

Lynda Weismeier

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By : **GlobeTwo**

Lynda Weismeier, Playboy Playmate of the Month July 1982 and Hollywood starlet, in her many adventures.



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Lynda Weismeier : Chapter 1

Lynda Weismeier was having the time of her life in the summer of 1982. Her centerfold had come out and she was staying at the mansion enjoying plenty of sun and plenty of parties. She felt like a queen with all the attention she was getting and she had really been looking forward to the party tonight, a benefit for the Public Justice Legal Center. 250 lawyers paid \$1,000 each to support pro-bono work and mingle with celebrities and beautiful centerfolds on the grounds of the Playboy Mansion.

She'd spent most of the party giving tours of the mansion to rich lawyers willing to pay \$500 each for the privilege. The money went to the charity and Lynda felt like she was doing a good deed, plus she was meeting plenty of wealthy handsome men. As an added bonus she did the tour dressed in one of the sexy outfits she wore in her playmate layout and posed on the set used for the shoot.

After a few hours of this fun Lynda had to go to a changing room in the studio to switch clothes. Since this was her month, as Miss July, the teenage beauty had a special part in the charity auction. A group of playmates were auctioning off activities like a dance, or a private tour of the mansion, but also stunts like playing spin the bottle with a set of playmates, or passing a Life Saver candy with a toothpick. The winner of Lynda's auction would eat a bowl of Jell-O with her; even as she got ready Lynda smiled as she pictured what would happen.

Standing in front of a mirror the beautiful young playmate examined her fresh warm body. She was only wearing a brief white bikini bottom. She tied a sheer white sarong around her waist, letting it hang low on her hips so plenty of her flat belly would be exposed. She took one of her luscious mounds in each hand. Her skin was tanned except for the milky white of her lovely teenaged breasts. In contrast was the pink and red glow of her perky nipples.

She pulled a white wife beater shirt over her head; the thin fabric stretched tight over the curves of her mounds, her nipples poking through. So short was the shirt that it hung just over the curves of the bottom of her breasts.

Lynda's golden yellow hair hung in waves around her pretty and innocent face; her eyes couldn't help but sparkle with mischief and delight. Each of her shapely calves stretched out and slipped on a flat sandal, emphasizing her petite but curvaceous 36-22-36 body. She turned and looked over her shoulder, jiggling her delicious round ass. The gossamer threads of the sarong revealed sweet hints in the curves of her plump thighs and bottom.

Blowing herself a giggly kiss she practically skipped out of her room and down the hall. She could hear the music and hum of the party and she got more excited and more breathless as she hurried to the Great Hall.

An electric charge was in the crisp night air; the moon hung low, a thin red crescent in the clear starry sky. The party was a throng of prosperous and fit men and women enjoying rich food, fine liquor, and each other. A scent of sex was in the air.

Lynda saw some of her girlfriends across the room and hurried towards them. Wriggling through the crowd she accidentally bumped a man's arm and the drink he was holding splashed a little. Some wine fell on her breast immediately turning the cloth around the nipple almost invisible. Some wine fell onto his pants leg.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lynda cried. She blushed but an idea flashed across her face as a waiter walked by with more drinks. She grabbed a napkin from his tray and began to pat the wet spot on the man's thigh. His cock

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eagerly sprang to life and she instantly saw the bulge under his pants. Her pretty young face was now scarlet. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she gushed now in embarrassment. She dropped the napkin and pressed her delicate fingers to her lips.

A stunning brunette was standing next to the man and had her arm under his. "You seem a little nervous, sweetheart," she chuckled softly.

Lynda's lovely head bent down in shame and then she saw the soaking spot on her tight thin shirt and the practically bare breast underneath. She crossed her arms protectively and turned to escape.

His hand held her elbow, "Wait, don't go." He brought her around to face the other woman. "Barbara, this is the girl I was telling you about, the one I'm going to bid on; this is Lynda Weismeier." He turned to grin at the still blushing playmate.

Barbara was perhaps an inch shorter than the petite Lynda but her body was also a dream of soft lines and curves. She wore a tight black dress that highlighted her stunning figure. She had the looks to be a playmate herself by the expensively elegant dress she wore identified her as another powerful lawyer. She looked at Lynda with one eyebrow raised and a quietly hungry smile on her face. The young blonde's face glowed red as Barbara's intentions were made clear by the flicker in her eyes.

Feeling trapped under Barbara's lustful gaze, Lynda glanced over to the man. He had a wide eager grin on his face and was holding out his hand in greeting. "Hi, I'm Matthew."

Towering over the two gorgeous girls, Matthew exuded confidence and power. He was dressed in a casual light summer suit that was discreetly expensive, signaling his vast wealth without being flashy. He was fit and tanned and his shaved head added to his commanding presence. Before he could speak again a waiter came over and explained to Lynda that it was her turn in the auction. All three hurried to the stage.

A small jazz combo was playing and when the host saw Lynda approach he waved them to close the number. "Ladies and gentlemen, we now have the last auction of the evening and I know you've been looking forward to this as much as I have. Let's hear it for the fabulous Miss July, the lovely Lynda Weismeier."

Several pairs of hands helped her to the stage and the crowd went berserk when it caught sight of the sexy young playmate. Lynda turned slowly to display her dazzling body revealed in the skimpy white outfit. The host tried calm the din but another roar burst out in appreciation of a slight jiggle of her curvy ass.

The host was holding a small bowl of Jell-o up, "OK, OK, you all know what this is for." Cheers and hoots and knowing glances circulated through the mob. Lynda giggled prettily.

The bidding was fast and furious; the price for playing with Miss July quickly jumped to \$5,000. Matthew bid frequently and in a flourish decided to destroy his competition. "Six thousand dollars," he said firmly. Lynda smiled down at him as the crowded murmured its approval.

That bid seemed to do the trick and Matthew grinned as the auction spiraled down. "Going once, going twice..."

"Seven thousand," rang out another voice. The crowd seemed to part to reveal to Lynda's new suitor. She gasped when she realized the new bidder was Barbara. Barbara blew a kiss up to the pretty blonde on the stage.

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Matthew glanced over to his friend.½ He ran his hand over the top of his bald head in a nervous gesture; he knew his friend well enough to know that he was defeated but he tried anyway.½ "Seven five."

"Eight."

"Nine."

"Ten thousand dollars for the sweet pretty girl," sang out Barbara happily.

Matthew bowed in salute to his rival and the gavel came down.½

An eerie quiet came over the crowd as Barbara sultrily strutted to the stage; she wore a satisfied smirk on her face.½ Lynda was almost trembling as the dark beauty locked the timid young girl in her gaze.

Barbara sat in a chair on the stage and two girls dressed as bunnies led Lynda over to her.½ The host was talking but the two beauties were ignoring him as they watched each other.½ Lynda lifted one leg and straddled Barbara's hips. Her skirt was hiked up and she could feel the warmth of Barbara's bare legs against her plump thighs.½ Their pelvises were jammed together and the heat of Barbara's sex burned against the fabric of Lynda's bikini bottom.

Smiling with satisfaction, Barbara wriggled her body into Lynda as she reached around the young girl's waist and locked her fingers to hold her in place.½ "This is going to be fun," the dark haired beauty whispered.

Suddenly the cold slimy Jell-o poured between Lynda's breasts.½ Barbara's face dove into

the young girl's cleavage and she didn't even bother to lick the Jell-o; her mouth bit and kissed Lynda's soft creamy mounds as if they were the desert. She kept her arms locked around her victim's slender waist.

Between the cool stickiness of the Jell-o and the moist heat of Barbara's voracious mouth Lynda was lost in strange erotic sensations she never knew before.½ The crowd's excited whispers as they watched Barbara maul the pretty young girl seemed to urge both Barbara and Lynda on to even more wild writhing.½ Lynda had never been touched by a woman this way but her head dropped down and her wavy hair tumbled down off her shoulders as her chest jutted forward into Barbara's hungry mouth.½ The last thing Lynda saw before closing her eyes in bliss was Matthew staring at her with evil lust.

The crowd began to clap in rhythm as Lynda bucked against Barbara.½ Her breasts were sore and red as they were devoured and sucked by the brunette.½ Barbara's tongue darted under the fabric and she bit on the young girl's ripe nipples through the shirt.

With reluctance the host finally broke up this game; the bunnies lifted Lynda off of Barbara's lap and her lips made a popping sound as the nipple was pulled from her mouth.½½ When Lynda stood, the front of her shirt was stained with Jell-O.½ The host handed Barbara a hose and told her to spray down the girl which she did with glee.½ Lynda's flimsy clothes all but disappeared in the soaking and her white tan lines made her look even more sexy.½ With a hardy laugh Barbara turned the hose on herself; now her black dress was transparent too, revealing her firm breasts and thick bush.½ The bellow of the crowd was uncontrollable and the bunnies hustled the two beauties to the back of the stage to a cabana a few feet away, telling the girls they could find some dry clothes there.

Once inside Lynda crossed the room then turned and looked at Barbara.½½ The brunette padded over to where the young girl was standing. "Did you have fun out there?" she asked as she reached up to brush a stray strand of hair away from Lynda's face. "We don't have to stop you know."

The pretty playmate's heart skipped a beat as the meaning of the words hit her full force. "You mean..."

"Yes." She sat on the day bed and pulled Lynda down with her, her arms hugging the sweet beauty as she gently laid her back on the soft mattress. All the blood rushed to her head as Barbara's lips touched hers for the first time. It was like she was suffocating... like she couldn't breathe, but it wasn't born of fear or disgust. The powerful emotion of being in a woman's i_l½arms for the first time was overwhelming.

When Barbara broke the kiss and looked down at Lynda with her soft blue eyes, it was as if the world had suddenly shifted. She smiled and grasped the hem of the damp t-shirt and pulled it up and off. Her black dress joined Lynda's shirt on the floor, and Lynda's eyes were drawn to Barbara's breasts. It was almost like staring in the mirror. They were round and full, drooping very slightly on her chest from the weight. The only difference was her large areola and flat nipples were light brown instead pink.

Lynda unconsciously licked her lips and Barbara laughed lustily. "Like what you see?"

"Yes," Lynda whispered as she hesitantly reached out to touch them. Even though they were heavy and firm, they were still soft, and her fingers sunk into them when she squeezed. Barbara sat there and let the innocent blonde explore her breasts, her eyes closing as Lynda's thumb grazed over a nipple. She watched in amazement as it hardened beneath her touch.

Barbara opened her eyes and took Lynda's hands in hers and pulled them up above her head. "Leave them there," she murmured in her ear as she bent forward. A shiver raced up her spine as Barbara's hair tickled her face and intensified when her lips brushed across Lynda's earlobe and then down her neck. As she cupped Lynda's breast, a soft moan oozed from the young girl; there was no way Barbara couldn't feel the thunderous beating of Lynda's heart as her lips skimmed across the swell.

The blonde gasped; a bolt of electricity surged through her body. Barbara's tongue, flicking out, had made teasing contact with the girl's nipple. It swirled around the pink peak, coaxing it to stiffen and sending tingles of pleasure straight to Lynda's pussy. Lynda moaned softly as the woman did the same to the other nipple, and the blonde squeezed her thighs together instinctively, sending another jolt of quivering pleasure through her tender body. When Barbara released the erect bud from her mouth, Lynda's pink peaks throbbed with need, and she arched against her lover, wanting more.

Barbara lay on her, her breasts pressing against the girl's soft mounds as she stroked her soft fresh face. Leaning down, she pressed her lips to Lynda's. Her tongue licked across her bottom lip, and Lynda opened her mouth hungrily. They moaned together as their tongues danced, the slow sensuous movements of the fleshy muscles growing more frantic as the kiss deepened. Barbara's fingers tangled in the blond tresses as they reveled in the passion of their mouths mating. When the kiss ended, both of them were breathing heavily, and Barbara's ocean eyes were glazed with lust.

She kissed down Lynda's shimmering skin, drawing whimpered moans from her victim when her fingers found the young girl's nipples and squeezed as she slid downwards. Lynda's belly quivered and her stomach did a flip when Barbara grabbed the drawstring of the white sarong and pulled it open. Lynda raised her ass from the bed, and Barbara yanked the skirt down her legs and tossed it aside.

Pressing her hands against the inside of Lynda's thighs, Barbara nudged them open. A slight flush crept across Lynda's cheeks as Barbara's eyes glanced at the thin strip of white cotton between her legs. Lynda knew her arousal was evident because she could feel the dampness of the material clinging to her pussy lips. Barbara lay between her spread legs and buried her face in the juncture of Lynda's trembling thighs.

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A tremor ran through the young girl when the lips pressed against the crotch of her bikini briefs. She sucked on the fabric, drawing the tangy juices from them. The taste stoked her lust, and she curled her fingers in the elastic and yanked them off Lynda in one fluid motion. Lynda's stunning sex was now revealed; the almost strawberry blonde curls of her bush glistened with her dewy juices, the lips were red and swelling with desire. Barbara lunged back between the playmate's thighs, and Lynda jerked as the woman licked from the bottom of her pussy lips to the top.

Her tongue stabbed between them, flicking across the clit, and Lynda cried out as heat speared her pussy. Sliding up the young girl's sides, Barbara's hands caressed her skin as she sought her breasts. She kneaded them softly as she feathered Lynda's clit with strokes of varied pressure. The pleasure building within Lynda blotted out everything else. The only sensations gripping her were Barbara's fingers tweaking and pinching her nipples and her tongue slathering the engorged clit.

Lynda bucked on the bed, grinding her pussy against Barbara's mouth as small tremors quaked within them both. One of Barbara's hands left her breast and a moan ripped from Lynda when a finger pushed inside her throbbing pussy. As the tender blonde girl fucked against the one finger, Barbara added a second and then a third. She plastered her lips over the clit and sucked hard, and Lynda screamed as her pussy rippled reflexively around the woman's fingers. Her hungry suckling ignited an explosion, and Lynda shook and trembled with the spasms wracking her body. She kept sucking and fucking the young girl until the tremors subsided and the only movement of Lynda's body was the heaving of her delicious chest.

Barbara slid back up Lynda's body and kissed her, the tangy taste of pussy juices noticeable on her lips. As their tongues swirled around each other, Lynda brought her arms around Barbara and rolled until Barbara was on her back and she was on top of her. Now it was Lynda's turn to explore a woman's body and bring her lover pleasure. Barbara's eyes were wide in excited expectation.

A knock on the door changed the mood. A soft voice on the other side whispered, "Lynda, it's time for your curfew."

Now looking at Lynda with questioning eyes, Barbara pouted in disappointment. "What's going on?" she whispered.

Now Lynda was pouting. "Because I'm playmate of the month I have a curfew. They want to keep track of where I am." She scrambled off the bed and grabbed a white robe.

"Wait," Barbara called out, but it was too late. Lynda was out the door.

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In the history of the Playboy Mansion several men stand out as legends, men who have used the playmates staying there as their own personal harem, some famous men like Shel Silverstein or Wilt Chamberlain or James Cann, but also discreet men you've never heard of.

Paul was one of those men. He was a successful lawyer and enjoyed the finest of cars, wine, and especially women. He had been coming to the Mansion for years and tasted the treasures of dozens of playmates. He, too, had come tonight with intentions of possessing the lovely young Miss July. When he saw Matthew's efforts at the auction Paul put Barbara up to bidding against him; Paul knew she would take pleasure in the sweet young thing and get her primed for his approach.

He was sitting near the cabana imagining the delights Barbara was finding in the pretty centerfold's nubile flesh. As the bunny led Lynda back to the mansion he stood up and blocked their way. "I'll take care of

things now, Jennifer."

"But, Mr...."

"I've taken care of things. I've arranged for Lynda to give me a tour of the grounds."

Lynda blushed prettily; she knew that Paul knew the grounds better than she did. She had heard of his conquests and felt both honored and alarmed that he was courting her. Lynda had not had a lot of experiences with men but all the girls talked about Paul as if he was a god. Right now she felt his firm hand take hers and she still wasn't sure what she should do. Part of her wanted to run away; part of her wanted to leap on his cock and suck it.

"Shall we?" he said with a smile; something about the way he led her along told her that he was completely in charge. They strolled through the grounds and Lynda began to relax, chattering cutely about the animals and art and activities at the mansion. They came to the door leading to the photo studio.

Lynda's face was always animated; sometimes she was a sexy pixie, sometimes a sensuous angel. Right now she peered into Paul's face with innocence and uncertainty. If they went into the studio they would be completely alone. As if reading her mind, the man chuckled and reached behind her and opened the door, firmly guiding her in. "Shall we?" he said again.

In one corner of the large room a set had been built replicating an old barn, right down to the inviting piles of golden hay. "So this is where your centerfold was shot. You know, I'd like to take some pictures myself. Would you like to pose for me?" Lynda nodded slowly, holding her breath in fear. Her eyes looked up at him shyly as she bent her head down submissively. "Why don't you change into something while I look at the cameras."

Lynda disappeared into one of the changing rooms; she knew exactly what to do. So did Paul; he'd been here with other playmates and kept his own camera here to record his conquests. He set up a tripod and cable release and turned on the lights on the set.

Lynda, modest and shy, stepped into the room. She had pinned her soft blonde hair up but delicate wisps of curls surrounded her face. She wore the cowboy boots featured in her layout and white silk stockings covered her shapely calves up to her knees; one stocking had slid down a bit in a cute way. The pink crocheted top revealed plenty of the curves of her soft shoulders and Lynda's lush cleavage was displayed above the delicate buttons. She tugged at the bottom edge of the garment demurely trying to cover her belly and waist and crotch but managed only to reveal even more of her creamy breasts. The pink panties were merely a light sheen of gossamer fabric stretched over her plump hips and swelling pussy. Her bush gleamed with moisture underneath.

Paul stood for a moment taking in her frail beauty, then he grinned with lust, handing her a glass of Champagne. Lynda's cute little nose twitched like a bunny's as the bubbles tickled her and her light delightful giggle filled the room.

He asked her to do a few poses and she vamped and strutted in front of the camera alternating between looks of deep sensual yearning and wild giddy sexual fun. He shot a number of frames and stopped while she was leaning her arms against the 'barn' door with her lovely round ass waving at the camera. "Lynda, darling, this doesn't look quite right." He stepped forward and before she could react his finger reached down and ran along the line of her pussy lips and up over her ass, pushing the sheer fabric of the panties into the crack. Lynda shook from his abrupt touch then wiggled some more as he happily snapped more pictures.

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Finally he needed to load more film.½ Lynda took a break and sat down, sipping more Champagne and watching him work with curiosity. Her eyes were sparkling with excitement but a feeling of dread knotted in her stomach as he moved the tripod over the pile of hay.½ She knew the next set would be of her lying down and she felt helpless, knowing where it would lead.½ "Have you...do you...have you photographed a lot of playmates this way?" she asked shyly.½

He glanced at the girl as he worked; her tanned skin glowed with an aura of raw sex, her eyes were large and questioning; she was a doe stepping into the hunter's lair. "A few," he replied.½ "Tell me Lynda, have you been with a lot of men?"

The young girl's stomach jumped and her ears turned scarlet, "A couple," she managed to gasp.

Avoiding the intense gaze of his commanding eyes, Lynda glanced around the room. Paul moved in front of her, his strong fingers brushing the golden strands from her face. "Such a shame to hide your beautiful face behind all that hair," he murmured.

"I'm not beautiful," she protested.

"I know beauty when I see it." Paul took her by the hand and led her over to the bed of straw where he gently pushed her to a sitting position. "Lynda, I'm sure you have men falling all over themselves to be with you."

Her face blushed crimson at his words. Lynda's eyes remained locked onto Paul's athletic body as he rummaged among his equipment and attached a long cable release to the camera. He checked the focus and repositioned the tripod slightly. Understanding slowly began to dawn on her as he stepped away from the camera and began to undress. ½She couldn't take her eyes off him as bit by bit his lean, toned body was revealed. It was the first time she'd ever seen a man completely naked and her curiosity over powered her shyness.

She shuddered quietly as he lay down next to her. His body was smooth and tanned, the only hair she could see started sparsely at his navel and grew thicker as it trailed down to his cock. Tentatively, she reached out as if to touch it but jerked her hand back before it ever made contact.

"It's okay," he whispered as he moved closer to her and took her hand, guiding it to his semi-erect rod. "You can touch it."

She marveled at the softness of the still wrinkly skin, her fingers playing over his shaft as she explored him. A gasp echoed from her mouth as it began to swell in her hand, the wrinkled skin smoothing out and tightening as his cock grew hard and erect in her grasp. Her eyes flew up to his to find a reassuring gaze and a smile on his face. "It's supposed to do that."

"I know... I just... wasn't expecting it..." Lynda's pretty face furrowed into deep thought; she looked so cute and innocent lying on the straw in her miniscule pink outfit.½ Her gentle hands gingerly touched his sex with eager curiosity.

She continued her exploration, her fingers running down the veined and now totally erect shaft to gently cup his heavy sac. Black hair covered the dangling balls in downy softness as she moved her slender digits around them. A thrill shot through her when a low groan was forced from Paul's lips.

"Oh," she gasped in surprise when he traced the outline of her hard nubs beneath her top. Warmth spread through her as tingles followed the trail of his fingertips. She sighed as his hands conquered her, guiding her to experience pleasure beyond her wildest dreams. If the simple touch of his fingers on her nipples could

cause such a rush, she couldn't imagine what the rest of the night would bring.

He shifted closer to her, his mouth closing over hers as his tongue flicked lightly against her lips, licking softly against them. She opened them to him, allowing his tongue to enter and dance against hers. Her head swam with awakening desire as the passionate kiss sent a wave of heat rolling through her body. A damp circle formed on the pink crotch of her panties as her juices began to flow in arousal.

Lost in the kiss, in the hot sweeping of his tongue against hers, she didn't notice his fingers undoing the closures of her garment. It wasn't until she felt the straps slipping down her arms that she realized he was baring her breasts. Her arms started to rise as if to hide her nakedness, but she forced them down. She refused to let her timidity get in the way of what was shaping up to be a wildly pleasurable experience.

Another gush wetted her panties when he bent down and ran his tongue around her rock hard nipple. She had to grab onto his shoulders to steady herself as her body went weak with desire. A soft moan escaped from her kiss-swollen lips when he sucked the hard pink nub into his hot mouth. Her hips reflexively bucked forward as a dull ache of want throbbed in her pussy.

He switched breasts, his lips closing over the engorged peak as his tongue swirled around it. She arched against him as he sucked it hungrily. "Oh my god." The words burst from her lips when he pushed his hand between her trembling thighs and brushed his fingers across her panty clad pussy. She couldn't stop herself from rocking her hips, dragging her lips across his rubbing fingers.

Shoving the panties over her hips, he pushed them to her knees. As she spread her legs, yielding to him, the panties stretched into a flimsy pink spider web.

Paul pushed her back into the straw bed, his hips nudging between her legs as he used the cable release to take some photos; his fingers tangled gently in her hair. He tenderly tilted her head back and once again captured her mouth with his. His tongue darted into her mouth, searching for hers as it swept around the wet softness of her interior cheeks. Leaning on her hands, she arched her back as his hand cupped her breast, his thumb grazing across the nipple.

A shudder ran through her body when his fingers delved between her thighs and stroked her slippery lips. The first contact of another's skin upon her pussy lips sent a bolt of furious energy through her. Her eyes flew open as her mouth pulled from his. Her fingers curled around fistfuls of the straw when his finger slid between her lips and trailed up the pink petals of her sex in search of her hidden pearl.

"Oh god," she moaned as another spark of fire shot through her body. He had found the nub nestled beneath the hood and had begun to rub it. Though Lynda regularly masturbated, the sensation of his finger on her clit was an altogether different sensation. She rocked against his hand as he stroked her, bringing her to the edge as lustful craving swelled within.

She cried out in surprise, her body shaking, when he slid a finger inside the moist tightness of her pussy; her tiny voice still girlish and shy yet sensuous and hungry. Her hips bucked forward as waves of intense pleasure crashed through her. A haze of lust formed over her blue irises as her head lolled back into the straw, her chest heaving from the ragged breaths pushing out between her lips. Her arms flew above her head and she lifted her ass in the air grind against his hand; a tremor shook her then a wave of bliss engulfed her. Her sweet face was soft and dreamy as she lost herself in pleasure. The pink top was pushed down to display her magnificent breasts. She moaned and giggled until no sound could come out; she floated on the dream of lust.

When awareness came back to her, she saw Paul's face smiling down at her. "That was amazing..."

"We're far from finished," he replied with a wink. He held her in place and pressed the shutter open for more photos.

Lynda took the opportunity to explore his body with her eyes and then her fingers as they trailed over his hard, smooth chest. Wonderingly, she circled around his nipples. She was surprised to discover that like hers, his also hardened with touch. His stomach sucked in slightly as her fingertips brushed over his navel before continuing downward.

As he carefully caressed her writhing body, she grasped his erect cock and stroked it slowly. The relaxing massaging of his fingers on her skin soothed her as she lay in the straw and slid her hand up and down his shaft. She could tell her attentions were having an effect on him when he moaned softly or his fingers halted their movements over her flesh.

Paul's fingers danced over her lovely body. All the while, Lynda's fingers continued to stroke up and down his cock. He leaned back and relished the sensation of her hand gliding over his shaft, giving himself over to the pleasure running through his body.

She watched him curiously as she brought her other hand up to fondle his sack, drawing a moan from deep inside him. His hips rocked in motion with her strokes as the tension built within him. With a guttural moan, his body jerked and thick bolt of his seed spurted from the tip of his cock. Surprised at the white liquid shooting from his dick, Lynda jumped as it splashed to the ground; she giggled with delight.

Once the spasms rippling through his body subsided, Paul pressed his lips against hers. His hands explored her supple body as his tongue licked across her bottom lip. A soft moan escaped her and vibrated against his mouth when he squeezed her ass and pulled her against him, his hardening cock pressing into her stomach. He kissed down her body, pausing for a moment when he reached her breasts. A sharp thrill ran through her as his tongue circled around her pink nipple. Arching against him, she moaned as he sucked the delicious peak into his mouth. Her fingers tangled in his hair as he swirled his tongue around her hard nub.

A whimper of protest passed her lips when his mouth released her nipple. His lips trailed downward, leaving wet spots on her skin as he traveled down her flat stomach. When he reached the soft curls on her mound, he diverted towards her thighs, which trembled under the brush of his lips. She bucked her hips upwards, trying to guide him to her pussy, which pulsed with need. He ignored her motions and continued down the inside of her thigh. When he reached her knee, he moved to the other leg and kissed upwards until he once again reached the area where her thigh and pussy joined.

Her sex was a vision of heaven, her waist narrow, her belly fluttering softly and the deep navel pulsing up and down with each breath.½ The pale tan lines pointed to the triangle of her bush; her thighs plump and glowed with warmth.½ The dewy curls over her slit over her slit dripped with her sweet nectar, but the lips of her sex burned red and hungry as they parted in offering.

He gripped the panties and ripped them away causing her to yelp and giggle.½ But then she saw the lust in his eyes and she held her breath.½ Her stomach flattened and her chest juttet out.½ She spread out her arms in surrender as she parted her legs to him.

She moaned lustily when the flat of his tongue slid up one outer puffy lip and then down the other. He circled around and around until she felt she'd go mad with need. "Please," she begged as she pushed her pussy against his mouth. A hot stab of pleasure shot through her when his tongue delved between her swollen labia and flicked across her clit. He flicked her hot honey into his mouth.

He circled around her nub and she thrust against him, yearning for more direct contact. Teasing her, he'd go around and around, then flick against her clit before moving away once more. He brought her to the brink several times this way, and her skin was flushed pink as passion flowed through her body.

Moaning loudly, she bucked against him when he slid a finger inside her tight, wet pussy. She fucked against it as his tongue returned to her swollen nub more often, lashing against it and sending waves of pleasure rolling through her. Crying out, she pushed hard as he pressed a second finger inside her, stretching her virgin opening around his digits.

Now continually flicking against her clit, his tongue worked its magic, lapping at the engorged button as he fucked her with his fingers. A wave of heat suffused her, and her fingers dug into the straw as spasms rocked her body. Her blonde tresses whipped across her face as her head shook from side to side. As she came down from the passion high, he kissed back up her body and then lay beside her, pulling her into his arms. He wanted her to recover some from the pleasure enveloping her body before he showed her what it was like to have a cock slide deep inside her moist depths and bring her to a level of passion she'd never known.

Lynda lay sleepily embraced in Paul's strong arms. Her body still throbbed pleasurably from the wonderful use of his tongue on her pussy.

She knew he was holding back for her. His hard cock pressed against her stomach, letting her know that he wanted her badly. A small spot of sticky fluid rubbed against her skin, and she idly wondered what it would taste like. Emboldened by the confidence of her lover, Lynda slid down his body until her face was even with his hard cock.

Marveling at the sight of the bumpy veins on its surface, she ran her fingertips over the shaft, delighting in how silky smooth the flesh felt while being hot to the touch at the same time. Tentatively, she flicked her tongue over the tip, which brought a moan from Paul's mouth. The salty taste of his milky fluid bloomed on her tongue, and she ran it over the head, cleaning the rest of the pearly essence from the skin.

In the same way she had let her fingers play over the shaft, her tongue flitted over the warm flesh, tracing the lines of the veins as she coated his cock in glistening saliva. Circling her fingers around the base, she pulled it slightly away from his body and hesitantly wrapped her lips around the head. Sliding down, she engulfed the head, letting her tongue flick over the sensitive ridge at the bottom of the crown.

Slowly, she sank down, squeezing her lips against his shaft as she moved. When she took him as far inside her mouth as she could manage, she slid back up. Paul placed his hands lightly on her head and guided her up and down. His hips rocked slightly, pushing his cock deeper inside the warmth of her mouth. Despite her timidity and inexperience, the feeling of her lips wrapped around his dick was divine.

He grunted softly as she sucked him, and he fought to keep control. He didn't want to blow his load before sinking inside the wet tightness of her virgin pussy. Once within those snug walls, he knew it would be a losing battle to maintain control. When his toes began to curl with the immense pleasure running through his body, he pushed her away.

Paul rolled Lynda onto her back and covered her body with his. Pressing his lips against hers, he darted his tongue into her mouth. His hands curled into her hair as their tongues danced together in unison. His cock throbbed against her mound, and she rocked her hips slowly, rubbing the soft curls of her downy pubic hair against the saliva slick shaft.

She opened her legs wide in invitation, and he guided the tip of his cock to her virgin entrance. Biting her lip, she arched against him as he pushed the head of his dick inside her. She felt her lips stretching to

accommodate his thickness and a wave of pleasure rolled through her body.

He slowly thrust just the head of his cock in and out of her to get her pussy adjusted to his size. When she started gasping and rocking against him, he slid in further and met with the resistance of her hymen. The thin membrane was the only thing that remained in the education of her sexual experience. A few more shallow strokes had her breathing harshly, her arms wrapped around his back and her fingers digging into his skin.

When he met the barrier once more, he pulled back and then thrust forward forcefully, tearing the membrane and sinking deep inside her tight pussy. She cried out and tensed as her nails raked over the flesh of his back.

"Relax," he whispered as he moved slowly inside her.

The stinging pain melted away as his cock slid back and forth inside her. Pleasure rolled through her body, and she bucked against him as his thrusts drove her passions higher. She moaned lustfully when his lips drew her nipple into his mouth and he sucked eagerly. Warmth flowed through her breast as he worked the rock hard tip.

Sweat beaded on their bodies as they rocked together. A pink flush stole over Lynda's skin as she panted with the exertion of their lovemaking. Her head swam with delicious sensations as his cock plunged deep into the tight depths of her wet pussy. Sparks of pleasure flowed through her each time he buried himself, his pelvis rubbing against the swollen nub of her clit.

He rammed into her and she brought her hips up to meet her. Each thrust caused her tender sheath to twist tighter and tighter in its grip. Her lush breasts quivered with each blow to her body. Her breathing was shallow and desperate and thousands of emotions gushed over her face, a look of anguish as her body was ripped open, a pixie grin from a sexy vixen as ecstasy raced up her spin with the feel of his hot shaft drilling into her womb, the blissed out sleepy-eyed gaze of an erotic angel as she floated into another orgasm.

The heels of her boots were digging into his ass as she wrapped her legs around him. She throbbed and moaned with pleasure.

She clung to him, her fingers pressed against his skin as her head thrashed against the straw. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and loud cries tore from her mouth as her body was wracked with orgasmic spasms. The clutching tightness of her convulsing pussy ripped the unstable reins of control from Paul's grasp, and he tumbled headlong into the oblivion of release. His seed bathed the inside of her deflowered pussy as he let go and spurted inside her. His cock twitched and shot into her; the sensation of release as he flooded into her soft body searing it with the heat of his seed drove him over the edge and he began to thrash into her brutally, fucking as if to smash her. But her joy was endless each stab made her happier and she rode him in a frenzy of painful bliss.

Suddenly he froze. Propped up on his arms he looked into the dancing fires of her eyes and he collapsed. His body dropped down, knocking the wind out of her but driving his cock in deeper than it had ever been in any woman. He gushed into her, an endless flow causing her to writhe helplessly and his seed burned her and her orgasms danced over the flames.

A tangle of arms and legs, they lay gasping on the bed as aftershocks rang through their bodies. A satisfied smile was plastered on Lynda's face.

"You told me you weren't a virgin," he said finally.

Lynda Weismeier

"Well, I'm not anymore," she giggled as she sat up and lift up his semi-erect shaft and began to suck it.½
Soon he was hard enough to do her again.

A few days later the lovely Lynda was having lunch at one of those stylish outdoor health food cafes so popular in LA. She had met some friends and they all passed a lazy afternoon chatting and giggling and drinking herbal teas.½ Lynda gleamed like a star with her wide giddy smile and sparkling vivacious eyes, all surrounded by her flowing locks of golden hair.½ She wore white shorts, extremely tight of course and a red blouse equally tight.

After lunch she strolled down the street towards her car.½ A voice whispered close in her ear from behind and she felt something press into her back.

"Just keep walking.½ Over to that van."

Something deep inside Lynda warned her to obey.½ Her body stiffened and she walked to the dark van parked nearby.

"Open the door." The frightened girl opened the back door; it made a ominous dragging sound as she pulled it out. "Get in."

Now she hesitated.½ "I don't..." But she was pushed from behind and another pair of hands grabbed her from inside.½ The person in the van moved quickly behind her.

"Don't move; keep your eyes straight ahead," a harsh voice commanded. "Give me your bag."

"I don't have much cash," Lynda whined but even as she said it she knew that cash was not what they wanted.½ She heard the sound of a hand rummaging through her bag and she heard her car keys jingle as they were pulled out. "Here you go," her captor said and Lynda realized her keys were being passed out to the other person.

The door of the van slammed closed with great finality.

"Please...", she sobbed and started to turn around.

"Don't move!" The command was hissed out. Lynda was trembling uncontrollably, then a blindfold covered her eyes and she started to moan. A gag in her mouth soon muffled that noise. Her slender wrists were tied and she was pushed down to the floor where some blankets were laid out and her ankles were bound. A rope around her waist and another rope from her ankles kept her in place.

The engine started and the poor girl was carried off.

She didn't struggle and she stopped crying; she went into a trance almost hypnotized by the dull hum of the traveling vehicle.½ With no sense of the amount of time passing or the distance travel Lynda kept still, using all her energy to block out of her mind the images of what she knew was coming.

Finally the van slowed down and made several turns, as if it was in a neighborhood on its way home.½ It stopped and in the silence Lynda could hear the sound of a garage door opening. Then the van pulled in.½ Lynda groaned into the gag; a strange silence filled the van until a short moment later another vehicle pulled up next to it. It was Lynda's own car.

Lynda Weismeier

The sound of a car door, then the van's door opened on the driver's side. Lynda could hear two voices speaking urgently outside. Suddenly the back door of the van opened and the two climbed in.

Now she struggled and writhed in resistance as the ropes pinning her to the floor were untied. Four hands grabbed her and carried her out of the van; the whole time she bucked and thrashed against her captors while she screamed into her gag.

In a short horrible moment she was carried into another room and her arms held above her head. She felt a rope being tied to the bindings on her wrists and she was hung in place, her feet barely touching the floor.

Lynda hung there twisting and struggling and forcing out muffled yells. She couldn't tell where her two captors were but she could hear sounds in different parts of the room. Suddenly she sense someone behind her and her blindfold was pulled off. Standing in front of her was a man with a black mask and a very bad toupee. All he wore were black briefs. His leer was vicious and lustful.

"Lynda, you've got to quiet down so we can tell you the rules. You've been caught and you're ours, so make it easy on yourself."

Lynda stopped screaming but her eyes blazed with fury. "OK, we're going to play with you and if you're a good playmate you'll be home before your curfew. If not...well, no need to think about that is there? Are you going to be good?"

Lynda nodded angrily. The other captor was behind her and two hands removed the gag.

The pretty young blonde took a hungry gulp of air then let loose her fury. "You son of a bitch. I'll kill you, you bastard. You won't get away with this."

The man just laughed as she ranted on and on, threatening murder and vengeance. Then he stepped closer and before she could spit in his face he held up a gleaming knife. "Lynda, I don't think you want to be talking about killing." She froze and her eyes followed the blade as he moved closer still.

"Please don't hurt me," she gasped.

The knife lowered to her waist and Lynda felt the cold steel against her belly then felt the blade rip open her blouse. He put the knife in a sheath on his belt and parted the blouse like a curtain to reveal her luscious heaving breasts. The other captor stepped around for the show and even as Lynda blushed in frustration and shame she could see that the other person was a woman also disguised in a black mask and cheap wig. She wore a tight black tee shirt and black panties. "Aren't they better in real life?" the woman chuckled; her eyes, and the man's eyes her glued to Lynda's beautiful body.

The man didn't respond but the way he licked his lips made his satisfaction obvious. He put his hands on Lynda's breasts and she jumped in fright. "Shssh, little girl, don't be afraid. I'm just going to take a little taste." Lynda's head dropped back in surrender as his mouth covered one nipple and sucked and bit at her flesh.

Lynda's breast was magnificent; the texture warm and moist and soft, velvety smooth and vivaciously electric to the touch, and the taste, sweet and fresh as the richest ice cream.

The delicious sensation of devouring Lynda took over the man's body and soul. In the same way Lynda's resistance melted; she writhed against his facing, pushing herself on her toes to feed her flesh to his voracious mouth.

Lynda Weismeier

The woman was behind the struggling captive; her hands reached around the young girl's slender waist tracing the ribs and squeezing between the man and his captive so she could caress the girl's flat belly.½ The woman began to grind her pelvis into Lynda's plump ass.

Erotic images flashed through the girl; she felt the heat of the woman's sex behind her and even as she strained forward to have her breasts sucked more and more. Now the woman's hands dropped down but Lynda jut her ass back to keep the warmth of the woman against her plump cheeks.½ The woman's face was buried in her soft blonde hair and her lips and tongue were running over the smooth skin of Lynda's throat.

The woman's fingers slithered between the captive's thighs and when the tips touched the hot wet spot at the crotch a spark flashed between the two females and they both let out a yelp of excitement. The eager fingers began squirm under the edge of the fabric of Lynda's tight shorts, edging their way to her throbbing pussy.

Lynda was now moaning a soft melody of desire as she writhed between her two captors.½ The man's head finally came up and immediately she covered his mouth with hers, their tongue smashing together and twisting into knots, his hands kneading and rubbing the nubs of her quivering breasts.

Somehow the woman managed to open Lynda's shorts and push them down over her rear. She used her foot to shove the garment down around the girl's bound ankles. Her finger now could plunge deep into the girl's sex and when it did Lynda began to scream even as the man's tongue filled her mouth.

Sweet juices flooded over the woman's hand and Lynda thrust into the fingers and guided them to her clit. The man stepped back and watched the two writhe together. Lynda stiffened as a wave of bliss shook her spine.

The woman pulled her fingers out; the captive gave a small growl of protest but then the sticky finger were pressed against her lips and she licked the juices frantically, twisting her tongue over the hand that had just possessed her.

The woman chuckled and turned Lynda's head into a lust filled kiss. When Lynda finally pulled her head back gasping for air, her captor leaned into her ear and hissed, "Are you ready to be fucked now?"

The harsh word set Lynda off and she fought against her bonds as she hung there helpless. "NO!! Let me go. Leave me alone. Please, no."

The two ignored her pathetic pleas as they prepared her for her violation. He bent down and untied her ankles but not before she managed to kick at his face a few times. But the woman held her legs while he cut the ropes and shorts off her ankles as she struggled furiously.

He stepped back and watched her dance hopelessly with her arms tied above her head. She kept losing her footing and dangling from the rope as she fought futilely.

The woman came behind him and hooked her thumbs in the elastic of her briefs and pulled them down.½ As he stepped forward leaving the underwear on the floor the woman took hold of his massive cock and pointed it at Lynda. "Believe me," she taunted, "This club is going to hurt."

As Lynda stared at the beast it did, indeed, look like a giant club; the head was an angry red and the veins along the sides throbbed with lust. The frail girl's screams became incoherent babbles as the two approached her tender captive body.

The woman was behind her and lifting her by the waist; the girl's struggles were weak and futile. The man stood in front of her and grinned as Lynda's gaze locked onto his shaft.

He pulled up both her legs and rested them on his chest. His burning spear glided along her wet pussy and tickled the flesh on her belly. His hands cupped her plush bottom and he and his partner lifted her up slowly.

Now began a slow rocking up and down. He guided her body along his shaft, first in little motions, but carefully increasing the journey until sometimes the tip of his shaft brushed against her swelling lips and then pushed up against her flat belly. Her nipples caressed his chest as her body floated up and down.

Lynda continued to make helpless little mewling sounds as

Her two captors mauled her body.

When his face came close to hers she lost control and dove on him with her mouth wide open.

They were kissing wildly; her sweet fiery tongue rolled around in his mouth and slathered his face. Suddenly he bit hard on her lower lip; at the same moment the tip of his hot sword broke into her juicy sheath. She froze for a second and a tear ran down her soft pale face. But then a wave of pleasure overtook her as the warm glow of his shaft took hold of her nerves. She grinned evilly and drove her tongue into him.

Now he lowered his prize onto his cock, slowly tearing into her soft body. Lynda's resistance faded as his massive pole filled her inside, a throbbing muscle pressing her sheath apart. Her head rocked back and forth and her tickled the woman behind her. She moaned sweetly when she was finally fully impaled.

Then he lifted her still tearing and ripping as her sheath held his rod tightly. She felt herself gushing over him as the grip of her body got tighter and tighter around his cock. At first he raised her up and down with great care and slowness but soon she grew accustomed to his bulk inside her and began to sway in rhythm with him. Soon she was bouncing along and moaning with pleasure. His cock felt red hot but the tip was even hotter. She panicked as it seemed to glow and then explode. His seed was filling her and sending darts of heat throughout her veins. She screeched when that salvo burst and then screeched when another followed. Her eyes blazed as she realized that he had come inside her. She instinctively squeezed her thighs together to pump him dry. He had stopped lifting her and she had to thrust herself up and down now. He was spellbound by the tight hold her body had on him as he exploded into her again and again.

Even as his explosions faded Lynda's fireworks were bursting in her pussy, shoot flames up her spine. She bucked like a wild mare now until she finally melted down, totally consumed by ecstasy.

Her body collapsed between them and she felt into an erotic haze. She yielded completely as they untied her carried her to the bed.

Lynda purred like a kitten as her body was laid out across the bed and her limbs were tied to the bed. Her eyes had been closed since the wild orgasm had gripped her earlier. She felt a hungry mouth engulf her tasty pussy and begin to lick and suck. She began to writhe against the rope as a slender finger slipped into her rear.

The tongue went deeper into her pussy and the finger dug deeper too. A warmth covered her face and her own tongue instinctively darted out and shot into the woman's sex.

The two bodies bucked and thrashed together; hot juices flooded into Lynda's mouth and a fire rushed up her spine shooting off of the woman's tongue.

Lynda Weismeier

Lynda faded into an endless cycle of orgasms and barely noticed when the woman rolled off her exhausted. She watched through half closed lids as the man untied her legs and lifted them up off the bed and folded them over her chest. The heat of his cock burned against her ass and then with a brutal shove he rammed into her.

Her screams filled the room; her legs pinned under him tried to kick. Her body was split in two as he pounded in again and again. His seed erupted into her like lava but still she struggled and squirmed. He fell down next to her and stroked her hair as she sobbed and shook.

She eventually recovered enough to turn her head and look at him. "Please, let me go," she pleaded gazing at him with her soft angel face.

He leaned over and kissed her but as he raised his head his wig slipped off revealing his bald head. "Oh, my god!" she gasped.

Matthew laughed and called out to Barbara who had been in the bathroom to wash up, "The gig's up; she'd made us."

Barbara came over tossing away her wig and mask. "Well, have made her too haven't we?" she laughed.

All three were on the bed now. Lynda's eyes darted from face to face. "Why did you do this?" she whined.

"Well, babycakes," Barbara said as she stroked one of Lynda's nipples, "We were a little disappointed when you ran off the other night.

Lynda thought for a second and then the pixie smile spread across her face. "Untie me," she whispered, "I want to fuck."

Chapter 2: Just like Shakespeare did

Lynda Wiesmeier loved playing cards with the crew; the truth is, she always won. She was making more money on cards than she was from acting in the film. All she had to do, whenever she had a bad hand, was to shift her body a bit and let her robe open a little. The guys lost all interest in the game.

Lynda was the most popular person on the set. First of all, she was always so cheerful and helpful. As we'll see she could do just about any job on the shoot. Second, well the truth be told -- just about every person on the crew and in the cast, man or woman, had enjoyed that voluptuous 36-22-36 body at least once. It's not that she was promiscuous or anything like that; she was just friendly and lively and, well one thing led to another, and hey why not. Wouldn't you? I dare you to look in those deep brown eyes, at that sweet and innocent smile, those rosey cheeks, and say no.

In this hand Lynda was holding three queens and ready to take the pot when the lighting director came over. "Lynda, I'm still worried about the glare on the dagger. What do you think?"

She giggled, "Just try shifting the gobo a little. Once he gets me on the bed you can slowly lower it. And have props spray some matt finish on the blade."

"Great idea, thanks." He gave her a peck on the cheek and rushed off.

But before the pretty little playmate could resume her game, here was the writer. "Lynda I'm still worried about Porphyro's trial scene. I think it's too complicated."

She furrowed her brow; she looked so cute being so serious for a moment. Then her face lit up like all the lights on Broadway. "I know! The audience knows I'm not really dead, so maybe I can come to the trial in disguise. That way when the fire starts I'm already in the castle."

The writer thought for a moment, "That's good, that can work." He snapped his fingers, "You can dress up as a nun! I've got to talk to wardrobe." Lynda giggled as he kissed and hugged her. She liked the idea of wearing a nun's habit.

Today was a big day for the film and a big day for Lynda. This was her first costume picture and she played Madeline, a young girl who gets revenge on the knights who attacked her. She loved the medieval costumes and the castle sets. But what made her nervous today was that they were going to shoot the first rape scene.

She had gone over it all with the director and with Bob, the actor playing Porphyro. During the rehearsals she came up with the idea of shooting it all in one take.

So to keep herself calm she was cleaning out the wallets of the crew while they set up the lights. Just as she laid down her winning hand and pulled the pot to her pile the crew got the call, "Ten minutes to places for take one," the assistant director shouted. "And there better be only one take," the director added.

Beautiful Lynda had just enough time to get into her costume. Returning to the set she met Bob and squeezed his hand with excitement. She looked at him with loving eyes and whispered, "Bob, I want you to go all out. Really make it look good. Let's really nail this scene." Bob looked into those liquid pools and nodded. He felt like such a cad for what the character he was playing was about to do to the lovely Lynda.

She squeezed his hand again and just before the call for places she stood on her toes and gave him a sweet wet kiss.

"Places! Quiet on the set. Rolling. And... Action!"

The fair, chaste, eighteen year old Madeline had left the ball with mixed feelings. Unlike her friends, she was determined to never marry. She had seen her mother subjugated and abused by her father, even in front of the servants and had no desire to be possessed by any man. As the only child, she hoped to inherit her father's house, and live independently for the rest of her days. She was well aware that Hildebrand was desperately in love with her. In spite of her own misgivings, she often felt her heart quicken a little when he was near. So many times she had caught him gazing dolefully at her, as if in a trance, and her knees had trembled slightly. Her well rehearsed, icy stare and haughty demeanor ensured that he never suspected any womanly weakness behind her conviction.

Tonight, she chose to walk home alone, not with her friends as she normally did. She was perplexed. She had spied Hildebrand at the Duke's banquet, but he had failed to even glimpse at her, let alone speak. His sudden unwillingness to acknowledge her stirred an irrational despondency. As she walked towards her home, Madeline felt a strange foreboding. She stopped. Listened. Looked behind. Yet only shadows of the buildings and distant shouts of other revelers making their way home disturbed the night.

After she had used her key to open the iron gate of her home and reached the porch, she felt a presence directly behind her. With no time to call out, strong, cruel hands engulfed her mouth and she felt herself being swept up, then carried swiftly to the small servants' door at the back of the house. It was unlocked and her captor entered with confidence, eventually stopping at a small disused maid's room at the far end of the house. The whole time she struggled against his brutal grasp but to no avail.

Her silken blonde braids tumbled down and her golden hair flew around her anguished face as she twisted and writhed in his grip.

He threw her roughly on an old, fusty mattress, expertly lighting a candle which flickered across his chiseled features.

The flickering light of the candle cast menacing shadows on the walls. She let out a slight yelp as she fell to the bed then looked up at him with angry flaming eyes; her creamy white bosom heaving with short desperate breaths.

She saw that he was tall and well built, his countenance set in a permanent leer. She shivered uncontrollably as he placed his firm jaw close to her face.

He stood for a moment staring, her low cut ball gown, carefully designed to emphasize her growing womanhood was now disheveled as she sat on the far corner of the mattress. He took in her whole body in one quick sweep; her unmarked skin, the pink nipples surging from her bodice, the shapely curves now visible as her gown ruffled around her thighs. It was her eyes he noticed most. Deepest brown. Steely. Determined. Unrelenting. He knew her reputation; whisperings that her parents were afraid she was now too old to marry a suitable gentleman, rumors of amorous suitors who had been rendered impotent by her chilly disposition. The girl was obviously afraid, but she sat tall and proud and ultimately defiant before him. He felt powerful surges of something more than just revenge in his loins.

Porphyro had one purpose in this encounter. "Come here you worthless vixen," he scowled, grabbing her long, golden locks and pulling her upright before him. "Young Hildebrand wants to play games does he? Well so be it, but I will make sure his one desire, the thing he weeps for day and night; your glorious maidenhead will not be his." Madeline noted his dark expression, his singular lack of compassion and inwardly shuddered. She continued to stare straight ahead, almost through him, Porphyro noted, but she did not flinch.

In her mind, Madeline was a tumult of emotions. She did not want to be taken by any man. Not Porphyro. Not Hildebrand. Not any of the lovesick fools who serenaded and brought her flowers. She prized her chastity above all else and had intended to retain it forever. She considered screaming, but the stone walls were thick in this section of the house. Porphyro had firmly barred the heavy door, so any deed would be committed before it was knocked down. Worse, it would be the servants who would hear. She could not bear to have the streets of the village whispering her humiliation. To see her married friends shaking their heads in pity. To hear her mother's friends admonishing about the consequences for stubborn girls. Girls who did not marry and remain safely behind the guarded walls of their husband's house.

The unaired room smelt powerfully of old wine, cobwebs and an indefinable musk. As he bent closer towards her, Madeline realized this scent was emanating from Porphyro's skin, eliciting a slight quickening of her heartbeat. Porphyro too, noted the powdery fragrance of Madeline which fought to overwhelm the mustiness of the room. He roughly brought his mouth down on her soft, rouged lips which she held firmly together, his entire frame pressing into her small body. Angrily, he bit them, her momentary yelp causing her lips to part momentarily, allowing his tongue to rasp in and out, his breath and saliva claiming victory over her futile attempts to resist. His hands tugged her hair so taut, Madeline thought it would tear from her scalp.

Madeline had never felt such pain. Her head was burning. Her lips were bruised. She felt his powerful arms push her forcefully back onto the mattress. He held her there, one hand pressing on her torso, the other withdrawing his well honed dagger. She knew his reputation. Knew he was skilled in its use. She had seen the aftermath of his fights on the street. Her physical pain diminished as real fear threatened to overpower her defiant exterior. "Lie flat on your back you bitch. Be very, very still," he ordered as he pressed the dagger against her private mound. Slowly, ever so slowly, he drew it upwards, cutting a slit in the layers of dress as he went, past her navel, past her breasts, until the dress was neatly torn along the front. Dismissively, he flicked the material to each side, so that Madeline lay exposed, her blossoming breasts firm and quivering pouring out towards him, her pubis covered with the finest down of almost invisible reddish golden hair. Her skin, smooth, glowing like the purest ivory as the silks tore away, then quickly blushing a rosey pink to reveal her virgin state.

Porphyro sliced underneath the sleeves of the dress, removing any last vestiges of material which protected her body. The sudden movement startled Madeline and she leapt, the cold, ruthless point of the dagger making contact with the delicate flesh under her left arm. "You want to be cut bitch?" questioned Porphyro, his fiery eyes glaring at her wickedly. "Your turn now," he muttered, dragging her to her feet.

Madeline had shuddered slightly at the touch of the sharp metal, yet she felt a stirring in her stomach and goose bumps forming on her arms as the dagger ventured further along her body. She watched Porphyro's face and was sure that she had noted a small intake of breath as his eyes feasted on her nakedness. Even in her despair, Madeline was strangely pleased to find that she was indeed attractive to this man.

Porphyro was a torrent of emotion. He had taken plenty of girls by force. Serving wenches at the inns. Poor wretches living on the streets whom he encountered on his way home from drinking and dining. He had not hesitated. It was always over in minutes. He simply pushed them face up against a wall, lifted their skirts and thrust inside whichever hole was most readily available. He would deposit his residue, the women a mere receptacle for his seed. Sometimes, if nature demanded, he would withdraw himself temporarily and laugh at the helpless recipient of his lust before re-entering and spurting his potent juices. No, Porphyro was not squeamish about using women to meet his carnal needs.

It was therefore with surprise that Porphyro found himself wanting to prolong this pantomime rather than proceeding quickly as would have been prudent under the circumstances. He placed Madeline before him and held the dagger firmly against her outer pussy lips. Madeline was faintly aware of the metal touching, but not cutting into, her most precious flesh. "Here are the rules," Porphyro grunted. "You undress me. Carefully! At

no point do you touch my skin. If you do...." Porphyro laughed cruelly, leaving the threat unspoken.

Madeline hesitated. Her massive breasts quivered with dread or something else more mysterious growing inside her. She stood before him yielding with her palms facing him. The glow of the candle reflected in the glow of her moist flesh; between her thighs the dewy hairs glistened like royal jewels. Her long blonde hair cascaded down her shoulders framing her angelic face with golden flames. Her dark eyes smoldered like ambers at the heart of a raging fire.

She gingerly reached for his coat, testing the amount of movement she could undertake without the sharp point piercing her flesh. With deliberate slowness, she removed the clothes from his upper body, lifting his shirt to reveal a well toned, hairless chest. In spite of the situation, she found herself making comparisons with Hildebrand's somewhat leaner build. Her hands trembled as she untied his pants, sliding them over his hips, until they fell to his ankles. She blinked hard, determined not to think about the ever so real flesh just inches from her unexplored body.

Porphyro was shocked and aroused as never before. Madeline had stared into his eyes with cold fascination the entire time she undressed him. She never looked down. She never looked sideways. She barely blinked. He could not help but admire her perfectly balanced features and her fiery unwillingness to submit. He wordlessly lifted her onto the mattress, mindful of his mission. He held the dagger at her throat and placed her sideways. He lay with his stomach pressing into her back, his throbbing desperate cock begging at the entrance to her chastity. Leaning over, he expected to see her eyes closed in preparation for the onslaught, only to find them still insistently calm and wide as they met his gaze with no flinch of emotion.

His tense body softened and to Madeline's amazement he almost whispered, "Please, show me some fear, some emotion and it will be better for you. I will be gentle. Just show me." At first, there was no change in her tight expression. Porphyro sighed and pressed hard against her, his cock forcing her virginal lips apart. Then he noticed it, a single tear, sliding from her left eye and delicately painting her cheek. He stopped, licked it with his tongue, its salty freshness sending even more signals to his engorged manhood. He stroked her cheek for a moment, then reached his hands round to her breasts, circling the nipples gently with his fingers, till he felt them become erect. He placed his hand over Madeline's heart and wondered at the quickness of its beat, the gradual increase in tempo of her breathing. He placed the dagger behind him, letting his hand slide further, till he touched her secret place and she squirmed slightly from the unfamiliar touch. He stopped, rested his hand for a moment, then slid one finger onto her clit, allowing the gradual increase in pressure to work its magic on her body as a familiar wetness spread onto her thighs.

[Behind the camera one of the gaffers whispered, "Jesus, it looks like Lynda's really gonna fuck him."

"Quiet," hissed the director.]

Madeline lay still, a little ashamed that she had revealed her innermost feelings to this beast, yet her body felt light, as though a summer's day had just entered the cold, dank, little room. She did not find the feeling exactly pleasant, because she liked to be in control, yet, she was also afraid that the sensations might stop. She was further concerned by the unfamiliar fluids her body was emitting, yet afraid to ask. Porphyro had not acted as though anything was amiss. She would take her cues from him.

Eventually, Porphyro slid her onto her back, pushing her knees against her chest. He knelt before her, between her legs, and for the first time she dared to look at the object of her downfall. It was large and purple and quite thick she noted. Now her tears began to flow more freely. A fear of pain. A sense of loss. A relinquishing of power.

She lay before him a surrendering ivory goddess, pale yet burning white hot. Her flesh was moist and warm and her body trembled not in fear like a doe trapped in the hunt, but like a wild cat getting ready to pounce.

Porphyro remained in that position a long time, pressing against her outer lips, letting her regain her composure. He used his fingers to open the folds and placed the pulsating head of his cock against her clit. He wondered at his control as he rocked back and forth in steady rhythm, reading the gradual climax as it built on her face, eventually shattering in waves of liquid which spurting against him and a frenzy of moans which he feared could wake the servants. Yet still her most precious treasure lay untouched as he stroked those hungry lips with his throbbing sword.

Porphyro had never seen a girl look more beautiful than Madeline did right now. Her perfect face was flushed and trusting. The frailty of her tiny body made him feel bulky and awkward. He felt discomfited, almost ashamed, at his desperation to destroy the purity which lay before him.

As her moans weakened, he slid in further, the lubrication easing his journey, till he felt the object of her pride guarding his further travel. He reached for his dagger, lifted her right hand, and abruptly pierced the tip of her index finger. A look of shock, pain and confusion at the stinging sensation registered on her face as she saw the trickle of blood begin to seep from the wound. She opened her mouth to protest, but stopped, her consciousness becoming aware of a greater sensation - that of having a man's flesh buried deep within her for the first time. She smiled slightly at the cleverness of this ruse, eliciting the most overwhelming feelings of tenderness Porphyro had ever known. He did not move, taking her finger and sucking it till the red liquid ceased to ooze.

Porphyro fought the desire coursing through his veins with every fibre in his being. Her skin velvet soft against his muscular body. Her special opening tight and gossamer smooth around his pulsating hardness.

They lay together in the flickering light. Madeline looked down her quivering pale body, past her creamy swelling breasts and over her flat and firm belly. She saw the shaft plunged into her helpless body like a flag pole claiming and conquering. She felt its heat searing into her delicate flesh. She felt bolts of fire rushing through her tender limbs as each nerve ending seemed to rush to wrap around the weapon that had pierced her maidenhead.

Madeline turned her gaze to his face. He could see her tears and the grimace of pain and surprise on her soft and innocent features, but behind that there was a burning a desire and a defiance. She was daring him to conquer her completely. Now Porphyro was the prisoner here to do her bidding.

When he did begin to thrust, Porphyro knew that he had no resistance left. Slowly he pushed in and the surrendering beauty let out a deep groan. Her long lovely legs slipped out from between them and shot straight in the air. Her sweet little toes pointed to the ceiling and her delicate feet beat a rhythm like a dancer in the air.

Now he could push in deeper, claiming more her insides for his own. She groaned again and her legs dropped around his back and crossed, locking him in. Now her conquest was complete.

She twisted to offer her huge swollen nipple for him to suckle and he obeyed. She was rocking her plump hips from side to side so his shaft would claim her completely, leave no spot untouched.

As he slowly drew back, gliding out of her flowing treasure, she dropped her hips down. Then, just at the instance of withdrawal their bodies thrust forward like warriors in a duel. Deeper and deeper he plunged.

She kissed his hair, his ears, his neck, his shoulders. His hungry mouth burst off of her luscious breast and engulfed her tongue. She broke the kiss and let out a cry as he bit on her tender breasts again.

Lynda Weismeier

"Oh my love, oh my lord, I give myself to you. Take me, take me, my love," she whispered, shocked at her yielding words.

He lifted himself onto his arms and looked down at his prize. She writhed and bucked like a wild horse never to be tamed. He sighed and knew that the time had come.

A series of short, deep plunges, before coming all the way out of Madeline's beautiful, silky entrance and thrusting with all his might, resulted in a torrent of boiling, dangerous fluid flowing deep into Madeline's fragile young body. Madeline gasped uncontrollably at the dual sensations of feeling a man pour in her for the first time and seeing Porphyro so incredibly vulnerable. As he lay there spent, his breathing labored, the object of her violation still within her, she heard him mutter, almost inaudibly, "Thank you for this gift."

A tiny shaft of light warned the slumbering couple of impending daylight. Porphyro slid from the mattress and dressed as Madeline watched him, partly with admiration, partly with stirrings of love for this complex man. "I have business," he said simply. "Leave this door open tonight and I shall return." A brush on her lips, a quick glance at her injured finger, a playful touch of his dagger against her neck, and he was gone.

"Cut."

The whole crew burst into a wild frenzy of applause. Lynda lay nude on the bed as the work lights came up. Her skin glistened with sweat and her body tingled with what Bob had just done to her. She had never made love on camera before and she wasn't sure how she felt about it. She had practically directed this scene herself so she was confident that the angles would not look hard core.

The wardrobe mistress came over with a robe and a cup of water and Lynda gulped it greedily as she was helped into the robe. She staggered off the set dizzy with emotions as the crew applauded again.

That night watching the rushes Lynda watched close-ups of her sweet and innocent face as she came to climax on the screen. There was no sound but Lynda watched as her tiny pink tongue made circles in her lover's ear. Her deep brown eyes widened and her soft full lips formed a wide O as she throbbed in ecstasy. She saw her body stiffen and as she watched herself on the screen Lynda could feel the hot lava flood into her once again. She loved making movies.

Chapter 3: In the shower with Shannon Tweed

Lynda Weismeier felt the sun pushing through the curtains; the soft rays of warm light were fingers reaching out to touch the moist bedwarmed skin of the sleeping girl. Her eyelids sank quietly to hold in her dreams; basking in the happy warmth she squirmed in the bed and the satin sheets slid off of her soft round breasts and the sunlight kissed the girl's hard candy nipples even as the two creamy mounds quivered with Lynda's heaving sighs.

She stretched, lifting her long wavy blonde hair for a moment as her hands slid along the smooth satin and she blinked herself awake. Her eyes finally focused on the room and she sat up in shock, forgetting for a second that she was in the Playboy Mansion. Shyly, even though she was alone in the room she lifted the sheet to her chest, demurely trying to cover her naked body, but the curves of her breasts were outlined clearly in the satin clinging to her velvet skin.

She could see herself in the mirror across the room and she hugged herself and smiled as she became more conscious, quick and warm sun beams licking her bare shoulders and caressing her long blonde hair. Her smile widened, pleasing herself. She smiled a satisfied almost smug smile, admiring herself in these regal surroundings, remembering the sound of the camera yesterday, clicking away as she posed nude. She felt a strange but welcome stirring deep inside her, recalling the gaze of the lens on her flesh, the warm touch of the lights, the arousal of each click of the camera producing images of her naked body-images to be enjoyed by thousands of men. She trembled again, feeling all those eyes on her, all those hands reaching out to ravish her.

She giggled to keep her imagination from carrying her away and she let herself fall back onto the satin sheets and enjoy a few more daydreams, curling herself back slowly with a cozy sigh. She remembered another gaze now and she felt the same arousal now that she had felt yesterday when she saw Shannon Tweed and the publisher admiring her as the photographer took his pictures- those pictures, her pictures, a feast for hungry eyes. Lynda had shivered when Shannon stared at her and she shivered the same way now. Shannon was sharing the publisher's bed and now reigning as Playmate of the Year she was tasting each of the centerfolds of 1982. Lynda had watched mooned along with the other playmates as Shannon and the publisher celebrated the new queen of centerfolds by ravishing the lovely Kimberly McArthur and since that night Shannon had been going through the calendar; each playmate in turn was caught in the tall girl's embrace-- soon it would be Lynda's turn.

The buxom young girl tossed the sheets off her body and sprang from the bed; her vivacious spirit wouldn't let her lay around for too long. Time to face the adventures the Mansion would bring today.

Lynda reached inside the shower and tested the water. Just right. She slid open the glass door and stepped in. With the steam from the water enveloping her body, Lynda stood for a moment, enjoying the sauna-like effect. Besides, it was mid-morning on a Saturday and she wasn't fully awake, yet.

In due course, she inched forward until the water struck her abdomen. Tilting her head backward slightly, she let the spray hit her face. Then she allowed the shower to engulf her head and flow down her long, blonde hair.

Lynda wiped her face with her hands, followed by her breasts--cupping them in her palms and watching the water flow over the candy hard nipples. She moved her hands down over her stomach and onto her legs. When she reached as far as she could without having to bend over, she brought her hands up the back of her legs.

Lynda Weismeier

They came to her ass and stopped. She felt the coolness of the tight, rounded flesh. She thought back to the last pair of hands that held her cheeks. How gentle they were. How loving the touch. Shannon had towered above her and squeezing Lynda's plump bottom, drew her up for a kiss. Lynda had felt her own mouth open like a flower, her breasts press against Shannon; Lynda had felt her sex quiver in anticipation and her tiny hands fluttered over Shannon's neck.

The kiss was sweet and urgent and when it broke a speck of eager fire from bright eyes thanked the tall playmate. Shannon licked her lips, tasting Lynda still and her eyes drank in the publisher's approval of the sight of the two embracing playmates.

"You taste like strawberries," Shannon whispered to the tiny girl writhing against her; then she pushed her playmate away and smiled at the young girl's pout. "Soon, sugarplum, soon." The tall blonde had strutted away, followed by the publisher. Lynda was left to lean against the wall alone and wondering when she'd see Shannon again.

Now rivulets of warm water flowed over her skin reminding her of Shannon's warm touch. She bent her face into the torrent of water and the roar in her ears masked the soft tapping on her door.

Shannon knocked once more on Lynda's door. She knew that at the Mansion the Playmate's doors were never locked so she twisted the knob and pushed the door ajar.

"Lynda?"

The shout was unanswered. Shannon walked in and quietly closed the door.

"Lynda?"

Still no answer. Then the sound of the shower told her everything she needed to know. She let out a small sigh of relief as she walked softly toward the bathroom. Shannon told herself she would allow herself a peek of the perky blonde's voluptuous body.

Reaching the open bathroom door, she poked her head around the corner. Through the glass doors of the shower she could clearly see the delectable playmate soaping her full, firm breasts. Water flowed down the young girl's back, over the soft ass Shannon loved so much to fondle.

Now Lynda was moving the soap to her stomach and hips and, finally, between her legs. Shannon watched as Lynda slid the bar along the folds of skin hidden from view by the girl's hips. Slowly the soap rose and fell over the area. Shannon saw Lynda's eyes fall shut and her mouth open slightly.

Shannon knew she should pounce on the delicious girl. Instead, she felt frozen in place—compelled to watch.

What she saw was Lynda putting the soap in its tray, then return her hand to her pussy. The rhythmic action started again. This time, only her fingers were involved. But the eyes were still shut and the mouth was still partly open. Lynda's tongue wiped across her lips and disappeared again.

When the hand was still stroking the area between Lynda's legs fifteen seconds later, Shannon knew she wouldn't leave the doorway. Her eyes were glued to the scene unfolding in front of her and the wetness between her own legs gave away her interest.

Lynda used her free hand to squeeze the nipple on her left breast. Even from the distance of the door Shannon could see it grow.

Lynda Weismeier

Almost without thought, Shannon's hand slid inside her jeans. Her fingers reached for the clit under her soft panties and rubbed it gently. She had to have more room.

She quickly unbuttoned her jeans and, as silently as possible, pulled down the zipper. Lynda was working her own clit more frantically now, kneading her breast with the other hand. Shannon put her hand inside her panties and felt the moist warmth of her pussy. One finger moved over her clit and down to the opening to her vagina. The pants were too tight for anything more, so she moved back up to the clit.

Shannon smiled to herself when Lynda spread her legs farther apart.

"She's gonna come. I just know it."

Lynda didn't need a toy. She had her finger, which was inserted inside her vagina as far as it would go. The girl moved it like a piston, touching her g-spot when she could. Her other hand ultimately moved to her clit. It wouldn't be long now.

Shannon was lost in her own pleasure. The sight of her naked friend playing with herself, water flowing off her back and down her ass and legs was more than she could take. She pushed her jeans down until they lay at her ankles. Pulling at the waistband of her panties, she stuck her hand inside and began desperately stroking the length of her pussy.

Lynda leaned forward against the shower wall. One hand pressed firmly against the wall while the other manipulated her clit. Her ass stuck out, creating an erotic curve to her hips that Shannon found irresistible. She wanted so much to dive into the shower and devour the girl.

But, she also didn't want Lynda to stop. Watching the girl's breasts hang invitingly from her chest, gently swaying, was making her crazy. Shannon pulled off her shirt, revealing a set of petite breasts. She silently bent over and pulled off her shoes, followed by her jeans. Standing now in just a pair of panties, she returned to masturbating.

Lynda's eyes were clenched tightly shut. Her head was tilted back and her mouth was opened as if in anticipation of a breast being lowered into it. She was fucking her finger, then withdrew it and concentrated solely on her clit.

She took in a breath as the first hint of an orgasm built up inside her. Lynda pressed her hand hard against the ultra sensitive clit. Using a frenzied circular motion, she maneuvered it back and forth, up and down.

"Ughâ 'come on," she cried. "Mmmmâ 'yeah."

Lynda's orgasm rolled through her body. Her hips rocked as if being pounded from behind by an imaginary cock.

"Yesâ 'yes."

Her hand worked the entire length of her pussy. Fingers sank into her cunt, then emerged soaking wet to rub her clit. Another wave of orgasms hit her and she pressed harder against the shower wall.

Lynda didn't think it would end. She thought of Shannon's precious breasts stuffed into her mouth, the nipples being twirled by her tongue. She thought of the woman's mouth wrapped around her clit, sucking it and licking it.

Lynda Weismeier

Another orgasm. Then the calm after-effects

Shannon stood completely naked, having pulled off her panties seconds earlier. She was on the verge of comingâwhen Lynda saw her.

Lynda's initial shock wore off quickly upon recognition of the elfin body on the other side of the glass. She slid open the door about a foot and peered out.

"How longâ," Lynda began to ask.

"Long enough," was the reply. "Need help?"

"Get in here, baby."

Lynda opened the door far enough for Shannon to enter, then shut it again. They looked at each briefly before reaching out to hold each other's hips and kissing. Tongues met in open mouths and hands felt for butts. They pulled each other closer until their bodies connected from the breasts to the knees.

"Did you come?" Lynda whispered in Shannon's ear.

"Not yet."

Lynda slid down the body of the tall playmate of the year; Lynda was her love slave, doomed to do the bidding of the goddess. She stopped at Shannon's breasts and sucked on both nipples. Using her hands to lift the full creamwarm mounds, Lynda licked them gently.

Then she continued down the body. When she reached the woman's clit, Shannon voluntarily opened her legs wider. Lynda placed her hands on Shannon's ass, pulling her toward her.

Lynda's tongue met the clit, sending shivers through Shannon. After a couple hard licks, Lynda wrapped her lips around the engorged clit. Moans of joy came from the tall goddess above her. Lynda tasted the sweet juices flowing as she lowered her tongue to Shannon's cunt. Then she moved back up to the clit.

Shannon flinched with this contact. Then stiffened. Lynda knew it was time-she had felt this quivering in before.

"YesâLynda, yes."

"Come for me, hon."

Shannon did just that. Putting her hands on the back of Lynda's head, she forced her hips forward. Lynda's tongue worked furiously on the clit, causing wave after wave of ecstasy to explode through Shannon's body. Soon, Lynda's soft lips were squeezing the finger-like clit.

Shannon cried out again as her orgasms continued. Several minutes of watching Lynda masturbate had worked her into a frenzy, and the release was better than she expected. The feel of Lynda's hands on her ass only increased the pleasure.

It was only a minute or so before she was satisfied. But, it seemed to be forever. With weak legs, she clung to the girl that was now back at her mouth, kissing her passionately.

Lynda Weismeier

"Good morning," Lynda said in her sexiest voice.

"God. That was great," Shannon managed to reply with a heavy sigh.

Four hands were flying now-- probing, caressing, pinching; each girl explored every inch of the other playmate while water poured over them.

A young brunette woman pulled quietly away from the open bathroom door and walked through the bedroom. She slipped out of the room and leaned her back against the door. Charlotte Kemp tried to control her breathing but she kept telling herself that soon it would be her turn.

Chapter 4: Take me home! pt 1

When Lynda shot her beach scene for her Playmate Video Centerfold she felt like a movie star. The whole crew was so nice; the work consisted of running along in the sand and water and playing with a puppy. Easy. And the fond attentions of the crew were enough to keep her smiling and giggling through the whole day.

She seemed completely unaware of her ability to entice men. Was it an act or was she really that naive? It didn't matter; very man on the crew knew he had to have her either way.

She was driving them nuts and consuming all their energy. Her perky and warm attitude matched her perky and luscious breasts! That ass was really driving everybody insane. Something had to give that was for sure.

Looking sweet and innocent Lynda had come bouncing across the camp set up on the beach to accommodate the shoot. She noticed the circle of men watching her and she noticed they were all pulling cards out of a deck. She skipped closer; she loved games.

"Whatcha doing?" she asked happily.

The producer was just about to pull his card when he replied. "We're drawing to see who gets to take you home." He glanced at his card, the three of spades, and scowled.

One of the roadies let out a whoop and held up his card, the king of diamonds. Everybody had pulled a card now.

"Can I have one too," Lynda asked, scrunching up her nose cutely.

She pulled out the ace of hearts. "Wait, if I won, I guess I'd have to drive myself home."

All the men laughed and the producer nodded as he took her card, patting another man on the back. "That's OK, sweetheart, Danny here gets to take you home. Don't worry about it."

"OK, Danny. Just you and me!" Lynda said encouragingly, with a wide-eyed innocence that froze Danny. He decided he definitely was one lucky guy.

"Okay, Lynda. You lead the way," Danny made a sweeping gesture toward the parking lot, waited for her, and fell in behind. He couldn't take his eyes off her plump little ass as she went joyfully bouncing up the path.

At one point, she had to climb over some rocks.

"Can you help me up, Danny? Then maybe I can help you get up!"

Danny gave her a "hand up" by placing it squarely on her butt with his finger pressed into the crack of her ass.

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!" she cried as his finger grazed the lips of her pussy. "That tiicc-klees! He-he!"

"OOPS, sorry, Lynda. My hand must have slipped when I was lifting you by your leg...." Danny let his statement trail away.

"That's okay, Danny. Here, let me get you up," she said and reached down to pull him up.

Later, while Lynda was well above him on the path, she turned around and could see Danny was looking right up at her butt. She couldn't figure out why he was so interested. Why didn't he just get over it?

The way he had stroked her pussy had just sent shivers down her spine. She remembered that she had felt that feeling when she was posing for her centerfold and all the crew was watching her.

Thinking about the photo shoot for her centerfold had made her even more aroused and she shivered and unconsciously wiggled her ass a little, putting on a nice little show for Danny.

They finally came to the car and Danny chivalrously opened the door for her. She slid into the seat and Danny moved to the other side but just as he got the driver's door open he was called back down to the set. "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere," he said with a scowl.

Lynda sat in the car with her hands demurely folded in her lap. She was excited thinking about what happened today. This was her first time being filmed and it seemed so easy. And it was so nice that all the guys liked her; she thought about how nice it was that Danny would take her home after the busy day. She pouted a cute little pout, the kind of lips meant for kissing babies. Danny definitely had a "hard-on" and was excited by pressing it against her ass, she could tell by his heavy breathing against her neck.

It was so exciting when he was rubbing it fast and hard against her pussy! She started fantasizing about what might have happened if he had put that cock into her.

She wondered if Danny would even want to fuck her. Her hand reached between her legs. She was wet. She started rubbing her pussy and it felt good.

What if he had ripped her pants down and taken her right there! She was attracted to him and loved the fact he was unable to control himself. She started rubbing her clit harder. She became flush and short of breath. She stroked her nipples with her left hand squeezing one nipple then the other.

She had no idea how sexy her nipples were. They stuck out really nicely when hard and were as thick as a pencil eraser. She did however know the slightest contact with them made her dizzy with desire so she had always been careful to keep them tucked away in a soft bra.

Her right hand was busy lightly stroking her clit to match the movements of her left hand on her tits. She started to run a finger frantically along her slit as she thought about Danny's hard dick pressed firmly against her ass.

This sent fire up and down her spine and she stroked faster and faster. Her hips rocked to the movement of her fingers and she started to squirm. She thought about how Danny's dick pulsed and throbbed.

Is it possible he came? She wondered. She could still feel his dick throbbing as he pressed into her ass. God, what if he actually came just by pressing against her tushy!

The thought of him coming sent her over the edge. Wave after wave of intense pleasure rolled over her body as she stroked herself to a terrific climax.

"Oh, oh-oh, oh-ooohhh-ooooooooohhhhhh yey. Yes unnnngggg, yeeeeeeessssssssssssss! I want you so bad Danny. I want you to FUCK ME. I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME HARD!" she cried as she stroked her clit in circular motions riding her climax out to the end by bucking her hips hard against her fingers.

Lynda Weismeier

By time Danny came back she had gotten herself straightened out and only her blush of embarrassment showed that something might have been up. The car roared out of the lot. They drove in silence and only at a red light did Danny strike up some conversation. "Did you like doing the shoot today?"

"Yeah."

"You did real good. Everybody was impressed."

"Yeah?"

The light changed and the car started up again. "You looked real sexy." He glanced over to gauge her reaction.

"Yeah?" Her eyes were straight ahead.

"Did you feel sexy?"

The young girl was silent. "Did you feel sexy, Lynda?"

"Was that OK?" She asked, worried that she had made a mistake.

"No, that was real good; you're a good girl, Lynda."

She beamed with pride. "I'm gonna work even harder tomorrow!" she enthused.

"You're doing the nurse scene right?"

She giggled. "Yeah, I bet you want to play doctor." Her laugh was ringing with delight.

"Sure, let's play doctor." He glanced at her again. "Lynda, you know I'm taking you home right?"

"Yeah, I got a big day tomorrow."

"No, Lynda, I'm taking you back to my place. I won the draw."

"Oh, is that so I can get on the set on time tomorrow?" She nodded, thinking hard. "I guess we'll play doctor after all." Her brow furrowed cutely. Then she spoke again softly, "Danny, are you gonna, um, do me when we get home?"

"Do you want me to, Lynda?"

"OK."

He stepped on the gas.

Once inside his apartment he led her directly to the bedroom.

She looked at him with innocent eyes. "Are we still going to play doctor? You know, to practice for the shoot tomorrow?"

He looked at her, almost tempted to pinch himself to see if he were dreaming his good fortune. "Sure, Lynda, we'll play doctor to practice. Let me get ready." He rummaged around briefly as the sweet girl beamed at him.

Finally he stood close to her. "Should I get undressed, Doctor?" she giggled. He nodded and grinned.

Lynda furrowed her brow as if concentrating on the game. She slowly unpeeled her tight low cut top and he could see her hands were trembling. She unclasped her bra and let it slide off her breasts.

He smiled, happy with himself, as she crossed her arms over her breasts and looked away. Here she was naked from the waist up, alone with the man she wanted to take her! She was a little embarrassed.

Danny didn't comment on this touch of modesty. It was, after all, really turning him on that she was acting so shy and demure. He pressed closer and brought a makeshift stethoscope to his ears. He made the stethoscope out of tie and a watch he had laying around. It looked fun but was totally useless for listening to her heart.

"I'm going to listen to your breathing Lynda. Breathe deep and release it when I tell you."

He placed the stethoscope on her back and told her to take a deep breath and let it out.

He then moved the instrument around and repeated the scenarios a few times. He felt her relaxing and getting comfortable being naked with him.

"Drop your arms," he commanded and she did so. Now he knew why she was covering up. She had the longest nipples he had ever seen. They stood out proud and long and were as big at the end, not tapered at all.

WOW! MAGNIFICENT TITS! His mind screamed.

He decided he had to get his hands on those tits right now! He kept his left hand on her shoulder and with his right hand moved the stethoscope to her right breast. He held the metal part of the stethoscope in the V of his fingers so the tips of his fingers were free. He let his fingers stretch out until they came into contact with her nipple.

He lodged her nipple between two fingers while he moved to different examination points. He gently squeezed the nipple between his fingers and was amazed at its size and thickness as he pretending to carry on the exam.

"Ohhh!" she cried, as her nipples had always been extremely sensitive. She jumped as Danny applied more pressure to her breast and gently rolled her nipple between his fingers.

"Breathe deeply." He said and, as she inhaled, he cupped her entire expanding breast in his hand.

"Hold it in," he said.

He couldn't believe her nipple grew even larger and stuck out a good half inch past his fingers! He repeat the same examination to her other nipple and when he was done they were both rock hard and pointing straight at him.

He finally put down the stethoscope and said; "Okay, that's done. Now we need to check your breasts. He placed one hand on each mound and began to knead them gently in a circular pattern.

"This is real good, Lynda." He was squeezing her breasts together and pinching them. Danny then moved to another area and began pinching it. He was taking his time and squeezing her breasts ever so slowly!

Lynda Weismeier

She had her eyes closed and her breathing was becoming rather ragged as he continued to stroke her breast. He was now gently twisting her nipples between his thumb and forefinger with just the slightest pressure. She felt dizzy and disoriented but loved how he was making her feel.

Part of her wanted him to stop and part of her just wanted to let it happen. She decided she should just be quiet and try to enjoy the game. It was like rehearsing for tomorrow's shoot after all!

Danny, tired of just rubbing her breasts, decided to move on. He took out a flashlight and shined it into both ears and then down her throat.

"You have your tonsils still?"

"Yep. I never had them out," Lynda replied.

She felt funny. She wished Danny hadn't stopped checking her breast. Her pussy was on fire. She crossed and uncrossed her legs quickly trying to press some part of her thigh against her inflamed pussy. She wanted to rub her clit and come like before.

It was just playing doctor to practice for her video, she told herself, think about something else and you can go make yourself come when he's finished.

Danny left her and went to a table, which was full of books. He grabbed a big, professional-looking tome. It was actually a world atlas but it had a big and important looking cover and gold-lined pages. He flipped through the pages pretending to look something up.

"Tonsils, tonsils, lets seeâ throat problemsâ ptomaine poisoningâ lahhâ here it is, tonsillitis."

He frowned and looked at her. "You don't like shots, do you?"

"No. No shots!" she pleaded.

"Well, here, it recommends a shot of potassium-sulfated-chloride to prevent infection of the tonsils in an adult female. It is, I'm afraid, a very large and painful injection, Lynda."

"No, no shots!" She started to tremble again as her face turned to fear. " Please, no shots, Danny."

"I am afraid that that's the remedy," he lied. He flipped a page and pretended to find something, "Wait there's a homeopathic remedy here on the back of this page. Let me read what it says."

"Anything, oh please, I'll do anything to avoid a shot," Lynda said.

This was too easy. He was thinking this stuff up on the spot too! He was proud of himself as he stated, "It says here that native tribes in tropical rain forests use "Mans-seed" on a daily basis to cleanse the tonsils and prevent infection. Lab studies proved it effective in 1953."

He was so proud of himself when she brightened immediately and said, "No shots?"

"No shots!" he replied.

She threw her arms around him and rocked forward in her relief practically throwing him off balance in her excitement. His cock made contact with the front of her cunt. He ground away while her hard bare nipples

poked through his shirt and pressed into his chest.

"Danny?" She asked.

"Yes."

"What's in "Mans-Seed" and what do we have to do to get it?" she was pretty sure what it was but wanted to make sure.

He almost came right there. Lord, this child is so naive! he thought. What a sweet innocence this woman contained.

"Well, Mans-seed comes out of a man's penis. Getting "Mans-Seed" to come out of a penis can be very difficult, Lynda. I'm not sure you can do it. It takes a special talent. You will have to take my cock in your mouth and suck it with all your might, just right, for a long time. Your jaws will probably get sore before you will get any sperm, which is what "Mans-Seed" is."

"Oh please, Danny, please. I'll do exactly what you tell me to do! I'll try really hard and do whatever you tell me!"

"Are you sure you'll do everything exactly as I tell you?"

She shook her head eagerly and he smiled. He laid her down on the bed and she curled into the fetal position on her side with her face at cock level. He unzipped his fly and took out his cock, stroking it as he approached her mouth.

She couldn't take her eyes off his cock! It was so big but she wanted to reach out and feel it. She could feel juices flowing out of her pussy as he approached her. She remained transfixed on his hand stroking his throbbing member.

W-w-what are you going to do with it?" she asked finally.

"Well, Lynda, sperm comes out the end of a man's dick when he gets over-stimulated. What you need to do is suck my cock until my sperm heats up and sprays down your throat. That will coat your tonsils and prevent any chance of infection, understand? You will have to listen to my instructions and suck hard or it won't work."

She shook her head yes that she understood and opened her mouth wide and closed her eyes. He moved forward and slowly eased his cock into her mouth about an inch and then pulled it out. He slowly increased the depth and the speed of his motion. She lay motionless as his cock moved slowly in and out of her mouth a few more times.

"Wrap your lips around your teeth and lick the shaft, right here, a few times like it was a lollipop." He pointed to his favorite location.

She licked the underside of his cock and, like a pro, zoomed in on his most sensitive spot. Making slurping and sucking sounds as she licked along his shaft.

"That's it! Right there!" he cried as her tongue circled the head of his shaft. "Lick it hard right there! Good!" he said as her tongue kept up its circular motion around his cock.

Lynda Weismeier

She eagerly did it all. She was concentrating hard at her task of trying to make him come. He placed her right hand on the base of his cock and started stroking his balls with it.

"Hold the base of my cock with one hand and stroke my balls with the other." He then took her pigtails in his hand and started using them to aid in fucking her mouth. He pressed deeper into her throat but met resistance. He knew she was close to a gag reflex. He felt he was getting close to coming and wanted to prolong it. He decided it was time for her lesson in deep throating.

"Ummmp, ummmp, ummmp," was all she could manage and he thrust deeper and harder trying to get his whole cock down her throat. He was now pumping about half of his cock in her mouth.

He was getting even more excited thinking that she would do anything he instructed. It was time to turn this sweet girl into a full-fledged cocksucker. He pulled his cock out of her mouth to get her attention.

"That's not deep enough in your mouth, Lynda. Now, I'm going to have push my cock deep in your mouth, all the way in, to come. You might be tempted to gag but you have to overcome that and let it go all the way down your throat. When my cock is all the way in, start rubbing my balls hard, okay? This will get my sperm hot enough to come out the end of my dick. Otherwise...."

She shook her head yes but wasn't sure she could do it. She had to try! Relax and just have fun with it! She told herself and that calmed her down.

She knew she could do it if she just opened her throat and let him drive his cock home. She wanted so badly to make him come. She was so excited she couldn't believe how much she wanted to feel Danny come!

Danny decided to take charge by gripping her pigtails and driving his cock all the way down her throat hard with the first stroke. It took her by surprise and when she swallowed, she ended up with his dick completely buried in her mouth. He started humping her hard and fast giving her no chance to catch her breath.

At first, she thought she was going to gag, but she overcame her fear. She relaxed her throat and started to time her breathing to the thrust of his cock. She was also using just her nails on his balls, stoking them lightly with each push of his cock down her throat. He found a rhythm and she sucked hard on every thrust.

"Ugh, uh sllupp uh sllupppppp um-um-um. Sllupp." The noises coming from her mouth were incredible! He was driving as fast and deep as he could and she was taking it all!

He then reached down and cupped her pussy in his hand and it was too much for him. Her sweet mouth was giving him the best blowjob of his life and soon he knew he'd be fucking the tight little pussy he felt in his hand! He felt his balls swell and his load rise to the surface and there was no stopping it. He was going to come in her mouth.

"Here it comes, Lynda. Swallow hard," he commanded her, "You need to swallow every drop."

With a wicked smile on his face he slammed his cock into her mouth and exploded, forcing her head onto him and holding it there.

"Oh! OOOHHHH YA! FUCK YES! HERE IT COMES BABY! SUCK IT ALL DOWN! FUCK YEEEESSSSSSSSSS!"

She felt his cock force its way deep into her throat and he held it there. Then she felt the explosion of fire in her mouth. She swallowed and swallowed and she thought she would never swallow it all! She was

determined to get every drop but she felt some leak out and run down her chin. His seed had a salty taste to it, but otherwise wasn't bad. When he removed his dick she wiped the seed off her face with her fingers and sucked them dry by sticking them in her mouth.

He was so glad he decided to skip jerking off that morning so he had a full load for her.

He removed his hand from her pussy as she sat up. He knew she was still on fire because her cotton shorts were soaked and he could smell her sex on his hand. He was, on the other hand, drained. He needed to recharge.

She couldn't believe he grabbed her pussy and stroked her clit like that. It felt soooo good! She was extremely horny now and wished he hadn't stopped rubbing her. She was fidgeting, crossing and uncrossing her legs subconsciously trying to get some relief.

Danny decided it was time for some range of motion exercises. This would give him some much-needed time to recoup. Touching the thick pile of his carpet he traced two footprints facing the wall on the floor and had Lynda step into them.

He then had her bend this way and that. He always kept at least one hand on her and brushed her pussy, tits, or ass constantly as he positioned her. He especially enjoyed when she had to bend over forward and reach as far as possible behind her spread legs. Her shorts road up the outline of her pussy showed.

He placed his left hand on her ass as he bent to get the measurement, letting his hand "slip" and caress the folds of her pussy. This measurement for some reason had to be taken over a few times. Each time he took the opportunity to stroke her pussy again, just enough stimulation to keep her excited.

He stood her up. "Okay. Good. Take off your shorts and panties for the next part of the examination," She complied willingly. She was so hot and ready, she was ripped her clothes off. He sat her back up on the bed and spread her legs at the knees slightly, stepping between them.

"Now I am going to give you a reflex test. Now, I don't have a suitable hammer so I am going to use my tongue. I will lick you in sensitive spots and see how your reflexes react."

Lynda looked hesitant. She didn't like to be tickled. "Are you sure this is the best way?"

"I can honestly say it's the best way I can think of."

He had one hand on each thigh now, looking into her eyes reassuringly. He was slowly rubbing his hands up and down the inside of her thighs. It was driving her crazy! She just wanted to come so bad!

"Okay," she said.

So he laid her back with her knees in the air and placed her feet up on the edge of the table. He kept his hands on the inside of her thighs and knelt down by her ankles.

"I have to feel the muscle in the inside of your thighs to see if one or both legs respond to my tongue since I can't lick you and see them at the same time."

His hand had slid up her thighs to just below her pussy. If he rotated his hands, he could touch her pussy easily. Danny then licked the length of the bottom of her right foot.

"UHHHGGGHHH!" she cried as she tried to pull her foot away. When she returned, he had repositioned his hand, so it caressed her pussy. He then moved his hand away.

"Okay, Lynda?"

"Oh, yes, you just caught me off guard and it tickles." The sensation of having his hand touching her pussy was too much for her. She wanted it again. "Go ahead when you're ready Danny." She braced for the next onslaught.

Danny continued licking. First, he licked her feet and the inside of her ankles and then, the back of her calves and the inside of her knees. He eventually dropped the pretense of pulling his hand away from her pussy after each lick. Instead he let one finger rest along the length of her slit and let it ride up and down each time she jump from one of his tongue lashings.

Finally, he lifted her legs straight up and held them by the back of her knees. He then lowered his head down to the crease on side of her pussy and gave a long slow lick,

"OOOHHHHH! OHHHH MY! UH-UH UH," she cried.

Danny then licked the other side of her pussy the same way. He shoved his tongue deep into her honeypot, and then finding her clit and circling it with his tongue.

She was wiggling her ass, lost in passion. The sensations were unbelievable. His tongue kept stroking her clit and he placed a finger at the entrance of her pussy.

"EEEEEEYYYYEEEEEE AH! OOH! OH! UHUHUH!" she screamed as his finger entered her. Her breathing was keeping time with her hips. He knew she was going to come soon. He stood up and backed away from her, holding her legs up in the same position.

"NOOoooooooooooo don't stop please!" she suddenly pleaded. She was sooo close!

He stood and enjoyed the sight of Lynda grinding her hips into the air trying to find something to rub against so she could come. She was hoping to make contact with anything that might finish her off. She was now ready for him and she was going to get it good!

"Oh, I'm so close! Please, Danny, help me!" she begged.

"Well, Lynda, your reflexes are perfect," he said just to tease her, "Now I need to take your temperature. I going to place a long hard object in your pussy to see just how hot it is!" He chuckled to himself as he approached her pussy with his now rock-hard cock.

He was standing, cock in hand, at the entrance of her pussy. He slowly eased forward until the head made contact with her cunt lips, then slowly slid it into her waiting pussy. Finally, the moment he had been dreaming about was here! **HE WAS ABOUT TO FUCK LYNDA WEISMEIR, A PLAYBOY PLAYMATE!**

He pumped a couple inches of his cock in and out slowly because she was so unbelievably tight. She had her eyes closed and was rocking her head from side to side.

He pressed forward until he felt her tighten even more, then he pressed through and shoved his cock in to the hilt.

Lynda Weismeier

"OOOWWWW OHH OOWWWW OHH MY GOD THAT FEELS SOOO GOOOOD!!!!" She screamed. "I want you to FUCCKK MEEEE!" There, she had said it. She really wanted it to be Danny.

He waited buried deep inside her feeling her pussy spasm around his cock.

"Yes Oh yes that's sooooo good. Uh hu UH HU OH OH OH I'M COOOOMMMMINNNGGGG DANNY! OH HO OH HO OHOHOOH! YES I'm CCUUMMING. OHOHOOHOHOHO"

He was glad he had just come from her blowjob or he would have shot into her right away now.

Danny continued to pump his cock in and out as she came for several minutes. He played with her clit and her tits while he continued to fuck her hard. He stopped and rolled her over on the bed so she was doubled over it. He readjusted his cock, found her pussy, and started pumping her from behind. He was watching his dick be sucked in and out of her pussy. He pushed his dick in to the hilt and held it there. He waited and felt his load well up in his balls.

"Okay that's good," he mumbled to no one. He then slid his dick slowly out of her cunt forcing her to shift her ass back to try and keep him in her pussy. He finally fell right out. He had come up with yet another brilliant idea.

"Just one more exam, Lynda!" He stuck his fingers in the coconut oil on the side of the table. He spread it lightly over her cheeks and started to work a finger in and out of her ass.

"Oh, that feels funny." She didn't know if she liked the sensation or not. She spread her legs and relaxed her sphincter muscle, making it easier for him.

"It will feel a lot better in a moment." He said as he worked his whole finger into her ass and then began to rotate it around.

"Humm, what's this?" he tried to sound professional. He then drove his finger in to the hilt and rotated it. He continued forcing his finger deep and twisting it around as if he was trying to feel something.

"Do you feel that?"

"I don't know!" she stammered. The twisting of his finger drove her wild. She rocked her hips on his finger. She knew she didn't want him to stop. His fingers had her all hot again.

"I think I fell something Danny."

He removed his finger.

"OHHHH NOOO! Can you try feeling it again?" she asked, holding her ass high in the air and rotating it in slow circular motions.

It was such a turn on to see her so hot!

"Yes, I can try again," he said. This time he returned to her ass, shoved two fingers deep in her asshole, and twisted them wickedly.

"OOHHHHH! OHHH YES!" she cried with happiness. "Can you feel it now, Danny?"

Lynda Weismeier

He twisted and rammed his fingers around and around again. "No I'm afraid I can't quite reach it to make it out. I'll have to use something longer."

With that, he pulled his finger from her ass and placed his still throbbing erection at the entrance of her ass. He dipped his fingers into the coconut oil again and spread it over his cock.

"Here, let me try this." He pushed his coconut-oiled cock against her ass and, once past her sphincter muscle, rammed his cock home.

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Yes that's soooooooooooooooooooooo gooooooooooooooooooooood! Ohhhh stick in deep Danny! OHH YEEEESSSSSSS!"

"I can feel something deep in there but I can't make it out. Let's me see if I can feel it by rubbing against it," Danny then proceeded to pump his cock in and out of her tight round ass, eventually losing all control. He knelt up on the step stool and went crazy driving his cock as deep and hard as he could.

"Yes, I believe this will work," he moaned as he started to increase his speed. He reached underneath her and put two fingers in her cunt. He started stroking his cock through the thin wall separating her ass and her pussy. He felt his cock explode in her ass as he slammed it home.

"Oh, fucking yes. Oh fuck me good!" cried Danny as he finished filling her with fire. She felt him come and it sent her over the edge. She came with Danny as he filled her ass with his load.

When he finished, he pulled his cock out and squeezed both cheeks of her ass in his hands and said, "Remember, you need a dose of mans-seed every day."

"Could you take my temperature every day too?" she asked sheepishly.

"Of course Lynda. I'm as concerned about your health as you are."

"Oh this is so much better than some silly old shot, Danny."

"I couldn't agree with you more, Lynda. I couldn't agree with you more!"

He watched as she jumped off the bed and into the bathroom. "Danny," she said sweetly, "Could you help me practice for the shower scene too?"

On the set the next day Lynda was nervous about the office shoot but everybody worked hard to make her comfortable so it was another fun day for the vivacious girl.

When she had to strip out of her nurse's uniform she was nervous again; but once again, by time she was naked she was already warmed by the appreciative gazes of the crew and the director's gentle guidance. The shower scene was even easier; she felt sexy and bold enough to use the shower nozzle to pleasure herself to orgasm on camera, at least nearly anyway. When the scene was over she was flush with arousal and she giggled when another stage hand approached her, proudly holding up his winning card, a one eyed jack. Lynda saw the card and shrugged agreeably. He had a Volkwagon minibus and didn't wait to get home before enjoying the playmate's favors; the rest of the crew watched the van rocking back and forth vigorously as they pulled out of the lot. The dancing of the van was accompanied by the gleeful squeals of the cute little playmate as he did her in the missionary position, then doggie style, then began to explore positions the girl had never heard of. When he finally brought her home he was almost too tired to play with her anymore but Lynda was too alluring and too sweet to resist.

Continued in the next chapter

Chapter 5: Take me home! pt 2

Continued from the previous chapter

The next morning she returned to the set excited and motivated to do her best work yet. Something she noticed was that each day the crew for the shoot got bigger and bigger, but instead of making her more nervous the admiring eyes inspired her to become even more playful. The third day of shooting was outside again. She wore a bright red blouse tied snugly at the waist and some red hotpants for her skating scene and it all came easy and natural; she loved cavorting for the camera and the crew seemed to love her mugging and giggling. She felt like a movie star for sure.

At the end of the shoot she began to skate back to the wardrobe trailer where she would change; she wondered why none of the men showed her a card but when she got to the door there was the wardrobe girl smiling sweetly and holding the queen of spades.

Lynda pouted, again unsure of what this could mean. "Whatcha doin?" she asked, breaking on her skates but still unsteady on her feet.

Amy moved closer to the girl; even with Lynda on roller-skates the wardrobe girl was taller. "Well, Lynda," she held up the card again. "I won the draw."

"Yeah?" she said, letting the idea flutter to the ground like a losing ticket at the track. Lynda scrunched up her face in confusion. "So one of the crew takes YOU home?"

"No, sweet pea, I take YOU home."

"Yeah?" Lynda sounded doubtful. She was finding it hard to stay up on her skates and Amy was toying with the knot holding the blouse closed. Suddenly the wheels slipped out from under the playmate and she went down with her legs shooting out in front of her. Amy was still holding the ends of the knot so the blouse sprang open and Lynda's big juicy breasts popped out. Lynda managed to grab Amy's hips just before her butt hit the ground but pulling herself up she pushed her face into the taller girl's crotch.

Amy pulled her up, the playmate's bare breasts caressing over her as she rose but she was still wobbly on her skates. Amy put an arm around her shoulder but the young girl slipped again and Amy's other hand accidentally slid into the girl's hotpants. The playmate, surprised by the woman's touch on her bush, jumped back but with Amy's arm around her she bounced forward again on the wheels of the skates and Amy's finger slid into the juicy lips of her sex. More shocked now, Lynda wobbled back and forth and actually fucked herself to near orgasm on Amy's finger. As Lynda's bliss rose she bent her head back and Amy kissed her; rocking back and forth on the wheels of the skates Lynda began to tremble with ecstasy and without understanding the tremulous feelings rising in her body returned the kiss lovingly.

With Amy's arm holding her up and Amy's hand throbbing in her sex, Lynda wriggled the hotpants down around her ankles and wriggled and squirmed in excitement. Suddenly the orgasm hit and she shook enough to flop onto the ground, sinking slowly with the rising tide of her ecstasy. Amy stood back in the doorway and watched the girl's face flush a rosy red as she came in a series of rapid climaxes. "You better get in here," Amy said and smiled as the girl struggled to skate naked, with the shorts almost down around her ankles. She held the door for the tiny girl and licked her lips as the young playmate came in.

Lynda blinked in surprise when she saw all the outfits assembled on the racks in the wardrobe trailer. "Golly," she said, her eyes wide in amazement.

Lynda Weismeier

"Do you like these outfits?" Amy asked kindly.

"Well, sure, it looks so glamorous and stuff."

Amy held up an outfit. "Time for you to change."

"Really? Can I try it on?"

She watched as Lynda exchanged her sexy skating clothes for stockings, heels and a tight latex dress which just about hid the splendid melons of her breasts and obscured only the tiniest of thongs. She stood behind Lynda, and placed her hands on the girl's bare shoulders, and smiled at her reflection in the mirror with its newly applied bright red lipstick. "It's going to be so good, isn't it?" she gushed enthusiastically.

Without comment, Lynda raised her hands to her shoulders and shyly removed Amy's hands, which rather startled her. She smiled sadly meekly. "I guess so." Then she turned her head round and looked into Amy's face. "You will be gentle with me, won't you? At least at first."

Amy was too put back by Lynda's rejection of her advances to do anything but nod. "Yes, of course," she replied, as an uncharacteristic blush spread over her cheeks. How dare Lynda! What, she could only let the men do her?

However, such fears were misplaced, when the young girl turned around and took her hand. As soon as they were in action, Lynda was as warm and intimate as a girl could be. An expert improviser, sensing Amy's most sensual spots, and neither hurried nor too slow. Just right, in fact. The two stripped each other. The stockings were pulled down, the dress was hauled up, hands groped over breast, back and even the precious shoulders. Their tongues wagged at a distance, and then with warmth and passion, their mouths interlocked while their hands felt around each other's spine and bottom.

And soon the fingers, tongues and teeth were on each other's vagina and bottom. Amy was suitably impressed. Although, unlike her, Lynda clearly never shaved her pubic hairs or even trimmed them, they were perfectly shaped and not too long. And in amongst the hairs were the beautiful folds of a perfect vagina, which kept its glory inside rather than dropping it out like so many of the other girls. And the flavor of it. Sweet to the taste and rich in odor. Just as she preferred.

But true to her word, Amy probed only with her fingers, and left it up to Lynda to do the penetration, which she did efficiently and expertly with the clear purple dildo that Amy had provided for the job. All she was really conscious of was Lynda and her fingers and the way it made her vagina ache from pleasure.

Amy quickly kissed Lynda full on the lips. "That was fucking great!" She said. "You're a real fucking lay."

Lynda carefully wiped her lips with the back of her hand and made no comment.

Amy wasn't that easily put off. "So, after we've finished, are you coming back with me? To my place. I've got a great place, you know. And a really big comfortable bed. And then we can carry on where we've just left off."

Lynda frowned. "Are you asking me back to your place to have sex with you?" she asked shyly.

Amy smiled broadly. "Of course. It'd be such good fun!"

Lynda Weismeier

Lynda carefully sat down on her chair by the mirror, still with a frown on her face. She looked up at Amy. "I'm very flattered, er, Amy," she said politely. "And, no offence. You are a very attractive girl. And I'm sure your feelings are genuine. But, er, Amy. I'm going not to do that."

And then Lynda turned her head to face her reflection, ignoring Amy while she tidied up the lipstick on her mouth.

Amy wasn't that easily put off. "You can't be meaning that! I mean, you were so good. Why can't we do the same thing more intimately and more privately? I know you'd enjoy it."

"Amy," said Lynda firmly and not facing Amy at all. "I can't."

For the second time that evening, and for only the second time she could ever recall in her entire memory, Amy reddened from the humiliation of rejection. She attempted to say something, but her tongue, despite still tasting of Lynda's vulva, was somehow tied and she lost all ability for coherent response. Without a word, she wandered off to her own chair by the mirror and studied her own freckled face, damp strands of hair plastered to the forehead, with its oriental eyes and full red lips, and tried to reassure herself that in some way that she'd never before suspected she was not after all unattractive.

How could it be that anyone, male or female, would not succumb to her beauty? Especially a woman who only moments ago was clearly enjoying her body, and whose stated preference was indeed for women and not for men at all. What strange thing was this? And had she done anything to deserve this rebuff?

Amy wasn't a girl who gave up easily; Lynda was passionate, sensual and sexy. In no way did she seem abashed or reluctant, expressing her joy unambiguously as Amy penetrated her with a dildo or licked her clitoris. Her passion didn't seem to be at all feigned.

However, Lynda was more of a challenge than even Amy could crack. However much she pleaded and begged and cajoled, Lynda was steadily adamant that she couldn't go home with her. "I mean, don't you have any other girlfriends you can spend the night with?" Lynda inquired ingenuously.

Amy sighed resignedly. "Lynda, I won the draw; you have to come home with me."

"But I don't want to turn into a lesbian," the young girl whined.

Amy finally smiled. "No chance of that, look." She gestured toward the doorway where a trio of burly stage hands were waiting. "They're coming with us."

Lynda looked at the three men and they smiled at her happily. She turned back to Amy. "You mean they're gonna do me too?" Amy nodded. "And you?"

"Yes, I'm going to do you too."

Lynda scrunched up her face, deep in thought. "I guess if they do me too I won't be a lesbian after all." She slipped her arm in Amy's and headed towards the trio. "Besides," she whispered to Amy, "You're such a good kisser."

For the next shoot the sweet young playmate had to eat, and eat a lot. Noticing her voracious appetite the producers arranged to shoot her at a restaurant and she devoured the food with a sexy gusto, even pretending to suck on a banana as if it were a cock. At the end of the shoot one of the cameramen won the privilege of taking her home. Lynda looked at him earnestly as he helped her into his car. "Is it ok if I suck your dick on

the way home?" she asked prettily.

Much to everybody's dismay the final day of shooting arrived. The last scene was a workout in a gym. This came naturally to the athletic girl and she practically bounced onto the shoot pirouetting and giggling as her tight leotard displayed every curve of her buxom body.

The workout was easy for such a young and energetic girl as Lynda. She was flexible and strong in all the right places and curvaceous and soft where it mattered most for the camera. The crowd murmured approval each time she bent forward and stretched the leotard over the scrumptious globes of her bottom, displaying plenty cleavage too as she bent; and they almost applauded when she bent back and the leotard stretched over her breasts and displayed her rock hard nipples. She lifted weights and did bends and each exercise displayed another delightfully sexy aspect of her anatomy.

She threw herself into the shoot with zeal, working up a phenomenal sweat in the process. She worked mostly in silence, just her own deep breathing and the encouraging murmurs from the crew. She exercised with vigor, giggling with each crunch and bend, feeling more and more sexy by the minute. Each routine had been planned the day before so she could just keep going, a warm tingling feeling growing in her as she pranced around the gym, a feeling of vitality, health, and sensuality.

She knew the crew was out there beyond the lights and she knew they were ogling her body as she stretched and preened and it felt good to have them watching her. When the producer's voice came out from beyond the lights it sounded almost other worldly, the disembodied voice of a god. "Lynda, are you feeling good?"

"Yeah," she enthused in a husky breathless voice, girlish and sexy at the same time. She planted her feet on the floor and bent her arms over her head, lifting her body as she faced the ceiling.

"You look really fine, Lynda."

"Yeah?" she continued to stretch, arching her back so her breasts stood out like a feast for the eyes. The crowd murmured approval and she jutted her breasts up for them in a teasing display.

"That leotard looks awfully tight and uncomfortable Lynda."

"Uh uh." She flipped over and stuck her rear in the air.

"Do you remember what we talked about at the production meeting yesterday?"

She hesitated, then answered softly, "Yeah."

"It's time, don't you think, Lynda?"

"OK."

She rose slowly and slowly peeled the sweaty sticky nylon off of one shoulder then the other. She tugged until the fabric slid down her moist skin and her lush breasts sprang out into the light. A voice rang out and she paused. She knew that voice. "Oh yeah," came the growl, a low bass rumbling over her. She knew that voice. The basketball star was a fixture at the Mansion and every playmate knew that she would eventually be treated to his massive cock. Lynda hadn't realized he was here until now. She hadn't realized that it was her turn until now.

She hesitated, her hands trembling. "Go on, Lynda," the producer's voice said firmly.

"OK."

She pushed the leotard over her hips and her bush glistened under the lights of the cameras. The crowd was too stunned by her voluptuous nakedness to speak. She delicately stepped out of the leotard and stood shyly under the blaze of the camera lights.

The leotard was dripping when she peeled it off and she drabbed it suggestively over an exercise bar. Fighting her nervousness she began a routine of nude erotic yoga. She sat down on the floor; the polished wood was cool against her bare skin. She stretched out her legs in front of her and focused on bending forward in a perfect sweep, caressing her legs as she leaned over. She gripped her ankles and stretched her spine; she could feel all the eyes on her and the gaze from beyond the lights mingled with the arousal of the relaxing exercise.

She breathed deeply then rose slowly, turning and looking back over her bare shoulder to give the camera a smoldering look; she was turned on completely now and her soft nubile body tingled with yearning. She spread her legs wide in almost a perfect split, her spine straight, her bottom tight and round. She trembled not from exertion but from the murmurs of appreciation from the crowd beyond the lights.

Up on her feet now she bent forward and caught herself on her palms. She stretched her legs, her arms straight as she swayed from side to side, flexing and bending. Her breasts dangled freely, looking delicious as they danced and her bottom preened for the mirror behind her. By time she lay on the floor and began rocking her hips from side to side she was in a completely erotic reverie, sweaty and blissful, her mind dizzy with desire.

Lynda could sense the crowd of men around her; the aura of masculine power and desire thrilled her. The lights kept them just out of view though but she knew they were close. The producer crouched down, close to her head and she could see him in silhouette.

"You look so pretty, Linda," he said softly.

The girl heard the voice as if it were coming from another dimension, still it excited her even in her blissful state. "Yeah?" she breathed girlishly.

"Do you feel pretty, Lynda?"

"Yeah," she gasped, yearning to be touched.

"You look so sexy, Lynda?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you feel sexy Lynda?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to get yourself off?"

"Is that Ok?" She blinked shyly into the lights still warming her glistening sweat moist skin. "Is the camera on?"

"We're keeping the camera on Lynda. You look so sexy. Can you pleasure yourself for us

"OK."

Maybe it was the words that began to stir and arouse her as if he were speaking directly to her soul. Perhaps it was the fact that the dark desires of the shadowy figures beyond the lights matched her own so closely. Maybe it was the fact that they seemed unattainable, separated by distance and circumstance. Maybe it was simply because lust had a presence that touched her, transcending space and rationality. But her lust remained constant, sometimes smoldering beneath the surface one moment, raging like a furnace the next.

She was in one of these states that found her imagining a provocative fuck. It was a hot sweaty fuck in a deserted gym. She would be taken by a mysterious stranger. He'd come upon her while she was exercising and before she could object he was tying her to a machine. The one that worked the inside of her thigh muscles. His long fingers ripped at her leotard tearing it to shreds, freeing her sweaty breasts and exposing her wet pussy so he could plunge into her warmth while she lay there helplessly quivering. She moaned in pleasure as his cock buried itself in her, fucking her with an intensity that left her weak and helpless with desire. No words were spoken; just the sounds of primal fucking filled the air. Little gasps, grunts, moans and the slapping of their bodies. But then, just as she was ready to climax, her cunt muscles clenching wildly around his meaty shaft, he'd pulled out and shot his seed all over her fevered body denying her the release she craved.

She trembled shamelessly as she pictured her own violation. Her hips rocked from side to side synchronized with the deep fucking she imagined for herself; her breasts swayed in a gentle dance and her hair shimmered in the bright light as her head twisted in pleasure. A low groan escaped her lips.

She loved it - the way her heart raced, the lustful heat spilling from between her thighs as her body responded shamelessly. Release did not come easily. She had not touched herself at all, savoring the aching throb between her thighs and she had avoided touching herself, deliberately keeping her body on an agonizingly slow boil.

As she writhed on the floor and she moaned sweetly. She had to touch herself now; her fingers found their way down her body, to her breasts. Her nipples had always been very responsive; touching them, pulling on them sent sharp sparks down to her groin. She pictured her mysterious lover. He'd love them, she was certain of that. Sweet dusky pink nubs under his lips, between his teeth. She groaned softly and let her hand wander down over her flat belly to the juncture nestling between her thighs. Her fingers slid through her freshly honeyed lips as if letting them know more was to follow.

Inexplicably her hands trembled as if she had been handed a vibrator, one of those special toys the publisher would use on her sometimes. She groaned and her hips rocked and her body quaked in deep arousal. It was part provocation and part something else. Something bigger. An unexplained excitement that had her heart racing as if she'd run a mile. The shadowy figures were watching, and she was doing this for them, especially for them, and she was terribly excited. And the camera caught it she knew somewhere deep in her libido; men would watch her come and she would come for them. She was sexy.

An insistent throb had started up between her legs fuelled by the touch of her finger hovering in her so decadently. She ran her hand over her breasts and felt the hard points of her nipples poking into her palms. This was going to be good, she just knew it.

She could picture it. The thick cock, around seven inches long and curved upwards for G spot stimulation lay within her reach. She imagined herself stroking the well defined network of veins on the cock and grasping the thick girth as she groaned. Her fingers just managed to close around it and she shivered with excitement. It was thick and it would stretch her, making her feel like a slut being fucked open when it got all the way inside her.

Her pussy was wet; the juice had begun to seep in anticipation of gripping the thickness between her pussy lips. She caressed it and teased herself a little longer by prolonging the inevitable.

The hand hummed, and as she groaned, she hitched up her hips and let her fingers run over the wet curls of her pussy. God it felt exciting, running her long nails over herself and teasing her soft flesh by slipping a finger inside her own slit. It was already very wet, so wet it surprised her.

Usually, she would be anxious to come but now she prolonged it, as if playing with herself mentally forcing herself to hold off giving into her body, notching up the excitement. They were watching her and the camera was watching, getting her more excited because of what she was doing.

She sobbed while she pushed two fingers inside her pussy and rubbed her clit with her thumb. She stifled a groan and a sweet tear trickled down her face.

Jesus, it felt good, her cunt was leaking. She could smell the muskiness of her excitement.

Never one to deprive herself of pleasure when she wanted it, she worked quickly, reaching for the thick cock in her mind's eye. She slipped it inside her pussy and moaned aloud as she felt the hardness pressing between her lips. She watched as it slid inside. Now it was a massive vibrator, one of the cruel toys the publisher used on her innocent body. The curved part pressed up against the walls and roof of her pussy and she flipped the switch to the lowest speed as she pushed it in as far as it would go. This one normally took time to accommodate fully; the publisher had to work diligently and cruelly to work it into her tiny body, but today in her dream there were no problems. It slid inside like a hot knife slicing through butter. All the way deep into her cunt up to about an inch or so from the top, where it flared out. The tightness was overwhelming, but the way she was half sitting, half laying back with her right leg bent added to the pressure. The shadowy figures murmured as they watched her finger imitate the fucking actions of the vibrator. The innocent girl moaned melodiously, a siren song of lust.

Her pussy lips were a bright reddish pink color. They glistened with juice as they gripped fingers and she could see her swollen clit was pressed tightly against the part her hand remaining outside of her pussy.

It looked so fucking hot, like something you might see in a hardcore fuck magazine. A wet pussy wrapped around an eager hand, and an excited clit, screaming to be licked or sucked, while the woman lay on the floor with a dozen men watching from the shadows. She began to pull her hand from her cunt, watching as the lips moved wetly along her finger before she thrust back sharply into herself again. The sensations were powerful, like she was being fucked hard. Like a man would fuck her in that dark gym.

She imagined what the men were seeing: her body, her face, her eyes. She liked that, to see the wild look of need and pleasure glazing over her eyes. She still wished she might see herself fully at orgasm, the look on her face as she lost herself completely, but she never had. Maybe one dayâ€¦

She thrust hard again and slid the hand back out again, and did it again, struggling now to keep focused on the sensations. She dropped her leg and lay back. The hand deeply imbedded in her cunt. She pressed down and her hand quivered as if she turned the speed up to high and she cried out as her ass muscles clenched in excitement. At once her clit jumped, from excitement and from having the glorious vibration tease it.

She closed her eyes and cupped her breasts so she could play with her nipple and then gave her body over to the pleasure. She could feel her orgasm building fast, waves of pleasure tripping over her, starting slowly and then building faster and faster. Her ass clenched while her cunt muscles clamped and tensed around the thickness of the imaginary cock inside her. Her breathing was fast and raspy as she felt it happen; the exquisite pleasure that she craved, that she had become a slave to crashed around her.

During that time there was a murmur of approval from the crowd around her but she was only dimly aware of it. Just some faint sound along with the burst of heat and joy that radiated out between her thighs. She may

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have moaned, she usually did, and cried out at orgasm, but she was not sure if she did. She'd planned to say a name as she came. Perhaps she did but it was not something she could recall. All she was certain of was the incredible clenching and contractions in both her pussy and ass that accompanied her intense orgasm and the exquisite peace that followed.

"That was so good, Lynda, so pretty."

"Yeah?"

"You came Lynda. You came for us didn't you Lynda?"

"Yeah."

"You're such a good girl Lynda. You came for the camera."

"Yeah."

"Do you know who's here, Lynda, who watched you come?"

"Who?"

"The Stilt is here, Lynda."

"Yeah?"

"He likes you Lynda."

"Yeah?"

"He thinks you're pretty."

"Yeah?"

"He thinks you're sexy."

"Yeah?"

"Do you know what he wants Lynda?"

The tiny girl was silent. She knew what he wanted.

"Do you know what he wants, Lynda?"

"Yeah." Her voice small and meek and trembling.

"What does he want?"

More silence as the innocent girl pondered what he wanted; she had heard about his skill and his massive size.

"You're a good girl Lynda. Tell us what he wants. Tell the camera what the Stilt wants to do to you."

"He wants to ball me?"

"That right, Lynda. You're such a good girl."

"Yeah?"

"Do you like to ball Lynda? Would you like the Stilt to ball you?"

"OK."

"Is it ok if we shoot him doing you?"

"Yeah."

The murmur of approval from the shadowy figures buzzed in the girl's ears. Strong hands helped her sit up and she blinked again into the lights. Standing before her in silhouette was a hulking figure; it seemed twelve feet tall to the trembling girl but the reality of the seven foot height would have been frightening enough. He moved forward into the light and Lynda gasped as the gleaming skin of the giant black man sparkled in the bright lights now, but it was the dark fire in his lust filled eyes that frightened her the most.

She shyly crossed her arms over her breasts and crooked her head towards the floor, giving him tentative glances with upturned eyes. "Don't be too rough, OK?" she pleaded meekly, but then her eyes saw the huge cock coming towards her. "Oh my god," she gasped.

He approached slowly, savoring the look of shock on her face. As he drew closer the tiny girl leaned back on her palms and her luscious chest jutted forward; she stretched her legs out in front, her toes pointing at him. Her face calmed as she contemplated her fate and she cocked her head to one side awaiting his touch. She glanced nervously where she knew the camera to be then she turned her attention to the large man's confident approach.

"Hey little girl," he chuckled sitting on the floor alongside her. She eagerly climbed into his lap, mewing like a kitten. He chuckled again and adjusted her body so her back was leaning against his chest. "We gotta make sure the camera can see your goodies."

She mewed some more and his cock rose up between her legs and she hugged it over her belly and between her breasts like it was a small tree. He leaned over her and while she still wrapped one arm around his shaft she snaked the other over his neck and pulled him down for a kiss. She squirmed as his tongue possessed her, a huge snake foreshadowing the massive weapon about to enter her. She squirmed and her breasts caressed over his cock, a soft flower foreshadowing the softness of her sweet pussy about to squeeze around the rock hard shaft. She squirmed and she mewed with delight as her tongue flitted over his and licked the deep black of his face.

While they kissed he fondled her breasts and when he pinched a nipple she finally yelped. She wriggled and writhed anxious to have her breast in his mouth. She squirmed in his arms until her legs were around him, his cock pressed between them, its base nestled in the warm curls of her bush. She looked over her shoulders gazing lovingly at the camera. "Is this OK, can you see my bottom at least?"

"You look real good, Lynda," a voice from beyond the lights reassured her. "Do you feel good?"

"Yeah," she whispered, then "Yes!" A sharp squeal as his mouth engulfed a breast and began to nibble and suckle. She dropped her head back as every fiber of her being was concentrated in the soft flesh being pulled

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into his voracious mouth and the tender flesh being rubbed against the solidity of his shaft. Her hair, damp with sweat but still radiant, tumbled down her shoulders and back in golden waves. She squirmed and wriggled and writhed uncontrollably as he devoured her nipples. He buried his face over her chest and nuzzled then he held her arms and she bent all the way back, her pussy rubbing over the base of his cock.

He slowly lowered her to the gym floor and slowly shifted himself over her. She sobbed when the tip of his cock touched the lips of her pussy and she yelped in anguish as the head pushed past the gates of her sex and she cried out in agonizing bliss as his shaft began to push deep into her tight moist sheath. Her eyes widened to bright shocked saucers, her mouth formed a wide circle around a silent scream; still he pushed in further. His massive body shifted so his outstretched arms supported his torso above her; he leaned on his palms and kneeled. Lynda dangled, her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. He thrust his hips and rammed more of his huge black cock into her. Her head hung upside down with her hair sweeping over the floor. He rocked his body and she swayed under him; each headword swing pulled the cock out slightly but each swing back impaled her further on the shaft.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she mewled helplessly as more and more of him jammed into her. Her white arms and legs looked frail and tiny squeezing urgently over the ebony muscles of his neck and hips. He loved being inside her because she squirmed and writhed screwing herself tighter and tighter onto his gigantic cock.

Suddenly her strength gave and her arms slipped open; she caught herself on her palms and now dangled upside down, completely impaled on his shaft. He rammed down and she pushed up to meet him thrust for thrust. The action was wild and frantic now, the girl screaming and thrashing desperately. She was coming in bursts of lightning and she was coming over and over. He came too, shooting into her like a cannon, one blast after another until she exploded in a frenzied dance of ecstasy, bucking and writhing and arching her body in impossible contortions while she screamed over and over in her bliss.

She dropped to the floor, helpless and quivering and moaning with pleasure. The Stilt rose and bounced on his feet in victory. The voice from beyond the lights called to her gently. "That was so fine, Lynda. So good."

"Yeah?"

"Can the rest of us do you?"

Lynda was silent, breathing rapidly and still trying to recover from the Stilt's workout.

"We all want to do you, Lynda." The voice was insistent.

"One at a time, OK?" she whispered softly, blinking into the lights.

The murmurs of approval rang in her ears and she could sense the crowd forming a line. "Lynda?" the voice asked, "we're going to film this too, OK?"

"OK," she breathed meekly and opened her legs for the first in line.

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