

**CJ BLAKE**



**KILLER  
THREESOME**

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[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

CJ Blake

# Killer Threesome

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# Contents

**Killer Threesome**

*Also by CJ Blake*

*OceanofPDF.com*

# Killer Threesome

I was sitting on a bench outside the carwash, waiting on my car to come through the tunnel. I was at the old-fashioned carwash where you actually got out of the car and an employee vacuumed it and cleaned the glass and dried it off.

I'd normally never run my old sedan through such an expensive wash, but my great-aunt gave me a gift card for my eighteenth birthday so I figured I'd use it.

An older man in his fifties came up and sat beside me on the uncomfortable bench.

"Nice day," he said.

"It is," I said.

He was right, it was late Spring, not too hot yet, and the sun was on its way down. Even though it was in my eyes right now it was kinda pretty. I could appreciate it.

"Got a big date tonight?"

I had never seen this guy in my life and I kinda thought that question was a bit too personal, but I answered it anyway. "Yeah, I do."

"I remember those days," he said. "I always got my car cleaned up before I took my girlfriend out. She's my wife now," he said with a sigh.

"Yeah," I said. "Gotta stay neat and clean."

He nodded his head, then his phone chimed. He pulled it out, started swiping and tapping.

My car finally came out of the tunnel and a rubber strip on the back of the bumper was hanging off. Great.

An employee bent it back as best he could then he gave me a thumbs up and a smile. I gave him one right back. He wiped off the glass, sprayed some air freshener inside, then finally walked up to me. "All done," he said, standing right in front of me, almost in my personal space.

I started to get up and we were standing like six inches apart. What was this guy's deal? I thought for a second he had a problem with me, then I realized he was expecting a tip. That was it.

I reached into my wallet, grabbed the few ones I carried, mainly for vending machines, and handed them to him. He smiled, handed me my keys, stepped out of my way, and motioned toward my car.

"Have a nice day," He said, and walked off to the next car.

"And have a nice date," the older man said from the bench. "Someone should get laid around here."

I shook my head and sat down in my car. The "new car scent" air freshener was pretty nice. The whole thing was so clean. I'd have to thank Great Aunt Martha for that gift card at the next family function.

I started home and my phone rang. I answered it and put it on speaker, I saw that it was Chloe, my girlfriend.

"Hello?" I said.

"Heyyyyyy," Chloe said. "Excited for our date?"

"We're just grabbing something to eat," I said. "Not really a date."

"Yeah, but I'm going to make it so fun."



I rolled my eyes. Chloe's idea of fun was to get frisky at the table. Which was great, really great, the first few times, but now it was kind of something I dreaded. Chloe didn't seem to realize that since we were both eighteen now, people wouldn't just give us a slap on the wrist. We were both attending college in the Fall (different colleges) and I didn't want to fuck up my future by getting arrested with my girlfriend in public. But no matter what I told her she just wanted to up the danger. Believe me, I'm not complaining about having a hot and horny girlfriend, but Chloe was wild.

"Guess what I'm not wearing for our date?" Chloe said.

She did this every time because she knew I didn't like saying the word "panties" out loud.

"Uh, a bra?" I guessed.

Chloe cackled on the other end. I could see her frizzy blonde curls shaking as she laughed. "No, silly. I never wear one of those, you know that, you're always looking at my girls as they roam free. Now tell me, what do you think your queen is not going to be wearing tonight?"

I rolled my eyes again. Chloe was always telling me that she was my queen or a queen or just the queen. I was not a fan.

"Come on, guess?" Chloe whined.

"Panties," I mumbled toward my phone.

Chloe cackled again. "That's right, babe. No panties, you know what means, right?"

"I sure do," I said.

It meant we'd be fooling around at the restaurant.

"Don't be late," Chloe said. "I'll be ready fifteen minutes after you get to my house."

"Right," I said.

“Say bye to your queen.”

“Bye, Chloe.”

She cackled like a mad woman, “You’ll be saying it soon enough.”

“I’ll pick you up at eight, Chloe.”

She hung up.

\* \* \*

A couple hours later, after shaving and showering, I was sitting in front of Chloe’s house in my car. I had texted her ten minutes ago. She said she’d be right out.

I flipped down the visor and smoothed my sandy blonde hair, it was still kinda damp and getting kinda long, almost in my eyes. I had put on a new but comfortable black t-shirt and a pair of jeans after I jumped out of the shower. Chloe and I were going to try a new restaurant in town, The Moonlight Diner, it didn’t require fancy clothes.

Twenty minutes later, as the sun was setting, Chloe’s front door finally popped open and she strutted toward my car, her frizzy blonde curls bouncing, her lips an incredibly bright shade of red, and her eyes an incredibly dark shade of blue. She wore big gold hoop earrings that dangled and bounced with each flouncing step she took.

Chloe liked to flounce because of what it did to her braless breasts. They were really bouncing now in that thin olive green tank top she had on. She’d taken some scissors to the neck of that top and sliced a deep V to show off her tits even more.

With the skimpy top, Chloe wore a tiny pair of denim shorts, all frayed at the bottoms. They hugged her hips and thighs, and all together, Chloe was a pleasing sight tonight.

She made it to the car and jumped in, her fruity perfume overpowering the new car scent from the carwash. I cracked a window.

“Ready?” Chloe said, leaning over and squeezing my thigh.

“Ready,” I said.

I pulled away from the curb, following the directions on my phone to the Moonlight Diner.

“I think I might get a burger with extra onions,” Chloe said. “You’d still kiss me even if I got extra onions, right?”

“Sure,” I said. I really hoped she was kidding.

She gave my thigh a squeeze. “You’re so good to your queen. I’ve been thinking. I want to do something really special for you. You really deserve it, Sam.”

“Something special. Like what?” I asked, it wasn’t like Chloe to come bearing gifts.

“How does a threesome sound?”

I hit the brakes, screeching the car to a halt. “That sounds great.”

“I knew you’d be excited,” Chloe said. “I knew you’d be down, that’s why I already got it set up and everything for tonight. He said he’d meet us after dinner.”

I put the car in park even though we were in the middle of the road. Thankfully, traffic was light in the neighborhood. “Chloe, did you say *he*?”

“Of course I did,” Chloe said. “Two big cocks going in and out of your queen’s mouth and pussy and maybe somewhere else if you’re good to me. Won’t it be hot?”

“Chloe,” I said. “I thought you meant you and another girl.”

She started to laugh. “What? No? What would you want another pussy for when you’ve got your queen’s delectable cunt.”

I didn’t respond.

“Two cocks will be more fun anyway. Twice the cum.”

“Yeah,” I said, not saying anything else on the subject. “Looks like we’re here.”

\* \* \*

I was not happy about my “surprise” from Chloe, but The Moonlight Diner put me in a slightly better mood. The outside looked like a big solid steel train car, the inside was even better, it looked like a 1980s explosion, turquoise and yellow geometric shapes covered the walls, the tables were all purple trimmed in stainless steel and the booths were bright turquoise vinyl. There was a big counter in the middle of the diner with turquoise stools where people could sit, behind that counter was a big cook in all white slaving away as delicious smells filled the diner. One corner of the diner was set up to look like an 80s arcade, complete with all the old favorite video games.

“This is so neat,” Chloe said.

“It really is.”

“Sit wherever you like.”

I had been so focused on the arcade area I didn’t realize we had been greeted. I turned and looked and saw a gorgeous brunette with her hair pulled back in a simple ponytail, but one strand had escaped and hung down

over her pretty face. Her pouty pink lips looked so soft and kissable. She looked close to forty I guessed, she was a hot MILF.

“Huh?” I said, staring at the impressive curves underneath her blue and white waitress uniform, it was like a simple short dress and it looked good on her.

“Sit wherever,” she said, smiling.

“Okay,” I said.

Chloe grabbed me and pulled me to a corner booth. It was semi-private and I didn’t think I’d have to worry too much about getting caught if she still wanted to fool around. I knew she did, she always did.

She scooted in first and I started to sit across from her. We needed to talk and it would be better if I was across from her, able to look at her, but she wouldn’t have it.

“Sam, come sit next to your queen.”

I shrugged and moved over to her side. “Chloe, this threesome thing—”

“Hold that thought,” Chloe pointed as the waitress walked up.

“Welcome to The Moonlight Diner, I’m Natasha and I’ll be your waitress tonight.”

“Hi, Natasha,” I said.

She smiled, and it was a beautiful smile.

Chloe pinched my arm under the table.

“What can I get you to drink?”

“Orange soda with no ice,” Chloe said.

“And for you?” Natasha asked me.

“Lemon-lime soda for me,” I said.

“Ice?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Just checking,” Natasha said. “Have a look at the menu and I’ll be right back with your drinks.”

When Natasha walked off Chloe pinched me again, “What was that *Hi Natasha* nonsense? You into old ladies now?”

“She’s not that old. And I was just being friendly,” I said. “You’re the one that’s gonna get really friendly with another guy. I was just talking to our waitress.”

“She is to old,” Chloe said, clearly jealous.

Natasha might’ve been twice Chloe’s age, or maybe a little more, but she certainly didn’t look it. She was a beautiful woman.

Natasha came back with our drinks, they were in huge red cups and she gave us red straws. “What are we having?”

“I want a burger with extra onions, no ketchup, and extra mustard,” Chloe said. “And fries.”

Natasha wrote Chloe’s order on a pad. “And for you?”

“Double burger and tater tots,” I said.

“All right,” Natasha said, finishing writing and dotting the order with a solid period. She looked up, smiling at both of us. “I’ll have it right out.”

“Thanks,” I said.

When she walked off I couldn’t help but stare at her shapely legs, Natasha must be a runner.

“Hey,” Chloe said. “Ready to have some fun?”

She started rubbing higher and higher up my thigh, then her hand went right to my crotch and squeezed. I was hard, but mostly because of Natasha, not Chloe. She slipped her hand inside, wrapped her fingers around my shaft, and gently stroked, leaning against me, her big soft tits against my arm.

The cook turned around to grab something from the other side of the counter. He could've seen us if he hadn't been so focused on his work.

"Chloe, I don't want to do this."

"Feels like you do," Chloe said, jerking me slowly.

"Stop," I said.

"Okay," she pulled her hand out. "Wanna do me?" She spread her legs wide.

"No," I said.

"I get it," Chloe said. "Saving up for the threesome."

"We're not having a threesome," I said.

"But it's your special surprise from me."

"It's a bad surprise."

Chloe gasped. "I'm just doing it to make you happy."

"I think you're just doing it to make *you* happy."

"Whatever," Chloe said.

We were both quiet for a minute. I didn't have anything to say. Chloe occasionally huffed and sighed. I rolled my eyes.

Finally, our food came.

Natasha was holding both plates and she put them down right in front of us. My burger looked perfect, the big soft bun, the melted cheese, the high pile of golden-brown tater tots.

"Enjoy," Natasha said. "If you need anything just yell."

"I need some ketchup," Chloe said.

"You ordered your burger specifically without ketchup."

"Well I need it for my fries, ass."

"Hey, I can get the ketchup, no biggie," Natasha said as she walked over to the counter, grabbed a real glass bottle of ketchup, and put it on our table

in front of Chloe. “What else?”

“That’s all,” Chloe said.

“Thanks, Natasha,” I said.

“You’re welcome,” she smiled, turned around, and walked off.

“Thanks, Natasha,” Chloe muttered in a mocking tone.

I chose not to respond to that.

We ate in silence, and I welcomed it. The diner was blasting eighties rock anyway, so it’s not like it was dead quiet, and the cook behind the counter was making a good bit of noise himself, banging spatulas, transferring pans from one place to another, and dinging a bell when an order was up.

“I’m done,” Chloe said.

I looked over at her plate, she’d barely eaten half her burger, and maybe a third of her fries. I popped a tater tot into my mouth and chewed the crispy goodness.

Chloe’s phone chimed.

She pulled it out of her pocket and read a message, then tapped away.

“He’s ready.”

“We’re not doing it,” I said.

“Why the fuck not, are you insecure that he will have a bigger cock than you?”

I put my burger down. “Maybe I’m just a one woman type of guy. Maybe I don’t want to share. Chloe, this is our last summer, is this really how you want to end it?”

“Yes.”

I wiped my hands on a napkin and got up.

“Where are you going?”



“The bathroom,” I said.

Chloe scoffed and I walked toward the big sign that said restrooms toward the back of the diner. I didn’t really have to go, I just wanted a break.

Just as I was about to push open the door that said Dudes, the door that said Dudettes popped open and Natasha walked out. She smiled when she saw me. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah,” I said. “The food’s great.”

“I’m not talking about the food,” Natasha said. “You look like my Labrador Retriever when his food bowl is empty. Is everything okay between you and your girlfriend? Before I brought the food it looked like you two were getting very...personal.”

“You saw that?” I was mortified. I felt my cheeks start to burn.

“I always keep a close eye on my customers,” Natasha said.

“Oh God,” I said. “You must think we’re freaks.”

“I don’t think you are,” she said. “But what’s up with her? You kind of make an odd couple.”

“We’ve been together a while, but we’re going to different colleges soon and it’s coming to an end, and...” I didn’t know if I should tell the rest.

“And?” Natasha said, the hot brunette waitress seemed genuinely curious. “I’ve heard it all, you won’t surprise me.”

“And,” I said. “She wants to have a threesome.”

“Kinky,” Natasha said.

“But with another guy.”

“I see,” Natasha leaned against the wall and looked at me with those beautiful green eyes of hers. “And you aren’t too thrilled about that?”

“Not my jam,” I said.

“Is that a bad pun?” Natasha asked.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “No.”

Natasha reached over and grabbed my arm. It sent electric shocks through me like I’d never felt before. I looked down at her hand, then I stared at her beautiful smile and wished she was in the booth next to me instead of Chloe. I’d never been so attracted to a woman, and this one was a hot MILF.

But what could I do? I still had to deal with Chloe.

“Hey,” Natasha said. “Earth to...”

“Sam,” I said.

“You zoned out on me, Sam.”

“Sorry,” I said.

“So what’s the deal with you and her?”

“I’m gonna end it,” I said. “I’m not doing a threesome.”

“Well,” Natasha said. “You gotta do what you gotta do, but could you not do it outside the diner. I feel like she might cause a scene.”

“Oh she will,” I said, fully expecting a volcanic eruption from Chloe.

Natasha let out a quick laugh, it was cute. “If it goes really bad, swing back by before ten and I’ll fix you up with our special cookies ‘n’ cream milkshake before closing time, on the house.”

“I’d like that,” I said.

“I gotta get back to work,” Natasha said, walking back toward the tables.

I went in the bathroom, splashed some water on my face, then went back to my table. Thankfully, Chloe wasn’t too chatty and she let me finish my burger in peace.

I paid the tab, left Natasha a nice tip, and Chloe and I went back to my car.

\* \* \*

I gripped the steering wheel tightly as I drove us back toward Chloe's in the dark. Even though I was about to do something I wanted to do I was still nervous. It was Chloe's reaction I was worried about.

I pulled up to the curb in front of her house and put the car in park.

"I'm so excited," Chloe said. "My pussy is already wet. I should've worn some panties, I'm going to stain my shorts. Ready, Sam?"

"No," I said. "I don't see why you don't understand, Chloe. I don't want to do a threesome and we are through. We're breaking up."

"What?" Chloe said. "You can't."

"I am."

"But why?"

"I just said why."

"You little bastard, you little fucking rat bastard. I never liked you anyway."

"Oh come on, Chloe, this doesn't have to be hostile."

"Oh yes it does," Chloe said. "Love is a battlefield."

I smirked and she didn't like that one bit.

"What about this, Sammy Boy," Chloe yanked her top off and squeezed her big tits. "You seriously okay with never touching these girls again."

I tried not to look, Chloe did have a great pair of big, firm, natural tits, dotted with nice little pink nipples. But I had to stay strong. This was it for

us.

“Or what about this,” Chloe said, shoving her shorts down and showing me her freshly shaved, smooth mound. She ran her finger up and down her lips then stuck it in my face. She certainly was wet. “Smell it,” Chloe said, “it’s your last.”

I moved my head away.

“You don’t want to get between these thighs and pump away until you blow your load? I know you’re hot and horny, Sammy Boy, I felt your cock in the diner.”

“No, Chloe. We are done.”

Chloe clenched her fist and pounded the console. “No! No! No! I want my threesome and do you know what a threesome requires! One pussy! Two cocks! TWO COCKS!”

“I know math Chloe, I practically did all your homework.”

“Oh don’t start with that, I gave you a blowjob for every assignment.”

“And that was great,” I said. “But it’s part of our past now.”

“You’re serious? You’re actually serious? You want this to be over?”

“Yes,” I said. “That’s exactly what I want.”

“Fine,” Chloe said. “Then that’s what you’ll get. She yanked her shorts up and jumped out of the car. She didn’t even put her top back on as she started toward her house. She stopped, turned around, and walked back up to my window. Thankfully, it was rolled up, but she yelled loud enough to be heard, “If you just can’t deal with the loss of me, I guess I’ll give you some sympathy, if you want you can come stare in my bedroom window tonight and watch me with my new cock. You can see what you’re missing and jerk off and then go home and cry yourself to sleep when you realize the mistake you’ve made.”

I had officially had enough. I started my car, shifted into drive, and rolled away from the curb, but not before Chloe smacked my back window. Thankfully, it didn't break.

“Wow,” I said to myself. “Hell hath no fury...”

I needed a milkshake.

\* \* \*

I drove around for a little bit before going back to The Moonlight Diner. I couldn't believe it was over between Chloe and me. It was hard to define exactly how I felt. In a way, it was like being a man released from prison. I knew it was a good thing, Chloe and I being over. Now I just needed to get on with my life.

I made my way back to The Moonlight Diner and pulled into the nearly empty parking lot. I got out and walked up to the door.

When I opened it, I saw Natasha at the counter, her back to me. She was leaning forward, talking to the cook. She was up on her toes and her legs looked wonderful.

I walked up to the counter and took a seat on one of the turquoise stools.

Natasha noticed me sit down, “Hey, how'd it go?”

“There was lots of yelling, but it's officially over.”

“I'll get to work on that shake,” Natasha said. “They are so good, they will brighten any day.”

“Sounds good,” I said.

Natasha went behind the counter and started scooping big hunks of ice cream into a silver mixing cup. Once it was full, she added some whole

milk, then a few spoonfuls of crushed chocolate cookies. She put it under the mixer and turned it on.

She turned back to me while the machine did the work. “So how do you feel now that it’s over.”

“Pretty good, actually.”

“I know the feeling,” Natasha said. “My husband cheated on me two years ago, he said he was sorry and didn’t mean it, but I knew that wasn’t true and I wouldn’t have been happy staying with a cheater. He was a jerk.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “His loss.”

Natasha smiled. “Why thank you...”

“Sam,” I said.

“Thank you, Sam,” Natasha said.

She turned back to the mixing machine and bent forward to grab that mixing cup. It was a wonderful view, the hem of that short waitress dress riding up, so close to Natasha’s full booty.

She spun back around, catching me looking, and put the silver mixing cup on the bar. She grabbed a tall glass mug from a shelf above her head and put it down. She then poured the contents of the mixing cup into the mug. She was right, it was one thick and creamy shake, and my mouth watered as it filled the mug.

“Not done yet,” Natasha said.

She grabbed a spoon and a can of whipped cream from a fridge behind the counter. She put the spoon down beside the mug, then she popped the cap off the whipped cream and sprayed down the top of the mug until it made a nice circular pyramid of white fluffy goodness. Then she grabbed a cherry from a big jar and put it right on top.

“Looks amazing,” I said.

She grabbed another cherry and put that one between her lips, holding it for just a second before pulling it into her mouth and chewing, closing her eyes as she savored it.

I grabbed a straw from the holder on the counter but Natasha warned me, “You’ll never get it started. It’s just too thick.”

So I grabbed the spoon and dipped out my first few bites while Natasha waited on her last few customers.

The shake was absolutely delicious, even better than it looked. I had eaten half of it, then stuck the straw in after it melted a little bit, and started drinking the rest. The creamy vanilla ice cream, the bits of real cookie. It was perfect. And just like Natasha said, it did lighten my mood and cheer me up.

“How’s that shake working?” Natasha said, sitting on the stool next to me.

“Great.”

She pulled out a bunch of cash from the front pocket of her uniform, her tips, and started counting them and straightening the bills right there on the counter.

“If you’re closing up I can head out,” I said.

“No big deal,” Natasha said. “Take your time. I want you to walk me out, might be some ruffians about.”

I grinned. “Or crazy ex-girlfriends.”

“Or that,” Natasha said. “Do you think she would?”

“Nah, she’s busy,” I said.

“Oh.”

Natasha counted up her tips, folded them over, and put them back in the front pocket of her waitress uniform. I finished up my shake and slid off my

stool.

“Bye, Frankie,” Natasha said. “I’m heading out.”

“See ya,” Frankie the cook said.

I walked out the front door with Natasha and looked at the three remaining cars in the parking lot. One was mine, and at the other end of the lot was a rusty green truck and a navy blue minivan.

“Let me guess,” I said. “The van?”

“Yep,” Natasha said. “The mom machine.”

I laughed.

Natasha walked close at my side. “I bet I smell like I’ve been deep fried.”

“Is that a bad thing?” I said.

Natasha put her hand on my upper arm again and those electric shocks went through me. I loved it. I loved her touch. This night wasn’t over.

I walked Natasha up to her van and looked in the back. “You know one good thing about these?”

“What?” Natasha said, opening the driver’s side door and putting her phone in the cup holder, again leaning over and giving me a nice view.

“Lots of room for activities.”

Natasha laughed. “Sure, but what kind of activities?”

I grinned. “Natasha, do you like younger men?”

She hit the button up front that automatically opened the sliding back door. “Jump in, Sam.”

I was in the back of that van before she even finished that sentence. I crawled across the wide backseat, making room for her.

Natasha was right behind me, sliding in across the seat. She hit the button to close the door, it slid forward, then clunked closed. She hit the



lock button. “So we don’t get interrupted.”

“We don’t want that,” I said, leaning in.

Natasha closed her eyes and we came together for a hot kiss. Before I knew it, her tongue was in my mouth, sliding against mine, then sliding back and accepting mine as I slid it into her mouth. Her hands were on my arms, running up and down them, then she gripped my hands and squeezed them. Fireworks exploded inside me. This kiss was amazing.

But we had to break apart. We stared at each other. I could almost fall into Natasha’s green eyes. We were both breathing hard, both excited and eager.

“It’s been so long since I’ve had a nice cock,” Natasha said. “Let me suck your cock, Sam.”

I wasn’t about to tell her no.

Thankfully, the back of the van was so roomy that Natasha could get on her knees right in front of me. Looking down at her beautiful face between my knees was so hot.

Natasha couldn’t stop smiling, just like me, and she reached behind her back and unbuttoned her uniform, letting it slide off her shoulders and fall down around her waist. Underneath, Natasha had on a white bra with lace trim around the cups, it could barely contain her big breasts.

“If I had known we’d meet I would’ve worn a sexier bra,” Natasha said.

“I like the way it looks.”

“Would you like to see how it looks on the floor of my van?”

“I sure would.”

Natasha reached behind her back again and unhooked her bra. I slid my fingers under the straps at her shoulders and slowly slid it off. Natasha had pretty tan lines that almost matched her bra. Her nipples were already hard,

and they were nice and pink, just like her lips. I had to reach down and feel those big breasts before she sucked my cock.

I grabbed two big handfuls, squeezing that warm soft flesh, her firm nipples sliding across my palms. I squeezed again and Natasha moaned softly. I loved the feel of her nice, big natural breasts.

Natasha took my hands again, gave them a squeeze, then made me lean back in the seat. She reached forward and unbuckled my belt, unzipped my jeans, then unbuttoned them. My cock was already hard from the hot kiss, and it was throbbing.

Once Natasha got my jeans undone, she pulled them down around my ankles. Then she slid her hands up my bare thighs, driving me crazy as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of my boxer shorts and pulled them down. My cock popped out, standing straight up, rock hard and ready for action.

“Oh my,” Natasha said. “What a nice big cock you have.”

“The better to fuck you with,” I blurted out, feeling like a complete dork as soon as I said it.

Natasha giggled. “I didn’t expect nursery rhymes, but okay.”

She wrapped her hands around my cock, both hands, one on top of the other, sending more of those wonderful electric shocks through me. She started pumping my cock, masturbating me, slowly sliding those warm hands up and down and smiling at me as she did.

“Oh yeah,” I groaned.

“Does that feel good, Sam? I haven’t done it in a while.”

“So good, Natasha.”

She let go of my cock with one hand. “If you liked that, you’re really going to like this.” She leaned forward and took me in her hot mouth,

sealing her lips around the head of my cock and sucking hard, like she was trying to get a frozen milkshake started. She popped her lips off me and looked up, a big grin on her face.

“I do like that,” I said.

“Good,” Natasha said.

She took me in her mouth again, and this time she started bobbing her head. She went up and down my cock slowly at first, getting my head and shaft all wet and slick. Her hot mouth felt amazing.

Then she went faster, really bobbing, that dark brown ponytail bouncing behind her head. She went deeper, taking half my cock, then more, then even more. She took my entire length down her throat, held me in her mouth, then sputtered and came off me. She wiped her lips and smiled, proud of her sucking skills. My cock was all shiny and wet and twitching.

“I like having you in my mouth,” Natasha said. “It’s a challenge though.”

“You’re great at it,” I said.

“I’m so turned on from it. I’ve never been so horny after sucking a man’s cock.”

I liked that she called me a man, and she should, I was eighteen.

Natasha stood up, but leaned forward because her van didn’t have that kind of headroom. I was okay with that because when she leaned forward, that put her tits right in my face.

While she shoved her uniform down and stepped out of it, I took a pink nipple in my mouth and sucked it. I pulled it into my mouth and sucked hard, then I flicked it with my tongue then I sucked it hard again. I released it and was about to go to the other one, but Natasha had other plans.

She shimmied out of a pair of sexy white panties with some lace trim on the front that matched her bra. Once they were off I saw her neatly trimmed patch of dark pubic hair. Those little curls looked nice and soft, I couldn't help myself, I reached for them.

I ran my fingers over that patch of fuzzy hair, it was nice and soft, and it was warm and wet as well. I ran my fingers down to Natasha's pussy, up and down her wet lips and she shuddered.

I slid a finger inside her, easing it in, just up to the first knuckle and Natasha gasped, her hands squeezing my shoulders as she leaned over me.

"I need something bigger inside me," she said.

I grinned. I pulled my finger out and put my hands around her waist. She stepped onto the seat, squatting over me, hovering her pussy over my cock, those pink lips glistening with slick juices.

She reached for my cock with her right hand, grabbing my shaft. She sank down, just low enough to rub my swollen head back and forth along her lips. They were so soft, and I could feel the heat of her pussy. I wanted inside.

She finally put me in, and sank lower, letting me fill her tight pussy. Her slick walls squeezed me, and as she went lower she moaned and squeezed my shoulders with both hands again. She kept going, lower and lower, until she had my entire length inside her dripping, hot pussy.

I couldn't believe it. I had just met this hot MILF. I had just ended my relationship with Chloe. What a crazy day.

"Oh, it's so big," Natasha gasped.

I slid my hands up her sides, then around to her back, I pulled her close, her breasts squishing against my chest, and I kissed her again.

It was another long, hot, passionate kiss with Natasha eagerly sliding her tongue into my mouth. I loved it and I pushed right back with my tongue.

While we kissed, my hands were busy, sliding down to Natasha's full booty and squeezing those soft cheeks. Natasha had a nice big booty, with a lot to hold onto. I squeezed it again and again and kept my hands on it after she broke the kiss.

She smiled, still looking at me with those big green eyes, then she started rocking back and forth. She was riding me so gently.

"Oh yeah," she moaned. "I love you inside me."

I loved it too. Her tight pussy felt amazing and I was trying to pace myself. I didn't want to explode after just being in her pussy for a minute.

Natasha rocked back and forth faster, and soon enough, those gentle rocking movements became gentle bounces, those quickly became fast and hard bounces, Natasha's ass clapping against my thighs every time she came down on my cock.

"OH! OH! OH! OH! YES! YES! YES! YES!"

"OH FUCK!" I groaned.

My balls were full and tight.

I couldn't stop smiling as I looked at Natasha's big bouncing breasts right in front of me. I grabbed them again, it was the first time I'd let go of her ass while we fucked. I gave her big soft tits a good squeeze and I knew I couldn't last much longer.

But I didn't have to worry about that.

Just as Natasha was really starting to moan, my cock throbbing deep inside her, we heard a ferocious yell.

“What the fuck was that?” Natasha said, sinking down on my cock and staring at me wide-eyed.

“I dunno,” I said. “Sounded like a wild animal.”

I wasn't too concerned, we were inside a locked van. I wanted to get back to fucking, but Natasha slid off me and looked out the window. “I don't see anything. Frankie's gone home, his truck's gone.”

“Have you ever seen animals try to get into your dumpster?”

“No,” Natasha said.

“I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!”

“I don't think animals speak English,” Natasha said.

“And I don't think animals sound like Chloe,” I said.

“Your ex?”

“The one and only.”

Then we saw her standing right at the front of the van. Chloe was always a little bit crazy, but she looked totally crazy tonight. Her eyes were wild, her hair slicked back, it looked like it had been oiled like some guy in a mobster movie. Her body was oiled as well, and she was topless, wearing nothing but her denim shorts. One hand was inside those shorts, bulging the front obscenely. The other hand was at her side, holding a wooden baseball bat. This was not good.

“Oh shit,” I muttered.

“Is this going to be a problem?” Natasha asked, her voice trembling.

“I hope not,” I said.

But I was wrong.

Chloe marched right around to the driver's side of the van, yanked the bat over her shoulder, and swung for the fences. The glass shattered. I jumped on Natasha, trying to cover her from the spray.

I looked over my shoulder once the glass had settled and I saw Chloe lean inside the broken window, unlock the door, open it, and jump in the driver's seat. "Oh look at that," she said. "Key in the ignition."

"Chloe, what are you doing?"

She cackled, started the van, and put it in drive. She floored the accelerator, the tires spinning and squealing as we rushed out of the parking lot.

Chloe slammed her door shut, it had flopped around as she sped out of the parking lot. She looked over her shoulder, that crazed look still in her eyes, "this thing's got some pep."

"Chloe, stop the car."

"This is insane," Natasha said.

Chloe zoomed onto the road, thankfully the two-lane road was almost empty and Chloe headed away from town.

"Chloe, stop this," I said. "Why are you here?"

"Because we are not through."

"Yes we are," I said, gripping the seat and leaning forward. I wondered if I could lunge forward and shut off the car or put it in neutral or something. I couldn't just sit back on this wild ride.

"No we aren't," Chloe said defiantly.

"I thought you had a new guy," Natasha said. "The threesome guy."

"Jesus, Sam, did you just blab everything to your old hag!" Chloe said.

"She's not an old hag," I said.

"Whatever. That guy sucked anyway. I was all ready for him to fuck me, and he had a nice big hard cock, but we started fooling around and I started stripping for him and he took his cock out and stroked it a few times then he came. It shot out and hit my foot and ran between my toes. He was a

fucking premature cummer, Sam! So I said fuck him and now I'm taking you back."

Natasha squeezed my arm, but it wasn't like those other times she squeezed me. I felt the fear in her tight grip. Chloe was off her rocker, officially snapped. This was bad.

"Chloe! Stop this insanity right now!"

"What?" Chloe said. "Not having fun?" She started swerving the car, driving in the opposite lane.

I was glad it was late and a weeknight, that meant there was no traffic, no one for us to crash into.

"Stop the car, Chloe," I said.

"Or what?"

I had had enough. "Or I will." I lunged forward to grab the key, but Chloe saw me coming, she lunged to the right, knocking me against the passenger seat. I reached out and grabbed again. I got my hand on the wheel.

Chloe twisted it hard the opposite way, too hard.

Tires squealed.

Chloe screamed.

Natasha screamed.

I didn't have time to scream but I probably would have if I had seen the big tree we were about to slam into.

\* \* \*

"Oh fuck," I muttered, rubbing my side.



I heard a door open and shut. I heard other groans. I heard steam or something rushing from the engine compartment like a hissing snake, and some other fluid dripping onto the ground.

“You okay?” I asked.

“I think so,” Natasha said.

“Chloe?”

I climbed out of the passenger seat that I had fallen into and looked at the driver’s seat, but it was empty.

“Where the fuck is she?” I asked.

“I think I heard her leave.”

I looked out the broken window at the treeline just beyond the road. I didn’t see anything. Where the hell did Chloe go?

“Hand me my clothes,” I said.

Natasha handed me my clothes all in a bundle and while I put them on, she got back into her waitress uniform.

I got out of the car and walked around to the front. The grill was all crunched in and steam was coming out. That dripping I heard was coolant. The engine shut off right as I looked underneath the car. We would not be able to drive this thing.

“Great,” Natasha said, joining me.

“I’m really sorry,” I said.

“Not entirely your fault,” Natasha said.

“Yeah, where is that crazy woman?” I said. “She didn’t get ejected, did she?”

“I dunno,” Natasha said, looking all around.

The road was deserted, and out here it was nothing but woods, and they were pretty thick on both sides. A lone street light gleamed an eighth of a

mile down the road, any other light we got was from the moon which was full on this clear cool night.

“I guess...” I didn’t want to say it.

“We need to find her,” Natasha said. “But grab my phone first, we need to call a tow truck and insurance and all of that.”

“Where is it?”

“The front cupholder.”

I looked, but the cupholder was empty. I looked under the seats to see if it flew out during the crash, but I still couldn’t find it. I had a sinking feeling that I knew exactly what had happened to it. “I think Chloe took it.”

“Well give me yours.”

“Can’t,” I said. “It’s in my car back at the diner. I left it because I didn’t want to deal with any calls or texts from Chloe while I enjoyed my milkshake.”

“So now we’re royally fucked,” Natasha said.

“Let’s find Chloe.”

“Lead the way.”

I looked all around on both sides of the road, then I spotted a slight opening between two thin pine trees. “I guess she could’ve went that way.”

“Let’s try it,” Natasha said.

“She’s still got that bat, so be on high alert.”

“You really think she’d hit me?”

“I don’t know what she’d do,” I said.

We took a few steps into the woods and I found a nice big stick that had fallen from a tree.

“Are you going to hit her?” Natasha whispered. She was very close, right behind me.

“Only if she gives me a damn good reason to.”

I kept walking, going deeper into the trees, my sneakers crunching on fallen pine needles and leaves. I tried to be as quiet as possible, but it was much harder than I expected. This seemed like such a bad idea, but what else were we going to do, sit on the side of the road until someone drove by? Then we'd still have to go looking for Chloe.

“Hey there you two.”

I stopped at the sound of Chloe's voice. “Come out, Chloe, let's go back to the car.”

“Only on one condition,” she said, it sounded like she was to my left, but it was hard to tell in the dark trees, so many shadows were playing tricks on my eyes.

“What condition?” I asked.

“You gotta fuck me,” Chloe said. “You gotta fuck me good and hard and make me cum and you gotta do it right in front of that old hag.”

“Fuck no,” I said. “I'm not doing that, Chloe.”

I heard a shrieking roar from my left that got louder and louder. I held my stick in both hands, holding it away from my body horizontally.

The shrieking grew louder.

I saw a flash to my left as Chloe bolted out from between two bushes and ran right toward us. Her eyes wild. Her mouth wide open. Her big oily tits jiggling.

She swung that bat with both hands right at me. I had my stick ready, but the fallen branch I carried was no match for a solid baseball bat.

My stick shattered, only slowing down Chloe's hard swing. The bat hit my shoulder, sending hot streaks of pain shooting through me.

“Fuck!” I yelled out. “Stop this Chloe!”

I threw the ends of the stick away, then reached for her bat, grabbing it near the end and yanking it away.

“Give me that!” Chloe screamed.

Natasha ran by me and grabbed Chloe’s arms. “Just go back with us!”

“No!” Chloe shouted, breaking free of Natasha’s grasp and shoving her to the ground. Then turning and running deeper into the woods.

I ran to Natasha. “You okay?”

“Fine,” she said. “I couldn’t get a good hold on her, she’s slick as a greased pig.”

I stood up, watching Chloe through the trees, but as soon as Natasha got up I lost sight of my ex-girlfriend.

“Come on,” I said.

We tramped through the woods, getting scratched and poked by branches. I started walking with my hands out to try and catch those branches early, it seemed like they were out to get me. Rogue branches weren’t the only issue, vines would grab at our feet every few steps, bulging tree roots would try and trip us, rocks would make us stumble.

Then there were all the prickly bushes and briars. The woods were out to get us, and the only way this could get any worse was if we ran into a wild animal.

“How did she get through this stuff so quickly?” Natasha said.

“I dunno.”

We kept going though, no matter how slow the going got. The terrain was hilly, we’d go up for a bit, then down into a little valley, then up again.

“It really feels like we’re out in the wilderness,” Natasha said. “Hiking isn’t so bad as a first date.”

I grinned. I was in front of her still and she couldn't see it. "So this is a first date?"

"Yeah," Natasha said. "We just did the date backward. We started with some hot, naughty sex then we did the activity."

"That first part of our date was really good," I said.

"You mean the sex?"

"Yes."

Natasha giggled. "It was pretty darn good. I just wish we could've finished. I was so close."

"You weren't the only one."

"Aww, were we going to cum together?"

"Felt like it."

"Sam—"

"Did you hear that, Natasha?"

I stopped, turned around, and grabbed her arm so she'd be still. I could see her green eyes in the moonlight.

"Don't mess with me," she whispered.

"I wouldn't," I said.

I listened hard, but I didn't hear a thing, just the rustle of leaves on the trees as a slight breeze blew through the woods. I could've used a little more of a breeze, it was hot and I was sweating underneath my shirt.

"I guess I'm hearing things," I said. "Let's keep going."

Before I turned around I looked through the trees behind Natasha, trying to see that streetlight, but it was long gone.

How long had we been walking? Ten minutes? Twenty?

It was hard to tell.

I turned back around and started through the woods again, branches scraping at me, vines trying to trip me, and now it seemed we were in mosquito territory. They'd buzz my ears, then land on me and prick me, making me itch. Little bastards.

We were tromping along, making some decent progress when Natasha grabbed my arm.

I thought she was falling at first, but when I turned to look at her, her face was right in front of mine, just inches away. I stayed quiet, then I heard it.

A voice, a man's voice.

\* \* \*

I pointed in the direction I thought it was coming from and Natasha nodded. To me, it seemed like it was coming from the next little valley.

We crept up that short hillside and looked over. It was a small, open area of the woods, it looked like it had been cleared by hand.

A fire crackled in the middle of it, giving the entire area a yellowish-orange glow.

A man stood by the fire, tall and bald with what was left of his dark stringy hair all grown out and greasy. It went all the way to his mid-back.

He wore a stained white wife beater and he had a tattoo on the shoulder of his skinny arm. I couldn't tell from this distance, but I think it was a snake.

His baggy jeans were cinched tight at the waist with a black leather belt, and the knees were ripped. He wore chunky black leather boots with

buckles.

In his right hand, gleaming in the firelight, was a big Bowie knife.

A green canvas tent sat behind him, in places the tattered roof had been patched with silver duct tape and rags.

What was this guy, some kind of crazed hermit?

Natasha scooted right next to me, our shoulders touching. It would've been nice if we hadn't been watching such a terrifying scene unfold right in front of us.

We had both instinctively dropped to the ground when we saw the man, staying low and out of sight at the top of this little hill.

The greasy man slid his knife into a leather scabbard on his belt, then he turned and walked toward the tent. He threw the flap back and grinned.

He walked inside, then I heard him grunt. A moment later, he walked back out with Chloe, her hands tied behind her back, a dirty brown rag tied around her mouth, gagging her.

"Oh my God," Natasha muttered.

Of all the things for Chloe to wander into...

I leaned close to Natasha, "she's crazy and she crashed your van and she tried to smack us with a baseball bat but we have to save her."

Natasha nodded.

The man pushed Chloe forward, over by the fire, and he grabbed her bound wrists and yanked them up. He must've grabbed some rope in the tent as well, he was carrying it in his left hand. He tossed it over the lowest branch above Chloe's head and tied her wrists so they were up above her head.

He checked the knot twice, then he gave Chloe a long look.

She couldn't talk with that dirty rag in her mouth, but she could wiggle and groan and moan, and she did just that. She was trying to make a lot of noise, her eyes were shut and her body was shaking with each moan. The man just chuckled.

He pulled out his knife and held it up, that blade gleaming in the firelight. That blade was the only clean thing about him.

He slowly moved it forward and ran it down Chloe's chest, not cutting her, just sliding the point carefully along her smooth skin.

He was just having his fun, sliding that shimmering tip right down between Chloe's big slick breasts, gleaming in the firelight, then over to one nipple, circling it slowly.

Chloe shuddered, her eyes wide open now, staring at the knife. I couldn't make a move now, if I came out of the woods and scared the man he'd run that knife right through Chloe's guts and try to escape.

I whispered in Natasha's ear, "When he puts the knife away I'm going after him. Find a rock to smash him with. I'll wrestle him to the ground, he's not a big guy."

Natasha squeezed my arm and nodded slowly. She understood, but I could see the fear in her wide eyes.

The man's knife went lower, down Chloe's smooth stomach, then into her denim shorts, which were unbuttoned.

Of course I knew Chloe didn't have any panties on, so that knife tip was right against her mound. I could see her shoulders shaking. I could also see a bulge at the front of the greasy man's dirty jeans.

That freak was turned on.

He slid the knife deeper, then slowly pulled it out and held it up. The flat of the blade was wet with Chloe's juices.



He brought the blade closer to his face, stuck out his long tongue, and licked it clean, smiling and chuckling as Chloe watched in horror.

He sheathed the knife at his side and I tensed up, getting ready to rush into his camp. He reached out and grabbed Chloe's oily breasts, squeezing and groping them, his posture hunched over, his face just inches from Chloe's breasts as he mashed them with his dirty hands.

She was shuddering and shivering even more, fully repulsed by his touch.

I couldn't watch a second longer.

I burst up from the ground and ran down the short slope at full speed, dodging rocks and vines, letting branches smack me.

The man was so enthralled by Chloe's breasts he didn't see or hear me until I was halfway across the smooth dirt of his campsite.

He let go of Chloe and turned toward me. I saw him reach for his knife, but I was already there. The element of surprise on my side.

I dove shoulder first, slamming into his gut like a good football hit. I heard him wheeze as the air rushed from his lungs, then we hit the ground hard.

He clawed at my back, his fingernails cutting into my skin. I brought my knees up on his chest to try and hold him down, but the bastard grabbed a handful of dirt and threw it right in my face.

It burned my eyes and blinded me.

I should've ignored the pain and tried to hang onto him, but I reacted by putting my hands up to my face and trying to wipe my eyes clean.

Even though he was still wheezing for breath, that was just enough for him to shove me off. I landed on my side, very close to the fire. I could feel the heat on my back.

I jumped up, cleaning my eyes with my t-shirt and I saw the man hunched over, staring at me, still wheezing. He had drawn his knife and he held it in his right hand.

“The cops are coming,” I lied.

He grinned.

He had a scraggly beard that kinda covered his mouth. The few teeth he had were yellow and gross.

“They ain’t,” he said. “Now I got me a girl and a boy. Gonna have lots of fun tonight.”

“The fuck you are,” I said.

He lunged forward, his hand shooting out with that gleaming knife. I dodged, and he jerked back quickly.

It was like a boxing match as we circled around, staring at each other.

He lunged again, and this time I was ready for it. I threw a hard punch that landed right on his forearm and he yelped in pain and dropped the knife.

I immediately dove for it, hitting the ground and grabbing that knife, pulling it toward my chest. I was about to roll away, but the damn greaseball kicked me square in the back, and his boots were solid. I groaned as pain shot through me from my back out through my arms.

He leaned over me and chuckled, his putrid breath almost made me vomit. He tried to roll me over on my belly, but I lashed out with the knife, hitting his hand.

I saw a flash of red blood and it felt good to see it.

Chloe moaned excitedly.

I got to my feet and now I had the upper hand.

I had the knife.

But I lacked experience in knife fighting, and maybe I got a tad too eager. I lunged right at the man, hoping to drive the gleaming point of the knife right through his belly, but he dodged, grabbed my arm at the elbow and went straight to the ground.

My arm bent the wrong way and I dropped the damn knife. I jerked my arm back, hooking his, and trying to drag him across the ground with all my strength.

If I could just get a leg over him.

But I couldn't.

He saw my plan coming and he bent my arm again. He had me.

"Relax!" he said.

I started to struggle and he jerked my arm again. "Relax or I break it."

I reluctantly relaxed. That putrid breath crept in all around me, making my throat tighten.

I was angry at him and myself. If I had just been a little more patient I might've had a better chance of stabbing him.

"Guess I better slit your throat since you don't play nice. We coulda had fun, but no."

He grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked my head up.

He put the blade against my throat.

I heard him breathing hard, he was excited.

Then I heard the most sickening, crunching thud I had ever heard in my life, it was like a watermelon being busted with a hammer.

The cool blade fell away from my throat. The man's weight fell on me.

I quickly rolled over to shove him off and when I did warm blood ran down in my face. I shoved him off and wiped my face.

The man landed next to me. His eyes stared blankly up at the night sky, his tongue hanging out like a joke.

A bloody rock as big as a coconut was on the ground near my feet, and behind it stood Natasha.

I grinned. "Just in time, Natasha."

She held out her hands to help me up. As soon as I was on my feet I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a huge hug. "I should've given you a bigger tip back at the diner."

She finally said something. Well, she sorta giggled at least. Then Chloe started moaning loudly through her gag.

I walked over to my ex-girlfriend, took a deep breath, and let it out slowly. What a weird situation this had turned into. "Chloe, if I free you are you going to behave yourself?"

She nodded her head up and down frantically.

I pulled the rag from her mouth.

"I'm sorry," Chloe said. "Ohmygod! You saved me! Both of you! Do you know what he was gonna do to me! He told me all about his other victims, how he traveled from state to state and would hide out in the woods." Chloe took a heaving breath. "Ohmygod. Ohmygod. He tied me up and he was going to—"

"Relax, Chloe," I said.

Natasha put her hand on Chloe's shoulder.

I found the knife in the dirt and used it to cut the rope that held Chloe's arms above her head, then I used it to cut the ropes that bound her wrists. She immediately hugged me, pressing those oily breasts against my chest, squeezing me tight, and moaning softly. I eased her away from me and she

stood back, she moved her arms around and rubbed her wrists. “That feels so much better.”

“Good,” I said.

“I’m sorry,” Chloe said again, looking at me and Natasha, “I’m sorry about your van, I’m sorry about the baseball bat, and I’m sorry about wanting the threesome, Sam.”

“It’s okay,” I said. “Let’s get out of here and talk later.”

“Great idea,” Natasha said.

“What about him?” Chloe said. She shuddered as she pointed at the dead man.

“I know,” I said.

I walked over and grabbed his wrists. I pulled him over to the edge of the fire. He looked like a skinny guy, but he was actually quite heavy, and by the time I had dragged his dead weight over by the fire my back was aching. But the work wasn’t done.

I got on one side of him and rolled his body right into the fire. His arms flopped over his head out of the fire, and his feet weren’t quite in it either, but it was close enough. He went up pretty quickly too. He was pretty greasy.

“I can’t look,” Chloe said.

“Ugh,” Natasha groaned. “The smell, it’s like Frankie’s pork surprise at the diner.”

Chloe and I both groaned.

I put the knife in my belt. “Let’s get back to the van. Do you have Natasha’s phone, Chloe?”

Chloe looked down at the ground. “I tossed it when I was—”

“Being crazy?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you have your cell phone?”

“It was the first thing he took,” Chloe said, nodding toward the snapping and crackling fire. “He crushed it with his big ugly boot.”

“Damn,” I said. “Well, let’s just get back to Natasha’s van.”

We trudged through the woods. I led the way, the girls right on my heels.

And we promptly got lost.

It was easy to get turned around back there, and we had no idea where we were going. I followed a trail that I thought was the same one we’d been down, but it wasn’t.

We wandered through those woods for an unknown amount of time, it felt like hours, and I had been whacked and scraped by so many branches and tripped up by so many vines and roots I was about to just sit down and wait for someone to find us or starve to death, whatever came first.

But that was the moment I saw a flickering blue light. The unmistakable blue light of a cop car.

I rushed through the woods, not even caring about the branches scraping at me. I heard Natasha and Chloe right behind me. We were like a pack of wild beasts with one common goal, get out of these woods.

We burst out from between two bushes and stared at a state police officer sitting in his car. He was blocking the road.

I started toward his car.

“Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!” he said, stepping out and putting his hand on his weapon.

“We were driving that van,” I said.

He stared at all three of us, I had loaned my shirt to Chloe so she wasn't topless.

"Y'all look like hell," he said.

I shrugged.

"What did you go in the woods for?"

We told him the whole thing. Chloe did mostly, Natasha and I adding our own details at times.

"Shit," he said when we were done. He hurried around to the back of his car, popped the trunk and handed us some nice thick blankets and a few bottles of water. He was busy on his radio, calling in all the details.

A supervisor showed up and we gave him our statements. Natasha's van got towed. The policeman said he figured it was totaled. He gave us all a ride home.

\* \* \*

Back home, I didn't sleep much that night. I kept seeing Chloe all tied up, that gleaming knife running up and down her body. I could feel that greasy guy on top of me, trying to gut me. I could hear that sickening crunch when Natasha caved his head in with that rock. Crazy.

I sat up in bed and ran my hands through my hair. I grabbed my cell phone and tried to distract myself. It didn't work.

I tried to go back to sleep, but it didn't last long, I tossed and turned all night and my room felt hot and humid and uncomfortable. I finally just waited until morning, then got up and went about my day.

\* \* \*

A few hours later, after getting up and doing some chores and walking around a bit at home I was starting to feel pretty good. Chloe had texted me with her mom's phone and said she wanted to go to The Moonlight Diner, she'd somehow talked to Natasha who told Chloe she'd like to meet us there. Natasha wouldn't be working, but she said it was a place she felt safe. Chloe thought it would be a good idea to see her. So did I.

I picked Chloe up a few hours later, after I shaved, took a long hot shower, and put on a clean pair of jeans and a gray t-shirt. I sat in my old sedan right in front of Chloe's, that new car scent air freshener still filled the interior.

Chloe came right out of her house as soon as I texted. She looked nice in a dark blue top and jean shorts, neither were exceptionally tight like she used to wear, but she still looked good. She took it easy on the makeup as well, but her blonde curls were still wild. Overall, it was a great look for her.

"Hey, Sam," she said as she got in my car.

"Hey, Chloe," I said. "How are you?"

She shrugged. "Good as can be."

"Same here," I said.

"Did you have nightmares?" Chloe asked. "About it?"

"Yeah," I said, "I woke up at two a.m., couldn't really get back to sleep afterward for more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time."

"Pretty much the same here," Chloe said.



“Maybe it will get better,” I said.

“Hope so,” Chloe said. “Let’s go see Natasha.”

“Okay.”

I put the car in drive and pulled away from Chloe’s house. We rode silently, just listening to music all the way to The Moonlight Diner.

\* \* \*

I pulled into the lot and parked near the door. We both got out and I held the front door for Chloe.

“Thank you,” she said, flashing me a cute smile.

As soon as I walked in, the wonderful smells took me back to the first time I saw Natasha. Frankie, the cook, was behind the counter slaving away, and coming around the corner in a simple pair of jeans and a white and blue checked shirt with the sleeves rolled up was Natasha.

Chloe couldn’t resist hugging Natasha, and neither could I. We’d been through a lot together and it just felt right.

After the hugs, Chloe chose a booth near the door, one with a big window looking out into the parking lot.

“You look good,” Chloe said to Natasha.

“Thanks,” Natasha said. “So do you, quite pretty actually.”

“Thank you,” Chloe said.

“You guys want something to eat or drink?” Natasha asked.

“Maybe later,” I said.

Chloe shook her head.

“So how are you guys doing?” Natasha asked.

“Not bad,” Chloe said.

I shrugged. “I guess pretty good.”

“You know what we need,” Natasha said.

“What?” I asked.

“Something so exciting it overwhelms all those bad memories. We need to make a good memory, just the three of us.”

“A good memory?” Chloe said. “What do you have in mind?”

“Let me make us some milkshakes, then I’ll tell you my plan.”

\* \* \*

Three days later I pulled up to the Grand Palisade Hotel, the fanciest place in town. I had a room key that had been mysteriously left on my windshield wiper the day before, a note was with it with a time and Natasha’s name.

I put my car in park and got out. I looked up at the towering tan building. So many windows.

I noticed lots of luxury cars in the parking lot as I made my way to the front door. It was a huge glass door with gold handles, but as I reached for one of those handles the door opened automatically.

I walked in, greeted by a rush of cool, conditioned air and a clean, flowery scent. A man in a dark red suit greeted me. He had a big nose and a big smile. “Checking in, sir?”

I pulled my room key from my pocket. “Already got a room.”

“Very well,” he said. “Have a nice day, sir.”

“Thank you,” I said.

I walked over the soft carpet to the elevators. The number on the key was 354, so when I stepped into the elevator by myself I hit the round number three, lighting it up. The inside of the elevator was dark wood paneling and gold trim. It was so smooth I could barely tell it was moving.

It gently came to a stop and dinged softly, the doors separating for me to walk out into a hallway with more soft carpet. I saw a sign with an arrow pointing me in the direction of rooms 350-359.

I found 354 and knocked, then stuck my key in the lock, waited for the green light, then opened it and walked in.

The room was so nice and clean, the tile floors gleaming as I walked in, the room smelled like a field of fresh flowers and when I turned the corner and saw the big bed I stopped and smiled.

The bed was great, a big king-sized bed with a red comforter, but it wasn't the bed that made me smile, it was what was on that bed, Natasha and Chloe, both in nothing but high heels and panties, sitting side by side and smiling at me.

“Hi, Sam,” Chloe said.

“Hi, Chloe.”

“Hello, Sam,” Natasha said in her sultry MILF voice.

“Hey, Natasha,” I said, smiling.

“Ready to make some memories?” Natasha asked.

“You bet I am,” I said, my eyes feasting on the sight of Natasha and Chloe's naked bodies.

“Well get naked,” Chloe said. “Or do you want some help?”

Chloe didn't wait for me to answer, she crawled toward me and started unbuckling my belt, looking up at me and smiling. Natasha got off the bed,

walked over, and pulled my shirt off. She tossed it, then leaned in for a nice, long kiss.

I loved how Natasha would slip her tongue into my mouth, teasing me, pulling it back. I'd chase after it with my tongue. We were still kissing when I felt a wonderful warmth around my cock. I broke the kiss and looked down, smiling as I saw Chloe looking up at me with her lips wrapped around my shaft, slowly bobbing her head back and forth as I grew to my full hardness in her hot sucking mouth.

"Here, babe," Natasha said, grabbing her tits and squeezing them together. I leaned forward and took Natasha's firm left nipple in my mouth, sucking it hard, flicking it with my tongue, and really enjoying it.

I wasn't done, but Natasha pulled my face away from her chest, then she nudged Chloe off my cock. "Let's get on the bed."

I jumped right on, landing next to Chloe, bouncing her and making her giggle.

"I want to keep sucking his big cock," Chloe said.

"I'm going to sit on his face and put that tongue to work," Natasha said.

"Looks like you've both got it all figured out," I said as the girls repositioned themselves.

"We sure do," Chloe said as she got between my legs, opened wide, and took me in her warm wet mouth again. She started quickly bobbing her head, those blonde curls flying as she sucked my cock.

Natasha straddled my chest, a big grin on her face as she eased forward. I grabbed her ass and squeezed, pulling her right up to my face.

Natasha's scent nearly overwhelmed me, making my cock twitch and throb in Chloe's warm mouth. I kissed her pink pussy lips, then licked and nibbled them, getting a taste of her sweet juices.

Natasha spread her lips with her fingers, showing me that swollen clit that demanded my attention. I put my mouth on that little fleshy nub and Natasha started moaning. I sucked and kissed and flicked it, really going at it, and going even faster the more Natasha moaned.

“YES! YES! YES! YES! OOOHHHHHH!”

Natasha quivered, then she rolled off me, gasping, her chest rising and falling as she relaxed on the bed next to me, she sat up, leaned over, and gave me a big kiss, then she licked her juices off my lips and chin.

“Come on,” she said, pulling me up.

My cock slipped out of Chloe’s mouth as I got to my knees. Chloe spun around on all fours, her nice round ass facing me. She looked over her shoulder and smiled. “Ready to fuck me, Sam?”

“Always ready,” I said as my cock slid up her crack and she wiggled her big ass.

Natasha was right at my side, she grabbed my shaft and rubbed my swollen head up and down Chloe’s wet pussy lips before sliding me in. She was so hot and tight, I sighed as I slid deep inside her clenching pussy.

“Yes,” Natasha said, watching closely.

“Oh fuck!” Chloe gasped.

I gripped her ass and slid all the way in. Her tight pussy felt incredible. Before I could even get started, Natasha grabbed my face again, both her hands on my cheeks, and turned me toward her for another long, hot kiss.

I don’t know about Chloe and Natasha, but this was one incredible experience for me. I couldn’t believe I was fucking these two hotties.

Natasha broke the kiss with me, then went down to Chloe’s side. I grabbed Chloe’s hips and started pumping, sliding in and out of her wet pussy, my cock slick and shiny, covered in her juices.

I thought Natasha was going down to kiss Chloe, but she was doing something much naughtier than that. While I pumped in and out of Chloe's pussy, Natasha leaned over, spread Chloe's cheeks, and ran her tongue all around the hot blonde's pink hole. I grinned down at her and she grinned right back at me, Chloe was gasping and moaning.

Once Natasha moved out of the way and went to kiss Chloe on the lips I really started pumping, working my way up to a good rhythm, my balls smacking Chloe with each hard, quick thrust.

*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*

OH! OH! OH! OH!

She was so wet, and her slick pussy was starting to quiver when I slid deep inside her. She broke her kiss with Natasha and looked over her shoulder. "YES SAM! I'M GETTING CLOSE! YES! YES!"

I kept going, harder and faster, my balls were full and tight, my cock throbbing. I couldn't hold back, and when Chloe screamed, I roared, my balls clenching. I exploded inside her pussy, spurting thick streams of hot cum deep inside her, spurting again and again, squeezing her hips, groaning as my cock pulsed in her hot pussy.

"Oh fuck," I gasped, still holding on.

Chloe had buried her face in the comforter, she looked over her shoulder, her eyes dreamy, and smiled at me.

As I eased out, Natasha jumped right in between us and started lapping my load straight from Chloe's pussy.

"Oh my God," Chloe said. "That feels wonderful."

Natasha licked it all up and swallowed it down. I watched, leaning back on a big soft pillow and smiling.

When Natasha finished up, she turned toward me. “You aren’t done yet, are you?”

I grinned. “Seriously?”

“I need to get fucked too,” Natasha said.

“I’m good with that,” I quickly said.

Natasha crawled up between my legs, took my soft cock in her mouth, and started sucking. She sucked my cock hard, just like she was trying to suckstart one of her own famous milkshakes. She got me stiff in a matter of seconds, and I put my hands in her silky brown hair as her head bobbed up and down in my lap.

Chloe got up from the end of the bed, turned around, and buried her face in Natasha’s pussy. Natasha’s eyes got big and she moaned, but she kept my cock in her mouth and kept right on sucking. It was incredible.

Once I was nice and stiff, Natasha popped her lips off me and smiled. “Ready for some hot MILF pussy?”

“Always,” I said.

Chloe crawled toward me on all fours, leaned in from the side, and kissed me. I tasted Natasha’s sweet juices on her tongue and lips. It was great. When we broke the kiss, Chloe got on her knees and put her tits in my face, giving me a moment to suck on her big beautiful nipples.

While I sucked and licked Chloe’s big breasts, Natasha had her hand around my cock and the moment I felt her warm pussy against my tip I had to break away from Chloe and watch as the hot MILF sank down on me.

“Oh fuck!” Natasha gasped. “God it feels good.”

“I was thinking the very same thing,” I said.

“He has such a nice cock,” Chloe said. “Fuck her, Sam. She needs it.”

I bucked my hips and Natasha moaned with delight. She started rocking back and forth, then she started quickly bouncing, really getting going and giving that big bed a workout.

In the past, Chloe had ridden me like this on my bed at home, and that poor thing creaked and groaned to the point I thought it was going to come apart, although it never did. This big king-sized bed was much more solid.

“OH! OH! YES! YES!” Natasha moaned as she bounced higher and faster. “OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!”

I bucked my hips along with Natasha’s firm bounces. Chloe was by her side, squeezing those big MILF tits and egging me on to fuck Natasha harder and faster.

The hot MILF let out the loudest moan of the day, arched her back, and trembled. I gripped her hips, not letting her slide off as I bucked my hips.

She squirmed out of my grasp and rolled off me, gasping and moaning.

Chloe jumped right in, leaning forward and sucking my cock, moaning loudly, I think she just loved the taste of Natasha’s juices.

I got up and crawled up behind Natasha. I lifted her hips off the bed and this time it was Chloe guiding my cock into the hot MILF.

I slipped back into her creamy pussy easily. I grabbed her hips and started pumping. She was already moaning.

“OH! OH! OH! OH! YES!” She buried her face in the comforter, just like Chloe.

And speaking of the hot blonde, Chloe went down to the end of the bed, got on her knees right in front of Natasha, and pulled her face up so they could kiss while I was pumping in and out of the hot MILF’s pussy.

It was so hot, everything. Having these two women was amazing.



I kept pumping, wishing I could last forever, but my balls were full and tight again, and deep down I felt that familiar urge. I knew I couldn't last much longer in Natasha's tight pussy.

"OH FUCK! OH FUCK! OH FUCK! OOOHHHHHH!" Natasha yelled.

I kept pumping, her pussy quivering around my cock. I was groaning, and so was Chloe. She was right in front of Natasha, a hand down between her legs frantically fingering her pussy. Natasha was gripping Chloe's other hand tightly.

"I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!" Natasha yelled.

Her pussy squeezed my throbbing cock. Natasha's body tightened up, then trembled. I couldn't last a second longer.

My balls clenched. I roared as I unloaded in the hot MILF's pussy, sliding in deep, my pulsing cock sending spurt after spurt of hot cum deep inside her quivering pussy.

I groaned, cumming hard, squeezing Natasha's hips, finishing inside her as my heart raced.

I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around her, feeling her chest as she took deep breaths. She was kissing Chloe again. When they broke apart, Chloe leaned over Natasha's shoulder and gave me a slow, sweet kiss, then when we broke apart, Natasha turned her head for a kiss from me.

\* \* \*

A few minutes later, we were all on the bed, all three of us still naked and sticky under the covers. Chloe had raided the minibar, she had a cherry soda for herself, a lemon-lime for me, and a cola for Natasha. She was breaking

apart a small chocolate candy bar and hand feeding me and Natasha. It was good, it was filled with caramel, very sweet, but not as sweet as Chloe or Natasha.

Natasha sipped her soda again, then put it on the bedside table. “Now that’s how the three of us should spend our time together.”

“For sure,” I said.

“I guess I finally got my threesome,” Chloe said. “And you know what, I like it with another girl.”

“Good,” Natasha said. “We’re doing it again. How about next weekend.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said. “But I have one request.”

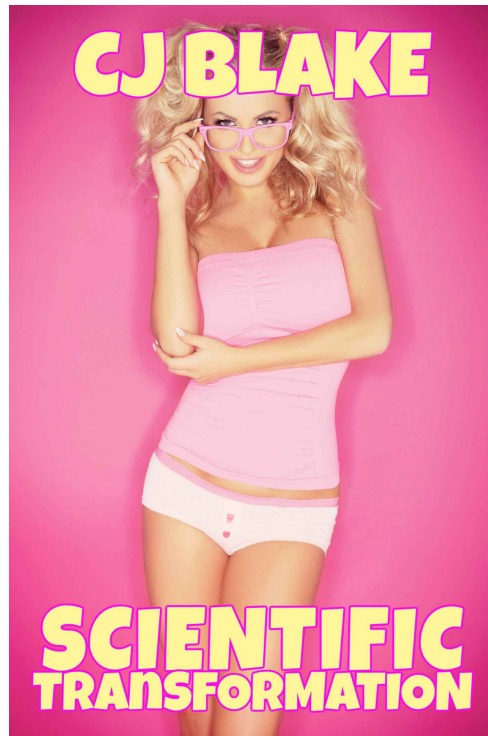
“Name it,” Natasha said.

“How about a cheaper hotel.”

The girls all laughed, then Chloe finished off the chocolate bar and dove under the covers. Natasha joined her and a moment later I felt two hot mouths on either side of the tip of my cock. I put my hands behind my head and smiled. The rest of this summer was going to be amazing.

## Also by CJ Blake

Thank you for reading! Here are three more stories you might like!



### **Scientific Transformation**

<https://tinyurl.com/d3cavww5>

Roger Ballinger is a nerdy science teacher who has never had any luck with girls. But one day an experiment gone wrong changes his college prep class

into a bunch of horny bimbos. These eighteen-year-old beauties are ready for action, and the only man available is lucky Mr. Ballinger.

The nerdy girl, Rachel, obsessed with fantasy novels about witches and wizards becomes a busty brunette that would make even the oldest wizard take a second look. Then there is Amelia, the squared-away blonde who plans every second of her day and questions everything, she becomes a sporty blonde gym bunny who now prances around class in tight shorts and sports bras that show off all her new assets. Last but not least is Sophia, the raven-haired know-it-all, who always has the answers. Her transformation into a ravishing young beauty is enough to leave any egg-head speechless.

But it's not all fun and games, Principal Neetz knows something is up with Ballinger's class, and he won't stop until he figures out what Ballinger has done. Then there is the mystery of how the transformation happened in the first place.

Don't miss the latest sex comedy adventure from CJ Blake.



## **The Magic Pencil**

<https://tinyurl.com/yc3a8jZy>

While drawing his favorite subject, a hot babe, Wade broke a pencil. That led him on a simple trip to the art store to buy a pencil, but that trip changed Wade's life forever.

Mick's Art shop was like no store Wade had ever visited. And the dark-haired beauty who helped him, Maryse, was like no woman he had ever met.

Her gift to him, a magic pencil with a special power that Wade put to use immediately.



## Miss Peterson's Pie

<https://tinyurl.com/2cpz6dh5>

Patrick and Brayden have one thing on their minds.

SEX!

That's right. Patrick and Brayden need to get laid.

They are eighteen, live in the suburbs, and neither one wants to go to college a virgin.

So what do they do?

Brayden finds a helping hand at the local ice cream shop leaving Patrick on his own.

But Patrick finds something better, the hot blonde MILF next door, the mature, curvy, Miss Peterson, and it just so happens she needs the help of a virile young man.

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