



Birthday Girl

Willie
Smith

 emerge from the bathroom fully dressed. Which boosts my confidence, as the five guys waiting in the spacious living room are standing around without a stitch. One after the other, I smile and nod at each. The guys smile back, looking at least as nervous and excited as this reporter. But once I lock eyes with my husband Jerry, my smile eases, and I know I'm becoming more poised than anybody present. It is, after all, MY birthday. This little event just the gift I wanted.

I go up to each. Hug and kiss gently. Then cruise back down the line, tangling tongues. Savoring the warm wet squirming inside each cleanshaven face. I object to facial hair. Loathe stubble. So I have required of the participants not only a shower with sandalwood-scented soap, but also a

careful shave, immediately prior to the festivities.

As I finish frenching Jerry, bringing up the rear, the boys cluster around, beginning all but unconsciously to pump their erecting penises. I turn my head from side to side, evaluating members. Am pleased to see that nobody is under-endowed. One, even – attached to a grinning blond surfer type – appears almost the twin of Jerry's splendid ten-inch.

I kick off my Armani stilettos. Wiggle toes, welcoming the plush of the shag through my sheer nylons. Kneel in the middle of their ring. Commence handling and appraising closeup five pink-and-tan circumcised units.

I roll my eyes up at Mr. Smallest, having

decided to start there. Lock onto his twinkling baby-blues. Contemplate the tube of smooth swollen flesh my left hand clutches. Focus on the tight-shut orifice where the halves of his glans meet. Tongue quickly, wetly, the eye. Peck the tiny pucker with my lips, as though kissing a happy baby hello.

I shuffle on my knees around the circle. Make eye contact with each guy. Then bend down and slightly wet and peck his cock's wrinkly orifice. Return to Mr. Babyblues and his meager, but rock-hard, six inches.

Smile up for a few beats. Then let myself go, gobbling and slurping his straining six. Now lollypop the knob; now swallow to the hilt the sword. My attentions soon draw out his bouquet. I inhale deep, before another

dive; detect as well the others' dude-musk, clouding the air like a gathering April shower.

I reach out left and right. Secure a prick in either hand. Stroke steadily both, continuing to lick, kiss, suck and thrill to the hilt my own little Mr. Six.

I glance up from a sloppy dive. Motion with my head for the boys to step around, so I can – without ruining my nylons scooting over the rug – orally service one and all.

When Jerry rotates up, he reaches down to help me out of my gray cashmere blazer and white silk blouse. I tilt my shoulders, so all can admire my scarlet, see-through bra. Get busy mouthing and throating Jerry how I know he likes it best. He tenses,

hands on hips. Flexes repeatedly his erection.

He leans down, while I'm whapping the glans on my extended tongue, tasting precum droplets. Does away with the bra.

The boys grope my freed breasts. Some pinching nipples, others spanking the firm and upturned, medium-sized's. I finish with Jerry, leaving off when I sense he's well down the road to ejaculation. Jerry is a slow cummer, a feature that further deepens my delight in him as a lover.

Surferboy steps around. I get back to his near-tenner – already damp and stiff from my ministrations of a moment ago. I don't bother smiling up at him. The surfer type fails to turn me on. Besides, I'm in a hurry, rushing on lust. Anything in the ballpark of

ten inches decidedly to my taste. I'll just imagine the meat belongs to Brad Pitt; imagination nine points of good sex.

Lollypopping the glans, tongue-polishing the pee-hole, I hear – above – Jerry coaching, “Taste that cock, baby. C’mon, this is your party – do it!”

One of the boys, turns out it's Mr. Crewcut, looks-never-to-miss-a-day-at-the-gym, gets down on the rug. I spread both knees, to allow ready access. He slides under. I wriggle around – doing a half-shaft dip on Surferboy – to help Crewcut pull down, and work over my knees and past my toes, the lilac thong I put on clean and fresh this morning. I hear him unzip my fuchsia cashmere skirt. He gets that off, too, while I'm giving Surferboy a tongue-lashing he won't soon

forget, pistoning faster and faster all the while both Jerry and the guy to my immediate left.

Till that guy, Mr. Six, aka Babyblues, steps around. I re-adjust my grips onto Surferboy and the gent to Mr. Six's left.

“Go for it!” Jerry whispers, leaning over my right ear, caressing his own cock. “Love to watch you suck, honey – c'mon, give HEAD!”

The gent underneath – Crewcut – elevates his face. Starts licking my already-soaked pussy.

I plop Mr. Six's cock out of my mouth. Indulge in words myself, “That is SO good. Lick that pussy; c'mon, honey – eat me!”

I move on to the next erection that bobs

into sight. Take the blade at once to the hilt. Causing its owner to yelp, as if trapped in a sudden nightmare.

“Hum him, honey,” Jerry says, now at the nape of my neck. “Not too crazy at first. Just enough to let us know you love fresh dick. C’mon – purr for that boy!”

To show I’m listening, and because it actually is good advice, I vibrate random mmh’s; here and there; especially when the tip hits the back of my palate. But when Mr. Crewcut discovers in the boat the little man, and begins licking my clit silly, belly-deep groans erupt. In the throes of one such groan, I slip – with only a slight gag – the shaft – nine inches if it’s a millimeter – past the reflex down my gullet.

Mr. Nine is now moaning like the only

thing scary about the dream is that he might wake up. Crewcut slides out from under. Whips around. Shoves, without so much as a howdy, deep inside me. Draws out. Teases my labia with his cock-head.

“Fuck that guy!” Jerry hisses in my left ear. “C’mon, baby – fuck! LOVE to watch you FUCK!”

The boys have once again clocked around. I grab Jerry’s wad. Grab that of Mr. Nine – realizing that Nine must be none other than gawky Surferboy! Gaze up into the face of my next customer.

A dreamboat it seems, up to this minute, I hardly noticed. Swimmer’s body. Midnight-black mullet, delicately-chiseled features. Modest dimple mid-chin. Cute little nose and ears. Bright celadon eyes I’m losing

myself in, when somebody else takes me from behind. Feels like Mr. Six. He's making up for lack of size with expert thrusting; just enough pulling back, hesitating, G-spot angling. My tits establish a rhythmic swinging, responding to Six's downbeats. I give Dreamboat a sigh; bend down; cruise on his long boat; at least as long as Jerry's; maybe Dreamboat's an eleven?

Apply my just-learned technique of belly groans. Still, gag more than slightly, before succeeding in grommeting the base, where his jet-black curlies tickle my nose like champagne bubbles. What a good boy! Leaking precum like a sharecropper's roof. Toothsome and pungent as ballsweat off some Greek god.

Maybe a rematch next year with just

Dreamboat and Jerry? – who now frees himself from my fist; falls to slapping my left cheek with his own joystick. I grope around, not missing a beat; grab Crewcut. Administer my best jerk-and-twirl, to thank him for the lovely job done on my vulva.

We get a catchy rhythm going – Mr. Six fucking me from behind, while up front I'm a one lady band of jerk-suck-slap-jerk; kiss, lick, dive, suck, teethe; jerk-slap-jerk.

Feel a finger pat my anus. Hear my mount spit. Splitsec later, warm saliva bull's-eyes the target. Same finger (feels like) follows up, tenderly probing my lower rectal reaches. I don't dig anal. But a moistened digit shyly poking can sometimes intensify the pleasures of a sheath stuffed with throbbing wood. This is one of those times.

Dreamboat exits my throat. What must be Surferboy enters me from behind. A switcheroo enlivens any dance. We all fall smoothly back to it. So now it's Crewcut cock-slapping one cheek, while Dreamboat cock-chafes the other.

I reach around. Manage to get hold of Six, while twisting Dreamboat's scrotum, launching him into a slapfest that lubes my blush with precum, thereby producing greater resonance on his allotted cheek than Crewcut is slapping out on my left. Despite Crewcut still slick from repeated visits down my vagina to the cervix and back.

“Suck it!” Jerry grunts. “Suck my cock while your friend fucks your butt, my buddies slap your face, and, hey – don't let our junior member stand idle!”

I yank harder on Six. Give his bone a fancy swivel or five. Keep up my bob with Jerry; Crewcut and Dreamboat slapping both zygomatics tingly. Fresh man-smell, mingled with pussy essence, spices the action.

After Dreamboat, then Jerry, take their cracks at pounding me from behind, the boys carry me over to the sofa. Do me, one by one, missionary. Providing me a chance to enjoy each solo, with nothing in my mouth to obstruct moaning and begging. Hands empty, so I can smack butts, claw backs, grasp shoulders. Simultaneously nibbling ears, soulkissing or licking Cupid-smooth cheeks. All those extras a girl requires to maintain the romance, while exploring her man to the dregs. Not to mention the lagniappe of knowing four other guys are standing around wanking, wan-

tonly eyeing my every move.

Next, it's me cowgirling dude after dude – think it starts with reliable old Mr. Six – while up front I grab wood on either side; suck the wrangler standing in the middle. The fifth hombre out, when he gets inspired, leaps up on the couch to run his erection through my hair, mussing my flip not a little, wetting my Titian locks with precum and my own juices. The feel of which mixture seeping onto my scalp adds a nice touch to the overall nastiness.

We've been at it for over an hour – breaking for occasional sips of Cabernet or puffs off the pipe – when I spring a cock out of my mouth to announce the grand finale is in order. Fun is fun, and a smidgin of soreness is mildly erotic, but...

The boys politely agree. I am, after all the Birthday Girl. But they at first fail to come to accord on where the cumming should occur. I'm no fan of what the porn industry calls "facials," but they conclude that's the only way for everybody fully to appreciate the spectacle of each and every boy-gasm (I've already climaxed four, maybe eight times). Bottomline: Nuts need to be busted on my face.

"Just keep it out of my eyes," I stipulate. "And, Jerry – to make you feel special – because you ARE my loving hubby – I want you and only you to cum inside this pretty little wife."

"Deal!" Jerry grins, and the other four smile assent.

So, once he's seated on the sofa, I mount

Jerry. This time face-to-face. Seize both his shoulders. Curl my nyloned ankles under his knees. Start aggressively cowgirling, humping progressively harder – dominating his weenie, bossing his balls.

The boys gather behind the sofa (moved before the guests arrived to the middle of the room). Alternate stroking their own with being sucked by this reporter.

Dreamboat is the first to unmoor. He squirts across my cheek, splashes drops onto the taupe elastic of my thigh-highs. Mr. Six gets so carried away he lands most of his on my neck – howling, huffing, growling, at last spending the last of his monster load on my upper lip. I'm sampling sharp-scented spunk, when Crewcut goes off with a whoop, hitting me square in

the mouth. I'm so surprised I stop humping. Indulge a few delicious moments sipping, slowly swallowing, every minim of his salty sperm.

I've barely returned to banging Jerry, when Surferboy explodes on the bridge of my nose, just missing my forbidden sea-green eyes. I frown up at the bozo. But melt quick into a smile, breathing in the Camembert bouquet of his peckersnot slipping down the sides of my nose, curling up into my nostrils. Wow – maybe the dumber they are, the better they smell?

I'm busy sniffing, licking, gulping, not feeling so bad after all about facials, when Jerry grabs my ass. Spins me around. Drops me on the cushions. Climbs on top. Slides back in those fantastic, gymnastic ten

inches.

“You like that sperm, honey?” he grits between thrusts; I tongue in a gob; swallow; giggle like the little girl who stole the boys’ marbles. “C’mon, you sexy slut – swap!”

And he’s licking my face, tongue-diving my mouth, unloading on my tonsils four-boy cum cocktail. The spermy smackers end. Jerry arches back his hairy chest, to gain better leverage for humping.

I blow a lazy, oyster-gray bubble; tits bouncing, shoulders jouncing against the sofa arm; Jerry hammering halleluiah into my love canal. He pops the jizz bubble with his tongue. Uses same to clean my upper lip. We french, share, gulp heavenly goo bleach.

Feel Jerry, his whole body shuddering, splash my cervix, me wobbling up to meet his soul-squirt. Gut tsunamis of glutting life to the exquisitely nastimost overwhelm consciousness.

I five minutes later come to. Flat on my back on the sofa. Wearing nothing but thigh-highs and the semen-spattered jade necklace clasped around my throat. Takes a moment, amid the strong odor of recent sex, for me to orient myself. Remember I'm at home, a freelance journalist, no kids, two-income household, and that's my husband – professional baker who owns his own shop, and is the world's most considerate lover – buttoning his shirt, leaning over, eyes aglow with gratification and mirth.

I stretch. Yawn. Chuckle. Reassure everybody I'm fine. Jerry helps me into a flame-red silk robe.

I survey the room: Five hunks standing around fully clothed, looking mildly sheepish and greatly like cats who ate their canaries.

After a few jokes and a lot of apologetic inquiries, congratulations and thank-you-ma'am's, we settle into the diningroom around the walnut dropleaf. Do justice to the rest of the Cab. Also, to Jerry's gorgeous German chocolate cake. Waiting first for the not-too offkey song, and for me to blow out twenty-seven candles.

Oh, yes – as for my wish: Next year a luxury cruise with Captain Dreamboat, First Mate Jerry in the wheelhouse. A silent

wish, of course.

