



## CHAPTER XII

### HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Promptly at 8 p.m., Ms W and Mr. Perfect are seated at a semi private booth, discreetly located at the far end of the open dining area. This was to be a private conversation. Mr. Perfect, speaking to the young Burmese waiter, "Lobster for two and please chill this white wine. Serve both in 30 minutes. Do not disturb us until then."

Once the proper table setting arrangements were in place, Mr. Perfect; "Let's go over the ground rules once more".

- 1) My bungalow, from 9 p.m. to 7 a.m., where you and I will attempt to break world records by fucking each other into submission. We both agree to lead or follow. We both have to be available and willingly to

respond on a continuous basis, the entire 10 hours. At any time, neither can not or will not respond, the wager is forfeited; correct Ms W?" Ms W replies; "Either all night or not at all".

- 2) "7 a.m., the following morning, I enter the water in front of the hotel, swim to the end of the beach, make my turn at the rock 50 meters from shore, return and surface at the original starting point.
- 3) In order to keep you from going to the reception desk prior to my completion of task and absconding with the parcel, you will walk on the beach parallel to my swimming lane. You are to be in constant view while I complete my swim.
- 4) After successful completion of my swim, I proceed to the office reception at exactly 8 a.m. and

retrieve the \$20,000 U.S. wager.”

For Mr. Perfect, this was too good to be true; a delightful swim after an all night, first time delicious fuck. Ms W had ignited his desire by her admission to being a borderline nymphomaniac. Then after the delightful all nighter, and after the exhilaration of a post fuck swim, Mr. Perfect would stroll to the reception desk and garner a \$10,000 payday.

Mr. Perfect had made prior taxi arrangements with the desk manager. Car and driver would be in place for his 8:01 departure. All bags were packed.

During the remainder of the dinner hour; format, foreplay, and frolic were discussed further. Ms W; “I will respond to your every sexual request. You can plant that pretentious prick anywhere you like. Light spanking is allowed. No foreign objects of any

kind. If you go more than 20 minutes without an erection, you lose.”

Mr. Perfect, “Honey, any man who can’t achieve erection (near that body of yours) is either dysfunctional or dead. The excitement of a first time fuck with any ordinary women would keep me hard throughout the night. With you, my...my...”

Ms W, “Don’t flatter me; I had rather you call me your bitch than make sweet talk. But the choice is yours. You can spew trash talk of any variety you choose. Up 2 U. Also, during the course of our sexual escapade, you must ejaculate at least 3 times. If you don’t, you lose. Are we clear on these points?”

Mr. Perfect looked at her in a congenital manner.

Ms W; “Don’t worry Mr. Pencildick; once I feel the warmth of a man’s cock, I go ballistic with estrogen. I literally won’t be able to stop. The

only way to get me uncoupled is to throw cold water over me. Have plenty of cold water on hand. You are going to need it more than me.”

{How many of you men, reading this adventure, have had the pleasure of spending a blistering night with a true blue nymphomaniac? True to her word, nymphos are unable to stop. To call it ‘in a zone’ is a gross understatement.}

At the appointed 30 minute interval, the young Burmese waiter approaches with lobster, wine, vegetables and rice. The wine is opened and served. Mr. Perfect, “Do not disturb us any further.” The waiter nods and quickly disappears.

The lobster had been split and placed on two separate plates. The pulp had been removed and then conveniently replaced, for easy retrieval. Each combatant consumed food and drink judiciously. Both knew

the fundamental importance of a nutritious meal prior to engaging in the forthcoming contests of will and strength.

By midnight, Ms W had reached her zone. Each time Mr. Perfect came up for air, she would smother him with tits and ass. Ms W, "Come on baby, put it there slowly...at first. Just the mushroom. Take it out just for a moment. In that moment, Ms W prepared her asshole by fingering it with olive oil. Once lubricated; "Now push the mushroom inside the lips of my ass, catch your breath, a little more". At this point, Ms W was comfortable for total entry. "Now, slam it home big boy!"

Mr. Perfect responded, "I'll show you who the cock of the walk is. When I finish slamming your ass, you will be begging me to stop and begging me not to stop!" Ms W; "Shut up and do your talking with your dick.

Go to work you lazy fuck. Wake me when you are through." Mr. Perfect readjusts his positioning from fucking her backside in a kneeling position to standing and leaning over her. Slamming his full 85 kilos directly down and through her rear end, Mr. Perfect's thrust and impact are threatening to collapse the all teak, full sized bed.

Ms W, "Come on baby, pound that ass". In a delayed breath, "I want to feel you shoot up my ass." Ms W, not satisfied, flips over on her back. "Try it from this position. I want to suck your nipples while you fuck my ass." Mr. Perfect complies with this difficult physical position. Ms W nibbles sensually on the tips of Mr. Perfect's nipples. Then Ms W increases the intensity level, "I can feel it. I can feel it. I can always feel it, when a cock is primed to shoot. Soon baby, soon.

Don't stop now. Thrash my ass, harder! Keep it coming!"

Mr. Perfect, beginning to show signs of exhaustion, renews his stroke and his strength. "The first shot goes up your ass. The second shot between your tits. The third shot goes down your throat."

Ms W, "Don't threaten me with a good time. Turn it loose! Aim and shot!" As she scolds Mr. Perfect, Ms W unleashes one of her many secret weapons. Ms W (true to form) begins squeezing Mr. Perfect's cock with her anus muscles, on the pull stroke. On the push stroke, she releases her hold. After a few minutes of push and pull, she further tightens her tush. "I can feel it. I can feel it! You are going to blow!"

Does he ever! Mr. Perfects always in total control drops his nut in unchartered waters and uncharacteristically out of control,

moans like the mongrel he is. Oh's and ah's hardly describe the exclamatory sounds emitting from the depths of his soul.

1<sup>st</sup> shot, 2<sup>nd</sup> shot, 3<sup>rd</sup> shot. All were extracted from Mr. Perfect by Ms W's excruciatingly pleasurable/painful contractions. *All* cum shots were exploded inside her ass. His planned release of semen here, there and everywhere never came to pass. His continued ecstatic thrust up Ms W's ass continued well after shot 8,9,10.

Ms W, raptured in the moment, was in complete control. After squeezing 11, 12, and 13 from Mr. Perfect's prick, Ms W reaches down to her thoroughly reamed ass and removes his following prick. "Oh no you don't. These are just the preliminaries. I am just getting started."

By the time those words were spoken, Ms W had replaced the clinch

of her ass with the lip lock of her mouth. Tenderly, but firmly, Ms W lasso's Mr. Perfect's shriveling prick, swirls, then wraps her tongue completely around the entire length of Mr. Perfect's melting cock. On the way up, she finishes with a pop, as the tip of his mushroom sees light for the first time in over an hour. Ms W, "1 a.m. Mr. Perfect, that's 2 times around the block. Ready for number 3?"

Mr. Perfect; "I need a shower!" Ms W, "Not if you want to win the bet. If you leave the arena, you lose." Mr. Perfect, trying to feign the enjoyment of a good strong piss, after an electric toss in the hay, "I have to piss".

Ms W, "Piss on my tits, I love it." Mr. Perfect; "What?" Ms W; "I said piss on my tits. I love it. The rules go both ways. If I have to respond to your request, you are required, likewise." Mr. Perfect; "Ok". Mr. Perfect stands up and over Ms W to

pee, but can't. His balls are about to burst. His bladder is full, but he can't piss.

Ms W; "Appears you have a case of confused cock. Your mind is trying to tell your cock to piss but your vas deference is interfering. Here let me help." Ms W reaches up to the standing Mr. Perfects, by pulling on his thighs to bring herself to an upright sitting position. Once there, she gently stokes his cock while pushing her index finger firmly between the base of his cock and his anus. A location commonly referred to as no man's land.

Mr. Perfect's cock responds slightly and renews a tentative firmness. Ms W, "Just relax. Don't try so hard to piss." Mr. Perfect allows his body to relax slightly. A few moments later, a steady stream of urine rushes from the tip of his mushroom.

Ms W retains a gentle grasp on Mr. Perfect's prick. With his hose at full flow, Ms W directs the pale yellow stream towards the *valley of the tits*. Seconds elapse as Ms W aims the body temperature torrent from tit to tit. Ms W, "Keep it coming Mr. Prick, the body warmth of urine is one of my favorite flavors. Mr. Perfect's stream slowly diminishing to a few remaining drops. Ms W; "Good to taste the last drop, Maxwell House".

Handling Mr. Perfect's cock in the same manner (as she would at the end of an ejaculation), Ms W (while continuing a slow continuous stroking motion) reaches with her free index finger and places it at the tip of Mr. Perfect's prick. Squeezing his cock to encourage the last of his urine to escape, she places the last few drops of his urine, on the tip of her tongue. Ms W, "Kiss me. Stick your tongue down my throat."

Mr. Perfect; "Are you crazy? You want me to taste my own urine?" Ms W, "If I did, so can you. Are you going to refuse me?"

Mr. Perfect is like most men who lose their flaming sexual abandonment a few moments after ejaculation... mentally detached. Distorted sexual behavior, which in the throws of excitement and which may be readily responded to...after ejaculation, somehow seem repulsive.

Mr. Perfect obeys. He can taste the bitter urine combined with sweet perfume mixed by the confluence of Ms W's multiple juices. Mr. Perfect is hardly stimulated. Mostly, he is exhausted.

Ms W, "On all fours, I need to prime you for our next fuck." All Mr. Perfect wanted to do was flop, sleep, and saw logs. Slowly he complies. Once on his all fours Ms W begins to

rub her pussy between the cheeks of Mr. Perfect's ass. "Now it's my turn."

Mr. Perfect, hardly assured, "Your turn for what?" Ms W, "You humped my ass. Now I want the same. Lower your shoulders to the bed." Mr. Perfect, not feeling in control, graciously welcomes this position as an opportunity to rest. "OK."

At first, her pushes were no more than a gently bump and grind. Mr. Perfect had never felt the roundness of a raised pussy on his ass. The feeling was satisfying, as well as stimulating. He tried to relax, but couldn't. Ms W intensified her grind to a thrusting motion. She was finding her pace and soon would enter her intensity zone. Mr. Perfect (shoulders to the bed and ass in the air) is introduced to Ms W's next level of anal desire.

Mr. Perfect feels her oiled index finger gently enter the lips of his ass. Not totally unpleasant, he begins to

enjoy her finger fucking. She enters two fingers. Mr. Perfect starts to moan involuntarily. Her two finger thrusts are augmented by the weight of her pelvic area. Reaching down with her other hand, Ms W begins tapping Mr. Perfect's prick. Mr. Perfect's prick responds, instantly. Within minutes, Ms W has Mr. Perfect's erection in firm form. Finger fucking his ass, pounding with her pelvic areas, and lightly slapping his cock back and forth; places Mr. Perfect is totally in her control.

Ms W, "That's a good boy, just keep your ass high in the air; leaves me much to play with." Mr. Perfect can't move or doesn't care to alter the current lust Ms W is exhibiting. Ms W drops to her knees and begins to rub her swollen, over developed breasts back and forth across Mr. Perfect's ass cheeks. To accentuate her lust, she alternately presses each tit by directly

inserting into the crack of Mr. Perfect's ass. Mr. Perfect is beside himself in erotic frenzy. Ms W continues to thump Mr. Perfect's cock back and forth. The combination of back and forth across his ass and back and forth across his prick, results in Mr. Perfect releasing pre come from a cock as hard as Chinese arithmetic.

Mr. Perfect "Do me! Do me!" Ms W hardly needs a prompt for her next step in this seductive portion of *all night or not at all*.

With Mr. Perfect in position, Ms W lightly pulls Mr. Perfect's cock backwards between his legs. Ms W "Hold on baby. I feel your pre cum. Now I'm going to taste it."

Following these words, Ms W commences the action of flicking at his pre cum, licking and flicking up the backside of his cock, then up to his balls. Once there, Ms W consumes both testicles and rolls them in her

mouth. From there, she licks and flicks her tongue to no man's land. With the tip of her tongue, she thrusts the skin in no man's land between Mr. Perfect's balls and asshole. Leaving that spot, Ms W licks and flicks the inside of Mr. Perfect's butt cheeks. Still stroking his cock with her free hand, Ms W uses the other hand to separate his butt cheeks. The lips of his round ass are pulsing with invitation.

Without delay, Ms W begins butt fucking Mr. Perfect, with her full rigid tongue. Even though she hardly protrudes his opening, her ability to twist her tongue during insertion encourages the lips of his ass to open. Ms W, "That's it baby, let your asshole breathe, opening up for mama's tongue. I am your mama? Aren't I?" No response! Ms W repeats; "I am your mama, aren't I?"

To accentuate her command, Ms W jumps up reverse cowboy landing with

her bush straddling backwards of Mr. Perfect's protruding ass cheeks. In this position, Ms W commences spanking Mr. Perfect's cheeks. In a few moments, Mr. Perfect's ass turns a subtle pink. Then, as one progression escalates to the next, she flops forward laying straight line on top of Mr. Perfects. Grabbing around his waist for support, Ms W drops her head between his ass cheeks and begins to thrash his butt hole with a serious tongue lashing. With her breasts full against his lower backside, Ms W extends her hands to grab cock and balls in her firm and gentle grip. Rubbing his balls and cock, pushing her swollen overdeveloped breasts against his backside and thrashing his butt hole lips with her tongue spouts, "I am your mama, aren't I?"

Mr. Perfect, so far gone, doesn't remember the question or know mama

from papa, mumbles; "Yes, Yes, Yes, Oh Mama, Do me! Do me!"

Ms W, "Good for me, better for you; now, roll over on your back. Mr. Perfect had no sooner rolled over, when Ms W had a pillow under his ass and the tip of his cock rubbing her vaginal button. "It's *still* my turn." Mr. Perfect's pre cum keeps Ms W's hot button lubricated as she continues masturbating with the tip of Mr. Cock.

Ms W begins to buck wildly. The intensity of the friction against her hot button causes her to go suddenly rigid. She alternates endlessly between bucking and going rigid. Mr. Perfect opens his eyes and views the most stupendous female climax he has ever been fortunate enough to witness.

Suddenly, she bolts as if struck by lightning. Mr. Perfect is relieved to see Ms W finally conclude her orgasmic delight. How wrong he was!

She seemed to be more than struck. She appeared electrocuted, suspended and paralyzed all at once. Impossible to comprehend, she intensifies this position as, at first a trickle, then a stream, then a pulsating gusher of cum is shot; no, is exploded from her vagina. Her continued eruptions became synchronized with an even more alarming electrocuted, suspended paralyzed expression. Time stood still!

Ms W seemed to regain consciousness. Just as Mr. Perfect started to sigh with relief, Ms W dropped her full weight on his cum drenched cock and pelvic area. As her vagina reached the lower shaft of his rock hard cock, her body movement reflected that of a woman on a belt, weight reduction device, which had gone out of control and accelerated to a dangerously capricious speed.

Just as Mr. Perfect thought Ms W would subside, she goes from ultra speed to supersonic. How can a person move so fast and remain in one spot?

Mr. Perfect couldn't move. He couldn't resist. He was not a participant. He was only a beleaguered startled humanoid attached to a petrified prick. Ms W, "Call me mama, you bitch. Do it now!"

Mr. Perfect, past the point of submission, was in the grasp of a possessed, impulsive, unpredictable demon. Mr. Perfect had no fear of mere mortals, but this woman's origin was not of earth. Mr. Perfect, "Mama, Mama, Do me! Do me!" He had no intention to (or thought of) ejaculation. His only focus was surviving this erotic demonic odyssey.

Ms W, "I feel it! Turn it loose you bastard. Shoot up my pussy!" Mr. Perfect, hardly felt close to ejaculating,

when on command, Ms W clamps down hard on his prick. The squeezing action made Mr. Perfect's dick feel like it had been smashed between two bricks. Mr. Perfect, "I can't breath and my dick is in a tourniquet". Ms W, "Shut the fuck up. You have no say in this matter. It's my cock and I command it. Shoot cum up my pussy."

Mr. Perfect attempts to withdraw. No chance! Ms W, "You try that again and I will saw your prick off with my snapper". Ms W follows this by continuous gyrations and a vigorous slapping of Mr. Perfect's hips. Ms W, "Fuck me harder!"

Mr. Perfect starts to buck and gyrate in rhythm with Ms W. Unexpectedly, from the bottom of his toes and the tip of his brain, two separate electric bolts meet at his cock. He begins to buck and gyrate as wildly as his counter part. Just as the

greatest eruption know to mankind reaches the tip of his cock, Ms W dismounts and allows the mother of all climaxes to splash into the void of infinite space. Instead of being on the receiving end of the greatest finish in the world of fuckology, Mr. Perfect is left watching solid, streaming gusher after solid, streaming gusher jump into voidness and vacancy.

Ms W has rolled over on her back. She is in the throngs of laughter watching Mr. Perfect uncontrollably buck and gyrate to a woman who wasn't there. Mr. Perfect, trying to regain composure, is stuck in a continuous climax from his waist down and contemptuous venom from the neck up.