

Naughty Swinger Action

by Devin Brees

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She broke our kiss and put her glasses back on, timidly looking at the ground.

“I can't believe I did that,” she said. “And right in front of my husband.”

“I don't think your husband minds,” I said pointing her attention to our animalistic spouses. Brooks was squeezing the swell of Raquel's womanly hip while she wrapped her arms around his muscular shoulders and cravingly kissed him.

Any sign of guilt drained from Christi's face and she stood up on her knees and excitedly leaned into me for a vigorous kiss of her own. Her plush tongue explored my mouth as she ran her fingers through my hair, sending tingles of tremoring stimulation down my spine.

My hands followed the sensual curve of her waist down to the smoothness of her hips and firm spheres of her wiggling ass. She surrendered to the intoxication of our kiss as I groped and fondled her upturned butt.

She broke our kiss again. “Do you want to see my tits?”

“Of course,” I said.

She pulled her shirt half-way up her body, showing off her flat belly and cute little navel, and she paused with a teasing look in her eyes.

“You sure?” She said.

I took her glasses from her face and held them up to my eyes. “Yes. Go.”

She laughed and pulled off her top and then shucked her bra, but all I could see was a distorted view of her chest through the thick lenses. I handed her back her glasses and marveled at her sublime tits, graceful and ripe with spiking, tan tips.

“Absolutely gorgeous,” I said, and I clutched her nipples in my thumb and finger, exploring their hard contours.

“I'm so glad you like them,” she said with a sensual grunt, her eyelids quivering with desire. I pinched her generous buttons until they sprouted into two hefty bullets.

In the meantime, our spouses had already moved past the heavy petting stage. Raquel was crouching in front of Brooks with nothing on but a thong and tennis shoes, her dress and strapless bra were strewn on the ground next to her. Brooks's pants were at his ankles and my graceful wife was effortlessly sucking his shaft.

Christi's glasses slipped down her nose and she pushed them back up as she admired my lady bobbing up and down her husband's impressive rod. My own cock was now hard as stone and painfully constrained within my pants, so I stood, dropped my pants, and waved my hard muscle in front of Christi's eager face. She grabbed the base of my shaft and parted her trembling lips for me, and she pulled my cockhead into her sloppy mouth, twirling her surging tongue around my swollen crown. I fucked her cock-hungry mouth, happily surprised that the demure looking girl was blessed with the ability to take my cock deep in her throat and the relentless desire to do it, and after several shuddery lunges into her mouth, she let out a hearty moan of recognition that my rocketing cock was about to unload.

I pulled out of her mouth and shot on her upturned face, making sure that I creamed all over her thick glasses, and when I was done, she was unable to see through my heavy load of spunk.

I looked over at my wife to find Brooks ready to come on her tits. She was still crouched in front of him, and now she was cupping her breasts, offering her massive orbs to him, while Brooks ardently stroked his cock. I marveled at the long streaks of spunk streaming out of his beefy manhood and covering her jugs, much to her giddy delight.

Christi cleaned her glasses on my shirt before watching her husband pump the contents of his straining balls all over the chest of a woman he had just met, and this made Christi hungry for more of my cock, but I needed more time to recharge, so I took off my shirt, lay on my back, and told her to sit on my face. In a second, she stepped out of her yoga pants and underwear and straddled my face, bringing the groove of her twat to my lips. I kissed her plump labia and licked her lust-worthy, thundering clit to the sounds of her happy moans. Moments later, those moans turned into impudent grunts as her pussy throbbed in bliss, dribbling the taste of her lovely, slick mound onto my tongue.

After her orgasm, she lifted her hips, but I wasn't ready to give up the taste of her pussy, so I grabbed her hips and pulled her pussy to my extended tongue. I twisted my tongue against her tight hole deep within her petals, twirled my tip around her unfamiliar clit, and licked the full length of her pretty, pink crack, and when her cunt swelled, she begged me to let her sit on my cock.

I eagerly watched Christi lower her insatiable, tight labia to my upturned member, and she gripped my hard-on within her clutching walls as she lowered herself down my cock until my stiffness was deep inside of her. Brooks watched his wife service my muscle, rocking forward and back on my shaft while her supple tits bounced in unison.

He rebounded to full mast, and Raquel was ready to give herself to him. She bent over and braced her palms against the tree trunk with her arms extended. Brooks pulled her thong half way down her legs and she widened her stance, stretching the stringy material between her knees. Brooks grabbed the full globes of her arching ass, spread them open, and buried his face between them, licking her asshole. A look of shock and excitement flashed across her face as Brooks took the next obvious step and invaded her sweet rear with his prick.

Christi vigorously rode my thick hard-on, her body hopping up and down and her glasses continuously sliding down her face until she didn't care that the spectacles dangled at the tip of her sweaty nose. The only thing on her mind and in her heart was the seductive joy of my cock inside of her writhing twat. She clutched my chest hair while her creamy bottom beat against my thighs with every insistent downward thrust onto my prick, and she let out a soft mewling groan as her grinding pussy filled with giddy pleasure.



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