

\* *Lady Aibell Press* \*

# meeting Bodie

*J.L. DAY*



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# **Meeting Bodie**

by

J. L. Day

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## MEETING BODIE

The clock's ticks are hollow echoes reverberating into nothingness. Time stands still.

*Where could he possibly be?* You silently question.

Since you and I decided to meet in person, each minute takes hours. Knowing I will call from my hotel soon, you pace the floor nervously and wait for time to pass. You beg it to go by more quickly.

*Brrrrrrring.* You hurdle the couch while darting to the ringing phone.

"Bodie?" You answer the phone in a question but know the answer before I speak. You can *feel* me on the other end of the line.

"Hello, baby," I purr. "Are you ready to meet me at last?"

The sigh as breath escapes your lungs is answer enough, and once again, as I have done so many times since we decided to meet, I tell you not to worry. Everything will be all right.

"I have a surprise for you, precious," I whisper. "It is a present, but you'll have to wait to receive it."

Your heart races and mind whirls. "OK." You softly stammer.

I give you the hotel information, including the phone and room number, so you can tell a friend where you are, just in case you are still nervous. I tell you to go downstairs. A car waits for you. It will bring you to my hotel, where I await you in the bar.

The driver opens your door and hands you a beautiful bouquet of roses. When you arrive at the bar, he again opens your door and ushers you inside. You start to tip him, but he assures you he was amply compensated beforehand and wishes you a pleasant night. Smelling the roses, you stroll into the dimly lit bar and peer through the usual smoky haze of such places.

*There he is!* You say excitedly to yourself, then stop to wonder if you said it aloud or to yourself. Walking quickly to me, you leap into my arms and smother me in a hug. It's as if we have been in each other's arms since the dawn of time, and you have never felt more safe and secure. Laughing and talking, we chatter on and on about how nice it is to meet, in the flesh, finally. We sit at a table in a dark and cool corner, and feelings of peace and contentment wash over you. Knowing you are safe with me, a wave of relief washes over you. I smile as you visibly relax, and I wink chidingly at you. We both feel the trust, the acceptance, and the security of meeting a long lost friend.

As the evening passes, you notice an exquisite woman singing with the sultry voice of an angel and remark to me of her elegance and beauty. I assure you she cannot hold a candle to you. Her voice floats through the air and mesmerizes you with its unadulterated sensuality and smoldering passion. The piano accompanies her magically, and you float away in fantasy. As we talk in whispers, you can't help but smile. I am gentle beyond any man you have ever known. You feel sensuality oozing from my soul, yet you sense an overpowering dominance about me as well. With the woman's voice flooding your mind, the evening passes quickly, and it is time.

*It is time!* Your mind cries out in pure wantonness.

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We had not planned for you to spend the night. You know you are free to stay or go, at your leisure. You had not *planned* to stay, not the first night, anyway. But, your mind cries out, pleading with you not to let the magic end.

Looking at me without a trace of fear or uncertainty on your face, you whisper, "Please tip that lovely woman. She has moved me beyond words, and then take me to your room, please, baby."

I smile and stroke your hand affectionately then approach the woman perched seductively on the piano. She smiles in your direction and glides toward you. Your heart races. She is the most stunning creature you have ever seen. Your womanhood roars to life, and you moisten with desire.

*Oh, God, I hope Bodie doesn't notice and isn't offended by my reaction to her.* Your mind rambles.

The woman leans in close and her perfume intoxicates you. She kisses you lightly on the cheek. "Thanks for the tip, darling girl," she whispers.

Her voice makes you quiver and the feeling of her warm breath flows over you. Goose bumps rise and nipples tighten. She sashays away from you, and you cannot help but stare after her.

"She really is quite remarkable, isn't she?" I startle you back to reality.

"Yes, she is." You murmur.

Taking your hand, I lead you onto the veranda to gaze at the countless stars glistening above. My arm slips around your waist, holding you next to me.

You feel my body heat burning into your flesh. The leftover feelings brought on by your encounter with the woman make your temperature rise, the night resonates with the desire churning us. Turning to me, your mind is soothed by my tranquil gaze peering non-threateningly back at you. I whisper in your ear, telling you not to worry, nothing will happen you aren't comfortable with and nothing need happen at all, if you would rather just talk the night away.

We have talked before; you know *my* desires. I wish to make tender love to every inch of your body. My mouth longs to taste your sweet juices, and my tongue is eager to explore every crevice, every bend, every tiny piece of flesh on your body. I expect nothing in return, and you know I am too uncomfortable with my own body and looks to dare undressing in front of you. You know tonight will be about *your* pleasure, that I want to worship you and please you with every fiber of my being. Somehow, you have forgotten my plain looks and flabby old body. Your mind sees nothing but what is inside me and your utmost desire is just to be with me, to let me carry you to the heights of heaven and bear your soul to bliss. It is your burning wish.

Leaning closer to me, you softly place your lips to mine and taste the exotic sweetness of my lips. I return your kiss tenderly, we press into each other, mouths and tongues exploring, and the night blazes with the fire in our hearts.

"Come, little one," I whisper hoarsely to you, my throat overcome with delirium, and I lead you to the elevator that will carry us on our ascent to ecstasy.

Arriving at my door, I slip in the key, and the soft *kerchunk* of the lock releasing fills the silence created by our anxious hearts. Soft music plays in the background, and candles flutter in the darkness. Shadows dance on the walls and ceiling.

Drapes float on the breeze of the open window. The coolness of the night air flows over you. I query if you might like a drink, and you tell me no. Maybe later you will have a thirst for refreshment, but not now. I ask if you are comfortable, and you walk to me in reply. You slide your arms around my neck and kiss me deeply, our bodies grinding against one another, and our hearts interlocked in euphoria. I chuckle and tell you that was a nice answer, then take your hand and lead you to the closed bedroom door.

"Are you sure you're comfy, baby?" I ask, and you nod emphatically.

"Are you ready for your surprise, little one?" I ask in a low voice.

You giggle excitedly and tell me, "Yyyyeess!"

I open the door, and you feel faint. Lying on my bed is the enchanting creature that captured your desire earlier, the phenomenal beauty of a woman who sent such shivers through your body. She smiles at you and rises slowly from the bed. She floats toward you, her long white gown dancing on the breeze. Her wondrous body peeks at you through the sheer fabric, enhancing her curves rather than hiding them. She approaches you and whispers that I wanted the two of you to meet, to see if there was any interest on your part before she came upstairs. That is why she talked to you in the bar.

It was not a chance meeting. I had met her that afternoon and knew she was the perfect gift for you. Her lips brush lightly over your ear, and her hands move gracefully to your face. She turns your face to meet hers and places the softest lips

you ever dreamed of against yours. Her mouth tenderly explores your lips. Her tongue darts magically along your lips. She holds you closer, her hand creeping up the back of your neck as her kiss deepens, but still with uncanny gentleness. Her right hand slips lower, and she slips it into your blouse. She smiles when discovering no bra. Her hand cups your breast with the lightest touch imaginable, and her lips continue their dance on yours.

Enchanted by the moment, your spirit slips away into some other place, a surreal place where fantasy meets life. Overwhelmed by her tender kisses, you look questioningly at me over her shoulder. I smile, and as she lowers her head to kiss your throat, I lower my face to yours and press my supple lips to yours. The sheer tenderness of the moment exhilarates you. Your heart flutters, and your womanhood moistens. I smile and gingerly lead you to the bed. I turn you with your back to the bed and me standing between you and the mattress. I slip my hands up your sides and unfasten your blouse.

Our friend kisses your neck and throat, then down your chest as she pulls the blouse from your trembling body. She kneels in front of you, kissing her way down your chest and stomach until she reaches your pants. Her magic fingers release the buttons. She slides your pants over your hips to the floor. While she is removing your pants, I quickly slip out of mine then move to stand behind you, kissing your shoulders and the sides of your neck. I arch your head gingerly sideways and kiss you deeply and passionately. My hands slide up your sides and gently lift your breasts. My fingers tease tiny circles around the tightening nipples, and when they are hard, I roll them between my thumb and forefinger.

My kisses cover your neck. My hands seductively explore your breasts. I smile as you gasp aloud when the woman smothers your pubes in tiny kisses. I sit on the bed and pull you gently onto my lap; the woman still kneels in front of you and her face descends to kiss your thighs and lick the crack between your hip and thighs. I reach under your ass and squeeze it lovingly as I nibble at the back of your neck and shoulders. My hands slide around your waist once again to lift your breasts, but this time I am lifting them in offering to our friend. She licks around the nipples, spiraling from the outer edges inwards in a deliriously slow attack.

Her tongue circles each nipple teasingly. Your nipples tighten to the point of near aching, and her hot, moist breath caresses you with what you know must be the intent of driving you insane. My hands still cupping your breasts, I lift one towards her face and she takes the nipple into her mouth.

She kisses her way back down your chest, and the excitement builds as you realize her intent. My hands slip down your sides and caress your thighs, then slowly urge them apart, baring your spasming pussy to the world. Her breath moves closer and closer to your snatch. I slide my fingers along the edges of your tingling pussy lips. I lie back onto the bed and pull you with me. You lie on top of

me with your legs spread wide, my feet locking into yours, holding your legs open with gentle force. My arms wrapped around yours hold you firmly against me. It slowly dawns on you that you are helpless, in a delightful way.

Lying on top of me, your body grinds my rock hard cock against your back and ass. I shift and our friend pulls my cock to slip into the crack of your ass, rubbing along your asshole and teasingly bumping into your aching pussy. She lowers her mouth over my cock, and you listen with jealous envy as she slurps and sucks on it, but the wonderful part is that while she sucks my cock, her tongue darts and filters against your twitching pussy. Finally, she pushes my cock to the side and closes her lips on the tender folds of your pussy; she sucks the lips in, rolling her tongue over them.

She pushes the swollen lips back out with her tongue and begins a rhythm of sucking in and pushing out. It reminds you of being fucked in reverse and makes you drip with excitement. Her tongue floats up to caress the sides of your clit. I reach around you and pull the tiny upper lips apart and roll back the flesh to expose your aching with anticipation little clit.

You feel my cock throbbing between your legs as she devours you and slathers your clit with rapid tongue-lashing. My hands slide over your stomach. They caress your breasts and throat. Grasping your hair in a firm yet gentle manner, I force your head back. Your back arches, and our friend guides my cock into your pussy. Slowly, so slowly, it slides in, and as it does, our friend licks and sucks your pussy lips and the shaft of my cock. Sliding in and out of you in unreal slow motion, my cock fills your womanhood, and you feel the sensation all the way to your soul.

Slowly moving under you, I make love to you with slow tenderness that was beyond your comprehension before this wondrous moment. Our friend leans over you and offers you one of her gorgeous breasts. Your heart flutters. Forever and ever you have wanted to taste another woman, to explore her in every way imaginable. Now the dream is a reality; your mind reels with uncertainty.

“Shhhhhhush, little darling,” our friend whispers, and she feeds her tit to you.

It feels wonderful in your mouth; the nipple tightening drives you insane with curiosity. All the while, my cock slides in and out of you at a steady but slow tempo. You pull her nearer and smother yourself in her ample breasts. Forcing her tits together, you suckle both nipples at once. You grab her head fiercely and pull her into a passionate kiss. Never missing a beat, my cock slides in and out of you, but the tempo quickens. Reaching for her breasts, you devour them as she moans and clutches at your head. Your fingers creep down her tummy and over her smooth shaven pubes.

You massage her pubic mound, and at long last, your fingers dip into this woman’s pussy. It feels incredible—smooth and wet inside, squeezing against your



fingers. The meaty tissue of the inner walls of her pussy gives way, allowing you to slide deeper and deeper within her.

The wet meat of her inner sanctum parts under your fingers. Probing exploration makes your own pussy spasm and squeeze even harder against my cock.

I fuck you with building speed. As you suckle her breasts and finger-fuck our friend, your belly tightens with an orgasm. You cum in waves and it lasts forever. You beg me to stop fucking you for a minute and just lie still as the orgasm overtakes your senses. I lie still under you, my cock still filling your pussy as it jerks and tightens in convulsions trying to swallow my manhood whole. Meanwhile, you continue fucking her pussy, and slide from her tits to attack her mouth with French kisses.

“Shall we continue our night of exploration, my dear?” she whispers.

Knowing what she means, you nod eagerly, “Yes.”

I ease my cock from your twitching pussy, and you let out a disappointed whimper as it leaves you.

“Our journey is just beginning, little friend,” I whisper and kiss your neck before rolling out from under you.

Lying flat on your back on the edge of the bed, you stare at me as you wonder what comes next. Taking your ankles in my hands, I raise your legs into the air. Our friend slips between us and sucks my cock.

“*God*, you taste yummy on his prick,” our friend tells you in heated passion.

She licks your ass and probes it gingerly with a knowing tongue. When it is nice and lubed, she takes my cock and very, so very slowly guides it into your asshole.

“Oh, God,” you moan. “This is new to me. I never thought I would try it, but it feels *so* good.”

Slowly and incredibly gently, my cock slides into your ass, filling it and flooding your mind with the most phenomenal sensations. Once I am completely inside, our friend dips her head to lick your clit as she fucks your pussy.

I don’t move, giving your body time to acclimate to the euphoria of my meat filling your ass. Meanwhile, our friend bangs her fingers in and out of you, and her tongue whips madly against your clit. Tenderly, I back my cock out of your ass nearly all the way, then slide it slowly back in. The sensation of the muscles deep inside your ass closing back to tightness as my cock pulls out is euphoric. The feel of my member sliding back inside and opening the muscles back up is bliss.

Our friend kisses you. She breaks the kiss and kneels over your body. Her sweet pussy hangs right over your face as she faces me. She kisses me while I fuck your ass then slowly lowers herself to your face, stopping inches above your mouth. She does not force herself on you, but offers her pussy without pressure.

You lie there, feeling giddy from the new ecstasy of my cock in your ass and admire her pussy.

You marvel at the beauty of the lips—their soft pink and red colors of flesh—and how they all meet. You gaze in amazement at how delicate the lips look, how tender and soft, and your mind cries out to taste them. You raise your head and run your tongue slowly up one lip. You lick the other and then run your tongue slowly up the middle, parting the lips with your tongue. You can't stand it anymore and dart your tongue deep inside for a taste. Your body shudders with orgasm, but I don't stop fucking your ass, not for a single second.

Fucking your ass slowly, gingerly, I kiss our friend then push her head down to your pussy. I lean back a little to give her room but never miss a stroke of ass fucking you. Lying under her, you suck her pussy lips into your mouth and caress them with your tongue. Deep in your mind, there is the realization that you never imagined it could be like this—that anything could feel like this. Our friend's face buries in the folds of your pussy as she sucks your clit and finger-fucks you. You revel in the feeling of her fingers inside you, bumping against my cock as it thrusts deep within your ass.

The sweetness of her pussy grinds against your face. Your tongue dips inside her. She has a gushing orgasm, and her juices drip over your face. The sensation of her pussy spasming in orgasm against your fingers, and her juices flooding your mouth and tongue, send you into yet another orgasm. Just as you climax, I moan and pull out of your ass. Our friend moves her head to the side, and I cum on your stomach. It splashes on your skin, and our friend slurps at the head of my cock as she drinks my juices.

Your orgasm continues as my cum sprays on you and her face smears it on your belly. We fall back in a heap on the bed and all intertwine into a lovers' knot, to hold one another and giggle at our discoveries. We lie there kissing and hugging, with fingers and hands exploring. The night holds naught but further promise for this journey to ecstasy, and our hearts fly high and free.

## About the Author

### J. L. Day

Jeff Day, writing under the pen name of J.L. Day, was raised in rural west Texas near Abilene. Loving the region and its rich heritage, he resides there still. A consummate reader, books always held an allure of places unraveled, people not yet met, and adventures only dreamed of. Work led him into the world of computers, where he discovered a joy of writing and thus began his odyssey into the world of writing. Happy to find a way to share his soul, he spends countless hours at his keyboard handing out small pieces of himself to his readers.

Find out more about Day's current releases as well as planned future releases and book signings by periodically checking for updates at his website:

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