

Snowed In

Faye Valentine

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Luke was settled in on the couch with a plate of nachos and a cold beer, flipping through channels for something good to watch when he suddenly heard someone messing around with the door as if to open it. Sitting his plate on the coffee table, he jumped up and took a defensive stance as the door swung open and his eyes fell onto one of the most stunning women he had ever seen. Deep auburn hair. Eyes the palest shade of blue. And the lightest dusting of freckles dotting her cheeks. He could not see much of her body due to the heavy winter coat she wore, but what he did see promised to be amazing.

“Eek!” Claire gasped when she saw the strange man in her cabin. “HONEY!” she yelled jumping back out of the doorway. “T-There’s someone in there!”

Luke was soon greeted by a tall, well-toned man that stared him down like a wild animal. “Who the hell are you and what are you doing in our cabin? Greg demanded to know.

“Your cabin? I’m sorry pal, but I think you’re lost. This is my cabin,” Luke replied.

“I don’t think so! This is cabin thirty-four. We’re in the right place which means you’re not. You’ve got exactly five seconds to get the hell out of here before we call the police.”

“I don’t know what game you’re playing at, but I’ve got my paperwork proving I reserved this cabin for the next two weeks so you go ahead and call the police. I’ll wait right where I am.”

“Wait, hold on just a minute. We booked this cabin three months ago and we have the paperwork to prove it as well,” Claire cut in on what she saw as a quickly escalating situation. “Maybe if we compare paperwork we can sort this out?”

“Fine by me,” Luke shrugged. “If you’re coming in please hurry up, it’s not exactly summertime out there.”

Greg and Claire cautiously entered the cabin and closed the door behind them. Greg reached into the inside pocket of his winter coat and withdrew several folded up pieces of paper and began unfolding them. “Here’s our paperwork, where’s yours.”

“On the kitchen table. Follow me and we’ll get this all sorted out,” Luke said as he turned to walk into the kitchen where he stood on the far side of the table facing the archway leading into the living room. “There you go, see for yourself,” he added pointing to the stack of papers sitting on the table.

Greg pick them up and compared them with his own. “It says here you reserved the cabin back in August. What the fuck? How could they double book the same damn cabin?”

“Mind if I take a look?” Luke asked. Greg handed him both copies and he confirmed that they were both booked the same cabin for the same time period. “Look, I was just settling in for the night and you’re welcome to join me. The front office is closed until morning so there isn’t much we can do about this tonight. I’m Luke by the way.”

“I’m Greg and this is my wife Claire. What do you think honey?”

“He’s right. The office is closed as we saw on the way in and besides, it’s colder than a witch’s tit out there and I for one don’t want to go back out in it again tonight. This cabin has two bedrooms, right?”

“It does. I’m set up in the one on the right if you want to take the other,” Luke offered. “You’re lucky, you know? My wife wanted no part of this vacation. Says it’s too damn cold and doesn’t get the appeal of ice fishing.”

“Oh, I love it!” Claire smiled.

“She’s the one that got me into it,” Greg added.

“My father used to take me to the lake when I was a kid every winter and we’d spend the weekend cutting holes and fishing.”

“Same here.”

“Well, I for one am beat after a long drive so If you don’t mind I’m going to get cleaned up and head to bed,” Greg yawned. “You coming babe?”

“Yeah, right behind you.”

Luke watched Claire’s sexy ass swaying hypnotically side to side and felt his cock twitching to life. He tried to tell himself that he was a married man, but he could not take his eyes off of her. *That’s one lucky son of a bitch*, he thought as she disappeared into the bathroom with her husband. Turning his attention to his plate of cold nachos, he took it to the kitchen and heated them in the microwave and then went back to the living room to watch TV.

Luke was still watching TV two hours later when he began hearing muffled moans coming from the bedroom his new guests were staying in. Curiosity getting the better of him, he tiptoed down the short hallway and peeked through the keyhole. And what he saw was more than he expected.

“Uhn...uhn...oh god!” Greg moaned. “T-That...uhn...that’s it babe! Fuck my ass! Oh my fucking god I love your fat fucking cock!”

“Shhh,” Claire said placing a finger against her lips “he might hear us.” Moving her hips slowly back and forth, she fucked her long, hard cock in and out of her husband’s ass. “It’s a shame he’s here. Now we can’t use any of the fun toys. But don’t worry, tomorrow we’ll get this mess sorted out and the real fun can begin.”

Luke’s world was thrown into chaos as he continued watching Claire fuck the biggest, fattest dick he had ever seen in and out of Greg’s stretched ass. Suddenly feeling inferior – his eight inches nothing compared to the massive pole and huge balls hanging between her legs, he backed away from the door and walked back to the living room, his mind racing nearly as quickly as his heart.

Luke wanted to fuck Claire from the moment he laid eyes on her, in the few hours that he knew her, she thought of a hundred different things he would like to do to her and his cock was hard as a rock thinking about it. And even after seeing that baseball bat hanging between her legs, he was still hard as a rock and hot for her. *She has a sexy ass though*, he thought. *And those perky tits!* Unable to help himself, he went back to the bedroom door and once again peeked through the keyhole. This time, however, Claire was on her back on the bed with Greg between her legs – his head bobbing up and down on her huge cock and Luke wondered how in the hell Greg was able to take so much of it without gagging.

Without realizing it, Luke’s right hand had worked its way down his pants and was stroking his cock as he continued to watch the bizarre show taking place only a few feet away from his peeping eye. Now rock hard and growing uncomfortable in his suddenly tight jeans, Luke pulled his cock out and openly jerked off – the sight of Greg sucking Claire’s giant dick turning him on like nothing else.

The thought of being gay never once crossed Luke’s mind in all his thirty-two years, and they did not do so now, but he could not help but appreciate the beauty and sheer erotic nature of what he was witnessing. And when he saw Claire shoot her massive load on her husband’s face and filling his mouth, he felt the dam break and he barely made it to the bathroom before shooting all over the floor – one ropey strand after another flying out as if fired from a gun.

After he was done wiping up the mess and taking a quick shower, Luke went to his bedroom and plopped down onto the bed. But sleep did not come easy for him that night as he replayed the scene over and over in his head. And he kept coming back to one nagging question: What were the good toys his new kinky friends were unable to use due to his presence?