

A color photograph of a shirtless man with a muscular build, wearing white swim trunks, sitting in a boat. He is looking towards the right. In the background, a woman in a bikini is visible. The water is blue.

100 Hottest Summer Stories

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Second edition.

For Liza

Eyeliner

Henrik Larsen

'What kind of pencil is this? I asked her, when she came back and plunged down next to me on her bed.

'It's an eyeliner,' She answered.

'What's an eyeliner.'

'Just what the word says. It's for making lines around the eyes, dummy,' Annie giggled.

'Like a makeup thing?'

'Any girl over 10 would know that. It's pencil for drawing on skin, if that makes it easier to understand. Look here.'

Annie pointed to her eyes. She had really pretty emerald-green eyes, which sat in a round, freckled face, framed by long, slightly curly, red hair.

'See the black line? That's made with the eyeliner.'

I'm a boy and even though I'm 15, I have never felt like wearing makeup. Do you

think I should? I asked her, blinking my eyes at her.

'Nooo,' Annie giggled

'Can I try it on you? I asked.

'Not my eyes, thank you. You can try on my arm.'

She was wearing a short, sleeveless shirt and a short skirt. The two didn't quite meet, leaving a bit of her tummy bare. All the girls were dressed like that and it looked so cute.

'I'll try on your tummy,' I said and pushed up her shirt a little.

We had only been going steady for about a week. All this stuff with girlfriends, dating and so on, was something new. If somebody told me I was in love with a girl, it would have been meant as an insult, only a few months ago. A lot had changed since then. Suddenly, one of the boys in my class was openly dating one of the girls. Within no time at all, all of us were dating; well, almost all of us.

We were just holding hands and kissing and stuff like that, nothing more.

Annie's tummy was smooth as silk. I had touched it before, but only her tummy. I hadn't dared to go beyond that. Annie was only my second girlfriend and I wanted it to

last a little more than the two weeks the first one had lasted. Still, I badly wanted to get a little further than kissing and holding hands.

I drew a flower with her navel as centre, drawing the petals around it. Then I began to draw a stem with leaves, pushing up her shirt a little more. Annie had raised her head and was looking down on my masterpiece. I pushed her shirt up a little more, expecting her to protest any minute.

Annie's breathing had become a little faster. The stem of the flower had reached her ribcage. I drew leaves on the stem, trying to drag it out for as long as possible. I could feel the tension growing fast. Inch by inch, the stem grew longer and the shirt was pushed up higher until it was just under her tits.

'Stop.' Annie hissed, short of breath.

I did, but I continued to draw leaves on the stem. My hands were brushing lightly against the underside of her tits. I was all out of stem to put leaves on and once more, I tried to push up the shirt, just a fraction of an inch.

'No don't, David' Annie said.

'Please. I just want to look,' I said, pleading.

'No.'

'All the other girls do,'

'No, not all of them,' Annie replied,
sounding a little angry.

'Sandra and Lisa do,' I replied.

I knew almost for sure that they had let their
boyfriends look and even feel.

'Well, they have something to show, don't
they?' Annie replied, sounding frustrated.
OK, Annie didn't have much in that
department, not compared to Sandra and
Lisa. But right now I didn't care. Tits were
tits, even if they had been only the size of
golf balls and Annie still had something that
looked like half lemons. I'll admit that the
girls in my dreams had bigger tits but that
was dreams. This was reality.

'I think small is better. Small tits look so
proud and they don't grow to look like
empty bags.' I said, trying to sound
convincing.

Annie thought about it for a moment. OK, I
admit I didn't invent that line myself. I had
overheard my older sister complaining to
mom about her small tits and mom had said
something like that.

'Come on. I can almost see them through
your shirt anyway and I think they look very
pretty.' I said.

'Promise you won't laugh? Annie asked, anxiously.

'Promise. Cross my heart and hope to die.'

I held my breath while I waited for Annie to make up her mind.

'OK,' she said.

I was so excited I could hardly get hold of her shirt again. I'd temporarily forgot all about my beautiful flower. Very cautiously, I lifted the tight shirt up over her tiny tits; the first tits I had ever seen up close. I'd seen topless women on the beach, but only stolen glimpses; this was for real.

She didn't wear a bra. She didn't need one and I guess they didn't come in her size either. Her tits were small. Two cones at the top of her ribcage, standing up very proud. On top of each cone was another tiny cone, topped with a very small nipple. I noticed that the freckles from her face spread down over the top of her chest and there were even a few on her tits too.

I was thrilled beyond my wildest fantasies.

We were both breathing heavily, looking at Annie's tits. Annie stared as much as I did. I barely dared to move at all, fearing that Annie would back out and pull down her shirt again. But she didn't. She didn't do anything else either and I was suddenly

paralysed. I mean, I wanted to touch her, badly, but I didn't dare.

'I want to draw on you too,' Annie suddenly said and sat up.

'Huh? I replied, surprised.

'I want to draw a picture on you,' She repeated.

'Eh, OK.'

I pulled my shirt off and lay down flat on my back. Annie didn't pull her shirt back down over her tits. That was a good sign. She was usually very forthright and certainly not very shy.

She leaned over me and began to draw something on my chest. I didn't see what it was. I was focused on her tits. She only drew a few lines. Then she stopped because her rolled up shirt irritated her. To my great disappointment, she pulled it down again, covering her tits. Then, after a second, she changed her mind and pulled it off completely. Great!

She leaned over me again and began to draw. She took her own sweet time, drawing something very elaborate. Her warm hands felt so good she could have continued for hours, I wouldn't have minded. Her touches were heavenly.

'Isn't it beautiful,' Annie giggled and straightened her back.

Her tits stood out from her chest and I could only agree; they certainly were beautiful. But that wasn't what she was talking about. I had to tear my eyes from her chest and look at mine for a moment. She had drawn a fine pattern.

'Very pretty.'

'It's a maze,' she said and began to follow the lines with her finger.

She followed the lines all over my chest and down over my stomach to the rim of my jeans, leaving no doubt as to where it was pointing. She looked excitedly at me and wriggled her finger under the rim. Just an inch or so, but it made the tension between us grow.

'My turn again,' I said with a hoarse voice that surprised even myself.

Annie lay down again, her green eyes glowing with anticipation and excitement. The maze seemed to be a good idea. I began to transform my primitive flower into a pattern similar to the one Annie had drawn on my chest and stomach.

I began on her tummy moving up to her chest. I had become bolder now and my hands brush over her tits. Annie jerked, but she didn't say anything. I let my hand brush

over her left breast again, this time a little harder. It felt fantastic. Soft and spongy and . . . it just felt incredibly exciting to actually touch her tits.

I didn't dare to draw on her tits. Instead, I let the maze end there. When I was finished, I followed the lines of the maze, just as Annie had done. I ended up at her right breast and paused there for a second, not taking my finger away from her smooth skin.

Annie stayed still, holding her breath. I began to circle my finger around her breast, slowly narrowing the circles until I ended up at the centre. Annie hissed and the tiny nipple seemed to grow under the tip of my finger. When I looked down on Annie's face, she had closed her eyes.

Slowly, I descended from her right breast and moved uphill on her left breast, reaching the summit a bit faster than before. Annie let out a gasp and squirmed a little, moving her thighs against each other.

Feeling very bold, almost triumphant, I put a finger on her right breast too, touching both her nipples at the same time. I brushed my fingertips over the tiny, hard peas. Annie squirmed and took my hands away.

'Please, it tickles,' she gasped.

'Doesn't it feel good? I asked, a little surprised.

I hadn't practised much at these things, but I knew some of the theory and it was supposed to feel good for a girl, when you touched her nipples.

'Yes, but . . . it tickles,' She replied and sat up.

'Lie down,' she added.

Annie picked up the eyeliner and began drawing on my stomach. The lines moved very close to the rim of my jeans and she tugged it a couple of times, pushing it down a little each time. At first I didn't really notice, still staring at her tits. It wasn't until I felt her fingers just above my newly formed pubic hair that I became very aware. I might even have jerked a little.

Annie stopped drawing and looked at her masterpiece. She followed the maze with her finger, again ending up at the rim of my jeans and again wriggling her finger under it. She looked at me as she did so. Her eyes were shining so brightly and her freckled face was warm and blushing; all the way down to her tits, actually.

I was very aroused, too and I could hardly wait for her to lie down and let me have my turn with the eyeliner.

I had covered most of her stomach and chest. Instead of continuing on her stomach, I began to draw on her thigh, just under the hem of her short skirt. Annie giggled excitedly and nervously. Slowly, I moved up, pushing her skirt up as I went. She had her legs tight together, so I couldn't see her panties until I pushed the skirt the last bit of the way up over them. They were pink.

I leaned over her to get closer to her crotch, trying to make out what the panties were hiding. I couldn't see much but a new and exciting scent hit my nostrils. It was the scent of her, but not like when we were kissing on the bed. It was different, but wonderful in a strange new way.

I drew a line very close to the hem of her panties. It made her press her legs tighter together but she didn't stop me, as I had feared. I really wanted to draw a line over her panties, but I didn't dare. Instead I stopped drawing and began to trace the maze with the tip of my finger, all the way up to her panties.

I hesitated for a moment. I didn't want this to end now. Would she get angry, if I tried to touch her? Would she allow me to get my finger under the hem of her panties? I didn't dare to take the risk. I let my finger trail down along the rim of her panties, down between her thighs. She was so hot down there. I could feel it, even through the

panties. On the way up, I brushed lightly over her panties. And I suddenly became aware of how hard my dick was.

Before I could get my hand away, Annie sat up again. My hand brushes harder against her panties. I didn't feel much, but just the thought of it . . .

Annie was blushing more than before. The freckles on her chest had multiplied while I was drawing on her.

'Take off your jeans,' she said with a husky voice.

'My jeans?

'Yes,' she cleared her throat; 'there is no more room on you tummy and chest.'

I was suddenly struck with embarrassment. As soon as I took my jeans off, it would be very obvious that I had a hardon. On the other hand, I sure as hell didn't want to stop here, so there was no other option than taking them off.

I got off the bed and took them off with my back to Annie. I could feel the heat in my cheeks when I turned around to face her. And I could feel her eyes, staring at my crotch and the very prominent bulge in my underwear. She didn't laugh. She didn't run away screaming. She didn't point to it and ask what it was. She just stared as I had stared at her tits.

I stood beside the bed for a moment. I don't know what I had expected her to do, but the excitement of it all took over and my embarrassment disappeared. I lay down on the bed and waited for her to start drawing.

Annie stared and it was as if she almost had forgotten what she was supposed to do. Then she leaned over me and began to draw lines on my thigh. This time I was very aware of her hands and the eyeliner all the time. She started half way up on my thigh and rapidly moved upward.

When she got close to my crotch, she began to draw slower, more elaborately. Her touches felt so . . . indescribable. Without intending to, I spread my legs a little. She immediately drew a line further down, very close to my crotch. Her hand touched my dick and involuntarily I jerked a little.

Annie couldn't suppress an excited giggle. A second later, her hand touched my dick again; casually, but at the same time very deliberately. This time, only my dick jerked. Annie giggled again but it didn't really embarrass me. She stopped drawing and followed the maze, quickly reaching my crotch.

She was braver than me, brushing her hand against my dick several times. To me, that meant that I could go further with her too. But it also felt so good that I was torn

between wanting to take my turn and wanting to enjoy her touch.

The part of me that wanted her to touch me won. Patiently, but very tensely, I felt her fingers caress the skin on my inner thigh close to my jocks. Just as I thought she was going to stop, I felt the tip of her finger slip underneath the hem of my jocks. Only for a second or two, but it felt like an electric shock.

Annie stared excitedly at me.

I sat up and we looked each other in the eyes. I don't know how I looked, but Annie had a very special glow in her eyes and her face and chest were blushing. The smell I had noticed before was stronger now. Our breathing was heavy. Without taking her eyes off mine, Annie lay down on her back again.

I almost forgot the eyeliner. Annie handed it to me when I pushed her skirt up over her panties. I began drawing on her other thigh. She had her legs tight together, but when I pulled her leg a little, she spread them. Only a couple of inches, but enough for me to see the crotch of her panties. There was a damp spot, where the thin fabric was pressed in between the lips.

I remembered a very embarrassing sex education lesson. We, the pupils, were embarrassed and the teacher probably was

too, mechanically reciting the text from his notes. It had been a disappointing experience, but suddenly I remembered a few things about the female anatomy and how the vagina secreted a lubricant to make the penis able to slide.

The skin on her inner thigh was so incredible smooth. I didn't think skin could be that smooth at all. I didn't draw very much on her inner thighs but I made sure my hands were touching them all the time. They was just so smooth and wonderful to touch.

'Stop,' Annie suddenly said, and my heart skipped a beat. 'The eyeliner will rub off on my skirt. I'd better take it off.'

I relaxed again. Her skirt was white with a pale pattern. She sat up and pulled the skirt off. Considering how she had touched me, I decided to have a go at it.

'It might rub off on your panties too,' I said, fighting to control the excitement in my voice.

Annie hesitated and I held my breath. It felt as if it was now or never and she took ages, thinking about what I had said. Finally, she looked up at me, all blushing and tense.

'I'll take them off, if you take off yours,' she said.

I had already had my moment of embarrassment, when I took off my jeans and she could see my hard dick bulging

'OK.' I replied, trying to sound as nonchalant as I possibly could.

She hesitated again.

'You go first,' she said, shyly.

That made me a little timid too.

'We'll do it at the same time,' I suggested.

'No, you go first,' Annie insisted.

There was no other way. I didn't want to stop . . . no way.

'OK,' I said and began to fumble to get my jocks off.

Annie stared at my dick as it jumped out. It only made me clumsier, but I finally managed to get them off.

'Your turn,' I said, my eyes fixed on Annie's panties. She lay back on the bed and pulled her panties off, pulling her legs up and blocking my view. When they were off. She lowered her legs again and I could see her, completely naked. She had her legs tightly together again, but I could see a small patch of red hairs at the top of her crotch.

Again, I forgot what it was I was going to do, but all the black lines on her body reminded me. I leaned over her and began to draw on her thigh. It was difficult, because my eyes kept drifting to her crotch all the time. The small patch of fine hairs made a triangle above her lips, ending just where the lips began; as an arrow, pointing to the slit between the lips.

I was almost afraid to get close to her crotch and I drew a big, elaborate pattern. At one point, my hand moved down between her tightly closed thighs. It made her spread her legs a few inches. Finally, I finished my maze at the edge of the fine, red hairs. My hand touched the hairs. They were so soft and fine, like fine threads of silk.

As I leaned over her and began to trace the lines I had drawn, I could smell that special scent again, only stronger. It was intoxicating. My fingertip moved fast, skipping a few lines to get to the end fast. Once there, I moved my finger into the hairs and looked up at her to see if it was OK.

Her eyes were closed and her face looked very tense and concentrated. Seeing no signs of disapproval, I threw my last precautions overboard and began to move my finger down to her lips. I noticed that the room was very quiet except for her heavy, noisy breathing through her nose.

I moved my face closer as my finger touched the spongy lips. Being so close, I could see and feel the downy fuzz that covered them. I looked up at her face again to make sure it was OK to proceed. Her eyes were still closed, her face concentrated.

My finger caressed her lips very lightly. Annie took a couple of deep, noisy breaths through her nose, making me look up at her again, fearing that something was wrong. I couldn't see any change.

The little slit between the lips attracted my attention. It was there, between the lips . . . it was in there that her clitoris and vagina were hiding. Very cautiously, I tried to slide my finger in between the lips. My fingers sank in, into the hot, slippery crevice between them.

Annie gasped and jerked. I pulled my finger back.

'Did I hurt you? I asked, frightened.

'No . . . it felt . . . kind of good,' she whispered, short of breath.

I slipped my finger in between the lips again. I could feel a lot of soft, spongy flesh and when I moved down, I could feel what had to be her vagina. I didn't dare to try and put my finger in. I knew a girl had a maidenhead and that it hurt, when it was penetrated the first time.

Instead I moved my finger up again and sort of let it slide up and down through the slippery folds. Annie's breathing was rapid and ragged. Her eyes were closed but a hectic smile passed over her face as I looked up at her.

Suddenly, I realised that she was moving her hips a little bit and pushing against my finger. She had also spread her legs a little more. Her tummy was moving up and down as if she was going to be sick, but her face showed no signs of sickness.

The way she looked, the way her legs spread more and more and her hips moved. The strong smell of her, the ragged breathing and the way her pussy pulsed around my finger, hot and wet. It was beyond anything I had ever imagined. I was totally absorbed at the sight and the feel of it.

It all ended abruptly when she closed her thighs tightly together, my finger trapped between them. She opened her eyes and looked at me, blushing fiercely. Her eyes had a feverish glaze and she was panting heavily. I froze. I waited with my heart up in my throat. Then she smiled; a shy smile that made me relax.

'It's . . . my turn . . . now,' she gasped after a short while.

We changed places and I lay down. The air was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

Annie forgot all about the eyeliner and drawing and everything. She leaned over me and brushed her hands up along my dick. Her hands brushed over it as if they were the wings of a butterfly.

My dick jerked between her hands, making it press hard against one hand. This time, Annie didn't giggle. She continued to touch and feel the skin on my dick and balls, very lightly. Every touch made lightning flashes on my inner eyes.

The foreskin was pulled half way back, exposing the tip of the head. Tentatively, she put her finger on the tip. It was almost too much and I jerked involuntarily. Annie let go.

'Did it hurt?' she asked anxiously.

'No, it was just . . . too direct.'

'Can I . . . hold it . . . like . . . ?' she asked, not finishing the sentence.

'Yes,' I gasped in reply, continuing inside my head: 'Please . . . please do.'

She put her hand around the shaft and held my dick. It jerked in her hand, out of my control. Slowly, she moved her hand just a little, pulling down the foreskin a fraction of an inch.

'Does this hurt?

'No . . .' I gasped. 'It feels good.'

She kept pulling painfully slowly, until the rim of the head appeared. It felt so good, much better than I had ever imagined. I was extremely excited.

Suddenly, without any warning, my dick jerked and began to spurt. I didn't feel it coming, it just happened.

My cum shot out over my stomach and her hand. She got a few drops in her hair as well. It felt so good, but it almost happened too quickly, too sudden for me to really enjoy it fully. And it had only just ended, before I suddenly felt terribly embarrassed about it.

Annie stared with her eyes and mouth wide open. Then she giggled.

'Cool,' she said, 'way cool.'

I couldn't help laughing. It helped and the embarrassment disappeared. Annie reached over to her bedside table and got some Kleenex. She wiped my cum off her hand and my stomach.

Time had been flying much faster than we had realised and I had to get home. We dressed quickly and I kissed her goodbye. Just as I was leaving, Annie hugged me again.

'It was fun,' she whispered in my ear.

'It was wonderful,' I answered and kissed her.

At dinner, mom suddenly asked me if I was OK.

'You're so quiet. Has something happened in school that I should know about? She asked, sounding motherly.

'No, I'm ok,' I answered.

It had been so exciting. It ran like an endless movie before my inner eyes. I couldn't think of anything else. How it had felt and looked. I suddenly wondered if Annie had come. Maybe she had, I just didn't know what it looked like, when a girl had an orgasm. It was so much easier to tell with boys. I went on just thinking of Annie until I went to bed and fell asleep, dreaming about her; her tits, her smooth, silky skin and her pussy, all of her.

She was occupying every available cell in my brain.

I just wished I had a bigger brain.

She likes three at ones

DC

For Helens birthday I try to surprise her with some new experience or activity that she has always wanted to do but has never had the opportunity to try. This time I found a gift that I knew she had fantasized about for a very long time but as it turned out, I was the one in for the real surprise.

Helen had always fantasized about having three men at once so I thought that I would arrange it for her when she least expected it. We have a number of close male friends but I knew she was particularly taken by one who I suspected was a regular in her private fantasies. His name is Jason and he is a engineer who also spends much of his leisure time involved in sports such as hiking and boating etc. Though he is not a large man, he has that rugged mountain man look and a very well toned, muscular body with broad shoulders, a small waist and as Helen once put it, great buns. Working outdoors all year round has given him a deep natural

all over tan and this combined with his large powerful hands, short cropped hair and dark eyes makes him a real mans man. He exudes a very obvious masculine sensuality yet at the same time is also a very private person. This gives him an air of mystery and intrigue which is very attractive to the ladies and for that matter a lot guys as well.

One day when Jason and I were out sailing together I told him of Helens little fantasy, needless to say I was more than a little surprised to find out that he already knew about it and had even discussed it with Helen. Unknown to me at the time, this little shock was to be just a very small taste of what was about to come. After the initial surprise wore off I took the opportunity to suggest to Jason that he come around one evening for a Bar-B-Que and spa with us and bring a friend. When I explained that I wanted the three of us to give Helen what she had always lusted after, he was very keen to get into it. Being a cautious man he asked if it was really what I wanted and how I would feel about having two other men in my bed. Thinking about how long Helen had this fantasy my immediate reaction was to brush it off with "yeh, yeh, not a problem, I am not the jealous type". Jason however was not satisfied with this quick answer and pressed me a little harder, "you know that we will ALL be very close and intimate in a situation like this?". "Yes" I

said "I am comfortable with that, it should be fun!". Again Jason did not seem satisfied, "How do you feel about guys touching each other... how would you feel if you knew I or my friend were Bi and enjoyed each other as much as Helen" That was shock number 2, but after a little thought I couldn't really see anything wrong with it at all "No Jason that's fine with me, we are all here to have fun so if that is your thing, go for it" I am not gay but strangely enough this talk had made me more than a little hot, it now looked like our little get together for Helen was going to include a very interesting side show.

A week later all was ready to go, Helen and I had invited Jason and his friend over for an evening of sport on the TV and then a Bar-B-Que outdoors next to the spa pool. This was a regular event through summer though we had not met Jason's friend before so Helen was busy making sure all the food and drink etc was perfect. Helen had no idea of what I had planned so I was quite excited about the what the next few hours would bring. I was a little nervous but could hardly wait to see Helens face when it all started to come together.

At around 7pm Jason arrived with his friend David. David it turned out was also a engineer and was into competing in the Iron Man triathlons in a big way. Even through

his loose fitting shirt and jeans I could see this man was just one solid slab of taught and toned muscle. He stood a full 6 inches taller than Jason and I and was as broad across the shoulders as a small building. He had long hair and a square jaw line so looked a lot like one of those Greek god statues. I guessed he too had a six pack of stone and but couldn't help wondering if he was also as well endowed as the statues we had seen on the steps of the local museum, anyway I thought, I would soon find out for certain if all went well!

The evening went well as we talked, ate and drank in a very relaxed atmosphere. Finally I suggested that we should all retire to the spa pool with our wine. Helen thought that this was a great idea and taking David by the arm, lead us out to the spa. It is in a lovely area of our garden, surrounded by ferns and small trees and totally private yet open to the sky which by now was packed full of stars and a rising half crescent moon, the scene was set. David laughing, protested to Helen that he had nothing to wear in the pool to which her immediate response was "so lets all skinny dip, or are you afraid to show us that body of yours". Wow, that was shock number 3, I had never heard Helen openly say something like that before and particularly to someone she had only known a couple of hours!!! While I stood there stunned she had her cloths off and was in

the pool in a flash with Jason straight in after her leaving me and David to follow. As I stripped and climbed into the pool to whistles and cat calls from these two I turned around to find David standing at the edge of the pool just above me in all his glory. My face was inches from his manhood which made me gasp in surprise, he was huge and powerful and I could hardly take my eyes off him. I had never been this close to another man and I was transfixed until Helen grabbed me from behind and dragged me into her arms squeezing me into her beautiful breasts. This I thought is where it all starts, Helen doesn't know it yet but tonight she is going to have her secret wish come true... if only I had known.

Here we were all naked and warm with our wine and clouds of steam billowing up from the water. Inevitably the conversation turned more raunchy as we all cuddled around Helen who was having the time of her life. After a little while the conversation died down and Helen started to work her hands over my body under the water as we all moved closer. Over my chest and down to my belly she circled, her fingers lightly touching here and there as she went, round and round and round until I felt like grabbing her hands and dragging them down to where I was now rock hard and crying out for her touch. Soon Jason and

David moved around behind her and started to massage her neck and back. It was like an electric shock ran right through her body, her touch became more urgent, more yearning then suddenly she had me in her hands, squeezing and massaging and pulling me towards her. I could feel her nipples harden against me and her body shiver as I explored inside her with my fingers and she gave in to our touch. Soon Helen started to explore Jason's body as I caressed her breasts with my tongue and drove in even deeper with my fingers, then with a sudden little giggle she said "well what have I found here, it feels like Jason is pleased to see me?", "how about you David?... Oooh yesss, no doubt about THAT one at all" "Now I really do have my three men"

Helen arched her back and opened her legs wide as we touched and kissed and licked her all over until she was shivering and moaning uncontrollably. "Fuck me" she said pulling my face close to hers, "fuck me hard" and then in a deep down husky growl "all of you, take me.. now" Helen still holding my face in an iron grip against hers started to move her hips round and round in Jason's lap. He moved a little higher in the pool and I could now see that he was like me, rock hard as his dark veined cock slid over Helens ass searching and probing for a way inside like some wild animal with a life of its own. Suddenly Helen stopped moving

and her eyes flew open in a look of surprise, Jason had found his mark. For a few seconds Helen was frozen in place then she let out a cry of pleasure and pain, arching her back as Jason pushed through and buried his shaft deep inside her soft warm flesh. It was a wonderful site to see her impaled, twisting and turning on that enormous cock and arched back like that I could resist no longer, I had to have her. She was wide open, asking for more and I was going to give it to her, right now. I brought the tip of my cock up to her sweet cunt and felt her quiver again in anticipation of another invader. I could feel her moving on Jason, slowly up and down and started to move with her, up and down, up and down, keeping my now pulsing cock just inside her pussy lips all the time. Up she went and down, but this time I stopped, with a gasp she found herself driven down onto my member by her own weight and Jason's strong hands on her hips. We were both now buried deep in her soft warm flesh as she quivered in absolute delight. She was so hot inside but there was something else, I could also feel Jason's every move as he twisted and thrust into her. It was a strange feeling but good as our cocks seemed to be pressing against each other yet were separated by Helens hot quivering flesh. Helen was about to get the fucking of her life, Jason and I were so hot that there

would be no turning back for her now, she was ours.

As I started to lick and nibble Helens nipples she again threw her head back and arched her back in pleasure. This was David's signal, he was out of the spa and around kneeling where Helens head lay on the deck and started deep kissing her lips then working his way down her neck to share the taste of her gorgeous mounds with me. That was a strange feeling, having our faces side by side licking and nibbling on Helen but it really got weird when David moved and started to lick around the same voluptuous breast that I had claimed. Helen moans became louder spurring us on and soon we were sharing a single beautiful hard, wet nipple, kissing and nibbling together. Our tongues came together exploring that wonderful place but I could now taste David and feel his breath on my face as much as Helen which was strangely exiting.

As David had moved his face down Helens body to reach her tits he had spread is knees either side of her head presenting her with that enormous member which was now hard as a rock and dripping his essence. As she opened her mouth in a gasp of awe he took her, forcing her mouth wide and filling her with the taste of his manliness. Her eyes flew wide open as he slid into her as she

could see his huge balls bouncing right in front of her eyes with every thrust

Helen was now truly impaled in every way possible, she knew that she was being taken and that these three men inside her were not going to stop until they had filled her to overflowing with their hot cum, there was definitely no turning back now. She finally had the fantasy of her dreams or so I thought!!! Helen came again and again for what seamed an eternity as she was pounded into these three hot bodies and her moans made us all so hot that we just wanted to explode. Finally it happened, as one, David, Jason, and I stiffened as we felt that unstoppable urge to yield to Helens hot quivering body. She felt it too and screamed (as much as she could with David's enormous member stuffed down her throat) then all four of us exploded. David pumped his load into Helens mouth which overflowed and ran down her face, Jason bucked and thrust deep inside her ass blowing his hot load right up into her and I hammered my throbbing member home spreading her even wider and driving my load of hot steaming cum deep into her wonderful body. After a long time where we all just lay together enjoying the heat, touch and smell of this wonderful experience we finally decided to move a little, David who was out of the spa was getting a little cold and we had almost drowned Jason who was

underneath Helen. David climbed back into the spa with us and we all cuddled around Helen again.

After a few moments and a couple of sips of wine, Helen started to fondle me and found I was getting hard again so she pressed her advantage and before I knew it she had me wanting to take her all over again. She pulled my face to hers and in a very sexy gruff voice whispered "we haven't finished with you yet boy..." She kissed me hard driving her tongue into my mouth, fucking me with her tongue and not letting me go. I could feel her inside me and could taste her.... no that was David I could taste, she was using her tongue to drive David's cum into my mouth!!! I had never tasted another mans cum and tried to pull away but she pulled me in even harder. Despite my initial shock I was getting quite hot and started to push my tongue into her mouth, licking and tasting this wonderful bitter sweet mix of Helen another man. She let me go arching her back and with a deep moan and pushed my face down into her cunt spreading her legs wide so that I could see every bit of her hot wet honey pot. As the other two started to caress her, all I could see were the soft wet folds of her body inviting me to enter. I cupped my hands under her bum and pulled her to me licking and tonguing her sweet pussy lips. I drove my tongue into her, licked and tasted her knowing that this time

I was also tasting my own juices mixed with hers, I had done this a thousand times before but this time that taste struck a cord and made me strangely hot. I started fingering her ass with my thumb and found it wet and slippery from Jason's attentions earlier, his cum was still seeping out of her and lubricating her hole so I drove my thumb into her up to the hilt. She squirmed delightfully with the sudden and unexpected entry into her ass then started to move her hips encouraging me to finger fuck her some more. Helen suddenly pulled my face up to hers "Fuck me" she said "Fuck me like Jason did, up the ass... right now" I couldn't refuse an offer like that so I spread her legs wide and entered that beautiful and very well lubricated ass in an instant. She was so wet and so slippery with Jason's cum inside her that I was soon buried to the hilt and driver her up the side of the pool with my passion.

Jason and David were now caressing us both and the feeling of all of those hands over my body was out of this world. The thought that Jason's cum was inside Helen with me and was all over my cock mixing with my own made me like an animal, fucking Helen so hard that every thrust knocked the breath out of her. It was almost as if I was fucking Jason ... no that's not right I am not gay... I put that thought aside rapidly and carried on. I could feel Helens hands on my bum pulling me into her but also exploring my

hole with those lovely probing fingers of hers. She found her mark and suddenly she was inside me twisting and turning and driving me wild. This also drove the other two wild and they started rubbing their bodies over us and fondling each others cocks and balls. I could feel Jason's cock as he rubbed against my inner thigh and I could also see David's huge member as he sat on the edge of the pool close to my face while Jason sucked and stroked him with great relish. I was once again transfixed by the site, I had never seen a hard wet cock this close (other than a quick guilty peek at the odd gay site on the net) so watching Jason swallowing it and fondling those huge balls turned me on like nothing else. I turned back to Helen feeling a bit guilty and found her looking deep into my eyes with a strange little smile on her face like she had read my thoughts.

Helen now drove her fingers even deeper into me pulling them out, then driving in again as I pounded into her ass, she soon had me groaning uncontrollably with pleasure. She whispered to me "do you want more..., do you want it hard?" Then I felt her probing my hole again but it was different somehow, slow, wet , soft, hot and oh so big!!!. Oh no... it was Jason!!! Helen suddenly brought her legs down, hooked them around mine and spread me wide open. I was trapped, still inside Helen and

with Jason now probing my ass with his cock. Before I could move my asshole gave way to the gentle pressure from Jason's cock and he slipped inside me. I gasped, Helen kissed my neck as I arched my back and then Jason was home buried deep inside me. There was a moment of silence as a flurry of thoughts raced through my mind, I was being fucked by a guy!!!, was I really gay!!!? but Helen did this!!! Then the pleasure of it all started to seep back into my consciousness and Helen started to move with that motion that I can just never resist. She was driving me crazy again but this time she had help. Jason started to drive into me hammering me even deeper into Helen. I could feel the tightness of her hot wet ass and also Jason's cock filling me just as I was filling her. Jason drove into me exploring every hidden recess as I could feel his balls slapping against mine with every stroke and the weight of his body on mine pressing me into Helen.

David had moved up onto the edge of the pool with Helen leaning back and licking his hard cock while he ran his hands over both of us. It was fascinating watching Helen work on him with her tongue and smelling his odour as he started to become more and more excited. He moved forward and started to kiss Jason as Helen started to tease his balls with her tongue, his cock was now pressed against the side of my face so I

could feel its throbbing energy just waiting to burst out. Helen took his shaft in her hands as she continued to devour his balls she started rubbing the head of his cock against my face and lips. I could taste him again and feel is wetness as he probed my lips so I started to lick him running my tongue all over contours of the head and let the tip of his enormous member into my mouth. The sensation was amazing as I felt his heat and the power of that monster as it quivered and throbbed waiting to drive into my throat. Just then Helen grabbed David's ass and pulled him down onto her driving his huge cock into my mouth and throat. He filled me completely spreading my mouth as wide as it could go and then started to thrust. I could see nothing but him and Helens lips still working on his balls. Someone reached around and grabbed my balls which was just about the final straw, I was totally pinned ready to explode. Helen was wiggling ad twisting as I drove into her ass, David was fucking my mouth with his huge hot prick and Jason was driving so hard into my ass that I thought I would be impaled entirely with their two cocks meeting in the middle. It was too much and I finally let go into Helen as she screamed in pleasure. A split second latter the two boys also let go into me simultaneously, both driving in for the final thrust as David spurted huge gobbs of cum straight down

my throat forcing me to swallow the lot or drown and Jason poured a massive amount of his hot cum deep into my ass. I knew I had just been well and truly fucked for the first time. Helen had seen and felt her man get fucked by two other men in the ultimate four way experience and had loved it. I was still pinned by Helen and the two huge cocks as I felt Helen gently kiss my neck and quietly say, "this was my real fantasy, thank you for making it come true my love"

I knew that something had been awakened in me that would change our lives forever as Helen and I explored this whole new world that had opened before us.

So what am I going to do for her next birthday? Well Jason now has a new lady friend and Helen has a couple of girlfriends that seem quite broad minded, perhaps next year the shoe will be on the other foot...

Lab Partners

Anaymas

As I sat in the darkness of my room, listening to the soft laughter and muted conversation drifting down the hallway, I found myself pondering the strange and exciting progression of events that had led to this moment...

Wayne and I had been room-mates since our undergrad days. It started off as a random assignment in the dorm lottery, but it worked so well that when it came time to move off-campus, it made sense to lease a house together. We had been lab partners in lower division studies, research partners in graduate work, and now having both been recruited by the same biotech start-up, we found ourselves sharing a lab once again. Over the course of several years, Wayne and I became good friends, almost like brothers. Kind of hard not to when you spend almost every conscious moment together.

So it was probably normal to wonder what would change when Sue joined the research project.

She came on-line about 3 months ago. Since I had poured so much personal time and effort into this project, it would not have been unusual for me to be sceptical about her - or anyone's - ability to meaningfully contribute. Wayne later said he felt the same, almost even feeling territorial about the work we had done. But to be honest, her research abilities never crossed my mind when the administrator introduced her... the badge on her lab coat may have said 'Dr.', but the way she filled it out was shouting 'woman'. And I was listening.

Sue set aside my professional concerns pretty quickly. Within a week she was up to speed on the project, and within another week she was making a real difference. It was a good match - Wayne is very hands-on, I'm very theoretical, and Sue is enough of both to be able to help make things move forward. Within a month we were a solid team, working together in the lab, and having fun.

Yes, definitely having fun. That was an element that Sue contributed all on her own. With a musical laugh, a mischievous personality, and a teasing playfulness, we definitely had more fun in the lab. She had made it very clear at the beginning that she would not be getting involved with anyone she worked with - something about keeping her fantasy life and her real life well

separated. But that never kept her from displaying her femininity... or us from noticing it.

For one thing, she almost never wears a bra. It's fairly obvious, even through a lab coat, that she doesn't need to, but I don't think that's the whole reason. I think she really enjoys being a little bit of a tease, a little bit of a exhibitionist, and if Wayne or I happened to be faced with a panorama of cleavage while she leaned over to study the latest computer run, well, that seemed to be all right with Sue. If her lab-coat fell open and uncovered her long tanned legs to view, she didn't seem to mind us viewing. And it was always a treat to be in the dean-room with her, where the chilled air encouraged her nipples to harden under my eager gaze.

At first, Wayne and I tried to keep things professional in the lab. Sure, we'd have a good laugh at home about the idea of peeking down her blouse like schoolboys. And I'm sure each of us was fantasizing about just exactly what was under that lab coat, and what we would do if she were to share it with one or the other of us. I know I was - I had some full- on raging Technicolor fantasies, with Sue as the star. But as fun as it was to daydream while gazing at a beautiful woman across the room, none of that seemed like it was ever going to go anywhere.

Until Wayne made the connection.

Wayne had discovered alt.sex.stories one day while surfing the net, and showed some of the stories to me. Some of them were pretty bizarre, but there was one author that I liked. In fact, more than once I found myself quietly printing out a copy of one of her stories, and heading off to the men's room to read through a favourite passage one-handed. I suspect Wayne was doing the same. Hell, how could any man not be lit up by those stories? It became almost a daily ritual to scan the newsgroup to see if there was a new offering from "SueNH@aol.com".

It never occurred to us that Sue-on-the-net might be Sue- from-work until "Sue's Overture" hit the wire. Wayne brought it home, and with a big grin on his face read it out loud: very blond (check) 5'9", about 120, pretty slim (check) straight hair, hangs to just above her breasts (check) half-cantaloupe size tits (check) nipples long and hard, with sort of a squared-off end (check, check - hey, I've studied those for hours at a time). All the way through the whole post, the author's self-description confirmed what we could see, and fleshed out my fantasies of what I couldn't see. With an incredulous laugh, Wayne said "so that's what she does in her spare time!"

Of course, confirming it might be touchy. Does one just come out and ask, "are you the one who's writing those stories I beat off to every day"? No, something about that doesn't seem right. Neither one of us really ever had the nerve to broach the subject directly, but eventually we managed to drop enough hints and load enough questions with innuendo, she came right out and asked if we had seen her stories.

And she was really interested in talking about them. In hindsight it shouldn't have been a surprise. Those wonderfully erotic images could not have come from a woman who was not in touch with her own desires. She was fascinated by the fact that her words on a screen had resulted in real live throbbing hard-ons. She was interested in knowing which scenarios and descriptions had turned each of us on. And through the conversation something was happening that was almost like watching a butterfly emerge from a cocoon... before our eyes her professional veneer peeled away, leaving an unobstructed view into the very blue eyes of a very exciting woman. And as she described her thoughts, her fantasies, her deepest desires, it became clear she was excited, too.

Things changed in our lab. Subtly, but definitely. The playfulness was still there, the teasing was still there. Perhaps it was just more out in the open. Pressing against each

other in the lab was no longer so innocent - it seemed as though she were consciously and deliciously pressing herself against one or the other of us, part of her teasing, yet another part of her stoking her own arousal with the knowledge of ours. Our minds were still focused on our project goals, but our bodies were acutely aware of the sexual tension that lingered in the room, the promise of pleasure left unfulfilled

I also noticed that Sue's style of dress went through some subtle changes. No longer simply casual, yet not outwardly provocative, her attire was inviting and revealing in a soft and seductive way. Her lab coat was almost never buttoned any longer, and the skirts and blouses she wore beneath seemed deliberately chosen to display her charms. Wrap- around skirts that flew open as she walked, exposing a long lovely expanse of leg; a hint of white lace in the v-neck of a sweater, delicately framing her slender neck and accentuating the swell of her breasts. One day she wore a simple scoop-neck white blouse that seemed moulded to those wonderful mounds, and as she walked by the pale skin surrounding her cleavage danced and jiggled in an almost irresistible way. I had to fight not to grab her around the waist and bury my head in her bosom and inhale her.

Oh, and the topics she chose to talk about... I suspect that if we had asked her some of the questions we got, she'd have grounds for a sexual harassment complaint. But she seemed to enjoy watching us squirm when she asked what things we like to have women do, or what it felt like to come in a woman's mouth. She asked which of her stories we liked, and why. She asked if either of us had ever had a group experience, or if the two of us had ever shared a woman. Mostly, it seemed that she wanted to know what it felt like to be a man, and what it felt like to make love to a woman.

She never quite got around to saying that the no-co-workers rule had been rescinded, but when Wayne asked her if she would help him celebrate on his birthday, Sue smiled and said yes.

The silence from the other room pulled me out of my daydream. No more soft sounds wafting down the hallway, only the crackle of the logs in the fireplace. I wondered how long I had been lost in my thoughts.

Thinking that they had left, I wandered towards the living room... but stopped short when I realized that they were still on the couch, only silent now. They were sitting beside one another, he with his arm around her waist, both gazing contentedly at the fire. Sue had kicked her shoes off, and had

her stocking feet on the coffee table, legs crossed at the ankles.

This was the first time I had seen Sue outside the lab, and I admit to being a little surprised yet again at the way she was dressed. I'm not sure what I expected, but this was neither the casual attire from work, nor the sexy dress she described (and I fantasized about) in 'The Cocktail Table'. What I saw was a beautiful blonde woman in a simple calf-length cotton summer dress, the kind that buttons down the front. Modest V-neck, hint of lace here and there, hair up and off her neck, framing her face in a halo of golden highlights. Simple, yes, but God, what a vision.

I hesitated to step out of the hallway. I didn't want to interrupt, and instinctively I knew that my presence would break whatever mood was developing.... and, I suppose, much as I wanted to be a part of things, this was, after all, to be their night, to be whatever they wanted it to be.

I almost turned to go back to my room... but as I started to back away, Wayne turned to say something, and when she looked up in response, it happened. I don't know what it was, only Wayne saw it... but whatever he saw kept his words unsaid as he leaned down and pressed his lips gently against hers. Her chin lifted slightly as she stretched to meet his kiss. In the flickering light of the

fire I could see their lips move, their mouths open as their tongues reached tentatively out towards one another.

Wayne drew away for a moment, and as Sue opened her eyes he met her look with a questioning expression. Her response, delivered with a smoky smile, was to reach up and capture Wayne in her arms, and draw him back to her lips. No words spoken, but volumes of communication passed through that gaze... curiosity, concern, hesitant desire on his part... and smouldering arousal on hers.

I had never really seen anyone 'make out' before. Sure, I'd watched porno movies, but those never really have any seduction in them, just sex. Part of me wondered if they would take it 'that far', but then I recalled Sue's no-co-workers rule, and decided that the kiss was as far as it was going to go. Still, here were a couple of people sharing their first kiss, a heart-achingly real and romantic moment, full of expressions of hope and desire. And unbeknownst to them, they were sharing it with me. While my mind wrestled with the tableau being painted before me in live, real-time action, I stood watching, unable to walk away

Wayne certainly didn't need to be persuaded to continue that much is for sure. I certainly would have done the same... heck, assume green light until told otherwise, right? He

returned to her lips with enthusiasm, capturing her tongue in his mouth, nipping gently at her lips and throat with his teeth, drawing wet trails along her neck and shoulders with his lips. Every once in a while he would happen across a spot that Sue really seemed to enjoy, as evidenced by the little gasps of pleasure that escaped from her. I noticed that she really enjoyed when he kissed the little hollow just behind her ear, at the top of her neck.

I was aware, too, that his hands were no longer idle. One hand was around her waist, and didn't have a lot of mobility, but the other was free to roam, and was beginning to exercise that freedom. At first he was caressing her cheek, cupping her face in his hands. Before too long his hand had migrated down her neck, pausing on her shoulder before dropping, oh-so-casually onto the upper slope of her breast. Oh, those breasts. The soft white swell rising above the edge of her neckline, hinting and promising at what was hidden beneath.

I have to say, it was a very odd feeling watching this. So many mixed emotions running through my head. I wanted to watch, silently, as this unfolded, careful not to change it by my presence. I also wanted to be a part of it. I wanted it to be me touching that glorious skin, kissing those soft lips, and more. I was happy for my

room-mate, and jealous at the same time. And excited. Oh, man, my blood was boiling and my cock was starting to rise in vicarious readiness. Lacking a way to resolve the conflict, I stood rooted in place, silently transfixed, participating without involvement.

As if with a mind of its own, Wayne's hand continued, slowly moving, touching, caressing, until finally it fully covered the mound of her breast. This, for guys, is the moment of truth: is she going to stop me? Is she going to ignore it? We never know, and it is always an achingly anxious moment. I have no idea how hard Wayne's heart was beating right then.... but mine was about jumping out of my chest with anticipation, and I was fully 6 feet away!

Slowly, oh so slowly, Sue responded in a most wonderfully affirmative way. Her hand moved up from her side, gently touched Wayne's hand, and then continued up to the top button on her dress, and languidly unbuttoned it! Moving back to his hand, Sue stroked his fingers and gently moved them towards the new opening in the neckline of her dress. Then when it was clear that Wayne had found the opening, and had gotten the message, her hand embarked on an exploration of its own, followed his arm to his shoulder, then down to his chest

This seemed to electrify Wayne. With a soft cry of delight, he unbuttoned two or three more buttons at the top of Sue's dress, enough to be able to slide his hand within, and touch the bare skin of her breast. From my vantage point, I could see his fingers moulding and softly squeezing her tit, moving under the cloth to find and tease her nipple. At the same time, Sue was reaching down along his side, dropping to his waist, looking for a way under his rugby shirt. Things were visibly heating up, as each of them began breathing more audibly, and sighing with pleasure at each new discovery.

Wayne withdrew his hand, and began unbuttoning more buttons. When he had opened 4 or 5, he was able to open Sue's dress to her waist, and began sliding it off her shoulder. I was surprised to see that she had worn a bra. Well, not really much of a bra. Silky and lacy, in a soft peach color, it really did more to display her breasts than to support them. The demi-cups were filled to capacity with the warm, inviting swell of her tit-flesh, and her nipples were clearly visible poking through the open lace that rimmed each cup. As I watched, Wayne rolled the edge of one cup down a little, and grasping her nipple between his thumb and finger rolled it to full erectness. Sue moaned at this intense stimulation, arching her back to press her tit fully into his hand.

Sue seemed really impatient to have her tits naked in Wayne's hands, as both her hands rose to the valley of her cleavage, and popped the front latch of her bra. All of a sudden, the breasts that I had dreamed about were fully exposed to my view, less than two meters away. What a wonderful sight - firm and soft and glowing in the soft light of the fire, bouncing slightly with her movements, with her nipples fully extended and erect. Of course, my unobstructed view was short-lived, as Wayne pushed her bra-straps off her shoulders, then bent over to take one nipple between his lips as he gently twisted and pulled the other with his fingers.

I had to wonder what that felt like - for each of them. As I watched, Sue's head lolled back on her neck and she began to breathe rapidly, so clearly she was enjoying Wayne's fingers and tongue. And for Wayne, well, to have those prizes bare and warm under his touch and taste must have been heavenly. I watched as his hands roamed between them, molding and squeezing, stroking and caressing, all the while kissing and sucking and licking at Sue's exposed tits and hard nipples.

This was clearly getting to Sue. As if shaking off a fog, she drew Wayne's face to hers and began hungrily kissing him, sucking her tongue into her mouth as she sought out his nipples with her free hand. She found the

bottom of his shirt and slid beneath it, moving her hand about until she alighted on first one nipple, then the other, mimicking what he was doing to hers, perhaps to illustrate the pleasure he was giving her.

Wayne once again broke the kiss and returned his mouth to her tits, and as he sucked her nipple between his lips he began to slide his hand lower, and slipping his hand over her flat tummy, along her sleek hips to the hem of her dress, reaching almost to where her delicate ankles were still crossed. Slowly at first, then more determined as she showed no sign of resistance, Wayne worked the hem of her dress up past her knees, along her stockinginged thighs, finally dipping beneath the cloth to caress her legs. I watched as his hand entered this cloth-shrouded cavern between her legs, first his fingers disappearing into the darkness, then his whole hand. When had reached halfway up her thighs, I heard him gasp and he drew away to look at her. She smiled, whispered something I couldn't catch. I heard him sigh, and kiss her more recklessly as he started working at the remaining buttons of her dress.

It wasn't until he had unfastened the last and laid her bare to his (and my) eyes, that I understood his gasp. Under her simple dress, Sue had dressed to thrill. Matching

her lacy peach bra was a pair of sheer silk panties, through which the texture of her pubic hair could be plainly seen. And circling the tops of her thighs were the lace borders of a pair of thigh-high stockings. The gasp I heard was when Wayne reached the top of her hose and found the warm bare skin of Sue's inner thigh, inviting his eager touch.

I don't know what Wayne was thinking (or if Wayne was thinking), but I was hit with the full import of this unveiling. It meant that Sue was not only allowing Wayne to undress her, but that she had anticipated it when she dressed for the evening, and chose her underclothes to make it as exciting as possible for him. I don't know about most guys, but that's a highly erotic concept for me... to know that the woman wants it as much as I do, and goes out of her way to make my heart race.

Of course, I had the luxury of time to think about such things. Wayne was busy. While nibbling on her neck and her breasts, his hands were roaming between the lace edge of her stockings and the elastic edge of her panties. As she languidly uncrossed her legs and parted her thighs, I could see that the panties tapered away to only a thin string disappearing between the cheeks of her ass, and had a growing wet spot right at the centre of the crotch.

Sue guided Wayne's hand to her mound with one hand, while the other held his head against her breast. He caressed her pussy through the thin silk of her panties for a moment, pressing his finger into the vertical crease of her lips, rubbing the place where the wetness had begun to spread, trading the bottom border to the edge of her ass cheeks, enjoying the tactile contrast between warm skin and cool silk. After a moment, he traced the edges with his fingers until he found a gap between her warm skin and the cloth covering it. From my place in the darkness of the hallway, I could clearly see as his fingers dipped beneath the silk and brushed through the fine blonde hair adorning her mound. Stroking, caressing, probing, slowly yet urgently, I watched as the fingers, seemingly disembodied, reached lower and lower until they dipped into the wet slit between her pussy lips.

Again, Sue seemed impatient to be naked under Wayne's touch. She grabbed his wrist and pulled his hands out of her panties... but before he had a chance to react or protest, she arched her back to lift her hips off the couch, slid her panties down and off her legs, and kicked them away. Even in the dim light of the fire, I could see that her self-description was true - when excited, Sue's cunt lips swell and separate, a very inviting (and exciting) sight. Kissing Wayne deeply, she guided his hand back to the warm

wetness of her pussy, and sighed with pleasure as he began to explore the excited core of her pleasure. She seemed to be paralysed by the sensations he was providing, for other than her kiss she was momentarily passive.

I was transfixed by the sight of my best friend's fingers exploring, and then disappearing into our lab partner's pussy, and I was again struck by a sense of surreal conflict: Part of me was detached, as if watching an X-rated video, seeing an anonymous couple go at it for the camera. But it periodically occurred to me that there was no camera, and this was no anonymous couple. These were people that I knew well, that I saw daily in the doak of everyday life, and they were making love to each other not 6 feet away from me. I was mesmerized by the view, every cell and membrane in my body was paying full attention to the scene before me, and yearning to be a part of it. My cock was so hard it ached, and I could feel a wet spot of my own, as my pre-come began to leak out of my hole in ready anticipation.

Wayne definitely knew what he was doing. Each of us had had girlfriends from time to time, and had talked about sex on a number of occasions, but I had no real concept of his 'technique', and seeing him strumming chords on her responsive body was

fascinating. His fingers gently combed through the fine hair on her mound, and periodically dipped into the crease in her lips past the nubbin of her clit, eliciting a gasp each time. Teasingly, he avoided her hotspot for several moments, then brushed directly over it, catching her by surprise. I could clearly see his fingers enter her pussy, parting the full lips and stroking the hot, wet flesh in search of the g-spot we had read so much about. I could see his finger glisten with her juices as he traced her lips, then gently spread them to expose her clit to his touch.

For her part, Sue's breathing had been getting very ragged. Several times it seemed as though she were well on the way to coming, but each time Wayne backed away, stroking the skin of her thighs and ass as if to calm her. It was obvious that he knew just how to get her going, but also obvious that he wanted this to last for a while.

After the third time that he backed away, Sue broke their hungry kiss, opened her heavy-lidded blue eyes, and in a gasping voice said "Wayne, that feels so good, pleeeeeese don't stop".

Wayne grinned, and said "Sue, I'm just getting started. Why don't you lie back and relax for a while". With a gentle push, Wayne encouraged Sue to turn slightly and lean back. When she was done, she was lying

on her back on the couch, one leg behind Wayne, the other still on the coffee table. What a sight! Even from six feet away, I drank in every detail, from her beautiful blue eyes turned smoky with excitement, to her delicate feet still covered in sheer hose. And in between lay one gorgeous and fully turned-on woman. Breasts full and soft on her chest, nipples fully erect, sparse blonde hair framing pussy lips that were fully engorged and open and wet, just as she had described. Laid out across my field of view, I had new appreciation for just how well she was put together. Her firm breasts were the perfect counterpoint to a high, tight butt, perched wonderfully atop a pair of long and slender legs.

Still fully dressed, Wayne knelt on the couch between her smooth thighs and began to kiss his way down the length of her body. Taking time to suck each nipple lovingly between his lips, he traced a trail with his tongue down past her ribs, detouring briefly at her navel, then down some more. When he got to her crotch, he playfully started to tease her again... kissing her warm thighs, her stomach, licking along the edge of her pussy lips, but getting nowhere near her clit.

Sue was having none of that. She reached down and grabbed his head with her hands, and guided his face directly into her cunt. In case he was at all slow in taking the hint, she

raised her hips off the couch a couple of times, rubbing her clit against the tip of his nose. "Lick me, Wayne", she moaned, "taste my pussy, make me come".

Wayne got the hint. Gently holding her lips apart with the fingers of one hand, he gently lowered the tip of his tongue to the very point of her clit, causing her to gasp with the intensity of the direct contact. As he began to lick and suck at her most tender flesh, a finger of his other hand probed between her full, wet cunt lips, seeking the g-spot at her core. I could definitely tell when he found it - her body went rigid as if with an electric shock, and then it seemed as if every part of her became more open. Her mouth opened, her head tilted back as she began to pant, and her thighs spread a little wider, as if trying to draw Wayne and his insistent fingers farther into her body.

Standing there, watching that, I was so into the scene that the fantasy of doing it and the reality of seeing it blended together. I wanted to touch her. I wanted to be causing those gasps and squeals of pleasure. I wanted to be licking her. I wanted to be tasting her juices as I probed her pussy with my tongue.

I wanted to taste her juices.... then it struck me. She had kicked her panties off, they were probably around here somewhere. I glanced around, and saw that they lay in a

crumpled heap, halfway between the coffee table and my place of concealment. Without really giving any conscious thought, I noticed that Sue's eyes were closed, Wayne's vision was blocked by the mound of the pussy he was busy eating, I crossed those three feet to retrieve the panties and quickly returned to the safety of the dark hall.

Once there, it didn't seem like I was in control of my own actions. I could feel one hand loosen the string of my old sweatpants and begin to withdraw my hard cock, while the other hand brought Sue's panties to my face. As I inhaled the scent of her pussy, I watched my best friend licking her and listened to her gasps of excitement and pleasure, and began to stroke my cock. Wayne was now stroking two fingers in an increasingly demanding rhythm, sawing in and out of her hot cunt as he licked her clit, pressing his fingers up so they grazed her g-spot on each out-stroke. Unconsciously I adopted the same rhythm as I stroked my own cock in the darkness. Under my steadily pumping fist, the pre-come that had leaked from the tip of my penis made slick, syrupy noises in sympathetic accompaniment to the sounds coming from the couch.

I could see Sue's back arch as she pressed her mound against Wayne's lips, impossibly yearning for still more stimulation. I watched as her legs rhythmically squeezed

around his torso and then spread wide for his access. When they weren't being used to draw her knees up and apart, holding herself open for him, Sue's hands were busy on her own tits, tweaking her nipples and squeezing the hot mounds, ratcheting her own pleasure higher.

I heard a low moan of pleasure from somewhere, a new sound full of passion and wanting and lust. In the heartbeat before I realized it was coming from me, I saw Sue's head turn in my direction, her eyes slowly opening. Before I could withdraw into the shadows, she saw me.... one hand holding her silk panties to my face, drinking in her aroma, the other hand stroking my cock in the same rhythm as the fingers penetrating her cunt, my eyes locked on her undulating body. As our eyes met, a look of surprise crossed her face, then an understanding smile....

Watching Sue come was like watching daybreak splash inexorably across the slopes of the rockies. It started in her toes, which curled and clenched with erotic tension. The soles of her feet arched, and I could see the muscles in her calves draw tight. By the time the wave of pleasure reached her thighs, her legs were trembling and quivering, the skin visibly vibrating in the amber firelight.

Her feet pressed down and her back arched, lifting her until only her feet and shoulders

were still touching the couch. As Wayne continued to coax her higher, towards the peak she so desperately wanted, I could actually see a bright blush of excitement spread like a heat rash between her breasts, down across her abdomen and up towards her slender throat. As the her passion built, I could see the soft pads of her nipples bloom outward, as the squared-off points swelled and darkened. Her hands grasped at his head, clawing passionately through his hair, her straightened arms pushed her tits together into a bottomless valley of radiant pink flesh.

I realized, as I stood and watched from my now-revealed hiding place, that through the course of her orgasm Sue's breathing had stopped. I think mine had, too. The only sound in the room was the muffled squish of Wayne's fingers as they continued to plunge in and out of her soaking cunt. As the glow of her still-peaking orgasm rose further up her neck to her face, I could hear her begin to wail, almost like the whistle of an approaching train. The sound grew in pitch and intensity until the peak caught her, and then she exploded.

With a gasp, her hips thrust up and back, her ass-cheeks flexed and jiggled, as if rising to meet and impale herself on his hand. Her breath came in rhythmic grunts as the wave caught took control of her muscles, tossing

her about in its fury. Wayne fought to keep his mouth on her cunt as it undulated and pulsed before him. I could see his cheeks pucker as he sucked directly on her clit, adding intensity to the avalanche of excitement that was coursing through every part of her body.

And through it all, her eyes were wide open, and locked on mine. I think that was the most exciting thing I've ever seen a woman do. It was as though, even while her body was writhing in the throes of uncontrollable wave of pleasure, she managed to keep her eyes open, gazing into mine, to consciously open herself up and share this most intimate and precious moment with me.

Then it was past. While Wayne amused himself by gently licking her thighs and rubbing his hands over the skin of her still-spasming butt, Sue gestured to me. "Come here", she implored. At the fragile sound of her shaky voice, Wayne looked up and saw me. "How long have you been there?" he asked with laughter in his voice. More than a little embarrassed at being caught peeping - I shrugged and said nothing. "Come hold me", she said again, and lifted her arms in my direction as she lay naked before me.

About that time I remembered that my pants were around my ankles, and my hard cock was poking out from the end of my motionless fist. Caught between a

compelling desire to take her in my arms, and an embarrassed impulse to cover up and run, I stood motionless, as if rooted to the spot. Finally Sue, in a voice breathy but firm said "It turns me on to see how you guys work together in the lab. I was hoping you guys would... uh... work together with me." Wayne said "you're already dressed for the party, you might as well join in."

How could I say no to that? Without further thought or hesitation, I silently kicked the crumpled pants off my bare feet, and crossed the two paces to the couch. I sat on the end near her head, and when I was settled she skootched herself up until her upper body was laying across my lap. As I took her in my arms, she said "I was hoping you would be here. It didn't seem right to do this without you" and reached up to kiss me.

Wow, what lips. I met her open mouth with my own, brushing her tousled hair out of her face, cradling her head in my hands. I was instantly lost in the sensations... smell, taste, touch, all heavenly. Her tongue snaked into my mouth and began to wrestle mine, a match I eagerly joined. Have you ever had that feeling of falling when you kiss, sort of like time and space have dropped away? Well this was like that. Her lips were soft and full, her breath sweet, and at that moment nothing else existed in my world.

Well, that is until a moan snaked out from between her lips. It wasn't until then that I remembered the woman I was kissing was almost completely naked, and my best friend was between her nylon-clad legs, merrily licking the juices from her pussy. What an exciting image!

Each time Wayne brushed a particularly sensitive spot, I could feel her quiver with an aftershock of the orgasm he had just given her. I could feel her heart beating against my arm, I could feel the quick intake of her breath, I could feel her hot skin against my own... all while acutely aware that she was being licked and caressed by another man at the same time.

Sue broke our kiss and sat up. For a panicked moment I thought that she was going to get up and leave, and I thought I was going to die at the idea that I could no longer touch her. But she only went far enough to draw Wayne up to his knees, and begin to kiss and caress him. She reached up her arms and placed them around his neck, sharing with him the lips and tongue that so recently had been mine. For a flash I was insanely jealous, and put my arms around her to pull her back to me.

But in putting my arms around her, I found those magnificent tits. Still burning with the heat of her excitement, the skin of her body was hot and moist and firm and soft all at

the same time. From my position behind her, I took both her breasts in my hands, cupping them and gently squeezing them together. She seemed to like that, as she moaned slightly and arched her back slightly.

While I amused myself with her long-dreamed-about tits, Sue's hands were busy too. Looking over her shoulder, I could see that with one hand she was stroking and squeezing the length of Wayne's still-covered dick, and rubbing his chest up inside his shirt with the other. Wayne, who had so selflessly pleased her moments before, was quickly reacting to the onslaught of her attentions.

I watched as her hand reached down and began to pull up the bottom of Wayne's shirt. He grasped it and started to peel it up, and when it was past she leaned forward to take one of his nipples in her mouth. I heard Wayne gasp, for the first time in a while, and his breathing became audible as she licked and sucked and gently bit that sensitive nubbin of flesh. She laved the smooth expanse of his chest with her tongue, kissing and caressing everywhere, yet always drawn back to his nipples as if they were magnetized.

With my eyes I followed her other hand to his belt, which she opened with surprising dexterity. Next I heard the soft pop of the button, and the sigh of his zipper as she

eased it down the length of his groin. Her hand covered the bulge made by his brief-covered penis, and stroked up and down for a moment, lingering over the wet spot at the tip. Finally she tugged gently at the waistband of his underpants, and dipped her hand inside, much as he had done with hers.

I could only imagine what the cool skin of her hand felt like against the taut skin of his hard-on. He, by now, had been hard continuously for over a half-hour (as had I), and this was the first time it had been touched by anything other than his clothes. Immediately he began to sigh, and swayed slightly as his knees weakened under the stimulation.

Sue left Wayne's nipples with a soft kiss, and bent down to look at Wayne's dick. I confess, I did to. As he wriggled his pants and underwear past his hips, and struggled to remove them past his knees (while still kneeling!) Outside of a porn movie, this was the first time I had ever seen an erect penis other than my own. I noticed that his was longer than mine... but not quite so thick.

After a moment, Wayne had freed himself from his clothes, and was again kneeling between Sue's legs. I was holding her from behind, fondling her tits, caressing her skin wherever I could reach it, pressing my own hot skin against hers, my cock momentarily

content to be lodged against the soft flesh of her hips.

Seemingly oblivious to my presence, Sue's hands performed a hypnotic dance over the surface of Wayne's hardness, grasping its bulk in one hand while sliding the other down to caress his balls, and dip further into the darkness below. I could readily imagine what she was doing, but didn't need to, as Wayne's moans and whispers perfectly accompanied the movements of her fingers. For my part, I was entranced with the sensation of the heavy softness of her breasts tightening and bouncing gently in my hands as she moved her hands up and down along the length of my friend's cock.

After a moment, Sue scooped up a finger-full of the clear pre-come she had coaxed from the head of his penis, and brought it to her lips. Looking him square in the eye as she licked his warm fluid from her hand, she said "Tastes great. Shall we see if it's filling?"

With a playful laugh, she slowly lowered her body back against mine, and spread her legs. As she lay back, she held onto his penis, drawing him farther into the v of her thighs. At once she began to rub the head of his cock against her clit, rhythmically using her own body to arouse him further. From my vantage point, I could her hand moving, up and back, and periodically I could see the pinkish head of his penis part through her

pubic hair and ride up along her slit, growing redder and wetter with each pass. She was so wet and open by this time, it almost seemed that his head was ironing her lips into that distinctive butterfly shape.

I sat and watched, one part silent observer and one part involved. I still had her magnificent tits in my hands, and could feel her body respond in pleasure each time I roughly strummed my thumbs across her swollen nipples. I could feel her twitch in my arms as the cock she held in her hands brushed across her throbbing dit yet again. Most of all, I could feel her skin, everywhere I touched, glowing with the heat of her arousal.

Wayne started rocking slightly on his knees, contributing to the movement of his dock across Sue's dit. After several moments of this, without moving anything but her hips, Sue arched her back while Wayne stroked forward, and captured his cock between her lips. He gasped. She shuddered. I watched in awe as the wet mushroom head of his cock spread her swollen lips, then began slowly, amazingly to disappear between them.

I don't know how Wayne kept from just mashing himself into her. I probably would have. But with impressive restraint, he playfully turned the tables on Sue. He withdrew slightly, until with a soft 'plop' the head of his cock drew free of her cunt, and

began.... rubbing the head against her clit again. Sue moaned, and tried to capture his length within her, and each time she tried he teased her a little, and backed away. When it was almost at the point that I couldn't stand the tension anymore, Sue bucked up at the same instant that Wayne rocked forward, and all of a sudden he was in her to the hilt. Sue and Wayne moaned in sweet harmony at the sensations they had caused for each other.

For a moment, everyone froze, Wayne with his cock buried fully inside Sue's pussy, me with my hands on her tits and my face buried in her fragrant blonde hair. For about two heartbeats, nobody moved... and then Wayne's eyes opened wide in surprise. "Can you feel that?" Sue asked. "Feel it?" he gasped. "Hell, if you keep doing that I'm going to finish before I start!" Looking down, I realized that the rhythmic contractions rolling under the skin of Sue's flat stomach probably translated to some pretty intense squeezing action within her cunt. Sue was milking Wayne's penis, and judging from the way his eyes were beginning to roll back in his head, it was having an effect.

Giggling now, Sue reached up and started tweaking his nipples. "C'mon, lover, what's the matter? Can't concentrate?" Wayne's response was to withdraw until I could see

the rim of his glans poking out from between the lips of Sue's pussy, and slide himself smoothly back in, in, all the way in. This time it was Sue's turn to gasp, and Wayne's to laugh, and do it again.

Before too long, Wayne had built up a rhythm, fucking his cock in and out of her very accommodating cunt. He did a couple of short strokes, pulling almost all the way out, and then slamming himself in to the balls, as if to catch her by surprise. Each time he penetrated her, I could feel her quiver in my arms, as the tension built between them.

Wayne reached down and grasped Sue's legs behind the knees, and drew them up until they were pressed against his chest. When he slid into her the next time, the effect was electric, as the change of angle tilted her pussy up so that his cock grazed against that magical g-spot. Holding one leg in each hand, he caressed the length of them from the stocking-covered toes at the end, to the warm ass-checks pressed against his thighs. She gasped as he teased the rim of her anus with a finger, and sighed when he sucked her toes into his mouth.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing, only two feet from my eyes. I could clearly see Wayne's dick glistening with Sue's juices as he slid in and out of her belly. The skin of his taut erection drew her lips outward as he

withdrew, then pressed and parted them as he penetrated anew. As if a moth drawn to a lamp, I watched as my own hand drifted slowly past Sue's abdomen, and came to rest in the v of soft curls shrouding her core. Gently parting her lips, I reached down and with finger began to caress her clit, only millimetres from where my room-mate's cock was sliding forcefully in and out.

Sue's hips began to buck as she started to climb towards her orgasm, and Wayne groaned in pleasure as he felt the initial contractions deep within her. He started to drive into her with a new intensity, slamming his hips forward and jerking them back. The sounds of their lovemaking filled the room, with the slapping of his hips against the soft skin of her ass, the slurpy squish of his cock plowing in and out of her cunt, and their gasps and moans as each stroke drove them ever higher towards their climax.

With his stroking hips now a blur, Wayne groaned "I'm going to come". Sue didn't respond, and I realized that again I had not heard her breathe in a while. I looked over her shoulder and saw that her eyes were closed in concentration, her mouth slack as her approaching orgasm took control of her. I continued rubbing her clit with one hand, strumming her nipples with the other, and

began to gnaw on her neck at the place I had noticed she liked so long ago.

The effect was immediate. I felt her go stiff, and even though Wayne was holding her legs against his chest, she managed to arch her back and impale herself more deeply on his pistonning cock. Her nipple impossibly grew even harder in my hand, as I squeezed and flicked the tip with my fingernail and thumb. Just as she started to come, I leaned around and began to kiss her, teasing her mouth with my tongue, and that last bit of stimulation seemed to carry her over the edge. Carry, hell, it launched her over the top!

As Sue hit her peak she gasped aloud, and began keening in a breathy, high-pitched squeal of ecstasy. She quivered and shook and panted and moaned and bucked and writhed, as Wayne continued fucking in and out of her with all his strength, frantically plunging his cock all the way into her quivering slit. I could actually see her cunt lips fluttering and tightening around Wayne's invading shaft as her orgasm swept through her. Her stiffened body transferred the full impact of his thrusts to me, making me a part of this exciting dance they were playing out before me.

Somehow she managed to get her legs around Wayne's waist, and hooking her feet behind his back she began meeting his

thrusts with her own, slamming her pelvis up against his hips, driving his hardness deeper into herself. No part of her remained on the couch, as her shoulders were against my chest and her taut ass spasmed wildly, guided only by the stiff cock that impaled her. I watched Wayne reach down and grab a cheek in each hand, supporting her while giving himself more leverage as he thrust inward. I suppose too, that with all the moving she was doing he needed a handhold just so that he could keep his cock inside her.

Just as the rising tide of her orgasm swept her fully away, Wayne's started. I could see Sue's tummy and thighs rippling with the wild contractions going on inside her, and could only imagine what that felt like to Wayne. He grunted and stiffened and began stabbing his cock at a staccato pace, and beads of sweat broke out all over his body. With my hand close to where their bodies were joined, I could feel the change in Sue's cunt as Wayne's rod stiffened inside her and began pumping his come into her depths. With each powerful squirt, I could feel Sue's body recoil in response, as if feeling each jet of hot sperm splashing against her womb causes another silent spasm deep inside her quivering cunt. As Wayne lost coordination and slowed his now random thrusts, I saw that his cock was coated now with a glistening white froth where it emerged

from between her blood-red lips, a mixture of his juices and hers stirred up from deep within Sue's still-twitching hole.

Slowly, oh so slowly, each of them came back to earth, breathless from the exertion, glowing from the heat of the passion they had created. Wayne released his hold on her butt, and fell forward slightly, resting his sweaty face in the valley between her tits while I nuzzled her neck and gently caressed her face, brushing her hair away from her heavy-lidded eyes. As her breathing returned to normal, her moans faded away, and as she reached back to run her fingers through my hair she opened her eyes, kissed me softly, and sighed "that was wonderful".

I probably could have stayed there all night, holding Sue in my arms, but with Wayne's weight on top of hers I started getting a little uncomfortable. So after a while, I started to move as if to get up, figuring that they might want to snuggle together in front of the fire. It didn't seem right to ask if I 'got a turn', so I figured that I'd go take care of my still-raging hard-on in the privacy of my own room.

I slid out from beneath her shoulders, and laid Sue gently back on the cushions of the couch. As she settled back, I could hear the sucking sound of her pussy as it reluctantly released its hold on Wayne's softening cock. But I noticed that her eyes were still on me,

and she was smiling the most mischievous smile I'd ever seen. "Where are you going" she asked. "Don't you have something you'd like to share with me?"

Well, it really wouldn't have mattered what I said in response. Fact was, she could plainly see what I wanted to 'share' with her - as I stood beside the couch, it was sticking up from my groin at an angle, and was pretty much pounding out her name. She turned her face toward me, and before I knew what she was doing she had taken the head of my cock in her mouth, and began swirling the end of it with her tongue.

After what seemed like hours of watching the sensation of having her hot wet mouth wrapped around me was intense, to say the least. For the first time that evening, I was actually involved in the action, and I loved it! And as a bonus, I still got to watch! Feeling the soft surface of her tongue move against the underside of my glans, while seeing the head twitch against her parted lips, the overload on my senses made my knees weaken beneath me.

Feeling me sway, Sue motioned for me to lie on the floor next to the couch. Without releasing my dick from her mouth, she followed me down. I wound up lying on the rug in the opposite direction that she had been on the couch, which turned out to give her a pretty nice angle for what she wanted

to do. She turned over slightly, so that she was lying on her side, and had both hands free. One of those hands wrapped itself around the base of my cock, and began softly stroking up and down. The other hand started caressing my balls, scraping my softest places so gently with her fingernails that it probably would have tickled if it hadn't felt so good.

And never missing a beat with her mouth. Oh, that mouth. Her lips had ripened with her arousal, and the sensation of her licking and kissing me was almost like being enveloped by a cloud. A hot, wet cloud, with a wiggly tongue inside. I watched as her mouth opened to accept the whole head of my cock, then watched it re-appear, glistening with her saliva, as she pulled her lips past the edge of my glans. Over and over, my aching dick-head slowly disappeared into that wonderful mouth, only to be chased out again by the dancing tip of her tongue.

My hips start rising involuntarily (well mostly) as she licks me, and in response she begins bobbing her head up and down, taking more of me in her mouth with each stroke. I am entranced by this, absorbing it as if in a dream. While I feel every cell of my blood-engorged cock rising to her call, I also watch her lips and tongue move, see my cock shine in the firelight, and can hear the

soft sucking noises made by her mouth as it moves up and down my length. Well lubricated with her saliva, the only friction I feel is that from the tension in her lips, and it is heavenly.

Bit by bit she works her way down, until I can feel her nose bump gently against my balls. I am no great cocksman, but because I am built kinda thick (or have never been with the right woman) I have never been deep-throated before. I groaned in a mixture of pleasure and surprise as I felt, for the first time, the sensation of being held entirely in a woman's mouth.

And hold me she did. Nostrils flaring as she breathed, she simply held my length in her mouth, squeezing my root with her lips as my tip lay deep in her throat. I could feel her tongue swishing across the width of my shaft, and thought it couldn't possibly get any better than that... and then it did.

Somehow she started squeezing and relaxing the muscles of her throat, milking me with her mouth as she milked Wayne with her cunt. I don't know if she was swallowing or just moving her neck or what... all I know is that it felt incredible, and it made me cry out in pleasure.

Slowly she withdrew allowing my shaft to slip from her mouth until just the tip remained. Replacing her hand around the base, she began sliding up and down my

well-moistened cock, following her hand with her lips in coordinated motion. The heat, the sliding slickness, the pressure of her hand milking me into her mouth, it was too much stimulation for me to last very long. I began panting in rhythm with her motions, crying out when she squeezed or licked in a particularly luscious way.

Just as I started to feel the sweet beginnings of release build up in my loins, she stopped and lifted her head sexy blond head. "Not so fast, lover" she said, and I thought I would die if she didn't continue.

But when she turned around and began to straddle my waist, I started to think that maybe she might have a nice idea. Lying down on top of me, I could for the first time feel her beautiful tits press against my chest, and her nylon- sheathed thighs against my skin. Two of my favorite things. She leaned forward and began to kiss me, licking my lips and teasing my tongue as her hips started to rise and fall over mine.

Part of me was really enjoying the feeling of her writhing sensuously atop me, rubbing her body against mine, dragging her heavy tits across my chest. But when I felt the wet heat of her pussy rubbing against the shaft of my cock, I knew I had to have it. Now.

Sue rocked her hips back and forth, bathing the top surface of my hard-on with her

juices, and rubbing her clit back and forth against the rim of my cockhead. I was gasping in delight at the feeling, and saw in her face that she was enjoying it too. After a moment, she captured the tip of me between her lips, and slowly impaled herself on it, her eyes locked on mine as she welcomed my thick member into her body.

When she reached the bottom, she let out a sigh of pleasure. "Oh, god that feels good", she moaned. I would have agreed, if I had been able to form the words. Right then, however, the only part of me that I had any awareness of was buried inside her. Words can't describe what that pussy of hers felt like wrapped around me - it was hot and wet, tight, grasping and squeezing me like a warm velvet glove.

Propping herself up on her arms, she drew her legs up under her and began sliding her cunt up and down on my column. The change in her position somehow opened her up to me, and now I could actually feel her clit rub against my shaft as she made love to me. And because of her position, I found that I could now touch her from head to toe, an opportunity I quickly availed myself of. I ran my hands down the length of her sleek calves, gently squeezing and massaging her feet through the hose she still wore. Roaming up along her flexing thighs, I explored the elastic rim of her stockings,

fascinated by the feel of the lace against her skin. With one hand, I roamed around to explore her clenching ass, sneaking a finger into the hot valley between her cheeks and teasing the rim of her asshole, eliciting a soft cry from her lips.

I let her take the lead in our lovemaking, but I was far from passive. I kissed and sucked and bit her nipples each time they came within range, I tickled and touched and squeezed and pinched her hot flesh, and even gently slapped her ass as it pumped up and down on me. I sensed that she wanted to make this last a little bit, so I occupied myself with the oh-so-pleasant task of finding out which parts of her were the most sensitive, which made her squirm, which made her gasp.

I noticed that she was looking up at Wayne's form on the couch, and smiling. After a momentary flash of petty jealousy subsided (hey, what's she doing looking at some other guy when she's got me inside her?), I followed her gaze and saw that Wayne had recovered somewhat, and was watching the two of us as I had earlier. Actually, more than watching. As I craned my neck to get a better look, I realized that he had been watching us for some time, for his cock was fully erect, and he was stroking it at the same pace as Sue pumped up and down on me.

Without missing a beat, Sue leaned forward and kissed the tip of his cock. I didn't mind, as it brought her tits up so that they enveloped my face in their billowy softness. Wayne skootched eagerly towards the edge of the couch, bringing himself within reach of her mouth, and as I watched in awe, she slid her mouth all the way down on his slender prick.

Talk about your up-close views! Sue began giving Wayne the blow-job of his life, three inches from the tip of my nose. I could see her muscles working as she swirled and teased the head of his cock. She stopped riding up and down on me for a moment, as she concentrated on one dick at a time, and quickly fell into a rhythm.

Holding him between her lips, she fucked her pussy down around me for several lingering strokes, until she had me gasping. Then she would pause her action, and while squeezing me from within, bobbed her head hungrily down onto Wayne's prong, forcing cries of delight from him. Back and forth she went, one then the other, fucking and sucking and licking and squeezing and pumping and licking.

Hard as I tried, there was no way I could last under the onslaught of all this stimulation. I had it coming from every angle, the feeling of her pussy on my turgid cock, the sweet taste of her tit-flesh in my mouth, the

sounds and sights of the blowjob just over my head, even the smell of the cunt-spiced come-juices she was eagerly licking off Wayne's dick.

I started panting, and moaning, and I think it triggered Wayne, too. She stopped moving on me for a moment, shifting her full attention to the shaft in her mouth. Up and down, back and forth, she sucked and licked and stroked until she had Wayne groaning in delight, and still she went on. reaching between his legs, she tickled his balls, and when the tip of her finger entered the tight ring of his ass, he exploded. At the instant she heard his cry, she took him all the way in her mouth and held him there, letting him fuck in and out slightly as his balls emptied into her throat. I saw the muscles under his shaft pulsing with his orgasm, and saw the muscles in her throat working to receive it, milking him, swallowing his seed, sucking out every last drop... and then, she gently released him from her grip, her smile glazed with his milky come.... and turned her attention back to me.

"C'mon, lover, fuck me good" she whispered, as she started to squeeze me again. At that I moved my hands to her waist, and holding her firmly in place I began to buck my hips up off the carpet. If she wanted to get fucked, I was more than ready to do it. All the way out, and all the

way back in, I slammed my cock into her with every ounce of energy I had. I could see from the look on her face that I was getting to her, her mouth dropped open, she started to pant as I bucked and fucked beneath her.

Crouched on her hands and knees above me, she was almost motionless as my throbbing dick pistoned in and out of her from below. I knew I couldn't keep going for long at this pace. As I watched, I could see the beginning flush of her orgasm start to spread across her chest. She was panting now, totally caught up in the sensations pulsing through her body. I was rapidly losing it, I could feel my long-delayed orgasm start to boil up from my balls, up, up, gathering speed as it came. I reached around and put the tip of my finger into her ass as I bit the nipple dangling hot and red in front of my face.

I vaguely remember feeling every muscle in her body go taut as I started to come. I will never know if the first jet of come I fired into her cunt triggered her orgasm, or if the first contraction of her pussy triggered mine. Whatever the case, they coincided in an amazing nuclear conflagration of sexual pleasure. I pumped what felt like gallons of hot come into the dasping bottomless pit of her womb, and the spasms rippling through her hungrily milked it out of me. I felt like I

was so far inside her, I was going to see the head of my dick come out her mouth. I could feel every ripple of her orgasm, every flutter of her spasming cunt lips, and I suspect she could feel the pulsing of my cock. At least, from the squeals it sounded like she could. And finally, just before she collapsed in a sweaty and exhausted heap on top of me, panting and grinning, I felt a gentle kiss on the lips, and a quiet whisper in my ear....

“I think I have an idea for a new story...”

A Visit to Grandmother's House

Ann Dugas

Sally Liebowitz hummed a tune as she walked down East 53rd st. It was a beautiful Friday afternoon and she was on her way to have dinner with her Grandmother. Actually she was several hours early for her usual Friday Dinner but it was such a beautiful spring afternoon she had skipped a boring lecture at the City University.

One of the conditions her parents had set when they agreed to let her move back into the city while she attended college, was that she check in with her grandmother at least once a week. Sally was sure that her parents were more concerned with Grandma Shirley keeping an eye on her rather than the other way around. Not that the 19 yr old minded. Shirley Klein was her favorite person in the whole world. If she hadn't been her Grandmother, Sally would've adopted her as such. All her life, Shirley had been the one

to encourage her to reach out and grab all that life had to offer. The brunette smiled as she recalled Grandmother's favorite advice. "You can't just sit on your ass waiting for your ship to come in, you have to row out and meet it!"

She smiled at the doorman of Shirley's building as he opened the door for her. He assured her that her Grandmother was home and asked if she wanted to be announced.

"No thanks, Mr. Collins," Sally said. "I have my key. Grandmother usually takes a nap in the afternoon, I'd hate to wake her."

"Well enjoy your visit." He replied. As she entered the lobby, Sally could feel the gray haired doorman's eyes following her. Feeling a little frisky, she gave her ass a little wiggle. Might as well give the old man a little treat she mused to herself.

The long hair brunette liked to tweak the interest of the men she passed. 5'6" and 105 lbs, she had a figure that was more than pleasing to the male eye. The short sleeved yellow blouse and blue skirt completed the picture.

As the elevator rose to the 12th floor, Sally reached into her purse for her keys. Grandmother always told her, have your keys ready before you get out of the elevator. It's safer that way. Sometimes,

Shirley Klein sounded like the proverbial Jewish Grandmother.

Exiting the elevator, Sally walked quickly to apt 12b and opened the door. The apartment was quiet as she entered, no television or radio on. Dropping her purse on the table, Sally was about to call out and then thought better of it. If she was napping, no sense waking her.

As was her habit, Sally took a minute to check out the latest addition to the photo gallery on the wall. Grandmother had been a professional photographer when she was young and still liked to spend at least a few days a month photographing the city. The gallery ranged from pictures of last weeks Memorial Day to a photo of her Grandparents and her father. Everyone said that Sally was almost the image of Shirley when she was a teenager, but Sally never really say the resemblance. At least not in any picture she had ever seen. That was one thing she always found strange about the wall. There were dozens of photographs of every other member of the family, but almost none of her Grandmother. The great photographer was, she always claimed, camera shy. Reaching the end of the long wall of pictures, Sally decided she was thirsty.

Moving to the kitchen, she checked the fridge, only to find that there was no soda. Settling for juice, she poured herself a glass.

"I guess putting on the TV is out," Sally said to herself as she finished the glass and put it into the sink. "Maybe shouldn't have come so early after all."

A sudden noise from the direction of the bedroom started the young girl. She quickly walked to the back bedroom and began to open the door.

"Gran....." Sally started to say, but the word froze in her throat as she looked into the room.

Stretched out on the bed, was her 62 yr old Grandmother - totally naked. Her legs stretched out in each direction, the dark haired woman was furiously pumping a large rubber dildo in and out of her gray haired pussy. Her eyes were tightly closed and a soft moaning could be heard from her lips. It was that which Sally had heard.

Sally's first impulse was to turn and gracefully exit. But she found herself transfixed by the image before her. In fact She found herself taking a good long look at her Grandmother. Shirley Klein may have gained a few pounds and wrinkles over the years, but she was still a good looking woman. Her hair may have been dyed, but that was her only vanity. She ignored the

effects of time through a daily exercise program, one which helped keep her large breasts from sagging to the level of most women her age.

Shirley had, Sally noted, the largest nipples she had ever seen, surrounded by dark 2" circles. That was one thing she had always been secretly glad to have inherited from her father's side of the family. While Sally's mounds were no where near in her Grandmother's class, they were a definite improvement over the flat chested 32a's of both her Mother and her maternal Aunts.

Finally backing quietly out of the room, Sally quickly decided to leave the apartment and come back later. Grandmother would be really embarrassed if she knew her Granddaughter had seen her fucking herself. As she rode down the elevator, Sally couldn't get the image out of her mind. It was hard enough picturing her parents as sexual partners. Thinking of Grandmother Shirley as having sexual needs was near impossible.

"Well it's been thirty years since Grandfather died, you dummy!" She told herself. "Do you think she just turned off a switch at 32 and just forgot all about sex. You should be so lucky to still be getting off when you get to be her age."

Taking a long walk, Sally killed about two hours and found herself back at the building about five. This time she had Mr. Collins call ahead.

"Oh my Sally," Shirley called out as she met her at the apartment door. "I was afraid that you had forgotten your old Grandmother."

"You'll never be old, Grandma." Sally replied as she kissed her cheek.

"Can I get you a soda? Shirley asked as she closed the door behind her.

"There isn't any sod...." Sally started to reply then caught herself. "I mean sure, anything you have is fine."

"Its going to have to be something really simple tonight, Sally." She said as she poured a glass of fruit juice. "Mrs. Silverstein called this afternoon and asked if I would go to the theater with her. Mr. Silverstein has to attend a business function. I hope you don't mind?"

"Of course not, Grandma." She replied as she took the glass of juice. "You go and enjoy yourself, I'll be fine. I'll just crash on the coach and watch a movie on the cable."

"If you'd find yourself a nice boy you'd have a lot more interesting things to do on a Friday night than baby-sit your Grandmother." Shirley said as she set the table. "In fact Mrs. Weinstein over in apt.

11c was just telling me the other day about her nephew, Norman. He's an accountant, not much older than you."

"Lets not have that conversation again, Grandma." Sally said with a sigh. "I'll find my own boyfriends, in my own time."

"Suite yourself, Sally." Shirley continued as she followed the place settings with a casserole dish and began serving dinner. "But if you keep letting all these eligible young men go by, I might just grab one of them for myself."

Sally nearly choked on the juice at that remark. For a split second, she imaged her naked Grandmother laying in bed with a "nice young man."

That's a crazy idea, she quickly told herself. Playing with sextoys was one thing, but the idea of Shirley having a lover young enough to date Sally was totally ludicrous.

Yet all though dinner, Sally found herself wondering if Shirley did have a man in her life. Not some young stud of course, but someone more her own age. Knowing her Grandmother's zest for life, she couldn't believe she was settling for a piece of rubber.

No sooner had they cleared the dishes when the doorbell rang. Shirley said she'd get it, it must be Mrs. Silverstein. Sure enough it was.

Golda Silverstein was about 5 years younger than Shirley. They had become friends about twenty years before when Shirley had first moved into this building. She had light blonde hair, dyed of course, and was on her second face lift. Sally had always found her a little stuck up, but then again she was Grandmother's friend, not hers.

"Sally darling..." Golda gushed as she reached out for the girl and planted a wet kiss on her cheeks. "It's been far too long."

"Hello, Mrs. Silverstein." Sally said in an unemotional tone.

"My you're going into quite a young lady." She continued. "Pretty soon some young man is going to sweep you off your feet. In fact, My Grandson Sidney just graduated from Columbia and....."

"Sally prefers to meet her own young men, Golda" Shirley quickly interjected.

"Oh well..." Golda said, a little disappointed.

"Thanks...." Sally said under her breath to Shirley.

"We shouldn't be too late." Shirley said as the two older women headed for the door. "Be sure to make sure the door is locked behind us."

"I will." Sally said with a smile.

Sally waited at the door until the elevator doors closed behind the two women. Then she closed the door and locked it. After stepping away from the door, she hesitated for a second, then stepped back and rechecked the lock.

"Now she's got me doing it!" Sally said to herself as she laughed.

Two hours later, Sally was totally bored with TV. What good were 70 channels if none of them carried anything she wanted to watch. Getting up from the couch, she began to pace the apartment.

Eventually, her mind began to drift back to the afternoon's events. She began to wonder about the large dildo she had seen her Grandmother playing with. While she had seen pictures of such things, she had never really seen one up close.

"She must keep it in the bedroom." Sally said to herself. "It wouldn't hurt if I took a quick look at it."

Curiosity quickly overcame discretion, and Sally was soon going through the dresser's in Shirley's bedroom. Twenty minutes later, she was about to give up the search. Wherever Shirley kept it, it was a good hiding place.

"Might as well straighten up a little in here." Sally thought. "At least it'll give me something to do."

Ten minutes later, the room was neater than she had found it and Sally was headed for the door.

"Ooops" She called out as she stumbled over the large rug under the bed.

Regaining her balance, Sally bent down to straighten out the rug. It was when she lifted it to smooth it out that she noticed the trapdoor like panel beneath it. Pulling the rug as far back as she could, the young woman opened the panel.

A wide smile filled her face as she saw the rubber phallic resting atop a large black book in the cutaway section of the floor. Lifting it up, Sally was fascinated by the detail of the toy. It even had little veins carved onto it.

About ten inches long and wider than any real cock Sally had ever seen, she began to wonder if she would be able to handle something as large as this. It had been a long time since she had been a virgin. As far back as her sixteenth birthday in fact. Yet none of the half dozen boys she had been with since then had been anywhere half as big as this.

Placing the dildo on the bed, Sally turned her attention to the large black book that

had laid beneath it. Lifting it out of the cubbyhole, she was surprised by its weight. It was obviously a photo albums of sorts and based on its size, must've held over a thousand pictures.

Sally's eyes opened in amazement as she laid the album on the bed and flipped it open. For someone who claimed to be camera-shy, her Grandmother appeared in literally hundreds of the photos within. What set these pictures apart from all the others Sally had seen before was that in everyone of them - her Grandmother was either nearly or totally naked. And in most of the pictures....she wasn't alone.

Fascinated by the incredible collection of erotica, Sally laid out on the bed and began to take a second look at the album.

Spreading it out on the bed, she turned again to the front and started with the first photo. Many of them were dated, and as she read each one, a familiar wetness appeared between her thighs.

The oldest photo was dated 1949. It showed a dark haired 17 year old Shirley performing fellatio on a much older man. Next to it was one dated 1951, in which her Grandmother was on the receiving end of a cock nearly as big as the rubber dildo now laying at the foot of the bed. Sally looked again at the date and realized that it was taken almost a year and a half after Shirley had married

Morty Klein. Whoever the man in the photo was, he definitely wasn't her Grandfather.

Page upon page showed a variety of sexual acts with a even greater variety of partners. Oral, anal, vagina, even multiple partners.....it seemed like Shirley had tried them all. Sally had gotten up to the middle fifties when she suddenly realized what fascinated her about the photos, apart from the obvious that is. Except for the really old hair style, they could be pictures of her. She really was almost a double of Grandmother Shirley in her younger days.

Sally felt her hand slide down between the elastic of her panties almost automatically as she continued to turn the pages. By the time she stopped at a large 8 x 10 photo of Shirley mounting a incredibly huge black man, the girl had three fingers inside of her and was frenetically pumping them in and out. The date on the photo read 1956 and sally remembered tat it would be almost a decade before interracial sex became the social thing to do.

Even more incredible were the pictures that started with the mid 1960's. That would be the point where Shirley became a widow. The collection began to include photo's of the older woman and other women. Sally gasped as she looked down at the image of her beloved Grandmother licking the pussy of a large Hispanic woman. Taking a second

look at the large woman's face, Sally recognized her as Maria Ortega, the live in maid who had worked for Shirley for about ten years.

Sally herself was no stranger to lesbian sex. In her last year of high school, she and Donna Levy had spent a lot of time playing with each other. The usual sort of experimenting that many girls did. It wasn't until her first term of college however that Sally had her first real lovemaking session with another woman. She had accepted a dinner invitation from an graduate student who made so secret of her lesbianism. Spending the night at her off campus apartment, Sally had been treated to a seemingly endless night of orgasms.

Moving on, the photos began to include scenes of group sex as the dates moved to the late sixties and early seventies. Looking at a photo of Shirley in her middle forties, Sally hoped her body looked that good in another twenty years or so.

A sudden sense of recognition caused the girl to turn back the page. She held the book closer to the light and looked again at the face of the short woman locked in a passionate kiss and embrace with her Grandmother.

"My God!" Sally exclaimed to the empty room. "That's Golda Silverstein!"

By now, the wetness between her legs now covered her entire hand. Sally couldn't remember that last time she'd felt so horny. It had been over a month since she'd last been with a man and even then the night had ended with her only giving him a quick blow job.

Her eyes caught sight of her Grandmother's dildo. Did she dare? The longing within her cried yes. She had to have some relief and her hand just wasn't going to do. Looking at the large clock on the bureau, Sally noted that it was only a quarter to nine. The play wouldn't even let out for another hour or so. Even if they came right home rather than stopping for a quick bite as was their usual custom, Shirley and Golda wouldn't be home until at least ten thirty.

Slipping off her skirt and panties, Sally propped herself up on the pillows. She unbuttoned her blouse and undid the clasp of her bra. Her nipples were already hard and erect and they tingled in the warm night air. She ran a nail across them and was rewarded with an even greater sensation that ran through her body. If she had breasts as large as Shirley, she thought, she would be able to lick her own nipples.

Positioning the large cockhead at the entrance of her sexuality, she applied a slight pressure to bring it inside. Even wet as her pussy was, she had to go slow. On her first

attempt it went in barely a half inch before she felt she had to remove it. Well, she had plenty of time. Sally continued to slide it in a half inch at a time, covering it with her slippery juices and making each re-entry that much easier. She could feel the fullness of the hard rubber filling her tunnel. Biting her lips, she slid it in even deeper, anticipation the pleasure she would find when she took it all inside of her.

Yet even as she kept one hand on the substitute cock and continued to work it within her, the young woman still studied the photographic history of her Grandmother's sexual life.

By the time the dates reached the mid-eighties and Shirley reached her fifties, her partners captured on film began to become younger and younger. Earlier, Sally had easily discarded the image of her Grandmother with a lover in his mid-twenties. Spread out before her was the photographic record of lovers who looked barely out of high school. In fact there was a blow up of a photo that was marked Mexico, 1987 showing Shirley in bed with a young girl. Although rather generously endowed, the girl didn't look over 16.

Sally's patience with the dildo was soon rewarded as she soon found that she could now easily slide in almost eight inches without effort. Quickening the pace of her

ministrations, she began to send ripples of delight throughout her body. No longer to split her attention between the album and the increasing ripples of estacy that began to rip outward from deep between her legs, Sally reluctantly put the book aside. As she laid back and closed her eyes, she could still see the last photo clearly in her mind. Taken very recently, right here in the apartment vestibule, it showed a 62 year old Shirley energetically sucking the cock of a teenage delivery boy.

Her mind now totally focused on her task, Sally could feel the rising torrid within her. Her breathing had become labored, and sweat covered her chest. Both hand were wrapped around the dildo as she plummeted it in and out of her quaking body. Her hips lifted off the bed with each thrust, causing the old bed to creak, just as it had done for her Grandmother this afternoon. Then with a loud shout, Sally climaxed like she hadn't in months.

Time seemed to stop as Sally as if her spirit had left her body. Nothing existed excepted the pulsating joy that filled her body. She collapsed back onto the bed, her body exhausted. She was only vaguely aware of the beating of her heart or that fact that she was still breathing. All she knew was that she had never felt so drained - or so good.

"I just have to rest a few minutes." She told herself. "Then, I'll clean up and take a shower."

No sooner as she finished that thought when her eyes closed and she found herself deep in the purple mists of dreams.

"People have always said that you took after me." Said the quiet voice that pieced Sally's sleep induced fog. "I guess they were right after all."

"Grandma?" Sally asked as she slowly opened her eyes.

It took a few moments for her to focus on the image of Shirley Klein standing over the bed. It only took another second for Sally to remember that she was still naked and her thighs were covered with small river of dried cum. Or that the massive dildo was still buried between her legs.

"Oh God!" Sally muttered as she pulled herself up, causing the dildo to slide out a little. her face now totally red with embarrassment.

"I don't mind you playing with my toys.." Shirley said as she reached down and pulled the dildo all of the way out. "But you could at least clean it after you're finished."

With that, she lifted the rubber to her mouth and licked off a small spot of still wet

cum. A smile quickly replaced the false look of indignation.

"I see you also inherited my good taste." Shirley purred. "Lets get you cleaned up and we'll have a little girl to girl chat."

Sally quickly jumped out of the bed and headed for the master bedroom and the shower within. Watching the swaying curves of her Granddaughter's ass, Shirley found herself wondering if maybe she could also use a shower.....

Expanding Julie's Sexual Horizons

Father Ignatius

My friend Jim is a shit-stirrer who doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut. When I first introduced him to Julie he made some witty little comment to me under his breath about "Mud-wrestlers always did do it for you, didn't they?" Julie has excellent hearing so it wasn't far enough under his breath. She didn't let on, though. With a completely neutral expression on her Victorian porcelain-doll face, she made as if to shake hands with him. When he put his hand in hers, she dislocated his thumb. I found this both scary and a major turn-on.

Okay, Julie's a meaty girl. She won a lot of swimming trophies at school and anchored the freestyle relay team. She has big, full, swimmer's shoulders; a broad, firm swimmer's back and her narrow waist flares out to wide, womanly hips and muscular buttocks above long, powerful legs.

And she has large, business-like breasts. She characteristically wears a sports top as well as a bra to give them extra support. They get most distractingly—and not only for her—in the way when she's working on a drawing board. "Thank God for CAD stations," she says, through her curved Cupid's-bow mouth. I said she looks like a Victorian porcelain doll, and she does—complete with brown, old-fashioned bangs, a snub nose, and laser-like, icy-blue eyes that might have been made of glass. Eyes like that make a man want to do things for a woman. That and not getting his thumbs dislocated. When she walks into a room, people notice. I was completely infatuated.

* * *

The first time we had sex I discovered she wasn't shy to tell me what she wanted. We spent Saturday afternoon together and were fooling around on the sofa after dinner. I had unbuttoned her shirt, revealing her ample frontage, and was kissing her neck and the upper slopes of her breasts. When I started tickling their under-sides, she came to a decision and stood up, lifting me to my feet. She shrugged her shirt onto the floor, took me by the hand and, reaching up behind her back to unhook her bra as she walked, led me into my bedroom. She dropped the bra on the floor and, turning to

me, pulled me onto her front as she lay back on the bed.

I burrowed like a happy puppy into her abundance and, in the following ecstatic minutes, worked my way from her glorious mouth down to her navel and below.

Rubicon time. Thinking prudently of my thumbs, I edged the waistband of her tracksuit trousers down a cautious, gentlemanly half-inch and licked politely. I felt the firm fingers of her firm hand close round the top of my skull. She pushed my face down her belly and ground it into her. She lifted her buttocks off the bed. I straightened up to draw the trousers down to her thighs and she lifted her feet off the bed to let me pull them off entirely.

I bent down again to business, to her pale yellow lacy panties that half-revealed the whorls of brown pubic hair pressed back behind that dainty barrier. The hand appeared on top of my skull again and I felt my nose pressed firmly into service. We started by going slowly side to side. Then—after a sudden, sharp gasp from Julie—we went more gently up and down for a while. Finally, the team worked out, by experiment, to a little circular motion one way round for my face and the other for her pelvis, making her breathe deep and fast while I cautiously breathed through my mouth.

Abruptly, she caught her breath, lifted my face from her and again lifted her buttocks from the bed. I pulled the stained, soaking panties down her legs, leaving a trail of moisture down one thigh, past her ankles and heels, and tossed them aside. I bent again to her crotch but she grunted, "Mmm-mm," closed her legs, took my cheeks and jaw in her two hands, and pulled my face up to hers. My eager cock, straining inside my jeans, ploughed the furrow between her thighs until the tip butted into her curls while she pulled off my tee shirt.

I felt her hands push in between us, beneath my belly. Her fingers slipped under the waistband of my jeans and met inside my underpants on either side of my frantic, imprisoned cock. I felt her thumbs undoing the single metal waist-button and then her thumbs damped her fingers through the cloth. She brutally ripped my zip open by yanking apart the fabric on either side and she pulled my underpants and jeans down around my thighs. My cock flopped eagerly out and burrowed into her crotch. I felt her thighs open under mine, felt her belly muscles contract under mine. Her pelvis swivelled and her hands, under my buttocks, pushed me firmly into her. "In," she said. I did it.

Her thighs gripped my pelvis and she set the brutal rhythm she wanted. "Harder," she

grunted, teeth clenched. I did it. I gripped her shoulders, swung back, swung forward and thrust hard into her. She pushed me back and together we swung me forward again. I reverted to wild, uncontrolled, back-to-teenager thrusting, revelling in the honey feel of my cock sweeping roughly back and forth up her toned, gripping cunt, rushing and tumbling towards a hasty, inelegant, glorious, animal explosion of pleasure.

That zip was never quite the same again. I replaced the jeans and learned to get them off quickly myself when she got that look in her eye. But we always did much the same thing, in missionary position. Eventually, keeping my thumbs carefully out of harm's way, I plucked up the courage to make an elaborately casual remark about expanding her sexual horizons. She didn't say anything but looked thoughtful and uncharacteristically uneasy. I should have been uneasy too.

My casual remark had been catalytic, I discovered the next time I went to her flat in Green Point to collect her for movies. I rang the bell a few times without getting any response. I eventually delivered a brisk, last-ditch rat-a-tat on the doorknocker. The door swung violently open and there stood Julie. She was naked except for stereotype-

teenage-fantasy black fishnet stockings, a stereotype-teenage-fantasy suspender belt and stereotype-teenage-fantasy strappy, red high-heels. I could only gape.

“Don’t just stand there!” she snapped. “Do you want the whole neighbourhood to see me like this?”

Her hand shot out. Two powerful fingers dug into the waistband of my jeans behind my belt-buckle and she yanked. I disappeared, pubis first and still gaping, into her doorway like... like... Well, not a cork into a bottle. But you know what I mean. The door slammed behind me.

The whole neighbourhood, at my guess, would have been just fascinated to see her. While I carried on with the gaping, my cock got into the business of reacting to Julie’s movie-going outfit. Her fingertips noticed my response and she smiled fondly and cupped her other hand under my balls, encouraging further action unlikely to lead to the movies. This made me nervous, as she doesn’t do fond smiling. She was acting a little bit off in other ways, too. She gave me a sweet, sweet smile—the first on record—and a deliciously memorable kiss, gentle as cigarette smoke. She usually kissed me as if she was attacking grapefruit. I noticed when she did it that we stood exactly eye-to-eye because of the high-heels.

She smelled nice, not of perfume—which she didn't wear—but of something fruitily familiar and half-remembered, redolent of cosy comfort, like your mother's home cooking when you're nine years old and never not hungry. Blood transfer was affecting my thinking and I made the mistake of pushing this minor mystery to the back of my mind.

She backed down the passage into the living room, pulling me by my belt-buckle and, well, my balls. By the time we got there, my cock was once more trying to get out of my trousers. Mere movies, I hoped and prayed, were off the agenda. She yanked the end of my belt out of the buckle and got down to dragging my nether clothing off.

“Shoes off,” she said. I did it, standing on the back of one with the toe of the other foot and wrenching my feet clear, the way it freaked my mother out when I did it on her budget as a child. My jeans and pants were shackling me by the time I was barefoot and I stumbled out of them hastily as Julie pulled my tee shirt over my head. There was another whiff of the familiar, elusive odour. In no time, I was bare as a babe with my eager cock questing hungrily around, dragging me behind, in the direction of Julie. “Eager-beaver,” said that little, irreverent internal voice that got me into such trouble

before I learned not to let it out of my mouth. Hey, where'd she go?

She hadn't gone anywhere. She had turned her back on me to bend forward over the back of the armchair, gripping the arms in her hands, hair flopping down and obscuring her face. The high-heels lifted her just to the right height to allow her to do this, and her lower belly nestled into the crumpling antimacassar.

"I've been thinking about what you said about expanding my sexual horizons," she said, in a slightly muffled voice. I leered at the marble roundness of her buttocks, the dark anal cleft, the suggestion of an anal opening, the glimpse of labia, the roughness of brown hair; the long, strong legs held straight and plunging into the whore-sandals. "Start at the left."

Left? Left what? There was a startling array of objects on the table next to the armchair. A can of Crisco, courteously opened, standing on a housewifely Kleenex. A thin, round bridge pencil. A regular, hexagonal, wooden pencil, red-and-black Staedtler HB. A quadrangular ballpoint pen, slightly thicker. A tiny little dildo—pre-pubescent, I guess. I didn't know they came that small. A trainer dildo? Then a somewhat larger dildo, a gap, and finally, a notably large dildo. "To dream the impossible dream," hummed the internal voice, half to itself. And, finally, a

whole box of Kleenex. All in a row, ends all lined up, equally spaced (except for the gap) in textbook anal-retentive fashion.

Anal-retentive? In a flash, I realised that the gap was where my own cock fitted into the series and understood what Julie expected of me. She was mysteriously patient and quiet. Looking back on it, that should have made me nervous, too. As it was, the bit I was thinking with was straining with renewed excitement and my brain only caught up much later. I dipped the toothpick into the Crisco, twiddling it in my fingers to get it thoroughly coated and bent to those wonderfully round, firm buttocks.

I eased them apart with thumb and forefinger. They tensed and resisted. I felt Julie's effort of will that relaxed them and allowed me to part them, revealing the puckered little rosebud of her ass-hole. I blew gently on it and watched it pull in and then relax like a sea anemone when a diver swims past. A warning growl from the front of the armchair hastened me forward to my duty.

I slowly introduced the toothpick a careful half-inch into her anus. It was too small for her to resist. I twiddled it. A little *gasp* floating round the side of the chair. I transferred it from anus to Kleenex, generously Criscoed-up the thin, round bridge pencil and pushed its hemispherical

end into the trying-not-to-resist rosebud. Twiddling it did nothing—it was too round—so I moved on up to the hexagonal Städtler. This time, twiddling produced a squeal and Julie's full hips writhed around on the back of the chair. Her knees bent for a fraction of a second and then resolutely straightened again. The quadrangular ballpoint pen was an even greater success.

It was dildo time. The trainer dildo took much more encouragement to go in than the writing implements had needed. Once it was in it, though, was obviously doing a much better job. I experimented for the first time with a back-and-forth motion. I had to put a hand on Julie's back to steady her but she writhed around so distractingly that I decided to skip the next dildo and get into action myself. I straightened and pressed my straining cock against the rosebud, holding her by the hips. She tensed and I felt the buttocks damp closely and forbiddingly round the top of my cock. Encouraged, I pushed harder but, with a flicker of annoyance, she clamped harder. I'll bet you didn't know buttocks could clamp with a flicker of annoyance. Well, they can.

"Crisco," growled Julie. Ah, yes I did it, my cock luxuriating in the lubricated touch of my fingers and palms. This time, I pressed firmly and patiently. Eventually the relaxation came and I was able to force my

cock slowly in. The tight band of her sphincter dragged down my cock until it firmly clamped the very root. Eyes closed, head flung back, naked toes sliding slightly on the carpet, Criscoed fingers slipping as I grasped her hips, I strained to get one more millimetre further inside her.

* * *

At this point, I later worked out, she must have fallen asleep. The intensely pleasurable enclosing sensation around the base of my cock transformed into a painful and much more powerful grip.

"Ow! Ease up!" I said.

No response.

"Please?"

"Please! Julie! You're hurting me!"

No response. A gentle snore—yes, by God, a snore! -- drifted around the armchair. And there I stood, trapped. Lust drained away but the blood in my cock didn't; it had no way to get out. As the minutes ticked by, it seemed to me that my trapped cock grew within her and pleasurable tingling gave way to painful throbbing. Julie gave a little grunt and made a turning-over-in-bed motion. For the sake of my yet-to-be-conceived children I grabbed her firmly, Crisco-slippery, and

held her onto the top of the chair. The hideous force of the clamping band eased for a brief moment but, before I could react, clamped down again double hard. She slid further forward and raised me helplessly to tiptoe. I started to sweat. I grabbed the chair either side of her hips, heedless of Crisco marking the fabric, grateful for the greater friction to hold her steady.

“Julie! Julie! Wake up!” I prodded her butt frantically. Not a hope. She was completely unconscious, drugged almost. How could this be?

I braced my knees and pulled, trying to walk backwards on toe-tip. No change. I tried harder, recklessly throwing my torso back to get a bit of momentum. *Ow!* Don’t try that again. I pulled back as hard as I could without jerking. The chair slid back across the carpet, loaded legs digging into the pile. Great.

I put the heels of my hands on the back of the chair and pushed back, doing vertical press-ups on the chair-back. Nothing. *Nada* I tried harder. Julie slid a little bit over the chair, back to her original position. This was progress; I could get my heels onto the floor again. With a little sigh, she slipped back again, remorselessly pulling me to tiptoe once more. Damn and blast.

I looked about for inspiration and caught sight of myself reflected in the living room's picture window that used to look out over Table Bay. I looked ridiculous: obscured (mercifully) from pubis down by Julie and the chair, I stood teetering with arms thrown back for balance and looking worried. I looked exactly what I was—a man with his cock trapped up the butt of a slumbering Juno. Well, at least things can't get any worse, I thought, as I reflected on the tragicomedy.

At that point, things got worse. My gaze travelled through my reflection and focussed on the newer block of flats that is the reason Julie's flat doesn't look out over Table Bay any more. And there, on the external walkway and gazing slack-jawed into Julie's front window, stood a family of up-country tourists from Gauteng. They'd caught sight of us on their way from the lifts to the kitchen door of their hired holiday home. On the other side, it looks out over Table Bay but, right now, they were finding me a lot better value than the view they'd paid for. "Vanderbijlpark can't offer anything like this," you could hear them thinking. Well, I should bloody well hope it can't.

As I watched, aghast, the mother indignantly chivvied the under-age daughter through the kitchen door, followed her in and banged the door virtuously. The father and the near-

grown-up son continued to be riveted, with idiot grins pasted over the front of their moron heads. After the briefest possible interval, the net curtain of a bedroom window flicked aside and the wide-eyed daughter returned unimpeded to her gaping. The mother, for her part, materialised discreetly in the kitchen, thin-lipped with self-righteous, wouldn't-miss-it-for-the-world disapproval. Her Gauteng neighbours were certainly going to get chapter and verse on life in the decadent Cape when she got back home.

And every second that passed, my poor captured cock got more and more and more painful. I was trying not to think about huskies in Alaska gnawing off their legs to escape bear-traps when Julie snorted, raised herself up on her arms and looked about her, dazed. She obviously had no clue where she was.

“Julie! For God’s sake...!”

She didn’t seem to hear me. But, at least, she stood up. My heels greeted the floor again, with affection.

“Julie! Hey, Julie!”

No dice. She shook her head, as if to clear the sound of dream voices, and obviously regretted it.

"Ooooh, shit," she said and, gripping her head in her hands, strode off down the passage to her bedroom. She walked in such a way, I have to tell you, that I formed the opinion that she'd completely forgotten she was wearing unaccustomed high-heels. And me. And me? Guess where I went? Yelping in pain and in horrible anticipation of pain, I had an instant crash course on how to march in lockstep with stumbling stiletto heels. All in all, I did well: I only got a stiletto heel-driven by the full weight of this mysteriously groggy, stumbling hefty woman-onto my instep and toes three times. At my three corresponding screams of agony, she gasped in pain and clasped her head afresh but otherwise behaved as if I wasn't there. Rather an insult, really, I've since thought, when I had leisure to consider.

She dragged me into her room and, like an exhausted long-distance swimmer who has gone out too fast too soon, she "dragged the piano" (i.e. me) into the final lap and gratefully threw herself face down onto her bed. I was painfully yanked with her and flipped forward as she crashed. *Ow!* And a split-second later, the teeth of my upper jaw met her skull with an explosion of blinding pain. Double, triple *ow!* Jesus bloody buggering Christ! Pity my top lip was in the way.

“_O, aarde!_” There was a spatter of applause and a derisive cheer from outside the window. When I could again open my tear-spouting eyes I dimly saw the Gauteng contingent, like good tourists, had repositioned themselves so as to follow the next act of our little improvised street theatre. The daughter was now in the next bedroom, the mother was in the bedroom the daughter just vacated and the two men had moved along the balcony. They rested their elbows on the parapet, hands hanging, watching the afternoon’s entertainment as placidly as if it were a circus act on television. I hadn’t much control over my life at that point but, at least, I could thwart them. I reached over to the bedside table to snap off the light and saw on it a near-empty bottle of sherry. I pressed the switch and a cheated chorus of “Aaaaaah!” floated over from the next building as the room went dark.

That sherry on the bedside table—she’d won it in a raffle. Didn’t drink the stuff. It had been standing around unopened for months. At last, I identified the elusive odour Julie was putting out: Bertram’s Extra Dry Sherry. Julie, normally abstemious, had most of a pint of sherry in her. Calming herself to expand her sexual horizons, no doubt. Pity her anal sphincter obviously wasn’t calmed enough to expand. Hell, blast and double damnation. No wonder she was

out. She was going to have the mother of all hangovers when she eventually came round. Serve her right, the bloody bitch, I thought vengefully. Me and my big mouth. I wasn't in a position to do much but at least I could kick myself, which I did.

The pain in my cock was now beyond unbearable, to say nothing of my other wounds. I lay on Julie in what, normally, would have been a highly erotic position—nothing is sexier, I believe, than firm, round buttocks nestled into the lower belly—wondering frantically what to do. I wasn't icily calm but eventually I thought of the shower. An icy cold shower was exactly what we both needed, in the worst way. Particularly the innocently slumbering Julie, I thought bitterly. It was only a matter of getting there. I lay there contemplating a variety of bizarre ninja manoeuvres to achieve this. Eventually I realised that it was a choice of carrying this Juno into the shower or dying of blood loss—merciful, merciful blood loss—following the regrettable explosion of my cock.

If I could slide her gently half-off the bed, get her knees on the floor, I could get enough leverage to lift her and all would be well—relatively well, anyway. If she slid past to the point of no return, though, and flopped onto the floor then I might as well

be nailed to the floor by my scrotum until dead.

I pulled experimentally. *Ow, ow, bloody ow* That wasn't going to work. I rolled her to one side, got one arm around her waist, rolled back, pushed up with the other arm and, in exquisite agony, anti-humped her—you should pardon the expression—slowly backwards towards the edge of the bed. She slumberingly resisted every inch of the way while I sobbed and swore and gritted my teeth. When her knees went over the edge of the mattress, she suddenly went of her own accord. My fingernails clawed at the bedclothes like a cat being Velcroed off the sofa I was desperate to stop her before she pinned me to the floor for the rest of my short, unnatural life. Stiletto-stamped toes shrieking in protest, I stopped her at the last moment. I took a deep breath and uttered a brief prayer (for God to have a sense of humour). I braced myself on my wounded feet and, clasping her with both arms, humped her—this time you need not pardon the expression—to the door of the shower. God, she was a weight.

The bathroom door faced the window and, as we reeled through from the darkened bedroom, my shoulder struck a light switch. A fluorescent light flickered horrifyingly to life. A crow of delight and some spontaneous applause indicated that we

were silhouetted for the further entertainment of the Gauteng Fan Club. I was beyond caring now. I staggered grimly forward on my very last reserves of strength and lifted Julie triumphantly over the sill of the shower cubicle. God—who does, it turns out, have a sense of humour—arranged for her heels to catch and over we went, twisting as we fell. Always the gentleman, I broke her fall with my body, smashing my head gallantly on the tiled wall in the process. Appreciative whistling came from the balcony opposite.

When the flashes of light behind my eyelids eventually flickered out, I fought to roll Julie over on her front. As she hung from my poor, abused cock, I kneeled and wrenched the cold tap with all the force I could muster. Freezing, stinging water deluged us both. Julie screamed angrily and threw her head back. My lower lip paid the price this time and got between my teeth and her skull.

“Fuck!” she screamed, not knowing where she was.

“Fuck!” I mumbled resentfully, clasping my abused face.

She realised fast enough that someone naked was lying on her nakedness, though, and briskly smashed her elbows backward at me. The anal sphincter crushed me tighter

than ever and I felt ribs crack before I could grab her arms.

“Jesus, Julie, it’s me! Relax! Stop!”

She swung her head round as far as it would go and recognised me. She didn’t seem to take it as good news.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she screamed.

“I’m expanding your fucking sexual horizons, you dizzy bitch. Now let me go.”

“Let you go?” I saw her on her face the reflection of her physical stocktaking. Sexual horizons?

“Oh.” She blushed, for the first time on record.

“Do it, dammit. Let me go. I’m dying here.”

Pause

“I can’t.”

“You can. Bloody do it.”

“I can’t.”

Then the bloody woman started to giggle helplessly. I was about to get her attention by the famous hangman’s noose-executed-with-soap-on-a-rope trick when, at least, the giggling allowed her to relax and the horrible

clamping eased up. This time I didn't wait but wrenched myself free, sobbing with relief. My cock was unrecognisably huge, shaped and coloured like an aubergine. I lay and cried while the cold water beat down on my distressed manhood.

"Oh, God," said Julie, "I feel sick." And she vomited copiously onto the shower floor. The sweet, sick smell of half-digested sherry chokingly billowed out through the shower stall.

"Ag, sies!" cried the peanut gallery, fascinated and affronted.

Time and water eventually helped. Julie, staggering to stand and see straight, tried to be solicitous but spoiled it by giggling and the turned worm drove her away with harsh words.

Much, much later I got dressed again. My cracked ribs hurt damably, putting on my underpants was exquisitely painful—but marginally better than the prospect of zipping my cock if I didn't—and I couldn't get my damaged feet into my shoes.

Julie tried to get me to stay but I wanted to get medical attention for my skull, my teeth, my ribs and my feet. Driving was horribly painful but not as hard to bear as the appreciative whistling and applause I got from the Gautengers as I limped across the car park. They playfully tossed me a can of

Castle lager, as a sort of street-theatre tip, I suppose. Unfortunately, I was looking shamefacedly down, not up at my third-floor tormentors, didn't see it coming and did not attempt to catch it. It ricocheted off the bonnet of my new BMW and cracked the windscreen.

“Ag, kak! Sorry, hey, man,” came a Gauteng voice, followed—not a moment too soon—by the sounds of hurried withdrawal.

* * *

And yes, when the doctor saw my other wounds, he suspected I'd been mugged. He suspiciously insisted that I strip completely. And yes, he then insisted on a full and complete explanation of my swollen, plum-coloured, sorry-for-itself penis. And yes, he then failed in his manful struggle not to roll around on the floor laughing. He nearly made it but made the mistake of catching the nursing sister's eye and then they were both off. They kept snorting and trying to say, “I'm sorry” and then giggling off again while I stared patiently at the wall, praying unsuccessfully for the ground to open up under me.

The news spread through the hospital like wildfire. I was escorted off the premises by a goggle-eyed escort of wheel-chaired and ambulant patients and every member of

staff who could find an excuse for walking, whispering, behind me—about a hundred per cent of them, I judged.

The zip on those jeans was never the same again, either. And, if I ever get another erection ever again (and I'm not betting on it) and it isn't exquisitely painful (and I don't believe it won't be) there'll be no more expanding of sexual horizons. It's the missionary position for me, preferably with someone the size of Allie McBeal. And I'm never eating aubergine again either.

Coffee Break

Dafney Dewitt

Fuller spotted her at Coffee People sipping a mocha.

She was reasonably attractive, but seemed disheveled. Strands of hair had escaped from her ponytail, her blouse had a coffee stain, and bulged a little where it tucked into her skirt. He sat next to her.

She spoke first.

"Do you like my hair?" "Aha!" said Fuller
"You caught me looking." "Well, do you like it?" "It's nice enough." "Nice enough for what?" "It's long. I like long hair." "Oh, you do, do you?" "Yes, I do."

Fuller stated affirmatively nodding his head.
"Why do you like it long?" "It gives me something to grab." "Oh, so you're a grabber, huh?" "I like to touch," acknowledged Fuller. "Let's see you touch my hair."

Fuller pointed a finger lightly stroking her hair.

"Would you be that gentle if we were alone?" "Probably not," Fuller admitted. "Would you grab my ponytail in your fist and twist me to your desires?"

Fuller carefully stopped sipping his coffee for fear of choking. "Err . . . no, I wouldn't do anything like that." "You'd force me to my knees." "No I wouldn't." "You'd make me." "No."

She gave him a smile. "Men are such liars." "Not all men." "My coffee's gone. I've gotta go." "Wait. Give me your phone number," said Fuller. "If I do, you'll never call." "I'll call. I promise."

She wrote down her phone number on a matchbook. "Here, don't forget to call. Ask for Mrs. Lyon." "I'll call."

Fuller put the matchbook in his pocket. He carried it around for the next 2 months. He carried it after all the matches were gone. He thought about calling, but married women were just too easy.

When he did dial, it was to keep his promise. He would enjoy turning her down. Fuller asked for Mrs. Lyon. The woman answering the phone kept repeating "City Zoo, our hours are from 10 to 6 pm, Monday through Saturday."

Fuller slammed down the phone and blurted out a string of obscenities.

“Slovenly bitch! I’d grab your hair, force my cock into your mouth, fuck your ass until it burned, and spurt hot cum all over your face.” Fuller smiled. She had sized him up correctly within the first few minutes of their meeting. She was tacky, but intelligent. He had put off phoning because he thought she would be too easy. She lied better than he did.

Fuller spent the next 6 months searching for her.

Authors

Henrik Larsen

If, for some reason, you feel offended by sexual stories, then I don't know why you have opened this one. Maybe to be offended, so you can complain about how awful it is that somebody writes stuff like this. If that's the case, my advice is to seek professional help. You need it. If you are not allowed to read stories like this, I will not be held responsible, if you choose to continue. But don't worry, it's all fantasy.

This and most of my stories would have been a mess of spelling errors and grammatical rubbish, had it not been for Old Rotorhead and Cagey. I'm very thankful for their patient work and encouragement.

If you liked the story, then feel free to tell me so. If you thought it could have been better, please let me know as well. My E-mail is henlar@hotmail.com.

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DC

My first ever story. Written for and dedicated to my love who after 20 years of marriage, still surprises and delights me daily.

Anonymous

The story that follows was written by someone who read my stories in alt.sex.stories, and took up my suggestion to write something in response. It really turns me on to know that my fantasies strike such a responsive chord in other people. If you would like to write something about your dreams of you and me, I'd love it. I would love to enlarge on this "With Sue" series of stories.

In this case, the writer chooses to keep his total anonymity, so if you have comments, you'll have to send them to me.

NOTE: This story is, of course, for adults only-so don't read it if you don't think you can be mature about it. Reading and writing these stories should be acts of fantasy, and I hope that you can keep your notions of real and fantasy life separate in your mind. I know I can. If you would like to let me know what you think, or if you have a follow-up fantasy (which is something that I REALLY like), you can reach me at SueNH@AOL.com... but I can't promise to

return your emails.. I do have some other things to do in my real life!

Ann Douglas

Comment may be mailed here:
ann_douglas@hotmail.com

Father Ignatius

I would be pleased to hear from you, at FatherIgnatius@hotmail.com, about whether or not you liked this story, and why.

Thanks to Dr Spin and Ruthie for the editing, advice and encouragement and to Denny for meticulous proof-reading

This is a revised version of the story. The original version was written in six hours as a Write Club duel with Jack of All Trades. Rui Jorge was the referee. Thanks, Jack; thanks, Rui.

The Challenge Words were:

Jack of All Trades: quadrangle, infatuated, catalytic.

Father Ignatius: armchair, bridge pencil, toothpick

Rui Jorge: tragicomedy, ninja, squeal

I would be pleased to hear from you, at
FatherIgnatius@hotmail.com, about
whether or not you liked this story, and why.

My collected stories are hosted on my web
site,
<http://www.asstr.org/~FatherIgnatius/>

Thank you for reading me.

Dafney Dewitt

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"To a liar, truth is stranger then fiction." -
Dafney Dewitt

If you like this story, or want more stories
like it, let Dafney know
dafneydewitt@hotmail.com

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