

Dinner was over. Jaycee was in the kitchen, putting pans away and cleaning up the cooking area. Mandy was at the table, piling up plates and utensils in a lazy attempt to make a single trip back to the kitchen. She reached for the bread basket in the middle of the table, and her crotch accidentally pressed against the corner of the table.

It bears mentioning that this was at a time when Minx, one of the faeries living with Jaycee, had been in a pissy mood, and she'd laid explosive and embarrassing sexual triggers in various locations of Jaycee's apartment. Apparently, one such trigger lay dormant on a corner of the kitchen table.

The moment Mandy's crotch hit the corner of the table, she felt a sudden surge of heat at the top of her pussy. Her clit had sprung to attention and was swelling with unbidden pleasure. She gasped loud enough to get Jaycee's attention in the adjacent room.

"Something wrong?" he called out.

"Ah..." she said, her weight dropping down and pushing her clit against the corner table. "Oh, I just... Oh! Oh no... OooOoOoooh..."

Jaycee promptly rushed over and found Mandy with her hands flat against the table and her crotch grinding its sharp corner. She moaned loudly and came in long, powerful spasms.

"Oh, fuck!" she said breathlessly, her large tits heaving.

Apparently, one orgasm wasn't enough. Her hips immediately began grinding against the table corner again. Her eyes rolled back and she moaned loudly this time. She lifted her feet off the ground, her entire weight crushing her swollen clit against that tiny corner. She came again, this time with such thunderous force that it almost knocked off the tower of carefully piled dishes she'd built.

Jaycee had been watching with perverse fascination. A blonde bombshell grinding her groin against a table and having successive orgasms was a spectacular sight to be sure, and not one that a pervert like him would miss out on. As Mandy's second orgasm came down, however, she realized she was starting to grind against the table again and couldn't stop herself.

"H-help me!" she pleaded.

Jaycee raced around the table and turned her around. Without hesitation, she grabbed his right hand, guided it toward her crotch, and forced it into a rubbing motion. He was shocked to feel her clit through her jeans shorts. How *big* was it that he could feel it through the thick fabric? It reminded him of those obscenely swollen clits he'd seen on some female bodybuilders. Rather than be disgusted by it, however, the thought of Mandy with one of those turned him on. He rubbed it almost brutally, and Mandy let out a deep-throated wail, pushing her hips against his forceful hand.

When she came, after half a dozen thrusts, she involuntarily shoved Jaycee away, clasped her pussy with both hands, and sat on the table corner as she came like a hot slut. Jaycee watched with fascination as her breasts jiggled wildly on her chest as the orgasm stretched for nearly a minute. The crotch of her shorts was soaked with her fragrant juices, and wetness was trickling down the inside of her thighs.

When the climax was finally over, Mandy tried to push herself off the table, but her hands seemed stuck on the edges of the table. Her hips began sliding back and forth, repeatedly wedging the corner between her labia as far as her jeans shorts would allow.

“J-Jaycee!” she yelped. “I can’t stop!”

Jaycee wasn’t sure how to help. He wasn’t sure he even *wanted* to help. Watching his ex-girlfriend in the throes of multiple (and self-inflicted) orgasms was a massive turn-on. What he actually wanted to do—what *any* other guy would have done in his place—was to lay her on the table, yank those stupidly short shorts down her long legs, and plow her fields like an enthusiastic (and studly) farmer. But no, he just watched as a breathtaking beauty got herself off before his eyes.

Mandy kept rubbing her slit against the table corner, her breathing coming faster as more pleasure flooded her supercharged cunt and clit. Another orgasm hit her and she sat on the corner while her legs flailed wildly through the climax. Jaycee saw another rush of juices further darken the fabric between her thighs. She screeched through the overwhelming pleasure, then let out guttural groans with each powerful spasm that followed. And at long last, whatever magic had gripped her finally released her. She pushed herself off the table, but her legs immediately gave out under her. Jaycee was fortunately close enough to catch her and hold her against him.

“This has to stop,” she whispered. “I... don’t know how much more of this I can take.”

Jaycee held her silently, secretly hoping it wouldn’t stop.