

I PUSHED HER SHOULDERS DOWN ON THE COUCH AND POSITIONED MY BODY SO I COULD FUCK HER DOGGIE-STYLE.

floor now, so I had to somehow shove myself back into my pants. We heard the ding and walked out into an empty lobby, thankfully. We rushed outside to get a cab, and found one quickly.

Sitting in the backseat, I started to rub my wife's thigh, inching up her dress with every stroke. It wasn't long until I felt that she wasn't wearing any panties. She smiled at me as she reached down for my zipper again. I scooted forward on the seat as she undid my button, releasing me and wrapping her hands around my dick.

I gently brushed her pussy lips with two

fingers, opening them a bit and teasing her. She was already wet and her lips were slick. I rubbed her clit and felt her body tense up. Then she lowered her head and wrapped her warm mouth around my dick, and started to move her hips in circles in response to my fingers teasing her.

After what seemed like an eternity, and also the shortest cab ride ever, we finally got back to our place. I didn't even fix my pants, and her dress was barely covering her ass. We got inside the house and slammed the door, and she pulled the dress over her head in one quick motion.

I felt like a teenager, with a gorgeous naked woman in front of me, my dick twitching in anticipation. I stroked my shaft for a few seconds while I watched her play with herself, and I lost all self-control.

I growled as I charged toward her and spun her around. I pushed her head and shoulders down onto the couch and rubbed her ass cheeks while I positioned my body so I could fuck her doggie-style.

My first thrust was slow, letting my cock get slick. I sped up and shoved my dick deep inside. Her moans let me know how

badly she wanted me to keep going. I was fast and a little rough, and I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled lightly as I rammed her. She kept screaming out, "Just like that!" and, "Don't stop!"

When she said, "I'm your bitch," I pulled my dick out and turned her back around and pushed her onto her knees. I told her to suck it, and she expertly took my dick into her mouth, looking up at me the whole time. My hands were by her ears, keeping the pace and depth that I wanted. I felt the back of her throat on the head of my dick, and I almost shot my load, but I didn't want to come before her.

I pulled her up and sat down on the couch, and she lowered herself onto me, her tits in my face. I sucked on her nipples while she rode me. It didn't take her long to get close, and she sucked on my neck as she moaned, "I'm gonna come—fuck, I'm gonna come!" I was close, too, from her hot, wet pussy.

My wife slowed her pace, and I let go, too, bursting deep inside her. I stayed in there for a few minutes...too spent and happy to move.

"Good thing the kids are at Grandma's, huh?" I said. "They should stay there every weekend..."

—Jason T., Chicago, Illinois

HOW'S THAT GRAB YOU?

I DON'T know if you heard of this guy who was nearly elected president, but he almost fucked things up for me and my girlfriend.

"Do all guys talk like that in locker rooms?" she asked, referring to the boasts made by a vaguely-upright orangutan who said that women would let you get away with all kinds of things as long as you were famous. "Do all men want to just kiss women without them letting you?"

The worst time to get into an argument with Amanda is when she's sitting on the kitchen counter, legs spread, naked and wet from the shower. It's the place where we first had sex, back when I was just her roommate and she didn't think I was home.





Yeah, she was naked and I walked into the kitchen and immediately popped a boner through my pajama bottoms. There was nothing we could really do about it at that point but fuck the embarrassment away.

"For Christ's sake, Amanda, no," I said, and was just about to add, "#NotAllMen," but I'd forgotten why I wasn't supposed to do that. Plus, I don't like to say the word "hashtag" out loud. This nursing-home diaper fart of a candidate was painting every non-sexually-assaulting guy with the same brush.

Now, granted, I'm a pretty well-known local DJ in a midsize city, and I've had my share of women throw themselves at my junk when they're eye-level to my crotch on the dance floor (and I know for a goddamn fact they wouldn't give me a second glance if I rolled up on them at the bus stop on my skateboard). But I wasn't about to tell sweet Amanda with the best candy-apple ass I've ever had the pleasure of despoiling that the reviled candidate was actually right.

I mean, who doesn't get preferential

sexual treatment when they're rich and famous? That's why people *get* rich and famous. Everybody fucking knows that.

So anyway, Amanda is on the counter and she's naked. She picks fights when she's naked because she knows I'm nearly powerless to argue. She's got this pussy that talks to you because she keeps lazily squeezing and spreading her thighs. Every time she opens them, her bare lips glisten. She's a fucking pro. And all she has to do is edge herself out a little and I can slip right in...and Amanda knows this.

"Baby," I say, leading with the head of my cock, just inches from her glistening pussy on the marble countertop (and you can bet I'm eating off that tomorrow), "the guys who talk like that are the same as the women who have or withhold sex from their partners for jewelry. It's not love, it's a transaction. That's not what we have."

This time Amanda opens her legs and doesn't close them.

I continue: "And the great thing about being alive in America right now is that we have a chance to stay on our toes"—here

"GIVE ME A LITTLE SLAP," SHE SAYS, AND I DO, ACROSS EACH CHEEK.

I edge up slightly on my toes to place the very head of my cock against her lips—"and get consent for the things we do. Do you like this?"

"Yesss," Amanda says, and I push the tip into her warm, wet, viselike pussy.

"Tell me to stop and I will," I say, pushing in deeper, holding her hips. We fuck for five minutes this way, all talk unnecessary, until I feel something building, and I clutch her gently by the throat.

"Give me a little slap," she says, and I do, across each cheek. I can feel the immediate reaction in her cunt.

"Slap my ass," she says. Her hemispheres are spread on the cold countertop. I smack them like I'm lobbing back a serve. Each slap spurs a galvanic response the length of each upper thigh.

My cock is throbbing but I pull out, grab her body—phasing in and out of orgasm, both taut and limp—and bring her into the bedroom, and toss her on the bed, my thing to play with, a thing that she has given to me. She's sprawled on the bed. I can see her labia pulsing and I know what she's going to say.

"Grab me by the pussy," she says, and I do. I squeeze, my thumb on her clit, two fingers inside her, and she comes in waves. I use the moisture to jerk my cock three times—tops—and send hot consensual ropes across her face. She wipes them off, licks her fingertips, shoves them in her cunt. She props herself up on her elbows, takes my cock in her mouth with no hands, and plays my dick like the world's smallest, wettest clothes dryer. Like a machine, I reflexively spurt three more times down her throat.

Dirty girl, that Amanda. And a Democrat!

—W.B., Riverside, California





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
BY SAM PHILLIPS



MISTY STONE

JUNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Misty Stone, our Pet of the Month for December 2014.

5 THINGS I LEARNED ABOUT MISTY:

1. "I used to be very shy and timid. Porn is the reason why I broke out of my shell."
2. "I prefer baths to showers. Whenever I take a bath, I have a bottle of Mïet chilled on ice, tub-side."
3. "I masturbate standing up. I can make myself come in 30 seconds 'caveman style,' meaning with my fingers—not toys."
4. "I played basketball for Crenshaw High, #31. I was a shooting guard."
5. "I can wiggle my ears." 



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