Roberts Story: CHAPTER 4 - At The Hotel (FEED BACK WELCOME)

 Warmth! Darting, prodding, warm wetness! A mixed, sore pleasure, teased my brain to wake. Lifting my head I looked down towards my hard cock, a sliver of daylight crashing through a slit in the curtain highlighted it, as if being directly shown by some spiritual entity.

 “Hell,” I thought, “all that’s missing is a chorus of angels, but in fact they were not missing at all".

 “Good morning Daddy”, Shelly gleamed, looking up at me

.

 All three girls were kissing, and licking my head and shaft.

 “Does your cock ever go down”? Jessie inquired with cute fascination and awe written on her face.

 “Yes”, I answered, slithering up the bed and moving my legs off the side of the bed stumbling toward the water closet to answer my bladders protest.

 Shelly’s voice following me, “Don’t tell me you’re a grump butt in the mornings?"

 Chuckling I aimed at the toilet, the sound of a rushing piss filled the small room, my hand guiding the stream I felt my cock begin to soften with a sense of relief. Oh, and what is up with little girls fascination with watching a man piss? Three cute little heads all pressed around the door frame.

 “What the fuck happened”? I asked myself. I pondered my pussy inflamed madness that crept into my mind.

 Shaking off the last few drops of a solid minute and a half piss, I looked down into the near orange tented water noting that I am terribly dehydrated, and to no wonder. These little angels had drained me and drained me, yet my memories of the night began creating a flow of guilt and concern knowing I had brutally fucked all three many times, before passing out.

 Realization struck! “I had passed out”. Drunk from tiny girl flesh I had fucked myself into passing out.

 Exiting the water closet I walked back into the bedroom, all three girls scrambling ahead of me giggling and laughing leaped back onto the bed. Each lined up, not one cuter than the next looking up at me. Shelly, first in the line my olive skin sweetheart, then Sam, my milky white skin angel, followed lastly by my newest slice of heaven, Jessie, with flawless skin and huge round breasts accentuated by her tiny waste, her ribs showing adding to the whole beauty of her.

 “Girls, are you all ok”? I asked feeling concern over my treatment of them.

 Each face broke into an open grin. “Oh yes Daddy, Sam blurted.

 “We’re great”! Jessie added, “My pussy feels all stretched but it’s a nice feeling”.

 Shelly smiled, “I am a little sore today daddy, I may need a break for a day. Maybe two or three”, she giggled.

 “Wow”! I thought, “How could someone be so lucky? No, blessed”!

 I tumbled into the bed scooping them all into my arms and kissing each angel in turn, then smacking tiny butts, urging them all to get dressed for breakfast.

 I peeled the room door open exiting into the harsh bright morning, the day was already hot. Looking across the parking lot I noted a highly appointed black BMW 735i, with custom wheels, had appeared from somewhere in the night, parked just a few doors down. “Huh, that’s out of place” I thought.

 All three girls hand in hand skipped towards the diner as a thought entered my head. “You girls go on ahead I’ll be there in a few”.

 Turning back towards the room I went in, “Yep”! Smells like sex in here. I began opening all the windows and looking into all the cabinets, in the water closet there was a cabinet above the toilet and to my joy found a can of disinfectant spray. Starting in the bedroom, I doused the bed and covers, moving into the front room focusing spray onto the back of the sofa and as I moved to the door the can sputtered the last of its contents. Smiling in a sense of self-satisfaction I jogged over for a hearty breakfast.

 Entering the diner I was greeted by Jolleen with a nice warm hug, “Sit down I’ll get you some coffee”!

 Walking towards the booth packed with girls I glanced towards what appeared to be a family of 4. Two twin girls about 10, maybe 11, each wearing starch pressed white shirts and pleated navy skirts, complete with white bobby socks and patent leather shoes. Their raven black hair pulled neatly up into two braids giving a clear view of tight chiseled facial features, their eyes dark and observant. “Man, they looked familiar” I said lightly to myself. Across from them sat a boy of about 15 with the same black raven hair, short cropped with that well planned messy look. Eyeliner accentuating his dark eyes, his frame was taught and looked well trained, yet he definitely had a rebellious look compared to the father next to him, and the girls, screaming out for his own identity I thought. He wore a black tattered Ramones shirt, black skinny jeans, and a pair of black Chuck Taylors.

 The father had salt running through his tight cut black hair, a somewhat disapproving look across his hard features. I estimated he ran about 220, maybe 5’11”, wearing pressed khaki pants, penny loafers (who still wore those?) and a black polo shirt. With exception of the boy, I couldn’t help but notice the military perfection of the family unit.

 I joined the girls, all dressed in their pajamas, hair all over the place, and they were talking through mouthfuls of pancakes having a glorious time.

 Jolleen returned with a hot cup of coffee and a massive plate of pancakes covered in blueberries. She grinned and asked if pancakes were good for me, I hungrily nodded my acceptance.

 “Breakfast on the house” she said, “Jessie said she had the best night with you and the girls, I hope you got some sleep though. I know how young girls are”!

 She sauntered away from the table shaking her ass at me I thought, noticing her black high heels and stockings that had the line running up the back disappearing into her bright pink 50’s style waitress uniform. Grandma really had a firm figure packed away in there, I thought as she dropped a spoon, bending slightly at the knees, but mostly at the hips stooping to pick it up, the bottom of her uniform rising enough for me to see the garter belt clips attached to her stockings. Glancing back at me with educated eyes, she smiled and moved on towards the other patrons.

 “What the fuck”! I thought to myself. “Has the world gone all sex crazed”?

 I estimated Jolleen was in her early 50’s and quite the little sex pot. It dawned on me that Jolleen and Jeb mostly likely visited the Honeymoon suite themselves. My cock notified me angrily that its shaft was raw and my balls were spent as it began stiffening at the thought of pounding Jolleen’s round full ass.

 “Hey silly boy”, Jessie blurted, my face flushed knowing that she caught me eyeballing her grandmother.

 “When are you planning on leaving”? She asked.

 Both Shelly and Sam stared at me intently waiting for my answer.

 “I don’t know, maybe take a shower, and have a swim”. The girls danced in their seats. “Get a bit more rest and head out late this evening”. Sam and Shelly frowned.

 “Can’t we stay a few days”? Shelly said, always the leader of the manipulative pack.

 “No, we have a lot of miles in front of us and I have to get to a casino soon to make some money”. I informed them, being stern in my approach I’m not getting ran over again.

 “Oh, a casino”, Jessie chimed. “There’s one just down the road, not too far, maybe a half an hour, you could go and the girls can stay with me”.

 I had seen a few billboards on the way confirming Jessie’s report I thought while watching the other family walking away from their booth in a neatly lined march. The father of the group still eyeballing me with what I thought was a hint of regret or jealousy maybe. “Odd," I thought.

 Shelly, Sam, and Jessie launched into me like a storm, pressing every advantage as Jolleen came to the table refreshing my coffee.

 “What’s all this noise girls”? Jolleen asked.

 The girls went into telling Jolleen that I needed to go to a casino and how Jessie wanted them to stay with her while I was gone for the day, all the while Shelly and Sam pleading for one more night.

 Jolleen looked at me, “it be alright with me if the girls stayed so you can go for the day”. There’d be chores before any shenanigans”, she grinned looking at the trio of conspirators while rubbing my shoulder. “I’ll keep a good eye on them, and Jeb will too when I can’t spare mine. Not much trouble they can get into around here”.

 “Ha”! “You don’t know my girls”, I laughed. I liked Jolleen, she is what some folks would call a hoot.

 “Pleeeeease, please, please”, the three naughty angels begged.

 Sam watching Jolleen carefully snuck a look at me, rolling her tongue across her sweet pink lips winking.

 “Alright, alright”, I acquiesced. Ran over again!

 The girls bounded from the booth, Jolleen shouted after them.

 “Jessie, you and the girls clean the rooms starting with the Honeymoon suite, you know where everything is, and you two are to help not be a hindrance, you hear me”! Jolleen said firmly.

They bolted from the diner squealing and laughing, running and skipping with their continued streak of victories.

 “Thanks Jolleen, I need to play some cards, and have a moment to increase my bank roll”.

 Jolleen smiled saying, “I thought you looked the part of a gambler, Jeb is quite the player himself. He made the money to buy this place years ago playing cards, way before Texas hold’em got all popular. He played with some of the guys that made it all popular”.

 I recalled seeing an old faded photo hanging in the office with a much younger Jeb, and a man that looked like Doyle arm in arm together.

 “Is that right”? I said. “You sure they won’t be any trouble”?

 Jolleen laughed, “Hell, I’ll get more done without Jessie under foot, it’ll be a blessing. You go take down some big pots and never worry yourself one bit”.

 Jolleen leaned forward reaching across the table gathering dishes, her uniform opened showing me a black lacey bra and a very nice round rack. I now knew where Jessie got her beautiful tits.

 “Any deserts before you run off”? Jolleen quipped with a sly smile.

 I smiled and swallowed hard, “not sure, what you got”?

 Jolleen made her way towards the counter walking behind it, moving towards the kitchen door she said, “Come on back into the kitchen and have some of my hot and juicy pies”.

 I did not miss the reference, my cock stiffening rapidly I moved towards the kitchen. As I entered the clean kitchen Jolleen’s eyes dropped to my crotch, my cock already straining the fabric.

 “Oh my” she said, “Jessie was right”! “You do have a big one”!

 My mind reeled as my steps halted.

 “Oh, it’s ok dear, Jessie tells me everything. We’re an open family here”. She said, while hopping up onto the counter lighting a cigarette. “Jessie told me she finally fucked last night, her brothers, dad, and Jeb had been after that little pussy for years”.

 I blinked in utter amazement.

 “Come here and let me give you some of my hot warm pie”. She said wiggling her index finger at me, beckoning me like a dumbfounded school boy.

 I moved to her, dropping to my knees, she pulled her uniform up exposing her naked, waxed hairless pussy. The erotic look of her with black high heels, garter belt, stockings, and waitress uniform sent an urgent rush of saliva flowing into my mouth. Her lips were broad and open, cunt juice glistened on her lips, and my head went in straight under her uniform. Jolleen grasped the back of my head and arched herself forward meeting my mouth with pent-up desire. Her pussy tasted reminiscent of Jessie’s, a sharp pungent flavor delighted my taste buds. Her firm body shuddered and tightened to my attention as my tongue disappeared into her wet and clean pussy. Finding her engorged clit my tongue snaked and danced over it, flicking it while sucking gently to her pleasure, her body answering my efforts.

 She rasped, “Eat my hot pussy dirty boy”, as the first light orgasm washed through her.

 Dropping down off the counter, dropping the cigarette she squatted before my crotch, Jolleen tore into my button and zipper, removing my throbbing cock from its confinement. Her full lips painted in bright red lipstick took my cock into her warm mouth as she expertly began working my 9 inches in and out of her mouth. I know also knew where Jessie learned to suck cock. Spatting on my head, she stood turning, while pumping my cock with her hand lathering my shaft with her saliva, she bent over the counter presenting me with her fine full pussy.

 I guided my cock pressing past her wide cunt lips. My entrance was warmly greeted with a return push of her hips and ass taking my cock deep into her.

 “You are big”, Jolleen groaned.

 My thrusts gaining a rhythm matching her counter thrusts the kitchen soon filled with the sounds of my thighs and balls slapping her skin. I felt the rush of an impending orgasm so I eased back making circles inside her pussy, filling every inch of her tunnel with my swollen cock.

 “Come on baby, fuck me hard” she cooed.

 I renewed my thrusts, pounding her surprisingly muscular cunt. Jolleen’s breath took on a familiar panting alluding to her second orgasm. My efforts increased as did my need to release. Slamming farther and harder into her dripping cunt my cock erupted with a painful orgasm. Jolleen clamped down hard as she forcefully rammed her ass back at my cock, the painful yet erotic release continued as her cunt filled with my seed.

 Jolleen pulled forward releasing my cock from her pussy. Dropping to her knees she took the last jolts of cum into her mouth sucking me clean. Her tongue dropped to my balls as she continued with a soothing and welcome tongue bath.

 “Mmmm, your cock tastes so good with my juice all over it”. Giving me another hard suck with her mouth finishing any remainder cum hidden within.

 Jolleen stood wiping her mouth with the back of her hands, “How’d ya’ like my pie”? She queried.

 “I now know where Jessie gets it all, from her hot Grandmother”, I said. “You are one fine fuck”, I continued while squeezing her ass”.

 Jolleen scooted towards the back of the kitchen from my smack saying, “You best be getting on the road”, she said, “How long do you think you’ll be”? Nonchalant, like nothing ever happened.

 “I should probably be back before midnight if that’s good? It really depends on the action”, I winked.

 Jolleen looked at me with a happy just been fucked look, “Ok then, you do what you need to do, and don’t worry about them girls, they’ll be just fine”.