

Forbidden Fruit

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Oh how sweet, the forbidden fruit! Oh how swift, my fall!

Our usual parental roles were reversed Wednesday morning. My wife was off early, Powerpoint slides in hand, for a day of client presentations. That left me to get the kids to school and attend the monthly school planning meeting, giving our presentation.

I got us dressed, fed, and out the door on time. I enjoy walking the kids to school. It's good news and bad news -- the good news is that we live within easy walking distance of very good schools, the grammar school and high school at the end of the block, the junior high around the corner. The bad news is that our streets are filled with overflow high school parking.

We had a good walk. "Hugs for daddy," and "do your best for me," separated us as they headed to class and I headed to the conference room with my slides and handouts.

My presentation went well -- it should. My wife and I have been involved in school fund-raising efforts for years. We put the same professionalism and preparation into things for school that we do for our jobs. I'd expected some difficulty, inappropriate and off-topic questions really, and prepared for them. Surprisingly, I received support not only from the usual people, but also from a newcomer to the group -- a red-headed gal I knew my wife had been speaking to lately on a number of topics.

After the meeting, I thanked her for her support.

She smiled and shook her head, looking around before speaking. "I couldn't believe those questions. When will those people get a clue?"

I smiled. "They haven't in the four years we've been doing this."

She sighed and frowned, still shaking her head. "Do you still have the puppies?"

I nodded. She must have been talking to my wife. "Yes, we've got three -- one left the family on Monday, and two others leave this weekend. Then we'll be back to two dogs again."

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She'd picked up her things, and we were walking to the door. "Can I stop and take a look? I ended up parking across from your house. Are you in a hurry to get to work?" She had quite the sparkling smile.

"They love visitors. I cleared most of the morning -- I expected Monica to go far longer than she did." Our PTA president had been surprisingly and blissfully brief in her remarks.

We walked along, talking. Our kids were in fourth and second grades; hers was in first. We'd lived in the area for about twelve years; they'd moved in during the summer. She asked about my wife, offering me a Wintergreen Altoids.

I told her that she was off making client presentations, so I got to see the kids to school and do the PTA thing. When I asked about her husband, I could sense dissatisfaction and turmoil as she told me he was out of town on business -- again. I quickly changed the topic to the puppies, and how much fun they'd been.

We went into the house, putting our things on the kitchen table, then walked back to the living room and looked out the large windows to the back yard.

The three pups were busy at serious puppy business, on the grass playing a three-pup version of tug-of-war, growling, snarling, tugging, their short cropped tails wagging furiously.

She laughed at their antics, as did I.

"What are they playing with?" she asked.

"Looks like another chunk of the sprinkler system," I told her. It looked to be about a three-foot piece of small diameter drip line.

She laughed more, and asked if they got into a lot of things.

"They're puppies -- it's their job," I told her. I started to tell her that their destructive ability goes up as the square of the number of dogs as I turned to her.

Her head was tilted a little to one side as I looked into her green eyes. She sighed and smiled. Her eyes drifted closed as one of her hands reached up, pulling my lips to hers. Her hand at the back of my head urged our lips together gently.

As her lips and tongue filled me with Wintergreen tremors, I moved a hand to her shoulder, to do what, I'm not sure. As I did, her other hand found its way inside my shirt, and her fingers caressed the bare skin of my stomach and waist.

Oh what sensations! Delicious, forbidden touch, new and unexpected, similar but so unlike the caresses to which I'd responded for all these years.

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Her tongue probed my mouth as her fingers found their way along my waist, sending sighs and shivers through me, sending my arm around her shoulders. Her sighs echoed mine, her tongue and hands becoming more adventurous.

I raised my other hand along her side. She urged it to a breast, and a nipple which demanded my attention. Her hand returned to the back of my head, pulling our lips together, and our bodies along with them.

Was my fate sealed that quickly? Was it through action or inaction, through absence of decision or absence of inhibition? We found our way upstairs, both half undressed by the time we entered the bedroom. We helped each other shed the remainder, and fell to the bed together.

Oh what sensations! For the most part my eyes were closed, the better to revel in them. I did catch glimpses of her almost waist-long red hair, her pale freckled skin, proud and attentive nipples, and flaming red bush. I saw her hands as well, and gave myself to what they did to me.

Oh, the forbidden fruit of sensation -- was I helpless, or well trained? As newlyweds when my wife and I made love, she would run her hands over me. I'd twitch and ask her not to. Gradually I learned to enjoy and revel in those sensations, giving myself up to them, and to her, letting my body respond.

And oh how my body responded to the sweetness of forbidden fruit! So similar, and so different at the same time -- her hands adding new steps to an old dance. I sighed and moaned, my hands reaching for her. Out of habit, I reached to my left, but she was on my right -- more emphasis on the new and unexpected nature of the situation. She touched, stroked, caressed in such new and exciting ways, and I gave myself more and more to the sensations surrounding me.

One of her hands moved up to the back of my neck, and as she pulled my head to her, her other hand danced deliciously with my cock.

My moan was muffled by her breast and nipple. My arms flew around her, exploring her now. She brushed her hair over us, sending waves of sensation and dizziness through me. She moved me from breast to breast as I explored her with my mouth.

At her urging, I moved lower, to her forbidden fruit. Oh the heat she radiated! I felt her heat. Her scent tantalized me, and I had to taste her. Slipping lower, I inhaled deeply as I tasted her.

She cried out, covering my ears with trim, hot thighs. I moved my hands around her waist and to her bottom as I explored with my lips and tongue. The motion of her hips, her legs, her hands was so insistent, so clear, so new and different. Her vocalizations were a new wind fanning old flames higher and higher.

After crying out again, she pulled me up and to my back. She moved between my legs and tantalized me with her breasts and her hair, her hands running along my waist and hips. She

had me panting and moaning. She slid up my body, biting and sucking at my nipples as she stroked my cock, wrapped in her delicious, soft hair.

As I moved to hold her to me, she moved up more, her legs straddling mine, and suddenly I was deep inside her. As she pulled her knees up alongside me, she pushed down with her hips, pushing deep moans from both of us. She rocked on top of us, taking her pleasure.

I opened my eyes, to see hers closed, her head back, a smile and a look of ecstatic concentration on her face. I reached up and caressed her breasts with her long hair. That touch brought a sudden shift in her motion. She sat up, one hand going to her fiery bush. My hips shifted to meet the new angle, my knees pulling up, luxuriating in her smaller hips and bottom riding me.

I squeezed her nipples gently through her hair, eliciting a gasp, followed by moaning and strong, slow rocking of her hips. I moved my hips and legs to her rhythm, helping her along. Soon her breathing shifted, and she moaned as she quivered atop me, the motion of her hips swaying the hair not held to her chest.

She opened her eyes and looked at me, moving her hands to mine, squeezing them to her breasts, smiling and exhaling loudly as her orgasm continued its delicious course. She leaned forward, taking her hair and caressing me with it, caressing my chest, then my neck and face, leaning forward.

Now it was my turn, as she rocked on top of me, leaning forward, caressing my face and neck with her hair. A hand behind my head urged me to a nipple and held me there. As I moaned again, my body shifted in its rhythm, signifying the inevitable. She held me closer, blocking my nose completely with her breast, rocking stronger, holding me tightly to her. Panic distracted me momentarily and the motion of her hips shifted, carrying me over the edge. I pumped into her, still unable to breathe, pulling at her waist, pulling us tighter together.

As I emptied myself into her, my focus shifted suddenly back to my breath, and my hands started moving up. As they did, she released me, and I fell back with a plop. I breathed deeply, and my hands continued up her sides, but now they drew her back down, and I took her breast again, breathing deeply through my nose, inhaling her scent and her perfume as I devoured her.

She laughed softly as her hand found my head again, holding me in place gently now, rolling my head around until my arms gave way and I moaned under her touch.

Her nipple withdrew and I fell back again, but before I could respond to its loss, it was replaced by her lips and tongue merging with mine.

I felt myself slipping out after some period of blissful embrace. Out of habit, my left hand reached up under my pillow, reaching for the pair of underwear I kept tucked there for just these occasions. These occasions? Habit?

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We rolled not quite apart, as she wiped me and tucked the cloth between her legs. Then we embraced again as she held me, holding and kissing. My head worked its way to her chest and we nestled together as she held me in place.

I woke more to the bed moving. My heart skipped at least a beat as I looked up to see an enticing yet unfamiliar body with long, flowing red hair stepping to the bathroom, hips asway. Unfamiliar? Not any more.

I rolled off the bed to the sound of the toilet flushing. She met me as I reached the bathroom door. We embraced and kissed once more, our bodies contouring to each other.

She led me out the bedroom door, holding my hand. We peeked first into my son's room, then into the kids' bathroom, and finally in my daughter's room. Hers was the cleaner, with large expanses of floor visible. I was drawn by the hand into the room, bright in its colors and filled still with morning sunlight.

As I looked around the room, my gaze turned to the full-length mirrored closet doors.

My heart caught at the sight before me. A man stood hip to hip next to a slender yet athletic woman, a woman with flaming red hair, mid-sized breasts with taut nipples, and a red bush with a peek of white cloth between her trim legs.

She laughed softly, and I saw the look of shock and confusion on the face of the man in the mirror. What was happening? What had happened?

I saw the woman in the mirror raise a hand. A hand touched the side of my face, turning me to her. We kissed again, and fingers running along the inside of my hip sent tingles and a sharp breath through me. Her hands inflamed me, as mine became lost in the softness of her hair, and of her breasts.

I reached for her waist, pulling her hips closer to mine. She stepped back, looking briefly over her shoulder, laying back on my daughter's trundle bed, pulling her legs up and removing the cloth.

I needed no more invitation, stepping closer and sliding into her warmth once more. She moaned, extending her legs and bringing them together at my neck.

The way her legs squeezed my neck, lifting her bottom a little at the same time, bringing us closer together, set off something inside me. I spread my legs wider, wrapped my arms around her legs, holding them close to me, and pushed into her.

She moaned in appreciation, her head rolling on the bed. Her hands found the insides of my hips, and with gentle motions of her fingertips, she took control of my body.

My moaning increased, as did hers. She pulled and pushed me with her legs, as she squeezed my neck between her calves. She moaned and cried out, and squeezed me harder. I

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raised my hands to her calves, helping her squeeze me, squeezing as we rocked, suddenly so close, suddenly coming again, pushing deeper and deeper into her.

She released her legs, and I collapsed dizzily on top of her. She held me and laughed softly, running her hair over and around my face. I kissed her hair, her neck, her shoulder, moving my arms under her to pull myself in tighter, deeper, even as I softened inside her.

With a sigh, we separated again. She returned the cloth to its place between her legs, and helped me up, wobbling me back to my bedroom. There we collapsed on the bed, and she held me again, suckling me and getting me lost in her hair.

I awoke to the distinctive sound of the front door closing, sitting up quickly. I was alone. Her clothes were gone. I stood up, nervous and shaking. Had it happened? Looking out the window, I saw her walking to a car parked across the street. She paused as she unlocked it, reaching up as if to straighten her bra underneath her top. Then she got in, started the engine, and drove away.

I turned back to the bed and sighed. I straightened it up, got dressed, and left the house.

I found my way to work. I was disconnected, unsure, and the usual strong currents of business swept me up. For brief moments during the afternoon, I sensed I was immersing myself in the currents, as I had immersed myself earlier in the day. What had I done?

The drive home was almost contemplative -- almost, as I somehow kept from thinking, kept my mind not quite blank, yet away from the abyss looming in front of me.

Once home, I was immersed in the near chaos of the evening -- homework needing to be done, the table needing to be set, my wife needing to tell me of her day as our daughter insisted on babbling endlessly, our son interrupting with sarcastic and pointed comments. Then it was puppies loose in the house, homework to be completed before baths that had to be taken.

As I brushed my teeth before going to bed, before joining my wife in bed, I realized -- what? We hadn't had a spare moment all evening. That wasn't unusual. So, what was unusual? The abyss looming in front of me, the knowledge that I'd tasted forbidden fruit. What now?

I climbed into bed, filled with apprehension, tears starting as my chest tightened.

But she pulled me to her, holding me gently and softly, as she always does. I held her, squeezed her as she nestled my head between her breasts, holding me to the sound of her heart. My breath was ragged as I held her, the abyss looming, the flood of tears close but still distant.

She held me and rocked me, gently, holding me, telling me she had me and wouldn't let me go. I held her closer. I hovered in her embrace, hovered between losing myself in her, and the abyss of what had happened earlier.

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But as I hovered, between heaven and hell, a hand worked its way down my side. Gentle knowing caresses, oh so knowing, oh so familiar -- and with a cry, I gave myself to them, threw myself into them.

She whispered, "Shhh -- it's all right," as she pushed me to my back, leaning over as she does to keep me on a nipple, yet open my body up to her roving hand.

Oh, she knows me so well, and I gave myself to her, mindless once more. She tantalized me as she's done so many times, then slid on top of me, and rode me as she's done so many times. She rode me to a quivering release, then held me and rocked me to sleep in her embrace.

I woke to the alarm clock in the morning; she silenced it. We slid together, embracing as always in the morning. She sighed, "Oh, you're so warm." I broke into tears, holding her tightly. She held me, rocked me, whispered to quiet me, finally slipping a nightgown strap off her shoulder and holding me to a nipple, rocking me gently.

How do I tell her? How do I explain what I don't understand?

FIN

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