

Burping Frog Publishing

Sexcapades
Miss J

Andrea

My name is Andrea and I guess you can say I am the typical bored, rich housewife. Not too typical because I am not lazy, stupid or snooty. I do have a brain in this pretty, little head and I'm not afraid to use it.

Let me tell you what I look like. I am 5'-10", 155 lbs, 32 D-sized titties, medium length brown hair, green eyes and the perfect ass. Oh and I am not just saying I have the perfect ass, I know I do, I've heard it so many times it must be true.

My husband is gone all the time and sue me, think me selfish, but I am not one to volunteer. If I do anything, it's for money or pleasure. With this site, I get both and everyone wins.

My husband doesn't know I fuck around on him. He doesn't know that every single hot guy he's had working in this house has not only seen my pussy, but tasted and fucked it.

Did I mention my pussy is hairless? I got lazered off from the neck down last year and I don't regret it in the least. I love how smooth my pussy is and how I never have stubble. I remember when I first got it done, I was rubbing my pussy all the time. After the last visit, my husband ate my pussy for two hours! I wouldn't let him up! He didn't mind, he always tells me I have the sweetest pussy he's ever tasted. The tightest too.

I'm sure all women say their pussy is tight but when it gets down to it, it's like throwing a hot dog down a hallway. Am I right? You know that is not the woman's fault, it's because the dicks are not big enough.

I am a true size queen. For those of you who don't know what that means, I love big cocks. Don't give me that average shit. If your cock is not eight inches or more, I won't fuck you. I'm not a bitch, I'll suck your cock if it's gotten that hot and heavy, but I won't fuck you.

I could go on about big cocks but I only have so much time, places to go, people to fuck. Until next time and I'll tell you about some of the big cocks I've had.

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How I Met My Husband

Before I met my rich husband, I was in beautician's school. My first job was at a department store applying makeup to ladies too lazy to do it themselves or ones who looked like Tammy Faye if they did it themselves.

I was twenty one and very good at my job. I met my husband's first wife there. She was a rich bitch who came in every Saturday morning. After meeting me, he started coming with his wife. I wouldn't flirt verbally with him, but my eyes and body language let him know I wanted him.

When I first saw him, I wondered what the hell he was doing with the ice bitch. He's very tall, 6'-7" and very thin. Not where it counts though. He has a thick cock, not that I knew that right away. I'm moving ahead of myself. His hair was greying at the temples, and when I first saw him he had slight stubble. He was dressed casually but expensively.

I still remember his face the first time I truly let him know I wanted him. She was sitting in the chair, eyes closed and I was moving behind the chair to the other side. He was standing about a foot behind the chair so when I was moving between him and the chair, I deliberately brushed his crotch with my ass. Then I turned around and smiled at him. He looked uncomfortable and embarrassed like it was his fault. I backed up and did it again to him, rubbing up and down his zipper.

I moved back to his wife, looked at him and winked.

That's when he smiled at me. His smile still gets me to this day. I smiled back and started working on the ice bitch's right eyelid.

He was behind her so even if her eyes were open, she wouldn't have seen him lick his lips. When he did that, I felt myself get immediately wet. He got one of his cards out of his wallet and handed it to me.

"Are you done yet girl? This is taking longer than usual," the cunt said.

I didn't answer her, instead shooting her the finger. He laughed. She opened her eye and I poked it with the brush. She complained and I told her if she didn't open her eye it wouldn't have happened. She called me insolent and I called her an uppity bitch.

She was furious and went to look for my manager.

"Why are you with such a bitch?" I asked him when she left. He told me her daddy was his business partner and she sucks good dick.

"I'm surprised she stops bitching long enough to suck your cock," I said. He laughed and said it didn't happen often anymore. I told him that was a shame and she should learn how to share.

"Don't worry. You don't have to work here anymore," and handed me a wad of bills.

"Call me this evening and we'll have a late dinner," he added.

"I know what I want to eat," I said, with a smile.

Andrea and the Twins

I had a very interesting Friday night. Hubby went away on business and I went to the local golf resort we have a membership to. I wanted to be a lazy bitch and lie around the pool all day.

I know this will sound cliché, but the pool boys are so hot. They look like boys though I know the policy is to hire people who are eighteen and up. I'm hitting the big 4-0 this month so eighteen year olds definitely don't look like adults to me.

This afternoon I went to my usual lounge chair by the pool, wearing my pink bikini. Last year when I bought this bikini a couple of women complained to the manager about how skimpy it is. My husband owns half of the course, so the jealous bitches got

nowhere. It's not like it's a thong, but it only covers about half my ass. My big D cup tits almost fall out of the top, but I get a great tan wearing this suit.

I was lying on my chaise when a waiter came up to me. "Hello Mrs_____, it's nice to see you again."

I shaded my eyes to look up at Ken, a guy in his early twenties. "Hello Ken, it's nice to see you back this year. Who's your friend?" I asked, looking at the young buck beside him. The buck was tall, about 6'-4" and I could tell his body was rock hard and perfect.

"This is Adrian, Mrs_____. It's his first day and he's training with me today," Ken answered. Adrian couldn't tear his eyes away from my tits. He was licking his lips and I felt my pussy contract. Ken noticed he was staring and elbowed him in the ribs.

He looked at me, his eyes fierce when he said hello. "It looks like you will fit right in here Adrian," I said, winked and closed my eyes. "Ken, let's see if Adrian can mix me a strawberry daiquiri without your help. I think Mrs. James is thirsty, go take care of her and I'll let you know how Adrian does."

"Yes Mrs._____" he answered.

I lied there, thinking of Adrian staring at my tits. I was getting horny and I could feel my nipples hardening. I knew when he came back, my two inch long nipples would be straining against my top. I wondered how long it would take him to tear his eyes away from them.

With my dark sunglasses, no one can see my eyes. I watched him walk toward me, and I saw his expression when he saw my rock hard nipples poking out. He stood there, not saying anything, holding the tray. I wonder what he was thinking as he stared at my nipples. He was licking his lips again and was startled when I said "My nipples feel so hard right now Adrian. Can you imagine sucking and licking them?"

Without missing a beat, he said quietly "Oh hell ya!"

"So Adrian, I will be back here when you are off your shift. I want to see what a young guy like you can do to keep up with me."

"I'll fuck you for hours," he said, grunting.

“Your cock is nice Adrian, I can see it through your shorts. I’m looking forward to wrapping my lips around it,” I said quietly, moving my shades down so I could see his face. He was staring right in my eyes, not shy at all.

“I’d love to fuck your pretty mouth Mrs. _____” he said, giving me a very fuckable look.

Well, damn! Here I was trying to be the older woman seducing him and he was taking it and giving back in spades! I smiled and put my glasses back up. He told me when he would be off shift and I told him I would be here talking to the manager. I told him to wait in the staff room.

I lied in the sun for another hour. I then went to see the masseuse and had a manicure and pedicure. My pussy kept twitching whenever I thought of that luscious, flirty young man. I was tempted to go into the ladies’ room and finger my clit, but I wanted to save it.

When I was in the jacuzzi, one of the female attendants came over and said hello. I had overheard her talking to a co-worker about the new twins that came to work there. I didn’t really think about it until after I got back home. Six o’clock rolled around and I walked in the staff room. Adrian was waiting there, in his street clothes, freshly showered. I told him I booked a room at the Panne downtown and the room number. I would be there in an hour and to go there and make himself comfortable.

I went home to change into a short black skirt with a silk white shirt underneath a black jacket. Driving to the Panne, I had to keep both my hands on the wheel because I was unconsciously rubbing my pussy under my skirt. The valet took my car when I arrived, he gave me an appreciative look. I know I looked sexy, I had my long black hair up and was not wearing a bra. My D’s looked good, like they always do.

I used the key and when I opened the door, he was sitting on the sofa. He was wearing a white T-shirt and tight blue jeans. “Holy shit!” he said when he saw me. It was like he saw me for the first time. I turned around for him and asked if he liked. “Oh hell ya!” he answered.

He stood up and came over to me. He was the same height as me with my five inch heels on. I took them off and he leaned over to kiss me. His arm wrapped around me, crushing me to him. I lost my breath the way he was kissing me. He flicked his tongue lightly on mine, playing, teasing. He reached down and grabbed my leg. He lifted it up so my pussy was straddling his thigh. His arm circled my lower back, his other hand holding my leg up while he sucked on my lower lip.

By this time, like two minutes later, I was soaked. This boy acted like a man my age. He was not shy and so, so sexy. I could feel his cock hardening against my leg. I kissed him hard then pulled away.

“That cock feels nice and hard for me,” I said.

“Why don’t you suck it?” he asked. I was surprised but really turned on by how aggressive this boy was.

He let my leg go and I got down on my knees. “Wait, not here, in the bedroom,” he said. He walked into the bedroom and stood in front of the closet. The closet had one panel that was mirrored. I figured he wanted to watch me suck his cock. The door was open a crack but I didn’t think anything of it at the time. He took his jeans off and his cock was making a huge tent in his sexy boxers. I pushed my lips up against the head of his cock, his boxers in the way, teasing him. I moved my head from side to side, his cock brushing against my lips.

“You’re a cock tease!” he said, pushing the waistband of his boxers down so his cock came up to the tip of my nose. “Suck it!” he said. I looked up at him and said “Didn’t your momma teach you any manners?”

“Please suck my cock! Please take it down your throat,” he growled.

I smiled and with no teasing at all, took his eight inch cock all the way down my throat. He groaned really loud and thrust his hips forward. His pubic bone was up against my nose and I felt his balls on my chin. I worked his cock like that, hardly moving. The head of his cock rubbed on the back of throat and went down a little.

He stood there, completely still as I moved maybe an inch up and down his cock. He quickly took his shirt off, throwing it on the bed. I looked up at him and he groaned again. I reached up and started to flick his nipples and pinching them lightly. He started thrusting his hips, fucking my throat. I kept pinching his nipples, a little harder, then a little harder. He was now grunting and groaning and I felt his balls tighten and lift on my chin. I knew he was going to blow his load and I hoped like hell he could get hard again quick cause I wanted that cock deep and hard in my pussy.

He grabbed my hair and held my head still while he fucked my mouth. His groans turned to a scream when he jerked really hard and shot his cum down my throat. I felt three hot, hard shots of jizz hit the back of my throat and start sliding down.

I slowly took his cock out of my throat and mouth. He was tense, thinking it was too sensitive. I stood up and went into the restroom. I thought I heard talking while I was in there but when I came out, I thought it must have been my imagination.

I couldn't believe it when I saw him sitting on the edge of the bed, still rock hard. He smiled at me and told me I was so hot. I was still fully dressed. I took my jacket off and reached around behind me to unzip my skirt. I let my skirt fall to the floor. I wasn't wearing any panties and he moaned when he saw my freshly shaved pussy. I took my silk shirt off and he grabbed his cock when he saw I wasn't wearing a bra.

I heard a noise in the closet. I opened the door and there was Adrian. I thought "What the fuck?" and just stared for a second or two. Then I started to laugh and said "If you both wanted to tag team me, why didn't you just tell me?"

"You'll fuck both of us?" Adrian, or whoever the hell it was in the closet said to me.

"I will another time. For right now, you are being punished by your deception by me leaving. Think about how much fun we would have had if you were honest with me. I also want you to think about how wet my pussy is and how I am going to fuck someone else tonight, instead of you two."

I put on my clothes and left without saying another word. I

am definitely going to fuck both of them and you will be the first to know.

Bar Bouncing

Last Friday night I was bored and horny. My girls were all busy so I decided to go out bar hopping by myself. I dressed up in my sexiest outfit, black leather mini skirt, black crotch less panties, red garter belt, black stockings with the line going right up the back. I decided to let my big tits go free and not wear a bra. They looked really good with my black tank top with sequins spelling "HOT" right smack in the middle of my chest. My long black hair was perfect, my makeup was perfect and with my six inch black stilettos, I was good to go.

I wanted to go to a bar I had never been to before because I didn't want to be recognized. I was horny and didn't want anyone I know to see me picking up a guy.

I walked into Martini's, on 5th Street. It was across the city from where I usually hang out. The bar was packed and looking around I saw this really hot guy standing around the dance floor.

I was there for one thing, I wanted to get fucked.

I walked up to the hottie and said "Hi, enjoying the view?"

He looked at me, up and down, eyes lingering on my tits and said "Hi, yes I am really enjoying the view."

I laughed because I knew he meant me. Being as bold as I know how, I said "Well, do you want to see more of this view?"

He looked shocked and I swear his cock moved in his nice khakis.

"Follow me," I said as I grabbed him by the hand and led him to a set of doors. I didn't know or care what was behind those doors, as long as it was private. It wasn't private, there was a couple there making out.

I ignored them and pushed this gorgeous, tall man with a nice big bulge in his pants up against the wall. I got on my tiptoes and kissed him hard. Immediately I felt his hands on my tight ass. I liked it that he knew what he wanted and wasn't a shy guy. I reached down and grabbed his hard cock. It was so big and thick.

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