**A Girl Gone**

by JRaine7

**A Girl Gone Ch. 03**

*A Thanksgiving handjob.*

Thanksgiving 2010 was the first time in years that I did not have to cook. I thought it would be awkward not being the one to get up early and get everything prepped. It felt good to sleep in.

David and I had just gotten married and were very much still in the honeymoon phase. There were lots of "I love you" floating around our days along with shows of affection, like kissing and hugging. All of which seemed to upset my new mother-in-law.

"I won't have that in my house," she told us, "married or not"

I thought it was strange enough that she said that.

It was even stranger that David listened.

My first instinct was to tell her, "Rhonda, I will fuck your son's brains out in your bed if you don't shut your mouth"

I had to call her Rhonda. She flat out told me not to call her mom.

I was a little upset that he didn't stand up to her at least a little. It was her house and all, so we had to respect her rules, but having David not so much as holding my hand really pissed me off.

I didn't talk to anyone for the rest of the day unless they cornered me to have to respond. His mother insulted me with left-handed remarks during the few conversations that turned my way.

"You're probably not used to having such a juicy turkey," she sounded delighted to tell me.

She looked me right in the eyes as she said that one.

I drove home that night after David had a few too many watching football with his brothers. I watched the four of them who were sitting shoulder to shoulder on the couch while the television was at a respectable level. They even restrained their celebrations to not cause a ruckus.

He looked like a prince who had overfed himself and drank so much that he became as fat as he was content, and it made me sick to see him in the passenger seat.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked, trying not to sound like a bitch

The result of the tone of my voice was debatable, but I don't think he noticed.

"I did," he answered. "How about you?"

"I did," I answered without taking my eyes off the road.

The back roads between his mother's house and our house had the danger of deer running out in front of cars and it was dark.. That was my excuse to concentrate on the road and not look at my husband. I fucking hated him at the moment.

I reached my hand over to his and tested the waters. His hand lovingly cupped over mine.

I smiled and moved my hand to lay it on his leg.

"I love you" I said.

Sometimes I just need to hear the echo, even if I don't love you at that moment.

"I love you too, Melinda," he answered.

I have always loved hearing him say my name. He did that a lot when I first met him. It made me feel special. Like I had his complete attention.

"Take these down," I told him as I pulled at the leg of his jeans.

I kept my eyes on the road but could see my husband eagerly take his jeans to his knees.

I rubbed my hand over the crotch of his boxers and cupped his balls in my hand.

His only response was to put his head back to the seat and let out a little moan as I drifted my hand up along his cock. I adjusted my hand to where I could give it the full attention I knew it was craving. I used my open palm to trace the outline through his boxers from the bottom to the top.

I wanted to tease him. I wanted him to know he was mine.

"Take your boxers down," I ordered as I moved my hand away.

Without hesitation, he did as he was told. His jeans and boxers were both around his knees, and I wasn't happy yet.

"Further," I told him, "Take them down to your ankles"

It was becoming difficult to keep my eyes on the road now. His hairy legs, muscular thighs, and erect penis were all demanding attention and dominance.

Cars drove by on either side of us. One here and one there passed as we continued our way home. Traffic was light, but the added potential audience added to the excitement.

As I took him in my hand and crept up and down his cock, I had no intention of getting him off. I was just playing. Teasing him was one of my favorite games.

I looked down at the floorboard for a second and saw the pot that his mother had put some leftover turkey in for him to take home and had a horrible thought. I can't help but act on these things.

My very religious mother had always said that if you think something, it's just as bad as doing it. She meant it, as I should have a clean mind. I took it as well. I thought of it, so I might as well do it.

I waited until we got to a stop sign and put the car in park.

"What are you doing?" he asked as I leaned over his lap and reached for the floorboard.

He must have thought I was crazy as he heard me put the lid back on the pot and sit up. Awkwardly, I had to use my left hand to put the car back in drive before pulling off. I cupped my right hand to avoid dropping anything before reaching the target. I don't know if he realized what I did before I softly wrapped my lubed hand around his cock and started moving up and down.

"It is really juicy," I said as I moved my turkey greased hand back and forth.

David writhed in ecstasy in the passenger seat as he put his hands on the seat and pushed his body up to meet my hand.

He was close, but I wasn't happy yet.

I took my hand away and licked my palm before putting it back. I moaned in delight as my tongue traced my skin and I tasted the leftovers.

David pulled his shirt up as I continued to jerk him off as we drove. I alternated a slow and steady pace and teased my grip tighter so I could feel it pulse against me.

"Don't just sit there, help me," I ordered.

He seemed confused as I slowed to a near stop.

"Put your hand around mine and help me," I clarified.

I felt his hand close over mine and he worked them both to the rhythm he desired.

I could hear the sloshing of my well lubed hand moving over his cock. Even over the noise of the car, over the road, that became the most audible sound.

I finally felt like I was being used, and he was in charge. It was always difficult to find a middle road when we first started out.

We were still going as I pulled into our driveway. I was just thankful to get us there safely. Even more so, I was thankful to get the car in park and watch him get closer and closer. He spread his legs out and put his head back before he closed his eyes. I debated for a second to let him finish in my mouth, but I decided I wanted to watch him. His body tensed and he sat up a little. His mouth opened and I could see his eyes flutter a little before he let loose. The first stream of cum hit the dashboard, and I lost sight of the others. It happened too fast for me to see, but I kept moving my hand back and forth while he tried to stop me. His face turned bright red, and I enjoyed watching it.

He moaned and groaned until he couldn't take it anymore.

I let go of his cock and looked him in the eyes as I licked the palm of my hand once more.

I could feel the familiar cold of November as I shut the car off and opened the door.

**A Girl Gone Ch. 04**

*I like being watched.*

My husband, David, is five years older than me. He is the oldest forty-five-year-old there ever was. He will often joke and say, "Danger is my middle name". That meant that he was likely to fall asleep on the couch while watching television before stumbling off to bed around ten.

I guess you can say he is predictable.

One wouldn't think he would agree on an open relationship, but he has made it comfortable to come out of my shell.

Having the house to myself at night gives me the chance to relax and remember some people I have encountered along the way.

I never met a stranger couple than Fain and JJ. Fain was a friend of Heather's and I guess through that, a friend of mine. We had never hung out together without Heather, but I liked her enough to stop by one afternoon while my husband was at work.

It had been a few days since we were all at Heather's house and her husband was entertaining us with the huge bonfire that he started so we could sit around and drink. JJ and Heather's husband threw an old couch into the inferno and we watched it give off an occasional blue spark.

"That's all the farts caught in there," JJ joked.

Every time another blue spark shot up, we would all laugh.

It wasn't the first time that JJ had hit on another woman in front of his wife. Their open relationship was out there for the world now and always.

"I have always wanted to fuck you, Heather," he drunkenly blurted out.

Heather's husband let it pass a few times. He was better at controlling his temper than most men I knew.. He finally snapped and almost kicked JJ's ass. He probably would have if the other men around hadn't got in the middle.

The whole time I was watching them, I wished I had what Fain and JJ had. I wished it was me he was talking to.

JJ was not an ugly man by any means. I think his personality made him seem that way. For someone who presented himself as if he were the ultimate prize for women, he wasn't much to look at. He had blonde hair under the baseball hat he wore to hide the fact that he had a bald spot in the back of his head. He wore glasses and dressed in coal miner bibs all the time the same way almost every man in town did. His beard was a three-day growth of blotches of dark whiskers that wouldn't grow all the way together to make it look good.

Still, I wanted him.

I had to be around twenty-three at the time and four years into a sexual nightmare where I wanted all my fantasies to come true and all my realities to disappear.

I pulled up to Fain's house and stopped the car at the familiar sound of gravel crunching under the tires. If I had to identify my whereabouts by sound alone, I could have been anywhere in that town.

The two-story house was quiet, and they shut the door, making it seem like there wasn't anybody home.

The music blasting in the pole barn across the yard told a different story. I could see Fain standing with her back to me. I let my slamming car door do the work of letting her know I was there.

Fain was a gigantic woman. Not obese by any means, but chunky, I guess, is a nice way to put it. We looked like a 10 standing next to each other. She wasn't pretty, though I guess she was pretty to some. I'm certain the only thing that attracted JJ to her was the fact that he could fuck other women and she would join in front time to time.

I hadn't known Fain as long as I knew Heather, but I knew her long enough to make what I was thinking awkward.

I wanted to make it known that I wanted to fuck and if she wanted in, that was okay with me as well.

"Hey" she said as she waved me over.

"Hey" I answered as I took the long walk across the yard.

It was still difficult for me to be the center of attention back then. It was challenging to walk normally when I felt like I was being watched. The nervousness that consumed me when there was a first kiss or touch still lingerie in my mind. I miss that. I'm not nervous enough anymore.

In the barn, there was a roomy living area with couches, recliners, and a large flat screen TV.

As I took the tour with Fain while JJ was watching football, I took in the four rooms that surrounded the main area that were closed off and used as bedrooms. Nothing fancy, mind you. Just a mattress and box spring on the floor and maybe a dresser beside them. One room only had a mattress without a sheet or blanket.

I didn't know where I was anymore. It was obviously a party house, but it was something I had never seen before.

"JJ wants to fuck you," she struggled to say as we sat at the bar on the far side of the barn.

The conversation had changed from casual talks about kids and schools to how it used to be when we were young and landed like a plane crash at that statement.

"JJ wants to fuck everybody," I laughed as I turned to see him put his arm on the back of the couch and put his legs up on the coffee table.

He raised his beer to his lips like he was a king. Not just any king, mind you. The lowest king on the island. But a king none the less I suppose.

Fain laughed at my comment and put her cigarette out in the ashtray between us.

"Why else would you come here alone?" she asked "You're not the first one"

I concentrated on tipping the ash from my cigarette and rolling the cherry around the rim of the ashtray until it was perfectly rounded.

"It's okay," she smiled as she reached her hand out "I'm okay"

I never cared if she was okay with it, but it was easier that she was. There was no fear in my husband finding out because I knew that someone would always want to fuck again. They always did. Letting out a secret like that would kill that possibility.

"Okay" I whispered.

I hated myself then. I lacked confidence. My husband called me "Mouse" a lot because of the way I acted. I was always quiet and did not want to draw attention to myself. Even though I knew that, I would enjoy the experience. I knew I would regret it. Picturing the future was making, I could already see myself back at home and giving my husband extra attention to make up for something that only I knew about. I felt the confession at the top of my tongue already. The want to tell him and cleanse myself.

Not everyone gets to be an angel.

"Go sit next to him," she said as she walked beside me.

She was very secretive as she whispered, as if there was someone around that would approve.

I sat on the couch next to her husband and just under his arm that was still stretched over the top of the couch. All I could bring myself to do was look at the television.

"You like football?" JJ asked.

"No," I said as I quickly broke eye contact with him and looked at Fain.

I could see him out of the corner of my eye and noticed he had turned back to watch his game.

"Kiss him," Fain mouthed from her spot on the couch across from us.

I could feel my face burning and all the energy leaving my legs.

"Kiss him," she mouthed again, as if I was too dumb to read her lips the first time.

When I looked back at JJ, he was already looking at me. He was going to have to make the first move. That was the man's job, or so I thought back then. If a guy wanted to fuck me he all he needed to do was grab me.

He leaned in and turned his head. Our lips met. And he already had his hand between my legs and was rubbing the crotch of my jeans slowly. My hips responded by moving up and to the side so it angled me towards him. My hands met his shoulders like I always do with them. I never knew what to do with my hands in the awkward beginnings of these moments.

His mouth moved to my neck and finally my ears, but I couldn't take my eyes off of Fain, who was sitting there watching.

JJ seemed like he was in a hurry, but he was confident, so I liked it. He had already unbuttoned my pants and was trying to get a hand in, as though it was the first time he had a woman in this position. I did what I could to help by leaning back and holding in my stomach. Even spreading my legs a little didn't help the fact that he needed to get up and take my tight jeans off or I was going to have to help get them down. My pussy was dying to be touched and not through the layers of clothing that separated his hand from it. We continued to kiss like two teenagers that didn't know how to make the next move.

His kiss fell to my neck again as his hand abandoned its mission and climbed to my breasts. He knew what he was doing there. JJ alternated soft to firm through my shirt and bra as he caressed before making his way up my shirt and over my bra to touch the skin. His finger traced around my nipple and his kisses combined to drive me over the edge. I would get so wet back then. Like, really wet. I was almost embarrassed by it. My body knows what it wants. It always did.

"Fuck," I said as his tongue touched my neck just under my ears. That was my weak spot. I started pushing at the waist of my jeans as I awkwardly tried to get them down enough. Just enough room for a finger or even a hot breath above it. Kiss my belly button or every spot between there and my pussy. Run your fingers under me and touch the sensitive bottom of my ass.

It was Fain who made the move. I watched her get up and pull the coffee table away from the couch. JJ turned his head and gave a little evil laugh before going back to my ear and letting out a hot and moist exhale that rattled my insides.

I didn't know this person well, but she took off one of my boots and put it on the table. She pulled off the other as I felt JJ shift on the couch and sit up. My arms were already going up as he grabbed the bottom of my shirt and pulled it over my head, over my outstretched arms, and somewhere behind me. I didn't care. It was where it belonged, as far as I was concerned. So was I.

Fain pulled my sock off and massaged my foot as JJ expertly unsnapped by bra. Men can do it so much easier. It's like they take a class or something. She picked my foot up and brought it towards her face. I couldn't wait for JJ to get my bra off so I could watch her and what she was going to do. A simple kiss to the arch of my foot opened up a whole new realm of sensation. No one had ever done that to me before.

As she took off my other sock, JJ lowered his head and kissed each nipple before running his tongue clockwise around it. He bit down gently on it at the exact second that Fain kissed the bottom of my other foot. They were taking my breath away.

"Let me help you two," she said as she reached up and grabbed the waist of my jeans.

"You looked like you were having a little trouble." She smirked.

I raised my hips and watched her take my pants and panties down and pause at my thighs. My hand was down the front of JJ's sweatpants, and I was slowly jerking him off. I knew what to do with my hand now. Fain finally looked up from the patch of black pubic hair she had uncovered and smiled at me before stripping me the rest of the way.

Her hands pressed at the inside of my knees and pushed my legs apart.

JJ pulled away from me the second she lowered her head between my legs. Feeling her tongue there felt like the first time I felt anything. A thick carpet, cotton candy, the breeze from the ocean. She put her hand under me and grabbed my ass to move me toward her. I was halfway down the cushion and almost hanging off the couch as I watched JJ take off his sweatpants. He didn't have boxers on. I remember thinking that was smart. As he pulled his shirt off, I watched his strong cock that was ready for me. It was beautiful as far as dicks go. He got on his knees on the couch and put it in front of me as he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me closer.

My mouth actually watered. I didn't know that could be a thing in a moment like that.

I opened obediently for him and let him move into my mouth as his wife slowly traced circles with her tongue around my throbbing clit. Now he took his time when I expected him not to. Slowly moving his hips back and forth, he fucked my mouth while his wife was eating my pussy. It was as if they had rehearsed. They overloaded every atom in my body. The result was a low moan that escaped me from somewhere almost spiritual. I was happy.

"Do you want to fuck my husband?" she asked.

I nodded and said yes the best I could with a dick in my mouth and my brain absolutely melted by desire.

"You like me watching, don't you?" she asked.

I wondered if they knew Roland.

I had the same response as I did the first time. This time with the weakness of an addict who needed the drug worse than they had ever needed anything.

Fain grabbed my arms and pulled me to the floor. I watched JJ's spit shined cock powerfully hanging below him. I could have hung a jacket on that thing and it would have stayed up.

She pulled me to my hands and knees beside the couch and sat beside me as her husband got on his knees behind me.

My eyes were rolling back in my head already as I felt the tip of his cock at my pussy. His hands grabbed a breast each, and he moved deeper.

Fain put her hand between my legs and started rubbing my clit as JJ moved out and then in just a little deeper than the last time.

I heard myself make noises that I never heard before. My voice fell deeper. Almost a gravel velvet as I moaned "Oh, God" over and over.

"You wanna cum for us?" Fain asked as JJ's thrusts became more and more powerful until he was hitting bottom.

"Oh, fuck yes!" I said loudly as they worked my pussy into a frenzy.

I lowered my voice even more until I sounded possessed.

"Oh, fuck me," I said, bucking my ass back against JJ. I could feel his stomach slapping into my ass as he held my cheeks apart a little as he rammed me.

My eyes rolled back, and I held my breath and as I felt my stomach muscles tense and spasm. My head turned from side to side and I bit my bottom lip.

Everything from Fain's fingers to JJ's dick to everything I would regret later exploded in a blinding fury inside of me. JJ pulled back on my hair like I was something to be tamed. He was wrong.

My body twitched and turned as he continued to ride me. His wife's fingers never relented their hold on me until I was a quivering pile on the floor. My ass was still up, but my head was down and my arms were now behind me. The front-to-back momentum switched to side to side as I shook my ass while JJ moved in and out. The orgasm felt never-ending.

I thought they broke my pussy. I felt him pull out suddenly and looked back enough through my tousled hair to see him stand up enough to finish on my ass. Fain rubbed over it until I finally came down off the ceiling.

I was falling asleep. More like blacking out. My breath slowed to an even pace. My eyes blurred.

I'm so glad I found what they had.