**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 01**

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It was a lazy summer day. Jennifer was lying in the shade of the old tree in her back yard, dreaming of her times with Eric and Angela next door. She had been friends with them ever since the beginning of June. They had initiated her into the joys of sexual congress, and each time with them brought new and wonderful experiences.  
  
They were not too much older than her 19 years, but had infinitely more experience. She learned that Eric was an accountant, and Angela taught an aerobics class at the health spa in town. She also found they were highly sensual and sexual, and their time together was full of fucking and sucking, role-playing, and some light domination. Much of this came out in their first time together as a group, and the last four weeks had been heavenly.  
  
They were currently on a trip back to Vermont to finalize the sale of their old home. Jennifer could not go with them, however. She still lived with her father, and he had put his foot down on this subject.  
  
"You will have plenty of time to travel with your friends," he had said to her yesterday, "once you decide on what you want to do with the rest of your life. You are going to college in the fall, and you haven't even picked a major yet! Get your priorities straight, get your education, and THEN do what you want! The world will be yours, then." Little did he know that she was doing exactly WHAT she wanted to do right now!  
  
Her thoughts drifted to her boyfriend Alan. That thought sent a pang of guilt through her. She just finished almost a month of delectable debauchery without a single thought towards him. He had been gone on a work program to make some money during that time, and she felt just a little lonely, and put out since she was not allowed to go (her father again. Geez!). She did not know how she was gong to approach him on what she did the last four weeks. At the worst, she knew he would break up with her, calling her "slut" and "whore", not knowing that now those words thrilled her and got her wet. At the best, who knows?  
  
The day was getting hotter. Jennifer grabbed her drink off the little table next to her chair and drank it in one gulp. She then pulled out an ice cube and started sucking on it. It felt so good on her lips! Then she started trailing that ice cube down her chin, onto her neck, and onto her breastbone. With her other hand she opened up the tied shirt she was wearing (she still loved her dad's shirts so her 38D's would be free), and exposed a breast. She started to slowly glide the ice cube around her tit, leaving a wet, little trail. She started to moan from the sensation.  
  
She reached her nipple. The instant the ice cube touched it, her nipple hardened; she rubbed that ice cube on her nipple for a little bit, then switched to the other nipple. Both tits were now exposed, and the warm breeze on the wetted skin made her shiver. She started to rub her thighs together, catching her clit between flesh and the fabric of her bikini bottoms. Jennifer had an enlarged clit naturally, and this motion engorged it, making it even bigger, and more sensitive. She moaned a little louder from the rising lust that her actions were engendering.  
  
Once her tits were thoroughly covered with water trails, Jennifer then trailed the ice cube down her stomach and under the band of her bikini bottoms. She then started rubbing her clit with the cube, which was melting fast.  
  
"Oooh! Ooh!" she gasped as she rubbed her clit with the ice.  
  
Then she inserted the ice cube into her hot and juicy pussy, pushing it in as far as she could. She then returned to rubbing her clit with her fingers, rubbing her thighs together, and pinching her nipples with the other hand. Faster and faster she rubbed her clit, squirming from the sensation, coming close to orgasm.  
  
"Aah. Oh-Oh, UUNNNNNGGGH!" she gasped as she went over the edge, and started to come. Her pussy juices made her wet inside and out, soaking her bikini. The ice cube had since melted away, adding its wetness to the flow. Her body bucked in the lounge chair as the orgasm rocked her.  
  
In a few moments the spasms died down, leaving her a little spent, but still hot and horny. Eric and Angela were out, so she could not get satisfied there. She no longer went in for the cucumber bit as she once had. She needed a man (or woman) to satisfy her lust, and she was not sure where to find one. Being a slut sometimes had its disadvantages, she thought to herself.  
  
Just then, her cell phone rang.  
  
"Hello?"  
  
"Hi, Jen?" said a male voice on the other end. "It's Alan."  
  
"Alan!" Jennifer exclaimed, trying to control the quivering of her voice. "Where are you?"  
  
I'm home for the weekend," he replied, "and I wanted to know if I could see you now. I got something to tell you."  
  
"Sure! Come on over!"  
  
"Great! I'll see you in ten minutes then. Bye."  
  
"Bye."  
  
Jennifer got up. She looked down at herself, and decided to change for him. She did not think she would make a very good impression meeting him in a cum-soaked bikini and unbuttoned shirt.  
  
Jennifer went inside and went upstairs to her room. She stripped off her clothes and threw them into her hamper. She went into the bathroom and freshened up a bit, then put on a frilly dress and bra, but no panties. She stayed bare footed. She combed her long blonde hair and tied it back with a fillet.  
  
A few minutes later the doorbell rang. Jennifer skipped down the stairs to answer it. When she opened the door, she saw Alan, and took in a quick breath. He was gorgeous! His 5'7" frame looked fit, and he was tanned. His auburn hair shone in the afternoon sun, and his gray eyes looked at her penetratingly.  
  
"Jen, you...changed," he said.  
  
"Uh... what do you mean?"  
  
I-uh-mean that you look so...good!" he stammered.  
  
"Oh," she said, relieved, "I have been working out and stuff." She didn't mention how.  
  
"Can I come in?"  
  
"Oh! Yes."  
  
Jennifer moved so Alan could enter. She smelled him as he passed. He had a man scent that sent shivers through her, and she could feel herself becoming wet again. She led him to the den of her home.  
  
"Would you like anything to drink?" she asked.  
  
"No, thank you," he said, as he sat down. " I just want to...talk to you. I haven't seen you for a little over a month, and I didn't hear from you. I need to know if you still have feelings for me."  
  
Jennifer sort of expected this. She sat down next to him. "Of course I do," she started, "I still care for you. You're my boyfriend. My dad likes you..."  
  
"I know that," he said, "and I know why. That relates to what I want to tell you."  
  
"What?" she said, confused.  
  
Alan hesitated "Uh, I was...unfaithful. There was this girl on our crew, and she looked so good to all of us. One night, after work, we were unwinding at the beach. There was beer and stuff there, and we all got a little smashed. Well this girl put on a strip show, and the other girls on the crew started joining in. before long they each picked one of us and moved to another part of the beach. This one girl I'm talking about picked me. I mean, I tried to tell her I was taken, but the booze and her body and her smell was too much for me. I'm sorry I did it. I didn't mean to hurt you."  
  
All this came out in one shot from him.  
  
Jennifer was taken aback. Here she was, wondering how to break the news to him of her escapades, and he pours out his soul to her of one night of indiscretion in an alcohol haze with an obvious slut. Something like her. Jennifer battled with her conscience, wondering if she should tell him of Eric and Angela. She decided against it...for now. His ego was fragile at the moment, and she didn't want to stomp all over it. Also, she learned he was not as uptight about sex as he let on earlier. He did not apologize for the sex; he apologized for the action.  
  
Jennifer brought her feelings on line. First, she was horny. Second, her boyfriend was here, admitting he had another side to him he never showed her. Third, he looked good, smelled good...she wasn't about to let this opportunity pass.  
  
She leaned over and kissed him.  
  
Alan's eyes flew wide open. He was expecting her to throw him out. Her father had assured him that she was a good girl and didn't like filth, and had told him to treat her with the utmost respect. He had secretly fallen in love with her, and was strengthened by that love to have the courage to admit his fling. He did not expect this! He returned the kiss with as much passion as she was kissing him with.  
  
Jennifer knew she did the right thing. She put her arms around him and snuggled up to him on the couch while still kissing him. She parted his lips with her tongue, licking the front of his teeth. Her hands rubbed his shoulders and back. He felt very muscular, the type of muscles you get from hard work. She knew her muscularity was from workouts at the health spa, so she knew the difference. She put as much feeling in her touch as she could.  
  
Alan wrapped his arms around her. He felt her tongue in his mouth, and reciprocated. His hands were massaging her back, slightly pulling her towards him. He loved the feeling of her tits on his chest.  
  
"What was this? Did she actually squirm closer to me?" he thought.  
  
Jennifer started to massage his chest. She then started to unbutton his shirt, and put her hands inside. He had a light dusting of hair, and his chest was more muscular than she remembered.  
  
Alan was enjoying this. He decided to be a little brazen. He moved one hand around to the front and grabbed a tit.  
  
Jennifer sat. back, away from his hand. Alan immediately withdrew his hand. "I'm sorry," he said.  
  
"Alan," Jennifer started, "I need to tell you something."  
  
He knew he did something wrong. "What?"  
  
"Well, you just don't grab a woman's tit like that." She picked up his hand and put it on her right breast. "You cup it like this, and gently rub it."  
  
Alan's brain exploded from this contact. She actually put HIS hand on HER tit!  
  
Alan started to massage her tit the way Jennifer was directing. As he gently kneaded it, her head went back and a low moan escaped her lips.  
  
"MMMMM, that's it," she purred.  
  
Alan brought his other hand around her waist and pulled her closer to him. He placed his lips on the base of her neck and gently bit it.  
  
"Aah, yes!" she moaned.  
  
Alan put both his hands on her shoulders and grabbed the straps of her dress. Slowly, he lowered the straps down her arms. She allowed this by dropping her hands to let the straps loose. The top of her dress now lay at her waist, and her strapless bra was all that covered her wonderful mounds. Alan then reached in front and unhooked her bra, and gently removed it. Her tits bounced free from their restraint, her nipples already hard.  
  
Alan sat back and looked at the beautiful sight. Jennifer reached back to remove the fillet from her hair. The raising of her arms did wonderful things to her tits, he thought. She then shook her hair out, enjoying the feeling of the wisps that stroked her nipples.  
  
Jennifer moved into Alan, raising a little. She put her left tit at his mouth.  
  
"Suck my tit, lover," she whispered, "Bite my nipple."  
  
Alan complied. He put that sexy nipple into his mouth and gently bit it. Jennifer gasped and squirmed next to him. She then straddled him so he would have an easier time sucking her tits. He continued sucking, licking, and biting her tit. Then he moved to the other tit and did the same thing. Her squirming became more pronounced and he felt a little wetness on his belly where she was grinding her crotch. Alan placed his hands under Jennifer's arms and stood straight up, still sucking a tit, surprising Jennifer. Her dress fell all the way off. He kept her suspended like that, sucking her tits. Jennifer wrapped her legs around his waist and ground her pussy into his belly.  
  
"Ooh, yes, lover," Jennifer gasped, amazed at his strength.  
  
In a little bit, Alan sat back down, and disengaged from her wonderful globes. He needed to give his jaw a rest. Jennifer had other plans. She was naked, and she was about to make sure that he was too. She stood up and struck a sexy pose.  
  
"You like what you see?" she asked of Alan.  
  
Alan's jaw dropped. Jennifer was standing in a pose that was more erotic than any he had ever seen in a men's magazine. He felt his own heat rising, and his cock started to get harder than it already was. "Uh-gulp!-yeah!" was all he was able to get out.  
  
Jennifer giggled. "I thought you would," she said, "and I have a funny feeling you're going to like what's gonna happen next!"  
  
She walked over to Alan and stood him up. She undid his shirt, noticing it was wet around the midriff. She then attacked the belt at his waist, nearly ripping it off.  
  
"You have seen me," she growled, "now it's my turn!"  
  
"Wh-where did this come from?" Alan gasped, staggering from the onslaught of Jennifer nearly ripping his pants.  
  
"Shut up," she said. She had gotten the snap off and the zipper down. He didn't wear any underwear, so she could see the top of his pubic hair. She grabbed the waistband and pulled his pants to his ankle in one shot, upsetting Alan's balance. He fell heavily to the floor.  
  
"Hey, watch it!" Alan gasped.  
  
Jennifer looked at Alan. He had the standard tan lines at the waist and upper thighs. He was lily white in the crotch area. She saw his prick and whistled. He looked to be about 7 inches, and thick. It was flying at full mast, and there was a little precum at the tip. Jennifer's lust grew at the sight, and her pussy started to itch.  
  
"Ooh, you look deliciously scrumptious," she purred. "Now, I am going to show you how to properly eat a pussy. You've eaten pussy before, haven't you?"  
  
"Um, yeah..."  
  
"Well, let's see what you know."  
  
Jennifer positioned herself over Alan's face. He smelled her essence, and it fueled his lust. She lowered her pussy to his waiting mouth. He started to suck on the lips, licking her slit and clit. Jennifer shuddered, and started to grind her hips into his waiting mouth.  
  
"Ooh, fuck," she gasped, "you know. Ugh, keep it up! Make me squirm! Make me scream!"  
  
Alan reached up and grabbed her tits hard. Jennifer gasped, but did not object this time. He held her in place while he assaulted her pussy with his lips. Jennifer started to squirm from the feeling, lifting her head, closing her eyes, and licking her lips. She put her hands on Alan's arms as he roughly kneaded her tits.  
  
Alan continued to assault her pussy. He pushed his tongue into her hole, licking the sides of her canal. He mentally thanked that slut back at the work camp for teaching him.  
  
Jennifer's hips continue to grind. The longer he ate her pussy, the higher her lust rose. Suddenly, she screamed and dived down to his cock. She grabbed it and shoved it into her mouth, taking the whole length at once.  
  
"NNNGHH!" Alan said as he felt his dick enter her throat.  
  
Jennifer started to suck Alan's cock with a vengeance. She moved his cock in and out of her throat as fast as she could, licking the head and shaft along the way. This made Alan suck her pussy even harder. Jennifer then reached to her crotch and started to rub her clit fiercely.  
  
Alan couldn't take it any longer. His hips started to buck, and Jennifer felt his cock pulse. Without a word, Alan started to come. Streams of sticky, delicious cum shot into her mouth, dribbling out the sides a bit. She swallowed as fast as she could. Alan kept on shaking. The more he came, the slipperier her mouth became, and the faster she pumped that cock into her mouth. He felt as if he would not stop coming. He transferred some of that lust into his pussy eating, attacking her lips with a frenzied biting and licking.  
  
Jennifer licked all the cum off of Alan's gorgeous prick. She was being bucked hard. She couldn't move her legs since Alan had locked her legs in place with his arms. She then became fully aware of the brutal onslaught of his teeth and tongue on her pussy. Her lust for his cock blinded her to this, and now it hit her full force!  
  
"Ohhh, fuck!" she screamed. "Suck my cunt! Bite my clit! MAKE ME COME HARD, STUD!"  
  
Jennifer removed her hand from her clit. Alan shifted under her and attacked even harder. She gasped in pain and passion as he brutally bit her pussy lips and clit, making her jump and squeal with each nibble. He held her down so she would not buck off. She said she was going to teach him? Ha! He was going to show her a thing or two!  
  
"OH SHIT," she yelled, "I'M COMING!"  
  
Jennifer stopped moving and tensed. Her orgasm was huge! All of a sudden, she jerked, then jerked again. Then she started to scream.  
  
"AAAGGHH! OH SHIT! OH FUCK! OH! OH! FUUUUUCCCK!!"  
  
Jennifer ground her snatch into Alan's mouth so hard that his hips bounce from the force. She was screaming and crying, her body rocked by wave after wave of lust. Then she came again.  
  
In the end, she passed out. Alan felt her weight, and released her. She crumpled off him and lay sprawled on the floor. He coughed to clear his throat. She had let out so much pussy juice that it was too much to swallow, and he felt like he was drowning. He tried to get up but felt weak. He laid down next to her, and closed his eyes.  
  
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"Wake up, you whore!"  
  
Jennifer felt a foot kick her ass hard. She opened her eyes. She saw Alan and screamed.  
  
Alan looked like he had the hell beat out of him. He coughed up a little blood. His balls looked like they had been kicked hard!  
  
She looked around. She saw a man with a bat in his hand. It was her father...  
  
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Jennifer was terrified. Alan's crotch was severely bruised, and his body started to show the welts from the bat that her father used to beat him. His right arm looked broken, and the welting around the right side of his ribcage suggested that one or two of them were cracked. Since she was still naked, she felt extremely vulnerable. Her bottom felt hot from the kicks her father used to wake her.  
  
"Why?" she cried. "Why did you have to beat him?"  
  
"He took away my daughter," he yelled, "took away the one pure thing in my life! I knew you weren't that way before, and I wondered what changed you. I suspected Eric, but couldn't prove anything, and he never showed anything. I thought I was wrong, thought I was paranoid. Then I came home and saw you two fucking like there was no tomorrow, and I knew that you had fucked Eric! You could not have learned what you did from this piece of shit! Well, when Eric gets back, I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna to make anyone who abuses my daughter pay for it!"  
  
"Oh, God," she thought, "he's gone crazy!"  
  
"What would your mother think?"  
  
Jennifer thought back to her mother. She had died two years ago. The cancer got the best of her. On her deathbed, she told Jennifer to follow her thoughts and heart, and to do what she felt was good. Her death affected her some, but her father was beside himself. He changed. He became so protective that she felt like a prisoner in her own home.  
  
Jennifer tried to reason with him. "It's not like that, daddy," she said. "I-I wanted Alan to make love to me! I wanted him. I was the one who made the first move!"  
  
"Shut up!" he yelled, covering his ears. He still held the bat. She saw blood on it, near the end. He had really beat Alan hard with it!  
  
"I learned about sex, daddy," she continued, trying to reach him. "I didn't learn it from you, or mommy, but from someone that knew how. I know what I like, I know how to please now."  
  
" I said SHUT UP!!" he roared.  
  
"I can't help what I've become," she continued, "I like what I do! I am an adult now. I feel. I like the feeling of a man in me. I want more of it. Alan is my boyfriend, and I wanted to make love to him. It felt right. Please, daddy-"  
  
"I told you to shut up, whore!" he yelled while approaching her, raising the bat. Jennifer cringed away, trying to cover her naked body with her hands.  
  
"Daddy, NO!" she screamed.  
  
Jennifer's father, who liked to be called Jake, stopped, and towered over her daughter. This was the first time he had ever seen her completely naked since she was a little girl. He never thought of her in a sexual manner before, finding that completely reprehensible. Since Maggie was gone, however, he had become extremely lonely, and now the sight of his daughter's naked body in front of him, and the rage he felt at a betrayal, and a sense of loss, drove him mad.  
  
Something snapped inside of him. He knew that he had to get rid of that thing that stirred an unnatural lust in him. He knew he was going to kill Eric. He knew he would kill Alan, and probably Angela too, since she allowed her man to fuck his daughter. He would have to kill Jennifer now. She admitted her whorish nature, and now was one of them. She was no longer his daughter. He was going to kill her, but he wanted to make sure that she knew what she had become.  
  
"So you came on to him, like a common slut," He said to her, in a voice that made Jennifer cringe even more in terror. She knew she was going to be raped by her father!  
  
"Daddy..."  
  
Shut up, whore!" He growled. He quickly reached down and pinned Jennifer to the floor by the throat, choking her some.  
  
Jennifer squirmed and grabbed his hands, trying to get them away from her throat She could barely breathe.  
  
"So you like cock, huh?" He yelled at her. "Well, then, have some of the cock that brought you into this world!"  
  
Jake got in between her legs, put down the bat, and undid his pants enough to bring out his penis. He played with it until it became hard. Jennifer saw how small he was, compared to Eric.   
  
She could not fight him off. The hand at her throat squeezed tighter every time she tried. She almost blacked out twice from his grip while he was getting ready to rape her.  
  
Jake pinned her down with his body, then shoved his prick into his daughter as hard as she could. Jennifer screamed. She was dry, and this asshole didn't care. Jake kept ramming it in and out of her as fast as he could, calling her whore and bitch, and any other derogative name he could think of.  
  
He just kept pounding her, and pounding her. She felt wetness on her pussy lips, and knew it wasn't cum or her pussy juice. It was blood! Jake kept up his violent rape. With each push he tightened his hand on her throat. The pain of his hand, and what was happening in her, was making Jennifer start to go crazy, She quickly reverted to her fantasies and good thoughts to save her sanity.  
  
She saw her first time with Angela, how she caught her masturbating on her couch, and how she demurely asked to join in. She saw how she and Angela attacked Eric when he caught them in a rolling 69, and showed him the greatest time of his life with two women. She remembered a couple of the "night attacks" she enjoyed, where she and Angela had ambushed Eric while in his office.  
  
The hand tightened. Now she saw Eric, how his cock had tasted so good; how he asked to make sure this is what she wanted, and her saying yes; how he pushed past her cherry, irrevocably sending her down the path of womanhood; how he had put her through her paces, and thoroughly made sure that she was completely and utterly laid that first time.  
  
Her fantasies started going black around the edges. She knew she was suffocating. Her sex life had only been a month long, but boy what a month! She only regretted that she wouldn't be able to see her friends one more time before she saw her mother again.   
  
"Help me momma," she pleaded in her mind.  
  
There was a sickening thud, and Jennifer felt the release of pressure before she slipped into blackness.  
  
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Jennifer woke up. She did not open her eyes, yet. She knew she was in a bed, and that she was clothed. She felt a needle in her arm, and she felt bandages on different parts of her body, including her pussy. She moved her head, and instantly felt a hand on her forehead.  
  
"Jennifer?"  
  
She opened her eyes and looked at who addressed her. A kindly older gentleman in a white coat looked at her with a kind of reassuring detachment. He was a doctor.  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"Welcome back to the land of the living, Jennifer," the doctor said, "Nice to see you."  
  
"Um, who are you?" Jennifer asked.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry. I am Doctor Phillips. You are at the Metro Medical Center. The police brought you in three days ago. You were the victim of a vicious attack by your father."  
  
The mention of the attack brought Jennifer's thoughts to the front. Though she expected it, she did not feel traumatized by it, which puzzled her.  
  
"Where is he? Is he in jail?"  
  
The doctor sat down. "No," he said, "he was also brought in, along with another man. They were both pretty beat up. There is a bat in evidence that seems to be the weapon that beat them both. I am sorry to say this, Jennifer, but your father passed away yesterday."  
  
Jennifer started. Her emotions did not seem to be working right, and she took the news more calmly than she expected. She knew she loved her father, but his last actions sort of washed a lot of that away. She reasoned out that she had buried the memory, but her memory of the attack was acutely vivid, and she felt...nothing. It was as if she were looking at an extremely graphic video of a movie she had zero interest in watching. She also knew she was the star of that video. What did that say about her?  
  
"How-how did the police-" she stammered out.  
  
"A call apparently alerted the police to the attack," the doctor said. "The police came in with you, your father, another young man named Alan, and another man who was yelling at the police about you."  
  
Jennifer keyed in. "Alan? Where is he? How is he?"  
  
The doctor smiled. "Relax, relax!" he said. "He's fine. He has been asking after you for the past two days! I daresay my nurses are getting tired about being grilled for information about you."  
  
Jennifer started to rise up. "When can I see him?" she said, excited that her boyfriend came through the attack.  
  
The doctor got up and went over to Jennifer. "Now settle down," he said. "I will let him see you later. Right now, there is someone else who wants to see you first. He hasn't left your door since you came to us, and I don't think anyone could have torn him from there! I am going to let him see you, but if you will do me a favor, please tell him to go home and rest, OK?"  
  
"OK," Jennifer said. All she wanted to do at that moment was to see who saved her and her boyfriend.  
  
The doctor patted her head once more and left the room. She heard a little garbled conversation outside the door that ended with a very loud "WHAT?", and then the door slammed open. A man stood there, breathing heavily. He was about 6' tall. He had a light beard, and his coal black hair was a mess. His gray eyes blazed.  
  
"Jennifer!" he rasped.  
  
Jennifer could not believe it. "ERIC!" she yelled.  
  
Eric flew to her side. Jennifer opened her arms and hugged him. No words were necessary. Both of them started to softly cry.  
  
"H-How did you-" Jennifer stammered.  
  
"We came back," He said. "When we left for Vermont, Angela and I were a little curious about why your father acted the way he did when we asked him about taking you. Also, we had forgotten some paperwork, so we had to turn around. When we pulled in and got out, we heard screaming from your place. I told Angela to call the police, and I went over to investigate. The door was still open, so I went in, and I saw your father on top of you. There was a boy, all bloody, by the couch, and there was a bloody bat on the floor behind him. I hauled off and kicked him in the ribs to get him off of you. He rolled, came up and tried to attack me. He caught me good in the side and in the head. Then he raised his arms for a double shot, and that's when the bat came down on top of his head. Your father went down, and Alan kept hitting him with the bat. I had to wrestle it from him. Once I did, he passed out again.  
  
"Angela had called the police. I called the ambulance. I then checked on you. Your neck looked so bruised! Angela then came in, and started to cry. I told her to look after Alan, and I made sure you were still alive. When the police came, they had put me in cuffs! They thought I did it, but your boyfriend woke up again and set it straight. Man, I tell you, I was pissed! They kept on trying to get information about you, and I kept telling them to fuck off until you were cared for. You were breathing but you weren't moving. Then the ambulance came, and we got you and the others here. I kept pestering everybody to make sure you were taken care of right-"  
  
"I heard," Jennifer said, stroking his hair.  
  
"-and when you didn't wake up, I parked it right outside your door, and made sure you were taken care of. I was so scared! Angela was watching over Alan, and when he woke, she told me and went home saying she would wait for me. Oh, I am so glad you'll be all right..." his sobs became more pronounced, his tears wetting her gown, not being able to continue.  
  
"I'm fine, Eric," Jennifer said. "I'll be ok. The doc said I got banged up a little, but I'll pull through. My dad's dead you know."  
  
"I know. I'm sorry,"  
  
"I'm not. I'm kinda glad he's gone," Jennifer was surprised to hear herself say that, but she was also surprised to realize that she meant it. "He raped me. In the end, I don't think he cared. My mom's death must have really screwed him up, but he had no right to take out his frustration on me. Don't get me wrong, I love him as my father—but that is as far as I will go now."  
  
Eric just looked at her.  
  
"Look, the doc asked me to tell you to go home and get some rest. I think I'll be released tomorrow or so, but for now I just want to rest, and take care of the stuff the police want from me. Since he is dead, I think I will have to answer some questions, and the case will close. Do me a favor, though. Tell Alan I am awake now. I am sure he doesn't know yet."  
  
Eric nodded, and passionately kissed Jennifer. As before, she felt her pussy moisten from the lust that his kiss fueled in her, but it stung some of the internal rips that had not completely healed yet. She winced, but did not break the kiss.  
  
Eric's hand massaged her tits lovingly, bringing her nipples to full attention. Then he broke the kiss and stood up, leaving Jennifer a little hot.  
  
"I'll go tell Alan you are ok," he said. "Also, I'll find out when you'll be released, and I'll come to pick you up. Angela is setting up the spare bedroom for you at our place, if you wish to stay there."  
  
Jennifer didn't need to think twice on that. She had already been living there for about a month, sort of. The transition would not take long.  
  
"Of course I'll stay there, silly! That is, If you'll have me..."  
  
"Yes!"  
  
Just remember: You're leaving me now, after getting me hot! I'm gonna pay you back once I heal, mark my words!"  
  
Eric laughed in relief. He waved and left the room. Jennifer lay back. Now that her father was gone, she will need to take care of affairs, and she decided to affect the sale of the house as soon as she could; it held too many bad memories. She felt good that Alan would be ok, and she looked forward to spending more time with her friends, exploring with others the depths of joy that could be experienced.

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 03**

Jennifer recovered nicely. Any marks or injuries of the rape she suffered had healed, and the psychologist who saw her (only twice) had discharged her with a clean bill of health, citing that there were no lasting effects of the rape in her mind. The police questioning was a mere formality. Her answers and description of the crime corroborated the evidence the investigators had. The case was closed shortly after that.  
  
Eric kept Jennifer busy. Since she entrusted the sale of the house to Eric's firm, and the start of the college year coming up in a month, he had helped her to piece together what she wanted to do. He knew that Jennifer was interested in trial law, and knew she would have at lease 7 years of schooling ahead. He acquired the materials necessary for her to get herself ready for her first days, and took her to the college for registration. They told the admissions department they were brother and sister, but when they started kissing in the quad they had their heads scratching!  
  
Eric, Angela and Jennifer were just finishing dinner when a there was a knock at the door. When Eric answered the door, he found Alan there.  
  
"Alan!" Eric said warmly, "Come in! How are you?"  
  
"Alright," he said. "I healed up ok, but the ribs still give me a little trouble now and then."  
  
"Jennifer will be so glad to see you! I know she hasn't seen you for a week or so, but she has been so busy with college registration and stuff. I'll let her know you're here..."  
  
"Uh, wait," Alan said. "I need to talk to you first."  
  
"Um. OK," Eric said. "Here—come into my office."  
  
The two went into Eric's office to the left of the front door. Eric closed the door and motioned for Alan to take a seat. Eric sat down behind his desk.  
  
"OK, Alan, what's on your mind?" he said.  
  
"Well, I wanted to ask you about Jennifer. Ever since that day in her house when Jake—Jake..."  
  
"I understand. Go on."  
  
Well, she -- did things to me that I know she couldn't have learned from books, and I was wondering, um, where, um..."  
  
"Where she learned it," Eric finished. "Well, there's no easy way to ask me, as you're trying to, so I will spare you the embarrassment: Angela and I taught her. Well, most of it any way."  
  
Alan looked stunned. His mind was working overtime. He looked at Eric, and felt an anger swell up at him, but also a measure of envy, and disappointment, that it was Eric, and not himself, that taught her. Eric interpreted his thoughts to this extent.  
  
"I suppose you want to take a shot at me," Eric said, calmly. "I think I would feel the same if I were in your shoes. I will not apologize for my actions, though. But before you take your shot, I suggest you talk with Jennifer first."  
  
"I don't need to," Eric said, suddenly calming. "I guess I can't blame you. I don't know the entire story, and I don't like to make decisions until I have all the facts. I know Jennifer's hot. I have a sneaking suspicion that she instigated it. If you don't mind telling me, how is she? I mean we were rudely interrupted the last time, and I wasn't able to judge then..."  
  
Eric started laughing. "Wow! I never expected that! Well, I could tell you, but I think you'll have to answer that one yourself. I'm sure you'll be able to. Now come on. I think the girls are wondering where I went off to."  
  
Eric got up and led Alan out into the den area. It was a hot August night, and Alan unbuttoned his shirt. Eric was only in shorts. He went into the kitchen as Alan sat down.  
  
Suddenly, there was a commotion in the kitchen. It sounded like a pot hit the floor. Jennifer then flew into the den and ran to Alan.  
  
Alan could not believe his eyes. Jennifer was wearing the sheerest nightie that he had ever seen. He could see her beautiful tits bouncing as she ran toward him. She hit him at a full run, nearly knocking the breath out of him and sent his ribs screaming.   
  
"Alan!" she cried, kissing him all over his face. "I am so glad to see you! I'm sorry I've been too busy to see you all week. I missed you!'  
  
Alan couldn't get a word in edgewise, as Jennifer's mouth and tongue was all over his face. She grabbed one of his hands and planted it on her right tit, holding it there until he started to fondle it and tweak her nipple. She squealed at the contact. Alan's cock was getting hard.  
  
"I think she's happy," said a woman's voice.  
  
Alan looked over Jennifer's shoulder and spied Angela. His cock grew harder at the sight. She was wearing a nightie as sheer as Jennifer's, and her tits looked just as big. Her red hair was striking against her skin, and he could see the patch of red hair just above her pussy. Eric was standing behind her, looking at them.  
  
"I think you're right, hon," Eric said.  
  
Jennifer squirmed. "Well, are you gonna finger-fuck me or what?"  
  
Alan turned his attention back to her "Hon," he said, "don't you think we should go somewhere more...private?"  
  
"Why?" she asked.  
  
"Well, we are in someone else's den-"  
  
It's my den, too. I live here!"  
  
But I don't want to impose-"  
  
"Impose, hell! I'm gonna invite them into this soon!"  
  
"W-Wait a minute! I-I don't know-"  
  
Jennifer stopped squirming. "Alan, I am a very erotic woman. I have tasted the forbidden fruit and found it quite tasty. I enjoy the sex I have with the both of them, and-"  
  
"Both?!" Alan asked incredulously.  
  
"Yeah, both, Alan. What, disappointed that your girlfriend likes to make it with other girls too?"  
  
Angela started to say something, but Eric put his hand over her mouth. "Let them work it out, hon." he whispered in her ear. She nodded.  
  
"No," Alan finally said. "I just never-"  
  
"That's been your problem," Jennifer said, a touch severely, "you never. Hell, I had to initiate our trysts. You need an education, Alan, and I think it's high time you received that education!"  
  
Jennifer got off his lap. She bent over and kissed him, rubbing his cock for a moment, and giving him a good look at her wonderful tits. She then stood up and walked over to Eric and Angela.  
  
"Angela, are you up to a good romp and give these guys a show?" Jennifer asked.  
  
Angela smiled wide. "Always!" she said.  
  
"Good. Eric, please sit with Alan, and give him a running commentary, OK?"  
  
"You got it," he said.  
  
Eric went over to Alan and sat down next to him. Jennifer then turned to Angela, and walked into her open arms. The two women started to kiss each other passionately.  
  
Eric started his commentary. "You see, Alan, these two really enjoy each other. They give each other pleasure that neither you nor I could give them, but it does not exclude us. You see, once they are done with each other, they will want us, and then the real party will start!"  
  
"What are they going to do?" Alan asked.  
  
"Just watch."  
  
Jennifer put her hands on Angela's nightie straps and moved them down her shoulders. The nightie slipped to the floor, and Angela kicked it away. Jennifer started to kiss down her throat, gently licking along the way. She then started to kiss around her left tit, heading toward the nipple and areola.  
  
"AAAH!" Angela purred.  
  
Jennifer reached the nipple, and gently bit it. Angela squirmed at the contact. She then started to roll the nipple in her mouth, making Angela squirm even more. One of Jennifer's hands grabbed her ass while the other one found her pussy and started gently massaging the clit in slow, lazy circles.  
  
"Oooh, yes!" Angela hissed through gritted teeth.  
  
Jennifer switched to the other nipple and started to nibble on that one. She then inserted two fingers into Angela's pussy, moving them in and out while rubbing her clit with her thumb.  
  
Angela couldn't stand any longer; she crumpled a little bit, and went to her knees, bringing Jennifer with her. Jennifer stopped what she was doing, stood up, and removed her nightie slowly, cupping her pussy, then her tits, as the material passed them. Angela was licking her lips at the sight. Jennifer then threw the nightie near Angela's. She then returned to the floor with her, and kissed her again.  
  
Angela pressed her back, and then laid her on her back. She then went straight for Jennifer's tits, licking and biting them, just as she had done to her. Jennifer's moans became audible.  
  
Angela started to kiss down Jennifer's stomach, leaving little bites along the way. Jennifer bucked a little at each bite. Finally, Angela reached Jennifer's clit, then licked and bit the bud.  
  
"Ooh, ooh, aah, ah shit!" Jennifer hissed. "That's it, suck my cunt, you whore!"  
  
"Why'd she just call Angela a whore?" Alan asked of Eric.  
  
"That is her pet name during sex," Eric explained, "and Jennifer's is 'slut'. If you use those words during sex with them, they will fuck your brains out!"  
  
Alan stored that information.  
  
Angela's head continued to move to between Jennifer's legs. She was now licking and sucking her pussy lips, licking and biting her clit, and shoving her tongue into her pussy hole. Jennifer started to become louder.  
  
"OH YES, YOU WHORE, THAT'S IT! EAT ME! EAT MY PUSSY!" She yelled.  
  
Angela maneuvered over Jennifer's face, placing her pussy near her mouth. Jennifer took one long lick along the whole length of her pussy slit and made Angela buck. She then grabbed around Angela's waist, holding her in place, and then buried her head in her snatch, eating her as ferociously as she could stand. This made Angela reciprocate, and the two women were locked in a 69. Both were eating each other's pussy hard, and neither let up.  
  
Then they started to roll. They had done this the first time they had sex together, and they enjoyed it so immensely that they added it to what they normally did to each other.  
  
Both Alan and Eric had a hard-on. Their cocks were like solid iron from watching the girls. Eric removed his shorts, and Alan stripped to let his cock grow free.  
  
"See what I mean?" Eric said.  
  
"Oh yeah!" Alan said, slightly stroking his cock.  
  
The women's rolling landed near the men's feet, then back out on to the floor again. Their soft moans from eating each other steadily grew louder. Suddenly, Angela threw her head up, lust in her eyes.  
  
"Ah, Oh God!" she screamed. "Jennifer, you're gonna make me CUM with that wonderful tongue of yours! You're gonna—Aaauuugggh, I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!"  
  
Jennifer bit her pussy lips as Angela started to cum. Sweet juices flowed from her. Jennifer drank and lapped it all up. Angela's pussy lips became more swollen and so sensitive that when Jennifer nibbled on them, it sent Angela into another mind-boggling orgasm!  
  
"I'M CUMMING AGAIN, YOU SLUT! COME ON AND LICK THAT CUNT HARD! COME ON! I-I-I-"  
  
Angela couldn't talk any more as her body was racked by a third orgasm. Jennifer did not let her bounce away by tightening her bear hug around her waist, locking her pussy in place at her mouth. Jennifer continued to bite and lick Angela's pussy.  
  
Then Angela shoved her head back into Jennifer's pussy so hard that it made her gasp in surprise. She started to bite, suck, and lick Jennifer's pussy and clit with such a violent intensity that Jennifer let go of Angela and grabbed the rug on the floor for support.  
  
"Oh, shit!" Jennifer gasped. "Rip that pussy up, you whore. SUCK ME DRY!"  
  
Both men were now breathing hard at the sight.  
  
"These two discovered each other about 2 months ago," Eric told Alan, a little shakily. "They really went after each other then! I never had seen such a sight! It had got me so horny that I had a hard time standing!"  
  
"I can se why!" Alan said. He had never seen a sight as erotic as the one he was being shown now. His lust started to rise past what he had ever felt before, and knew that he was going to fuck Jennifer hard! He could not stop staring.  
  
Eric looked at Alan. "Ever made it with two women?" he asked.  
  
"Uh, what?" Alan said, somehow not understanding the question.  
  
"Did you ever make it with two women at the same time?"  
  
"Oh. Um, no."  
  
Eric smiled and turned his attention back to the women, and then gasped in surprise at what he saw.  
  
Angela had swung around, leaving Jennifer's body splayed on the floor, gasping. Angela still had her head buried in her snatch. Then she lifted Jennifer's luscious ass into the air, and continued to lift it until Angela was on her knees, still eating her out. She then grabbed her tits and stood up! Jennifer bent her legs down Angela's back, and placed her hands on the floor. Her tits were near her mouth, and she started to kiss them. She had a dreamy look on her face. Angela slowly turned them toward the guys, looking at them with unbridled lust in her eyes.  
  
Both men lurched forward a bit. "Oh, shit!" they said simultaneously as their cocks gave a lurch at the vision.  
  
Jennifer started to pant. All of a sudden, she went rigid.  
  
"FUCK!" she screamed, "LICK THAT SLIT! I FEEL IT! I'M CUMMING, YOU WHORE! I'M CU-CU-CU-AAAAUUGGHH!"  
  
Angela tightened her grip as Jennifer started to cum. She started to lap up her pussy juice as it started to flow, but it was too much. The juice started to flow down Jennifer's front, making her stomach and tits glisten with the tracks of that moisture. Angela lowered Jennifer as her spasms became more violent.  
  
Angela continued to lap at Jennifer's pussy while her body rocked from the orgasm. Jennifer could not control the tremors that racked her, and realized that she was in the throes of a multiple orgasm! Each lick from Angela sent a new wave of orgasmic pleasure through her, sending her once again over the edge. She clawed at the carpet, slapped Angela's beautiful firm ass, and panted.  
  
In a few minutes, Angela rolled off. Her own orgasms left her a little weak, and she was sure that Jennifer was in no better shape. Her pussy and thighs were completely wet, and a little juice still dribbled from her hole.  
  
Angela crawled around to be head-to-head with Jennifer. She then looked over at the two men, snorted, and then turned to Jennifer.  
  
"Honey, I think we crippled our studs!" Angela said.  
  
Jennifer looked over. It was a bit difficult to do, as her body continued in the tremors of the ebbing multiple orgasms. She saw what Angela was referring to, and started to laugh softly.  
  
Both men were on their knees, hands on their thighs for support. Their cocks looked rock solid, with a little precum on the tips. There faces, however, were a mask of pure concentration and lust, as it looked like they were willing themselves NOT to cum!  
  
"I think we overdid it," Jennifer whispered.  
  
"Nah," Angela said, "I think we did just right. Look at your man! I think you're gonna get royally fucked later on!"  
  
"I think you're right!"  
  
"Ready for round two?"  
  
"In a moment. I need you to rub my pussy some more so I can finish cumming. I still am, you know. Finish what you started, whore!"  
  
Angela laughed and placed her hand in Jennifer's sopping pussy once again and started finger-fucking her. Jennifer started to spasm once again. Angela decided to finish her off quick. There were two men who needed their attention now, and she wanted to get to it. No sense in just the women having a little fun

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 04**

Eric and Alan were sweating. The women had just put on a lustful show for them, and they were greatly affected by it. It took all of their willpower not to spontaneously orgasm!  
  
Alan was breathing hard. He had never seen anything remotely like it, not even in the pornos he had seen. He found it hard to believe that Jennifer did what she did; she seemed like an ordinary girl...woman, he corrected himself. He saw the potential of their lovemaking now, and this excited him even more. He concentrated harder not to cum from the erotic vision in his head.  
  
The two women got shakily to their feet, and walked over to the men. By an unspoken agreement shared through a look, Jennifer went to Eric, and Angela went to Alan. They gently grasped their hands and helped them to their feet.  
  
"We think you two suffered enough," Angela said to the men.  
  
The women wrapped their respective man's arms around them and pressed their bodies against them. Eric's cock was being rubbed by Jennifer's belly, and Angela's pussy was rubbing Alan's cock. They were the same height.  
  
Eric and Alan moaned. The sensation was incredible. It was too much for Alan, though, as he grunted and shot his load all over Angela's pussy and belly.  
  
Angela giggled. "Ooh, that feels good!" she purred.  
  
Alan turned red. "I'm sorry," he said, chagrined. "I-I don't know what came over me."  
  
Angela stroked his hair. "There's nothing to apologize for," she said to him. "You were excited. You were ready for release, and I'm glad I was the one to get it! Here, let me clean you off."  
  
Angela knelt down and started to lick the cum off of Alan's belly. Alan closed his eyes and gasped at the contact. Angela's tongue lapped up the cum from his bellybutton, working her way down to his cock which was flying at half-mast. When she reached his pubic hair, Alan moaned. Angela continued to suck and lick the cum off of him. Then she started to suck and lick the base of his cock. She reached up and cupped his balls in her hand.  
  
Angela whistled to herself. His balls were a little larger than Eric's, and they were tight. She playfully squeezed them, which made Alan lurch, and his cock started to get hard again. Angela moved farther down, and then took Alan's balls into her mouth, gently sucking them.  
  
"Aah, that feels so fucking good," Alan moaned.  
  
Angela reached over and grabbed Alan's cock, gently stroking it. She released his balls, and started to lick the underside of his growing cock. When she reached the head, Angela plunged onto it, swallowing the entire length in one shot. Alan's knees buckled a little.  
  
"Uuhh," was all Alan could say.  
  
Eric and Jennifer stopped what they were doing and watched Angela and Alan, smiling.  
  
Angela slowly sucked Alan's cock in and out of her mouth. Her right hand playfully massaged his balls, and her left hand playfully stroked his ass crack. Her tongue was driving him crazy as she would lick his cock head at the end of each back stroke, only to dive once again, sending his cock to the back of her throat and farther, dragging her tongue along the underside as she did.  
  
Jennifer started to stroke Eric's cock in tempo with Angela's blowjob of Alan. "I think she's gonna make him cum again," she said.  
  
"So am I, if you keep that up," he said.  
  
"Oh?" Jennifer said archly. "Well, let's see!"  
  
Jennifer got down on her knees and placed Eric's cock on her tongue. With one last wink at Eric, she shot her head forward, taking all of Eric's cock, then positioned herself so it could more easily enter her throat. Eric also buckled a little from the contact."  
  
"UUNGGGHH! I almost forgot you could do that!" he hissed through gritted teeth.  
  
Jennifer started fucking Eric with her mouth, licking his pole all along. She showed no mercy, as she knew that both men were near orgasm after her and Angela's show. There was also that time when she was in the hospital where he had left her horny and she told him that she would pay him back. Jennifer decided that this was the time for that, and redoubled her efforts on Eric's wonderfully hard and thick manhood.  
  
Angela and Jennifer looked at each other. That unspoken understanding that the two women shared surfaced again, and the two started to synchronize their actions in an effort to make both men cum at the same time!  
  
Both men grimaced. They both realized, almost at the same time, that the women were playing them. The feelings of their mouths on their cocks were driving them crazy and it looked like the women were moving at the same tempo. They grabbed the women's heads and bucked their hips in time with their motions.  
  
"Shit, this is fuckin' awesome," Alan said, a little shakily.  
  
"You said it, brother!" Eric said, also a little shakily.  
  
The two women suddenly stopped their movements, pulling back and leaving the head of their cocks in their mouths. They started to fervently suck on the heads, pumping the shaft with one hand, and tracing the crack of the men's asses with the other. Then the women inserted a finger into their asshole, pressing inward towards their prostate gland. The erotic sensation of the finger in their ass, the tongue dancing around their cock head, and the hand pumping their shaft, was more than the men could stand. A mighty orgasm built quickly, then released.  
  
"UUNNNGGGH!" Eric moaned. "THAT'S IT. SUCK MY COCK, SUCK MY CUM YOU SLUT!"  
  
"SUCK ME DRY, WHORE" Alan said, remembering what Eric told him. "MAKE ME SHOOT IN YOUR MOUTH!"  
  
It wasn't long before both men shot their wad into their woman's mouth. Their knees buckled, and they hung on to the women's head for support, spurt after spurt of hot, sticky cum shot into their mouths, and the women swallowed as fast as they could. Some of the cum dribbled out of the corners as the two men flooded them.  
  
As the spasms subsided, both Eric and Alan sank to the floor. A look of satisfaction covered their faces, and their cocks started to go flaccid.  
  
"That was unbelievable," Alan said as Angela disengaged from his prick.  
  
"You taste sweet," She said to him, a smile on her face.  
  
"That was the best blowjob I've ever gotten from you Jennifer," Eric said.  
  
"Why, thank you!" Jennifer said, as she wiped up and sucked the rest of his cum from her face. "I had a great teacher." She looked over at Angela, who looked back and smiled. The two women snuggled in between the two men. They leaned up against their shoulders.  
  
"How long before you two are ready again?" Angela asked the men. "Jennifer and I have pussies that are dying to be fucked hard!"  
  
"I think we'll need some refreshments first," Eric said. "Alan looks like he's ready to pass out. Look at him!"  
  
The women looked at Alan, and giggled softly. He had his eyes closed, and his face bore such a look of satisfaction on his face that it put Jennifer in a mindset that if he were to die right now, he would die the happiest man on earth!  
  
"I think you're right." Angela said. "Come on Jennifer, love, let's go get our studs something to reenergize them!"  
  
Angela and Jennifer helped each other up, then staggered a little as they walked to the kitchen.  
  
Eric looked over to Alan, and then thumped him on the chest. "Hey, wake up!" he said playfully.  
  
"Huh? What?" Alan said, a little surprised.  
  
"You were drifting."  
  
Oh. Sorry."  
  
"Don't say that. I understand. Man, I've never been blown like that before, have you?"  
  
"No, not really."  
  
"D'ya like it"  
  
"Oh, yeah!"  
  
"Well, it gets better. We're gonna get laid soon. They went to the kitchen to get something to eat. Looks like you could do with some grindage."  
  
"Yeah. I feel spent."  
  
"You look it, too. One trick is to never let them see you look like you're spent too soon. That way the passion keeps high, and they will be amazed at your stamina. Don't let them see you spent until they are that way themselves. Women have a more profound sex drive than us men; it takes them longer to be satisfied. Keep plugging at it-sorry for the pun-until they are. Even if it feels like your dick is falling off, keep at it until THEY pass out. If you can learn to do that, your lovers will constantly want you. It's the greatest feeling in the world!"  
  
Alan absorbed what he said. He mulled it over, and decided that he will have to practice more to achieve that level. He wanted to make Jennifer so lustily crazy for him that she would cream her jeans just at the sight of him. This had been a fantasy of his for a long time, ever since he met her at school, and now he looked at it as a very pleasurable goal to achieve.  
  
Alan considered. He would be going back to work in a couple of days, and Jennifer would be going to college. His boss wanted to send him to school for engine repair and get him ready to work on the performance engines for the NASCAR team he was associated with. He liked his boss. She was a genius with engines, and she wanted to groom him to be a pit manager at the races. He knew he would meet other women during this time, and he knew that once he saw Jennifer again, she would have a surprise waiting. Besides, that little tease he had a couple months back had shown him how to do a couple of things, and wondered if he would ever be able to maybe...try them on Jennifer...  
  
The two women returned from the kitchen, carrying platters. Eric had to laugh, as the women donned French maid aprons that scarcely covered their huge tits. They were also walking a little funny.  
  
"We put these on to help hold your lust in check until you regain your strength," Jennifer said.  
  
"Who is she kidding?" Alan thought to himself.  
  
"We brought you small sandwiches and cheeses and orange juice and salad," Angela said. "Come over to the table and sit down. We will serve you."  
  
Alan and Eric looked at each other and smiled. They got up and went to the table as instructed. The women sat the platters down. First they tossed the salad. Then, they pulled a cutting board and knives from one of the platters and placed it in front of them. Then Jennifer lifted her apron, making sure the men could see what she was doing, and extracted a cucumber from her pussy. The cucumber glistened from her pussy juice. Angela followed suit and lifted her apron, and pulled a freshly peeled carrot from her pussy. The women placed these veggies on the cutting board and cut them up, then added them to the salad. Jennifer dished out the salad, and Angela served it.  
  
"Eat up, boys," she said in a sultry voice. Both Eric and Alan sensed multiple levels to that statement!  
  
Jennifer then placed two glasses in front of her. Angela came back. The two women reached between their legs again and finger-fucked themselves a moment. Then they pulled their fingers out of their thoroughly wet snatches and wiped their fingers along the inside and outside rim of the glasses, making them glisten. Angela then carefully poured the juice just up to their mark, and this time Jennifer served the men.  
  
"Here's your drink, boys," she purred.  
  
The men looked at each other and smiled. The women were serving them a sex dinner! The smell of them was in the food, and Alan and Eric started eating and drinking with a fervor, savoring the sweet aroma and taste of the two girls.  
  
Jennifer and Angela then pulled out two chairs and sat away from the table, so the two men could see them. They had celery and carrot and cucumber sticks on a plate with them. While the boys ate, they would eat their fare, sometimes running the sticks in and out of their mouths, sometimes sticking the sticks in their pussy first before feeding the stick to each other. The women kept this show up for the men all the while they were eating their sandwiches and salad. This erotic dinner had the effect of putting life back into the men, as their cocks started swelling once again.  
  
"Thank you, ladies, for a wonderful meal," Eric said in a mock-formal manner as he got up and bowed. Alan followed suit.  
  
"It was very kind of you to serve us so," Alan said, in that same mock-formal manner. Both women giggled.  
  
"Please do not concern yourself with cleanup," Eric said. "My compatriot and I will do it. Please adjourn to the bower and await our return."  
  
Both of the women got up, and curtsied. "Thank you kind sirs," they said together. "We will go to the bower and wait, all aquiver, for your arrival."  
  
The two women curtsied again, and then tore out for the main bedroom. Eric laughed.  
  
"Man, that was just eerie," Alan said, scratching his head.  
  
"What?" Eric asked.  
  
"Oh, the way they said that together. It's like they rehearsed it."  
  
"They didn't. That's what's so luscious. It's a part of one of our games we like to play from time to time. One of us will wax formal, and the other follows suit. Once it begins, it won't stop until they get fresh meat shoved in their twats. Now that you're here, I don't think the girls will stay formal for very long." Eric smiled evilly.  
  
"Well, let's get this table cleaned up and get to our delicious sluts," Alan said, warming to the idea. "I believe our maids are awaiting us, just wanting to obey our every command!"  
  
Eric laughed as he picked up a couple plates. He saw Alan's emergence in that statement, and saw the stirrings of a master. He felt that with a little guidance, Alan would become better at that game than he was. Oh, was he in for a time!

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 05**

Eric and Alan finished up the dishes. They took their time at it to make the girls wait for them. They had served them a very erotic dinner snack and were now awaiting them in the bedroom. They decided to give them a bit of their own medicine, for they had inflamed their lust a while ago with a 69 show that left them weak in the knees, then gave them a blowjob that left them wasted from the effort.  
  
Alan put the last dish away. He wiped his hands off, and put down the towel.  
  
"OK, now what?" Alan asked.  
  
"Now let us go see how the women are. Remember: do not show mercy. We are the ones in control. WE will direct the action this time. I found they respond to light mastery so well that they will do ANYTHING we want. You up to that?"  
  
Alan saw an opportunity. "Oh yeah!" he said.  
  
Eric was silently amazed at Alan. After he got over his initial reticence, he had responded with great enthusiasm, catching each nuance, and taking control of himself and his surroundings. He knew he would be something special, and knew as he grew, he would be a great man. It also worried him a bit, but not enough for any red flags,  
  
The men headed toward the bedroom. When they got there, they stopped at the closed door.  
  
"Now, once we go in there, we are no longer Eric and Alan," Eric said. "We are master to them. They are slut and whore to us. Do NOT let them use our name. Make them understand that if they try. Force it if necessary. Now, neither of them likes it too rough, so stop if either of them complains IN THE SLIGHTEST. This is to be fun, not violent. Got it?"  
  
Alan shrugged noncommittally. "Got it."  
  
"OK. Let's have some fun."  
  
The men squared their shoulders, and Eric pushed the door open.  
  
Angela and Jennifer were on their knees on the furry rug in the middle of the bedroom. They were sitting on their heels, and their knees were spread wide. Their hands were on their thighs. The women had wrapped a scarf around their necks, and the ends hung down between their tits. They had applied makeup to cloud a man's mind, and their perfume was the type to invoke instant lust. Eric and Alan found their cocks stiffening at the sight and smell.  
  
"Remember: We are the masters," Eric whispered to Alan.  
  
The two men walked over to the women.  
  
"Well, what do we have here?" Eric asked.  
  
"We wanted to be pleasing for you, Master," Angela said.  
  
"And you?"  
  
"We wanted to be pleasing for you, master," Jennifer said.  
  
"Well, Alan," Eric whispered to him, "I think we are going to have a good time!"  
  
"I agree," he whispered back. Then to Jennifer: "Get on your feet, slut!"  
  
Jennifer immediately got to her feet, responding to his presence, and thrilling at the sound of her sex name. Alan looked around, and spied the gymnastic horse with the manacles wrapped around one of the pommels.   
  
"Go to the horse, slut," he said to her.  
  
"Yes Master," she said.  
  
Jennifer padded lightly to the horse and stood quietly by it. Alan winked at Eric, then went to the horse.  
  
Eric looked down at Angela. "Did you plan this?" he whispered to her.  
  
"Actually, she did," Angela whispered back. "She is very intuitive, and she deduced how Alan is, and decided to play to his fantasy. I think she wants to build him up so he has more confidence in himself. I believe she wants to be mastered a little. You showed her how to respond to a firm man, and I think you spoiled her on it. Now she wants it from her man as much as from you. Not all the time, mind you, but when the mood hits spontaneously, as it did tonight. That's what makes it so erotic. I hope he will respond to it in a good way."  
  
"So do I, whore," Eric whispered. Angela knew they were still in the game. In any case, that word sent shivers of excitement through her. "Let's keep it simple. OK, over to the swing chair, whore."  
  
"Yes, Master," she said smiling. She got up and went to the swing chair at the other end of the room.  
  
Angela knew her man well, and over the past two months his emerging mastery of her has been improving, giving her greater and greater pleasure. She had Jennifer to thank for that, indirectly. If it weren't for her sexuality, and the attraction the two of them held, making the sex between them so special, she didn't think that Eric would have shown this side of him. Now Jennifer was working on Alan. Her subliminal skill of handling people would bring out the best in him, she was sure. She smiled to herself.   
  
Alan reached the horse. "Now, slut, blow me," Alan said to Jennifer, "but if I feel any teeth, I will pull you off me by your hair. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Master."  
  
"You may proceed."  
  
Jennifer crawled over to Alan and put his cock in her mouth, curling her lips so her teeth would not touch him. She used her tongue to lick at the head and shaft as she slid her mouth along its length. She kept her hands behind her back. She was not given permission to touch him.  
  
Jennifer secretly admired how Alan was coming along. She knew Eric talked to him because she saw some of his flavoring in his firmness with her. She also suspected this about him by the way he handled interpersonal contact, especially problems, he being the one to take charge and direct people, and those people responding .She just hoped that this would not bring back the memories of that night when she was raped by her father after beating him senseless with a bat.  
  
On the other end of the room, Eric lifted Angela into the swinging chair and looped her legs in the upper straps, exposing her pussy to him.  
  
"Now I am going to eat you slow, whore," he said to her. "I do not want to hear a sound from you or you will regret it. Do you understand? Nod if you do."  
  
She nodded.  
  
Eric sat down in a chair and pulled up to Angela's wet and waiting pussy. He smelled her scent, and it made his head spin. He tasted her juice, and it was nectar to him. He lapped her sopping cunt, reveling in her taste. She started to squirm from his lapping. Well he didn't tell her not to move, so that was ok.  
  
Eric found her clit and started nibbling at it. Her squirming became more pronounced, and it was getting hard for him to eat her.  
  
"Don't move!" he growled.  
  
Angela quit moving, but Eric felt her constrained quivering. Oh, he was going to enjoy this!  
  
Alan grabbed Jennifer's hair and gently pulled her head off of his dick. Her blowjob had gotten him hard again, as he wanted. Now he was going to work her over some, as she had done to him so long ago.  
  
"That was nice, slut," he said to her. "Now stand up and place your hands on that horse."  
  
"Yes, Master," she said. She got up and did as instructed.  
  
Eric walked around the horse to the other side. "Place your hands on either side of this pommel," he said. She did so. Alan then took the manacles, threaded them through the pommel, then locked them on her wrists. He checked them for security, grunting in satisfaction.  
  
"Walk back a bit and spread your legs," he said. She did as instructed. Alan walked back around and stopped by her beautiful ass.  
  
"Now you are going to answer my questions," he said to her. "If you lie to me, and I will know if you do, I am going to spank you. Do you understand?"  
  
Jennifer considered. She can put up with a hair pull now and then, and getting locked up as she was now, but she shied away from this kind of stuff, having zero interest in it. She decided for herself that she did not want to explore that until Alan had a better mastery of his skill.  
  
"No, you will not strike me, Alan," she said. "I do not wish to go there yet."  
  
Alan furrowed his eyebrows. "What did you say, slut?" he growled menacingly.  
  
Jennifer cringed inwardly. He sounded exactly like her father did that night. She moved to stand straight.  
  
"I said I don't want to go there, Alan," she said a little louder.  
  
Eric pulled his head out of Angela's pussy and looked over. So did Angela.  
  
"I love sex, and I love games that get me hot," Jennifer said, looking directly into Alan's eyes, not smiling, "and there are times when a hair pull or a spank occurs, but it is in the height of lust, never intentionally inflicted. I tried it once, and found it was not for me. Don't go there." While she was talking to him, she was easily undoing the manacles the way Eric showed her.  
  
Alan, the rebuke stinging in his ears, found that the situation was not going the way he wanted. His lust was high, driven there by her. Something snapped inside. "You will obey me, slut, in everything I say, or you are going to get it!" he sneered. He started towards her.  
  
"Not on your life, bastard," she said grimly. Alan reached for her, and she swung the manacles, catching him hard in the face. Alan spun and hit the ground.  
  
"Eric, stop him!" Angela cried.  
  
Eric released the catch on the chair so Angela could get down, then sprang toward Alan. He heard Alan growl angrily. Alan took a swing at Eric, but missed. Eric fell on Alan, pinning him in place.  
  
Angela went over to Jennifer and took the manacles from her hand. Since they were fur and soft leather, they didn't leave a mark. Jennifer looked at Angela. Tears were welling in her eyes. Angela hugged her.  
  
"What the fuck were you thinking?" Eric yelled angrily at Alan. "Didn't she tell you NO?"  
  
"I am master here!" Alan roared back. "I will control this slut, not you! I will tell her what to do, not you!" For a brief moment, he saw Eric as a hated rival.  
  
"The hell you will!" Eric snarled. "No one tells her what to do! She follows masters if SHE wants to. You fucked up, you little shit!"  
  
Alan struggled a bit, thrashing to get free. Eric was stronger than him however, so he settled down. As the passion ebbed in him, he started to softly cry. Eric got off of him.  
  
Jennifer disengaged from Angela, wiped her eyes, and went over to him.  
  
"What happened?" She asked Alan.  
  
He had to think quick. "I-I don't know," he stammered sounding as sincere as he could. "All of a sudden I felt so totally in control that I did not want to hear any backtalk, that I wanted you fully in my control, not to share you with anyone..."  
  
"Oh, Alan," Jennifer said sadly, "I am so sorry. I didn't know! I thought you were playing our game!"  
  
"I was at the beginning. I don't know where I crossed the line and thought it was reality." Alan hoped that this one placated her. For now.  
  
"You realize you will have to leave tonight."  
  
Good, he thought. It worked. "I know."  
  
"Go see the doctor," Jennifer said, kindly. "Let him know you are still having trouble with that night."  
  
Alan looked at her, and nodded. He knew where he went wrong with her, and regretted it. He nodded at her assessment of him just to please her. Yes, he knew where he went wrong. He would have to work on it to get it right the next time.  
  
"Just wait, you little slut," Alan said to himself. "You will be my slave someday. I guarantee it!"  
  
Eric came back in with Alan's clothes. "Get dressed," he said curtly.  
  
Alan dressed quietly. Once finished, he looked at Jennifer once more, and then kissed her perfunctorily. She accepted it.  
  
"I'm sorry, Jen," he whispered to her, "I hope we can still be friends."  
  
"We'll see," she said.  
  
Alan left. Eric followed him to the door, and watched him until he got into his car and drove off.  
  
Jennifer and Angela came out into the den as Eric closed the door.  
  
"Asshole!" he swore.  
  
"Eric, don't be so harsh," Jennifer said, "he got really warped by the attack, and it got the better of him. He didn't hurt me..."  
  
"That's not the point, love," he said. "I should have seen the signs, and I didn't. I should've seen that this would knock him over the edge, and I helped that along! I did you wrong Jennifer. I'm sorry." He looked down, chagrined.  
  
Jennifer's heart opened. "Forgiven," she said. "Look, we were both bamboozled tonight. He needs help, and I think he will get it."  
  
Eric looked up, a serious look on his face. "Don't bet on it, kiddo. Be careful with him. I can't tell you what to do, but please be careful."  
  
"I will." Jennifer kissed him, got up and walked over to Angela, who had stayed a distance away.  
  
"He feels bad that he helped make Alan what he had become. I don't blame him. How was he to know he'd wig out?"  
  
Angela looked at Eric. He had sat down on the step, and had put his head into his hands. She saw the small shaking of his shoulders, and her heart went out to him. Angela made a decision.  
  
"Stay with him tonight, Jennifer," Angela said to her. "His confidence is shaken, and he feels he betrayed you, and thinks he lost you as well."  
  
Jennifer was amazed. "How do you know all that?"  
  
She smiled. "Because I know my man," she said. "I love him. Go to him. He needs you now. He's already pleased me tonight!" she smiled lasciviously.  
  
Jennifer laughed quietly, "You whore!" she quipped.  
  
"You bet your ass, slut!" Angela quipped back. "Now go on. Reassure him. I trust you. I love you!"  
  
"I love you too, Angela."  
  
The women hugged, and Angela went into the spare bedroom and shut the door. Jennifer went back over to Eric, who still had his head in his hands.  
  
"Eric," she said, "nothing good will come of you dwelling on the problem. So it happened. Big deal. It got stopped before someone got hurt."  
  
"It should never have gotten as far as it did," he said.  
  
"Look, are you gonna smack yourself over it all night? Why don't you look around, and see what you still have."  
  
"I lost a friend tonight."  
  
"No you didn't."  
  
"I threw out your boyfriend!"  
  
Yes you did. For reason. He acted like an asshole. You threw him out. I am sorry I ever introduced you to him. I should have seen he couldn't handle-"  
  
"Don't say that. You made no mistake. You didn't know-"  
  
"HAH! Gotcha!" Jennifer was smiling.  
  
Eric looked hard at her. Understanding hit him all at once, and he smiled.  
  
"You little vixen!" he laughed.  
  
Jennifer dropped her naked frame onto his lap, hugged him, and kissed him.  
  
"Took you long enough," she said between kisses. "OK, looks like you got me for the night. Where do you want me? On the floor? On the couch?"  
  
Eric looked lovingly on Jennifer, amazed at how such a woman could change his life.  
  
"On the bed," he said.  
  
Eric scooped Jennifer up and headed for the bedroom. He made a mental note to thank his girlfriend for being so generous and thoughtful. She knew him so well.  
  
Eric placed Jennifer gently on the bed, then climbed in next to her. "I want to make love to you."  
  
"So do I," Jennifer said softly.  
  
Eric kissed her gently, stroking her beautiful tit and playing with the nipple. Jennifer snaked her hand down and wrapped it around his cock, gently stroking it. Jennifer pushed her tongue into Eric's mouth, exploring his teeth. Eric moved his hand down towards her pussy, finding the clit and massaging it until it made Jennifer squirm.  
  
"Ooh, that's nice," she purred.  
  
Eric smiled and kissed her again, this time pushing his tongue into her mouth and exploring her perfect teeth. Then he kissed her nose, and started kissing her neck. He stopped at the base of her neck and started to suck there. Jennifer was amazed at him. He was giving her a hickey! She laughed at the feel of it.  
  
After he finished at her neck (he did leave a GOOD sized hickey!), he started to kiss down her chest towards her right tit. Jennifer's breathing became labored as he approached her nipple. Her hand kept stroking his cock. Eric found the nipple and nibbled it, sending shivers of delight through her. He worked on one tit and nipple, then switched to the other, giving it the same attention. Jennifer's lust level grew. Eric started down again. He kissed and licked his way down to her pussy where his hand was still massaging the clit. Jennifer shivered at each little nip.  
  
When he reached Jennifer's wet and pulsing cunt, he replaced his hand with his mouth and he started sucking her clit and pussy lips gently. Jennifer Arched her back in lustful excitement.  
  
"Ooh, Ooh, that feels so fucking good!" she said through gritted teeth.  
  
Eric lapped at her pussy, then placed his tongue inside her. He was entranced by the taste of her sweet juices. She bucked a little as he started to tongue-fuck her, keeping her clit responding by massaging it with his fingers.  
  
Jennifer signaled her need by pulling on Eric's hips, and then Eric swung around and brought his cock towards Jennifer's waiting mouth. Jennifer had been fondling it, and now guided it to her mouth. She took in 4 of his 8 inches and proceeded to suck him with as much love as she could muster. Her ministrations had the desired effect, for Eric started to jerk a little at each contact with her tongue on his cockhead.  
  
After a time, Eric stopped his pussy eating and disengaged Jennifer from his cock. He swung around and placed his meat at her pussy hole.  
  
"You know Jennifer, I have not had you alone since you came into our lives," he said to her. "I consider this a very special gift, and I thank you and Angela for this. You didn't have to. I would have been fine in the morning."  
  
"I know that," she said to him, "and I think Angela knew it too. This time with you goes deeper than that. She knows that I care for you as deeply as she does, and that I do love you after a fashion. She will always be your woman, as much as I am. But where I could go, and you would feel the loss for a time and then move on, you would never recover if she left you. That shows the depth of your love for her. That you let me share in that with you is a gift no other had given me. I appreciate that, and I love you both the more for it!"  
  
Jennifer lightly kissed him, then said the words he wanted to hear.  
  
"Make love to me, Eric. Fuck me."  
  
There were tears of joy in both their eyes, as Eric nodded and inserted his cock into Jennifer's pussy. Her smile turned into a grimace as her pussy acclimated itself to the huge piece of manhood in it. Boy, he was thick!  
  
Eric started an easy in-and-out motion, moving his cock rhythmically. He took long strokes, then buried the full length once again. Jennifer gave a little "Oh" with each thrust. She closed her eyes and put her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a kiss. She started to grind her hips into Eric as fast as he was fucking her.  
  
"I love you Eric," she said.  
  
I love you too, Jennifer," he said. "And I love Angela. Both of you are a part of me."  
  
Eric's thrusts and Jennifer's gyrations were more than either could stand in this emotionally charged tryst, and it sent them over the edge quickly.  
  
"OOH, OOH, I'M CUMMING, ERIC. I'M CUMMING!"  
  
"I-I'M CUMMING TOO, JEN. OH KEEP THAT UP! AAAUUUGGHH!"  
  
Jennifer's pussy shot out its juice as her orgasm rocked her body. Eric's sperm shot into Jennifer with such force that Eric could not stop thrusting, and he kept pushing harder and harder. Her pussy juice made her so slick that his cock kept spasming, and the bed under them slowly became wet.  
  
It was three minutes before their orgasms subsided. Eric rolled off her, kissed her gently, and soon fell asleep.  
  
Jennifer savored the feel of an incredible orgasm. She allowed the sensations to carry her to that special place in her dreams as she thought on the evening. The turn of events showing Alan's true nature was a little disturbing, but seeing Eric distraught over his fantasy that he had lost her over it was even worse. She started out to console Eric with a little sex, but found herself sharing with him and making love.  
  
She looked with loving eyes on a gently sleeping man, and started to cry. Angela was a lucky, lucky woman to have such a wonderful man. Jennifer wished with all her heart that she could find, for herself, a man as wonderful as Eric was. She really hoped so.

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 06**

Monday morning comes too fast, Angela said to herself. She never did like the commute into town to her job at the health spa, but she had an aerobics class of new clients to teach, and she wasn't about to let them down.  
  
Traffic was extremely light for a Monday, she thought. She arrived at the spa with an hour to spare. She greeted a couple of the trainers already with classes as she passed, then went to the staff locker room to change for work. Jason, another aerobics instructor was just disrobing as she entered.  
  
"Hi Jay," she said as she passed him.  
  
"Oh, hello Angela," he said. "How was your weekend?"  
  
"Oh, pretty hectic. We had a house guest that turned out to be a real asshole and Eric had to throw him out."  
  
"Ouch! I hope everything's OK now."  
  
"Yeah, it is. Jennifer helped to put things back in order."  
  
"Jennifer, huh? Isn't she the one who was raped by her father? The one you told me about?"  
  
"Yes. She is such a darling! I love her!"  
  
"Well, you should get some credit, too. You opened your house to her after that rape."  
  
"Yeah, well, we couldn't just leave her out in the cold, you know."  
  
"All the same, I think you are special for helping her."  
  
Angela looked at Jason. He had never been this talkative with her before, and that made her wonder.  
  
"Uh, Jason?" she said.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Let me ask you something: what's with the convo? Normally you just say 'Hi', and then go on your merry way. What gives?"  
  
Jason looked at her. "Oh. Well, I just thought I would ask, is all."  
  
Angela took a good look at him this time. He was about Eric's height of 6', but was lithe. He moved with a grace that bespoke his dancing ability. His auburn hair was medium in length, and his green eyes were deep and sensual. He had high cheekbones, and his face was symmetrical, but gorgeous. He always sported a deep tan, and she knew he never went to the tanning salon here, wanting to develop it the natural way. He was an avid rock climber, and had once asked her to go with him before she met Eric. Every time she saw Jason she had to check to see if her shorts were moist. She could feel her pussy getting slick from this conversation with him now. She decided, regretfully, to end it and get ready for work.  
  
"Oh. OK," she said to him. He was looking at her strangely. She turned around and headed to her locker.  
  
She opened her locker, then sat down to disrobe. Her thoughts went back to Jason. Now here was a beautiful man, she thought. She didn't really want to get involved with someone at work, but this man made her consider it. The thing was he never made a move, and had always treated her professionally. She respected him for that, and for his talent. He could make people really respond to his teaching.  
  
Angela had removed her shirt and bra. Her 40C's bounced as they were released from their prison, and she sighed at the feeling of the cool air on her nipples as they went instantly hard. Unconsciously, her hand went to her right tit, tweaking the nipple. She stifled a 'PEEP' as the contact sent a wave of pleasure through her.  
  
She stood up and removed her shorts. She felt her panties and found them soaked, and she thanked her lucky stars that they had not got her shorts wet as well. She peeled her panties off and threw them in the locker with the rest of the clothes.  
  
She was now standing naked in front of her locker, looking at the mirror in the back of it. She considered her body. She saw her red hair, now down to the middle of her back when loose. She had it in a tight bun for work. Her almond shaped eyes were a deep, rich brown, almost black, giving the image of severe eyes. She knew that those eyes could get her just about anything she wished. She also knew she could attract or scare off anyone with them as well. She had high cheekbones that spoke of her Spanish heritage, and her lips were full and succulent, almost beestung in their appearance.  
  
She looked at her chest. Her shoulders were firm, but slightly rounded. Her arms were muscular in the manner of a female exercise instructor, and very strong. She knew she was stronger than some of the men here. Her fingers were long and tapered, with perfectly manicured red nails on the end. Her tits were large, but perfectly proportioned to her 5'6" frame. They were firm, with just a slight sag to them, making her tits "sweetly slung". The areolas were large around a medium sized nipple, and they were dark. The color made it possible to see them through most shirts unless she covered them with a bra, which she usually did when out in public.  
  
Her tummy was flat and muscular, very well toned. Her mound protruded slightly, covered by a deep red vee of pubic hair. She carefully shaved the pussy hair from around her lips, finding that more comfortable since her pussy was in a moist state a good percentage of the time. She noticed her clit hood slightly protruding from between the pussy lips, near the apex.  
  
Her legs, which she thought was her best feature, were long and tapered, flaring spectacularly at her wide hips, and beautifully muscled to give her an overall sensual look. Her tan was permanent, and she deepened it by naked sunbathing in her protected back yard.  
  
She thought on her tanning times at the house. She licked her lips and closed her eyes, remembering times when Eric loving spread the lotion on her, sometimes not finishing because she had attacked him during it because he had made her sooo hot with his hands on her body. She thought of how Jennifer also covered her in oils for her tan, and how she would suck her pussy while spreading the lotion.  
  
Angela's hand had found her clit as she reminisced on the past with her two favorite people. She pulled back the hood, exposing her clit to the air. She shivered from the feeling. She could feel her nipples grow even harder. Her middle finger rubbed her exposed clit, making her buck from the contact. She extended the massage by inserting two fingers into her pussy, then coating her clit with her juice, then doing it again. Her other hand started to massage her left tit. She turned around and leaned against the lockers for support. Her lust was growing.  
  
"Oh, jeez, you two," she moaned to herself, "what you do to me..."  
  
All of a sudden, she felt a hand on her shoulder. Surprised, she looked over and saw Jason standing there. She immediately turned red.  
  
"Jason! I-I-" she stammered, shrinking back a bit.  
  
"Ssh, it's all right!" he said. "When I saw what you were doing I hung the maintenance sign out and locked the door. I figure we have a half hour before those doors need to be open again."  
  
"I-I'm sorry, Jason. I didn't mean to embarrass you with-"  
  
"Hey, it's OK, Angela. You're not the first one I caught doing this before work. You are the prettiest though." Jason stepped back and appraised her. Angela was standing, trying to cover herself with her hands, but that only made her look more desirable and sexy.  
  
Angela looked at Jason. She noticed that he had a hard on, and from the looks of it, it looked like a monster! His shorts were straining a bit, and she knew he was wearing a supporter, as he looked ready for work. Indeed, when she saw his face, she saw the slightest twinge of pain around his eyes.  
  
Angela's lust had progressed to the point that she had to have release. She was going to use her hand, but now a more desirable alternative was staring at her right in the face! She made a fast decision.  
  
Angela walked over to Jason and placed her hand directly on the bump in his pants. "I think you need to let that monster out before you suffocate it," she said in a sultry, sexy voice.  
  
Jason needed no prodding. He smiled and pulled down his shorts, then carefully peeled the supporter off, sighing at the relief Angela looked at his cock and gagged a little.  
  
He was fully erect, and it had to be a good eleven inches in length!  
  
Angel put her hand around it and found that she could not touch her fingers together. She was right; it WAS a monster!  
  
"Why Jason, your cock is beautiful!" she exclaimed, licking her lips. She could also feel her pussy juice flow.  
  
"It is big, isn't it?" he said, but frowned. "It is a pride to me, but it is also my lament. I tend to scare away a lot of women. They tell me it is too big. The only people that seem to be interested are the porn producers, and I am not too keen on that industry."  
  
"Too big, my ass!" Angela said, now starting to stroke it. "They don't know what they're missing. Is THIS why you don't have a girlfriend?"  
  
"Uh-huh."  
  
"Now that's a real shame!" Angela brought down her head, and placed the tip of his cock in her mouth. She started to lick the head and pumping the shaft with both hands. She then started a twisting motion with her hands as she jacked him off.  
  
"UUUNNNGGHH!" Jason said.  
  
Angela let go of one hand and put it in her pussy, rubbing her clit and lips. She spread her legs a little more. She then positioned herself, relaxed her throat, and started to put more of his huge cock in her mouth.  
  
Jason closed his eyes and lifted his head. He grabbed the back of Angela's head for support. Angela continued to slowly get more and more of his cock into her mouth until her lips touched the base. She could feel his meat in her throat, slightly pressing against her voice box. She pulled back all the way and dived all the way again.  
  
Jason's head exploded. This was too much for him as his knees buckled. Angela followed him down to the floor, never releasing him from her mouth. She pulled his dick out of her throat and started to fuck his cock with her mouth, stroking the shaft with her hand. Her other hand came out of her snatch and cupped his giant ball sac. Jason grunted and started to buck. She could feel him build up to an orgasm, but she did not want his cum in her mouth...this time. She wanted him in her cunt, pounding her senseless!  
  
Angela released his cock, then crawled over him until her pussy was at his face.  
  
"Eat me," she said.  
  
Jason stuck out his tongue and Angela got another surprise. His tongue was extremely long! This man was built to please a woman, and women were scared of him?  
  
Jason lapped at Angela's honey pot, licking up the juice that was covering it. Angela shivered, licking her lips, and playing with her tits. Jason found the clit and pressed it with his tongue, sending another round of shivers through her.  
  
"Ooh, yess!" she screamed. "Lick me up, Jason! Put that tongue in my twat!"  
  
Jason complied, and put his tongue into Angela's pussy hole. Angela looked down at him in surprise and lust as he worked it in and out of her, fucking her with his tongue. She could not believe the feeling. It was like she had a nice sized cock in her!  
  
Jason continued this for a while, bringing his hands up and replacing Angela's hands on her tits. He expertly tweaked the nipples, causing Angela to spasm with a renewed lust that made her crazy. She knew she couldn't stand much more of this, so she disengaged from his wonderful mouth and placed her pussy over his massive cock. She saw a glistening of precum on the tip.  
  
Angela shoved four fingers into her snatch and pulled them out wet with her pussy juice. She then lubricated Jason's cock with that juice by slowly stroking it. This made Jason grunt with lust. Then she grabbed that wonderful hunk of meat and guided it to the opening of her pussy.  
  
"Oh, I am going to enjoy this!" she said. Jason could only nod as he watched her insert his cock into her pussy and slowly sink herself on it, easing it into her.  
  
Jason looked at her face. She had a look of pure lust and concentration as she impaled herself on him. He turned his attention to his cock and had to put his head back as well. She was tight!  
  
Angela continued to push down on that pole until his cock bumped against her cervix. She looked down and noticed she had an inch or so left until she had him fully in her. She took a couple of deep breaths, set herself, then dropped.  
  
Their worlds exploded as Jason's cock pushed past her cervix and into her uterus. She had never been filled like this before, and it felt so erotic! Jason felt like a vise had been placed on his dick. She pulled back up all the way, then slammed down all the way. Jason saw stars as his head entered her uterus again.  
  
Angela went insane with lust. She lifted herself and dropped on to this man's wonderful love pole over and over again. She just could not get enough of this cock!  
  
All of a sudden, she felt his hands on her hips, and he stood up, not letting her off his cock. Angela was amazed at the strength that this man possessed! He held her suspended, impaled on his cock.  
  
"My turn," he said lustily.  
  
Angela felt his hands tightened on her waist. She loosely wrapped her legs around him. He then started lifting and dropping her onto him, sending waves and waves of insane pleasure coursing through her. He maneuvered her so that each stroke would brush her clit against his coarse pubic hair. She put her hands around his neck for support. Her tits lightly slapped with each downward stroke. She leaned her head back and moaned loudly.  
  
Jason continued to lift and drop Angela on his cock. The smooth, firm muscles of his body tightened for this effort. He was bucking his hips upward with each downward stroke, shoving that monster harder into her. Angela couldn't see straight She lived only for that cock mercilessly pounding her cunt into oblivion!  
  
Suddenly, Jason tensed, and then shoved his cock into Angela so hard that it made her scream.  
  
"OH, SHIT!" he yelled. "I'M GONNA CUM HARD!'  
  
Angela was beyond words. That last push hurt her some, but it sent a wave of pure lust through her that words could not describe. She gripped his neck tighter, wrapped her legs around him, and came with him. Her body racked with spasms as his sperm totally coated her insides and out her pussy. Her juices mingled with his sperm and made her pussy so slick that his cock was pounding her at a furious pace.  
  
Jason staggered, then regained his balance. He kept hammering Angela until the spasms of his orgasm subsided. This took about five minutes. He looked at Angela. Her eyes were half closed, and her tongue hung out one side of her mouth.  
  
He took Angela off his now lowering member, and laid her on the bench. Her skin was mottled red, and there were handprints at her waist. Her body kept spasming for a good ten minutes after that. Once they subsided, she started to laugh.  
  
"Oh, my God, Jason," she exclaimed once she was able to speak again, "You know how to thoroughly fuck a woman!"  
  
Jason smiled. He was a little afraid that Angela would say "never again", meaning that he had hurt her and she did not want to repeat the experience. This had happened too many times before.  
  
"You have GOT to come over some night!" she continued. "I think I know someone that you could really hit it off with!"  
  
This was new. "Well..."  
  
Look. I just had the most explosive orgasm on a cock in a while and I want another crack at it!"  
  
Jason just looked at her incredulously.  
  
"No, I mean it. I really do have someone I want you to meet. I think Eric would like to meet you too."  
  
Jason decided to chance it...again.  
  
"OK. When?" he finally asked.  
  
"This Friday night."  
  
"OK. It's a date, then."  
  
"It's a date. Now go open that door and let the other employees in after you dress. I am heading to the showers to clean up. Go on!"  
  
Jason laughed and started to dress after wiping himself down. He knew he would have to take a shower as well. He smelled of sex, and knew that if he didn't wash, everyone would know. Angela got up and staggered to the showers, walking bow-legged.  
  
"Pornos, eat your heart out!" she yelled to no one in particular. She turned on the water and stepped under it. As she washed herself, she thought of how to tell Eric that she found someone for Jennifer. She also thought about this Friday, and what could happen. Incredibly, she started to get wet again!  
  
"All in good time, my sweet, pounded pussy," she said as she applied the soap to her clit and shivered, "all in good time!"

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 07**

Evenings were Eric's favorite time of the day. The smells of the restaurant next to his office would increase, as more customers would pour in to sample the Italian fare there. It always made him hungry.  
  
He looked down at the account he was working on, and sighed. It was the account of a flower shop, and the owner decided to use a professional CPA firm to handle their books. They were in a mess! He had to track numerous transactions and adjust them to put the money in the correct accounts. He was only half finished, and it needed to be done by the end of the week. He figured that the four days would be enough time to fix it.  
  
6:30 rolled around, and Eric put away the ledger and closed shop for the night. He told Sherry, his secretary to knock off and go home.  
  
Sherry was a nice girl. She was about 5'4", with brown hair and eyes, with thick glasses and a beautiful face. She was slender, and her chest was modest. She was a whiz at keeping him on schedule, and she always made sure that he was on time for any meeting with his clients.  
  
"I think she's due for a raise," he said to himself as he watched her go out the door. "I'll check on it tomorrow.  
  
Eric collected his coat and briefcase. He took one last look around to make sure everything was put away, and left.  
  
He decided to take a small walk before going home. The day had been stressful, and he wanted to clear his head before he saw Angela and Jennifer. Then he felt his cock shiver.  
  
He sighed. Anytime he thought of either of those two women he would get a hard-on. Indeed, it was happening, and Eric sighed at the inevitability of it. Ever since he and Angela moved here in June he had been one big hard-on. Those two were enough to drive a man insane from just their looks!  
  
Eric had not been paying attention to his surroundings when he rounded the corner into the underground parking garage, and slammed hard into someone. The force knocked over the other person. It was Sherry.  
  
"Oh, I'm so sorry," Eric said to her. "I wasn't paying attention! Are you all right?"  
  
"Yes," Sherry said as he helped her to her feet. "No harm done."  
  
Eric looked at her appraisingly as he helped her up. She was wearing a tan skirt that just came down to mid-thigh, and her blouse was somewhat tight. Her panties flashed for a moment from between her legs as she struggled to get up.  
  
"Where were you going?" Eric asked.  
  
"I was heading home," she said. "My car decided not to work, so I decided to take the bus. Well, the last one left a half hour ago, so I then decided to walk it."  
  
"Where do you live?"  
  
"Over on State Street, about three miles from here."  
  
"That's a good sized walk! Would you like a ride home?"  
  
Sherry considered for a moment. "OK," she finally said. "Thanks. I really appreciate it."  
  
"No problem," Eric said, "it's right on my way home."  
  
"Oh, that's good. I didn't want to put you out"  
  
Eric led her over to his car, and opened the door for her. She backed in, and then swung her legs in. This movement hiked her skirt up a bit. She appeared not to notice. He closed the door and got in on the driver's side.  
  
The traffic looked light as Eric pulled out on to the road. Sherry had rolled down the window and was enjoying the breeze. Eric looked over and saw that the air had caused sherry's nipples to harden, pushing against the fabric of her bra and blouse. Her eyes were closed, and she was smiling at the feeling of the breeze on her face and body. He saw her hands were smoothing the fabric of her blouse, and then they were heading for her thighs.  
  
Eric tore his eyes away from the sight and paid attention to the traffic. All he needed was to have an accident. His secretary was distracting him with her movements.  
  
In no time, he found State Street and turned left, following Sherry's directions. She pointed to her house, and Eric pulled into the driveway. Eric shifted into park.  
  
"Thanks for the ride, boss," Sherry said, smiling. "Anytime," he said. "Look, you have my cell number. Call me if you need a ride tomorrow morning."  
  
"I will." She was getting out, then stopped. "Eric, would you like to come in for a drink? I mean, it's the least I could do to repay you."  
  
Eric's mind went into overdrive. "I guess I could use something to drink," he said.  
  
"Great! Come on, then."  
  
Eric turned off the car and got out. He followed behind Sherry to her front door, enjoying the sight of her swaying hips as she moved. She got to the door and unlocked it. She then opened the door and motioned for him to come inside.  
  
Sherry's home was modest. The front door opened on to the living room. A breakfast bar with two stools stood on the left side, looking into the small kitchen. There was a hallway on the right. Sherry led him to the couch and had him sit. She then went to the kitchen. Eric looked at the pictures on the wall. Sherry was in a lot of them, and so were members of her family. He knew she had a younger brother, and one of the pictures showed them together.  
  
Sherry came back with a beer and a glass for Eric. She also had one for herself. She gave Eric his, and then sat down next to him.  
  
Eric poured his beer into the glass, toasted Sherry, and drank. It was smooth going down. After his first draught, he sat back and sighed.  
  
"Yes, this is what I needed after today," he said. "I can't believe how wound up I got over that last account. Doesn't that woman know how to track her money?"  
  
Sherry put down her glass. She got on her knees on the couch, and put her hands on Eric's shoulder."  
  
"Here, let me rub out the tightness in your shoulders," she said.  
  
Sherry's hands started to knead the muscles of his shoulders. Her fingers traced lines of tightness to their source and rubbed it out. In moments Eric felt his shoulders loosen. "Aah, that feels good," he said.  
  
Sherry continued her massage. Eric let his thoughts drift to his women, and he felt the stirrings of lust rise in him. His cock started to get hard again, and he was enjoying the feeling of the massage and the emotions that the thought brought up.  
  
Eric's reverie did not let him notice that Sherry had shifted position. His attention was snapped back to the present as he felt a hand massaging his cock through his pants! He quickly looked at her. She had taken off her glasses, and she was smiling.  
  
"Ooh, it looks like your cock needs a little attention, too," she purred.  
  
Eric looked shocked. She never showed any interest in him at work! Oh, he's fantasized about fucking her on his desk, but she had always acted aloof and professional.  
  
"Sherry!" he said. "What brought this on?"  
  
Sherry stopped her massage. "Ever since I started working for you, Eric, I've always wanted you. You never showed any interest in me at the office, and don't think I haven't tried to catch your eye! I didn't see any way of approaching you, and I figured that since you were involved that I would never get that chance. Then you bumped into me, and I got this crazy idea. So I followed it. Here you are now." She then looked at him sheepishly. "I hope you're not made at me."  
  
Eric looked at her. "No, I'm not mad," he said, "just surprised. I didn't think you were interested. You were always the image of professionalism at the office. You never talked about your home, or if you had a boyfriend, or friends. This is a nice turn of events."  
  
Any reticence that was left in Sherry melted away with his words. She grabbed Eric's head and planted a moist kiss on his lips.  
  
Eric parted her lips with his tongue, exploring the inside of her mouth. Sherry resumed her massage of his cock. Eric reached up and fondled her left tit through her blouse. It felt larger than he first surmised, and the nipple was rock hard.  
  
Sherry stopped the massage. She kissed down Eric's neck, then started to unbutton his shirt with her teeth. She was good. When she finished, she opened the shirt and planted her lips on one of his nipples, sucking lightly. Eric moaned.  
  
Eric grabbed the sides of Sherry's blouse and pulled it out of her skirt. He unbuttoned it. He pushed her back from him, then slid the shirt off her shoulders. She let it drop to the floor. Eric reached up and unhooked the front catch of her bra, releasing her tits. She removed the bra and threw it on top of her shirt. Eric shucked his shirt as well. She then moved back into him. She brought herself up to kiss him again, dragging her tits on his belly and chest. The sensation was electric!  
  
Sherry straddled Eric and kissed him ardently. She lifted one of his hands and placed it on her tit. She then moved the other hand to her ass. She then ran her fingernails up and down his chest and back as she kissed him.  
  
Eric was in heaven. He broke the kiss, then lowered his head to one of her wonderful breasts. He judged them to be 34C, and they were a good mouthful. Sherry started to moan with need.  
  
Eric lifted her to her feet. She disengaged from him and knelt down in front of him. She undid his belt, and slid his pants to the ground. Then she grabbed his underwear, hesitated a moment. Licked her lips, then dropped his underwear down. Eric stepped out of them. His cock was right in front of his face.  
  
"Ooh, that cock looks scrumptious, boss," Sherry said playfully.  
  
Sherry brought her hands up and started to massage his cock and balls. Eric moaned with pleasure. Then she reached over to her glass and pulled out an ice cube. She cupped it in her hand and fondled his balls with it.   
  
Eric went nuts! "OOH, that feels good!" he groaned.  
  
Sherry continued massaging his cock and balls for a little bit. Then she put that ice cube in her mouth. Very slowly, she kissed and licked up the underside of his cock. When she got to the head, she put his cock in her mouth and plunged it in, taking his whole cock at once. The ice scraped it way down the side of his dick, sending shills of lust through him.  
  
After two or three passes, Sherry backed off his cock and spit out the ice cube. She then returned to his cock, sucking it with smooth, velvety strokes of her mouth. It was all Eric could do not to cum at that moment. He noted with satisfaction that Sherry knew how to deep throat a cock. Her technique was exquisite, as she would suck him until he was about to cum, then she would stop and let him subside. She did this four times before Eric stopped her.  
  
"Hang on!" he panted. "If you do that again, I'm gonna shoot all over you, no matter what!"  
  
"Not yet, lover," Sherry said, "I want you plowing my pussy first. THEN you can cum all over me!"  
  
Sherry moved away, unzipped her skirt, and let it drop to the floor. Eric looked at her and whistled. She was wearing a black lace garter and sheer hose. Her white panties looked wet at the crotch. She reached down and took off her panties. She started to undo the catches around her hose.  
  
"No," Eric said, his cock getting even harder, "leave them on."  
  
Sherry stood up. She fingered her pussy, getting it wet She then beckoned him with that finger. Her other hand then went to her pussy and rubbed her clit.  
  
"Come for it," she purred, continuing to beckon him, "come get some. My cunt awaits your cock!"  
  
Eric moved forward and scooped Sherry up in his arms. She giggled, and pointed down the hallway. Eric tromped down the hall to her bedroom and kicked open the door. He dumped her on her bed unceremoniously.  
  
"Prepare to get thoroughly fucked, you little vixen," he growled.  
  
Sherry propped herself up on her elbows and spread her legs wide, bending a little at the knees. Eric looked at her pussy. It looked tight!  
  
"Well, get that cock in here, stud," she said sexily, pointing at her wet pussy.  
  
Eric yelled and literally jumped into bed. He landed right between her legs. Sherry wrapped her arms and legs around him, and pushed her pussy on to his cock, taking it all the way in on the first thrust. Eric grunted. She WAS tight.  
  
Sherry's face showed pure lust. She looked directly at him as she thrusted her pussy on and off his cock. Eric did not need to move. She was doing it all. She started to thrust harder and harder. Eric started moving his hips, meeting her thrusts halfway. Slapping sounds emanated as their crotches met with rock shattering force. Sherry's face grimaced in concentration as she pushed her cunt harder and harder on her boss's prick.  
  
It did not take long. Sherry's clit had been rubbing against his cock with each stroke. Her body started to spasm with the throes of a mighty orgasm. Eric also felt his orgasm coming.  
  
"AAAUUUGGHH!" he yelled. "YOUR CUNT IS SO FUCKING GOOD. I'M CUMMING!"  
  
"CUM ALL OVER ME STUD!" she yelled. "I'M CUMMING TOO!"  
  
Eric managed to pull his cock out before he came. His first shot hit Sherry squarely in the face, splashing. Wave after wave of sperm coated her slim frame. Sherry had jammed her hand in her pussy, rubbing her clit to the spasms of her orgasm. Her other hand rubbed his cum into her skin, then took the excess and licked it up. She was in heaven. His cum was all over her, even in her hair. She knew she had a new fuck friend.  
  
A few minutes later, Eric sat on the edge of the bed, feeling a little spent. He counted himself lucky; for he now had three tight pussies that he could fuck at any time. He looked over at Sherry, who smiled back at him.  
  
"You were great," she said.  
  
"So were you," he said. "Your cunt is so tight!"  
  
"Well, your cock is one hell of a love tool. Think we'll do this again?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I'm glad. I love fucking you."  
  
Eric kissed her, then went out to the living room and got dressed. Sherry came out, wearing a robe. She kissed him ardently as he left.  
  
"Angela! Jennifer! I'm home!"  
  
Angela came out of the kitchen. "Hello lover. Jennifer's not here. She went to the mall with a couple of her girlfriends."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Oh, honey, I got news for you. I think I found someone for Jenny. His name is Jason, and—"  
  
"Honey, do you think it's wise to try and match make for her?"  
  
"I know it's risky, but I want her to have someone of her own that she can love as much as I love you. He's coming over this Friday. You know, whatever you said to her the other night really got to her!"  
  
"All we did was make love."  
  
"Well it was more than that to her, hon. She..." the smell of sex from Eric finally hit Angela. "Alright, Mr. Galloping Gonads, who'd you fuck?"  
  
"Huh? Oh, um, it was Sherry from the office. You know, she actually came on to me?"  
  
"You mean finally?"  
  
Eric looked strangely at her...

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 08**

Jason was nervous. Friday came too fast for him. He had been invited to Angela's house to meet someone tonight, and that time had come. He was just pulling up to their home on Sycamore Avenue.  
  
The evening breeze mussed his long auburn hair. Jason walked slowly up the walk. He didn't know whom he was meeting, or what to expect. All he knew was that he had had mind-blowing sex with Angela back on Monday, and he fantasized on a repeat experience.  
  
When he got to the door, he hesitated for just a moment before knocking. In a moment, a slender brown haired girl wearing thick glasses opened the door.  
  
"Hello," she said. "May I help you?"  
  
"Um, am I at the right place?" Jason asked, not sure. "Is Angela here...I mean, does she live here?"  
  
"Yes..." then it hit her. "Oh! Yes, she's here. You must be Jason."  
  
"I am Jason, yes."  
  
"Come in! Come in!"  
  
Jason walked into the house and down the small hallway to the den. The lady who opened the door motioned him to sit, and then she went towards the kitchen.  
  
Jason looked around. He liked the layout of the den, with the couches on one side, a furry rug between them and the fireplace on the other side. A dinner table and six chairs sat on the left. Glass sliding doors on the right opened to the back yard. He saw the edge of a trampoline, and the high hedges. Very secluded, he thought to himself.   
  
Angela emerged fro the kitchen, carrying a beer. "Jason!" she exclaimed. "How are you tonight?"  
  
"To tell the truth, a little scared," he said, laughing nervously.  
  
"Oh, don't be. You'll do fine. Here. Drink." Angela handed him the beer.  
  
"Thanks." Jason took a long swig of the beer.   
  
The phone rang, and Angela excused herself to go answer it. She came back in a little bit and sat down.  
  
Eric and our mystery guest for you will be here shortly," Angela said. "We have dinner almost ready."  
  
"And it's smelling great, Angela," the brown-haired girl said as she came out of the kitchen. "So, are you going to introduce us, or are we going to fuck as strangers?"  
  
Jason's eyes grew large at her statement, and he started to sweat. Angela looked sharply at the girl, relaxed, then winked.  
  
"Jason," Angela said, "this is Sherry, Eric's assistant at the office. Sherry, this is Jason, a coworker of mine at the spa."  
  
"Nice to meet ya," Sherry said, walking to him and extending her hand. Jason shook it.  
  
"Same here," Jason said.  
  
"Sherry and I have known each other since high school," Angela explained, "and when I found out she worked at Eric's office, I simply had to invite her here tonight. She tends to be somewhat direct, as you found out."  
  
"Mmmm," Jason said noncommittally.   
  
"Now, Eric doesn't know she's here, Jason, so don't let on when Eric gets home, OK? I want it to be a surprise!"  
  
"Okay," he said.  
  
Just then all three heard a car pull up. Sherry ran back into Jennifer's room and shut the door. Angela got up and went to the door. Jason got up and stood by the sliding glass doors. Angela opened the door and let Eric and Jennifer in.  
  
"Hi, honey," Eric said to Angela.  
  
"Hello, stud!" she said back as she grabbed his crotch and dragged him in for a kiss. Eric kissed her back and then entered the house. Eric was replaced by Jennifer, who kissed her just as deeply as Eric had.  
  
"Well, hello, lover," Angela said. "So, how was the Freshmen Orientation?"  
  
"Hell. My schedule is hectic. I have freshmen English, algebra, business theory, French studies, poetry, and American History. It took my getting mad for the housing authority to understand that I would need a ROOM in the dorm. It took Eric to finally get one assigned!"  
  
Angela laughed a little. Jennifer was a minor celebrity in town since her unfortunate rape a while back, and it turned out that the university thought they were acting in her best interest by denying her a room in a dorm that could not be adequately protected all the time.  
  
When the two women made it to the den, they found Eric and Jason conversing. Jennifer looked at Jason and whistled softly.  
  
"You work with this hunk?" she whispered to Angela.  
  
"Yup!" smiled Angela, whispering as well. "AND...he is ours for the night, and he doesn't know it yet!"  
  
"Double team, huh?"  
  
"To start, at least. There are surprises abounding tonight. First, you know about Sherry, right?"  
  
"Yeah, you told me about her last night."  
  
"She's here."  
  
"No! Where?"  
  
"In your room for right now. We're..."  
  
"What are you girls planning?" Eric said, coming up to them.  
  
Angela switched topics instantly. "I was telling Jennifer about Jason, who he is and stuff."  
  
"I know you got something sneaky up there!" Eric remarked, pointing at Angela's head.  
  
"No I don't. Really."  
  
"I'll believe that when I see it. Anyway, come over and meet Jason. Jennifer."  
  
Eric put his arm around Jennifer's shoulders. Angela ribbed Eric and gave him that look of "Don't spoil it!" Eric looked her and winked, telling her though that he had understood.  
  
Eric walked over to Jason with Jennifer hugged to his side. She had put her arm around his waist and planted her hand on his ass.  
  
"Jason Manacek, this is Jennifer Holston," Eric said.  
  
Jennifer took Jason's proffered hand. He didn't quite shake it but rather...caressed it, as if this is what he does all the time. Jennifer looked at Jason's tall, lean frame once again. She started to feel wet between her legs, as this man had Adonis features in her eyes, and his crotch looked the size of a softball.  
  
"Nice to meet you," Jennifer said, after catching her breath.  
  
"S-Same here," Jason stammered. He was nervous, Jennifer thought.  
  
"Well, dinner is ready everyone," Angela announced.  
  
The four of them went to the dining room table and sat down. Eric took his usual place at the head of the table, but noticed there were TWO settings there. Angela sat to his left, Jennifer to his right, and Jason to Jennifer's right, as Angela had instructed him.  
  
"What's with the two plates, hon?" Eric asked.  
  
Angela looked at him, and smirked. Eric looked at Jennifer for an explanation, and she had to hide her face to keep from laughing. Even Jason looked like he was about to laugh.  
  
"What's so fucking funny?" Eric said, starting to get a little nettled.  
  
Then Eric felt a hand snake around his waist and grab his cock. He remembered that feeling even as she said her favorite line:  
  
"Ooh, looks like your cock needs some loving oral attention."  
  
Eric grabbed her arm and pulled her around. "Sherry! What are you doing here?!"  
  
"Having my tits squashed against your chest, stud," she quipped, giving him a hug back. "Actually, it was Angie's idea. We're friends, you know. She told me about you, and I must say I have really been missing out! Then this stud muffin came over-" she pointed at Jason, who was looking surprised, "and it looked like it was going to get more interesting. Now, let go of my ass, hon, and let me get the food."  
  
Eric was taken aback. Ever since having that mind blowing sex on Monday, Sherry had been dressing more provocatively, but professionally, and got into the habit of parading in front of him every chance she got. Her demeanor became more brazen, and now she presented a more outspoken and direct personality, which had recruited 7 new clients for him. Now she was here, and was brazen enough to "tell it like it is", and he found this impressive and erotic. Indeed, she walked back to the kitchen with a swagger in her hips that sort of said "I don't even have to wonder: I know we'll be fucking soon, and you're gonna love it!"  
  
Eric looked at Jason, who had also watched her swagger back to the kitchen. He was flushed!  
  
"Jason, are you all right?"  
  
Jason could only nod.  
  
Jennifer looked on the quintet, and wondered at the diversity of the group. Of course, she and Angela and Eric were the core, and they knew that nothing would break that up. Jason was now here, with that deer-in-the-headlights look, and a woman just egging Eric on to get to the fucking with no preamble. Definitely a unique group!  
  
Sherry returned with the dinner. It was a delicious fare of lobster tail, hush puppies, potatoes, and lemon. Sherry and Angela served everyone. The conversation was light, and the topics ranged from jobs to politics to college.  
  
"So, Jennifer, Angela tells me you're off to college this Monday," Jason said to her. "Do you know what you'll be majoring in?"  
  
"Right at the moment, I'm set for majoring in Business Administration, with a sub major in IT sciences," she said. "Once I get my masters in both, I intend to attend Harvard Law."  
  
Jason whistled. "That is a hefty goal, Jen. Also a good one. If you need help, let me know. I have my MBA from Princeton."  
  
Eric, Sherry, and Angela looked at Jason with a renewed respect.  
  
"Jason, you never told me you had a degree!" Angela said.  
  
Jason shrugged. "The matter never came up. It's on my resume in the office, though. I rather enjoy what I am doing right at the moment. I never really found the right partner to go into business with."  
  
The rest of dinner went pleasantly. The girls cleaned up the table while the men took their drinks into the den and sat down.  
  
"Jason, tell me about yourself," Eric said. An idea popped in his head.  
  
"Well," he started, "I went to Boston University when I was 17. I originally majored in Accounting, but made that my minor and then majored in Business Administration. I got my masters in 5 years, and my MBA a year later. The MacTiernan Group of New York, hired me as a stock analyst, but I found that I was not cut out for corporate America. I liked rock climbing and physical fitness too much. I quit that and studied aerobics. I applied to the spa downtown as an aerobics instructor 2 years ago, and that's when I met Angela. We worked together for about a year, and then we got our own classes."  
  
"Do you ever think of starting your own business?" Eric asked.  
  
"Constantly. I just haven't found something I like yet." Jason said.  
  
"What day do you have off next week?"  
  
"Wednesday."  
  
"Tell you what: Stop by my office on Wednesday. I have a proposition for you, OK?"  
  
"Alright."  
  
Eric gave him the address.  
  
Their conversation was interrupted by music coming from the wall speakers. The men looked up, and saw the girls come into the den from the hall. Each was dressed differently: Angela wore a very sexy long red evening gown, her hair combed long, with the long red gloves; Jennifer was dressed in a catholic girl's uniform, complete with jacket and tie, her hair tied in a ponytail; Sherry was dressed in a severe women's business suit, her hair tied in a tight bun.  
  
Their movements were sultry and in time to the music. They walked their way to the rug, separated a bit and danced to the music; appropriate to the type of dress they wore. As the music ended, they struck a pose.  
  
Angela spoke. "Eric Thomlinson, Jason Manacek, we are the Story Dancers. Sit back and enjoy the show."  
  
Eric and Jason looked at each other and smiled. They settled back as another song started, then dimmed in volume a little. Angela and Sherry stepped back a little. Angela turned down the lights and turned the small spotlight on to Jennifer.  
  
"This is the story of the realization of sexuality," Sherry intoned. "Watch as the schoolgirl finds out about herself."  
  
Jennifer started to sway to the music, her skirt swishing. Her hands started from her hips, running her hands up her side, back down to grab some skirt, lift it a little, then drop it. One hand found its way to her chest as she first cups one breast, then the other. Her face showed the beginning of an emerging need as her hand found the inside of her shirt and caressed her tit under it. The other hand snaked its way under the band of her skirt, and she started to rub her pussy through her silk panties. Her head went back. She closed her eyes and started to breathe hard. She then brought her head forward and opened her eyes, staring hard at the men with such lust that it made both Eric and Jason jerk a little from its impact!  
  
"Her need is upon her," Angela said, in the same tone as Sherry had used. "She has found her pleasure centers, and wishes for her clothes to be removed."  
  
Angela and Sherry stepped up. Slowly, methodically, they removed Jennifer's clothes. They played a game of flash and cover of her skin, teasing the men with little peaks. The jacket and tie went first. Sherry slowly unbuttoned her shirt, as Angela unzipped her skirt. Sherry got behind Jennifer and opened her shirt towards the men, exposing her bra-encased tits. Rivulets of sweat could be seen on the skin of her cleavage. Angela let the skirt drop, and Jennifer stepped out of it. She was now in bra, silk panties, long whit stockings and two-toned shoes. Jennifer stepped out of her shoes and kicked them to the side. She started to dance sexily, slowly moving towards the two men. Her hips flared towards them, making their heads snap back a little. She then danced her need in front of them, twirling and grinding, telling them that her need is great upon her and needs the touch of a man. Jason inadvertently reached for her, but Jennifer simply twirled out of his reach. Jason cried out.   
  
Eric laughed, putting his hand on Jason's shoulder and pulled him back. He was surprised to find he was sweating as well. Jennifer's dance was extremely erotic!  
  
Jennifer danced her way to the back of the room. Sherry took her place in the spotlight. Eric, suddenly more interested, sat on the edge of the couch.  
  
"Now we see the businesswoman," Angela said. The song ended, and another one started. Sherry struck a businesslike pose. "Her world is the corporate struggle, wanting to succeed, but the environment states you must be manlike to do so. She sacrifices some of herself for that success" Sherry's dance suggested the dichotomy of being a woman in a male dominated environment.  
  
"One day she finds her sense of self," Jennifer continued in a sultry voice, "and finally throws the strict bonds of corporate America from her breast."  
  
Sherry stopped dancing, her legs slightly spread. She whipped her head to the left and stared at the men with want and daring. She striped her coat of and threw it behind her. She then grabbed her midi skirt and ripped it off in one shot. She threw it behind her as well. She was wearing dark stockings, a black lace garter belt, and black lace panties. Her white shirt contrasted against this as she unbuttoned it. She then stripped it off of her, exposing her chest. She wore a lacy half bra, supporting her perky tits beautifully. Her areolas peeked from around the lace. She then pulled two pins from her hair, and her long brown hair cascaded around her shoulders half hiding her face as she shook her head. She then put her hands on her hips and looked at the men through her hair.  
  
Eric had hit the floor on his knees, and it was Jason's turn to laugh as he helped him up and back on to the couch. His laugh was short-lived as he once again caught sight of Sherry, and stared.  
  
Sherry had started to gyrate her hips, running her hands along her body, fondling her tits in their bra, one hand moving down her flat stomach and toward her crotch. She then moved to the back of the room, and Angela took her place in the spotlight.  
  
"Here we see the debutante," Jennifer said. A new song started that was reminiscent of club music. "Her world is of the fast life, but without much romance. She yearns for the loving touch of a man, but does not know how to find one that would love her. She finds her sexuality overpowering as she comes in contact with her need."  
  
Angela ran her right hand up her left arm, then across her collarbone, continuing up the side of her head with the back of her hand. She pulled her red hair back on that side, and looked at the men with a look of pure daring. The men gulped.  
  
Jennifer came up and unzipped the dress for Angela, then stepped back.  
  
Angela shimmied out of the dress, letting it drop to the ground. She stepped out of it, then spread her legs a little. She was still wearing a red strapless bra, black garter, nude stockings, red lace panties, and red spike high heel shoes that made her calves look maddeningly delicious. She also left on the long red gloves.  
  
Angela started to dance her need to the two men She could see that they were uncomfortable as their cocks strained against the fabric of their pants. She gyrated her hips and ran her hands along her body as she moved towards them. She stayed just out of their reach as her need turned to lust in her movements.  
  
Sherry and Jennifer started to dance and move towards the men. They went to either side of Angela, and the three women danced their need, sexuality and lust for the men. Their hips, legs and lingerie evoked a vision of pure eroticism and lust that was so powerful that the men sweated and concentrated on not coming in their pants!  
  
The song ended. On the last note, each girl struck an obscene pose. The smell of their sex was in the air, as all three women were wet.  
  
"We, the Story Dancers, present ourselves to you," the three girls said together. "Come and satisfy the need we danced for you!"  
  
Eric and Jason looked at each other. With a smile on their faces, they stood and removed their shirts...

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Eric went to Angela and Sherry. Jason went to Jennifer. The men had their shirts off, but left their pants on. The bulges at the crotch told the girls that their dance had turned them on. Eric picked up Angela and Sherry, and carried them towards the fireplace. Jennifer took Jason's hand and led him to the couch  
  
"You are mine for now, it seems," Jennifer said to Jason. "I am happy to be yours."  
  
"G-God, your beautiful!" Jason stammered.  
  
Jennifer stood on the couch, then led Jason into her arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him ardently. She separated his lips with her tongue, exploring the inside of his mouth. Jason put his arms around her waist, resting his hands on her ass. He pulled her close, and Jennifer responded by melting into him, rubbing her tits, still encased in her bra, across his chest. Jason lurched at the contact.  
  
Eric, meanwhile had thoroughly kissed Angela, and was now kissing Sherry. Angela had slipped to the ground, sitting near his leg, and rubbing his thigh. Sherry took one of his hands and placed it on one of her tits. Eric fondled the wonderful breast, tweaking the nipple, making Sherry jump, and instilling a rising lust in her.  
  
Jennifer reached down and undid the button of Jason's jeans. She broke the kiss, and knelt on the couch. She slowly unzipped his pants, careful not to snag the bulge in it. Jason's dick was uncovered as she pulled the zipper down farther. Jennifer's eyes got larger with each passing inch.  
  
"Good God!" she exclaimed as she finished unzipping his jeans. "You're-you're..."  
  
"I know," Jason said, suddenly dejected. "It's too big." He had heard that too many times before.  
  
"No," Jennifer said. "It's not that. You're...beautiful!" She looked up at him and smiled.  
  
Jason smiled back. He felt better now. He knew he was going to try and give her the greatest pleasure she ever had.  
  
Eric was standing as the Angela and Sherry were undoing his slacks. They then grabbed a side and slowly pulled them down, kissing his hips and legs as they became exposed. His cock stood at attention, and it was harder than he ever remembered it could be. His expression was one of pure lust.  
  
Jennifer finished pulling Jason's pants down, and he stepped out of them. Jennifer licked her lips as she stared at his 11" prick. She reached out and tenderly grabbed the shaft, stroking it. Jason put his head back and moaned.  
  
Jennifer released his cock and stood up. "Strip me, stud," she said sexily.  
  
Jason reached out and undid her bra, snapping the catch with one hand. Jennifer looked at him in surprise, and then smiled. She lifted her arms a bit. Jason slid her bra off, caressing the skin of her shoulders and arms as he did so. He then stepped up to her and picked her up. She felt extremely light to him. He gently placed her on her feet, then knelt down in front of her. He grabbed her panties and slowly pulled them down. Even the sides felt wet, he thought to himself. He could smell her; the aroma was heady, and it made him hornier than he had ever felt. He could see her pussy hair, and her pussy lips were swollen with desire He could see the hood of her clit peeking through the lips.  
  
When he got her panties to her feet, Jennifer stepped out of them, then planted her feet a little wider. Jason then untied her shoes, removing them from her feet. When he reached for the top of one of the stockings, Jennifer stopped him.  
  
"Leave them on," she said. "They feel sexy."  
  
Eric had stripped the two girls down to their garter belts and stockings. Angela and Sherry dragged Eric to the floor. Then Angela knelt between Eric's legs, and Sherry knelt over his face, bringing her pussy close to his lips.  
  
"Eat me." Sherry said. "Lick my honey pot clean, lover. That's a good boy!"  
  
Eric licked Sherry's slit in one long lick, making her shiver. He then sucked her lips into his mouth, slowly sucking her pussy, and tonguing her clit. His nose was near her neat little asshole.  
  
Angela was swiftly massaging his cock, then put it in her mouth, taking the whole length. Eric spasmed from the motion, making his tongue drive into Sherry's hole. Sherry closed her eyes and threw her head back, moaning. Her hands were busy on her pert tits, tweaking her nipples.  
  
Jason moved forward and buried his face in Jennifer's pussy. Jennifer held his head for support. Then she felt his tongue assaulting her slit and mashing her clit, making her shiver with lust and need. Then he put his tongue in her hole. Jennifer gasped, as his tongue felt very large in her. Without disengaging his lips, Jason moved his tongue back and forth inside her.  
  
"Fuck!" Jennifer exclaimed. "Your tongue is making me wetter, stud. Come on! Tongue fuck me!"  
  
Angela lifted her head from Eric's cock. "Feels like a cock, doesn't it?" She yelled at Jennifer. She nodded, as Jason's tongue had made her catch her breath at that moment. Angela went back to Eric's cock.  
  
Jennifer found it difficult to keep standing. Jason's tongue was bringing her to orgasm, and her legs started to feel weak.  
  
All of a sudden, Jennifer felt Jason's hands on her hips, and then she felt herself rising into the air, still perched on his lips. When he stood straight, Jennifer was perched on his face, her pussy securely in his mouth. She reached above her head and grabbed a rafter beam for support in the air.  
  
Eric's pussy eating increased, shoving his tongue in and out of Sherry's pussy, and mashing her clit with his thumb. Sherry's eyes were glazed over with lust, and her breathing was getting short.   
  
Angela disengaged her mouth from Eric's cock and positioned her pussy over it. She then grabbed his cock and guided it into her snatch, rubbing her clit with the head along the way. Eric was bucking constantly now. Angela put his cock head into her pussy, adjusted her position, then dropped heavily. Eric lurched forward, knocking Sherry a little off-balance. Angela reached out and grabbed Sherry's tits. Sherry grabbed her hands and had her roughly massage them. Then Sherry looked at Angela with lust in her eyes.  
  
"He's fucking you and eating me," she said, gasping. "I want his cock in me a while. We switch in two, OK?"  
  
Angela was being bucked by Eric's thrusts. Her tits bounced off her chest with each buck. She nodded.  
  
Two minutes later, they switched. Angela lowered her quivering pussy onto her lover's pussy soaked face. He immediately found her clit and nibbled it, making her shiver with lust. Sherry grabbed his cock and place the head just inside her cunt. His cock was already slick from Angela's pussy, and a little precum coated the head. She took a breath and dropped onto his cock until it bottomed out, pushing against her cervix. Sherry then tightened her pussy muscles, squeezing his dick. Eric grunted and lurched forward, biting Angela's clit a little harder. Angela gasped.  
  
"Ooh, that's it, stud," Angela purred. "Bite my clit! Gobble it up! Make me come!"  
  
Keeping her pussy muscles tight, Sherry started to slide on and off Eric's cock.  
  
Jennifer was in heaven. She was hanging on a rafter, supported at her pussy by Jason's mouth and tongue, which was still darting in and out of her pussy while his hand mashed her clit. Jennifer's breathing became labored.  
  
"OH SHIT!" she yelled. "SHIT, JASON, YOUR TONGUE'S SO FUCKING GOOD IN ME. I-I'M COMING, JASON! I'M COMING FOR YOU, LOVER! DRINK MY CUM! SUCK ME DRY! OH! OH! I'M COMING...NOW!! AAAUUUGGHH!"  
  
Jennifer gripped the rafter harder as her body spasmed from the first wave of her orgasm. Her pussy juice flow freely, filling Jason's mouth quickly, then dribbled out the sides. Jason swallowed as best he could, savoring the sweet taste of Jennifer. He kept fucking her with his tongue. Jennifer felt him tighten his grip, and she pushed down from the rafter, grinding her pussy into Jason's face, as the wave of another orgasm rocked her body.  
  
The sweat on Sherry dripped between her tits as she continued her tight pussy assault on Eric's cock. She was feeling him throb inside her, and knew he would be coming soon. She reached down and fingered her swollen clit, bringing herself closer to a climax.  
  
Angela had a pained look on her face as Eric's mouth took her over the edge.  
  
"OH, ERIC! YOU'RE SO GOOD. I'M GLAD YOUR'RE MINE. OOH! OH, SHIT! I'M GONNA COME!"  
  
Angela's body rocked once, then twice. She lifted a little, a look of surprise on her face, then dropped down and screamed as her orgasm hit. This made Eric buck his hips hard, driving his cock all the way in to Sherry, pushing past her cervix and into her uterus. Sherry screamed as the pain of that push sent her over the edge.  
  
"FUCK MY TWAT SILLY!" she screamed at him. "FILL MY WOMB WITH YOUR SPERM! COME IN ME! I WANT IT! I WANT—OH SHIT! I-I'M COMING!"  
  
Sherry slammed her pussy onto Eric's cock as hard as she could as her orgasm gripped her. She grabbed his hips for support, and she screamed a little as each thrust pushed past her cervix.  
  
Eric couldn't take any more. He grunted into Angela's pussy, slammed his cock once more into Sherry all the way, then orgasmed. The first wave coated her uterus. He then pulled back a little, and filled her pussy with his sperm. It oozed from her snatch around his cock, making her extremely tight and slippery. This caused him to continue fucking her as each thrust sent a new dizzying wave of pleasure through him. His cock kept spurting, overfilling Sherry's pussy. Sherry screamed one more time, then humped over, spent. Angela also fell to one side, just as spent. Eric gasped, then gently lifted Sherry off his cock and laid her to one side.  
  
Jennifer's orgasms seemed like they would not stop. She was crying now as her fifth orgasm rocked her. Jason rode it out until he felt her subside a little. He then lifted her off his face and slowly lowered her. Jennifer's body was shaking uncontrollably. As she neared his head, she grabbed around his neck and kissed him ardently.  
  
"Put me on your cock," she whispered to him after kissing him. "Fuck me now!"  
  
Jason looked at her. Jennifer's face was a mask of wanton lust.  
  
Jennifer was lost in lustful pleasure. Her pussy was so thoroughly eaten she felt she would not be able to walk for a week! She had to have his cock now, before she passed out. She wanted that huge member impaling her, raping her with its size, making her hurt, but filling her with a hunk of the most incredible piece of meat she had seen to date. Her last orgasm left her wet, but the thought of being lowered onto that gigantic cock made her even wetter!  
  
Jason lowered Jennifer until she felt the head of his cock at her pussy. He spread his legs a little and found his balance. He looked at Jennifer. She licked her lips, and nodded. He dropped her onto his cock.  
  
Jennifer's mind exploded as her pussy lips were stretched to their limits. Her juice made her pussy slippery. Jason grunted as Jennifer started to grind her hips, forcing him to lower her more on his monster.  
  
Jason lowered her until he felt her cervix. Jennifer knew that he had completely filled her, and that there was a little less than an inch left until she was in contact with his body. She took two deep breaths, and made him drop her the rest of the way.  
  
Jennifer felt the head of his cock enter her uterus. Jason grunted from the feeling. Jennifer's head was spinning from the sensation. She placed her head on his chest, grabbing his shoulders. Jason's arms came up and hugged her in place.   
  
Eric was just getting up off the floor when he noticed how Jason and Jennifer were joined. He whistled softly. He knew he was not that strong, and he could see the muscles ripple along his back and ass. He did not feel jealous; he was just amazed at his obvious strength.  
  
Eric felt the hands of Angela and Sherry start to caress his thighs as they recovered from their earth-shattering orgasms. The two women looked at the sight of Jason and Jennifer. Angela moaned, and Sherry gasped.  
  
"Is she all right?" Angela asked Eric.  
  
"I think she is more than all right," Eric said, smiling down at his woman. He put his left hand on her head. "I think she is falling in love with him."  
  
"That would follow," Sherry said, rubbing his thigh and playing with his balls. "When we were getting ready for our dance, we were talking about him. Jenny was enamored with him after talking with him at dinner, and she decided to play to his obvious shy side with that schoolgirl bit."  
  
Eric looked over to his secretary and smiled.  
  
"Come on, girls," Eric said, "let's give them some privacy."  
  
Eric grabbed Angela's and Sherry's hair and pulled them to their feet. Sherry grabbed his cock and smiled. The three then linked arms and headed to the master bedroom.  
  
Jennifer was crying softly. She had never been filled as completely as she was now. The pain had subsided, and the tingle of lust was again in her pussy. Jason continued to hold her in place and stroke her back and butt.   
  
Jennifer was sorting her feelings. She was smitten by this man's obvious intelligence, easy-going attitude and outlook on life. He was gorgeous, and he had a unique and thoroughly erotic way to please a woman. She wanted to be with him. She wanted him to be with her. She wanted to explore many things with him, and share in his life. Jennifer knew it: She was in love with him.  
  
Jason's thoughts were tumultuous. He had met her only tonight, but he felt he had known her all his life. He wanted to know all about this woman who clinged to him. He wanted to know all those little things that couples tell each other. He felt himself falling in love with her.  
  
"Jennifer, you are so amazing" Jason finally said.  
  
Jennifer wrapped her legs around his waist and started to grind her hips against him.  
  
"Jason, I think I love you," she finally said.  
  
"I don't think so," He said. She looked up at him, hurt. "I know so. I know in my heart that I love you. You captured my heart, Jennifer."  
  
Jennifer's realization came slow. Then it hit her. He didn't rebuke her: he loved her!  
  
She started to laugh and cry. She hugged him hard. "Oh, you shithead!" She exclaimed. "You had me worried!"  
  
Jason laughed. It was a good feeling, being in love.  
  
"Jason?"  
  
"Yes, my love?"  
  
"Lay me down and fuck me. Make love to me!"  
  
Jason looked at her, then kissed her. He gingerly lowered himself and laid her on the floor, his cock still deeply buried in her snatch. He repositioned himself, then started his rocking motion, fucking Jennifer.  
  
Jennifer's head exploded again as Jason's cock impaled her, bottoming out each time, but he did not go beyond the cervix. Jennifer appreciated that. She knew that at some other time, she would have him come in her uterus.  
  
Jennifer wrapped her legs around him tighter and started to grind into him as fast as he was moving. She loved the feel of his cock filling her, stretching her to the breaking point. The slap of his gigantic balls on her ass as he thrusted felt good.  
  
Jason and Jennifer continued in this traditional missionary position for about ten minutes. They stared into each other's eyes, drinking in the love that shone there. Then Jennifer stopped him and had him pull out. She turned over and lifted her ass to him. She buried her face in her arms.  
  
"Please, fuck me from behind" she said.  
  
Jason got on his knees. He grabbed his cock and guided it to her pussy again. He inserted it and pushed, bottoming out on the first thrust.  
  
Jennifer gasped again from the feeling. Then Jason started thrusting in and out, pulling almost out then ramming home again. Jennifer spread her leg a little, then reached back and fondled her clit. Her juices were freely flowing, and she could feel it drip from her pussy. She continued to rub her clit in time with Jason's fucking. She was being pushed forward with each thrust, but she dug in and held her ground.  
  
The feeling from this position was more than either of them could stand.  
  
"OOH, JASON, I'M GONNA COME AGAIN! YOUR COCK MADE ME COME AGAIN! I LOVE YOU, JASON! OH FUCK! I-I'M COMMINNNGG!"  
  
"I CAN'T HOLD IT ANY LONGER JEN! I GOTTA COME IN YOU! AAAUUUUGGH! I'M COMMING!"  
  
Jennifer's orgasm rocked her body once again. This time, however, Jason was cumming with her. His sperm coated her pussy completely; her juices flowed over his cock, thoroughly wetting their crotch areas and the floor under them. Jennifer gasped with each wave, and Jason grunted with each spurt.   
  
Spent, they collapsed. Jason's cock shrunk, but was still inside her. When his strength returned, he withdrew. He then helped Jennifer up. She was a little shaky.  
  
"That was AWESOME!" Jennifer said. Her love for him shone in her eyes.  
  
"You were awesome, babe," Jason said back. "Love has a way of making everything better, don't you think?"  
  
"I agree!"  
  
"I'll have to thank Angela for introducing us."  
  
Jennifer started. "What?"  
  
"Angela. She told me on Monday that she had someone she wanted me to meet. I'm glad it was you."  
  
She didn't tell me anything!"  
  
"She didn't-Well, I guess we'll have to thank her together."  
  
Jennifer got an idea, but she decided to tell him something first. "Before I tell you what's on my mind, I need to tell you something about me."  
  
"What is it, love?"  
  
That word flooded her with her new emotion, but she continued on. "Well, I have been a VERY close friend of Eric and Angela. We have shared of each other. I really do not want to stop that. You see, I love making it with men, and women."  
  
Jason was silent for a moment.  
  
"Well," Jennifer said, almost pleadingly, "say something!"  
  
"What can I say?" he finally said. "That is who you are. I knew that when I fell in love with you, I would fall in love with everything about you. That you like to make it with other men doesn't bother me. I know where your heart is. That you make it with other women-well that sort of turns me on. I do have to say that I am a little possessive, but my possessiveness is for your love. Sex is only one way of expressing it. You love me. You love Eric. You love Angela. You seem to pick your partners by that criterion. I am no different. But your love for me is a little different, as mine is for you. It is that love I am possessive of, crazy as it sounds."  
  
Jennifer cocked her head, looking at him. "No, it's not crazy at all."  
  
"All I can tell you, Jennifer love, is that we love each other now. That does not exclude anyone we hold dear."  
  
Jennifer smiled wide. She grabbed Jason and gave him a big hug.  
  
"Oh Jason!" she said, "That is the most beautiful thing anyone has ever said to me! Come on! Let's go thank Angela now!"  
  
Jason and Jennifer laughed. Jennifer then led Jason to the back bedroom...

**Jennifer's Summer Adventure Ch. 10**

Jennifer and Jason entered the master bedroom. Eric, his cock fully erect, was directing Angela to suck it. Sherry sat in the hanging chair in the corner, fucking herself with a dildo.  
  
"That's it, whore," Eric was saying to Angela, "Suck my cock until it is hard as iron." "Whore" was Angela's pet name during sexplay. "Slut" was Jennifer's.  
  
Jennifer snuck up on Eric, reached between his legs, and gave his balls a mighty squeeze!  
  
Eric cried in surprise, disengaging Angela's mouth from his dick. He turned around.  
  
"Jennifer!" he said, a little exasperated, "Don't do that! Angela almost bit my dick off when you did that!"  
  
Jason, Jennifer, Angela, and Sherry laughed at his outburst. Soon, he was joining in.  
  
"Jen," Eric said, after the laughter subsided, "how are you, love?"  
  
"Funny you should say that," Jennifer said, smiling. "We had a great time together, but that's not all." She walked over to Jason and wrapped herself around his arm. "We fell in love."  
  
Angela and Sherry yelled their enthusiasm and congratulations. Eric smiled and grabbed Jennifer around the waist and picked her up.  
  
"Oh, Jen, I'm happy for you!" he said, kissing her. "I am so glad you found someone that loves you! You deserve it! You have been through so much these past couple months." He said this last with a touch of a sense of loss. He knew that Angela had brought Jason over to meet Jennifer. When he met him, he found him to be a good man, a good match for this little slut, vixen... wonderful woman. Deep down, he half hoped Jason and Jennifer wouldn't get along. He didn't want to lose her love.  
  
"Thanks, lover," Jennifer said smiling. "I don't think I would have met him if it weren't for you two. I owe both of you a lot."  
  
"Nonsense," Angela said, getting up. "Jennifer, you did something for both Eric and I. You gave us a better sense of ourselves as well and showed us just how much we love each other. You are as much a part of that love we share. Eric is a better man and better lover because of it."  
  
"Besides," Eric added, "You have a freshness that inspires Angela, and you two get on famously. I don't think she would have found her true self-but for your help. You came to us all wide-eyed and innocent, and left us wide-eyed at your depth. You don't owe us, love, it is we who owe you."   
  
Eric found he meant every word of what he said. He knew he was deeply indebted to Jennifer. His emotion softened. He was coming to firmly believe that the love Jennifer and Jason shared was good.  
  
Jennifer blushed at the comment.  
  
Jason went over to Angela. "Angie, thanks for inviting me here. And thank you for introducing us. How you knew my tastes I'll never know. We only made it that one day at the spa, and you figured me. Now I have a wonderful, beautiful, sexy, lustful woman that I intend to be with. We fell in love with each other. I never expected that!"  
  
This time, Angela blushed.  
  
"And since I found love, I found out some other things about me and Jen. Don't worry. She is as much a part of you two as she is of me. She is a special woman, whose love is enough for any she deems to give it to. Just as you and Eric have a special love specifically reserved for just you two, so do Jen and I. We all love each other, and I think we will share in that love for each other for a long time to come. So don't fear that I'm taking her from you: I will not do that. You love her."  
  
The mood in the room changed. A deep emotion surfaced in the four of them, and they looked at each other with a wonder more profound than any of them had ever felt.  
  
Sherry watched this interplay, a growing sadness surfacing. She got out of the chair and walked over to them. "I think I'll leave," she said. There were tears in her eyes.  
  
Jennifer disengaged from Eric and walked over to her. "Why are you leaving?" she asked.  
  
"I feel I'm intruding on something special that I'm not a part of," she said, choking back a sob. Oh, how she longed to be in this kind of relationship with others!  
  
"Now that is ludicrous, Sherry!" Jennifer said. "You are a part of this as much as I am."  
  
"But you all share something special. All I wanted was Eric's cock. That's just fucking. I see how you look at each other. You make love to each other. That's different."  
  
"How can you say that? Eric, have you treated her as just another piece of ass?"  
  
Eric looked surprised at the question. "No!" he exclaimed. "I came to know the depth of her attachment to me from work. She and Angela are longtime friends, and I find myself lucky that I have THREE women who derive as much pleasure from me as I do from them. A piece of ass? Far from it, love!"  
  
"Angela?" Jennifer said.  
  
"Sherry, I've known you for a long time," she said. "We knew each other in high school. I was pleasantly surprised to learn you worked for Eric. I knew your nature, and I was glad for Eric that there was someone else that loved him as much as Jennifer or I do. This gives him a variety that I cannot give him. But beyond the sex, this surrounds him with a love that he never had before he met me. Or Jennifer. Or you. He responds to that love so positively that I take offense to anyone who would deprive him of it. You are a part of him. You presence here solidifies our relationship together, and I think there is room for you. You belong here. We three girls make a pretty good team for our men. I daresay that our love for them will keep them satisfied for a very long time!"  
  
Sherry started crying. Jennifer hugged her.  
  
"I never... had a loving relationship. My last one was painful, and it ended badly. I'm sorry. I'm not used to a family situation."  
  
"I felt somewhat the same at one time," Jennifer said. "If it helps, I do love you, Sherry. You have a brazen side that I don't, and I like watching it in action. I plan on making love to you. The only question in your mind should be when; not if or might, but when. Now you just entered this family; don't bail out until you give it a chance!"  
  
Jennifer kissed Sherry with a lustful passion. Sherry, taken aback at first, responded ardently.  
  
Jennifer broke the kiss. "That is only a small sample, bitch!" Jennifer decided that would be her sex name, just as hers was "slut".  
  
Sherry licked her lips after the kiss. "That's worth waiting for," she said. "Lets hope it's just as good on my pussy!"  
  
Eric rolled his eyes. Jason smirked. Angela gasped in surprise. Jennifer smiled.  
  
"You'll have to earn it," Jennifer countered back.  
  
Eric lost it. So did Jason and Angela. They just started laughing hard.  
  
Jennifer smiled again and started laughing. Sherry joined in. Jennifer grabbed her hand and led her over to the group. They all joined in for a group hug, five naked people, finding a bond that goes deeper than just sex.  
  
Jennifer motioned for Eric to break and move to a far corner so she could talk to him. When she finished with what she had to say, Eric smiled, and nodded. They came back to the group.  
  
"It seems Jennifer and Jason have a 'thank you' planned for Angela," Eric said, "and it involves all of us. You game, Sherry?"  
  
"You bet."  
  
Angela looked at Eric. "What?" she said cautiously.  
  
Eric looked at her. Suddenly, he scooped her up and put her over his shoulder. Angela yelled in surprise. Eric headed towards the den.  
  
The group followed, hand in hand. When they got to the den, Eric dumped Angela on the fur rug.  
  
"You are not to leave this rug, whore," Eric said.  
  
"Angela got the gist. "Yes, Master," she said.  
  
"Do we get into-" Jason asked Jennifer in a low voice.  
  
"A little," Jennifer said, "Light stuff; nothing painful or degrading. Usually at the height of passion, where it can be very erotic!"  
  
"Hmm," he said.  
  
"Jason," Eric said, "You're first."  
  
Jason looked at Jennifer, she smiled and shooed him towards her. Jason walked over to the rug. "How may I serve you, Master?" Angela said to him.  
  
Jason's eyes were wide. He caught the gist of this game, and found himself warming to it.  
  
"Suck my cock until it is hard enough to fuck you mercilessly." He said roughly  
  
Jennifer raised her eyebrows. He caught on fast!  
  
Angela took Jason's cock and put it in her mouth. Her expert tongue lapped around the head and shaft, quickly stiffening him. She kept sucking him. She repositioned so that it could go down her throat. She then deep-throated him, making Jason moan with pleasure.  
  
"Bitch, get in there and suck her pussy dry," Eric growled. He had heard what Jennifer had said to Sherry.  
  
"Yes Master," she said immediately. Apparently, Eric taught her the punishment for disobeying him, Jennifer thought.  
  
"Put your hands on your knees in front of me and spread you legs, slut" he said.  
  
"Yes, Master," Jennifer said. She did as instructed.  
  
Eric grabbed his cock and rubbed Jennifer's cunt with it.  
  
"You are about to be fucked slut," Eric said.  
  
"Yes, Master."  
  
Eric placed his cockhead at her pussy hole, and pushed in, burying the entire length. Jennifer bit her lip, and gasped softly. Eric started a medium speed thrust. Enough to make her gasp with each stroke, but light enough to make it last a long time.  
  
Jason's eyes were closed. He was still being deep throated. "Enough, whore!" he said, staggering a bit. Angela stopped immediately, panting. Sherry was still eating her pussy. Jason knelt down.  
  
"Go to the edge of the carpet and kneel, bitch," Eric said, thrusting his cock again in Jennifer's wet, tight cunt.  
  
Sherry stopped sucking Angela's pussy with a wet slop, and went to the edge of the carpet as instructed.  
  
Eric slapped Jennifer's ass. "Go suck the whore's tit, slut," he said kindly.  
  
"Yes, Master," Jennifer said. She took two steps forward, disengaging Eric's wonderful cock from her pussy, stood up, and went over to Angela. She got down on her knees, then lowered her head to Angela's left tit.  
  
"On the other tit, bitch," Eric growled.  
  
"Yes, Master," Sherry said. She got up and moved to Angela's other side, and locked her mouth on her tit, sucking the nipple. Angela moaned.  
  
Eric went over to the end table. He removed a long, tufted feather from the drawer, and then went to the group. He knelt down next to Jason, who was still catching his breath.  
  
"How are you doing?" Eric asked of him.  
  
"A little shaky," Jason said, grinning. "I had never been deep-throated before the whore did me last Monday, and she just did it again. I don't think my legs can handle that too much!"  
  
Eric laughed. "Just wait 'til the slut wraps that mouth of hers around your monster. You'll pass out!"  
  
Jason looked at him. Eric was a very assertive man, and none too shy, he thought. He also figured that he was good for Jennifer. Now he would be good for her. He found he liked the level of these games, and wanted to explore more with Jennifer during those times they would be alone. The fantasizing of those times to come made his dick lurch.  
  
Eric broke him out of his reverie by snapping. He held up the feather to Jason. "Watch this!" he said.  
  
Eric moved closer to Angela's legs. He started to trace the feather from her left ankle up her leg. Angela squirmed a bit.  
  
"Don't move, whore," Eric said, continuing to trace up her leg with the feather.   
  
Jason got an idea. He went to Angela's other leg. He looked at Eric and winked. He stuck his tongue out. Eric gawked a bit at its size. Jason then started to trace along her right leg from the ankle up  
  
Angela started, but quickly subsided. She was told not to move. It was damned hard to do, though! She had a girl on each tit, sucking them like there was no tomorrow, making her horny and wet. Now she had a feather stroking up one leg, and a tongue on the other. Her pussy was open to the air, and it was quivering in anticipation. Her pussy juice leaked out, moistening the crack of her ass before being soaked into the rug.  
  
Eric reached Angela's hip with the feather. He lightly flicked her tummy with it. Angela could not help moving. Suddenly, her ass felt the smack of a hand.  
  
"He told you not to move, whore!" Jason growled. He winked at Eric, who winked back.  
  
Angela could not believe it. There were now TWO masters! Oh, she was in heaven! "Yes, Master!" she cried.  
  
Eric's feather found Angela's clit. Angela stifled a cry as the feather stroked it. She had to put all her energy into NOT moving!  
  
Jason reached her hip and continued up, then across her belly, stopping to lick out her bellybutton. Angela's belly tightened at the contact. At this point, Jason got up and straddled Angela at the belly. Eric moved down to give him some room, continuing his assault on Angela's pussy and clit with the feather. He gave Jason a friendly thump on his back. Jason gave the thumbs-up.  
  
Jason grabbed Jennifer and Sherry by the hair and pulled them up. They looked at him and cringed a little. He had stone stern look on his face. His symmetrical features made this look impressive.  
  
"Listen carefully, slaves," He growled, "You are going to help me pleasure this whore. You will push her tits around my cock as I fuck them. You will also hold her head up so that it can also go into her mouth. Fail in this, and I will punish you with this monster!"  
  
Slave. This word added a new level to their love play. Jason added it firmly, and appropriate for the level of eroticism that was happening. Jennifer and Sherry found themselves getting wetter with the lust it inspired in them. "Yes, Master," they said together.  
  
The girls moved so that Jason could get his huge prick between Angela's tits. Angela looked at him wide eyed, then closed them and moan as that feather made another pass at her clit.  
  
Jennifer and Sherry then pushed Angela's tits firmly against Jason's cock. He started thrusting. A little precum leaked out, coating the cleavage enough to make it slippery. The girls took their free hand and lifted Angela's head. Angela opened her eyes and saw that cock heading towards her mouth from her tits.  
  
"Open your mouth, whore!" He growled. Angela complied, and Jason thrust through and shoved about 4 inches of his dick into her waiting mouth. He pulled back and thrust again. Angela made gurgling sounds each time his cock was in her mouth. Her tongue darted around the tip as it left.  
  
Eric, having put the cum-soaked feather to the side got up and whispered to Jason. A grim smile crossed his face and nodded.  
  
"Put her head down slaves," Jason said. "Switch hands on her tits, then grab her legs and bring them forward. Split them as wide as they will go. Do it!"  
  
"Yes, Master," they said.  
  
The girls grabbed Angela's legs and pulled them forward, then split them wide, as instructed. Angela gasped at this, as her legs were split and held at the breaking point.  
  
Jennifer looked up at Eric and silently gasped. He was coating his cock with K-Y jelly! He had a wickedly lustful look on his face. Jennifer tore her face away from his stare and looked down at Angela's tit. He was going to fuck her ass!  
  
Eric returned to Angela, admiring her splayed position. Her pussy lips were open from the severe angle of her legs. He knew her legs could go that far, being as limber as she was. She was completely wet. He then bent down, tapped Jason on the shoulders, then slapped Angela on the ass. Jason then got off Angela, his dick glistening from the saliva of her mouth.  
  
"Slaves to me!" Jason roared as he took a few steps from Angela. Jennifer and Sherry went to him.  
  
Both Jennifer and Sherry were amazed at Jason's apparent power. He knew well how to command, and both girls felt helpless in his presence. Jennifer knew that this was a part of the game they were playing, and she knew he knew it too, because he gave a small wink to her as she came up to him.  
  
"Kneel," Jason said to them.  
  
""Yes, Master," they said. They knelt.  
  
Eric knelt between Angela's legs, keeping them widely split.  
  
"Prepare to be invaded, whore!" He growled.  
  
Angela got up on her elbows, took one look at Eric's glistening cock at her ass and gasped. She then looked at his face. She saw the stern look of her master, but she could also see the love of her man in his eyes. She knew he would never hurt her, so he must have decided that this was the right time. Certainly they had talked about it, but it also seemed that the time was not right for it, until now. She checked her emotions. She found she wanted him to fuck her in the ass, and she also knew she would not let anyone else do that to her. This would be one thing that only Eric could do to her.  
  
She smiled at Eric, and nodded. He understood and smiled back. He pushed his cock into her ass.  
  
Angela screamed a little from the stretching pain as the head of Eric's dick spread her asshole to the breaking point. Eric eased his cock inch by inch into her ass until he had buried about 6 inches. Angela had tears in her eyes as she struggled to accommodate her man. Eric was compassionate, waiting after each thrust in, until Angela had accommodated the new amount of meat in her ass. Eric gasped a bit at the tightness.  
  
"Honey, your ass is divine!" he said to her.  
  
"Oh, Master, you have completely taken me now," she said. "Fuck my ass, Master!"  
  
Eric start to rock, moving his cock in and out of his woman's ass. Angela cried out softly with each thrust, then started to moan in pleasure. Once he knew that she was enjoying it, he signaled Jason to start phase two. Jason nodded.  
  
"Listen closely, slaves," Jason said to the two panting girls at his feet. They were really affected by the scene! "I am going to fuck Angela now, along with Eric. Slut, you are to scissor her head between your legs once Eric puts her on her side, and keep her eating you until I tell you otherwise. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Master," Jennifer said, still looking at Eric and Angela, gasping in lust. Suddenly she felt her hair pulled a little painfully, and her head was turned to look into the stern and dominating face of the man she loved.  
  
"You weren't paying attention, slut!" He growled. "When I speak, you look at me, understand?"  
  
Jennifer winced as he pulled again, making his point. "Yes, Master," she said, a little scared, but thrilled nonetheless.  
  
"Bitch," Sherry immediately looked at Jason, a look of fear and lust on her face, "I am going to hold you upside down, and you are to suck me until I kneel down to fuck the whore. Once I am in her, you are to put your pussy in my mouth, and keep it there until I release you. Do you understand?" He grabbed her hair tightly and lightly shook her head.  
  
Sherry winced. "Yes, Master!" she cried.  
  
"Get to it slaves!" Jason cried.  
  
The girls jumped up with alacrity. Jennifer went to Angela and knelt to the side until she could carry out her master's command. Sherry got into a handstand in front of Jason, and spread her legs. Jason picked her up and hugged her to him, lifting her high enough so that her head was at his crotch. He heard Sherry gag a little as she became aware of how big he really was, and then put his gigantic cockhead into her mouth. She was smaller than the other two women, and Jason knew that. He accepted the fact that she would only get a fraction of his cock into her mouth.  
  
Sherry did her best to put as much of her master into her mouth, It stretched her lips terribly, but she was able to get about four inches in. She then started to bob and suck his cock, swishing her tongue over the head.  
  
Jason slowly walked over to Eric and Angela, with Sherry sucking his cock. Once he was in sight of Eric, He signaled for phase three to start.  
  
Eric stopped his thrusts. Angela was sweating from the exertion, but showed a mask of pure lust for the fucking. Eric then pushed Angela on her side, and laid down behind her, his cock still buried deeply in her ass.  
  
Jason disengaged Sherry from his cock, turned her over, and set her down. "Kneel over there, bitch," he said to her. "Stay there until I call you."

"Yes. Master," she said.  
  
"Lift your leg, whore," Eric said to Angela. She lifted her leg, exposing her cunt.  
  
Jason lay down in front of Angela, facing her. "I am now going to fuck you mercilessly, whore," He said to her. " This is my 'thank you' for introducing me to the slut."  
  
"Yes, Master," she said. "Thank you, Master."  
  
"Keep you leg raised, whore."  
  
"Yes Master."  
  
Jason put his hand on Angela's pussy and got his hand wet with her juice. He then coated his cock with it. He put his cock at her pussy hole, then rammed the full 11-inch length into her, past her cervix, and into her uterus. She screamed from the pain and lust of it. He pulled all the way out and thrusted again. Angela's screamed silently.  
  
Angela was lost in an erotic, lustful, painful euphoria. She had eight inches of cock in her ass, and 11 inches in her cunt. The pain and pleasure lines blurred. She was an animal, living only for the fullness she now felt. All of a sudden, she felt a pair of legs wrap her head, and had a pussy shoved into her mouth. She sniffed, and recognized the smell. It was Jennifer. She started sucking her clit and lips in a ferocious manner, making her cry out in surprise, pain, and lust.  
  
Sherry positioned herself at Jason's head, and shoved her pussy into his mouth as instructed. Immediately, she felt him thrust his tongue into her snatch. It felt like a soft, medium cock to her. She reached over and found Eric's face. She pulled him in for a passionate kiss. Jennifer started to lick and bite her ass cheeks.  
  
The five of them were locked in this erotic tangle of bodies, thrusting and moaning incessantly. The men synchronized their moves so that they thrusted at the same time, and at the same violent speed; these thrusts made Angela attack Jennifer's pussy so hard that Jennifer was in a constant moan and cry of the sensations derived from her lips, tongue, and teeth in her most sensitive area; This made Jennifer bite Sherry's ass harder and harder, to the point that it left red bite marks in her cheeks; this made Sherry shove her pussy harder and harder into Jason's mouth, and mash Eric's mouth with hers just as violently.  
  
The ecstasy and erotic pain of this tryst so charged the air that soon they all started coming, and such was the emotion that they all came at the same time! Angela stiffened, then screamed into Jennifer's pussy as her orgasm hit with such force that her body pushed hard against the two men, forcing their cocks even harder into her. Jason cried into Sherry's pussy as his sperm flooded Angela, making her pussy so slick that he went insane from the feeling. Eric's orgasm rocked his body so violently that he inadvertently bit down on Sherry bottom lip, drawing a little blood. Sherry screamed, but did not disengaged from the kiss, as her own orgasm forced her to shove her pussy into Jason's mouth so hard that she heard him grunt from the pain in his jaw. Jennifer's orgasm rocked the very foundation of her being as she flooded her best friend's mouth with her juice, and pushing her pussy harder against her lips.  
  
The orgasms that rocked the five people lasted a whopping five minutes. In the end, all three women passed out, and the two men withdrew from Angela, and staggered to the middle of the room before they fell from reaction and exhaustion. Both of their dicks were a little purple, bruised from the effort. Both men had scratch marks on their bodies from where the three girls had gripped them, or raked them, during their orgasms. Some of the scratches showed the wetness of blood flecks.  
  
It was a while before either of them could speak. They were awed by the ferocity of the lovemaking!  
  
"I don't think we'll go that deep for a while," Eric finally said.  
  
"I agree," Jason said, wincing as his movement aggravated a particularly deep scratch made on his back by Jennifer. "What got into us?"  
  
Isn't it obvious? We love each other. In an effort to show the depth of our love, we translated it into our actions. Our love for each other has a deep, deep need, and that need surfaced in an erotic, violent way. For about an hour, we were no longer friends; you and I were the masters, masculine, taking our rightful place in the scheme of things. Our women were the submissives, slaves to our every whim, utterly female and feminine. We responded to each other that way, and the animalistic part of our natures and natural proclivities took over. This is the result. Are you disappointed it happened?"  
  
Jason thought about that for a moment. It made sense to him in retrospect. Certainly, he had never reacted to lovemaking as passionate and violent as that before. "No," he finally said.  
  
"Jason, How bad am I?" Eric asked.  
  
Jason looked. Eric had a bruise on the right side of his mouth. His back was covered with deep scratches, some of them with dried blood in them. His shoulders looked bruised. His upper arms looked wrenched. Jason explained all this in detail for him. Eric whistled.  
  
"No wonder I feel stiff and sore," he said ruefully  
  
"Check me," Jason said, a little tightly.  
  
Eric looked. He was worse. He had a growing bruise on the right side of his face. His right eye was black and blue. Scratches from all three women covered his chest and back. His crotch looked like it was violently rubbed raw. Eric explained this. Jason closed his eyes and laughed.  
  
"Come on, my friend," Eric said. "Let's go check on the women."  
  
The two men helped each other up, wincing in pain. They made their way back to the women and looked. All three women had bruises of varying degree on their body. The crotch on all three was bruised. Angela was the worst. They were all still unconscious.  
  
Eric and Jason managed to pick up each girl and carry her to the bedroom and lay her on the bed. Eric went to the bathroom for some wet cloths while Jason went to the kitchen for some ice. They ministered to the girls, cleaning them up as best they could. They made them comfortable and covered them with a light blanket. Then they cleaned each other up, applying salve on the deepest scratches and bandaging them. Eric then pulled two plush chairs into the bedroom and placed them near the women. He and Jason then lowered themselves in these chairs after donning shorts, and held vigil. Eric let Jason sleep for 2 hours then woke him for the next vigil shift. They continued this throughout the night.  
  
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Eric was awake when Jennifer stirred. She moaned in pain. Eric got up and went to her.  
  
"Jen, How are you feeling?" he asked.  
  
"Oh, Eric," she said, "I'm so sore!  
  
Eric went over to the dresser and grabbed the aspirin and water he had put there in the night. He gave her two and gave her the water, helping her to drink.  
  
"Lay down, lover," he said to her. "Sleep. We all had a rough night."  
  
Jennifer did not argue. She lay down, and soon was asleep again.  
  
Eric sat down, relieved. He was tired. He drifted off to sleep as the other two women and Jason started to stir.  
  
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It was midafternoon when Eric sensed a hand on his shoulder, shaking him.  
  
"Eric, wake up, honey! Wake up, please!" pleaded a woman's voice.  
  
Eric heard the woman from afar off. All he wanted to do was sleep. The woman was insistent. He decided to wake and find out what she wanted.  
  
Eric opened his eyes. A cool washcloth covered them. He removed it and saw Sherry standing over him. She was wearing a light robe.  
  
"Hello," he said.  
  
Sherry looked visibly relieved. She turned and yelled out the door.  
  
"He's awake!"  
  
Two women ran into the room. They looked a little worse for wear, but otherwise all right. Angela still looked like she was in a little pain, and a small bruise showed on Jennifer's jaw.  
  
"Eric! Thank God you're awake!" Angela said, relieved.  
  
"We weren't sure whether to let you rest, or send for the ambulance," Jennifer said, just as relieved. "When we got up, we cleaned up and tended to ourselves. Jason and you were passed out. We saw the bandages, and checked. A lot of the scratches reopened, and we were worried. We rebandaged you, and it took all three of us to lift you and put you in the bed. We put Jason on my bed. He was just as bad, but he has been awake for a couple hours now."  
  
"He told us about last night, what happened," Sherry said. "Did you really take shifts and watch over us?"  
  
"We really did," Eric said.  
  
"How sweet!" Jennifer said.  
  
Angela got some more bandages and changed Eric's out. She then left and returned with a limping Jason, also bandaged.  
  
"I see you're awake," he said, entering the room. He sat in one of the plush chairs still in the room.  
  
"That remains to be seen," Eric said, holding his head. "So, how are you girls?"  
  
"Sore!" Sherry said. "I got handprints all over my arms and hips, and BITES on my ass!" she said, saying the last while looking at Jennifer.  
  
"We're all bruised," Angela said, smiling. "She's just mad because she wasn't as bruised in the pussy as I was!"  
  
"We actually compared bruises!" Jennifer laughed.  
  
Eric looked at them in exasperation.  
  
"Face it, Eric," Jason drawled from his chair, "we won't live this one down. These girls are wearing their bruises like war trophies! If anyone asks about them, they're gonna tell them how they got them. I don't think our lives are gonna be the same!"  
  
All of them laughed. Jennifer looked to each of them: Eric, Angela, Sherry, and her new love Jason. She was starting college on Monday. A whole new future awaited her. She had new friends, and for the first time in her life she looked on life with a wonder born of love and caring. She knew it would continue for the rest of her life. She wondered what new adventures awaited her, and knew she would not have to face them alone.  
  
She turned back to her new family, wincing from the pain of her well-earned bruises. Yes, she would not have to face them alone...  
  
*Thus ends* ***Jennifer's Summer Adventures***