seeing cum seep from the sides of the burger. There was cum

dripping into her lap, which she ignored. There was cum on her chin, which she

would have swiped off, but Mary reached forward and wiped it off for her. She

continued to make happy faces and sounds as the burger slowly disappeared. In

the dim lights, I could see where cum and ketchup had run together to form a

pink goo.

I was at once disgusted and yet not. Right then, if Cindy had told me to, our

hostess Shaniqua would find herself in the middle of the best cum she would ever

experience. However, it was not to be, not tonight anyway

After we sat and watched Jacqui eat her Cum Burger, we exchanged schedules with

Shaniqua; it seems that the last two working at this particular late night

restaurant were just like her, bored and looking for excitement.

We came back the following Thursday and treated our new friend and her coworker

to the best nights tip they have ever received. Shaniqua especially liked her

own concoction which she called the "Cream Sickle." Next time. I hear most of

the old biddies still awake at 1:00 am will be there. I know I will...don't know

if my clothes will make it though.