

SWEET TASTES OF SEDUCTION



**EROTIC TALES
FROM THE MIND OF
VICTORIA MANLEY**

SWEET TASTES OF SEDUCTION

By

Victoria Manley

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The Arm Chair

I found the pink envelope on my desk, propped up against my telephone, addressed with my name on it. The handwriting was unmistakably hers and I could smell her perfume in the air, so I knew she had been there in my office only a short time ago. Opening the envelope, I found a key and a note. On the paper, she had written:

"This is a key to room 345 of the Ambassador Plaza Hotel. I will arrive at precisely 5pm. You are to be sitting in the burgundy armchair ... naked and in the blindfold provided there for you. Do as I ask, my lover... you will not regret it."

I smiled as I read the note from my wife. I loved her little surprises, wondering what she was planning for the night. It would take everything I had not to call her at work to find out what was on her lovely, yet sometimes naughty little mind for our evening, but I would restrain myself and do as she requested.

I took off from work a little early that afternoon, arriving at the room at 4:00, wanting to give myself time to shave, take a shower and have a scotch from the mini-bar before she got there. The blindfold was there, sitting on the burgundy chair as she had said it would be, and my mind reeled with fantasies, my imagination running riot. Our sex life would be quiet and calm for a little while, then all of a sudden she would have an idea that she wanted to try, and I was always obedient to being her experimental plaything. Her passion and imagination never ceased to amaze and excite me.

As 5:00 approached, I quickly drained my drink, sat down in the chair that she had specified, and put the blindfold on. As I waited, the minutes ticked away in years instead of seconds and my senses became aware of every sound within my range of hearing... the elevator moving on its cable behind the walls... the ticking of my watch... the humming of the mini-fridge in the corner... the sounds of the other hotel guests out in the hallway as they went to their rooms.

Just as I was thinking about taking the blindfold off and getting up from the chair, I heard the key turning in the lock and the door creaking open. Was it her? Or could I be sitting naked and

blindfolded in front of the housekeeper? My palms began to sweat when she didn't identify herself for a moment and then a calming went through my body as her fragrance reached my nostrils. It was she.

The door closed and then there was a bit of shuffling and whispering, as if someone else was in the room. Had she brought another woman with her? We had talked about it once or twice, but I had never encouraged it, since she alone was enough for me.

"Laura?" I spoke her name into the air.

"It's me, Lance," she assured me.

My body began to relax, although my cock began to rise at the sound of her delicate and honeyed voice.

"You were a good boy to do as I asked," she continued, putting her handbag and keys down on the table, then smiling appreciatively at the stiffness of my shaft, "so I think you should be rewarded."

She leaned down to my face to kiss me and I felt her dark hair brush against my cheek. Her lips were soft and loving, and there was a touch of excitement in her kiss. Moving around behind me, she put her arms around my shoulders and her moist lips close to my ear. Her warm breath tickled my hair and sent shivers to the nape of my neck.

"Do you trust me, lover?" she asked, her long, slender fingers lethargically stretching through the dark hair on my chest.

"Yes," I said quietly and without hesitation, nodding my head and feeling the beginning of a shudder go down my back. Even though I knew she felt the tremble go through my body, she knew I trusted her completely.

"Will you let me do what I want to do?" she questioned.

Again I nodded and said yes.

I felt her moving around, then her hands on my arms, lifting them to the upholstered arms of the chair. Once there, she patted them approvingly and leaned down to kiss my cheek.

"Keep your arms right there for me, my good boy," she whispered, "I have a surprise for you."

A light covering touched me, swiftly making the hairs on my arm stand on end, and I quickly realized that she was tying my wrists to the chair arms with silk scarves.

"Baby, please," I pleaded and pulled against the restraint, "I can't touch you if I'm tied."

"You will get your chance to touch," she replied as she busied herself with the other arm, "but first I will do as I wish to you without you stopping me."

The tone in her voice took on a commanding quality, not harsh, but certainly not one to be reckoned with. I decided I had better not give her any trouble, not knowing what she may have in mind.

Once she was satisfied that I was securely tied, I could hear her undressing and I hardened again at the thought of her being naked. Her body was the softest I had ever touched and I loved to feel her skin heat up as her arousal grew. I could spend hours naked in bed with her, just touching her body and tracing the curves of her silky skin, never getting tired of it. When she would wrap her long, smooth legs around my hips and moan sensually in my ear as my thick shaft entered her, I would feel like I had died and gone to Heaven.

She began to kiss my face, then began moving down my body with her soft, wet lips. Her mouth grazed lazily over my chest, stopping to nibble lightly on my nubs, then began moving south again, and I smiled when I realized where she was going. She complained at times that I would not let her suck my cock to orgasm, but I told her that it was simply because I wanted to save my orgasm to come inside her. I knew by tying me up that this was her way of making sure I didn't stop her, so I decided to relax and enjoy the feeling.

As her mouth slipped over the head of my cock and her fingers wrapped around my balls, I felt the sudden urge to push towards her face, but resisted. I could hear and feel her tranquil humming sounds around my shaft, so I knew that she was enjoying what she was doing. Her right hand pushed a little on the inside of my left thigh, and I assumed she needed additional room between my legs, so I parted them a little more. A slight popping sound reached my ears and I raised an eyebrow.

"What was that?" I asked.

"I just opened the lid of some massage oil," she replied quickly, not wanting to take her mouth from my cock for very long.

Hmmm... I thought to myself... a massage would be nice.

She slicked her hands with the oil and continued to suck, fondle and stroke for a moment, then I felt her fingers moving below my balls.

"La... Laura," I muttered, "what are you doing?"

"Shhh," she whispered, "relax and enjoy."

I felt just the tip of her finger touch my ass and I tensed.

"La... oohhh... I've never had this done before."

"Relax and enjoy," she repeated.

Since I was tied to the chair and blindfolded, I had little recourse but to do as she said. As I relaxed my body, I could feel her smiling and easing a little more of her wet finger into me, and I realized that this was not an uncomfortable experience. After a moment, it became downright erotic and I really began to enjoy it, so I moaned and slid down in the chair a little more to give her better access to my rump. I could feel my legs twitching uncontrollably and she smiled again.

Just when I thought I would come unglued and the head of my cock would explode into her expert mouth, she stopped. A groan came out of my throat and I struggled against the ties that held me down.

"Laura... baby... please... don't stop," I whined, "I'm so close."

"That's too bad," she said matter-of-factly, "you are my prisoner tonight and I will do with you as I wish."

I sighed, willingly giving over to being her captive, but I ached to feel her finger in my bottom again. I had never experienced a feeling like that and I desperately wanted to come while having my rear end violated. I could hear her moving around again, and then the feel of her warm thighs on each side of mine, lowering herself down on me.

"Oh yes, baby," I muttered, "ride my cock."

She grabbed a handful of hair at the back of my head and tilted my head back, kissing me deeply and swirling her tongue inside my mouth so that I would gently suck on it. I could taste the flavor of my cock on her breath, which alone was so damn erotic.

Just as her pussy began to envelop my cock, I began to feel a small, slick object entering my ass.

"La... Laura?" I muttered.

"Relax, lover," she told me, "it is just my small dildo, the one you use on me all the time. Relax and enjoy it."

She moved back and forth in a gentle, continuous rocking motion, now taking my erection fully inside her wet flesh, and I continued to feel her plastic playmate assaulting my tight rear. She was relentless, never stopping or slowing her rhythmical dance, and groan after groan began to leave my throat with no way of me stopping it. My legs were trembling again, like two uncontrollable and unruly children, and even though my mind was willing them to settle down, they would not be controlled. The feeling of her sweet pussy wrapped around my cock and her toy fucking my ass was an erotic and astonishing combination. I kept imagining her leaning back to enter me with her toy and the image was driving me nuts.

"Oohh...god... you're driving me crazy," I breathed.

"Tell me that you love my pussy screwing you," she said.

"I love... your... your pussy... screw... screwing me," I muttered, my breath now coming out in short, labored gasps.

Even though I did love her pussy screwing me, I would have said or done anything she wanted me to at that moment, even that I would let Satan bend me over in the middle of Grand Central Station, pull my pants and underwear down around my ankles, stick his thick 13" long dick between my butt cheeks and fuck me up the ass with it, if only she would let me come. She knew I was getting near the breaking point. My fingers were digging into the threads of the chair arm.

"Come for me," she whispered.

"Oohh ... yes ... yes," I whimpered, "Don't stop... oh my god... oohh... please don't... oohh... don't stop."

I knew I sounded like a sniveling, pussy-whipped wuss, but her sweet cunt was so incredibly warm and wet around me that, try as I might, I couldn't hold back. She was playing me as harmonious as a violin and she knew it.

"That's it," she continued, coaxing me gently but firmly, "that's my good boy, Lance ... do it... come for me... explode in my pussy."

"Please..." I moaned, my voice now coming out in short whines.

"Please what, lover?" she teased, enjoying her control, tightening her vaginal muscles again. It felt as if there was a velvet vise enveloping my dick and I could feel a bit of drool on my chin from all my panting.

"Ooohh... pl...ease ... fu...ck me ... pl...ease ... le... let... me... c...come."

My words were no longer human or intelligible... they were mere syllables with low moans behind them. I had never experienced such a maddening, yet phenomenal mixture of pleasure and pain. I could feel her smile.

"You love having your sweet little asshole fucked while my wet cunt fucks your hard dick, don't you?" she hissed sensually in my ear.

My head was spiraling. Laura was always such a decorous and genteel lady and it drove me crazy when she talked like such a dirty little slut.

"Y...yes," I breathed.

"Do you like the way Kitty is fucking your ass?" she asked.

I stopped moving. I think I even stopped breathing.

"Yes, my lover," she continued before I could ask, "there is another woman here and she is fucking your hot little ass with my dildo while I ride your cock with my pussy."

At just that moment, I felt Kitty put her lips around my balls and shove the dildo all the way up my ass, and the orgasm that followed was the hardest I had ever experienced in my life. I threw my head back and groaned loud and long, gripping the chair arms with all my might, knowing if I could have lifted my hands, I would have broken the armrests off.

Semen blasted from my testicles with a force that could have launched the next space shuttle, leaving me panting and fighting for breath. Laura's sweet pussy milked every last drop of cum out of me and then I felt her rise off of me, leaving my dick drooping like a pair of 90 year old tits.

As I sat back collapsed and exhausted in the chair, I heard a transition of money taking place, Laura thanking Kitty for her services, and the door closing behind her, and then my lovely wife came to me and gently removed the blindfold. She smiled broadly as I opened my eyes and looked up at her.

"Did you enjoy that?" she asked as she untied my wrists.

"It was incredible," I replied, "but who was Kitty?"

"She was a hooker," she told me, "I couldn't stand the thought of you being with anyone I knew and I didn't want you to fuck her for fear of... well, you know." She let her voice trail for a moment and then continued, "So I just paid her to use her mouth and fingers on you."

"She's the one that was sucking my cock and fingering my ass earlier?"

"Well, I did it to start with, so I could taste you and feel you on my finger, but then she took over when I got up to get the massage oil. I hope you don't mind. I loved watching it. You know how I love to try new things."

I pulled her down into my lap and kissed her.

"I love it when you try new things, baby," I whispered against her lips, "and I'm always willing to be your guinea pig."

The Bi-Curious Lady

I had always had a fondness for women, but I thought it was more envy of their beautiful bodies, fashionable clothes or stylish hairstyles than a bisexual inquisitiveness. I mean, I knew I liked men and I always seemed happy when I was in a good relationship with a gentleman, but there always seemed to be something amiss. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Perhaps it was the way they touched me or the way they kissed me. Whatever the reason, there was a part of me that needed a more gentle touch that I just couldn't find in the men I dated.

It must have been fate one Sunday morning when I opened the local rag magazine over my morning coffee and blueberry muffin and saw a personal ad that caught my eye. The ad read:

"Local bi-sexual married lady, 38, wishes to
meet bi or bi-curious lady for friendship
and fun. Phone 555-1234 to leave
a message. All calls kept confidential
and discreet. "

I had never even looked at the personal ads, much less answered one, but this one intrigued me. I thought that nothing would become of it but curiosity got the best of me, so I picked up the telephone and dialed the number. It rang once and a recording came on. I left my first name, telephone number and that I was calling about the personal ad in the paper, then hung up. My phone rang back within just a few minutes. I picked it up on the second ring.

"Hello?"

"May I speak to Denise, please?" asked the soft feminine voice on the other end.

"This is Denise," I replied

"Hello, Denise," she said sweetly, "My name is Natalie. You just called and left a message on my voice mail. I'm the one that placed the ad in the paper."

"Oh...uh... hi, Natalie," I stammered, "I wasn't expecting a call back this soon."

"I just happened to be checking my messages," she told me, "and I'm glad you called. Are you bi or bi-curious?"

That was a question that no one has ever asked me before and I had to think for a moment.

"Bi-curious I suppose," I told her, "I've never been with a woman."

"But you would like to be, wouldn't you, Denise?"

I blushed, thankful that she couldn't see me through the telephone.

"Yes, I've always wanted to try it."

"Don't be embarrassed," she told me, "there are a lot of women that need a gentler, softer hand and there's nothing wrong with that. I'm married and I love my husband dearly, but sometimes I just crave the touch of a woman."

"Does your husband know that you are with other women?" I asked.

"Yes he does," she replied, "and he doesn't mind. As a matter of fact, it turns him on a great deal to hear about it."

"Have you ever let him be present when you were with another woman?"

"No, Denise, the time I spend with a lady friend is just that, time spent with my friend, and it's only us girls."

I began to feel more comfortable with her. She had a soft voice and a nurturing nature about her and I immediately felt as if I could trust her.

"Would you like to meet?" she asked me, "Maybe to have lunch or just a cup of coffee or drink and talk?"

"I'd like that very much," I confirmed, "what would be convenient for you?"

I could hear her smile through the phone.

"That's very nice of you to ask when it's convenient for me."

"Well," I told her, "I'm single and you're the one that's married, so I don't want to intrude on your time with your husband."

She chuckled.

"I like you already. Tell you what... he's going out of town on business tomorrow night. I work until 5:00, but would you like to meet for a drink, say around 6:00? I don't have kids, so I have no reason to rush home if there's no one here."

"I'd like that," I said, a feeling of excitement beginning to snake its way up my spine. We briefly described ourselves to the other, decided to meet at a restaurant where we could get a drink and appetizers, and we said our good-byes.

The rest of the day was spent grooming, pampering and indulging in ways to make myself as pretty as possible. Not that I had all that much to work with, but I did find a hair salon that was opened on Sundays to trim up the split ends on my shoulder length dark hair, and a manicurist that wasn't happy to work on a Sunday but did it anyway when I paid her double time.

Sitting at my desk on Monday, I found my mind wandering and I squirmed uncontrollably at times as I thought about our meeting that evening. Natalie sounded like such a nice lady, only three years older than me, and I hoped that she liked me and that we would hit it off well.

Sitting in the restaurant bar that afternoon, I kept glancing at my watch. I was a little bit early, but I wanted to see her when she walked in. I wasn't kept waiting long, for at the strike of six o'clock, she strolled through the door. My breath caught in my throat. I knew it was her.

She wasn't what I would call a ravenous beauty, but her easy style and feminine confidence were easily detectable. At 5'7", she was about three inches taller than I was, and her body was voluptuous and full busted, built somewhat like a young Jane Russell, but what I noticed about her first was her smooth, porcelain skin. Her shoulder length hair was a rich auburn red, accented by the deepest green eyes that I had ever seen, and she looked very business-like in her tailored suit, silk blouse and high heels, as if she had just come from a meeting. She looked around for a moment, then spotted me and smiled.

"Denise?" she inquired as she got to me.

I smiled.

"Yes."

She hugged me and I could tell it wasn't a put-on embrace. She was genuinely glad to see me.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting long," she said as she sat on the barstool beside me.

"No, not at all. I got here a little early."

We ordered and received our drinks, then decided to find a quiet booth in which to talk. Sitting down, she took out her cigarettes and looked at me.

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No, not at all."

She lit one, then exhaled a lungful of smoke and sat back to look at me.

"You're a very pretty lady, Denise," she told me, "I'm glad that you called."

I could feel myself blushing.

"Thank you. I'm glad I did too."

"I've always wanted dark hair and dark eyes like yours," she continued, "but Mother Nature saw fit to make me a redhead with fair skin."

"Oh," I said, "don't put Mother Nature down. Your lovely hair and skin is the first thing I noticed about you."

"Really? I've always thought I was too pale."

"Not at all," I reassured her, "I think you're quite beautiful."

A faint pinkness rose to the apple of her cheeks and she smiled again.

"I can see we're going to get along wonderfully."

I took a sip of drink, hoping that it would calm my nerves, and she gave me a knowledgeable look.

"I was nervous my first time too, dear," she said comfortingly, "but I think that we will get along famously. If I'm wrong and we don't, then of course, there will be no hard feelings."

A little voice came out of me that I had never heard before.

"I want to be with you," I said quietly, "I want to please you."

She smiled.

"And so you shall, my dear. And so you shall."

We sat in the booth for another two hours, getting more familiar and comfortable with each other. I learned that she was a corporate officer for an insurance company, having climbed the ladder from the steno pool. She was married and she and her husband Reginald liked to travel. They had no children, unless you wanted to count their two five-year-old Yorkshire Terriers, Bonnie and Clyde. They had been married for fifteen years, and even though she was totally dedicated to her husband, she yearned for the touch of a lady from time to time. She had first experienced being with another woman in college with her roommate.

"What made the two of you try it?" I asked.

She laughed a hearty laugh and sat back with her cigarette and drink.

"She was a lovely girl and we were both freshmen in a new city and a new situation," she told me, "and one night in the dead of winter, the heat went out in the dorm. The house mother assured us that all was being done to get the heat back on, but we were freezing, so we got in bed together to keep each other warm."

"Did that feel funny to be in bed with another woman?" I asked.

"Not really," she continued, "since we were both so young and inexperienced, it felt more like a pajama party."

"Is that the night it began?"

"Yes," she went on, "we snuggled as closely as we could to keep warm, and when her little breasts touched mine, I felt a spark of electricity go through me. I'm sure she felt it too, since she reached up and put her hands on my breasts."

I looked at her big warm globes and sighed softly to myself. I wanted to touch them so badly, but forced myself to keep my hands in my lap.

"Go on, please," I urged her to proceed and she smiled.

"She asked if she could suck on them," she said, continuing her story, "and I told her she could, so she unbuttoned my pajama top and

took one in her mouth. It felt so good and I immediately pulled her nightgown up and put my hand in her panties."

I shifted a little in my seat as I imagined Natalie's hand in my panties.

"Did she object?" I asked.

"No, not at all. In fact, she reached down and pulled them off so she could spread her legs open for my fingers."

I could feel my pussy getting warmer... or was it from the alcohol?

"We didn't do anymore than suck on each other's breasts and finger fuck each other that first time, but there were many more times after that. She was a quiet little thing, so liked for me to be the dominant one. I only dated a few men while I was in college, since I enjoyed my roommate's company so much, but once I got out of school, I met and married Reggie and we've been together every since."

"And he doesn't mind you being with a woman?" I questioned.

"No, dear," she replied, "in fact, he gets very turned on by hearing about the details. I told him that I was bi-sexual when we were dating and it has never been a problem."

"Is there anyone in your life right now?" I asked, "I mean, a lady friend?"

"No, I'm afraid not. My last lady friend moved away because of her husband relocating with his business, and although I miss her, I'm ready to move on."

The little voice came out again and I glanced around to make sure it was me that said it.

"I want you," I whispered across the table, "when can I be with you?"

She smiled.

"What about tomorrow night?" she asked.

"What about tonight?" I countered.

"No, sweetheart," she said softly, "we have been sitting here drinking and I would like for us to be totally sober when we get together."

I bit my bottom lip and nodded my head, not really understanding the logic of it but agreeing to it. I didn't know if I would have the nerve if I were totally sober.

"My house is going through some renovations at this time," she continued, "so it is a mess, but what about meeting at the Ambassador Plaza Hotel tomorrow after work? They have lovely suites and it will be my treat."

"I'd love that," I said, "I can hardly wait."

She smiled.

"Neither can I, my pet."

* * *

My heart was sitting like a lump in my throat as I knocked on the door of her hotel room the next night. I waited only a matter of seconds before she opened the door and smiled at me with that incredible, infectious smile.

"Come in, love," she said sweetly, "I'm so glad you could make it."

She was dressed in a silk bathrobe and slippers.

"I've already had a shower," she told me as she closed the door, "so it's all yours if you would like to freshen up."

"A warm shower sounds like a wonderful idea," I told her, "give me just a few minutes."

I scurried off to the bathroom, tying my long hair up on top of my head as I walked, and then closed the door behind me. Being with Natalie had been on my mind all day and it had taken everything I had not to touch myself. Would having a woman touch me feel anything like the way a man did it? Would I enjoy her caresses? Would I enjoy her kisses?

As the warm water spray fell over my body, I looked down to see the places she would be touching. I was on the slender side and certainly not voluptuous as she was. My breasts were small, but firm and sensitive, and I let the droplets cascade over my nipples until they were erect and tight. Would she like them? Would she like the feel of my skin?

I tried to take as little time in the shower as possible, then dried off and slipped on my button-down shirt and panties, knowing I would have felt a little awkward to come out completely nude.

"Would you like something to eat or drink?" she asked as I came back in the room, "We can order from room service if you're hungry."

"No, thank you. I'm a little too nervous to eat right now."

As she turned and started to hug me, the phone rang and we both looked over at it.

"Does your husband know you're here?" I asked.

"No, he's still out of town," she replied, "I'll get it."

She picked up the phone on the second ring.

"Hello?"

"I see you two lovely ladies are without male companionship," said a male voice on the other end of the line.

"May I ask who this is?" she asked.

He chuckled.

"I'm your neighbor here across the hallway. I don't know which one I'm talking to, but I saw the tall redhead go in earlier and then I saw the little brunette go in a few minutes ago. May I escort you ladies to dinner?"

She laughed.

"You're talking to the tall redhead and we appreciate the offer but I think we will be just fine."

"It's my treat," he told her.

"Again, we thank you for the offer, kind sir, but we will have to decline." She looked over at me and continued, "I have everything here that I need to eat and drink."

She blew me a kiss and I blushed.

"Hmm," he replied, "does that mean that the other little lady is to be your dessert?"

"Yes, it does."

"May I come over and watch? I promise that I won't touch."

She laughed again.

"We are not performing for an audience, sir. My lover and I are quite capable of taking care of ourselves and doing without male companionship this evening. Good night."

With that, she hung up, then took the phone off the hook and got under the covers.

"It's girls night out and we don't need any men," she said softly, "Come here, my pet."

I got on the bed from the end of it and crawled up towards her, slipping under the covers and reclining next to her on the pillows. She could feel me trembling and looked down at me with caring eyes.

"Are you cold, sweetheart?" she asked.

"Just a little."

"Come... let me warm you."

She cuddled me into her arms, holding me against her body, and I layed my head against her breasts. I could feel her heart beating rhythmically, giving me a secure and nurtured feeling. She kissed my temple, then my cheek, and as I lifted my face to hers, she leaned down and kissed my lips.

Her full, ruby red lips were the softest, most delicious things I had ever felt and when they touched mine, I felt as if I was home, right where I belonged. As she lifted her face, I opened my eyes and she smiled, knowing in that brief split second that our lips had touched, she was feeling the same way. I could feel her heart beginning to beat faster, thumping wildly in her bosom now, and I longed to feel that pulsing against my lips.

"May I feel your heart?" I asked her.

"Yes, baby," she said, "feel my heart."

I moved down just a little, until my face was level with her chest, and slowly opened her robe. I gasped softly to myself when I saw her breasts. They were beautiful, significantly oversized, pallid and comforting, and slowly heaving in anticipation of my touch. Her nipples were large and dark pink, such a lovely contrast against her pale skin, and when I brought my fingers up between her breasts to feel her heartbeat, her chubby nubs hardened instantly. I could see the skin between her breasts thumping rhythmically with every heartbeat.

"Do you like that?" I asked before I went on.

"Very much," she replied, then smiled when she saw the look on my face, "Do you want to suck on it, my pet? Do you want to suck on my hard nipple?"

"Yes... please."

"Suck on my big nipple. Feel how hard it is inside your mouth."

I nuzzled my face against her breast for a moment, feeling how incredibly smooth and soft it was, unlike a man's hard and sometimes hairy chest, then opened my mouth and sucked the hard nub between my lips. She moaned quietly and cuddled me closer.

"That's it," she cooed, "suck on mama's big tits."

I suckled her breasts like a newborn, moving slowly from one to the other, listening to her moan and inhaling her scent as her arousal grew. I felt her hand touching me through my shirt and her fingers undoing the buttons, then her hands began to move over my skin, but I refused to stop what I was doing.

"Mmm," she purred as my small brown nipples became hard in her fingers, "you have the sweetest little titties."

I moaned as she touched, but didn't want to let go of her juicy breasts. I simply could not get enough of the feel and the taste of them.

"Part your legs for me, pet," she told me, "I'm going to put my hand down in your panties and touch your pussy."

I hummed a "yes" and opened my thighs, then felt her hand snaking its way between them. The second her perfectly manicured finger touched my clit, I let go of the suction I had on her and gasped.

"Oh my god," I whispered against her bosom, "I'm gonna come."

"That's it, love," she cooed, "Come for me. Drench my fingers with your juices."

I couldn't help it. I couldn't stop it. It wasn't a terribly hard orgasm, but I clung to her as the wave passed through my body and moaned against her skin. She held me tightly and continued to stroke my swollen button until I couldn't take it anymore and reached down for her hand. She moved her fingers from inside my panties and began to lick the wetness from them.

"Mmm," she said quietly as she sucked her digits, "you taste so good."

I was rather embarrassed that I had come so quickly at just the touch of her finger on me, but she said I shouldn't be bothered by it and that I had probably worked myself up into a frenzy.

"Now," she said with a chuckle, "we can relax and take our time."

The next three hours were spent exploring and discovering each other's pleasure spots. I learned that I could make her come very easily by lying between her legs and fucking her with two fingers while licking her clit, and she found out that she could make me come completely unglued at the seams when she twisted my small nipples while putting me on my knees and eating my pussy from behind. The orgasms in the room were multiple that evening, until finally we fell together in an exhausted heap on the bed, giggling and holding each other.

"I'm starving," she chuckled.

"Me too," I replied, "let's get room service."

She smiled and seductively licked her lips.

"And then I get to have you again for dessert."

* * *

My time with Natalie turned out to be the most magnificent time of my life. She and Reginald had me over to their house several times for dinner, and although we didn't play in front of him, there were little innuendoes and teasing about the two of us being lovers. Reggie was a medium-size built man with a little roundness to his belly, a few years older than Natalie, a balding spot on the back of his brown/gray hair-covered head, a matching brown/gray moustache, and benevolent blue eyes, but what I noticed first about him was his adoring looks and unmitigated devotion for his wife. I liked him immediately. He was a jovial man and laughed at everything she said, occasionally giving her loving little pecks on the cheek as he passed by her or affectionate little pats on the bottom. I envied the love they had for one another and wished for the same for myself one day.

Natalie and I were out sunning on the deck by their backyard pool one Saturday afternoon when Reggie appeared at the patio door.

"I think I'll grill steaks tonight," he announced, "so I'm going to the store. Do you ladies need for me to pick up anything for you?"

We looked at each other but couldn't think of a thing, so he waved his good-byes and left. Natalie listened for his vehicle to pull away and then turned to me.

"I have a bone to pick with you, young lady," she stated.

I looked up and saw a serious look on her face.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"It's about that swimsuit you're wearing," she said, "are you trying to get my husband turned on by wearing such a skimpy bikini?"

I looked down. I didn't think that it was all that revealing and it did cover all the crucial parts.

"I'm sorry," I told her, "do you want me to change?"

"No, I want you to go to the guest room and wait for me. I'll be there momentarily."

Her solemn expression surprised me, so I got up from the chaise lounge and went into the house. I was hoping that I had not offended her. Reggie didn't seem to give me a second look, sexually that is, so I wouldn't have thought she was jealous. I paced back and forth across the carpet for a moment until I heard her open the door. I looked up.

"My roommate in college tried to get my boyfriend to notice her," she said as she closed the door behind her, "and do you know what I did to her?"

"No," I answered quietly.

"I put her over my knee and spanked her."

I felt the color drain from my face. Did she say what I thought she said?

"Y... you... you spanked her?" I questioned nervously.

"Yes I did," she replied, "needless to say, she never tried flirting with any of the boys I dated again."

"But... but, Natalie," I stammered, "I wasn't flirting with him and besides, we're grown ups now. Spanking is for children."

"No, my dear," she said, moving over to the bed and sitting on the edge of it, "Spanking is not just for children and even though you may

not have intentionally been flirting with him, that skimpy swimsuit is most inappropriate to wear around another woman's husband."

I felt as if I was caught between the proverbial rock and the hard place and I didn't know what to say.

"Come here, Denise," she told me, lightly patting her lap, "let's get this done before Reggie comes back."

The thought of Reggie seeing me get a spanking horrified me and I practically leaped to her side in order to get it over with.

"That's a good girl. Now bend over my lap."

Ordinarily, I would never let another woman treat me like this, but there was something in the way she spoke to me in that authoritative tone that made me want to do as she said, made me want to please her. I lowered myself over her lap and she adjusted my body to her liking so that my toes and hands were barely touching the floor.

She began with a few light swats on top of my blue bikini-clad bottom and I flinched with every one of them, but it didn't feel too bad. Soon, the smacks were getting harder and I felt my tush getting warmer.

"Please, Natalie," I begged and feeling my body began to writhe over her knees, "I won't ever wear this swimsuit again. Please let me up before Reggie comes back."

"Oh, I am not finished with you, my pet," she told me, "as a matter of fact, I think it's time I pulled your swimsuit down and give you a thorough bare bottom spanking."

"Oh my god, no!" I pleaded, "Please, not bare!"

"Oh yes, my dear," she informed me, "you are going to get your bare ass warmed like you've never had it warmed before."

With that announcement, she put her fingers under the elastic of my swimsuit and pulled them down to the middle of my thighs, revealing an already pink bottom. She wasted no time in starting to spank my naked hiney, and before I knew it, I was squirming and kicking my legs in an effort to ward off the next smack.

"Ow! Please! Natalie! No more! Please!" I squealed, "Ow! I'll be good! I won't do it anymore!"

"No <spank> you won't <spank> do it <spank> anymore, young lady," she assured me, scolding as she swatted, "because I'm <spank> going to make sure <spank> you remember <spank> this spanking <spank> for a while <spank>!"

She stopped for a moment and I let out a sigh, thinking it was over.

"Stand up, Denise."

I lifted myself off her lap and stood sniffing and wobbly at her side.

"Go over to the dresser and bring me that hairbrush."

I looked at her in horror.

"Hair... hairbrush? Natalie, please, I've learned my lesson."

"Do it now," she said, giving me another quick smack with her hand, "or I'll get the belt."

The thought of her using a belt on me terrified me even more than the hairbrush, so I quickly retrieved the brush and brought it back to her.

"That's a good girl, my pet," she said, "now get over my knee so we can finish this before Reggie gets back." She stopped and looked at me soberly, "Unless you want him to see you get your little ass spanked. We could take this out onto the pool deck so my husband and the neighbors could see."

"No!" I screeched.

She wordlessly patted her lap again and I draped myself over it.

The next three or four minutes were the most excruciating, yet erotic minutes of my life. Natalie silently began a series of continuous smacks to my ass and the back of my thighs with the hairbrush, and with my hands on the floor to brace and balanced myself over her lap, I had no defense against her attack from the rear. The sound of the hairbrush striking my bare skin echoed in the room.

"Owww! Please, Natalie! Oweee! I promise I won't do it again! Oweee!" I pleaded as I felt my ass was now on fire.

"No," she said calmly, "You won't do it again."

Over and over, again and again, she continued the volley of swats until I finally attempted to protect myself by reaching my right hand around to block the blows. She grabbed my wrist with her left hand

and pinned it at the small of my back, so I was helpless and resigned myself to the consequences. After a couple dozen or so smacks with the hairbrush, she stopped and began rubbing my stinging bottom. I was quietly whimpering and felt like a naughty little girl that had just gotten what she deserved.

"You know I don't like spanking you," she said softly, "but I have to when you've been a bad girl."

"Yes ma'am," I whimpered, "I know."

She moved her hand between my legs and could feel the wetness around my pussy lips.

"Did this arouse you, young lady?"

I was ashamed to say that it did, but I had to be honest with her.

"Yes ma'am," I declared weakly.

She slid her finger into me and my juices coated her finger. I moaned.

"Oh my," she said with a smile, "mama's little girl did like her spanking. Your little cunt is soaking wet."

I squirmed, spreading my legs more, and she slipped another finger in. I moaned again.

"Hmm," she declared, "I think my bad girl needs her wet cunt fucked."

"Yes ma'am, please," I begged.

"Get up, Denise," she told me, "and get on the bed on your knees. I'll be right back."

I eagerly moved into the position that she instructed me to and waited for her to return. She smiled a big smile when she saw that I had obeyed and rubbed her hand over my now red and stinging bottom. She took my swimsuit bottom off and spread my legs a little more.

"I have my dildo," she said as she rubbed it against my pussy lips, "the big one that you like, and I'm going to fuck your hot little cunt with it."

Before I could reply, she had shoved the head of it inside me and I groaned at the feeling. I was so hot and wet that I had no trouble taking it at all. She got on the bed with me, wrapping her arm around

my waist and drill-hammering the dildo into my pussy. I couldn't move... I couldn't stop her. The combination of the spanking I had just had, along with the plastic dick fucking my drenched pussy, was almost too much to take and I felt the orgasm rising quickly. I clawed at the bedspread and muttered totally inhuman sounds. She smiled at the reaction this was causing me, but then gasped softly when she heard Reggie's vehicle drive up in the driveway. She had to make me come quickly before we got caught.

"Mama needs you to come, baby," she told me, "Come for me now."

With that, she took her hand from around my waist, wet a finger in her mouth and shoved it up my ass. The feeling of being filled so completely was staggering and my reaction was quick and immediate.

"Oh my god!!!" I screamed into the mattress as the orgasm ripped through my body and, for a few seconds, I thought that I would be split in two.

"That's it, baby," she cooed, "Come for mama."

The waves rocketed through my body and it felt as if the air had been sucked out of the room. I collapsed in exhaustion on the bed and she eased the dildo out of me, then put it in the nightstand drawer to clean later.

"Reggie's home, sweetheart," she said softly and patted my bottom lightly, "but I'll keep him out of here while you take your time and recover." She smiled as she looked at my ass. "You might want to wrap a towel around your waist before you come out," she added, "because I'm afraid the redness on your bottom will show on both sides of your swimsuit and on the back of your thighs."

I glanced down at it and giggled.

"Ok," I told her, "just give me a couple of minutes to pull myself together and I'll be out."

She leaned down and planted a soft, wet kiss on my bottom.

"Take your time, love."

She turned to go but I stopped her.

"Natalie?"

She turned back to look at me.

"Thank you."

She smiled. I didn't even have to say what for. We knew we had discovered a new territory in which to please each other.

"You're welcome, my pet."

When I came out of the bedroom, Natalie was again stretched out on the lounge chair in the sun and Reggie had started the barbecue. He smiled a knowledgeable smile when he saw me and I knew that she had told him what had happened.

"Shall I get a pillow for you to sit on at the table?" he asked with a grin.

I know my face must have gotten as red as my bottom. I rubbed my hand over my towel-covered tush to see if I would need the extra cushion.

"No, I think I'll be fine."

"Well, I know she has a heavy hand and swings a powerful brush," he said with a chuckle.

I looked up at his face and suddenly I knew.

"Yes, Denise," he admitted quietly, "I have been on the receiving end of that hairbrush many times myself. She's a powerful woman and she gets what she wants."

I smiled.

"Maybe you will tell me more about it one day."

He grinned.

"I'd be glad to."

* * *

The steaks that Reggie grilled for us that afternoon were exceptional, but the beautiful weather didn't hold out. As the evening drew nearer, the sky began to turn dark and the weatherman on the radio said that we were in for a detestable storm. We brought the lounge chairs in from the deck, took Bonnie and Clyde out for one last potty break before the rain started, and battened down the hatches. I began to gather my things to go.

"Let me get on the road before it gets any worse," I told my hosts.

"Nonsense," Natalie retorted, "the rain is coming down in buckets out there. Why don't you stay the night with us? We have a lovely guest room that's hardly ever used."

I looked over at Reggie, who was nodding his head in agreement.

"Yes, please stay, Denise," he said, "we would feel much better knowing you were here and safe with us."

I looked out the window. It really was becoming quite treacherous outside and the next day was Sunday, so I didn't have to get up to go to work. I decided to take them up on their kind offer and the three of us watched movies and nibbled on popcorn until bedtime. Reggie loaned me one of his v-neck cotton tee shirts to sleep in, which came to my mid-thigh when I put it on, and I never wore panties to bed.

As I lay in the bed that night down the hall from their bedroom, noises kept me awake. I couldn't tell if it were the noises of the storm, with its powerful wind and rain hitting the windows and roof, or the noises in my head from my spanking and fucking that afternoon from Natalie. Whichever it happened to be, I couldn't sleep, so I got up to get a drink of water.

As I padded down the hallway towards the kitchen, I heard a new noise. This one was coming from their bedroom and I could see that the bedroom door was not completely closed. Curiosity got the best of me and I crept to the doorway to see what was making the sounds. What I saw both surprised, amused and aroused me, for there across Natalie's knee as she sat on the edge of their bed, was Reggie.

His pajama pants were already around his knees and his chubby naked ass was pointed directly at the door. In her hand was what looked like a black leather paddle and she was swatting his bottom with quite a force. He was trying to be as quiet as he could, but his legs were flailing about and agonizing yelps would occasionally escape his throat.

"I saw you <spank> trying to get <spank> a peek at Denise's <spank> red bottom after I spanked her <spank> this afternoon," she was saying as she paddled him, "you are <spank> such a bad boy <spank> and Mommy needs to <spank> punish your <spank> naughty bottom <spank>."

I suddenly felt bad, as if it was my fault, and felt that I should go in and stop her, but at the moment I was about to burst in, I saw him turn his head towards the door and give me a little smile. He knew I was watching, although I don't think she knew I was there. Her reprimand of him was all part of their game to excite each other and he not only wanted his punishment, he had actually been looking forward to it.

She reached down and took his pajama pants completely off, then made him spread his legs.

"Naughty boys have their naughty little bottom holes spanked as well," she informed him.

"No, Mommy, please," he whined, "that's so embarrassing."

"Yes, it is embarrassing, young man," she told him, her voice firm and strict, "but the embarrassment is part of the punishment and it is what naughty boys need. Now, reach back with your hands and spread your cheeks open."

He whimpered, but submitted to her command, parting his legs wide and reaching back with his hands to open himself to her, and to me. As I peeked inside their dimly lit room from the dark hallway, I could see everything, including his cock that was hard and throbbing against her thigh. She rubbed her fingers up and down the furrow between his cheeks for a moment, smiling and humming softly to herself as she caressed his balls and felt his stiff shaft, then began smacking the tender insides of his ass cheeks with the tip of the paddle. He began kicking and squirming harder than ever before.

"Owww! Please, Mommy," he pleaded, "Oweee! I'll be a good boy! I won't be bad anymore!"

Although I didn't count them, I assumed that she gave him a good twenty-five swats, stopping every three or four licks to immerse the tip of her wet finger into his tight, well-exposed hole. He began to wail and bellow like a little boy and I couldn't tell if the spanking or the finger fucking was more tormenting. She finally stopped and rubbed his crimson rear end.

"Get on your knees, young man," she told him.

He quickly obeyed, kneeling between her legs and looking up at her like an obedient puppy just waiting for his next command.

"Eat Mommy's wet cunt, my love," she said, "and eat it good or you will go back over my knees again for another spanking."

With that, she spread her legs and he gleefully leaped to his task. She put one leg over his shoulder and left the other one down, stroking his hair and watching as her pet gratified her, then laid back on the bed to relax and enjoy. I saw his fingers go into her pussy and his tongue begin to suck at her clit and suddenly felt a tinge of jealousy, knowing what her sweet juices tasted like and wishing that it could have been me between her legs. He hummed happily to himself as he buried his face between her thighs, wholly relishing his chore of satisfying his mistress. She opened her robe to display her glorious mammoth breasts and then began to moan as she stroked and fondled them in her hands. I watched for a few more minutes and couldn't help but move my own hand down between my legs. My pussy was drenched and it took all I had to remain silent as my fingertips touched my swelling clit and puffy lips. I moved away from the door and went back to my room to give them their privacy. I had a feeling I had seen what they had set me up to see.

Returning to my bed, my hands began to roam over my body as I thought about what I had just witnessed and I knew I needed satisfaction. As I sank my fingers into the wet flesh, I suddenly remembered the dildo that Natalie had used earlier. It was still in the nightstand drawer. Retrieving it, I buried it in my wetness and within just a few strokes, I was coming.

Sighing with relief, I licked it clean and put it away. I knew I would be able to sleep now.

The Birthday Tape

She was so pissed off that she could hardly see straight. If she didn't have so many years with the organization, she would have quit on the spot. How could her boss send her out of town to work on her birthday?!

She threw her briefcase down on the hotel bed, then took off her suit jacket and kicked off her shoes, tired from the day's endless meetings and corporate bullshit. Tears burned at her eyes as she thought of the romantic plans that she had been making with her husband for her thirty-fifth birthday. The kids were at her mother's for a couple of days, so they had planned to make it a night to remember.

But then the call came from the corporate office that she needed to go to Washington to smooth over some rough negotiations. The company had been good to her, putting her up in an elegant suite overlooking the Potomac River and a view of the Capital, but her heart just wasn't into being there. She knew that Lance would have a nice dinner and probably a cake waiting for her when she got back in a couple of days, but dammit, today was her birthday!

She unzipped her skirt and unbuttoned her blouse, letting them both fall to the floor and stepping out of them, then slid her stockings off her legs. Walking around the room in her panties and lace bra, she exhaled a soft sigh as she thought how she and Lance could be in each other's arms right now, if it had not been for her job. Maybe she should quit. No, no... that would be asinine. She had too many years in with them to give up such an incredible pension and retirement, and besides, she was paid very well for what she did. There were always bonuses and trips to the islands when the quarter was a prolific one. She sighed again and decided to start looking over the paperwork.

Sitting on the bed against fluffed pillows at the headboard, she opened her briefcase and began shifting through the folders. As she began to search for a pen, though, her eyes fell upon a red object in the bottom of the case. She dug deeper and lifted a red velvet drawstring bag, and opening it, she found a micro audiocassette

recorder and one of her favorite dildoes from home, the six inch one that she affectionately called "Buddy". A note on the player simply said "Play me" and she smiled when she recognized her husband's almost indecipherable scribble. She set the briefcase aside and pushed the play button.

Instantly, her husband's voice came on and she could tell by his intonation that he was disappointed that they couldn't be together that night. He promised that he would make it to her when she returned home, but for this night, at this time, he had a little something special planned for her.

"Laura, I know you're sitting there on your hotel room bed, probably mad at the world, but I want you to relax and enjoy this," he spoke softly, "If I know you, you have probably stripped out of everything but your bra and panties, and I'm sitting here getting hard just thinking about it. I want you to sit back and listen to me and pick up your little buddy when your pussy starts getting wet."

She smiled at the toy, thinking she was too keyed up to play with it, but she would listen to the tape that her husband had so lovingly made. It made her happy just to hear his voice.

"Picture me sitting here on our bed, sitting back on my heels like I would be if you were lying here in front of me," he continued, "my fingertips running down your body... your legs parted for me."

He paused for a moment and sighed.

"I'm very hard right now... every time I think of you, baby, my cock gets very hard. And now I'm thinking about preparing to enter your sweet pussy for the first time tonight after I've eaten you and made you come in my mouth... god, how I love to make you come in my mouth... after your body's still flush from having your first orgasm with me. Now I'm thinking about your legs up on my shoulders... my hands on your hips pulling you to me."

He paused and sighed again and she could hear the zipper of his pants go down in the background.

"I'm taking my cock in my hand now, baby, rubbing it up and down your wet cunt while I'm stroking myself at the same time... putting the palm of my other hand on your breasts ... pressing and rolling

your sweet little nipples between my fingers... mmm... feeling your warm body next to mine... seeing your pussy glisten with wetness... licking my lips and still tasting you off of my mouth while I touch you with my cock. And you know I would lean down right next to your ear and whisper, "Do you want more, baby?"

He paused and she could hear his hand moving slowly on his cock. She couldn't stand it any longer, so took off her panties and reached for her dildo.

"I want to hear you say yes, baby," he continued, "I'd press forward and I'd gently, firmly and slowly just put the head of my cock into you... you know I have to tease you a little, baby ... just a little bit. I want you to picture me sitting on our bed... sitting back on my heels... one hand cupping my balls, the other hand circling the head of my cock with my palm... can you see that? That's what I'm doing right now as I think about making love to you... as I think about watching the head of my hard cock disappear into your soft wet pussy...taking the shallow strokes I promised."

She removed her bra and began playing with her breasts, then moved her dildo against her pussy lips, listening to her husband please himself. She could feel her nipples rigid in her hand and the wetness beginning to build.

"Watching your body try to press to take more, but not letting it," he continued, "and then after five or six of these teasing strokes, I press in, firmly, in one stroke go all the way in... feel you wrap yourself around my dick... watch it disappear inside you... feel your wet, pink skin glide over my stiffness. Oh yeah, I love watching you take my cock. I just hold it... letting you feel me... and you feel my cock throbbing inside you... watching your face, I enter you fully."

She closed her eyes and pushed the toy inside her, opening her legs as if Lance were there, taking his delicious cock deep. She turned her head towards the pillow as she pushed her plastic playmate in deeper, and she felt him smile at that point

"I can see your eyes close and your head turn toward the pillow, baby," he whispered, "I can feel your hands tighten on my arms... your legs pulling me closer to you. I know you're gonna do that to

me, baby... you do it every time I give you all my hard cock... and when you do that, I'm gonna smile, and I'm gonna pull back and tease you some more... again with short strokes, and then deep again, this time three hard strokes... then back to short strokes... listening for you to say those words I want you to say... listening for you to look at me and beg for more... and when you do that, I'll go in all the way, baby... I'll give you all my cock."

She moved her left hand to her pussy and began to rub her clit with her middle finger, letting out a moan as the pink nub began to tingle with excitement.

"Long deep strokes into you now... placing my thumb on your hard little clit... stroking you... until I can bring your hand down and have you touch yourself for me."

He paused and sighed

"Oh yeah, I love to watch you touch yourself while I'm thrusting my cock inside you... and when your fingers get wet, I want you to feed your hand to me while you move your other hand there to touch yourself... I want to suck your fingers while I'm riding you... can you picture that, baby?"

She could hear him stroking his cock harder. She began to pump the dildo a little harder.

"Oh yeah... and then I want you to come for me, baby... I want you to feel my cock part your lips down there... over and again... feel the thick head of my cock moving inside you... feel your fingers moving on your magic button there."

He cleared his throat and she knew he was getting close himself.

"Oh yeah... I want you to feel my soft balls pressing against you and then releasing... back and forth... back and forth... I want to see your body move against mine, getting into that rhythm that you know, as sure as you're taking your next breath, will bring you to an orgasm for me. Look down... I want you to see my cock going in and back out... my hands on your thighs pulling you to me every time I go in... watching your lips part... seeing your chest rise and fall faster as I stroke inside of you."

She looked down. Her chest was rising and falling more rapidly as her excitement grew... as her orgasm teetered on the threshold of its eruption.

"Starting to move faster now... starting to take you faster...wanting you to come on my cock... can you see that, baby? Can you feel it? Do you have your little buddy out there for me? Are you touching yourself just the way my cock would be touching you? Are you doing that for me, baby? Do it if you're not... I want you to... I want you to take that toy deep... I want you to think about that toy being me... parting your pussy... but you know I'm going to go deeper than that toy, baby... and I'm going to fuck you hard."

She could hear the fight in his voice to keep from coming.

"I want to fill your tight wet pussy with my cock... do you want me to do that? Do you want me to fill that incredible pussy with my cock? Will you drive me wild with that? Will you do that for me, baby? I hope so, baby... I hope so... I hope you can feel my cock sliding right over your spot... your little g spot... back and forth... rubbing you... oh yeah... I hope you can feel your fingers on your button... cause you know while I suck your fingers, I'll be watching that. You'll see my eyes close and you'll hear a moan escape from my lips... as I feel your skin glide over the head of my cock... oh, that's so nice, baby... now I'm going to move faster, baby... I want you to really get into this... I want to see you go over the edge on my cock... come on... come on, baby... that's it, baby... take it... take it faster... open yourself to me... that's right... raise your legs so I can go in deep, baby."

She raised her legs, parting them just as if her husband was there, jack-hammering the dildo into her cunt. It was all she could do to keep from coming, wanting to wait for him.

"Can you see me leaning over you? Sliding my arms behind your knees... raising you up... going all the way inside... short deep strokes now... faster... is that what you want, baby? Do you want me to fuck your pussy this way? Do you want me to take you? I wanna do this, baby... oh yeah... I want you to come this way... come on, baby... come on... come for me... oh yeah, come on... I want to see

you do it... I want to feel you come on my cock... come on... don't hold back, baby... take all of it... come on... come on, Laura, come for me, come on... that's it... that's it... come on... oh yeah... don't hold back... I want to hear you yell... I want to hear you yell as I fuck your tight pussy... oh yeah... such a sweet, hot, tight little pussy you have... come on... come on, baby... come on, come for me... yeah... come for me, baby... cause you know what you're going to get after this, yeah... come on... cause I'm gonna do it again, but in that other way... come on... I'm gonna keep you coming... come for me, baby... yeah... oh yeah... I want to feel you go perfectly still... I want to hear you start yelling as I pump into you harder... hear you... aaahhh... call my name out... beg me to fuck you... come on... I want you feel your hands down my back... I want to feel you dig into me... I want to feel your legs pull me... come on... oh yeah... come on, baby."

She couldn't hold back anymore. The orgasm tore through her body like a Kansas tornado and it took everything she had not to scream out in pleasure.

"Aaahhh yeah... that's it... aaahhh yeah... then you feel me slow back... as I feel you shake after you come... those after shocks... oh yeah, I want to feel you shudder and come down on my cock... come on... oh, baby, you made me so wet... just like you always do... aaahhh yeah... mmm... aaahhh yeah... I'm gonna make sure I don't come that way first, baby... no, I'm saving something for you."

He paused and his voice dropped just a little, as if seductively whispering the next lines in her ear so no one else could hear.

"You know what that is, don't you?" he breathed, "You know what that is the minute I reach for your massage oil... don't you? Oh yeah... you know, when I'm looking down and smiling with the oil in my hand, gently touching your thighs and your tummy, you know when you still feel me hard inside you... knowing I still want to come... knowing I still want to be inside you, but in a different way."

He paused for a moment and sighed.

"I wait... I wait until you catch your breath... I wait until you can open your eyes again and the after shocks go away... 'til the feeling

comes back in your legs... I lean over and kiss you and I tell you I want to take you from behind... will you say yes to that, baby? Will you be ready for me? Will you be ready to take my thick cock in your ass?"

She nodded her head, still not quite able to recover from her orgasm enough to speak, but not wanting the tape to stop.

"I hope so... I want to drive you crazy that way. When you're ready, I hand you the oil and ask you put it on my cock... I'll be sitting here, watching you take the oil, put it in your hand, and run your small hands up and down the length of my cock... just like I'm doing now... oh yeah... it's so thick... seeing your fingers wrapped around my cock... so good... I'm trying to concentrate... not asking you to keep stroking... no... if you do that, I'll come all over you... I don't want to do that... I want to do something else.

She could hear a popping noise in the background and knew he was opening the bottle of massage oil.

"I want to turn you over now... get on your hands and knees for me... and I want you to go get your toy... your vibrating toy, and I want you to use that on your clit while I fill your ass from behind... will you do that for me, baby? Will you help me drive you wild, 'cause I really want to."

She looked around in her briefcase for the vibrating toy, but didn't see it. Her fingers on her clit would have to do.

"While you're reaching for your toy, you feel the first drips of the oil on your ass... feel my fingers begin to work it in... sliding it... over your ass and around... my fingers just gently pushing it in... making sure you're really ready for me... when I see you have the toy, I see you're set, I see your ass glistening from the oil, I look down, see my cock slick and hard... the head thick... running it lightly over the cheeks of your ass so you know I'm there... feeling your soft skin on my cock... I ask if you're ready... and I listen for that word I love to hear you say."

She nodded her head anxiously as she pressed the head of her plastic playmate against her ass. The toy still glistened with her juices and she eased it in carefully.

"I want to hear the word yes... I take my cock in my hand... press the head against your ass... slowly, so slowly, no teasing... start moving inside you... pressing... feeling you take me... feeling the resistance give... going in a ways, then pull back... drip just a bit more oil on my cock, back in, each small short stroke just a little deeper and a little deeper... back out... back in... watching... amazed how tight you are.

She pushed it in a little, then back out, taking just a little at a time. Her fingers moved quickly on her clit and her entire body was on the brink of another orgasm.

"I'm amazed at how much of me you're taking... making sure... asking you every step of the way, how does it feel... making sure you're enjoying every press, every stroke... watching you take as much of me as you can handle, and when you tell me that's enough, I hold it there, pulsing my cock in your ass. I just press lightly, not moving forward anymore, just letting you feel a little pressure... letting you feel just how full I've just made you... and then I begin stroking, begin making love to you from behind... I hear the soft hum of the toy... I hear you gasp as you put it right on your clit... I smile as I rub my fingers down your back... keeping one hand on your hip, pulling you to me... seeing your soft hair move as you raise your head and I hear your first moan... I know it's not going to be your last, baby."

She moaned, burying her face in the pillow and pumping a little deeper.

"My hand's moving up, running my fingers in your hair... I pull you back onto my cock... aaahhh... I can feel that, baby... I can feel your ass wrap around my cock like nothing I've ever felt... I know you're feeling me very thick inside you. Whenever I go deep, I look... I can see your eyes open a little bit as you gasp in surprise and pleasure... oh yeah... you come faster this way, don't you, baby? You know you're gonna pull the cum right out of my cock... you know you're gonna make me fill your ass with my cum... you know you're gonna do that to me... ooohhh... my hand is so tight on my cock now, baby... thinking about doing that to you... come on, baby... take

me... let me ride you... just think about that toy on your clit vibrating... I can feel it all through your body... I can feel the vibrations on my cock, baby... feels so good, baby."

The sensations were beginning to shoot up her body and the orgasm was beginning.

"Ooohhh... feels good... you know I'm gonna come now... I want you to come with me, baby... I want you to... oh yeah... just lean down there, bury your face in the pillow as you start to come... feeling the vibrations all through your body... feeling touching your clit, spreading all over your tummy, through your ass, through your legs, up your chest, up to your throat, making you cry out... come on, baby... fill you... fuck your ass, baby... do it... fuck your ass for me there... I hope that toy's inside your sweet ass, just like where I want to be... come on... come on... oh baby... La... Laura... god, you're gonna make me come... aaahhh... ahhhh... ahhh... yeahhh... OOOHHHHHH!!!!AAAHHHH!!! YEAAAHHHH!!!"

She came, violently, almost to the point of pain, clenching her teeth and tearing the pillowcase in the attempt not to make too much noise. All she needed was for someone in one of the adjoining rooms to think she was being hurt and call security. She smiled to herself and wondered how she would explain the dildo in her ass, the tape recorder on the bed and the wet spot on the sheet. She could hear him trying as hard to catch his breath as she was.

"Oh, god, my heart," he breathed, "aaaahhhh... oh babbbyyyy... I can't even touch myself right now... oh my god... oh baby."

He moaned softly.

"I'll pull out of you very slowly, even though you're wet with the oil and wet with my cum, I'll pull out of you slowly. I come up there, while your laying on your tummy... breathing softly... lay beside you, laying kisses on the right side of your neck, putting my arm around you, draping my leg around you to keep you warm, pulling the covers up when you start to cool down."

He paused and sighed softly.

"Watching your eyes as you're breathing, coming down off your delicious orgasm, you know I want to see that, baby... oh yeah... you

know I want to be right there after you open your eyes for the first time after that orgasm... mmm... I love that satisfied, peaceful look on your face after you come so hard for me... I hope you enjoyed that, baby... I love it when you come for me... just know this is what you will get when you get home... sweet dreams and happy birthday, baby. I love you."

The tape ended and she smiled. She could hardly wait to get home.

The Buggy Ride

Saint Augustine is a beautiful city, from its spectacular beaches and scenic ocean views to the historic landmarks and familiar tourist attractions. It is written in the history books that it was Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de Leon that was credited with the discovery of Florida, named by him for "The Feast of Flowers at Easter Time," and that in 1493, he accompanied Christopher Columbus on his second voyage to America. His drive, it is said, was to become rich with the gold he would find there and to discover the Fountain of Youth, but he was mortally wounded by a poisonous arrow in 1521 and returned to Cuba where he died. A sad way to end a story and a life.

As Lance and Laura walked over the Bridge of Lions to the gray cobblestone road of Saint George Street, their ancestors' entire world seemed to come to life. Ladies and gentlemen in authenticated costumes made their way through the groups of tourists, welcoming them to the country's oldest city, and offering to give tours of such historic places as the Old Jail and the First Schoolhouse. They passed out samples of old world Spanish cooking and fine candies and fudge. Laura was in Heaven. Lance smiled at his wife as she nibbled on the treats, knowing her love for chocolate.

"Save some for later, baby," he good-humoredly advised, "You don't want to spoil your dinner tonight."

As the day wore on and evening came, they found themselves hungry for seafood. A local man smiled when asked where a good place to eat was and he pointed to rickety-looking restaurant at the edge of the bay called "The Salty Dog".

"That place has good food?" Lance asked as he looked at the peeling paint, barely hanging shutters, and weather-worn roof.

"Best in the city," the local replied with a grin, "Give it a try."

Dinner proved to be the highlight of the day. Not only was their meal delicious, but reasonably priced as well.

"I'm going to listen to the locals more often," he said as they sauntered out in the evening air after their meal and began a leisurely stroll down the railed walkway by the water.

"Almost as good as sex," she teased as she slipped her arm though his and curled her body against his side.

He chuckled.

"'Almost' being the operative word there," he told her, affectionately patting her arm.

She smiled and turned her head to reply, but a clunking noise caught her attention and made her look behind them. There, moseying up behind them in a gait of about one-mile-per-hour, was an 1800's-style horse and buggy. The horse looked old but well cared for and the canopy-covered red carriage sparkled with polished brass trim. The driver, an elderly gentleman in a dark top hat and tails, stopped when he saw that he had caught their eye and tipped his hat.

"Good evening, folks," he chanted with a deep southern drawl, "lovely night for a stroll in the moonlight, but even lovelier for a buggyride."

"Where all do you go?" she asked.

"To the tourist attractions, unless you have some where you would prefer to be taken," he replied, "Miss Annabelle and I are at your beck and call, and your wish is our command, pretty lady."

She looked up at her husband with hopeful eyes and he chuckled.

"Alright, baby," he said good-naturedly as he gestured towards the buggy, "hop in."

Taking his bride by the arm, he helped her into the carriage and they settled back into the leather seat. The driver made a clicking noise with his teeth and Annabelle began to stroll.

"This first area that we're coming to is the Old Fort, The Castillo de san Marcos," the driver began to recite, "completed in 1695, the fort sheltered the garrison town during the 1702 raid by South Carolina's Governor James Moore and the 1740 assault by General James Oglethorpe of Georgia."

Lance put his arm around his wife and cuddled her close, thinking that she might be chilly in the cool evening area. She, in turn, smiled and put her hand on the top of his thigh and patted it adoringly. He looked down at her face and felt the huge swell of pride in his chest when they were together. She was so lovely. He loved her full

sensual lips and neatly curled dark hair. There were a few laugh lines around her blue eyes now, but it only gave her pretty face a bit of character.

Even after having their children, she was toned and in good shape, and even though she complained that her breasts were too small and didn't have the perk that they had once had, he loved them. He had no problem making her dark pink nipples respond when he touched them with his fingers or mouth.

He looked down at her breasts now and could swear that he could see her nipples straining against the material of her summer shirt. Her hand began to inch its way up his thigh and he looked into her eyes. Her sapphire mirrors twinkled with mischief and her moist lips looked so delicious that he leaned down and kissed her.

"Your nipples are hard," he whispered in her ear as he reached up and tweaked one through her shirt with his thumb and forefinger, "I want to suck on them."

She looked towards their chauffeur.

"What about the driver?" she asked.

She could already feel a warming beginning to flow between her legs.

"He's not paying any attention to us," he told her, "he's just reciting the stuff he's memorized for the tourists."

He smiled wickedly, and without waiting for her to respond, took hold of the hem of her shirt and lifted it up, revealing her bare breasts. She let out a little gasp, but didn't stop him, and moaned softly as his lips wrapped around her warm pink nipples.

"It was politics, not a battle," the driver continued, "which finally wrenched Florida from Spain, when it was given to England during a territorial exchange in 1763."

Laura put her hand down the front of her husband's shorts and felt that he was hard.

"I want to ride your cock," she whispered in his ear.

She felt his member strain against the seams and she smiled as she realized he wanted this too. She let go long enough to unzip his shorts

and pull them and his underwear off, then felt him reaching for the waistband of her shorts to do the same.

"The Oldest Store Museum," chanted the driver, "once an operating general store, contains over 100,000 items from the turn of the century. This wide variety of goods came from the stock of the original store. Bikes, tools, guns, household goods, medicine and hardware are all on display. A model T truck, Conestoga wagon and steam tractor are also among the unexpected treasures in the museum."

Bare from the waist down, she raised her knee, and he put his hands on her waist to help her up and over his legs so that she could straddle him. She leaned forward, weaving her fingers through his hair to gently tug his head back, her lips next to his ear.

"Now," she said quietly, "fuck me."

Her hands went to his shoulders to hold on as his hands went around her back, one hand on her waist, one on her hip. As he gently took her tongue into his mouth and slowly caressed it, one of her hands moved between her legs to guide his cock in and then she began to settle slowly down on it.

Soft moans escaped both their throats the moment his shaft entered her and her moist heat surrounded him. She pressed for more, taking him as his hand on her waist moved to the base of her spine, holding her close. He opened his mouth and took a sharp breath as he felt how much of his cock she was taking.

She began to rock back and forth on his thighs, his cock sliding out only a bit, only to be taken back, going deeper each time. He felt her hips rhythmically ride, the rest of her almost still on him except for her hands on his shoulders. They could feel the uneven cobblestones under the wheels of the buggy, giving them a little extra thrust for the ride. She bounced delightfully on his lap, her pussy not letting go of his dick.

"Sorry about the bumps," the driver called over his shoulder, "you know these old roads."

"Not a problem," Lance replied with a smile, "We don't mind a bit."

"Florida became a territory of the United States in 1821," their chauffeur went on, "gaining statehood in 1845. In the late 1880s, oil millionaire Henry Flagler built a number of elegant hotels and churches here in an attempt to fulfill his vision of establishing an American Riviera along Florida's eastern shores. This golden era ended in the early 1900s, as Flagler's interests moved south. His legacy, however, remains and his buildings grace St Augustine as both monuments and architectural gems."

Lance placed both his hands on the cheeks of her ass, his favorite part of her body, squeezing them gently and guiding her to longer strokes. As they rocked together, he heard her breathing become more ragged, and the juices inside her soft pussy flowing around his cock and down over his balls.

"And here we come to the Gonzalez-Alvarez House," the elderly man narrated, "known to generations of tourists and towns people as the Oldest House. The St. Augustine Historical Society acquired the property in 1918 and since then has presented it on exhibition for what it is, a structure which in itself tells of nearly 400 years of life here in the nation's oldest city. It is one of the country's most-studied, best documented and magnificent old houses."

She pressed deeper and leaned back, taking him further. He buried his face at the base of her neck and his balls strained to keep from coming.

"Magnificent!" Lance cried out.

He breathed his moans into her chest as his mouth found her breasts, surrounding his lips with warm, feminine flesh. They continued to quicken their moves until they found a pace that they both knew would send them spiraling over the edge.

"Here is a favorite," their chauffeur rehearsed, "Ripley's Believe It Or Not Museum. There are over 750 exhibits to fascinate, delight and entertain the entire family. You will see Beauregard, a six legged cow, who actually lived a remarkable fourteen years with two extra legs growing from his back."

"Baby, I'm coming," she breathed her heat into his ear.

"Oh yeah! Remarkable!" Lance shouted out.

He felt her begin to come as her legs began to tremble and her hands gripped his shoulders tightly. A quiet "Ooohhh" rose from her lips and she bent her head down, burying it in his shoulder. Suddenly, he felt another wave hit her and this time he couldn't hold back. He pushed his cock deeply into her and felt the orgasm ripple through his body. She collapsed against him and he held her close, closing his eyes and moaning against her hair.

"Robert Ripley's life was an unbelievable adventure," the elderly man declaimed, "For over forty years, he explored the uncanny and witnessed the amazing. During his career, he visited 198 countries collecting oddities that would later create the fabulous world of Ripley's Believe It Or Not. Mr. Ripley died in 1949 but his legacy lives on in his amazing museums."

"Amazing," Lance quipped from the back seat as he smiled at his wife.

He looked out and quickly realized they were almost to the point where they had begun, so the two of them hastily slipped their clothes back on.

Reaching the end of the journey, the couple got out of the buggy and thanked the driver for their tour. Lance reached in his pocket and offered their chauffeur a twenty-dollar bill.

"I know that the sign says the tour was free, but this is just a tip for you," he said to the elderly man, "We enjoyed the ride very much."

"No need for a tip, sir," the driver said as he shook his head and waved away the contribution, then gestured towards the front of the buggy and smiled.

"You know, sir," he said as he sat back in his seat, lit a cigarette, tipped his hat back, and propped his feet up, "We are required by law to mount these mirrors on the carriage."

Lance began to feel a warm blush rise to the apple of his cheeks as the elderly man continued.

"You have a good rest of your vacation, sir," the driver told him, the grin still not disappearing from his face, "I know you've already had a good night."

The Doctor

I hated doctors. I hated their arrogant attitudes and their better-than-thou mannerisms. But most of all, I hated having to go to the doctor only to be treated like a number rather than a person. It made me want to stand up and sing a phrase from the Bob Seger song "Feel like A Number" – "I feel like a number! I'm not a number... dammit, I'm a man, I said I'm a man!" and it made them look condescending, patronizing, and money grubbing. Unfortunately, when I sliced my hand open while putting up some new molding in my apartment, I had no choice but to go to the doctor. For a six-foot-three ex-jock and now a man that made his living in the construction industry, I could be all thumbs at times.

Wrapping my hand up in a fistful of ice cubes and as many towels as I could find to help stop the bleeding, I got in my truck and headed for the nearest acute care center. It was throbbing like a son-of-a-bitch, but I was determined not to go to the hospital emergency room. The neighborhood care center would be much faster.

As I pulled my truck into the parking lot, though, a red sports car dashed in front of me and barreled into the parking spot that I was headed for. Our vehicles came within inches of crashing into one another and I slammed my injured hand against the steering wheel in the attempt to stop us from colliding.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?!" I yelled as I jumped out of my truck.

The door of the sports car opened and one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen stepped out of it.

"I'm soooo sorry," she began apologizing, "I'm in such a hurry and I didn't see you."

Her beauty was astonishing and it took me by surprise for a moment. I had never seen such a perfectly chiseled face or such a head full of coal black curly hair... and oh my god... she had a body to die for, with flawless olive skin and legs that wouldn't quit. She looked at me with huge dark brown doe-like eyes. They were blinking so rapidly that I thought I felt a breeze from those long, dark

eyelashes. She was obviously sorry for her misdeed, and for a split second I thought about dropping the whole thing. Mr. Happy stirred a bit in my jeans but I was determined not to let this beauty get away with cutting me off.

"Yeah, well, I'm in a hurry too, so that doesn't give you the right to nearly kill us both!" I snapped.

A pink blush rose to her cheeks and her facial features changed, one from an apologetic young woman to an infuriated one.

"Look," she retorted, "No one was hurt and I said I was sorry, but if that's not good enough for you, you can go to Hell!"

"Hey, you're the one that cut me off, bitch!" I shouted, "I should call the cops on you for reckless driving!"

The bitch was so beautiful that she probably thought her seasonal allergies made it acceptable for her to park in the handicap parking.

"You looked like the one doing the reckless driving!" she yelled back angrily, "You were probably driving with your dick instead of your hands, since that's where your brains are!"

"Oh yeah?!" I sputtered childishly. Sometimes my brilliance astonished even me.

With that, she turned on her heel and went into the building, leaving me speechless, my jaw dropping to the pavement, and watching her incredible ass as she walked away. Man, what an incredible ass. Given the chance, I'd jump on that puppy like a starving man on a Christmas hen. It was the kind of ass should have been commemorated in the Smithsonian. I simply shook my head, got in my truck and parked it, my head now starting to hurt as well as my hand.

The wait in the care center was long and painful. My hand throbbed with every beat of my heart and it got hit a time or two by a couple of speeding three-year-olds playing cowboys and Indians. It appeared that they had decided to make their "fort" under my chair. Their mother apologized every time this happened, yet she neglected to make the little snot-nosed curtain-climbers sit down and behave. I pushed back a stray lock of brown hair that kept falling in my eyes,

shifted in my seat and turned away from them, realizing now how some mothers in the wild could eat their young.

After what seemed like hours (alright, I knew it was only a few minutes but I was in pain), I got up, went over to the receptionist window and flopped my blood-soaked towel-wrapped hand on top of her counter. She looked up in surprise.

"Tell me, toots," I said sarcastically and glaring down at her with steel blue eyes, "do you think I might see a doctor in this century or would you prefer I just bleed to death here in the waiting room?"

"Mr. Burton," she replied as calmly as she could, "Dr. Stewart is very busy and will get to you as soon as possible. Please take a seat and be patient."

"I have been patient," I snarled, feeling the veins in my temples popping out and starting to pound, "now I would like to see some results."

"I'm sorry, the doctor is doing..." the young lady began.

"It's okay," said an older nurse behind her, "I was just about to call Mr. Burton's name."

She looked at me and I grimaced at the taint expression on her face... she looked as if she had just sucked on a bad persimmon.

"Mr. Burton, would you follow me please?"

She reminded me of one of my old elementary school nurses that was just biding her time until she could retire.

"Gladly," I hissed, "Anything to get away from these little hellions."

She gave me one of those "I'm-sure-they-feel-the-same-way-about-you" looks and led me to an examining room where she asked me to wait.

"You're next, Mr. Burton. Please relax and the doctor will be with you in a moment."

She closed the door and I sighed. Yeah, yeah... where had I heard that before? I laid back on the examining table and the next thing I knew, I was drifting off to sleep.

* * *

"Mr. Burton?" I heard a soft voice saying.

I cracked an eye and looked around, managing to focus on a white lab coat and long black curls tied back in an elastic band.

"Huh?"

"I'm finished with your hand," she said.

Both eyes opened and I raised my head. It was the dark haired beauty from the parking lot.

"Who are..." I began.

"I'm Doctor Stewart," she interrupted as she began putting away her equipment, "Samantha Stewart. We weren't properly introduced outside."

I sat up and looked down at my hand. It was bandaged and the bleeding had stopped. She had done a beautiful job.

"I'm Ray Burton," I said sheepishly as I got off the examining table and stood beside it.

"I know," she said uninterestedly, "it's in your chart."

She pushed her reading glasses up on her nose and made some notes, still looking down at the folder, and continued.

"I put a few stitches in your hand and it will be a bit sore, but it will be fine. I can prescribe some pain pills, if you'd like. I'd like to see you back next week to check it. You can make the appointment with my receptionist."

"Doc," I began, "I'm really sorry about what I said outside. I was in a lot of pain."

"I realize that, Mr Burton," she replied coldly, "and I was in a hurry. There was a child here that had swallowed a foreign object and was choking. I thought that was more important than your precious parking spot."

The frost in her voice was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Geesshh... talk about being made to feel two inches tall. I quickly looked down at her left hand. There was no wedding ring.

"Let me make it up to you," I asked, "can I take you out to dinner tonight?"

"I'm on call at the hospital tonight and there is no need to make it up to me."

"Isn't there something I can do to prove that I'm truly sorry?" I questioned.

"Yes," she replied, "pull down your pants."

Her words surprised me, yet at the same time, excited me. Mr. Happy jumped to attention.

"Ex... excuse me?" I stammered.

"Your pants," she repeated while busily filling a hypodermic needle with some fluid, "pull them down. I need to give you a shot. It's an antibiotic to fight infection."

"Oh," I said, then laughed, amused at myself as I fumbled with my belt buckle, "it's kind of hard to do with one hand."

"Would you like assistance?"

"Yes, please, if you don't mind," I replied, moving my hand out of the way.

I watched as her slender fingers unfastened my belt and unzipped my jeans, then let them fall to my ankles, leaving me facing her in my gray briefs with a noticeable bulge in the front. She looked down at it, then looked back up at me, and I saw a slight smile cross her face.

"Turn towards the table, please," she said quietly.

I turned around and then felt her pull down the left side of my briefs, exposing one ass cheek. With a pop and a zing, the needle was in and out of my buttocks, and then she rubbed the spot with an alcohol swab and deposited the whole syringe in a red plastic container on the wall.

I suddenly had a vision of her turning me around, pulling my briefs down to my knees, and wrapping her full, ruby red lips around my stiffening cock. Her fingers would gently caress my balls and she would slip another hand behind me to cup my ass cheek and pull me into her mouth.

"Your cock is so big and you taste so good, Ray," she would say to me as she took my rod as deep in her throat as she could, "I want to feel you come in my mouth." Mr. Happy twitched again and in his wicked little mind I could hear him saying, *"Yes! Yes! Yes! Suck that dick, baby! You're gonna get a hot load down your throat!"*

"Mr. Burton, if you need assistance pulling them back up," she said, breaking me out of my daydream and nodding towards my jeans, "I'll call for the nurse."

"I'll manage," I told her.

"Very well."

I couldn't get Samantha Stewart off my mind as I lay in bed that night. She had mesmerized me and I wondered how I could get closer to her. I decided to start with flowers.

I picked up the phone the next day and ordered a dozen red roses, but got slammed when her office called and said that she appreciated the thought, but that she couldn't personally accept them. Instead, she put them out in the waiting room so everyone could get pleasure from them. Strike one.

Next, I sent a huge box of the most expensive chocolates I could find to her at her office. Again they called and said that Dr. Stewart appreciated the gift, but she was allergic to chocolate and she had given them to her staff to enjoy. Strike two.

I was racking my brain. I didn't want there to be a strike three. I couldn't give her lingerie, that was way too personal, although the thought of her in a light blue lace teddy and high heels did make Mr. Happy stir again. Stuffed animals were cute, but she didn't seem like the teddy bear-loving type. She wouldn't accept my offer for dinner and the flowers and candy were a bust. How could I get closer to the lady doc?

An idea suddenly hit me the day before my follow-up appointment. I made a few phone calls and then walked into the clinic the next day with my jacket zipped up and a noticeable lump around my stomach. The young lady at the receptionist desk eyed me suspiciously, but I sat quietly in the waiting room until my name was called. I followed Old Nurse Sourpuss down the hall to the examining room and waited for my angel in white. A few minutes later, there was a tap on the door and she entered.

"Hello, Mr. Burton," she said, her voice a bit sterile and callous, "how is your hand feeling?"

I smiled when I saw her.

"Much better, thank you."

She saw the protrusion in the front of my jacket and stopped in mid-step.

"Mr. Burton," she began, "I do appreciate the nice gifts you have sent, but I thought I made myself clear when I said that I..."

"Oh, you made yourself clear," I interrupted, "and I know I shouldn't have bothered you with them, but this is a bit of a medical emergency."

"What kind of medical emergency?" she asked.

I unzipped my jacket and out popped the head of an eight-week-old beagle puppy. He wiggled uncontrollably when he saw her, slobbering all over my hands, and I could see her eyes softening. Nothing melts a lady's cold heart like a cute puppy.

"You see," I continued, "he was orphaned by his mother and was wandering around homeless. I know you're not a vet, but since I was coming here today, I was hoping you could look him over to make sure he was alright."

I pulled him out of my jacket and handed the little wiggling, drooling mass of brown and white puppy flesh to her, listening as she oooh'd and aahhh'd and cuddled him in her arms. BINGO! We have a winner!

"Oh, you poor little darling," she said softly as he laid against her breasts and lapped at her chin, "you must be starving."

God, what I wouldn't have given to have been that puppy at that moment. I would have happily lain against her body and licked her from head to toe.

She carried him over to a small refrigerator under the counter and took out a bottle of milk, then poured some in a round container and put it on the floor. The puppy immediately began slurping it up.

"Looks like you've found a friend," I said to the puppy. The doctor looked up at me.

"Are you going to take him back home with you after I check him out?" she asked.

"I live in an apartment that doesn't allow pets," I told her, "so I was hoping you would keep him. I mean, that is, if you like puppies."

"Oh yes, I love puppies and I would love to keep him. Does he have a name?"

I smiled, silently congratulating myself and mentally straining my arm as I patted myself on the back.

"Well, I didn't name him, since I couldn't keep him, but what do you think of the name 'Lucky'? After all, he is going to be very lucky to be staying with you."

She smiled.

"I like that. 'Lucky' it is."

I watched as she stroked and baby-talked to him, then took a tissue from her lab coat pocket and wiped his milk-covered chin when he was finished eating, wishing over and over again I could have been in his place on that floor. I suddenly had a vision of myself naked and on all fours on the floor, ass up, head down, happily lapping milk from a bowl as she stood behind me in a light blue lace teddy and high heels, a dog collar and leash in one hand and a rectal thermometer in the other.

"Spread your legs wide for me, my pet," she would say to me as she put a high heel between my knees and nudged them apart, "you have been a very naughty boy and Doctor Samantha needs to punish you and give you an examination." Mr. Happy twitched again and in his evil little mind I could hear him saying, *"Yes! Yes! Yes! Spank me! Abuse me! Stick that thermometer up my asshole, baby! Hurt me so good!"*.

"Well, I guess I'll be going," I told her and turned to go, "looks like Lucky is in good hands."

"Ray?" she said, stopping me in mid-step.

I smiled triumphantly to myself and then turned. She smiled, then stood up and came over to me.

"Is it too late for me to accept your invitation for dinner?" she asked.

"I would love it if you would accept my invitation," I replied quickly, a huge grin covering my face, "What about tonight? The restaurant of your choice."

"Why don't we order in and have dinner at my place?" she asked, "I know a great Chinese delivery and that way Lucky won't have to be alone on his first night at my house."

Were the love gods looking out for me, or what?

"That sounds great. 7:00?"

She nodded her head.

"I'd like that."

I hit every possible pet shop in town that afternoon, buying a dog bed, different kinds of puppy chow, toys, raw hides, a leash, a collar, food and water bowls and every dog accessory made by man. This pooch was going to have it made... and if "I" was lucky, so was I.

Samantha squealed like a little girl at Christmas time when she opened the huge bag of goodies that night, with Lucky getting more enjoyment out of the paper bag than the contents. He grabbed one of the squeaky toys, put it between his front paws as if it was a captured rat, and went about trying to determine how to tear the squeak out of it. We ordered our dinner, then she looked around to try to decide where to put his bed.

"What about next to your own bed?" I asked, "That way he can be close to you at night and won't be scared."

"That's a good idea," she replied and motioned me to come with her down the hallway with the pooch pillow, "follow me."

I smiled victoriously to myself. To the ends of the earth, baby... to the ends of the earth.

Her bedroom flabbergasted me. I expected something sterile-looking and cold, but instead I found it warm and romantic. The dresser, chest and nightstands were a dark mahogany and the king-size bed was covered a soft jungle print and several colorful throw pillows. A comfy Samantha-size chair with a matching footstool and a reading table beside it sat in one corner of the room and an oval mirror on a wood platform stood in the other, with a few stuffed animals and chubby over-stuffed pillows sitting on the floor. So much for my idea that she wasn't a teddy bear lover. Framed posters of starry-eyed Hollywood couples in love were on the walls; everything from Bogie and Bergman in "Casablanca," Gable and Leigh in "Gone With The

Wind," Bogie and Bacall in "Key Largo," and 1992's "Basic Instinct" with Douglas and Stone.

"I'm a big fan of old movies," she said softly, "and I loved Humphrey Bogart. They just don't make movies like that any more."

She blushed when she saw me staring at an unknown couple in the nude, lying on a beach with the waves circumferencing them. It was a side view, very tastefully done, so only the sides of their hips were showing. The man was leaning over the woman, his mouth only an inch or so from her erect pink nipple and the expression on the woman's face was one of eager anticipation.

"Do you think Lucky's bed would look good over here?" she asked, pointing to a corner near the head of her bed.

"Huh?"

I knew that wasn't my snappiest of comebacks, but I was in the middle of a fantasy delusion at the moment. I suddenly had a vision of Samantha and myself naked on the beach, the tide moving the waves around us, the wet sand clinging to her perfectly bronzed skin as she lay on her back, my lips around her rigid nipple and my long, thick fingers sinking into the warm flesh between her legs.

"Please fuck me, Ray," she would beg as her juices encrusted my hand, "I want to feel your big, hard cock inside my hot, wet cunt. I need you to fuck me." Mr. Happy twitched again and in his unscrupulous little mind I could hear him saying, *"Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck her, you idiot! Fuck her! What are you waiting for? I'd be on that thing like white on rice!"*

I brought myself back to reality, wiping a bead of sweat that was traveling down the side of my face from my temple, and looked where she was pointing.

"Oh, yeah, I think that's a good place," I commented, moving over and placing the wicker dog bed where she indicated, "that way he can be near you all night."

The lucky little bastard.

I stood up from my kneeling position after putting the pooch cushion on the floor and found myself standing extremely close to Samantha. Everything in my being wanted to push her down on her

bed and ravage her body, but that damn little voice in your head that you're supposed to listen to told me not to. I closed my eyes for a moment and could smell the fragrance of her hair, feeling my cock go up another few points on the stiffness scale. I opened my eyes and she was looking up into my face.

"Samantha," I quietly spoke her name.

I could see the desire building in her dark eyes and she stepped an inch nearer, still not touching. Her breasts were incredibly close to my chest and my arms actually ached in the attempt not to raise them and cup her soft globes in my hands. She must have sensed this and took my hand in hers, bringing it up to her face, and letting my fingertips touch her jawline. I could feel her trembling just a bit and I was determined not to rush her, although my dick was so hard that it felt as if someone had stuffed one of those orange roadside cones in my pants.

"Ray," she whispered, her voice a bit throaty and deep, "I..."

The doorbell rang at that moment and we both jumped. She took a step back and blinked her eyes, as if coming out of a fantasy of her own.

"I guess that's dinner," she said quickly and went to answer the door, leaving me slightly breathless and unbalanced, in more ways than one.

I stopped in the hallway bathroom to splash a little water on my face to help calm me down. It wasn't as good as a cold shower but it would have to do for the moment.

As I walked back into the living room, I heard her giggling and Lucky yapping his head off. Peeking into the kitchen, I saw her trying to get the dinners onto our plates, but the pup was bouncing playfully at her heels, knowing full well that she had people-food and that he wanted some. I started laughing.

"Need some help?" I asked.

"Yes, if you don't mind," she chuckled, "he got a whiff of our dinner and now he thinks that it's his."

I scooped him up in my arms, carrying him to his new bed and giving him a rawhide to teethe on.

"I know it's not as good as shrimp lo mein, big guy," I teased him as I encased him in a little puppy blanket and tucked it in around him, "but it will have to do for now. I'll save you a fortune cookie."

I walked a few feet away and looked back, just to see if he was following, but he was staying put and seemed happy in his new surroundings, sleepily snuggling down into his pooch pillow. He had had a busy day.

"He's all tucked in," I announced as Samantha was putting the plates on the table, "I hope he doesn't keep you up tonight."

"Well, if he gets lonely, I'll just put him in bed with me," she replied.

I sighed to myself and swallowed a lump in my throat as she went back in the kitchen for the drinks.

The lucky little bastard.

Our dinner was excellent and we even had a bit of fun in the kitchen as we were cleaning up the few dishes we used. I got my hand wet under the faucet, then sprang my fingers out, spraying a few drops on her face. She laughed, then stood back with the drying towel and snapped me in the butt with it.

"Oh, is that the way it's going to be?" I said playfully, grabbing a cupful of water and threatening to pour it over her head as I held her against the countertop.

"No, no, please!" she begged, still trying to keep from laughing, "I give!"

I chuckled and poured the water out in the sink.

"Well, you know what happens if you try that again, don't you?" I asked her.

"I know," she giggled, still wiping the water drops from her face, "I get drenched."

"Yes, you do."

She sobered and looked up at me.

"Would you like to watch a movie? 'Gone with the Wind' is on tonight."

"I'd love to," I told her, "I haven't seen it in years."

We went into the living room, but instead of sitting on the sofa, I sat on the matching love seat. She channel-surfed for a moment until she found the movie and then moved across the living room to sit next to me. The movie began and we became engrossed in it.

"Wasn't that a beautiful time period?" she asked as a soft, dreamy look crossed her face, "the women wore such beautiful dresses and the men were so protective and masculine."

I smiled to myself. So she liked her men protective and masculine.

"Do you mind if I turn this light off?" I asked, indicating the lamp on the end table beside me, "It's putting a little glare on the television screen."

"Oh no, I don't mind," she said.

I reached back to turn it off, leaving a soft glow in the room from the TV and the light from the kitchen. As I settled into my position from reaching back, I slid my arm along the back of the love seat, my fingertips just past the back of her neck. Things began to heat up on the screen and I could feel Samantha inching a little closer to me. Curling my fingers around her shoulders, I gave her a little squeeze and she responded with a smile and by laying her hand on my knee. I felt as if I was in high school again. Would she or wouldn't she? At least in high school, when you went out with a girl, you at least knew her reputation of whether she would put out or not.

As Clark Gable's character Rhett Butler carried Vivian Leigh's character Scarlett O'Hara up the stairs, Samantha let out a little gasp and I could feel her whole body becoming warm.

"Isn't that so beautiful?" she whispered, her mind swept away in the romance of the movie.

"I'll tell you what's so beautiful," I said quietly as I leaned down towards her ear, "and that is you."

She turned her head and looked into my eyes and I swear I could read "make love to me" all over her face. I lowered my mouth to hers, while taking her gently in my arms, and kissed her softly. She responded by opening her lips to slowly take my tongue into her mouth and a slight purring against my lips. Taking my hand, she brought it back up to her face, as she had in the bedroom, and I could

feel her trembling again. I had never wanted a woman as badly as I did at that moment and her body responding to mine told me that she wanted it too.

As I gently moved my fingertips over her face and neck, she moaned, telling me to move it lower. I could feel her hand lightly stroking my thigh and I knew it was only a few inches, and seconds, before she would have her hand on my cock.

I suddenly had a vision of Samantha and myself naked on the love seat, our clothes on the floor, the movie long forgotten. My lips were around her erect nipple as she straddled my lap and sank down, her wet pussy enveloping my dick.

"Please fuck me," she would beg as her juices surrounded my cock, *"I've wanted to feel you inside me since we first met."* Mr. Happy twitched again, only inches from her hand now, and in his depraved little mind I could hear him saying, *"Yes! Yes! Yes! You big, dumb fuck! What are you waiting for? She wants it! Fuck her!"*.

Just as I was about to cup her breast in my hand, I felt a yanking at the pant's leg of my jeans and then a whimpering. I looked down to find Lucky tugging at the material, determined to get my attention. It totally broke the erotic mood and we began laughing. Scooping him up and putting him on the love seat with us, we spent the rest of the evening playing with him and forgetting about our lust.

Time spent with Samantha and Lucky was priceless. As the weeks passed and Lucky grew, we discovered that he loved running on the beach, so we took him there quite often to play fetch and watch him splash in the waves. Samantha would pack us a lunch, I would pick up some drinks and ice, and then pick the two of them up in my truck. As much as I lusted after her, I put my libido aside and got to know her, loving every little thing that I learned. She was truly a remarkable woman and I felt fortunate that she seemed to enjoy my company as well.

I learned that she had put herself through college and medical school with student grants, and even though she enjoyed working in the neighborhood care center, her first love was to work with children and to become a pediatrician. She learned that I had never gone to

college and I made my living in the construction field, learning everything I knew first hand from my father and uncles. My dream was to one day build my own house from the ground up and then marry the love of my life and fill the house with kids and animals.

We were so different in so many ways, but we seemed to compliment each other. She lived in a house, I lived in an apartment; she drove a flashy red sports car, I drove a blue pickup truck; I was a bit more laid back, she had a little bit of a quick temper. She was only 5'5", a bit short compared to my 6'3" frame, but it gave me that much more incentive to protect her when we were together. I loved her long curls and velvet eyes, she loved my medium length brown hair and my "Paul Newman" blue eyes, as she called them, not even minding when I would wear one of my baseball caps. My lack of education never seemed to bother her, and her many degrees never bothered me.

One afternoon as I was pulling up in her driveway to bring her and Lucky home after one of our outings, she turned and looked at me. There was a seductive expression on her face and I felt Mr. Happy stir. She moved over close to me, giving me a kiss and stroking her hand lightly over the top of my thigh through my denim shorts.

"Would you like to go back to the beach this evening?" she asked.

"Did we leave something behind?" I asked.

"No, but I think a quiet, romantic walk on the beach in the moonlight would be nice, don't you?"

I felt a lump growing in my throat as well as in my shorts.

"Yeah, that would be real nice," I replied, "Do you want to leave Lucky at home this time?"

"Yes, I think he will be fine alone here now. If he gets lonely, he has his toys and food and water and I'll leave a night light on for him," she told me, "Would you meet me at our little cove around 10:00, the one that has the pretty rocks around it?"

"You don't want me to pick you up?"

"No," she said, a sly smile crossing her face, "I'll meet you there."

I swallowed the lump in my throat but I'm afraid the one in my pants wouldn't go away that easily. She noticed it, but only smiled and didn't touch it.

"I ... uh... yeah, I'll be there," I replied.

I could tell she had something special in mind. I just had no idea how special it was going to be.

* * *

When I parked my truck and walked down to the beach that evening, I looked around for my dark haired beauty. The night was perfect; having cooled off from the day's heat and now filling the sky with a full moon and brilliant stars. As I got nearer the cove, I could see her standing between the rock formation and the water, the gentle breeze blowing through her dark curls. She was wearing a simple ankle-length spaghetti-strap light yellow dress that hugged her body, nothing underneath, and I was almost certain that I could see her soft mound through the material as I got closer. The sheer silk lay against her like another layer of skin and her body was a little more golden from the earlier sun of the day. The heat from her skin, mixed with the light breeze, caused her dark nipples to stand erect. Or could it have been from thoughts of me?

I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her to me, and she turned in my arms to face me. I was standing before her now, dressed in black slacks and a white shirt, half unbuttoned, and she could see my chest glistening with the sweat from my heat.

"You look so handsome, Ray," she whispered.

I smiled.

"And you look so very beautiful, my Samantha."

I moved closer until our faces were mere inches apart. I had never wanted her as badly as I did at that moment and she had never looked so lovely. I felt my heart pounding in my chest. Being with her should have betrayed every coronary guide every written, as I knew having my heart thrash about this rigorously surely couldn't have been good for it.

I gently caressed her face, running my index finger under her chin and across her wet lips, and her eyes closed as she softly kissed my hand. She moved into me, enveloped by my arms, and I drank in her aroma, almost becoming intoxicated and light headed by her scent.

She pulled back and our eyes locked, both of us sensing the desire that was building.

"I want to make love to you so bad, baby," I whispered.

"Shhh," she breathed against my skin, "Come with me."

She took my hand and silently walked me into the secluded cove. I smiled as I could see that she had anticipated my arrival. A blanket was spread out on the sand, surrounded by candles, and the shelter of the rocks kept the breeze from blowing out the flames. It was even more perfect than the picture on her bedroom wall, or any of the fantasies that I had had about her. We knelt on the blanket, facing each other, and she began to explore my face and chest, first with her hands, then with her mouth. My mind reeled as I gave myself over to her demanding mouth, thanking the powers that be that we had waited to become intimate and I had gotten to know this incredible woman.

I moaned as her lips and tongue gently teased my nipples. They were hard, like hers, and she tugged my shirt out of my pants, then quickly unbuttoned it and reached her hands around my back, and I shuddered as the coolness of her fingers reacted to the heat of my skin. I raised her face to mine and kissed her, softly and tenderly at first, feeling her lips part to let my tongue pass them, and then feeling her gently suck on it. The kissing continued for a few minutes until the passion could no longer be controlled, our lips and tongues searching and devouring each other. I eased her down onto the blanket on her back and she felt the weight of my body on her.

"I've wanted you for so long, Samantha," I whispered against her skin. God, how I loved just saying her name.

"I know, Ray," she breathed, her voice now coming out in short little gasps, "I've wanted you too. I just didn't want us to rush."

My lips moved to her neck and she sighed as I found that spot in the curve of her lovely shoulder and neck, the place that I knew would ignite her passion. I had kissed her there many times over the past few weeks, and each time would bring a trembling of her skin and a lustful look in her eyes. I slid the strap of her dress off her shoulder until my mouth found her naked breasts, her dark nipples again standing at attention, so very pointy and proud. I teased them with my

fingers and mouth for a moment, then took one between my teeth and lightly bit it, then sealed the hard nub with my lips and sucked again. She murmured in a combination of agony and bliss, begging me not to stop what I was doing.

As I sucked and nibbled, I felt her body responding, bidding me to search for more places of desire. I pulled her dress down to her waist, revealing more of her, and my hands and lips explored her breasts. Her breathing began to quicken. I slid her dress off her hips, and in one quick movement, she was naked. I looked down at her for a moment, marveling at the beautiful woman in front of me, then raised up and knelt before her, and she smiled as I removed my shirt so she could feel my skin against hers.

I continued down the length of her body, my mouth devouring every inch of her delectable skin, my hands separating her thighs. I gently teased her soft mound with my tongue and a slight moan escaped her lips. My hands reached under her bottom and I pulled her to my face, her legs going over my shoulders and my tongue parting her warm, moist pussy lips. A gasp escaped her throat and I opened my eyes for a moment to watch her expressions as the glow of the candlelight and moon bejeweled her face. My god... she had never looked so incredibly beautiful. As I began to lick, her hands reached into my hair, pulling my face further into her, her juices coating my nose, chin and mouth as I probed her sweet pussy deeply with my tongue.

I quickly found her most sensitive spot, just beneath her engorged little clit, the place that aroused her beyond words, and her body writhed in pleasure as I nibbled, sucked and licked. When I eased the fleshy hood back with my fingertip and sucked the swollen little nub between my lips, an animal-like reverberation came out of her throat, and she pressed me down harder, matching her hips with the thrusts of my tongue. The waves of pleasure began to wash over her and she cried out as the spasms of her first climax enveloped her. Surge after surge of the orgasm pulsed through her body until finally she could take no more and she reached for me to make me stop. I released her and leaned over her to kiss her breasts, feeling the pounding of her

heart and the rasps of her breath against my lips as the aftershocks slowly began to subside.

Without a word, she put her hands on my chest and gently pushed me over on my back. I sighed happily and willingly lay back as she took her turn exploring my body. She unfastened my pants and slid them and my briefs down over my legs until I was naked before her. She smiled appreciatively at my thick shaft, erect and throbbing in the cool night air. Her fingers gently caressed my cock and my body twitched uncontrollably at her soft touch. Her fingernails raked my chest, the pleasure mixed slightly with pain, and she lowered her mouth on me, taking the head of my cock between her lips and sucking carefully. I heaved a loud sigh of ecstasy, giving over to her determined mouth, and I could feel her smile.

Slowly, she took me fully down her throat, and as her fingers gently caressed my balls, I moaned approvingly. My hands grabbed her soft hair and I eased her head further down. She purred, wanting more and sucking hungrily now, and I could feel my release getting much too close. I reached for her and she groaned, not wanting to stop.

"I want to be inside your pussy," I whispered, "Ride my cock, baby."

"Oh yes," she whimpered, "I want that too."

She raised her body up and straddled me, gasping as she gently slid down on my stiff rod. Her pussy was saturated, the wetness inviting me in, and I entered her easily. She moaned at the feel of it, then began to move on me, slowly at first, so as to just enjoy the feel of my cock inside her. She began increasing her movements, her fingers clutching my chest as she rocked faster and my hips rising to meet her thrusts. She arched her back as she began to feel the fervor climbing into the pit of her stomach again, and she wanted to come, but this time I stopped her.

Without separating our bodies, I rolled her onto her back, my thick cock pressing her to the blanket. Her shapely legs wrapped around my waist, her hands on my back pulling me further inside her and her fingernails raking my shoulder blades. I knew I would see long, red scratches down my back when I looked in the mirror the next morning

and I welcomed them. Our breathing was quickening, as was our pace, and I began thrusting my cock into her pussy hard, as I could tell she wanted it. She began to beg, pleading with me to let her orgasm come, and moving her hips to match mine, each plunge fiercer than the one before. We were in perfect rhythm.

As our climax enveloped us, we cried out, our screams of pleasure lost in the sound of the surf, our bodies crashing together in one last explosion of desire. She could feel my cum filling her, our warm juices mingling, and then I collapsed on her, both of us struggling to regain control of our breathing. Soon we were quiet and even when my cock began to soften inside of her, she refused to let me go.

Needless to say, I don't hate doctors anymore. As a matter of fact, I fell in love with one.

The Gardener

I loved working outdoors. I loved everything about it... the sun, the fresh air, watching the things I plant grow, flourish, and make their surroundings more beautiful. Being outdoors kept me in good physical shape too and the lonely, neglected wives in the ritzy neighborhoods I sometimes worked in seemed to appreciate it.

It was like that as I worked in the backyard of Mrs. Austin's house. I had worked for Mrs. Austin before and had caught her checking out my biceps and my ass. She had tried to be inconspicuous, but hey, the ladies know a nice hunk of man when they see one.

Mrs. Austin was a blonde bombshell; built like a brick icehouse, with the most incredible set of D-cups you had ever seen, not to mention that fine, round ass. She looked good whether she was coming towards you or walking away.

As I put down some new sod in the corners of the privacy fenced-in area by the swimming pool, Mrs. Austin came out on the deck. When I looked up, I thought my eyes would have a coronary. There she was, this astonishing beautiful woman, dressed in one of the skimpiest pink and white string bikinis I had ever seen. She looked over her sunglasses and waved at me, her boobies jiggling under the two-inch triangle material of her top.

"Hi Alan," she called out, "the yard is looking real nice."

"Thanks, Mrs. Austin," I replied and doing my best to keep my dick from jumping up to say hi too, "all in a day's work."

"I'm going to make some lemonade. Would you like some?"

"Yeah, that'd be great. Thanks, Mrs. Austin."

She went back inside through the French doors and I watched her fine ass sway from left to right with every step. Watching her walk was just like watching a Barbie doll come to life. She returned a few minutes later with a pitcher and two glasses of ice and put them on the patio table.

"Come get it before the ice melts," she called out.

I stood up from my kneeling position on the ground and looked her over again. Damn, that bitch was gorgeous. I was almost afraid to get

too close, thinking that the heat from that body might make my dick melt. She was pouring the glasses as I washed my hands off under the garden hose and then walked up to the table.

"I hope you don't mind me being a bit dirty," I said.

"Nonsense," she replied, "everything here is washable." She smiled and then exhaled a breathy "and I mean everything."

I sat down in a folding chair under the umbrella table and took a few big gulps of my drink. She sat on the chaise lounge chair across from me and sipped hers, her eyes roaming over me carefully.

"Are you hungry, Alan?" she asked, "Can I fix you something to eat?"

"No ma'am, I'm fine, thank you," I replied, "I was just getting a little thirsty, that's all."

"Well, you are doing a fine job in the yard," she told me, "You always make my yard look so pretty."

I watched her mouth as she talked. Her lips were so full and wide that she could probably get them around a foot long horse dick.

"I'm glad you're pleased, ma'am. It's something I enjoy doing."

I could hardly take my eyes off her tits. She had one of those deep well-types of cleavages, so deep you could put a cup of coffee in there to keep the coffee warm and still have room to heat a pop tart.

She finished her drink and put the glass on the table.

"I wonder if I might ask a favor of you," she began.

"Let me guess," I teased her, knowing how many times she had changed her mind about the yard, "you decided against the tulips in the corners and want to go back to the mums."

She giggled.

"No, I'd like to stay with the tulips."

"Okay, so what else can I do for you, Mrs. Austin?" I asked.

She picked up a bottle of sun tan lotion from the small table beside the lounge chair.

"Would you mind rubbing some sun tan lotion on my back?" she asked, holding the bottle out to me, "It's terribly hard to get to it by myself and I don't want an uneven tan."

I swallowed hard, feeling my Adam's apple rise and fall in my throat.

"But... uh... your husband," I began to stammer.

"He won't be home until dark," she said with a smile.

Without waiting for an answer, she plopped the bottle in my hands and turned over on her stomach, leaving me with little choice. I moved over to her chaise, sitting on the edge of it, and nervously popped the top of the bottle. Squirting some lotion in my hand, I rubbed them together and then began to rub the cream on her shoulders and upper back.

"You know," she said, looking back over her shoulder and giving me a little grin, "I do hate tan lines. Would you mind unfastening my top so I can take it off, Alan?"

Would I mind? WOULD I MIND?! Was she crazy? I would pay to unfasten her top! I'd tear it off with my teeth, if she'd let me!

I felt my hands beginning to sweat a little and quickly wiped them on my tank top. She looked over her shoulder again and I realized she was waiting for an answer.

"No ma'am," I said, doing my best to keep my voice under control, "I don't mind at all."

She settled back down on the chaise and folded her hands up under her face. I could see the sides of her incredible tits smashed against the material.

With shaky hands, I pulled the ties that held the top onto her neck and back and let them fall to the sides. If she lifted up at all, her tits would be in plain view. Going back to my task, I continued spreading the lotion over her now bared back and then down to the top of the bikini bottoms. Being that close to her incredible ass was making my dick strain against my jeans. She felt me stop and looked back.

"Is something wrong, Alan?" she asked innocently.

"No ma...ma'am," I stammered as I resumed applying lotion to the sides of her hips and back of her thighs.

"Mmm... that feels nice," she said, spreading her legs a little bit and arching her back so that her fine tush was even closer to my face. I couldn't take it anymore. I was beginning to feel like Dustin

Hoffman's character opposite Ann Bancroft's character in the movie 'The Graduate'.

"M... Mrs. Austin?" I murmured.

"Yes, Alan?"

"Um... are you trying to seduce me?"

I saw a slight smile cross her lips.

"Now, Alan, would I do that to you?" she asked with mock innocence.

I took a deep breath. It was now or never.

"Yes, ma'am, I think that you would."

She turned over and sat up and her big, bare, juicy tits were right in my face. I felt my eyes cross.

"Well, you know that my husband works a lot," she began.

"Yes ma'am, I know."

My dick was turning into a tree branch.

"And you're such an attractive man, Alan," she said, putting her hands on my shoulders and pulling herself up to me.

Her face was inches away from mine. I looked down. Her titties were so close that I could count the freckles on them. At the ends of her boobies were the most monumental, succulent pink nipples I had ever seen.

"You know you want to touch them, Alan," she said, a smile crossing her face as she saw me looking at them.

"I shouldn't, ma'am."

"But you want to," she reminded me, moving her hand over the front of my jeans and rubbing her fingers against my crotch.

"But your husband," I began.

"We won't tell him."

I moved my hand up to hold one of her tits and wrapped my fingers around it, giving it a little squeeze. She closed her eyes and moaned and I felt her nipple harden in my palm. Reaching for my other hand, she moved it between her legs and rubbed my fingers through the material of her swimsuit bottom.

"Mrs. Austin, you're being a little slut," I told her.

She leaned forward and kissed me on the lips.

"Yes I am, Alan."

Her hand began stroking my dick.

"Little sluts like to be fucked," I said.

My dick was getting harder, so she took it out of my jeans, then stared down at it and smiled. A drop of pre-cum oozed out the slit.

"Yes they do, Alan."

She wrapped her hand around my dick and began stroking it. I groaned.

"I want you to fuck me, Alan."

If she didn't stop, I was going to shoot all over her tits.

"Out here in the yard, Mrs. Austin?"

"Yes, Alan," she said, "Out here."

I stood up and stripped out of my clothes, then reached down and took her swimsuit bottom off, revealing the sweetest pussy west of the Mississippi. Her shaved cunt lips glistened with wetness and she laid back to spread her legs wide.

"Fuck me, Alan."

I quickly spread her legs and got in between them, holding her shapely calves in my hands. I raised her feet to my shoulders and kissed her ankles as I touched her pussy lips with the head of my cock.

"Alan, stop teasing me," she whined.

I pulled her left foot to my mouth and nibbled on her toes, taking each one in my mouth and sucking on it. She huffed, loving what I was doing, but wanting to feel my cock. I could feel her pushing her hips up to grab my dick, reminding me of a calf trying to hunch its mother's tit to get more milk. Her moves made a little more of my dick head go into her pussy. I took her little toe out of my mouth, licked her red painted toe nail, and pushed a little more of my stiff shaft into her.

"Damn it, Alan," she said impetuously, "would you please..."

"Would I please what, Mrs. Austin?" I asked, smiling at her impatience.

Then I entered her a little more.

"Please do this?" I asked.

She moaned and wiggled her ass on my cock. I gave her a little more.

"And this?"

I made her come with just the tip of my dick against her clit. Then I made her come with my cock buried deep inside her, ramming it into her like a goddamn freight train while her long legs were wrapped around my hips. She bucked under me like a fucking stallion, squealing and screaming like I was beating her ass, but hell, if she didn't care if the neighbors heard, neither did I. Her pussy gripped my dick like a size four girdle on a size fourteen ass, and I went off like a cannon.

We collapsed together in the chaise lounge after about a half hour of serious screwing, my dick still buried in her cunt, my head resting on one of her soft tits, her nipple in my ear. After a few minutes, she began to chuckle, jarring me a little on her chest. I lifted my head.

"What's so funny, Mrs. Austin?" I asked.

"You, Mr. Austin," she replied with a smile, "Don't you ever get tired of playing this gardener/lonely housewife scene?"

I grinned.

"Not if it gets you to wear that little bikini that I love so much, sweetheart," I told her, the grin still not leaving my face, "and it gets me inside your sweet pussy."

I propped my head up between her breasts and she squeezed my ass cheeks affectionately in her hands.

"I tell you what," I continued, still grinning, "next time, we can play the strict uncle/naughty niece scene. I know you like that one."

The Lovers

Writing a novel is easy. All you have to do is sit down at a typewriter and open up a vein. – Walter Wellesley Smith

My husband was a truck driver and was gone overnight at times, which usually didn't bother me, but for some reason on this night, I felt particularly lonely. I curled up in my bed that evening with some old photo albums and began reminiscing about our years together. One smaller photo had slipped behind a larger one and I pulled it out. It was a picture of me in my early 20's during the mini-skirt and halter-top years and I couldn't help but chuckle at the outlandish makeup, clothes and hairstyles.

The picture brought back a flood of memories, though, and I reclined back on the pillows with the picture in my hand and thought about the lovers I had had in the past. Some of them were what I would call partial-lovers, not quite going all the way but turning each other on nevertheless. One never forgets their first lover. His name was Edward.

Edward.

Poor Edward. He was as inexperienced and naive as I was when we were seventeen. He was tall and skinny with slicked-back chestnut hair and dull brown eyes, and he had terribly oily skin, which produced an ugly zit to the right of his big Roman nose. He never wore jeans, tee shirts and sneakers like the other boys, only button-down shirts, pleated trousers and black wing-tips, looking more like he was going to church than school. Looking back, I can't at all see what I saw in him at that time, but I suppose there had to be something.

He was a "safe" boy, as my parents called it, knowing he would be a perfect gentleman with their only daughter. He was, for the most part, opening doors, pulling out my chair, helping me with my coat and never touching me in an obscene manner, until one day I got tired of it and decided to make the first move. We were in his white '64

Chevrolet at the drive-in and the movie was rated PG, so he thought it would be all right to bring me to it. The movie had started and he was already diving into a heaping bag of greasy drive-in popcorn. I had already wished that I hadn't come.

"Edward, let's get out of here and do something fun," I begged him.

"C'mon, Victoria, give the movie a chance," he replied, holding the bag out for me to dip my hand into, "it's supposed to be a really swell movie."

I waved my hand in a gesture of "no" to the popcorn, sat back in the seat and folded my arms. This was going to be a long, boring evening.

As the movie progressed, though, I began to hear words through the speakers and see things on the screen that did not resemble a PG rated flick. Even Edward was shocked when he heard the "F", "GD", and "MF" words and nervously looked over at me, looking to see if I was being offended.

"Uh, I thought this was a family movie," he whined, "I guess we should be going."

I was starting to get into the film and looked over at him in dismay as if he had just shot someone. A man and a woman had just fallen into bed together on the screen and the passion was steaming up almost every car window around us.

"Go?" I asked, "Why would you want to go? It's just getting good."

"I don't think your parents would appreciate it if they knew what kind of movie this was," he said, "We should go."

Before I could object, he took the speaker off the window, started the car and was pulling out of the parking space. I made up my mind then and there to break up with him that night.

When we pulled up in my driveway, all the lights in the house were out and I suddenly remembered that my parents had mentioned going over to Aunt Edna's for iced tea and canasta that evening.

"Do you want to come in?" I asked him.

"No, it wouldn't look right," he replied, "I wouldn't want your neighbors to talk."

Watching the actors kiss and grope in the movie had made me hot and if Edward wasn't going to do something about it, I was. Taking his hand, I shoved it up my skirt until he was touching my white, cotton panties. He gasped and tried to take his hand away, but I held it tightly between my thighs and reached for his cock with my other hand.

"Victoria, what are you doing?!" he shrieked, "we're going to get caught!"

"Well, at least we'll be doing something worth getting caught for," I said as I began kissing him. His kisses were slobbery and wet, like a basset hound's, so I moved from his mouth to his neck. He was beginning to moan and his fingers were clumsily trying to shove the crotch of my panties to the side so he could touch my pussy. I had unzipped his trousers and had just put my hand on the small lump in his boxers, when suddenly he began to groan.

"Victoria, it's going to sprinkle!" (He was talking about his cock and how he was about to come, and to this day, I have never heard that expression again.)

His dick spewed all over the inside of his boxers and he turned every shade of red imaginable, embarrassed by his inexperience. He never did touch my pussy and I ended our relationship the next day.

Ryker.

Ryker was my first hippie and the most uncommitted man I had ever encountered. I met him when I was in college where he worked at a local pub that quickly became the gang's hangout. He was handsome, wild and kinky, exactly what I needed at the time, and I liked him from the moment we met. He looked a little like Al Pacino in the 1973 movie *Serpico*, between the time in the beginning when he was clean cut and the time at the end where he was really skuzzy. He was a mix of French and Italian, so he was a small man, about 5'8", with a dark complexion, long coal black hair, a trim beard and moustache, opulent brown eyes and a delicious hairy body. He was also the only man I had ever heard scream when he came, which excited me beyond belief.

He had a tall, slender roommate named Bob, whom I met in a very unconventional way one Saturday morning. The phone rang and I moved a little so that Ryker could get up from the bed and get it. He pulled me back to him and asked me where I was going.

"I thought you might want to get the phone," I answered.

"Oh, that's ok, Bob can get it," he said nonchalantly.

"What?" I began to panic, not knowing if I had heard him correctly, "Your roommate is here?"

"Sure. He's in his room. Didn't you see his car outside the apartment building?"

"I... I don't know what his car looks like," I stammered, feeling a bit uncomfortable.

About that time, there was a slight knock on the door as the doorknob was turning and a brown haired man stuck his head in.

"Ryker, phone for...," he began, but then rescinded, "Oh god... oh, I'm sorry... oh my god... I didn't know you had company."

"It's ok," Ryker replied nonchalantly, "would you mind taking a message and I'll call them back later?"

"Sure... uh... yeah... uh... again, I'm sorry."

He backed out and closed the door and I think I turned every shade of red there was. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I simply slipped under the covers and buried my face in Ryker's armpit.

"Now's your chance, Vic," he said softly as he rubbed my back.

I lifted my head.

"Now's my chance for what?" I asked.

He grinned.

"You mentioned a few nights ago that you would like to try two men at one time," he told me, "so now's your chance."

I frowned my eyebrows, trying my best to think of when I might have said that, but it became a little clearer when he added, "You had had a little weed to smoke that night." With a little weed in my system, I would have let the entire Dallas Cowboys football team fuck me. I thought about it for a moment.

"What if he doesn't want to?" I asked.

Ryker laughed.

"He saw you... he'll want to."

I grinned, flattered that he thought my body was nice enough to entice his room mate as well.

"Will you go ask him?" I asked shyly.

"Sure," he said, getting up and revealing the fresh scratches on his back, "I'll be right back."

While he was gone, I jumped up to freshen up in the adjoining bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I noticed that I looked a little thin and my cheeks were sunken in a bit, but that was the look we were going for in those days. My long blonde hair was a mess and I ran my fingers through it quickly, smoothing down a few strays and gathering it together in a ponytail at the nape of my neck with one of Ryker's ponytail holders. Taking a deep breath and gathering my nerve, I returned to the bed and waited for him to come back. Upon his arrival, he was grinning from ear to ear.

"He wants to," he announced, "He said he'd be here in a few minutes, just wants to take a quick shower."

Ryker wasted no time in getting into bed with me, pushing me over on my back and straddling my chest.

"Why don't you suck my cock while we're waiting for him?" he insisted, putting the head of his dick in my mouth before I could object. Not that I would have, objected, I mean, but when I saw how excited he was about our upcoming threesome, it just made me want it that much more.

His cock always had such a delicious taste, something between marijuana and chocolate chip cookies, which he craved when he was smoking. I took his delectable rod into my mouth and put my hands on his ass to pull him in further, making him moan and lean forward with his hands on the headboard.

A few minutes later, I heard the turning of the doorknob and the squeaking of the door opening. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught the movement of a person coming in and then disappearing out of my peripheral vision as he got on the end of the bed. I could feel his hands parting my legs so that he could get in between them, but something suddenly made me shy and I clamped my thighs together.

I could feel him smile and then felt him stroking my legs and hips lightly with his long fingers.

His gentle persistence paid off and I began to relax. Taking his index finger, he slowly eased it into my pussy and began moving it in slow circles. I moaned around Ryker's cock and parted my legs more. His thumb went up to my clit, massaging it with a wide sweep of the digit, and sending my body into quivers. I took one hand off of Ryker's ass to reach for Bob and when he took my hand in his, I tugged on it as if to tell him that I wanted more.

He positioned himself in between my legs and I could feel the head of his cock pushing against my wet pussy lips. I wrapped a leg around him, silently begging for more of his rod. He entered me and I could feel my cunt being assaulted and stretched by the longest and thickest cock I had ever had. I groaned and Ryker looked down at me and smiled.

"Hung like a fuckin' horse, isn't he?" he hissed sensually.

I blinked my eyes in agreement and then closed them again when Bob began to give me more. He knew he was huge and didn't want to hurt me, so fucked me slow, inching his way into my pink folds, until I had it all and could feel his tight balls thumping against my ass. I rocked my pelvis against him, which also moved Ryker up and down a little on my chest and gave us a nice rhythm to suck and fuck by. Before I knew it, Ryker began to pump down my throat a little harder and I knew he was about to come.

"Oh god... oh my god... Vic, you're ... ooohh... going to make... ooohhh god... me..." he quavered, but before he could finish his statement, he leaned forward, hitting the wall behind the headboard with his fists and screaming at the top of his lungs as his semen poured down my throat, "YEEEESSSS!!! OH FUCKKKKKKKKK!!!" I didn't realize until later that he had knocked a picture off the wall when he hit it.

Bob, obviously turned on by his friend coming, began to pump into my pussy harder, sending us both spiraling over the edge. He kept my orgasm going for a few seconds as he thrust his gigantic dick into me and then the three of us collapsed in a heap on the bed.

After a short rest, the three of us went at it again, at times making some kind of human pretzel. I laid on my side and took Ryker's cock in my pussy while Bob licked my clit and I sucked his cock, and then again later when they sandwiched me between them and I rode Bob's stiff shaft while Ryker took me up the ass. We took a shower together and I ended up taking Bob from behind as I leaned over and sucked Ryker's cock. By the end of the day, we were three sweaty and satisfied people.

Jill

Jill was the one and only time I had ever experienced a woman. She was beautiful, or at least I thought she was. She was a few years older and a few pounds heavier than me, with shoulder length brown hair and kind and caring eyes, and the most infectious smile I had ever encountered. A mutual friend of ours introduced us and I liked her from the moment we met. We began having lunch at least once a week and sometimes, if time permitted, we would go on Saturday afternoon shopping trips to the mall, in search of the perfect outfit for her daughter, or the perfect catcher's mitt for my son. Regardless of what we were searching for, we always enjoyed each other's company.

One Saturday, during a few too many margaritas at lunch at the Mexican restaurant, I let it slip that I had always been bi-curious.

"You are?" she asked.

"Yeah," I replied, "I mean, I'm not gay or anything like that, but I've always wondered what it would be like to be with a woman." I stopped and looked at her, then continued, "Have you?"

She smiled and a pink blush rose to the apple of her cheeks.

"I have been with a couple of women, Vicky," she told me, "and I love it."

Suddenly, the buzz of the margaritas vanished and I looked at her totally sober.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Yes, it's quite different from being with a man but very enjoyable," she paused and smiled at me, "You know, I've always wanted to be

with you but it's a hard thing to bring up and I didn't want to insult you."

I could feel a rush of heat come over my body and my blood pressure rising, so reached for my glass of ice water.

"H... how... uh... how did you and the first lady you were with meet?" I stammered, still quite unbelieving that we were discussing the subject.

"I answered an ad in a local paper," she replied, "I was like you, bi-curious but not really knowing how to get into it."

"Was it as pleasant as you thought it would be?" I questioned.

"Oh yes," she answered, "I love the softness of a woman's skin. It was quite a turn on to my husband also when I would tell him the details of it."

I thought about it for a moment. It would probably be exciting for my husband to hear about as well, although we had never discussed it at great lengths.

"Vicky?" she said softly.

I looked up at her and met her smiling eyes.

"Is it something you would like to try?" she asked.

I nodded my head, a little unable to say anything, the proverbial cat having swallowed my tongue.

"Why don't we finish our shopping?" she said lightly, "I hear there is a great lingerie sale going on at Berman's."

We paid the check and headed back out into the mall. The mall was busy with Saturday shoppers and a mixture of ages. Some were teenagers, with nothing else to do and just there to hang out, others were serious shoppers, in desperate need to an item. I considered us in the in-between bracket.

When we came to Berman's, she took my arm and steered me towards the lingerie department.

"There is a darling little teal slip nightie that would look so adorable on you," she said as we walked through the store, "You have to try it on."

Once there, she found the item she was looking for, then picked out a few colors for me and some for herself. We went into the dressing

room, where I thought we would go into separate cubicles, but she came in the same one with me and closed the door.

"I want your opinion on which color looks best on me," she told me as she hung the items on the hook and began to undress.

I felt a little shy at first, so watched as she became naked in front of me, then began to try on the different pieces of lingerie. Her large brown nipples would harden as she pulled the material over them, then soften a bit as they went without touch. She saw me looking and smiled.

"Do you want to touch them, Vicky?" she asked.

I blushed a little and nodded, not quite able to force a voice out of my throat. She moved the material out of the way, allowing me to cup her breasts in my hands, and she smiled when I let out a soft sigh.

"They're so soft," I whispered.

"Suck on the nipple and see how it feels when it hardens in your mouth," she urged.

I did as she requested and took one in my mouth, and just as she had said, it began to get rigid the moment my lips closed around it. I moaned around it and she knew that I loved the way it felt.

"Let me sit down so we can get comfy," she said soothingly.

I knelt on the carpet between her legs as she sat in the chair and I resumed my position of lips around nipple. We could hear other women in the dressing room area, so we had to be quiet, and it still did not deter our escalating lust. After a few minutes of moving back and forth between her breasts, she put her hands on my shoulders and began to pull me away. I looked up.

"Stand up, Vicky," she requested quietly.

I stood and looked down at her.

"Let's get you undressed," she said with a smile.

I blushed again, not having the big beautiful breasts that she did, but when she removed my bra and saw my smaller titties, she moaned her approval and appreciation. My pink nipples stood erect the moment her fingers touched them and became almost as hard as stone when she put her lips around them.

"Oh, Jill," I sighed.

She looked up and smiled, then put her finger to her lips to signal me to be quiet. I bit my bottom lip and nodded and she went back to what she had been doing. As she worked my breasts with her lips, she slid her hand up between my legs and began stroking my pussy. The second her fingers touched my clit, I thought that my legs would give way. She brought her finger to her mouth and tasted my juices, then smiled.

"Oh, I love this," she whispered, "You have shaved pussy lips. They're so soft and slick when they're wet." She paused for a moment and then added, "I want to eat your pussy, Vicky."

Without waiting for an answer, she backed me up a few steps until my back was against the wall, then parted my legs and buried her face in my crotch. The sensation was astonishing and I quickly grabbed her hair in my hands to pull her closer. My eyes were closed but I could feel her parting my lips with her tongue and then diving straight for my clit. I groaned, unable to keep quiet now, and she continuously lapped at my engorged and swollen nub.

"Jill... Jill..." I whimpered, "you're going to make me come."

She wrapped her hands around my thighs to pull me closer, then hummed a "yes" into my cunt and continued with her task.

I bit down on my lip again and tried my best to be quiet, but as the orgasm began to take over, several moans escaped my throat. I drenched her chin with my juices and when she lifted her face, she wore a sweet smile.

"You taste so delicious," she whispered.

I smiled, then reached for her to sit her in the chair.

"Now it's your turn," I told her.

She parted her legs and began twisting her large brown nipples, giving me an ample view of her soft pussy.

"Go for it, sweetheart."

Tracy

Aahhh... Tracy, the younger man. Sweet, sensitive Tracy, barely twenty one, eight years my junior, and working his way through college, his sights set on being a respiratory therapist. He was the

photocopy repairperson, and also the reason that I made it break down so much. I had to call him at least twice a week to repair the copier in the office I was working in at the time and he responded every time with wit, charm and understanding. I could get lost in those emerald green eyes, contagious smile and sandy blonde hair, not to mention that he was built like a brick icehouse. I mentioned one day that I had gone to the beach over the weekend and he teased me, asking me why I hadn't called him to go with me. I chuckled.

"I didn't have your number," I responded.

He took a pen and paper from his pocket and wrote his number down, then handed it to me.

"Now you do," he replied with a grin.

I held onto the piece of paper for days, wondering if he had just been teasing or if he would really go with me. One afternoon, I gathered my nerve and called him.

"Hello?" he answered the phone.

"Hi Tracy, this is Vicky," I said, "you know, the one with the copier that breaks down the most."

"I'd know your voice anywhere, Vicky," he said with a smile, "what can I do for you? Has it broken down again?"

"No, this is strictly a personal call," I told him, "I was... uh... just wondering if you would like to go with me to the beach this weekend. You had mentioned it the other day."

"Hmm... this weekend is no good," he replied, "I've got to go out of town for my brother's wedding." He paused and then continued, "But I'm free this evening, if you would like to take a ride out there."

"Uh, oh... well, yeah, that would be okay," I stammered.

"Do you know where Crawford's Landing is?"

"It's just past the seafood restaurant, isn't it? Where the kids usually park when they go to the beach?"

"Yeah. Why don't I meet you there about 7:00?"

"Uh, oh...ok," I stammered again. I couldn't believe I was going out with this hunk.

"See you there," he returned, "Bye, Vicky."

He hung up before I could say goodbye and I sat there in a daze. I was really going out with a younger man that night.

When I pulled up to Crawford's Landing in my car that evening, I found out why he had wanted us to meet instead of him picking me up. Perched on top of a Honda motorcycle as I pulled into the parking area was Tracy.

"I didn't know you had a motorcycle," I said as I got out my vehicle and he came around to my side of the car.

"Well, I have the company vehicle when I'm at work," he told me, "but these are my real set of wheels. Pretty bad dating-mobile, huh?"

"Nah," I assured him, "you do what you have to do. I'm sure you'll have a Mercedes one day."

He grinned and then pulled me into his arms for a sweet hug. I could feel my body melting, although I tried to keep my brain alert and functioning. He took my hand and we walked down to the beach, taking our shoes off at the edge of the rocks so we could walk bare foot in the sand. We drew cartoon characters in the sand with our toes, then watched as the waves erased them, and continued on our walk.

He suddenly decided to get a little playful and swung our arms as if we were two kids skipping on the playground.

"You know," he said, doing his best to suppress a grin, "I'm not used to dating such an old woman."

I raised my eyebrows and narrowed my eyes at him.

"I'm not old."

"You're older than most of the girls I go out with," he told me, "I really prefer those young things in the miniskirts. You must be going through a mid-life crisis to be going out with a young boy like me."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, jerking my hand out of his and turning to run down the beach.

He laughed and took off after me, catching up with me in just moments, grabbing me around the waist and whirling me into his arms.

"Let me go!" I squealed.

"No," he laughed, holding me tightly as I wiggled and squirmed in his arms.

"I'm not old!" I retorted, still trying to get out of his grasp and pushing against his chest.

As I took a split second to get my second wind, he took advantage of the moment and wrapped his arms firmly around my shoulders to pull my face to his. As our lips touched, he sensed the resistance in me lessening, and my pushes against his chest beginning to fade. He held me there in that kiss until he felt the defiance in me give way and my body soften in his arms. Lifting his head, he looked down at me and smiled.

"No," he said quietly, "you are not old and I don't like the young girls. I was just teasing."

"I know," I replied, a sly little grin of my own crossing my face, "I just wanted to make you chase me."

He chuckled, but then the smile disappeared from our faces as we heard a loud clap of thunder and saw a lightening bolt split the skies to the east of us.

"That's either a sign that He doesn't want us to kiss," I said, pointing to the dark clouds, "or we are in for one helluva thunder storm."

"Hopefully, it's just a thunder storm," he returned, "and from the looks of it, we'd better get back to your car."

We began running hand in hand back to my vehicle and had just gotten in the back seat when the skies opened up and the rain began to fall. Florida is notorious for quick, violent summer showers.

"Damn," he quipped, looking out at the rain drops, "that came up fast."

"Yeah, good thing we're both not riding motorcycles," I teased him.

He chuckled.

"Well, it shouldn't last long, so my bike should be ok for a few minutes," he stated, then a devilish smile crossed his face, "What shall we do in the meantime?"

Before I could answer, he put his hand under my chin and lifted my face to his, kissing me deeply. I was so deeply involved in the kiss that I didn't even realize that he was sliding my body down into the

seat with his body covering mine. When I realized what was happening, he was positioned between my legs.

"Tra... Tracy, do you think this is a good idea?" I stammered, meaning to do this in the back seat of my car.

"Oh yes, I think this is a wonderful idea," he said dreamily, sliding my shorts and panties off and reaching for the fly of his own shorts.

His erection jumped out as soon as it was released from the confines of his pants and I gasped when I saw how big and hard it was. Suddenly, nothing else mattered except to have that young, delicious, rigid cock inside me.

"Fuck me," I breathed as I wrapped my legs around his hips to pull him into me. He smiled.

"No foreplay?" he asked, "I'm very good at eating pussy."

"No," I repeated, "fuck me... now!"

His dick was buried inside me before I could take my next breath. I shrieked, shocked at the hardness and length of it, then pulled him closer to take it as deep as I could. He pulled up my top to suck on my breasts, and as good as it felt to feel his warm lips around my tight pink nipples, I could only take it for a few minutes. I pushed him up and he looked down at me, a little confused.

"I said fuck me," I told him.

He grinned.

"Boy, when you say no foreplay, you mean no foreplay," he chuckled, then sobered, "okay, baby... let's see how much of this big dick you can take."

In the next few minutes, my pussy was drill-hammered by his stiff, unyielding rod like it had never been fucked before. I took him all the way to his tight balls, as I could feel them bounce off my ass cheeks with every plunge inside me. Thank goodness the windows were up and there was no one around, for I'm sure that my screams would have made them think I was being beaten. I came three times within a five-minute period and he hadn't even broken a sweat.

"Like that big dick, huh, baby?" he teased me, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah, but now it's my turn," I told him.

I pushed him back, making him sit up and pulling myself up on him to straddle his lap. He leaned his head against the back of the seat and chuckled.

"Come get it, baby," he teased again, "Take it. It's all yours."

I tightened the muscles around his rod and the cocky smile on his face was replaced with a look of astonishment.

"Oh yeah! Oh fuck!" he exclaimed loudly and grabbing my hips in his hands, "that's it, Vic... give it to me!"

It was my turn to smile and I rode him hard, making him come in the next few minutes. This time, he was sweating. By the time he had come twice, the steam in the car made it almost unbearable to breathe. He opened the car door so we could get some fresh air.

"Have you ever been fucked on a motorcycle?" he asked with a grin.

I looked at him curiously.

"No, I haven't."

"C'mon," he said, taking my hand.

"Tracy, we're both naked from the waist down!" I cried out.

"It's raining at the beach," he said as he got out of the car and scrambled onto his bike, "Who's gonna be around?" He patted the wet vinyl seat in front of him and grinned, "C'mon, live a little... be a little reckless."

I laughed at his expression and climbed up on the cycle in front of him, facing him. He layed me back on the gas tank, put one of my ankles on each side of his neck and slid forward up into me. I wiggled, getting just the right position, and he began to pump into me. We were getting soaked to the skin, but neither one of us cared. It was a wild, outrageous, impetuous thing to do and I had never felt so free in my life.

This time, he took it a little slower, taking the time to take off our shirts and suck my breasts into his mouth, then getting off the bike to put my legs over his shoulders and eat my pussy. He was wrong. He wasn't just good at eating pussy, he was excellent at it. He fucked me again for a while, then took his cock out and fed it to me. It tasted delicious in a mélange of raindrops and pussy juices. When he began

to get close again, he begged me to ride his cock again, so I climbed on. He came scrumptiously two more times.

* * *

I woke to the bedroom door squeaking open and his familiar after-shave filling the air. It was still dark and quite early, just 2:00 in the morning, as I cracked an eye and glanced at the alarm clock on the nightstand. He took a moment to undress, then moved the photo albums to the floor and slipped under the covers with me.

"Looking at pictures tonight, baby?" he whispered as he cradled his body into the curves of mine.

"Yeah, just feeling nostalgic," I said sleepily, "What are you doing home so early?"

"I got someone to cover the rest of my route," he whispered as he cupped my breasts in his hands.

"Are you ok?" I questioned, thinking he may have come home early because he wasn't feeling well.

"I'm fine, baby," he replied as he nuzzled my neck, "I just wanted to come home to you. I had a feeling you needed me."

He nudged his hardening penis between the cheeks of my ass, so I wiggled my bottom against it and moaned my appreciation. He chuckled softly.

"Maybe it was just my dick that you needed."

I turned over, then pushed him onto his back and straddled his body.

"Hmm," I whispered as I began to settle down on his cock and take the head of it in the entrance of my pussy, "and just how did you know?"

The Park

I wasn't trying to be a voyeur and I wasn't aware of any voyeuristic traits running in my family, but when I saw the couple in the park, there was something about their passion... their heat... well, I just couldn't take my eyes off of them.

I often came to the park at lunchtime, just to get away from the phones, the paperwork, the demands of the day. It was a nice getaway for an hour or so, and when I looked out the window from my office and realized the beautiful day that it was, nothing could keep me inside. Before anyone could ask another thing of me, I grabbed my handbag and my brown bag lunch, and ran out the door as fast as my high heels would take me.

I pulled my car into the parking area, settling under a cantankerous old oak tree that was determined to drop seedlings into my vehicle when I opened the sunroof. Not wanting to get tree sap on my upholstery or my lunch, I closed the roof and put the windows down to let the warm Spring breeze in. There was only one other car in the lot, but its residents were not inside, so I assumed they had gone for a walk and nonchalantly brushed their absence off.

I liked coming to this particular park, which was directly across from an elementary school. I loved the quiet of the area and, if I was lucky, I could watch the children frolic on the playground if their recess coincided with my lunchtime. Today, however, the children must have been on Spring break and were nowhere around, so I was forced to watch a couple of squirrels in the branch above me, arguing noisily over an acorn. Sipping on my soft drink, I looked around for a more interesting sight to focus my attention. That's when I looked in the rear view mirror and saw the couple at the covered picnic table behind me. I realized then that the other car must have belonged to them.

At first, I couldn't achieve clarity as to what they were doing, but little by little as I shifted in the car, they came better into view. I could see Robert (I named him that because he looked a little like a young Robert Taylor) sitting on the picnic table, his legs spread open

and his feet on the bench. Joan (she looked a bit like a young blonde Joan Fontaine... and yes, I am dating myself, aren't I?)> was on her knees between his legs, facing him, and the two of them were kissing. Their kisses were passionate and they would stop from time to time to look into each other's eyes and then begin kissing again. I could see her arms were around his waist as his hands moved down her back and over her shoulders. Their passion for each other was obvious and I felt a twinge of envy. It had been quite a while since I had been kissed that way.

I had to get a better look, so I slipped from my car and slithered through the bushes to get a bit closer. Coming within just a few feet of them, I slinked behind the thick coppice to try to make myself as invisible as possible. I could see him moving his hands over her dress, cupping and squeezing her ass cheeks in his palms, and she reacted by pulling him closer and moaning softly against his lips.

As I watched, he moved his right hand to the front of her dress and then down to the hem of it, raising it slightly so that he could touch her panties. She pulled back from him, shaking her head and whispering against his lips, telling him, I assume, that they shouldn't do this in public, but his left hand on her buttocks brought her back to him and his mouth consumed hers again. His finger went under the crotch of the material and I could tell by the look on her face that he had hit his mark. He moved his left hand under her dress, slipping his fingers under the waistband of her panties and tugging them down to rest just under her ass cheeks. Again, his left hand went back to her bottom, this time finding it bare, the fingers of his right hand positioning and burying themselves in the warm, pink flesh.

She let out a soft gasp when his finger touched her clit and then began a slow rocking back and forth motion against his hand. Something carnal in me took over as I watched and my own hands ran lightly down my breasts and tummy, over my thighs and under my skirt. At just the touch of my fingertips under the crotch of my panties, just as Robert was touching Joan, I became wet quickly, my clit swelling painfully by the sight before me that I couldn't control.

Virtually unaware of what I was doing, I was almost uncertain whose fingers it was moving slowly back and forth.

His hands were up under her dress now, holding her ass and pressing his body tightly against hers. I could feel the fingers of my right hand stroking faster, as if I had no control over what I was doing. I watched helplessly as she came violently on his fingers, moaning soft but intense, shivering with the white heat that was pleasuring her body. I was suddenly startled by a fire that flooded over my skin; a pleasure so intense that I felt as if I might cry out and my knees give way.

I closed my eyes for just a moment to regain my composure and when I opened them, he was looking right at me, smiling. Joan had come on his fingers, then had unzipped his pants and was now taking his hard cock in her mouth, oblivious to me. But he saw me. He knew I was there. He liked me watching them. He put his hands in her hair, pulling her locks to the side just a little to give me a better view, and my pussy tingled a bit as I watched him feed himself to her. Her hand was wrapped tightly around his shaft, the circumference of it almost too wide to get her fingers around. The velvet head shone from her saliva on it and she devoured it hungrily.

Leaning down, he unbuttoned the top couple of clasps on her dress then reached inside to cup her breasts in his hands, causing her moan around his cock. Looking up at me, he smiled again and motioned for me to do the same. I shook my head no at first, but as I saw how much she was enjoying the feel of his hands on her, I couldn't resist wanting to feel the same. I unbuttoned my blouse, allowing the breeze to open it a little more, and he nodded his approval when he saw my white lace bra. He made a motion for me to undo the clasp in the front, and I hypnotically did as he asked, as if my mind were in a trance, making my body do as he willed me to. As my breasts came into his view, he smiled his appreciation and began to pinch her nipples so that I would do the same. My pink nubs jumped to attention at just the touch of my fingers on them, the areolas standing up pointy and proud.

I heard him begin to moan and watched as he put one hand on the back of Joan's shoulders to keep her in place as to rhythmically pump his cock in her mouth. With his eyes still on me, he was taken to the edge by the feel of her lips and the sight of me touching my breasts. His warm cum began to spurt and he groaned quietly as he coated her throat with his semen. He closed his eyes, burying his face against her hair for a moment to try and regain his strength, but when he lifted his head and opened his eyes, he saw my car turning the corner out of the parking lot and heading towards the main road. He shared a smile with me as I waved my hand out the window and we knew we would both be coming again that night with the memories of the day.

The Visit

He came from over 2,000 miles to meet her. He wanted the two of them to make love, but she said no, since they were both married and neither wished to hurt their spouse. He flew in to her city anyway, having business there, and called her at work.

"Susan," he breathed into the telephone, not even taking the time to say hello, "I'm here."

She took a light intake of air.

"Jerry, I asked you not to come," she whispered.

"I know," he said softly, almost humble, "but I wanted to meet you, if only to buy you a cup of coffee and hold your hand across the table. Please don't be mad."

She smiled at his adorability and persistence. They had been pen pals for several years and had spoken on the phone, sometimes revealing much too much of their hearts and souls in the quiet, stolen hours of the night. Over time, they had grown to trust and love each other, yet not loving their spouses any less.

"What am I going to do with you?" she chuckled.

He smiled, glad she wasn't upset with him.

"Whatever your little heart desires, baby," he told her.

She giggled.

"Where are you now?"

"At my hotel."

"You know I won't come to your hotel room."

"I know, but would you meet me at the café downstairs, just let me buy you lunch? I'm only here for the day. I have to leave in the morning."

"You came all this way to buy me lunch?" she asked.

"And to hold your hand," he said, then paused, "Please?"

She smiled.

"You know I can't resist you when you beg."

He grinned.

"If I thought that was true, I'd be on my knees in front of you right now." He paused again and chuckled, "Hmm... that doesn't sound like a bad idea either."

"Jerry!"

He laughed and she giggled.

"Alright, I'll meet you for lunch but then I have to get back to work," she told him.

"Fair enough."

He gave her the name of the hotel he was staying at and she knew where it was.

"How soon can you get here, baby?" he asked.

"I can be there in about 20 minutes."

"I'll be waiting downstairs in the café."

The minutes ticked away in hours instead of seconds as he waited in the small booth. He could see the front door from where he sat, so would at least be able to see her walk in. He had wanted to meet her for so long, and although he would prefer to be waiting in his hotel room with lavender scented candles, warm massage lotion, chilled champagne and a dozen roses, the booth in the café with coffee and the single red rose in his hand would have to do.

He saw her when she entered and he sat up a little straighter to get a better view. She was wearing a gray business suit, a white blouse and high heels, as if she had just come from a meeting, but her hair flowed freely over her shoulders. She spoke to the waitress who was greeting people at the front door, then looked his way as the waitress pointed in his direction. He rose from the table and she saw him, then smiled. He began to walk towards her, as she walked towards him, both of them smiling and meeting in the middle of the room. She slipped into his muscular arms as he held them out to her, just as easily as a knife slips into warm butter.

As he took her hand and led her back to the booth, she couldn't help noticing how handsome he was. They had sent each other pictures, and although she had loved each and every one of them, none of them could compare to how attractive he was in real life. His brown eyes sparkled as he sat across from her and lifted the red rose.

"For you, baby," he said softly.

She took it in her fingers and brought it to her nose to smell the fragrance of it.

"Thank you. It smells wonderful."

They ordered a light lunch and then he reached across the table to take her hands.

"You are so beautiful," he told her, "and you know how badly I want you."

She smiled and blushed, just as he knew she would, just as she did every time he told her she was beautiful.

"You know we shouldn't."

He nodded.

"I know, baby," he assured her, "I won't do anything you don't want me to do."

Their food arrived and they lightened the conversation, quickly laughing over childhood memories and telling tales of things their children had done when they were younger. She loved hearing about these things, it made her feel so close to him, and he loved watching her nose crinkle when she laughed. She glanced down at her watch and huffed her disappointment.

"Jerry, I've got to get back to the office. I have a meeting in thirty minutes."

"Ok, baby," he said, watching as she reached for her jacket and handbag and taking her hand to help her out of the booth, "I'll walk you to your car."

As they walked silently across the parking lot, he slipped his arm around her shoulders and she slipped her arm around his waist, each wanting to hold the other close for just a few more seconds. Stopping at the rear of her vehicle, he looked down at her.

"I want to kiss you goodbye."

She looked around nervously.

"Here?"

He pointed to a blue Suburban in the corner of the lot.

"The company I came to talk to loaned me that SUV while I was here," he said, "Why don't we sit in the back seat for a minute, just long enough for me to kiss you goodbye."

The vehicle had darkened windows and she had not seen anyone around that she knew, so nodded her agreement. He took her arm and helped her in, given the height of the vehicle, the tightness of her skirt and the prominence of her heels. She laughed once inside, saying if she knew she was going on a hike, she would have worn her mountain boots. He chuckled, then put his hand under her chin to lift her face to his. And then he kissed her.

A kiss. Such a simple, four-letter word, but one that is so underrated and thought so little of. Webster's Dictionary defines a kiss as "a touch or caress with the lips, often with some pressure and suction, as an act of affection or greeting." It says nothing about the feeling that you get in your groin... in your head... in your heart... when this kiss takes place. It says nothing of the desire that one kiss would bring and how your body would actually ache and crave for more.

As his tongue parted her lips, she began to feel her body heat up... warming... wanting more. She put her hands on his shoulders to push away and stop the kiss, but had no strength to do so. She could feel his heart pounding furiously in his chest and felt her own body beginning to waver.

"Baby, you're trembling," he whispered, lifting his mouth from hers for just a split second.

"I... oh... I..." she began as she tried to form a sentence, but his lips came down to steal her words and smother the rest of her breath, and she moaned into his mouth. He began to move lower, to the curve of her neck and shoulder, knowing damn well that it was one of her most notorious hot spots.

"Not fair," she murmured.

"Very fair," he whispered against her skin.

She felt his fingers open the top two buttons on her blouse.

"We shouldn't."

"I know," he breathed, not stopping.

His finger slipped into the edge of her lace bra and touched the top of her breast.

"My meeting," she muttered.

"They can start without you," he whispered.

His finger moved between her breasts and he felt the clasp of her bra.

"Let me suck on your nipples," he begged as he cupped the warm globe in his hand.

"We shouldn't," she repeated.

"I know," he said again, his fingers undoing the clasp, his mouth still devouring hers.

As soon as her bra opened, her breast fell into his hand and the nipple against his thumb. He looked down and smiled, then lightly pinched the pink nub between his thumb and fingers, making it become even more erect. She gasped at the feeling and longed for more.

"I've wanted to touch your nipples for so long, baby," he said softly.

She moaned as she felt every nerve come alive.

"Let me give you something to touch," he whispered.

Taking her hand, he moved it to the front of his pants and she could feel his erection through the material.

"Oh god, Jerry," she moaned, "You're so hard."

"Yes, baby," he assured her, "for you."

She knew she shouldn't keep touching him, but, oh god, he felt so good. It had been so long. He leaned her back just a little, moving his mouth to her nipple and taking it between his lips, then moved his hand to the inside of her knees.

"Let me touch your pussy," he whispered, "just a little touch... just for a moment."

She couldn't speak... her mind was reeling... but she managed to part her legs a little more, silently giving him permission. He smiled and slipped his hand further, between the warmth of her thighs, her skirt sliding up. As he reached the top, he realized that she was only wearing stockings and nothing else.

"Oh god," he breathed as he touched her bare mound, "you're not wearing panties."

His finger slid inside her pussy, making her groan and squeeze his cock in her hand. She was wet, undoubtedly for him, and she tilted her hips towards his fingers.

"I want it," she whimpered.

"Tell me, baby," he urged, "tell me what you want."

"I want your cock," she admitted, now beginning to unfasten his pants, "I want you to fuck my pussy."

He moaned as he felt her reach inside his pants and wrap her fingers around his cock. He had never wanted anything so badly in his life.

"Let's go up to my room, baby," he begged, "I want to make love to you so bad."

"No," she pleaded, "right here... right now. If I stop, I'll lose my nerve. Please, fuck me now."

They began sliding down into the seat and he positioned himself between her legs. Looking down at her, he had never seen such desire in a woman's eyes and as much as he knew it was wrong, he had to make love to her. She was so open, wanting to feel him inside her, and she made that clearer by wrapping her legs around his hips to pull him closer and digging her heels into his ass. She opened his shirt, needing to feel his chest against her breasts, skin to skin, and lifted her head for a moment to gently bite on his nipple. He bit down lightly on his bottom lip at the feeling of her lips on his chest, not wishing to stop her, and then positioned the head of his cock between the swollen lips of her pussy.

"Are you sure, baby?" he whispered against her skin as he gently kissed her mouth.

She nodded, arching towards him a little more and trying to take his shaft.

"I'm sure... I want it... please... I want it."

The head of his penis rubbed against her clit, massaging pre-cum on the engorged little nub, and she gasped, pushing up against it.

"I want your cock," she repeated, a little more demanding this time, one of her hands tugging at his pants to push them out of the way, the fingernails of the other hand raking his back.

"Beg me, baby," he told her.

"Please," she whimpered.

He smiled. He loved it when she begged.

"No, baby," he teased.

"Please," she whimpered again, "Fuck my pussy."

The plunge was hard... deliberate... grinding... and she cried out as his cock went so deep inside her pink folds that his balls hit her ass.

"Yes!" she squealed, "Fuck me!"

He thought for a moment that he should stop, not wanting to seem like he was taking advantage of her, but as soon as he began to pull out, she grasped his shaft and would not let go. Her muscles tightened around him again and a gasp caught in his throat. She was tight... wet... and it took everything he had to hold back. His cock got seemingly thicker and harder with every stroke and she felt her delicate inner walls stretching to take him. His arms enveloped her, holding her as close to his body as he could, and she moaned, burying her face in his shoulder and wishing she never had to leave his arms. He pumped into her with steady, even strokes, and listening to her sounds of sexuality; rocking their bodies, the truck and even the ground beneath them.

"Jerry... I... oohhh... you're gonna... make me... me... come..." she stammered, her words, now coming out in short, overwrought gasps.

"Come for me, baby," he breathed in her ear, feeling himself at the brink of his climax and knowing that he couldn't hold off much longer, "That's it. You can do it. You're my sweet baby girl. Come for me."

His words pushed her over the edge and she screamed her orgasm into his chest.

He couldn't hold back. As she seized his cock with the velvet vise between her legs, he exploded inside her, his body shaking as the

spasms erupted in him. Their mouths locked one onto the other, and although they could hardly breathe, they both refused to stop the kiss.

As they collapsed together in the seat, he managed to whisper, "I'm moving a branch of my business here. I'll be back in three months."

She smiled.

"I'll be waiting."

The Younger Man

"Paper or plastic, ma'am?"

"Huh?"

She looked up from her checkbook to see the stock boy asking her a question, his dark eyes on her, patiently waiting for an answer.

"Your groceries. Would you like them in paper or plastic bags?" he asked.

"Oh... um... plastic is fine," she said with a wave of her hand and turned her attention back to her checkbook. She hated grocery shopping on Saturdays... the damn stores were so crowded.

The cashier gave her the total and she finished writing the check, then put the checkbook and pen back in her purse to search for her keys. A couple of strands of blonde hair fell out of the barrette that she had holding her hair back and tickled her cheek. She impatiently blew at it to move it out of her way.

"May I take these out for you, ma'am?" the stock boy asked.

"Yeah, that's fine... just let me find my keys."

A customer behind her huffed with annoyance that it was taking her so long, so she moved to the side a little to let the next person start getting their groceries processed.

"Ma'am?"

"Yeah?" she replied, still searching.

"You put your keys on the counter when you took your checkbook out," he told her.

She looked up to see the keys right where he said they were and then burst out laughing.

"Thank you..." she stopped for just a split second to look at his name badge, then continued, "Zach."

He smiled and she noticed how white his teeth were against his tanned face and dark hair.

"You're welcome."

He held out his hand and she handed him her keys, then walked just ahead of him to show him to her car.

"It's the white one right there," she pointed as they walked across the parking lot.

"The convertible with the tinted windows and the spoiler? Wow... what a cool car."

"Thank you. It's my baby."

Her job in the finance department at the car dealership didn't have many perks, but being able to buy a new car at the dealer's cost was certainly one of them.

As he opened the trunk and began putting her groceries in, she rummaged through her handbag again to get a tip for him. He waved his hand and shook his head.

"No need for a tip. It was just nice to get out of the store for a couple of minutes."

She smiled.

"Thank you, Zach. That is very sweet of you."

He grinned.

"Well, just seeing your smile was worth it."

She chuckled.

"Are you flirting with me, young man?"

He blushed and continued putting her groceries in the car.

"Yeah, a little."

She giggled to herself and shook her head. There had to be at least 15 years between them and there was a short, awkward silence between them for a moment. She couldn't waste any more of her time here with this boy... she had errands to run and things to do. Thanking him politely, she got in her car and left.

She spotted him again the following Saturday as she made her way down the aisle of canned tuna and pasta noodles. He was stocking a new brand of spaghetti sauce, one which she had seen a commercial for on TV. She stopped and watched him for a moment before she said anything, almost embarrassing herself as she looked at his cute little rear end.

"Is it any good?" she asked as she pushed her cart up behind him.

"I haven't tried it yet," he began and then turned to see who he was talking to, "but I've heard... hey there... how are you?"

A big grin crossed his face and she noticed for the first time that he had dimples in his cheeks.

"I'm fine, thanks, and you?"

"Doing great. Got a "B" on one of my mid-terms yesterday, so I'm happy about that."

"You're in college?"

"Yes ma'am. I go to the junior college part time and work here part time. It doesn't pay all that great, but puts a little food on the table and a little gas in my truck."

He took her hand to pull her out of the way of a speeding five year old and noticed that she wasn't wearing a wedding ring. She chuckled, watching the child get away from its mother.

"Glad mine's not that age anymore," she said a little under her breath.

"You have kids?"

"Just one... Sara. I'd introduce you but she just left to go to college about two weeks ago."

"That's ok," he grinned, "I think I like the mom better."

She smiled.

"You're flirting with me again."

He blushed.

"Yes ma'am."

* * *

When she started through the check out line, she noticed that he was again her bag boy, but this time she didn't have to point out which car was hers.

"Ma'am?" he questioned as he put the groceries in the trunk.

"Yes, Zach?"

"May I ask your name?"

"Oh, sorry... it's Katie."

He smiled.

"I like that better than 'ma'am'."

She giggled.

"You have a cute laugh, Katie. May I ask another question?"

"Sure."

He closed the trunk of her car and stood up straight. She had never realized before now how tall he was.

"I get off in about an hour. Would you have lunch with me?"

She was taken back a little. It surprised her that this nice looking young man would even look at an older woman such as herself, much less ask her out.

"Zach, don't you think I'm a bit old for you?"

"No," he said decisively, "Do you?"

"Well, I am 37."

"So? I'm 22. I don't think age makes a difference. It's how two people get along that counts. I'd just like to get to know you better."

He had a stubborn look on his face that made him look 20 years older and it made her smile.

"Alright, Zach, lunch it is. Where and when?"

"There's a Japanese place around the corner. Do you like sushi?"

"No, I like my fish cooked and covered in hollandaise sauce, thank you very much," she mocked him.

He smiled.

"How 'bout a burger at the Burger Shack?" he asked.

"Ok, an artery clogging dead cow I can handle," she replied, grinning.

He chuckled.

"Meet me in an hour?"

"I'll be there."

As she drove towards her house to put her groceries away, she chuckled to herself about her date with the young man. Date? It wasn't a date, just lunch that's all.

There was a gentleman that she was seeing now, an older man that was kind and considerate, letting her pick what they were to do and where they were to eat. But lately she had been feeling a little bored and restless, chalking it up to her daughter leaving for college and getting that empty nest syndrome. She had even faked illness just to stay home with her dog and not go out with him one weekend, but

then felt guilty about it and made him a home cooked meal the next weekend.

* * *

Zach was sitting at a window table when she pulled into the parking lot of the Burger Shack and he smiled when he saw her get out of her car. She was so pretty, with her blonde hair and large blue eyes, and he guessed her to be about three inches shorter than him, which was a bit tall for a woman next to his five ten frame. He could hardly believe that she had agreed to meet him for lunch. He stood as she walked up to his table and she smiled as he pulled out the chair for her.

"Such a gentleman," she said.

He blushed.

"I try to be."

The waitress came and they order the Burger Shack's Bodacious Bubble Burger platter, which turned out to be much more than she could eat. He finished his burger and the half of hers that she couldn't finish.

"Where do you put it all?" she laughed, referring to his trim build.

He laughed.

"I dunno. I guess I just naturally run it off."

They sat for a while, she with her caffeine-free diet cherry cola, he with his chocolate milkshake, and talked. She found out that he was from the southern part of the state, and had moved up to her city to move in with his older cousin and go to college. He had never known his mother, skipping out on him when he was a toddler. His father had been a drifter, so his maternal grandmother had raised him. She wasn't a frail woman, but she was getting a bit older and the toll of having a young man of his energy around was getting a bit draining. He transferred his credits to the school he was attending now, gave Granny a kiss and promised to call often, and made his way to a new city.

"I guess that's why I love older women so much," he said quietly, "you know, because of the way I was raised. I have a lot of

admiration and respect for mature ladies." He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "End of story. Now tell me yours."

She thought for a moment as to where to start, then told him how she had married right out of high school, had a baby right away, divorced a year later, and was now working in the finance office of an auto dealership. Her blue eyes twinkled when she talked of her daughter, and Zach could tell that she missed her very much.

"Are you seeing anyone now?" he asked, a little nervous that he was over-stepping his bounds.

"Well, there is an older gentleman that I see from time to time," she told him, "but it's getting a little... um... you know."

"Boring?" he asked, a little grin spreading over his face.

She chuckled.

"Yeah."

He was thoughtful for a moment.

"Are you busy this weekend, Katie?"

"No definite plans, why?"

"I have to work Saturday and I've got to study for a test on Sunday, but what about Saturday night? Do you have plans for Saturday night?"

"No," she fibbed.

She would have to break her date with the older man.

"How about a picnic?"

"A picnic? At night?" she asked.

"Yeah. I know the perfect place. Trust me," he grinned.

She looked up into his handsome, young face and smiled, realizing she did trust him.

* * *

Riding in his small navy blue pickup truck Saturday night was comical. It had no tailgate, the vinyl seat was torn around the edges and if it had not been for the rust holding it together, it probably would have fallen apart in the middle of the road. He grinned proudly when he talked about it, though, since it was all his and paid for. They had placed the picnic basket between her feet in the floorboard for fear that it might slide out the back. He took a few back roads and

then brought the vehicle to rest beside a serene little lake. It was tucked away behind the trees and she had never even known that it existed.

"How did you know this lake was here?" she asked, getting out of the truck and taking out the old army blanket and the small cooler of soft drinks with her.

"I just happened up on it one day," he replied, taking the picnic basket and a lantern out and leading the way to the sandy shoreline, "I was looking for a quiet place to study and just drove around for a while. I ended up here."

She spread the blanket on the ground, placing some rocks on the edges to keep the breeze from blowing them up. The lantern gave the setting a warm intimate glow.

"Well, it's lovely. A perfect place to study."

He smiled, happy that she liked it, and nodded his approval.

She began to take the food out of the basket, but he reached over and took her hand, freezing her in mid-motion.

"Let's not eat just yet," he suggested, "let's take a walk to work up a little appetite. There's enough moonlight for us to see."

"Um... oh... okay," she muttered, allowing him to help her to her feet and not taking her hand from his.

It seemed natural to be holding his hand as they walked along the sandy edge of the lake and she felt his large fingers squeeze lightly around hers every so often. She listened as he told her how the lake was formed.

"Two brothers used to own this land," he quoted, "but there was a quarrel in the family and they had this lake dug to equally separate their two pieces of property. The lake is one mile across, two miles long and they had it stocked with fresh water brim and bass. After the brothers died, their families made peace and decided to sell the land to the state so that others might enjoy the lake. It gets quite busy here in the summer, you know, with boating and water sports, but it's still a little bit of a mystery, which is why it's not a publicized landmark."

She was in awe of his knowledge and he smiled when he saw the look on her face.

"I'm a history major," he told her.

She chuckled.

"I can tell."

* * *

Returning to their picnic area, they began to pull out the food and drink. The two began to quickly devour the food he had packed and it didn't take long before the basket was empty and their tummies were full.

"That was good," he said as he reclined back on the blanket and put his head in her lap.

"You left a pickle," she chuckled, holding it over his head like a carrot in front of a horse. He opened his mouth and she dropped it inside, then laughed.

"Now you'll have pickle breath," she giggled.

He sat up and grabbed her around the waist, playfully pulling her down on the blanket beside him and holding her down.

"Well, if I will, so will you," he told her, a big grin crossing his face.

Before she could respond, he quickly lowered his mouth to hers and kissed her, sending his tongue and his sweet pickle breath into her mouth. Her reaction was that of surprise, but she countered with a move of her own, putting her hand behind his head and pulling him closer. He hummed his approval and suddenly the kiss was no longer playful and mischievous, but sensual and erotic. She sucked gently on his tongue, letting it explore her mouth for a moment, then easily pushed her own tongue into his mouth for him to do the same.

As God as his witness, he was trying to be a gentleman, but the scenario had drastically changed and he found himself fighting the battle of Good Zach/Bad Zach. She arched her back, pushing her breasts up to his chest, and he swore that he could feel that her nipples were hard through her blouse. He raised his head, looking down at the lustful look that had begun to fill her eyes.

"I didn't plan this," he whispered against her lips, a bit fearful that she would think that was why he brought her here, "honestly, I didn't plan this."

"It doesn't matter," she breathed into his mouth as she pulled his lips down to hers again, "I want it. I want it now."

He couldn't stop his desires... he let himself go... the Bad Zach had won.

They undressed each other... deliberately slow... taking their time to taste and tease. She smiled appreciatively at how big and hard his cock was the moment she pulled his clothes off. It had been a long time since she didn't have to stroke her lover's manhood into becoming aroused. He sucked leisurely on her breasts, then lightly nibbled them, and felt her nipples hardening between his teeth. A moan came from her throat as he moved lower, sucking on the tender undersides and putting a little hickie on her pale skin. He smiled, thinking she would have a little reminder of their evening when she got up and looked in the mirror the next morning.

Holding her around the waist, he rolled over on his back, pulling her with him so that she was on top. Straddling his body and putting her hands on his chest to sit up, she lowered herself down on his cock, not taking it inside, but just feeling the length of it resting on the outside of her slit. She wiggled a little, smiling when she felt the hardness throbbing between her legs, but didn't let it enter her yet.

Reaching into his drink cup, he got out a piece of ice and then moved the ice up to her mouth. He watched her lips suck on the end of it, then moved it down to her chin and throat. She shivered a little, feeling it begin to drip down her skin, but he didn't stop. He repositioned it to her jawline, to the side of her neck, the curve of her shoulder, then between her breasts and down her tummy.

He felt the ice drip through the trimmed dark curls on her mound and onto his skin, then he moved the ice back to her breasts, circling them, deliciously tormenting her pointy nubs. Her nipples were hard and he teased one with his fingers while he stroked the other with the ice. Her skin was getting soaked from the melted ice now and he sat up, wrapping his arms around her back, pulling her to him, and drinking the water off her breasts.

She moaned, dizzy from the pleasure, and she arched her back, pushing more into his mouth, her fingers tunneling into his hair. He

rolled her to her back, the head of his dick still pressing against her lips but not going in.

"In me," she whimpered impatiently, "I want to feel you in me."

He had never wanted anything so badly in his life. Sitting upright and giving her all of his cock, he bayoneted her soft inner walls, feeling his thick hardness sliding into her flesh, the pink, wet folds surrounding him. The feeling was so intense, that for just a moment, he was lightheaded.

"Teach me how to make love to you, Katie," he said softly, "Show me... I want to please you... I want to feel you come."

"Come here," she told him, raising her arms and enticing him down against her body, "Make love to me with your body, not just your cock."

"I'm not too heavy?" he asked, his voice a little worried as he lay the front of his frame against her, skin to skin.

"No, baby," she soothed him, "you aren't too heavy. I want to feel you against me."

He wrapped his arms around her shoulders as she gently coaxed him and felt her legs enveloping his hips to pull him in tight. His chest was pressed so tightly against her breasts that he could actually feel her heart beating in his own body, but even as close as they were, it was not uncomfortable. He had not had a lot of experience, but in the few times that he had made love with a girl, he had simply sat up and pumped furiously into her. He was realizing now that what he had done was not making love... it was fucking... and the females of his past had been girls... this was a woman.

They moved their hips, slowly at first, kissing and exploring each other, as he wanted to take every possible moment to savor the experience. But as he lifted his head to get a breath of air, Katie dug her fingers into his back and pulled herself up, her mouth locking like a suction cup on the little hollow spot at the base of his throat.

"Oh god... oh god..." he murmured.

She was all motion beneath him, her body adamant, demanding to be satisfied. Never had he felt such a fire... such passion... and although the movement into her pussy was a slow, lengthy stride, it

was taking everything he had not to come. It felt as if she was gripping him with a warm, velvet vise.

"This is making love, sweetheart," she whispered against his lips, "and it is never to be rushed nor hurried."

He couldn't think of anything that felt as good, both physically or emotionally, as those moments with Katie. They moved from position to position, each one bringing new sensations, and even though it may have been a familiar position to him from the past, experiencing it now with Katie was something almost newborn to him.

He made her come with just the tip of his dick rubbing against her swollen clit, listening as the pent-up moans abandoned her body and she screamed her bliss into his chest. Then he made her come with his cock deep inside her, while her legs were wrapped around his hips. He moved her on top and entered her again, watching as she rode him, her large pink nipples engorged as her breasts bounced and moans escaped her throat.

He was so hot for her that just the flow of her breath in his ear could have made him come. He pushed up to make her take more, wanting her as deep as he could go... wanting to feel his balls brushing against her ass. He came inside her that way, holding her tightly against his body and groaning against the side of her neck. They made love over and over again that first night, collapsing in an exhausted heap on the blanket as the morning sun began to rise over the lake.

"You have a phone call to make when you get home," he whispered in her ear as he curled up behind her, her body locked in his arms.

"I do?" she asked.

"Yeah, you have to call your older gentleman friend and tell him that you can't see him anymore."

She turned in his arms and looked into his eyes.

"And what am I tell to tell him when he asks why?"

He leaned down and kissed her nose.

"Tell him that you have a new boyfriend," he replied, a sly smile crossing his face.

A smile crossed her face.

"I'll make the call when I get home."

THE END

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