Emily's Friday Night Delights by *[Emily23XXX](http://stories.xnxx.com/profile219699/Emily23XXX)*

Last Friday night my girlfriend Ashley's little brother was playing his final high school football game. Ashley had told him earlier in the year that she would attend at least one of his games. With this being the last game Ashley had no other choice but to attend. So Ashley and I, with our boyfriends in tow, went to see the game. The game was alright, but what really caught our attention was the half-time show in which some very scantily clad high school girls did a very provocative dance. Ashley and I looked at each other, and the same thought came to both of our minds: Wow, had high school changed that much in the few short years since we attended? Ashley was a cheerleader when she was in high school; her outfit looked nothing like what these girls were wearing. She had modeled it for me in the past…but that's a different story. When I was in high school the cheerleaders hated me; they all knew that their boyfriends either wanted to fuck me or already had…but, that's another story, too.  
  
The show aroused us--along with a couple of dancers I had met on an online forum--so after the game was over and we congratulated her brother on his team’s win, we headed to the club that we frequent. We changed our clothes in the SUV in the high school parking lot while we waited for traffic to clear, and didn't really care if anyone could see us. They probably did. We brought a change of clothes knowing that we might go out after the game, and the Capri pants and sweat shirts that we wore to keep warm on the cool November night would be out of place at the club.   
  
We put on our white button-up blouses that we always wore to the club; we wore them because it made us much easier to see in the dark club. We didn't wear bras; Ashley's 36Bs and my 34Cs didn't really need them, as they were very firm, and it was just one more piece of clothing we didn't really like. We put on our mini-skirts, no panties of course. No one would really see anything in the dark club, but that was ok, it was more for us and knowing that the other was easily accessible.   
  
Our guys entered the club ahead of us and found two tables near the dance floor. When we entered the band was playing and the place was pretty crowed. We spotted the guys and the table that they had saved for us. We didn't acknowledge them. They were there for our protection, and for us to turn on. Almost as soon as we sat down, the waitress was bringing us drinks, we weren't sure if our guys that had bought them or someone else had, but the whole night we never had to buy a drink.  
  
Ashley is one of my lovers. We've been together for about a year. She and her boyfriend Mike moved in with us shortly after we meet. She’s a lot like me: she's 22, going to college, blonde, 5' 6", 110 pounds, athletically built, tan, smart, and sexy as hell. I'm 23, living in the beach house daddy bought me as a graduation present from college, blonde, 5' 4", 105 pounds, athletically built, tan, not as smart, and sexy.   
  
We took a few sips from our drinks and proceeded to the dance floor; the music was loud and fast. As we danced with each other we could feel everyone watching us dance. Every now and then we would dance close to each other and exchange quick little kisses. After a few songs we returned to our table, sat for a while, drank our drinks, and watched people dance. A slow song started playing and we got up and started dancing with each other, slow and close. The drinks had gone straight to our heads, because now we didn't care if anyone was watching us. While we were dancing we shared some very long, deep, and hot kisses that were making my juices start to flow, and my lust for Ashley grow.  
  
The music's pace picked up and we were brought out of the trance that we were in and back to the fact that we weren't alone. We started fast dancing again and after a few songs we were sweating quite a bit. We went back to our table to cool off, and were greeted with more drinks waiting for us than we could ever drink that night. After we had each finished a couple more drinks and cooled off a bit, another slow song started to play. We went back out on the dance floor, started kissing again, and this time our hands were roaming over each other’s bodies. Before long we were grinding our wet pussies on each other’s thighs; our skirts were short enough that both of us were getting a bare thigh soaked in pussy juice. When I started unbuttoning Ashley's blouse out on the dance floor she gave a little resistance, but the smile on her face told me she was enjoying what we were doing. Once I had the last button undone, she grabbed the ends of her blouse and tied them together, then proceeded to unbutton mine. The music stopped, the band was taking a break, I tied my blouse like Ashley's and went back to the table to relax and drink a few more of our drinks. I then grabbed Ashley by the hand and led her to the ladies room with me, not that I needed to go, everything that I had drank was coming out of my pores rather than going to my bladder.  
  
Once in the ladies room two cute college girls had followed us in and asked if we wanted to hook-up with them in an all girl 4-some. We told them maybe some other time but tonight we were putting on a show for our boyfriends and ourselves. The girls gave us their numbers and left. Ashley and I made our way to a stall in the back, shut and locked the stall door behind us. Ashley lifted her skirt, and put one leg on the toilet, as I knelt down and plunged my tongue into her wet, bare and worked up pussy. Mmmm, it was so creamy and hot--it was heaven. But the ladies room wasn't really the place to be doing this, so we switched positions. Ashley dipped her tongue in me licked up the juice my pussy had made and gave my clit a good hard suck, before we quickly made our way out of the stall only to find about five other girls at the vanity and waiting for a stall, smiling with the "I know what you two were doing" look on their faces. We went back to our table drank a few more drinks and waited for the band to return.  
  
Once the band came back we were both pretty buzzed we started dancing again. The music was fast but we were both all over each other. Not having panties on was nice, because my hand was under her skirt and one finger was probing her pussy. I gave her a deep kiss and gently pulled her skirt down to where the top of her butt crack was showing for everyone to see, grabbed her perfect butt and pulled her to me. I then kissed and licked my way down her neck while pushing her blouse to the side, exposing a boob and a very hard nipple. I worked down her chest to her nipple with my tongue and gave it a quick lick and a hard suck, then moved on to the other, doing the same to it. I came back up and gave her a kiss, and opened my blouse and began rubbing our bare boobs together right there on the dance floor. Then it was her turn as she kissed and licked down my neck to my breasts, sucking hard on one nipple then moving to the other, coming back up and embracing me in a hard lust-filled kiss. There we were middle of the dance floor blouses hanging open, pussies dripping wet and didn't care one bit about the rest of the world around us.   
  
But I wasn't content with just that. I came out of my daze, looked around to see if anyone was watching, spotted our guys with the biggest smiles on their faces that anyone could imagine, and couldn't help but to laugh myself. Then with a wink and a smile to them, I slid my tongue down Ashley's neck, down between her breasts, down her stomach, past her belly button, lifted her mini skirt, as she covered her now exposed upper body, and slid my tongue into her soaked pussy as far and as fast as I could, stopping to give her swollen clit a good hard suck. I dropped her skirt and retraced my way back to her lips and let her taste her juices on my mouth. We looked over to our guys and gave them a big smile. They both shared a look of shock and pride that these were the women that they would be fucking later on that night. Then came Ashley's turn, down my neck, between my breast and hard nipples, past my belly button, lifted my skirt, tongue in my pussy. I didn't bother to cover a thing as I threw my head back, grabbed her head, held it in place as my pussy was dying for orgasm and enjoyed the moment.  
  
I didn't even realize what was going on until were half way across the club. Ashley and I were grabbed by the bouncers and quickly escorted to the door. Our boyfriends followed quickly behind, and then we jumped in the SUV and headed for home.  
  
John, my boyfriend, was driving, I was in the passenger seat, and Ashley and her boyfriend Mike were in the back seat. I was laughing so hard I turned to look at the two in the back and was met with Ashley's foot in my face. She was lying in the back seat, skirt pulled up and legs spread with Mike’s face buried in her soaked pussy, having the time of his life, and eating like a man that hasn't eaten in years. Not to be outdone, and with John driving so that my pussy wouldn't get attention, I leaned over undid his pants and pulled his cock out. Just as hungrily as Mike was with Ashley, I attacked his cock with my mouth, deep-throating his big beautiful cock and savoring every moment. I spread my legs and plunged two fingers in--I was so wet, and needed to cum so badly. I could hear Ashley squealing with orgasm in the back seat, Mike must have been doing it good because I swear she must of cum four times. I was so jealous and close to an orgasm of my own. I took John's cock out of my mouth as my hand brought my first body shaking wave of orgasm; we pulled into the driveway and were waiting for the garage door to open as the second wave paralyzed my body. The SUV came to a stop in the garage and Mike and Ashley wasted no time getting out and taking off to Ashley's bedroom, not to be seen again till morning. I laid there, my head spinning and fingers still in my pussy, as John came around to my side of the SUV, opened the door, and helped me to my wobbly legs. Quickly realizing I was in no condition to walk, he scooped me in his big strong arms and carried me off to bed.  
  
John hit the garage door button and carried me in to the house. As we passed Ashley's room, we could hear her begging for Mike to fuck her harder. John (my prince) laid me down on the bed. With my head still swimming, I turned my body so that I was lying on my back and my head hung over the side, looking squarely at John's crotch. He smiled because he knew exactly what that meant and what I wanted him to do. He undid his pants and pulled them down to his ankles and quickly discarded them. His cock was a little soft, and still a bit damp from the blow job that I had given him earlier in the SUV. I grabbed the back of his legs, opened my mouth, and took a deep breath as his semi hard cock made its way into my throat. I love be throat fucked in this position and John knew it. With each thrust his cock got harder, and so did the thrust, until he was going madly at my mouth. I knew he wouldn't last long at this pace. Sure enough with one last deep thrust, and his balls smothering my nose, I felt his cock pumping it's cum down my throat and into my stomach. God it was a lot of cum. My action with Ashley earlier in the evening must have really turned him on, and it seemed as though he would never stop cumming. Once he did, he slowly pulled out and I was able to breathe again. He stopped with the head of his cock just in my mouth--he knew that I always give one last hard suck to make sure I got it all.   
  
When he pulled out the rest of the way, I slid back down the bed so my head was on it, smiled up at him, his cock still dangling in my face, and said, "My turn." I lifted the front of my mini skirt and patted my nicely trimmed pussy. John took his shirt off as he moved around the bed. I sat up and removed my already unbuttoned blouse. John kneeled down on the bed and with a big smile and a lick of his lips, prepared himself for some scrumptious pussy licking. He started out with some teasing, licking all the shaved area, but not getting what I so badly wanted and needed licked. I squeezed my thighs together on his head, raised my head up and practically screamed, "God damn it, lick my fucking pussy!" And, once I released his head, he did. He dipped his tongue in and tried to lick my soaked and creamy walls clean, then worked his way down to my butthole, and tried to probe my tight hole with his tongue. I was in heaven.   
  
Then he did long licks, butthole to clit. Finally, I reached down, grabbed his head and held it on my clit. He got the idea and alternated between sucking and licking it. He took his hand and slid two fingers into my soaked pussy. He knew right where my g-spot was and almost as soon as he hit it, I came with a squirting orgasm, right in his mouth. I raised my butt off the bed, arched my back--he had a hell of a time keeping his mouth on my clit as I bucked widely, but thank god he did. He was sucking my clit and stroking my g-spot and wave after wave of orgasm was shocking my body. I wanted him to stop because I didn't think I could take any more, but I couldn’t get the words to come out of my mouth--I couldn't stop moaning long enough to say anything. That might have been the best orgasm of my life.  
  
As my body started to calm, John kissed his way up my body, my stomach, squeezing my breasts, and alternately sucked my hard nipples. Mmmm, it felt so good. He interlocked his hands in mine, lifted them over my head, and pinned them to the bed. I was at his mercy, and I loved it. I love feeling as if we were one, and our bodies connecting in as many places as possible at once. He was kissing his way up my neck, as I felt the head of his now hard cock, slip across my wet pussy lips. Our mouths met in a long and passionate kiss; I love the taste of my own juices on his lips—first, because I love the taste of my pussy, and second, because it means that we both just had a very good time. I was enjoying myself and our kiss, when I felt his cock slip between my pussy lips and with one huge thrust that took my breath away, my pussy was filled and he was in me balls-deep. I was still pinned and kissing and he started pumping in and out of me with bed shaking rhythm. Oh god it felt so good. John didn't have the biggest cock, it was about 7"--I have had bigger--but it seems to fit in my body so perfectly, and I love having it in me. His thrusts were building speed and getting harder and harder. I was going to cum again, and fast. I looked into his lust-filled eyes, both our mouths open, breathing hard, and I was moaning with pleasure. Before I knew it my body was being struck with shock waves of orgasm. John was keeping his pace, and it probably wasn't easy, as my convulsing pussy was grabbing tighter and tighter onto his cock.   
  
After what felt like three multiple orgasms, John pulled out, patted me on the hip and told me to roll over. I did, and in a moment he was back in me pumping away in the doggy-style position. I was rocking back to meet each of his thrusts, and could tell that he wouldn't last much longer. I dived across the bed, reached into the night stand drawer, fumbled my way through the toys, and found my bottle of lube. I reached back to John with the bottle in hand and said, "Fuck my ass, baby." He squirted some lube on my butthole, and started to rub it in with a finger; first he slipped one finger in, then more lube and another finger. He was finger fucking my ass while trying to put lube on his cock. Quickly his fingers were gone and replaced with something much larger; he gently slipped the head of his cock in my butt and waited for me to respond. Usually I slowly work back and forth on his cock, but tonight I was so worked up I just slammed back on it. All of it didn't go in on the first try, but when I slammed back the second time it did. I purred back to him, "Fuck my ass," and with that he started pounding away. I reached between my legs and started rubbing my clit. In a short time I could feel another orgasm coming, I started rubbing faster as my orgasm shot through my body and my butthole clamped down on John's cock. It must have felt good for John, too, because as soon as my orgasm was over John was crying, "I'm going to cum!!" I got off him, rolled on my back, open my mouth, stuck out my tongue and waited for my treat. He placed the head of his cock on my tongue as the cum started to erupt. I caught most of it with my mouth, and used my finger to scrape up the rest and put in my mouth.   
  
Exhausted we both laid lifeless in the bed, and I thought to myself, "Wow! What a wonderful night".