**First**

by[sex4every1](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1237937&page=submissions)©

**First Pt. 01**

My name is Matthew, I am 23 and this story might seem a bit strange, but as with everything in life; to each his own. This is the story of how Amber and I started our sexual relationship. To some, it might seem strange, dysfunctional or even downright degrading, but it's the truth nevertheless. Read it and do with it as you will.

I met Amber in literature class at the local university -- a sort of advanced book club if you will. She was downright beautiful; natural long, blond hair, flowing down her shoulders, freckles all over her cute face, the most adorable smile you'll ever see and a body that could make a grown man cry. I lusted after her from the first moment I laid eyes on her, but as time went by, I also got to know her and I soon realized that she was as beautiful on the inside as on the outside. Aside from being smart -- she was well-read on a large number of topics and had an interesting opinion on most subjects -- she had a great sense of humor and a wonderful personality.

I asked her out for a cup of coffee, then a bite to eat, then dinner, then another dinner. Although we seemed to be hitting it off pretty well, she always kept me at a distance. At first, I assumed it was because she wasn't interested in me romantically. But as I also felt she was often flirting with me, I decided I needed to be absolutely sure before moving on. So, towards the end of our fourth date -- if I was going to get shot down, I might as well enjoy myself first, right -- I decided to ask her frankly.

"Amber, don't take this the wrong way, but I am after something more than friendship here; if you're not interested, just tell me, and we can still be friends, but at least I can stop kidding myself, and I can stop falling in love with you," I said.

She looked at me, took a few moments to compose herself and then replied, "I am having a great time with you Matthew, and I'd like this relationship to go further as well, but I am afraid of ruining what we have."

"Look, it's okay... if you're not attracted to me, then..."

She chuckled and interrupted me, "Not attracted to you? Matthew, after our last date, I masturbated for twenty minutes, do you know how long it's been since I've done that?"

Needless to say, I was flabbergasted. Sure, I felt proud and flattered, but also very confused. If I made her that horny, why wouldn't she let me kiss her, or feel her up a little bit at least?

She could tell I was taken aback -- to say the least -- so she decided to explain herself further.

"You probably think that I am this normal girl, but I have a dark side, Matthew... a fetish."

"You mean like leather or fishnets?" I asked naively.

Again she chuckled and said, "No Matthew, nothing with clothes or attributes... my fetish deals with the sexual acts themselves."

"I am confused, I thought you were a virgin," I asked.

"I am... "

"But then... how do... the fetish, I don't understand," I stammered.

"Look, for now, this fetish is just in my head, but I've been walking around with it for years. It has fueled most of the few orgasms I've ever had and I always promised myself that when the time came to start a relationship, I would do whatever I could to make it happen. But now that I am about to actually start one, I am not so sure anymore."

"Why don't you start by telling what your fetish is?" I asked carefully.

"You sure?"

"I don't think there's another way out of this, do you?"

"Guess not," she said, sipping from her beverage.

"Okay, here goes," she said, taking a deep breath.

"I think I love you Matthew, and after seeing my fair share of porn over the years, I can't imagine there being anything I would not be willing to do to you, or let you do to me, but..."

"But..." I repeated curiously.

"I don't want you to be first!" she blurted out, immediately pouring the remainder of her beverage down her throat.

"Wait... what? You don't want me to be first? What does that mean? You wanna have another relationship first?"

"No, I don't want anyone else, Matthew, I want you and I want to have sex with you! It's just that everything I do to you, I wanna do to someone else first!"

I took my soda and poured it down it one big swig. For some reason, my cock was bigger and harder than it had been all day. After putting my glass down, I just took about ten seconds to let her words sink in, trying to wrap my head around the concept.

"So, that's why we haven't kissed yet, or why you wouldn't let me feel you up?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Before I can, some other guy has to do it first?"

Again she nodded, and added, "And you have to watch."

"What?!" I whispered, shocked, feeling my cock become even harder.

"So, I have to watch you kiss another guy before I can kiss you... and if I want a handjob, I..."

After several seconds of silence, I continued, "That's fucked up Amber!"

"I know, but that's exactly what a fetish is... it's nasty, dirty or disgusting and it usually doesn't make any sense, but that's what makes it so exhilarating. Just knowing that everything I do to you, I've done to someone else first makes me wet. I know it makes me a slut for doing it while we're together, and I know it makes you a bit of a cuckold for watching me do it, but knowing those things only makes me want to do it more."

Needless to say, the atmosphere was ruined at that particular moment and so I cut our date short, telling her I needed some time to think about her ludicrous proposition. To tell you the truth, the first thing I did upon coming home was take out my ridiculously hard cock and stroke myself to a finish in the hallway. I didn't even make it into the living room. I figured that once the sexual urgency had gone, I would see things clearer, make the logical decision and end the relationship with Amber.

I pondered the issue for the rest of the night, dividing whatever time was left between drinking and whacking off. In the morning, after getting rid of another hard-on and having some breakfast, I could draw no other conclusion then that I wanted to be with her, no matter the cost.

I rationalized the whole, perverted thing, as a fad, nothing more. It would just be a one-time thing, it wasn't cheating, it was an investment, a conceit I needed to make to make this relationship work. Besides, judging from my incessant wanking over the last twelve or fourteen hours, it wasn't as if I wasn't getting anything in return. I could see a lot of spank bank moments in the foreseeable future.

In that moment of euphoria, I texted Amber that I wanted to move forwards, and as such, would be agreeing to her terms.

To my surprise, she immediately texted back, "Excellent news, what would you like to do to me first?"

Figuring it would be wise to start off slowly, I replied, "Kiss, cup a feel... that sort of thing."

Several minutes later, I received another text, "Ok, meet me at Central Plaza, 11am."

When I arrived at the Plaza, Amber was waiting for me, wearing a little red skirt, a white tank top accentuating her boobs and sneakers. With her sunglasses and her long flowing blond hair, she looked like a model. She was holding a clipboard and a pen.

She gave me a peck on the cheek and said, "I am really excited about this! You have no idea how important this is for me!"

"Yeah, well, no promises, I might still bail on you," I stated.

"Fair enough," she whispered, realizing what she was asking of me.

"So, what's the plan?" I asked.

"Well, you want to kiss and touch me, so we're going to make sure some other guy does that to me first, right in front of you," she stated, making herself squirm with pleasurable anticipation for a moment.

"Just follow my lead," she said, taking a look around the Plaza.

After ten or fifteen seconds, she located someone interesting and said, "Let's go."

We walked up to the guy, who was leaning against a bench and fiddling with his phone.

Amber cleared her throat and said, "Excuse me."

The guy looked up, kind of annoyed because we had interrupted him, but his face changed as soon as he saw my gorgeous girlfriend.

"We're doing a social study on sexual behavior and preferences, could I ask you a few questions?" she asked.

"Sure," the guy said, looking her up and down as he put his phone away.

"Ok, are you straight?"

"Yes, very much so," the guy said, with a slightly deeper voice than before.

"Do you like boobs?"

"Yes!"

"Do you like my boobs?"

The guy looked at her rack for a moment a bit shy, and then said, "They're gorgeous!"

"How big do you think they are?"

"Uh... I uh... I don't..."

"You can touch them, and weigh them if you want," Amber blurted out.

Here we go, I thought to myself.

"Are you serious?" he said, looking around as if he was looking for a hidden camera.

"Sure," my girlfriend said, "Go ahead; take as long as you need."

Still a bit hesitant, the guy reached out, looking my girlfriend right in the eye, just in case she'd change her mind and slowly put his hands on her tits. As she didn't object, he followed the curve of her tits and began fondling them all over. After ten seconds or so, he cupped the bottom of them and weighed them. We all knew he didn't have a clue what he was doing, but we all pretended he was doing it for a reason other than to molest my girlfriend's tits. He weighed them extensively, moving her rack up and down several inches.

Suddenly my girlfriend surprised everyone, especially the guy, by saying, "Don't forget the nipples."

"The nipples?" the guy stated dubiously, not understanding what her nipples had to do with the original question.

"Yes, they are part of my boobs too, you know," she replied.

"Right," the guy said, needing no further clarification and used his thumbs and index fingers to gently rub both her nipples and tweak them softly, nervously looking at her. Amber just looked down at his fingers flicking her hard nipples, trying her best to conceal how incredibly horny she was.

After letting him fondle her tits and tweak her nipples for another two minutes or so, Amber suddenly asked, "And?"

As if awakened from a dream -- a sentiment I could relate to -- the guy pulled his hands back and said, "Uh... double D?" which was probably the only cup-size he knew.

"No," Amber replied amused, "But thanks for the compliment."

After pretending to write something down on her clipboard, she asked, "How are your kissing skills?"

"Kissing skills?"

"Yes, on a scale from one to ten, how good of a kisser would you say you are?" she elaborated.

"Uh, I don't know, 8?" the guy replied hesitantly.

"8 huh? Would you mind if I verified that?" Amber asked.

Even more baffled than when she offered to let him touch her tits, the guy looked at us -- well, mainly her -- and asked, "You... you want me to... kiss you?"

"Unless you don't want to," Amber replied.

"No no, it's not that!" the guy blurted out, not believing his luck.

Amber handed me the clipboard and stood up straight, her body language inviting the guy to kiss her.

He took a small step towards her and just before leaning in for the actual kiss, he asked, "Uh... with or without tongue."

Amused by his shyness, Amber smiled, "Let's try without tongue first!"

The guy gathered his courage and leaned in, carefully kissing my girlfriend on the mouth, gently and without touching her in any other way at first. Then, as Amber started kissing him back, he grew more confident and slowly put his hands on her shoulders first, then moved his hands up on her neck and into her hair.

"Okay," Amber said after breaking the 20-second kiss," Now, let's try with tongue!"

He leaned in and soon his hands were all over her again, except now his tongue was licking the inside of her mouth. They kissed for about fifty agonizing seconds. Part of me wanted to tear the guy's arms off of him, beat him to death with them and use them to make the cross for his grave. I reminded myself that I'd be able to do all those things to her from now on and strangely enough managed to stay calm.

"Mmm, an 8 indeed," Amber purred, licking her lips and then using two fingers to clean his saliva off her lips and her mouth.

Thinking it was over, I handed her back the clipboard.

"Last question," she said, taking the clipboard from me and once again pretending to write something down, "When you touch a girl's lady parts, how many fingers do you use?"

"Oh crap," I thought to myself, realizing what she playing at.

Stumped beyond comprehension, the guy stammered, "Wha... what, excuse me?"

"When you touch a girl down there," Amber said, pointing at her crotch, "How many fingers do you use... to stimulate her?"

"I uh... honestly wouldn't know... I haven't really... uh, I've never..."

"I need to write something down on the survey, so uh... if you want to, you could try it on me."

"You... you want me to touch you down there? Right here?"

"Just to refresh your mind," Amber stated.

"Oh okay..." the guy said, stepping up to her, real close this time.

As he looked around to check if anyone was watching, he carefully placed his hand on her thigh and slowly moved it in between her legs. Amber followed his gaze, facing in the same directions as he did, and allowed this perfect stranger to touch her down there.

You would think that a few seconds would be enough to count the number of fingers he was using -- I mean, come one, five is the limit after all -- but no such luck. Not only did he rub his entire hand up and down her crotch over and over again, he then went on to reach under her skirt, find her clit through her panties and began stimulating the shit out of it. Pretty soon, his index and middle finger were a blur over her sensitive spot. Amber moaned incessantly and repeatedly became weak at the knees, having to hold onto the nearby bench to keep her balance.

After letting this stranger play with her clit in the middle of Central Plaza for more than fifty seconds, Amber whispered, her voice crackled with lust and excitement, "So... I'll put you down for two then?"

"Uh, yeah," the guy said, stepping back and looking her up and down again.

Flushed, and clearly horny, Amber took a moment to compose herself, made an insignificant doodle on the clipboard and then said, "Thank you for your cooperation."

"Uh, you're welcome," the guy said, a bit taken aback by the abrupt ending to the survey.

Leaving him behind mystified, but happy -- and with a story to tell his friends -- I followed Amber as we walked away from him, and said, "My god, you gave him such a hard-on."

"Mmm, you too I hope," she replied without looking at me.

"Mmm, you fucking tease," I said, "Do you have any idea how degrading that was?"

"I do, that's why my pussy is so wet," she replied.

"Oh, is it now?" I said, reaching out and touching her crotch, wildly rubbing my fingers back and forth over what I assumed was her clit. It wasn't off course.

"That's right, you can touch me down there now," she whispered, talking down to me as if I was a little kid being allowed to play with a new present. I tried to give her a stern look, but failed.

She glanced over at the square again, ignoring my hand in between her legs and said, "Onto the next."

"Next?" I repeated surprised, redrawing my hand.

"Well, I assumed you'll want to touch my tits and pussy without my clothes being in the way," she whispered, "And if you want me to touch your dick..."

"Yeah, okay," I agreed reluctantly.

"Off course, if you feel like we're going too fast here, you can always jack off for a few more weeks before we move on," she said, in a calm and composed manner, torturing me.

"No no, I am okay... let's just get this over with," I replied submissively.

After taking a good long hard look around the Plaza, her gaze stopped and she smiled, whispering, "He's perfect!"

As she began moving towards an area with lots of potential candidates, I followed her and asked, "Who?"

"The guy in the yellow shirt," she smiled.

"Him?" I asked baffled, realizing the only guy wearing a yellow shirt in the direction she was heading, was about 5"4 and easily weighed 280 pounds, he was wearing glasses and had a ridiculous haircut.

"You really don't have any standards, do you?" I asked as we were closing in on him.

"As long as it's not you," she replied, "Now, play nice!"

"Play nice... the guy is a fucking loser," I whispered.

Amber stopped and turned to face me, and hissed -- as we were now too close to the guy to use her normal voice - "This guy may be a loser, but if he plays his cards right, he's not only going to touch my tits and cunt before you do, he's going to get his cock stroked."

After putting me in my place, she turned and walked the last few paces over to her target and asked, "Hey, my name is Amber and I am doing a sex study on young males, would you care to participate?"

"Uh, I don't have a lot of experience... I think you'd best ask someone else," the guy replied.

"No, this study needs to be objective, so I can't just skip you because you're shy... and look, experience is really not an issue, what's your name?"

"Uh... Dennis."

"Okay Dennis, the first part of the study is about you touching me in two very special places and then answering a few questions about the experience."

"You mean..." he stammered, gasping at Amber's rack.

"That's right, my tits and my pussy," Amber whispered.

"And for the second part, I am going to rub your dick and make you squirt... and then ask you a few questions about that," Amber said.

"How dumb do you think I am?" Dennis asked, "Who put you up to this, I bet it was that asshole Jake wasn't it?"

Realizing she was going to lose him if she didn't say the right things now, Amber put her hand on his shoulder and whispered, "Dennis relax, nobody put me up to this, I am just doing research for my thesis. I don't know any Jake; I just picked you randomly out of the crowd."

"Yeah right," Dennis grunted.

"Look, if you'd like to participate, we're going to need a quiet place to do all those things I just mentioned. So how about you pick that place? Would that ease your mind?"

He thought about it for a few seconds.

"I mean, if this really was a setup, how could we plan this without knowing the location, right... come on, is there a place you think is safe enough, somewhere only you have access to?"

"Well," Dennis said, "My parents live just two blocks from here; they're at work, we could use the garage."

"That's fine by me. Come on Dennis, what do you say? I really wanna do this with you."

"Who is he?" Dennis asked, pointing at me.

"Oh, that's no one! Just ignore him. He insisted on coming along for my protection," Amber replied, giving me a contemptuous look. Well, that ought to remind me of my rightful place again, I reckoned, feeling my cock push against the inside of my pants.

Dennis led us to his parent's house, which was a five minute walk.

After letting us in, he locked the door from the inside and asked, already heading for the kitchen, "Do you guys want something to drink?"

"Uh no, Dennis, I'd like to get started if that's okay," Amber smiled.

"Oh right, the garage is this way," he said, leading us to a door down the hallway. The garage was pretty spacious -- large enough for his parent's black SUV and shelves, filled with equipment and mechanical parts, on all three walls.

"Just so you know, the garage doesn't open without the correct code, so if you're thinking of getting me naked and then opening it up... it's not going to work!"

Man, this guy was insecure and cautious.

Amber reached out and cupped his crotch, touching his swollen dick, and whispered, "Dennis, relax, no one is setting you up. Now, how about the two of us go back there, to the other side of the car and I get naked for you?"

"Oo oh okay," Dennis stammered as he walked around the car.

"You... face the wall and keep your back to us," Amber told me, strict.

Then she came closer, leaned in and whispered in my ear, "I want you to jack off to this!"

I looked at her, angry and frustrated, but turned my back towards the car, as I was told.

A few seconds later, the two of them were on the other side of the big SUV and Amber asked, "So, you ready to see my tits, Dennis?"

"Fuck yeah," he blurted out.

A few seconds later, she threw the blouse over the car, then, a few seconds later, her black bra.

"Wow, your tits are gorgeous! Can I touch them?"

"Off course Dennis, that's why we're here, you can start with one hand and then maybe..."

"Oh fuck," Amber suddenly screamed as she was getting pushed against the car, "OR you can just start sucking on my nipple, FUCK YEAH, Dennis!"

"Fuck," I thought to myself as I whipped out my hard cock and began stroking it.

"The other one too Dennis, don't forget my other nipple... ooh yeah, that's it... suck it hard Dennis... yeah, you suck it as hard as you like... fucking hell!"

I could hear the sucking noises, her left and right tit popping out of his mouth alternately as he was going back and forth between them.

After a minute or two, she stopped him and panted, completely out of breath, "Easy tiger... there's more to see, remember."

"Weren't there questions?" Dennis asked.

"We can get to the questions later," Amber replied, her voice betraying how horny she was. She didn't want to waste any time inventing questions right now.

A few seconds later, I heard her unzip her skirt. Just moments later, her red skirt flew over to my side of the car, followed by her black panties . My girlfriend was naked now, in front of Dennis, who was obviously impressed.

"Wow, you're absolutely gorgeous," he spoke.

"Thank you Dennis, that's very kind of you," Amber replied, "Would like to touch me?"

"That's it... you let your fingers roam... you like my trimmed bush?"

"Mmmm," Dennis grunted, the lucky bastard. My fist was a blur over my hard cock.

"That's my clit... those are my lips," Amber said, feeling the need to narrate, humiliating me even more.

"And that's my fuck hole... and OHHH.... fuck, you're inside of me... Dennis, you naughty bo.... ooohh, oohhhh... fucking hell, that's two fingers! Dennis, easy sweetie, you were not supposed to... oh fuck... ohhh fuck, that feels so good!"

The car shook back and forth behind me and I pumped my big dick as I listened to Dennis fingering the shit out of my girl.

"Don't stop Dennis," Amber yelled, already having changed her tune, "Oh fuck yeah, suck those nipples again..." His sucking and fingering noises reverberated through the concrete garage, along with Amber's incessant whining and narrating.

"Finger my little twat Dennis, come on... give it to me... ooohh, fuck... you're going to make cum sweetie... keep going... harder....OOOHHHHH, that's it... OOOHH fuck!"

Amber screamed and moaned as loud as she possibly could as Dennis' fingers brought her to a quick and unexpected, but intense and powerful orgasm. Dennis took advantage of her climax to suck on her titties some more.

From the sound of things, he was really slobbering all over them. After climaxing for nearly a minute non-stop, waking up the dead with her loud and incessant screaming, Amber panted, "Oh shit... please Dennis, no more... I can't... "

Dennis, being a gentleman, stopped and slowly pulled out, making her gasp and pant some more. "Fuck Dennis, you really did a number on me!"

"Are we going to do the questions now?" Dennis asked.

"Forget the fucking questions, Dennis, I wanna jack you off," she whispered, still out of breath as I heard her unzip his pants, "I was only going to stroke it and tease you a little bit, but after what you just did to me, I am going to jack you off and make you shoot your load!"

After I heard her pull down his jeans, there was a moment of silence.

"Jesus Christ," Amber laughed, pleasantly surprised, "You're hung like a fucking mule!"

"Great, just my luck!" I thought to myself as I was still stroking my cock.

"Look at that," Amber whispered, "I can barely wrap my fist around it."

Now, Amber had relatively small hands, but still...

"I'll have to use two hands... one at the base, and one to fuck the little head... like that," Amber narrated again, doing so just to spite me even more, making sure I knew exactly what she was doing and how much she liked it.

"God, your cock is so big and fat..." she whispered, "You need to find a girl... or several girls to pump this cock every day; it's a fucking crime to keep this thing hidden in your pants!"

She was laying it on a little thick if you asked me, but that could also be the jealousy talking.

Suddenly it went quiet on the other side of the car. No narrating, no jacking noises, just Dennis moaning louder than before. Then, after about twenty seconds, I heard her jacking him off again, and Dennis' moaning returned to normal. About a minute later, the exact same thing happened. And then again. And again. I suspected that Amber was also sucking his cock, quietly, as that clearly wasn't part of our deal for today.

After about six minutes of this, Dennis started panting, his fat body wobbling back and forth as he was getting ready to cum.

"How about I make you cum all over your mom's black SUV?" she teased, audibly stroking his cock.

"Oh fuck yeah," Dennis panted, obviously liking the idea.

"Get on your knees on the hood then," Amber whispered.

Dennis crawled onto the hood with some difficulty and got on his knees, facing the windshield. His weight was probably enough to cause a few dents in the hood, but he probably couldn't have cared less at that specific moment.

"Let's get this sperm out of you," Amber said as she audibly began stroking his cock again.

"Your white sperm is going to look so awesome on this black paint," Amber said, eagerly jacking him off hard and fast.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck..." Dennis panted, his convulsions causing the whole SUV to bounce up and down under his enormous weight.

A few moments later, he growled like a wild board as Amber edged him on, "Yeah, that's it... ooeee yeah... fucking hell, look at all that cum... ooooh, on the windshield too! Oooh, even more... fuck, what a MAN!"

Feeling this was my queue, I sank to my knees and splattered my own load on the floor. It was a complete waste off course; a quick and meaningless wank, just as I deserved. I didn't even moan. Even after I was done ejaculating, Amber was still jacking off Dennis.

"My god, what a fucking load," she whispered as she finally slowed down.

"Would you mind if I got dressed again, Dennis, I don't want him to see me naked," Amber asked sweetly.

"I know I'll probably sound like a pervert, but can I take a few pictures of you with my phone," he asked. I held my breath as Amber took a few seconds to consider his request.

"Not my face, okay?" I heard her say.

"No problem," Dennis said, getting off the car with some difficulty and then reaching in his pants pocket for his phone.

"Wanna start with my tits?" Amber asked, narrating for my 'benefit' again. [snap] [snap]

"Here, let me get my nipples all hard for you again." [snap] [snap] [snap] [snap]

"Don't forget my cunt, Dennis," she whispered. [snap] [snap]

"Let me put a finger inside, just for you." [snap] [snap] [snap] [snap] [snap] [snap]

She stopped narrating after that, but as Dennis continued taking photos, I assumed she was getting in all sorts of nasty and sexy poses just for him.

"Throw me my clothes, will ya?" Amber suddenly asked after Dennis had finished extensively photographing her naked body. From the harder tone of voice, I knew she was talking to me.

I picked up her panties, bra, skirt and top and threw them all to the other side of the car, where she was still hiding from me. As I turned in place, I could see Dennis' load. Amber hadn't exaggerated, it was fucking huge. There were several puddles on the hood and a few ropes had even made it onto the windshield.

"Would you guys mind if I went and took a shower?" Dennis asked, covering his cock with his boxers for my benefit, "I am all sweaty!"

"No, off course not," Amber smiled, "We'll be going now, thank you for helping me out."

"You're welcome and thank you too," he replied.

"Oh, and Dennis... find a girl to help you with that," Amber said, appearing from behind the SUV fully clothed, pointing at his crotch, "That dick of yours needs a daily pumping!"

With a shy smile, he walked out of the garage, probably heading for the bathroom.

Less than a minute later, we walked out of the house and I looked at Amber.

She caught me looking and asked, "What?"

"You're kidding me with that question, right?" I asked.

"All right, I'll admit that was a tad nasty," she giggled.

"A bit?" I laughed, "Those pictures..."

"Okay, that was slutty," she admitted, a bit shy now.

"And you sucked his cock!" I said.

"No, I didn't!" she stated, calm and composed, no emotion in her voice.

"I heard you, Amber, you sucked his cock... several times!"

"No, I didn't," she repeated, realizing that if she admitted it, she'd have to suck my cock too.

But as I didn't have any proof, I couldn't really press the matter.

"Admit it," she said, turning towards me and cupping my crotch, "You enjoyed that... don't think I didn't see you dumping your own load back there!"

"You told me to," I defended myself.

"Yeah right," she smiled.

"Did you see my cock?" I asked, curious.

"I did... but I saw Dennis' cock first," she smiled.

"Yeah, I know you did," I said, a tad annoyed, "What did you think of mine?"

"Not bad, it seemed big and hard, and your sperm looked thick and gooey... all over the concrete floor!" she replied with a wicked smile.

"So, what do you wanna do now?" she asked, a few seconds later.

"We're going over to my place, you're going to pump my cock all night long!"

"Okay," she said, as if she was agreeing to something trivial.

We went over to my place, where we kissed for the first time. I got so see her naked in every position and angle I wanted. I played with her tits and fingered her slutty little twat twice, making her cum three times. She also did pump my cock all night long; I shot four loads before finally falling asleep next to her, completely exhausted.

In the morning, she jacked my morning wood again and made me spurt all over the sheets. Then after breakfast, I played with her tits some more, sucked on her nipples for a bit and fingered her again, this time without making her cum. Then, she hit the shower and left. Two days later, we went out to dinner and a movie, then went back to my place, where she jacked me off again and I played with her tits for a while. Another two days later, she came over to my place for a romantic dinner. She, once again, jacked me off and I fingered her to an orgasm while sucking on her tits.

You see where I am going with this. It was great, but the options were somewhat limited. Without actual penetration or oral sex, this was going to be a boring sexual relationship. I knew what needed to be done, or what choices I had, but I didn't like any of the options. I could break up with her, reconcile myself with the fact that I wasn't going to get any further than this, or I could give in and watch her do some random guy before she could do me.

Trying to postpone the inevitable, I spent a lot of time watching porn and jacking off -- either with Amber or alone -- but watching all that porn only reminded me that I really wanted to cum on her, all over her. And the more frustrated I got, the more it all became routine for Amber. After a while, she even stopped taking her clothes off. She would just jack me off, fully clothed, make me spurt and then go about her business. She would still take her clothes off upon request and I could still finger her whenever I wanted to, but it was a clear indication nevertheless of how ordinary it had all become.

So, about a week later, after she'd just jacked me off on my bed -- fully clothed again-- I said we needed to talk and told her I needed more from our sexual relationship.

"I understand baby," she whispered, "What would you like to do, or have me do to you?"

"I wanna get my cock sucked," I blurted out, "I want blowjobs!"

"Ok," Amber giggled, "Is that it?"

"No, I want to lick you, eat you out, I want the taste of your twat in my mouth!"

"Mmmm, I think I'd like that too," she whispered, biting her lower lip.

"And..." I started to say.

"And... go on, tell me, don't be shy," she smiled.

"I want to cum on your body, I want to dump my sperm on you, but..." I said.

"Yeah, that would so fucking nasty, but... what?"

"I don't know how you'd classify cumming on you. Does cum on your body constitute as one thing or would you count cum on your hand, your ass, your feet as different things? I really don't feel like letting fifty guys cum all over you!'

"Well, let's see... tits, cunt, face and hair are separate, everything else is just skin," she said, she had obviously given this some thought.

"That's five..."

"Six, if you want me to swallow as well," she stated.

"Fuck, that's a lot," I said, honestly dreading watching six other guys cum on her.

"We could start with just one or two, no one says you have to cum in my hair or face."

"But I really want to cum in your face," I admitted, feeling my cock come back to life.

"Mmm, I must admit, I have thought about it too... getting your sperm right between my eyes, feeling it drip down my face... oooh," she whispered as a shiver ran down her spine.

I reached out, grabbed her right hand and put in on my growing dick.

"Shall I make preparations then?" she asked as she began stroking it.

"Uhuh," I nodded.

"So, just to be clear, what are we talking about her? Everything?"

"Yeah, everything," I whispered eagerly.

"So, sucking cock..." she said. My cock started throbbing when I realized she was going to run through the whole list.

"... having my twat eaten, getting cummed on... on my body in general, my tits, my cunt..."

"... my hair?" she looked at me for confirmation.

I fiercely nodded my head.

"... my face?"

"Yeah, definitely your face!" I blurted out, her hand a blur over my fucking hard-on by now.

"And would you like me to swallow too?" she asked, all innocent, with her school girl's voice.

"Yeah, down your fucking throat," I blurted out.

Amber smiled at my foul language, knowing I wasn't going to last much longer.

"Mmmm, I wonder who's going to be the first to cum on my fat tits, or my stupid face... it's not going to bee youou..." she said, almost singing that last part, mocking and tormenting me.

Her mean comment did the trick. I screamed and howled, indicating my cum was about to leave my balls. Amber immediately let go of my cock and hopped off the bed. I grabbed my pulsating dong, desperately trying to compensate for her touch with my own hand. I managed to get some enjoyment out of my climax, but the damage had already been done.

When my cock was already going soft, she squatted down next to the bed and asked, in an eager and almost child-like voice, "Did I ruin it? Did I? Did I?"

"Yes, you ruined it!" I grunted in frustration.

"Oh goodie, goodie," she said with the widest grin I had ever seen on her, "So, you didn't get any pleasure from that?"

"A little bit, nothing compared to what it should have been," I replied.

"Fuck, that's so hot," she said, reaching under her skirt.

"Are you kidding me?" I asked, genuinely frustrated and pissed off. She didn't reply, but after just a few moments I heard sopping noises coming from under her skirt. Her hand movements left little to the imagination.

"Excuse me for a minute," she said, walking out of the bedroom and closing the door behind her. Barely ten seconds later, I could hear moaning. I don't know if it was an act but she seemed to be masturbating like a horny cheerleader right outside my bedroom door. I listened to her moaning for well over two minutes, then a few loud screams and bangs against the door, then silence. About a minute later, she came back out, still rearranging her clothes. As I said, I don't know how much of it was an act and if she really came at all, but that didn't really matter!

She walked up to me, squatted down next to the bed again, and asked, gently and back to her normal sweet self, "Was that any good?"

"That was awesome," I replied, "You were really mean!"

"Thank you, I guess," she giggled.

"Did you really cum out there?" I asked, curious.

"I did... ruining your orgasm made me really, really horny!" she replied.

We had two more 'normal' dates after that, where we just kissed, I fingered and she stroked. It was still all I was allowed to do, but at least now I knew she was working on a plan. On the next date, she informed me that everything was arranged for that Friday night. To make sure I was ready for it, she denied me sex all evening, saying that I had to save myself for the big event. Off course, she knew that was bullshit, as she knew I jacked off whenever I felt the need. I assumed she just loved to torment me.

**First Pt. 02**

That Friday night, Amber picked me up at my place. As soon as I laid eyes on her, I was a goner; my cock was an iron bar before I had even said hello. She wore a short, black dress, sleeveless with a sultry open back, and black suede lace-up heels. My god, she looked hot!

Although she was a bit early, she insisted on leaving immediately.

"I've made arrangements for everything on your wish list except for one thing," she said as we drove off. "But since we've got some time to spare, there might be a way yet..."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I admitted, squirming in my seat. I pressed down on my crotch, trying to calm my raging hard-on, but it was no use. Amber noticed my predicament and offered a sympathetic smile.

"You can take it out and jack it for a while if you need to," she said.

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Sure, just don't cum, okay?" she giggled.

Needing no further words of encouragement, I whipped out my throbbing cock and stroked, off and on, until we arrived at our destination: a parking complex on the outskirts of the city. Amber parked the car, killed the engine, and opened the door. Stunned that she would leave me hanging like that, I stuffed my dick back in my pants and followed her out of the garage and toward the shabbier part of town. We walked for about five minutes until we arrived at a crowded local nightclub, but instead of going in, Amber led me into the dark alley out back.

"Maybe we'll get lucky," she whispered as she fearlessly headed down the gloomy backstreet.

"Amber, what the fuck?" I hissed, trailing behind her.

"We still have half an hour before our time slot," she replied. "Maybe I can complete your list."

"Once again, I have no idea what you're going on about, but if it's just one thing, we can-"

"Stay here," she interrupted.

She walked over to a girl smoking a cigarette and checking something on her phone. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but after a few seconds, the girl shot Amber a dirty look and shook her head, obviously turning down whatever request my girl had made.

Unfazed by this rejection, Amber continued down the alley until she noticed a pair of girls talking and laughing. Their outfits, or lack thereof, indicated they'd had a rather good time in the club - their dresses, one red, the other black, barely covered their asses and were completely backless. I wasn't sure they weren't actually lingerie, not really dresses at all, but before I could finish my analysis, Amber had walked up and started a conversation with the girls.

After listening for a few seconds, they glanced at me and giggled. A few moments later, the look on their faces turned to shock. I couldn't tell what they were saying, and honestly, I wasn't sure I wanted to know, but I'll admit I was growing very curious as I watched them talk and laugh amongst themselves. Amber glanced over at me and shrugged her shoulders, uncertain if the girls would take her up on her offer.

What the fuck had she said to them? What the fuck were we doing in this alley? I just wanted to fuck my girlfriend and stop these stupid games, but I knew I was at her mercy, and if I ever wanted to slide my fat cock in her lovely, sopping cunt, I knew I had to play.

Snapping out of my reverie, I realized the girl in the black dress must have agreed to Amber's proposal, because the next thing I knew, she leaned toward the girl in the red and softly kissed her lips. It was a bit awkward at first, but they seemed to get in the spirit of things pretty fast, their kissing becoming more passionate and their hands touching each other all over.

Just as it seemed they were really getting into it, the girl in the black dress stopped cold, handed her purse to her friend, and squatted down against the wall, looking up at my girlfriend expectantly. Amber turned to me and smirked, and it occurred to me the debauchery had only just begun. I watched in disbelief as she slipped her hands under her dress, hooked her thumbs into the sides of her black satin panties, and pulled them all the way down, exposing her dripping cunt to this complete stranger. She stepped towards the wall, put one leg on each side of the squatting girl, and lowered her snatch within an inch of her face.

Without taking her eyes off mine, Amber pushed her crotch into the girl's face, which began moving in earnest. I didn't have the best view, and my head was positively swimming trying to process the scene in front of me, but it appeared she was licking my girlfriend's pussy. She must have been doing a decent job, because Amber started moaning and gyrating her hips, riding the girl's face harder and harder. I couldn't believe my eyes - what a slut! Both of them!

Remembering we weren't alone, I turned my gaze to the girl in the red dress, who seemed just as baffled, and probably as aroused, as I was. There was no sign of laughter left on her face, just excitement as she watched her friend feast on a perfect stranger in that disgusting alley. Three hot and horny twats and zero chance of getting any action!

A young couple passed by and gawked at the lewd scene before them, then quickly disappeared into the night. I couldn't blame them - it didn't make sense to me either. A few minutes later, Amber stood up and stepped back, allowing her temporary lover to stand up, too. She pulled her dress back into place, covering up her glistening twat, and leaned in to speak to the girl.

I wished I could hear the question, but I didn't have to wonder long, because the girl swiftly nodded her head in agreement to the utter surprise of her friend. As she leaned against the wall and reached under her dress to take her panties off, I understood what was going on. She handed them to her friend, lifted her dress, and revealed her hairless pussy.

"You mind?" Amber asked me rhetorically - she could hardly turn back now.

"Not at all," I smiled. I couldn't believe my luck! Finally something in this arrangement for me. Amber got down on her knees and eagerly began returning the favor. My cock was rock hard, straining in my pants, and grew even harder watching my girlfriend snack on this stranger's pussy. I pushed it down several times to ease my discomfort, which caught the eye of Amber's new lover.

She grinned at me devilishly before raising her right leg higher, encouraging Amber to dive deeper into her snatch. It must have worked, because the girl immediately started moaning, panting continuously with her mouth agape.

God, this was hot. I wanted to whip out my cock right there, it would only take a few strokes before I'd be adding my spunk to the cesspool of this alley. But then the girl lowered her leg and Amber crawled back to her feet, sensually wiping her cum-smeared mouth with her thumb and index finger. It was over. Amber turned and headed back toward me while the other girl righted her clothes - she took her wadded up panties from her friend's outstretched hand, stepped into them carefully so as not to lose her balance, and pulled her wrinkled dress back down, whispering and giggling amongst themselves the whole time.

As I handed Amber her purse - I knew there probably was no use giving her the panties, she probably wouldn't be wearing them much tonight - she whispered, "Bye, thank you!"

The girls looked up and smiled, Amber's temporary lover saying, "Bye...you too!"

"That was fucking hot!" I exclaimed, eager to share my excitement. It had been one of the most exciting events of my life, no question.

"Yeah, I bet you liked that.." Amber grinned, adding "...don't get used to it though. This was a one-time thing, just something to scratch off the list."

"You're a little lesbian slut, aren't you," I whispered, my enthusiasm getting the better of me.

Amber looked over, amused, but replied with a stern warning. "Down boy," she cautioned. "The rest of the evening won't be as pleasant."

"Oh crap," I thought. What was next on her list?

We walked over to an adult theater, where she talked to the doorman for a few moments and showed him a golden card. He nodded and asked one of the bouncers to escort us inside, where he led us through a small maze of corridors and staircases until we arrived in some sort of cellar. "Booth 5B," the guy said tersely as he looked Amber up and down.

I followed Amber towards our designated booth and she locked the door behind us.

"Amber, what the fuck are we doing here?" I asked, rightly confused.

"Working through that list of yours," she replied. "What else?"

"This is a fucking gloryhole booth! Are you seriously planning on sucking a cock through that?" I pointed at the gaping hole in the wall to our right, stunned.

It was way too big, even for the most well-endowed amongst us, but then I remembered a few porn clips I'd seen and realized not only their cock and balls had to fit through the hole, but also their entire arm, to jack-off their cock and feel up the slut on the other side of the wall. Holy fuck. This was really happening.

"One? Oh, I think I am going to have to suck more than one, Matthew," she smiled as she threw her purse in the corner. "There were quite a few requests on your list."

"Stop calling it my list! This is your perversion, remember?" I hissed the words angrily, taking a step away from her, away from the well-used hole in the wall.

"Are you backing out of our deal, Matthew?" she asked seductively. "If you'd like, we can leave and forget about your list, or my perversion... just don't expect me to suck your cock any time soon, or take your cum anywhere." I didn't reply.

"Well?" she asked, hands on her hips. I exhaled sharply. I had to say something.

"Look, I'm just nervous, okay? I didn't expect this...it's so...nasty and vile!" I finally sputtered.

"Just think of the rewards," Amber replied softly, reaching for the zipper on her dress.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Stripping, what does it look like?" she laughed, stepping out of her dress and tossing it on the sticky floor with her purse.

I stared at her, nearly buck naked and absolutely beautiful. God, she was perfect. Perfect tits, perfect pussy, perfect ass. It made my head a little fuzzy to see her gorgeous body contrasted with this dingy room, but somehow, I managed to squeak out a question.

"Why?" I asked.

"What do you mean why? If I'm going to be a gloryhole slut, I need to be naked!" she said, unclasping her green satin bra and adding it to the pile.

"No you don't!" I exclaimed, knowing fully well how a gloryhole worked while simultaneously ogling her stunning naked body.

"Fine. It's just nastier this way, is that what you wanted to hear?" she replied. I could hear the annoyance in her voice, which both disappointed me and, if we're being completely honest, turned me on. I could feel the heat spreading to my cock, my frustration and arousal both edging higher.

"I take back what I said earlier, you're not a slut...you're a whore!" I sighed.

"Sticks and stones," she whispered with a smile as she gave her cunt a few hard slaps, sank to her knees in front of the hole, and said, "I may be a whore, but I'll be a whore for other guys first." I blinked in amazement.

"You ready?" she smiled up at me.

"No! I -"

"Me too," she interrupted enthusiastically, completely ignoring me as she impatiently knocked on the wall. Nothing happened for a few moments, time Amber used to play with her nipples, but then a big, hard cock slowly pushed its way through the hole. It had been played with quite a lot from the looks of things, and was positively throbbing.

She smiled up at me as she wrapped her hand around the stranger's thick pole and slowly moved towards it. I gawked at her, shaking my head, my eyes begging her not to do it, but I knew it was no use. She jacked the cock ever so slightly and opened her mouth, engulfing the shaft inch by pulsating inch. When she reached the base, she closed her lips around his meat and held it still in her velvety mouth, teasing the cock's owner and tormenting me at the same time.

I silently wondered if he was enjoying the torture as much as I was, but it was short lived as I watched Amber look away and start bobbing her head up and down, faster and faster, until she abruptly stopped and slid all the way off his slimy cock. It bounced up and down in the hole, hard as steel and drooling precum - I'm sure if she'd sucked it for another couple of seconds, the guy would have blown his load all over my girlfriend's slut face. But Amber had no intention of making this go quickly, she wanted to enjoy it, and torment me.

After watching it bounce a few more times, she enveloped the fat shaft again in her warm, slutty mouth and moved up and down, over and over, probably driving the guy on the other side of the wall crazy with anticipation. She started kneading her tits, one at a time, really tugging her nipples hard, which I assumed was as much for her own pleasure as it was for my further humiliation.

It didn't seem to do the trick, because it was quickly apparent Amber had had enough foreplay and wanted some cum. Once again, she started sucking like there was no tomorrow, but this time she didn't rudely pull off just as the guy was about to blow his load. She kept going, her speed and pressure increasing more and more until suddenly I heard a loud moan from the other side of the wall. The guy's hand shot through the hole and Amber popped off with a slurp as he clutched his raging boner and started pumping.

Realizing the guy preferred to finish things himself, Amber raised up slightly and used both hands to push her tits into his line of fire. After another loud moan, he blasted an impressive load onto her neck and right shoulder, missing her heaving rack entirely. By the time Amber realized her tits were spared and readjusted herself, it was too late. The last remaining drops in his fuck tube dripped unceremoniously onto her knee, then he pulled out and vanished.

Amber's face clearly showed her disappointment, but she also knew she would get another chance. In the time it took the first guy to zip up, rearrange his clothes, and leave the cubicle, another guy would take his place. Amber looked at me and whispered, "Whip it out. I wanna see you jack off to this."

"Why?" I asked, disheartened. "I'm not getting any action anytime soon anyway."

"That's exactly why..." she smiled cruelly. "I want you to cum to the sight of me sucking another cock, and swallowing someone else's sperm."

"You fucking slut," I replied angrily, unbuttoning my pants. I knew I wouldn't have been able to resist stroking while I watched her suck another cock even if she hadn't asked me, and I hated myself for it.

Like clockwork, another dick slipped through the hole and into place. It was smaller than the first one, but hard and ready nonetheless. Amber didn't waste any time and started licking it up and down, glancing at me while I stripped down and got on my knees in the corner of our booth. I jacked my cock slowly, waiting to see what she would do next. This was how she wanted me, naked, on my knees, whacking my sad cock, and now she started sucking it for real, wrapping her hand around the shaft, jacking and sucking at the same time. This time she didn't stop and just went straight for the finish.

Neither of us heard the guy cum, and because of Amber's inexperience, she was slightly surprised when her mouth started filling up with his jizz. She moaned in surprise, but kept on sucking and jacking until she thought he was finished. He dumped everything he had in her waiting mouth, not missing a drop, and when his cock started to shrivel, he pulled out and disappeared.

Amber smiled as she kept her mouth closed, she hadn't swallowed yet. I knew what she wanted. She leaned towards me, brought her face within inches of mine, and opened her mouth, showing me the white, gooey cum inside. Even if I assumed there was some of her own saliva in there as well, it was still a healthy load. I started jacking off faster, and Amber caught on. She smiled even wider and glanced down at my hard cock, then back at me, and swallowed everything ostentatiously.

Two cocks down and feeling pretty good about the results, we soon realized the third guy wasn't going to be easy. Before Amber could get back into position for the next cock, an arm pushed through the gloryhole and slapped her hard on the ass.

"Oh!" Amber gasped as she glanced back, watching the muscled hand caress and slap her cheeks a few more times. They were pretty hard, but she didn't seem to mind as she smiled and gasped and just let it happen. Suddenly, he put his hand over her butt crack and slipped a finger up her soaking twat, quickly followed by a second one.

"Fuck yeah," Amber hissed, closing her eyes as she faced me again. The man violated Amber's needy pussy for a few seconds, pulled out and slapped her ass sharply, then wriggled a single finger up her asshole. Amber's eyes shot open, shock and surprise on her face, but she didn't resist or try to break free. Soon the guy was knuckle-deep up her ass with his index finger, pumping it in and out slowly.

"Oh fuck, I like this one...what an asshole. I'm going to suck him extra hard," Amber moaned, positively reveling in his abuse. She waited for him to pull back, then sat up, faced the hole and opened her mouth, slurping as much of his fingers as she could, including the ones that had been inside her two holes. He let her suck for a moment, then reached back and slapped her across her right cheek. Amber gasped, clearly aroused and eager for more, and sat like a good slut, waiting for more. Another slap, followed by another one, and another...

Amber, radiating lust, looked me dead in the face and mouthed, "Oh, fuck yeah!"

He caressed her cheek, her chin, and slid his hand down to her neck, where his fingers slowly tightened around her throat. She tilted her chin, giving him better access, and he tightened his grip. The pressure mounting, Amber opened her mouth and hung out her tongue, no doubt feeling pretty raunchy by now. She started to choke and gag, struggling to breathe under his squeezing fingers, when I noticed her right hand moving down in between her legs. She was getting off on his assault, and it was completely fucking hot!

When he finally released his grip, the guy struck her face again, hard, then grabbed her right tit roughly and jiggled it up and down in the degrading way she deserved. He gave the same nasty attention to the left one, flicking both nipples alternately, and started choking her again with no mercy. By the time he finally released her, Amber had two fingers lodged up her cunt and was fingering the shit of herself while gasping for air. He smacked her face a few more times, withdrew his hand, and shoved his enormous cock through the hole.

I barely caught a glimpse of it because Amber attacked it as soon as she laid eyes on it, wolfing it down, more than eager to suck him dry and reward him for his delicious abuse. I knew immediately this was the one - if Amber had any say in the matter, she would make sure he came on her face.

She wrapped her delicate hand around his shaft and lovingly nursed on the tip, something I had never seen her do before. With one hand around his cock and the other between her spread legs, she gave him all she had. For seven agonizing minutes (yes, I timed her), she bobbed her head up and down this brute's cock, sucking and licking and making a complete mess of her pretty face. Without warning, he moaned and banged his fist on the wall, signaling he was about to cum.

Amber wrapped both hands around his throbbing cock and started milking it, aiming his engorged tip straight for the center of her face. It bumped against her nose and cheek, surely he knew what she was going to do? I watched in horror as his cock twitched and unloaded an obscene amount of gooey spunk on her face.

I had been stroking very slowly, unwilling to acknowledge how much it turned me on, but I couldn't help myself - I came instantly, the sight of Amber's face splattered by long strands and big globs of cum too much to bear. This arrogant asshole defacing "my girl" in this disgusting way...a mixture of agony and ecstasy I could hardly fathom.

One the one side, I hated seeing her act this way; on the other, it did bode well for me that she was such a cumslut. God, was she a cumslut. I was looking forward to dumping loads of my own onto her willing face. But first, I knew, I was going to have to endure quite some more of Amber's nasty little games.

As the guy pulled his cock back through the hole, Amber grabbed her dress and used it to wipe the biggest globs off her face, then looked at me and grinned as she noticed the pool of cum spreading on the floor beneath my spent cock. Before she could say anything, a fourth cock appeared, and she turned and opened her mouth to swallow it. God, I thought, here we go again.

This guy was a lot less demanding and more than happy to let Amber do her thing. She sucked and jacked him off at her own pace, without any extras. When she heard him moan a few minutes later, she took him out of her mouth and pumped him with her fist, aiming straight for her tits. When the first jets of cum erupted from his cock, she started moving it back and forth, making sure both her beautiful globes got covered. She turned to make sure I was watching, clearly enjoying herself.

"Well," she whispered with a broad smile, the fourth guy's cock vanishing behind the wall. "If I'm not mistaken, that just leaves my twat and my hair."

I nodded, as I, too, was keeping score. Two more loads, I naively thought.

We had to wait for more than a minute for the fifth cock, and we were both a bit surprised to see it was a black one...and a huge, meaty one at that! God, it was a monster. Amber's smile quickly vanished as she softly and slowly started stroking the shaft. She was actually gawking at it, admiring it from different angles. I could see she was truly impressed, and very excited. She ran her fist down his tube, even slower than before, until she reached the base of his fat dick. She gently pulled the skin back to reveal its true size, and slid her mouth over his fat, purple cock head.

"Oooooh fuck yeah," the guy moaned from the other side of the wall.

Amber moved further down his cock, probably curious herself as to how far she could take this giant. Not that far, as it turned out. She had barely passed the halfway point when she gagged the first time. Unfazed, she readjusted the black dick and tried again, managing to stuff another inch or so down her slut throat, before gagging a second time. Surprisingly, that was enough for her, and she pulled back, placed her hand at the limit of what her nasty mouth could reach, and eagerly began bobbing up and down, really sucking for keeps.

I don't know if it was because he was black, or because he was fucking huge, or both, but she seemed to enjoy this one even more than the others - there was clearly more passion, even more zeal in this blowjob. She swirled her tongue and turned her hands all around his dick as she wanked him, and stopped regularly to lick his shaft or bulbous tip. She was so into it, I honestly think she was sorry he would eventually need to cum.

When the time came, the guy grabbed his dick and began pumping it like a mad man. To my surprise, Amber made no attempt to move her face out of the way, and sat staring at his big, pulsating cock. It was hypnotic - thick veins rippling across his ebony shaft, no doubt preparing to unleash his potent semen on my waiting girlfriend. Just then, jets of creamy white cum erupted from his enormous black tube and impacted Amber's face with such force it actually caused a "splat" sound as it landed on her right cheek.

Amber, impressed with the force behind his ejaculation, gasped and opened her mouth a little, and although she closed her eyes, she didn't duck or make any attempt to avoid a second facial. He really drenched her; I had never seen such a load of cum before, except in specific porn clips...I guess the stereotype of black cocks is true after all!

By the time he was done, Amber's face was covered in his goo, thick ribbons of cum hanging down her forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin, dripping lazily onto her body and pooling on the floor. When she realized he was done, she giggled and whispered, "What the fuck!" with the widest grin on her cum-slick face.

The guy pulled back, and Amber carefully opened one eye, located her dress, and once again used it to wipe as much cum off her face and body as she could.

"You cheated," I said. "You already had a facial."

"I know," she admitted, still cleaning herself up. "This one caught me a bit off guard!"

"Yeah right," I quipped, knowing full well she had had plenty of time to move out of the way. I was, however, grateful for the insight into what really turned her on, and beyond ready for my turn to unload on her face and fulfill her raunchy fantasy.

While she was still running her dress over her thighs, scooping up more cum, the next cock slipped through the hole. Although it was normal sized and already fully erect, it made a less than average impression, probably because it had the misfortune of following the "black monster." Still, Amber, loving her role as gloryhole slut, wrapped her hand around the stranger's cock and began giving him a decidedly uninspired and mechanical handjob.

She tossed her dress on the floor again and faced the cock, and for a second I thought she was going to suck it down her used throat. But she didn't, she just kept jacking him off. I almost felt sorry for the guy as Amber didn't seem inclined to do anything extra for this one. She was after his cum, nothing more. In any case, the guy must have been happy enough with the lackluster treatment he was getting, as he didn't complain or try to take over.

As he neared his climax, Amber - without missing a beat in her routine handjob - turned and sat down on her ass, her back against the wall, so she was jacking the guy off right above her head.

It didn't take long before the guy moaned on the other side of the wall, prompting Amber to aim his unimpressive cock down towards her hair. With a grunt, he emptied his balls all over my girlfriend's pretty blond hair. It was stunning - a very healthy load, though nothing like the black guy - and she looked absolutely disgusting. When he was done spurting, Amber wiped off his shrinking cock right above her left ear and released her grip.

This guy might not have gotten any passion, but he did cum in someone's hair that night, which was more than I could say...

Unlike the previous times, Amber made no move to wipe herself up with her cum-soaked dress, and got back on her knees to wait for the next cock. God, she was such a slut! I could hardly believe it, but I didn't have much time to think because the next cock pushed through just as she got into place. It was an undersized specimen, even in its fully erect state, and Amber's hand nearly covered the entire shaft. Beggars - and gloryhole sluts - can't be choosers, so she put it in her mouth and got to work.

She'd barely gotten started when we heard two heavy bangs on our door and a male voice shouting, "Time's up! Finish what you're doing and get out!"

Strangely enough, the crude warning seemed to excite Amber, who began sucking harder and faster. I realized in that moment the only target remaining on our list was her twat, not the easiest of things to cum on through a gloryhole, so I wondered how she was going to accomplish it. To my dismay, odd as that sounds, she didn't. She didn't even try, she just swallowed and sucked the guy's balls dry.

I was kind of pissed, actually, and after the guy had pulled out and Amber was shimmying into her vile, soaking dress, I looked up at her and said, "Hey, what gives? You'd already swallowed..."

"I know, but when that guy banged on our door, I was flustered. And besides, this one wasn't up for the job, believe me; his cum was way too watery!" she said casually. I flinched, still unsure if I was relieved or angry she hadn't let that asshole cum on her pussy.

"Oh, well," I snapped sarcastically. "As long as there's a good reason." I stood up and started getting dressed as well.

We opened the door to our booth and stepped out, where a woman in her mid-forties was waiting to take our place. As neither of us were particularly inclined to have a drink in that place, we left through one of the back exits and walked back to the car. As we sat down and closed the doors, Amber turned to me and asked, "Are you okay?"

"Surprisingly, yes," I replied, amazed at how composed I was.

"How about you?" I asked, watching her assess the damage in the tiny visor mirror. It couldn't show her everything, but she knew she was a wreck.

"A bit messy, and horny as fuck, but other than that, just fine," she said as she looked at me.

I looked her up and down, lingering at the cum in her hair, and on her face... she must have seen the growing lust in my eyes as she asked with a wicked grin, "You want to add to the mess, don't you?"

"I'd love to," I admitted.

"Well, we didn't get around to my pussy, but the rest of me is fair game, I guess," she smiled.

"I'd like to cum on your face," I blurted out, grabbing my dick.

"I had a feeling you were going to say that." She glanced down at my hardening dick, adding, "Or I could make you wait a little while longer..." She grinned wickedly as she reached out and grabbed my cock through my pants, giving it a little squeeze as it grew harder than it already was. I didn't reply, I didn't need to, she could feel me swelling up.

"Oohh, yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" she asked huskily, her hand on my zipper. I nodded, horny as fuck, and watched as she fished my huge erection out of my pants and gave me a few, loose strokes. Just enough to tease me and make my cock throb, then she let go and said, "I think I'll make you jack off right here."

That was all she had to say. I wrapped my hand around my fat cock and began stroking it, my mind a blur but unwilling to object. I cursed myself for not having more of a spine, for allowing her to torture me in this way, but I didn't do anything about it. I really needed this.

Starting tomorrow, I would be able to eat her pussy, have my cock sucked, and cum on her, even in her hair and her face, I told myself. For now, for right now, I really, desperately wanted her to deny me one more time and make me do it all by myself. What the fuck was wrong with me?

Amber smiled as she turned in her seat and watched me stroke my desperate cock in the front seat of my car. She squirmed a little, and I could tell she was thinking about the night's events. It didn't take long for her to bring it up; somehow I knew it had made an impression.

"Mmm, I really liked that black one," she moaned, caressing her stomach through her glitter dress.

"Yeah, I figured as much!" I replied between moans, my balls churning.

"He was so fucking fat and long. I loved wrapping my mouth around that monster," she whispered, massaging her tits through her dress.

I imagined her naked again, sucking that big, black cock. I knew if she made one more crude remark, I was going to shoot, and so did she... She couldn't resist, whispering, "All that disgusting cum...my god...all over my stupid face!"

That did it! I came instantly and shuddered violently in my seat. Having just dropped a pretty big load only minutes before, my pitiful ejaculation consisted of no more than a few drops. Still, the pressure was off and she'd made me cum. Happy and momentarily satisfied, I started the car and drove her home.

Needless to say, the following days and weeks were pure heaven. With the list of "allowed sexual acts" expanded, our relationship was energized and felt brand new again. In addition to copious amounts of hand and blowjobs, I feasted on her pussy numerous times, not to mention just using her for target practice whenever she would let me, which was a lot!

I'm not gonna lie, occasionally I tried to persuade her to do something not yet on the list, but she held steady. We had lots of fun doing things we both enjoyed, even in public, but as with everything, the novelty wore off, and after a few weeks, routine settled in and I found myself longing for more.

Knowing what would come next if I asked Amber to take our relationship to the next level, I avoided the inevitable for another week, but eventually I needed to have another talk with her. Of course, she knew it was coming and was ready for me...