The Bet

Ch. 1

by AhMyGoddess ©

The Bet I: Bonnie

"Are you crazy?!!" I looked at my friend, Simone, who was sitting across

the kitchen table from me. I was in complete shock. We had had this bet

going since the beginning of the summer. It was silly really. We both

watched the same soap opera and I had bet her that a couple on there would

last and she said that they would end up breaking up. Since we both

watched the program every day the bet got pretty intense, until finally

the wage was 'whatever the winner asked you to do'.

Simone won and now she was calmly telling me what she wanted me to do -

have sex with her older brother, Peter!

"No, I'm not crazy," Simone said simply. Simone was like that, very cool

and collected, and she always got her way.

"But I've never even had sex before and..."

Simone interrupted me, "Are you telling me that you're saving yourself?"

Her tone was slightly sarcastic and I bit my lip. "No... I'm not saving

myself... But to lose my virginity over a bet?"

"Listen Bonnie, a bet's a bet. You lost and its time to pay up. I know

that you aren't saving yourself and you don't have any moral reason to say

no. You told me that the only reason you haven't slept with any of your

boyfriends was because the relationships never lasted long enough. And I

know that you're on the pill so you don't even have to worry about getting

pregnant. So what's the problem?" Simone eyed me, waiting for my answer.

She was right, I was on the pill for medical reasons and everything else

was true. Everything was ringing too true, I realized that Simone had

probably been planning this for some time, and she had gathered info about

my attitude towards sex over the past weeks by asking questions here and

there. It made me a bit angry. But I knew that I was cornered. Simone was

like the leader of our clique at school. If I didn't live up to my side of

the bet I knew that this story was going to get around. And Simone would

tell it in such as way that would make me seem immature and silly and no

one would even question that fact that she had asked me to do something so

insane. I also knew that if I did have sex with Peter that she would never

say anything about it to anyone. As long as Simone got her way everything

would be fine.

I thought about it for a few minutes. Peter was nice and good-looking. He

was home for the summer after his first year in college. It certainly

wouldn't kill me to have sex with him...

"Okay," I said. "I guess you're right. But how in the world am I supposed

to get him to have sex with me?"

"Don't worry," Simone said with a satisfied smile. "I have it all worked

out."

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And she did have it all worked out. A week and a half later I sat in

Simone's bedroom waiting for Simone to tell me that is was time for the

'attack'. Simone's parents had gone away for the weekend and I was

spending the weekend with Simone to keep her company. Peter had been

instructed to stay home both nights to keep an eye on us. Over the past 11

days Simone had given me a thorough briefing of how the attack was

supposed to go. We had watched porno's and she'd had me practice giving

head to a cucumber. She'd even asked me to call up an old boyfriend and

give him a blowjob to get a better idea of it but I declined. I thought

that she was going way too far but I played along for two reasons. First

of all I was still a bit afraid of what would happen if I refused her, and

secondly, if I was going to have sex with Peter I'd rather be good at it

than not.

After my intense preparation I'd come to some conclusions about Simone.

She had a thing for her older brother. If she couldn't have sex with him

then she was going to live vicariously through me. She was even going to

watch through his bedroom window - just to make sure that I really went

through with it. It was all pretty weird, but since I knew that I was

going to try to seduce him I had started to pay more attention to Peter, I

was sort of looking forward to having sex with him. I just hoped that I

had the guts to go through with our plans.

I sat on Simone's bed brushing out my long blonde hair. I was wearing all

new clothes. A very simple girlish shortie pajama set made of thin white

cotton and beneath this I was wearing a lacy white bra and matching

knickers. Simone and I had shopped for them especially. I was supposed to

be playing up my youth and innocence.

Simone looked at me, "You look great! I just went past his room and I can

tell that he's reading now. It's time to go. Are you ready?"

I nodded and Simone left the room. She was going to sit on the stepstool

that we had placed in the bushes outside of one of Peter's windows. I gave

her a few minutes and then went to stand outside of Peter's door. Every

night before he went to sleep Peter read in bed for about an hour. He read

with all of his lights turned out except for a bedside lamp. I was

supposed to make sure that the bedside lamp stayed on so that Simone would

be able to see us. I'm not sure how long I stood outside of Peter's door,

I finally realized that Simone was probably getting anxious. I took a deep

breath and lightly knocked on the door. I heard Peter telling me to come

in.

I opened the door and stepped inside. Peter said, "Hey Bonnie, what's up?"

but I didn't answer. My every move was planned, however sappily, by

Simone. I closed the door and locked it and then stood looking at Peter

for a moment. He was looking at me in confusion, waiting for me to answer.

I reached my hands up and took off my shirt, revealing the lacy white bra

that cupped my breasts. Now Peter looked shocked. I walked over to the

bed, he had put his book down next to him and I pushed it off the bed onto

the floor. I climbed onto the bed and knelt down next to him. As I spoke I

placed my hand on his stomach and lightly stroked it.

"Simone fell asleep and I got lonely," I complained in a voice that was a

mixture of girlish and husky. "Can you help me?"

I could practically see the thoughts racing through Peter's head... "Is

she crazy?" - "Is this my lucky day?" All that he managed to say was,

"Bonnie what..."

As he groped for words to express himself I straddled his waist. Simone

had said that our biggest obstacle was probably my age, so I went into my

planned speech, still in that same sexy girl voice. "I know I look like

I'm only 15, but I won't tell anyone if you make love to me. I want you

Peter. I want a real man to fuck me. I'm a virgin, I don't want some silly

high school boy to take my virginity. I want someone who knows what he's

doing. I want you. Being in my teens is a good thing. My pussy is young

and tight, hot and wet. I want your big hard cock in my pussy Peter."

Somehow I'd managed to turn myself on with that speech! I think the fact

that I was straddling Peter and could feel the heat of his body against my

pussy had something to do with it. By the end of the speech my pussy was

well on its way to being wet and hot. As I finished speaking I felt

something pressing against my ass. It took me a moment to realize that it

was Peter's hardening cock, but as soon as the thought flashed in my mind

my body automatically moved. I slid down a bit so that my pussy was

overtop his hard shaft. Sensations started emanating from my pussy as I

rubbed it against his cock. I quickly removed my bra and looked down at

Peter.

"Oh please...don't you want to touch me," I cried and his hands were

immediately on my breasts, cupping and kneading them, pinching and pulling

at my nipples. I let out little cries as he played with my breasts and I

continued to rub my pussy against his cock. After a few minutes Peter

pulled me down to him and started kissing me. I stretched my legs out so

that I was lying on top of him and gave myself up to his kiss. His lips

were soft and warm and his tongue was hot as it entered my mouth. His

hands went down to cup my ass cheeks and he began thrusting his tongue in

and out of my mouth. Each time his tongue thrust into my mouth he rocked

his hips upwards and pushed my pussy against his cock. I was moaning

against his mouth, I couldn't believe what he was doing to me, how he was

making me feel.

He rolled me over onto my back and his hot mouth went down to my breasts.

He licked and sucked and nibbled at my nipples as one of his hands began

to stroke my inner thigh. My fingers were running through his hair and I

was moaning and whimpering. The hand on my thigh slipped up inside the leg

of my shorts and I felt Peter's thumb slip inside my knickers and stroke

over my pussy. "Oh god!" I cried. "Please! Oh please, oh please please

please please...." I wasn't even sure what I was asking for, I just knew

that Peter could give it to me and I would die if I didn't get it.

Peter's mouth began to kiss and lick its way down my stomach and his hands

slide my shorts and knickers off. He spread my legs and buried his mouth in

the blonde curls of my pussy. His tongue licked over every bit of my

pussy, tasting me, lapping up the juices that were flowing from my virgin

hole. His tongue circled my hole and then poked in, I cried out in

pleasure and squeezed his head between my thighs. Peter brought his hands

up to spread my legs wide, they remained there, keeping my legs spread and

caressing my inner thighs.

His mouth moved up and he began to lick and suck my clit. I was screaming

with pleasure and I came almost immediately, juices gushed out of my pussy

and dripped down onto Peter's bed.

Peter quickly moved to lay on top of me, his fingers were in my hair and

he was pulling my head back. He kissed and licked my exposed neck and then

worked his way to my lips. He kissed me deeply and I could taste my cum on

his lips and tongue. I moaned against his mouth in pleasure. His hands

were on my pussy, spreading my lips wide and positioning his hard cock at

my entrance. The head of his cock began slowly pressing inside of me and I

moaned and moaned as he entered me little by little. It was such a

torturous mixture of pleasure and pain. Then he was fully inside of me and

he began to pull himself out. I thought he was really going to pull

himself out and stop fucking me and I cried out in dismay, "Oh no please!

Please fuck me pleeease..." His cock thrust deep inside of me and I cried

out in pleasure. As he continued to thrust in and out of my pussy my cries

built to screams of pleasure. I felt the walls of my pussy grabbing at his

cock and my entire body began to shake with a powerful orgasm. As my

orgasm subsided I felt Peter's cock shooting cum deep inside of me. Peter

collapsed on me and then carefully rolled me over so that I was on top of

him, his limp cock still in my pussy. His hand stroked over my back and

ass gently.

"Well," he whispered in my ear, "do you still feel lonely?"

The Bet Ch. 2

by AhMyGoddess ©

The Bet II: Simone

I sat at the chair of my desk in my bedroom watching my friend Bonnie. She

was sitting on my bed in shortie white pajamas brushing her long blonde

hair. She was beautiful. She looked so innocent sitting there on my bed,

she was nervous thinking about what she was going to do and I couldn't

blame her. We'd had a bet about a couple on a soap opera that we watch. I

won. I got to ask Bonnie to do whatever I wanted and I had asked her to

fuck my older brother Peter. I had been tempted to ask her to let me eat

her out, but Peter was going back to university in a month, I had plenty

of time to try to seduce Bonnie later. Right now I wanted her to fuck

Peter.

I guess it sounds really strange, me wanting my friend to have sex with my

brother. It wasn't a pity thing, I wasn't trying to help a geeky older

brother lose his virginity. Peter was very good looking and I'm sure he'd

had plenty of experience when it came to sex. I wanted Bonnie to have sex

with Peter because I couldn't. I wanted my older brother. I'd wanted him

for years. When I was 13, just starting to become attracted to boys, I

accidentally walked in on Peter when he was getting out of the shower. I

was shocked and quickly left the bathroom but the image of him standing

naked and wet in the bathroom wouldn't leave my mind. I thought about

Peter all the time after that. I would surreptitiously watch him around

the house all the time, my biggest thrills were to see my brother without

his shirt on, or catch him walking around in a towel. It made me

constantly wet wet wet! Not long after that I put my hand to my hot wet

aching pussy and discovered the joys of masturbation. I'd been

masturbating ever since, graduating from fingers to oblong objects that I

found around the house to vibrators. I always thought of Peter when I put

my fingers or toys in my hot pussy late at night and gave myself orgasm

after orgasm.

When he came home from being away at university he was even better looking

than before, more mature, his body was stronger... I couldn't keep my eyes

off of him. When Bonnie and I started that bet I knew that I had to ask

her to fuck Peter if she won, I also knew that I had to watch her when she

did it. I looked at Bonnie as she sat on my bed and told her that it was

time. I could tell that she was nervous but I knew that she would go

through with it, she was in too deep now.

I left my room and went outside, on the way out I grabbed a vibrator that

I'd hidden in the kitchen. I went into the backyard and out to the bushes

that were outside Peter's window. Bonnie and I had hidden a stepstool

between the bushes and the house. If I sat on the top of the stepstool I

would be able to see into Peter's room.

I sat on the stool and looked into Peter's room. He was lying in bed with

all of the lights off except for a bedside lamp and he was reading. It's a

nightly routine for him and we'd planned on Bonnie 'attacking' him when he

was reading. She was supposed to make sure that the bedside lamp stayed on

so that I would be able to watch. I looked at Peter, he was propped up in

bed wearing a t-shirt and boxers, all of his attention was focused on his

book. His soft blonde hair fell over his forehead and the gentle light of

the lamp shone on his tanned cheek. He'd become such an obsession for me

that I got wet just looking at him, but now, knowing that Bonnie was about

to fuck him my heart was racing and my pussy was tingling. I sat on the

stepstool waiting anxiously for Bonnie to enter his room.

It seemed to take forever but finally Peter lifted his head from his book

and said something. The house is air-conditioned so I couldn't hear

anything that was going on. The door opened and Bonnie entered the room, I

was surprised by how calm and determined she looked, she was controlling

her nervousness well. I could see Peter saying something to her but she

didn't answer. Instead she closed the door and locked it, then turned and

looked at Peter for a moment. She slowly lifted her hands and removed her

top, she looked so beautiful in the lacy white bra that we'd chosen, her

blonde hair cascading over her shoulders.

She walked to Peter's bed, pushed his book off onto the floor and then

climbed onto the bed, kneeling beside him. She said something to him, her

every word was planned but I was so excited that I couldn't remember what

she was supposed to say, I just watched her beautiful pink lips moving as

she talked. While she was talking her hand started rubbing his stomach. My

own stomach clenched and my hand itched to rub my brother's stomach. I let

out a sigh of frustration and slid my hand down my shorts to begin

stroking my pussy. I gently rubbed the outside of my pussy lips, I knew

that I had to be gentle, I was so aroused that anything else was going to

push me over the edge.

On the bed Bonnie was straddling Peter. I knew that she was saying

something about it being okay that she was young, the she wanted him to

fuck her. As Bonnie spoke the words that we'd planned I saw a change in

her. Her body relaxed and she tossed her head, shaking her hair over her

shoulders. She was getting carried away by her own performance, I could

tell that she was turned on and it was making her look so much sexier. As

I watched she suddenly slid back a little and began grinding her pussy

against Peter - against his cock! He must have a hard-on!

The idea of my friend pressing her cunt against my brother's cock was too

much for me. My fingers dug into my pussy, attacking my clit, rubbing it

hard and fast. I quickly had an orgasm, my legs shaking violently against

the stepstool, cum soaking my hand and the knickers and shorts that I still

wore. I took a few deep breaths trying to regain control of myself. I

hadn't planned on bringing myself to orgasm this early on, but obviously I

wasn't going to be able to control myself. I decided that playing with my

clit was okay, but until Peter put his cock in Bonnie's virgin hole I was

going to keep my fingers away from my own hole. I stood up and removed my

drenched knickers and shorts.

When I looked back at the bed Bonnie's bra was off and Peter's hands were

kneading her breasts. I began fondling my own breasts, twisting and

pinching my nipples hard that way that I liked best. Peter pulled Bonnie

down on top of him and they started kissing. Bonnie changed her kneeling

position, moving her legs until she was lying on top of Peter. Peter's

hands soon moved to Bonnie ass and kneaded her young flesh. I could see

that he was pressing her pussy down against his cock as he raised his hips

up to grind into her. I ground the palm of my hand against my pussy. I was

filled with lust and jealousy. I wanted to be the one lying on top of my

brother! I took my anger out on my pussy, my palm and fingers pressing

hard circles around my clit and lips.

Peter rolled Bonnie over on the bed and began licking and sucking her

breasts. I moaned and brought my cum-sticky fingers up to circle my

nipples, pretending they were a wet tongue. Peter's hand was opening up

Bonnie's thighs and caressing them, I brought my other hand down to my

thighs, copying Peter's movements. I watched Peter's hand slip up inside

Bonnie's shorts and I moved my fingers to my dripping pussy, wondering

what my brother's fingers would feel like there. Peter removed Bonnie's

shorts and knickers and trailed his mouth from her breasts to her pussy. I

looked intensely at the blonde bush that he had exposed, next to fucking

my brother I really wanted to eat out a girl. As Peter lowered his mouth

into Bonnie I was seeing two of my favorite fantasies: eating Bonnie's

pussy and my brother eating pussy.

I moved the hand that had been playing with my breasts down to my pussy

and brought my other hand, soaked with my juices, up to my mouth. I sucked

on my fingers and frigged my clit with my other hand as I watched Bonnie's

slim body arching up, pushing her pussy into my brother's mouth. My legs

began to shake and I had another orgasm, almost falling off the stepstool

as it rocked through me. I could hear Bonnie's screams as she had an

orgasm of her own.

I watched breathlessly as my brother moved to lay on top of Bonnie. His

hands were spreading her thighs wide and positioning his cock at the

opening of her pussy. I reached down and grabbed my vibrator, dipping the

tip of it into my own opening. Peter began to slowly move into Bonnie

pussy and I slowly pushed the vibrator up inside of me, never taking my

eyes off of the place where Peter's cock met Bonnie's pussy. Peter began

ramming his cock in and out of Bonnie and Bonnie's cries of pleasure again

became loud enough for me to hear them outside. I turned the vibrator on

and began to slide it in and out of my pussy. I started shaking so badly I

knew that I was no longer going to be able to stay on the stepstool. I

took one last look at my brother fucking Bonnie on the bed and removed the

vibrator from my cunt. I stood up and quickly pushed through the bushes

behind me, throwing myself down on the dew-damp grass of the backyard.

I opened my legs wide, turned my vibrator on high and rammed it hard into

my pussy, closing my eyes and picturing my brother's cock ramming into

Bonnie's virgin pussy. I fucked myself hard, ramming the vibrator into my

pussy again and again with all of the force that I could muster. I moaned

and thrashed on the lawn, rolling to my side, getting up on my knees in a

doggy position, rolling back onto my back, forever changing positions. I

was wild, all that I cared about was the vibrator that was pounding into

me. I had orgasm after orgasm. Small ones that allowed me enough control

to continue pounding my pussy with the vibrator. Big ones where I had to

lie down and let them scream through me, taking time to come to my senses

afterwards, but never letting that vibrator leave my cunt. As soon as I

regained control I would start pounding away again. Finally I was

exhausted. I lay panting on the grass for what seemed like forever. Then I

pulled myself up and walked slowly into the house to my bedroom. I fell

into bed wearing only the sweaty t-shirt that I'd neglected to remove, my

pussy and ass covered with cum and my whole body covered with flecks of

grass. I knew that Bonnie probably wouldn't be leaving Peter's bedroom

that night but I was too tired to be jealous.

All I knew was that I was going to do everything in my power to get my

brother's cock into my cunt.

To Be Continued...

The Bet Ch. 3

by AhMyGoddess ©

The Bet III: Simone's Attack

After I watched my friend Bonnie fuck my older brother Peter I knew that I

had to have him myself. I'd wanted him for so long. I couldn't wait any

longer. The question was, how in the world was I going to pull it off?!

Ever since Peter had gotten home from college that summer I'd been letting

him catch glimpses of my breasts or ass, anything that I could easily

manage without suspicion. Now I decided to really let loose.

I started wearing tanktops around the house without a bra and the shortest

shorts that I could find without knickers and bending over \*a lot\* in front

of him. I left my door open a bit as I walked around my room naked after a

shower. One morning I waited to hear Peter's door opening, knowing that he

would have to pass by my room to get downstairs. When his door opened I

left my room wearing only a pair of shorts. I pretended like I was on my

way to the bathroom, I was pulling my long light brown hair into a

ponytail as I walked, both of my arms raised and my bare breasts bouncing

teasingly as I walked.

I walked a few steps before I 'noticed' Peter standing in front of me in

the hallway staring in openmouthed shock. I gave a little shriek and ran

lightly back to my room calling back over my shoulder, "You'd think I'd be

used to the fact that you're home again!"

Peter was certainly keeping his eyes on me around the house now, but I

knew that I was going to have to do more if I was going to push him over

the line. I went out one evening to play tennis and when I got back I kept

complaining about my back aching. Peter and I were alone in the family

room in the basement, my parents were asleep upstairs. I asked Peter to

give me a backrub, promising that I'd give him one the following night in

return. Eventually he agreed. I lay down on a blanket on the family room

floor wearing a tanktop and a snug pair of boxers, no knickers or

underwear.

Peter knelt down next to me and began to rub my back. I moaned and reached

back to pull my tanktop up, "It feels better against my bare skin," I said

softly. I'd pulled the tanktop way up and bared my titties, they were

pressed against the blanket. After a moment's hesitation Peter continued

massaging my back. The massage seemed to go on forever. I let little moans

escape me and Peter's hands were starting to roam, probably against his

better judgement. His hands rubbed over my lower back and briefly over the

beginning of my ass. I had my arms raised, under my head so the sides of

my breasts were perfectly exposed. Soon Peter's fingers accidentally

brushed over the edge of one of my titties. When I didn't seem to notice

it happened again and again.

Suddenly I rolled over and threw an arm over my eyes. "Do the front too,"

I demanded. I heard Peter gasp, I knew that he must be staring at my

creamy titties, my nipples felt as if they were rock hard. "Come on Peter,

its no big deal. I'll do yours tomorrow."

His hands were on my stomach. I let out an "aaaaah" of satisfaction. I

wanted to remove my arm from my eyes but I knew that it was probably

giving Peter some measure of comfort to know that I wasn't watching him.

He rubbed my stomach for what seemed like forever. I felt his fingers

pushing the waistband of my boxers down a bit and massaging even lower. By

this time my hot pussy had been gushing juices for at least half an hour.

I wondered if there was a telltale wet spot between my legs. If so did

Peter notice? Could he smell it?

I moaned as Peter's hands began to work upwards, finally reaching my

breasts. He cupped and massaged them, caressing endlessly, pulling and

pinching my nipples. It seemed to go on forever. Finally his hands left my

body and I heard him say in a ragged voice, "Okay, you're done."

I took my arm away from my eyes and sat up in a daze of desire and

arousal. Peter stood up and I noticed that he had a hardon. He said that

he was going to bed and quickly left. I listened to his footsteps going up

the stairs but I didn't hear him walk across the kitchen. I listened

carefully and heard slight noises. I decided that he must be creeping down

the stairs. Did he think that I was going to masturbate? Did he want to

watch me? I certainly wasn't going to disappoint him.

As soon as the thought crossed my mind I tore off my tanktop and boxers. I

rolled over onto my stomach on the blanket and began to play with my ass.

It's not something that I normally do but it caused my hair to be a

tangled mess covering my eyes, I peeked through it at the dark staircase,

hoping to get a glimpse of my brother. I could see him in the shadows,

watching me over the back of an armchair. I moaned and continued to cup

and caress my ass cheeks, pressing my pussy against the floor. I spread my

legs and ran my fingers over my asshole and fingered my pussylips.

I continued moaning and sighing, wanting the show to be as erotic as

possible. I rolled over onto my back, careful to make sure that I was

lying so that Peter had the best view of my spread legs and shaved pussy.

I put both of my hands between my legs, spreading my pussy wide open and

fingering up and down pussy from hole to clit again and again. When my

fingers were drenched with my sweet juices I started playing with my

nipples with one hand, smearing my juice over my breasts. I slowly sucked

each of the fingers of my other hand, tasting my delicious juice, bucking

my hips up and down to the same rhythm as my fingers sliding in and out of

my mouth.

When my fingers were sucked clean I sat up and crawled across the room. I

had a vibrator hidden in a cupboard. I pulled it out and went back to the

blanket; I knelt down facing the staircase, never once glancing in my

brother's direction. I looked at the vibrator and ran my fingers over it

as if it was a real cock. I brought it to my mouth and licked the tip of

it, then I began licking the length of it. I opened my mouth and took as

much of it as I could into my mouth. I sucked on it, closing my eyes and

imagining that it was Peter's cock, I fucked it slowly in and out of my

mouth.

I closed my eyes and slowly pulled the vibrator out of my mouth. I rubbed

it slowly over my body, over my arms, over my breasts, swirling it over my

nipples; I traced a line down to my bellybutton and circled it. I feel

back onto the blanket and spread my legs wide.

I turned the vibrator on low and ran it up and down my slit. I held it

over my clit and gasped and cried out in pleasure. I turned it on high and

rammed it into my aching hole. I moaned loudly, bucking my hips upwards

and fucking myself with the vibrator hard. I had an orgasm and kept on

going, fucking myself to two more. With a cry I removed the vibrator from

my pussy and turned it off. I lay on the blanket hot, sweaty and

twitching. When I heard my brother's footsteps creeping up the stairs and

across the kitchen I cleaned up and went to bed.

The next morning when I was eating breakfast Peter came into the kitchen.

He said that he hadn't slept well and wanted to know if he could get his

backrub. I immediately agreed and asked him where. He suggested his

bedroom. I followed him upstairs and he lay down on his stomach wearing a

t-shirt and boxers. I told him to take off his shirt and he did.

I straddled the top of his thighs. When I leaned forward to massage his

back my pussy pressed against his firm ass. I massaged slowly down his

back and I didn't stop. I massaged his adorable ass, wishing that he

wasn't wearing boxers. He rolled over and I started at the top of his

chest and worked my down, paying special attention to his nipples. I was

still straddling his upper thighs, but now when I leaned forward my pussy

pressed against his hard cock. My caressing hands reached the top of his

boxers and my fingers nudged them down exposing more skin to rub. Finally,

I grabbed his waistband and pulled his boxers down until his hard cock was

freed.

Peter was starting to protest, I wasted no time, in a second I had his

beautiful dick in my mouth, sucking it gently. Peter stopped protesting.

After licking and sucking his cock for a few moments I let it pop out of

my mouth. I removed both his boxers and mine and straddled him again, this

time my pussy devoured his cock. I rode him until he rolled us over and

fucked my pussy hard, with all of the frustration that must have been

building in him. I accepted each hard thrust with a happy cry of pleasure.

My pussy exploded in an orgasm and soon afterwards I felt Peter pumping

his jism into me. He collapsed next to me on the bed.

"Fuck, Simone," he said. "Fuck."

I laughed.