The Love Boat – Ch. 2

By lyke2bite

It had been a long deployment – six months in the Mediterranean – and everyone onboard was ready to pull back into port. The USS Texas was about 100 miles off the coast of Virginia at periscope depth, making sure there were no close contacts. The CO had put in his night orders that the Officer of the Deck was to clear his baffles, come to periscope depth and, if there were no contacts, dive back down to 400 feet and conduct an emergency surface drill. Once the Officer of the Deck was satisfied everything was clear and that the ship was ready, they conducted the drill as ordered.

The Chief of the Watch sounded three blasts of the diving alarm, indicating the ship was going to conduct an emergency surface. The USS Texas began to rise to the surface at a steep angle; the crew called it ‘the freight train to the surface’. All of a sudden, the calm surface of the ocean was violently disrupted by the giant, cigar-shaped submarine, as it seemed to fly from beneath the surface at a thirty-five degree angle, nearly half of its length exposed above the surface of the water. The black and red hulk seemed to hang there for several seconds before crashing back down like a whale breaching the surface. The submarine was almost completely submerged again, then came to rest on the surface, only about a third of its structure now able to be seen.

“Rig ship for surface,” came over the 1MC, the ship’s general announcing circuit. The crew was standing by, ready to perform the various duties such as rigging the bridge and securing various pumps and valves that were not required for surface operation. The entire ship was buzzing with activity, and the Mess Decks and Torpedo Room were no exception. Steve was busy cleaning up the trash that had spilled in the Trash Room, and Jamie was finishing up some dishes in the Galley. One level below and forward, Liz was busy rigging the Torpedo Room. About two hours later, another announcement came over the 1MC, “Station the maneuvering watch.” Again, more people began scurrying about the ship, each to their designated location. Steve and Jamie were required to be on the Mess Decks, and Liz was already on station in the Torpedo Room.

Steve, finished with his task of cleaning up the improperly secured trash and went back to the Mess Decks to make a fresh pot of coffee and some more Bug Juice for the crew. As he walked past the door to the Galley, Jamie poked her head out to admire his ass. She smiled to herself, and went back to doing the dishes.

Steve couldn’t help but notice Jamie every time he passed her as well. How she smiled at him, how she looked at him when she thought he wasn’t looking. He didn’t think that he was in love with her, but he also couldn’t ignore his feelings for her. She was beautiful, smart, funny, and they had a lot in common…it didn’t hurt that she was open minded when it came to sex either. His thoughts wandered back to earlier in the deployment when he made a deal with Jamie and Liz, and how he would have to make good on that deal now that they were back in port. Liz had held up her end of the bargain by keeping an eye out while Steve and Jamie were fucking in the missile vent space forward of the Torpedo Room. She had saved their asses on more than one occasion, when an uninvited guest made their way into the Torpedo Room while they were in the act.

On several occasions, Liz would watch them and fantasize about trading places with Jamie, taking Steve’s cock in any way he would give it to her. She would often reach her hand inside her coveralls and masturbate as she watched them, fantasizing that it was her Steve was fucking, not Jamie. Liz couldn’t wait for the ship to be moored.

After the ship was tied to the pier and all the spaces had been cleaned and inspected by the Chiefs, the Duty Officer passed “Liberty call,” over the 1MC, and everyone except the duty section made their way off the ship as fast as they could. Some met wives or husbands, others met girlfriends or boyfriends, and still others met parents. Whoever they were, they were loved ones that were missed having been at sea for six months, and were a welcome sight upon returning to port. Liz made it off the ship as well, but Steve and Jamie had to stay behind and tend to the dinner needs of the duty section.

They finally got off the ship at around eight o’clock after cleaning up from the evening meal. They packed up the essentials from their racks, toiletries and such, and went to the barracks. They would come back to the ship tomorrow and gather the rest of their things after a good night’s rest. For the next month, the ship would be on stand-down and only the duty section would be required to come in, rotating once every four days. Steve and Jamie however, would have to be there every three days for duty as there weren’t enough food service attendants, “cranks” as they were called, to go four-section. Once back in their rooms, they crashed hard, not to wake up until about ten the next morning.

When Steve got out of the shower, he picked up his cell phone and called Jamie so see if she wanted to go with him to the boat to get the rest of their things. “It’s about time you got up, sleepy head.” She answered the phone, knowing it was Steve on the other end.

“Fuck you… I was tired,” he answered with a smart-assed tone in his voice.

“Are you ready to go?” Jamie asked.

“Sure. You wanna get something to eat first?”

“Sounds good, I’ll meet you in the parking lot.”

They jumped into Steve’s car, and headed off base to find something to eat. Settling on Denny’s, they went inside and ordered what seemed like half of the menu between them. They didn’t mind the food on the boat, there was just something about not having to be involved in the preparation of their own food that made them hungrier, the food taste better.

“So, do you have anything planned for your days off?” Steve asked, his mouth half-full of pancakes.

“Not really…you?”

“No. I am still in the hole on leave, and two days off isn’t enough to go too far, so I guess I am just going to hang around here.”

“I know whatcha mean… I’m in the hole too and, with only two days off, that means that you really only get one night to go out.”

Jamie grinned across the table at Steve and asked, “When are you going to make-good on your deal with Liz?”

“What do you me ‘I’ made… As I recall, that was a deal that you brokered, not me!”

“Are you saying that you didn’t benefit from the arrangement?”

“I NEVER said that, I just said that I wasn’t the one that made the deal.”

“And you still haven’t answered the question… When are you going to ‘pay up’?”

“I dunno… I guess we’ll have to see when we are all off at the same time. Why don’t you text her and find out when she has duty next?”

Jamie pulled out her cell phone and began punching buttons, sliding it shut again after she sent her message. They went back to eating their breakfast, thoroughly enjoying every bite. It didn’t take long for Jamie’s cell phone to begin beeping, letting her know she had received a reply.

“She says that she has duty on the eighteenth and the twenty-second,” Jamie informed him.

“What day is it now?”

“Today’s the sixteenth, we have duty on the eighteenth too, so how ‘bout the nineteenth? We can all go out for dinner, and see what happens.”

“Sounds good to me… Check with Liz to see if she’s cool with that.”

They decided to meet for dinner around five thirty, and then they would head out to a club. Jamie began to punch the message into her cell phone, filling Liz in on the details. It didn’t take Liz long to respond, letting the two of them know that she would be there. After finalizing their plans, they finished breakfast, and headed back to the barracks to relax.

Steve and Jamie showed up to the boat at six o’clock in the morning on the eighteenth for duty. Cooking, cleaning, and doing dishes for the duty section seemed to fill their day, and whatever time left over was spent working on ship’s quals. After six months underway, they were well over half way done with the academic portion and were working on studying for the board, making sure they knew as much as possible for the walk-through checkouts of each compartment. They worked and studied until late in the evening, then decided to hit their racks because they had to get up early to prepare for the morning meal.

Five o’clock came early…earlier than either of them would have liked; they each would have enjoyed a little extra sleep. Up before most of the duty section, they went right to work getting the Mess Decks ready for breakfast and the on-coming duty section. Once everything was ready and they were relieved, they headed back to the barracks for some rest before their date that night.

Steve went straight to bed. He was still tired from the night before, and wanted to make sure he was rested up for the partying that would take place later. Jamie, on the other hand, decided to take a bath and wash off the smell of the boat. She hated spending the night on the boat. Every time she did, it felt as if its smell was somehow soaking into her skin. She stripped off her clothes, wrapped herself in a towel, and headed for the bathroom. She drew a steaming hot bath, added just a touch of bubble bath, hung the towel on the back of the door, and slipped into the tub for a long hot soak.

The water felt amazing on her naked body. Of course, the tub was too small for her to fit completely in, but it was all she had, so it would have to do. She sat up for a few minutes to let her legs soak beneath the surface, and then she slid down into the tub until the water was around her neck. If it wasn’t for the bubbles covering them, her breasts would be ascending out of the water as if they were two islands in the ocean. The warm water and the bubbles were really starting to relax her. She could feel the tiny bubbles popping on her nipples and, although nearly completely submerged, she could feel her pussy start to tingle, the sensation causing it to moisten.

Jamie gently cupped her left tit in her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. The breeze from the sigh of pleasure that escaped her lips caused her wet nipples to become erect. She closed her eyes and slowly slipped her hand beneath the surface of the water. She slid her fingers through the tuft of neatly trimmed hair on top of her mound and spread her legs just enough to allow her fingers move between them; she gently spread the lips of her pussy, exposing her clit. Her fingers slid slowly back and forth between her legs, rubbing her pussy on either side of her clit. The feeling began to electrify her senses, and she let her middle finger slip between her folds, and buried it deep inside her hot cunt, the palm of her hand pressing against her clit, making it throb.

The feeling of her finger sliding into her wanting pussy caused her desires to flare, and she gasped for air. She arched her back and squeezed her left tit harder, digging her nails in and enjoying the pain. Her finger slowly withdrew from her now quivering hole, found its way to her to her pulsating clit and began gently massaging it in tiny circles. Every couple of seconds, she would slide her finger quickly in and back out of her pussy, spreading her lips before moving back to her clit. A few more rubs and all at once her legs crashed together, trapping her hand between them, she arched her back and yelled out, “OH MY GOD!” Her body began to spasm with an orgasm that she couldn’t control, not that she would have wanted to. As she began to relax, the water covered her breasts, the sensation sending another wave of pleasure to through her body; water splashed out of the tub onto the floor as her body shuddered from the feeling. “Fuck, that was good,” she whispered aloud, almost out of breath.

Climbing out of the tub, she grabbed her towel and headed back into her room to dry off. It was about eight o’clock and, having just brought herself to an amazing orgasm, Jamie was ready for a nap. She didn’t have to be anywhere for several hours, so she wrapped the towel around her head and lay down naked on her bed and closed her eyes. As her mind began to wander, she thought that if things worked out the way she had planned, she would need the rest. Completely relaxed from the hot bath and her intense orgasm, she quickly fell asleep.

At about eleven Steve’s alarm went off, letting him know that it was time to take a shower and get some lunch. He didn’t eat too much on the boat unless he had to, so he needed to find some food. When he got into the shower, he too found himself daydreaming of the events that were in store for him later that evening. As his mind wandered, he could feel his cock begin to swell. Steve tilted his head back into the stream of hot water from the shower, and reached down and cupped his cock and balls in his hand; he squeezed gently and his cock grew stiffer. Loosening his grip, his hand moved around his shaft and he began to stroke it slowly. Now fully erect, he took his bar of soap and lathered it in his hands. He began sliding his hands along the length of his dick, thinking about sliding it in and out of Jamie’s hot cunt. His hips began thrusting back and forth as if he were fucking someone who wasn’t there. With his eyes closed and his head tilted back, he felt the head of his cock begin to swell and his balls tighten; a few more strokes and he would be there. Every muscle in his body seemed to tense, he rose onto his tippy-toes, and shot his hot load all over the shower wall, jacking his cock with each spurt of cum as it shot from his swollen member. Now, he thought to himself, he was ready to start the day.

Steve, Jamie, and Liz each went about the business of the day, running around town getting ready for the evening’s events. At about five thirty, they all met at a local steak joint for dinner. It was kind of a hole-in-the-wall, but they had great steaks, and the prices were reasonable. After dinner and small talk, they decided to head out to a club for some dancing and drinks.

Inside the club, the music was loud; they had to yell at each other to be heard. Liz and Jamie headed straight for the dance floor, but not before giving their drink orders to Steve. Pushing his way through the packed club to the bar, he shouted out the order to the bartender. Two Heinekens for the ladies, and a Vodka and Red Bull for him. A few minutes later with drinks in hand, he pushed his way back though the crowd. He got lucky and found a table within sight of the dance floor that two couples were vacating. He sat the drinks down, pulled up a chair, and scanned the dance floor looking for Liz and Jamie; he found them near the middle of the floor dancing together.

It was just then Steve noticed that Liz wasn’t quite as plain-looking as he had originally thought. The only place he had ever really seen her was on the boat where, it was now obvious to him, she intentionally made herself look ordinary. It was widely known among men in the military that, if a woman looked good in her uniform, she looked better out of it. That was definitely the case with Jamie, but Liz was different. In her uniform, she didn’t turn too many heads but when she was dressed to kill, like she was tonight, Steve found he couldn’t take his eyes off of her.

Out on the dance floor, Jamie and Liz were purposely dancing seductively because they knew Steve was watching. For that matter, everyone in the club that had a dick-and some that didn’t-was watching them; they were enjoying the attention. Just before the song was over, Jamie grabbed Liz by the hand and led her off the dance floor to the table where Steve was sitting. “Thanks for the drinks,” Jamie yelled over the music.

Liz, also yelling, “Yea, thanks!”

“No problem!”

The three of them sat there for a moment sipping on their beverages. Steve noticed that each time one of the girls took a drink from their bottle they would smile devilishly at the other. Jamie noticed Steve staring at her every time she picked up her beer. She started to tease him by letting her tongue slip from her lips and circle the rim each time she took a drink. Liz caught a glimpse of Jamie’s taunts, and the next time Jamie grabbed her bottle to take a seductive drink, Liz moved close to her, held Jamie’s hand on the bottle, and brought it up to her lips as if to share it with her. With Jamie’s lips on one side of the bottle and Liz’s on the other, they ran their tongues around the rim as if they were holding a cock and licking the head, each tongue playing with the other, as well as the bottle.

Steve couldn’t believe his eyes. All he could do was sit and watch the show, his cock swelling in his pants. Jamie and Liz set the bottle back on the table and turned their eyes to Steve to see the expression on his face. His eyes were open wide and his mouth was slightly open. Giggling, Jamie reached over, put her fingers on his chin, and pushed his mouth closed. “You’re drooling,” she told him, turning back to Liz, smiling seductively.

“Sorry, I couldn’t help it,” he told her, “that was hot…” As he looked around the room, he could see he wasn’t the only one that caught the show.

The girls just giggled again. “You ain’t seen nothin’ yet!” At that moment, as if on cue, Jamie turned to Liz, cupped her face with her hands, and kissed her gently and seductively on the lips.

They spent the next few hours taking turns on the dance floor. Sometimes Steve would dance with Jamie, sometimes with Liz, and still other times Jamie with Liz. When Liz and Jamie were on the dance floor, they danced together knowing that Steve was watching them move with each other…rub against each other…caress each other. By now, Steve’s cock was rock hard, throbbing in his pants, and he didn’t care who noticed; he was with the two hottest women in the club, and everyone knew it.

It was getting close to ten o’clock, and their table was covered with empty glasses and beer bottles. All three of them were sweaty and filled with desire from rubbing against each other all night. They were ready to leave the club and take their party elsewhere. Making their way through the crowd to the door, they quickly found a cab, none of them obviously able to drive. When the cab pulled to the curb, Jamie opened the door and the three of them piled into the back seat, Steve in the middle. “Where to?” the cab driver asked.

“We’re staying at the Holiday Inn in Virginia Beach,” Jamie answered.

“Who said we were going to a hotel?” Steve sounded surprised at Jamie’s choice of where they would spend the night.

“I did,” Jamie told him. “You and me live in the barracks, so that was out of the question, and Liz has a roommate, so we couldn’t go to her place either. Besides, I thought it would be fun if we all shared a hotel room.”

It was about a twenty-minute drive from the club in downtown Norfolk out to Virginia Beach. Right after they piled into the cab, Jamie and Liz continued teasing Steve. Between them in the back of the cab was the best, and the worst, place he could be. Both Liz and Jamie were kissing him on the neck and ears, and Steve was kissing them back, alternating between them. The girls would stop just long enough to giggle at each other and fondle his cock through his pants and rub his inner thighs. As if watching them on the dance floor wasn’t bad enough, he felt as if he might waste his first load of the evening into his pants as Jamie and Liz kissed and stroked him.

The Holiday Inn was on Atlantic Avenue, right on the beach. Jamie reserved a room with a King size bed on the eleventh floor with an ocean view. They walked into the lobby and checked in at the counter, and once Jamie had the room key, they headed off to the elevator. Inside, Jamie and Liz went back to their task of trying to make Steve cum in his pants. Their plan had almost worked too, but the elevator reached its destination faster than they thought, and just in time as far as Steve was concerned.

The door approached the eleventh floor and slowed, but the women didn’t seem to notice. Jamie was holding Steve, passionately kissing him, her tongue probing and playing in his mouth, and Liz, almost sandwiched between them, was caressing them both and kissing whatever patches of bare skin she could find. The bell on the elevator signaled that they had reached their destination and, instead of getting out, Steve turned his attention to Liz and began to kiss her with as much enthusiasm as he had been kissing Jamie only a second before. The elevator door started to close again and Jamie, reaching over and pushing the “door open” button, caused the movement of the door to reverse; they practically fell out of the elevator and into the hall.

“What room are we in?” Liz asked while trying to kiss Steve and talk at the same time, sounding desperate to make it to their destination.

“1109,” Jamie answered, Steve’s ear lobe pulling from her mouth with a slurping sound.

Liz and Jamie peeled off of Steve, one on his left arm and the other on his right, and guided him down the hall to their room. Jamie slid the key-card into the lock and the door responded with a green light, letting them know that it was unlocked; the process seemed to take forever. Jamie couldn’t help but think to herself that the card wouldn’t be the only thing sliding in and out tonight, and it would certainly be doing it more than once.

Again, they seemed to pour into the room as the door opened. The three of them stumbled in and fell onto a couch that sat next to a King size bed. Steve was still in the middle, Liz and Jamie on either side of him. They continued caressing and kissing for a moment, then Jamie gently grabbed Liz’s arm, and they stood up together. Steve looked like a kid who just dropped his ice cream cone, Jamie and Liz just smiled devilishly at him. He was about to get up, and Jamie commanded, “Sit back down; we’re not ready for you yet.”

Steve did as he was told and, just then, Jamie turned to Liz, “Here, help me with this.” Liz and Jamie, each at either end of the coffee table, picked it up and moved it to the other side of the room, away from the couch. They met each other back at the center of the room in front of the couch and loosely embraced each other. They each leaned their forehead against the other, turned to Steve, and smiled.

“Are you ready for the time of your life?” Liz asked him, already knowing the answer. Steve could only smile and nod for fear that if he tried to talk, he would sound like a child getting caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Jamie and Liz turned their heads back toward each other and began kissing each other gently. Liz was running her fingers through Jamie’s hair as they kissed. Jamie ran her fingers down Liz’s arm to her elbow, then back up with the lightest touch imaginable, causing her to break out in goose bumps. She opened her mouth slightly so Liz could slip her tongue in. Following Jamie’s lead, Liz softly kissed her back, licking Jamie’s lips and playing with her tongue. They stood there kissing for a few minutes, and then Jamie moved her hand to one of Liz’s breasts, and gave it a squeeze through her dress. Liz responded by reaching down, grabbing Jamie’s ass with both hands, and pulling her closer. As their bodies collided, Jamie reached behind Liz and unzipped her dress; it fell from her shoulders. Feeling her dress fall, Liz returned the favor by unzipping Jamie’s dress. They relaxed their embrace slightly, and their dresses fell to the floor together.

By now, Steve had taken off his shoes and his shirt. Was it hot in the room, or was it just him? He couldn’t tell. He continued to undress until he was sitting on the couch in his boxers and nothing else but a raging hard on begging to be released.

Jamie bent down, picked up their dresses, and threw them onto the coffee table. Both women were now standing in the middle of the room wearing only garter belts and stockings, high heels, bras, and panties; Jamie in white, Liz in black. Steve began to wonder just how much of this night they had planned considering the similarity of what they were wearing.

They put their arms around each other once more, picking up where they left off. As their kisses became more passionate, they began to caress each other with more intensity. Jamie moved her hand between Liz’s legs and started to rub her pussy through her panties. Feeling Jamie’s hand stroke her cunt, she let out a heavy sigh as if Jamie’s touch had caused a small, but intense, orgasm to overcome her. Liz’s pussy felt warm and moist in Jamie’s hand; she could tell that it was time to take her passion to the next level. She slowly pulled her tongue from Liz’s mouth and whispered, “Don’t move, I’ll be right back.”

Liz did as she was told as Jamie slipped into the bathroom. She was only gone for a minute, but that minute seemed like an eternity to Liz who was disappointed at the loss of Jamie’s touch. When Jamie returned, she had removed her panties, and replaced them with a pink strap-on dildo. As soon as she saw her, Liz smiled from ear to ear; she was now far from disappointed.

As Steve saw Jamie come from the bathroom wearing the strap-on, his cock pulsed one time and he felt a drop of pre-cum ooze from the head of his dick as it throbbed in anticipation. He was getting extremely excited now, and couldn’t wait to see what happened next. When he did, he couldn’t believe his eyes…he thought he was dreaming.

Jamie walked back over to Liz and began kissing and caressing her, again rubbing her pussy through her panties. As soon as she felt Jamie’s touch on her pussy, Liz reached down and began stroking the rubber cock. After stroking it for a moment, she lowered herself to her knees, and sucked the pink member into her mouth and began pumping it as if it would give her the cum she so desperately wanted to fill her mouth. Once satisfied that it was good and wet, she stood up and led Jamie over to the couch. “Scoot over,” she ordered, almost pushing Steve into the corner of the couch. With him out of the way, she sat Jamie down next to him and straddled her. She held the rubber cock in one hand and spread her pussy open with the other. As Liz lowered herself onto the dildo, Jamie supported her ass and watched the dildo slowly disappear into Liz’s pussy.

As soon as the head of the cock entered her, Steve reached over, squeezed Jamie’s tits, and kissed her deeply, slowly stroking his cock with his free hand. Still holding Liz’s ass, Jamie began to moan while Steve kissed her. Liz began to bounce faster up and down on the dildo that was strapped to Jamie. As she slammed Jamie’s “cock” in and out of her cunt, she reached up and began to fondle her own breasts. Her bra in the way, she pulled it down so she could have complete access to her tits. Squeezing them in her hands, she threw her head back and pinched her nipples until they were hard as rocks.

Liz was fucking Jamie’s rubber cock madly, slamming her ass onto Jamie’s lap, crashing harder each time, trying to force the cock deeper into her juicy pussy. She continued for about fifteen minutes, and then stopped, the cock entering her one more time, and her legs clamped around Jamie’s. Supporting herself with her hands on Jamie’s knees, she bit her bottom lip and let out a slight whimper as her body began to shutter, then her hips began to buck. Steve and Jamie watched her cum with amazement, stunned by the beauty of her orgasm.

After few moments of ecstasy, Liz turned to Jamie, smiled and said, “Your turn.”

She slowly stood up and let the pink dildo fall from her pussy, helped Jamie to her feet, and kissed her; gently at first, then more passionately. Their tongues now fully engaged, Liz pulled away to remove the strap-on from Jamie and re-attach it around her own waist. They kissed for a moment more, then Liz gently turned Jamie around so she could enter her from behind. Jamie bent over and found herself above Steve’s cock. She watched him stroke it as she felt the pink cock slide into her juicy hole. Now that her cunt was filled, she took Steve’s stiff member into her hand and guided it into her mouth.

The pink dick slid easily into Jamie, her pussy already hot and wet from watching the fucking she had given Liz only a few minutes before. After a few slow strokes in and out of Jamie’s wet pussy, Liz began to slam the pink dildo into Jamie as hard as she could. The force of Liz’s hips against her ass made it difficult to suck Steve’s dick, but she continued…she wanted to taste his salty load as it erupted from his cock. Already extremely aroused from watching the two of them, it didn’t take long for Steve’s balls to tighten, warning him of the impending orgasm.

“FUCK! I’m gonna cum!” His warning only caused Jamie to suck harder…pump his cock faster.

Suddenly his legs stiffened and his cock seemed to grow by another inch in Jamie’s mouth, then his load spurted from his dick, filling Jamie’s mouth. She swallowed as quickly as she could, trying not to spill a drop. She raised her mouth from his still pulsing shaft and, squeezing it tightly in her hand, licked the last drop of cum from the tip. The feeling of Jamie’s tongue on the head of his dick tickled him, sending a spasm through his entire body. Liz was still fucking her hard from behind, slamming the rubber dildo into Jamie and showing no signs of letting up. The feeling of the rubber cock slamming into her pussy was starting to drive her mad, but she didn’t want to cum yet; she still had other plans.

Steve sat there on the couch watching Liz fuck Jamie; his load spent and his dick beginning to soften. Noticing his cock starting to shrink, Jamie began stroking him, trying to bring it back to life. He responded to her touch, and in a couple of seconds, his shaft was hard again.

Jamie turned to Liz, “I want you both in me at the same time,” she told her.

Liz forced the dildo into Jamie as deep as it would go, held it there for a moment, and then slapped her on the ass, and asked, “What did you have in mind?”

Jamie pushed Liz back, letting the pink cock fall from her pussy. She moved Steve to the middle of the couch, spread his legs, and bent down to take his cock into her mouth once more. Satisfied that Steve’s cock was good and wet, she turned around and spread her ass-cheeks, exposing her beautiful rosebud him. She lowered herself onto his shaft, pressing the head against her tiny asshole. Pausing for a second, she concentrated, relaxed the muscles in her ass, and allowed the head of Steve’s cock to enter her. Once Steve’s thick head was inside her, she paused again to focus on relaxing the rest of her tight ass so she could take the rest of his shaft. A few seconds later, she began to lower herself further onto him, his entire length filling her.

Liz began to rub her clit and stroke the pink strap-on cock as she watched the entire eight inches of Steve’s cock disappear into Jamie’s ass. Once completely inside her, Liz knelt down in front of them and began licking Steve’s balls, sucking one of them into her mouth. Popping it back out, she moved her tongue up to Jamie’s pussy, and began licking her swollen clit. As she did so, Jamie began to slide up and down on Steve’s cock slowly, feeling it fill her ass. She looked down and watched Liz suck on her clit, and began to run her fingers through Liz’s hair. Steve filling her ass and Liz expertly tonguing her clit was beginning to bring her to orgasm, but she needed something more to take her over the top.

She brushed Liz’s hair to one side and whispered, “I want you to fill my pussy with your pink cock.”

Liz didn’t hesitate. She took one last lick of Jamie’s sweet pussy, and straightened up in front of her. Seeing that she was ready, Jamie lowered herself down onto Steve’s cock and stopped, his cock buried inside her. Again, as expertly as before, Liz guided the rubber shaft into Jamie’s pussy, filling her cunt again with the pink dick. Jamie lay back against Steve, consumed by the feeling of both of her holes filled at the same time. As she lay there, Liz began to caress her tits gently with her fingertips, paying special attention to play close to her nipples, without touching them. As Jamie lay against Steve, he started to slowly rock his hips, causing his cock to slide in and out of her ass. When Liz felt Steve begin to fuck her ass, she complimented his movements and began moving the dildo in and out of Jamie’s wet pussy, making sure to keep the same rhythm as Steve.

The feeling of both her holes being filled at the same time, combined with the fact that one of them was by a beautiful woman wearing a strap-on, was almost more than she could handle. Both of the cocks were sliding in and out of her in time; when Steve was sliding into her ass, Liz was sliding out of her cunt. As they fucked her, she reached her hand between her legs and started rubbing her clit.

She lay there being fucked by both a man and a woman, and Liz could tell that she was close to orgasm. Jamie’s mouth opened wide and called out to them, “OH, FUCK ME…FUCK ME…HARDER!!!”

Liz and Steve were happy to fulfill her wishes, and began slamming their cocks into her, no longer paying attention to the rhythm of the other’s movements.

“SLAM YOUR COCKS INTO ME!” she ordered, but Steve couldn’t move his entire length into her with her on top of him. Frustrated, he reached around Jamie and pushed Liz back, her rubber dick falling from Jamie’s pussy. He put his arm around Jamie’s mid-section and picked her up, his cock still buried in her ass.

“Sit down on the couch where I was, Liz.”

She did so and, still holding Jamie against him, his cock deep in her ass, he moved her in front of Liz, and positioned her so that she was on top of Liz, her knees on the couch. Jamie reached between Liz’s legs, grabbed the dildo, and inserted it into her pussy. Now it was Steve’s turn to ram the full length of his cock into Jamie’s ass. The position allowed Jamie’s tits to hang at the perfect height for Liz to suck on; she did so without hesitation while she rocked her hips in time with Jamie.

“Do you have any lube in your bag of tricks?” Steve asked, slowly pulling his cock from Jamie’s ass.

“In my bag in the bathroom,” Jamie answered. “Hurry up, I want your cock back in me.”

Steve went quickly to the bathroom, found Jamie’s bag and grabbed the lube. He rubbed it over the entire length as he walked back to the couch.

As soon as he rounded the corner he looked up to see Jamie on top of Liz, their mouths open, and their tongues dancing wildly, each licking the other passionately. Liz’s hands were holding Jamie’s ass, slamming it up and down, forcing the pink dildo in and out of Jamie’s pussy. Jamie’s pussy was so wet that Steve mused that it sounded as if it were sucking the dildo into it. He resumed his position behind Jamie and she stopped fucking the pink cock so that Steve could enter her.

Jamie spread her ass and Steve pressed the head of his shaft against her asshole. It relaxed almost immediately, almost begging him to enter her. Slowly, the head of his dick disappeared into her, and then the rest of the shaft until it was buried to the hilt. He held it there for a moment until he felt Liz start to rock her hips, sliding the strap-on in and out of her slowly; he could feel the plastic detail of the veins on the dildo rubbing his shaft from inside her. Steve clinched his ass, causing his cock to swell and stretch the walls of Jamie’s ass. She moaned with pleasure.

Satisfied that Jamie was ready for him, he withdrew his cock until only the head was inside, and then pushed it back in. He continued slowly at first, then faster, his arousal getting stronger feeling the rubber cock inside Jamie’s pussy rubbing against his shaft. He pumped his cock in and out of her ass even faster, his hips now crashing against Jamie’s ass, causing her cheeks to shake with each thrust. Jamie cried out, “FUCK MY ASS…YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME WITH YOUR COCKS, BOTH OF YOU!”

Liz started to rock her hips faster, thrusting the pink strap-on in and out of Jamie’s wet pussy as fast as she could, and Steve continued to pound his cock into her ass, showing no signs of letting up. Then, without warning, he thrust one last time and his cock began to pump its hot jiz into Jamie’s ass.

His cock deeper in her now than it seemed to be before, she dug her fingernails into the back of the couch. “OH MY GOD!” she cried. Steve’s cock was pulsing inside her, filling her with cum. The pleasure of Steve filling her ass with cum was made more intense by the pain caused by the walls of her ass being stretched by his pulsating cock. The sensation was more than she could take. She squeezed her legs against Liz’s hips, and in doing so, forced the dildo from her pussy. As soon as it left her hole, Jamie’s orgasm squirted all over Steve’s legs, and splashed onto the floor.

Steve had never seen a woman squirt before, and the feeling of a woman’s orgasm running down his legs caused him to step back, quickly pulling is cock from Jamie. He stood there dumbfounded for a moment looking at the puddle on the floor caused by Jamie’s orgasm. Jamie looked over her shoulder, half upset that he pulled his cock from her, and half amused at his reaction to her orgasm, she giggled.

“What’s the matter? Haven’t you seen a woman squirt before?” she asked him.

“NO! Well, I mean I’ve seen it on the Internet, but I always thought it was fake. That’s never happened… You’ve never done that before.”

Jamie got up from on top of Liz and turned to him. “You’ve never fucked me like that before,” she told him. “You have to hit just the right spot and, with you and Liz fucking me at the same time, I was so overwhelmed with pleasure, well… I guess I got carried away.”

“I just wasn’t expecting… I mean… I wasn’t sure what happened, that’s all.”

“Don’t worry sweetheart,” Liz told him, “this happens to us every time we are together. I know how to make her squirt, and she knows to make me squirt… Now you know too.” Liz and Jamie went to him, each holding their naked bodies against him, and began to kiss and caress him.

“That was fucking awesome,” Steve said, a sound of contentment in his voice.

“Mmm… It was pretty good,” Jamie added, a small smile on her lips.

“Next time, you both have to fuck me,” Liz said, “but right now, I need some sleep.”

They walked over to the oversized bed, pulled the covers back, and lay down, again, with Steve in the middle. They slept there all night, none of them moving a muscle. They woke to the sound of the maid banging on the door and realized that they had overslept. Thankfully, it was only about nine o’clock, they still had time to take a shower before checkout time.