**Mandy's Burlesque**

**by [drbenway](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=238238&page=submissions)**

Mandy's idea was to have me hire her out to a bachelor party where she could pop out of a cake. We'd been playing around with showing her off for a couple months, going out to bars with her in short skirts and no underwear - that kind of stuff. This was something else, again. She was going to wear a G-string, and dance on the table. Just to make it safe, she suggested we do it in another town, where there wouldn't be any chance someone would recognize her. I wasn't quite sure I was ready for it, but the shivery thrill coming off Mandy was too strong. I told her I'd see if something came up.   
  
Then it happened like fate. A couple weeks later, I was on the road, hauling a load of electronic parts to St. Louis. I was stopped in at my favorite truck-stop bar talking to some of the guys that hung around there. One of them said his younger brother Bobby was getting married in a few weeks, and they were planning a party. I started asking about the entertainment, still not sure I wanted to go through with Mandy's plan. The guy said he'd like to get some kind of stripper, since his kid brother was such a straight arrow type. But he didn't know where he was going to find one in that hick town. I hemmed and hawed for awhile, but wound up telling him I thought I could get him one. "Yeah," I finally admitted. "I know one I could get. Just topless, though." He looked a little disappointed, but said to go ahead and book her if I could.  
  
Mandy was excited when I told her. She ran right down to the lingerie store and bought her G-string. Then she picked out some music and began planning her act. She wanted to pop out of a cake. I told her it wasn't necessary; any way she got her top off and danced around on the table was going to make those boys happy. But she wouldn't hear about it and I had to rig up a little cart with a false bottom stand for the cake. It had a big hoop of cardboard and a cardboard lid with colored spackle all over it like frosting. When we got through, it sort of looked like a big cake on a tray, and Mandy had room to crouch down inside.  
  
We tried it a couple times and I thought it was pretty good. The cake wasn't going to fool anybody, but it had a nice theatrical touch. And Mandy looked so sexy popping up half naked, I got into a sweat, just thinking about her doing it in front of a roomful of hooting and hollering men. She wasn't satisfied, though. She wanted to carry the cake thing one step further, maybe cover her nipples with some frosting, or something. I thought she was trying to hedge her bets a little, not quite comfortable completely topless. We tried a couple different kinds of frosting, but she wasn't happy with any of them, till she brought home one of those cans of whipped cream. When she got in her costume and squirted big round glops of the stuff on both tits, she found she could even make a little peak with it, like a fancy cake decoration.  
  
"This is it," she laughed, posing in the bathroom mirror.  
  
"You look good enough to eat."  
  
"Well, that's the idea." The look in her eye was too hot to resist. I licked her off and dragged her into the bedroom.  
  
On my next layover, I dropped in at the usual place and confirmed Mandy's contract with Darrell, the guy giving the party. He wanted to know all about her. "So, what's she like, man? You seen her perform?"  
  
"Yeah. Once or twice."  
  
"Well, come on, give."  
  
"Well, she's a knockout," I gulped, thinking about what he'd see. "... great body, slim, beautiful legs, pretty face, great dancer."  
  
"Yeah, okay. Sounds great, but you think she'd maybe get down with Bobby, give him a 'special' performance, you know, just for him on his last bachelor fling."  
  
I almost choked on my drink. "Shit no, Darrell," I sputtered. "This one's not like that. She's just there to dance. Okay?"  
  
"Sure, sure, man. Just ... you never know. Maybe for a nice big tip, huh?" He grinned like a wild man.  
  
"No way." I shook my head fiercely. "Don't even suggest it, man. You'll just piss her off."  
  
"Alright."  
  
Later, some of the guys who would be at the party joined us. Darrell was quick to give them the good news about the stripper for his brother's party. Naturally, the conversation turned to Mandy's act. After a few minutes of that, I had to get out of there. Normally, I would have joined right in, but their raucous joking took on a whole different meaning when it was my sweet wife they were talking about. I told myself to relax and enjoy it. It was something I'd always had fantasies about and now I was going to see them come true.  
  
We drove up the day before Mandy's show, with the cake in the back of our pickup. I chose a motel ten miles away on the other side of town, just to make sure there were no chance encounters with any of the boys from the bar.  
  
We slept late and hung around in a fog the next day. We weren't due to show up till after ten, but by then, I was half drunk and morose. "You don't have to do this, Mandy," I said.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I mean it's no problem if you want to just forget it. You know?"  
  
"Oh come on, Hank," she chided. "It'll be fun, right? Let's get over there. It's almost showtime." She flashed her sweetest smile.  
  
We went, but I was still uneasy. The place was a restaurant with a private room upstairs. We had to go in the front, wheel the cart through the entry foyer, and carry it up the stairs. At the top of the stairs, we looked down a short hall to the closed door of the function room. From the sounds coming through the door, it was clear the party was in full swing. I felt a little better to see Mandy getting kind of wide-eyed with her own nerves.  
  
I had her wait, while I went in to talk to Darrell, tell him we were there, and find out when he wanted me to wheel in the cake. Darrell was delighted to see me, as were several of the other guests I knew from the bar. They knew what my presence meant, and the word started going around the table. Darrell said to bring her in whenever we were ready, just give him a nod from the door to announce the arrival of Bobby's 'special' cake.  
  
When I got back to her, Mandy held open a door off the hall. "This looks like a good place to change and get set up, okay Hank?"  
  
We went into a little storage room just big enough for the cart and us. Mandy checked her makeup, shrugged out of her clothes down to the white lace G-string, and got in the cake. I watched her sweet tits bob while she shook the whipped cream. She giggled when she squirted it on, but she got it right.   
  
"Well," she turned to me laughing nervously. "What do you think?"  
  
"Great." She looked fantastic, but I was too unnerved to muster much enthusiasm.  
  
"Okay. Here goes" she said, crouching down in the cake. She was careful not to smudge the sweet white puffs on her breasts.  
  
I looked down at her and thought how unreal this whole thing was. I shrugged and put the top on. "You okay, in there."  
  
"Yep," she giggled. "All systems go."  
  
"Okay," I breathed. "You're on."  
  
I packed her clothes into a small athletic bag and took out the boom box we'd brought. It was eerie wheeling her out into the hall, and I was worried about getting intercepted by the restaurant staff, but nothing happened. I opened the door and nodded to Darrell, pausing to let him get up and start whipping up the party for Mandy's big entrance.  
  
He stood up and tapped his glass with a knife. The noisy conversations died out and all eyes went to him.  
  
"Gentlemen," he began with mock solemnity, "and all the rest of you. We are gathered here tonight to send my little brother Bobby out onto the sea of matrimony. I think we're all a little curious what kind of a sailor he'll make. The thing about it is, I don't think he's ever got his feet - or some other parts of him - wet."  
  
The whole room laughed, and Bobby smiled good naturedly. He was a cute kid, no more than twenty-two, clean cut All-American looks, with dark hair kind of long in front that kept hanging down over his eyes when he'd look down. Even sitting down, you could see he must have played high school football. He looked at least six-two and two- ten, all lean farmboy muscle.  
  
Darrell made a couple more off color jokes at Bobby's expense, then signaled for me to wheel in the cake. "... So we got to give him a big sendoff tonight, right boys?"  
  
"Yeah," a few of them yelled back.  
  
"And I thought we'd start with a big cake. What do you think?"  
  
"Yeah," they all yelled, this time.  
  
"Okay."   
  
I rolled the cart over to the table beside Bobby.   
  
"Well here it is," Darrell went on, "a great big cake. Only thing, Bobby, I got to warn you. Don't eat too much of this one tonight. You'll want to save your appetite for tomorrow."  
  
The faces around the table leered and called out: "Cut the cake."  
  
"Okay, now Bobby," Darrell handed him a butter knife. "You sure you're up to it now? Well, go ahead, but don't cut too deep. This party ain't insured."  
  
Bobby stood up and pretended to saw at the cardboard top of the cake for just a second. Then it popped off, and Mandy stood up in front of him, all smooth skin and whipped cream. She had a big lopsided grin plastered on her face and her eyes were sparkling with excitement. Bobby leaned back, looking at her with mock surprise, and a certain amount of interest, I thought. Mandy leaned forward and gave him a quick kiss.   
  
"Have a happy marriage Bobby," she said, then climbed on the table, while I turned on the boom box.  
  
Before she started dancing, she set the can of whipped cream in the middle of the table. The guys were whistling and shouting. Darrell was trying to get them a little quiet, so we wouldn't get thrown out. But when Mandy started dancing, he didn't need too. They watched her silently with greedy eyes, and she seemed to drink it in. She's always been a good dancer; but up there on top of the table, stripped half naked, she took it to a new level. The music just got inside her and took her for a ride. She was gyrating, everything moving, legs flashing, hips swaying, torso bending and twisting, head thrown side to side, arms swirling in the air. Then, she'd slow it down and smooth it out, barely moving at all, her body drawn into a graceful pose, the beat still oozing through her. The men watched in a kind of awe.  
  
The only thing that failed her was her costume. The whipped cream lasted about two seconds when she started dancing. Most of it slipped off, some falling onto the men ringing the table. The rest ran down her chest like buttermilk, leaving her nipples standing naked and tall in the milky residue. She didn't seem to notice, and the men certainly didn't mind. She kept dancing around on the long, wide table, while a flush of pure pleasure spread over her face, softening in her eyes,.  
  
When the first song was done, she stopped and stood there smiling at them. The men clapped and whistled. Darrell had to shush them, to keep them from drawing the management. The music started again, "Love Me Tender," by Elvis. Before she moved into it, she looked at the guest of honor and said: "Bobby, this one's for you." And she fixed him with a smouldering look that was very convincing.  
  
There's just about no way you can dance to "Love Me Tender." It's so slow, even the high school sweethearts groping each other at the prom look like the walking dead. But Mandy figured a way to turn it on. She took a slow promenade around the table, looking every one of them in the eye. Then she got down on the table and laid herself out, right in front of Bobby, stretching and pointing her toes, arching her back, slowly, in time with the music, very sensuous. The dance came down to a series of poses that she moved in and out of, careful always to give the best view to Bobby. Finally, as the song was nearing the end, she raised her legs and pointed them at the ceiling. The boys craned their necks, straining for a better view of her crotch, covered as it was by only the slimmest possible filament of fabric. They whooped and whistled as she slowly let her feet fall off to the sides, opening her sweet thighs for their pleasure, pulsing hotly to the soft beat as the song faded.  
  
My throat constricted in fear as they applauded. What was she doing? Didn't she know where she was? Didn't she know she was going beyond the point of no return? These guys were half drunk already, out for a wild time. She was stepping on the border, if she hadn't already passed it. One more step and there was no way Darrell or me was going to control them.  
  
Mandy wasn't fazed, though. She jumped up and gave them her smile. "Thanks, guys," she yelled, then pointed to me. "Hank, hold that tape a minute."  
  
I pushed the stop button, wondering what she was doing.  
  
"Now, I know you boys were expecting a sweet dessert when you ordered this cake, and I meant to give you one." Whistles and hoots told her they weren't disappointed with her treat, but she went on: "Especially your guest of honor, the soon-to-be-a- married-man, Bobby - I had it all whipped up for him."   
  
She looked down in mock dismay, searching her breasts for the two puffs of whipped cream that had been part of her costume when she burst out of the cake. "But now I seem to have lost them. Bobby, I'm really very sorry. I know how hungry you must be, and I'll bet that sweet cream treat would have really hit the spot."   
  
Sadly, she shook her head back and forth. For just a moment, the table was silent. Suddenly, she brightened. "I know," and she reached down for the whipped cream. "I could probably whip them up again. Would you like that?"  
  
"Yeah," they roared back in unison.  
  
"Okay. That's it. And then we can give Bobby his just desserts. Right?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Great," she beamed, then turned serious. "Just one thing, though. You know it's pretty hard to make these particular cream puffs. Takes quite awhile to put them together. I think it's only fair you big sports should part with a little tip to get Bobby this special treat, don't you? So, while I'm whipping them up, I hope you'll be putting your money where your mouths are, so Bobby's mouth can be filled with a delicious creamy treat. Don't you think that's a good idea?"  
  
"Yeah."   
  
They started reaching for their wallets, and Mandy signalled to me to start the tape. "First thing you got to do to make this kind of treat," she said as music began, "is shake it up real good."  
  
And she started shaking that can of whipped cream for all she was worth. Dancing around the table, shaking it up and down and side to side, her tits moving like they had lives of their own. It wasn't wasted motion. All around the table, five and ten dollar bills started appearing. Mandy smiled and scooped them up, locking them into the G-string at her hip. Then she went back to dancing and shaking the can, just as enthusiastically as ever. When the song was almost done, she stopped and took the top off the can. Pointing it right at her left nipple, she pressed the nozzle and let fly with the pressurized cream. It made a nice puff that perched neatly on the end of her tit. She did the same on the right one, and put the can back down in the center of the table.  
  
"There," she smiled. "Two sweet cream treats, fresh made. Don't they just look delicious?"  
  
More whistles, whoops, and slapping of the table answered her, as she slowly advanced toward Bobby, who looked a little stunned. She stood before him for a moment, looking down at him looking up at her. Then she dropped down and sat on the table with her legs hanging off on either side of him. That put her whipped cream covered breasts just about eye level. Bobby obediently stared at them, a vague smile toying with his blank expression.  
  
Bobby may not yet have realized where this was going, but I did.  
  
"Well," Mandy asked, loud enough for everyone to hear, "what do you say? Your friends were awful generous to pay for these nice deserts. Aren't you even going to thank them?"  
  
Bobby cleared his throat uncertainly. "Yeah. I uh ... Thanks, you guys." But he just kept staring at the white mounds on Mandy's chest, not at all certain what to do next. Some of the guests started to snicker.  
  
"Well," Mandy repeated, smiling brightly "aren't you hungry? Go ahead. Just one rule, though. The proper way to eat this kind of dessert is with the lips and tongue only - no spoons or forks, no hands. Okay?" The boys rumbled with anticipation. She leaned forward and arched her chest closer to his face.  
  
Bobby looked up at her one more time, his eyebrows raised in a question. Mandy just smiled and looked away, catching my eyes for a second before her glance drifted overhead in a mask of innocence. Finally, Bobby's mouth opened and his tongue touched the white cap on her left breast.  
  
The table erupted with loud applause and whoops of encouragement. He looked around and grinned, a spot of whipped cream on the tip of his nose. Mandy smiled distractedly, and a vague hint of doubt showed through her professionally smooth and bright exterior. But she put her hands on his shoulders and drew him to her again.  
  
This time he took a bigger swipe of the cream and quickly swallowed it down. Then he went after it with a purpose. He licked the left side, then the right side and took the top, always careful to avoid penetrating to the skin. In a moment, all that was left was a thin irregular coating. Mandy's face had become more and more focused in anticipation with each near miss of his tongue. Finally, he looked up at her face and she looked back at him.  
  
"You're not going to leave it half finished, are you?" she muttered, then pulled his head to her, mashing his face against her breast.  
  
That did it. He made a low animal sound and began to rub his face back and forth over the soft flesh of her breast. Mandy's eyes closed and her head fell back, drinking in the strange sensation. Her tits, in my experience, had always been eager for a sensual caress, generally leading her to better things. For Bobby, they were just as ready, if not more so. A dark red bead appeared at the peak of her left tit as his face wiped away the cream. It seemed to strain toward him for fulfillment. Finally, his tongue emerged and swiped across it, producing an answering moan from Mandy.  
  
She looked down at him again, her eyes smouldering. "Now clean your plate, young man," she said with a catch in her throat.  
  
He did, licking up every drop of the cream that clung to her breast, and finishing with a quick suck that slowly and grudgingly pulled away from her nipple, leaving it standing taut and taller than I had ever seen. By that time, her eyes were closed, focused inward on her own pleasure.   
  
When he attacked her right breast, he wasn't shy. His tongue took away broad swaths of whipped cream, each of which ended at the nipple. Every time his tongue slid up to, but not over her nipple, Mandy arched her back and rolled her head slightly, eagerly awaiting that next step to fulfillment. But Bobby was learning how to play her. He cleaned up the cream from everywhere but that tiny patch. When he finally took it into his mouth, Mandy gasped, and the men around the table swallowed and licked their lips. He put his hands on her hips and drew her to him as his mouth sucked and tongued fiercely. When he finally pulled away, Mandy sighed heavily, looking around the room as if she was seeing it for the first time. She leaned back and smiled intimately up into Bobby's face as her breathing returned to normal.  
  
She stood up and put a hand to her head. "Whoo," she exclaimed, "I think I better dance a bit, get myself back together. That boy was hungry!"  
  
They all laughed and she signalled me to hit the tape. I was glad to. Maybe that was all she had in mind.  
  
When that song was through, Mandy had me cut the tape. She smiled again, her sly smile, letting them know she had another trick up her sleeve, or up somewhere, as it turned out. I know I never could have imagined what she had in mind.

"Gee, Bobby," she said, looking at him and shaking her head, "I never saw a guy with such an appetite. I give him two big rich desserts and he looks more hungry now than he did before. Are you still hungry?"  
  
"Uh, yeah," Bobby answered, a little slow to catch on, but learning.  
  
"Well, what do you think, guys? We going to let Bobby leave his party hungry?"  
  
"No," they shouted back.  
  
"You think he'd like another sweet treat?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Okay. I know another one I can whip up. It's a very special one I wouldn't do for just anybody. It's alot of work, and it takes a special talent to make it come out just right, you know. But, Bobby's such a nice kid, and you guys I know will be generous. It'll be worth it. Right?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Okay. Hank, some music, please. Now I'll prepare it, and come around the table. We'll see if you guys really want Bobby to taste my secret special treat."  
  
So I put on the music and Mandy picked up the whipped cream and started shaking. I still couldn't guess what she was up to, but the boys were hooked. Some real money started to appear around the table - tens and twenties. I tried to keep track in my head and it looked like close to four hundred dollars she picked up shaking and dancing her way around the table. She had a sweet smile for each of them as she took his money.  
  
When the song was done, she brought the money over and handed it to me. Without saying a word, she walked back across the table to Bobby and sat down before him. "You got some pretty nice friends, Bobby. They sure don't want to see you leave this table unsatisfied, do they? Well, I think I've got just the thing. Would you give me a hand?" She stood up on her knees and pulled the band of her G-string out from her hips. "Would you pull these off for me?"  
  
He reached hesitantly for the G-string where she had indicated, at her hips, and slowly peeled it down her legs. When her trimmed brown bush emerged from behind the white lace, the boys stirred expectantly.  
  
Mandy sat back and extended her legs toward him, allowing him to pull the G- string all the way off. Now she was completely naked, sitting facing him with her legs slightly spread. She smiled and reached for the whipped cream. "I think you'll like this dish," she said. Then she inserted the nozzle of the can directly into her pussy and pressed. The can made a muffled hiss and Mandy's mouth dropped open at the strange sensation of whipped cream squirting into her vagina. The men around the table were too much into it to make a sound.  
  
After a good long squirt inside, Mandy pulled the nozzle out and swirled some around her outer lips. Finally, she put the can down and scooted her butt a little closer to Bobby. Her feet were perched on the edge of the table on either side of him, her knees in the air. She leaned back on her elbows and looked him in the eye. "There it is, Bobby," she said in a husky whisper. "It's all for you." Then she lay back on the table and closed her eyes.  
  
Bobby leaned forward and tentatively kissed her inner thigh. Mandy arched her back and quickly ran a hand over her tits, breathing in sharp little gasps, sensitized beyond endurance. He licked at the visible cream, letting his tongue penetrate to her flesh. At the touch of his tongue, she seemed to concentrate back down on her waiting pussy, and Bobby didn't torment her. He began to lick and suck away the cream by the mouthful, barely stopping to swallow. In seconds no more cream could be seen. Immediately, he began to suck on her labia and penetrate her with his tongue. Mandy was gone, writhing and groaning rhythmically, grinding her pussy in his face, building toward her orgasm. Bobby grabbed her hips and pulled her to him, sucking, licking, tonguing her wildly. A few moments of that and Mandy went over the edge, crying out and bucking against Bobby's face in spasms of total release.  
  
Something dripped from his chin when Bobby finally lifted his head from between her legs. His face wore a maniacal grin as he contemplated Mandy sprawled before him, still moaning softly and rolling her head from side to side. I'm not sure what he was thinking just then, but I was thinking about getting her out of there, before she had to take on the whole crowd.  
  
It turned out Mandy was thinking of another way to finish her show. She stood up, a little shaky at first, but quickly getting into it. As much as I wished she'd stop right then, I couldn't help but admire her sense of showmanship. She went right back to entertaining her audience.  
  
"A little music, Hank," she croaked, her voice kind of choked and garbled after her big exertion.  
  
She started moving gently to the beat, a languorous smile softening her face. She seemed to need a moment to collect herself, and the boys watched quietly, with an odd solemnity, as if they understood. As the music built to its climax, Mandy's energy began to flow again. She moved with more of her original abandon, working the table, dancing around the periphery to give each of them a personal view of her sweet sex-gorged body. If anything, the sight of her red and swollen pussy lips, displayed so prominently before them, intimidated the men. There were no more hoots and whistles. Most of them just stared, their expression serious and intense. When the music ended, they gave her a respectful round of applause. She smiled and signalled me to cut the tape.  
  
"Well, guys," she began, "I hope Bobby enjoyed his dessert. Sure looks like he did."  
  
They all looked at him and laughed. The maniacal grin was still stretched across his face, like it was painted on by Mandy's talented pussy. Their laughter only made the grin wider.  
  
Mandy laughed too. "Well, I hope he's satisfied, cause I can't think of anything else to serve him." She rolled her eyes and got another laugh. "Fact is, all this home cooking is giving me an appetite. I might even like a little dessert myself."  
  
She paused and let them think about it for a minute. "And you know, I think it would be nice if Bobby would kind of return the favor, maybe serve me like I served him. Don't you think?"  
  
"Yeah." They got the idea, and so did I.  
  
"Okay. I guess we're all agreed on that. Except maybe we ought to ask Bobby what he thinks. How about it, Bobby. Would you care to serve me my dessert?"  
  
Bobby's face looked like it might split with that grin. "Yeah," he said, enthusiastically.  
  
"Okay," Mandy smiled. "You guys know the routine. I know it hardly seems fair when you're feeding me, but you got to remember, I'm a working girl." She waved at me. "A little collecting music, maestro."  
  
She went around again, and those boys were good for it. She got just as much as the time before. When she was done collecting, she deposited the money with me and finished out the song shaking her can - the whipped cream can.  
  
"Jeez, I hope I have enough of this left," she exclaimed with mock concern. "Bobby, come on up here on the table. I want my dessert, and these guys want to see you give it to me."  
  
"Okay," Bobby agreed. He started to climb up on the table.   
  
Mandy stopped him. "Wait a minute, now. You brought up in a barn? You don't get up on a table with your shoes on. You want to scratch it and leave dirt and stuff around where people are going to eat? Take 'em off."  
  
Bobby got a little red, being reprimanded like that, but he pulled off his shoes and prepared to step up on the table again.  
  
"Hold it," Mandy called out again, bringing out a knowing grin from the guys around the table. "I don't know about that belt. That could scratch the table, too. I think you better get rid of those pants."  
  
Bobby looked around the room, then shrugged and dropped his pants. His jockey shorts were showing a bulge that Mandy didn't fail to notice. "Okay. Come on up," she said.  
  
When he was standing in front of her in the middle of the table, Mandy shook the can one more time and arched her brow. "I wonder if you can guess how I like this stuff served?"  
  
Bobby gulped. "I think so," he stammered.  
  
"Good."   
  
Mandy suddenly knelt down and pulled his underpants to the floor. The hard-on that sprang out was impressive. Mandy was pleased. "Oh my," she exulted.  
  
Bobby reddened again, but stood there, quite willing to go along.  
  
Mandy pointed the can at the tip of his dick and pressed the nozzle. A weak spray of the white foam spurted onto it and Mandy ran a thin line down the length of it, before the can ran out.  
  
"Well, jeez," she frowned. "I sure hope you can supplement that, Bobby. I'm a little more hungry than that."  
  
"Unh," Bobby grunted.  
  
Mandy reached under and gently massaged his balls, causing the whipped cream to rise on his shaft. "Now doesn't that just look scrumptious," she asked the men around the table.  
  
They didn't answer. They just watched as she stuck out her tongue and took a tiny taste of the whipped cream puff sitting on the tip of Bobby's red raging hard-on. "Mmm," she savored. Bobby closed his eyes.  
  
Mandy opened wide and took the whole puff and the end of Bobby's dick into her mouth, then wrapped her lips around the shaft and pulled back, taking the cream and leaving the knob of his penis shiny and bare. Next, she licked the thin remnant of cream from the shaft, before she got down to giving him a blow job he'd never forget.  
  
He must have been ready to go before she started, because seconds after her head began bobbing forward and back, his back arched and his hips thrust forward as he shot his load down her throat. Mandy gagged and stopped, momentarily, before she could swallow and finish him off.  
  
When she released him, his big red dick was sagging. He opened his eyes and looked around sheepishly. The boys laughed, but not too hard.  
  
"Mmm," Mandy approved, licking him clean, "that was delicious."  
  
Bobby smiled softly down at her. She cupped his balls in her hand and squeezed them gently. "Only ... I'm still hungry."  
  
She lay down on the table and kind of squirmed, then raised her pussy up at him where he stood, right between her legs. "I think I squirted too much in here," she complained, massaging her crotch. "You want to help me get it out?"  
  
He stood there looking at her, his face blank with wonder, but his cock began to stiffen. "Uh, yeah," he said, but made no move.  
  
Someone called out: "Go for it, Bobby."  
  
"Yeah," several agreed.  
  
Bobby dropped to his knees, keeping his rapt gaze on Mandy's pussy. Absently he stroked his tool, which seemed to instantly stretch to its fullest erection. As if in a daze, he leaned forward and ran his hands gently over her breasts. Mandy sighed heavily and grabbed his dick, guiding him in. Her eyes closed and her mouth came open, as his entire length disappeared inside her. She writhed against him for a moment before he started to pump. When he did, it was with long slow strokes that sent her off. Her head strained to the side and back, searching blindly for the path that would lead into the light, her hands opening and clenching in the rhythm Bobby set up, urging him on.  
  
Gradually, his pace accelerated, and the answering gasps of Mandy's breathing showed that she was with him. The look on Bobby's face was one of fierce concentration. His head hung down from hunched shoulders, as he seemed to put all of his force behind the action of his hips, the thrust of his dick into the warmth and softness of my wife. Then, as if it was a spark their friction had raised, the rhythm changed again, and they began to buck against each other with wild extravagant energy. Bobby's cock swelled within her. The force of their grinding together lifted them off the table and raised indistinguishable animal cries.   
  
They throttled every spasm of energy from that orgasm and lay exhausted in the middle of the table. Except for the sounds of their breathing, the room was silent, stunned. It would have felt awkward and rude to disturb them. At the same time, no one looked away. We stared at their tangled limbs like they were the embers of a fire.  
  
Again, as she had all night, it was Mandy who moved the program along. She stirred, gently pushed Bobby off her and sat up. Gazing around the table, she made a lazy smile that somehow accepted all of us into her intimacy. Then she moved to the edge of the table and picked up a napkin. She dipped it into a water glass and came back to Bobby. Gently, she unfolded him and washed his prick and thighs with the wet napkin. Then she sat him up and kissed him softly on the lips. "Thanks, Bobby," she said in a quiet voice. "I hope you have a great day tomorrow, and live happily ever after."  
  
She urged him to his feet, pulled up his underpants, and led him back toward his seat. "How about a hand for the future groom. I can tell you he deserves it." She started clapping, and everyone followed her, some of them turning to each other and grinning. Bobby was pulling on his pants, wearing a shit-eating grin, but his eyes looked a little glazed.  
  
"And now, gentlemen, I have to go. I hope you've all had as much fun as I have, but let's remember why we're here. We're wishing Bobby a happy marriage. Okay? That's it. Thank you all for coming. Bye."  
  
The men seemed a little disappointed. There were a few groans, but most of them just clapped and whistled for her as she walked to the edge of the table and stepped down into the cake. When she crouched down, I remembered who and where I was, and hustled over to put the top on the cake and the seal on her amazing performance. I quickly gathered up our things and wheeled her out of there.  
  
We ducked into the storage room and Mandy jumped out of the cake, rapidly pulling on her dress. We stuffed everything else into the bag and Mandy dropped it into the cake. I might have left the cake behind, but seeing her intention to take it with us, I pulled it out in the hall, and we trundled it down the stairs. The restaurant was empty, but a couple of waiters were cleaning up. They gave us a curious stare as we hustled out.  
  
In the car, on the way back to the motel, I didn't know what to say. Mandy sat facing forward, expressionless, evidently content with the silence. Finally, I said, in what I thought was a carefully neutral tone: "That was a heck of a performance."  
  
"Yes," she agreed in the same controlled voice. Then she thought about it for a moment and couldn't stifle a nervous chuckle. "I think we gave them their money's worth. By the way, just out of curiosity, how much did we make?"  
  
I remembered the thick wads of bills I had stuffed into my pockets. "Uh, I don't know. Probably, you add the check Darrel gave me and the tips you picked up, I guess about a thousand dollars."  
  
"Not bad, huh?" she asked.  
  
"Um, no," I allowed, "but, like you said, they got their money's worth."  
  
She smiled dreamily. "Yeah."