

Encounter: Room Two-Oh-Two (A Tale from the Margin)
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Room Two-Oh-Two

Marguerite Handy's thoughts, as she cleaned the empty hotel room, were graphically sexual. As a twenty year old virgin, dreams of losing her virginity consumed her. Most of every day was spent imagining, and planning, that first life changing experience. Had it not been for her overprotective brothers she'd have lost the damn thing years ago. With threats backed by fists, Earl and Troy had scared off all the local boys. Despite her youthful beauty and physical charms which, to her mother's despair, Marguerite displayed in the most overt fashion, no one dared look at her, lest they attract the ire of her two overbearing siblings.

Marguerite stopped fluffing a pillow when she heard a faint groan coming from next door; room two-oh-two. She was instantly curious because the new guest of the Handy Hotel, a cute lawyer named Reese Pilsner, had only ridden into town that morning. Marguerite had signed him in and, in her customary flirtatious manner, welcomed him to the thriving township of Hubton. Her cheeks warmed when she recalled how he'd flirted back. Pilsner was tall, slim and wore his city clothes well. He had short cropped jet black hair, ebony skin, and amber eyes which crinkled at the corners when he smiled.

She placed her ear against the wall. The persistent creaking of the bed suggested sex. Did he have a woman in there? Could it be one of the Saucy Sandworm girls? She quickly discounted that notion. Her mother and Eva Keyes, the new deputy marshal and owner of the town's only brothel, had agreed that there was to be no shenanigans in the Handy Hotel. If guests wanted sex, they only had to go across the street to Eva's place.

So who could he possibly be fucking so soon? Marguerite's face warmed at the thought of Reese fucking anyone. She was acutely aware that her nipples had hardened, and the place between her thighs was warm and tingly. She

carefully stood on the bed and removed a small oil painting from the wall. She extracted the nail to expose a small hole in the plaster. Holding her breath she carefully placed her eye to the spy hole.

Reese Pilsner was alone. Naked, but alone.

His slim hipped body was hairless, and his flat stomach rippled with muscles. His was vigorously fisting his cock. Though she'd only seen one cock in her life, that of trail master Brandon McCloud, on whom she had a serious crush, she figured Reese's was nicely proportioned -- not too long, and not too thick.

Marguerite licked her lips. How she wished to go in there. Her jaw set with determination, she strode out of the room and into the corridor. She adjusted her boobs inside her dress, took a deep breath, and knocked on Reese's door.

Reese answered a few moments later wearing only a bath towel. She was speechless for a moment, taking in the patina of sweat on his satin skin, and the erection which tented his towel. Her courage faltered. "Sorry the plumbing is broke," she said eventually. "Would you like hot water brought up for a bath?"

Clearly embarrassed, Reese simply nodded.

Marguerite turned to leave. She took only a few steps before stopping in her tracks. She turned around. "If you'd like some company," she said, brazenly batting her eyelids.

"Um, no, just the water will be fine."

Her face still red with embarrassment, Marguerite returned from her first trip with the water buckets to find that Reese did have someone with him. He was still in his towel, but sitting on the edge of the bed was another man, every bit as handsome as Reese. Reese didn't bother introducing him.

"Excuse my friend," the blonde man said climbing to his feet. His voice was as smooth as silk. "I'm Ashmi Acqui."

"I'm Marguerite." She gave a quick courtesy, knowing that his eyes were fixed on her cleavage. Marguerite felt so very hot, and it wasn't just the steam

rising from the bathwater. She filled the bath, keenly aware that Ashmi's gaze hardly left her ass while she bent over the tub.

"If I'd known the girls here were so beautiful, I would have visited long before this."

She felt herself blush all the way to her pussy. Four buckets later Reese held the door open for her. "That'll be all, ah, miss. Thanks."

Marguerite batted her eyelids to both, wanting desperately just to strip off her clothes and let them take her. Feeling awkward she quickly left and returned to the room next door, hearing Ashmi's voice through the closing door. "She's cute," he said. "She has the hots for you."

Marguerite got on the bed and put her eye to the spy hole. She barely stifled a gasp when she realized what was happening. The two men were standing very close, whispering to each other, and when they kissed, Marguerite almost fell off the bed.

"What was that?"

"Who cares? I just want that prick of yours down my throat!"

Reese pushed him backwards onto the bed and grinning broadly he dropped the bath towel. "Marguerite is very cute. Jealous?"

"Now why should I be jealous? You know nobody sucks your dick like I do."

Marguerite watched in stunned silence as Ashmi stretched out his tongue and licked the head of Reese's cock. He swirled his tongue around the bulbous flesh a few times before opening wide and encircling the shaft with his lips. He reached behind Reese's butt and pulled him closer. His cock disappeared into his mouth, and Marguerite could only guess at how deep it was going down his throat.

If Marguerite had been hot before, it was nothing to what she felt now. Her nipples were rock hard and she was very aware at how wet her pussy had become. She hiked up her skirts and slipped her hand inside her panties, the tip

of her figure striking her clit. She couldn't suppress the moan that had been building up inside her as pleasure cascaded into her belly.

Ashmi took his mouth away from Reese's cock. "Did you hear that?"

"Nope. Just get out of those clothes and spread your ass."

"I like a man who knows how to be boss."

Ashmi quickly stripped. "I'm already lubed up," he said as he knelt on the bed, his ass facing Reese. "So, what are you waiting for? Fuck me already."

Marguerite had never seen the like before. Reese put the head of his cock to Ashmi's asshole and with his hands firmly gripping his lover's hips he drove himself in, deep, in just one thrust. Ashmi grimaced with pain, or pleasure, Marguerite couldn't decide which, before he collapsed face first onto the bed, his fists clawing at the bedclothes as Reese thrusts picked up the pace.

It wasn't long before Reese Drove himself balls deep into Ashmi's ass and held himself there, groaning as if he was injured. He pulled out and flopped on the bed beside Ashmi, gasping for breath. The blonde man turned over onto his back, his cock standing stiff and proud. "Fuck I've missed that."

Reese put his mouth to Ashmi's cock while he played with his balls, sending his friend into paroxysms of pleasure. After awhile, Ashmi's squirming ended as a plume of white come arced into the air.

All the while Marguerite had been stroking her clit, and her orgasm almost sent her tumbling off the bed. It took ages for her to regain her composure, and for her knees to cease trembling.

Later, Reese said, "So, what is going on?"

"I have to be careful."

"Without evidence we have nothing. We need hard evidence. Records, invoices, receipts, photographs. Otherwise we'll be laughed out of court."

"I know it. I'll get the proof, sooner or later."

"How long?"

"A couple of months, at least. What will you do?"

"I'll set up shop. There's no lawyer here in town. Instead of contacting Capital City for legal advice, the locals can come to me."

"Good cover."

"It'll be enough." He smiled. "And it will give us a chance to catch up on old times."

They kissed. "What about Marguerite?" Ashmi asked later. "Think she'd like to fuck the both of us?"

"Maybe."

"She's clearly hot for it. She can't get much action in this town." He smiled. "And we'd have to be the hottest guys for a thousand miles."

It was all too much for Marguerite. This was the moment. She'd fuck away her virginity with these two handsome strangers. Her overbearing brothers wouldn't scare them off. She jumped from the bed, flung the door open, and lurched into the corridor, barrelling straight into her brother, Earl.

"Marguerite! What the hell are you doing?" Suspiciously he looked past her into the empty room.

"I..."

"Mother wants you in the kitchen. Skedaddle!"

She looked forlornly at the door of room two-oh-two. *There'll be another time.* She'd make sure of it.

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