

A different kind of Twister...

Who ever thought four different colored stampers' and one spinner could be fun, had never had the pleasure of playing *Twister* with a twist.

Rule number one – you had to be naked and laying or sitting on the floor.

Rule number two – you stamped anywhere on your body, two of each color.

Rule number three – you touched where the spinner told you.

Sarah sighed as Nick's lips wrapped around her nipple. This game was such torture, squeezing her hand around his hot erection, she smiled as a groan escaped his lips. Nick's hot breath puffed out from her responsive nipple to the sensitive flesh of her breast. "Pay back's a bitch sweetie."

"You chose the game hun."

Oh yes she did. Reaching over she hit the spinner with her free hand, smiling when it landed on yellow. "Yellow to yellow." Glancing down she moved his cock to the yellow dot on her body. Tingles scattered across her flesh as the head of his penis slid between her vaginal lips. "Oh crap." She breathed heavily, the silkiness of his pre-cum wetting her fingers, and groaned when his spin landed him on green. "You have this freaking thing rigged." She sighed as his finger slipped between her butt cheeks.

"I wish." He chuckled.

"You're not making this easy." Sarah moaned as she recalled the last rule. If you licked, sucked or touched the other in a sexual way, other than the color to color, you lost. Losing in this house meant being a nude little sex slave for a week, whenever and wherever the winner chose. Twirling the spinner, she groaned when it landed on blue. Sarah met his gaze before turning, the move brought her lips right to his low hanging balls. Her mouth watered as his aroused scent traveled through her nose, tickling her senses. taking one gently between her lips, she smiled at his groan. She loved sucking his dick and he knew it. "Nick." Her breasts rose as her breathing escalated. "This isn't fair, you teased before we started, and got me all hot and bothered."

"You did the same to me sweetie." Arching his hips slightly, his knee grazed her hard nipple.

"Not fair, you did that on purpose."

"I had to stretch my leg."

"Can't we just call it even and end this with a sixty-nine?"

"Nope."

Her gaze lowered to his hard prick as her tongue ran across her lips, trembles streaked through her. "For Christ's sake, I give up." She cried as she moved her mouth, pulling the head of his cock between her lips with a moan. Breathing heavily, she straightened and straddled him. "I lost, so next time, I get to pick the game again."

"Sure baby."

A devilish smile lined her lips as she sank onto his hardness. She may have lost this time, but knew she'd enjoy every minute of whatever he planned. Knowing he'd be at her mercy next week, due to his poor poker skills.