

Flour Power 2
By Johnny Stiff

John stood there taking in the awesome sight of Claire's flannel shirt's feeble attempt to stay buttoned. "You sure you want to go out like that? You look like you're one small breath away from bursting out."



"What's the matter, you don't want to see me burst out of this little shirt?"

"I just figured you didn't want to do it in public."

"Everyone will already be staring at me so why not give them some hope of a show," she winked.

"I never knew you were such an exhibitionist."

"You seemed to make a lot of assumptions about me."

John was speechless. Here this goddess is throwing herself at him and he was just making excuses for her not to show off. "You're right."

"Glad you understand now," she stepped up to him and kissed him deeply. Her tongue slipping past his lips; dancing with his tongue. She leaned back, "you drive. I don't think it'll be possible in my condition." She looked down. John followed her gaze and notice her nipples creating little half inch tents in her shirt. She handed him the keys and they were off.

They masked up and walked through the front doors. Well more like Claire sauntered through swinging her hips seductively, letting her heels hit just a bit harder than normal causing her breasts to bounce and threaten to burst out at a moment's notice.

"I think we should divide and conquer," Claire said. "You go get groceries and I'm going to look for some better fitting clothes. I love how I look in these legging but the fabric rubbing my clit is almost more than I can handle."

"I'll handle you when we get home," John winked and smacked her ass as they parted. Twenty minutes later John was finished with his task. He made his way up to the front of the store, but Claire was nowhere to be found. He decided to head back to the clothing area and see if he could find her. Making his way through the lingerie section at Walmart, something caught his

eye; a pink lace nightie. *I bet Claire would look great in that.* He guessed at the size and threw it in the cart. He made his way back to the changing area when he thought he heard a low, muffled moan. Coming from the changing area. He looked around and couldn't find Claire. That when he heard another stifled moan and a familiar scent coming from the changing area. *Was Claire masturbating in the changing room?* As nonchalantly as he could, he grabbed a shirt and pair of pants and made his way into the changing area.

"Claire?" he whispered. Another stifled moan came from the door right next to him. He heard the door unlatch followed by a thud, the sound of skin slapping skin, and the sound of 2 hard things hitting metal. John pushed the door open slowly to find Claire sitting back naked, legs spread eagle, and feet propped up on the metal handles on both sides. John quickly slipped in and locked the door shut behind him. "What are you doing?"

"Mmm I told you it was almost too much for me to handle. Walking around and bending over to get clothes, and my leggings rubbing my clit, and mmmm," Claire buried two fingers deep in her dripping pussy. Her other hand tugged at her nipple. John stood idly by for a few moments taking in the sights. He pulled down his shorts and let his throbbing cock bounce free. Claire hadn't noticed, her eyes shut tight in pleasure. John placed his left hand over her mouth, pulled her hand out of her pussy and slipped his cock into the hilt before Claire realized what happened.

"What the fuuuuuu," she moaned into his hand. He started thrusting hard into her well lubricated snatch. He used his free hand to play with her other nipple. She snaked her free hand down to her throbbing clit. Seconds after making contact she erupted in a massive orgasm. He body shook as John did his best to keep her mouth covered. He felt her pussy contract around his cock. Rhythmically, it pulsed up and down as if there was a hand in there stroking his cock. His balls pulsed as he felt his orgasm begin. Three mighty blasts filled her pussy before he pulled out and let go a torrent of four more onto her tits and face.

Momentarily exhausted John braced himself against the wall as Claire scooped as much cum as she could from her face into her mouth. She leaned forward and licked her tits clean. "You are so fucking delicious," she said as she sat up and licked his cock clean. "Like seriously, I've never liked cum that much let alone licked a cock clean after sex."

John just grinned in response. He pulled up his pants and looked at Claire's naked body; her disheveled red main. "You know someone probably heard us."

"Mmm well I hoped they enjoyed it. Maybe they could join next time," Claire half joked. "Now you better leave before I start fucking your brains out again." She stood up and bent over to pull her leggings up.

John could see her thick meaty lips spread open; her inner lips protruding out, still twitching from their quickie. With barely a second thought, John reached out and cupped her pussy; index finger toying with her engorged clit. Claire fell forward and braced her hands on the seat in front of her. "Hey, I thought I said you nnnnnneeeeeee," she started to interject until she felt him lightly tug on her clit. He began rubbing it clockwise with his index finger. He used his free hand to slip two fingers in her. He twisted them around until he found her spongy g-spot. A sly grin appeared on his face as he rubbed it as fast as he could. Picking up the pace with his other hand on her clit, Claire began to shake and hold back a moan. He continued to speed up, rubbing her clit and g-spot as fast as he possible could. He felt her tense before she started to

shake and let a fountain of her lady juices rush down her legs soaking her leggings and the floor they rested on.

She collapsed in a pile on the seat panting and sweating; pussy quivering in post orgasmic bliss. A content smile was plastered on her face.

John picked up the few items Claire wanted to buy, "I'll let you get dressed. I'm gonna pay for everything and I'll meet you at the car in 5 minutes." John walked out and shut the door behind him. To his surprise there was no one in the area. He was she someone would have heard their escapades or at the very least caught a hint of sex in the air. He paid for the items and loaded them into the car. He sat in the driver seat and waited for Claire to exit. A few moments later he could see her sauntering out of the store. He could clearly see the large wet spot on her leggings and her abs flexing with every step. *Wait her abs are visible now?* He finally noticed that Claire tied her shirt under her breasts in a makeshift bra, exposing her abs and giving a generous display of cleavage. He watched her bounce with every step, enjoying the attention her new body garnered. Not caring that her hair looked like she just had her brains fucked out. She sat in the car, "I wasn't even gonna bother with the buttons. What do you think?"

"I think you look sexy as hell."

"That's the look I was going for. Now let's go home."

They returned to the house and managed to unload everything without sexual incident.

"Finally, I can get comfortable," Claire said as she untied her shirt, her large perky tits bounced free from their confines. "so much better."

John felt a stirring in his loins as he opened stared at her beautiful breasts. He watched as she walked over to the living room and plopped down on the couched her back to John. He slipped his shorts down and walked over towards the couch, his cock pointing the way. Claire was sitting on the couch with her head back and her eyes closed. She could feel his hand cup the back of her head and pull forward. She opened her eyes and saw John's cock inches from her mouth. "You're hard alrea...mmfff," she said as he pressed his cock into her open mouth. It didn't take long for the first drops of pre-cum to hit her tongue. Her senses betrayed her mind as she started to lightly bob up and down on his throbbing cock. She steadily picked up the pace as she reached out and started to fondle his enlarged balls. He kept his hand on the back of her head, guiding her farther and farther down his shaft. Little did John know but Claire had never been able to deep throat. She tried as had as she could to keep from gagging. She pulled up enough to get a breath before her head was pushed back down. He could feel her throat flex around his cock. Claire could feel his hot load climb his shaft and unload into her taught tummy. John could feel wave after wave of cum erupt from his cock; seven, eight, nine full loads shot directly into her stomach. Claire pulled her head up and his cock popped out with a slurp. Catching her breath, Claire looked a little distraught, "so umm....yeah I've never been able to deep throat before."

"Well that felt amazing."

"Yeah and I don't know why you can cum so much. Like it isn't humanly possible to do that."

"Well it isn't humanly possible to get a six pack and giant tits overnight either," John responded.

"Yea I guess we know how the flour affected you."

"I'd say so. Give me another few minutes and I'll be ready again."

"I know my libido is way up but there is no way I can keep up with you. After all the blow jobs and fucking over the last 24 hours, my jaw and poor little pussy are sore."

"I guess I get that. But what about a quick little titty fuck?"

"How about after dinner? I know you just filled my belly but I'm kinda hungry. And I'm a little disappointed that I didn't get to taste that yummy semen of yours."

"Sounds like you want that titty fuck before dinner," John stepped closer, his cock brushing her erect nipple.

She shivered, "I, uh, mmmnnnnoooo."

"Are you sure?" his cock brushed her nipple again."

"mmm...l...l...mmmaybe," she waived.

"Positive?" he reached out and tweaked her other nipple.

Without a word she drooled on his cock and wrapped her huge tits around him. Slowly she moved up and down. He began to thrust in time with her as more precum coated her cleavage. She looked down at the head of his cock as it barely poked through her tits on each thrust. She picked up the pace hoping for her tasty treat. It didn't take long before John gave a might thrust and groan. He started erupting streams of cum up from her cleavage on to her face. By the third rope of cum she manage to place her lips around the head and suck down four more blasts before John collapsed on the couch. Wanting more of her reward she knelt and start to lick up and down the shaft. Catching the few drops that were left. Her delicate ministrations were enough to get him fully hard again.

"Claire, I think I'm gonna, hnnnggghhh," he started cuming again. This time she wasn't going to waste a drop. She sealed her lips around the head, and he shot load after load into her wanting mouth. She counted another six loads. Her cheeks bulged as she pulled away from his finally deflating cock. Three big gulps before she was able to swallow it all.

She leaned down and kiss the tip, "thank you for that lover. So you're multiorgasmic? Pretty rare in a guy.

"Yeah that's another new development."

"I like it though I might have to call in backup in the future."

John wasn't sure exactly what Claire meant by that but he didn't give it a second thought.

Claire said, "But for now I think it's time for dinner." She rubbed her jaw as she walked away.

"But seriously though I need a break my jaw is killing me and before you even ask no my pussy is shut down for tonight. And my asshole is an exit only, sweetie."

"I think I can hold off for the rest of the night. That is if you would cover your tits."

"I don't think so. My house my rules. In fact," she said as she bent over, "I think I'll be completely naked." She removed her wet leggings and threw them at John. "you know what, you better take off your shirt too unless you want to go home."

"I think I can control myself," John gulped as he took off his shirt.

Claire started to make dinner as John sat on the couch flipping through channels.

"Something smells good," John said.

"Thank you! I'm making baked chicken, rolls, and broccoli. It's just about ready too."

John got up and got a plate. Claire scooped a generous portion of broccoli on to his plate before handing him a roll and a breaded chicken breast.

"I hope you enjoy dinner," she smiled. They sat at the dinner table and made small talk while the finished their meal.

"That was delicious," John leaned back and patted his stomach.

"I thought so too. I'd say you should kiss the cook, but I don't trust you," she smirked as she rubbed her taught tummy. "I'm stuffed," she said, "and after this morning I mean that in more than one way."

"You know Claire, I never knew you had such a dirty mind or that you were a bit of an exhibitionist."

"Well, you never really got to know me that well when we worked together. I mean sure, we made small talk, but we never really chatted. I know we both like my huge tits and sexy new body but, I always felt like I could have been good together."

"Yeah, I think so too. And honestly your body is amazing, but I think I'm starting to fall for the girl behind the amazing tits and ass," John blushed a little.

"Oh, come on, you're just trying to butter me up to get in my pants."

"Well I don't have to since you aren't wearing any."

"True dat."

"But really, the amazing sex with a goddess is the icing on the cake that is you Claire."

"you're gonna make me cry."

John got up and hugged Claire in her chair. His dick slowly hardening and pressing into her firm tit flesh.

"I thought you liked my personality, asshole."

"Sorry, natural reaction when I hug a beautiful naked woman."

"I mean I can understand that. I get a little wet when I see myself in the mirror too. And I guess when I look at that delicious cock of yours too."

"Aww thanks...I think," John let go of Claire. "I want to give you something. And before you say anything no it's not my cock." John walked over to where some of the clothes were that he purchased earlier. He hid something behind his back and turned to Claire. "Come upstairs in a few minutes but head straight into the bathroom, ok?"

"Uh sure," Claire replied a bit confused. John disappeared upstairs. Claire waited her five minutes and walked up into the bedroom straight into the attached bathroom. She closed the door and saw a pink lace nightie hanging on the back of the door with a note attached to it. It read:

Claire,

I know we only reconnected last night, but I feel like I've gotten to know you so well. You are beautiful, smart, sexy, talented, and the most amazing woman I've ever met. I want to keep getting to know you (and keep having amazing sex)!

Your Lover,

John XOXO

P.S. I hope it fits

"Aww he is so sweet," she muttered to herself. She took it down off the door and tried to slip it on. With some effort she was able to get it over her waist. The next challenge was to get the

straps over her shoulders without tearing the fabric. With some crafty maneuvering she was able to get the straps over her shoulder and at least kind of covering her nipples. She opened the door to see John lying on the bed waiting. "What do you think, lover?"



"Wow," was all he could say.

"That's what I thought too! You really have some good taste albeit maybe not the best at sizing."

"I dunno, the way you overflow that top is really fucking sexy," John's cock stirred to life.

"I can tell you think that," she gestured to his hardening cock and sauntered over.

"I'm sorry, it's a natural reaction."

"No need to apologize. I think it's a compliment," she wrapped her fingers around his fully erect cock. "I still can't believe I was able to take this and able to deep throat this thing."

"You are a woman of many talents," John praised.

"But really your fucking huge."

"No need to stroke my ego, babe."

"One, don't call me babe again. And two, I couldn't get my fingers to touch before, but you feel even bigger in my hand."

John sat up and looked at his cock, "uh yeah you're right. It looks like it's getting bigger too."

"I think so too," Claire hopped on the bed and positioned her wet slit right over his growing cock. "I want you to grow inside me. Destroy my little pussy, lover!"

"I didn't realize you were such a size queen."

"Shut up and fuck me," Claire started to gyrate her hips, twerking on his cock. John started to moan and thrust with her rhythm. "Mmm I was wondering what side effects you'd get from that flour."

"You mean you dosed me without me knowing?" John felt anger and betrayal.

"Oh yeah and I'm loving it," Claire said bouncing on his cock.

John flipped her onto her back and started thrusting as hard as he could. He could feel her pussy struggle to cope with his new found girth. Each thrust he grew a little longer and a little thicker. "Well how do you like that now?"

Claire felt like she was being torn in half from the inside out. She moaned half in pleasure half pain and said, "please stop! It hurts." He kept thrusting as hard as he could bottoming out every time; less and less cock able to fit in her. Each thrust her pussy felt even tighter. The sensation was too much for him.

"You wanted this, my size queen!" With his last thrust he bottomed out and started cumming buckets. His balls had grown to the size of lacrosse balls. Spurt after spurt shot deep in Claire, oozing out the sides for lack of space. He pulled out and aimed with at her face and tits. After nearly a full minute of cumming, he finally stopped. Claire was covered in cum. Despite the pain she couldn't help herself. She licked up as much as she could; the sheets were soaked. Claire finally came out of her cum lust and asked, "what the fuck? You were practically tearing me in half!"

"I don't know what came over me. I just got angry when you told me what you'd done."

"I guess I should have said something before."

"You think? What was I not good enough for you before? I thought you said your pussy hurt after last night and you jaw after today?"

"I mean a little sore and it was really good. I was just hoping you'd get a little bigger. You know push my limits a little, not grow this huge and tear me in half."

"Well why don't you measure me? I gotta admit I'm curious how big I am now."

"Me too!" Claire was excited. She grabbed the tape measure from her dresser and came back. She tried to wrap her hand around it but couldn't make it as far as before.

"Holy shit," John exclaimed.

"Fuck I know."

"Not that. Look at your gaping pussy."

Claire got up and looked in the mirror. "Damn you stretched me out. Guess you ruined me for any other man. Not that I mind," Claire bounced back and placed the tape measure at the base of his cock, slowly placing it up the side. Claire looked at the tape measure in wonderment.

"Well?" John asked.

"An even ten inches and thick as my wrist," Claire said.

"Woah," was all John could say. With Claire touching his cock so much, a little pre-cum dribbled out. Claire licked her lips and leaned forward licking up the tasty morsal. Using both hands, she began to slow pump up and down. She opened her mouth as far as she could but could only accommodate the head of his newly enhanced penis. She stroked faster and faster. The sight of Claire barely able to contain the monster sent him over the edge. He started cumming harder than ever before. A constant stream erupted for over 30 seconds; completely filling Claire's mouth. She came up to swallow for a second and her face and hair were covered in sticky white cum. She swallowed what she could before diving back down for another mouth full. This time she tried swallowing while sucking his cock. She was able to manage a few more mouth full before she was overwhelmed. Fortunately for her, John's geyser of cum slowly subsided. John fell backwards panting and recovering.

"Uh, I knew I shouldn't have done that," Claire said rubbing her jaw. "you must've cum a gallon!" she looked around the cum covered bed; cum dripping from her hair. She scooped up some off the bed and drank it down. "I know I say this every time but, this is so delicious!" John sat up and looked at Claire, "Um Claire, you might want to look at you stomach in the mirror."

Confused Claire got up, wiping some cum off her face and into her mouth, and looked in the mirror. She was shocked. Her tight tummy was now slightly distended. "Damn! If I didn't know better I'd say its name is baby chipotle. Holy shit I drank a ton of your cum," she added proudly. "Well in that case you ready for more?" John stepped behind her; his semi hard cock grazing the inside of her leg.

"No way. This time I mean it. I actually want you to go home," she said sadly.

"Are you sure?" John's cock began to deflate with his mood.

"Yeah. My jaw is killing me and well just look at my pussy. I'm still all stretched out. I just need a bit of time to recover. You can come over tomorrow, I promise, lover."

"Well, as you wish my darling."

John grabbed his clothes and got dressed.

"I know I don't want you to go but I think it's best," Claire said with a yawn.

John yawned too, "I guess it is getting late and we've had a lot of great sex today. Hope I can at least see you tomorrow."

"I think you will. Hopefully I'm not as sore tomorrow."

John leaned forward and kissed Claire on the cheek, careful to avoid contact with her sensitive body, "good night."

"Good night, John."

With that John walked downstairs and left through the backyard. This time he was careful to avoid the traps of the other night and made it home without incident. He walked into his two-story home, locked the door, and made his way up to his bedroom. He showered and climbed into bed. He checked his phone one last time and saw that he had a message from Claire.

Claire: I think I figured out a solution to our little problem.

John: What's that?

Claire: Another girl.

John: Wait, what?

Claire: Yeah, another girl. You know someone who suck and fuck your cock when I get too tired. Plus, maybe even eat me out and make me cum when you aren't around or even play with my tits while you fuck me.

John: Uh, Claire are you ok?

Claire: Sore but, never better! Why?

John: I mean, wouldn't you get jealous?

Claire: With my body? Not likely!

John: Good point.

Claire: More like two good points with how hard my nipples are. My tits are so big I can barely reach them. Don't even get me started on typing.

John: Are you trying to get me riled up before bed?

Claire: ;)

John: So, did you have someone in mind?

Claire: Actually, yeah.

John: Do I know her?

Claire: You remember Megan from accounting?

John: You mean the short, blonde girl?

Claire: Yeah, the fat one and somehow with no tits.

John: Yeah, I know who you're talking about.

Claire: Good! Well I'm off to bed. I'll come over tomorrow around 9am so make sure you're awake and have the backdoor open.

John: I thought you said the backdoor was an exit only :P

Claire: Mine is...

John: Yeah...no. Not gonna happen. Good night sexy.

Claire: Good night stud

John put his phone down and did his best to fall asleep. Despite the rigorous activity of the last day he had some trouble falling asleep. He kept thinking about Claire and her suggestion to add another girl to their fun. He didn't want to lose Claire. In fact, he really believed that he was falling for her. With this comforting thought he drifted off to sleep.

The sunlight was streaming into John's bedroom that next morning. He swung his feet out of bed. He started to slump forward until he stabbed himself in the chest with his mighty morning wood. That's when the events of the last few days really came back into his consciousness. He looked over at the clock, *only 730. Guess I have time to get ready before Claire comes over.* He stood up and walked into the bathroom. He looked in the mirror. *Damn no wonder Claire loses control around me, I look good. And I'm definitely more buff than the last time I looked in the mirror. Thank you flour!* He hopped in the shower lathering his whole body. Careful not to spend too much time on his cock. After all he still needed to eat and didn't want to exhaust himself before Claire came over. *Could have sworn I would have needed to shave today. Guess the flour took out my pubic hair too. Is there anything it can't do?* John shut the water off and toweled himself dry. Looking at himself in the mirror again he decided to forego wearing clothes.

He made his way downstairs to the kitchen and started to make breakfast. Just as he was finishing eating, he heard a knock on the back door.

He opened the door and leaned out only to see Claire in an ill-fitting yet sex top and rather full looking jeans. "Mmm looking sexy this morning."

"Thanks," she said as she pushed past him.

"Sure, come on in," he said sarcastically.

"No problem."

"Claire, I do have one rule when you enter the house."

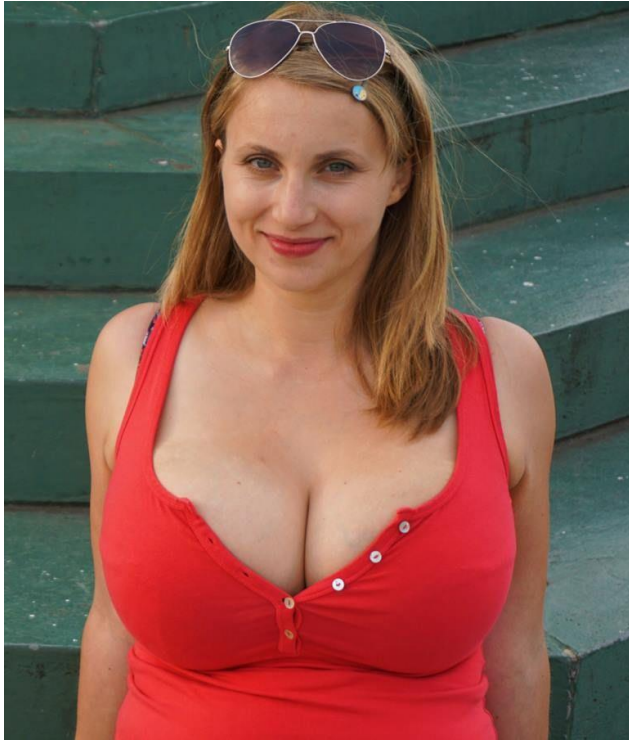
"What's that?" she asked cautiously.

"No clothes allowed when you're over in my house."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"What about how my boobs look in this little old top?"



Claire glanced down, “judging by that growing erection I’d say you like it.”

“You aren’t wrong. But I still want you naked.”

“Well if you insist,” Claire grabbed the hem of her shirt and started to sway back and forth. “I might as well put on a little show for you.” She inched the shirt higher revealing her abs. bending over she brushed her covered tits over his hard cock. John shivered at the sensation. Arching her back she thrust her boobs out pushing the top to its limit. She turned her back to him and pulled her top off. She looked over her shoulder and started to twirl the shirt over her head before throwing it to the ground. With one arm she barely covered her nipples and turned back towards him. Swinging her hips she walked closed to John and placed a passionate kiss on his lips. John stood there in awe. *This is the greatest show I’ve ever seen by the sexiest woman alive.* Claire began to kiss down his chest. Lightly placing her lips on his skin. She kissed lower and lower until her chin grazed the top of his pre-cum soaked head.

“Looks like someone is excited,” she said in husky tones. She dropped to her knees and let her tits bounce free. She licked from the base to the tip giving a little extra attention to the head. With one hand she began to work the shaft up and down slowly while her other fondled his balls. She opened her mouth as wide as she could barely getting the head in again. She managed swirl her tongue around the expanded head. She picked up the pace of her strokes as she attempted to take more of his cock in her mouth. Try as she might she couldn’t get it past the back of her mouth. She used both hands to work his cock and she wildly shook her head back and forth, careful not to use her teeth. There were no two ways about it, Claire was a cock master. She knew just how to please John so he could last minutes or seconds. In this case this pleasuring went on for another few minutes before John couldn’t take it anymore and erupted into her mouth. Claire was ready this time. She opened her throat and let his cum flow in. barely able to hold her breath for the 30 seconds and swallowed that last few drops that

trickled out. Claire pulled his half hard cock out of her mouth with a slick slurp. She licked up the last drop escaping from his limp penis.

She stood back up and licked her lips, "I probably should brush my teeth. Can you show me where your bathroom is?"

"It's right this way," John said drained. He walked her upstairs to his bedroom where his bathroom was located. Fortunately, he had an unopened toothbrush from the dentist in a drawer. He turned to look at Claire who was lounging on his bed.



"Whoa, Claire, nice gut,"

"You mean my cum baby? I have you to thank for that."

"No problem," John looked further down and saw a decent sized wet patch in her jeans. "So, you really like sucking cock I see."

Claire reached between her legs and felt her wet jeans. She smiled and looked back at John, "Only yours. You might even say I'm ad-DICK-ted. Now help me out of these wet jeans before I catch a cold," she teased.

"With pleasure." The waist was pushed down to accommodate her temporarily expanded tummy. She unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. She hooked her thumbs in her waist band and pushed down while John grabbed the bottom of the legs and pulled. In one swift motion her jeans flew off almost knocking John off the bed. He looked back at Claire and could see her dripping pussy flex with anticipation. His cock hard again he lined up with her opened slit, pressing the head gently into it.

"Did you notice I closed up almost to normal overnight?"

"I did. Do you think you can handle me?"

"I don't know but I really want to try. Just go slow, please?"

"Sure thing, beautiful," John slowly pushed forward. Inching the head deeper into her slick entrance.

Just as the head fully entered her, he said, "Mmm fuck you're tight."

"Ooo yes John. Stretch out my tight little pussy."

John pushed and felt a little pop as his head fully entered her. He felt her walls contract against the head. He tried to distract himself to not blow his load too early. "How's that feel?"

"Feels wonderful. Give me more, big guy."

With no further encouragement needed John pushed in another few inches before he stopped.

"Your cock feels so amazing! How much more of you is there?"

John looked down, "about another 5 inches, maybe less?"

"Mmm yes. More, MORE! Thrust deep in my tight little pussy."

Claire was overcome with lust; not caring what she was saying or what was going to happen.

John pushed deeper and deeper into her tight little cunt. At last their hips met. *I could have sworn last night I didn't fully fit. Maybe she's more relaxed now?* They started thrusting their hips and it wasn't long before they found a rhythm. John's balls slapped her muscled ass with every thrust. Her perky H-cups wobbled back and forth with tier motion. With a free hand John was able to reach out and grab one of her hard nipples. Tugging it; twisting it.

"I'm so close!" Claire howled. "Make me cum!"

Claire's pussy started to tighten around his thick cock. This sent John over the edge. He unleashed a huge amount of cum deep in her full pussy. The lack of room causing the semen to squirt out the sides. This time Claire didn't care. She was in the middle of an intense orgasm. John continued to thrust as he pumped more seed deep in her. For her part, Claire continued to buck wildly in ecstasy. John's cock stopped shooting load after load after about 30 seconds, but Claire was still in the midst of her orgasm. It felt like her pussy was massaging his cock, willing it to grow hard again.

"Ooo, fuck John!" she moaned. "I'm still cumming." She reached between her legs and started rubbing her clit. Claire's pussy contracted faster and faster. John was hard again and still being incredibly sensitive from his last orgasm it didn't take long for him to start cumming again.

"I'm gonna cum again!"

"Mmm yes," Claire responded. Just as he was starting his second orgasm, Claire slipped back, rolled over and put his cock in her mouth. This time he came far less but still 6 or 7 mighty ropes by her estimation. She dutifully swallowed every drop. They fell down on the bed spooning. John wrapped his strong arms around Claire. She snuggled in close, wriggling her tight butt into his crotch. She felt his cock stir a little. she felt the cum still dripping out over her gaping pussy.

"Careful with that thing," she joked.

"Always," John reached a hand up and tweaked one of her large nipples.

"Mmm, careful what you start."

His other hand rubbed down her side and gently stroked her hip. He continued to lightly pull and twist her nipple as she moaned a little more. He let his other hand drift downwards until it made contact with her engorged, sensitive labia. He stroked it up and down carefully, hearing her squeak in pleasure. He held her tight as his hand moved to her clit. He ran his finger around the edge of it, coaxing it out until her little clit was sticking out a full half inch from its little

hood. He pinched it between his thumb and index finger. Her breath quickened with each touch. He could tell she was close so he back off just a little to let her calm down.

"Please don't stop," she begged.

He picked up the pace again, feeling her tense on the brink of an orgasm. Again, he stopped. He heard her whine in displeasure. This time he started and easily inserted three fingers into her. He curled them up and found her g-spot. Slowly he rocked his hand in and out massaging the area. The heel of his hand made contact every time with her clit. He rocked his hand faster, his other pinching and pulling her nipples.

"I'm cumming!" she moaned.

He continued to rock his hand as her pussy contracted around his hand. He kept pushing onwards towards her second orgasm. He removed his hand as he felt her starting to squirt. Juices erupted from her, soaking the sheets and floor next to the bed. She laid there in his arms securely, quivering in post orgasmic bliss.

"You really know how to get me going," she said.

"I do what I can."

"I'm not as sore as I was yesterday. But I think we should try to get Megan to join us. If nothing else I need a breather. And that's really hard to do when I keep putting your cock in my mouth."

"You know it looks good there," he joked. "Oof."

Claire elbowed him in the stomach. "That might be true but that makes me sound like a whore."

"No, you aren't. whores get paid, you're just a little cock slut," he said. "Oof"

Claire elbowed him again, "I'm not a cock slut! I just really love your cock and the man attached to it."

"Well, I love your tits and the woman attached to them," John kissed Claire on the neck and held her tight.

"So, I guess that means we are more than just fuck buddies," Claire smiled as she said that.

"Sounds fantastic to me."

They laid there for a moment before Claire spoke up, "so do you remember what Megan looks like?"

"Vaguely."

"Hand me my phone."

John reached out on to the nightstand behind him and grabbed her phone. she took it from him and pulled up Facebook and her profile. He clicked on her picture and showed him her phone.



"Now do you remember her?" Claire asked

"Oh yeah I remember now. I think she hit on me at the last Christmas party. She isn't really my type."

"I figured that," Claire said as she shimmed against him in bed. "But we can slowly turn her into your type...at least physically."

"Claire you're my type."

"That's cute but I figure her with some bigger tits and toned junk in the trunk and you'll probably want to fuck her. Am I wrong?"

"Well no but," John replied.

"But nothing. I want you to fuck her for the sake of my sore, stretched pussy. Besides its not like you like her it's just sex."

"If you insist."

"Never thought I'd have to convince a guy to sleep with another woman let alone a threesome."

"Well, I'm not like other guys."

"Oh, honey I know," Claire reached back and squeezed his limp cock. "I know what you're saying, and I really appreciate the sentiment. I just need to you fuck her sometimes."

"What makes you think she'll go along with this?"

"Well at that Christmas party after you rejected her, she had a few drinks to drown her sorrows. We started chatting midway through her fourth drink. Long story short she admitted her crush on you and she said she was bi and had a crush on me. Well at the time I was flattered and didn't really know how to respond. So, I kind of told a little lie that I was in a relationship and that I would let her know if I was single again."

"Wait you're bi?"

"What, no? I just didn't want to hurt her feelings."

"But what about that talk yesterday of want her to play with you and eat you out?"

"That was and is the arousal talking. Just thinking about her, or anyone really, going down on me gets me turned on."

John reached between her legs, "I can tell."

"As if the thought of me or her sucking your cock doesn't get you hard," Claire felt his cock half harden and poke into her back.

"Touché."

"So I figure you could message her sometime tomorrow and I already sent her a message yesterday saying that we should catch up sometime at my house."

"And what should I say?"

"Just strike up a conversation. Maybe causally mention you've been working out and that your single."

"You want me to hit on her."

"Pretty much yeah. Hopefully after I've given her some of my home cooking and desserts, she'll be a little less suspicious."

"You mean way to horny to care I turned her down at Christmas."

"bingo."

BING!

"Looks like she just replied," Claire said.

What does it say?" John inquired

"Hold on. She said, 'hey Claire great to hear from you! And I'll totally be a rebel and come over. I'm actually going to be up by you around noon today shopping. Mind if I drop by after?'"

"Aww looks like someone has a date later today," John said.

"Are you jealous? I mean she isn't great to look at yet."

"Vicious."

"Honesty can be a bit of a bitch. Now let me reply. 'Sounds great. I just made some cookies and I think we can do a late lunch.'"

"What are you going to feed her?"

"Same thing I gave you. Worked out pretty well wouldn't you say?"

"I mean kinda. You are complaining about being sore a lot."

"So, it worked a little too well on you. Come on, wouldn't she look great with some big sensitive jugs. Maybe even bigger than me?"

"That would be kinda hot."

"Again, I have to convince you to have another chick with big tits be around you," she joked.

"It's too bad I don't have a chick with really big tits in my bed," he joked back as he pinched her nipples.

"No more of that," she slapped his hand away. She sat up in bed, "I need to head home and start cooking. Its already 11:30 and who knows when she'll be over."

BING!

Claire opened her phone, "'Sounds delicious. I miss your cookies so much! I should be there around 1:30ish. Just send me your address.' See I need to get moving." Claire dressed and headed downstairs.

"I know this is a long shot," John said walking behind her, "but what do you think about moving in? I know its quick and all."

Claire stopped at the bottom of the stairs looked up at John and kissed him on the lips, "I'd love to!" she playfully grabbed his cock and kissed it softly. "Now no touching this until I'm done with Megan, deal?"

"Deal."

Claire walked out the door. John watched her hips sway as she walked into the woods.

"Man, this is going to be fun," he said to no one in particular.

Part 3 coming soon!