**The Adventures of Marisa Ch. 01**

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Part 1- The Armoire  
  
Marisa lay on her belly, her face buried in a pillow. "Ooohhh," she moaned softly as she slowly kneaded her crotch with her right hand and stimulated her nipples with her left. Humping her hand gently with her hips, Marisa concentrated on her horniness. She craved the orgasm that she had been slowly working up to for an hour. Her right hand busied itself between her legs with practiced dexterity, sending little shivers of pleasure through her body.  
  
"I love masturbating", she thought to herself.  
  
Then, as she rolled over on her back, her eyes happened to fall on the digital clock next to her bed. It read 8:11 P.M.  
  
"Oh crap, I'm going to be late!", she said out loud, leaping out of bed. For the next fifteen minutes she hurriedly got ready, brushing her dark hair, putting on a little makeup and dressing herself in her maid's uniform. It was the classic outfit for maids in Miami, as it was in wealthy areas across the country- black, with a white collar and cuffs. Marisa always thought she looked cute, even sexy, in the dress, and smiled a little at herself in the mirror.   
  
Satisfied that she was put together, she grabbed the backpack she had prepared that afternoon and rushed out of her apartment. Her SUV rocketed out of the parking lot, through the residential streets and out onto a main thoroughfare. She was headed across town to work in one of the most upscale neighborhoods in Miami and she was determined that she would not be late.   
  
Thirty minutes later, after fighting through early Saturday evening traffic, Marisa cruised slowly through streets lined with mansions in pastel colors of blue, pink or yellow, and white ultra-modernist style houses popular with the art-conscious rich. When she came to a small, stylish commercial block, she turned into the parking lot of a day spa and drove behind the building. She preferred to park here rather than on the street because the area was heavily patrolled by police and she did not want to risk getting a parking ticket.  
  
She emerged from behind the building and walked along the street, carrying her backpack, admiring the beautiful houses and enjoying the warm humid night air, perfumed by the tropical flowers blooming in the gardens. Anyone seeing her would see a maid going home after a long day of work in a wealthy home.  
  
But Marisa was not a maid- she was a cat burglar. And she was not here tonight to serve the wealthy- she was here to steal from them .  
  
At twenty five years old, Marisa had achieved a comfortable, and at times, lavish lifestyle through her chosen occupation. She did not steal to feed a drug habit- she stole because she enjoyed the thrill and the challeng., And, of course, the fast money and lots of leisure time. One successful job a month was plenty; although she would do more if the opportunities arose. She was appalled by the idea of working fifty hours or more a week as a drone in an office job, having to take orders from idiot managers who were her intellectual inferiors. Marisa was highly intelligent, brilliant really, but she had dropped out of an expensive private college when she had discovered what she now thought of jokingly as her "calling."  
  
Since then she had been a wanderer, traveling around the country from city to city- Houston, Atlanta, New York, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Orlando, staying a few months in each place, long enough to scout out targets, prepare and execute the jobs and then move on. Since arriving in Miami eight weeks before, she had used her normal procedure of cultivating ties with people who performed services for the wealthy- small contractors and domestic servants, and this had finally paid off when an acquaintance told her that a friend who worked as a maid for the wife of a real estate developer desperately needed money to send to her family in South America. Convincing the friend was not difficult-Marisa promised her twenty percent of the profit from the job, and besides, the maid hated the wife, describing her as a "puta" and a "beetch."   
  
Marisa saw the house ahead- a classic Miami style Mcmansion straight out of the classic cheesy film "Scarface" with pink walls, white trim and large white pillars framing the grand entrance. Her heart began to race; the moments before making entry were always the most nerve-wracking. She looked around and saw no one: she hoped that if anyone was observing her they would take no special notice of a woman in a maid's dress. She had even taken the extra precaution of dying her brown hair black, since nearly all the maids in Miami were Latinas.  
  
Well-designed lighting illuminated the driveway and the landscaping of the front lawn. Ducking into the shadow cast by a palm tree, Marisa quickly went along the side of the house and into the backyard , where she melted into a bush while she checked to make sure no one was in the backyard or looking from the windows of adjacent houses. She saw the shed described by the maid, who had told her there was a twenty foot aluminum ladder behind the shed and that this ladder would reach the small window of an upstairs utility closet that for some reason had not been wired into the security system. The maid would make sure the window was left unlatched.   
  
Marisa crossed the lawn, found the ladder, and carried it across to the rear wall of the house. She paused a moment to make sure she had identified the correct window, then wrestled the ladder upward to the window. Marisa was a feminine young woman but she was careful to keep herself in excellent shape-, she knew that her success, her freedom and maybe even her life depended on it. Climbing swiftly to the window, she was relieved to find in unlatched. Without hesitation, she struggled over the sill and dropped hands first into a dark room.   
  
For several moments she remained motionless listening for the sounds of anyone in the house. The maid had told her that the husband was out of town on business and not expected back until the following week. The wife had been making preparations that afternoon to go nightclubbing in South Beach, which the maid said usually resulted in wild all-night partying especially when the husband was away.  
  
Still, Marisa knew her informants were sometimes wrong and she planned to retreat quickly if she heard any suspicious sounds. But she heard only the sound of her own ragged breathing, caused by the adrenaline coursing through her bloodstream. Her hands were trembling too, but she was not deterred; she was accustomed to the symptoms of an adrenaline rush, knew that this made her faster, stronger and braver, and, as a thrillseeker, she quite enjoyed the sensations. At the same time, she became aware of the feelings of sexual arousal. Her nipples were taut against her bra and her lower belly was warm and tingling. She had realized early on in her career that the erotic stimulation she experienced during her crimes was a prime motivator to continue them. In the weeks between burglaries, she frequently masturbated to shattering orgasms while replaying the excitement and scenario of the crimes in her mind. She tweaked each of her nipples in turn, sending small jolts of pleasure down her body.   
  
Finally, hearing nothing , she felt her way to the door, opened it and looked out. The house had a splendid interior- she could look down and see a large marble entrance atrium with numerous paintings and sculptures on display. As the maid had instructed, she turned left and walked along the hall to the fourth door; opening it, she found herself in the master bedroom. She knew most people kept their valuables here, at least the ones that were not kept in a safe.  
  
The wife's dresser was the first place to look; she opened the jewelry box and –jackpot!- it was filled with rings, necklaces, earrings, bracelets,- gold, platinum, diamonds, emeralds, pearls, rubies; she scooped them up and into her backpack. She looked through the drawers and found more jewelry and some cash. She went to the man's dresser and, in the box on top, found gold cufflinks, thick gold necklaces, and two very expensive watches Moving quickly around the room, she opened every drawer and closet. A nice digital camera went into the backpack. She noticed a picture of the couple on the wall; the husband was a white-haired red-faced man probably around sixty, the wife looked to be in her late twenties, a blonde with a glamour model look.   
  
Against the wall, facing the king-sized bed was a very large free standing armoire. She opened the two large front doors and inside found nothing but some of the wife clothes. Then she pulled out a large drawer at the bottom of the armoire and burst out laughing. It was full of sex toys. Vibrators of all sizes and types- rabbits, wands, wearable, minis, curved straight, and dildos- smooth, bumpy, rubber, glass, small, and large. Marisa picked up one hulking purple dildo with ridges and bumps and remembering "Scarface" again, laughingly repeated the famous line, "Say hello to my little friend!" Then there were the butt plugs, anal beads, ben wa balls, nipple clamps and on and on. Marisa often found sex toys during her burglaries, but this was the largest collection by far. She guessed the wife must be a real nympho and the older husband was unable to keep up with her demands.   
  
Staring at the sex toys and satisfied that she had a good haul of loot, Marisa mind came back to her horniness. Her left caressed her breasts, her right hand began to slowly rub her crotch through fabric of the dress. Tingles had been shooting through her pussy since she entered the house; now the need became urgent. She hiked up her skirt and sat on the edge of the bed. Her heart was still thumping from the thrill of the crime and the arousal was overwhelming. Many times during her burglaries, she had brought herself to explosive climaxes on the beds of her victims, and, once again, she could not resist the temptation.  
  
Her fingers jerked the panties aside and began rapidly stroking up and down her labia. Although the juices were already flowing, Marisa brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them lasciviously until they were coated with saliva. She liked lots of lubrication-"The wetter the better" she thought to herself as her hand returned to her pussy and picked up the rhythm again. "Ummmm" she moaned as her hips swayed in time with her strokes.   
  
Marisa had an unusually large clitoris that was prominent even when she was not aroused. When she became excited, it rose from its hood and protruded well above her labia. Now, the clit was engorged and as hard as a pink steel rod. It was a full inch and a half long (she had measured it) and fat, with a knobby end. Marisa adored her big clit. She was proud of it and liked to show it off to her lovers. As she rubbed around the base, she promised herself that she would dress it up with a clit piercing as a reward for the success of this job.  
  
"Oh fuck" she cried as she ran a finger up the length of the clit, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her so intense that they verged on being painful. She fell back on the bed and pulled her panties down to her knees; the index and middle fingers of her right hand rubbed along the sides of her clit while the middle finger of her left thrust into her opening. She increased the speed until she was working her pussy furiously, at times lightly slapping or pinching her clit, prompting her to gasp at the fierce sensations. "Yeah baby, that's it" she panted as she felt the level of her arousal begin to heighten toward orgasm.   
  
And then she heard voices downstairs. Marisa instantly jumped up, almost tripping over the panties around her ankles. She pulled her panties up and her dress down, and grabbed the backpack.. Quietly but quickly, she closed the drawers she had searched, and after listening for a moment, cracked open the bedroom door. She could hear male and female voices, laughing and talking indistinctly; they seemed to come from the atrium and large living room area. Marisa figured she could scoot along the hall in a low crouch, reach the utility room without being seen, and escape. She was ten feet down the hallway when she heard footsteps and voices coming up the winding stairs. Realizing she would be caught in the hallway, she retreated to the bedroom in a near panic. Her only chance now was to hide and hope for a lucky break.   
  
The voices were now upstairs. On a hunch, Marisa climbed into the armoire and shut the doors. It was spacious and tall enough for her to stand upright. She moved back behind the clothing, though she doubted this would hide her if someone opened the doors. The bedroom door opened just as she froze motionless.  
  
"You guys are hilarious, said a woman's voice, " you talk a good game, but can you live up to it?" Her voice was a little tipsy.  
  
"Hell, yeah," said a male voice  
  
"Damn right honey," said a different male voice.  
  
Two men, and neither of them sounded like he was old enough to be husband. Marisa heard ice clinking in glasses.   
  
"I'm sweaty", said the woman, "it's hot and humid as hell out there."   
  
"That's what I like about Miami," said the first male voice," it's hot in a lot of ways."   
  
Marisa heard a long unzipping- the woman was taking off her dress.   
  
"Do you want to take a shower?", said the second male voice; Marisa noticed that he had a European accent, maybe German or Scandinavian.  
  
"We can get in the Jacuzzi later," said the woman," but right now, I want some fucking cock." Why do you think I brought you back from the club?," she laughed.  
  
The bed creaked and the woman said," Well, come over here and let me see what you've got."   
  
Marisa heard some vague fumbling sounds, and after a few moments she heard grunts from the male voices. Marisa's fear was overpowered by her curiosity. She crept forward and put her eye up against the crack between the double doors of the armoire; it was large enough for her to see the entire bed and the area around it. A blond woman in pink bra and panties sat on the edge of the bed; In front of her stood two men; one with long dark hair and heavily tattooed, the other with a cleanly shaven head. Both were tall and muscular. The woman had the cock of Tattoo Guy in her mouth, working slowly up and down the shaft with her dark red lips, while her right hand squeezed and stroked the Bald Guy's rod. The men were obviously enjoying her attention to their cocks, they grunted and moaned as she worked them over.  
  
After a few minutes The Blonde pulled the cock from her mouth and said "Don't either of you dare come too soon. If you do, I'll kick your ass out!." A thick stream of saliva hung from the tip of the cock to her mouth.  
  
Don't worry baby, said Bald Guy, "we'll give you all you want."  
  
"And some more," laughed Tattoo Guy.   
  
" All right, then, " said The Blonde. She stood up, stripped off her bra and panties and threw herself lengthwise onto the bed , propping herself up on the pillows. She spread her legs, unknowingly giving Marisa a clear glimpse of her pussy; it was shaved except for thin strip of closely trimmed hair above the labia.   
  
The Blonde began to rub herself, "So which one wants to fuck me first?"   
  
Marisa now noticed that the both men had striking male members. The cock of Tattoo Guy was long with a straight shaft and a formidable, roundish head the size of a small apple. Bald Guy's was a little shorter, but fatter. It was narrow at the head, but reached a impressive width farther down the shaft.  
  
Bald Guy climbed onto bed and between the blonde's legs. She scooted down and raised her legs a bit. Then, grabbing the cock, she guided the head into her opening. They both grunted when the copulation was achieved, and Bald Guy started to push further in.  
  
"Oh shit", The Blonde yelled as the wide part of the cock went into her. Again and again, Bald Guy pulled out a little and then thrust back in, a little faster each time. "Oooooooh," she ,moaned each time.  
  
Tattoo Guy got on the bed on his knees and offered his cock to The Blonde's mouth. She grabbed it with her right hand and began licking and sucking the head.   
  
The Blonde's pussy had now stretched out enough to accommodate Bald Guy's rod. He put his muscular arms underneath her legs and lifted them up, so that her feet were in the air.   
  
Their intercourse was now fully exposed to Marisa's view. The cock plowed into the pinkness of the pussy clenched tightly around it; withdrawing with each stroke until the head was barely visible, then slamming back inwards. The man's large ball sack slapped against her ass cheeks as thin rivulets of juice flowed out of the hole.   
  
"Does that feel good, you little bitch?," said Bald Guy. She responded with only a series of whimpering moans, as he continued to pummel her cootchie. Each thrust pushed her into the bed, and Marisa could clearly hear smacking noises as his groin slapped against her ass. For several minutes, he mercilessly bashed her pussy with piston-like thrusts as she squealed wordlessly and clawed at his ass and back with her left hand while her right hand continued to jack the cock in her face. Then the Bald Guy shouted "Switch places, I need a break!"  
  
Tattooed Guy gladly climbed between The Blonde's legs and immediately mounted her. She groaned as he pushed in the big head of his rod and began to assail her dripping sex organ  
  
Even inside the armoire, Marisa could smell the musky hormone-rich aroma of sex. In spite her fear, she was becoming extremely turned on; her crotch felt full and tingly. Desperate for a little relief, she dared to reach a hand down and slowly rub herself. The sight of the big cock battering the pussy again and again with long sweeping strokes was mesmerizing to her; the animalistic moans of grunts of the three drove her arousal even higher.   
  
Tattoo Guy continued rutting into The Blonde's wide open orifice with powerful thrusts; her moans grew louder and reached a high pitch.   
  
"Fuck me, you motherfucker," she screamed, " Fuck my hole hard!" She began shrieking and laughing with each thrust. Then Tattoo Guy ceased the long strokes and switched to short, very rapid strokes, only putting the first two or three inches of his member into her. The Blonde began the high pitched squealing again.  
  
Suddenly, Tattoo Guy stopped.  
  
What the fuck are you stopping for?," she demanded, You didn't come, did you?"  
  
"Relax baby", he said laughing, I just think it's time you did some of the work." He laughed and jerked his cock out quickly, causing her to gasp involuntarily.  
  
Tattoo Guy rolled over on his back, his dick throbbing in the air. The sexual slime on it glistened. The Blonde quickly sat down in the reverse cowgirl position, so that she was facing toward Marisa, and began to grind on the gristly tool. She caressed her breasts and tugged at her thick, stiff nipples. Her fake tits were exquisite- Marisa wondered how much her husband had paid for the tits, only to have the goldigger show them off while giving multi-hole service to a couple of bad boys. Or maybe he knew and didn't care, or even liked the thought of it- you never knew what private agreements couples had with each other about such matters. Marisa had to admit she was a stunning looker and had the sex drive of a professional athlete.  
  
"Aaahhh- yeah," The Blonde whooped as she continued pounding away on the manflesh .She reached a hand down and began fondling the swollen reddish-pink folds of her ample labia. Her hips rapidly picked up speed and her fingers began to match the pace. She worked frantically, her fervor increasing until her hand was a blur as she thrashed her pussy.  
  
Suddenly, she stiffened, and her mouth fell open; for a moment no sound emerged as she stopped breathing.  
  
Then she yowled, " Unh -I'm coming, -unh- goddamn it -unh" as a series of spasms shook her body. Falling off the cock, she lay for several moments catching her breath and slowly rubbing her pussy with a lewd smile.

They took a break for swigs of their cocktails, and discussed their opinions of the best nightlife places in Miami. As they talked, Marisa realized that her clitoris had become fully erect again and the slightest movement sent waves of almost painful pleasure zinging out from her crotch. She clasped her hand over her mouth to stifle the little moans.  
  
After a few minutes, The Blonde suggested they begin round two. Marisa figured The Blonde must be like her; the first orgasm never satiated, it only made her hungry for more. The Blonde took Bald Guy's nuts in one hand, massaging them while she stroked his cock with the other hand. When he was fully hard, Bald Guy lay down on the bed. His penis was turgid and purplish-red as it stood at attention. The Blonde swung her leg over and straddled him. She grasped his cock with one hand and raised her body up on her left knee and her right foot. Then, dropping forcefully, she impaled herself on the bulging shaft.  
  
" Unnnhhh", they both grunted in unison.  
  
She started humping slowly, her pussy sensuously gobbling up the slab of meat with each downthrust.   
  
Tattoo Guy stood at the side of the bed, sipping on his drink.  
  
"Fuck that dick , you whore," he said, chuckling. The Blonde giggled in response; she obviously enjoyed dirty talk.  
  
They were farther down the bed than before, and so closer to Marisa, affording her an even better look at their sex. The Blonde would first rock back and forth for a few strokes, then straighten up. and bounce up and down. Watching The Blonde's pussy handle that big tool was enthralling to Marisa.  
  
"Aaahhhh" she moaned as she increased the speed of her humping.  
  
The Blonde had a gorgeous ass- it was beautiful to watch to watch her bottom pump rhythmically as her slit swallowed the cock completely, all the way down to the balls .Marisa could hear a squishing sound that was both nasty and exciting.   
  
She fucked him enthusiastically for several minutes, until Tattooed Guy said to his friend, "Hey dude, what do you say we get her from both ends?"  
  
"Hell yeah," Bald Guy said in his accent and bucked up, throwing her off.  
  
"Get on all fours, skank," Tattooed guy commanded and The Blonde happily complied, arching her ass into the air at the edge of the bed.   
  
Still standing, Tattooed Guy plunged into her up to the hilt. Bald Guy moved around and sat on the bed in front of her, offering his cock still wet with her pussy nectar. Her lips clamped down and commenced suctioning along the shaft.  
  
They were crosswise on the bed, so Marisa had a great vantage point from which to observe the action.  
  
Tattooed Guy ravished her doggie-style, her ass cheeks jiggling as each thrust smacked into them. With her mouth full of manmeat, she made only a muffled "Mmmmm" in time with each thrust. Marisa's knees trembled with fear and excitement as she watched. Her panties were soaked and she continued to lightly rub her crotch. She had a powerful urge to touch herself more vigorously, but didn't dare.   
  
" Yeah, gimme that little pussy," said Tattooed Guy, as he pumped his pole. The thrusts pushed The Blonde forward, causing her to take even more of Bald Guy's rod in her mouth, which she did eagerly. She held onto the thick base with both hands and moved her lips feverishly, stopping at times to run her tongue around the head, causing Bald Guy to moan loudly. The three of them moved in unison, each feeding off the pleasure of the others. They fucked happily for several minutes, punctuated by wet sounds and cries of bliss.   
  
Then The Blonde plucked the cock from her mouth and asked, "OK, are you guys ready to come?"   
  
"Yeah!", they both said simultaneously  
  
The Blonde pulled her pussy free of the cock and climbed off the bed, and, before Marisa could react, headed straight for the armoire. Marisa instantly decided to burst out of the armoire and run for it as her only chance. Just as she started to move, The Blonde bent over and pulled open the sex toy drawer at the base of the armoire. After a moment of rummaging sounds, she held up what Marisa recognized as two sets of anal beads and a bottle of lube.   
  
" These for you boys," she said, " or rather, for your asses."  
  
And what about your ass?", said Tattooed Guy.  
  
I've got something for my ass," she said, "his cock," pointing to Bald Guy, and your cock for my pussy"   
  
She squeezed out large dollops of lube and smeared them over the strings of beads.  
  
"Now turn around and bend over." The men did and instructed and, using one hand on each of them, pushed in the beads one at a time, eliciting grunts as each bead entered the anus. When all the beads were inserted, she used her index finger to push the beads further up into the anal cavity. Each one now had a string dangling from his ass, to which was attached a hard plastic loop. The Blonde moved to the foot of the bed.  
  
"Sit down on the edge of the bed," she indicated to Bald Guy. She put one foot on the bed and squeezed out lube onto her fingers; this she smeared around her asshole. Squeezing out an even larger blob of lube onto her index and middle fingers, she entered her anus with the fingers, spreading the lube inside herself. She then grasped Bald Guy's cock and squirted the viscous fluid onto his member, stroking it to distribute the lube along the entire length of the shaft.   
  
"Hold still," she told him. She spun around, lifted and extended one leg, and holding onto the dickhead, carefully placed it at her anal opening. Lowering herself slowly, she gradually forced the head through the ring of her sphincter, gasping and groaning as she did so. Marisa realized that she had chosen Bald Guy for this task because his smaller head would make the operation easier. Once the head was entirely inside her, she began to sit down on the cock bit by bit, exhaling with each downward movement as the increasing width of the man's tool stretched her sphincter ever wider.   
  
"Ooooh, fuuuuck," she said in a quavering voice, " that's so fucking good."  
  
When she reached the base of the cock, she wiggled and ground herself onto it, letting her sphincter relax  
  
Bald Guy was moaning louder and more insistently. She reached down and encircled the top of his nut sack with her fingers at the point where it attached to his body and gripped hard, using her fingers as a clamp to prevent ejaculation.  
  
"Don't come yet, baby," she told him, " we're all going to come together."  
  
She turned to Tattooed Guy, "Alright, let's get it on."  
  
He moved in front of her, and, crouching a little, pushed his cock into her pussy. It was gaping after the fierce battering two big cocks had given it, and he was quickly in all the way.   
  
"Aaaahhhh" she yelped from down in her throat. Tattooed Guy began with smooth slow thrusts while The Blonde rocked on the pole that speared her ass and Bald Guy humped her from the bottom.   
  
Tattooed Guy lifted her legs. The fucking soon accelerated to a feverish tempo. The cocks slammed into her holes, sometimes in synch, other times in alternating strokes, so that one was going in as the other was going out. To Marisa, they were like a three headed creature, driving relentlessly toward the rapture of orgasm.  
  
The blonde squalled in a high voice at the pleasure the double fucking was inflicting on her. Her hand flew to her clit and flailed away.   
  
"Fuck me, you dumb bastards, fuck me," she screamed as the unstoppable cocks filled up her openings. The scream dissolved into a moaning whimper. Both men continued thrusting strongly, determined to reach orgasm. The Blonde looked down with an intense stare, enjoying the sight of the dual cocks plunging into her orifices   
  
She was silent for a moment, then began to make a deep guttural sound; quietly at first, then louder until it became a bestial cry, one that perhaps the earliest humans made during their matings. The Blonde's head was thrown back and her mouth hung open. Marisa could see that her eyes were rolled so far back in her head that only the whites could be seen under her half-closed eyelids. She was lost in overpowering ecstasy as the cocks intruded into her. After some moments, the cries faded, and, then, suddenly, The Blonde snapped back to consciousness   
  
"I'm gonna make you come," she yelled at Tattoo Guy. She put both hands on his chest and pushed him back, extracting his cock from her pussy. Instantly, she grabbed his meat, lifting it up and began running her tongue along the underside up and down the full length of the shaft.  
  
"Oh yeah baby," he moaned.   
  
She spat into her right palm, although his cock was lathered with her juices and needed no extra lubrication, and began rapid pulling on the heavy tool. As she stroked, she continued grinding down on the cock in her ass.  
  
Tattoo Guy's cock was fiery red from all the fucking, and she slashed her hand along its length. Her other hand massaged the scrotum.  
  
"Come on, asshole, she said, "give it up for me."   
  
She began to concentrate the strokes toward the end of the rod. Her left hand found the plastic ring of the anal beads. She looped her middle finger through it, and pulled with quick, light tugs. Jacking the cock faster and faster, her hand demanded the inexorable conclusion.  
  
At last, Tattooed Guy's voice began to rise and his body stiffened. The Blonde leaned forward and, with her right hand still jacking furiously, ripped the beads from his ass with a single pull of her left hand.  
  
Tattooed Guy screamed and convulsed. A long stream of semen jetted out from the big purple head, followed by more streams, spattering The Blonde with large white globules from her hair to her tits. She laughed and ran her hand slowly from the base of the shaft to the tip, wringing out a last string of cum which she scooped up with a finger and put into her mouth. Marisa was astonished at the size of the man's load. Her clit still pulsated achingly. Tattooed Guy staggered back and sat down on the floor, panting.  
  
"Now, it's your turn," she said, sitting down heavily on Bald Guy's pole. Her hips began undulating. She pushed her feet into the floor, giving her the leverage to grind hard on the meat stuffed into her ass. Bald Guy grabbed her hips and pulled back each time she thrust, assisting her with the ramming.  
  
" Damn, baby, your hole is tight," he said.  
  
"Unh, unh, unh," The Blonde responded as she worked her sphincter over the cock. She pushed two fingers of her left hand into her pussy and assaulted her clit with the other. It was unmistakable from her facial expressions that she got a special thrill from this intrusion into her asshole. She bounced on the cock eagerly, grunting with each thrust.  
  
"Ahhh, I'm gonna come," Bald Guy said.  
  
"Come in my ass, fucker," The Blonde moaned. With her left hand, she found the ring of the anal beads.   
  
Bald Guy let out a shout and bucked up. Instantly, she jerked the anal beads out of his ass with a sweeping motion. He bellowed, shook violently, then collapsed back on the bed.  
  
"Stay in my ass,' The Blonde yelled. She continued grinding down, both hands toiling over her pussy with frenzied motions for a long moment until, finally, her legs spasmed and flailed outward   
  
"Oooohhhhh," she shrieked, and lurched forward, bending almost double as the waves of orgasmic convulsions raced through her body. When she straightened up, she was giggling.  
  
"That was good!" she exclaimed.   
  
She stood up and Bald Guy's still semi-hard cock popped out of her ass. For a minute they all grinned at each other.  
  
Then Tattooed Guy said, "How about that Jacuzzi you promised"  
  
"Sure," she said. "Let's go to my husband's wine cellar and get a bottle of champagne first."   
  
They left the room, still naked, and Marisa heard their voices gradually fade. She stepped out of the armoire and peeked around the frame of the open bedroom door. Laughter came from a distant part of the house. Quickly, Marisa went down the hall in a crouch and into the utility room. She threw herself over the window sill and scampered down the ladder. In a few seconds she was around the side of the house and out on the sidewalk. Back at her truck, she threw in the backpack and then paused to shuck off her panties, which were completely soaked with her excitement. As Marisa drove away, her clit throbbed and she knew she had some unfinished business to take care of when she got home.