



*Rene Walden*

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*Morning Ride*

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## Warning

**This e-book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. This material is meant for mature audiences!**

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*A special thanks to all my friends and family for their continued  
love and support.*

## Morning Ride

“Fuckin’ sun,” Scott grumbled as he rolled over. Early morning sunlight streamed through the window, filling the room with light. He blinked twice and tried to focus on the clock resting on the bedside table. *Damn, it’s not even six-thirty yet, and it’s already so bright outside. It’s way too early to get up just yet.* He closed his eyes tightly once more, trying to find that peaceful place. It was useless. He flipped this way and that, trying to recapture the sleep that was now evading him. No point in trying to stay in bed. His internal clock wouldn’t allow him to sleep in, even on the weekend.

The bed was warm and cozy, and as much as part of him would like to stay wrapped in the warm cocoon of blankets, he had too much to do to stay in bed all day...at least to sleep. He chuckled softly as he brushed his hand over his cock. It was always awake before he was. He had a list of things he needed to do today, but some things took precedence over others. He glanced over at the blonde lying beside him. She was high on his priority list of things that needed to be taken care of.

Scott tossed the blankets back and sat up on the side of the bed. He rubbed his hands over his lower back, groaning. “Shit, I’m not old enough to feel this rough.” He knew the years were slowly creeping up on him. There had been a slight stiffness in his back lately, and his body grumbled in protest as he tried to move. He groaned and rubbed his head vigorously, attempting to clear the last bit of sleepy fog from his brain.

“Since I’m awake may as well as make the best of it.” He stood and headed toward the bathroom. He yawned and stretched, trying not to make any noise as he forced his body awake.

\* \* \* \*

The tile in the bathroom was a stark contrast to the plush carpeting of the bedroom, and Scott shivered as he walked inside, quietly closing the door. He stared at his reflection in the long mirror on the back of the door.

“Not too shabby for an old man,” he murmured out loud with another chuckle. He’d always taken pride in his body, doing his best to not let himself go the way some of his buddies did. His tanned, muscular



body was still virile and firm, not bad at all for a man in his fifties. His cock stood proud and rock hard out in front of him.

Turning on the shower, he adjusted the temperature and allowed the small room to fill with steam while he went about the rest of his morning ritual. He splashed away the last traces of shaving cream and stepped into the hot stream of water. He leaned back into the water, letting it cascade over his body. Bending and stretching under the hot spray, he soon felt like his old self. The stiffness ebbed out of his joints and was whisked down the drain with the water. A hot shower in the morning was just the thing to get him going.

He squeezed a generous amount of the scented body wash onto the sponge and worked it into a heavy lather. He liked the spicy, masculine scent. As he rubbed the sponge over his body, his thoughts drifted back to the day his life had changed forever.

\* \* \* \*

*Scott had met Lana some twenty years ago, but he could remember it like it was yesterday. At the age of thirty, he considered himself a confirmed bachelor. Sure he liked his fun, but there hadn't been one woman he'd been interested in keeping longer than a weekend. Baylorville, Missouri was a small town, so the variety of women was pretty slim, at least from his perspective. At that time, it had been his experience that most women were looking for something, whether it was a caretaker, a sugar daddy, a father figure, or whatever. He had no interest in a needy woman. He'd wanted a strong, self reliant woman, but so far he hadn't been able to locate one.*

*Late one evening on his way home, he decided to stop into a local sports club for a beer. He'd been to this place a few times, and while it was nothing spectacular, the hot wings were good and so was the beer. It also gave him a chance to check out the scores from the game without a lot of hassle. Scott stepped inside the misty fog of cigarette smoke, his eyes adjusting slowly to the dim lighting. Picking out a small table in the corner, he settled in and waited for the waitress. He focused on the television on the wall in front of him, not noticing when the waitress stepped to his table.*

*"Uh-umm," she said, clearing her throat to alert him of her presence.*

*"Oh, sorry," he mumbled, dragging his eyes away from the screen and down to the menu in front of him. He knew he wanted the wings,*

but habit forced him to look over the menu first. When he glanced up, his mouth dropped open, and he stared at the woman before him.

"You ok?" she asked with a slight grin.

He felt the blush creep up his neck and into his face. He hadn't meant to stare, but she was gorgeous. "Umm, yeah, I'm fine. I just didn't see you come up is all."

"Ok, great. I'm Lana, and I'll be your waitress tonight. What can I get ya?"

How 'bout a side of you? After a bit of stammering, he managed to place his order. What the hell is wrong with me? I sound like a horny teenager...

"That be all?" she asked.

The sound of her voice reminded him of spun sugar—melt in your mouth sweet. "Yeah," he muttered, "for now." He avoided eye contact, waiting till she turned away to cast another appreciative glance at her retreating form.

Lana had to be the sexiest woman he'd seen in a while. Her body was round and curvy, just the way he liked a woman. Those stick thin women weren't his cup of tea. He always worried he'd hurt or break them if things got real intense. And he definitely loved getting intense. Not that there was anything wrong with a good slow fuck, but he just usually preferred fast and hard a few times first.

Scott watched her moved around the club, waiting on other customers. She wore her hair long and loose, another favorite of his. The long blonde curls bounced when she walked. He couldn't take his eyes off her. In the background, a jukebox played, and her hips seemed to sway in time to the music. Those luscious globes of flesh jiggled as she hurried around serving drinks and food.

Lana was worth the time, so he stayed long after his wings were gone, as well as most of the other customers.

She sashayed back to his table to see if he needed a refill. "You ready for another one?"

"That all depends," he replied.

Lana gave him a confused look. "On what?"

"On whether or not you'll have one with me."

She blushed and smiled at him. "Sure I will, but I have to finish my shift first."

"When's that?"

*"About another half hour."*

*"Great. Then I'll wait on ya," he said with a wink.*

*Lana strode back to the bar, busying herself with cleaning up. When she was finished, she came back to the table with two frosty glasses.*

*Time slipped by quickly too quickly, and before he knew it the bartender announced last call.*

*"You want another one?" she asked.*

*"I have a better idea," he said with a smile. "How bout we finish this conversation at my place?"*

*Lana reached across the table, covering his hand and giving it a firm squeeze. "Sure we can go back to your place, but..."*

*"But what?"*

*"Well, I just didn't want ya thinkin' we'd be fuckin' tonight, cuz it's way too early in the game for that."*

*Scott's mouth dropped once again. Damn, she's blunt and to the point. His face felt hot as he looked up at her with an embarrassed grin. "Umm, I wasn't thinkin'... umm..."*

*Lana laughed at the way his eyes danced with mock indignation. "Sure ya were. I've been watchin' you eye me all night. Not sayin' that I don't think you're hot, too, but I refuse to be a one time fuck. We're human, Scott. Sure ain't nothin better than a good hard fuck, but in due time."*

*Scott shifted in his seat. Between her body and that sexy, southern twang, it was about more than he could stand. His jeans had grown painfully tight, just thinking of bending her over and fucking her fast and hard.*

*Lana grinned again, leaning over to whisper in his ear, "Let's get you outta here before all the girls get jealous." She slipped her arm in his as they walked out of the sports bar. That night changed his life, and from then on they were inseparable.*

*Over the next several months, the more he learned about Lana, the more he wanted her. Sure her body was awesome, but more than that, she was exactly what he'd been looking for. She didn't want him for anything more than just to be with him.*

*\* \* \* \**

*He spread the lather over his body and between his legs, his cock growing in response. He reached down, giving his balls a firm squeeze.*

*They were full and tight. He groaned softly. God, I'm so horny. He spread the slippery lather over his cock and slid his hand up and down the length of his shaft a few times. The ache in his balls heightened as he stroked himself. His thoughts shifted back to the first time he and Lana had made love. That had been the clincher for him, and he knew he couldn't let her get away.*

*\* \* \* \**

*They had been seeing each other for several weeks. It was a Friday night, so he decided to hang out at The Shot Spot, the sports club where they'd met. Lana was looking exceptionally hot in tight jeans that accentuated her curvy behind and a low cut black top that gave a wonderful view of her creamy white cleavage. Scott watched her all night as she bounced around the club doing her work. She'd stop by his table from time to time, leaning over to give him a little peek or bending over 'accidentally' in front of him. The more she teased him, the hotter he got. His cock strained against his jeans as he fought the urge to fuck her right there. By the way she was acting, he was pretty sure she was feeling the same way.*

*Finally finishing up, Lana came over to join him at the table. She brushed away the light sheen of perspiration from her forehead. "Man, it's hot in here."*

*You sure are. "Yeah, it is kinda warm in here tonight."*

*"I'm all finished for the night. How bout we head out to your place?"*

*"My place? Sure we can go there."*

*Lana gave him a quick grin and a wink. "Yeah, I've got somethin' I need to show ya."*

*Scott's cock jumped again in anticipation. He knew what he'd love to see, and that was Lana's ass all spread before him in a fleshy feast. "I can't wait to see," he added with a wide grin.*

*The drive across town was filled with small talk, but Scott's heart pounded with excitement. He knew this was something big. Lana had never been the one to suggest they go back to his place.*

*They walked into the dark living room, and Scott reached over to turn on the lamp. Lana wrapped her arms around him and pressed her lips against his. He took her cue and deepened the kiss, searching out the sweetness of her mouth. Her lips parted, allowing his tongue inside as she groaned into his mouth. He knew his cock was hard pressed*

against her thigh, but she was making him crazy rubbing against him like she was. Suddenly, she pulled away and was out of his arms.

"Lana, I'm ..." he whispered.

"Shhhh," she said as she placed her finger to his lips.

Scott kissed the side of her finger, lightly brushing over her skin with the tip of his tongue.

She leaned in again, kissing him softly on the lips. "Here, let me show you."

In one swift movement, she pulled her top over her head, revealing a lacy, hot pink bra absolutely overflowing. Her creamy breasts spilled out over the top, drawing his gaze to the huge swells of flesh.

"Sweet Jesus!" he muttered. Scott stood perfectly still and watched with wonder, not sure if this was really happening, or if he would wake up and realize it was all a dream.

Lana grinned wickedly. "Oh there's more. Just wait."

He exhaled slowly before replying. "I'm not goin' anywhere. You can count on that."

"Good, I'm countin' on it." Lana turned her back to him and unfastened her jeans, slowly wiggling her hips as she slid them to the floor.

"Holy fuck!" Scott growled with need deep in his throat. His eyes traveled over the voluptuous beauty now standing before him in nothing but a lacy bra and matching lace thong. Her perfectly round ass called to him.

"Like what ya see I guess?" Lana asked with a giggle.

Scott didn't reply. He fell to his knees right there in the door and began kissing and licking her ass cheeks. Sliding his tongue under the slim piece of material, he traced up to the small of her back and back down again, gently nipping at her skin.

"Mmmm, Scott, that feels fantastic." Lana moaned breathlessly as his hands and fingers roamed over her thighs and underneath the skimpy lace, seeking out the soft mound of curls.

"God I've been waiting for this," he said in a hoarse whisper. He pushed aside the lace, and his eager tongue took the place of fingers, searching out her sweetness. He slipped his tongue inside, lightly flicking her ever growing clit.

Lana held tight to his shoulders, attempting to balance herself as he searched deeper between her folds. Her legs threatened to buckle

beneath her, and she cried out. Scott stood and reclaimed her mouth. She could taste her juices on his lips, and he probed inside. His hands slipped under the fabric of her bra to cup her fleshy globes. He gingerly pinched her nipples into tiny hard peaks as his mouth worked on the exposed flesh. Reaching behind her, he released the clasp and freed them of their confinement. The sheer size caused them to droop gracefully as he leaned back to inspect each one in turn.

Scott cupped her breasts. Drawing each nipple in turn into his mouth, he sucked and nibbled, causing them to harden in his mouth. As his mouth worked on her breasts, he slipped his fingers inside her thong, already damp with her moisture. Lana groaned as he slid two fingers inside her slickness, pumping them in and out several times. He withdrew his fingers and slipped them into his mouth, tasting her sticky nectar.

“God, Lana, you taste so sweet.” He slipped her thong over her hips, letting it pool at her feet. “I’ve got to see.” Scott turned her gently and leaned her over the arm of the couch, spreading her legs wide. His eyes feasted on her pussy and ass, drenched with the evidence of her desire. Dropping to his knees, he spread her wider and ran his tongue from her clit up to her asshole.

“Oh, fuck, Scott,” Lana cried out, bucking against the couch.

Scott moved back in, sucking her clit into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue until she squirmed beneath him, moaning and begging. He worked his way up to her ass, burying his face in deep between her cheeks as he plunged two fingers deep into her pussy. He licked and sucked at her tight muscles, willing them to relax as he fucked her with his hand.

“Oh...fuck, yeah. Oh, my god...mmmm...” Lana wailed as he continued his assault.

He stopped, and she whined in protest, not wanting the pleasure to end. Scott quickly lowered his jeans and his cock sprang free. He moved in between her legs, dipping the head of his cock into her slit. He moved back and forth, making sure to not go deeper than just inside her opening while Lana begged for more.

“You like that, don’t ya?” Scott questioned.

“Yeah,” Lana called back hoarsely.

He slapped her open handed on her ass cheek, watching it turn a slight shade of pink. “Yeah, what?”

*"I like it when you fuck me."*

*"You want more? Tell me you want more!"*

*"Please, Scott, fuck me."*

*Whaaaack, his palm resounded against her flesh. "Tell me you want more!"*

*She screamed between clenched teeth, her orgasm building. "I want more. Give me all you've got!"*

*He buried himself balls deep in one swift motion.*

*"Fuck, yeah," Lana screamed.*

*He pounded in and out of her pussy, bouncing her against the arm of the couch. Her ass jiggled from the force of his stroke. Just as she was about to go over the edge, he pulled completely out.*

*"What the fuck are you doing?" she screamed out in delirious passion. "Don't stop now, I'm almost..."*

*Scott rubbed his cock over her clit, quieting her effectively. He could feel her building again, and once again he stopped.*

*Her body trembled beneath him. "I can't take this. I need to come."*

*He slid his head into her pussy, coating himself with her juices then pulled back out. Spreading her ass cheeks wide, he slipped the head of his cock inside, stilling himself to allow her to adjust. Lana took over and thrust back against his cock, pushing it deeper inside.*

*"Oh, fuck, yeah," Scott sighed and started to pump in and out of her tightness.*

*"Faster!" Lana demanded.*

*He sped up the pace, sliding his cock in and out of her body faster. Reaching around between them, he stroked her clit, working her into an orgasmic frenzy.*

*Lana matched him stroke for stroke, and he soon realized she loved fucking this way. The harder the better.*

*He pounded into her ass, fucking her for all he was worth. He knew they were both teetering close to the brink of paradise. He rubbed her clit faster in rhythm to his strokes, urging her on, screaming for her to come for him.*

*Their worlds exploded into a million colorful stars as they both toppled over the edge, screaming out their passion.*

*Scott knew right then things couldn't get any better than they were with Lana. He'd never get tired of fucking her.*

\* \* \* \*

Scott's thoughts returned to the present and to the deep hunger aching inside him. He knew there was only one thing that would satisfy him, and he had to have it. He quickly rinsed off the soapy mess and grabbed a towel, wrapping it around his waist. *No time like the present.* He grinned as he opened the bathroom door and walked back to the bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

Scott focused on the huge, crumpled bed he had left only a little while before. There lay the object of his desires...the reason for the raging hard-on he had this morning and every morning...his wife, Lana. She was still sleeping, her naked body stretched across the bed. She looked so soft and inviting. She was on her stomach with one leg bent and raised to the side. Her long blonde curls cascaded across the pillow. He moved closer to the bed and could hear the steady tempo of her breathing, still in deep slumber. His cock jumped excitedly as her voluptuous backside called to him, begging him to have a taste. She hadn't changed a bit, even after all this time. She still drove him nuts.

Scott bent over the bed, slowly allowing the tip of his tongue to make a wet trail along the crease just beneath her ass. His tongue danced over her flesh, gently parting her luscious cheeks. He kissed the small of her back softly, barely brushing his lips against her silky skin. Moving skillfully over the plump globes of flesh, he placed feather light kisses all the way back down to the hollow spot between her legs.

Lana moaned softly as she shifted on the bed. She spread her legs wider, giving him a full view of her beautiful pussy and ass at the same time. *What a gorgeous sight,* he thought as he eyed her hungrily. He gently brushed the tips of his fingers over the dark curls, softly teasing her with breath-like touches. He was careful to keep his touches light. He wasn't ready for her to be fully awake yet; he still wanted to explore her. He loved this time the best, while she was caught in between fantasy and reality. She moaned softly, shifting ever so slightly on the bed.

He tugged away the blankets, pulling them into a pile at the foot of the bed. He didn't want anything in the way as he devoured her. Climbing gingerly back onto the mattress, Scott settled between her legs. He could smell her sex and knew her pussy was already getting wet. Her scent drove him crazy with desire. He wanted to be as close to



her as he possibly could...he needed to consume her. He lightly brushed his finger over her plump lips, once again teasing the soft patch of brown hair that covered the entrance to the pinkness inside.

Using only the tip of his finger, he gently spread her lips as he searched out her treasure. The velvety softness of her inner folds caused his heart to pound. His balls tingled with excitement. He wanted her so badly he could have just pounded her right then and there, but she was worth the wait. The anticipation made it so much better for them both. His finger found her moisture, and he slid it deep inside, leaning down once again to kiss her passionately on the ass. Scott withdrew his finger from her warmth. It was covered in her sticky nectar. He sucked the sweet juices off his skin. Once again he slipped his finger deep inside her as his thumb slid up to her clit. He softly rubbed the swollen nub while gently easing his finger in and out of her wetness.

Lana stirred beneath him, waking fully with his touches. Scott spread her cheeks and buried his face in between, letting his tongue slide up and down her crack. His finger pumped in and out of her wetness, searching out the softness deep inside her pussy. Arching her back, she raised her ass high in the air for him, spreading her legs as far as they would go. He reached out, grabbing her on both sides and spread her fleshy ass cheeks wider. He stared down at the vision of heaven before him, and his cock throbbed.

Starting at the top of her crack, he slid his tongue all the way down to the wetness of her slit and back up again. He stopped to suck and lick on her clit, flicking it with the tip of his tongue. Lana moaned and got up on all fours, backing closer to his face, begging him for more with her movements.

Dragging the slick moisture with his tongue up to her asshole, he started to probe inside her. Lana groaned as her passion built. She shoved her ass into his face, forcing his tongue to go deeper. He stiffened his tongue and slammed it deep in her ass, licking and sucking her, fucking her ass with his tongue. Her body thrashed against his face. She screamed and fisted the sheets as he continued his assault on her tight hole. Moving his hands to her sides, he slammed her ass into his face, pummeling deeper and deeper inside her tightness.

"Oh my God!" she screamed, her voice ragged and breathless with desire.

Scott moaned deeply while he tongue-fucked her ass. Reaching

around in front of her with his arm, he continued to slam her against his face, letting his tongue slide in and out of her asshole. His other hand moved back to her needing pussy. Her lips were swollen and thick. He slid his finger inside her slit, matching the rhythm of his tongue in her ass. He pumped his finger in and out of her hole, her juices covering his hand. He thrust a second finger inside her pussy then a third...her pussy was full.

Lana screamed louder, and he knew she wouldn't last much longer. He slammed his fingers in and out of her drenched pussy, fucking her faster and faster. His mouth sucked her ass, as his tongue fucked her. He inhaled deeply, taking in all of her womanly aroma

She begged him, groaning and thrashing against him. "Fuck me! Oh my God, Scott. You've got to fuck me now! I need you inside me. Don't make me wait. You know I hate to wait."

He pushed her head down on the bed, roughly grabbing her legs. He spread her ass and pussy as wide as they would go. His cock throbbed so hard it ached; they both had to have release soon. He rammed his cock deep inside her wildly. The wetness gushed out, enveloping his cock. It had been a long time since he'd seen her so wet. He pounded her pussy again and again, slamming in and out of her. His cock completely covered in her sticky juices.

"You like that, don't you, baby?" he said as he pounded against her.

"Oh, fuck yes," she cried out. "You know what I like. Please...Oh, Scott."

He knew it was time...time to give her what she really wanted. Pulling his cock slowly out of her pussy, he slapped it against her clit. Lana cried with desire. She was almost there, and he knew it wouldn't be long until she exploded. She bucked wildly against him.

He grabbed her ass cheeks, spreading them nicely to make room for him between them. Her asshole was open and wet, just waiting for him to come inside. Quickly he shoved the head of his cock in her ass. Lana screamed out with exquisite pleasure/pain. He held it there, letting her asshole tighten around his shaft.

"Oh, my God! Yesss, that's it," Lana cried.

Scott threw his head back and groaned. Her ass felt so good...so tight wrapped around his cock. He felt like he'd explode. His body was on fire. He thrust his cock deep inside her ass. Lana gasped from the force as he slammed into her. He held on to her hips, firmly pulling her against

him.

He held his cock inside her ass. The muscles gripped his cock. He slid almost all the way out and slammed against her forcefully. He pounded his cock in and out of her ass over and over again. Lana bucked wildly against him. He knew how much she loved for him to fuck her ass.

“Oh, yesss, Scott...fuck me harder! That’s it...harder.”

“God, yes, baby. You love it when I fuck your ass, don’t you?” he said through clenched teeth.

“I love it when you take my ass,” she panted.

Scott pounded her ass, watching it shake as his cock disappeared inside her over and over again. He felt her body tense as she screamed to the top of her lungs. Her asshole tightened its grip around his cock, milking his load as she shook violently. He threw his head back and slammed into her a final time. His entire body ignited as he felt the cum moving through his shaft, blasting deep inside her, coating the inside of her ass with his thick cream. He held tight inside her until their orgasm subsided. Scott kissed her softly on the back as he exhaled deeply. “Damn, that was wild.”

“Whew,” Lana gasped as she brushed the damp tendrils from her face. “That was some work out.” She tugged him closer as they both collapsed on the bed, molding her body into his.

He hugged her tightly, kissing the back of her neck. “Not bad for an old guy, huh?”

“Yeah, not too bad at all,” Lana said with a laugh. “That was amazing.”

“Even after twenty years, you still drive me crazy. I was just thinkin’ about that earlier.”

“Good thoughts, I hope.”

“All I have are good thoughts of you, baby,” he said with a smile. While I was taking a shower, I thought about the night you told me you wanted to show me somethin’. God, we had some wild sex that night.

Lana laughed as the wave of nostalgia crossed her face. “I thought that was a pretty good plan.”

“Yeah, I knew somethin’ was up.” Scott laughed as she wrinkled up her nose.

“You did not,” she defended.

“Well, sure I did. You never suggested for us to go back to my place before. So I knew.”

“Thought you were getting lucky, huh?” She poked at him playfully.

“Baby, I got lucky the first night I met you.”

She turned to him, hugging him tightly. “Sometimes you can say the sweetest things.”

He grinned at her. “I may be getting older, but I’m also getting much wiser.”

“Do you ever feel old? I know I do sometimes.”

“Sometimes I do but not real often. I like to think of myself like fine wine. I’m not getting’ older just better.”

“That’s a good way to look at it, I guess.”

“I worry I’m gonna get old, wrinkly, and ugly.”

“For one, you could never be ugly. You’ll always be sexy to me.”

“So you’ll love me even when I get old?”

“Baby, I’ll always love you no matter what age you are.

Lana leaned over kissing him softly on the lips. “I love you, too.”

Scott lay back on the bed as their breathing slowly returned to normal. He rested his hands behind his head as Lana snuggled against his chest. “Man, now that’s how you start a day!”

### About Rene Walden

Rene Walden is a published author who writes mainly contemporary erotica and erotic romance featuring larger, real size women for the lead characters. She also is the owner of Forbidden Publications an E-publishing company that offers a full range of reading materials from mainstream to erotic in a wide variety of genres. You can find out more about Rene at her home on the web. [www.renewalden.com](http://www.renewalden.com)

*Rene Walden*



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