

A Night with Ron and Rebecca
A Felton Irregulars Story by J. Hord

A Prelude

There are few things in Lovecraft Country that make sense, but one of the things you can still find, if you take the time to look, is love. Ron and Rebecca McDonald, sweethearts since back in their days at Innsmouth High, prove that point with abundance.

In a modest but comfortable home we find a scene of domestic bliss that would seem perfectly normal if not for the exceptional and unorthodox couple involved. A husband strokes his wife's hair lovingly, watching a bit of prime time television, while his wife reads one of her beloved trashy romance novels.

Ron is something of an oddity in his community: A Deep One Hybrid who has chosen to forsake the ocean and stick to land for the love of a good woman, a job as an I.T. guy, and the chance to raise a (relatively) normal family. Other than being superhumanly strong (enough to lift a car), capable of regenerating a lost extremity if necessary, and a half-man, half-fish monster, Ron's just your regular husband and dad.

Rebecca is the quintessential suburban MILF housewife: Spandex pants, a natural bust that puts some models to shame, a bubbly, friendly personality and a love of baking, housekeeping and daytime soaps. She's also a Mama Bear with blue ribbons in competitive shooting, so don't get any ideas about messing with her family.

"Ronnie...?" Rebecca said, tilting her head back on his thigh and smiling that smile of hers that she always knew would get her something that she wanted.

Ron glanced down at his wife, unable to resist those big, beautiful blue eyes. He sighed softly, his own green eyes rolling as he paused in brushing her hair. When he spoke, it was with a monotone; just a trait of many of the Innsmouth folk. "Yes, dear? Let me guess; Ben and Jerry's from the corner store, right?"

Rebecca snickered, her nose crinkling slightly as she shifted a bit more, laying her book on her belly. "No, sugar. I was just thinkin', we should have some dinner. After all, it's getting late, and I didn't have time to cook with all the grocery shopping."

Ron blinked, realizing she was right. "Damn. I didn't even have lunch today, either. Guess we can go get something... The kids are staying over at Toby's. Why don't we just order a pizza or something?" Ron's answer to fine cuisine was, in most cases, a pizza from Silencio's over on Third. He knew the guy who worked there; an Elder Shoggoth squeezed into a human form by the name of Y'lblth. Hard to pronounce, but damned if he couldn't make an incredible pizza.

Rebecca almost purred as Ron started stroking her hair again, squirming in place on the couch before she shifted and rolled over. Ron stiffened as she pressed her breasts into his thigh, crossing her arms and staring up at him with a sly smile on her lips. "I was thinkin' about going downtown to Mickey D's, actually... More precisely, to your Ds, honey..."

She eased a hand between his thighs and lightly traced her fingertips over the bulge trapped in his trousers. The hybrid male grunted quietly as he watched his wife work her way up

to his zipper. She licked her lips and locked eyes with him, even as Ron's clawed hand nestled on her tightly wrapped ass and squeezed, sharp points threatening to rip the fabric as he eased lower and cupped between her thighs.

"Well, if you think that'll satisfy, I don't see why I can't help out... After all, it's only the proper thing for a husband to do, now isn't it?" he replied. His tone remained flat, but there was an edge to it, and a hunger that gleamed in his eyes as his fingertips grazed along the lovingly detailed camel toe between her thighs. He realized then that she had foregone panties, and a small smirk braved his burly features.

She'd planned it all along...

Rebecca cooed and squirmed, lifting herself up onto her knees so she could push back into his touch, rubbing herself into his fingers and palm as she fumbled with his pants. The fabric already strained against her touch as she got the fly open and gasped, nearly getting slapped in the face by the rapidly swelling treats within.

Ron, being part Deep One, had some fairly unusual anatomy on the best of days. But one thing Rebecca couldn't get enough of was the fact that he had not one, but two absolutely enormous cocks tucked away between his thighs; the fleshy shafts stood side by side like the barrels of one of her shotguns, with big, hefty balls to match. They were mostly human, save for a raised set of fleshy ridges that really gave her a thrill.

Her eyes half-closed as she reached between his thighs with both hands, loosening his trousers a bit more so she could cradle his scrotum in her palm, while expertly curling her fingers around the base of one of his swelling pricks. She stared up at him, making a show of leaning in to kiss the head, pressing her painted lips to the bulbous tip and parting them in a pouty fashion. Her tongue unfurled and swirled devilishly around the head of the nearest of the two meaty pricks, Ron managing little more than an animal-like groan as she teased him.

Even as she did that, his fingers worked into her folds through her too-tight pants, massaging and parting them, spreading her open without even having to get inside of the material. She groaned loudly, her mouth opening wider as she made a show of lapping at his prick like an ice cream cone. She knew what it did to him when she put on such a display; she'd known ever since high school, when they'd taken each other's virginity in a bathroom stall... Well, one of her virginities, anyway – the other she gave Ron just before their wedding.

That was also when they figured out that once his ridges got to full erection, he'd be stuck in her for half an hour or more... Not that they'd minded too much, really. But it made them quite late for several classes, considering they had difficulty cooling down enough to stop even when he'd gone flaccid enough to pull out.

Years later, they still had that passion, and as Ron watched his wife's soft, supple lips envelope the head of one of his dicks and slide lower, smearing lipstick in streaks along his green-toned flesh, it was hard for him to imagine ever losing it. He moaned deeply, eyes slowly closing as his other cock twitched and oozed freely, the one trapped in her mouth gushing precum into the back of her throat.

She adored his salty, bestial taste; a hint of the wildness of the sea in her mouth, coating her tongue. She couldn't really deep throat him, given the size of his cocks at over ten inches; nor could she have done it even if he was smaller due to the ridges, but she could work the head into her throat and enjoy the brief sensation none the less. She squeezed his sack and eased her

hand over to his other prick, grasping it firmly and stroking it, smearing his precum across his member as she fondled him.

Ron returned his gaze to his beautiful wife, trailing over her body, watching her lovely ass shiver and jerk as he toyed with her clit through her pants, enjoying the view of her big, natural tits already spilling out of her top, and those luscious lips bobbing along his cock, already glistening with spit and precum. It all came to an end far too abruptly, though, when Rebecca pulled away with a lewd, suckling POP and a groan, a rope of saliva and his juices joining her lower lip to his shaft as she sat back.

She licked her lips again and grinned at him, her lipstick a mess, her breasts hanging out of her top with her nipples as hard as rocks. A dark smear of growing wetness had already soaked through the crotch of her pants, and her breasts had been dappled with a bit of the mess oozing from his twin dicks. "Why'd you stop?" Ron asked, protesting as he watched his wife settle back on her knees.

"Cause, silly... If you think I can wait for my Captain Long Ron Silver to give me a proper drilling, you're sorely mistaken."

Ron groaned softly and rolled his eyes again. His wife loved pet names, and that one was a doozy; reserved for the bedroom of course. Any shame he might have felt over it, though, melted away as she turned away from him and leaned over the couch arm, spreading her thighs and presenting her tightly clad pussy and ass. She glanced over her shoulder, flushed and giggling like a high school girl again.

"Now, why don't you come over here, tear these pants off me, and fuck me like you're trying to beat a world record, big boy?" she said, wiggling her ass toward her husband teasingly. Ron's only response was a leering grin and an animal snarl as he loosened his trousers further, and closed on his ready and willing wife...

Making a Mess

Ronald J. McDonald is many things in his life. He is a dedicated father, a loving husband, a professional I.T. specialist, an avid gamer, a D&D nerd, a collector of card games and something of a Foodie. He is a good friend, a reliable individual and a member of the M.E.A. support group.

What he is not, however, is an idiot, or ever likely to turn down a golden opportunity. When his gorgeous, shapely wife unzipped his pants, sucked and licked and stroked his twin cocks to full rigidity and then presented her plump, juicy ass and spandex-snuggled pussy to him with a request for him to tear them open and fuck her raw... Well, that was a golden opportunity.

Ron took his wife's request VERY seriously indeed, closing the gap in short order and pressing both of his strong hands against her shapely cheeks. He squeezed them through the spandex, sighing and admiring the way Rebecca groaned and lifted her hips, presenting like a bitch in heat.

He growled under his breath, groping and fondling her plump cheeks, spreading them apart as he nestled closer to her backside and let the hefty girth of both of his cocks nestle

between her upturned mounds. He squeezed them together again, pressing them around his flesh as he rocked his hips forward, testing the waters so to speak.

Rebecca moaned even louder as she felt the warm, sticky heat of his precum dribbling onto her upturned rear, staining her pants and sinking through to her skin as Ron's claws pressed into her ass and sandwiched his thick pricks between her meaty globes. "Ohhh, Ronnie, baby... Don't tease me like that... You know what I want..." she purred, her eyes closing as she shifted further forward and planted both hands in the rug beside the couch, opening herself up further and grinding up into his crotch.

"Not teasing, Becky. Just getting you nice and messy." Ron's response came in a low, rumbling tone, more of an edge to his voice than he normally expressed. Rebecca brought out the beast in him; the part of every Deep One, hybrid or otherwise, that hungered to mate with a human woman. It made his cocks twitch and ooze, smearing his lust between her lusciously plump cheeks as he watched her squirm.

He ground herself between those plump, jiggling mounds, holding her ass steady as he rolled his hips back and forth. She moaned and sighed, thighs wide spread, her ankles pressing into his legs as she tried to hump herself back against his meaty members. His unique anatomy offered plenty of pleasure, his ridged girths gliding between her succulent globes as he hot dogged his sultry wife. Frankly, her ass was one of his favorite features.

That, and the enormous, bouncing tits that swayed free of her top, thick nipples standing erect as they bobbed and jiggled gloriously. Rebecca was sex on two legs, and she was his. He knew it drove the other guys crazy with jealousy back in high school that the nerd they bullied into doing their homework had the hottest girl in school—a human no less—in his pants. Years later, and Ron still grinned when he thought of how they fumed over his success where they failed.

Nowadays they weren't quite as possessive of each other as they had been in high school. They had experimented in the bedroom, invited close acquaintances to join them (when they both agreed on the third party), and together they'd discovered a few interesting kinks. At the end of the day, though, Rebecca's heart, body and soul belonged to Ron, and his belonged to her. That was how it had been for years, that's how it would always be, and that was just how they liked it.

In fact, at the moment, that was how Rebecca loved it. She was panting and shivering, offering her ass up for his pleasure, her husband's big thumbs nestling beneath the hefty mounds and squeezing upward. His claws brushing dangerously close to her pussy lips, the treatment of her ass having snuggled her already tight pants into her sex to form a deliciously well-defined camel toe.

Ron's hefty balls nudged against her pussy lips as he worked himself against her ass, his precum smearing along between her cheeks as he worked his thumbs back down and grazed his claws along her cunt. "Nnh... Ronnie, please..." she whimpered, biting her lower lip to stifle another moan as he pressed firmly against her folds and tugged them apart, her juices soaking through the material.

"Well, since you've ask so nicely..." Ron grinned, a toothy smile playing across his features as his thumbs slid inward and pressed together tight, right above her vaginal opening.

Rebecca's breath hitched and she tensed, and then she gave a whimpering murmur of excitement as she heard the high rip of spandex parting, his claws rending the material wide open.

She felt the warm, close air between their bodies on her sticky folds and ass, and a moment later felt the dripping heat of his precum and the hot, twitching flesh of his cocks laying between her cheeks. Her fingernails dug into the carpet, her eyes closing tightly as she moaned and pressed back, the direct skin-on-skin contact sending a perverse thrill up her spine.

"Mm... Becky, I can smell that sweet pussy. Got you dripping, don't I? Guess I'd better do something to try and keep that from getting everywhere..." Ron chuckled under his breath as he drew his hips back. Rebecca shivered and smiled to herself, knowing exactly what was coming next – one of her favorite parts. Those fleshy pricks, as hard and rigid as they looked, were surprisingly flexible; he displayed it for her once more as she felt the bulbous, fat head of one of Ron's big member sliding down over her ass. Precum oozed between her cheeks and across her anus as it delved lower, only to work lower still and nestle in right along her swollen, heated folds.

Her husband grunted as he shifted forward and, with a delicious feeling of stretching and growing fullness, fed himself into her cunt. Rebecca's mouth opened wide, tongue lolling out as she pushed back, hunching her hips to help work one of his two dicks into her womanhood. Even as she did so, his other cock slid between her shapely cheeks again, pulsing lewdly, deliciously against her flesh.

Her muscles quivered and squeezed, rippling and tugging at his prick, her inner walls dancing against his ridged girth as he sank himself into her an inch at a time. He grasped the base of the penetrating cock, taking hold of the other one and slapping her still partially clad ass with it. Precum gushed and splattered across her juicy, jiggling cheeks, trickling along her curves to drool onto her lower back thanks to the angle. "Ohhh, fuck me..." she purred, her toes curling as she pushed back even harder.

Ron released both of his cocks as he hilted himself in her snatch, the head of his monstrous dick nestled close to her cervix, oozing precum into her womanhood, the cloying thickness of his fluids mingling with her own sticky juices as she rolled and humped her hips back into his crotch. He grasped her ass cheeks again, squeezing them in his palms and pushing them together around the drooling, dripping rod snuggled between them. "That's the plan, sweetness..."

Ron's hips began to saw, laboriously dragging back and forth so that she could feel every inch of that vein-riddled shaft plumbing her depths, and the fleshy ridges she adored so much tugging along her inner walls. She was so wet, so excited, that she was rapidly soaking through what remained of her pants and dribbling onto the couch. Ron would have to worry about clean-up later, but with one of his cocks buried to the balls in his beautiful wife's pussy and the other smearing precum all over her ass, he could hardly think of anything as trivial as housekeeping.

"I think... I'm going to pop my other cock into this tight ass of yours, pick you up and haul you to the bedroom while you squeeze my dicks... How does that sound, gorgeous?" Ron said, his hips swaying, working back and forth, in and out, stirring his length into her cunt as he spoke.

Rebecca tightened up even more, clamping down on his member like a vice as she gave a shuddering, gasping sigh and whimpered. "U-up the stairs...? Oh, Ronnie, baby... I don't... Mnh... I don't know... If you're sure... It'll be safe... Oooh..."

Ron's hips rolled back further, drawing his lower cock free to the tip, his hand returning to grasp his other shaft and guide the dripping tip to her cute, pink pucker. He hissed under his breath as he leaned forward, putting his weight behind the movement as he offered her a growling, rumbling response, her eyes bolting wide open as she squealed and jerked. His dick popped into her asshole with a lewd, messy sounding slurp, both cocks sinking inward as he returned his hand to her ass and squeezed. "Nnhr... Don't worry, Becky... I'm sure. Oh fuck, am I sure..."

Her only response was a gasping, whimpering sigh as he squeezed inch after inch of himself into both of her hot, convulsing holes, leaning slowly over her body until he rested, buried almost to the balls, in her pussy and anus. He breathed against the side of her neck, leaning in to kiss her there, his arms sliding around her midsection and pulling her slowly up into a sitting position.

He could feel the muscles in her thighs, ass and belly tense and tighten as he drew her up, pulling her back into his strong chest as his hands took hold of her juicy tits, squeezing and groping them. He took hold of one stiffened nipple and tweaked it, earning a whimpering squeak as she raised both hands to grasp the back of his neck and squeeze, her fingernails digging in sharply.

After several seconds of adjustment, her hips jerking and rocking, stirring him into her body, Rebecca cooed and smiled, tilting her head back onto Ron's shoulder. She closed her eyes and groaned, massaging the back of his neck and his bald scalp, her cunt oozing around his shaft and trickling down his balls as he held her there. "Ready when you are, stud..."

Ron grunted deeply, shifting on the couch and turning, kicking out of his trousers as he moved into a more proper sitting position, his wife astride his lap. He groped and grasped at her enormous breasts firmly, tilting his head to nibble her ear briefly before he whispered. "Next stop, the bedroom..."

A Proper Pounding

Rebecca McDonald, mother of two, wife to one and Mama Bear to every kid in the neighborhood, is what is best described as a MILF. Unfortunately for everyone with aspirations of reliving some cheesy porno scenario, right now she only has eyes for her own personal DILF, Ronald.

Eyes, and other parts. Those other parts happened to be quite busy at the moment, in fact, as her husband's hands had found their way to her enormous, natural breasts and had taken hold, clutching and squeezing into those juicy mounds as she sat astride his lap, back to chest, with both of his enormous hybrid cocks nestled deep within her cunt and bowels.

Rebecca's breath hitched and she shuddered as he rolled his hips into her shapely rear, her lower lip trapped between her teeth. She hissed and pushed down more firmly onto those ridged,

rigid pricks, sawing him into her depths so that the head of one shaft nudged her cervix, oozing precum into her pussy, even as the other drooled into her bowels.

A lot of women would have been intimidated by Ron on several levels. For one, he was a snaggle-toothed, green skinned, scaled and clawed brute, all muscle and fearful appearance. He also had two absolutely enormous cocks, thick and rippling with heavy veins and ridges, with bulbous heads that were enough to put most men to shame.

Rebecca, though? She adored him. Every part of him, but at the moment she especially adored those big, thick pricks stretching her open.

She'd come to love anal as much as vaginal, although that had been something of a product of Ron's anatomy. When she felt daring she could squeeze both of his cocks into one hole, but she'd be sore for hours afterward... Although she considered it well worth the thrill. Not tonight, though; Ron had opted for a proper double penetration after she'd worked him into a proper mood, licking and stroking his meaty members until she presented for him, thighs spread and ass up.

She'd known for years how to push his buttons to get him riled up just how she wanted. She could steer him into just the right mindset to give her a complete and thorough wrecking. There was a perverse thrill to getting the beast to come out in him (and then cum in her), and she loved it when he put his claws to use and railed her for hours on end.

It seemed, in fact, that such a fate awaited her as he tugged at her thick nipples and stroked himself into her anus and pussy, her thighs quivering and shuddering. He had already made his intentions clear: He was going to take her to the bedroom with her still impaled on his cocks, her quivering cunt and rump full of his delicious meat as he carried her up a flight of stairs. She shuddered with excitement at the thought, but it was when his hands eased away from her breasts and he grasped her behind each knee that she knew he was really going through with it.

He pushed up with a grunt, his superhuman strength coming into play as he hefted her easily, her weight resting partially on his hands but mostly on those two monstrous rods penetrating her depths. Her breath was stolen away in a gasping, squealing moan as her thighs jerked and tensed, trying to draw together as her pussy tightened with such force that her own juices gushed from her in a messy spurt. It splattered the floor, staining the carpet as Ron took the first step forward and his cocks twitched, throbbed and jumped within her body.

Another step, and another, his muscular chest pressed to her back as he carried her from their living room into the main hall of the house. Every step was a jarring affair, his shafts buried so deeply, throbbing and oozing away within her. Her two well stuffed holes quivered and oozed hotly, dribbling a messy mixture of her own juices and Ron's precum, although only one of those holes leaked both.

They left a messy trail behind them as Ron carried his squirming, panting wife in his powerful grip, her fluids dribbling down his large sack and thighs as he reached the staircase. With a grunt of pleasure and a firm nip at the side of her neck he took the first step up, his leg pressing up into her rear, pushing her ever so slightly up and off of his drooling girths. A moment later she settled back down, her pelvic muscles convulsing as he took the next step.

Every step was a blissful torture, the "ride" continuing as he carried Rebecca up. She groaned and whimpered and worried at her lip, her eyes rolling back into her head when, at one

point, he paused on the landing halfway up and pressed her against the wall. His grip adjusted as he took the time to take a series of sharp, swift, hammering strokes.

She cried out and clutched at his neck with both hands, holding onto the back of it as he squished her breasts and cheek against the wall and fucked her. The audible slurping sound of his cocks plumbing her depths was nicely accompanied by the pattering of pussy juice and precum dribbling from her snatch and ass onto the carpet below. He stole her breath from her briefly, each stroke accompanied by his fat balls swinging forward and clapping against her sopping wet folds and aching stiff clit. "OhhhGOD!" She cried, features pinched with pleasure as he finally slowed and then drew her back from the wall, leaving her shocked and shaking.

"Rrrrn... Just hang on, Becky... Won't be long now..." Ron's growling voice came, rumbling in her ear. She could feel it reverberating through her flesh, into her back, through his cocks... It made her tingle in ways only her Ronnie could, that deep bass voice of his. Where others heard a monotone, she heard her husband's true feelings – and, in this case, his hunger and lust.

She only managed a wordless coo of pleasure as he started moving again, taking to the stairs once more. Her thighs tried to draw together in response to each stirring, shifting step, but soon enough they'd reached the top and he was carrying her down the hall toward their bedroom.

He turned and nudged the door open with his hip, growling under his breath as he hauled his sweating, moaning wife to the large bed they shared. In an instant he had dropped onto it, seating himself and nearly unseating her in the process. She bounced upward off of his thighs, gasping loudly as her weight came dropping back down onto both of those turgid members. She managed a whimpered moan of his name, and then Ron pulled her down with him and settled on his side. Before she had time to really react, he had grasped at what remained of her spandex pants and tore them away with a pleasantly lewd sounding rip.

One powerful hand tugged her right thigh up and aside, spreading her legs wide and opening her up. His other hand came to rest in her hair, fingers curling in her tresses and tugging, tilting her head back as he sawed himself slowly, lethargically out of her cunt and ass. "There... There we go, Becky... Now I'm going to ruin your sweet holes..."

"Ohhh, yeah Ronnie... Fuck me, sugar... Tear me up, you big hybrid hunk!" she cried, an ecstatic squeal escaping her as he plowed home with a slurp and a flopping slap of his balls against her pussy lips. She squirmed, grasping her own nipples in both hands, tweaking and tugging at them as the Deep One hybrid went to work on her hungry holes.

It didn't take any goading whatsoever to get Ron going, considering the state he was already in. He gave a low, feral sounding snarl and began to pound himself deep into his wife's body. Every stroke of his ridged, twitching dicks was accompanied by a copious gush of his precum. One thing males of his kind, full-blooded or hybridized, was notorious for with their lovers was just how copious their fluids were, and how much stamina they had. A Deep One could go for hours, cum a dozen times, and still be ready to go. Rebecca was in for the long haul.

Of course, Rebecca was counting on it. Time without the kids in the house meant she had all the time in the world to get her fill (both literal and figurative) of her hunky husband. She rocked and ground her ass back into his crotch every time he bottomed out, panting and moaning loudly, crying out as he drilled her to the core of her being. She was a screamer, a

groaner, loud and messy even when she wasn't cumming, and she knew it turned Ron on to hear how he made her feel.

Muscles rippled and claws pressed into her flesh as he snarled again, rumbling and growling under his breath as he pumped himself into her over and over again, their wet, sweaty flesh slapping together lewdly. "Gonna breed you, you little slut... Gonna fill you up until you slosh. Fuck every hole you've got to overflowing..."

Ron's low, rumbling voice garnered a shiver from her as she clamped down even tighter on his cocks, tugging sharply at her own nipples and hissing. Her clit tingled and the inner walls of her ass and snatch almost buzzed with pleasure as those ridges worked over her flesh again and again. "Mmff... Fffuck... Harder, baby... Unnhg... G-gimme those... Ridges... Want you to... Oof... Flood your little human slut's pussy an' ass..." A bit of a drawl came into her voice, part of that Innsmouth twang creeping out as she indulged in what was best described as a "touch of the traditional" with her husband. "'M your naughty cult-pet cum dumpster... Gimme those big dicks..."

Ron's thrusting and bucking only grew fiercer, his ridges swelling and rubbing into her inner flesh with more obvious intensity. It was like a ribbed condom, or a well-designed sex toy. Rebecca had more than a few of those, which she'd gotten for Ron to use on her, but nothing ever compared to his deliciously devious pricks. Nothing was as warm, as hard, as supple yet firm as those drooling, pumping rods of his.

Suddenly, Ron's thrusting stopped and he yanked both of his cocks free, Rebecca yelping as the ridges tugged roughly at her anus and the flesh of her pussy on the way out. He let her leg drop and panted, laying against her for a moment, his cocks dripping onto her inner thigh. She glanced back at him, twisting her head against his grip in her hair as she panted and groaned. "Baby, why'd you go an' stop...? I want your spunk, Ronnie..."

"Hng... Want... Want to cum on your face... In your mouth and on your tits, too..." he said, locking eyes with her. A sparkle of perverse glee shined in Rebecca's gaze as she realized she'd started the night by sucking him off, and he wanted more. "Oh, sugar... All my handsome boy had to do was ask his Becky... Get up, baby... Let me make you cum..."

She cooed teasingly, playfully, pressing her thighs together against his cocks as he squirmed for a moment, and then slowly began to ease out of bed. Soon he was standing at the side of the bed, a sight for her to savor for a moment. Rippling muscles under scaled green flesh, eyes burning with lust, with two dripping, rigid cocks bobbing between his thighs, pointed at her like cannons at the ready.

She shifted off of the bed as well, taking a second to peel her shirt off and toss that last stitch of clothing aside before seating herself on the floor between his thighs. She smiled up at him, tilting her head back and taking hold of her tits again, tugging them apart in offering. "C'mon, big boy... Snuggle those nasty dicks between my big ol' titties and fuck 'em. I want your load all over me..."

With that, she opened her mouth, closed her eyes, and waited with shivering anticipation. Above, her husband snarled...

Sticky Situation

One finds themselves in certain unavoidable situations in life that must be confronted head on. Sometimes these situations are seemingly insurmountable obstacles that one has to make an effort to tackle regardless of the effort involved. Other times, they're merely a pleasant challenge that one takes because of the thrill.

In the case of Rebecca McDonald, she found the concept of trying to keep up with two erupting hybrid Deep One cocks such a thrilling challenge, and presented the perfect target for her husband Ron's lusty goals.

Having opted to pull out of her ass and cunt so that he could instead give her a spectacular cum bath, Ron stood over his wife's panting, shaking form, her snatch oozing precum as she squeezed her gloriously plump mounds together and opened her mouth wide, moaning in a deliciously whorish offering.

Ron's thick, fleshy cocks slid between her generous globes, sticky and dripping with precum and her own fluids. Rebecca sighed with pleasure as her bestial husband's flesh glided so nicely between her tits, her hands squeezing into either side of them, squishing them together around his pricks as she tilted her head down to swirl her tongue over the right shaft. She whispered under her breath, a tone of hungry lust in her voice, a rumble like a purr in her throat. "C'mon, Ronnie... Gimme what I want, honey bunch... All over 'em... All over my big jugs..."

Ron was barely capable of thought, given his state of arousal. Her voice, her lips, her tongue and her breasts all sent a throbbing twitch through both cocks. He was worked up to begin with, his hefty balls churning with seed, the Lovecraftian hybrid's lewdly pulsating meat gliding between his wife's breasts as he rocked his hips back and forth. "Nnh... Open wide then, Becky... I'm gonna fucking plaster you... Then, I'm putting you over the bed and you're getting both of these big dicks in one hole..."

Rebecca gave an excited moan, a soft whimper rising in her throat as she tilted her head back and squeezed her breasts in tighter against his flesh. Ron grunted and straightened up, thrusting forward so that both cock heads nudged her face, one bumping into her nose comically as the other stroked her lips. He took hold of his left cock with his hand, squeezing and pumping it, letting her breasts do the work for the other. It took a bit of timing, but with years of practice and such a luscious target on offer, Ron could manage a double-orgasm from both cocks quite easily.

Rebecca waited, panting, tongue lolling from her mouth as she kneaded her own breasts, her sex and rump still tingling from their recent abandonment. She could almost still feel the wonderful ridges of her husband's dicks gliding against her flesh, that heated fullness... She moaned louder, an insistent sound as she heard the wet sliding sound of his masturbatory strokes and felt him humping his lower prick into her globes.

Suddenly, she felt a hot, thick gush splattering across her throat and chin, a brief prelude before the real show began. Salty, briny wetness coated her tongue, splashed her cheeks, her lips and her nose. She groaned even louder, gurgling as his humping strokes grew momentarily more powerful, his stroking more frantic as Ron gave a low, orgasmic groan.

Rebecca could've cum just from the excitement at that point, with both of those big, meaty cocks gushing all over her face and breasts. She'd always been something of a pervert for

her Ronnie, having developed certain tastes that she knew might be a bit unorthodox – but she adored her sex life with the handsome, muscular monster. Her fingernails dug into the creamy, pale flesh of her breasts as she rubbed his cum into her globes, the splattering gushes thoroughly coating her heaving mounds as much as her face.

For Ron, the show was absolutely amazing. He never could get over how much Rebecca loved having him cum on her, in her, anything involving his spunk. As ropes of hot, sticky jizz splattered her face, breasts and tongue she squirmed and arched her back, pressing firmly into his crotch, her taut belly working against his sack as if begging for more. As the last steamy splurts splattered into her mouth she opened her eyes and groaned again, his cum having pooled in her mouth, bubbling in the back of her throat.

She made a show of drinking it down, locking eyes with Ron as she closed her lips, working her sticky tongue over them briefly. Her head tilted back and she swallowed, loudly, a lump in her throat visibly shifting as she did so. A moment later she sighed, smacking her lips and smiling that sticky, satisfied smile, massaging her breasts and squeezing them into the drooling mess of his cocks. "That's my boy... Always got so much jizz for me... Mm... You fuckin' sexy beast..."

Ron grunted deeply with satisfaction, smiling as he watched his wife tilt her head forward again to begin kissing and licking lovingly at the head of one shaft. He gave a low, rumbling sigh and closed his eyes, releasing his other length and reaching out to stroke her hair. He brushed his thumb over her hairband and chuckled softly; she was never without that hairband, no matter what. It was cute, really; he'd given it to her years ago. "And that's my girl... Always hungry for a treat."

She pursed her lips and lightly, teasingly suckled for a moment, probing his urethral slit with her tongue tip as she slid her hands away from her own breasts to grasp at his muscular ass. She squeezed his cheeks in her grip, pulling him forward slightly, working him between her lips so that the head of his cock nudged into the back of her throat. This earned a low murmur from her husband, his fingers curling in Rebecca's hair as he rocked his hips back and forth, stirring his dick into her hungry maw, her tongue twisting around his member.

Her head bobbed back and forth for several seconds, her cheeks hollowing as she suckled, loudly slurping along his rod as she dug her nails into his ass. The hybrid groaned loudly and cupped the back of her head, his other length still twitching and dripping between his thighs. After a few long, languid seconds she drew away with a slurp and a suckling pop, sighing and moving to its twin, using her tongue to draw in his other prick and begin fellating that organ as well.

Ron's other shaft slid against her cheek as he watched her work his flesh over, his fingers splayed wide in her hair as he rolled his hips back and forth. "Nnh... Becky, baby... Keep that up, and you'll get the second load on your face instead of in your ass or pussy... Don't think there's much room for another load there just yet." His words were, at best, half-hearted. He wasn't about to tell his wife to stop, really... He just wanted to remind her that there were other goals in mind.

She gave a somewhat petulant sound, her teeth grazing along his ridges and earning a quiet hiss as she drew back, briefly trapping his cock head between her teeth. She fluttered her

tongue against it for a few seconds and then pull away with a huff. "Fine... But you'd better fuck me like an animal, if I have to stop what I'm doing."

Ron grinned down at his wife and stepped back, his dicks bobbing, still twitching and mostly erect. He looked her over as she pushed herself up and settled on the edge of the bed, her legs angled so that she sat almost like a pin-up model. She certainly had the looks and the figure, although she was stickier than your average cheesecake picture would permit. "Gorgeous, I'm going to tear that ass up... Now roll over and spread 'em."

Rebecca gave a giddy little squeak and grinned, turning around on the bed and settling on her knees, spreading her thighs wide and crossing her arms beneath her breasts. She glanced back over her shoulder, wriggling her plump, shapely rear toward her husband in invitation, her pussy and ass on full display for him. "Pick your poison, baby... All yours."

Ron's smile turned into a lecherous grin, and he settled both hands on Rebecca's hips, squeezing... Decisions, decisions...

Homestretch

Ron and Rebecca have rarely, if ever, looked at their sex life and thought "We shouldn't do this. It might not be the best idea." Rebecca's natural toughness and flexibility meant that she could do pretty much anything she wanted with Ron, save for deep throat action due to his enormous cocks sporting tricky ridges along the underside that swelled when aroused.

However, there were moments of doubt about her capabilities, and this was one of them. Ron's hands had settled on her hips, and he took her very much at her word when she said "pick your poison." Both of his thick, throbbing cock heads pressed between the cheeks of her ass and she felt his slippery meat nestling against her muscular pucker.

She bit her lower lip, burying her face in the sheets and smearing the mess of cum on her face into the fabric as she grabbed hold of their blanket in both hands. She was lubricated, of course, from him stuffing one of those lovely pricks up her ass earlier, and from her own oral attention to his prodigious girths, but that still didn't mean it wouldn't be a hell of a squeeze. But she'd done it before, and Rebecca was full of spunk and spirit and wasn't about to quit.

Ron, for his part, was a patient and gentle lover most of the time. But when Rebecca wanted it hard, fast and deep, he was going to give it to her exactly how she desired. He knew that starting out, though, he would be best served going slower. He pressed, prodded, nudged his bulging cock heads against her muscular opening, massaging her pucker more than anything else, waiting for her to relax somewhat as he stroked her hips and worked his hands along her flanks.

Rebecca murmured under her breath, cooed and sighed with pleasure as Ron's burly but gentle hands worked along her ribs, brushed back across her hips and then nestled lovingly along the curves of her rear. She leaned a bit further forward and set her legs further apart, offering herself to him as she relaxed her muscles and waited. She turned her head so that her cheek was pressed into the blanket and spoke to him, quietly. "Go ahead, sugar..."

Ron didn't need to respond verbally; he just needed to act. His fingers pressed in tighter to the cheeks of her pleasingly round ass, squeezing and drawing her cheeks further apart,

spreading them as he shifted his weight forward. Rebecca gave a strained moan as the pressure grew and grew, until finally there was the sensation of stretching, of utmost fullness, as both bulbous, throbbing heads sank well past the resistance of her pucker. Her breath hitched and she jerked slightly, sobbing under her breath as she felt as if she'd been split in two.

She knew, though, that she was fine. She'd had Ron double penetrate her numerous times, and after he rested there for a while, a minute or so, the burning discomfort began to melt into stretched, aching pleasure. A dull throb accompanied by the feeling of Ron's big, thick cocks inside of her, hot and twitching, veins and ridges rubbing her stretched asshole as he shifted his weight and sank just a bit deeper. Her fingernails dug deep in to the blankets and her toes curled as she hissed... And began to push back.

Once she got past the initial discomfort, the satisfying feeling of being utterly stuffed in one hole was enough to get Rebecca's juices flowing all over again. She groaned and quivered as she pushed back to meet her husband's forward motion, helping to feed inch after inch of those meaty girths into her bowels. It seemed like an eternity, but she inevitably ended up with his heavy balls laying against her folds and his big, drooling cocks buried to the hilt in her hungry ass.

The grip on her ass tightened as he sawed himself into her upturned rump, her muscles convulsing and rippling, lewdly clutching and squeezing at the two big cocks that filled her so fully. She swore she could feel it in her gut, although she knew that even her "Long Ron Silver" wasn't THAT long. Maybe the biggest toy they owned, but even then it wouldn't be that sizable.

Still, the feeling of being stretched to her limits and filled to such a glorious, wicked level had her cunt oozing and dripping, her juices slick and hot against her husband's heavy balls, dripping down her own thighs in a clear sign of her need. "Ohh, Ronnie..."

Ron's hips shifted slowly backwards, his ridges hooking into the muscular flesh of her rear opening, tugging one tier at a time outward until he held only the heads within her body. With a Herculean effort he managed to keep from exploding inside of her then and there, the intense pleasure of her dancing flesh surging up and down his spine. He squeezed her lush cheeks, rolling himself inward again with a deep groan of utmost satisfaction.

She cooed and whimpered under her breath, clutching at the bed sheets and trying her best to stay at least somewhat relaxed to ease things along. Every time one of those ridges "popped" against her opening her toes curled and she shook from top to bottom, her breath stolen away by the lewd sensation of being so stretched and stimulated. Ron's thrusts started out slow and steady, even gentle, but quickly his pace began to quicken and Rebecca's body began to rock.

Every stroke inward was soon accompanied by the lewd, fleshy clap of his thighs against her ass, his balls against her sopping wet cunt. She arched her back like a cat in heat, nearly yowling in fact as he took her in their bed, rolling her hips dramatically back and forth to help work both of those meaty columns deeper still.

His hands shifted forward from her ass to her hips, adjusting his grip so that he could pull her back onto his cocks, the plunging penetrations growing more forceful by the moment. She pushed herself up then, working up to all fours so that she could really get some leverage, her anus wrapped tight around his filling meat as she began to heave herself to and fro. Each time

she pushed back and his thrust threw her forward again, her tits jiggled and bounced wonderfully, her sweat dappled body glistening as she cried out.

She expected Ron to keep plowing her ass, but when he abruptly drew his hips back and pulled his cocks free she was taken completely by surprise. A moment later his hips rammed forward again and she saw stars, her cunt speared just as forcefully as her ass in one fell swoop, stroking deep into her body with a wet slurping sound. She yelped and jerked, worrying her lip with her teeth as her eyes rolled back into her head.

Ron's forceful lovemaking continued onward, every stroke of his cocks rocking her body forward, Rebecca's entire body in motion with his, as if they were one being. She felt those ridges swelling within her depths again, knew what it would mean and relished the idea; welcomed to chance to be bound to her muscular husband in the most intimate way possible.

Every stroke grew rougher, more difficult due to those raised ridges, and then suddenly he couldn't withdraw any further, his hips locked in the forward position with his lengths buried almost to the hilt. He began to grind himself into her, snarling under his breath as she cried out and moaned loudly, her muscles tensing with anticipation of what was to come.

And come it did, as did Ron, as his cocks pulsed and jerked and erupted deep within her body, gushing wildly into her bowels and sex. She could feel his hot, thick seed pouring into her womb, bubbling into her ass, filling her up and then, with nowhere else to go, gushing from her aching, well-fucked holes in a creamy torrent. Hot, gooey ropes of his seed dribbled from her hungry openings, her eyes closing tightly as her breathing hitched and heaved and the tingling pleasure between her thighs only grew.

He continued to grind into her, sawing his endowments into her depths, grinding away at her last nerve, her every reserve of energy suddenly feeling as if it was about to burst. Her back arched higher, Ron's hands creeping beneath her torso to cup her heavy, swaying tits and clutch at them as he humped himself into her, and at last she came as well. They synchronized so nicely, intentionally or not, that it was a wonder he beat her to release at all.

She huffed and whined, muscular spasms rocking her body, her hot, wet openings seizing at his flesh and tugging, milking him for all he was worth as the big, burly male drew her back into his chest and held her there, panting and groaning in mutual bliss...

Aftermath

Sometime later, Ron and Rebecca lay in their bed, amid the tangled mess of their sheets, his heavy, meaty girths drooling against his own thigh, spent but still twitching with life. Rebecca lay against his chest, her recently filled holes dripping and oozing, the void of his departure somewhat saddening, but still oh so satisfying none the less.

She purred under her breath as she kissed his broad chest, Ron's hand in her hair gently brushed and stroked, toying with her tresses as she snuggled up to him with one leg draped over his powerful thigh. "Mm... My boy..."

Ron chuckled under his breath and leaned down, planting a gentle kiss on her lips and squeezing her closer to him, reaching out with his free hand to take hers. His hand dwarfed her own, but she didn't mind. He gently squeezed it and murmured in return, that same soft

monotone, but with a hint of emotion only she could detect, a hint that was meant only for her in the first place. "And my girl..."

Rebecca sighed happily, dreamily, as she nestled into him, her enormous bust squeezing in against his side as she looked up at him with those same big, sweet puppy dog eyes she'd started the evening with. Ron stared for a moment and then laughed, cracking a smile. She giggled and spoke again, with a soft, coy coo. "Oh, Ronnie... You know what your girl wants now...?"

Ron gave her a toothy grin and another little squeeze of her hand. "Another round...?" he guessed, his wife's appetite for their couplings as insatiable as his own.

"Nooo, honey. I was thinking that some Ben & Jerry's does sound pretty good, right about now. And maybe somethin' from that lil' burger stand on the way home...? Y'wanna go?" She said, shifting slightly so that she was almost straddling his thigh, her knee nudging his cocks and scrotum slightly as she crossed her arms beneath her breasts and smiled, a hopeful hint in her eyes.

Ron glanced toward the nearby clock; 11:45 at night. He smiled again and nodded. He and Rebecca were night owls anyway. "Whatever my girl wants, baby. Go start the shower; we'll get cleaned up and go."

Rebecca shook her head and smirked as she sat back, her ass and sex pressing into his thigh as she planted her hands on her knees and stared down at her husband. "Nu-uh, big boy. Why get clean when we're just gonna get dirty again? I'll wash what people can see, but I'm not wastin' what you put in me on a shower. Let me get some new pants and a top, and we'll get goin'."

With that, she climbed off of Ron's leg and out of the bed, her hips swaying alluringly as she walked away to the closet to get some clothes. Ron snorted with amusement, watching her lovely ass as she walked. His members stirred ever so slightly and he glanced down, quirking a brow as he rumbled to himself.

"Babe, find my sweat pants, will ya? I don't think I'm going anywhere in anything else." He swung his feet out of bed and sighed, shaking his head slowly and laughing again. "And maybe you should wear a skirt... It'll save some time after dinner."

And so, we leave our lovebirds, plans for dinner and debauchery in their minds, Rebecca's plans perhaps more devious and deviant than even Ron is prepared for, while Ron simply has the intention of ruining his beautiful bride at least one more time before the night is through.

Perhaps there is one other thing or two you can rely on in Lovecraft country beside just love: Lust, and the gleeful deviancy of pretty blonde housewives...