**The Headmaster's Office 05: Wedding Cake Island**

by[**blin18**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2052159&page=submissions)©

I was bikini shopping with Rupali before a trip to Bondi beach when we met Spike, a cute surfer and shop assistant at the surf shop. One unwitting orgasm later and Spike offered to drive us to Coogee instead. Planning a day of fun with him, we agreed readily and before the afternoon was half way gone, Spike had made Rupali come when a session of rubbing in suntan lotion got a bit out of hand, and then I took Spike into the surf for some "hand relief" but then improbably ended up slipping him into my pussy without him noticing.  
  
There is a small, rocky island just off Coogee beach called Wedding Cake Island. Tonight at low tide, Spike said a full moon would rise over the Pacific Ocean, and would Rupali and I like to come out to the secluded and romantic Wedding Cake Island to watch.  
  
What do you reckon?

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**Wedding Cake Island**

Spike went for a walk at about 4:30pm and came back half an hour later with a waterproof dilly-bag over his shoulder and a surfboard under each arm. One of the boards looked pretty normal but the other looked more like a ten foot long banana. It was huge, yellow, three times thicker than the other board and looked like it could float a small family to New Zealand.  
  
"Gnarly board, dude," I teased. "Gonna do some carvin'?"  
  
"Very funny," he said. "This is the thanks I get for thinking of you. I'm not loaning you one of my boards because your tiny little body will get carried off to Tasmania in the current. I borrowed this from a mate at the Surf Life Saving Club; it's a rescue board. You're riding tandem with me."  
  
"Oh, how thoughtful," I chirped apologetically. "What's in the bag?" It looked heavy.  
  
"Wax," he said straight faced. Obviously not all was forgiven. I guess I would find out in good time.  
  
"When do we go?" I asked.  
  
"Now, if you two are ready," he said. "It might take half an hour to get out there, depending on how Rupali paddles."  
  
"Do you have wetsuits for us?" I asked.  
  
"Nope. Overnight low of 27 degrees Celsius," he said. "It'll still be over 30 by the time we come back in."  
  
He'd thought of everything. "Amateur meteorologist?" I asked with a grin.  
  
"Weather bureau," he smiled. "Home page of surfers the world over."  
  
Rupali took her board. "Is this one special?"  
  
"Not so much. I use it on rocks and reefs," Spike said.  
  
"Oh," Rupali looked deflated, realising she'd been handed the surfboard equivalent of a 1973 Datsun 180B.  
  
"Oh, I almost forgot ..," she quickly turned and dashed back to her beach bag, rooted around in the bottom and brought out a black velvet pouch concealing a large, ominous shape that could have been a socket wrench ... or a maybe an Xbox controller ... but probably wasn't either. "Pop this in your bag for me will you Spike?"  
  
"What is it?" we asked in unison, Spike with curiosity, me with incredulity; if I knew Rupali then it had to be some kind of sex toy, but I didn't recognise it -- obviously a new purchase and one that she hadn't let me in on.  
  
"Lipstick," she smiled.  
  
"Touché," muttered Spike as he knelt down to pack away Rupali's mystery prize and attach the surfboard's strap to her ankle. Tease that she is, she stepped forward with the other foot, legs apart and vagina a few inches from Spike's nose. He finished with the strap and then reached between her legs and goosed her on the bottom. She squawked and jumped back, a little more contrite. This was not the same gentlemanly, shy boy we met this morning; if we played games with him, he was going to play them right back.  
  
He picked up the board, popped it under Rupali's arm and then stood back to take in the view: long brown limbs, black hair cascading over one shoulder, hot pink bikini clinging to her curves and a surfboard under her arm. "Now that looks hot," he said.  
  
"What did I look like before?" she laughed.  
  
"Well ... hot," he stammered, back on uncertain ground. "But all girls look hotter with a board. It's a proven fact. Ask anyone."  
  
I tried to pick up the rescue board, failing miserably. I managed to get one end of it to waist height with knees wobbling and back bent awkwardly. He watched me with a smile. "And there's the exception that proves the rule," he laughed. "Let me carry it, Belinda. You can just walk in front and look hot without a board." I already knew he fancied me, but I still felt a little tingle every time he reminded me.  
  
We walked all the way to the south end of the beach so that we wouldn't have so far to paddle. Spike watched Rupali get on the board and called after her: "Get a bit further back, otherwise you'll nose dive into the first swell." He watched her wriggle back; "Better," he called out. "Get past the break and then paddle in between the island and the shore. Don't get into the surf and rocks around the front of the island or you'll be tomorrow's crab-shit."  
  
He put the rescue board in the water and placed the bag about in the middle. "You sit forward of the bag and hold on. I'll paddle and steer from the back. It looked pretty stable so I climbed on my knees, sitting back on my heels. Spike also knelt a bit behind the bag and pushed us off, leaning down and paddling with both hands at once. The nose of the board cut through the first wave we came to and bucked in the air, nearly throwing me off. "Don't forget to hold on," Spike said. "It's a lot less stable up there."  
  
He got us through the break and then turned south, catching up to Rupali. I tried paddling like Spike, balancing on my knees and digging both hands through the water at once. After a dozen strokes my back was killing me. How does he do it? I looked over my shoulder and caught Spike staring straight at the narrow strip of white bikini covering my pussy. With my bottom in the air and head down low paddling, I had been putting on a show without knowing it. I was pleased to finally catch him perving. "See anything you like?" I asked, smiling.  
  
"Hey, it's not my fault," he grinned. "All girls look hotter with a board. It's a scientific fact. They did a study."  
  
"Oh, really?" I said, scepticism and maybe a little sarcasm in my voice. Concentrating on not falling off, I flipped over onto my side and propped on one elbow. This brought my breasts into profile, but hid my vagina behind curled legs. "How about now? Still hot?"  
  
"Smoking," he replied.  
  
I giggled, still a little bit flattered by his attention. I stayed in this reclined position; the board was amazingly stable as it rose and fell over the swells and looking backwards I could watch the muscles on Spike's chest and shoulders bulge as he paddled. I was beginning to think there was something to this science -- guys look hot on surfboards, too.  
  
We caught up to Rupali and paddled alongside her until we reached Wedding Cake Island. It only took about ten minutes, so Rupali obviously did better than Spike thought she would. It was nearly low tide and the top of the island was high and dry, although we could hear waves crashing into the rocks on the other side.  
  
Spike helped us both onto the rocks and carried the bag and boards up to the top of the island. It was a picturesque spot; waves crashing on the rocks below us and an uninterrupted, panoramic view of the Pacific Ocean. He arranged the big yellow rescue board on a couple of rocks to form a makeshift bench, and then opened his bag to reveal a six pack of beer, a selection of sushi rolls, sashimi, a plastic container of soy sauce and three sets of disposable chopsticks.  
  
"Ladies, your table awaits," he said with a bow and a big flourish of his hands.  
  
"Oh, wow!" Rupali cooed. "I like being spoilt."  
  
We sat down on the big surfboard either side of him, watching the waves, drinking beer, eating sushi and making small talk as the sun went down behind us. As the sky darkened we could see a glow on the eastern horizon from the moon, which was soon to rise. Spike was right: this was romantic. But what now? Our Etiquette elective at school taught us the correct protocol in most social situations, but I don't recall anything about initiating a ménage-a-trois; maybe I was sick that day. I didn't know how to ask and I was too shy to just reach out and grab his cock. Help Rupali! All I could do was let both of them know I was ready and then see what happened.  
  
I put down my beer -- I was only three quarters through my first one and already felt a little light headed; cheap date, huh -- and lay down on the makeshift bench with my head in Spike's lap, facing out and watching the waves, heart hammering in my chest. I felt Spike's hands on my head, stroking my hair, and I felt a twitch of movement beneath my ear. Well, it was something, but it was going to take more.  
  
Suddenly a face appeared in front of me. Rupali lay down of the other side of the board, her face an inch away from mine in Spike's lap.  
  
"Hello sweetie," she said in a stage whisper that Spike could hear.  
  
"Hi gorgeous," I said in the same whisper.  
  
She tilted her head back and kissed me on the tip of the nose. I returned the gesture. We kept going in the same loud whispers. "Watcha thinkin'?" I asked.  
  
"I'm thinkin' you look hot," she said.  
  
"You're sweet," I said, tilting my head back for another kiss. Rupali leaned back as well and our mouths met, tentatively, just nibbling at each other's lips.  
  
"Mmmm, nice," she said. "I want another."  
  
We kissed again, more passionately this time, her tongue darting into my mouth, trying to draw mine out. She didn't have to try hard; our tongues locked together, twining, teasing, and tasting, all right under Spike's gaze. His cock stirred beneath my ear again; I felt it harden a little and press back against me.  
  
Rupali broke off the kiss. "Can I tell you a secret?" she asked, still in the stage whisper for Spike's benefit.  
  
"Sure," I said.  
  
"I want Spike to fuck me," she said.  
  
"I want Spike to fuck me," I replied.  
  
"Yeah, that's what I said," she sounded confused.  
  
"I know. I heard you. I mean, I want him to fuck me too," I clarified. More stirrings beneath my ear.  
  
"Well he can't fuck both of us!" she retorted.  
  
"Why not?" I asked.  
  
"Because we'll never agree on who gets to go first," she explained. "He might not be able to cum twice."  
  
I still hadn't told her about "accidentally" fucking Spike in the surf earlier that day.  
  
"Three times," I corrected her.  
  
"Three times?" Rupali asked.  
  
"He's already come once," I explained.  
  
Her eyes widened. "Ewwww! You're not lying in it are you?" she laughed.  
  
I snorted -- very unladylike. "Ewwww! No!" I retorted, laughing. "It was before, after he made you come."  
  
"Shhh," she hissed. "He doesn't know I know."  
  
A voice from above: "Is this a private conversation?"  
  
Both of us together: "Yes!"  
  
Then stage whispering again: "How do we decide?" Rupali asked.  
  
"We could play for it?" I said.  
  
"Play what?"  
  
"Russian Roulette," I smiled.  
  
"But we don't have a gun," she said. She didn't know where I was going with this, but she was playing along.  
  
"We've got this," I said, lifting my head. I reached underneath with my hand and gave his hardening erection a squeeze through his shorts; it pulsed back against my grip. Rupali reached a hand under my head and gently gripped Spike's cock, giving it a tentative squeeze. Her eyes widened as it kicked back in her hand.  
  
"I don't get it," she said. "It's nice, but it doesn't have a trigger. How does Russian Roulette work?"  
  
"We take it in turns to suck it, thirty seconds each," I said. "Whosever mouth he cums in gets to fuck him first."  
  
Rupali's eyes lit up. She's only been in the boarding house a few months and still marvels that I can surprise her with new sex games. This is not one we play in the dorm, of course, because we don't have any real cocks, but we giggle and dream about far more mischief than we ever get up to.  
  
"But then he'll have to cum three times," she argued.  
  
"Four times," I corrected her.  
  
"Spike sweetie?" she said -- louder, as if he couldn't hear us before.  
  
"Uh huh?" he coughed.  
  
"If you cum in my mouth, will you still be able to cum in my pussy later?" she asked sweetly.  
  
"Ummmm. Yeah, I reckon," he sounded confident.  
  
"And will you still be able to cum in Belinda's pussy?" she asked suspiciously, as if checking the fine print.  
  
"I've cum six times in a row before," he reassured her. "And that was just one girl. I reckon it'd be easier with two." We stared at each other, boggle eyed. Six times! Holy crap! My pussy would melt!  
  
Rupali leaned in very close, her lips to my ear, whispering so that Spike really couldn't hear this time. "I've never sucked a boy before. What if I do it wrong?"  
  
I put my lips to her ear. "I'll show you how. And I'll give you extra time."  
  
Rupali looked back at me. "Challenge accepted," she smiled.  
  
"Hey," she said, concern crossing her face. "What if he doesn't want to fuck us?"  
  
"We'll force him," I grinned. "I'll distract him, you get his shorts off."  
  
We sat up together. I took hold of Spike's shoulders and pulled him down on my side of the surfboard; at the same time Rupali lifted his legs onto her side so that he was lying supine. I knelt on the board behind his head and leaned over so that we were upside-down face-to-face.  
  
"Spike, I need your help again with my bikini," I said in a fair-maiden-in-trouble voice. "Could you please unhook it for me?"  
  
He nodded agreement, pretty willingly I thought. I propped up on all-fours and moved forwards to bring my right breast to his lips. I craned my neck down so that I didn't smother him with my boobs and kissed his hard stomach, which fluttered nervously under my lips. "Clasp's in the back," I said, running my tongue around the contours of his abdominals. As he reached behind me I looked at Rupali: "Right, I think he's distracted."  
  
Rupali hooked her fingers into Spike's waistband and dragged them down over his hips. He was still fiddling with the clasp on my bikini, trying to figure it out by touch. He lifted his hips for Rupali and she pulled his shorts down slowly, dragging his cock with them so that we were rewarded with an inch-by-inch reveal of his erection. The waistband slid over his knob and his cock flicked back hard, slapping into his stomach, startling both of us with the force.  
  
Having already had him in my hand in the water -- and OK, if we're honest, my pussy too, not that I'm telling Rupali about that -- I knew what to expect in terms of length and girth, but I still couldn't take my eyes off it. I didn't have that much experience; are all cocks this beautiful? It was about seven inches and a nice handful around the middle becoming very thick towards the base; it wasn't the perfect training cock for Rupali's virgin mouth but it would have to do. It had a slight upward curve - which would make it hard to swallow except in a 69 position -- and the main cum-carrying vessel running up the underside bulged out, promising a fast and powerful jet of cum that I had already experienced in my pussy and was now trying to imagine it running down my throat.  
  
Having fucked Spike earlier, I had already decided to lose the Russian roulette game. Mr Gallows had trained me very thoroughly in cocksucking and I felt pretty confident that if Rupali couldn't get him there then I could bring him to the edge of orgasm just in time for us to swap over. As absorbed as we were in his pulsing cock, I hadn't noticed that he had freed my breasts until I felt my nipple sucked into his mouth and his tongue flick over the sensitive surface. I yelped with surprise and sat up; he would need a lesson in taking it slow later on, but since he was about to get a double blow-job I forgave him his enthusiasm.  
  
I looked into Rupali's eyes; they looked a bit apprehensive. "You go first," she whispered.  
  
I crawled forwards until I was straddling Spike, my face over his cock and my bikini-covered pussy right in front of his mouth. I looked down the tunnel between my swaying breasts and saw him looking back at me. "That's there for your viewing pleasure," I warned him. "No touching. Got it?"  
  
"Got it," he agreed.  
  
"We need a timer," Rupali said. We didn't really because I was going to help her win, but I didn't want to let her in on my plans. Spike handed his sports watch forward; it had a second hand we could use to time ourselves.  
  
I gave it to Rupali. "Thirty seconds. Count me down when you get to ten."  
  
I held his shaft gently between two fingertips, not wanting to give him too much contact too soon, and held it up to my lips, foreskin pulled back. There was a drop of pre-cum on the tip, which I licked off without thinking. Yum! Spike's shaft jerked with the contact as Rupali glared at me accusingly for starting early. I gave her an innocent look that said I can't help it, I like the taste.  
  
Finally Rupali said Go. I took the tip between my lips and kissed, moistening it without sucking, slowly getting him used to idea of having his cock in my mouth. I took in a few inches, just touching with my lips, not my tongue, getting him lubricated so that I could slide him in and out. I kept mouth-fucking him like this until Rupali called out 10 seconds, in and out with minimal contact, desensitising his erection so that he wouldn't come too soon.  
  
With a few seconds to go, I swirled my tongue around the tip and gave a gentle suck, pushing him into the roof of my mouth with my tongue and feeling his knob throb back against the contact. I pulled him in and out against harder suction until Rupali called time and then handed him over.  
  
"Watch those nails," I whispered, taking the timer from her. "Nothing hard or sharp on his cock. That goes for teeth, too."  
  
She tentatively took hold of him between her fingertips and looked at me, hoping for some more instructions. I leaned forwards and put my lips next to her ear. "Just hold about half of it in your mouth," I breathed. She opened wide and took a mouthful of cock, making worried noises at the foreign feel of this solid bar of flesh between her yawning jaws. "Hold it there, taste it with your tongue and get a feel for the size of it."  
  
I gave her a few seconds to do that. "Try sucking it. Close it between your tongue and the roof of your mouth and suck. You can do it as hard as you like, just don't touch him with your teeth." I heard Spike gasp behind me; obviously she took me seriously and tried to suck him inside out. Atta girl.  
  
"Try massaging him with your tongue and then stroke him in and out of your mouth. Mix it up, but don't try to do it all at once, though. A hard suck, swirl your tongue, then in and out." I watched her as she followed these instructions, cheeks working and head bobbing on his hard shaft.  
  
"You can hold his balls if you want," I whispered. "Tickle them with those nails or give them a very gentle squeeze. Don't use your hand on his cock, though; that's cheating." She played with his balls, but then lost coordination and forgot to suck. I touched her cheek to remind her. It's like patting your head and rubbing your tummy at the same time: an acquired skill.  
  
She was well past thirty seconds and closing on a minute, so I gave her a ten second warning, counted her down and then took over. I sucked him half way in, tickling his shaft up and down with the tip of my tongue as I squeezed his balls in my palm. When Rupali called ten seconds again, I sucked hard and took in another inch or two, bringing him to the back of my throat. I pulled him all the way out and then sucked five inches back in, tonguing his shaft near my lips so that he could feel how deep I had him. With a couple of seconds to go I sucked as hard as I could and drew him out slowly, his dick throbbing hard against my tongue.

Rupali went back down about half way and repeated the techniques I showed her. "Go a bit deeper if you can, but not if you're going to gag -- that's not cool." I watched as she greedily sucked another inch between her lips and then gently probed a bit deeper, getting used to the feel of his knob against her soft palate. I heard a little urk sound and she pulled back an inch, but kept sucking and fucking his cock in her mouth with increasing vigour.  
  
After nearly a minute again, I called a ten second warning. When she released him with a satisfied smack of her lips, I went to work -- this would be the second last change-over. I cupped his balls and pressed my fingertips to the sensitive area between his balls and his anus; hopefully I would feel contractions here when he was getting ready to come. I sucked him straight to the back of my throat and then fucked him in and out, sucking hard and flicking his knob with my tongue on each outward stroke. I felt him heave and throb at this increased assault and the muscles of his stomach bunched beneath my nipples. I had maybe fifteen seconds left; was it enough to get him to the edge? I hoped so.  
  
I took a deep breath and positioned him at the back of my throat, which I then opened to engulf his cock. He cried out as I squeezed him down my throat and pressed my lips into his loins, sucking and swallowing and massaging the point behind his balls. Rupali counted me down; Spike was gasping and stroking my hair with his hands as I felt his balls contract. I pulled him out to half way and pressed down hard on the vessel behind his balls to stop him if he came too soon.  
  
With two seconds to go I pulled him out and held him for Rupali. "Suck hard and get ready," I whispered. I massaged that sensitive spot again and felt him gathering to cum. I pressed down hard to stop the first pump, building up pressure for the second one. "Hold on, here it comes," I whispered as I released him. I felt a monumental throb of his balls as he let go and Rupali squealed between closed lips as hot, thick cum filled her mouth. Spike kept pumping and Rupali held him at half way, sucking and squealing. "Try to swallow it," I advised. It was like she hadn't thought of it. She swallowed, drinking down his cum and squeezing his balls for more.  
  
When finally there was no more she reluctantly withdrew his dick, giving it a few parting licks in case there was any she had missed (there wasn't). Our eyes met and I could see that she understood what I had done. She mouthed a thank you and then shuffled forwards on her knees to kiss me; exploring her mouth with my tongue I could taste the salty-sweet residue of Spike's cum and was momentarily saddened that I wouldn't get to swallow any myself.  
  
Rupali broke away from our kiss and -- like the typical teenager that she is -- she had to share her experience verbally before it became real.  
  
"Oh my God, how could I have not done that before?"  
  
"I know."  
  
"It was like drinking from a fire hose. It just wouldn't stop. I forgot to swallow and ..."  
  
"I know"  
  
"Oh, and the taste," her eyes rolled in recalled ecstasy, "... just ... YUM! Right?"  
  
"I know"  
  
"And I made it do that. Me!" she marvelled. "Not like when you just let a guy fuck you and he does all the work and then comes. I made him come. What I did made him come." I thought she was downplaying my part in it, but I didn't disagree.  
  
"I know." I was smiling at her now, enjoying her exhilaration as much as she enjoyed herself.  
  
She gave me a serious look. "You helped too," then broke into giggles.  
  
I held up my thumb and forefinger close together. Just a little.  
  
A finger snaked between my thighs and started rubbing my pussy through my bikini. I reached behind and swatted Spike's wrist. "You need a lesson in foreplay, young man!" I admonished.  
  
"Ooooh!" Rupali chirped, putting up her hand. "Can I be your crash test dummy?"  
  
"Perfect. We need to get you ready to fuck, since you won the Russian roulette."  
  
We both climbed off Spike to let him up and Rupali and I undressed. "OK foreplay dummy, on the bench." Ruplai lay on the yellow board, legs out straight and a big cheesy grin on her face. I climbed around the other side of the board and motioned Spike in so that we knelt either side of her pussy. Spike looked pretty focussed, so I snapped my fingers in front of his face. "This is for your benefit, you know," I scolded. "You want her to come, don't you?"  
  
"I made her come before," he said defensively, but with a bit of a smile. He sensed a game. Everybody loves games. Especially my games.  
  
"You, my horny young friend, rubbed where she told you to and then I guided your hand at the end. Pay attention, you'll learn something."  
  
I took Rupali's leg and lowered it to the ground beside the board and instructed Spike to do the same on his side. Now her thighs were spread wide and we could both see her hairless pussy lips. They were still closed, thank goodness, for this was part of my lesson.  
  
I bent down so that my lips and nose nearly touched her pussy and breathed deeply. "Smell," I instructed Spike.  
  
"I know what pussy smells like," he smiled.  
  
"Humour me," I said.  
  
He bent down just like I did and inhaled deeply, less than an inch from her pussy lips. "Smells like ... nothing? No smell?"  
  
"That's what a clean, dry pussy smells like," I said. "Give me your hand." I took his hand and held the back of it to Rupali's vagina. I raised my eyebrows questioningly to him.  
  
"Cool," he said. "It feels cool."  
  
"Right," I said. "Remember that. Come up here."  
  
We moved up to her breasts. I looked up at her face and she still had that big grin; she loves it when I play games. I took Spike's hand again and held the back of it to Rupali's nipple. He was getting the idea now and not waiting for me to ask. "Soft," he said.  
  
"See what you can do about that," I said.  
  
That made him smile. He cupped a hand around the nearest breast and leaned down to take the nipple in his mouth. "Without touching it!" I said.  
  
He looked up at me, not sure whether he was still enjoying my game. He removed his hand and thought about it for a moment. He tried blowing on the nipple to no avail, and then looked at me beseechingly.  
  
I moved up to Rupali's face and kissed her, gently at first and then more forcefully, running my fingers through her glossy, black hair. My breathing picked up, partly as a result of my own excitement and partly for show; I kissed her hard and pulled away panting a few times, my breasts heaving. Kissing her neck, I worked my way up to her ear. "You are so beautiful," I breathed. "I want you." I sucked her earlobe firmly; flicking it with my tongue, and then kissed back down to the hollow of her throat where I tickled with the tip of my tongue, moving ever so slowly down her chest with my tongue, stopping just above her breasts.  
  
I opened my eyes. Thank God, her nipples were rock hard and standing up like soldiers.  
  
"Do we kiss her nipples now?" I asked Spike.  
  
"Yes!" interrupted Rupali.  
  
"Yes?" Spike responded, more of a question than an answer.  
  
"No," I said.  
  
"What!" protested Rupali.  
  
"She's warmed up now," I explained, ignoring Rupali. "But we want her to come so we need her hot, not warm. Follow me."  
  
I kissed the soft flesh around the edges of the breast closest to me, working my way around the outside, gently sucking with open lips and tickling with the tip of my tongue. I peeked across to make sure Spike was following on the other breast and keeping away from the nipple. I ran my tongue along the sensitive underside, alternately kissing and licking with my mouth, then gently squeezing and stroking with my fingers. I licked closer to the erect nipple, tonguing around the edge but not touching the delicate areola. Rupali was squirming, trying to move her nipple to my mouth, but I kept my tongue just at the edge, licking and teasing.  
  
I backed off to let Rupali concentrate on what Spike was doing. She twisted the other way, moaning softly and trying to get her nipple into his mouth. I brought his hand up to cup her breast and whispered in his ear to kiss her mouth, and if he ever fancied getting a second blow job from any woman he would forget where he just came and make it a good one.  
  
Stroking the underside of her breast with his thumb, Spike moved up and kissed Rupali tentatively on the lips, surprising a gasp from her at first because she had her eyes closed. She kissed back passionately, opening her mouth and plucking at his lips with hers. He must have taken my advice to heart because he matched her intensity, kissing harder and probing between her lips with his tongue. Initially surprised that he wanted to kiss while she still tasted of cum, Rupali caught up quickly and reached out with her own tongue, taking Spike's head in her hands and stroking his hair, holding him to her as they kissed even more deeply.  
  
I touched the side of Spike's thumb, moving it towards her nipple, wordlessly suggesting that now was a good time to progress. He brushed lightly over the rigid peak, surprising another moan out of her, and then brought up a finger to circle the areola, feeling the hard little goose bumps there before gently pinching and squeezing the tip. I moved back to the breast on my side and matched his movements with my mouth, circling the areola with my tongue, sucking the whole nipple into my mouth and gently biting at the tip.  
  
Spike came back down and teased her nipple with his lips and tongue while stroking and squeezing the soft flesh of the breast with his fingers. I swapped over to caressing with my hand and kissed downwards over the bottom of her rib cage and on to her flat stomach, once again kissing with an open mouth, sucking little circles of skin between my lips and tracing the lines of her abdominals with my tongue. In a few moments Spike followed and soon we were both kissing around the small shaped and trimmed patch of pubic hair and down to the tops of her open thighs.  
  
I placed a hand behind her knee and lifted all the way up until it touched her breast; Spike copied on the other side, Ruplai's pussy now raised enticingly in the air but not yet open for business. Together we kissed and licked the backs of her thighs, moving slowly but surely together as we approached her sex. I moved in first; my nose and lips nearly touching Rupali's shaved labia, taking in her scent, fresh and rich and sweet with the promise of sex yet to be fulfilled.  
  
"What do you smell now?" I asked Spike.  
  
He moved so close he could have tongued her slit, but he kept to my script and behaved, breathing deeply over her ripe loins. "It's ... spicy ... sweet ... delicious!" he said, surprised.  
  
"That," I said, "is the smell of a clean, wet pussy that is ready to fuck."  
  
"So can I ...," he began.  
  
"No!" I cut in. "I still have some things to show you.  
  
I took his hand again and held the back to her pussy. "What do you feel?"  
  
"Warm. No, wait. Hot!" he marvelled. "God, it's hot. You could cook on that."  
  
I closed his hand except for one finger and touched it to the base of her vagina, just above the anus. Rupali's juices responded to his touch like a siphon and began running down his finger. Very slowly, I moved his finger upwards, parting her labia over the entrance. When I reached the critical point, her lips opened of their accord, parting like the petals of a flower from the bottom where Spike was touching, upwards to expose her clitoris, now bulging out under its hood.  
  
Spike gasped; I don't think he had ever seen a woman open up like that before. I wished I could see how his cock was responding.  
  
"Even though she's ready, that's no guarantee she'll come," I explained. "So what's next?"  
  
"Tongue?" he ventured.  
  
"Yes, but not right away. I'll show you ...," I began.  
  
"No," he stopped me. "I want to. Show me on my mouth."  
  
That was a compromise I could live with; I get plenty of oral sex with Rupali; pretending Spike's mouth was a pussy would be much more interesting. I abandoned my post beside Rupali and came around to where Spike was kneeling. I placed a knee either side of him and perched on his thighs, his cock -- now getting hard again - just inches in front of my shaved vagina. I felt warmth flood through my loins at the thought of his shaft so close my womanhood.  
  
"Hey," said Rupali. "Have you two forgotten about me? I won first fuck fair and square, you know."  
  
"Patience," I said. "Everything I do him, he will do to you." And then to Spike, "She has Attention Deficit Disorder; when she's not getting the attention she gets disorderly."  
  
I wrapped a hand around his stiffening member and said "Come with me." I got up and straddled Rupali's ribcage, her breasts squeezed together between my thighs. Following my guiding hand on his cock, Spike stepped over and straddled her head, facing me with his balls above Rupali's upturned face.  
  
"Now, can you find something to amuse yourself while I teach him to eat you?" I asked.  
  
"I'll try," she sighed. "Just be quick, OK?"  
  
I lieu of an answer, I used the hand not holding Spike's dick to tweak a nipple, making her yelp and wriggle between my open thighs. I leaned in to Spike, my nipples touching his hard chest, and tilted my head, bringing our mouths together without touching. His lips pursed, seeking me out; I pulled back a little, "Pussies don't purse," I said, giving his cock a squeeze. "Let me do the work." His lips softened and he tilted his head oppositely to mine, our mouths now at right angles.  
  
I kissed him, plucking softly at his lips with mine, sucking just enough to draw them away from his teeth. He tasted a little bit salty from the soy sauce he had on the sushi earlier and the image of kissing a pussy when I shut my eyes was surprisingly powerful. I felt some movement around his cock, which I still held around the base; I glanced down quickly and saw Rupali's tongue snaking around his balls. Kissing harder, I sucked his upper lip into my mouth and ran my tongue over the soft inside surface, repeating on the lower lip and then both at once, showing him how to titillate the inner labia before tonguing the vagina or clitoris.  
  
I kept this up for another minute, stroking his cock until it was fully erect again, hard and throbbing under my fingers. Rupali had taken both balls into her mouth, sucking and juggling them with her tongue and occasionally licking out to the base of his cock and getting my fingers instead. I probed into Spike's mouth with my tongue, gently at first and then more insistently, pushing deeper and searching out his own tongue, my pussy licking lesson now all but forgotten. I squeezed his cock hard in frustration when he didn't respond; he gasped and realising the game had changed he kissed me back, his tongue twisting against mine, crushing our lips together as he brought both hands up to my breasts, stroking the undersides like I showed him before touching the nipples. What a good student!  
  
I realized that we were getting carried away with each other when at least one of us should have a face buried in Rupali's pussy. I pulled away from him reluctantly, panting and breathless. "Got it?" I asked, smiling.  
  
"Yes, thank you" he said, stealing another peck at my lips.  
  
"Stay away from her clitoris until just before you fuck her," I whispered. "Otherwise she's come all over your face instead of your cock."  
  
Spike moved to the other end of the board and lifted Rupali's thighs back to her stomach again, raising her gaping and glistening pussy up to his lips. He began kissing her inner folds, just as I had kissed him, eliciting a deep moan of desire from Rupali. I knelt on the board behind her head and leaned forward to kiss her breasts, bringing my own hard nipples into contact with her mouth. We played a silent game of Simon-Says: I licked, she licked; I sucked, she sucked; I nibbled, she nibbled. I hope she wasn't losing concentration on what Spike was doing to her steaming pussy; I felt quite invested in his training now and wanted him to do a good job.  
  
Rupali locked her legs around Spike's head, thighs clamped over his ears and ankles crossed in the middle of his back, using them as a lever to push her pussy into his face and making the slow, teasing pussy licking that I taught him impossible. I felt an immediate change in Rupali when he started to use his tongue, running it up and down her slit and probing inside her entrance. She arched her back and rolled her hips in time with him, moaning encouragement and letting out squeals of passion and surprise as he probed more deeply, forcing his insistent tongue down her love canal.  
  
She broke away from sucking my nipple and gasped "No more! Please, fuck me now."  
  
Spike chose not to fulfil this request; at least not yet. He withdrew his tongue and moved up to her clitoris, sucking and licking to the increasingly frantic cries from Rupali, who was quickly approaching orgasm. I let him continue for another thirty seconds or so and then reached down to touch his cheek, reminding him that it was time to replace the tongue with dick.  
  
Rupali unlocked her ankles as Spike pulled back and then flipped them up over his shoulders. He moved up, straddling the surfboard, until the underside of his hard shaft rested against her steaming, wet slit. He leaned forwards, resting against her legs and cupped her breasts with both hands, stroking the nipples and soaking up the moonlit view of this naked Indian goddess folded beneath him and offering him complete access to her supple young body.  
  
I moved forwards as well, positioning my own pussy over Rupali's face as I reached down and took hold of Spike's manhood, guiding the tip between the gaping inner folds of her pussy lips. As Spike pushed forwards, I pulled his cock away so that instead of sliding deep into Rupali's core, his length ploughed through her slit and over her engorged clitoris, all the way from the tip to the balls. Rupali cried out in equal parts passion and frustration, arching her back and quivering with the sensation of his hardness rubbing over her clit. Spike pulled back and once again I positioned his cock at her entrance, stirring it around to get it coated in her juices.  
  
Spike looked into my eyes and I tipped him a wink. Trust me. He experimentally pumped his hips forwards a few inches; once again I shifted his cock so that the tip ran through her slit and touched her clitoris. He pulled slowly back and forth, letting me control his cock as he ran it between Rupali's silky lips and around her bulging clit. After half a dozen strokes Rupali was crying for Spike to fuck her, tears spilling from the corners of her eyes and trickling down her cheeks and over my thighs. On the next back-stroke I squeezed his cock as a signal and pushed the tip back down her lips and over her entrance. Without hesitation, Spike pushed all the way forward, burying his seven inches in her womanhood in a single stroke, crying out himself at the furnace heat as her molten core first parted and then contracted tightly around his iron shaft.  
  
Rupali cried out for him to fuck her harder; the stroking over her clitoris had brought her to the edge of orgasm and now the pumping shaft pounding deep inside her canal kept her on the edge; each stroke coming almost all the way out before slamming back in, crashing into her soaking labia, balls slapping against her backside. I kept my hands on the hard muscles of her flat belly and each time I felt her relaxing and regaining control I moved a hand down to rub her clitoris, taking care to keep my manicured nails away from Spike's thrusting manhood, and brought her back to the verge of climax, crying and screaming for us to finish her and send her to heaven.  
  
She discovered my pussy over her mouth and grabbed at my hips, dragging me down and mercilessly plunging her tongue into my hole without so much as a by-your-leave, drinking my freely flowing juices and stifling her own pleading cries. Lightning bolts of pleasure shot through my centre; I was so wet and ready that foreplay was redundant. Now the real game commenced: I didn't want to come until Spike was inside me, so I was trying to prolong her orgasm but at the same time I was trying protect my own climax from the expert ministrations of her tongue, letting her probe my entrance but pulling away each time she sucked my clit between her lips.

Hopefully Spike would never know, but seven inches of cock -- more than enough to fill my tiny pussy to overflowing -- is simply not enough to make Rupali come. Even though he was in charge of this fucking, I had my finger on the button (so to speak); I was in charge of Rupali's orgasm and I was ready for her to come. I began stroking her clitoris to bring her back to the edge and whispered to Spike that it was time; could he come now, please.  
  
Not a man to disappoint, Spike closed Rupali's thighs, squeezing his cock tighter and trapping my finger on her clit. I heard his breathing change as the increased pressure drew him towards climax and I redoubled my efforts on her clitoris. In a few moments Rupali was past to point of no return; an explosive orgasm building up inside her, she forgot all about licking my pussy and began a surprised-sounding thrumming wail. Starting out low: "Oh ... oh dear ... oooh ... oooh" she built up to a single high soprano note and arched upwards beneath Spike's pounding shaft, her orgasm spiralling out of control as it ripped through her body.  
  
A moment later, Spike thrust into her and held the end of the stroke as he pumped cum deep inside her pussy, pulling out half way only to pound back in as he delivered each creamy jet. Rupali's orgasm finally wound down at the same time as Spike's thrusting weakened.  
  
I opened Rupali's legs and went down to lick up cum that had seeped out around the edges of her slit. Spike pulled half way out to give me more access and I licked around the base of his shaft, savouring the combined taste of his salty cum mixed with the fresh spice of Rupali's pussy juices. It was like discovering strawberries and cream for the first time, knowing that they are delicious individually, but never imagining that the combination could produce a coupling that surpassed the sum of its parts. I couldn't get enough; I roughly pulled Spike softening cock from Rupali's pussy and sucked it greedily into my mouth, stripping the wonderful mixture first from the head and then working deeper until his cock was squeezing down my throat, licking, sucking and swallowing until I had him balls-deep and still I snaked out my tongue to clean the remnants of their combined sex from his balls. When I got it all, I pushed him away and went down on Rupali, licking the hot well-spring seeping from her steaming hole and when it was gone I delved my tongue deep into her womanhood to find more. Here the taste was different: more Rupali and less Spike, but still a sweet combination -- both delicious and indescribably sexy - it had both my mouth and my pussy watering.  
  
Rupali crunched her stomach and buried her own tongue in my pussy. Sixty-nine was a position we had never tried before; she is 6'1" and I am 4'11" and three-quarters -- the poor girl had to fold herself in half just to reach my pussy. But Rupali had gone way past just reaching; she mashed her face against my melting slit and thrust her tongue deep inside; I could feel her exploring the depths of my love canal, opening me up ready for Spike's seven inch cock -- or so I thought. My tiny, tight pussy yawned wide to accommodate the thick base of her tongue while the slimmer point flicked and licked at my inner core, pushing back against the enclosing pressure, building up a delicious friction and probing in directions that a cock could never replicate.  
  
When I finished all the cum that I thought I could get from Rupali's pussy, I sat up on her face, allowing her to lie back down flat on her back -- another new position for us - changing the angle of entry into my pussy and firing off all new sparks of desire between my legs.  
  
She came up for a breath and called "Spike! Black bag!" Before burying her relentless tongue back in my womanhood. Stroking her breasts and squeezing her nipples and trying not to cry out, I watched through slitted eyes as Spike opened Rupali's black velvet pouch to reveal -- surprise, surprise -- a sex toy.  
  
"Funny lipstick," he said, turning it over in his hands, trying to work out which bit went where, and whether any of it would involve him.  
  
I recognised it immediately and chastised myself for not picking its shape in the bag. Rupali and I had been browsing strap-ons online, looking for something a bit less labour intensive than Rawhide, the communal but largely unused strap-on in the senior girls' dorm. To the best of our knowledge, Rupali and I were the only ones who used Rawhide, but even though we mostly kept it in our room it was still a killjoy to wait for the interminable buckling and tightening and wiggling when all you wanted was for your girlfriend to fill you up with cock -- and living with Rupali's long limbs, her golden skin, gravity-defying breasts and cascading raven hair every day and night in my bedroom - that was something I wanted a lot!  
  
This newest acquisition was our favourite, but we hadn't yet taken the plunge to purchase it -- or so I thought. It was a strapless strap-on. Ingeniously designed, one end is a thick, contoured vaginal plug pointing straight up, and the other end is a six inch dildo -- not quite as thick or as long as Spike's cock -- pointing straight out and curving upwards. In the middle is a flexible U-shaped joint that kind of clamps it onto the wearer's pubis; the plug sits snugly up her pussy and a thick, hard shaft looks to be growing from a point a couple of inches above her clitoris.  
  
So now I had a choice: wait until Spike was ready to go again, or fuck right now with Rupali. In fairness, I did have to think about it ... for a few seconds anyway; but I had already had Spike inside me once today and right now Rupali was the one setting off sky-rockets of pleasure in my pussy.  
  
"Give me that thing," I said to Spike. He looked glad to hand it over, but a little deflated. Hmmm, two girls and a strap-on doth not a three-way make -- I think I read that somewhere in the bible -- I needed to make sure Spike wasn't left out.  
  
I raised my pussy off Ruplai's face for a moment and looked down at her between my thighs. "Sweetie. Lube?"  
  
"Black bag," she responded, pulling me back down for more tonguing.  
  
For once Spike was ahead of me; handing me a disposable sample sachet of sex lube. I ripped it open and coated both shafts of the toy. Rupali was so wet and stretched from Spike's thick cock that I could have shoved the plug-end straight in, but sitting on her face and looking at her pussy in the moonlight made me want to take it slow and enjoy it.  
  
Just as I did earlier with Spike's dick, I pushed the plug up against her opening, but then instead of pushing inwards I glided up and down her slit, rubbing her clitoris and making her cry out into my pussy, twisting and bucking her hips in pleasure. She was already thoroughly wet, but the extra lube made the shaft slide around deliciously inside her lips. Once I'd had my fun, I positioned it over her entrance and held it there, pressing down gently so she could feel it trying to enter her, but not quite enough to open her up. She thrust her hips upward to get it inside; once, twice, but each time I went up with her, still keeping the same teasing pressure on her pussy. On the third thrust I relented and slid it slowly but effortlessly all the way down her silky canal to the sound of her muffled cries of relief and pleasure. As I went, I pulled on the cock-end to open up the U-shaped joint and then gently allowed it to close again on her pubis once I had it pushed all the way home.  
  
Letting go, I sat back on her face and just stared, not believing my eyes: in the moonlight, my girlfriend had a thick, hard, glistening cock ... and it was pointed straight back at me. The illusion was perfect. It sent shivers down my spine and I wriggled nervously on her probing tongue. I almost forgot myself and went down on her; I wanted to suck her cock into my mouth, feel it on my tongue and swallow it all the way down my throat while I licked out around the base at her clitoris making her scream and buck helplessly in my face as she climaxed and pumped load after load of sweet cum down my throat. Phew! I mentally slapped myself and reluctantly got up off her face. I felt thoroughly ... explored! ... and my pussy was still buzzing with the intensity of her furious tonguing.  
  
"Rupali! Up you get," I commanded. "Spike, lay down!"  
  
"I'm not sure whether I ... ahhh?" he began nervously, probably thinking that Rupali's toy was for him.  
  
"Hey, if you want Rupali to fuck you with that thing then you can get in line," I told him. "I'm up next and if you want the best seat in the theatre you'll lay down when I tell you; otherwise you can wander off and leave us to it." I try to sound tough, but standing buck naked at my full 4'11'' and three quarters, with hard nipples standing proud on my pert breasts, I'm more entertaining than intimidating.  
  
"Yes, ma'am," he smiled, lying down on his back as Rupali got up.  
  
"Good boy," I laughed.  
  
We both watched Rupali, looking down and admiring herself and then striking a pose in the moonlight, showing off her cock. She was ... mesmerising! Don't get me wrong; I'm a big fan of the male form: thick limbs, hard muscles, narrow hips, broad shoulders and all that ... it's hot; red hot! You don't need to tell me. But the female body -- Rupali's body -- is just ... beautiful. No, exquisite! Her long, soft, curves glowed with oil; her full, perfect breasts silhouetted by the moon; and her thick, proud, cock, standing hard and erect before her flat stomach as she stood tall and hipshot before us, stroking its length slowly with her delicate, pink-tipped fingers. I felt a lump of deep wanting rise in my throat and my chest tightened with pure need for her.  
  
I shivered again with animal desire. I wanted her to take me, to dominate me, to lose control and ravage my body. For that moment I wished to be a virgin again, to feel the exquisite pain as she broke me open for the very first time, plundered me, conquered me, to know that I gave to her -- and she took from me -- that which could never be taken again.  
  
"See something green," Rupali laughed.  
  
Spike and I had been gawking -- I don't know for how long but I don't think I would have stopped on my own. She came to me and bent down for a kiss, soft and sweet on my lips, cupping a breast gently as her cock rested heavily against my belly.  
  
"How do you want it?" she whispered.  
  
"Doggy," I croaked, that lump rising again in my throat. "Don't hold back."  
  
"Your wish, sweetie," she said, kissing me again and tweaking my nipple.  
  
I stood with one leg on the ground and swung the other over Spike's head, resting my knee on the board beside him and faced back towards his cock. My open pussy was just six inches above his face and he didn't miss the opportunity to lean upwards and tongue me greedily before Rupali moved in and straddled the board behind us.  
  
"You sure you want this, sweetie," Rupali asked playfully.  
  
"Mmmm huh," I affirmed. I was shaking now. I couldn't see her behind me but it was like I could feel a kind of magnetism as she held the tip of that cock close. I bent even lower; my nipples brushing Spike's hard stomach as I arched back, pushing my pussy upwards and out, aching for her to enter me.  
  
"That didn't sound very convincing, Blinny," she admonished. "I don't want to take you if you don't want me to."  
  
Oh God, I'm sorry I ever teased her. Payback's such a bitch. "Please," I choked. "Don't play with me Rupali."  
  
"Nope, she doesn't want it. Spike, lick her clitoris until she screams for it or comes on your face."  
  
Before I could respond, Spike pulled me down to his mouth. So much for licking; he closed his lips around my clitoris and sucked. Hard! He flicked his tongue from side to side over its sensitive surface as he buried his nose in my pussy. Pleasure exploded through my loins, his mouth so different to Rupali's; stronger, rougher, more masculine.  
  
It took my breath away and turned my legs to jelly. The knee of my standing leg unlocked and I collapsed on his face, moaning, crying and grinding my pussy against his nose as he sent my clitoris to heaven. Unless he had learned to breathe through his ears, this was going to be a temporary state of affairs, but the sensation was new and explosive and I quickly resolved to enjoy it while I could and then beg for Ruplai's cock when he pushed me away for a breath.  
  
Thirty literally breathless seconds and my clitoris was on red alert, sirens blaring and lights flashing, needle gauges in the red-zone, all signalling imminent overload. My body was screaming for me to come. Come or die. But somehow I held it at bay; alternating holding my own breath, turning purple, hyperventilating and twisting, writhing on Spike's nose, but not once did he breathe and not once did he release the orgasmic suction on my clitoris.  
  
Sixty seconds. My other senses started to fade out; the world contracted down a single point of pure, white hot sensation between my legs. I felt the change as my body began to reject the messages I was sending to withhold my orgasm. The battle was lost and I was about to explode.  
  
With one last force of will I pushed away from Spike, screaming and crying "NOOOOOOOOOOO! Oh God, I'm coming!"  
  
I took another deep breath, preparing for the blend of euphoria and disappointment as the orgasm carried me away, when Rupali reached around and twisted my nipple painfully.  
  
"Oh, you bit...," I began tearfully, then realised that she had doused my climax. I turned to her, my vision doubled with brimming tears and the screaming, runaway machine of my sex winding down to a pleasurable tingle. "Oh my God! You wonderful, beautiful ... smarty-pants! How did you ...?  
  
"Did you think you knew all my secrets?" she laughed.  
  
Spike had taken a couple of deep breaths and now seemed no worse for wear from his near asphyxiation.  
  
"And you?" I glared tearfully down at him between my thighs. "How did you ...?"  
  
"Ha! I could have kept going a while longer," he grinned. If you want to stay alive in big surf then you gotta have lung capacity."  
  
Rupali reached down and stoked a finger through my incandescent slit, silencing any further questions and recriminations at their cruel mistreatment of me.  
  
"Oooooohhh," I sang in a rising voice as this time my back buckled and I fell forward onto Spike. Like making a dog scratch by rubbing its tummy, my pussy was almost acting independently. At Rupali's touch my bottom arched high in the air again, offering itself wantonly and shamelessly to be penetrated from behind.  
  
She touched the tip of her cock to my lips and pushed fractionally forward; the lubricated knob slid frictionlessly into the socket. I wriggled my hips to feel it dance around the sensitive edges of my entrance, savouring the anticipation as I waited for her to drive it deeper. An then, finally, my reward: Rupali closed her long fingers onto my hips for leverage and simultaneously pulled and thrust, effortlessly ploughing the six inch shaft all the way home. With an undulating dolphin-like rhythm she rocked her hips, dragging the tip maddeningly over my G-spot on the way out before gliding smoothly all the way back in. Slowly, gently and lovingly; she fucked me - not roughly like a cave-man, which I still wanted -- but luxuriously like it was a gift. If day-spas offered fucking, this is what it would be like: a mineral bath, shiatsu massage, then hair, nails and a facial followed by a full hour of lady-fucking.  
  
I still held my bottom high in the air but rested my breasts and head on Spike's stomach, sighing with pleasure at the pampering my pussy was receiving. I let my mind drift, watching Spike's cock -- so close I could take it in my mouth - still swollen from its exertions but soft and motionless. It occurred to me that I knew almost nothing about soft dicks. Every time I encountered one it was well on its way to becoming rock hard, which is pretty much the only way I picture them. Although Mr Gallows likes to play with my pussy after sex, I pretty much leave him alone, trusting that he'll let me know when he's ready again.  
  
I reached forward and stroked it, expecting it to rear a bit as a semi-erect cock does when I hold it, but there was still no movement. Taking hold, I gave it a squeeze from the base; it was strange: like play-dough, moulding to any shape I made in my hand, but otherwise completely lifeless. I was fascinated. Rocking forward, I licked from tip to base, expecting my tongue to get results where my fingers could not. I understood that it was a matter of timing rather than intent; it was barely five minutes ago he filled Rupali to overflowing, but for some insane reason I saw it as a challenge to my womanhood: harden this cock or you're a disgrace to your sex!  
  
I took him into my mouth; his cock was shorter now and so pliant that I didn't need to swallow any of it. It was totally different to normal cocksucking: I could stay all the way down on the root of his dick and still breathe -- which felt really sexy -- but I could also do different things. His dick folded under the pressure of my tongue; it moulded into the shape of my cheek or the roof of my mouth like bubblegum, and most amazingly -- and I swear I could do this for hours -- when I sucked hard at the base, it closed down to a thin hard rope between my lips while the other end swelled and hardened against the back of my throat. The first time I tried it I thought he was getting hard and prepared to give him a proper blow job, but then when I let go of the suction it returned to its soft pliant state. So cool! I don't know how guys ever leave the house. If I had one of these I'd play with it all day!  
  
As I was doing this for what felt the millionth time, I released suction and instead of shrinking back down it just kind of ... stayed! It was still soft, but bigger! I did it again, pressing my lips down hard onto the root of his manhood and sucked hard, compressing with my lips and tongue. This time the tip pressed more insistently at the back of my throat and the whole thing felt thicker. Spike gave it a weak pump and I felt if flex, straightening out, lining up along my tongue as if preparing for the journey down my throat. The same thing happened -- or more accurately: didn't happen -- when I released again. No shrinkage! He was thicker, firmer, and straighter and this is weird: heavier. A really hard cock seems to defy gravity; it stands up all on its own, defying you to weigh it. Spike wasn't that hard yet so his cock was still resting in my mouth, and it felt heavy ... dangerous, like it was filled with lead shot!  
  
I stopping sucking and just held him in my mouth, concentrating on what was happening to his cock. It was slowly inflating. I could especially feel it thickening at the base, forcing my jaws apart, but it was growing everywhere at once, growing fatter and opening up the cavern of my mouth, but growing longer too; longer, straighter and harder. He was still pressing at the back of my throat, but more insistently now. Before I could easily hold the tip back as it searched for a new hole to invade and it would just flex and bow in the middle. But now it was straightening out and wouldn't take no for an answer.  
  
Quickly, I hyperventilated a few times and then took a deep breath and relaxed my throat, giving him a new avenue of growth. Immediately his knob moved into the space I had made, sliding purposefully into my throat - just an inch - as his whole cock straightened and cut off my airway. I heard Spike gasp as he twined his fingers in my hair and held me down onto his growing erection -- as if I was going anywhere. A heartbeat later he pumped his cock; it swelled and hardened in my mouth as the knob bulged massively in my throat, forcing itself down another half an inch or so.  
  
I wrapped my arms around his hips and dug my fingers into his buttocks, hugging his groin to my face, twisting my face and trying to drag him deeper inside. It had the illusion of working as he continued to grow inside me. My jaws were almost fully stretched around the thick base of his cock and he seemed to be filling my entire mouth as well as my throat. I struggled to hold back the swelling; closing my lips over my teeth, I simultaneously bit down as I sucked and compressed the middle of his shaft him with my tongue, while swallowing to compress his knob, now two inches down my throat. The result was instantaneous and exactly the opposite of my intent: he cried out in ecstasy and bucked his hips in my face; three quick pumps of his cock and it swelled massively inside me, his knob bulging and burrowing another inch and a half down my throat.

He was fully hard now and completely at my mercy -- providing I didn't need to breathe. I figured I was good for another thirty seconds or so before I passed out and the way he was writhing and crying out as I sucked and swallowed on his manhood, I had a chance of keeping him there until he came.  
  
Rupali was still giving me the lady-fuck deluxe. It felt wonderful, but it wasn't going to make me come. Beyond verbal commands, I flung one hand backwards and slapped her thigh hard: international sign language for "I have a cock in mouth and I want you to fuck me harder." Dear, sweet Rupali: on the next inbound stroke she drove in harder, her groin slapping hard against my bottom. Her cock touched down inside me, pressing deliciously up against my cervix, setting off a little explosion of pleasure. God, it felt fantastic; goodbye lady-fuck, hello man-fuck! Two strokes later I felt that familiar stirring as my orgasm -- held at bay too many times -- reawakened and growled menacingly in my groin. It was not to be denied this time.  
  
With Rupali driving hard into my pussy I concentrated back on Spike's cock; sucking and swallowing, I reached for his hands holding my head and guided them to pull me down harder on his cock. I wanted him to grind it into me as hard as he wanted, to force me down onto him and pump me full of cum. I had a big breath -- enough I thought -- and I didn't want him to worry about suffocating me. If worse came to worst, I always had my teeth and I was pretty sure I could get him out at short notice.  
  
Bless him: he knows international sign language as well. He twisted his fingers in my hair and pulled me down hard, mashing my lips against his groin and my nose to his balls. I redoubled my efforts of swallowing and sucking, moaning and crying out for him to come -- hopefully he understood and would do me the favour of coming before my lungs burst.  
  
I heard him begin his build up: panting and writhing. Damn, he was ahead of me! Another slap on Rupali's thigh: harder, bitch! She didn't disappoint; with her next stroke her groin slammed into me with a thunderclap, her hard cock detonating an explosion as she tried to ram it straight through me. She pounded me, punctuating each thrust with a word: "You ... slapped ... me ... you ... slut ... I'll ... ram ... this ... cock ... so ... far ... up ... you ... can ... brush ... your ... TEETH ... WITH IT!  
  
Each thrust was like an air pump, building up the pressure of my impending orgasm until it burst. About half way through this little speech, Spike lifted off, both literally -- hoisting his backside into the air -- and figuratively as his cock swelled and bulged and finally rocketed cum down my throat. For each of the last half dozen thrusts, Spike filled me with another cock-load of cum while Rupali arched back and slammed her cock upwards, lifting me off the ground with each pounding blow to my pussy so that I was suspended in the air on two cocks. I started coming on the second last stroke and on the very last one Rupali grabbed my hips hard, grinding into me, standing up straight and holding me off the ground, twisting her hips, stirring her cock in my pussy while I dangled in the air, screaming and swallowing and kicking my legs like a puppet as the orgasm convulsed my body.  
  
Spike finally stopped pumping and lifted me off his cock just as I began to feel faint from lack of oxygen. I simultaneously tried to suck in lungs full of air as well as scream from the ecstasy that coursed through my pussy. Rupali finally lowered me down, panting and heaving and completely spent on top of Spike, my mouth and pussy throbbing with pleasure and pain, arms and legs draped over the sides like an animal skin, completely satisfied from being taken so completely.  
  
"That wov ... ouch," I began.  
  
"Epic," Spike sighed.  
  
"Carnal," Rupali marvelled, straddling the board behind us and running her hands over my back.  
  
"You hurt my lipf," I said.  
  
"Sorry," they both replied.  
  
"Not thove ones; theve ones!"  
  
"I'll kiss these ones better," Spike said from between my open thighs. "Just in case." He kissed my pussy softly.  
  
"Ouch. Thove ones hurt too."  
  
"That'll teach you to giddy-up on me," Rupali laughed.  
  
"Probably not," I moaned.  
  
"So," said Spike. "It doesn't sound like you're up for rescue sex in the surf."  
  
"Another time." God I hope so.

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After lights-out later that night, I lay spooned into Rupali's nakedness -- which was how we spent most nights until one of us got too hot -- when she whispered "Do you have a clever name for the new toy yet?"  
  
"It doesn't need one," I said. "It's yours. It's not going into the toy box; at least not until you graduate and bequeath it to the dorm."  
  
"Still," she said. "It's a nice tradition."  
  
"Did you have something in mind?" I asked.  
  
"I was thinking, Spike."  
  
I giggled. "Do you think we'll see him again?"  
  
"Probably not," she sighed. "He'll leave Sydney soon on his big quest. It wouldn't be good to get too invested."  
  
"Hmmm. No," I said wistfully. Then: "Hey, I owe you a toy. Spike's not big enough for me to use on you."  
  
"Yes, that's right! You do!" she brightened. "But we haven't seen any big enough online. Do you think your mystery man would make me one?"  
  
"I don't know," I said, thinking Mr Gallows' skills were more electronic and mechanical engineering. "Maybe. I don't know whether he can work with latex. I can ask if you like?"  
  
"While you're at it, see if he'll make the mould from himself," she whispered shyly, giving me a little squeeze and wondering whether she was asking for too much.  
  
She had already fucked Mr Gallows, of course; but she was blindfolded and still has no idea it was the headmaster. All she knows is that his nine inch cock is one of the few that will bring her to an orgasm. Maybe it was a good idea to get him to cast his own cock. She asks about him a lot; clearly she's keen for another encounter and it was hard to keep finding excuses.  
  
I felt a bit sorry for her. I come so easily and could use any old cock that was handy; but the one that I do have is also the only one that makes her come. And worse, it doesn't even all fit in my pussy! It's not as though any of us were in an exclusive relationship, either. Was I being over-possessive?  
  
"Tell you what," I smiled. "I'll tell him to either make you one or he has to fuck you again."  
  
"Both would be fine with me."  
  
"I bet!" I snorted. "Night, Rupali."  
  
"Night, B'lin."

~~~ THE END ~~~

**The Headmaster's Office 06: Twisting on the Gallows Pole**

by[**blin18**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2052159&page=submissions)©

**Prologue**  
  
It's possible I'm not Mr Gallows' favourite person at the moment. It's equally possible that I am in fact his number one favourite person ... OK, top five, whatever. It very much depends on what is happening right now in the gym.  
  
My two minute biography -- in case you need catching up -- is this: I'm in my final year at a posh boarding school in Sydney. At the beginning of the school year, I accidentally seduced the headmaster (that's Mr Gallows -- very tall, cute, little bit nerdy, wonderful lover) and we have been seeing each other secretly ever since. Not long after, I was seduced (that's my story, and I'm sticking to it) by my roommate (that's Rupali -- very tall, sexy, little bit funny, wonderful lover) and we have also been seeing each other ever since.  
  
Now here's the tricky bit, so pay attention: Rupali and Mr Gallows had complimentary sexual fantasies. I took it as my solemn duty to put them together and as a result Mr Gallows knows about me and Rupali, but Rupali only knew that I was sleeping with a mystery man. She thought it was one of the boy boarders and I was protecting his identity; she had no idea it was a faculty member, let alone the headmaster. This was a good thing because if news gets out then he's out of a job: forever probably.  
  
The reason I might not be so popular with Mr Gallows is because Rupali found out. From me, no less! But it wasn't my fault. The reason why I might be very popular is because Rupali wants to share him with me ... and she can be pretty persuasive. And it's all happening right now.  
  
Anyway, that's a story for another day. For now, here's the first part of the story of how she found out about us. Enjoy.  
  
Love,  
  
Belinda.  
  
P.S. One more thing you need to know in case you missed my earlier stories: Mr Gallows invents and modifies sex toys as a hobby. I told you he's a bit nerdy. Love, B.  
  
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I may only be 18 (well 19 next month) but I know how the world works. If you need a favour, a big favour, then you're wise to catch your target when they're grateful for your company -- or in a moment of weakness -- but ideally both. I needed a favour from Mr Gallows; I needed him to make me a sex toy.  
  
Rupali recently bought me a gift: a strapless strap-on dildo. Our relationship is not especially lesbian -- or even bi-sexual -- we're just curious girls and we have sex the way we would with guys. It's more convenient this way because we don't get many opportunities to go out with guys in the senior girls' dorm, so tongues and strap-ons make a lot of sense.  
  
The dildo was a gift for me -- not for her -- because of its size; I mean I could wear it to make love to her (yes, I've tried), but it's too small to make her come. She can climax with my tongue or my fingers, but the only other times have been using nine inches of Silver (the famous Senior Girls' Dorm double-ended dildo) and with Mr Gallows (also nine inches). Try as I might (and yes, again, I've tried), I can't find a nine inch strapless strap-on online.  
  
Why strapless? Nobody who had tried both a strapless and a strappy (is that even a word?) dildo would ask. There is no comparison. Spike -- that's our name for the strapless dildo - is ready to go in seconds; no mucking about with straps and buckles and tightening and blah, blah, blah; just slip it in and get to work. But that's not the main thing: a girl with a strappy looks ... well ... a little ridiculous. I'm not sure why; she just does. Even a beautiful girl like Rupali -- it just detracts. But a strapless looks like it belongs; I wouldn't exactly say it looks real -- unless you get the light just right -- but it looks right ... purposeful ... sexy.  
  
Mr Gallows has made us some stunningly impressive sex toys and I promised Rupali that I would ask my mystery man for a nine inch strapless. After I agreed to ask, then she dropped the bomb: she wanted the dildo modelled on his cock. I tried to imagine his cock -- with all of its familiar curves and contours -- on my body while I made love to Rupali. Weird? Maybe a little. Sexy? Oh my goodness, yes! Would I ask him? Oh, please!  
  
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I was going to have to pull out all stops for this favour; he was going to need some serious softening up. I love an erotic game and the people I involve usually approve; Mr Gallows is no exception. I figured that a new game -- one tailored especially for him -- was a sure bet to curry favour.  
  
All this happened last month. Mr Gallows and I always time our meetings so that we can come and go undetected, but that makes it difficult when I share a room with Rupali; more so these days when we share a single bed. As a result, it had been a fortnight since we had last met and our texts to each other were getting a little desperate.  
  
I considered that the best approach was to come clean with Rupali and let her know what I was planning; otherwise I would never get the chance to pull it off.  
  
"Sweetie," I began, choosing a vulnerable moment when we were changing out of our uniforms after school. "Would it be OK if I snuck out tonight after lights-out? On my own?"  
  
"Why?" she asked, turning around to smile at me in her bra and panties. "Got a special delivery coming from your mystery man?"  
  
"Kind of, yeah," I said tentatively, looking down at my feet. "It's been a while."  
  
"What's in it for me?" she asked, grinning.  
  
"Well its funny you ask," I answered brightly. "Because tonight I'm going to ask him for that favour: the new toy."  
  
"Ooooh goody!" she laughed, eyes flashing with excitement. "And he'll model it on himself, right? I only ask because you won't let me have the real thing again."  
  
"I'm sorry Sweetie," I apologised sincerely. "I can't tell you why, but you have to trust me: it's not because I don't want to; I just can't."  
  
"No I'm sorry," she sighed, coming over for a hug. I felt a now familiar tingle as her firm breasts pressed into my cheek (she is thirteen inches taller than me, so that's as high as I reach). "I shouldn't give you a hard time about it. But it's really hard not to feel just a little jealous. In some ways I almost wish you didn't orchestrate that Fantasy Night; then I wouldn't know what I was missing."  
  
I felt bad about that too. Mr Gallows and I aren't exclusive and I would love nothing more than to share him with Rupali -- preferably at the same time -- but he was immovable on the subject. The risks we took on that one night were bad enough and he reckons I was lucky to pull it off without him being discovered. Maybe he's right, but I do hate to keep these two halves of my sex life separate.  
  
So that was Ruplai sorted: I had my leave-pass. The next step was a text to Mr Gallows:  
  
"New game :-D CU 2nite?"  
  
I got a reply back within about thirty seconds; I like that about him: he's not concerned about appearing too keen like boys my age.  
  
"11pm Teachers' Lounge. Can't wait."  
  
And yes, I shit you not, he uses grammatically correct apostrophes in his texts.  
  
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Rupali and I went to our own beds that night and when I turned on my torch to get dressed again she opened her eyes to watch me sneak out.  
  
"Why're you wearing that?" she whispered.  
  
"Insurance," I hissed. "Go to sleep, you're making me feel all guilty for leaving you."  
  
"I can't sleep," she said in her best guilt-inducing voice. "Tell me a bedtime story." Then seeing the frustration and urgency on my face: "Please? Just a little one and then I can go to sleep."  
  
"Mmmmm," I grumbled. "OK. Shove over." She knows I'm a sucker for story-telling and she's not above manipulating me to entertain her. I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy it. She rolled away from me, facing the wall, and I slipped into bed behind her, reaching around under her armpit to cup one large, full breast. She wriggled back contentedly against my body.  
  
"Who's it about?" she asked.  
  
"This is a story I haven't finished writing yet, so I may need to make bits of it up as I go," I said. "It's about a guy called Bob."  
  
"Is this Bob your Physics lab partner?" she sighed complainingly.  
  
"No-oo!" I said in my most convincing As-If voice.  
  
"Cos you've got such a schoolgirl crush on him," she teased.  
  
"What? Do not!" I defended myself vehemently.  
  
"OK then, what's this Bob like," she said resignedly, giving up the chase.  
  
"Handsome. But in a geeky-cute kind of way. Way shy with girls."  
  
"Oh my God," she giggled. "It is so Bob from Physics. You are so in denial!"  
  
"So it seems you don't want a story ...," I said coolly, belying the blush on my cheeks.  
  
"I apologise Blinny," she said primly, following it with a little snort of laughter. "Please continue."  
  
"OK. So Bob's on a plane. And today he's B.O.B -- that's flight-attendant code for Best On Board -- the cutest guy on the plane ..."  
  
I went on with the story, stroking her breast through the slippy satin of her nightie, lifting my head and whispering hotly in her ear as I got to the sexy bits. I could tell Rupali had a hand under her nightie and was stroking herself to the cadence of my voice and my hand on her breast. As I reached the climax, with a beautiful flight attendant impaled and coming on Bob's hard shaft in the airplane bathroom, Rupali stiffened and reached her own quiet orgasm in my arms.  
  
I quickly closed out the story, leaving an opening for the next instalment in the best tradition of 1001 Arabian Nights, then kissed her and slipped silently out the door, through the dorm and downstairs to the teachers' lounge at the foot of the stairs. Sometimes I meet Mr Gallows in sick-bay so that we can use the recovery cot, but it means I have to sneak all the way out of the building, so I prefer the lounge even without something comfortable to lie on.  
  
Mr Gallows was already there; sitting on the couch drinking a glass of wine. My usual greeting is to run and launch myself into his arms, but with the bag of tricks I was carrying and the awkward possibility of upending his wine glass, I just padded over, left my bag on the coffee table and gently straddled his lap with my knees, leaning my whole body close and kissing him softly on the lips.  
  
"I missed you, Sir," I breathed, kissing him again, a little harder this time.  
  
"Me too," he said through my kisses, adjusting himself inside his pants. "Wine?"  
  
"Are you allowed to offer me alcohol?" I quizzed him. "I thought there was a rule about that."  
  
"Are you serious?" he asked, pulling back and looking at me with his brows knitted together. In fairness, he was deeply conflicted about having sex with a student, but he has long since rationalised it to himself.  
  
"No, I'm fucking with you again," I smiled. "I'll just sip yours; I don't want you getting me drunk and taking advantage of me." I took his glass and did exactly that.  
  
"I think the opposite is a much more distinct possibility," he laughed. "Exactly what do you have in store for me? Oh, and nice dress, by the way, Belinda."  
  
It was tradition for me to wear my old summer school dress when we met privately. I bought it before my boobs grew in and hemmed it to a racy length. It was what I was wearing the first time we made love. It's either borderline obscene or incredibly sexy, depending on your mindset, and Mr Gallows was very firmly in the second camp.  
  
"Well," I began. "You know how you love my games?"  
  
"Hmmmm. Yeeeeees?" he said suspiciously.  
  
"Well I've made one just for you," I chirped.  
  
"How thoughtful," he smiled. "What makes it so special that it's especially for me?"  
  
"OK," I said, getting off his lap and picking up my bag with a smile. "So I Googled the 1980's and according to several impeccable sources you guys practically spent the entire decade playing ....," I paused for dramatic effect, reaching into my bag. "Strip Twister!" I sang, pulling out an ancient Twister game that I rescued from a cupboard in the dorm. I gave him my sunniest smile: "So whaddaya think?"  
  
He laughed, deeply and genuinely; I could see tears standing out in the corners of his eyes. "OK," he said, getting himself under control. "Just a point of interest. No, two points."  
  
"If you know what's good for you then they'd both better be about how good this idea is," I scowled, smiling at the same time.  
  
"That goes without saying," he said. "Your ideas are always wonderful and this one is no exception. But ... ," he paused, then sensing he was out of trouble: "You do realise I was a child in the 1980s; I wasn't playing strip-anything. I'm Generation X; you're thinking about the tail end of the baby-boomers, and even then it was only the ones who were too stoned to realize that free love was over and they missed out."  
  
"Will this history lesson take long, Sir? I'm horny."  
  
"No. But even though Twister was known as Sex in a Box, kids played it too. A lot! But we followed the rules in the box, not the strip version," he went on. "The thing you really ought to know before you get into this is that I ... ," then he stood up to his full 6'4" with his arms spread to a similar span and one eyebrow raised: "... have Go-Go-Gadget arms! I ... am ... a Twister ... Rock Star!"  
  
"What's a Go-Go-Gadget?" I said.  
  
"I thought you said you Googled the '80's," he laughed.  
  
"Well there was some stuff there that wasn't about Twister," I defended myself. "I had to skim it."  
  
"Clearly!"  
  
"Well," I said, circling him and trailing my fingers over his groin as I looked up into his face. "You sound pretty ... cocky, Sir! Are you prepared to defend your Twister title?"  
  
"Bring it," he smiled, stopping me and bending down for a kiss. "So tell me, what are the rules of Strip Twister?"  
  
"Simple," I said. "Play like normal, but when you foul you remove a piece of clothing."  
  
"So what constitutes a foul?"  
  
"We'll play by ear," I grinned, laying out the mat. "Don't worry, I'll tell you if you do anything wrong."  
  
"Uh oh. I sense trouble."  
  
"No. You sense fun," I said. "Trust me. How many pieces of clothing are you wearing?"  
  
He had already taken off his tie and shoes. He did a quick tally: "Five."  
  
"Hmmm. I have three," I said, watching his face carefully to make sure I caught the disappointment when he realised I was actually wearing panties, which are not part of our tradition with this school dress. "I'll have to put on some socks," I said reaching back into my bag and bringing out the next part of my master plan to soften him up.  
  
I had them already pre-rolled and ready to go: sheer white stockings with elasticised lacy tops that don't need suspenders. I sat on the couch and rolled them slowly over my feet and up my legs while he watched. They finished about half way up my thighs; just a few inches below the hem of my dress.  
  
I stood up again, smoothing out my dress and looked down at the stockings. "Will these do?"  
  
"Socks?" he said, sensing that I might have more surprises in store.  
  
"These old things? Don't you like them? You could always just take your socks off and we could both start with three," I said innocently. "You know Google says your prudey old 1980's people started with eight or more"  
  
"No," he said, resignedly. "I have no objection to the socks." His eyes hadn't stopped flipping between the sheer white nylon and the strip of bare thigh above. "No objection at all."  
  
"Good," I smiled, standing on my two dots at one end of the game mat, wiggling my hips to make my dress sway enticingly above the stockings. "I'm glad that's settled. Get set Gadget man."  
  
"Who's running the spinner?" he asked.  
  
"Oh, you poor Luddite," I giggled, getting out my phone and opening the voice-activated Twister app. "There's an app for that, Grandad! Spin!" I called.  
  
"Left foot ... yellow," said the phone. His right foot was already on yellow so he quickly moved his other foot over to the adjacent dot. Rather than staying on my end of the mat, I stretched all the way to the next yellow in front of him to trap him at that end. My legs were spread pretty wide, but low-centre-of-gravity is my thing. I wasn't worried.  
  
After a few moves we were both crouched down at his end of the mat and I had him penned. We already had two limbs on yellow and when it came up again I quickly snagged the nearest vacant dot, leaving only the very far end for him. He touched me as he reached behind me with one of those long arms and I bumped him back, knocking him on his ass.  
  
"Foul for sitting," I piped in as soon as he touched down. "And another foul for touching me. Lose the socks, Sir."  
  
He looked at me with a scowl and a smile all in one. "Am I to understand that bumping is permitted, Belinda?"  
  
"Who bumped?" I said innocently. "I was just getting set to reposition my weight when you touched me. You were clearly at fault."  
  
He scowled back, trying not to smile and failing.  
  
"Don't forget those socks ... Sir," I said, deadpan.  
  
He took off the socks and visibly steeled himself to go on without complaint. He was going to get harder to trick after that one.  
  
We played for a few more minutes and between my speed and his reach there were no more fouls. Finally I was blocked, unable to spread my arms to opposite sides of the mat; he called my foul gleefully.  
  
I looked at him with big, innocent, schoolgirl eyes, batting my lashes. "What do you want me take off, Sir?" I asked breathily. "I could start with the stockings ... unless ... you know ... you want me to leave them on? They are part of a matching set ... but, you know, it's your choice."  
  
"Well," he considered. "They do look very nice ... and part of a matching set, you say?"  
  
"Yes, Sir," I said, looking away and smiling, pretending to be shy. "A four piece set. I bought it specially."  
  
"Oh? I see," he mused. "Specially, huh? So really, it would be ungrateful of me not to let you show them all off together."  
  
"Well I didn't say that, Sir," I said. "But sure, that's one way to look at it."  
  
"Oh, I wouldn't like to seem ungrateful," he shook his head. "What else could you take off instead, do you think?"  
  
"There's really only this, Sir," I said softly, looking up at him through my eyelashes as I fingered the collar of my school dress. I deftly popped the top button and then ran a finger slowly down past the remaining buttons. "Do you think you could give me a hand with it?"  
  
With that I stood up in front of him, looking at him crouched in front of me and giving him the whole my-hero and maiden-in-distress routine. He knelt in front of me -- our faces level and eyes locked. Yep, he liked this game. Very slowly, he undid the buttons over my breasts where the fabric stretched a bit too tight; the edges gaped a little but didn't expose anything more than a bit of cleavage. The next button below my breasts exposed the white underwire frame of my bra. I drew a quivering breath, but I wasn't play-acting like before; I was getting seriously aroused now, anxious for him to unbutton me further and discover the special bra and panties I wore just for him.  
  
He continued to the last button at about my navel and then stopped to look at me for a moment: dress unbuttoned and hanging loosely, knowing that with little more that a shrug of my shoulders, it would fall to the floor leaving me standing only in my bra, panties, and those long, sheer stockings.  
  
With very slow, deliberate movements, he moved his fingers under the dress at my shoulders, sliding them slowly up and under the fabric, relishing the touch of my bare skin as he watched the front lift and then open wider as he pushed over my shoulders.  
  
As his hands rounded my shoulders, gravity final took over and the entire dress fell to the floor and pooled around my ankles. His surprise was exactly as I had hoped; he expected a sexy, lacy bra; but not this. It was a quarter-cup; nothing more than strip of lace and underwire separating and lifting my breasts without covering any more than the undersides. It rounded and swelled the tops and sides, leaving the nipples fully exposed; like the stockings and the panties -- which he hadn't noticed yet -- they were part of a set that is designed to be left on for lovemaking.

"Oh good lord," he whispered, his hands still on my shoulders, but his eyes now greedily drinking in the full curves of my breasts with the nipples hardening and standing proud as I anticipated the thrill of his touch. "You are extraordinary."  
  
"That's nice," I smiled. "Shirt and pants, Sir."  
  
"Huh?" his gaze returned reluctantly to my eyes.  
  
"You abandoned your spots and you touched me. Two fouls. Shirt and pants."  
  
He hadn't yet noticed that my panties were crotchless, but it was starting register that having me in my underwear was actually a preferred scenario to being naked -- and the sooner he was naked, the sooner he could enjoy the new pleasures that my underwear offered.  
  
I watched him remove his trousers first as I kicked my dress aside, his cock long and hard and straining uncomfortably halfway down the leg of his lycra shorts. I resumed my position on the Twister mat as he opened his shirt and pulled it back from the hard, ropy muscles of his chest. I crouched down on the Twister mat with my knees apart, waiting for him to notice my pussy peeking out through the window in my panties. They weren't the French-knickers style, with loose legs and a long slit that always reminds me of men's Y-front briefs; they were bikini style, close fitting and curve-hugging. The crotch wasn't slitted; it was an open oval shape, embroidered around the edge to frame and display the vagina. Everything about this ensemble was designed not to cover and hide, but to present and enhance the female form so that it can be enjoyed both physically and visually.  
  
As he crouched back down, his eyes registered the contrast between my shaved labia and the white lace. They flicked downwards, blinked and widened as he hitched another breath. I was pleased to see his cock throb and strain under his shorts as a small dark stain of pre-cum formed on the leg.  
  
"Problem," I asked, smiling at him.  
  
"You've put a lot of thought into this, haven't you," he said, very seriously.  
  
"Of course," I replied, touched that he noticed. "Maybe we can find a way for you to return the favour. Spin!"  
  
"Left hand, yellow," said the phone.  
  
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The game had changed to one of cat and mouse; he spent the next dozen or so moves chasing me around the mat, trying to engineer positions that brought us into erotic contact. As part of the game, I tried to keep away from him, but finally I was forced into taking a spot that placed a breast right in front of his lips. Without hesitation, he took the hard nipple between his lips, kissing it and softly sucking it, lighting up little sparks of excitement as I felt his tongue glide over the sensitive tip and explore the little bumps of the areole.  
  
"That was a lovely foul, Sir. Thank you," I breathed.  
  
"Oh dear, did I just lose my last piece of clothing?" he said disingenuously.  
  
"Mmm hmmm," I confirmed, my eyes locked on the thick contours of his cock beneath the tight lycra. It had been two weeks since I had had him inside me, and I was literally quivering with anticipation. I couldn't wait to see it again; every time I do -- no matter how often -- I can never quite grasp the physics of how something so long and thick can possibly enter something as tiny and tight as my vagina. I know in my head that I cannot take it all; my eyes always mark the invisible line seven inches from the tip and I wonder anew what those last two inches would feel like inside me, what it would be like to have his groin pressed into mine as we ground against each other.  
  
"Would you like to do the honours?" he asked.  
  
I nodded, swallowing hard, my heart hammering in my chest. I turned my eyes up to him. "No more fouls, OK? We're just playing for position."  
  
He agreed and I got up on my knees in front of him, my face inches away from that straining bulge. I wanted to rip his shorts off, but I moved slowly and savoured the excitement building inside me, making my hands shake as I smoothed them over his covered thighs at the sides, around to his buttocks to squeeze the hard flesh there, and then slowly back around to the front. My left hand ran harmlessly over his thigh, but my right closed over the hardness of his cock that ran halfway down the leg of his shorts. I stroked its length, testing the firmness with the tips of my fingers.  
  
Wanting to prolong my rediscovery of his cock, I got to my feet and walked behind him, my hand never leaving that wonderful hardness which would soon open me up and pin me to the floor. From behind I closed my eyes and moved both hands up over his stomach; fingers splayed, tracing the hard contours of his abdominal muscles. Standing close with my nipples pressed lightly against his back, I moved further up to his chest, feeling his strong pectorals and lightly brushing his own nipples with my fingertips, making them harden like mine.  
  
Back down again, just a few breathless seconds away from my first handful of cock for a fortnight, my fingers reached his waistband and passed beneath without pause. Finally I closed my fingers around the root of his manhood; thumb curling over the top and fingers exploring underneath, touching his balls and stroking along that thick cum-carrying vein. I wanted to release him from his shorts before I explored the rest of his shaft, so I reluctantly brought both hands back up, hooked my thumbs into the waistband and slid them down over his hips. As I got to his thighs, I reached around and gently released his erection from the pants leg before lowering them down to the floor.  
  
From my position behind him I still couldn't see my prize, but I wanted to feel it first; measure it with my hands before I did with my eyes. With my arms reaching around his body, I wrapped both hands around the base and held it like a sword, tilted up to the ceiling. For one perverse moment I almost made light-sabre sounds: humming and striking ... You can't win, Darth. If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you could possibly imagine. Maybe next time.  
  
Now came the bit I loved: I shut my eyes again to concentrate and -- holding my right hand at the base -- I stroked ever so slowly upwards with the left, trying to guess when I would reach the end ... now ... no, now ... my hand was still moving ... no now ... oh my God, I still wasn't there! Finally I reached the head; my hands now so far apart that I was unable to comprehend that I was still holding two ends of the same extraordinary cock. Lord have mercy on me, it couldn't have grown since last time, could it?  
  
My knees were shaking. Anticipation? Desire? Fear? I couldn't tell. On legs of jelly I circled back in front of him, still maintaining a grip on the base. I came in close -- my head only coming up to his chest -- and released his erection, allowing it rest against my cleavage. The quarter-cup bra lifted my breasts and held them about an inch apart; his cock was thicker than that so it rested on top rather than nestling between them. This made for an irresistible opportunity to tease him so I rose up on tip-toes to get the swell of my breasts higher than his knob -- I was just tall enough -- then as it fell back against the lace-covered underwire, I lowered back down, his thickness forcing my breasts apart, sliding between them as they pressed back against the incursion. Bending my knees, I continued lower, bringing the head to my mouth and greedily licking the drop of pre-cum from the tip. With my hands on his hips and his shaft trapped between my swelling breasts, I took him into my mouth, just the head, and tasted him, tracing the shape of his knob with my tongue, sucking and compressing it only for it to swell back twice as large between my lips as he pumped his cock-muscles.  
  
I almost ruined our game by losing control; it would have been so easy to just give in to temptation and slide that monster down my throat. Reluctantly, I straightened my knees and took hold of him in my hand again, withdrawing him from the warm channel between my breasts. To my delight -- and his -- the bra did its job and snapped them back into position with a delicious wobble.  
  
"Spin!" I called with a waver in my voice, and without bothering to resume our previous positions (I know I couldn't remember them) we began the final phase of Strip Twister. All previous rules were now utterly forgotten; this game had one goal only: to get as much erotic contact as possible. With each new move he tried to bring his cock to my mouth or breasts, and I tried to bring my breasts or pussy to his mouth. One or both of us would ignore directions from the spinner; we freely repositioned our hands and we placed knees and bottoms on the mat when we got tired. I don't know whether anyone really called Twister "Sex in a Box" in the 1980's, but I'm pretty sure this is not what Milton Bradley had in mind when they created the game.  
  
Over the course of the next ten minutes we discovered that the most satisfying positions had me crab-like, on hands and feet with my body arched backwards, offering easy access to my pussy, breasts and mouth. In this position, he managed to wedge his cock between my breasts; first from below where I could crane forward and lick the bulging head; and then from above where I could take his balls in my mouth and suck and juggle them.  
  
From here we conspired to interpret the next direction of the spinner as one that brought his face to my pussy. Still wearing the crotchless panties, my slit was gaping wide open and taking up the entire width of the embroidered window in the white lace. He kissed me there; lapping at the juices that were now running freely, his tongue probing gently at my entrance at first, but becoming more insistent, pressing deeper and opening me up.  
  
Arched over me on his long arms and legs, his cock was frustratingly out of reach of my mouth. From my inside-out backwards-arched position, I stretched my neck up to try to reach but it was just too far away. I could feel the heat building in my vagina, his tongue bringing me to the next level of arousal. I still had plenty left in the tank before I came, but that swirling and probing was making my pussy throb with pleasure and I realised that soon I would need to stop the game just to satisfy my desires.  
  
"Sir, I can't reach," I breathed.  
  
Without taking his tongue from its important business between my legs, he lowered to his knees as I watched his cock come closer. I tipped my head back to catch the tip in my mouth and ended up chasing it all over the place as it swung left and right, sometimes laying along the length of my face and sometimes slipping off my cheek altogether. After five unsuccessful attempts he balanced on three limbs and -- still tonguing me lovingly -- brought a free hand back to hold his cock still while I wrapped my lips around it.  
  
With my head tipped back, my mouth and open throat were perfectly aligned. Mr Gallows knows that I have no trouble swallowing his full length, having trained in the dorm with the much longer double-ended dildo Silver. With any other woman he would never dream of having her swallow his enormous cock; he had never encouraged me either, but I love the feeling of his long shaft sliding all the way into me. Even though it's a standard feature of our lovemaking, he always leaves me in control; he just tries to hold still for fear of hurting or choking me.  
  
Like I said, I love him inside me -- the deeper the better -- so I usually just take a deep breath and swallow him all the way down, sucking and massaging his balls until I run out of air. It never occurred to me that he would want to do it any differently.  
  
This time I was powerless; bent over backwards as I was, I couldn't move forwards or back. If he wanted to be swallowed then he was going to have to push it down there. He had only given me a few inches and I was desperately trying for more, imagining that if I sucked hard enough I could bring him to me. Letting out a muffled cry of frustration, I arched further, swaying back on my hands and toes to get a little more cock in my mouth. Still working on my pussy, now in a side-to-side action across my open lips, he finally got the message, pushing forward a little way to bring the head to the back of my throat.  
  
I moaned positive encouragement so he would know I was ready for him. As he pressed a little harder, I swallowed, opening up my throat for him to slide tightly inside. He pushed slowly forward, entering me inch by inch as I sucked and lubricated the hot flesh passing between my lips to make it ready to swallow. I released a deep but muffled moan of satisfaction as his groin finally pressed into my lips, then without warning he started sliding back out.  
  
Pulling free of the confines of my throat, I was able to take a breath and cried out for more. I thought he was just being extra careful, not wanting to suffocate me; but for fuck's sake he was only down there a couple of seconds. To my great and vocal relief he stroked back into me, slowly and deeply burying his nine inches balls-deep in my mouth before pulling all the way out again. I was about to moan a complaint when he pushed back down and I had to quickly swallow to allow him passage. All the way down again, he then braced my body from the other end with his face in my pussy and pushed his groin hard against my face, pumping his cock so that it swelled and bulged erotically in the tight confines of my throat.  
  
When he pulled out again, only to plunge back down without giving me time to breathe, I finally worked out what was going on: I was getting throat-fucked. Oh my God! Had he wanted to do this all these months and never asked? Had he just let me call the shots as I held him in my throat while I sucked, all the while wanting to pull out and then thrust back inside? Hell, he'd probably wanted to do this his entire life! After all, I was the first and only one ever to swallow him.  
  
He set up a rhythm of three or four short strokes; pulling out just enough for my throat to close so that he could open me back up again. Then he would go deep and push hard at the end, pumping and swelling inside me as I swallowed, massaging the length of his tool with my throat and tongue before he pulled out further, giving me a moment to breathe.  
  
The feeling of all that flesh passing through my yawning jaws was electrifying. I could tell by the nervous spasms in his cock that he was just on the edge of control; this was surely a fantasy never seriously contemplated suddenly coming true. Knowing that I was fucking him as he had never dared to dream -- as no other woman had before -- just added to my excitement. He now set to work sucking my clitoris and I could feel the beginnings of an orgasm building. Part of me wanted to complete this act; to have him cum down my throat while I exploded with my own climax. Another part of me (the part that hadn't had any cock for two weeks) just wanted him to flip me over drive deep into my pussy.  
  
Not without some regret, I stopped him the next time he withdrew to let me breathe by gently touching my teeth to his erection (a sure-fire attention-getter if ever there was one) and a muffled negative: "Huh-uh." Never one to outstay a welcome, he straightened his arms and legs, pulling out of my pussy and my mouth at the same wistful instant.  
  
"I need to slow down," I apologised. "I'm not ready to finish with you just yet, Sir."  
  
He looked at me through the gap between our bodies; a look of pure gratitude on his face for the amazing acts of oral gymnastics that I had performed on his manhood. "A few more spins, then Belinda?"  
  
"Just a couple. Spin!"  
  
"Left foot, red," said the phone.  
  
Completely ignoring this direction, I gladly gave up my inside-out crab-walking position and flopped onto the mat on my back. Towering over me on all-fours, his cock was above and behind my head and pointing straight down at me. Target acquired. Rolling backwards on my shoulders, I raised my legs and bottom in the air and propped with my elbows to hold there, stockinged legs spread wide and straight around his body and -- with a little positioning -- the tip of his erection touching my open pussy lips.  
  
"Left foot red?" he questioned.  
  
"Red, pink, whatever," I said. "Don't feel constrained by rules. Just put something somewhere." I didn't get a response, then: "Please, Sir."  
  
And with that he rocked forward a little, changing the angle of his cock to point straight down and seating his knob in my entrance. Then in one long, slow thrust he pushed all the way into me -- or at least as much as would fit before he bottomed out. This was rare for us; usually he has to painstakingly work his thick cock into me inch by inch, allowing me to stretch to accommodate his girth. I don't know what was different this time; certainly I was dripping wet from all the foreplay, maybe it was just the angle.  
  
Whatever it was, it felt heavenly: my pussy pointed straight up in the air and his thick cock pistoning downwards into me. His first stoke bottomed out at six inches, but with each powerful thrust he was stretching my pussy and driving a little deeper, and each time I stretched -- instead of feeling pain -- I felt a little mini-orgasm explosion of pleasure. I have had him missionary, doggy, scissors, I've ridden him both forwards and backwards -- there was even that one magical time -- our first time -- when he picked me up and lowered me helplessly onto his shaft until I was impaled; but never has it felt like this. It was as if being upside down had moved all my innards further up to make room for more cock. Much more cock! He was seven inches in now -- which is as much as I have ever taken and still walked upright the next day -- and although he was pressing hard against my cervix with every thrust -- I still felt no pain.  
  
Propped up on my shoulders with my neck and head on the floor, I was folded like a pocket knife and with my pussy right above my face, I could see everything he did to me in extreme close-up. I watched entranced as his thick erection drove powerfully through the soft white lace of my crotchless panties. With every downward stroke I watched him go a tiny bit deeper and fire off another wonderful eruption of pleasure in the depths of my womanhood. My wetness glistened on his cock and with every withdrawal I could see that shining high-water mark moving ever closer to his balls.  
  
The thrill and excitement of being filled so completely -- over seven and half inches -- was building inside me. The little earthquakes of ecstasy each time he filled me were not completely waning after each thrust and as they merged into one, they built in intensity and I felt myself enter the beginnings of an orgasm that could no longer be held at bay. My leg muscles wanted to close in with the rising climax and I held them open with a force of will so that he could keep driving into me as I came.  
  
Ecstasy blossomed outwards from my pussy and I cried for him to keep going deeper. Finally I could hold back my release no longer and locked my stockinged legs around his hips as my pussy closed tightly around his cock, making it impossible for him to continue thrusting. Writhing against him I lost my grip holding up my own hips and -- impaled and wriggling like a speared fish as I came -- my weight dragged him down towards my face. I goggled at the incredible sight barely a foot from my eyes: my pussy lips -- stretched to a soft light pink and still contracting and releasing uncontrollably around the thick root of his cock -- now with less than an inch remaining unconsumed. I followed the line of sight from there and past my shaved mons pubis to my stomach, trying to picture the point deep inside me where the tip of his monster cock must reach. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Where could it all be? God, it must be nearly up to my rib cage, but of course that would be impossible. Completely spent now, but not wanting to lose the erotic sight of his thickness buried almost balls deep in my womanhood, I brought up a hand to confirm with touch what my eyes already knew but my brain could not accept. I closed my fingers around his cock -- well, just one finger and a thumb, there was no room for more -- and rocked it back and forth, still as hard as forged iron, and felt the tip move against me -- inside me -- improbably deep in my core.

Reluctantly, I relaxed my locked ankles and lowered myself slowly downward, watching as inch after beautiful inch of his hard, glistening manhood slid from my yawning embrace, my lips distending outward as they released their grip on his hot, slick flesh. As his knob slipped from my entrance I felt a yearning emptiness looking at his throbbing tool, wishing it back inside me so that it could fulfil the promise of that bulging vessel running along its underside; to fill me with hot, thick cum.  
  
Mr Gallows pushed himself upright; taking me with him as at first I gripped his waist with my feet and then holding my ankles he pulled me higher until I flipped upside down, standing on my hands and facing back towards him. He spread my legs apart, allowing the base of his shaft to rest heavily against my clitoris, gliding over my button like a violin bow and sending waves of pleasure through me once again.  
  
With his erection pointing upwards and my entrance facing downwards, this was not a position from which I could get him back where I wanted him; inside me, that is -- and the deeper the better. Looking upwards between our bodies I spied his cock, the glistening line of my juices close to the root still visible, betraying my understandable but frustrating failure to take his full length. Staring wistfully at that line and the short but unfuckable three-quarters of an inch of dry cock behind it gave me an idea.  
  
Frightened by what I was about to do, my heart pounding and breath locking in my chest, I gasped "Lift me," and pushed myself higher into a hand-stand. Releasing my weight a little, he moved both hands down and closed them around my narrow waist, lifting effortlessly upwards, bringing my pussy to his mouth and gently probing my swollen labia with the tip of his tongue, dipping into me and tasting the rich juices of my climax.  
  
Taking his shaft in my hand, I tried to bring it to my mouth, but I was tantalisingly short, barely able to brush the end with my tongue.  
  
"Down," I breathed, pulling his cock towards my mouth for emphasis. "All the way," I said, my voice cracking on the last word as I anticipated the helplessness of being impaled upside-down on his tool. I tipped my head back and opened wide as he lowered me down, my soft lips closing down hungrily over his knob as it entered my waiting mouth. As soon as I had enough, I sucked greedily, building up pressure and friction that he had to force himself through, while still opening my throat so that he wouldn't have pause at the threshold.  
  
I took a quick breath through my nose before the soft tip of his erection cut off my air, and then his thickness slid home into the tight confines of my throat. Still without pause, he lowered me the last few inches until the junction between his cock and groin pressed hard into my lower lip. I swallowed and sucked hard, closing my throat and mouth tight over his manhood, and he rewarded me by flexing his cock, bulging thickly inside me and opening me back up against the pressure I applied.  
  
Taking confidence from our earlier throat fucking success, he lifted me off again -- just a few inches, not enough to slip out of the tightness of my throat -- before lowering me all the way back down. A little faster now, he bounced me a few times on his cock, meeting my lips with a short thrust of his hips and pump of his knob bulging deep inside me.  
  
Cupping his balls in my palm they felt unusually heavy and I shivered with the anticipation of a fortnight's worth of hot cum pumping into me like a fire hose. Not wanting to get short of breath, I tapped him meaningfully on the sensitive perineum area behind his balls. Knowingly, he lifted me off until his knob was back in my mouth, allowing me to take a couple of quick breaths before I tapped him to go back down. As before, he set up a rhythm; three or four short pumps deep inside my throat between opportunities for me to breathe.  
  
With one hand on his balls, massaging his perineum (from my experience with him, this seems to build up a more powerful surge of cum), my other hand explored the hard muscles of his inner thighs, which were quivering with the beginnings of a climax. The next time he lifted me up I took a deep audible breath and then pulled back down insistently, using his balls for leverage and moaning frantic but muffled cries of encouragement. The message: Stop fucking about and fill me with cum -- didn't go unheeded.  
  
His large powerful hands still wrapped around my waist, he stopped lifting me and just thrust into my mouth from the hips. Crying out, his legs buckled and he dropped to his knees on the floor, driving my face painfully against his groin. Sucking for all I was worth, I wrapped both arms around his buttocks to hold his full length inside me and reached between his legs to massage that sensitive area behind his balls, now hard and swollen and ready to explode.  
  
With one last cry of ecstasy, he wrapped a thickly muscled arm around my waist, holding me to his shaking body and freeing the other arm to grab a fistful of my hair. He strained and bulged inside my constricting throat as he bodily dragged out a few inches of rampant cock only to open his fist again, cupping the back of my head in his palm and driving hard back into my throat. Finally he came, my fingers behind his balls tingled like an electric shock as an eruption of cum blasted straight past the pressure I was applying. A heartbeat later and my fingers were forgotten as his cock bulged impossibly in my throat and emptied gouts of seed directly into my stomach. Initially frightened of choking as I lay upside down, filled to bursting with thick, creamy cum, I realised that I was safe as long as his pulsing cock continued to block my airway; so I relaxed, stroking his balls and sucking the final spurts of semen down that long journey through his tool and into me.  
  
Shaking with exhaustion and unable to lift me off, he rolled backwards onto the floor so that I was on top again. With a parting suck and squeeze, I pulled his cock from my throat, leaving a few inches in my mouth to gently suck as it softened, milking out a few more drops of cum, which I finally got to taste.  
  
Before he softened completely, I flipped around and -- still lying on top -- slid him back into my pussy. I knew we couldn't fuck, but I just wanted to prolong that wonderful feeling of fullness. His shrinking cock was still firm and didn't feel as nice as it does when it's hard, but there was one redeeming feature: it fit all the way in my tiny pussy. I slid down in one movement, wriggling with contentment as our groins met, relishing the feeling of his hard abdominals against my nipples. I laid my head on his collar bone and shut my eyes, bathing in the afterglow of sex and relishing the feeling of him inside me.  
  
"So," he began softly, breaking the silence. "Strip Twister, huh?"  
  
"Yep," I smiled, eyes still shut and holding still so that his soft member didn't slip out of my pussy. "That's right, Strip Twister."  
  
"It went pretty much as planned, then?" he said.  
  
"Uh huh. Pretty much," I agreed. "The broad strokes, anyway. I mean, you can't plan for everything, right?"  
  
"Right ... I think." Then his voice changed; a bit more headmaster and bit less fantasy-fulfilled lover. "Although I do wonder ... you really went out on a limb with this one ... so to speak. I mean ... just the expense alone," he said, tracing his fingers over the lacy tops of my stockings.  
  
"I'll be honest with you," I said, grinning mischievously to myself. "I didn't buy the Twister; it's from the dorm."  
  
"Oh, please," he laughed. "Don't! Now I've got a mental image of all the senior girls in satin nighties in a tangled Twister mess." If only he knew the actual mischief we got up to with dildos and vibrators and sex games. I was happy to leave him with the little Twister fantasy though.  
  
Here goes nothing. "Actually, I had some spare cash. I was saving up to buy a new toy for Rupali, but I couldn't find what I wanted so I got these instead," I said, meaning the stockings, bra and crotchless panties. "Happily, they work for both of you."  
  
"A new toy?" he said, surprised. "Why didn't you come to me?"  
  
Gotcha! The hook was set and now I just had to reel him in. I told him about Spike, the strapless strap-on dildo that Rupali secretly bought for me. Then I got a little carried away and launched into an edited version of the story where we first used it, omitting the bit about the three-way we shared with the cute guy from the surf shop and substituting a more conventional lesbian coupling. He must have enjoyed it because by the time I got to the bit about Rupali thrusting into me hard enough to lift me off the ground, his cock was twitching and stiffening inside me.  
  
Fast forwarding to the end because I wanted get this pitch completed before we both got distracted, I described our fruitless search for a nine inch strapless strap-on, and the sad fact that Mr Gallows cock is the only one big enough to make her come. I swear, if you were listening to it, it would have brought a tear to your eye. If only, I was saying, since she can't have your cock in real life, if only a cast could be made into a strapless strap-on, I could be his proxy, driving his monster cock into her again and again until she came.  
  
I stopped talking a waited to hear what he would say. His cock was growing and pushing painfully against my cervix; I would have to move soon and then I wouldn't be able to stop until I came again.  
  
"So, a project, huh," he mused.  
  
"Really?" I said. "Do you think you could make one?"  
  
"No," he said. "But I have made contact with a small group of like-minded designers and engineers who custom build sex toys. It's actually quite popular."  
  
"No shit?" I said, smiling. "Who doesn't enjoy a high quality mechanical fucking every now and then?"  
  
Ignoring me, he said "I would be able to get the body work and latex custom made, but I could do the design and finishing myself."  
  
"And the casting, right?" I asked, thinking only of Rupali and her wish for carbon copy of his cock.  
  
"Are you sure?" he asked. "Wouldn't it be weird fucking her with my cock?"  
  
"I can't think of anything hotter," I said truthfully. "Except maybe both of us fucking her together." With that I slid upwards, relieving the pressure of his almost hard cock in my pussy and kissed his lips. We settled into slow and gentle lovemaking, enjoying the skin contact and the textures of my underwear.  
  
When I finally got back upstairs to the dorm it was almost 1am. Rupali was in her own bed so I didn't disturb her, but I did pause to admire her long curves outlined by the bedclothes and imagined the pleasure I could bring her with Mr Gallows cock between my legs.