



*Robin  
Wild*

Blind Lust

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Simone checked Andy's blindfold, then she held his hand and led him up to the bedroom. As they approached the top of the stairs he could hear the other women talking and giggling nervously. He could not see anything; the red scarf let in no light at all.

Simone's breath warmed his ear. "Remember, Andy, no peeking. And whenever you're close to coming, tell us. Okay?" She patted his backside. "Enjoy."

Suddenly, the air came alive with perfumed skin scents, hair scents, moist-

warm-pink scents. Andy felt an ardent stirring and stiffening between his legs. The women said hello but did not give their names. He guessed there were five or six.

Simone nudged him forward gently. "All right everyone, don't be shy. Who wants to go first?"

Andy sensed the women gathering closer but except for a nervous murmur or two they remained silent. His skin crawled very, very pleasantly.

A hand touched his shoulder. Another touched his buttock and stroked shyly. Yet another fumbled at the front of his trousers; the knuckles brushed over the fabric against which his penis strained expectantly. Slowly, a thumb and forefinger traced its length, squeezing tentatively in several places, causing it to flex with each squeeze and the head to slip against the syrupy spot in the crotch

of his underpants. Other fingers prodded, then one of the women undid Andy's zip.

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Glenda hung back from the group. Earlier, while the women blindfolded each other, they had cracked inane jokes and made silly small talk about men, much of it sexist. It seemed to be turning into one of those disgusting girls' nights where the women pawed at the male stripper in the same vulgar way men pawed at women. But now the mood had changed from frivolously crude to seriously erotic.

Glenda could not deny it: she too felt aroused and very curious, so curious that she was tempted to slip her blindfold up far enough to take a little peek. But that would defeat the whole idea. And so far Simone's ideas had worked. None of these women had experienced an orgasm until

Simone taught them to love their own bodies, and that included loving their genitals. As for Glenda, she had taken to masturbation with delicious abandon. And why not? It was her pussy for Godsake!

You couldn't call that cheating, could you? Did this count as cheating? She had almost told Daniel, but lost her nerve at the very last minute and said she was visiting her girlfriends. That was the truth; these women had become friends. And Glenda felt no pressure to take part. She planned to merely observe - or listen, anyway.

They were all so quiet. Were they undressing him yet? Had they actually - started? There was no harm in finding out, was there? Glenda moved forward. Her thigh bumped a naked buttock. Her body recoiled instinctively but her hand continued forward and down until it brushed a bare shoulder. That woman was kneeling in front of Andy. Could she

already be - ? No, not that quickly, surely. Glenda felt folds of cloth. Her fingertips stretched out cautiously. They touched hair, springy hair. She froze.

Her hand was inside-a-strange-man's-fly-for-Godsake! She didn't even know what he looked like! But that was the whole idea, wasn't it? Nobody knew it was her hand. Nobody knew how extremely aware she had suddenly become of her breasts and clitoris, and of the seeping wetness. She spread her fingers. Where was it? It couldn't be that small, could it? Hm, those hairs were spilling over the top of his underpants, so it had to be down h -

Oh, there!

It felt quite lengthy, and being fully erect it had sort of burrowed between the leg of his trousers and thigh. Now the silly thing was trapped. Getting it out might be a bit tricky.

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Small fingers wrapped around, manoeuvred, and with some difficulty, liberated. Then while Andy's penis luxuriated blissfully on its belly in one hand, several others stroked and examined and squeezed.

"Nice cock."

"Mmm."

"Not bad."

The cradling palm fell away to leave Andy's penis suspended and pointing straight out. Something warm - a wet finger, no, a tongue - touched near his scrotum then travelled slowly out along the bottom. That created a breathtaking, tickling sensation and set off a reflexive rebounding: an abrupt jump followed by a gradual alighting onto the tongue, then another jump.

Andy shivered; the women giggled.

Soft, pursed lips captured the very tip, kissed delicately, then slipped slowly over the head. The lips flowed like honey, back and forth, until the aching burn became almost unbearable. Andy's sphincter muscles, anal and penile, contracted erratically. At the back of his knees the skin felt clammy and cold.

The woman began sucking, too greedily, but perfectly under the circumstances, quenching the burn and dulling the ache from excruciatingly urgent to exquisitely soothing. Andy wondered if they knew how close he had come - still was. He forced himself to relax, to allow the sensations to permeate his whole body. While that mouth sucked, a tongue snaked along the bottom, fingertips stroked the top and other fingertips squeezed the sides. The women seemed to be captivated by the involuntary flexing.

"It wriggles a lot."

"It's nice'n hard."

"Mm, fat too."

"Easy girls." Simone pulled them away, or so Andy guessed because the stimulation ended abruptly. "Let's get him undressed."

In no time at all they had him stripped and spread-eagled on his back across the bed. Andy's hands wandered over at least four naked bodies. He stroked bottoms, deliciously round and smooth. He caressed breasts, warm and luscious and soft. A moist nipple dragged across his lips; he tried to catch it but it got away.

Carnal scent loomed above his nostrils. A vulva pressed down, slick and soft. It kissed wetly, churning, then hovered so close he could feel its sultry heat. His tongue reached up to find the lips open, the clitoris full and firm. His hands found two silky crotches; he nursed one in each palm, patting and massaging. His fingers delved gently. Was this heaven, or what!

A ring of warm fingers gripped his penis at the neck. Other fingertips tickled up and down. Then the women began chatting, which Andy found both perplexing and amusing because sex was the only thing on his mind during sex.

"You realise we're missing Melrose Place?"

"Yeah. What about that new spunk?"

"Do you think he'll marry that bitch model?"

"Dunno. Jenny'll tell us what happened."

"Pity she couldn't come."

"Could've. She freaked out about this, that's all."

"Well, I think it's a great idea, Simone."

"Yeah, your mm - " A tongue teased up and down; a mouth slipped over the head again, and off. "Mm - best idea yet." And on. The teeth scraped accidentally but not unpleasantly. "Mm, solly, Andy -"

The lips closed and suckled while a tongue washed exquisitely along the underside.

One of the women climbed astride him and knelt with her back to his face. Grabbing his penis away from the others she stroked the tip over her vulva, then began slashing it up and down between the lips, moaning, "Nn-oh-nnn-oh..." The last slash stopped at her vagina.

She pressed the head in. The entrance gripped tightly then relaxed, and with a blissful, "Mmm-aa-aah." her luscious heat came gliding down. Her moans became louder with each plunge. "Nn-Mmm-NNNN-Mmm ..."

Andy answered, "Mm-Mmm-MMMM-Mmm ..."

While she bounced, she strummed her clitoris until a final and throaty, "Nnn! Aaah! NNNNN!" accompanied her contractions. She got off just in time; Andy was on the very, very, very brink.

"He'll probably go for her."

"Who?"

"That blonde spunk. He's a real softy."

"Yeah. She's a conniving witch, and ooh so sweet."

"But he's no dickhead, neither."

The women left Andy's penis alone for a while. Wet and cold, it lay twitching and subsiding on his belly while they took turns kneeling over his mouth, squirming on his tongue. Then, after a few minutes, fingers slipped between his legs again to fondle his scrotum, and another mouth started sucking.

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With the head of Andy's rubbery penis nestled between her lips and her tongue examining the smooth contours of the - well, the throat really, and the soft cheeks and the little seam between them - Glenda tried to justify her situation.

This wasn't actually cheating, was it? It wasn't like sneaking off to a motel with a secret lover, or something. No, it was - well, it was all in a good cause. Daniel would benefit too, for Godsake! All the same, Glenda worried about how easily her resolve had weakened in the last fifteen minutes.

She tickled the back of Andy's scrotum with her fingertips; her tongue felt the response at the tip of his penis. It was the blindfolds, the anonymity; she could do whatever she liked and no-one would ever know.

There. It was lovely and big and stiff again, and beating on her tongue like a little heart. But Glenda did not stop; the others were such gluttons she might not get another chance. And she definitely wanted another go on Andy's mouth. That was one gorgeous orgasm! But how could she ever try it properly with Daniel, with him always telling her how much he

loved her shy nature? Whenever he kissed her vulva, all she could do was pretend it was playful foreplay. With him, she was too embarrassed to move and far too self-conscious to come. And, anyway, he seldom got it right. How could he, while modesty stopped them from telling each other what to do? Not any more, though. It was much too lovely to miss out on, and so was this; she had never sucked a penis before.

But that was it. She'd go no further than licking and sucking. And anyway, Andy couldn't possibly last much longer, could he?

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The second woman positioned herself above Andy, kneeling backwards, in the same way as the first. Poised, lightly touching, her vagina felt very slippery. With an almost painful, "Uungh," she

plunged all the way down in one go, then leant back on her hands so that her long hair tickled his face.

"Hi, stud." Her voice was hoarse.

"Pleased to meet you." It sounded stupid but Andy did not know what else to say.

Delicate palms caressed his thighs. Fingertips massaged his shoulders. The woman on top moved only slightly, then stopped moving altogether and lay back along his body. While she masturbated, Andy savoured the vibrations, the spasmodic quivering and clenching. He listened to her shallow breathing. He sucked her ear, stroked her stomach and pinched her nipples. One of the women began kissing his thighs. Another licked his testicles and the exposed belly of his penis.

The woman above him whined and grunted. Her pelvis jerked. Andy tried to press deeper but her position limited his

movements. When she got up on her knees, he feared she was getting off. Instead, she started thrusting furiously.

"Hey! Don't make him come!" Simone's voice bordered on angry. "Andy, are you okay?"

He could only answer, "Ah-Ah-Ah," as that glorious hot juiciness came down, down, down. The ache boiled from the head of his penis, surged down to its roots, into his groin and rectum and out to his thighs. Orgasm was only seconds away when he found himself thrusting into cool air.

Apparently woman number two had been forcibly removed. An expectant silence followed until the sensitivity began to subside, then fingers examined cautiously, fondled lightly.

Simone spoke first: "Hm. No harm done. I think he can handle one more. Who's next?"

No-one answered, but another mouth started licking and lapping. Then the third woman climbed on top.

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Glenda squatted facing Andy. What harm could it do to have just one little go, for God's sake? No-one would ever know, not even the other women. That was why she had said nothing but moved quickly. She had to; these people were downright greedy. One day Daniel would thank her for this. That is, if she ever told him. After all, it was not as if she wanted it just for her own pleasure, it was for his sake too.

Taking her prize, quite assertively, from the woman kissing it, Glenda massaged deftly. She wanted the full hardness, the full size. Satisfied, she positioned the tip. It was dripping. She was dripping. Sexual expectation trickled over her fingers. Andy moaned and so did

she as her vagina slid down very, very slowly.

Mm. So! Here she was, for the very first time in her whole life, on top. Here she was, filled to the hilt with the penis of a man she didn't even know. Should she turn around the way the others had? Should she kneel? No, it felt okay squatting. More than okay, but also very strange; Glenda felt rather like a thief in the night.

Just to get the feel of it, she started with long slow strokes. Then she changed to tiny jabs, barely taking in the head, then deep strokes, taking it all. Wow! This was total control. She could have as much or as little as she liked. She could make it press against the back or the front or the sides. And it felt good - very, very, very good, all the better because Andy remained still and did not interfere with her rhythm.

His hand began following her clitoris up and down, but he stroked too softly. Glenda wet her fingers and did it herself while she kept her balance with her other hand. She began moving more vigorously - in fast, out slow - twisting and pulling back at the bottom to wipe her vulva across his pubic hair. Her clitoris felt huge, electric. His penis felt very, very big. She spun on it, halfway around, just to see if she could, then completed the circle to face him again. This was screwing! Literally. It was easy! And it felt so good. Fantastic, for Godsake!

Andy gasped and panted. Glenda hoped he would not come until she did, but before that fear had fully formed he asked her to stop. Damn! She was almost there, too.

Reluctantly, she got off and sat down on the floor. Leaning against the wall with her legs wide apart, she thrust three fingers in and out. A few fast sweeps with

the other hand made her come within seconds. Tears filled her eyes, but she was far from unhappy. She had actually done it! She had got up there and used that beautiful cock to please herself. Instead of being fucked, she had fucked! She wondered if that was why some people were so much more excited about sex than others. Or perhaps erotic pleasure had little to do with using or being used, of taking or being taken. Did it really matter who was on top so long as you had total freedom to give your body what it wanted? Accepting responsibility for your own pleasure was one thing; having the freedom to do it was another.

Simone's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Keep your blindfold on, Andy. But, girls, we can take ours off now."

Glenda stood up quickly and slipped the silk scarf down to her neck. Wow! The women all looked so horny, their breasts were full and tight, their pussies

bulging, the clits and lips protruding and red and wet. She could see her own clit sparkling through the wisps of soaked amber hair. Her inner thighs glistened.

Andy lay propped up comfortably on a pile of pillows. He had black wavy hair and a friendly rounded jaw. A red scarf concealed his eyes. He was a big man, solidly built, with wiry hair covering his chest and stomach and a mass of shiny curls at his groin. His penis grew out of it like a - well, like a snake, really, a thick, pink snake basking lazily over one thigh.

Glenda could not help staring at it. Unlike Daniel's, Andy's had been circumcised, but plenty of foreskin remained. In fact, in its present state, engorged but not rigid, the skin clung halfway up the head. It reminded her of a large pink acorn of all things. The exposed half, mottled from the receding erection, had a lovely pink sheen

becoming more glossy near the foreskin. The tip lay in its own sticky little puddle.

Simone bent over and gave it a kiss. Her body seemed fragile and petite against his. Sexual freedom aside, Glenda could easily understand why Simone so zealously advocated 'women on top'. As she lifted her head, she teased her long black hair back and forth. That made Andy's penis stir and lengthen.

Anita picked it up and held it while Carol flicked her tongue around the tip. Those two were sitting on one side of the bed, Glenda sat with Simone near the other side, Philippe and Jeanie stood near the bottom. No-one seemed the least bit self-conscious; they were all accustomed to group nudity from Simone's previous sessions.

Thanks to Simone, Glenda no longer criticised her body. So what if her breasts were tiny and the left nipple was noticeably bigger than the right? So what

if her hair always looked wispy and wouldn't sit right? People always commented on its amber colour and silky fineness. It suited her elfin features - her baby nose, wide mouth, big brown eyes. So what if her behind seemed too big for her small body? That didn't stop Daniel from burying his face in it, did it? Would she rather have a man's bum, for God's sake!

As promised, Simone made the announcement everyone had been waiting for: "Now girls, Andy will masturbate for us." She gave the women an impish smile. "And I'll give him some food for thought."

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Andy smelt cunt.

Instantly, his penis grew to full size, rolled over and lifted itself through one hundred and eighty degrees to point at his

navel. Pulsing and pumping, trying to make itself stiffer still, it felt heavy and huge, and begged to be touched.

Simone's pubic hair tickled his nose. Andy opened his mouth and she filled it. Hot, slinky, slightly salty, mmm ... food for thought all right!

Andy nibbled and sucked and stared into the red void of the blindfold. Very conscious of all those eyes, those faces, he imagined the women's expressions and thoughts while they watched Simone straddling his face. She would be grinning at them over her shoulder.

He caressed her buttocks with one hand and masturbated himself with the other, brushing lightly with the flat of his palm.

"Gee. Look at it moving by itself."

"It's really loving that."

Andy licked his fingertips and smoothed saliva over the head.

"It's bouncing!"

"Yeah!"

He wrapped his fingers around, squeezing firmly and sliding the skin.

"I've always wanted to see a man do this."

"Clinton won't let me watch."

"Harry, says he doesn't do it."

"They all do it."

"Is he coming?"

"Nuh, it's just lubricating - "

Andy flinched when a single fingertip stroked the tip.

"- See?"

Simone's juices flowed too. While she squirmed over Andy's mouth he examined her clitoris with his tongue. The little erection felt as stiff as his own.

"I love watching the skin peeling down real, real slow."

"Mm. It looks like it's bursting."

"This beats X-rated movies."

"Oh fuck, yeah."

"I've never seen one."

"You're kidding?"

"I like to watch them ejaculate."

"I've never actually seen - Well, Clinton always - you know, comes inside."

"But if he comes now, what about the ones who -?"

Simone interjected. "If you missed out before, he'll be ready again after supper. What do you say Andy, about an hour?"

Andy thought that was a little ambitious, but he could not speak. Still glued to his mouth, Simone turned around to watch. "Go for it, Andy."

"Yeah, do it!"

"Watch you don't get an eyeful, Simone."

They all giggled, then fell silent again while Andy's hand continued steadily up and down. It seemed a terrible waste with all of those eager vaginas around him. But if some of the women had never seen it, and if that was what they wanted ...

On the very brink, with Simone's vulva still filling his mouth, Andy quickened the motion and tightened his fist. He was aware of the women's nervous murmuring, distant and muffled beneath the aching, burning, unbearably beautiful-beautiful, piercing -

"Will you look at that cock!"

"Sooo sexy!"

"Oh fuck, yeah!"

"Here it comes!"

The piercing pleasure erupted in an excruciating cycle of peak and release. The women gasped along with Andy. Some laughed.

"Ooooh, yes!"

"Wowee!"

"I didn't know it shot so far."

"Oh, fuck! It got me on the tits."

"Look. There's more!"

"You should've put some towels down, Simone."

Lips closed tightly and sucked.

"Oh, no!"

"Uugh!"

"How can she do that!"

"It's okay. Men love it."

"They say the protein's good for you."

"I could never!"

Andy felt fingertips scooping up a wet pool on his thigh. "Mm, yum. Here, have some."

"No! Get away!"

Simone knelt upright. Her lips smacked - at both ends of her body - as she swivelled in a final grinding flourish over his mouth. "Mmm-mmm-mmm! Supper time, everyone. Let's eat."

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Andy went downstairs too, but he had to stay blindfolded. He leant against the servery counter while the women chatted happily and busied themselves preparing snacks and coffee. Every so often a hand

patted his backside, tweaked his penis or slipped between his thighs to cuddle his scrotum.

After supper the women led Andy into the lounge room. While Simone and the others put on their blindfolds she got Andy to kneel near the couch and whispered to him to stay perfectly still. "It's very important that they do it all by themselves." Then she asked who in the group had missed out earlier.

Before anyone had time to answer, Andy felt warm buttocks pushing against his thighs. The woman was on her knees, too, and reaching back between her legs. Slippery bunched fingertips gripped his penis, pulled firmly then raked lightly several times from base to tip, teasing. She wiped the head back and forth across her clitoris then nestled it ready.

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Glenda trembled with need, but she did not want to rush it. Andy's penis waited patiently while, with the mouth of her vagina nuzzling it lightly, she made herself comfortable. What harm could it do to have another little go? And it was only fair that she go first. The whole idea was to have an orgasm fucking. And she had not. Not just tonight but ever, for Godsake!

Her chosen position, kneeling on the carpet with her legs spread wide, her bottom high, and her breasts resting on the couch, allowed excellent freedom of movement. It also felt deliciously lewd. She pressed her elbows into the cushion and pushed back a little. The head popped inside. Mmm! Her muscles grabbed spontaneously. Hmm!

The urge to ram back, to fill that aching emptiness almost overwhelmed her, but Glenda forced herself to wait. She reached under to feel Andy's scrotum. Its

wrinkled texture was tight with anticipation. Her fingertips followed the smooth thick column all the way along, sampling. Oh, how she would savour every millimetre sliding in. Her fingers examined the way her vagina stretched and gripped, the way the lips bulged and clung, the way her clitoris protruded.

Gradually, she pushed - gradually, gradually, gradually - until her buttocks crushed Andy's pubic hair. Arching her back, she pushed even farther until her vulva teased his testicles, and farther still.

It felt good! So, so good. She rocked her hips in a steady tilting movement - halfway out, all the way in. Clamped between two fingers, her clitoris matched the motion, sliding under the skin.

Wet but not too wet, tight but not too tight, what could be more perfect? The delicious stickiness enhanced the friction. Orgasmic currents danced and sparkled; the intense ache surged and ebbed. She

could come right now if she chose, but she wanted to make it last. Each time orgasm tried to engulf her she eased the pressure, slowed the pace, kept herself teetering on an excruciating precipice, balancing on an exquisite pinprick ...

Suddenly, release would wait no longer. She buried her face in the cushion. Her teeth bit into the fabric. Her fingers moved faster and harder, digging in, massaging in savage circles. Her vagina clenched hard, grasping the full length, craving more, more, more, pressing back, gripping, sliding out, squeezing. The aching burn blazed from her clitoris deep into her vagina, her womb, her bowels, her thighs: searing white stabs, scalding golden bursts, rolling red waves. She groaned aloud and screamed silently, again and again and again.

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Glenda stayed on her knees with her upper body collapsed on the couch, a liquid rag doll, all mellow and melting. Andy's penis remained inside, perfectly still and perfectly hard.

So!

She'd done it. And she'd done it all by herself in just a few minutes. No pretending. No nagging, cramping frustration. No resentment afterwards. Definitely no faking ever again! But what about Daniel, would he stay still the way Andy had? Would he let her fuck him? He'd better. Not always, just pretty damn often. It was for his sake, too, for Godsake!

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All of the women had come and gone, so to speak. There had been many orgasms during the night, but Andy had only had one. He removed his blindfold

and sat down on the couch. Simone immediately knelt between his legs.

While the waves of pleasure washed through his body, Andy spread his knees wide and watched his wife's lips. "Well, it seemed to go off okay, don't you think?"

"You did well, Andy."

"I enjoyed every minute of it, too. So, what's next?"

"This." Simone sat astride his lap, teased herself down slowly until they were deeply coupled, then hooked her hands behind his neck. "It's my turn."

"I meant, what's next on the agenda for Simone's Sex Clinic?"

"I've got another session, Thursday night."

"Great! I'll be in that."

Simone grinned and shook her head slowly.

"Why not? You said I did well."

She leant down and kissed his nose. "I had better be the surrogate on Thursday,

sweetheart - unless you think you can handle six premature ejaculators.

END.