

# Marlene

(By: Anonymous Author 1995)

Roger sat in the corner facing the bed. The rain and bleakness of the afternoon had given the whole enterprise an out-of-sync, otherworldly feel. Within the expectant silence of their motel room, the irregular swish of wet tires on the interstate outside was almost hypnotic.

"He can get here anytime," Marlene said impatiently, letting the heavy drapes fall closed where she had parted them. "It's almost two o'clock."

"He'll be here," Roger offered soothingly.

"Just shut up," she spat. "You don't know, so just shut the fuck up, okay?"

"Sorry."

She looked at her husband. She sighed at last. "Didn't mean to snap at you that way. I'm nervous."

"That's understandable," Roger said.

Marlene adjusted her necklace, moving for the twentieth time to look at herself in the big mirror. "Are you sure I look okay? I mean, absolutely sure?"

"I'm sure," Roger said. "He's going to like you. He liked the pictures, didn't he?"

"Pictures are different," she said, toying with the necklace again.

Roger took Marlene in from head to toe, trying to be objective. She was a ripe 29 years old, 5'4", a steady 125 pounds. Direct Italian ancestry, with the requisite coloring. Chocolate eyes. Lustrous blue-black hair grown long, pulled up in combs and elegantly knotted. She was one of those pale, cool brunettes. In a certain light, her skin was almost translucent. Seeing her now, for example, in the low-cut cocktail dress, he could see the fine bluish veins running through her exposed cleavage. It had been a damned pricey dress, but it was what she wanted for the meeting. Membranes of clinging red silk, with a whore's hemline and decollete'. It showcased her figure: small-breasted and narrow-waisted, with broad, curvy hips and strong, shapely legs. The black seamed hose and spindly ankle-strap heels made them look longer than they actually were. His idea.

Facially, Marlene was not beautiful. Her cheekbones and jawline were classic, but her Roman nose was a bit too large and her lips a bit too thick. She'd never model, but Roger thought these features gave her an exotic look. He liked the way her nostrils

flared when she was aroused, and the way those sensuous lips slackened just before they tasted a prick.

"That's him," Marlene said excitedly. A car crunched to a stop in the gravel driveway. The closing of the driver's door and approaching footsteps.

"And you must be Roger," Sheldon boomed heartily, extending a large brown hand. He had just finished hanging up his raincoat.

"Hi," Roger said uncertainly, intimidated by the man's size and confident manner. His own hand felt small and moist in Sheldon's athletic grasp.

"My god, Marlene!" the visitor said wonderingly as he turned. "Your photos don't do you justice."

Marlene blushed and smiled. She was about to say something when the huge black man reached and drew her to him, covering her mouth with his, gripping her at the small of the back as they shared a deep and awesome kiss.

Roger stood there awkwardly. He heard Marlene make a meek whimpering noise, and saw her arms come up to encircle Sheldon's neck. The man's hands slid down to squeeze her buttocks through the red silk. Their breathing was audible.

"Hope you didn't mind that, Roger," Sheldon said at last, after they broke their clinch. Marlene was a nuzzling, smiling kitten in his embrace.

"Ah, no, not at all," he stammered. "That's why we're here, isn't it?"

"That's right, that's right!" Sheldon laughed. There was just a hint of mockery in it. "And I think the three of us are going to have a fine time. How about you, girl?"

Marlene giggled, snuggling against the big man's chest, and smiling at Roger. "I like him, Rog," she breathed. "He's just what I wanted."

"Good," Roger said. "Well... good, then." He wasn't sure what to do with himself.

"Oh hey, you know what?" Sheldon said abruptly, patting his pockets. "I just remembered I'm out of cigarettes. Damn. Roger, buddy, would you mind going out and getting me some? I'd really appreciate it."

Roger hesitated. He looked at his wife. "You could buy some wine," Marlene suggested.

"Hell, yes," Sheldon agreed. "Fantastic idea. Take my car if you want. There's a place on Porter Street."

"Alright," Roger said, taking the keys.

"And take your time, Rog," Sheldon called as he pulled the door shut behind him.

He thought he heard laughter as he turned away toward the car.

He turned the latchkey and stepped inside, turning to shake the rain off his coat, cradling the sodden paper bag. "Damn weather's getting worse--" he began, only to lose the thread of his thought in the amazing tableau in the corner of the room.

Sheldon was sprawled, fully dressed, in the large wing-chair. His fly was unzipped. He was smiling and relaxed. Marlene was on her knees fellating him. "Get my smokes, Rog?" Sheldon asked pleasantly.

It took Roger a moment. "Kools, right?"

"Right the first time, buddy-boy," the black man said, clearly amused.

"Bring 'em over here, will you? And matches."

Roger crossed the room. He was mesmerized. Marlene knelt on a pillow; her shoes had been removed and placed neatly alongside the chair. The fabric of her dress was stretched taut across her rear, which rested on the heels of her black-stockinged feet. She seemed completely oblivious to his presence in the room, to everything but the dark, glistening penis.

Roger had to admit that it was the most beautiful cock he had ever seen. It was a full nine inches long, smooth and slender. Awash with Marlene's saliva, it had a glassy purple-black sheen. Sheldon was circumcised; she was just now working her tongue delicately along the foreskin-groove.

"You wanna give me a nail, Rog?" Sheldon asked, breaking his reverie.

Roger fumbled the cellophane off the pack, ripped it open on the second try. His hands shook slightly as he stuck the match and lit the other man's cigarette.

"Auto parts," Sheldon said conversationally, exhaling a raft of smoke with overt smugness. "Marlene tells me you own a chain of stores."

"Five locations," Roger said. Marlene was licking up and down the side of the shaft now, using the flat of her tongue.

"You must be pretty well fixed," Sheldon said, wincing with pleasure.

"We're doing okay," Roger shrugged with a smile.

"You really dig this, don't you Rog?" Sheldon smiled broadly around his burning cigarette. "Really gets you going."

"What's that? Oh, uh, you mean..."

"I mean," said the grinning man, "You get off watching your cute little wife suck my prick. It entertains you. You want to watch me fuck her mouth, and then you want to see the two of us do the nasty a bunch of different ways, don't you?"

Marlene moaned as he spoke. Her ass squirmed in place. Her mouth slipped over the cockhead, and color came to her pale cheeks as they hollowed with suction.

"Yes," Roger murmured.

"What?" Sheldon asked. "Say it louder, man. I can't hear you."

"Yes, I said," Roger repeated. "I want to see."

"See what, Rog?" Sheldon said, really pressing now, grinning gleefully. "Tell me exactly what you want to see!"

"I want to see you with...with Marlene."

"Seeing us do what? Exactly. Tell me, Roger."

Rog licked his lips and sighed deeply in submission. He avoided the man's gaze. "Fucking. Sucking. You and my wife. Anything the two of you want...anything..."

"Come on her face?"

"Yes."

"Come on her titties?"

"Yes."

"Come in her mouth?"

"Yes."

"Come on her ass?"

"Oh my, oh yes!"

Sheldon snubbed out his smoke in the ashtray. "Well, you sorry pussy whipped motherfucker, you just hang on," he chuckled. "Me and your missus are gonna give you a show you won't forget. How 'bout it, Marlene?"

For the first time since Roger had returned to the room, Marlene looked up at him. She nodded in rapt agreement with Sheldon, smiling dreamily around the base of his shining phallus.

"Pour us some wine," Roger's wife said.

Sheldon stood behind Marlene as they both looked into the large mirror. He kissed the nape of her neck, his hands sweeping around her hips, exploring the flatness of her stomach, gliding up her ribcage, coming to rest on the swell of her clothed breasts. Thumbs teased the nipples with flicking motions.

"Hey, Mr. Big Shit Auto Parts," Sheldon crowed. "How you doin' back there?"

Roger had undressed self-consciously as the two of them watched. He was a thin, middle-aged man who was not comfortable in the nude. Sheldon had sensed that, of course. Pushing fifty, he had a narrow, hairless chest, skinny arms, and long legs. He sat in the wing-chair now, breathing deeply and trying not to touch his glowing hard-on.

"I'm okay. Fine."

"Okay-Fine," Sheldon needled. "I guess this lovely frock Marlene's wearing must have been pretty expensive, huh?" He moved his black hands up to her trembling shoulders. "How much did it set you back?"

"Several hundred...I can't really remember."

Sheldon ripped the right shoulder-seam in a fluid, jerking motion.

Marlene gasped and shuddered. Sheldon reached down the dress to find another seam, then tore the red silk tenderly across her body, as one might unwrap a gift in tissue-paper. Her bare midriff was exposed.

The black man continued, carefully plucking a bit of the fine silk in his powerful fingers, and then rending it from Marlene's body. Bit by bit, more skin was being exposed. A heap of iridescent rags was growing at her feet. The soft tearing sound was exciting and obscene.

With a final mild impatience, Sheldon grabbed what remained of the hem

and in two strong tugs freed the last section of red silk from Marlene's hips. She swayed back against him, clutching her stomach

with one hand and grabbing his hard-muscled forearm with the other. Her eyes were closed.

She came when he did that, Roger thought to himself. She came just now while she stood there. Oh, our sweet little sins...

She turned into Sheldon's arms and they shared a hungry, violent kiss.

Marlene now wore a diaphanous mauve G-string, bra, and garterbelt set. Sheldon lifted her effortlessly and laid her on the bed. She preened against the pillows, eyes hot and smoky, hands fluttering toward her own crotch.

"Now you'll see what a man looks like," boasted Sheldon.

He undressed showily in the middle of the room. After removing his jacket, tie, shirt, and slacks with maddening slowness, he peeled off his sleeveless undershirt like a male stripper. Royal blue bikini briefs were slipped off, kicked, caught deftly, and placed in a dresser drawer.

Sheldon's skin was like buffed mahogany. He had the build of a natural athlete, though the hard stomach and ripped arms were obviously the product of some weight-training. His buttcheeks were polished black stone.

He admired himself in the mirror and laughed aloud when he noticed Roger watching avidly. He scritch'd his coarse black pubic hair and closed a fist over the shaft of his imposing cock, stroking the foreskin back and forth, watching Roger watch him do it.

"Hey, Marlene," he called.

"I'm here," she chimed back.

"You know, don't get me wrong, I really like those little things you got on. But I like my woman to be naked when I take her. I think your ol' hubby might feel the same way. Whad'ya think, chief?"

"Whatever you like," Roger intoned. His own pole was so inflamed that

he was sure he'd shoot if he touched himself. He wanted to wait, make it really good. "Whatever the two of you want."

Marlene undid the garterbelt snaps and rolled her hose down her legs. The bra was quickly off and discarded, revealing sharp, wine-dark nipples. She raised her largish ass off the bed to get her panties down and tossed them on the floor. She reclined again, raising her arms above her head in an inviting cat-stretch.

Sheldon paused on his way to the bed to pick up the discarded underpants. He unfurled them lovingly, smiling as he put the damp center-panel to his face and inhaled deeply. After a few moments, he tossed them to Roger.

"Put those on," he said.

"I don't know...uh, they won't..."

"Put your wife's panties on while I fuck her. Do what I tell you."  
Roger put them on obediently and sat in the chair to watch. His cock strained at the sheer nylon, his pre-cum mixing with its cooling moistness.

Sheldon was on her in a moment. His big black frame bore down on her pale small one. She accepted his weight, sinking deep into the mattress and looking very tiny and helpless. White hands snaked around black shoulders. His hands sliding between her body and the sheet, seeking the moons of her bottom. His lips finding a bare breast, sucking at the nipple, sucking the small breast entirely into his large mouth. He got up on his knees to dive forward into her puss, but he hesitated just before.

"Roger," Sheldon said. "Get your ass over here."

Roger appeared at the side of the bed, feeling ridiculous in the ever-tighter panties. He looked down between them, where the hard black staff stood inches away from his wife's pussy. He looked confused, and was.

"Put it in for me," Sheldon said sternly. "Put my cock into your woman. Do it."

Marlene gasped with excitement. Roger watched his own hand reach for the black man's pecker. His fingers went around it. Sheldon's cock felt hot and powerful against his palm--he could feel the blood racing. It was like holding a high-voltage line and feeling the current run through it.

"Now. Please," Marlene whined.

Roger opened the lips of her sex with forked fingers and, with the other hand, placed the meaty tip of Sheldon's cock against the furrow and pushed. She shoved herself up off the bed as the first three inches slid easily in. Roger withdrew his hand quickly as Sheldon levered forward and firmly impaled her.

"Goddam it, baby!" Sheldon grunted. "Goddam!"

"You fucker!" Marlene hissed, biting his shoulder, hooking a bare white foot around his ebony ass.

Sheldon pumped recklessly, knowing that neither of them would last long this first time. He grabbed her under the arms and wheeled her around until she was on top, straddling him with her hands braced against his massive chest.

Roger watched as Marlene rode Sheldon, her heavy buttocks rising up and then smacking down, taking the whole length of him in fervid, hammering swoops. Her hair flew in wild strands. The tiny, almost invisible hairs at the base of her back developed a trickle of sweat that ran down between her cheeks.

"You're gonna come, aren't you? I can feel you!" Sheldon panted.

"I'm starting," Marlene chanted. "Almost...almost there!"

"Tell Roger you're coming on my prick. Say it!"

Marlene looked back at Roger. "I'm coming..."

"Tell him your coming on my prick!"

"I'm coming on Sheldon's prick! Argh! Wonderful prick!"

"Say, 'black cock is the best!'" Sheldon gritted.

"Black...cock...is...the...best...oh, shit!, shit!, shit!" She lost it right there, fists hammering involuntarily against Sheldon's chest, the waves of a profound orgasm rolling over her as she teetered on his surging cock.

She came to rest with a monumental weeping sigh, falling forward on top of him like a tiny, ashen doll. He reached up and held her with some tenderness until the spasms subsided. She ran her tongue over Sheldon's face, tasting him.

"Where do you want to come?" she asked in his ear.

"Oh baby...baby," Sheldon groaned. "I dunno...I just need to."

"How about my mouth? Wanna come in mama's mouth? Make you feel so good...let me taste your jizz."

Sheldon's only response was an anguished moan of need. Marlene dismounted and crawled alongside the big heaving body. She grabbed his dick in her right hand and pressed her wet pussy against his thigh, grinding her clit against the thick bands of muscle there. She was just about to begin sucking Sheldon when she saw Roger standing at the foot of the bed. She locked eyes with him and pantomimed a loving kiss. Slowly and deliberately she began to rub the head of Sheldon's cock against her face.

"Jack off for me, Roger," she whispered. "You know you want to. While you watch me do this to Sheldon."

With that, she slipped her mouth over the hard black cock. One manicured hand went to his balls, massaging them gently in time with her sucking.

At the foot of the bed, Roger gripped his own organ exultantly, jerking himself as he had needed to for so long. Marlene's underpants were pushed down, and the bunched material was brushing against his testicles deliciously.

Sheldon had begun pushing up from the bed, fucking urgently up into Marlene's greedy mouth. He found the topknot of her luxurious black hair and wound it around his hand, guiding her head with it, urging the strokes. A sudden sweat broke out over his entire body as every pore opened at once.

"Marlene!" he shouted. "Marlene, you beautiful fuck!"

Heavy seed flooded her mouth, spurts of it hitting the back of her throat, flowing hot and viscous across her tongue. She drank what she could, knowing that there was far too much, knowing she'd lose some. The noise at the foot of the bed made her look up just in time to see Roger come. His ejaculate, usually thin and meager, was this afternoon almost as rich and full as Sheldon's. His mouth formed a silent "O" as his cock twitched and fired white gouts across the



corner of the bed and onto the carpet beyond. He steadied himself against the edge of the mattress.

Marlene swallowed some more of Sheldon's cream, until she could at least speak. "Was that nice, Hon? Was it good?"

The look of relief and bliss on Roger's face was answer enough. He nodded gratefully, still breathing hard.

Sheldon pulled on the topknot. Marlene looked back and he saw his sperm still clinging to her mouth and chin. He glanced down at Roger.

"Hey Rog," he said. "Come up here and give wifey a kiss."

Roger clambered quickly up the bed. A few inches from Marlene's cum-smearred mouth, he paused.

"I said kiss her," said Sheldon assertively.

Marlene took the initiative, lurching forward to buss Roger, driving her tongue (and at least a tablespoon of her lover's wad) into his mouth. It was a very passionate kiss, one that left Roger breathless and confused about the strange, salty taste on his lips.

"See that, Marlene?" Sheldon chuckled. "Now you know it's love."

Sheldon stopped the flow on the shower-head, stood wet and dripping underneath. Marlene began to methodically lather him with lots of Dial soap,

standing on tiptoes to reach his shoulders, gliding the bar across his broad chest. She stood with one arm around his back and scrubbed his belly until white foam cascaded down his hips and over his groin.

They had drawn the shower curtain aside so that Roger could watch.

He

exhaled audibly as Marlene soaped up the black man's prick and balls.

Sheldon began to harden again in her slick, busy hands. The contrast of the creamy suds against his dusky skin was startling and erotic.

After Sheldon had rinsed off, he returned the favor.

"Look at these tits, Rog," Sheldon said, as he rolled them gently in

a

handful of soapy bubbles. Marlene was totally relaxed, leaning with her back against the tile wall, hips jutting shamelessly toward Sheldon's bobbing half-hard cock.

"And a nice, soft belly," he cooed, moving down. "Not fat by any fucking means, just...womanly. Wouldn't you say so, Rog?"

"Yes," Roger said, having to clear his throat.

"Fuckin' A-right," Sheldon said, pleased with himself. "Turn around, sugar, and back up for me."

The tub-shower had a safety rail running the whole way around.

Marlene bent at the waist and grabbed it, at the same time walking her haunches closer to Sheldon. Roger had never seen his wife so lewd and shameless. It was wonderful.

"Now this," Sheldon pronounced, holding a cheek in each hand, "is an

ass!" Wet soapy black fingers traced widening circles over the dimpled

rump. Marlene giggled and squirmed.

"You see, Roger," Sheldon continued, "This is no skinny little white-girl behind here. I'm talking about a motherfucking work of art. Look at this skin: clear and white as a fuckin' snowdrift! Look how these buns jiggle a teeny bit when I let 'em go. This is a goddam booty! Do you know what I'm sayin'?"

"I think so," Roger replied appreciatively.

"Fuck what you think anyway, Rog. You just keep watchin'. You been a

good girl lately, sweetheart?"

Marlene giggled, shaking her head.

"Cause if you been bad, Daddy just might have to spank you,"

Sheldon joked, slapping her butt playfully.

"No!" she squealed, "No big Daddy, no spank!"

Sheldon seemed suddenly thoughtful. The laughter stopped. He put his left hand on the near-horizontal small of her back, and ran his moist index finger down between her buttocks. She jerked slightly as he found the crinkled bud.

"Yes, yes," he said soothingly. "Alright."

Sheldon picked up a bottle of shampoo from the corner of the tub. He flicked the lid open and squeezed. The golden stuff ran like honey between Marlene's asscheeks. He replaced the finger.

"Oh," Marlene said.

"SAlright. SAlright, babe. Relax, now," he said softly.

Roger watched from the doorway as Sheldon worked his middle finger into Marlene's anus. Once inserted, he began to move it in a slow, stirring motion. Marlene whimpered and hung on the bath rail. When Sheldon began finger-fucking, she responded by hunching against his hand.

"Man, look at her backing up!" the black man whistled. Then turning toward Roger: "She ever had it in the ass?"

"Never," Marlene broke in.

Roger shook his head. "A vibrator. Once."

"How big?" Sheldon asked, trying not to lose his rhythm.

"Like this," Roger answered, holding his hands about six inches apart.

"Goddam," Sheldon said. "I do believe we might break your asshole cherry, sugar. You up for some anal loving?"

She looked at Roger with hot eyes. "He wants my other hole, honey. Should I let him have it? Should I let him stick his..."

"Only if it's what you want," Roger said. He was unbelievably excited. "I don't want him to hurt you. He's so big and strong."

"He'll be careful," Marlene promised. "You'll be careful when you do it, won't you, Sheldon? When you butt-fuck me?"

Sheldon's penis had become completely rigid again during this dialogue between husband and wife. He rubbed the plum of his cockhead against the shampoo-slippery cheeks of her ass. A strong squeeze of the bottle sent another flood of the fragrant, impromptu lube into Marlene's crack.

"Here it is, baby," Sheldon said. "Sweet and slow."

Roger nearly swooned when the hulking black figure began to ease his long, slender cock into the small woman's rectum. The muscles in Sheldon's buttocks and upper legs flexed with the effort. Marlene puffed wind through pursed lips, shifted her bare feet on the rubber tub mat.

"Lady, you're snug," Sheldon grunted. "Halfway home. You okay, Marlene?"

"So big," she rasped. "So big...but yes..."

"Want me to stop?"

"No...go ahead...I'm okay..."

When it was all the way in, Roger put the lid down on the toilet seat and sat down, a captivated spectator. The smooth plastic was cold against his ass. His own penis stood like a branding iron.

They began to fuck.

It was slow, tentative going at first. Sheldon had to drizzle more goo between them. Before long, though, Marlene was taking her strokes surprisingly deep and quick. Even her lover was taken aback.

"Jesus, honey," Sheldon said. "You squeeze my dick any harder, you're gonna nip it clean off."

"Hurt me, daddy," Marlene crooned. "Make it hurt."

Sheldon let out a howling whoop that was deafening in the small tiled room. He was holding Roger's wife by the hips. The steady impact of his hard stomach sent faint ripples through the flesh of her ample backside.

"Roger!" Sheldon barked suddenly. "Get over here with us. Move, dammit!"

Roger obeyed. Sheldon put one foot up on the outer edge of the tub, all the while continuing to sodomize Marlene. "Got a nice treat for you, Rog."

"What's that?" Roger said, entirely puzzled.

"How'd you like to play with my nuts while I bone your better half up the ass? How's that sound?"

"Sheldon!" Marlene blurted. "You're so nasty!"

Roger sat on the rim. The black, velvety testicles swung heavily only

inches from his face. He reached his hand up and held them. They were as large as hen's eggs; clean and moist with shower-water and perspiration.

"That's nice, Rog," Sheldon said, still plunging. "Don't be afraid to get a little rough with 'em. Let me know you're down there. Hah!" No one was more astonished than Roger himself when he leaned forward and began to lick Sheldon's scrotum. It was an odd feeling to be doing this for a man, but it was not unpleasant. He craned his neck to get close enough to swipe the sac with his tongue each time Sheldon out-stroked.

"Shit, Marlene," Sheldon marveled. "You aren't gonna believe this, but your man's lapping my balls! And damn," he added, looking back over his shoulder, "If he isn't near as good as a girl. Better than some I've known."

By a lucky coincidence, his contorted position caused the glans of Roger's penis to occasionally brush against Sheldon's muscular calf. Sheldon didn't seem to mind this, and the contact was having an unimaginable effect on Roger.

Beyond her black-skinned lover's jangling testes, Roger could see the dewy lips of Marlene's unoccupied pussy. In a flash of inspiration, he reached forward and thrust two fingers deep inside. The effect was immediate.

Marlene's eyes and mouth flew open as she was staggered by a chain of brutally pleasurable climaxes. She gripped the tub-rail with whitened fingers and jammed herself back at Sheldon. This and the maddening flutter of Roger's tongue put the black stud over the edge as well.

With a strangling, gargling cry, Sheldon began to unload into Marlene's bowels. Roger licked at him wildly, imagining he could see the balls clench and dance in mid-air as they emptied.

When they were finished, Roger slumped on the bathroom rug beside the tub. His wife had risen and turned into Sheldon's powerful arms; they were sharing a shuddering embrace and deep, grateful kisses. Roger closed his eyes.

Sheldon, whose stamina had overwhelmed both of their wildest dreams, was not able to leave without taking the plunge one last time. Roger was toweling himself dry from the shower when he heard thumping and opened the bathroom door.

Fully-clothed and wearing his raincoat, the black man had Marlene pinned against the front wall and was humping her hard enough to rattle the hanging lamp. She was raised completely off the floor, and Roger could see her arms and legs moving like small hidden animals beneath the fabric of Sheldon's trenchcoat.

It was a true quickie, and when they had exchanged a final kiss, Sheldon zipped his fly and went out the door. The big Merc grated out of the lot. They were alone.

Naked, flushed, and gorgeous, Marlene walked to the nightstand.

Their

guest had left his cigarettes. She extracted one from the pack, lit it with a paper match, and exhaled mentholated smoke with deep satisfaction.

"My god, that was tremendous," she said happily, turning to her husband. "Thank you, hon. I really needed that."

"Welcome," Roger smiled shyly. He was admiring her brazenly nude body. There were a few scratches here and there; Sheldon must have had a ragged nail. Tomorrow, he knew, she'd be lightly marked in places. Marlene bruised so easily

"Do you want a blowjob?" she asked casually, grinding out the cigarette. Her eyes dropped to his ruddy, freshly-scrubbed erection.

"I'd rather fuck you."

"Pussy or bum?"

"I want your cunt," he sighed.

"Should I shower first?" she asked coyly, knowing what he would say.

"Of course not."

"Of course not," she mimicked, giggling. "You're such a naughty boy today, Roger. Doing things I never saw you do before...it made me very, very hot."

"I noticed," Roger said.

"Okay," said Marlene. "How do you want me? Doggie?"

"On your back, on the bed," Roger told her.

Marlene lay with her knees up and wide apart, her arms open and beckoning. Roger moved forward, coming to rest gently upon her, kissing her throat, feeling her hand close around the shaft of his prick to guide him to the spot. Smooth legs lifted, caressing his sides. Ankles crossed and locked behind his back.

She was fiery inside, still moist with Sheldon's spendings. He began to screw her gingerly, wanting it to last. He bit her earlobe and licked down her shoulder, catching faint but palpable whiffs of Sheldon's aftershave on her, tasting the tang of what must be their combined sweat.

"That's right, baby," encouraged Marlene. "Don't hold back any more. Give it all to me, let it go."

With a lurch and a sob, Roger began to pour into her. His orgasm was so powerful that he feared for his heart. He went warm all over and then clammy, the cords in his neck visible with strain. His balls ached sweetly as they emptied.

"My god, Roger!" Marlene said, enfolding him. "I've never seen you like that before. You came so much!"

He didn't answer, but fell contentedly into her embrace, the two of them burrowing into the bedclothes. Roger had never felt such relief. It made all the teasing and waiting and self-denial worth it a thousand times over.

They were borne to sleep on the wings of their curious, curiously perfect love.