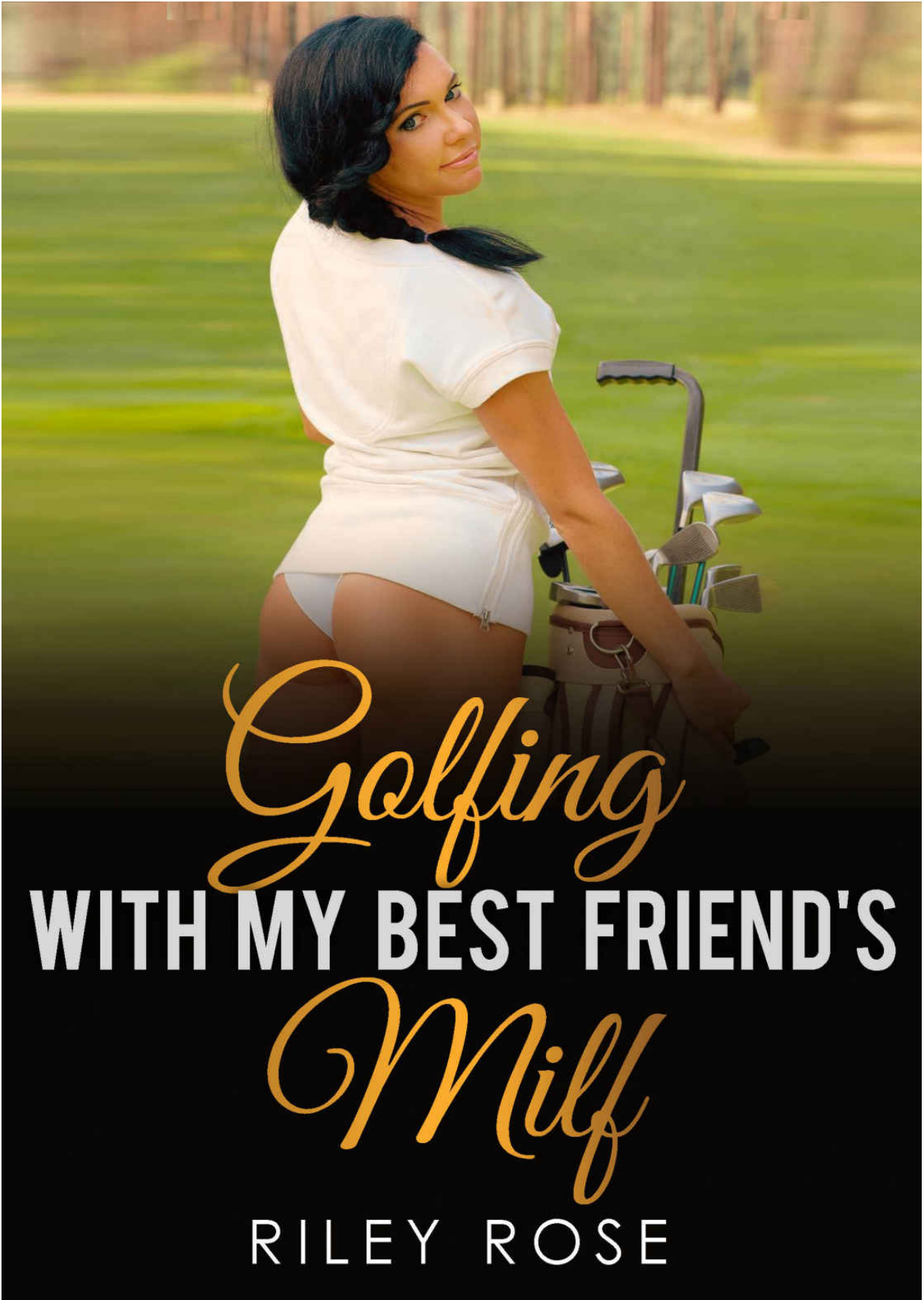


*Golfing*

**WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S**

*Milf*

**RILEY ROSE**



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GOLFING WITH MY BEST FRIEND'S MILF

RILEY ROSE

BOOK FIVE IN THE SUBMISSIVE MILF SERIES

A STORY IN THE DECADENT FANTASY UNIVERSE

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

# Copyright and Books in Series

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# Chapter 1

Josie stared at me and Mel, her mouth hanging open, eyes as wide as my favorite anime character's. Which was a pretty reasonable reaction upon hearing her mom and best friend were fucking. Well, we hadn't gone that deeply into it (though Mel had certainly gone very deep into me on plenty of occasions), but we had just told my amazing daughter that we were dating. Something I had been avoiding for way too long. But also something I could no longer put off now that I had fallen madly, deeply, passionately in love with Mel.

I put my hand gently on Josie's knee. "Honey, I know this is a huge shock."

Mel grabbed her other knee. "But we want you to know we both love you more than anything." Okay, this was sounding like Mel was her mom too. Oh shit, if Mel and I got married, she would become Josie's mom. Your best friend turning into your mom probably wasn't the most normal occurrence. But I always liked to say Josie was my best friend. So maybe it wouldn't be too weird.

Josie was still staring into space, like an alien had taken over her brain. Which would be pretty epic! Oh, not the part about my daughter being possessed by an alien. I wanted my sweet and lovable Josie just the way she was. But the part about aliens visiting Earth was epic! Though I'd prefer cute Ewok-style aliens to brain-possessing ones.

I squeezed her knee. "Um, honey, could you... maybe say something so I know you're not having a stroke?"

She looked at me. Then at Mel. And then bolted.

Well, she tried to bolt. Mel and I were prepared for this eventuality.

“Get her!” I yelled.

Mel and I tackled her to the plush carpet then wrestled her back onto the couch.

We sandwiched her in a tight super-hug.

“Ack! What are you guys doing? Let me go!”

I kissed her cheek. “Not until you know how much we love you.”

Mel smooched her other cheek. “And that you’re the best daughter/friend in the world.”

She kept struggling, and we kept pecking her cheeks and telling her how important she was to us.

“Jose,” Mel said, her eyes glistening with tears. “You’ve been my best friend since kindergarten. I would never do anything to hurt you. Please don’t be mad. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

Of course, that got me crying. Mel and Josie’s friendship was so adorable. “Honey,” I said, not trying to wipe away my tears because I had to keep up my ultra-hug attack. “Popping you out of my uterus was the best thing I’ve ever done.”

“Eww, Mom! That’s gross!”

“You’re the complete opposite of gross. You’re beautiful and kind and the most amazing daughter in the universe.”

Now the tears were streaming down Josie’s face. “Ugh! How am I supposed to be mad at you guys when you’re being all sweet like this?”

I rubbed my cheek against hers. “We can’t help it. We love you too much not to be super-sweet to you.”

Mel squeezed Josie even more tightly. “Plus, you’re a great cuddle buddy!” I smiled. My daughter was a great cuddle companion. We had spent many mother-daughter movie nights nested under blankets, watching rom-coms and action flicks.

“So...” Josie said tentatively. “You guys really love each other?”

I gazed into Mel’s eyes, my face melting into the goofiest love-struck expression in history. Only matched by the one Mel was giving me.

Josie swiveled her head between us. “Yup. You two are definitely in love.”

“Honey, I know this kinda makes things awkward...”

“Well, you two are the most awkward people I know.”

“Hey!” Mel protested. “Alex is way more awkward than me.”

“Gee, thanks,” I replied.

“Well, it’s true, Mom. You’re the number one awkward weirdo.”

“As the President of the Awkward Weirdos Club, I will take that as a huge compliment.”

Josie giggled. “You should. I wouldn’t want any other weirdo for a mom.” She turned to Josie. “Or a best friend.”

“Awww,” Mel and I said, squeezing Josie ridiculously hard.

“Ack! You guys are crushing me.”

“Oops,” Mel replied, looking chagrined. “Sorry, Jose, sometimes I don’t know my own strength.”

“No kidding. You’re always kicking me out of the bed in your sleep.” Josie and Mel had been having sleepovers since forever. And Mel did have a penchant for dumping my daughter’s butt on the floor. I was surprised she hadn’t done it to me. Probably because I clutched her so tightly while we slumbered she couldn’t dislodge me. I couldn’t help it. Her body was so warm and cozy, I had to have it constantly pressed against me.

“Oh, that’s just because I wanted your comfy bed all to myself,” Mel said with a mischievous grin.

“What?! You better be joking, you little sneak.”

Mel laughed and patted Josie’s leg. “Of course I’m joking. But to get me back, you can kick my extremely hot ass out of bed anytime you want.”

Josie rolled her eyes. “I’m so impressed by your modesty.”

“Thank you! I’m an excellent role model.”

We all laughed and hugged some more.

“Honey, are... you going to be okay with this?” I asked gently.

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “It’s going to take a lot of getting used to. But I love both of you and want you to be happy.”

“Aww, honey.”

“Aww, Jose.”

After another double cheek smooch from me and Mel, I rubbed my daughter’s shoulders. “But you need to be happy too, honey. So let’s really be open with each other and talk through how this will work for all of us.”

Josie nodded. “Okay, but I... kinda would like to be alone for a little while. You know, to process all this. It’s... a lot. Is... is that okay?”

I smiled and squeezed her shoulders. “Of course. Take all the time you need. I’ll be here to talk whenever you’re ready.”

“Me too!” Mel chimed in.

We each gave her the most massive hug we could muster, then watched her climb the stairs.

After I heard the door shut, I tucked my knees onto the couch and laid my head in Mel’s lap. “Do you think she’ll hate us?” I asked worriedly.

Mel sifted her fingers through my hair and wrapped her arm around me. “Of course not. Josie’s awesome. She took it better than like anyone would have.”

“I know. I just... don’t want to ruin my relationship with her. Or with you.”

“You won’t. You’re the most kind and loving person I’ve ever known. No one could ever hate you.”

I touched her face, tears welling up in my eyes. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too, sweetie.” She took me in her arms and kissed me. Our lips made love, and, for those fleeting moments, all my worries melted away.

I gazed into her clear, blue eyes, completely smitten.

“You know what’s even better than your amazing kindness,” she asked with a grin.

“What?”

“Your super-amazing ass!” She flipped me over, so I was sprawled face down over her lap, and spanked me.

“Mel! Josie will hear us.”

“Okay, okay. But can you at least give me a peek at your award-winning booty?”

“What awards did it win?”

“The Melody Meadows Ultimate Ass Award! Given only to hot chicks with juicy butts that make legions of girls soak their panties.”

I laughed. “I think my weirdness is rubbing off on you. Do I get a statue or something as the award?”

“Oh yeah. A huge one shaped like a dildo that I’ll shove up your tight ass.”

“Mel!”

“What? You like it when I shove stuff up there.”

I blushed. “That’s because you’re an expert at making me an anal whore.”

“Yes!” she cheered. “I’m very talented.”

I laughed again. “You certainly are. Okay, I’ll give you a peek.”

“Oh my God, yes!” She was always pumped when she got to see me naked. Even though I had disrobed for her like a hundred times. It was very flattering. “But you have to follow my instructions when you do it.”

“O... okay.” Oh fuck, she was being all dominant, ordering me how to be naughty. I loved it when she did that.

“Unbutton your shorts.”

I did as she commanded, tingling at the thought of exposing myself to her.

“Now unzip them.”

I tugged the zipper down, the front of my panties brushing against Mel’s smooth skin.

“Oo, so you’re good at following orders, Alex.”

“I’ve had a lot of practice from a certain beautiful sexpot.”

“I love being called a beautiful sexpot!”

I giggled. Mel was such a weirdo. Of course, so was I. That’s probably why we were so perfect for each other.

“Okay, put your arms behind your back.”

I bent them behind me, Mel helping to position them into L-shapes.

“Keep your arms like that and don’t move them. Otherwise, I’ll have to punish you.”

“Yes, Mel,” I replied breathlessly. My pussy tingled something fierce. I got so turned on when she made me be submissive.

She slipped her fingers into the waistband of my jean shorts and tugged them down. I wiggled around, helping her get them past my curvy hips.

“Oo, Alex, these panties are so cute.”

I smiled, happy she liked them. They were pale blue and comfy. They weren't ultra-sexy by any means. They were what I liked to call practical cute. But I guess they were working for Mel, so I definitely had to wear them more often.

“Oh, thanks. I just got them.”

“They're great. But now they're coming off!” She whisked them down to my thighs, exposing my jiggling cheeks.

She gasped. I blushed. Past girlfriends seemed to enjoy my booty, but Mel was obsessed with it. This girl had excellent taste in bouncing butts.

And that's what mine was doing as Mel sunk all ten digits into it and made it jiggle and dance in extremely sinful ways.

“Oh fuck, Mel,” I gasped, making sure to keep my voice down so Josie didn't hear. “That... that feels so good.”

“You like having your ass belong to me, don't you?”

I buried my face in the couch to muffle my moan. Then raised my head. “Yes! My whole body belongs to you.”

“Oh, Alex, you say the sweetest things.” She really went to town on my prone posterior, molding it like playdough.

My saliva dripped onto the cushions as I once again used them to conceal my sensual moaning.

“God, I want you so bad,” she said in that low, seductive way of hers.

And I wanted her to take me. But we couldn't. “M... Mel, Josie's right upstairs.”

“I know,” she replied, giving my booty one last squeeze before pulling up my panties and shorts. “I just wanted you to know how sexy you are and that I’m going to be fantasizing about fucking you the whole way home.”

I turned over and sat in her lap. I wrapped my arms around her neck and kissed her. My heart fluttered and my entire body tingled. Her lips always brought me to another plane of existence.

“I really like that you’re going to be fantasizing about me. You have to tell me all the scenarios you come up with.”

“I’ll do better than that. I’m going to act out all the scenarios with you.”

I shivered. Oh shit, that sounded amazing.

“So get ready to be fucked like a super-slut!” she added.

I giggled. “Yes, please!”

I rested my head against her shoulder, nuzzling into her neck. My shorts were still unbuttoned and unzipped. I liked being partially exposed while I sat in her lap, like she was my Queen who had ordered me to leave my shorts unzipped so she could have access to my wet pussy whenever she wanted. Oh damn, that was a great roleplay we could do. I would be an excellent sexual servant.

We stayed like that for a while, cuddling and sharing sweet smooches. She slipped her hand under my T-shirt, rubbing my bare stomach and getting close to my panties without actually touching them. A thrill shot through me every time she approached them, and I thought of the countless instances she had fingered my tight folds.

“I should go check on Josie,” I said after a while.

Mel nodded. “Can you let me know how she’s doing after you talk to her?”

“Of course.”

She smiled. "I'll call her later too, just to tell her I love her like a million more times."

I kissed her cheek. "You're so sweet."

"And you're so sexy. But you're getting lots of spankings next time I see you for disobeying me."

"What? I followed all your sexy commands."

"You moved your arms from behind your back without my permission."

"But that's because you were being so sweet and loving, I had to kiss you."

"Yes, that was amazing. You're the best kisser on the planet. But rules are rules."

"Wait, who makes these rules?"

"Me, of course."

I couldn't help but smile. "Of course."

"I'm glad you agree with my amazing logic."

"It's hard not to with how adorable you are. But I think you just come up with naughty excuses to give me spankings."

"Well, duh. I need my hands on your hot ass 24/7."

I blushed. "Geez, Mel, you're going to give me a big head with all these compliments. Or more like a big booty."

"That's okay. I like big butts."

"And you cannot lie?"

"Huh?"

"Early 90s song. I need to educate you on awesome music from my youth."

“You can educate me on anything you want. Especially kinky sex stuff!”

We both smiled and kissed again.

I took her hand. “I’ll walk you out.”

She zipped and buttoned my shorts and slid her arm around my waist as we walked to the front door.

When we got there, she pulled me into her, holding me tightly as she gave me one of her earth-shattering kisses.

I was left breathless on my doorstep, watching her hips shake sensually as she walked away. God, I was so in love. And I couldn’t wait to get my sexy spankings.

But that was enough sexy thoughts for the time being. I had to make sure Josie was okay.

I went upstairs and lightly knocked on her door. “Honey, can I come in?” I didn’t get a response.

I cracked the door and poked my head in. “Jose, are you okay?”

She was on her bed, eyes closed, with headphones on.

I padded over to her and gently touched her shoulder.

“Ahhhh!” she screamed, almost leaping off the bed.

“Honey, it’s just me.”

She tore her headphones off. “Mom! What the hell? Don’t scare me like that.”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to. I knocked but you didn’t hear me.”

“Oh, sorry. I had my music loud.”

I plopped on the bed next to her and put my hand on her knee. “How are you doing?”

“I... I’m okay.”

I squeezed her knee. “It’s okay if you’re not. I know this is a huge bombshell. But please know I’d never do anything to hurt you.”

“Mom, I know. You’ve been the most loving and supporting parent I could ever ask for.”

Tears formed in my eyes. “R... really?”

“Yes. I know I tease you for being super-weird because, well, you are, but I’m so thankful you’re my mom.”

I yanked her into one of my patented Alex Super-Hugs. “Oh honey, that’s the most wonderful thing anyone has ever said to me.”

“Even the super-weird part?”

I laughed. “Even the super-weird part. I take great pride in my weirdness.”

“Oh, I know.”

We both laughed and hugged some more.

“I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, honey.”

We pulled back, wiping the tears from each other’s eyes.

“But we need to set some ground rules,” my awesome daughter said.

“Hey, wait, now you sound like the parent.”

“Well, I am more mature than you.”

“Josie!”

“I’m just teasing. Well, mostly.”

I stuck my tongue out at her. Okay, maybe I could be a little immature at times and not act my age. But wonderful daughters were never supposed to make fun of their amazing moms.

“Okay, what are your ground rules?”

“No having sex while I’m in the house.”

“What?” I laughed nervously. “We... we’re not having sex.”

“Mom, c’mon, you’ve fucked like a million girls.”

“Josie!! You’re making me sound like a super-slut.” Sure, I was super-slutty around Mel, but it’s not like I was banging every hot girl I met.

“No, I didn’t mean it like that. I just meant, you’re so beautiful that you could get any girl you wanted.”

My cheeks got rosy. “What... that’s not... I mean... um, thanks honey.” I didn’t realize Jose thought I was that much of a catch. My daughter was very insightful. “But wait a minute, I let you and Sophie have sex in the house.”

Now it was my daughter’s turn to blush. “What?!! We’re not-”

“Then what’s with the strap-on you’re hiding in the closet?”

I don’t think I had ever seen Josie get so embarrassed. Her eyes traveled to the sex toy poking out from underneath some clothes. Then back to me. And then she jumped under the covers, yanking them over her head.

“Honey, don’t be embarrassed. Remember, I helped you pick out that dildo.” It was fun shopping for sex toys online with my daughter. And, yes, I know, I’m a weird mom. But Josie already established that.

“Mom!” came her muffled reply. “That was also super-embarrassing.”

“Well, I guess you really do take after me. You’re a kinky slut too.”

She flung the covers off. “Mom! I am not a kinky slut!”

“I bet Sophie thinks you are.”

“Ahhh! Please stop talking.”

“C’mon, honey, every daughter should tell her mom all the details of her sex life.”

“What? No daughter wants to do that.”

“But what if she has the coolest mom in the universe?”

“I said you were the most loving and supportive, not the coolest.”

“Aw, c’mon, can’t I be the coolest too?”

“Sure. If you stop asking me about having sex.”

“Okay, fine,” I relented. “But since I helped you pick out the dildo, you can at least tell me if Sophie is enjoying you using it on her.”

I was getting to see Josie blush in every way imaginable. This time her cheeks turned a cute bright pink as she looked down and bit her lip. “Um, well... actually, she, uh, usually uses it on me.”

My eyes lit up. “Yes! I knew you’d be awesome at being submissive.”

“Mom!!”

“What? C’mon, it’s fun to give yourself over to someone you love and trust.”

“Oh, well, um, yeah, that’s true.”

“I bet you loved being tied up.”

She covered her face with her hands. “Oh my God!”

“Have you guys gone over your safe words?”

She spread her fingers, peeking out at me. “Um, no. We kinda have just been trying stuff and then, well...” She turned a deeper shade of pink. I knew exactly what she meant. When Mel bound me and started touching

my naughty bits, I couldn't think of anything except letting her do whatever she wanted to me. It was easy to get lost in the intoxication of submissiveness. But I was a pro at being a bound slut. Josie was just getting started. I needed to make sure my daughter was being safe.

"That's totally okay, honey. I'll go over everything you need to know to have both super-kinky and super-safe sex."

She dropped her hands, not protesting this time. "That, um... would actually be really helpful. Thanks, Mom."

I clasped her hand. "Anytime, honey."

"But could you maybe not make it super-weird."

"Sorry, you know you have the weirdest mom in the world. But I promise this will help your relationship with Sophie."

Her face brightened. "Then let's do it. I really want things to work out with her."

I was so happy she had found someone she cared about so much. Like how I cared about Mel.

"Great! I'll also tell you the best places in the house to have sex."

Her eyes narrowed, studying me suspiciously. "How the heck do you know that?"

"Oh, um, I always do an analysis of every room I enter on where would be the best places to fuck. It definitely has nothing to do with me and Mel being naughty."

She plopped back onto the pillow and covered her face again. "Oh my God."

I lay on the pillow next to her. "Good idea, honey. We can have a sleepover like we used to. And I promise I'll only give you info that will help you and Sophie."

She peeked out again. “After that can we watch movies all night? My pick.”

I clutched her arm. “That sounds amazing! And, yes, you can absolutely choose what we watch.”

She smiled and squeezed my hand. And I knew everything was going to be okay.

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# Chapter 2

The next day I met up with Mel at Goofy Golf, my favorite miniature golf course from when I was a kid. I knew this course inside and out, so I brought the mini-golf smackdown to any unfortunate soul who dared challenge me.

“Prepare to get your hot butt crushed by the Queen of Goofy Golf!” I announced, thrusting my hand into the air.

“Wow,” Mel replied with a bemused grin. “You’re really into this.”

“Of course. Miniature golf is the greatest invention ever!”

“I thought the vibrator was.”

“Okay, second greatest invention ever.” Luckily, no one was close enough to hear our naughty talk as we walked in from the parking lot.

The sprawling course came into view, a vibrant collection of cute critters and obstacles peppering the landscape. This course was the most eclectic and adorable one in the area. It was also super-fun and a good challenge. And it made for a great date location, with an ice cream shop right next door.

Mel took my hand. I smiled at her. It was so nice not having to hide our relationship. Well, that wasn’t totally true. We still hadn’t told Mel’s parents. We wanted Josie to be the first to know since she was so important to both of us. And it’s not like I had announced it through the neighborhood. I’m sure some busybodies would disapprove of me dating someone so much younger. But screw them. We were in love and if they didn’t like it, they were big poop heads. See, I’m totally mature.

Speaking of my much more mature daughter, I told her I'd spend the day out with Mel, so she could invite Sophie over for some alone time. I shouldn't be the only one who got to fuck in every room of the house.

"So," Mel said as we walked along the path to the adorable admission hut, which had Goofy Gorilla perched on top. He was the main mascot of the course. "You really think you're going to beat me?"

"Hell yeah. No one defeats me on my home course."

She squeezed my hand. "I like seeing you all fired up. And I don't mind if you win. As long as I get to fuck you."

"You mean after the game?"

"Nope. I mean during the game. For every hole we play, I'm going to fuck *your* tight holes."

"What?! Mel, w... we can't do that. This is a family friendly establishment where no naughty shenanigans are allowed."

"Oh c'mon, there's barely anyone here. And no kids because they're still in school." That was true. We had gone during the day, so it wouldn't be too busy. I had the day off and Mel didn't have any classes. But, yikes, this girl was a crazy exhibitionist. We had fucked in the library, on the ski slopes, and in the cruise ship hot tub. And now she wanted to do it on a miniature golf course. Not that any of those prior instances were bad. They were hot as hell, and I had cum so freaking much. But what would Goofy Gorilla say? We had been besties since I was a little girl.

"Some of these holes are completely out in the open," I pointed out.

"But that means some of them aren't. I bet you know all the hidden areas where we could have some naughty fun." Somehow she managed to say it in both an innocent and sensual way. She had so many talents.

"Um, well, maybe." My mind raced through all the holes, which I had committed to memory, zeroing in on all the potential sex spots.

She grabbed my hips and spun me toward her. “Okay, how bout this? If you let me fuck you on the course, you get to spank me ten times for every stroke you beat me by. Oo, and you can fuck me however you want when we get home.” I liked how she said “when we get home,” like we were living together. We weren’t, but it was sweet that she considered my house her home. It had basically been her second home growing up. She and Mel were inseparable since kindergarten.

I considered her sexy offer. “Twenty-five spankings per stroke.”

“Alex! That could be a lot. And you spanked me so hard on the cruise ship.”

“You loved it! And that’s like one percent of all the wicked booty slaps you’ve given me.”

“Well, yeah, that’s how it should be. I give you lots of spankings like you’re my little ass slut.” She grinned mischievously, sliding her hands around my hips and grabbing my booty. I was wearing my best pair of shorts for ass fondling, the infamous “Fuck Me” shorts, the same ones I had on when Mel spanked me for the very first time in my kitchen. That seemed like a lifetime ago. I was so in love with her it felt like we had been together forever.

I gasped as she raised me up on my toes and brought my tits into hers. “I love being your ass slut. But you’re the one getting spanked today, missy.”

“Missy?”

“Hey, sometimes I like to use old timey language.”

“Good. It makes you even more adorable.”

I grinned. Who knew my weird geekiness would turn into such an asset? “So, do you agree to my terms, madam?”

“I’ll go as high as twenty spankings,” she replied.

“For every stroke I beat you by, right?”

“Right.”

I stuck my hand out, and we shook on it. Everyone knew you had to seal important deals like this with a handshake.

Except Mel added something extra. A firm ass slap after our shake.

“Hey!” I protested. “You’re the one who’s supposed to be getting spanked.”

“That’s after the game. There aren’t any rules for before.”

I smiled. “You’re very sneaky.”

“Thank you!” She seized both my ass cheeks and squeezed so hard she took my breath away. Which she quickly restored by pressing her lips to mine. I stood plastered to her, my arms pinned against her breasts, my ass completely under her control. She was so good at dominating me. I wanted to strip for her right there and beg her to make me her sex slave. But Goofy Gorilla was eyeing me behind her, so I shelved those thoughts. At least until we got to more secluded portions of the course.

I swayed back and forth, lightheaded from her passionate smooch.

She steadied me, holding me in her strong arms. “Alex, are you okay?”

“Y... yeah. You’re just one amazing kisser. And booty grabber.”

“Aw, thanks. I practice smooching and squeezing every night.”

“You do? What do you practice on?”

“A mold of your ass I took while you were sleeping.”

“Haha,” I laughed. Wait a minute? She was joking, right? I was a pretty sound sleeper. But, c’mon, a mold of my perky posterior was ridiculous.

“I’m kidding,” she said, seeing my mind race through the possibilities. “But if you ever want to pose for a mold, let me know! I’d love to have an Alex Ass in my room.”

“You can have the real one for free anytime you want.”

“Yes! Thank you, thank you, thank you! You’re such an amazing girlfriend.”

I chuckled. I should have offered my ass to people more often if that would have gotten me amazing girlfriend status. But the little sneak never answered my question. “Okay, but what do you really practice on?”

“Oh, I do finger crunches with weights to improve my grip strength. It’s important that I can grab your booty hard and let you know who it belongs to.”

I gasped again, trembling in her arms. “Mel, you make me so wet when you talk like that.” I could feel my lips moistening beneath my sheer panties.

“Good. Then I should say a bunch more stuff like that. I love it when you’re wet for me.” That made me even wetter. We had better start playing before I soaked my shorts right here.

“Oh,” she continued. “And for the kissing practice, I just lay in bed, visualizing your perfect lips and fantasize about how amazing it is to kiss the most beautiful woman in the world.”

I instantly melted into a puddle of goo. I would have fallen to the ground if Mel didn’t catch me, holding me tightly against her.

“Th... that’s the sweetest thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

“I meant every word of it.”

Our lips disappeared into an epic kiss, the world around us being swallowed up by our love. Goofy Gorilla and the golf course melted away. I was in a state of blissful limbo, where there was only me and Mel and the heat radiating between us.

We clutched each other afterwards, trembling and breathing hard.

“I... I didn’t know it was possible to love someone this much,” she said, her breath hot on my lips.

“M... me either, sweetie. It... it’s amazing.”

“Ohhhh yeah.”

We giggled and shivered some more, basking in our love.

We paid the guy at the ticket counter and got clubs and balls, a light blue one for me and bright pink for Mel. Then we scooted to the first hole.

It featured the Chubby Cubbies, two cute bear cubs doing handstands. The goal was to hit the ball between their arms and get it across the green to the hole.

I bent over to place my ball on the middle indentation of the starting pad, the bottom of my ass almost peeking out of my shorts.

“Loving the view,” Mel remarked behind me.

I blushed and turned around. “You’re ridiculous.”

“It’s not ridiculous to know a super-hot ass when you see one.”

I rolled my eyes but flushed even more. All these booty compliments were making me want to get very naked.

I placed my feet shoulder-width apart and lined up my shot. I struck the ball firmly, sending it scooting under the adorable bears. It skipped past the hole, bounced off the rear wall, and came to rest a couple of inches from the hole.

“Yes!” I exclaimed, jumping up and down. “That’s how the master does it.”

“You’re definitely the master of shaking your huge tits.”

I glanced down. Yup, my melons were bouncing all over the place. Whoops. Well, maybe I could use them to distract Mel. “Oh, stop staring at my boobs and just putt.”

“But I like staring at your boobs. I like grabbing them even more!”

“You can grab them all you want later tonight. Now stop stalling.” I patted her pert booty, shoving her forward.

She smiled and placed her ball on the pad. Oh wow, she wasn’t kidding, this was a great view. Her ass was so cute in her tiny cotton shorts that hugged her hips. Just like her tank top hugged her breasts. She had so much tanned skin showing it was difficult not to dream about making love to her on the green.

She struck her pink orb, blasting it through the four arms. It smacked into my ball, sending it away from the hole while hers landed only a few inches away.

“Hey! You little sneak.”

“Hehe, now who’s the master?”

“I’m going to toss you into Loony Lake.” That was the man-made body of water in the middle of the course. There were a few water-themed holes on the course, including one with a cool waterfall.

“Oo, you should. Then I’d be all wet, my tank top clinging to me, my firm tits visible beneath it. I’d have to take all my clothes off and play the rest of the course naked.”

My jaw dropped. Oh my God, that was the most amazing visual ever. A wet Mel was the hottest version of her. All the water and beach excursions we did on the cruise easily proved that. Maybe I could convince her to walk around with a shower over her head, so she’d always be wet. It’d be like Daniel LaRusso from The Karate Kid when he wore that funny shower costume to the Halloween party. Except our version would feature a lot more sex!

“Hey! You won’t distract me with your lurid fantasies that I totally want to see come true. I’m still going to beat your cute butt!”

“A butt beating sounds fun!” She grabbed my hand, and we skipped to the hole.

She easily sunk her putt, putting the onus on me to match her.

I got into position, eyeing the hole, which was about eight feet away. It was challenging but doable.

I adjusted my grip, making sure it wasn't too tight. Then gave the ball a solid whack.

I followed its trajectory, biting my lip. *C'mon, c'mon*. And then... it went in! Yes!

I whooped it up, doing a dorky, hip-shaking dance. "Yeah, that's right! Suck it!"

Mel watched me with a bemused expression. She was very used to my dorkiness.

She wrapped her arms around my waist and yanked me into her mid-dance. Her breasts pressed into my back, her lips on my bare neck.

"I'd be happy to suck it. Especially those super-sensitive nipples of yours."

I gasped as said nipples stretched the fabric of my tight, gray T-shirt.

"Oo, I see they're already getting hard."

"M... Mel, stop turning me on."

"But it's fun. And, c'mon, you get turned on really easily." That was true. I was one horny girl. It didn't take much to get my nips standing at attention and my pussy glistening with my juices.

I turned into her, feeling her curves meld perfectly with mine. "Even with super-hard nips, I'll still defeat you!"

"Wow. Alex, this confidence is such a turn-on. We need to go miniature golfing more often."

"Sure! As long as you don't mind getting a smackdown every time."

“And as long as you don’t mind getting your ass smacked every time.”

“Hey, our deal is I get to spank you.”

“That’s after the game, if you beat me. During the game, I have free reign over your slutty ass.”

“Who decided that rule?”

“Me.”

“Oh. You’re an excellent rules-maker.”

“Thank you. Now let’s get to a more secluded hole, so I can do naughty stuff to you.”

I trembled. This was already the best miniature golf outing of my life.

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# Chapter 3

We raced through the obstacles on the front of the course until we got to the beginning of the back half, which was shielded from the parking lot by lovely oak trees.

At the classic windmill hole, Mel removed a pack of sanitizing wipes from her cute mini backpack, which was shaped like a cat. She took one out and began cleaning her club.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I want to make sure it’s totally clean before you rub it up and down your slit.”

“Oh, that’s really swe... wait, what?!!”

“I want you to slide this along your beautiful pussy until you’re so wet you can’t help but squirt your juices everywhere.”

“Mel!” My cheeks were burning, thinking of how ridiculously naughty I would be if I did her bidding. “I can’t cum all over their clubs.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll sanitize it thoroughly afterward. You know I’m an expert at cleaning up your cum.” I shivered. Oh fuck, yeah she was. She was very diligent about licking up all my sticky juices she constantly made me spill.

“B... but what if someone comes?”

“Someone will be cumming. You!”

I groaned at her cheesy joke. “You know what I mean.”

“Look,” she replied, scanning both directions of the course. “No one’s in sight right now. It’s the perfect opportunity to be a slutty mini golfer.”

I tapped my finger to my lips. Hmm, I had always wanted to be a slutty mini golfer. And a slutty librarian, nurse, vampire. I had lots of slutty fantasies. Mel had made the librarian one come true. Might as well tick another one off the list.

“Okay,” I said, taking the club from her. “But... I feel kinda silly.”

“Here, I’ll help you.” She leaped behind me, unbuttoned my shorts, and yanked them and my underwear down to my knees.

“Mel! I’m naked!”

“Well, duh, how else are you going to fuck this steel shaft?” She had a good point. But it was nerve-wracking being exposed on a mini golf course, where workers or other players could come into view at any moment. Mel really knew how to push my exhibitionist tendencies. And it made me super-horny every time she did.

She grabbed the club above my hands, guiding it downward. “Run it along that tight cunt of yours, nice and slow at first.”

I shivered in her arms. “O... okay.” I moved the metal shaft to my trembling lips. I spasmed at its cool touch.

“You okay, sweetie?” Mel asked.

“Y... yeah, it’s just cold.”

“Then you better fuck it hard to warm it up.”

“Ohhh, good idea.” Even though it was cold, my pussy had clung to the club, begging it to slide up and down my slit. I never disappointed my pussy, so I went to work.

I gyrated my hips along the smooth metal. My lips hugged the shaft, wrapping around it so it could touch even more sensitive parts of me.

“Ohhhhh,” I moaned softly. “Mel, this... this feels so good.”

“I’m so glad, honey. You look so hot fucking it.” That made me go harder. I wanted to look hot for Mel. To get wet for her and show her I was her willing slut.

I got so into it I was soon riding the mini golf club like a kinky cowgirl. With Mel’s expert guidance of course. She thrust her hips against my ass and helped me ram the shaft up and down my wet lips. My juices began to run from my now very warm pussy down my inner thighs. Fuck, I never knew a golf club could be such a good sex toy.

Mel tugged my T-shirt up above my breasts, revealing that I wasn’t wearing a bra. I knew it turned Mel on when I went bare upstairs. She liked having instant access to my tits.

She seized my sizable breasts, pinching my nipples. My entire body spasmed, and I squeezed the shaft between my legs.

“Ohhh God, Mel!!” I tried to keep my exaltation quiet, but it was getting very hard with what she was doing to my tits and what the club was doing to my pussy.”

“Oo, Alex, I love how you’re squeezing that slick shaft. Keep your legs pressed together like that and fuck yourself harder.”

I obeyed, moaning deeply. With my thighs tightly together, it was difficult to move the metal fuck toy back and forth. I really had to work at it. The tightness caused even more friction, which turned my pussy from warm to blazing hot.

Mel continued playing with my breasts while whispering sinful serenades.

“You’re such a naughty slut.”

“I could play with these tits all day.”

“God, your pussy looks so hot getting fucked by a huge shaft.”

Needless to say, that drove me to even further heights of ecstasy, my moans crescendoing out of control.

“M... Mel, I... I’m being too loud.”

“Oo, I can solve that!” She momentarily freed my tits. They felt lost without her tender touch. In fact, I had noticed lately how I had a hard time falling asleep when she wasn’t next to me. I had gotten so used to her warm body, her sweet smell, and her gentle caresses.

She snatched a blue bandanna out of her backpack. It matched the color of my golf ball. She knew my preferences so well. She was such a sweet girl, even though she was so good at being a kinky dom.

She gently put the cloth in my mouth and tied it around my head. “Does that feel okay?”

“Mmm hrmp!” I replied through the gag, nodding. I was impressed how Mel was always prepared for any sexual situation. Now I could moan to my heart’s content. Which I totally would because being gagged was making me want to be even sluttier.

Mel retook control of my tits, and I fucked the shit out of the soaked shaft. I rammed it against my exposed clit, sending me to the heights of euphoria. I closed my eyes, not caring if anyone came upon us and saw me naked and about to cum.

Mel realized I was about to blow. Her right hand traveled down my smooth stomach while her left remained plastered to my breast. “I’m going to smash your clit so fucking hard. And you’re going to squirt all over for me like a good girl.”

“Ohhh fuck, yes, please let me cum!!!” is what I tried to scream. But it just came out as gobbledygook through the bandanna. Very sexy gobbledygook.

She rubbed my clit crazy fast while flicking my nipple. At the same time, I rode the golf club like a woman possessed. All three things set me over the edge.

I threw my head back and moaned to the heavens. Thank goodness I was gagged. Otherwise, the entire golf course and the ice cream shop next door would have heard me. Maybe they’d think some horny woman was

cumming all over the cone. It would make a yummy topping. Especially if it was Mel's cum. I loved lapping up her cute juices.

I dropped the club as my body thrashed out of control. Mel held me firmly, continuing to dominate my clit.

I squirted hard. My juices shot so far they splattered the windmill, which flung my cum across the green and the nearby trees. Oh fuck, I was getting my naughty juices all over the place. It was so embarrassing. But my orgasms were so intense I didn't want to stop. Not that I had a choice in the matter. Wave after wave of blissful climax cascaded over me, shooting out more and more of my intimate gift.

When I finally finished, my legs gave out. Mel guided me to the ground, wrapping her arms and legs around me from behind, cradling my trembling body.

She removed my gag and wiped the spittle from my chin. Then she kissed me. A loving, gentle kiss that felt like it was giving me the oxygen I needed to breathe.

I sat there in her arms with my shirt above my breasts and my shorts around my ankles, eking cum onto the green.

I contentedly lay in her arms, feeling the warmth of her love radiate through me. Until I realized something.

"Mel, I came all over the windmill. And I'm still leaking right now."

"Good. I love it when you leak your sexy sauce."

"But it's not right to get the hole so dirty."

"Oh God, your holes are the dirtiest ones I've ever seen."

"Mel!" Dammit, talking about my pussy and ass being so dirty was making me cum even more. "Stop talking about my dirty holes. And, besides, I clean them thoroughly in the shower every morning."

"I know. I love helping you clean them."

I smiled. Taking showers with her had become somewhat of a ritual, at least when Josie wasn't around. It was nice sharing the warm water with her as we shared our warm, naked bodies.

"But how are we going to clean up my cum?"

"Alex, doesn't this course get rained on quite a bit?"

"Well, sure."

"And what do they do about it?"

"Nothing. They just wait until it dries."

"Right. Your cum is like the rain. It'll dry or get washed away by more rain. The greens are designed to absorb moisture."

"Oh. I guess that's true. But what about the windmill. That wasn't meant to have naughty juices on it."

"True. But it makes it way more exciting. Your cum makes everything a million times better!"

I blushed. "Mel, that's ridiculous."

"No it's not. I love seeing you cum." Well, that part was certainly true. She was seemingly obsessed with making me spill my naughty nectar a hundred times every day. It was a very good obsession.

Voices carried from a nearby hole.

"Oh shit! People are coming." I leapt to my feet, tugging on my shorts while Mel retrieved her backpack.

I was in such a frantic hurry my legs got tangled in my shorts and I pitched forward, landing on the green with my ass sticking up in the air. The bristles of the artificial grass raked my sensitive nipples, and I had to suppress a yelp. But the most embarrassing, and hottest, thing was that my mouth had landed right in a large pool of my cum. It seeped past my lips, and I wound up swallowing myself.

“What a view!” Mel giggled behind me, staring at my upturned ass.

“I fell in my cum,” I told her, pushing myself off the turf.

“Oo, well you’ve had plenty of practice licking yourself off my fingers after I’ve fucked your tight little pussy.”

“Would you just help me up, you little goofball, instead of reminding me what a slut I am?”

“Okay, okay.” She took my hands and pulled me to my feet, tugging my shorts and panties up while I yanked my T-shirt down.

We grabbed our clubs and balls and skedaddled to the next hole.

“That was close,” I said as we arrived at Spunky Squirrel. The goal of this hole was to knock the ball into Spunky’s mouth, where it did loop-de-loops around his tail until it shot out onto the final green. It was one of my favorite holes.

“That’s what made it exciting!” she replied, cleaning her club with more sanitizing wipes.

“Well, I think the excitement is over. The next players are too close to us now.”

“No problem. We’ll let them play through.”

“Good idea. You’re a very smart girl.”

“Of course I am. I chose you as my girlfriend.”

I beamed. “Aww, Melll.” I flung my arms around her neck and gave her a passionate smooch.

She guided me to a stone bench near my squirrel buddy and sat me on her lap, where we proceeded to make out a bunch more. I loved being held in her arms. I felt so safe, like nothing in the world could hurt me.

“Hey, why is this course so wet?” a female voice rang out.

I pulled back from Mel, my cheeks getting rosy. “Oh shit, they found my cum.”

Mel grinned at me mischievously. “Lucky them.”

I whacked her lightly. “Melll.”

“They’ll probably just think it rained earlier. Now stop blushing and start kissing me.”

I smiled. That was an excellent idea. We went back to our epic smoochfest.

Footsteps eventually fell upon the pavement nearby. I was too engrossed in Mel’s lips to look up.

My girlfriend briefly broke out liplock, waving the next golfing duo on. “Don’t mind us. We’re just doing some serious smooching!”

I blushed again. Geez, did she really have to announce that to them? But then her lips were on mine once more, and I immediately stopped caring if they thought we were weirdos. Heck, weirdos should rule the world.

The golfers played through, and, after lots of lip smacking, we hopped up to attack the squirrel, in a nice mini golf way. Squirrels were super-cute and should never be attacked in real life. Remember that lesson, kids!

I hit the ball with just the right amount of force to send it skidding into Spunky’s mouth. The ball rumbled around his innards and squeaked out his tail, landing right next to the cup.

“Yeah!” I yelled, pumping my fist.

“Ugh, how are you so good at this?”

“Told you I’m the Mini Golf Queen. But you can beat me in like every other sport.” Mel was super-athletic and a multi-sport champion. I loved watching her play. She was aggressively cute when she competed. And then afterwards she used all the excess energy to fuck the shit out of me. Sports were the best!

“Okay, I guess you can be the best at mini golf,” she conceded.

“And the best at being a big geek!” I added.

She laughed. “Oh, you definitely have that title locked up.”

“Thank you!” I was very proud of my geekiness.

“Okay, my Queen, would you be so kind as to help your servant make her putt?” That gave me a pleasant tingle. What a great idea! I could play the Queen and Mel my sexy servant. But little did people know Mel was also my secret bodyguard and at night she used her muscles to pin me down in my royal bedchamber and make me do any slutty thing she wanted.

“Alex.” Mel waved her hand in front of my face.

“Huh?”

“Were you having a kinky fantasy?”

“What? Of course not!”

“Then why were you staring off into space and drooling all over yourself?”

“I’m not drool...” I stopped mid-sentence as I felt the spittle on my chin. I quickly wiped it off with my sleeve. “Oops. Um, maybe I was thinking of a kinky fantasy.”

“Oo, is it one we can do together?”

“Yup.”

“One where I get to dominate you and treat you like my personal whore?”

“Yup.”

“One where you’ll beg me to let you unleash every last ounce of your ultra-slutty-”

I clamped her mouth shut, worried her increasing volume would be heard by the players ahead of us. “Yes,” I whispered. “We can do any super-kinky thing you can think of.”

She took my hand in hers, freeing her mouth. “Yay! I can think of a lot of super-kinky stuff.” I smiled. God, that was the truth.

She kissed the back of my hand all elegant-like. “Thank you for being so slutty, milady. Now, will Your Grace assist me in getting this ball into the tight hole?”

I giggled. What an adorable weirdo. Definitely the perfect girlfriend for me. “I would be honored, my beautiful servant.”

I got into position behind her, wrapping my arms around her and placing my hands over hers on the club. Her body was warm and tight. Her dark hair brushed my cheek and smelled like lilacs. I inhaled her scent, exhaling slowly and feeling totally at peace.

“You feel so nice,” I murmured.

She smiled and pecked me on the cheek. “So do you.” We stood there, letting our curves sway together, feeling the slight wind ruffle our hair and tickle our skin.

“Okay, time to putt!” I eventually announced, realizing we couldn’t stay at this one hole forever, no matter how much we wanted to.

“You got it!” She wiggled her butt back and forth.

“Mel, what are you doing?”

“Getting into a comfortable position.”

“By rubbing your ass against my pussy?”

“Yup. Your pussy is very comfortable.”

I rolled my eyes but couldn’t help smiling. Her booty was also very comfortable. “Okay, you little goofball, are you ready now?”

“Almost.” She circled her hips, working even harder against my vagina.

I let out a small gasp and clutched her tightly. I had a feeling I was going to be cumming a bunch more before we finished this course.

We finally got down to business. Mini golf business, not sex business. We putted together and got the ball into Spunky’s gaping maw.

“Wow, that squirrel really likes sucking on balls,” Mel joked.

I gasped. And not in the sexy, “My pussy is so wet!” way. “How dare you defame someone as pure and innocent as Spunky!”

I pulled her to the bench, threw her over my lap, and spanked her naughty bottom.

“Ow ow ow! Alex, what the heck?”

“Spunky and I go way back to when I was a kid. You need to be punished for attacking his integrity.”

“Okay, I’m sorry. I was just kidding. Ack, that’s so hard!”

“Not as hard as you spank me.”

“Yeah, but it’s fun when I do it.”

“This is pretty fun.” I smiled, loving that I got to turn the tables on her. I still had a few thousand spanks to bestow if I wanted to come close to catching up to the number she had delivered to my slutty ass.

“You’re so mean,” she pouted.

“Then why are you making those cute noises?”

“Um, I can’t help it when you spank me like that. It really turns me on.”

“Well, your ass looks adorable in this position, so it’s turning me on.”

She looked up at me. “Really?”

“Heck yeah.”

“Okay, spank away.” She was always much more agreeable when I complimented her booty. Which was very easy to do. It was hot as hell!

“Do you promise to treat Spunky with the proper respect?” I asked as I continued whacking her supple bottom.

“Yes! I promise!”

“Good.” I relented after one more particularly sinful slap.

I helped her stand gingerly and held her in my arms.

“You know,” she said. “You weren’t supposed to spank me until the end of the game when we got the final score.”

“I know. I just couldn’t let Spunky’s name be tarnished.”

“You are one big weirdo.”

I bit my lip, realizing I had kind of overreacted. “Yeah... sorry.”

“Don’t be. I love weirdos. Especially beautiful ones with cute tushes.” She grabbed my butt, giving me a taste of my own medicine.

“Oh fuck, you’re so good at that,” I gasped. “I promise I’ll give my ass over to you after I finish your spankings.”

“Oo, I like that plan.”

“And we can subtract the spankings I just gave you from the final total.”

“Aww, you’re such a benevolent queen. Of course, you realize I still might beat you.”

I smirked. “You can try.”

“Well, I’ll just have to make you cum a whole bunch. It’s hard to putt when you’re leaking slutty sauce out of your super-tight cunt.”

“Mel!” My face flushed, and my pussy tingled. Her graphic description was getting me all worked up. I had to be careful or her sexy wiles would result in my defeat. Of course, experiencing the best orgasms of my life

might be a good reason to lose a mini golf match. But I had never been defeated on this course. I had to keep my perfect record intact.

We took our time through the next couple of holes, putting some distance between us and the players in front of us.

Before Hole 13, named Kooky Kangaroo because you had to launch your ball off a ramp into the marsupial's pouch, there was a bright red cleaning station.

I rushed up to it and stuck my ball in the slot on top, ready to plunge it into the soapy water. "I loved cleaning balls when I was a kid," I told Mel.

She burst out laughing. "Really? I always thought you were a tits and ass girl."

I blushed, realizing what I had said. I gave her a playful whack. "Oh, you know what I mean. And, yup, I'm a total tits and ass girl. Especially when we're talking about your tits and ass."

She smiled. "You can talk about my naughty parts all you want."

"Good. Because I could do a whole soliloquy about them."

"See? Now that's what Shakespeare is missing. Sexy soliloquies! I would have paid a lot more attention in class."

"Well, there may not be whole soliloquies, but there are plenty of erotic innuendos in his plays."

"Oo, I like the sound of that. You'll have to read me some of his stuff, especially the naughty parts."

I grabbed her around the waist and kissed her. "I'd love to." Unlike my goofy girlfriend, I was a big Shakespeare fan. And cuddling on the couch reciting his work sounded lovely.

Her eyes sparkled. "But you have to be naked while you do it."

"What? Why do I have to be naked to read Shakespeare?"

“You need to be naked when you do anything around me.”

I shook my head, grinning. This girl really didn’t want me wearing clothes. “But I’m not naked now.”

“Don’t worry. I’m about to fix that.”

She yanked my shirt over my head, leaving me topless.

“Mel!”

She darted away, giggling like a maniacal miscreant.

“Come back here!” I chased her in circles around my favorite kangaroo, my boobs bouncing all over the place.

“Damn, you’re one sexy sprinter,” she teased.

I glanced down at my breasts, which were knocking against each other. Guess this was why so many people loved Baywatch.

I tackled her to the turf, our limbs getting tangled. We wrestled comically and somehow I wound up with my arms tied behind my back with my own shirt.

I knelt on the green, gaping at Mel. “How the heck did you do that?”

“I’m very talented when it comes to tying you up.”

“You sure are.” I was impressed by her bondage skills. And more than a little turned on.

“Now be a good girl and make your nipples all hard for me.” She snatched my breasts, running her thumbs over my sensitive nubs, giving me no choice but to obey her command.

“Uhhhh,” I moaned, closing my eyes.

“Doesn’t that feel good, being helpless and giving your tits over to me?”

“Oh God, yes.”

She felt my girls up good, putting me into a wonderfully relaxed and aroused state.

“Oo, I just got a sexy idea. Stay right here.” She scooted off, leaving me kneeling before Kooky Kangaroo, who seemed to be staring at my exposed breasts.

“Ah! Kooky, don’t look. I’m being all slutty and don’t want you to see.”

Mel returned, plopping beside me. “Were you talking to the kangaroo?”

“Of course not. That would be really weird.”

She smirked, knowing my weirdness very well. “So you were talking to it.”

“Um, yeah. I’m embarrassed to be naked in front of her.”

“Okay, let’s turn you around then, because you’re really going to be embarrassed by what I’m going to do to you next.” She rotated my trembling body away from my kangaroo buddy. Oh boy, what depraved shenanigans did she have in store for me?

She held up my ball, which she had retrieved from the soap machine. “I have a better way to clean it.” Her gaze traveled down my body, stopping at a very particular point.

I gasped, my eyes getting huge. I knew exactly what she wanted to do and couldn’t believe I was seriously considering doing it.

# Chapter 4

“Y... you want to stick that in my pussy?” I asked breathlessly.

“Yup. I love shoving things in there.” Did she ever. I shuddered from the memory of all the different fruits and sex toys she had rammed up my tight center. “But don’t worry. I cleaned it in the soap-thingy, sanitized it, and rinsed it with my water bottle. Now it just needs your sweet juices as a finishing touch.”

I couldn’t stop trembling. I had never had a golf ball in my cooch before. Silly me, I had always focused on getting the balls into the course holes, not my own.

My nipples grew harder, my pussy wetter. My body was telling me it very much wanted to experiment with a new toy up my channel.

“Okay,” I told her, both apprehensive and excited.

“Great! Let’s get these shorts off.” She unbuttoned my jean shorts and whisked them and my panties clear off, leaving me completely naked and bound on the 13th hole. I scanned the parts of the course I could see, checking if anyone was visible. This was so risky. I couldn’t believe I was doing this out in the open. But, fuck, it was such a turn-on. The danger of being caught was making me ridiculously wet. My pussy throbbed in anticipation of being penetrated by the blue orb in Mel’s hand.

“Now spread those legs!” Her command was so cheerful it was impossible not to obey. She was a very friendly dom. My favorite kind!

I plopped onto my butt and opened my thighs, revealing my drenched pussy. It had gotten nice and lubricated for the golf sex toy.

“Oh God, Alex, your pussy is so beautiful.”

I blushed. “Mel, that... that’s really sweet. But you’ve seen it a million times.”

“And it gets even more beautiful every time.”

My heart fluttered, and my pussy spasmed. “You can do whatever you want to me.”

“Yes! You’re such a cool girlfriend.” She positioned the ball in front of my lips. “Just tell me if this hurts at all.”

I nodded, loving how she always looked out for me.

She eased the ball past my lips. I inhaled sharply as it penetrated me. She kept pushing until my pussy suddenly sucked it in like a vacuum, needing something filling its horny center.

“Wow, your pussy is really greedy.”

“Oooo,” I cooed. “It... it really likes being filled.”

“No problem. I’ll take care of that.”

Before I could ask what she was doing, she shoved her pink ball inside me.

“Oh fuck, Mel!!”

“How does that feel?”

I wiggled around, trying to adjust to the balls squirming around inside me. I felt so much fuller with two balls instead of one. “It’s a... a little weird. But good. They’re moving around inside me, touching my... ohhhhhh... sensitive spots.”

“Oh shit, that’s so hot! Try squeezing your legs together.”

I clamped my thighs together and moaned. “Oh God, that feels amazing!” I contracted my pussy around the balls, wanting them to touch every millimeter of my delicate cavern.

Mel gazed at me all googly-eyed. “Alex, you have no idea how fucking hot you look right now.” I tried to picture myself from her perspective: lying on the artificial grass, naked, arms bound, thighs pressed together, golf balls up my pussy, moaning deliciously. Oh fuck, this was hot. I wanted to keep turning Mel on, make her want my submissive body so bad that she took me right here and fucked me in front of every employee and patron on the course. Okay, maybe I was getting a little carried away. I didn’t realize these balls would have such an effect on me. But I should have known they would. The ben wa balls I had used in the past had always driven me crazy. And these golf balls were even bigger than those. They brought new meaning to getting a hole in one.

She straddled me and squeezed her legs into mine, forcing my thighs to press together even more tightly.

“Uhhhhh!” I moaned, only managing to partially stifle it. The tighter my legs were plastered together, the more I could feel the balls inside me. And the more they were driving me wild with passion.

My sneaky lover forced her fingers between my legs, touching my clit.

“Ohhh fuck!” My spasms tried to force my thighs apart, but Mel kept them clamped together. She had powerful legs muscles, so there was no way I was breaking her grip.

I pitched forward, leaning my head against her shoulder while she continued to clit fuck me, my gyrations making the balls shift wonderfully inside me.

She held me in her other arm, so I was wrapped in her limbs, unable to move.

“You’re completely helpless, aren’t you?” she whispered into my ear.

“Y... yes.”

“You like it when your body is totally under my power, don’t you?”

“Oh God, yes!” My hips juked left, right, up, and down, unable to stop moving from what both Mel and the balls were doing to me. I was a

helpless, twitching slut, willing to do the bidding of my gorgeous mistress. I was very thankful this hole was shaded by trees, which blocked any security cameras. Well, any working security cameras. I knew the owner hadn't replaced most of them and just left them up as a deterrent. There were only a couple that worked. Not that people generally got up to mischief here. Besides sexy weirdos having kinky sex and squirting all over the place.

Mel took my left nipple in her mouth, sucking on it expertly while she rubbed my clit more vigorously.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned into her neck. "I... I'm going to cum."

"Great! That will wash those balls off really well."

My giggles mixed with my erotic cries. Yup, that was me, the Pussy Washing Machine.

Mel easily brought me to climax. She knew her way around my body better than any lover I had ever been with. I buried my face in her chest as I screamed in blissful delight. Cumming with the golf balls inside me was a strange and wonderful experience. They jiggled within me, seemingly causing even more powerful orgasms. Okay, maybe I had to make an investment in a whole bucket of balls. So there were always some handy to shove in my tight cooch.

My juices squirted past the balls, flying out of my tender folds.

Mel raised her tank top, letting me splatter her taut stomach. She unbuttoned her shorts and held her panties open, making sure my cum pooled around her vagina. I loved that my juices were touching her hot lips.

I finished moaning and squirting, leaning against her as I tried to catch my breath. "I... I'm sorry I came all over you."

"Are you kidding? I love it when you cum on me. You soaked me good!"

I smiled. I had such an adorable nympho for a girlfriend. "I've had a lot of practice at it."

“Fuck yeah! Oo, how did it feel having all those orgasms with the balls inside you?”

“Amazing. Different, but amazing.”

“Excellent. I can’t wait to shove more stuff in there.”

“Geez, what am I, your personal storage facility?”

“Yes. But it’s a very tight and narrow unit. So I hope you give me a good deal on using it.”

“Sure. You get 24 hour access every day of the year free of charge.”

“You operate one fantastic business!”

We giggled and kissed. But were interrupted by more approaching footsteps. And I was still completely naked and tied up.

Well, fuck.

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# Chapter 5

“Shit, hide!” I jumped up and leapt into the bushes. When I landed, the balls rocked within me, making me resume my leakage. Ohh fuck, that felt good. Why did these people have to play golf right now? Didn’t they know there were two sex maniacs fucking by a cartoon kangaroo?

Mel landed beside me, holding my clothes and enjoying my erotic faces. Then she peered through the bushes. “Whoops.”

“W... what’s wrong?” I gasped through my cumming.

“I dropped your panties.”

I peeked through the brush. Oh crap, they were in plain sight. And stained with my juices. “Ack! They’re going to see them.”

“Never fear. Magnificent Mel is here!” She poked her club through the bushes, slipped the head through my panties, then flipped them into the air. Where they promptly landed on my head.

She retracted the club just before a young couple approached the hole. I lay motionless. Well, I tried to lay motionless. Post-climax aftereffects were still making my body twitch. I left the panties on my head, afraid to make any more noise. I could feel the wetness of them seeping into my hair. Oh boy, it was going to be another one of those days where I got my juices all over me. I was having a lot of those days lately.

Mel wrapped her arms around me, holding my trembling body and pressing her lips to mine to muffle my moans.

The couple finished the hole and moved on, none the wiser that there were sneaky sluts in the bushes.

Mel snatched my underwear and untied my arms. “You look good with panties on your head.” She twirled them around her finger, grinning like a goofball.

I grabbed them. “You’re the one who tossed them on my head, you nympho nitwit.”

“Nympho Nitwit? Actually, that’s a good sidekick name. I can be a hero-in-training helping you, Cunt Commander.”

“I don’t want to be Cunt Commander.”

“Why not? You command my cunt.” She gave me her infectious smile while she helped me to my knees, the golf balls doing gymnastics within me as my legs pressed together. I did have a good track record of pleasing her wonderfully tight pussy. Though when it came to commands, she was much better at ordering my pussy around like her personal servant.

“How bout Geeky Gusher?” I suggested. “Cause I’m a geek and, well...”

“You gush your sweet juices all over the place!” she finished for me.

I blushed. “Um, yeah, that.

“Great name! But you have to wear a super-tight spandex costume that shows off your tasty tits and amazing ass.”

I gasped as I adjusted my position, the balls touching different sensitive parts of me. Though Mel’s spandex suggestion was also turning me on. I had always fantasized about being a superhero. And the thought of wearing a costume that left nothing to the imagination was really hot. As was picturing Mel’s hands roaming over my costume and taking large handfuls of my breasts and ass cheeks.

“We need to order some outfits!” I announced.

“Yes!”

“But you have to wear a super-sexy one too.”

“Of course. I’ll wear whatever you want.”

“Really?”

She nodded eagerly.

I flung my arms around her neck and kissed her. “Awesome. I have so many ideas. I’m going to think hard about which would be best.”

“And the sluttiest!”

I smiled. “Of course. But, wait, you usually want me to be the super-slutty one.”

“Well, it’s only fair that I be slutty too. As long it’s clear you’re the Queen Slut around here.”

“Queen Slut? You’re giving me a lot of weird titles.”

“That’s because I love picturing you in all these different sexy scenarios where I get to strip you and pleasure your gorgeous body.”

My body shivered. And this time not from the golf balls in my cooch but from her loving and sultry words. “Okay, Queen Slut it is!”

“Yay!” She hugged me and smooched me all over my face.

“But, first,” I said. “We really need to finish this course.”

“Well maybe we could if someone didn’t shove our balls up her snatch.”

“Me? You’re the one who stuck them in there.”

“Oh right. That was an excellent idea of mine.”

I rolled my eyes and laughed. “You have lots of excellent ideas when it comes to my pussy.”

“Of course, I dream about it all the time.”

I bit my lip and blushed. No one had ever been this enchanted with my vagina before. It was like it had some magical power, bewitching Mel

where she always had to be touching or fucking it. Best magical power ever!

I swooned into her, letting her catch me. “I love it when you dream about me.”

She smiled and brushed my hair out of my face. Then took me in her arms and kissed me like a lover from whom she had been separated for months. She became my whole world. I forgot I was naked, cum splattered all over me, golf balls residing within my womb. Our love for each other made everything else seem unimportant. Though I might have thought it was slightly important if someone walked in on us and saw me all sticky and nude.

After many face strokes, gentle petting, and odes of love, we got to our feet.

“Okay, time to get these golf balls out of my pussy.” That was a sentence I never thought I’d be saying.

I moved my feet apart and got into a partial squat.

“Um, are you taking a dump?”

“No, I’m not taking a dump!” I replied, blushing furiously. “Why are you thinking about me pooping?”

“I’m not thinking about you pooping. You’re just in a pooping position.”

“This isn’t a pooping position. Okay, it sorta is. But it’s the way you stand to push out the balls.”

She rubbed her chin. “You seem very experienced with this. Exactly how often do you shove balls up there?”

More blushing. “Mel! I’m not always shoving things up there. Well, okay, I am if you count my fingers, dildos, and vibrators. But not balls. Except for the ben wa balls I have.”

She clasped my arm. “You didn’t tell me you had those.”

“Oh, well, I haven’t used them in a while. Since you were good at coming up with natural things to stick up there, I figured we didn’t need them.”

Her eyebrows raised. “I do like being creative when it comes to your pussy. But we should totally use them. After seeing what these golf balls did to you, I’d love to see you squirming around with ben wa balls inside you.”

“O... okay, we can do that.”

“Great! We should go for the record to see how many we can get in your tight cunt!”

“Mel!”

“What?” she asked innocently.

I sighed, knowing I would never turn down being her sex toy. “You’re so naughty.”

She grinned. “Uh huh. Now shoot those big balls out of you!”

I squatted again, getting ready to expel the colorful orbs.

Mel scooted behind me. “Your ass looks really hot when you squat like that.”

I made a mental note to do lots of naked squat exercises for her in the future.

I took a deep breath and then squeezed my vaginal muscles, trying to push out the first ball.

“C’mon, Alex,” Mel cheerlead behind me. “You can do it! Squeeze that pussy!”

I followed her sexy coaching and pushed harder. The pink ball squirted out, with much more force than I expected. It ricocheted off the paved walkway and flew backwards, hitting Mel right between her legs.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned. “Right in the pussy.” She fell to her knees, grimacing.

I rushed over, holding her gently. “Oh my God! I’m so sorry, sweetie. I didn’t mean to hit you with it.”

“You’ve got one powerful pussy,” she laugh-groaned.

I scratched my head. “Yeah, guess I don’t know my own strength.”

“I guess we know the Geeky Gusher’s superpower. You shoot projectiles out of your pussy and knock out the villains.”

I laughed, imagining a scene where I blasted golf balls out of my snatch like a machine gun, obliterating all the super-villain’s henchmen.

I helped her to her feet. “I promise I’ll give you a nice pussy massage later.”

“Deal!” she replied, the pain seeming to melt away.

“Maybe you should stand in front of me before I pop out the next one.”

“Good idea.” She faced me, lapping up my nude body as I got into a squat again.

The other ball was even farther in, so I had to use all my pussy power to dislodge it. It really didn’t want to leave. Guess I should be flattered it found my vagina so cozy.

I let out a guttural groan and squeezed with all my might. The ball shot out as if launched from a canon. This time its bounce sent it forward, soaring even higher. Right into Mel’s forehead.

“Ow!!” She stumbled back a few steps, then plopped onto her butt.

“Mel!” I collapsed next to her, cradling her in my arms and examining the red mark on her forehead. “Sweetie, I’m so, so sorry. I’m a freakin’ menace.”

“D... don’t worry about it. It was totally worth it to see you shoot balls out of your cooch.”

I let out a brief giggle, still concerned about her. “I’m going to pamper you the rest of the day.”

She smiled. “And do whatever kinky thing I want?”

I kissed her lightly on the head. “Well, I always do that.”

“That’s just one of the million reasons I love you!”

“Wow, a million, huh?”

“Yup, I’m keeping a list.”

“Do I get to see this list?”

“Only if you’re properly slutty.”

“Who determines if I’m properly slutty.”

“Me, silly.”

“Hmm, you are a very good judge of sluts.”

“Thank you!”

I checked her head again. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Totally fine. Hey, could you hand me your ball?”

“Oh, um, sure.” I grabbed the blue ball off the ground and plopped it in her hand.

She gazed at me hungrily as she licked her tongue slowly across the dimpled surface, cleaning my cum off it.

I stared at her, entranced by her sensual oral action.

She eased the ball into her mouth, taking the entire thing and sucking on it. She looked like a cute chipmunk with a nut puffing out her cheeks.

Except way sexier because I knew she was slurping up every drop of my cum that had saturated the ball.

She popped the ball out into her hand, then tossed it to me. “Next please.”

I scrambled to hand her the pink ball. When I did, she replicated the super-sexy process.

I clutched my pussy with both hands, feeling its heat radiate through my fingers.

She produced the other saliva-cleansed ball, looking very chipper. “Wow, you really soaked those suckers.”

My hands were still at my crotch. “Mel, that’s one of the hottest things I’ve ever seen.”

“Yes! I love being hot. Especially for you. Though I’m not used to having balls in my mouth.”

I laughed so hard I snorted. Which made Mel fall over laughing. We held each other on the ground, giggling like naughty goofballs.

“You know what’s really hot?” she asked me.

“What?” I asked eagerly. I always wanted to hear about hot stuff.

“The fact that you’ve been totally naked on this golf course for so long.”

I glanced down at my super-nudeness. “Oh crap, I forgot.”

“Aha! My devious plan of turning you into a nudist is working.”

I smiled. “You’re a very sneaky girl.”

She laughed in a cute but maniacal way. Okay, I really had to keep my eye on her. Otherwise, she might use her sexy shenanigans to take over the world.

I jumped up and retrieved my clothes, putting on my panties and shorts first. I made sure to bend over fully, so my pussy and ass were on full display for Mel. That got me a loud gasp and promises of future domination.

I tugged my shirt over my head, and we washed the balls in the cleaner. Even though Mel thought my juices were the best cleanser, I didn't think the workers would appreciate knowing customers were sticking the golf balls in their private parts. Though there were plenty of teenagers who worked here, many of whom I'm sure were really horny, so maybe they wouldn't mind after all.

We focused mainly on golf the rest of the way, since the last few holes were more out in the open. But we did share plenty of sweet smooches and naughty booty pinches.

The 18th hole was Dragon's Keep, an elaborate fortress with a somewhat fearsome winged beast on top. But the dragon was really nice when you got to know him. At least that's the story I came up with as a child, and I was sticking with it. All the cute critters at Goofy Golf were my friends.

"How much are you up by?" Mel asked as we stared up at the forbidding fortress.

I consulted the score card. "Five strokes." I was quite pleased with my performance, especially considering how many sexy shenanigans Mel had put me through. She might have thought she could tire me out by making me squirt buckets of my juicy nectar. But I could squirt with the best of them and still kick ass at mini golf. I was a woman of many talents. Though maybe not ones I could brag about in public. At least Mel knew my slutty skills. That's what was important.

"Oh man, that means you get to give me a hundred spankings."

"Yup," I replied with a huge smile.

She stuck her tongue out at me, pouting about her loss.

I grabbed her butt and pulled her into me. “Hey, is it really bad that I’m so excited about touching your adorable ass?”

Her pout quickly changed to a smile. “Nope, it’s great! But how bout we go double or nothing on this hole?”

I kept my hands on her firm booty as I considered this. “So if you beat me, all the spankings are wiped out?”

“Right. But if you beat me, you get to spank me two hundred times.”

My eyes lit up. “Oo, I really want to slap this ass two hundred times.” I gave it a nice squeeze, making her squeal.

“I think you’re as obsessed with my booty as I am with yours.”

I kissed her long and deep. “I’m obsessed with everything about you.”

“Aww, Alex.” She wrapped her arms around my neck and let me fondle her bottom to my heart’s content as we kissed a bunch more.

“So the bet’s on?” she asked after our millionth smoochfest ended.

“It’s on!”

I dropped my ball into place and concentrated on the ramp before me. It led to a drawbridge that the dragon was opening and closing with his large talons. If I didn’t time it right, my ball would land in the moat, and I’d suffer a penalty stroke. But with Mel’s hot ass on the line, I had never been more focused.

I smacked the ball as the drawbridge descended, timing it perfectly so the blue orb rolled across it and through the open portcullis.

I skipped behind the castle, eying the spot where I knew my ball would emerge. It popped out and rolled past the hole, farther than I had hoped. But it was still a sinkable butt.

“Arrghh!” Mel yelled from the other side of the fortress. “I’m in the water.”

I scooted back to her, the pink ball bobbing in the moat. “That’s okay, I like you all wet.”

“No wonder you always soak me in your cum.”

After our silly flirting, she got on her hands and knees beside the moat and reached for her ball. I very much enjoyed the view.

She glanced back. “Hey, are you staring at my ass?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“Good. I’d hate to waste a perfect position like this where you can ogle me.”

“I’m an excellent ogler when it comes to your booty.”

She snatched the ball and dried it on her tank top. “You say the sweetest things.”

She placed the ball back on the turf and got ready for her second go at the drawbridge.

“Don’t rush it,” I advised. “Watch the timing of the bridge.”

She nodded, focusing on her target. She hit the ball, and it zoomed across the bridge.

“Way to go, sweetie!” I cheered.

“Thanks, coach!”

We raced around to the back. The pink orb spurted out and headed straight for the hole.

Mel clutched my arm as we watched in anticipation.

It dropped into the cup with a pleasing thunk.

“Oh my God, it went in!” She grabbed me, and we jumped up and down in a circle. “I got a hole in one!”

“Well, technically you got a hole in three.”

She stopped hopping. “What do you mean?”

“That was your second shot and you lost a stroke for going in the water. So you got a three on this hole.”

“Aww, Alex. Why do you have to know everything about the rules? A hole in three is so less cool.”

“Hey, you still made an amazing shot. I’m super-impressed.”

“You are? Okay, awesome. That’s all that matters to me.”

I gazed at her smiling face. Did my opinion of Mel really matter that much to her? I guess I was still coming to terms with the fact that she was crazy into me. She could have had any girl and she chose geeky-old me. It was like a dream I never wanted to wake up from.

“Alex?”

“Huh?” She waved her hand in front of my face. “Oh sorry, I was daydreaming.”

“About what?”

“How much I love you.”

“Oh my God, you’re so romantic it’s ridiculous.” She brought me into an intense tongue-probing kiss. “I love you too.”

After melding our bodies and faces together for several minutes, we came up for air.

“Okay, time to win this bet!” I proclaimed.

“You have to sink this putt to beat me, right?”

“Right.” I got into position, spreading my feet and eying the hole. Though I was soon eying something else. Mel stood behind the hole and lifted her tank top above her bare breasts.

“Mel! What are you doing?”

“What? Oh, nothing. It’s just so hot.” She ran her hands over her marvelous mounds.

“Hot my ass. You’re trying to distract me.”

She gasped in mock indignation. “How could you accuse me of such a heinous act? If I wanted to distract you, I’d do this.” She unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts, revealing pink panties. She shoved her hand down the front of them, rubbing her lips.

My mouth fell open. Okay, that was a much better way to distract me. What a little sneak. But I was determined to win. So even Mel’s perfect pussy wouldn’t stop me. Which is something I never thought I’d say.

My eyes darted between my ball and the hole, trying hard to ignore the gyrations and moans coming from my naughty girlfriend.

I struck it with medium power. The trajectory was right on the mark. But I wasn’t sure if it had enough speed.

Mel stopped her sex noises as we both watched the ball. It slowed down as it approached the hole. It teetered at the edge of the cup.

I held my breath, willing it to go in.

And then it dropped, giving me a score of two.

“Yes!!!” I screamed, doing a dorky, booty-shaking dance.

“Aw, man,” Mel moaned, removing her hand from her pussy.

I rushed over to her and yanked her onto a nearby bench. Where I proceeded to tug her shorts down and spank her panty-clad ass.

“Ow ow ow!! Alex!”

“This is just ten of the two hundred I owe you.”

“But I thought you were going to do that after we left?”

“I will. But you deserve some right now for trying to distract me.”

“Okay,” she conceded. “I guess that’s fair.”

I completed her punishment, making sure the tenth spank was the firmest. Then I pulled her shorts up and her tank top down. “Wasn’t that fun?”

“The game or the spankings?” she asked.

“Both!”

“It would have been more fun if I won and got to discipline you.”

“You discipline me every day even when we’re not playing games.”

“Hmm, that’s true. It’s the highlight of my day!”

I rolled my eyes. “You’re such a goofball.”

“Yup. But an adorable one!”

“That’s for sure,” I replied with a smile.

“Thanks! Now let’s hurry into the bathroom so I can fuck you.”

“Oka... wait, what?” Before I could get an answer she had pulled me into the restroom at the end of the course. It was a single person one, and she locked the door after we entered.

She quickly stripped me and pushed me up against the sink, ramming me from behind with a strap-on.

“Ohhh fuck,” I cried as the large dildo penetrated me. “M... Mel, how many sex toys did you bring with you?”

“A whole bunch. I’m always prepared to fuck your tight cunt!”

“Uhhhhh, y... you’re so diligent in dominating me.”

“Oh yeah, your pussy is an excellent motivator.” She grabbed my hips and settled into a steady rhythm. I arched my back and shoved my ass out,

helping her probe into me as deeply as possible.

I clutched the porcelain sink, holding on for dear life as her hips smashed against my ass.

“Oh God, Alex, those are the hottest sex faces I’ve ever seen.”

I glanced into the mirror. My face was contorted in erotic bliss, my mouth open, my hair flying around my face. Damn, I didn’t realize I looked that way when I was getting fucked. Normally, I wasn’t in front of a mirror during sexy times. Watching the sex faces Mel was forcing me to make was a huge turn-on.

“P... please make me watch while you fuck me,” I begged.

She grabbed my hair and tugged my head back, ensuring my eyes were locked on the mirror. She gazed at me hungrily as she rammed me even harder.

“You liked being fucked in public, don’t you?”

“Ohhhh, y... yes.”

“You love it when I strip you and make you my slut.”

“Oh God, yes!”

“You’re going to be a good girl and cum exactly when I tell you.”

“Uhhhhhhh,” I moaned loudly. “Yes! I’ll be good. I’ll do whatever you say!” It was likely my erotic confessions were bleeding through the bathroom walls, but I didn’t care. At that moment, Mel was my mistress, and I was going to do whatever she wanted.

“Mmm,” she growled. “Alex, you’re so fucking hot!” She then proceeded to wreck my pussy with her jackhammer-like thrusts while rubbing my throbbing clit.

I gripped the edges of the sink so hard I thought I would tear it from the wall. My legs would have given out if I didn’t have something to hold onto.

A huge climax was welling up from deep within me, screaming to be let out.

“Ohhh Mel, I need to cum so bad!”

“You’ve been such a good slut, so you’ve earned the right to cum. In fact, you’re going to do it right... now.” As soon as she gave the command, my body spasmed uncontrollably, my orgasms rumbling up from my depths and preparing to burst forth.

Just before it did, she hoisted me onto the sink, my legs straddling it, and I unleashed my flood. My face and tits were plastered against the mirror as my body shook and I spurted my cum into the sink. I was glad I wasn’t making a mess of the bathroom. But I was also really turned on. There was something about being spread-eagle on the sink, Mel watching my convulsing booty, that was really hot. And it made me cum long and hard.

“Fuck, Alex, you’re going to overflow the sink if you keep this up.” She held my hips gently from behind, guiding my squirts into the drain.

“I... I can’t help it. I want to keep cumming for you.”

“Oh, hell, yeah. You can cum all you want for me, sweetie. I’ll be right here until you’re done.”

“Th... thanks.” I continued to pour out my essence while she held me, my breath fogging up the mirror.

When I finally finished, she helped me off the sink and lowered me to the floor, cradling me in her arms.

“You’re one hot squirter!” she said, kissing me softly.

“I have a girlfriend who really knows how to open my faucet to full blast.”

“She sounds like a ridiculously cool and amazing girl.”

I giggled. “She is. Even though she’s a crazy sex maniac.”

“Those are the best kinds of people!”

I smiled and snuggled into her, gazing up at the mirror. “Oh crap, I left boob marks.”

She followed my gaze to the glass above the sink. “That’s okay. It will let people know a hot slut got fucked in here.”

My eyes fell upon her body, drinking it up greedily. “I really want to taste your pussy.”

“Yes, please!”

She stood and leaned back against the wall. I scooted onto my knees, placing myself between her legs.

I popped the button on her shorts and slowly unzipped them, my breath coming hot on her pink panties.

“Ohhh, Alex,” she moaned, letting me know she wanted more foreplay.

I tugged on her shorts. She wiggled her hips, helping me slide them down to her ankles, where she stepped out of them.

My focus returned to her cute and skimpy underwear. I eased them free of her glistening lips, my breath once again landing hot upon them.

She writhed above me. “I love how you’re teasing me.”

I inched her panties down her muscular legs, building up her desire.

Her breathing grew ragged. “Uhhh, you’re driving me crazy. Please put your lips on my pussy!”

I smiled as I fully removed her panties. She spent so much time making me beg to be fucked, it was nice to turn the tables every now and then. And I knew the more she wanted it, the more intense her orgasm would be. I owed her big time for all the amazing climaxes she had given me during our sexy golfing.

I slid my hands up both her legs. They were smooth and curved perfectly to her trembling lips. I flicked my tongue against it. She twitched and gasped. I knew she was fully under my power, and I intended to give her the oral fucking of her life.

“Your pussy is so beautiful,” I said in a low, sultry voice. “I’m going to pleasure it until you spill every last drop of your cum into my naughty mouth.”

“Oh God, Alex, you’re making me so hot! I love it when you’re naughty. Make me cum! Make me cum so fucking hard!”

I got to work, teasing her lips with quick darts and probes of my agile tongue. Once I had her really begging for it, I finally entered her, feeling the warmth of her vagina surround me. She had the coziest cooch I had ever been inside. I would happily pleasure her for as long as she wanted, tasting her sweet tartness.

She soon had two handfuls of my hair, bucking her hips against me, her ass smacking against the wall. She held me firmly between her legs, not letting me leave her lips. I had no intention of doing so. My face belonged between her thighs, my tongue inside her tight twenty year-old pussy, exploring its loveliness.

Her limbs began to flail wildly, which told me it was time to initiate the final phase of my super-cooch attack!

I pulled out of her, her juices dripping off my tongue, and attached my lips to her clit, which was quivering in anticipation.

She shrieked as soon as I enclosed her clit, and I knew I could make her cum whenever I wanted. Like He-Man always said on the 80s cartoon, “I have the power!” Though he usually wasn’t talking about power over a hot girl’s clit. Or was he? He definitely had a hard on for both Teela and Evil-Lyn. Too bad those two sword and sorcery hotties were too busy tongue fucking each other. At least in my illicit fantasies.

I did a bunch of tongue gymnastics on Mel’s clit and then gave one final tug, sending her over the edge.

“Ohhhhhhhh fuuuuuckkkkk, I’m cummmmmmming!” She screamed, unloading her spray all over my face. I stayed true to my promise, gulping up as much as I could. The sheer force of her squirting made it impossible to keep the floor totally clean, but most of it wound up either going down my throat or splattering across my naked body. Which, quite frankly, is exactly where her cum belonged.

She sunk to the floor, where I held her, kissing her gently, the taste of her juices and saliva on my lips.

“So,” she said, smiling and holding my face. “Was this your best mini golf outing ever?”

“Definitely. It’s also the most calories I’ve ever burned while playing.”

“Yes! I should totally be a personal trainer. Lose weight by having ultra-kinky sex!”

“I would definitely sign up for your course.”

“I’d give you personal lessons.” She gave me a smiling smooch, then pulled back, looking worried. “Oh, I didn’t mean you need to lose weight. Your body is fucking perfect the way it is. I just meant-”

I placed my fingers on her mouth, shushing her. “I know what you meant, sweetie. You can give me all the personal sex lessons you want. In fact, tonight, you can tie me up in whatever submissive way you want.”

Her eyes crackled like fireworks. “Really?”

“Yes. I want to be your sex slave.”

She grabbed me and gave me a hard, sloppy kiss. “Oh my God, best day ever! Have I told you you’re the most amazing girlfriend in the universe?”

I laughed. “Once or twice.”

We helped each other up, and I let her dress me. She was soft and loving as she eased my clothes back on.

I brushed her dark locks out of her face and gazed at her, falling even more in love.

We skedaddled out, quickly leaving our clubs at the admission hut before the staff could inquire about the sexy noises coming from the bathroom.

We got delicious ice cream at the shop next door, sharing each others' cones and licking the sugary goodness off our noses.

We rocked out to the 80s and 90s satellite radio stations on the way home, flinging our hair around and singing off key. After hearing that Mel didn't know who Sir Mix-a-Lot was, I was determined to expose her to my favorite music. While also exposing her to my super-nude body.

We walked in the front door of my house, chatting about the new superhero movie we wanted to see, when we both came to a dead stop.

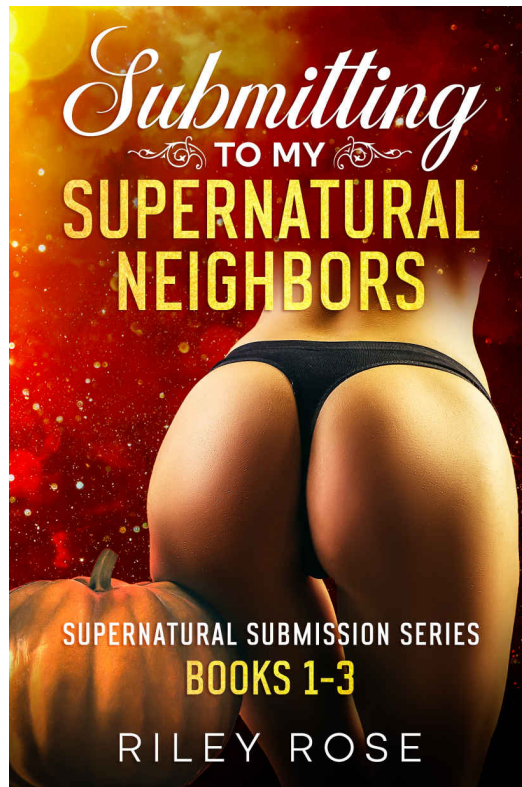
In the middle of the hallway was my daughter, stark naked, her arms bound to the ceiling, wearing a blindfold and gag. And she was getting jackhammered with a juicy strap-on worn by her girlfriend Sophie.

Oh fuck. My daughter was a kinky sex maniac.

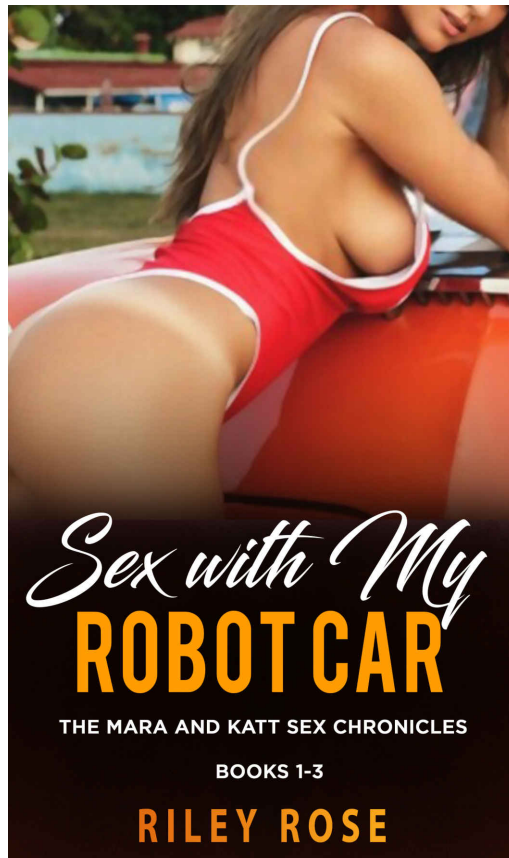
We had so much to talk about!

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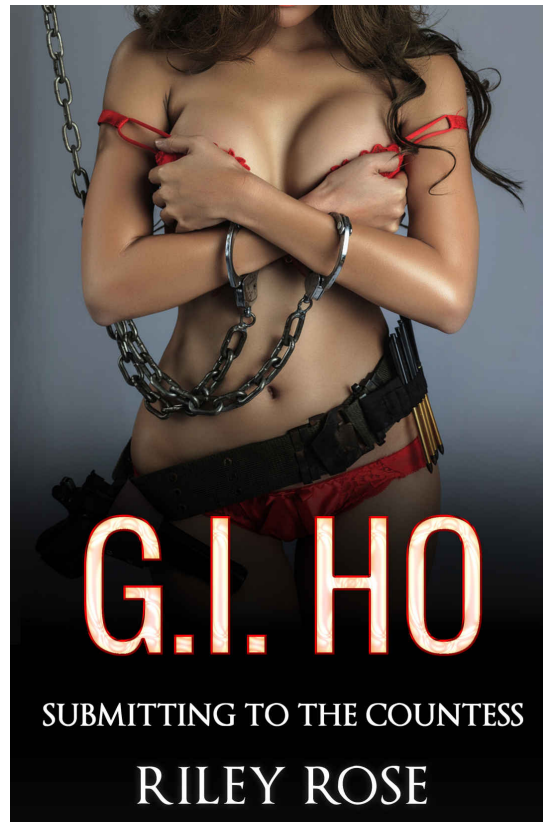
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## About the Author

Riley Rose loves writing fun and adventurous erotic fiction set in the action, sci-fi, and fantasy genres, focusing on stories with heart, humor, and characters who keep losing their clothes. Riley is working on a shared universe of erotica, the Decadent Fantasy Universe, where characters from different series and stories will crossover with each other. Blending action, humor, and sexy shenanigans, Riley brings a unique blend of sweet and sexy stories featuring fun-loving characters, whose adventures you'll hopefully want to follow for a long time. Find out more at [RileyRoseErotica.com](http://RileyRoseErotica.com) .

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