

Miranda didn't have to work today, but she still found herself working. The woman that was a TSA servant of the great state of California was good at finding ways to either waste time on her days off or make herself reasonably useful to no one in particular. Or she just did whatever her husband wanted to do. She was pretty easy to please on most days. Despite being a chocolate brown komodo dragon she wasn't always a lounge lizard. She did actually work outside of her job. She volunteered for things, for example.

If it wasn't for the scratching of pencils on paper the room would have been cradled in a deathly silence. No word was spoken and no one so much as even coughed or cleared their throat. The spotlights to her either side weren't oppressive, but their brightness was such that she was sweating under their glare. It felt like a vertical tanning bed. She felt like she was standing under a hot summer's sun with how bright they were. They needed the lighting to see her better. Miranda could feel the droplets of salt trail down her skin occasionally and she had to stifle the desire to shift or wipe them away to halt their tickling journey down her curves. The twin lights were casting a very hard shadow on the floor next to where she stood, but her poise was unwavering and the clock on the far wall revealed that she was nearing the two hour mark. She had been standing perfectly still for the entire duration. It was much more difficult work than she had expected it to be.

There were twenty three students in the class and they were all surrounding her with their easels and drawing horses with each student seeing her from their own unique perspective. Some of the angles were more flattering than others she was sure. The professor seemed very excited to have her as a model. "I love getting new body types! We usually only get the same fellows to model for us each time." he had told her when she first stopped by his office to offer her time as a model for his figure drawing class.

Miranda guessed there was a lack in diversity for figures in the figure drawing and painting classes on campus, or at the very least they didn't have any models with her type of assets. She was built richly with curves and had maintained a good level of fitness even if her cushion didn't make it obvious to the naked eye. She was proud of her body and prouder still of how well she could rock it. Every young man in the class struggled to keep from staring at her while she spoke with the professor at the beginning of class. Their struggle worsened while she was busy stripping to the nude in the corner of the room. The girls in the class were busy hiding jealousy, envy, and even eyefuls of daggers.

She'd noticed who'd been watching her the most intently when she entered and chatted with the professor. She took her time when she undressed, but not so much that it was obvious to anyone. Five guys and one girl had been glued to her through the corners of their gazes. The rest were a varying mixture of different degrees of desire or indignation. Except one guy. He was probably a fag as he didn't seem all that concerned about her

in any way shape or form. When she finally noticed him flip his hair she felt she was right in her read of him. There were also two disinterested girls that looked like dykes so they were probably only interested in skinny bitches, which she was most certainly not.

Prior to her current pose she'd been doing simple quick poses that lasted only minutes at a time. "Gesture drawing" the professor was calling them. She didn't understand much of the terminology he'd prattle on about. Stuff about old dead guys that were famous artists. The assignment given for today was something about a dead guy named Giacometti and how he drew people. The professor kept talking about drawing lines, lots of lines, but not the actual subject, which she didn't understand any. Whatever, not her problem. All she had to do was stand still and get paid. She couldn't see any of the drawings being done as every sketchbook was facing their artist and not at her, the model. She was isolated from the creative process until it was over and the class reviewed their work.

She'd modeled a few times before, but those instances were for photographers and she had been clothed every time. They didn't need her to strip or anything, but they did sometimes require her to wear an outfit they'd cook up. Everything they did was pretty quick and easy with most of their work being done on a computer. They just snapped several dozen photos of her and she'd be on her way with some extra beer money in her pocket. She wasn't impressed with anything they did, since she always demanded that she got to see the final product. Those students were just learning how to make magazine covers and ads. Nothing they'd shown her was interesting and Miranda did at least laugh at the breast reduction ad one male student had daringly attempted. It frustrated her that no one was brave enough to do a collection of erotic photos or risque nudes. She wasn't an artsy fartsy type, but she knew well enough to know that a lot of artists did porn. The internet doesn't lie when it comes to porn.

Today; though, was the first time for her to model for an actual group of authentic artists (by her definition) that worked with things she actually considered to be art tools. It was nice to stand in a room completely filthy with paint and other crap. When she first got a chance to model and found out that she was only doing photos it shocked her. For Miranda it proved to be a lackluster experience.

In this classroom, there were no machines or computers anywhere to be seen. Just pencil and paper, at least right now. The class was actually drawing her old school, kinda like of those french girls they talked about in the movies. The students were all dressed in aprons or old jeans and were covered in a messy combination of paint and charcoal stains.

The first round of poses was simple to do. The professor was a guy and he'd just hand her a broom and grab her by the arms and legs. With this crude system he made her take simple poses for the class to draw. In one pose she's sweeping and in another she's swinging a "bat". Just random

poses that were normal and mundane as far as she could tell. Each lasted only a couple of minutes before she was made to change to a new pose. It was kind of a warm up, she guessed.

The long pose Miranda was in now wasn't very different. It was based off of some old painting. She was standing as the chick from the Birth of Venus by "Botticelli", whoever that guy was. Some dead guy. It left her a little disappointed. The pose required her to hold a hand over her crotch and the other over one tit. There was no hope in hell of her being modest with her delightful figure and she had kind of been hoping for a more adventurous pose to cocktease with. All she was doing is standing still and looking innocent. It was a huge let down.

After another half hour had passed she was finally done. The professor called time and started instructing the students to start pinning their work up on the wall for review. Miranda was allowed to free herself from the low table she had been using like a stage and she noted there were indeed sweat drops on the wooden surface. The class was four hours long and she was getting paid forty dollars for her efforts. It wasn't much money, but she got to do something fun for it and could then buy extra beer on the way home. It wasn't the money she was doing it for, anyways.

She watched the professor and students pick apart each of their drawings with critique after they finished getting them all hung on the wall with metal push pins. Most of the criticism was aimed at the skill of the artist and mistakes they'd made, or in some cases there was praise on execution. One of the chicks that she'd pegged as a dyke praised one drawing's rendition of the model's figure, and then some bitch had to make a half veiled insult about her figure by pretending she was criticizing the drawing. Fucking bitch.

There were some shitty drawings of her, yeah. She saw there were also a few that stood out that looked a lot like her. One in particular that she thought was fucking gorgeous where the student had used some kind of brown charcoal instead of black, which gave the drawing her natural brown skin tone. Miranda wasn't an art nut, but she certainly felt flattered by the drawing done by the dorky looking donkey kid. He had been one of the ones that had been giving her the hungry virgin eyes from the moment she entered the room. He really did do a good job on drawing her. She liked it. Wasn't as good as the 'gorgeous' one done by a different student, but she was under the impression that artist had taken figure drawing multiple times already, so it was probably normal for him to be better at drawing sexy bitches like herself. The donkey was talented in his own right, and his art was pretty sexy. To her at least.

The students weren't focusing on her anymore, but rather at the art covered wall. She had pulled on a robe she brought with her for when they took breaks in between drawings. The professor had paid her already, but

she was allowed to stay and look at the art while the class did their thing before they, too, were free to leave.

That picture by the donkey really was looking sexy as fuck the more she looked at it. She wouldn't mind modeling more for figure drawing if he was in the class. He was cute and his sheepish attitude and poorly hidden attempts to eye her up were very endearing. Maybe she could get some free art out of him? He didn't look like he'd be difficult to seduce or bribe. If he looked like a dork and was under twenty, and an artist to boot, then he was probably a virgin. She smiled a little wider as the professor turned her attention to his drawing and gave it some praise.

"Your drawing was really good, you know." She told him. Her strategy was to knock him over. Figuratively, of course. She could have literally done it, too, as that does work sometimes. Miranda, though, only needed to overwhelm him a little here and there psychologically to get what she wanted. She was pretty damn sure she could milk this donkey if she wanted.

"Um, thanks! I thought it was really good, too! You were really good, too, I mean. You modeled really good." He replied without making much eye contact with her. She was making sure to not let her eyes wander from his to deepen his embarrassment.

"Well, standing still isn't very hard." She told him. He was rocking his weight from one foot to another anxiously. She'd cornered him next to his drawing horse where he had been gathering up his materials to leave.

"No! I mean, we get a lot of people pose that shiver or shake a lot. They don't know how to stay still for very long and sometimes they get tired and have to take breaks, then they don't remember the pose they were in and it's different when they get back to posing." He tried to explain. She'd not changed from her robe yet to her regular outfit, which was deliberate. A few other students were still in the classroom, and the professor was speaking with a student further beyond in her periphery.

"Well, I'm glad I satisfied the artists today." She smiled at him. Miranda pointed down at the small sketchbook that she saw had been tucked away in his portfolio bag. It looked about the size of a dayplanner. She asked if she could borrow it and a pencil. She told him she needed a piece of paper to write on. He quickly agreed and pulled it out for her. She stopped him with her hands before he could tear out a page for her.

Taking the sketchbook from his hands she began to thumb through the pages until she found a blank one. She did so slowly as there was art on each page. He looked very embarrassed, and she figured she knew why. A large number of the drawings were of naked women, and they didn't look like

they were from figure drawing. She was likely flipping through his personal sketchbook and not the one he kept for his classes.

"Here." Miranda told him. Pencil in hand with the blank page handy she wrote her cell number on it, and signed her name beneath it. 'Thank you for drawing me so pretty!' she added along with it. She told him, "If you ever need a private model for anything you're working on."

He blushed under his fur when she handed his sketchbook back and he read her message. He thanked her nervously with his face furiously red tinted under his fur.

"Thank you! I mean, thank you." He tried to keep himself chill, but she knew he was fluttering. He was going to be an easy mark. She bade him farewell and mentioned that she hoped to see him in class again or somewhere else. He agreed, clumsily, but that just helped him to look cuter. She returned to where her clothing had been deposited and she changed. When she was done and ready to leave she noticed the cute donkey boy was still there making it look like he was busy trying to put away items in his bag. He was being a bit obvious, but she didn't mind that at all.

Now, Miranda didn't know how long she'd need to wait. Days maybe? It would take a little bit of time for the truth to sink in, but she figured a virgin like him would stumble blindly into the honey trap. She'd technically stripped naked for him, posed for him, let him study her body for almost four hours solid. Then of course she gave him her name and number with a kind message attached to it. If that wasn't a big enough invitation then he wasn't just a virgin, but dumb as a brick.

Later that day she was back home, beer in hand, tossing back a can while she idled around the house. Her hubby was still at work. She texted him to let him know she was home from being on campus. He replied, and asked how her trip to the college was, and she told him it went fine. She let him know she bought more beer. He told her to enjoy herself, as he didn't drink much on his own. She made up for his prohibition by drinking both his and her share every day.

It was a Thursday. The professor at the college had said that if he ever needed her again it'd be monday through thursday. She'd have maybe three days to wait until being brought in to model again. Her work at the airport would clash with that. Her days off were thursdays and Saturdays. She had the professor's phone number so she figured she could call him and let him know she was available on Thursdays. She wouldn't mind doing it regularly, and he did seem to enjoy the fact she was a different body type. He was probably gay, or maybe just very expertly professional, because she couldn't tell if he was being affected by her any like the students were.

Miranda took her time to relaxing in just a pair of sweatpants and a tshirt. She didn't care if the outfit made it look like she'd given up on life. She had a cold beer in hand and her feet up on the coffee table. Life was good. Her phone was nestled deep between her cleavage. It buzzed, which surprised her. It shouldn't have since that's where she always keeps her phone, but for some reason the vibrate always spooked her every single time. She fished it free from her tits and thumbed up the lock. There was a text from an unknown number.

"Miss Miranda, this is Brandon. We spoke after class today and you gave me your information. Would it be possible for you to model for me and my roommate this weekend? We're both art majors, but he doesn't share any of my classes this semester." It was from her little boy toy! Oh this was super quick, she thought to herself and smiled. She shoved her beer can between her tits for safe keeping so she could use both hands on her phone.

Now it looked likely that she could have at him sooner than next Thursday since he was asking for this private encounter. Of course, she doubted he was fishing for sex, but that didn't mean it wasn't going to happen. This 'roommate' of his thought had her worried though. What if he was gay? Or a total prude. This roommate could fuck her scheming right up the asshole. She resisted the urge to pout as she thumbed across the touchscreen to reply to him.

"Of course! I have time off this Saturday. What time would you like to meet up and where would we be going?" Miranda fired off her reply. It was also possible he would ask her to meet them on campus in one of the classrooms. She didn't think they'd be having many classes on the weekends, so maybe the building would be empty enough for her to fuck him, or them, in peace. Or it could be fuck all busy and she'll be standing naked in front of two cute boys with lady juice drooling down her frustrated fucking thighs. She finally let out a huff and fished the beer can back from between her tits and drained it of its contents. It had grown a lil warm being nestled between her boobs. She needed a fresh one. God, she was an alcoholic wasn't she? And not even the classy kind like on tv with their bottles of wine and fish egg appetizers.

She'd have to cancel out on her hubby for Saturday. Well, not the whole day, at least. Probably not. It wouldn't be fair to the boys to have them miss out on an entire day of doing their studies, too. Miranda chuckled. Honestly they'd want to fuck her all day if they could. So what if she was just stroking her own ego thinking about it? It wasn't like she had a cock on hand to stroke instead.

"Thank you ma'am! None of the classrooms on campus are open this weekend, but we wanted to get some extra figure drawing in, so if you didn't mind

we could do it at our dorm? We have just enough room to try to set you up for some poses. I don't think we'd be keeping you more than an hour or two!" Was his quick reply. He was mistaken if he thought he'd have her at his dorm for just a hour or two. But! Miranda was now getting all excited! She texted her hubby next.

"Hubs, some students from campus are texting me if I can model extra for them this Saturday." She sent him a quick text. He might not immediately reply so she had to wait. Well.

"I kinda already said yes! We can do the thing later Saturday?!" She send a second text to follow up her first. It was important he knows she's already kinda committed to her affair. She felt a little bad, but it's not like IKEA won't be open later on a weekend right? It's just IKEA, for fuck's sake.

They were going to buy new matching furniture for the guest room.

"Oh, and we were hoping it could be earlier in the day? Is 8am ok for you, ma'am?" The cutie boy send her another text. Miranda mulled over an 8am meeting, and figured it couldn't hurt, and it would mean she could get fucked raw, shower up and change, and still do IKEA in the later afternoon with Hubs. That could work. It would work, she'd make it so!

She texted her hubby that she'd be modeling at 8am, but didn't know how long it would run. She added that she should be finished early enough to still go to IKEA with him later that day. Well, he'd text her later or they'd talk about it that evening when he got home. She chunked her empty can into the waste basket next to the couch. Her aim was poor and the can bounced off the rim and rattled onto the hardwood flooring.

"Fucker." She cussed at the wayward beer can. She thumbed a new text.

"I can do 8am! Do I need to bring anything with me?" She asked. Like condoms? No, of course she wasn't going to ruin any surprises by being that forward with the poor boy. Fuck condoms, anyway. They ruin so much of the fun.

"No, ma'am, not at all! Thank you again for helping us!" She got a quick reply back. With a smile she sent another message to him.

"Can't wait! 8am!" Oh, how she couldn't wait. She'd be rapey all day tomorrow at the airport. She stood up and fished the can off the floor and tossed it properly back into the bin. After popping her back with a hard stretch she decided she needed a shower to cool off. Hubs might want

to go out for dinner, too. He'd probably enjoy finding out she had some artists wanting to draw his wifey. She'd have to see about getting some drawing of her done for him. Her curvy currency ought to be valuable enough to get a free drawing or painting, right? 'Specially if she fucked for it.

And of course Friday sucked. As Miranda had thought, she was feeling so fucking rapey. Kenneth was looking way too good to be a honest married man, and she was fighting the urge to steal him back to one of the interrogation rooms to have at him. He'd fight her, sure, but she'd win. He was just a skinny kitty boy.

She kept thinking about how good it'd be to have her way with two young college boys. Youthful, full of vim and vigour. She had to stifle a shudder each time she let her mind wander over to the thought. It was a rough shift. None of her usuals were even in that day. All the pilots she liked were either in a different state or out of the country flying. The best Miranda could do was Kenneth and she really was trying not to make him cheat on his wife. She had met his wife, and she was a cool chick, but Miranda had Kenneth pegged as a man weak-willed in the face of a brown beauty such as herself. She'd feel a little bad about fucking the woman's husband at work, but only just a little.

Saturday couldn't come soon enough, and neither could she. She cracked her knuckles as she watched a new wave of passengers disembark from an airline. She would cum soon enough one way or another. Maybe she could grope a passenger to keep herself distracted? She deeply considered that option as she noticed a modestly attractive stallion and his family approach the x rays. He was cute, too.

As Miranda had figured, hubby wasn't upset. He didn't complain that she bailed on their morning trip to go shopping. He was planning on dropping by there in the morning with her, then off to a nice lunch afterwards, but he agreed that they could go to IKEA later and then have dinner afterwards. He'd probably treat her real nice. She'd have to go home and take a good shower and change into something halfway respectable. Nothing too respectable, of course. Hubs did enjoy showing off his trophy.

The next morning, when the time came for her to get ready for her little private meeting with the artists she was feeling awfully fluttery. She sometimes got that way before her little "dates" when she'd never fucked the guy before. It wasn't going to take much for her to get herself ready. Her hubby was sleeping in and she didn't bother to wake him. He knew she wouldn't be there when he woke up. Honestly, she'd probably have a pair of nuts slapping her ass by the time Hubs finally dragged his butt out of bed. She hoped so, at least.



After a hot shower and a change of clothing she was fine and ready. She stopped by the full length mirror in the bedroom and looked herself over one last time before heading out. It had been decided that she should look casual, but strategically trashy. Her jeans were one size too small and hugged her like skinnies. She elected to go braless, which was tradition for her, so no surprise there. To keep her tits legal she wore a white T shirt that was, much like her jeans, a size or two smaller than should be legal in the state of California. She looked fucking sexy.

Her tits were being molested by the fabric of the shirt. The cloth was being stretched around her bust tightly and she could easily see the brown of her skin through the white fabric. The only places on the shirt that were still white was where the fabric was stretched over the body without touching any skin. Under her fat tits, that is. Or between them in her expanse of cleavage. Her collar was a deep v neck so not all of her cleavage was hidden.

Miranda rotated in the mirror and checked out her ass, and was very satisfied by what she saw. Her jeans were so tight around her ass that there was no way to hide how shapely it was. This particular pair was her favorite, and she especially loved how the hole for her tail was stretched so tight that you could see glimpses of her panties between her tail and the edges of the hole. She'd be getting lecherous looks from men and scolding glares from the ladies. Par for the fucking course, and she liked it. It was an extra treat to her that her nipples were just a tad noticeable, too. The bumps of her nips and areola were there to see for anyone bold enough to give her tits a good hard look. She saw her own face in the mirror and realized she was looking smug as shit. Oh well, she can't help that she knows how dress. With a chuckle she realized she was thinking about shirts and jeans. Hubby buys her all this nice clothing to wear and it just hangs in their closet while she wears the hell out of a pair of jeans and some T's.

The campus wasn't hard to get to so it wasn't a big deal to drive there. Hubby had his shiney banker man car in the garage, which was a Mercedes. She drove a Civic. He wanted to buy her a nicer car, but she refused to let him. So long as she drove her old Honda she would never get broken into. Her driver side window had already been broken into once, and the replacement lacked the shaded tint that the other windows had. This was from before she shacked up with hubs. Driving a beat up old Honda was the best security system you could buy, or to not buy in this case. If it ever finally died on her, which would be some day in the near future as it was getting close to 200,000 miles, she'd finally let him buy her something new. Probably another Honda.

Miranda gave the hubby a courtesy text to let him know she had left to be on campus, like they'd talked about yesterday. She added to the message that she'd let him know as soon as possible when she'd be free to get together with him for a trip into town. With that done she headed out with just her keys and her "bitch wallet", which was her way of

describing a man's wallet only large enough to carry a girl's ID and her husband's credit card.

Her brakes were getting squeaky. The dorms were a collection of apartment buildings, which made parking a total bitch. Most of the spaces were full and there were beat up pick up trucks and junky cars older than hers parked in the grass like it was perfectly normal to do. The last time she'd seen a vehicle parked in the grass was when she still lived with her mother in the trailer park.

None of the buildings here looked particularly new, which didn't surprise her. Judging by the cars parked everywhere this was where they shoved freshman and lower income students. She had to drive by a nice set of apartment buildings on the way to these, and she had a gut feeling that those apartments were somehow reserved for the upper crust. She didn't know how that worked at a university, but she suspected there was a system. The highest of the high had a way of flocking together in mysterious and not so mysterious ways.

And yeah, the parking was terrible, but manageable. She got it done. The walk to their building gave her a better idea of the living arrangements in the area, too. It was all crap that was probably closing in on 20 years old. Brandon had texted her his address in a separate text, which was obviously something she'd need. Even with the address handy finding him was a chore. This place was so old it had dingy wallpapered walls and tiling floor that had long since lost their original color and gloss. It'd been years since she had to live in conditions like this, and she felt bad for the boys. Good thing she was planning on fucking them, right?

The destination was on the fourth floor, the room number was 403. It took slightly longer than she would have enjoyed, but she found it, and she knocked. The hallway was empty and cold like everyone was out of town or quietly beating the heads into the crack of a textbook for exams. After a handful of moments of her waiting impatiently the door opened with a different kid standing in the doorway opposite her than she had been expecting. She quickly found herself smiling at the kid.

"Uh, hi! Are you, uh, Miss Miranda?" The boy asked her. He was a hyena, and oh those spots were looking cute on him! He was... yeah he was just fucking all around cute. Brandon was sheepish, but this kid was clearly intimidated by her! Something different, like he didn't know a thing about interacting with the opposite sex. He gave her a big benign and toothy grin while timidly allowing her to enter the apartment without even waiting for her to confirm that she was in fact 'Miss Miranda'.

"Yeah, I'm here to model for Brandon and his roommate." She told him while stepping inside. She stepped in so far she'd overtaken him and was

many feet into their living room. Eager much? She needed to reel it back just a little. "You the roommate?"

"Y-yeah! My name is Ricky, uh, ma'am." He replied. Oh, it was painfully clear how nervous he was. Had he been half his age she'd have felt the compulsion to hug him tight to comfort him. But, nah, she wanted to fuck this one. Hopefully he was fuckable, she really hoped this one was fuckable! She noticed she was salivating and swallowed.

The room they were in was tiny. The entire apartment was tiny, in fact. It was like a matchbook that some asshole decided was fit for a coalition of students to share. The cutie was showing her in through the living room, which was nothing more than a couch that took up one wall with a crap wal-mart lamp for interior lighting There as an end table with a tv on it taking up the opposing wall. It was fucking tiny in here. She was suppose to model for them in this joint?

They had a kitchen, which was tiny, and a single shared bathroom in the middle of the rectangle of real estate they'd shared, which again was also tiny. Everything was the size of a fucking thimble! She could never live here. Well, she could, but she'd hate it and bitch about it to every one of her coworkers at the airport until she finally moved or got fired. The bedroom that Ricky and Brandon in the back that featured a bunk bed and a small makeshift desk arrangement that somehow allowed them to get school work done despite looking only fit to accommodate one person. The desk had two computers hooked up on with the monitors facing away from each other. She couldn't tell if it was for privacy or for some kind of gaming purpose.

The bedroom might have been larger than the living room to be honest. She felt bad for them. They should have had better living arrangements than this, but if they were here then this might have been all they could afford. Scholarships were for the valedictorians, not for the dorks.

But oh well, it didn't matter. This is what they had and would continue to have until they graduated. It was life. Been there, done that. Miranda sat down on the bed and perched herself so that she could watch Ricky, who was standing in the doorway and being very awkward about having her in their bedroom. He was a total fidget. It was cute, but she didn't say so out loud. She had expected one cute lover but was rewarded with two instead and she was feeling very pleased. She liked pleasant surprises a lot. It was kind of adorable that Ricky wasn't saying much of anything to her despite her sitting on the edge of one of their beds.

"So where is Mr Brandon?" She asked him. Their apartment was so small it was clear Ricky was the only occupant at home. Brandon was nowhere to be seen.

"Um, he ran to get some extra drinks and snack in case you, uh, wanted anything while you modeled for us." He told her. Miranda looked at the bed she was sitting on and wondered if it was large enough for a threesome. It technically wasn't. Singles weren't good for triples. She'd have them fuck her on the floor. The couch could work, too. What was it about couches and wild sex? They were just good for just about anything, she thought to herself.

"That's very sweet of him." She said. "So, are you boys going to draw me at the same time?"

"Uh, yeah, yes ma'am. We were going to try and have you on the couch." He answered. She was definitely having them on the couch, but not the way Ricky was thinking. Miranda bet that Ricky was a virgin, too. He was too jittery to have had any experience if his attitude now was any indication.

"So why did you show me the bedroom?" She asked him with a smile. He looked away when her eyes locked onto his and he nervously laughed. He was blushing now and looking uncomfortable. He shrugged and said he didn't really know. He didn't know because she had walked in without waiting for him. She was being a nosey bitch. "Show me the couch, kiddo."

"Oh, ok." He quickly responded and showed her back to the couch. She followed him back through the tiny kitchenette and into the living room. He gestured for her to sit and it was cute to watch him act so crazy nervous. Miranda was already feeling her engine rev up. A good wake up fuck would be so wonderful, she thought. Not that she was tired, not at all. A good fuck would snap her sharp to handle the experience that is IKEA. She dreaded that. Better to soak in a good romp to start the day. It sure beat a thermos of coffee.

In the corner of the living room she now saw that there were two wooden easels folded up against the wall. They had been behind the door when they entered so she hadn't seen them initially. There were also art supplies all over the apartment that she'd noticed earlier, but now she was figuring that the large sketchbooks propped up between the wall and arm of the couch would be their canvases of choice. That's assuming that they got around to actually drawing her. She debated with herself if she was going to have them fuck her before or after they draw her.

This Ricky kid was dressed in filthy paint covered skinny jeans and a white shirt with so much charcoal and paint smears that it looked like a painter had walked into a coal mine. Oh, and fuck her in the ass this boy was hiding a lump in his jeans! She bite her lip and wondered how she'd not noticed that when he opened the damn door. She bet he was the type to be so naive that he never considered how much he was presenting his junk

to sluts like her. If no one had fucked him yet then Jesus fucking Christ the bitches in this school were a bunch of snooty fuckwhits. She doubled down on the thought and highly doubted it crossed his mind that he was a shower rather than a grower. Innocent minds like Ricky's just want to wear what they like and think feels comfortable. She certainly could think of a few ways to make him feel more comfortable, but Brandon wasn't here yet. Couldn't start the party with only half the studs in attendance!

The door unlocked from the outside. Miranda hadn't noticed that Ricky had locked it before. Oh it was so much the better if they wanted to keep her locked up until they were done with her. She smiled to herself at the thought of how much noise they were going to make. At least, she knew she would be making some noise. Why not let all their neighbors know they just got laid with a fucking gorgeous slut? She couldn't find the care to wipe the smug look off her face.

Brandon entered through the door with a plastic bag heavily laden with mystery items. He was dressed in some khaki cargo shorts and a grey tank top. She couldn't figure out if he was packing any heat with his outfit, but he was a fucking donkey. From her extensive bedroom experience anything equine was guaranteed to make her grunt before she could feel their nuts slap against her. God, she loved that feeling of getting bottomed out in before she could even notice the stud's sac.

"Hi!" Brandon perked up and spoke a little louder than he probably intended to. "You are early!"

"Only just a little." Miranda replied, but she didn't really think she was early. His clock might have been off. She watched as Brandon and Ricky shared awkward glances as they both attempted to casually empty the one plastic bag onto the kitchen counter. He'd bought a couple of bottles of water and some bags of chips. They were off brand chips, she noted. Yeah, their money was probably tight if they weren't buying Doritos. Because she liked to believe people had good taste and would buy Doritos unless economically impaired.

"So, how do you want me?" She asked them out loud. There was a strong impression running through her thoughts that the two had never worked up the courage to ask a model for a private session before. They both paused and looked at her hard with a dumb and curious look. She knew what their dirty virginal minds were probably thinking. Would they assume she was asking for sex or asking how they wanted to draw her? "On the couch?"

"Um, oh yeah, yeah, the couch is fine! We don't have good enough lighting in the bedroom or anywhere else, it's just here. The light is good." Brandon answered quickly and tried to save face. No success there, but she wasn't judging him or Ricky any. She was quite content with where

things were headed and she couldn't think of any reason why she'd want them to save any face with her save the one they were going to show her when they shot their load. Save that delicious view for last, right?

Brandon went to retrieve two sketchbooks from the leaned up stack next to the couch. She turned her head and eyes to follow him from A to B to C as he distributed the books to himself and Ricky. They tried to ignore her as they set up their easels in front of her and to either side of the couch corners. Both of them would have a unique vantage point for their drawings. Not that they had much choice in their position considering how little room they had to work with in their teacup of a living room. They were being very daring in even trying to have someone model for them here. If some prissy college bitch had been asked to volunteer for this she'd have scoffed and stormed out. She pinched her lips in a tight smile in an effort to suppress a chuckle. 'Snobs don't get knobs' she had thought, and it made her want to laugh. She was about to get two delightful knobs for herself!

"I guess I should strip, then, right?" She casually mentioned aloud. Both of the young men looked at her and then away nervously. This was such a huge jackpot! She couldn't help but feel smug as she stood up from her seat on the couch to unsnap her jeans. Her tail was twitching behind her in excitement.

"Oh, uh, yeah! But, uh, you really don't have to if you don't want to, ma'am! It really," Brandon attempted to give her an alternative, but she had already unzipped herself and was now shimmying her jeans down over her ample hips. "Really, uh, not... um."

Her jeans cleared the hump of her hips and she gave her hips an exaggerated sway as she pulled her legs and tail free. Miranda discarded her jeans and shoes to the side and she was now standing in only her too-tight top and panties. She had made sure the panties were milky white to match the shirt she was wearing. The contrast of white on her brown skin must have looked very delightful to the boys. Most men seemed to like it!

With a slow effort she tugged her shirt up and over her tits and let her chest shake a little as she pulled the shirt over her head and slid her arms through the sleeves. She played coy and didn't make eye contact with either of them as they watched her strip. Hooking her thumbs under the sides of her panties she gave them a quick tug and pull and they dropped down her legs. With the panty now caught on a single ankle she kicked the item in front of her so it landed in a heap between the boys. Finally stripped and standing very naked in front of them, she looked them both over.

Ricky was staring, and probably unaware he was even doing so, and Brandon was faring slightly better as he'd seen her naked a few days before. She

went through the motion of looking down her body, which was always a challenge with her tits in the way, and ran her hands up her sides and then rolled her palms over the fat curvature of her tits.

"Well, I'm ready. You two think you're ready to get started?" Miranda asked them. There was a long pause where neither of them said anything. There was an attempt to speak from Ricky but his mouth only managed to open slightly and his lips wavered with hesitation.

"Uh, yeah! Yes, I think we are very ready. Totally, Miss Miranda, very ready." Brandon blurted out. He had pencils in his hands and Ricky snapped to attention as well and was also with pencil in hand. Their easels were set up and their sketchbooks were out and turned to a fresh page. "Can um, I guess we can,"

"I have an idea." She offered. Neither of them said anything. Miranda looked around the tiny room as if she was trying to seek out something important. She was going through all the motions to play the dance and game she knew best. Let them stand there like the dorks they are until she hits them with what they're really ready for.

"You know, boys, you two look really nervous." She told them both. She sat down on the couch and reenacted the scene from Basic Instinct. A slow and seductive cross of her legs to let them get a eyeful of her cunt before hiding it. Miranda placed one hand over the other on her knee and looked at them both. "I think you should be relaxed, right? Can't draw me if you're shivering like it's cold."

"I, I'm ok, ma'am, really." Ricky found his voice.

"Y-yeah, we're totally cool, very chill. We can um, try drawing you like that? If that's ok?" Brandon asked her. She narrowed her gaze at him and leaned back into the couch before removing her hands from her knees to cross her arms under her tits. After lifting her bust she uncrossed her legs and let her thighs open by a few inches with her feet extended out away from her.

"Would you two like to join me on the couch? I'm just a little bit cold sitting her naked, after all." She said with a layer of huskiness to her voice. Both boys suddenly became very stiff and made sideways glances at each other with bewildered expressions.

"I, I uh don't think, that uh we," Brandon tried to turn her down.

"You two look like perfect little gentleman. I'm sure your mothers raised you both right. I think it'll be ok if you take a seat. I think it'll help you both relax if you did." Miranda cut him off. Brandon shut his mouth and hesitated. He was clearly trying to think of a way to back out. She caught Ricky in the corner of her eye and saw him dip his head low, as if he'd been scolded, and he slunk out from around his easel to awkwardly shuffled over to her side and sat. He couldn't make eye contact with her as he was too busy staring a hole into the floor with his hands wringing in his lap tightly with uneasy nerves. "See, at least one of you gets it."

Brandon paused, looked at his friend, and then gave an audible swallow. He joined his buddy by sitting at her other side. Neither elected to sit close enough to touch her, but she could fix that. Working as a security guard at the airport had its perks. One of them being the acquired skill of hauling a heavy suitcase, or person, out of a line of passengers. Miranda reached out in both directions to slid her arms behind her two cuties and with a single motion yanked them both to her sides.

It startled them both and they were attempting to lean away from her in a futile gesture of modesty. Clinging to proper behavior and principle they made every effort to not react to the arm wrapped around their middles and the hand grabbing at their sides.

"Don't act like that." Miranda lifted the arm wrapped around Ricky to his shoulder and rubbed him gently. He saw her hand on his shoulder and tried looking away, but only found that that meant he would be looking over at her still parted thighs. He looked back at her hand instead, then Miranda heard him gasp very quietly. "Everything ok, Ricky?"

"Y-you're," He stuttered. She could feel him try to squirm next to her. She hugged him tighter to her until her left tit was pressing into his arm. "You're m-married."

"You're married?" Brandon repeated, but as a question this time. Miranda felt the cute donkey experience tiny trembles and shivers like he was feeling chilled.

"Yeah, I'm married. I hope that's not a problem?" Miranda told them both. "I could take off my ring if it makes you feel better."

"N-no..." Ricky replied.

"No!" Brandon said at the same time as Ricky. Well, that settled that.



Miranda lifted both her legs and spread them wide, and wider still, until she could drop each of them over her soon to be deflowered lovers legs. She hooked her legs between their thighs and shifted her hands to both their shoulders.

"One of you gets to kiss me first. Who?" She asked them both.

"One of us?" Brandon whispered.

"Well, both of you will get to kiss me, but one of you will go first." She replied. "I think we can figure out which one of you will go first. The first one to grope one of my breasts,"

She felt a hand grab lightly at her left tit. It wasn't a tight grip, and in fact the hand seemed to be shaking very nervously. Looks like Ricky was eager to go further than he ever had before.

"I guess Ricky gets to go first, sorry Brandon." She looked over at Brandon to give him the bad news. "He was faster than you."

"Oh.. oh ok." Brandon replied. Miranda didn't let go of the donkey. It wouldn't be fair to turn away all her attention from him after all! She'd help him feel better about losing in due time, anyways.

"Well, Ricky?" She turned back to the hyena and asked. He was now feeling as nervous as he looked. Her focus on him had him shivering. "I can't kiss you if you not looking at me."

He slowly turned his head to hers, but his eyes were cast aside to avoid her own. God fucking damn this one was a nervous little boy! She licked her lips and addressed him again by name.

"Ricky. My eyes are up here." She told him firmly. She watched his gaze drift slowly over to hers until their eyes were locked on one another's. She noticed he swallowed, and he was looking so submissive that she could hardly stand the suspense! If he was any more nervous he'd pop a load before she would even get the chance to unzip him! "Do you want to make out with me?"

He nodded in a short quick motion.

"Shut your eyes." She told him, and he did so quickly. He bite at his lips and was breathing more rapidly as she leaned over into him. Her tits

were crushing into his arm, and she let the hand holding onto Brandon slip around to her side. At the same moment her lips touched Ricky's she found Brandon's crotch with her hand. Both boys gasped at the same time. She felt Brandon grab her wrist, but that only made her bury her hand into his crotch all the more.

It wasn't hard at all to maul the poor boy's face. He sucked at kissing, but that only meant she had to work harder to tongue fuck his cute mouth. It was times like these that it paid to be a drooling slut. Miranda made damn sure she was giving him a sloppy whorish kiss that he'd never forget with her tongue exploring past his teeth to tickle at the roof of his mouth and to fight with his own trembling tongue.

Brandon was panting and gasping nervously behind her as she groped vigorously at his crotch. His lump was modest, but she was pretty sure he wasn't erect. He must have a lot more willpower than he let on about if he hadn't popped a boner yet!

If Miranda had the luxury to do it she'd have groped Ricky, too, but she was too busy wrapping her free arm around his middle to keep him from leaning away. He was so skittish he might have scurried off if she had let him. Oh, and he was moaning into her mouth now! She could feel the vibration in her mouth and throat as he let free a groan and moan that rumbled through her.

Beneath the hand that groped at Brandon's crotch she felt the lump stirring. A subtle heartbeat, a gentle swelling. Little by little as she attacked the hyena boy's mouth with her tongue she could detect a steady swelling from the doney's crotch that told her more and more that he was indeed a true equine. Both of them were going to have nice dicks! Fucking virgins swinging big sticks, Oh Fucking Yesss!

She broke the kiss with Ricky and he followed her but the swell of her tits made him fall short of his target as she leaned away from him. He was panting hard and fast with eyes finally locking onto hers without any hesitation. That one was ripe to be plucked.

With a slow twist of her hips she slid off the edge of the couch. Her drop to the floor was nowhere near as graceful as she had hoped it'd be, but she didn't think the boys had noticed. Her tits would have shook too much for them to have been looking at much else. Her hands found the knees of each cutie and caressed them in her palm.

"It's not fair that I'm the only one naked, you know." She accused them with a smile, her lips still glistened with moist spit. Ricky started the shakily pull up his shirt, and she looked over at Brandon. "Come on. You, too!"

Brandon looked down from her and stared at his navel as he started pulling up his shirt as well. She watched both boys yank off their shirts and drop them to their sides on the couch. Ricky had the right idea and was beginning to undo his pants. Brandon hesitated and began to slowly undo his own. She kept rubbing at their knees until Ricky finally started to hastily push his waistline down along with his boxers. Her smile could not be contained when she saw his cock pop out from under his waistband and slap his stomach. Thomas was a chubby little tank engine indeed!

Brandon caught her eye and he looked away. She was eyeing his crotch now, and he was suddenly more shy than ever and she had to pinch the fabric of his pants to tug at the fabric and goad him into hurrying. Oh, she wanted to see them both so hard! With his head turned away and eyes shut his cock finally bounded free from its confines and the smile that widened upon seeing Ricky's cock now spread to show teeth as she felt herself spring forth a fresh supply of hungry drool.

Both boys were packing the kind of heat she daydreamed about when watching men walk through the x ray scanners at the airport. They were both long and thick and would give her cunt a fucking heavy workout, and they were HERS! Sex toy virgins to break in like new leather in a car. A car she was going to drive until the engine overheated and the tank ran empty!

"SO," Miranda began. "I've pegged you both as virgin from the moment I first saw you."

Neither boy said a word. Ricky was wide eyed and clutching at the fur of his thighs with each hand while Brandon nervously kept his gaze averted as he burned with embarrassment.

"Well?" She asked. Ricky nodded his head and swallowed hard in reply.

"Y-y-yeah." Brandon stuttered.

"Look at me, boys." She told them. Ricky was already staring at her intently with a stiff legged and armed poise that had her thinking he'd turned into a statue. Brandon forced himself to turn to her and she watched his eyes trail around and hesitate until he finally caught her eye to eye. In reply to them both she lifted her hands from their now bare knees and pointed at them both with an index finger. With a slow gesture she pointed her fingertips inward and pressed them tip to tip. "Scoot."

They seemed confused. "Sit close!" Miranda told them firmly.

Both boys quickly, and very awkwardly, scooted toward each other until their shoulders touched, which was when they stopped. She sat up in response and reached out to their sides and grabbed them both by the hips to push them closer together until they were sitting awkwardly hip to hip and leaning away from each other like they thought the other had a case of the cooties.

"Good boys." Miranda told them. It wasn't hard to grin like a imp at them both. She was feeling awfully impish, and she knew just how to show them what imps like to do when they want to have fun. "Now that you're nice and close I can reach both of you real easy, can't I?"

Again, neither boy had any words to say. All that came from them was a constant, expectant, nervous stare. From the way their cocks twitched to their rapid heartbeats and how their chests rose and fell from their rapid breathing she knew they were wound up tight like a jack in the box. The only question for her to answer was when she was going to let the weasel pop. In due time, she thought. The boys were young and were surely good for more than one go, She felt safe in letting them get off with some foreplay before rousing their shafts for a hot entree of cunt. Her ass was on the menu, too, but she wasn't sure if they'd be ready to try out a bitch's asshole just yet.

Regardless, Miranda was now ready to test the limits of her boy's stamina. She reached over their knees and slid a hand between each of their thighs. Brandon pressed himself into the back of the couch like he thought it'd help him escape what was coming. She hoped he wouldn't stay reluctant like this the entire morning! Ricky on the other hand was leaning back into the couch and actually slid his hips lower toward her. Her hand cupped his nuts first with Brandon getting his own fondled a moment later. The donkey boy was looking away again and biting his lip while the adorable hyena was panting at having his balls caressed by his first lover.

Brandon's nuts were by far the fattest, but Ricky was a close second. The hyena was hung, but it was difficult for most men to compete when an equine was in the room, but it still wouldn't be fair to Ricky to discount his assets. The hyena's nuts were deliciously round whereas Brandon's were like plumper ovals. Both sets had heft, but she was guessing the donkey was going to probably drench her hard, which was perfectly fine by her! Ricky was probably going to have a messy load, too, but she doubted he'd measure up to his roomies produce.

Ricky's dick was big, but fell a little short when compared to Brandon's. Miranda reached around with each hand and wrapped her fingers around the stiff bases of their cocks. Not one of her fingertips could touch the end

of her thumb on either dick. So much virgin girth to grip! She gave them each a stroke. Brandon was about three fists in length and Ricky was a little over two fists in length.

The hyena was panting hard and flexing his fingers into the fur of his thigh. She bet he was curling his toes, too. Her hand ran up and down his rigid length with a lazy pace. Brandon was receiving the same treatment, but he was biting his lip harder and breathing through his nose. The donkey rolled his head backwards and let it rest on the back of the couch as his chest rose and fell. His hands were wringing and fidgeting over his stomach. It was cute.

"Sit closer to the edge of the cushions." She told them both. She didn't want to have to lean over their legs to blow them. "Come on, get close!"

As expected, Ricky hurried himself forward until he was hanging off the edge of the couch. She adjusted her position to her knees and she had a nice rip hyena cock in an easy 'lean forward to swallow' position. Brandon followed his buddy and they were both sitting butt to butt at the edge of the couch with Brandon clutching the edge of the cushion with his outside hand while the other sat on his thigh awkwardly. Ricky went so far as to spread his legs for her by tilting out his outer leg. Brandon had his own knees locked together. Didn't stop his fat donkey cock from jutting out and up like a pillar though.

"Good boys." Miranda said while running her tongue across her lips. Ricky got to taste her mouth before so it seemed fair to let Brandon be the one to feel her mouth on him first. An upward glance revealed he was looking everywhere but at her, and when she looked back to down at the blunt cockhead in front of her face she knew he was going to be get a nice sloppy surprise.

As her mouth engulfed him his hips jerked backwards and he stifled a shake.

"M-miss, Miranda!" He gasped her name as he balled his fist and clung tighter to the couch cushion. She only nursed at the tip of his cock with his entire head in his jaws and a slick tongue slithering under his glans. With a practice twist of her neck she rolled her mouth back and forth across his cock until she gathered enough spit to open her mouth and let her saliva run down and coat his cock nicely. She drooled too goddamn much, but it made for excellent blowjobs. She'd never heard a complaint about it before.

Now that she was off his cock she took her hand and rubbed her spit up and down his shaft to lube him up real good. The poor donkey boy was trying to fight back a moan, but failing miserably.

"M-ma'am..." Ricky spoke up. She cast her eyes over to him and his lips were trembling. His dick was twitching rapidly with his heartbeat and his hands were nervously rubbing up and down his thighs in short motions.

"Yes, Ricky?" She replied, being fucking coy as she lower her eyelids at him like some whore seductress.

"Can, can I-" he stuttered.

"Shh." Miranda quieted him and firmly squeezed the base of his cock. She felt him flex his cock and abdominal muscles. She leaned over to him and placed her mouth on his cock for the first time. His tip was blunt and juicy like Brandon's, but she knew if she were to try to deepthroat him she'd tap his stomach with her nose a tad sooner than she would with the donkey. And she'd probably gag a little less. God, she loved it when she actually had to Work to take a dick to the base!

Both her hands kept working their dicks as Miranda snaked her tongue on and around Ricky's gorgeous cockhead. She even moaned around it to give him that extra dash of sensation from the vibration of her voice. Her spit was running down the hyena boy's cock until it was starting to get her hand nice and moist. Brandon was groaning and panting on his side of the couch, but she was too busy working Ricky to look over at him. She did feel the donkey place a hand on her own while she stroked him vigorously. He wasn't trying to stop her of course. It felt more like he was being affectionate, which was fucking adorable.

She sucked hard at Ricky's tip until she felt her cheeks pull in tight before popping off his rod with a 'pop'. His cock was sloppy with spit, and she checked Brandon's to see if she needed to reload it. There was a thin trail of precum leaking from Brandon's tip and over her hand that she hadn't noticed. Oh ho! She smacked her lips and leaned back to him and licked off the accumulated pre and gave it a taste.

With a kiss to his tip she finished off the last remnants of his trickle only to break free from his prick to see another bead of precum swell at the eye of his cock before finally getting so heavy it rolled down the underside of his cock.

"You boys have some lovely dicks, you know?" Miranda asked them. Neither of them knew what to say so she continued. "I've seen my share of dick, and I think I like yours a lot. Young and stiff like they ought to be, you know?"

They were hot and bothered by her, and she knew she had them in the palms of her hands. Literally, she had them by their cocks and with every stroke she gave them they either panted or moaned for her.

Her cunt had already been soaked for a good several minutes and she was burning up for her own chance to get some love. She really wanted to milk these boys for what they had though. It was only at times like these where she got to molest a guy like this and be in full control. The reigns of power were only in her hands the first or second time she fucked a man. After that, they knew she was just a horny big titted slut that they could bend over and break their cocks off in. These cute boys were her playthings and she wanted to squeeze out every drop she could from the fruit.

"You know what I would like to see though?" Miranda asked them. Her heart was racing. Not that it wasn't beating quickly already, because it had been. No, now she was preparing to ask something daring of her two virgin studs. Of course they were not prepared to reply to her in any way, so she continued. "I think it would be really fun for me... if, while I played with your dicks, I got to watch the two of you kiss."

Brandon gave a nervous laugh while Ricky gave a rapid sideways glance at his roommate before looking back at her with a shocked expression on his face. She squeezed both their dicks firmly and stroked them from base to tip. Her palm slid over their heads and she held them both like that. With her palm to their blunt tips she began to slowly roll and twist her hand across their sensitive glans. They flinched from the sudden explosion of sensation to their cocks and both boys began to groan.

"Pretty please? I'll keep going if you do." She told them and dragged her tongue across her lips. They looked so anxious as they turned their gazes back and forth from her to each other. Both seemed to wish to say something, but neither had the courage to do it. "It'll be so much easier if you both shut your eyes, you know."

Oh, she was being such a bitch! She couldn't help but rub her thighs together as she watched Ricky shut his eyes and tilt his head awkwardly toward Brandon. The donkey was shocked and stared down to her and then back to the hyena. Miranda smiled broadly at him and nodded for him to go for it. He hesitated as Ricky shakily leaned in, and finally, within a few moments, Brandon shut his eyes tight and both boys bumped noses.

She had to adjust her seat on the floor. Her hands were almost trembling as she stroked and pumped them steadily. The two boys had ducked back from each other after their noses touched, but Ricky leaned back in first and they clumsily managed to touch their lips. They both look grossed out, but fuck was her cunt drooling! She had them kissing! They were

going to kiss! She leaned forward and let her tits mash into their knees so she could get a closer look.

From how clumsily they were locking lips she was thinking they'd given each other their first kiss! Well, Brandon had, at least. She felt like her ovaries were going to explode from how hard she wanted them to fuck her stupid. Her teeth were gritted with how much effort she needed to enforce to maintain her cool. Just her hands sliding across a pair of juicy cocks, that was what she needed to concentrate on. That, and the pair of virgins awkwardly making out in front of her while she fucking watched them do it.

They weren't completely terrible at kissing, but they could certainly use some practice. She'd give them that in time. Ricky was trying to shove his tongue into Brandon's mouth and there was a sparring of lips to determine if that was going to happen or not. With his intensity and early experience with her own mouth on his own, Ricky won the fight. Brandon choked initially on having a tongue shoved into his mouth, but she watched him recover and reciprocate.

Brandon's cock was drooling a stream of precum that dribbled down his shaft and over her hand. She knew he had a lot of batter to dump and she was trading glances between the kissing boys and the pair of cocks her hands were grasping. Ricky wasn't one to drool any pre, but his nuts were about as taught under his cock as Brandon's were. She had them very well worked up to a point where their orgasms weren't that far away. It'd be so easy to pump them to climax while they kissed.

While they kissed? While they kissed indeed!

She could edge them a lil longer, couldn't she? Make them teeter on the edge, and then wait for a good moment when the two virgin studs were lost in their kiss. Boom. She makes both of them blow their hot loads while they're swapping spit. That'd be fucking kinky, Miranda thought!

The pace of her pumping on Brandon's shaft increased while she also placed her mouth over Ricky's prick. It would be so easy to make them hit their limit. Ricky was becoming more energetic with his kiss as she nursed his cock. She freed herself from his dick and switched to Brandon. His precum tasted wonderful! She'd be overjoyed to get a mouthful of the real deal when she finally shoved him over the edge. The two virgins weren't even hiding their moans and groans as their tongues sparred.

The hand gripping Brandon's donkey dick was sloppy with his pre, and she had to layer up a bunch of her own spit on Ricky's cock to help her other hand compete. Be it spit or spunk she had plenty of lube to help her glide across their sticks with a rapid and steady pace.



There were moments where she had to slow down. Every time the boys flexed and stretched with the tell tale signs of of an impending climax she eased up on their cocks and let them sit and stew in frustration. She watched as they took out their frustration on the couch cushions and each other as they fought with each other's tongues as they waited for her to make them pop. Consciously, she figured they weren't thinking about a climax. It would be more instinctive, and their instincts wouldn't care if they were locking lips with another guy.

Miranda was going to make them spunk when they were totally into each other's kiss. They were pretty much already there. They were being sloppy and awkward about it, but the deed was getting done with a intensity they would later be regretting. It was a teenage quality kiss that only two virgins could accomplish, but it was also reaching a fervent level of frenching that even a Parisian could nod in approval of. Had she the care to check between her legs she might have noticed she was leaving a damp spot on the floor from where she was dripping.

Ricky almost blew his load, and she barely caught notice of it. Her attention was too intently focused on their kissing and she narrowly avoided the hyena's limit by halting her hand and holding it in place. His dick was jumping and throbbing in her grip just millimeters away from letting loose its salvo. The poor boy was whimpering now into his kiss and Brandon clearly wasn't aware that one of his hands had mistakenly grabbed at Ricky's thigh.

With a toothy grin neither boy could see Miranda let go of Ricky's cock, making the hyena whimper all the more, and placed her hand over Ricky's balled up fist. With Brandon resting his hand on Ricky's thigh she only had to nudge and tease Ricky's hand closer, a little more, and then their hands were touching.

No notice was given. She felt like her cunt was throbbing with an angry need as she now had them holding hands while they made out. She started pumping Brandon's cock hard and took Ricky's dick back into her other hand. Brandon was edging so close to the brink that she dared not to move her hand up and down too quickly. Both boys were drooling from the corners of their mouths while she watched them slurp and swallow each other's spit and tongues.

She leaned forward until her tits were mashing into their legs tightly while she let her mouth fall open into an open mouth pant. She was drooling, too, as she tilted their fabulous spears toward her with deadly precision that would paint her tits and neck with their hot virgin cum. She pumped Brandon faster and she felt her arm begin to burn. Ricky was writhing in her grip, and she pumped him faster, too. A little more, and they were both writhing, both boys groaning, both moaning, and

whimpering. Their clutching hands tightened onto each other and Ricky was the first to give a kiss muffled squeal when he shot his load.

The first rope of hyena cum shot like a water fountain's squirt. It pelted her across the face and before she could even consider wiping anything away Brandon shuddered and moaned long and loud into Ricky's mouth. The donkey unloaded a deluge that fell short of her face, but pegged her perfectly over the tits. Ricky's own ropes of spunk kept cumming until he was shuddering, too. The boy was whimpered and clutching at Brandon tightly while his legs threatened to twitch from the hand that refused to stop milking his now no longer virgin prick. He'd peppered her with several hot ropes of jizz that now had her tits coated on the right side while her face was partially decorated with his seed like pearl piercings.

And Brandon was now close to finishing. He was slumping into the couch breathing into his kiss with her hand and arm dripping from his pent up donkey load. He had given her a fantastic cumshot that he must have been saving up for more than a week! Both beautiful boys had performed lovely and she was very very satisfied with the outcome so far.

"Look at the mess you made!" She told him sternly, but she was only being facetious. Miranda wasn't upset in the slightest. The pearl necklace she had dripping off her was a warm and sticky reminder of how big a jackpot she'd hit by offering to volunteer for an dumbnart class.

Both of her boy toys looked at her after breaking their kiss. Their lips were damp and glistening from her vigorous make out session. She noticed that they didn't catch her sarcasm and both seem worried, as well as bewildered, by what had happened. They were both still riding on the high of their afterglow if their continued panting was any indication.

"I'm not mad, boys. I'm very happy." Miranda told them, and drug a finger through a splash of cum that plastered the top of one tit. Her tits were seriously looking like chocolate cake with white icing at this point. Miranda always knew she was delicious. She collected a fingertip's worth of the sticky icing and stuck it in her mouth and snaked her tongue around her finger to clean it off expertly. The boys both watch her display with rapt attention. They seemed almost astonished at her appearance, as if neither of them had ever realized that they were capable of giving professional pornstar cumshots. Had she a third stud handy she could have easily gotten a three man bukkake.

"Did you two enjoy yourselves?" She asked them. Her cunt still burned with need, but she was working up to getting her cunt satisfied. Baby steps, was her method right now, little baby steps leading up to very big adult steps. The kind of adult steps that resulted in a sore cervix and a difficulty to sit.

Both the cute hyena and the adorable donkey nodded at her and licked their lips nervously. They weren't paying very much attention to each other anymore, as if they were afraid to make eye contact less they be forced to acknowledge they'd made out and blew their hot sticky loads while tongue fucking each other. She also noticed that both of them had their hands firmly in their laps right next to their half hard cocks.

"Well, that's not good at all!", Miranda thought to herself. She'd have to get those dicks stiff again, but that's one of the reason she was blessed with tits as fat as hers. They were great at stimulating lazy pricks into full attention.

"Well, now I think it's my turn for some fun, don't you think?" She ask them, and they looked at her, then looked away. As they slowly nodded at her she inched up and forward until she was crawling over their knees to present her chest to them both. They were staring at her heavy tits with awe now that they were coming so close to her. She planted her knees between their thighs on the couch and let her hands support her on the back of the couch. They had a front row eye full of her bust in all its sticky cum coated glory. "If you boys scooted down a bit I think you'd be right where you'd need to be to give my tits a hard sucking."

And they slid down into the couch until Miranda could feel their crotches bump into her thighs. What arrived was the sensation of a nice pair of nuts at each thigh with the squishy sausage of a half erect cock lying limp against her. She'd know just by feeling with her legs if they were getting hard again. The boys weren't sucking on her yet and she looked down at them both. They both looked reluctant to engage with her tits considering they were coated in splotches of their own cum.

"Come on, boys. Suck my tits. It's your cum so it won't bite." She told them and shook her chest lightly to make her tits swing and jiggle in front of them like a lure. The lure worked and they finally touched lips to nips. They were hesitating and being awkward about it. Both boys were surely getting the flavor of spunk on their tongues, but she didn't care. Those same tongues were at her plump nipples and she felt them suckle on her.

Miranda curled her toes as they began to nurse, and she figured that any moment now one of them would notice the surprise. Brandon let go of her nipple and she locked eyes with him. Ricky paused, but didn't let go. Rather than let go she felt him suckle harder on her and grab her tit with both hands. The hyena might have been a momma's boy.

"Something wrong?" She asked Brandon. He shook his head and returned to business. The shy donkey started playing the tit in his mouth. She was

getting both tits drained and massaged and it was fucking wonderful. But she still wanted that fuck. All this work she's putting into seduction had better pay off, because her cunt was getting pissed at her for delaying the main course. She could feel her slick run off trailing down her thighs.

Was she going to have them do her at the same time? Maybe make one wait? Decisions, decisions, so many decisions. She could ride the donkey boy first. Leave him right where he was and bounce on his cock. He wouldn't need to do a thing except dump his nuts. The little Hyena boy could sit behind her and watch her spear herself on his friend's dick. That'd be mean, but also hot. Let Ricky jerk his fat dick while he gets a juicy eyeful of her pussy doing its job.

Then she could let Ricky fuck her doggystyle. She wouldn't even need to move. Just hike up her butt and lean her tits right into Brandon's face. Smother him with fat lizard titty while she gets plowed from behind. She wanted to rub her thighs together but she couldn't. She had a knee from each boy between her own and her cunt was aching and throbbing in the open air. God, she felt like she was being tortured!

"Jerk your cocks." She told them in frustration. "Get 'em hard!"

She felt hands leave her breasts and she didn't have to look down to see where they went. Lips were still latched to her nipples and she could feel knuckles brushing against her thigh as each young stud had their dick in hand to pump them up to another erection. The fact they were pumping anything was a good sign that they were young and virile enough to have more than one round in their balls. Oh, the thought of a hour plus long session being sandwiched between them was making her cunt scream at her. Her asshole was even twitching at the thought of a hard DP.

Oh, fuck double penetrations! She just need one penetration, just ONE! Her cunt was sopping wet, but her filthy whore soul felt dry as a bone! She needed hot cum to soak into her spirit and make her feel like a freshly deflowered virgin again. She was going to shatter this donkey boy's pelvis the second he got himself hard again! Someone this young and in their prime should be able to handle anything her experience could throw at him, and Miranda had a lot of experience to swing!

"Brandon, baby, you tell me as soon as you're ready to fuck me! You going first, little boy!" She told the donkey. Her hand nearest him left the back of the couch and took hold of the back of his head and caressed him firmly and pushed him deeper into her tit. He mumbled a muffled reply and she felt him suck on her harder. It was almost like her tits knew she was fucking a pair of young studs. Her milk was flowing fast and free across both boys tongues. Ricky whimpered and groped at the breast in his mouth

harder. "You got to tongue fuck my mouth, my little hyena. You're dick will get wet again soon enough."

Oh God was it going to get fucking soaked by her cunt. He'll get some dirty donkey sloppy seconds, too! Brandon started grabbing at her waist urgently. The donkey was feeling her curves up until he finally broke free from her fat tit.

"M-ma'am?" He whispered up to her. She looked at him with a manic look that spoke to her need. The donkey shrunk under her gaze.

"You ready!" Miranda asked him urgently, and he quickly nodded at her. She leaned back and pushed Ricky off her tit without any ceremony. "Ricky, scoot over, I need room! Scoot!"

Ricky panicked and scooted away from them and she now had all the room she needed to maul her donkey stud into submission. Fuck being on her knees, she shifted and readjusted until she was throwing her tits back into Brandon's face as she squatted over him on the balls of her feet. She didn't need lube with how wet she was, and she had no trouble at all lining his cock up and wedging its blunt tip at her quivering lips. "Ricky, behind me. You can watch me pop your bud's cherry."

The hyena said nothing but slinked off the couch like water and he disappeared behind her as she rolled and rubbed the tip of Brandon's donkey prick against the entrance to her cunt. Donkey boy was squirming under her.

"You want to blow your load in a hot cunt, baby boy?" Miranda cooed down at him. She was drooling like a doped whore. God, she was needing this. "You want to lose your V-card to cheating whore of a wife?"

"Y-yes! Yes, ma'am!" He told her nervously, but with just enough volume to convince her he was ripe for the cherry to be plucked. She let herself drop onto his cock. The blunt tip stretched her lips apart.

"Oh, God..." She groaned as the donkey dick slid deeper and deeper inside her. Her cunt was stretched and parted by inch after glorious inch of stud. Oh, she was getting what she fucking needed! His cock finally bottomed out in her with the tip of his dick nudging at her cervix. She could feel him twitching inside her as his arm slid around her middle. He hugged her so tight it was like a bear hug. He didn't speak a word. The poor boy twitched inside her cunt as he held onto her like she was the goddess aphrodite blessing him with a offhand glance. "I'm going to rape you so hard, you filthy stud!"

Miranda grabbed him by the shoulders at first, and held onto him iron tight as she lifted herself up off his cock the first time. She waited until she felt the crown of his blunt head crest at the cusp of her entrance before dropping herself down again. Brandon whimpered and groaned under her, but she didn't fucking care. This was HER time to blow a load. She hoisted herself aloft again, but this time she didn't lift as high. Instead she bounced on his donkey dick with a steady rhythm that made her legs burn and scream at her.

In minutes she was sweating all over like she'd been modeling under a burning light. It felt GOOD to ride this boy stud's cock! His dick never left her cunt and she never let her ass reach his balls. It was just a fast blistering pace that left her tits bouncing and shaking in front of her younger lover's face like dancing glistening lights at midnight. Fuck the lighting, fuck the room, fuck the goddamn neighbors listening to her grunt and moan like a well paid whore. All that fucking mattered was that she was finally getting a cock speared up her pussy!

She gave in, and she wailed. Her ass slammed down into Brandon's lap and she wrapped her arms around his head. He was being smothered by her generous tits as she lifted herself up again before dropping down with as much force as she could muster. She wanted to brutalize herself as well as him. His cock could take it. She wanted to punish her cunt with as much cock as she could. She wanted it, craved it, fucking needed it!

"Oh, fuck you Brandon! Fuck your huge dick!" She cussed at him and squeezed his head tighter into her tights while she rode him harder and faster. She screamed. Her cunt clenched in spasms she had no control over. Grunts, screams, wails, they all belonged to her as she climaxed on the donkey dick impaling her cunt. Lady cum dripping freely from her and soaked his crotch and thighs as she vented her lust in a orgasm long awaited.

A pair of hands groped at her ass as she ground her cunt into Brandon's crotch. The hands struggled and fought, and eventually won out in the end. Her hips lifted against her will. When she turned her head to investigate she saw Ricky behind her. He was wild eyed and hungry, like a man too far gone in his own desire to be reached by words of reason. His cock jutted from his hips like a angry trident ready to smite any fool daring to stand in its path.

He wasn't even looking at her. All his attention was lower, at her drooling cunt lips. Fuck what she wanted, right? She saw him shove his hips forward and her eyes rolled back in her head the moment his spear forced its way into her still trembling cunt. Fuck what she wanted, but she was getting it anyway, oh God!

"Fuck my dirty married cunt, Ricky!" She cursed at him, but he certainly wasn't listening. He was giving her what she wanted regardless. He was jackhammering into her body with as much strength as he could summon. She threw her head down and bit down on a clump of Brandon's hair as she clung tight to the donkey for support. The hyena was trying his damndest to fuck her senseless and she was going to smother Brandon to death if she had to to make sure Ricky got what he wanted.

Her pussy was hurting from the fresh orgasm and constant pummeling it was getting. There was no rest, no reprieve, no solace. Only a furious constant force that kept her stretched open and raw as the cock inside her throbbed and prodded as deeply as it could to reach it's apex and let loose its heated load.

She felt hands groping her tits, it was Brandon, he wasn't drowning in her tits. He was mashing and squeezing her tits like they were playthings. Ricky held onto her hips so tight that his fingernails were digging into her skin. She'd have marks for days from how hard she was being manhandled, and she fucking loved it! They were so needy, so strong, so desperate, these boys were giving her years of pent up lust and it was driving her nuts!

She popped her cork again, her cunt jerking and spasming. She screamed so loud that she surprised herself, but she didn't stop, couldn't stop. Ricky didn't stop, he kept going. Her cunt was screaming at her through her nerves. It wanted rest, needed peace, but the hyena cock ramming it wouldn't let up. It hurt, it felt wonderful, but it hurt, but she needed it!

A hard punch hit her insides, like a stream of water pelting her cervix. She felt it again, but softer this time. It was hot, it was spreading, it was expanding. She finally heard Ricky over her own hoarse voice. He was grunting and breathing with ragged breath. It almost sounded like pained and strained laughter. He was emptying his boy nuts into her and she was getting filled so mercilessly. She felt it bubble out and drop from her cunt as he kept fucking himload into her until the cum frothed at her entrance.

He broke down and collapsed over her. He was spent. He was dead limp over her. Ricky fell to the side. She, panting like crazy, looked down. Brandon had grabbed Ricky and pulled him by the arm to the side. The hyena didn't fight it, but rather fell to the wayside. He sat on the floor and leaned over the couch cushion like a broken man.

"Let me, my turn!" Brandon was desperate, she could hear it, no, she could taste it in the air like his need for her body had become a thing to be consumed. She rolled away from them both and dropped her ass to the couch. Ricky followed her until he was standing over her with his knees

jabbing into the couch with his hands using her tits as handles for support. She was covered in cum, covered in sweat, but this donkey stud didn't seem to care. He was manic now, too. He was burning her. She spread her legs for him. Her cunt burned hot and she was exhausted, but she was in her element, she wanted to be brutalized by a hard cock more now than ever.

Brandon thrust his hips forward and clipped her cunt. He thrust again, but without a guiding hand he missed a second time. Miranda whined and whimpered with the third miss. She grabbed ahold of his cock and hiked her legs further apart. She rubbed his dick against her pussy, but stopped and pulled his rigid shaft away. He thrust again and only hit air. He looked down at her with eyes that looked like the saddest eyes of a lil pup.

"You want up my asshole? Shove your donkey dick up my pucker?" She glared at him. He looked shocked, but hornier than she'd ever seen him the whole morning.

"Anything!" He told her, his voice was pained with need. She aimed his cock down and moaned with pleasure the moment she felt his tip press against her asshole. The cum leaking from her cunt was lubing his shaft as he gave his fifth thrust. She scream and grunted as he bottomed out in her with a single stroke. Her chest heaved into his steel-like grip on her tits. Miranda had to claw at his arms. There had been no gentleness, nor ease, nor patience. The little boy stud had claimed her in one motion and her ass was reacting with as much passion as her fucked raw cunt would have.

"Fuck me, you stupid boy! Fuck me!" Miranda screamed. He fucked her. Ricky was fast and furious, but Brandon had stronger legs. Within the first several thrusts he'd managed to slam the back of the couch into the living room wall. She wailed under him and begged for more. If she wasn't screaming she was cussing.

She didn't care she was drooling mindlessly. Didn't care if she was announcing to the whole building she was getting fucked. Goddamn she cared for nothing but the hard cock spearing into her with no thought or concern for her wellbeing. She was being ravaged without kindness or sympathy. Brandon was assaulting her just like she'd told him to, and she was screaming at the top of her lungs for it.

She didn't notice the rush of spunk hitting her guts. He was thrusting too fast for her to notice at first. He was a machine, lost in his own mechanisms. He kept filling her, but she didn't notice. There was only a hot, but dull, sensation of her feeling fuller. He collapsed over her, but kept thrusting. His upper body went limp, but his hips were still weakly thrusting.



She didn't have any words. Brandon eventually rolled himself off her to the side. Both boys were scattered like drunken heaps on the couch or floor. She'd sucked them dry of all their might like the succubi of legend. They were dead men in living bodies as her asshole dripping its milky deposit over the edge of the couch and onto the floor. Miranda was raw and well used. She felt dead herself, like a woman crumpled and discarded like a tissue in a waste basket. By horny virgins no less.

What was there to say? What was there to think? Miranda stared at the ceiling as she panted and slowed her breathing to take back control. It took effort to bring herself back in control, to be herself again.

She managed to steal a glance at her two lovers. They were both out of commission for the time being. There wouldn't be any sex or drawing any time soon. Maybe a shower, but not with them, that'd lead to more sex and she couldn't stay on campus all day. She needed to go to fucking IKEA with her husband.

"Brah-Brandon." She called to the sweet donkey boy. He didn't respond. Her phone was in the back pocket of her jeans. She needed him to get her phone. "Brandon."

He turned his head and looked at her. The poor boy had a love struck look on his face, like she'd been imprinted onto him like a wife on a virgin husband. That was fine. She'd have no trouble getting more sex out of him that way. "Get my phone from my pocket."

She watched him struggle off the couch until he had fished her cell phone from the back pocket of her jeans. Brandon looked so tired. He made to hand the phone to her, but she told him, "No."

"Stand in front of me. Take a picture." He looked at her confused, but hobbled upright. In his exhausted state it was a slow process. Miranda lifted up a weary hand as she watched Brandon lift her phone to snap a photo. Her legs were spread wide, her cunt and asshole were gaped and drooling cum. Her tits were covered in virgin spunk and dribbling fresh milk. She was soaked in sweat.

Brandon snapped a photo of her on the couch, looking like a well fucked whore. Miranda was making a peace sign. Her hubby would love to see the picture Brandon just took. She'd have to send it to him as soon as she was rested enough to move.