

Party Animal

An adult female domination tale

by

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Synopsis:

A cuckolded husband discovers that the celebration party will change his life forever.

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If you can't fix it with duct tape or a martini; it ain't worth fixing.

Unknown

It is reality that awakens possibilities, and nothing would be more perverse than to deny it.

Robert Musil

Power as an experience is as intense as sex.
Power is more pervasive and unremitting.
Sex has periods of remission.

John McLaughlin

Once, power was considered a masculine attribute. In fact, power has no sex.

Katharine Graham

Party Animal	6
Cuckolded	6
Party Spirit	9
Under the Table	14
The End	17

Party Animal

Cuckolded

His hands pinned her wrists against the cold tiles, though there was no attempt on her part to pull loose from his grip as he pressed his hips hard against hers, sheathing his cock in her with a lingering slide that caused her to gasp and her knees to buckle. Now she was hanging from his hands, only cock and his clenched fists holding her fast as he fucked her. She moaned and would have cried out in passion had he not sealed her lips with his, Then the violation became a thrashing of her legs as his body pressed forward and pinioned her against the bathroom wall with his weight. 'Make me come hard, lover,' she breathed. 'Show me that you want me...'

'Gillian, I want you, I need you,' he breathed as he pressed home. 'I would do anything to have you...' Gillian's eyes opened and she smiled down on him. She knew how close he was, how she owned him, how he lost his mind when she allowed him to take her and now was that time...

The fuck slowed to a steady rhythm matched by Marty's panting breath mixed with her small cries of pleasure. She lifted her quivering legs and hung from his outstretched arms pinned to the tiles before wrapping her thighs about his hips, gripping at each stroke of the shaft that was reaming her. Once again, he pressed his lips to hers as the cadence of the strokes slowed until each thrust was accompanied by a gasp of breath. 'Promise me that you'll make *him* suffer,' she breathed in his ear. 'Make him our bitch, promise me, promise me forever!'

'Anything for you...' Marty's rigid cock that pierced her, pushed home hard, wounding her marriage beyond hope, perverting it as the foolish husband stood with a drink in his hand and made small-talk to the delicious woman whose husband was fucking his wife in the bathroom over his head in his boss's house. How could he know the passions that filled Gillian to the brim and know how she had *finally* met her match in cruelty?

While Gillian's husband chatted, and sipped his Prosecco, Gillian gasped and climaxed, pinioned to the wall as her lover filled her, she felt his hips quiver and rode the motion. Marty pinned her with his weight and lifted her from his dripping cock and they laughed in delight as she slipped down the tiles to come to rest at his feet, her lips parted in a pout that sucked him in. 'God, Gillian,' he breathed as her tongue played with the sensitive tip of him, 'you are such a fucking bitch, but really, do you want this?'

'You chose him for it,' she smiled. 'You picked him for the job, the perfect docile beta to play with, now all I want is for you to go through with it while I hold that thick alpha cock of yours!'

They used the idiom of Marty's website naturally; porn had become their vocabulary, the language of their love. Her hand reached up and cupped his heavy balls. 'For you...' he said. Her answer was to roll up her eyes and slip her lips the length of him,

lapping their sweet juices as she went. His hands braced on the warmed tiles over the sitting Gillian and he felt a surge of love... no, not love. The feeling was ardour, passion, lust and obsession. This woman was his to fuck, his to take and use and yet she was the one exploiting him. Never before had he met a woman who could match him in such spite and malice, now he felt as though she moulded him with her lips. Every wild fuck, every stolen moment was hers and not his, but he fell into place and played the part she demanded.

Now he could feel the tip of her tongue on his balls... How could she do that? Swallow him whole and be still able to lap at his tender balls?

She chose the moments, daring interludes of raw sex that passed in minutes, her husband *always* close by. She whirled Marty from his own captive, abused wife, she dropped to her knees or he dropped to his. In some corner, they fucked and he could not help himself falling head over heels for her and yet; why did he feel that he was not the assertive one? Even though he had planned all of this from the start? How did Gillian manage to twist every thought in his head, make him feel so masterful, but come running to her crooked finger?

The lips released his cock, a dribble of come on her lips that was lapped at like a cat with his cream. Her hands reached up and she tucked him back into his jeans with a smile and spread her legs wide as she sat on the floor with her back to the wall.

The tops of her stockings were soaked with her juices, the naked thighs smooth and slippery with come. His eyes followed the legs from that pouting slit, the creamed thighs and the delicate damp lace. To knees, to calves and finally to those vicious heels that knifed from the heels of her patent Oxfords.

Always ready for it, he reflected. *Ready to fuck and suck while her cuck-lame-duck's marriage becomes unstuck...* Marty smiled at the rhyme in his head and offered Gillian a hand to stand.

'What are you fucking laughing at?' asked Gillian.

'Oh, nothing,' he chuckled as his mind sought other words that would fit the rhyme. 'Just my obsessions...'

'Your obsessions are my perverted passions, darling,' she said. 'Are you sure the others will play along with the game?'

'Of course, they owe me everything and love the games that I play! It's just the website come to life...'

'And that bimbo wife of yours?'

'You can have her...!' Her heels clicked on the floor and she reached up to kiss him on the lips, the taste of Marty still on her pink lips.

'Mm, I just can't wait... the little bitch will never know what hit her when I try that new whip!'

Marty licked her lips gently and felt a shiver go down his spine. How had he become so devoted to the ferocious wife of the man that he was cuckolding? Was it because deep down he knew that *she* would be the one to drive him to places that he had never dared even dream of? Places where pain and pleasure became mania.

'Well, my little fuck-machine, it's time to re-join your Christmas party!' said Gillian. 'The presents are sorted... you get my husband and I'll unwrap that whore of a wife of yours...'

Party Spirit

The party was in full swing, a gathering of depraved souls that Marty had brought together to create the ultimate high class website. The lace-and-latex-clad women - some had been actresses who had all moved before the cameras before they had become part of the team that drove the site to its special status, the rest were women who loved the revulsion that their work brought to the faces of those to whom they revealed it. The men, studs, experts and delinquents, a blend of knowledge and perversion that came so naturally.

Only two in the gathering did not fit into the squad of immoral creators of sadistic fantasy. Gillian and Donald! She, because she was the only one present who had never worked for 'DementedDreams.Com', her husband because Marty had had a little experiment that he had always wanted to test... Could a man who had no interest at all in porn, a man who was totally normal in every way, be recreated as a perverted degenerate? His job interview as a programmer had been desperately poor, but Marty had sensed that *this* was the man that he had been seeking for his test. Gillian had been a bonus. More than that, an inspiration!

Marty went down first, slipping into the crowded lounge with a full glass in his hand, his eyes searching for his wife, Judy, and Gillian's cuckolded husband, Donald. His roving eye found them at the far side of the room where both were clearly engaged in the sort of conversation each clearly wishes to escape; the body language was so exquisite!

She, leaning back and with her arms by her sides where they belonged; Donald, staring at her full breasts knowing that he would never be allowed to touch. Marty arrived just as the cuckold was about to slip to the selection of pre-meal snacks and a slight irritation crossed Donald's features. Marty draped his hands carelessly over his wife's spectacular breasts and ended their motion to cup and lift her.

'Donald, hope that you *love* the party...'

Donald nodded and muttered under his breath, 'Er, it's great,' he mumbled. 'Did Judy organise it? Is this how it is every year?' Marty laughed and squeezed his wife's breast and Judy's lips parted, she nodded and pressed herself into her husband.

'I only arranged it, the party was all my husband's work really! Of course, this is your first Christmas, isn't it?'

Donald nodded. Marty's hand moved to tease an erect nipple under his palm and his wife looked up at him with a small smile. The whole time her hands stayed on her hips and she just curved her body a little to slide into his arms.

'Stop tantalising poor little Donald, darling,' she said, 'Now then, here comes his beautiful wife!' Gillian moved through the crowd with small nods of acknowledgement and came to join her husband, boss and his pet wife with a raised glass, the toast already on her lips.

'Happy Christmas and may the next year be as great as the last! I hear that you'll be announcing the bonus!'

All four raised their glasses to their lips and sipped at the toast. As a few drops of the dry champagne passed her lips, Gillian felt a dribble of her husband's boss's come make its way down her thigh and it sent a renewed shiver of craving course through her veins. Her eyes inspected Marty's wife and she instinctively measured herself against the petite blonde. It left her with a feeling of envy of the perfect figure that had surely cost a fortune in alterations. Marty's hand that still rested on those breasts caused a further twinge of jealousy. Of course, she would never trade places with Judy, especially since she knew what the blonde would be under her lash so soon.

Donald drained his glass. There was a dynamic that Donald could not quite fathom and it came to his mind every time that the four of them were together. It was almost as if Gillian had a desire for the boss's wife rather than the boss...

'I think that the meal is ready,' announced Marty as a maid entered the room with a spoon and glass in her hands.

The ringing on the wine glass by the maid called the guests to the long table and Donald found himself staring at the maid in her short low-cut dress. Marty was such a show off, he decided as the maid winked at him with a smile. Fancy getting a pretty girl to dress up in fancy dress and act as a French maid! Another slut from the website. His boss was such a poser... flash car, flash wife, flash house and *of course*, a maid in a low-cut dress that she was almost hanging out of. As the owner of a porn site he was the next best thing to a pimp, Donald decided. He hated the work, but it *paid* so well...

They sat; and Donald found that he was seated next to Judy and that his wife and his boss were seated facing them. The maid served the guests, pouring the champagne glasses full, leaning over as she did so and Donald could not help himself staring into the deep décolletage. By his side, Judy sat like a window-dummy with empty plate and glass, smiling at her husband as he made some private comment to Gillian that made her laugh loudly and poke him in the ribs with his elbow.

'Aren't you eating or drinking anything?' asked Donald to the blonde by his side.

She looked at him and then over to her husband as if asking for permission to answer the question. 'I have my figure to watch out for,' she said. 'Marty wants me to lose another few inches from my waistline and I'm trying to achieve that goal before Christmas.'

Donald looked at the narrow waist and rounded hips and decided that she already had a waist that would break if it were touched. All the women whom he worked with were so vain and full of themselves. Endless operations and modifications, kinky clothing and showing off acres of skin!

'She knows that she's far too fat to please me,' said Marty to Donald. 'A strict diet, improving her comportment and plenty of the right exercise will bring her back into shape...'

Donald felt a strange flush fill him. *How could a husband treat his wife like this?* he asked himself. Judy was so attractive and he wanted *yet* more? He was about to make a retort when his wife joined the conversation. 'I like a man that knows what he wants, Judy is such a fat pig, she deserves to be punished for not being obedient,' she said. 'Now tell me, darling... would I fit the bill? Is my figure good enough for those naughty films of yours?'

Marty looked around and smiled as the question had been asked of him. 'Of course, dear, *you* are perfect!'

Gillian pouted and then kissed her husband's boss on the cheek. 'Then I'll have to give it a try! You deserve a kiss and more for that little flattery,' she said.

Donald bit his lip at her flippant remark. He had seen the films and there was no way that he would allow his wife to parade her charms whilst fettered and tormented. It seemed that the silly woman had no idea at all what this company produced!

The maid arrived and filled Donald's glass once more just as he was about to make an acidic comment to put an end to their little pretend love affair with each other; so the comment remained unsaid and Donald's boss and his wife kissed each other on the lips just a little too long for it to be casual. Donald looked at the others around the table, but they all ignored the little dramatic theatre that was happening so close by and chattered away as if they had noticed nothing.

'He's so much more of a gentleman than you,' said Gillian to Donald. 'Marty knows how to flatter a woman...'

'And, I must admit that your wife knows how to *make* a man flatter her...' added Marty. 'You are so lucky to have such a desirable partner, Donald. My wife is rather colourless in comparison!'

Judy hung her head and Donald felt a second surge of outrage. He put an arm around Judy's shoulders and pulled her to him to comfort her after her husband's heartless words. As if mimicking him, Marty did the same to Gillian, but his hand slipped under her arm and cupped her breast in a spontaneous indicator of his superiority over the husband whom he was baiting. Donald expected Gillian to pull away and slap the man's cheek, the reaction that *he* always got when *he* tried a trick like that in public. Instead she kissed him again and Donald felt a surge of envy at the way that his boss was belittling him.

Donald slipped his hand from Judy's shoulder and slipped it under her arm to copy-cat the gesture. It was then that he discovered that there was no space between arm and body. It was as though the gloves that she wore to her elbows were attached to her body. Donald's fingers traced the length of arm from elbow to hand and realised that Judy was wearing an incredibly stiff corset that was connected to her arms, holding them in place.

He looked up at Marty and saw the wisp of a superior smile on his boss's face and then Gillian smiled too and Donald realised that his wife knew that Judy was tightly enclosed in a steel corset that kept her rigid and helpless even though it seemed as if she was merely in a party frock. A sudden thought occurred to Donald and he wondered what lay below the skirts, below her narrow waist...

Donald blushed and pulled his hand back as if he had been stung. Now he was determined to get Gillian away from this perverted boss of his and he said, 'Darling, Gillian, I really think that we'd better leave!' 'What, now? Half way through the meal?' she answered. 'Don't be so silly!'

'Yes, now...'

Donald stood and was suddenly conscious of the huge erection that had grown in his pants and was covered *only* by his pants and the napkin that he held in place.

'You look as if you are enjoying yourself,' said Marty with a smile as his fingers fondled Gillian's breasts. 'Why leave?'

'Because, even though you *are* my boss, I cannot stand this charade any longer!'

'Mm, that's true,' said Marty. 'I am your boss...'

Now at last, everyone at the table was watching the argument. Donald dropped the napkin in agitation and three of the women put their hands over their mouths and started to titter. Donald looked down and saw that his throbbing cock had found its way down his trouser leg and was in plain relief against his thighs. He sat suddenly to cover himself.

'Well, *I'm* not leaving,' said Gillian, almost laughing at the effect of the Viagra in her husband's champagne. 'Now stay put and do as you are told...' Donald's mouth opened with shock and suddenly the maid slipped through from behind. The valley between her breasts was plainly in view as she topped the glass before Donald and he tried to move to a decent distance just as the bottle tipped and she drained it all onto his lap.

'Oh, I'm so sorry sir,' she said as she grabbed a napkin and started to blot at his lap.

'Leave it,' said Donald sharply.

Donald pushed her away just as she patted his erection and blushed furiously, Marty and Gillian burst into laughter and Judy smiled sweetly and pouted with satisfaction. Marty leaned over the table as if to make a private comment, but his voice was loud and harsh...

'Leave now, and you are sacked, Donald! Finished... You will never work again when I sack you for stealing, fraud or some such and you'll go back to the gutter where you came from! *No* one will hire you after working for a deliciously perverted site like

mine!' Donald looked helplessly at his wife and she added to the bullying words of her lover.

'And there's one thing for sure,' she said venomously, 'you'll never see me again if he sacks you. You have been *chosen* by a real man and I have already agreed to his choice on your behalf!'

Donald looked up and down the table. These were his colleagues, the secretaries and programmers that he had worked with for a year now and they were all smiling. In fact, it seemed to Donald that there was nothing less than relief on their faces. Relief that *he* had been chosen over them, that Donald was the victim and not themselves.

The intense and unstoppable throbbing erection in his pants, a fear that swelled in Donald's throat and closed it with terror. A realisation that somehow, he was the victim of something that all the others in the room understood so well and only he did not.

Under the Table

He looked at Gillian and she *too* had a knowing look in her eye and a sly grin on her face and Donald shivered as if he did not know her at all. What had happened that he was in this terrible place? A place where his boss's hand stole over his wife's breasts, where the boss's wife was held rigid in a corset that bound her hands to her sides? 'Chosen?' asked Donald with a whine in his voice. 'I don't understand!'

Gillian started to laugh and several of the other guests joined in the wave of mirth that swept the table. 'Donald is such a very demanding man,' said one of the secretaries to Donald's left. 'You were interviewed with this in mind nine months ago, and Marty chose *you* personally. The perfect man for what he has in mind and as it turns out, the perfect wife for his pleasure! You didn't really think that you would be offered a senior job with your pathetic qualifications unless there was more to it, did you?'

The secretary had a suppressed look of glee in her eyes as she spoke, but her voice was hard and dismissive. Donald looked up the table and shivered, then back to Gillian and the man who was massaging her breasts as she spoke. 'I knew that you'd be perfect as soon as *he* told me,' gushed Gillian, 'and Marty is the *perfect* lover... his cock is insatiable!'

Donald blushed deep scarlet. Suddenly he started to believe what he was seeing. The hand on his wife's breasts had dipped its fingers to slip between skin and satin and was clearly in search of a nipple to tease. Donald looked at the pouting bitch that his wife had become in just moments and then he went to stand. As his legs straightened the chair that slid back as he stood he was suddenly pressed hard against the backs of his knees and he was sitting again! Donald looked up to see the maid looking down at him. Her hands came to rest on his shoulders and she gripped so hard that her nails dug into the flesh.

'You don't *really* want to *go*, do you?' whispered the maid in Donald's ear as her hands moved to his neck and slowly closed around it. 'There is so much for you to experience and you are going to bring so much pleasure... to *all* of us.'

Donald looked up and the hands on his neck slowly tightened. He raised his hands to grip the wrists, but it had no effect, the fingers closed on his throat and Donald started to go into a faint as he struggled for breath.

'Mm, it's what your wife wants, baby,' said the maid's voice hissing in his ear. 'She needs a hard cock in her cunt, a real man who can quench her need to fuck deep and not a pathetic husband who cannot even bring himself to speak when he *knows* that she's cuckolding him... You *did* know?'

The erection between Donald's thighs seemed to be trying to burst from his trousers and now the secretary in latex to his left reached over and slowly unzipped him under the table. He struggled against the iron fingers that gripped his throat, he tried to twist his hips to avoid the female hands that were exposing him, but his breath came in gasps and he could scarcely breathe at all now. It seemed to Donald that the shortness of breath heightened his cock's stiffness as he felt it being freed to

stand tall under the table. The doll-like Judy slowly turned her head to look him up and down and then to her husband on the other side of the table.

'Do you want me to suck him dry?' asked Judy. 'I am so hungry for come...!' Marty shook his head. His hand pulled at the blue satin of Gillian's dress until the seams tore and it ripped stitch by stitch. Each time there was a small jerk of his hand more of Donald's wife's breasts came into view until at last they were fully exposed and his hand moved over the smooth skin and brushed the standing nipples with his fingertips.

'Darling Judy, there will be plenty to fill you later when Donald has been introduced to his new position... There's a good little dolly!'

Donald felt the hands under the table start to pull down his open trousers, his head whirled and his vision was hazy, but it seemed that a multitude of hands were stripping him naked. Shapes of people that he had known moved in and out of focus, hands moved over him, exploring and teasing, holding and scratching as they went. His breath scraped in his ears, his heartbeat sounded inside his head and the vision of Gillian twisting to kiss her lover on the lips as Marty's hands slid through the tatters of her dress and slipped below her waist, out of sight, slipping between her damp thighs as she sighed contentedly and watched Donald being violated before her eyes.

Her lips opened and she panted with lust.

Three women were by Donald, the maid with her strong hands on his neck, controlling every breath. The helpless Judy who sat and waited motionless for Gillian's lover to give her more orders and the overweight secretary who had stripped him of every shred of clothing. Now the secretary had what seemed to be a wooden clothes-hanger in her hand and there were knowing smiles on the faces of the others sitting around the table.

The show had just started and they were eagerly taking in every moment.

'Oh,' breathed the maid into Donald's ear, 'I've so been looking forward to introducing you to your new sissy life and now that the moment's finally here I am almost *coming* with the *anticipation!*'

Donald felt the hands on his neck suddenly relax, they let go and then the chair was pulled from under him and he sprawled on the floor to the laughter of the onlookers.

Gillian felt Marty's fingertips *finally* reach between her thighs and sighed in contentment. Marty had such a sure touch, such knowledge and experience that the first slow touch on her clitoris almost took her to heaven with that initial caress and then she saw the maid slap her husband's ass and the formidable latex-clad secretary move in with that piece of wood in her hands.

'He's the perfect choice to be broken,' whispered Marty in her ear. 'You will *love* every moment.'

'Better a lover than the wife,' said Gillian as Marty's fingers dipped into her and stroked the inner lips of her pussy as her legs opened to allow him to stroke and tease her as she so desperately needed.

'That's right,' said the voice in Gillian's ear. 'Come for me, come, come, come...'

Three fingers gathered and pushed deep inside Gillian and she felt the onset of the climax that had been at the edge of her consciousness since the maid's hands had closed on her husband's neck and her demented fantasy became reality. To have a married lover was the most that she could ever have expected, to have one whose wife was a helpless fuck-toy was beyond all she hoped for. Now at Gillian's instigation her lover was giving her the ultimate Christmas present... His helpless wife! While she gave her lover a cuckolded husband that would experience every moment of his wife's pleasures in the arms of others. Nothing but a weak beta who would spend every night licking the hot come from her tender pussy, a husband who would beg to be used and crushed by her and her lover... the *perfect* husband!

Donald sucked in the air and gasped. He struggled to all fours and his head whirled. He looked up to suddenly see the maid step up to him, the arch of each of her stilettos capturing his wrists as fetters secured by her weight. As he looked up the maid looked down at him. Stockings and tops, a band of white thigh in the shade of her dress and her lips pursed as she looked down at her victim and then reached for his neck.

He cried out, he tried to move, but her heels pinned him as did those of the secretary that pinned his ankles. For a moment, he tried to jerk free and then the hand that took his balls from between his thighs and stretched them back caused Donald to freeze. Something cold gripped his balls, was snapped into place and then clicked with a finality that was terrifying.

'So very humble,' said the maid, 'Oh, so humble, my dear.' Her hands revealed a collar and she pulled it on his neck, threading the tongue through the buckle and clicking a leash to the wide leather band. His ankles were released by the secretary who had fettered his balls and Donald moved a knee forward.

He cried out in anguish as the device that gripped his balls pulled hard against his thigh making him stop and look between his legs, under his body.

He could see his huge erection hanging, the columns of his thighs, but where his balls should have hung behind that rigid cock, there was a horizontal piece of wood that stretched him to the limit and was held tight by the backs of his thighs. If he moved fast, if his thighs moved more than an inch or two at each crawling step Donald risked losing his manhood in a welter of agony.

A tug at the leash and the husband looked up at the maid. He could see up her skirt, see the lightness of her thighs, the smooth flesh above the thick stockings, the cleft of her ass behind and the thick half-stiff cock and swollen balls of the maid whose terrible secret was finally revealed to Donald. 'Do you like what you see?' asked Gillian. 'Do you want to be fucked by her? Are you going to be a good little boy now?'

Donald could not see his wife as he was almost under the table, but her voice was breathless as if she were so excited by his humiliation and degradation that she was about to orgasm. He looked up and realised that the cock over his face was stiffening and the maid was pulling the leash taut...

'One tiny mistake, Donald,' said Gillian's voice, 'and we'll give you to the maid to play with all night. Once she has a ring gag in that mouth of yours and sees your sweet virgin ass, she won't be able to help herself...'

'Oh God,' whined Donald. 'Gillian, why are you doing this to me?'

The maid smiled and silently lifted the tablecloth to reveal a sight that made Donald cry out in anguish. Now he could see that his wife's dress was in tatters, she sat on Marty's lap with her legs wide and his cock thrusting hard into her gaping pussy. His sticky come and her juices mingled and trickled from her, dribbled down her thighs, leaked to the floor as the pillar of Marty's flesh buried inside her pulled slowly back and forth making her gasp at every breath.

Donald saw Gillian's hand, the one with her wedding band, reach under the table to take the offer of the leash from the maid's hand. He heard the laughter from the other guests as the leash pulled tight and his mouth was drawn to the very spot where his wife's pussy met the had thrusting cock that pronounced Donald's slave cuckold status in shudders of bliss that took his wife's thighs.

The sounds of that cock pushing through Gillian, the fragrances of their excitement, the swelling of the lips that stretched around that long prick...

...and then the taste of them both on his lips...

The End