



## EMMA'S REUNION

Emma sat in her chair dreaming of the day she would soon kiss his lips again. The mere thoughts of their last encounter sent quivers down her spine. She longed for the way his mouth caressed hers so gently. She wanted to once again feel the warmth of his hands on her aching breasts. She loved the way his hard cock felt sliding inside her moist and inviting pussy. He completed such an animalistic part of her, a part of her that had lain dormant for most of her 27 years. He was something special to her and it was so much more than just the sexual aspect.

Nelson was the same age as Emma, but he was much wiser than his years. He was an expert on the arts of the female orgasm. Or at least Emma believed him to be. He touched her and sent shivers through every nerve ending in her body. He was a true lover, the kind a woman would only read about in a dime store romance novel. One who would ravage you, leave you breathless and turn even the most timid woman into a wanton lover.

He was going to be at her house in less than 3 hours. Her heart began to race, her pulse was soaring with thoughts of him. His touch, the feel of his tongue licking her clit, it was all too much. She tried in vain to clear her mind. Nothing worked. He had left this image with her, branded her with his own secret, sexual mark. No man would ever satisfy her the way he could. She would never want another man to try.

Finally there was a knock at her door. Her heart skipped a

beat. She could hardly believe it was really him. Months of being separated from the heat that he provided her would finally be over. She would finally be able to breathe and feel like she could live again.

She slowly opened the door, anticipating the smile on his sexy face and she was not disappointed. He grabbed the sides of her face with both hands as gently as a person would pick a delicate flower. He slowly lowered his mouth to hers. Their lips met and provided the life source each other had been missing for months. Their tongues met in a welcoming dance, delighting in each other. She melted with his touch. She longed for Nelson to ravish her, tear off all her clothes and make her his once again.

Neslon was going to make this a night Emma would never forget. He had wanted so much to be around her all the time so tonight he was going to make the time they did have last forever. He wanted to make sure when Emma lay all alone at night it was thoughts of his throbbing cock that fueled her sexual thoughts when she rubbed her clit in ecstasy. He knew he already was and something about that made his penis swell. Just thoughts of her made him swell. Who was he kidding; her touch had poisoned him as much as he did to her. They were forever connected.

Nelson took Emma by the hand and led her up the stairs to the bedroom. He slowly shut the door behind them locking out the rest of the world. Nothing mattered except they were together. He turned off all of the lights and maneuvered about the room lighting the perfect amount of candles. This was all just an attempt to make it more special.

Emma stood there not knowing if her knees could support herself much longer. Finally he came to her. He planted the most sexual kiss on her supple lips, taking in every bit of strength she had left in her body, enveloping her with him. He slowly pushed Emma on her back, half lying on the bed. He then

reached for the waistline of her pants, slowly unbuttoning them with his mouth. He then slid up her body with his hands to her firm, large breasts. Cupping them ever so lightly, Nelson began to torture her nipples, making them ache and stand erect. Then he started unbuttoning her blouse. He wanted so badly to rip all of her clothes off and take her sweet nipples in his mouth but he used restraint. He knew in time he would taste their juiciness and smell the scent of the woman that owned his soul.

Emma slid her hands down the front of him. She knew he was hers. She worked her hands down to his waistline. She hurriedly unfastened his pants and felt them slide to the floor. She knew now there was no turning back. She was going to be ruined for all time. She would need his heat to make her thrive.

They lay side by side on the queen sized bed, half nude. Nelson reached for her breasts again. This time Emma didn't hesitate, it was almost like she knew what he was thinking before he even knew himself. She arched her back laying her breasts right in his inviting, strong hands. She began to feel a tingle in her clit and warmth growing between her thighs.

Nelson sliding his mouth up to replace the hold his hands had on her breasts, hovered just above her skin, drinking in the way she smelled. He couldn't wait to taste her, all of her. He slowly reached behind Emma's back unleashing the hold her flimsy sheer bra had on her large mounds. He sighed to himself, and then lowered his mouth all the way.

"I feel like I am going to die if I don't at least taste some of your candies, my love," he whispered in a breathy tone. He began his descent down her body. He felt her quiver and squirm. They both knew what was coming and it was going to be heaven.

Nelson met the rim of her panties with a soft, teasing kiss.

The kind that almost tickles but feels so good. He slid her legs apart slowly, feeling the fire that just a few simple touches and kisses had fueled. He was so pleased with himself that the reaction he was getting was almost physically too hard to contain. He felt the ache of his lonely cock in his boxers. He longed to slide it deep inside Emma's hot pussy. He needed that. But it would have to wait.

Using only his mouth, Nelson rid Emma of her wet panties. He kissed all of her, trailing his tongue down the insides of her thighs. He needed to eat that peach that was waiting for him. He needed it like one needs air. His thoughts consumed him so much he just dove right in and devoured her. He spread the lips of her pussy apart and slid his tongue deep inside. He began licking all of the juices his kisses had created.

"My god, baby you taste so much better than I ever remember, I need to have all of you," he told her as he began to lose the ability to speak or even concentrate on anything other than the two of them.

"Take me, Nelson," she said gasping for air." I want to feel your tongue sliding around on my clit. I want to feel you thrust your tongue inside me as you make me cum. I want you to lick me so long and suck me dry."

He gladly went back to work. For him giving Emma pleasure was enough, almost more satisfying than his own volcanic orgasms she aided him with. He licked in small circles around her clit, dancing around it but never placing direct pressure on her growing mound. Then he slowly took it in his mouth, gently sucking on it. He knew he could only make her feel this way.

Emma lay on the bed moaning with pleasure. She gasped for air and tried hard not to lose control. The hold she had on the headboard of the bed was about to make her hands ache, but she didn't care. She arched her pussy into him. She thrust her hips with every flick of his hot tongue on her pussy. She was

on the brink of erupting. Emma's breaths became very heavy and quick. He smiled inside knowing she was about to quench his thirst for the taste of her cum.

Moving his tongue faster Nelson brought Emma over the edge of sanity and made her whole body shake. He knew in a few seconds she would break. Faster and faster his tongue swirled. He then swallowed her clit in his mouth. That was all it took.

"Yes," she screamed out in relief. "I am going to cum," she belted out loud enough to wake the whole town up. Her body shook and writhed beneath his mouth for what seemed like hours. She felt so complete.

He went up to her mouth and placed a kiss on her dry lips. She had lost all moisture with the heavy panting he had caused. They kissed forever, her way of thanking him for her relief.

Emma then pushed Nelson flat on his back. "My turn," she said as she licked her lips, letting him know of her plans. She lowered her head down to his aching cock. She took her tongue and licked the head of his throbbing shaft and smiled. "MMMM, you taste like heaven yourself," she said with a devilish grin, right before she took him inside her mouth. She slowly slid inch by inch of his hard cock inside her mouth, taking him as deep as he would go. She needed to taste him and lick him just as badly as he did her.

Emma slid his cock in and out twirling her tongue around every inch, taking in every curve and ridge. She moved her mouth to suck on his balls. Taking each one too them inside and sucking them. Then she worked her tongue back up to the shaft, flicking her tongue along the way. She took him in again, but not slowly this time. She bobbed up and down on him with fury. She felt him slide his hand back down between her thighs to that naughty place.

"Emma you are getting all wet again, my love," he said as he slid a finger inside her drenched pussy. She loved the way he

touched her. She sucked his cock like a person trying to drain the venom from a rattlesnake bite and he fingered her pussy. She began to feel his cock twitching as she felt another orgasm building for herself.

"I want to feel you swallow all of me Emma; take my cock deep inside your mouth," Nelson said. "I need to cum in your mouth and watch you taste me."

She obliged him. She wanted it as badly as he did. She took him deep inside her feeling the shakes growing stronger until he couldn't hold back anymore, spilling all of his hot desire in her mouth. She took in every last drop. She even licked him clean when it was all over.

Nelson immediately flipped her on her back on the bed. She didn't expect what was happening. He covered her breasts with his mouth again. Sucking her nipples like a man that hadn't eaten in months. He spread apart her legs and in the same motion slide his throbbing manhood inside her.

"Ohhhhhh." was all he could manage to mutter out as he just lay inside her for a moment not moving at all. "I feel like I am finally home again," he followed.

Emma lifted her hips to invite his cock deeper inside her. She needed him to fuck her now. She didn't have the ability to wait anymore as she grinded her pelvis against him. He knew that signal. He began thrusting his cock in her, slowly at first. Sliding in all the way in and then out again. He was making her feel like she was going to die from sheer ecstasy.

"Nelson don't torture me like this baby. I have waited for months for you. Make me feel whole again." she begged of him. She knew it was taking all his will to not fuck her like there was no tomorrow. He had even said that in their conversations. He needed her just like she needed him.

With that being said Nelson rolled Emma on her side, never

losing the connection between his cock and her wet pussy. She moaned for him. He slid deep inside her filling all of her with just one thrust. He started pounding her pussy harder and harder. He was so deep inside her. She rocked her hips to meet every thrust with such force. She needed to be dominated by him, ruled by him. She was his forever and there was no turning back.

Their bodies rocked together almost like the chorus of a song, building to the great crescendo that was about to happen. They were like 2 molded into the one they were together. They did complete each other. Emma and Nelson kissed and explored all of each other feeling every inch of the heat between them.

“Emma your skin is like velvet. I long to touch it when I am not around. You are an amazing woman, baby. Are you ready to explode my love, because I am,” he said with an assured tone. With that he grabbed tightly onto her ass, pulling her as close as two people can be. He filled her pussy with his release triggering what was the most intense orgasm she had ever experienced, not mentioning all of the little ones during moments earlier that he had triggered along the way.

After it was all over they just laid there just holding each other, kissing, caressing, he still wedged deep inside her, not wanting to leave. Emma and Nelson drifted off to sleep like that. Not wanting to let go to the feeling they had experienced that night, or what was to come in the future. All they knew was it was going to be wonderful and fulfilling.

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## THE LAKE

The waters on the lake were a brilliant deep blue with just a slight ripple over the surface and black at the portions of the shore shaded by the big green pine and fir trees. Overhead and connected to the lake and forest was the azure sky with just a few white cirrus clouds scattered about. It was calm except for an occasional breeze that stirred the ripple on the lake.

The silence was broken only by the sounds of the breeze in the trees and far off birdcalls. Occasionally, a branch breaking could be heard. The only evidence of humans ever having been there was the small campsite where David Swenson's campfire burned brightly in preparation for preparing his dinner. The two flattened logs, adjacent to the fire, made for a solid work table and his small bivy shelter with a bed of pine boughs close by completed his camp.

It was a good camp, comfortable and efficient and David who had been coming here for several years considered it well worth the two days of canoeing required to get there. Now, he had ten days of fishing, hiking, swimming, and communing with nature to look forward to and he didn't anticipate seeing another human being for the duration of his stay.

As he sat later, enjoying his dinner, he thought about his life and what a shambles it had become. He thought about his ex-wife and about the intimacies they'd enjoyed at first. Six years ago he had craved the touch of his new wife's flesh and



he never lost the feeling. They had been young, inexperienced and right out of college, when they'd married and they learned about life together. Renee, his ex-wife, had been beautiful, loving, sensitive and wonderful when they married. Over the years, that seemed to change.

Later, in his sleeping bag, David's mind returned yet again to thoughts of Renee. He'd first detected problems between them; vague problems that she wouldn't acknowledge or discuss. Of course David was concerned and he began to bring her flowers and candy as well as plan romantic times together. None of his actions seemed to remedy the situation and after six weeks of this had past; she finally confronted him.

"David, I'm leaving you. I can't live like this. I'm going to Los Angeles with Lena." She said calmly as she met him at the door when he'd returned from work.

"Why? Haven't I been a good husband? I love you," he said pleadingly.

"It's not you. I have to go."

"Why?"

"I don't want to discuss it. I'm leaving now."

The next morning the process server had handed David the divorce papers and the following day the discussion of the family estate arose. Later, the family's fortunes went to Renee; her lawyers had seemed more competent. With those thoughts he drifted off to sleep. He hadn't seen Renee again as she wasn't present at the divorce hearings.

The next morning, David awoke leisurely shortly after sunup. After he arose, he went to the lake to do his morning ablutions. Then, he scooped up water from the lake for coffee and proceeded to make breakfast. It wasn't until he was eating his breakfast that he realized he was still clad only in his

boxer shorts. He smiled as he decided to just stay that way for a while; until the mosquitos became a pest. After all, there was no one there to notice. With each minute at his wilderness site he felt his body relax and his tensions left him. Life at the wilderness site became a comfortable routine.

It was the third day that he was paddling his canoe down the shore to a favorite fishing spot that he spotted it; a canoe, overturned and drifting along some distance from shore. It wasn't quite right; someone had either drowned or was stranded. He moved to the overturned canoe and righted it to find the waterproof bags of supplies still lashed to the gunnels. Someone was certainly in trouble. He took the small boat in tow and drug it back to his campsite where he beached it and removed the camping supplies. Finally, he hauled the new canoe further up on the beach, inverted it and placed it over a log to store safely.

With the bags of camping supplies hung safely in trees, away from the bears, he went back, in his canoe, to search the area for evidence of people or bodies. He'd found no evidence of any human when darkness approached. Back at his camp, he was concerned that someone could be in serious trouble and he was the only source of help for many miles. He ate his dinner with little relish as he thought of the poor soul or souls lost in the wilderness.

It was just as he was preparing to retire for the night that he heard it, a voice calling for help. He listened carefully and determined that it was coming from the shoreline, perhaps a half mile from his camp. In response, he went immediately in the direction of the call, carrying his lantern and a small first aid packet. As he approached the area where he thought he'd heard the call, he heard a woman's voice call out weakly, "Over here!"

He raced to the water's edge and saw her with a shock that rocked him to his core. It was his ex-wife, Renee, lying in

the water to avoid the mosquitos. She was weak, too weak to walk. "What the hell was she doing there?" he wondered as he prepared to return her to his camp.

It was nearly two hours later when David had carried her, his lantern and first aid kit back to his camp. There, after setting food to cook, he opened her waterproof bags and retrieved her sleeping gear before making her a bed. Then, he fed her a spoonful at a time. Soon, she slept.

The next morning, David slept well past sunup which was much past his usual arising time. Perhaps it was the lateness of his retirement the previous evening that caused it but with arising, he smelled wood smoke. A look indicated that Renee was up and had rekindled the fire. Then, having completed his morning cleanup he returned to the camp to get the water vessel for coffee and found the coffee already brewed. In addition, there were biscuits and eggs, and bacon ready to eat.

Renee who had been found barely conscious the previous evening, lay exhausted on her sleeping bag. David went to her.

"What the hell are you doing out here? You're supposed to be in Los Angeles." He demanded.

"I've made a terrible mistake." Renee said, "I knew you were coming out here and I came looking for you."

"Well, you've found me. What the hell happened?"

"I wanted to talk to you and I got a canoe and I knew about where your camp is so I made the two portages fine and got to this lake; then, I started searching the shoreline. It was difficult and I pulled in to spend the night, intending to continue the search in the morning. Then, my canoe drifted away. I tried to swim out and retrieve it but couldn't reach it. I was cold, the mosquitos were vicious. Yesterday, I thought I was doomed, but then I saw the light of your fire

and started toward it, but I was weak, needed food and so very tired..." Her story trailed off as she faded off into either a deep sleep or unconsciousness.

David's concern for her was that for any half-dead person found in the wilderness and he determined not to be influenced by his ex-wife who had left him. He left her alone; if she were unconscious, there was nothing he could do; if she were just fatigued, the sleep would help her. He ate his breakfast. Then, for the rest of the day, he looked over her as he would any sick patient.

Late in the afternoon, she stirred and David assisted her off to the woods to relieve herself. They returned shortly and came to the fire where David prepared dinner. As she got seated by the fire, she said, "David, I love you. You're a good man and I've made a terrible mistake. I want you back and I came out here to ask you to take me back."

"We can talk about this more later, I suggest you just focus on feeling better and give me sometime to take all of this in." David said coolly.

Then, with the situation temporarily under control, he began to think about Renee's earlier words. They were either welcome words or words to be ignored and he despised her for saying them. She had left him, divorced him and had taken most of the family estate with her. She had trampled on his feelings and left him for something better. Now she was back. On the other hand, she was once the only woman for him and he remembered their intimacy and the good times. Could it be that way again he wondered?

Later that night, after much consideration, he had reached a decision. If he took her back and she left again, he wasn't sure if he could take the effects on his mind and body. He must not renew the old relationship and he fell asleep.

At sunup, he stirred the fire, made tea and porridge and

prepared for the day as Renee continued to sleep. Every few minutes he looked in on the sleeping woman and found her breathing steadily and fast asleep. At noon, he took his fly rod down to the lake and made a few nice casts with the Mayfly fly on the end of the line. In an hour, he had five nice sized trout ready for cleaning and supper.

Still Renee slept and shortly after four o'clock, she appeared from her tent and walked, rather steadily towards the woods to relieve herself. Then, on her return, she lay down on David's poncho and seemed to be doing better physically and he could not help but find her attractive even stripped of make-up and not at her best.

Deep down he knew that he still wanted her but his wounds made it impossible for him to trust her.

"Why now?" David finally asked.

"I went to LA because I felt like I had settled down too early, I wanted to find myself and see what possibilities were out there for me; but with every new person I met I could not stop thinking of you and comparing them to you. I realized that you are the love of my life and that no one would ever be able to compete with how you make me feel."

"So you just wanted to go out and screw around with other men to figure things out?" David quipped.

"No, I never even slept with anyone else, I just dated people and nothing was ever right, nothing ever felt right the way it felt with you." Renee began to cry and hunched over.

David felt himself relieved that she had not been with another man and knew she was being sincere as Renee was never one to put on a show with her emotions.

He moved closer to her and put his arms around her. Before he realized what he was doing their clothes were off and his

hands roved over her bare flesh feeling the heat of her body. He was scared but he did not care at this moment enough to stop. He wanted her and nothing could interfere with the strong desire he felt for her now.

As their lips parted, David moved downward and began the pleasant task of suckling her beautiful breasts which brought out her finest response. As his lips connected with her familiar nipples, David had lost himself in the moment and the long missing pleasures that he'd once enjoyed. He acted in response to his bodily needs and desires. Soon, he was totally involved in making wild passionate love to his ex-wife. Nothing else mattered.

As David slowly re-familiarized himself with the features of Renee's beautiful body, he grew relaxed and happy. It was like coming home from a long, unpleasant journey. He dared not recall the past or envision the future, his life was now. When his hands moved to her groin, he felt her wonderful, wet pussy. As his hand toyed with her vaginal lips, his fingers tweaked her clit she moaned and begged him to fuck her. His cock nestled against her pussy and then slipped easily inside of her well lubricated vagina and the sensations were those he recalled from long ago and there was nothing to compare.

Their eyes met in a blaze of passion, as David felt his cock fully impaled with the crown resting against her cervix. He stopped his movements to allow their bodies to adjust to each other as he'd done with her many times in the past. It was a joyous occasion as they moved together excited and happy. Renee was the one to commence the thrusting as she utilized every bit of her strength to encourage David. Again, the pleasure was as intense as it had been years ago when they'd fucked.

As the thrusting continued, Renee returned each of David's thrusts with her own counter thrust. The sensations were intense and David found his hands sliding up and down her soft

breasts with erect nipples begging to be sucked. He curved his body enough as he thrust inside her to put his mouth onto her rosebud nipple and suck it until she was panting and squealing with delight.

Her hands found his firm ass and she wrapped her legs around him to pull him in closer as he felt his piriformis muscles clench as he thrust. Their bodies drove each other to new heights of passion. They began fucking hard and fast until Renee sang out that she was gonna cum. As she did and the waves of orgasmic pleasure enveloped her, the wet walls of her pussy gripped along his rigid shaft with intensity. Feeling her contracting so hard against him, the sensations triggered David's release and they reached their peak together. Afterwards, they enjoyed the afterglow that follows good sex together.

The days past and with every moment their relationship became stronger than it ever had. Renee talked about her dreams now in wanting to be a good wife to him and David reveled in the attention he thought he has forever lost. It was on the trip back to civilization that David decided to remarry Renee as she seemed to have been truly sorry for what she'd done and wanted to resume their marriage. He was happy and the lake became the site of their small 2nd wedding ceremony and that of every anniversary thereafter.

They recently celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary at the lake.

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## THE BATHROOM BLISS

Firstly, a note about 'senior sex'. Sex does not stop when you become a senior citizen – but it is more enjoyable. All the years of experience, with no worries of pregnancy. All persons involved are aged in their late 60's – and loving it – the sex, that is!

I moved in with a couple who put me into a 'poppy-pad' (a granny flat for males). The three of us got on quite well. We soon discovered that we were all nudists, at heart. This included the 70 year old man of the house going stark naked throughout the house each day and night. After all, it is his place; he can do what he likes. His wife, however, was a little reluctant to do so.

My 'poppy-pad' caught the early morning sun and so lead to us having nude breakfasts together on many occasions. On this particular morning, the man left the room to go up to the kitchen. I had a strong erection and stood beside the seated woman, with my cock touching her arm.

"I am not touching your cock", she laughed.



“Why, what have I done?” I joked back.

She playfully replied, “It is not what you have done, but what you will do, if I touch your cock. Maybe later.”

The following morning I was walking up the hallway (naked), and I saw the wife was in their bathroom, leaning over the basin, brushing her teeth. She was wearing her dressing gown. I had a cock full of cum. I went in, and lifted her dressing gown up over her waist. She did not resist me as I slid my hard cock into her moist, soft pussy, doggy style. I held her hips as I thrust in and out, both of us enjoying each other. As I exploded my load inside her, I thought “I wonder where her husband is?”

Since then, she loves my cock in her pussy and loves sucking me. Since her husband found out we now enjoy threesomes every now and then. Usually, her husband ‘snuggling ‘ into her pussy while she sucks me off. He likes me to watch him while he fucks his wife and also likes to watch me eat her pussy and tongue her clitoris to orgasm. Ahh, the wonderful joys of Senior Sex!



## TRUE PLEASURE

I thought about seeing him all day. After hours of torturing myself with responsibilities and errands I finally went home and ran a tub of hot bath water. As I squirted the Oil of Olay

“Quench” body wash in the water, I laughed as I thought of my thirst for his cock being quenched by his cum squirting on my tongue. I undressed and looked in the mirror and noticed how pink my nipples were and how my h-cup tits looked swollen and tighter.

I have lost some weight, and hope that when I lose more that my boobs don't get smaller. I am always self-conscious seeing myself naked but I was so horny that I assured myself that at least I was proportionate and still had a womanly shape, and I am only as sexy as I feel.

Listening to my lust instead of my head, I lowered myself into the hot water. I flinched a little as my swollen clit was the first part of me to touch the hot, wet water. I rubbed the soapy bubbles all over me and the aroma reminded me of the same “Quench” lotion I wore almost every time I saw him.

As I rubbed the slick sweet soap on my breasts I imagined he was fucking my tits with his hard wide cock. I pinched my nipples as I washed them and after they were rinsed, I had the sudden urge to lick my hard pink nipple and see what it tasted like. It wasn't difficult to get to; I cupped my hand around part of my breast and felt the weight and the soft jiggly flesh and stuck out my tongue.

The little bumpy brown area felt really good on my tongue. I swirled it around and flicked my erect nipple and tugged at it slightly with a suck. I stopped there to save the sucking for him. He does it soooo good anyway... I squirted some of the white creamy body wash on the top of my pussy next. It felt so good to finally touch it. The hair on the top feels so good on my fingers when it's all soapy.

My fingers slid around easily on my pussy lips because they are shaved smooth and slick. My clit was sticking out above my full and plump pussy lips and my fingers touched it with every stroke I made with my soapy hand. Whew, I had to stop, but not

before I stuck my finger inside the opening. I wanted to be sure it was fresh and clean. When I raised my hand out of the water I was glad to see that the water hadn't washed the juice off my finger. Mmm, it tasted sweet and fresh and made me want to taste his cum. It was thicker and always hot and always a lot of it.

Next, I shaved my legs and soaped up my feet, and slid my fingers between my toes. I scrubbed my feet with the soft brush and was imaging how my feet would look in those sandals he likes with my painted toenails.

Well, time was getting away from me. I hadn't even called him to tell him I was coming for sure. I rinsed off in cold water, and dried off as quickly as I could. I was in such a hurry to get over there, I didn't even fix my hair, I just took out the clip and let my hair fall down on my shoulders, the hot steam made soft brown curls so I just tossed it around with my fingers and let it go. I thought of how it felt when he held my long hair as I sucked his cock I never even told him that I secretly had wished for someone to do that he just did it one day. Not too hard but not too easy either.

I slipped on my hose and grabbed my heels and rushed out the door feeling sexy and so horny and anticipating the evening. On the way over I put on some lip-gloss but my cheeks were flushed red so I didn't need any blush. I looked down at my cleavage and noticed that my chest and the tops of my tits were red too. I knew then that he would be able to see right away how horny I was. When I called him I could tell he wasn't really expecting me to come, and he said he would get in the shower. I thought maybe he might leave the door unlocked and I could go in and surprise him in the shower.

I was surprised to find him still working, he looked up with those beautiful blue eyes and smiled. It was nice to just go immediately to him and feel his body with a warm hug. He said he was hot and sweaty and I replied that I didn't care, that's

the way I liked it. He is always sexy, even when he's working. Once I saw him working in a one- piece blue uniform/suit for painting or something and was so turned on. I never knew I would be. I just wanted to unzip it and expose his chest and see his big cock sticking out of the opening in the cloth.

My mouth watered that day thinking of it; hard but with its soft meaty head. I pictured him holding it with his hand sliding up and down his cock as he rubs it on my face and on my lips. I long for the plump, purplish head to pass my lips. When it does I suck passionately on the tip as if the sweet cum inside was a drop of rain in a drought.

Again today He looks so sexy and fit. He always fills out everything nicely, not too skinny and not too big, just right. He has just the right amount of muscle and softness, too. Lean and tone but big enough to make you feel like somebody's got you when they hold you. He takes care of himself and always looks distinguished and smooth; like a man who knows what he wants. His grey hair just sets off anything he wears, and makes the blue in his eyes stand out even more. His hair feels so nice too, thick and short and soft. I love to run my fingers through it.

I am breathing deeper and feeling the fever that's burning all over me as we walk up the steps and he is following closely behind me. I cant wait to have him all to myself, I am wondering if I will hold back again or if I will just let go and do all the things I want to do, completely and wildly uninhibited.

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## HAVING SARAH

Having sex with my fellow college student Sarah had been my longtime fantasy. Every day I liked her more and more, not just for her looks, but her sweet personality as she was funny and kind to all she encountered beyond being gorgeous. Being with her seemed unattainable as she was out of my league socially and far beyond reach from my awkward and introverted, academic personality. Yet, here she was, in my small apartment, intoxicated on drugs or alcohol or both, and begging to be allowed to spend the night.

I had been walking home from the library when I saw her in front of my small rental apartment that was tucked in a renovated house. She could barely stand so I let her into my place. As she'd entered my apartment muttering something about her friends having left her she shocked me as she brightened and asked if she could stay the night. "Please?" she irresistibly begged. "My parents and they would kill me if they saw me like this."

I considered, what opportunities that offered but sex with drunken women is not all right in my mind. She would be my guest and I would honor her need for a safe place to sleep it off. I have to admit though, Sarah was looking quite hot in a tight little dress despite her drunken stance.

As she settled into my tiny apartment, Sarah was soon in the

bathroom, sick and heaving her drunken guts out. It was obvious that she was in misery and I moved to comfort her only to be soundly rejected by my efforts to help. Obviously, she was soon going to need a bed to allow her to sleep and wear off the effects of her intoxication.

It was with some regret that I placed plastic bags under the sheets and prepared the bed for her. For me, it would be my couch for me. After a time, the stench of drunken puke filled the air of the apartment and even with the windows open, could not be driven out. Sarah lay face down on the bathroom floor, miserable, sick and in great distress for some time until she drifted into a deep sleep.

It was past midnight when I saw Sarah had gotten out of bed and was stumbling towards me and without words, I took her arm and directed her back to the bed. Again, she rejected my touch and made her way to the bed herself. It was there that she lost all consciousness for the night. I removed her shoes and vomit stained clothing to her bra and underwear before pushing her onto the bed and covering her with the sheet and comforter.

Then, after leaving a small, plastic trash can next to the edge of the bed in case she might become sick again, I took her clothing to wash and dry them for her use the next morning. Much later, after showering and cleaning myself, I slept on my couch.

With morning breaking through the windows, I arose early and found Sarah was asleep and completely in need of more rest. Somehow, despite her snoring and disheveled appearance, her beauty was still present and I found myself torn between wanting her to leave and wanting her to stay.

The very gall that she'd shown by even coming here and imposing on me aroused my ire a bit as I felt a bit used as a dumping ground. I started to prepare breakfast which was a

Greek omelet. It was as I had broken the eggs that I heard Sarah stirring and went to assist her only to be angrily rebuffed. "Just leave me alone. I've got enough trouble without you being all over me," she said.

It was then that I lost my cool and replied, "Your clean clothes are over there on the chair and the bathroom is ready for you to shower and make yourself presentable. Then, please go." She looked a bit shocked and realized how rude she had been. I made no attempt to comfort her.

An hour later, Sarah came out of the bathroom, dressed and primed with a ponytail and no makeup and looking more beautiful than she had a right to. A bit softer, her demeanor had changed. She no longer showed her animosity toward me and even seemed to be friendly as she sat on the bed calling for someone to pick her up.

In the meantime, I continued to make my omelet and recognizing that my guest might be hungry, I threw in two more eggs and another hand full of spinach. It was as I set the table for two and poured the coffee that Sarah came up beside me and gently grasped my arm as our eyes met. "I'm sorry for all the disruption I've made of your life. It's just that I don't seem to meet many guys like you and I thought that you meant me harm. Can you ever forgive me?"

Suddenly, I recognized her change in attitude as that she'd decided to trust me. Her hand on my arm seemed to convey an intimacy. I just smiled and said, "Hey! There's an omelet here and it's got your name on it. Come and eat it before it gets cold."

Over food, we talked. Sarah had been raised by strict parents in a wealthy family. She had started to college with the strict admonition- No boys, no dancing, no smoking and no drugs or alcohol. She had tried to live at the university by her parent's rules but had found it next to impossible. Then,

she'd been invited to this frat party and had simply had too much to drink. She hadn't suspected that two martinis would make her so completely drunk.

As I listened, I became suspect. Two martinis do not a stumbling souse make. I listened more carefully as she told of her past experiences and of her reluctance to drink any alcohol at all and began to wonder – could she have been drugged?

It was as we finished our breakfast and Sarah helped me clean up the kitchen that I answered my door to find a middle-aged man standing there – his antagonism evident. “Is Sarah there?” he asked and I bade him enter.

He went to my guest and grabbed her by the arms as he began to revile her for her behavior. Suddenly, he slapped her and this was too much. What had previously been none of my affairs, had become my duty to stop the violence and I moved to grasp the man's arms. It was then that I noticed the collar of a pastor at his neck and also recognized that it must be her father immediately. With recognition, I began to regret my move to stop the violence but my action had subdued the old man's passions and he stepped back.

As he did, he stepped back and spoke, “You've violated our rules and disrespected our religious principles and that is totally unacceptable so I've brought your clothes and personal things to you. You're no longer welcome at home.”

As Sarah's eyes filled with tears her father departed leaving several bags of personal effects on my doorstep. It seems that I'd been imposed upon again as my house guest has nowhere to turn. It was then that I felt the need to take charge and bring some semblance of order to the situation. First, I said, “It appears that you have nowhere else to go and are without funds to continue in school. Your parents are being ridiculous and I am so sorry that this has happened. I know this is going



to sound crazy, but if you want to live here you can. Granted, you'll have to assist with the costs of all food and lodging. I simply don't have the money to cover your costs."

Suddenly, Sarah smiled even as the tears still flowed from her eyes. "Wow, that is quite an offer. I am so grateful but I am not ready for anything sexual if that is understood then I appreciate and will accept your generous offer."

As I only had one bedroom, we set it up so that I could sleep in my bedroom and her on a futon we bought and put in the living room. Things started off smoothly as Sarah seemed overwhelmed by her situation and I was deeply concerned about my lust and passions for her getting in the way. Sarah was the epitome of a beautiful woman and she was certainly going to be a test in restraint.

As the days passed and we had settled in together we took turns cooking. We dined on ham and eggs before retiring one night. Privacy was maintained at all times. My thoughts of this beautiful woman sleeping only a room away seemed to excite me to a much greater extent than I had anticipated and that arousal made it difficult to sleep at times.

The sun was well up in the sky on this beautiful Sunday morning when I arose from my bed and started for the bathroom. In spite of my best efforts not to, I looked in on her sleeping form and took pleasure. She was beautiful even fully covered with her nightgown. As I dressed and prepared breakfast, my thoughts turned to fresh fruit, omelets, and toast.

So it was that I was occupied when Sarah came to our kitchen area and greeted me, "Good morning!". I smiled and greeted her warmly and we enjoyed our hearty breakfast. And so it was that Sarah and I started our lives together with pleasant interactions and an unspoken sexual tension and no acting on it. On Tuesday, she had found a job, waiting tables at a close

by restaurant.

Somehow, she seemed to become stronger and more competent each day as her confidence built. At the same time, she seemed to grow more beautiful to me each day and I found myself covertly adoring her. She was beautiful and she living with me and yet I felt so constrained.

A month passed and Sarah and I survived on the meager funds available as we supported each other in our stressful lives. Our academic work began to excel as we assisted each other. We became loners together simply because there was no money for any other social activities.

With the holiday vacation from school, both Sarah and I sought as much work as we could get in order to have funds for the coming term at the university. She seldom spoke of home and family and we spent a quiet Christmas day alone together. By this time, we'd become dependent on each other for comfort and support.

It was the week after the New Year, as we commenced our new school term, that she and I were preparing for bed. Out of the blue, she asked me, "Do you ever think of me as an attractive woman" and, stunned by her question responded slowly afraid of what she might think, but unable to restrain my growing affections anymore, "You're the most beautiful, sexy and wonderful woman I've ever known. Why do you ask?"

Sarah replied, "I've seen you looking at me when you thought I wasn't aware yet, you never made a move on me. Why?"

"If I made a move on you it might end this arrangement that we have." I could not bear that to end.

"All the men I have encountered have wanted sex and no commitment and you want commitment and no sex."

"Well, that is not entirely accurate. I want commitment with

sex, but I will take commitment without it if it were to mean losing you.”

“I am falling in love with you and I think about you more than I should and in ways, I probably shouldn’t but I want you.”

As I considered her words, I was faced with a multitude of conflicting thoughts. Our eyes met and I saw an intimacy that I hadn’t seen before. It was good but a delicate situation as I knew of her upbringing, her virginity, and her fears. “Perhaps we could just take it easy and see what develops. If at any time either of us becomes uncomfortable, we simply stop and remain friends as I don’t want to risk losing you.”

“I think we should get ready for bed.” And with that, she went to the bathroom and began the shower. As I heard the water running and knew she was in there washing her beautiful body, I became so hard. Especially now that there was a chance that we could be intimate I found myself literally shaking. When Sarah was done in the bathroom she came up behind me in her nightgown and pressed her breasts and groin into my backside as she kissed me on the neck. We moved slowly and carefully as Sarah remained comfortable with our actions.

She moved away from me and I feared this was too much but she moved back toward me firmly and kissed me. It was a passion filled, torrid kiss such as I’d never experienced before. It brought my whole person to full alert as my passions rose. I tried to match the passion in her act as I caressed her hot tongue moving in my mouth.

We moved to the bedroom and began to slowly undress one another. Both of us excited and yet slightly terrified. I moved onto the sheet toward her as she had moved to lay on the bed. There our eyes met in some sort of agreement and we kissed and I moved over her. Sarah felt warm and soft as my groin pressed into hers. It was evident that Sarah was in more of a hurry than I’d thought. As we kissed, she crawled over me

and into the position for a cowgirl ride explaining that she was afraid she couldn't handle my enlarged cock and wanted to be in control. Seconds later, I felt her warm, wet, velvety smooth vagina slowly sliding over my cock.

Her eyes were shut tight and her face was taut in a determined effort to effect a full penetration. Now it was me who wanted to slow down to make this first time good for her. When she bent forward so that our chests touched, I felt us fully engaged. When I looked up into her eyes I saw something like exhilaration and the tension replaced with a big smile that faded into an ecstasy and moaning. She began grinding her clit against my pubic bone, faster and faster with me deep inside her and suddenly I felt her writhe and convulse both inside her wet pussy and throughout her body. The look of her pleasure as she came had me over the top and I found myself clenching my jaw, moaning and cumming inside her hard as she climaxed around me.

Later as we lay in bed together, I waited for her to speak worried that she may regret it. She cooed and ran her hand over my chest and then said in a cheerful voice "We did it!" she exclaimed, "Today I am a woman and I love." I smiled and whispered to her "I love you too."

The rest of Saturday was filled with our comfortable intimacy and while we did celebrate our coming together with dinner at Cabrizzi's restaurant and a bottle of wine. We experimented and played and developed the primordial rhythm. It was then that I knew that Sarah was mine and that we were good together. I was living my dream and have since every day.

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## ADVENTURES WITH TERRY

We answered a few ads for some new and extra sexual experiences. We met with couples and single guys (for a drink) and discussed the possibilities. We would be prepared to fuck in the same room as another couple. Watch and be watched and agreed we'd enjoy an erotic experience. We were told we were naive and that we must be prepared to swop for a fuck. That we thought should depend more on the arousal of the female than the demands of the male.

We had just about given up on finding someone who might just want to enjoy extra stimulation (we sort of thought we might have a touchy-feely experience) I admit I had a fantasy about seeing Mel, my wife truly enjoys herself with sex. Much better than I alone could provide, it was this idea of bringing more excitement to our sex life that appealed to us both.

Then we met a couple- Terry and his girlfriend; Terry considered himself a Stud and his girlfriend was very explicit, saying he`s a good fuck. Terry described how he was in demand as a stud, while still unsure as to our being able to cope with his expectations regarding a fuck; we thought as a four we should be able to have a sharing experience. Agreeing to a fuck should be a mutual decision.

Over a drink later we all agreed to meet up later. At the arranged time I was disappointed when Terry turned up on his own, however, Mel thought we should seize this opportunity and

suggested a gentle beginning would be for her to dress in a sexy outfit. We agreed and suggested adding a blindfold and to video the experience. If Mel enjoyed the attentions of Terry I expected to see her have another lovely fondle of his impressive cock.

Video camera running, Mel faces the bed in a red blindfold, blouse, bra, panties, suspender belt, and fishnets. Terry behind wearing only shorts, he caresses her tits over her blouse, she is aware of his hard-on bumping against her buttocks. Removing her blouse then her bra he continues gently to caress and cupping her tits while giving greater attention to her nipples. Terry`s gentle caresses were exactly what I hoped would cause her to want to have sex.

Mel obviously enjoyed Terry`s attention. Seeing her encourage such intimate and erotic caresses, she began to want more. Terry continues to caress and undress Mel. As he removed her panties you could see that he had a bulging hard on. Terry caresses her pussy while Mel wearing only a blindfold reclines on the bed. He gently, fondles her tits, and leaning over, takes her right nipple firmly in his mouth licks and sucks, she lifts up offers and encourages him to suck her left. She could feel the lustful desire burning at her body, devouring her.

His tongue flicked over her nipple, the pleasure of the act stimulating her more and more. Slowly his lips moved down her breast. Her heart pounding as his tongue traced down her stomach, to her waistband, Mel is able to slide her hand up his inner thigh until she is able to palm the weight of his balls. Lifting her leg he takes her foot to his mouth licks her toes. She is laughing at his touch and sighing with pleasure. Picking up some massage oil that was out and pouring a little in his hands, Terry caresses and oils over tits, belly, legs and feet.

Terry smoothly slides his still oily palm over her bush, her

flesh tingled as his mouth inched ever closer towards her sex. The first thing that she felt was his hot breath washing over her, sending an inferno of pleasure roaring through her body. But that was nothing compared to the moment his lips touched her pussy. A deep gasp of air filled her lungs as she felt his tongue slurping against her clitoris. Terry moaned ever so slightly, the vibrations of his lips tingling as his tongue slid back and forth. She rubbed her fingers through his hair as his tongue danced across her pleasure zones.

Her heart beating harder and harder with every stroke of his tantalizing tongue. Her body quivered. The pleasure was intense, she threw out her arms and clutched upon the bed sheets that lay beneath her. His tongue danced faster and faster, more and more delicious probing, the passion rolling through her body, the immense pleasure welling up inside her.

Moan after moan escaped from her, as his lips pressed against her pussy, his mouth consuming her clitoris. Her flesh tingled, her muscles tensing more and more, the blood roaring in her ears, delight gripped her body tightly, refusing to let go as she rushed towards orgasmic bliss.

Her eyes rolled as it happened. The orgasm came powerfully, shuddering through her shaking body, her muscles convulsing as she came hard. "Oh fuck," Mel screamed as she came. Her energy stores depleted, her body relaxed, she felt she was floating on a cloud as she lay there. Terry relinquishing his vigorous tonguing to a slow gentle probing, bringing a contented smile upon her lips as she lay there enjoying the pampering, each time his tongue slid over the clit, another wave of pleasure rolled through her body.

She had barely come down when she felt herself rising once more. Felt her flesh tingling, her vaginal muscles quivering. She gasped as his finger slid inside of her tightening wet pussy. An explosion of pleasure ripping through her body. She moaned an "Oh god!" as his finger pressed against her spot,

the spot that sent a feeling rocketing through her flesh that no words could describe. A simpering moan of bliss erupted from deep within her as he sucked her clitoris into his hot wet mouth, his soft lips pinching it as his tongue rolled gloriously across it sending a constant buzz of pleasure throughout her depths. His fingers allowing her pussy lips to relax as his tongue slid out. He needed to lick his lips and swallow her creaminess, each time his lips receded she moaned and thrust up encouraging him to once more tongue probe her eagerness.

The pleasure was insane. Her body had not enough room to store it, venting the excess in orgasmic moans that filled the room. Harder and harder, deeper and deeper he thrust, faster and faster he pressed against her spot, her flesh burned as his tongue flicked rapidly across her clitoris, the pressure building. Her cries of pleasure ringing in her ears. Her muscles tightened. She clutched on the bedding tightly, her knuckles turning white. Her back arched, as all of the muscles in her body tensed. She could feel her pussy clenching hard against his fingers, the fingers that she could feel sliding in and out of her; she could feel every tiny detail, every tiny movement, a bigger explosion roaring through her body every time he jammed upon her spot. His tongue rolling unendingly across her clitoris. Her cries increasing with every moment. Her heart beating so hard that she felt that it would explode. Her flesh burning and tingling. She teeters on the brink of orgasm until she explodes squirting cum into Terry's mouth and him greedily swallowing each drop.

With that Terry kissed Mel on the lips smiling. He thanked her for her trust and promised to return with his girlfriend for more later that night and so it was that more adventures with Terry began.





## AFTERNOON LOVE

I come home and find you in the master bathtub taking a bubble bath with your blonde hair piled up on your head and sipping some white wine from a long-stemmed glass. Your golden hoop earrings match your hair and there is a wet luster on your lips. You smile coyly and say "Hello." Your ample breasts are wet and your large pink nipples are hard. You've been waiting for me and thinking of our afternoon.

I sit next to you and use the washcloth to rub your back and squeeze the warm soapy water out of it onto your shoulders and watch as it runs down your back. We talk a little and I see you have your finger and toenails freshly painted a pretty red color. Then I help you out of the bath and give you a towel. You wrap the towel around you and take your wine glass and say you'll be back in a few minutes as you walk off through the house to another bedroom.

There are fresh sheets turned down on our bed and there are Liberator cushions all around. At the foot of the bed is a larger cushion/bench that is even with the top of the bed mattress. A small bottle of lube sits there within easy reach. Next to it is a glass handled whip with luscious strands of light teal colored lamb skin tails. There is some light, soft, sexy piano music playing on the stereo. My cock is swelling as I think of what is to come.

I take off my suit and take a bath. As I soak in the tub and sip on a cold beer, I can feel where I have shaved smooth around my cock and balls. I know you like that.

When I am finished I get out and dry off and lay down on the edge of the bed with a cushion under my back waiting for you with hard anticipation. We have done this many times before, but every time it drives me wild.

A few agonizingly long minutes later you walk into our bedroom with your hair down and wearing a red silk negligee, red G-string that barely covers your swollen pussy lips, and black thigh high stockings. Your lips are in luscious red lipstick and your eye makeup is done just right, accenting your sultry green eyes. Your breasts gently bounce with each sway of your hips.

You kneel down between my spread legs and sensuously wrap your fingers around my fully erect, hard, throbbing cock. I am in for a fabulous, wet and sloppy blowjob, I can tell. Then you take me in your mouth and slowly stroke me at the same time. I hold your hair back out of your eyes and mouth as I enjoy the delicious, sexy show you perform just for me. As you slowly pull me out of your mouth your lips lock around the head of my cock and your red lipstick and red fingernails are so damn sexy. You lick the head of my cock and suck the shaft. You alternate that with sucking my balls and then deep throating me, taking it all in and slobbering all over it slowly stroking and squeezing. I reach out and squeeze your tits and gently knead your hard nipples between my thumb and forefinger and softly and slowly pull them toward me one at a time as I hold your hair out of your face with my other hand. You let out a moan and tell me your clit is hard. I can tell your pussy is getting wet as you slowly rock your hips. And then you start bobbing your head up and down in a steady and rhythmic pace making me groan with pleasure. I tell you to suck my cock just like that. You lift your head and whisper "Fuck my mouth." I gladly oblige. You tell me to stroke my

cock in your mouth and I do. You suck the tip of my cock with your red shiny, wet lips and I feel like I am about ready to cum when you lift your head up and look me in the eyes and lustily say, "Fuck my ass." What a turn on!

You move to the cushion/bench at the end of the bed and kneel down on it. You bend down with your face in the sheets and your arms in front of you and lean forward over the body pillow against the cushion as you spread your legs and push your ass up. I kneel behind you between your legs and I pull the G-string aside next to your lips and I see your tight ass and glistening, smoothly shaved pussy spread before me. "Touch my clit", you moan. Not yet. I take both of my hands and stroke your smooth, warm ass cheeks and spread them apart. You groan in expectation of what will happen next. You want it and it shows. I take the whip and softly run the lambskin tails against your pussy and up along the crack of your ass. You whimper and wiggle your fine big ass in anticipation. Then I whip your ass cheeks with it and you writhe under each slap of the lash and groan for more.

"Touch my clit", you say again, but this time in a low and rushed whisper with a sense of urgency. I pour some lube onto my fingers and rub it on the head of my cock. And then I kiss your ass cheeks as I take my wet fingers and stroke your pussy lips as I slide them down to your hard clit begging for attention. I gently rub around it and over it in a slow, soft circle. You moan louder and squirm under my touch. Then with my other hand, I spread your ass apart and my tongue slowly and wetly swirls around your anus. I lick it and tongue it and press gently on it with the tip of my tongue as I touch your clit. You are rocking back and forth and around as sweet sounds moan from your throat. "Put it in. Put your cock in my ass!" you quietly scream.

I take a long last stroke with my tongue as my fingers slide from your clit and up your slit along your now very wet pussy lips. I gently rub circles around your hole and press a finger

slowly in just a little and wiggle it around to tease you as your ass pulses in anticipation. Then I stand up and with one hand I spread your ass and with the other, I take my hard cock and guide it slowly into your hole. You gasp with pleasure as the head slides in and you grip it so tightly. Your fingers are tightly gripping the sheets as my cock goes in easily – you are so really ready for it! I moan because it feels so fucking good. I slowly push in and stay shallow to feel you tighten and push back and forth. I pick up the glass whip again and slap your ass with the lash as I hungrily fuck your ass. You writhe and squirm beneath me. I grab your G-string around your hips and pull on it as I thrust rhythmically into you. Your black thigh high nylons feel so smooth and help make you look so fucking hot and sensuously slutty.

The negligee has slipped up over your hips as I ride your ass in sheer excitement. We both are overwhelmed with the ecstasy of this intense and intimate moment and the pleasure it brings. I grab a handful of your long blonde hair and stroke it as I pull your head back and you arch your back into me. I push in deeper and you gasp more and “Oh yes, Fuck!” rushes from your mouth. You moan and squirm and push back forcefully and eagerly as I deeply penetrate you. I grab your hips and squeeze your ass cheeks and you love it. Your tits are swaying as you thrust against me. Your nipples and clit are rock hard. The sweet sounds of making love and raw grunts and sexy groans fill our bedroom as my balls are slapping against your wet cunt. I fuck your ass deeply with long thrusts and the strokes become faster as the pleasure rises and the orgasm builds. Suddenly I explode into your ass with a load of hot cum. “Fuck yeah!!” I am quivering as I thrust deeply into you and feel your ass grip my cock. You moan in thorough delight. I am light headed and seeing stars.

You command, “Stay in,” as you slowly thrust back and forth into me milking all of the cum out of my dick with your big, luscious, tight ass. I roll down from the climax, catching my

breath. "Stay in," you command again. My cock slowly softens as I look at the silky red negligee pushed up over your hips as I run my hand up your back to your hair and grab a handful and gently pull your head back again. You are so fucking sexy and just made me feel sooo damn good. I pull out of you as you sigh. I grasp your ass cheeks and pull them apart to watch as my cum dribbles out of your ass and down into your wet pussy.

I tell you to get up on the bed. You slowly crawl off the cushion/bench and lay down on the bed with your legs spread wide. You lift your hips and I help you pull the G-string off. This is no time to be even ever so lightly restrained. Your wet pussy is waiting to be satisfied. I kneel by your side and squeeze your tits and roll your nipples between my fingers and thumbs. I suck on them and feel their hardness between my lips. Then I glide down your stomach to the hot wet pleasures below. Your smoothly shaved pussy lips and hard, ready clit are beckoning for attention. It's your turn. You reach between my legs and fondle my partially engorged cock in your hand. Your fingers brush seductively against my asshole. You moan in anticipation.

You take your hand and I can see your red finger nails spread your pink pussy lips apart for me as my face nuzzles between your spread nylon encased legs. You thrust your hips up at me as my tongue licks at your lips. "Oh yes!" you gasp between breaths. You are wet with pleasure and ready for a tongue fucking to match the cock fucking your ass just took. I reach under you and pull your legs apart wider as I feel the tops of those sexy damn nylons gripping your willing thighs. I lick the sides of your pink folds, inside and out and my fingers spread your lips. My tongue slides up to your pulsating hard clit.

I can feel your heat and you are incredibly wet. I reach up with one hand and squeeze your breasts and toy with your nipples as the fingers of my other hand play with your cum dripping asshole. I graze my tongue over the top of your hard

clit as it reaches out for me as you gasp. I lick it and suck on it and swirl around and around. Your hips thrust into me. I flick my tongue over your clit faster and find the rhythm of your desire. Your breathing quickens and you arch your back and thrust your hips into my face. I can feel you groan and squirm and quiver and hear you moan as the orgasm washes over you in waves of excruciating pleasure. Your sweet pussy juices soak my face. It seems like it lasts for a very long time.

And then in a rush, you push my head off of your hypersensitive clit as you come crashing back down. You try to catch your breath in rapid gasps as I stroke your thighs and slide back up to lie side by side with my sex goddess. I stroke your hair and tickle your skin with my fingertips as we cuddle in post orgasmic bliss. We lie there and I whisper "I love you," in your ear as my hands slide soothingly over your body and draw you close to me as we rest. You tell me you love me too and that you are a very happy woman.

We lay there together for a while, not speaking as we drift off. You are on your back as I am at your side. After a short time, you gently reach over and take my hand and guide it to your pussy. This tells me what you want without speaking a word. I am surprised and excited since we are usually "one and done". But on this late afternoon, as the light is fading outside, you are especially hot and horny. I rise to the occasion. I shift myself over and my face dives eagerly back between your legs and still wet pussy. I devour it all and eat you once again. Your clit and juices taste so good as I lick you to the verge again. My cock has now grown hard as you squeeze and stroke me. I want to put my cock in your mouth and have you suck me until I come all over your wet lips and tongue. But at the moment my tongue is enjoying your other very wet lips and once again, very swollen and hard clit – the center of your desire. This time you cum quickly and are now thoroughly soaked, as are the sheets. But I still have a hard cock and I shift between your legs and penetrate your willing

and waiting pussy. I slide in and out as I thrust into you. The silky warm feeling is fucking fantastic. I lift one of your legs up against my chest and grind into your pussy with a different feel for us both until I once again explode. Then we collapse together, totally spent and thoroughly in love as the sex has gotten better and better through the years. I pull the sheet over us as I roll over next to you on to the wet spot of our love. I can't wait until we regain our strength to make such raw, lustful love again. Perhaps next week, in the afternoon?

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## **OVERCOMING TRAGEDY**

Ryan Gadson had been a peaceable man whose thoughts usually ran toward a calm and serene solution to life's problems. He'd thought good thoughts and avoided violence as best he could. He'd voted the peace platform over any other in the elections and he'd spoken of war only in ugly terms. Strangely, he was also a man of great personal integrity – he had been the epitome of loyalty, honor, patriotism and he was a man with strong beliefs.

Ryan's quiet, easy-going manner had made him popular in school and in his community. The high school girls had sought him out for his friendship and sometimes more as he had been active in sports – though not particularly good at any of them. At the university, Ryan had worked hard at his studies although money

was scarce and by his sophomore year, it'd become apparent that he had no money to finish. It was then that an ROTC recruiter accosted him and offered him a full scholarship and a small salary in return for his participation and three years of active duty in the army on graduation. Seeing a world at peace and the army in garrison he reasoned that he'd not only get his college education paid for but he'd get to see a lot of the world.

And so it was that Ryan signed up for the ROTC. For two more years, he learned to enjoy the strict values of honor, loyalty, integrity, patriotism, discipline and organization of the army and actually looked forward to his next three years. It was shortly after his commissioning into the army reserve and he'd entered into basic officer training that things began to go badly. The world's affairs had changed as countries began to choose up sides against each other. The army, the ultimate tool of diplomacy to be employed in the event our nation's core values were threatened began to prepare for war. No longer did they talk of the possibility of war in the future at some unspecified, far-distant time but now as though it were real.

For the first time Ryan had been forced to face the prospect of killing and maiming another human. For the first time in his otherwise calm and serene life, he was forced to face the 'kill or be killed' possibility. Still, while he dutifully learned what was taught to him in his advanced infantry school, war was something he'd rather not think about and his life remained calm and comfortable. He'd rather not consider that eventuality.

It was shortly after his graduation from basic officer training and reported to duty with his company in Colorado. There, as a green second Lieutenant, he began to learn leadership and responsibility as he took over command of a platoon but found life there was rough and his soldiers were



far better at their jobs than he was at his. Lacking the respect of either his senior officers or his soldiers, he was alone and uncertain how to proceed. To make matters worse, he had soon received orders for his brigade to deploy half way around the world. Knowing his inexperience and inabilities, Ryan worked many long hours to insure that he'd given his best to carry out the mission and see to his men.

The deployment had gone badly in spite of his most carefully laid plans. Unforeseen situations had arisen and thwarted the plan. Then, it was over and they had set up and organized their camp and living assignments. Ryan stopped to rest and took a seat on a pile of crates where he contemplated his failure. It was the low point in his life – his soldiers had suffered because of his failure. It was as he sat there that his platoon sergeant came and sat on the crate beside him in silence. Together, they were lost in thought. Then, after a time, the Sergeant spoke, "That was a good job that you did Mr. Gadson. You got us all here well fed and unhurt and on time in accordance with the mission." Ryan turned to his Sergeant and suddenly there was a bond between them – a bond of trust and respect.

Likewise, those senior officers that had looked down on him suddenly began to treat him with respect. Many owed their own success to Ryan's timely handling of tough situations during their move. Life became more livable and the camp became calm and quiet. It was good. Still, there was a war imminent and Ryan's brigade was right in the middle of the war zone. Weapons were loaded at all times and the guard posts were manned by men who were prepared to kill or be killed at the first sign of trouble.

Ryan, from his TOC duty station, was responsible for timely acting in the event of an attack. He'd been trained in his duties and knew them well but what if the unanticipated happens? What then? Suddenly, kill or be killed didn't seem to matter much but the success of the mission and the lives of

his soldiers was his overwhelming concern. Weeks passed as the camp remained calm and comfortable although the sense of impending war seemed to hang over everyone. Nothing was spoken about it. Ryan's platoon sergeant and Ryan had become close – not friends exactly, but comrades with a common purpose. They trusted each other.

It was hot in the jungle when Ryan's company was ordered to relieve a company at an outpost some ten miles from the main base. The move was another big change. No kitchen or showers at the outpost. The post had only a band of concertina wire surrounding it and a central guard post – a sheltered box, mounted on a pole some ten feet in the air. Two men manned the post at all times. Below in the TOC, Ryan lived and a sergeant remained on alert at all times. The rest of his squad remained awake and fully ready for battle at all times. Food was the standard field rations and filling. Days passed as the company sweltered in the jungle sun. Even in the dirt and log shelters, the company existed in their misery.

Ryan became exhausted as he commanded his platoon to the best of his ability. He was always on call and his worries over the condition of his men were foremost. He wondered every moment of everyday, when was the enemy going to hit this outpost. It was the beginning of the third month when his expected attack came. It came just before sunrise when the lookout reported people at the concertina. Ryan sounded the alert quietly as he awakened the entire company and ordered them ready for battle. When the attack came, it came from several directions and was met by Ryan's company who were deployed in well-constructed fortifications. Of the hundred, or so, men who had started the attack, less than half retreated under murderous fire from the company.

Ryan's anger seemed to explode as he heard that the company had 4 dead and 6 wounded. He spoke not a word as he fought to control his anger. Of course, he felt no remorse over the 50, or so, dead and wounded attackers. He must not show his anger.

He must remain calm. He watched his soldiers carefully collecting the guns and ammunition from the dead attackers and occasionally carrying a badly wounded one to a sheltered spot in the compound where the medic administered treatment. Shortly, the concertina wire had been replaced and the claymore mines reset. An hour later, the helicopters arrived and removed the wounded and dead as they delivered food and ammunition. It was on their fourth trip that 2LT Edie Anderson arrived and announced that she had been sent with the replacements to assist Ryan.

So it was, at sundown, the outpost was again secure. Life could take on its old normalcy as LT Edie Anderson worked with the platoon's medical corpsman in dealing with the minor wounds, infections and problems in their small community and the new replacements were being trained to fight. It was just after sunrise when the first high explosive round fell near the edge of the small post. Within the TOC Ryan was up and alert as the men on duty alerted the company to take evasive action. It was then that the lookout reported a large infantry attack was launched towards the concertina where they were met with murderous machine gun fire from the base.

Eventually the concertina was breached and the full scale assault accompanied the high explosive fire of the enemy mortars. Though bigger and more concerted than the past attacks, Ryan still felt confident that the post could hold out with the help of the close air support. Things were progressing well until one of the big mortar rounds struck the TOC directly and Ryan felt the firm log walls of the facility caving. As he turned to escape, he tripped and fell directly over LT Edie Anderson. After that he had only a vague recollection of things as he was helicoptered to a full hospital at the main base, treated there and flown to Germany where he began to regain his powers of reason and thinking again.

His first thought was of the men of his company. He wondered.

Had the outpost been overrun? Were his men dead? Suddenly, his concern turned to dread and his dread into fear. Had he deserted his men when they needed him? He couldn't live with that. No one at the hospital seemed to know anything about the battle or the outcome. For several days he was sick with fear and concern. It was midmorning when LT Edie Anderson was wheeled into his room and he greeted her warmly with questions.

First, she replied that the Company First Sergeant had taken command and the company quickly reorganized to operate without the TOC. There were 6 dead and twelve injured including Edie. Then, she reported that the sergeant, leading the platoon, had repulsed the attack. The platoon had been replaced by another platoon from the brigade. Hearing this, Ryan felt relief. His men were safe and alive – most of them. For the first time, he thought of his own condition. He wondered how badly he'd been hurt – His feet and legs hurt and he felt a cast on his arm. He was too weak to even move his head. Still, he felt the need to try. First to simply turn his head; then, to raise the head and look about. It was then that he saw the bed was flat where his foot should have been and realized that his foot had been amputated.

He lay back down consumed with the knowledge that he was a cripple for life. His emotions flooded over him; concern, depression, sadness, and even gratitude that he was alive. He lifted his hands and reassured himself that he had ten fingers. A minute later, Ryan's mind seemed to relax and he began to cry. This was unlike him and he willed himself to stop but failed as his crying grew to an uncontrolled sobbing. He felt himself trembling and weak again. Ryan had finally broken – pushed beyond the limits of human endurance, his mind had resisted beyond its limits.

Doctors quickly administered drugs to alleviate his situation but Ryan had broken. Days passed as he healed his physical wounds but his mind remained broken. Psychiatrists worked with

him, seemingly to no avail. He lay in his bed uncaring, unfeeling, unknowing and mute. It was midmorning when LT Edie Anderson visited Ryan in his hospital room. Her own injuries healed enough that she could be returned to light duty at the Texas hospital, she'd noted Ryan's name on the list of patients. She had immediately, at her first chance, gone to see him. Ryan was the man who had saved her life and protected her in the battle. He was a fearless leader of great strength and the most beautiful and masculine man that she'd ever met.

Then, she thought, she owed him but she owed herself too – he had great potential as a husband and family man. So it was that she arrived by Ryan's bedside. As she looked down at the stricken man, helpless and incoherent with a missing leg, she felt something – something so potent that she bent over and kissed him lightly on the lips. The reaction was instant as Ryan was suddenly awake, alert, and in full possession of his sanity. He moved, but only slightly, as his weakness became apparent. His eyes blazed with a startled look of passion or maybe it was fear and concern.

“This is really happening right? You're LT Anderson from the outpost. Right?”, he asked as he recalled seeing her before somewhere in his drug related past.

“None other CAPT Gadson,” was her reply, “It seems nobody notified you when you were promoted to 1LT and you've skipped right to Captain. I've done a little checking on you. I hope you don't mind. Your old brigade has scheduled a little duty for you on the 23rd. It'll be a dress parade.” Edie said.

Ryan replied, “What the heck? Do I look like I could stand in a dress parade?” From that moment on, he'd become his old self as he worked hard to develop the strength he'd once had. He had a goal – to see his old platoon again. He would stand before them with pride. As her time permitted, Edie seemed to be constantly by his side and assisting him in his efforts, he soon was standing alone on a crutch. Next day, he took two

steps forward and stopped and when he saw Edie motioning him to her he took two more and she stepped back as he continued answering her beckoning.

Finally at the end of his endurance, he attempted another step and fell forward where Edie grabbed him and kept him from falling. Suddenly they were embracing and Ryan felt her warm body against his for the first time. It felt good but he cautioned himself – she was a beautiful and desirable woman and he was a cripple that no one would want to be saddled with for life. He would enjoy her for the moment with no long term expectations.

As the days passed, Ryan was fitted with his new prosthesis and he set about learning to walk on it. It was a rather ugly affair with not much more than an iron shank for a foot but a more sophisticated one would come much later. As he commenced walking without the crutch, Edie used her same technique as before, i.e., standing in front of him and beckoning Ryan to her. Soon, he was walking, albeit, a bit awkwardly, and Edie continued to encourage him in much the same manner. His walk increased in speed to a bit of a trot as she kept her distance. It was when Ryan slowed due to fatigue that Edie kept motioning and as a further inducement she called out, “Come catch me if you can. If you catch me, you can have me.”

With the added incentive, however lightly given, he lunged forward and fell into her arms where he embraced her. “Gotcha,” he laughed. As he looked down into her eyes, he saw passion as she embraced him. As she made no effort to back away, he said jovially, “A deal’s a deal.”

After only a short moment, Edie replied quietly, “A deal’s a deal. You’ve earned me fair and square.” It was then that Ryan saw Edie in a totally different aspect. He wanted her for a lover but for a lifelong lover – for the mother of his children. Still, she was far too desirable a woman to be saddled with a gimp like him, he thought. It was as he looked

into her eyes that he kissed her on the lips – an awkward first kiss but one that made him know that he'd pursue her at all costs. Better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all.

They lingered, embracing each other kissing, until their stance became awkward and Ryan needed to rest. With the gym closing in just a few minutes, Ryan was escorted back to his bed where he received a massage and adjustments to his new prosthesis. The following afternoon, Edie arrived as usual and they continued Ryan's exercises as before. This time, it was as though the previous night had never happened. They worked harder than ever before and Edie stayed well out of his grasp. Ryan was walking at a normal pace and his balance had improved until he was beginning to become comfortable.

As the gym closed for the night, they parted with a casual, Goodbye. Over the next few days, the routine continued except that Ryan found himself adoring Edie, covertly, with his eyes. He found his lust steadily rising. Tuesday, the day for his appearance with his old unit arrived. It was the day that he'd prepared for and he had shined his one shoe to a fine 'spit shine'. His dress uniform was cleaned and pressed for the occasion. As he donned his new prosthesis and dressed, he felt in high spirits.

Two hours before assembly time, Edie appeared with her car and drove them to the parade ground. Somewhat later, Ryan found himself assembled on the parade ground with the Brigade Staff. There, he viewed his old platoon – mostly new faces though. Then, he spotted his old Sergeant and felt pleasure at seeing the man alive and healthy.

As the formation was mustered and the program commenced, Ryan began to feel concerns- his strength was slowly draining from him. Then, with the commencement of the program Ryan heard his name called to Front and Center. On arrival at the requested position, he saluted his Brigade Commander who said simply,

“Captain, you’re out of uniform. Where are your campaign ribbons?” Flustered, he could only reply that he didn’t have any as the Colonel said, “Well you have now.” and two soldiers moved to attach the ribbons to his uniform. As they worked, Ryan felt humbled in front of the whole Brigade. “Looks a little better now Captain.” The senior officer said as he continued. From the Secretary of the Army he now read a letter. “For bravery beyond the call of duty under fire that resulted in saving their outpost from being overrun Captain Gadson is awarded the Silver Star.” Then, after a handshake and some kindly words from the Brigade Commander, the medal was affixed to his uniform. In a similar manner, Ryan received a Bronze Star medal for his continuous superior performance in defending the outpost.

It’d been a good day but a long one. Totally fatigued, Ryan sat in a waiting room of a nearby office and slept as Edie brought her car around for him. A few minutes later, Edie arrived with her car and aroused him to accompany her in the car. Drowsy sleep filled eyes but he was aroused with curiosity as Ryan noted that they were headed off base. He asked where they might be going and Edie only smiled and said, “You’ll see.”

It was in front of the Town & Country bar and grill that she stopped and Ryan saw the members of his old Platoon waiting. As Ryan exited the car, his old platoon members ushered into their private dining room. Of the fifty members of the original platoon, only 21 were present that night with their wives and friends but the old camaraderie was there and a good time was had by all. Ryan found himself still their leader as was the old sergeant. Edie seemed constantly organizing and maintaining the party as Ryan enjoyed the company of his fellow warriors. The food was good. The wine was excellent. Dessert was exquisite.

It was promptly at midnight that the bar and grill closed for the night. As Ryan and Edie departed the bar, Edie led Ryan to



the left and into the entrance to the Town & Country motel. There, she quickly got him into room 103, a 'disabled room', where she announced, "Tonight I'm willing to pay my debt. I'm yours for the night."

Ryan was stunned by her offer. "Are you sure that you want this. I don't want to force you to do anything you don't want?" he asked.

"I'm sure." Edie replied with a gleam in her eye.

"I thought after our kiss the other day you might have changed your mind." He said nervously.

"I was a bit nervous and so I was trying to play it cool" she smiled. "I guess tonight you will better understand how I really feel."

And so it began. He pulled her close to him and they began a slow sensual kiss that made their hearts beat rapidly. Edie reached her hand down to his fully erect cock and felt how firm he was for her and gasped but just as they embraced more firmly Ryan pulled back.

"What is it?" she said timidly.

"I know you may be doing this because you feel sorry for me, maybe you even really want to but I am. I am in love with you and if this is just going to be one night, then I am not sure I can take that. I am not sure I can take being with you and you leaving me. So, if that is what it is then please let me know now."

"Ryan, I love you. I am in love with you and have been more every day that passes. I want to be with you not because I feel sorry for you but because I am in awe of you, your courage, and your drive your determination. You are the most wonderful man I have ever met and what is more amazing is the humility you have about it all. You really don't see how

remarkable you are but I do and I want to show that to you by loving you if you will have me.”

Ryan moved closer to her and they began to kiss hard and deep, their tongues desperately and passionately moving around in one another's mouths. His hand pulled her close into his erection which was pressing against her soft abdomen. She ran her fingers up his neck and around his short hair and purred and moaned as she felt her pussy fill with wetness from desire.

Clumsily they moved to the bed stripping off their clothes. They lay together with an air of nervous energy mixed with love and desire for one another. He moved to kiss her and felt the soft flesh of her breasts pressing against him for the first time. There were a few awkward moment but soon they moved effortlessly together as if some unseen force was directing their actions. They reveled in the touch of each other's flesh. Shortly, Ryan's hands were caressing her breasts. Then, instinct, alone, brought his lips to her breasts.

A strange calm came over him as he began to move over her, between her legs and he took pleasure in kissing her inner thighs. As his kisses crept closer to her groin, his thumbs pressed apart labia to expose the soft inner threshold. It was as Edie realized what he was about to do she moaned in delight and her hands drifted to his head to hold him. “Oh yes, Oh yes do it,” she cried out and Ryan moved with renewed vigor.

Gradually, his tongue found the entrance to her vagina and then on to suckle her clit. He moved slowly, focusing his actions on activities that brought forth the most pleasure in her. He experimented as he moved slowly. The next move came suddenly as he rose up and moved over Edie to kiss her and caress her breasts. It was then that he felt her hands guiding his cock into her pussy.

“Please be gentle with me,” she whispered. Ryan felt his tool move into her depths; he felt the exquisite pleasure of their meeting. His world was reduced to his cock in her pussy and those exotic feelings of friction. He moved slowly and carefully so as to extract maximum pleasure from the act. When he felt the crown of his cock against her cervix, he stopped and looked down where he saw Edie’s eyes shut tight and her face strained with tension until she moaned and released her climax where he felt her pussy contract around him which made him impulsively thrust harder into her until he came and came hard.

Edie smiled as she said simply, “I love you Ryan; you are whole to me.” Relaxed and happy, the two lovers basked in their afterglow until the urge struck them again and again. It was nearly midmorning when the two lovers went to breakfast followed by a day of just enjoying the scenery and swimming at the small beach by the lake.

So it was that the day passed and after a good dinner, they returned to their room. That night was another night of love and pleasure until Ryan returned to the hospital where Ryan was to resume his rehabilitation. As he left Edie at her car, he felt a sort of depression and ache as he walked away from just the idea of her leaving and that is when he knew he could not be without her. He turned around and walked back to Edie and embraced her while whispering in her ear “You’re everything Edie, marry me.”

“Yes!” she cried and they stood in an embrace that brought a healing to their hearts that made them both whole again.

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# THE BIG DECISION

Dreams do come true! I know this statement may sound overly dramatic, but I've been dreaming about this moment from the time I hit puberty and started thinking about sex!

First, a bit of information about us. My name is Tyson and I'm a 38 year old man living in Edmonton, Alberta Canada. I would consider myself a fairly average person in the looks department, but I've been blessed with an outgoing personality and a sense of humor. Perhaps this is the reason I was able to meet and marry my wife who is truthfully far out of my league and extremely attractive.

My wife's name is Sasha, she's 32 years old, and an amazing mother of our three children. She's roughly 5 foot 9 inches tall, and she's quite thin. She's naturally very pretty and looks good when she's dressed up for a night out, but still looks amazing when she's in a pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt around the house. I regularly catch men checking out her ass, and to be honest, I can't blame them. It really is incredible!

After having our third and last child, we kind of fell into a routine. Life was really great but our focus was on working hard to pay off our debts as well as raising our kids. As any parent can relate to, our sleep patterns were constantly disrupted, and some days it felt difficult to even stay awake. As a result, we kind of found ourselves falling into a sexual

rut as well. It's not that our sex life was bad, but it was, well, routine. 2-3 times each week we'd go to bed early, make out, and then we'd have sex that was loving and generally satisfying. It was not, however, amazing. I was Sasha's first partner, and we certainly learned about sex together. I really can't think of anything we hadn't tried together, but that was in the past. To be honest, I was feeling restless and bored. I spent many afternoons at work pondering this and wondering if I was just being selfish. I knew I totally loved my wife, but I admit that I wanted to experience more. As a result, I decided my only option was to talk with Sasha. We have a very honest relationship, but I still felt a little nervous about bringing up my concerns. I didn't want to hurt her feelings and I didn't want her to think I wasn't happy.

It was a Saturday night, and after the kids went to bed, we decided to have a few drinks and relax on our patio. I took a shower and rehearsed our conversation in my mind. When I got out of the shower, I got dressed, and then poured us each a glass of wine. We were enjoying our third glass when I decided the time was right to have our talk. I told Sasha that there was something we needed to talk about. She immediately looked a bit concerned so I reassured her that it was nothing too serious. I basically explained that I felt we were kind of in a sexual rut, and that I didn't think it was her but that it was a result of our increasingly busy lives. I told her how much I loved her, and I hoped she wouldn't be angry. To my surprise, she grabbed my hand, smiled, and told me that it was a relief to hear what I had just told her as she had been feeling the very same way. She looked into my eyes, told me she loved me, and kissed me long and deep. I felt my Dick begin to strain in my pants as her tongue continued to explore the inside of my mouth!

After breaking off our kiss, Sasha stood up and led me by my hand inside. She took me to our bedroom and we sat on the edge of our bed and continued our conversation. "So what should we

do about this?" Sasha calmly asked me. "I'm not sure" I replied. I explained to her that I couldn't be happier with her as a wife and told her that I thought she was an incredible mother. I explained that I missed the excitement of the new experiences we had when we were first dating. She surprised me when she turned things around on me by asking "well, if you could do one thing with me, what would it be?"

I was kind of caught off guard and my mind raced between the various dirty things I wanted to do with her. It took me a few minutes of thinking, while she watched me with great interest. I responded "I'd have a threesome". Before she could respond, I continued explaining that I thought it would be amazing to see her with another person, especially since she had only ever been with me. I looked over at her and noticed she was smiling but blushing a bit. I wasn't really sure what she was thinking. She responded by asking "with a guy or a girl?" I answered "either. I'd just love to watch you with another person." She smiled again, told me that I was "crazy", and then leaned forward to kiss me again. It felt amazing to make out with this beautiful woman, and I felt that a lot of pressure and tension had been lifted after our conversation.

We continued to make out and a thought entered my mind. I wondered what Sasha was really thinking. She told me that I was crazy, but she really didn't say an outright "no" to my fantasy. Was she just playing along with this or was it the wine talking? My mind was racing and as we continued to kiss I felt myself getting more excited. I decided to do a bit of "detective work", so without warning I slid my hand inside Sasha's yoga shorts and panties. I was absolutely shocked by how incredibly wet she was! I've played with her pussy literally thousands of times, but this was something I've NEVER experienced before.

I've always read about someone 'soaking' their panties, but I really didn't think it was possible until that moment. My fingers were literally covered in her juices! As I continued

to rub her outer lips while gradually inserting a finger inside of her, I decided to continue the conversation. I whispered in her ear "you really do want to have a threesome don't you?" She replied by moaning "yesss". I left it at that, but began rubbing her clit. Perhaps another sign of how turned on she was, her clit felt larger and more swollen than I've ever noticed before. And after only a few minutes of alternating between rubbing her wet slit, fingering her with first one, then two fingers, and playing with her clit, Sasha had a massive orgasm. She was still sitting beside me, and she was still fully clothed.

As Sasha was recovering from her first orgasm, I laid her on the bed and slowly stripped her. I pulled her shirt over her head, and unsnapped her lacy black bra. I gently kissed and licked each of her nipples for a few seconds, but I was careful not to linger for too long as her nipples are ridiculously sensitive and this is not her favorite thing for me to do. I slid her yoga shorts off and hesitated briefly to slide her panties off. I marveled at the massive wet spot that was clearly visible on her bright purple panties before pulling them down and placing them in my pocket. She wasn't going to get them back either!

I spread Sasha's legs with very little resistance, and she was now completely open to me in the most intimate way. Her pussy looked incredible! It was bright pink, and looked completely ready. A little pool of her juices had collected at the bottom of her opening and I was amazed to notice I could actually see her clit! To be honest Sasha has an extremely small clit and I don't think I've ever been able to actually see it without pulling back her hood. She really looked incredible, and she smiled at me as I stood there staring at her beauty. She looked deep into my eyes and then slowly slid her hand down and started rubbing herself. As I watched her intently, I decided it was a perfect opportunity to remove my clothes.

Now totally naked myself and extremely hard, I lay down on the

bed beside Sasha and began making out with her. She was still rubbing her pussy, so I focused on lightly stroking her body and kissing her breasts. After a while, I broke off kissing her and asked "who do you know that we could invite to play with us?" It took her a while to respond as she was focused on her pleasure, but eventually she said "I don't want it to be anyone we know." This kind of surprised me to hear, but as we started to make out again, I had a few minutes to think about it. The more I pondered it, the more it made sense. But how and where could we meet anyone for something like this?

With crazy sexual thoughts swirling around in my head, I slid down the bed so that I was now between my beautiful wife's legs with my face only inches from her amazing pussy. I watched closely as she continued to rub her slit. I noticed she was alternating between rubbing her outer lips while she'd occasionally work her hands up to her clit to stoke it a few times. She'd then return to her outer lips to give them a little more attention. I decided to focus on her actual opening by gently rubbing it in a circular manner before inserting my index finger about half an inch. I could feel her tense up a bit when I did this and she let out a small moan. I took this as a good sign, and I gradually worked my finger in a little further. Sasha isn't usually very loud when we're having sex, but to my surprise she was really starting to moan. Out of nowhere, she told me to eat her pussy. I was happy to oblige as I removed my finger to taste her. I eagerly licked up her juices before inserting my tongue all the way inside of her waiting cunt. She began to furiously rub her clit and in only a few minutes she had her second explosive orgasm, all while my tongue was deep inside of her!

I'm somewhat embarrassed to admit this, but I was so turned on by everything that I came too! I can honestly say that this was a first, but as I was lying in front of Sasha eating her pussy, the stimulation of what was going on was just too much. The simple pressure of our bed pressed against my Dick was



enough to set me off and I found myself lying in a puddle of my cum. I really didn't mind though as I had rarely ever seen Sasha enjoy herself so much.

I slid back up beside Sasha and assumed we were done for the evening until I was surprised once again. Sasha slid between my legs and without losing eye contact, began slowly sucking on my soft penis. In no time, I was fully erect again and I'm not sure I could have been any harder. Sasha continued to suck me and she'd occasionally take a break to rapidly stroke my cock.

At one point, she stopped and squeezed a bit of cum out of my shaft. She licked it up, and told me "you taste amazing". I didn't know if I could take much more, and I pleaded with Sasha to fuck me. She obliged by climbing on top, and she guided my Dick inside her soaked pussy. While facing me, she started to slowly ride me, gradually picking up the pace. She rode the entire length of my cock until just the tip of my penis was still touching her. She'd then slam herself back down until I was all of the way inside. It was incredible to watch the look of sheer pleasure on her face! After a few minutes, I noticed the base of my shaft was now covered in Sasha's silky cream. I knew she must be close to having her third orgasm and I knew I couldn't last much longer either. I reached around, spread Sasha's butt cheeks apart, and I rubbed her asshole gently with my fingers. This sent her over the edge and she started to cum. I could feel her pussy tighten around my Dick and I emptied my cum inside of her. We lay together and recovered before Sasha eventually rolled off of me. As my Dick slid out, I could see my cum flow out of her well fucked cunt. I couldn't help but dip a finger in it and bring it back up to her mouth for another taste. I cuddled up behind her in the "spoon" position and we relaxed together.

Before going to sleep, we talked about how amazing the night was. We both agreed that our conversation was well overdue, and as strange as it sounds, things felt completely different

between us. I asked Sasha if she was serious about having a threesome and she replied by saying “it’s worth exploring!” I was super excited to hear this, and as a result we hatched a plan. We decided that we’d both post an ad on an adult dating website. Sasha would post an ad for a couple seeking a male for a threesome and I’d post an ad for a couple looking for a female for a threesome. We’d then review each other’s responses the following weekend, and if anyone seemed appealing we’d decide what to do from there!

I can tell you, we did end up posting our ads and the results are why I say that dreams do come true!



## CASSANDRA'S FANTASY

The day started off like any other day for Cassandra. She was awakened by the soft kiss of the sunrise and the sound of the waves rolling up to her Malibu Beach Home. Like always her husband had already left for work early and hadn't bothered to make love to her or even kiss her before leaving.

She rose from her bed and went out on the balcony overlooking the Pacific Ocean – the same thoughts began to haunt her again how had her life come to this seemingly having everything yet having nothing. Everyday an emptiness that left her longing. She took a deep breath and stared into the Pacific horizon. The warmth of sun and sounds of the ocean intoxicated her. The

warm ocean breeze briefly ran through her negligee and caressed her breasts ever so softly... she closed her eyes and touched her loveliness and thought of how it could be and should be!

Cassandra lost herself in the moment pleasuring herself. Her heart and mind raced as she continued to pleasure herself. She closed her eyes again and in those few precious moments she could finally see and hear and smell and taste and feel all that she wanted, all that she needed, all that she must have! Cassandra explored herself with more and more passion with each passing second and then finally lost all control and collapsed from the pleasure.

Those few moments seemed like an eternity of pleasure – her lips gently parted, she opened her eyes, her skin still moist from the experience, her nipples still excited from her exploration of pleasure. She felt more relaxed than all the other times before and at the same time she felt a burning hunger deep inside for something different. She wanted a new life unlike any before, Cassandra knew the time had come for drastic change. First her spirit needed to be renewed and then she needed to divorce her husband and move on. There was no hiding from it any longer – not after today.

Cassandra took a shower and refocused. She got dressed in her best Versace and drove her Ferrari to Rodeo Drive to do some shopping and planning. She pulled out her cell phone to call the private number for her favorite pleasure agency and told them to pick her up in a few hours on Rodeo Drive and she wanted to be massaged and loved by several men and wanted the full fantasy package. Cassandra finished her shopping spree and she began to walk down Rodeo with a sly smile lit up her face as she relished in the aftermath of her experience this morning. This was finally it. It was her time to take her life back over and stop living a lie!

She found herself standing on the sidewalk at Rodeo and Wilshire waiting on the red light to change. She decided to take advantage of the moment to indulge herself in a little daydreaming and reminiscing about her many delights of the morning. Several minutes passed. The light changed to green and eventually cycled back to red and she felt oblivious to it all and lost in the moment.

A long black limo from The Agency pulled up beside her and the uniformed driver got out and asked Cassandra if she was ready for her appointment. She smiled and got in the limo. The Agency had her favorite drink waiting for her – a perfect dirty martini. Cassandra anxiously finished her martini and closed her eyes and laid down in the long fur covered back seat of the limo and began to wonder what fantasy awaited her from the agency. She felt a warm calmness overtake her entire body before she drifted off to sleep.

Cassandra awoke later. It was night. She didn't know where she was but something felt eerily familiar to her for some reason. She tried to get up but was immediately confronted with the fine silk restraints that were holding her in place. They were tight but stretched and allowed for movement but not escape. She didn't feel panicked but her entire body was drenched in the same nervous excitement she felt on many of her first dates she had with men she desired. She was greeted by moonlight gently streaming through a large glass dome ceiling that seemed like it was at least 30 feet above her. She was lying on her back on a raised platform bed that was in the middle of a large medieval castle looking room that was lit with candles and she could hear the sound of a soft waterfall in the background and music that she was unfamiliar with but she immediately liked. A very sweet and spicy scent filled the air.

Cassandra then heard a door open at the other end of the room and 8 men entered the room one by one. Each of the men were very fit in their own way. Some were very muscular others were

less. Some had long hair and others short but all had the body of Adonis in their own way. A partial mask covered each of their faces but she could still see in full view their lips and eyes-her body immediately responded at the site of them and she could feel a burning longing desire within her building with each passing second.

The men took their positions surrounding her. The first man stood behind her, the 2nd was by her left breast, the 3rd by her right breast, the 4th was by her left hand, the 5th by her right hand, the 6th was by her left leg and the 7th was by her right leg. She could not see the 8th man. The 8th man sitting in the distance nodded his head to the others for his approval to begin.

Slowly each man began his assignment to bring Cassandra as much pleasure as possible for as long as she wanted. Each man began to slowly, tenderly touch and massage her. Their hands were so soft yet so very strong. Even though each man was massaging a different area in their own loving way they all seemed to be doing it in unison as if they were of one mind, with one goal, Cassandra's pleasure!

She had never felt anything so wonderful in her life, both of her feet and legs and both of her hands and arms were simultaneously being gently massaged and touched while 2 men expertly explored her breasts with their full lips, loving tongues and soft hands. Cassandra's body was becoming overwhelmed quickly. The slow but steady pace of the all the men expertly loving her in unison was taking her over the edge. She was becoming increasingly intoxicated by the site of their masculinity-all of their hard cocks and muscles were quite a sight indeed!

The first man that entered the room that was standing behind her started his turn and he joined the others as he began to touch her hair and face and began to massage her head. Cassandra's lips parted and she closed her eyes and he began

kissing her. She felt immediate electricity from his delicious lips and tongue and reciprocated intensely. The other men sent her sailing but this man's kissing sent her over the edge! Her body began writhing in ecstasy, her hips lifting off the bed, her body wrestling over and over with the fine silk restraints.

The 8th man could see it was his moment and that she was ready. He quickly went down a small spiral staircase to the lower level beneath the bed and positioned himself in the chamber. He then pushed a switch and the platform he was standing on raised up and at the same time a small area in the bed between Cassandra's upper thighs opened up and then the 8th man's face rose up from beneath perfectly positioned to taste Cassandra's loveliness. She felt his soft long hair against the sides of her thighs. He began to immediately tease and kiss her pussy with his full lips, soft skin and warm tongue. He was an expert and he knew exactly the touch she wanted. His tongue and mouth knew exactly when to lock on and not let go, when to lighten up and when to give it everything. The two men kissing and massaging her breasts working in perfect harmony with him. Each of the touches with their mouths were like a perfect oral symphony on her nipples and clit sending her into deep shuddering orgasms over, and over and over, all while the other men continued their pleasure duties over her body without interruption.

A 9th man appeared in the room and signaled the others that it was time. Cassandra did not see him at first and in one smooth perfectly timed progression the seven men slowed down and let up and stepped aside away from the bed. The platform holding the 8th man's face between Cassandra's thighs lowered and all the silk restraints released simultaneously just as she was finishing another orgasm.

The 9th Man was not wearing a mask. The moonlight streamed in from above the glass dome and Cassandra gazed at the most beautiful man she had ever seen in her life or her dreams. She

noticed he was wearing a very unique Ankh necklace. He lovingly embraced her and kissed her and began ravaging her lips, neck, ears and breasts with his mouth. She felt his hardness below and he mounted her at the perfect time and she had never felt a cock so perfect for her. It was perfect cock! So thick and hard it filled every inch of her perfectly-there was no room left.

Cassandra gasped immediately as he began to increase his thrusts bringing his cock all the way to the tip almost out and plunging back in all the way, over and over and over. Waves of orgasms overcame Cassandra. The hunger inside her exploded and with no more silk restraints holding her back anymore she threw him underneath her and she mounted his perfect cock and locked in and began violently riding him. The site of his piercing eyes in the moonlight and his well-proportioned muscles straining to increase her pleasure was too much and her entire body contracted and shuddered with delight for what seemed like an eternity.

Cassandra collapsed on top of him and he held her and gently stroked her hair and lightly kissed her. She finally felt whole and restored. She was in complete bliss and breathless. She fell asleep in his arms. The next day she woke up alone in her bed in her Malibu Beach home and on the pillow beside her was the same unique Ankh necklace from the night before she reached for it and kissed it with her full lips and then held it to her breast. She closed her eyes and smiled and wondered when she would be... breathless again!