

“Courtney”
By Dirty Dawg

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*“And the world's shrunk to a heap
of hot flesh straining on a bed.”*

-E.R. Dodds
British Classical Scholar

To be frank, I wanted her the moment I saw her, which is strange because she was 20 years older than me. But there was that certain something about her that attracted me to her, and I knew that if the feeling was even slightly mutual, I would act on it.

Courtney was the wife of a co-worker. Don had come to our company first as a consultant, and then as he proved himself with his performance, he was invited to stay on at a much higher salary. Moving from the cold Midwest to sunny San Diego was probably a mitigating factor, but just the same, he packed his wife and two kids up and moved to southern California.

He was a management specialist, and I was in Information Systems, working as the senior database analyst. As such, we had ample opportunity to interact both professionally and socially. It was the first social interaction, however, that started this entire...affair. And I suppose, after all is said and done, that that is what this is. Courtney has no desire to leave her husband or end her marriage, and I have no desire to become her husband or a stepfather to her children, both of which are only younger than me by a few short years. Frankly, all Courtney and I want to do is screw the living daylight out of each other. But I digress; it took me a while to get to that point, so I'd better back up and let you all join us here as well.

Don had invited me over to his new house for dinner and discussions about business. Wanting to appear friendly, I accepted. The door was answered by a goddess. She was somewhere between forty and forty-five, of that there was no doubt. She was short and slim and had a wonderfully warm smile, and dark, intelligent eyes that drew me in like a buglight. She reached out and shook my hand, introducing herself.

“You must be Dan. I'm Courtney, Don's wife.” I smiled and nodded at her, too stunned to immediately speak. She took my windbreaker, and led me into the kitchen. It was one of those wonderful California kitchens, all light and air and room to maneuver. A huge butcher-block counter dominated the middle of the room, complete with a working stove and ample room to prepare meals. An opened bottle of rose wine was on the counter, and she offered me a glass.

“Thank you, no” I said. “I'm not much of a wine drinker.”

“Hmmm,” she said, playfully stroking her chin. “I suppose you're more of a beer drinker, hmm?” I nodded, and she turned, opened the icebox, and bent down to rummage around the lower shelves.

At that point, I nearly fainted. She was wearing a light-colored (peach or ivory,) silky blouse, and tight, black pleated trousers that were now stretched tightly across her buttocks, revealing to me that although she could count four decades of time on this planet, she had fought Mother Nature tooth and nail. Her ass looked invitingly tight and firm, and I wondered for a moment how it would feel filling my hands as I thrust my slowly stirring cock into her cunt.

“Hey, Dan!” I heard from behind me, and turned to see Don staring at me from the family room. To my sudden horror, I realized that he'd caught me ogling his wife, and to add to my humiliation, I could feel myself beginning to blush. “You've met Courtney, I see,” he said, indicating with a sweep of his hand his wife, still bent over in front of the icebox. I nodded, dumbly, and shook hands with her husband and my co-worker.

His big, meaty paw covered my own hand, and I wondered if we were going to get into one of those insane hand-squeezing tests. Perhaps I should add that although I'm six-three and 250, Don made me look like a dwarf. He was six foot six, and weighed close to four hundred pounds. And not an ounce of it, a single ounce of it...was muscle. He was a huge blob of a man, with swinging jowls that reminded me of those things on a chicken. (What *do* you call those, anyway?) I looked back at Courtney, all five foot three and about 90 pounds of her, and instantly, several questions jumped into my mind:

- 1) How did they *ever* have children?
- 2) How did they have sex *now*?
- 3) And if the answer to #2 was “We don't”,
 - 3a) Would she like to sleep with ME?

But that was best put off for another time. Suffice it to say that I had an instant attraction to Courtney, but fearing for my own job-related political life, I decided to bury those feelings deeply inside.

Flash forward about two months. Don and I played golf more than a few times, went shooting more than a few times, and shared more than a few beers at his house before and after these various events. Every time I was treated to the sight of Courtney, and I began to realize that each succeeding time I came over, Courtney was dressing more and more...well, suggestively. After two months, she answered the door in a pair of tight nylon running shorts and a T-shirt. It was obvious from the press of her nipples through the shirt that she was *not* wearing a bra, and I tried to keep myself from staring at her still-firm, supple 36C's. (We later measured...)

She knew (I know now,) that I was interested in her, and she was trying to encourage me without tipping her husband off. She had a basically happy marriage, as far as the straight emotional aspects of the relationship went, it was just that the sexual side had all but died. I wondered about that *at all*, but Courtney had shown me a photo album filled with snapshots just after she and Don were married, and I was stunned to see that if anything, he had *lost* weight since they were married. What a beautiful, petite woman like Courtney would see in a gargantuan like Don was beyond me. But then again, love *is* blind, right?

Well, flash forward about another two months. Don's administrative assistant was pregnant, and had to take six weeks off to have the baby and all that. The company didn't want to hire new help, so Courtney volunteered to work for free as Don's assistant. Which means, of course, that I got to see even *more* of her.

When Courtney started appearing at the job, I found it harder and harder to concentrate on the tasks at hand. She was always wearing chic business attire, but just the *way* she wore it turned me on. And then it started, the awful teasing that had me wondering what the hell was going on, if anything, between us. She would appear in my office to ask me a question about something, and lean over to show me or point something out, and I would always get a clear shot down her unbuttoned-just-enough blouse to see her creamy breasts being lightly cupped in some really outrageous lingerie. I always wanted to reach out and cup one gently swelling breast with my hand, and scrape

my thumb across a nipple to see what it felt like...but since my office had front-facing windows and no blinds or shades, I always kept my hands to myself.

This kept up, and then she started touching me. Every chance Courtney had, she would touch my arm or my hands or my shoulders, the feather-light feeling of her fingers on my body sending butterflies directly to my stomach. I wanted her to touch me *everywhere*.

And finally, I did it. I called her on the intercom. As her extension rang, I noticed that my hands were shaking and there was an awful taste in the back of my mouth. I knew, instantly, what it was as I flashed back to my high school days, days when I would ask a girl out and pray to the mightiest God there was that if she *did* turn me down, that she wouldn't laugh and call me a silly boy.

"Hello?"

"Courtney." It was a word, not question.

"Hello, Dan." Her voice was soft and soothing.

"Do you feel it?" I asked, without any preliminary. I knew she would understand what I was talking about instantly, and I didn't want to preface it, give her time to build defenses.

There was the slightest of pauses, and then, "Oh my, yes. Since the beginning."

We sat in comfortable silence for a few moments. And then she asked, "Can you be discreet?"

"For a chance to find out how we are together...I wouldn't tell God himself if he appeared before me."

She chuckled at my exaggeration. I clarified: "I have as much to lose here as you do, perhaps more."

"I have a husband," she said pointedly.

"I know you do. But, apparently, you're not as married as he thinks you are."

There was a long pause. "I suppose you're right," she conceded. "But I do not want to divorce Don. I'm not in love with you."

"Neither am I. In love with you, I mean."

"I know what you meant," she said.

Another long pause.

"You can't come to my house," she said.

"I know. And you can't come to my apartment." My roommate also worked at the company in the Marketing department. Lawrence just wouldn't understand, and he had a huge mouth to boot.

"So how are we going to do this?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm waiting for suggestions."

"It's not like I've ever done this before!" she snapped.

"Courtney. I wasn't saying you had. It's just that.. .well, you and I have both obviously been thinking about this for a long time. Do you have any ideas?"

When she answered, her voice was so soft and distant, I wondered if she was speaking to me...or something that was not quite there, not quite real. "When I think of you...of us...all I see is you and I together in glorious physical harmony." She fell silent. "I suppose that sounds corny."

"Not at all." My own voice had dropped a few decibels. I felt like I was in a church. "I knew the instant I laid eyes on you that...we would be wonderful together."

"Did you? Did you really?"

"Yes," I almost whispered.

"What took you so long?" she fairly cried. "I've been...hungry since I met you at the door. Hungry for your touch, your kiss...your cock." Her use of the word surprised, but did not shock, me. I was beginning to zoom in on her erotic core. She was tired of playing The Good Wife, and wanted to have some physical fun. So much the better if it were someone who knew the score, didn't want

anything from her that she chose not to give. Someone who was as intelligent...and as lonely...as she was.

That, of course, luckily, was me.

"Don has to travel," I offered. And it was true, he traveled often for the company, sometimes he was gone for weeks at a stretch, communicating through faxes and cellular phones and pagers.

"The kids," Courtney whispered. I could hear it in her voice, the desire to shed, if only for a moment, the emotional and societal restraints that her marriage and family that were keeping us apart. I would never suggest to her that she outright lie and scheme to her family to provide situations for us. That would be going too far.

"When Don leaves, if the kids sleep over friends houses...anything like that. Call me, at once."

"No."

My stomach dropped again. "It's..." she started. "Please don't take this the wrong way. I want to be with you very, very much. I want to explore every inch of your body and have you explore every inch of mine. But...I have a family, like I said. And more importantly, I have neighbors. I can't imagine making love with you in my husband's bed... and I don't want you to be seen coming and going when my husband is out of town. We have to think of somewhere... else."

My secretary appeared in my window, making motions like she wanted to come in. I held up a hand, staying her as I finished the conversation. "Courtney...I will think about. ..ways to make this happen. Until then, remember to act natural."

"What's natural?" she asked.

"What's natural is the fact that just talking to you, just hearing the sound of your voice over this telephone has giving me an erection that I'm going to have to beat down with a baseball bat! Think about that, Courtney. Think about the fact that every fiber of my being hungers for you, the feel of you and the taste of you. I have to go."

I hung up the phone without letting her respond, and motioned for me secretary to enter.

"Jeez," she said. "Did you win the lottery or something?"

Confused, I looked at her. "What?"

"You have a very strange expression on your face, like the cat that ate the canary or something."

I just smiled.

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*"Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good
talk, necessarily. It's just IT.
Some women'll stay in a man's memory
if they once walked down a street."*

-Rudyard Kipling

Two nights later, the phone rang just as I was drifting off to sleep. Lawrence and I had separate lines into the apartment, because I mostly used mine to connect with the mainframe at work. Sleepily, I lifted it to my ear.

"lo?"

"What are you doing?" I was instantly awake. Her soft, slightly husky voice was instantly

arousing.

"I'm getting ready to go to sleep," I said.

She didn't say anything for a long, pregnant moment. "Ask me what I'm wearing," she finally said.

Agreeably, I asked. "OK. What are you wearing?"

"Well," Courtney said, "I'm wearing very, very high heels, almost five inches tall. Black seamed stockings, fishnet, with a wide weave. A black leather garter belt, black satin panties, and a demicup bra. What do you think of that?"

I let her stew for a second. "I'm thinking of what you would look like, wearing that."

"Well?"

"I think you'd look good enough to...eat."

"And to fuck, I hope." There she went again. At work and publicly, she was always so ladylike and proper. And now, on the phone, having what I devoutly hoped was a private conversation, she was telling me that she was dressed like a slut and using words like "fuck."

"Courtney, can I ask you something?"

"Mmmmmm," she said, with a tone in her voice that led me to believe she was touching herself in very naughty places. "Go ahead. Ask me anything."

"How do you like your sex?"

"What do you mean?" Her voice was hesitant.

"Well...do you like it soft and gentle, or hard and rough? Do you like to talk dirty? Do you like giving or getting oral sex? Do you take it up the ass? What?"

There was a very long pause this time, and I was sure I'd gone too far.

"What prompted you to ask that question?"

"Well, in public, you never say 'shit' and 'fuck'. And I damn sure know that you don't normally wear the kinds of things you have on now!"

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Because," I said smugly, "I've been staring down your shirt for months!" She laughed, and then grew serious. "Dan...my sex life with my husband was never that great. We managed through trial and error to conceive two children. Aside from that, my sexual experience is next to nil. I've done what most good wives have done over the years: I fantasize, masturbate and read lots of trashy novels. You're the first man in a long time to make me feel attractive, feel like a woman again, like a sexy plaything. You have no idea how important that is to me, and how flattering it is coming from...from someone like you."

"You mean someone as young as I am."

"Well..." she hedged, "...yes."

"Look, Courtney. I don't know why I'm attracted to you, I just know that I am, and that I want nothing more right now than to be next to you, gently tracing the lines of your shoulders and necks with my fingertips, tasting the sweat at the base of your neck and behind your ears..."

"Oh...MY!" Courtney stage-whispered into the phone.

"If my age is going to be a problem...perhaps we should deal with that now. But I'd much rather tell you what I'm going to do with you the first time we're alone and free from interruptions."

"Oh, God....tell me, please!"

"Well, first...we'd dance to some slow music, to really get in tune with each other's body. I'm about a foot taller than you, so in heels, your head will be just high enough to rest on my shoulder. I want to feel your body next to mine, through our clothes, the gentle, pleasing weight of your breasts pressing against my chest as we sway to the music."

"I want to drop my hands to your incredible ass and feel you through the material of your skirt. A short, tight skirt that makes your legs look like they reach all the way up to your armpits. I want to lower my head and gently brush the hair away from your ears so I can get at that sensitive part where your neck and shoulder meet, so I can taste it with tip of my tongue, and gently, oh, so gently, suck at it. Not hard enough to leave a mark...but enough to let you know that I want you."

"Mmmmmm, don't stop," Courtney whispered.

"I want to pull away for a long, slow instant, to see your incredibly deep eyes locking with mine. I want to watch your mouth open slightly, in this little surprised 'o', so that I can move in and taste the heat and warmth of your lips against mine. I want to feel your fingers suddenly clutching at my shoulders as the kiss intensifies and wettens.

"I want to kiss that throbbing vein in your neck, the one that tells me that you're as scared as I am about fucking this up..."

"And then?" she fairly screamed. "THEN what?"

A sudden evil thought popped into my head. "I'll tell you the rest...when we can be alone." And I hung up the phone.

I sat up for about an hour, waiting for the phone to ring. It didn't so just before I turned the light off, I called her back. If one of the kids answered, I'd just disconnect.

She answered. "Hello?"

"I just wanted you to know," I said softly, "that you're the last thing I'm thinking about before I go to sleep."

And I hung up again.

The phone woke me at about seven.

"Hello?"

"I just wanted you to know," Courtney said, "that you were the first thing I thought about when I woke up." The phone went dead in my ear, and with a smile, I replaced the receiver and rose to greet the new day. It was a work day...a Friday, and I knew that Don was leaving for Florida. .. for three entire weeks. And I also knew that Scott and Kathy, Courtney's children, were leaving for summer camp for a month. Courtney did not know that I knew this.

Leverage. God, how I loved it.

And then, as always, she turned the tables on me. I was sitting behind my desk, smugly thinking of ways to tease and please her, when Courtney walked into my office. She smiled at me, leaned over and planted a quick peck on my lips, enough of a taste of her to make my cock start throbbing immediately.

"I've been thinking about you all morning," she said. "I've been so incredibly wet thinking about you touching and stroking and kissing me that I just have to give you these..." And then I noticed that she was holding something in her hand, something small and silky. It was her panties, little black lace things. The crotch panel was stained with her juices. She dropped them into my lap and turned to leave, stopping at the door to say one last thing over her shoulder to me.

"Just think about the fact that I'm not wearing any underwear under this skirt...for the rest of the day."

She smiled, waved a little wave at me, and then vanished back to her own office. Looking down at my lap, I rubbed my finger across the moist crotch of her panties, and raised the finger to my nose. She smelled like ambrosia, like strawberries in a soft summer wind. I kept those panties in my

lap for the rest of the afternoon, letting them drape across my thumping cock. If anyone came in and asked me to stand, I'd be in a shitload of trouble, but I didn't care.

At five-ten, my intercom buzzed. I picked it up.

"Daniel Byrne," I answered.

"Regent Plaza. Room 1402. Seven thirty. Don't be late." And then there was nothing. Ohmygod.

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*"License my hands and let
them go
Before, behind, between, above
below."*

-John Donne

The door to 1402 was closed, and I'd been standing in front of it for about ten minutes. I was thinking about my own experience, or more to the point, my own lack of experience with the fairer sex. No virgin I, but it could not be said by any *stretch* of the imagination that I was a 'stud.' The word just did not apply to a 24 year-old computer whiz from the East Coast who had three dates in High School. My first sexual experience was with an older woman, a 21-year old counselor at a camp I attended when I was fifteen. And that, I later learned, was what women called a Mercy Fuck.

Well...it's now or never, I thought, and raised my hand to knock. At that moment, the door opened.

"Ten minutes," Courtney said with a smile in her voice. "Until you raised your hand, I didn't think you were going to make it." I felt myself blush to the roots of my hair, and I wished immediately for a chasm to open up in the floor and swallow me whole. Instead, Courtney reached a hand into the hall and dragged me inside.

She shut the door behind her, and then we were in each other's arms. Her body melded itself to mine, and though she was teetering on her high heels, I felt consumed with that first kiss. It lasted for at least a minute, a tangling of tongues in both mouths, and exchange of fluid, that first, delicious, illicit contact sending sparks through us both.

We separated, and I took a moment to look her over. She was wearing a short, tight black skirt that hugged her tight little ass, dark stockings (not seamed, and not fishnet, but probably a little more respectable, considering that she *did* have to walk through the lobby...) Her blouse was dark blue, almost royal blue, and was made out of satin or some other shiny material. Identifying women's clothing by name has never been a skill of mine, but make no mistake; I know what I like. And this, I liked!

"You look...spectacular," was all I could say. She batted her eyes at me and giggled. It was a wonderful sound.

"And you," she said, raising a hand to my face, gently stroking my cheek with her fingernails. "You look so handsome." I looked down at myself, at the jacket and tie I'd worn to work that day, and my slightly scuffed shoes. "This old thing? I just threw it on!" She laughed at my feeble joke,

and took my hand, leading me inside. The room she'd rented was actually a suite, with a sitting room, a small 'living' room, and a door that presumably led to the bedroom.

There was a room-service cart parked in the sitting room next to the couch, and I spied a bottle of champagne peeking out of a silver ice bucket. Shit. I hate that stuff. Makes my nose tingle.

"Why don't you pour me some?" she said, indicating the bottle. "I want to freshen up a little." I smiled at her, and bent to the task, twisting the little wire cage off of the bottle as I watched her walk towards the bathroom. Her hips had an extra little wiggle in them, and knowing it was for me made my own stomach do a little flip.

And then I noticed that in the bottom of the ice bucket were three ice-cold bottles of beer. Beer she had obviously ordered for me.

I poured the champagne, and then a beer into a stout, iced mug that I found on the tray. I took them to the couch and sat. Courtney appeared a moment later, and stopped at a wall switch to dim the lights before joining me on the couch. She tucked her legs underneath her and held out her hand for the glass I offered.

We sipped and stared at each other, neither one of us saying anything.

Finally, from her: "This is insane."

My free hand was toying with her hair, lightly scratching the skin on the back of her neck. "I know," I said, and then added, "but I also know that if we don't make love here tonight, I'll probably explode."

"You want me *that* much?" she asked. Silently, I nodded. "Why?" she asked. "I can understand my feelings for you; you're young and handsome and so...sexy!" I blushed at her words, but only because I didn't believe her. I was never 'sexy' to anyone.

I started moving towards her, gently approaching with my head tilted. We kissed, softly, and then backed away, rubbing noses. I kissed the tip of her nose. "I think," I whispered, "that you are the sexiest woman I have ever seen in my life." A small, grateful smile appeared on Courtney's face as her hand came around to caress my cheek.

"You dear sweet man," she said. And then her mouth was on mine again, hungrily sucking at me. Her hands clutched at my jacket, working it off my shoulders and down my arms. Once discarded, her hands went back to work, loosening my tie, and then separating the buttons on my shirt. When the first button went, her face dropped to my chest, exploring and tasting the exposed skin with her lips, mouth and tongue. Her touch was electric and wet and hot and moist, and I wanted it to never end. Her hands were busily working to get my shirt off, and then she was pulling the tail out, and working the shirt down my arms. She tossed it over with the jacket. Her hands were all over my chest, tracing the outlines of my pectorals, toying with my nipples as she took me in.

"God, you're perfect," she said. "So young...so strong." Our mouths came together again, and I lost myself in her moist heat, sucking at the lightly probing tip of her tongue. My hands went around her back and started working the buttons of her blouse slowly, one at a time. My hands invaded the blouse from the back, spanning the smooth, warm skin of her back, feeling the strap of her bra. The blouse came off slowly, tantalizingly... Her bra was sheer and tiny, barely supporting the substantial weight of her breasts. Her nipples were hard, pushing against the soft material.

"You're so beautiful," I whispered. "So soft and so sexy." And again we collided at the mouth as my hands easily worked the bra fastener. It came away in my hands, and I slipped the straps off her shoulders, and followed them down to the cups. As slowly as possible I removed the cups from her breasts, and tossed the bra aside, returning my hands to gently cup and weigh her tits. Exercise, or perhaps a visit to the body shop, had kept her breasts firm and soft to my touch. They were warm and slightly moist with sweat, and I felt the hard nubbins of her nipples graze my palms as I

spanned her chestflesh with my hands. I tightened my grip just a little, and felt Courtney gasp into my mouth.

Her hand strayed to my crotch, and she traced the outline of my cock through my pants. "Is that all for me?" she asked.

Nodding, I said, "All for you. Whenever you want it...."

"Oh god, Dan," Courtney whispered urgently, "please do come inside me!" Her hands frantically worked my belt and trousers open and down. My erect cock was poking at my jockeys, and she could see how hot and hard I was for her, how much I wanted her touch.

Lowering her head, Courtney blew hot streams of breath across my cotton-covered cock, and I felt the goosebumps rise on my legs and arms. Her tiny little hands worked my shorts down and off, and then my erect, angry cock was bobbing and staring her right in the face.

"It's so beautiful," she said. "So hard and thick." Notice that she didn't say *long*. That's because even when I'm at my most aroused state, my tumescent little tiger measures a sub-average 5 inches. I'd never had any complaints about it's performance, though, so I don't worry about it.

And then Courtney's incredibly hot, wet mouth was closing around the head of my cock, and she was gently bobbing, taking more and more of me with each stroke. My own hands were filled with her breasts, and as the animal passion of our attraction took over, the gentle lovemaking went out the window, replaced instead with two hot, sweaty bodies grasping at each other, struggling towards the first ultimate release of passion between us.

Courtney's hands were in my crotch, two fingers around the base of my cock, the other hand gently working my balls. The sounds coming from my crotch were loud and wet and very exciting. A woman old enough to be my mother was between my legs, eagerly suckling at my cock, making me feel like I was going to blow my load any second.

Sensing this, Courtney backed off for a moment. Standing, she then kneeled before me, using a hand on each knee to spread me thighs to give her more room to operate. It was comical, because I still had my shoes and socks on.

I quickly got rid of those and settled back into the couch as Courtney again dipped her head to take my cock into her mouth. In this position, we locked gazes as she slowly worked my erect member in and out of her soft, wet mouth. Twirling her tongue around the tip, Courtney applied more suction than a vacuum cleaner, and I had to resort to doing multiplication tables in my head so as not to cum.

But in the end, it was fruitless, and the orgasm was made that much more special because I was staring into her depthless brown eyes when I climaxed. Her own eyes closed with pleasure as I spurted my cum across her wildly licking tongue. Courtney kept her mouth around my cock until I was spent (but still hard...ah, youth!) and then slowly raised her face. She crawled up into my lap and smiled at me with dreamy, heavy-lidded eyes. She lowered her mouth for a kiss, and I noticed a bit of my own cum in the corner of her mouth. And when we kissed, I could taste myself in her and on her, and it drove me crazy. I searched her mouth with my tongue, looking for more of my essence to share with her. She sensed this, and our kiss extended and lengthened.

My hands were on her legs, working their way under her skirt. She started to shift to take it off and I stayed her with my hands. "Leave it on...please..." Agreeing silently, she settled back into my arms as I worked a hand up between her thighs.

I stroked the soft skin of her inner thighs, slowly working my way to her molten core. My hands grazed the edge of her mons through the panties, and she gasped into my mouth, her hands clutching at my shoulders.

I lifted her off my lap and set her in the position I'd been in recently. Putting her arms over her head and stretching, Courtney scooted her ass to the edge of the couch and spread her legs wantonly wide. I knelt before her and started at her knees, kissing my way up. The skirt wasn't so tight as to restrict my movements, but I moved it out of the way anyway.

Her panties were black silk, and I could see a wet spot the diameter of a beer can in the center. She was hot and aroused and I could smell her passion from her knees. My face grazed her crotch once, and I gave a single, thrilling lick with my tongue, tasting her tangy juices in my mouth.

"Oh Jesus!" she said, grabbing my head with her hands and forcing my face against her swampy panties. I sucked and slurped and licked at her through the material, and she started bucking her cunt up to meet my mouth.

"..take them off," she whispered, "...oh, God, please take them off!" I reached to her waist and fairly tore the panties off, taking a half in each hand, and then burying my mouth and face into her now-naked cunt. Her hair was sparse and dark black, like the hair on her head. Her cunt looked wonderful, and tasted better. She tasted like sweat and summer strawberries, and I licked at her like a desert-crawler finding an oasis.

She shuddered through three quick cums, and then pushed me away. "Time for the main event," she said with a smile, took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

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*"That which we call sin in others
is experiment for us."*

-R.W. Emerson

American essayist, poet, philosopher

*"Toute me est une melodie qil s'agit de
renouer."*

(Every soul is a melody which
needs renewing.)

- Stphane Mallarm

French Symbolist Poet

The bed was already turned down. Courtney sat on it and drew me to her, resting her head on my stomach. Her hands were gently tracing my buttocks as I stood before her, my cock lightly rubbing against her chin.

"You dear, sweet man," she whispered. "Do you even *know* how excited I am for you right now? Do you have any *idea* how much I want to feel you inside me, inside my body?"

Gently caressing the soft skin of her cheeks, I replied : "I imagine about as much as I want to be inside you, my love. Now lean back, and let me taste you again." Eagerly, smiling, Courtney fell back on the bed and splayed her thighs wide. Her hands went to work on her own tits, testing and cupping their weight in her hands, eager thumbs working on her erect nipples. I could see the wet evidence of her arousal surrounding her hole.

Starting at her feet, I slowly kissed every inch of her toes, ankles and calves. As I slowly kissed and licked my way up her body, my hands continued to stroke and caress her skin, find little spots that gave Courtney pleasure and added to her arousal.

As I crossed the midway point of her knees, her breathing deepened. "My God, my husband would never even think of doing this to me," she whispered.

"A little lacking in the loving department, huh?" I joked.

"He's just from the old school." She quoted him bitterly, mimicking, "Ya gotta get it up to get it to get it on to get it off."

I was gently sucking at the tender skin of her inner thigh, being careful not to leave a telltale mark. I raised my head and locked eyes with her. "Wham bam, thank you, Ma'am?" I asked.

She nodded. "You know it."

"Well...you've come to the right place, then." And I resumed my slow, teasing, agonizing licking and kissing until I was again face to muff with her cunt. The scent of her almost overwhelming arousal filled my nostrils. It was an almost palpable physical presence, and I took a moment to savor the effect I'd had on this woman.

And then I dropped my face into her crotch and lightly bit her clit. The effect was instantaneous and climactic. She lurched upright in bed, bending from the middle as though doing a sit-up, and dug her hands into my head, forcing my mouth and face against her incredibly wet and juicy crack. I started long, thrilling licks from top to bottom, alternating with teasing tongue stabs past her lips and into her hole. I could feel the walls of her incredibly slick cunt snapping and closing around my tongue, trying to keep my wriggling mouth-snake inside of her body.

For almost twenty minutes Courtney rode my face like a cowgirl, screeching through one climax after another. When I finally pushed myself away, I glanced over at the mirror and had to grin: My face looked like a glazed doughnut.

Courtney pulled my face to hers, and she started licking her own juice off of my face. I found this to be highly erotic, and our kisses mounted in passion as I lowered my full weight on top of her.

"I love this," she said simply. "I love feeling your body next to mine." We started rubbing against each other, and I could feel my cock slithering between her lips lengthwise, pointed at the mattress. Her fat, greasy cunt lips rubbed along the sides of me, and I wanted so much to just ram-fuck her into the mattress. Perhaps later, I thought. Right now, she wanted gentle and soothing and giving.

I leaned back and gently spread her legs a little wider, watching as her slick crack opened for me. Her hole was winking at me, and looking up at Courtney, I could see that she was biting her bottom lip, waiting for my penetration.

I rubbed myself along her wetness, getting ready. The head of my almost-purple cock penetrated her slowly, inch by inch, and she suddenly gasped.

"My God..you're so thick!" Well, that did a lot to boost the 'ol ego, and I used my weight to slowly drive the entire five inches inside her with a single slow push. The air in Courtney's lungs exited with a long exhale that matched my penetration, and then I was flat against her chest, buried to the roots in her spasming cunt.

She was as warm as hot, slippery honey, and I wanted to stay buried in her pussy for the rest of my life. Her long, slim legs came around my waist and her heels started beating against my butt.

"Slowly," she whispered. "Please make this last as long as you can." Smiling, I began stroking gently and slowly, wanting to please her and make it last. Our bodies joined and separated, our loins slapping gently together as we rode the waves of pleasure. After about fifteen minutes, I

pulled her over on top of me and let her set the pace as I played with her tits and pulled her face to mine for a kiss. She was grounding herself against me on each downstroke, mashing her clit against my body. Her cunt would spasm tightly around me, and I would groan and think about batting averages so as not to cum. Her incredibly tight, wet cunt was slowly, inexorably milking the jizz out of nuts, and I wanted nothing more than to spray her insides with my cum.

After half an hour of fucking, I was shaking with my need to cum. It was time to become a little bit more forceful. I laid Courtney down on her back again, and lifted her legs onto my shoulders, and then leaned forward, spreading the lips of her still-clutching cunt with my cock. I started pounding into her, listening to her whimper and moan with each thrust.

"F-f-f-fuck me" she stuttered, "h-h-h-harder." I really started slamming against her, again and again, and then I knew I was a moment away from blasting my jizz. I buried myself in Courtney's cunt, clutched her asscheeks in my hands, and blew my load. Huge pumping streams of my cream poured from my cock, filling her so completely that it started to back out and ooze from her slit, covering the both of us with a mixture of our juices. I collapsed on top of her, feeling the comforting weight of her tits crushed against my chest. We kissed softly, gently as her cunt milked my of my last drops.

"That was wonderful," she whispered. "Just like I imagined. Better, in some ways."

"You ain't seen nothing yet," I promised, as I kissed my way softly down her body and then slowly and carefully licked the mixture of my cum and her honey out of her swampy, used slot. "Oh my God!" she screamed, against thrusting her crotch against my face.

"Three weeks," I said. "We have three weeks. Three entire weeks to fuck and suck and learn all we can about each other."

"Mmmm," Courtney moaned. "When you're done there... oh god! Right there!...I have something I want to give you. Something I've never given anyone before."

"What?"

"My asshole."