The Mexican Stand-off

by Caroline Covington

For the last several years I'd been under siege by my husband to divulge some carnal secrets from my past. I found Chris's fascination with this topic both inexplicable and intrusive, so I rebuffed his incursions for the longest time. Perhaps I feared jealousy on his part, despite his eagerness for sordid details. Most importantly, I was possessive about my past affairs: They were mine, a part of my life before career, marriage, mortgages, and children. Although I had no intention of rekindling my old flings or yearning for my single life, I was unwilling to share my spicy memories of those days.

But he was covertly persistent, either laying in ambush to catch me in moments of weakness or stealthily undermining my wall of silence on the topic. I was equally determined not to yield ground, and so a subtle, yet friendly, tussle ensued over the years.

It had been a busy year, with both of us exhausted from the rigours of work and the routine of home life. The time had come to treat ourselves to a vacation. So we arranged for the children to stay with my parents and fled from our responsibilities for a glorious week of relaxation and play on the Mayan Riviera.

We stayed at a rustic resort with a clothing-optional beach. Before the trip, Chris had bought me a number of skimpy swimsuits, so I was looking forward to modelling them in public for him. Consequently, I anticipated a restful holiday, with my most stressful moments to revolve around the idle question of which thong to wear while tanning.

The majority of people at the resort were European—Germans, French, and Italians—so going topless was a given. Originally, I'd planned on tanning in the nude during the hot afternoons, leaving me an abundance of choice for my morning beachwear. However, none of the other women were losing their bottoms, and I lacked the

courage to bare it all on my own. I was also hesitant because I'd endured a Brazilian wax before the trip. I'd never been naked on a public beach with all of my pubic hair removed. But, despite my shyness, the idea thrilled me, so I promised myself that I'd do it at least once during the trip.

Nonetheless, even without going nude, my thongs were scant, providing minimal coverage. I had ten outfits—variety enough to wear something different every morning and afternoon for five days before being forced to commit the fashion sin of repeating attire. Five of my bottoms were particularly revealing. These I saved for my afternoon tanning sessions, after the morning sun, cervezas, and a little noontime sex had lowered my inhibitions. I also planned to wear progressively less beach cover on each successive day of our week.

The sun and distance from the cares and concerns of home and work were a tonic. My libido multiplied by orders of magnitude. I was among strangers and enjoyed myself with my husband without the constraint of the wagging tongues of co-workers, neighbours, and friends.

Chris, too, was enjoying our holiday. His skin leant itself to tanning, and he quickly darkened to a beautiful bronze colour. I was proud to be seen with him—he was still sexy and desirable. Chris confided that he also loved observing the diminishing size of my apparel as the days went by and took glee in the quiet attention that my swimsuits attracted. And his camera recorded it all, whether I was laying on the sand, strolling along the shore, or returning from the ocean with, as he put it, my high beams on full.

However, I hoped that Chris's greatest pleasure came from being the happy beneficiary of my heightened sensuality. Our beachfront cabana was our retreat for releasing the energy generated by my exhibitionism, the alcohol, and the Mexican sun. We made love several times a day, and as the week went by the intensity of our sex seemed to be directly correlated to the increasing raciness of the outfits that I wore.

The days zipped by all too fast; it was already Thursday, our fourth day of bliss. That afternoon I slipped into an orange micro-thong. It was the smallest of my bottoms—a minute triangular sliver of bright, thin lycra—measuring, at most, an inch wide and three inches long. The suit barely screened my inner vaginal lips and much less if the mood for some flashing struck me. I foresaw that I'd have trouble containing my labia within this garment, especially if I became aroused and swollen. Predictably, a fold or two sneaked out as I lay on the beach. However, by the third rum & coke I stopped fussing about my extruding flaps and allowed them to bask in the sun for prolonged periods before languidly reinserting them.

My meagre bottom, coupled with an occasional peering lip, charged Chris with not only lust but also prurient curiosity. He intensified his campaign that day and several times made concerted point-blank attempts to wrench away some details about my old liaisons. Somehow I deflected his onslaught, decoying him with errands or swims, diverting his attention to the array of stunning bodies lying slick with lotion, or, when these tactics failed, retreating to silence on that particular front. Chris finally ceased bombarding me with his prying, but I was wary. I knew that he'd mobilise his efforts to a different strategy tomorrow.

The next day, Friday, proved to be particularly hot, bordering on oppressive. It seemed fitting that I wore the most risqué item in my arsenal, a black thong made of open fishnet material. The suit, if you could call it that, concealed nothing. So that afternoon as I lounged on the sand, laid open for the sun and strangers' eyes, I became extraordinarily aroused. Moreover, the excitement was greater than if I were simply nude. The pretence of being clothed yet knowing that the thong I wore was hopelessly ineffectual in covering me, but superbly efficient in highlighting my charms, incited a spectrum of sensations.

My husband was also ecstatic and, while plying me with margaritas, whispered delightful promises about our upcoming romp. Furthermore, Chris had decided to go nude, as had several other men on the beach; some of the eye candy was scrumptious indeed.

All of these factors meshed to make me weak, giddy, and unrestrained. In the late afternoon I turned to him, placing my hand on his upper thigh next to his groin, and cooed, "I want you. Let's go back to our room."

Chris got into his trunks. I stood and slipped on my kimono, leaving it breezily open. We collected our belongings and headed back to our shack, trudging through the sand and passing several men along the way. Many of them stole looks, a few smiled and said hello, and one even complimented me on my attire, or lack thereof.

Once we were off the beach and onto the path, Chris rubbed my bum and gushed, "God, Caroline, you look fabulous. You're so hot in that thong. And walking around like that… Wow, what a gorgeous piece of ass! So many men are gawking at you. Man, what a delicious babe! Anyone who was fortunate enough to have fucked you was one lucky guy."

His speech was way over the top, making it obvious where he was headed, but I didn't parry his thrust. His words and touch sparked me, despite his ulterior motive. I smiled and replied, "Yes, I'd like to think so."

"No, honey, don't think. Know. All of them were extremely lucky."

"All of them?" I teased. "You make it sound like I slept with a battalion."

He was smooth, never missing a beat. An unguarded flank had presented itself, and he claimed it at once. He put his arm around me and said, with genuine affection, "Baby, nothing can change the way I feel about you. Even if you'd slept with a battalion, I'd love the battalion. Honestly. Look at me strange if you want, but I mean it. As far as I'm concerned, *everything* you did in the past is essential to the wonderful, sexy woman that you are today. I wouldn't change a thing. So, a toast: To the battalion!"

He stopped and raised his drink. I considered saying something about Trojan Horses, but instead I grinned at his antics and joined him in his absurd toast. After we resumed walking, he mused aloud, "How many men are in a battalion?"

"Oh, stop it!" I laughed and playfully hit his shoulder. "No battalions here."

We sauntered along in silence. A balmy wind caressed my body and lazily flapped my unfastened robe. My bared nipples rose in response to the soft kisses from the warm breeze. Had I not said anything more, I'd have halted his advance. But my exhibitionism, the tropical sun and drinks, and his joyful curiosity had weakened me. However, in the end, it was my brazenly opened kimono, reminding me of a past adventure, that swayed me. My outer defences crumbled, and I confessed, "But I did have a one-night-stand that was rather fun."

He visibly perked at this but, instead of launching a blitz, contained his excitement and asked, "Really? When?"

We had reached our cabana. I kicked off my sandals, shed my kimono, and lay on the bed, propping myself on one arm.

"Let me think… It was about a year before I met you, so I was 27—around '84."

He was fixing our drinks, looking at me often, as he said, "You're as beautiful now as you were at 27."

It was a blatant lie, a bonbon to lure me further out of my bunker, yet I appreciated his remark and thanked him. I detected no jealousy but still asked, "You're sure you want to hear about this?"

"Baby, you know I do."

"And I presume you want all the gory details?" I asked, quizzically arching my eyebrows.

"Absolutely. Tell me everything."

"Alright," I said, putting my sunglasses away. "I hope you mean it," and I began my story.

"About six months had passed since I'd gone out with anyone. I was happy on my own and enjoyed doing my own thing without catering to someone else. As for sex, I was celibate for that half year, unless vibrators count. Anyway, Sandra called me one night to go out to a club."

"Is that your blonde friend from undergrad days?"

"Yes. I hadn't heard from her in awhile, so I was looking forward to catching up on some news. She arrived at my place by eight o'clock. We had a drink or two, gossiped, and relived old times."

"What did you wear? Tell me everything."

I sighed, "It seems like ancient history. She was wearing a gorgeous dress that showed off her cleavage. That girl could turn heads. I remember wearing a black, knee-length skirt with a modest slit in front."

"So you could show a little thigh if the occasion warranted?"

"You know me."

He handed me a drink and, having slipped out of his swimsuit, joined me on the bed. He put his hand on my hip and asked, "What did you wear for a top?"

I placed a hand on his chest and, rubbing his pecs, replied, "That lacy brown body suit with sleeves."

"The nipple-coloured one with snaps in the crotch?" he asked with a grin.

"That's the one," I said, laughing at his description of the hue.

"You evil girl! No bra, I bet. Or panties."

"I suppose, but, really, there's no reason to wear panties with a body suit: One may as well wear a chastity belt. As for lack of a bra, I'm guilty as charged. Let's just say that I was in an adventurous mood. Oh, and some black calfskin pumps. They were my first expensive shoes."

"You must have been a vision! I remember that top. It was deceptive. I never knew whether I was catching glimpses of your nipples. What about your legs? Did you wear stockings? Tell me everything."

He kept repeating that phrase: Tell me everything. I hoped he meant it, for that was my exact intention. Now that he'd busted through my gates, looting and pillaging, I wasn't surrendering without raining down all the fire I had.

"It was summer. I went with bare legs."

"Did you trim your bush? You knew you were going to get laid that night, didn't you?"

"Yes, I trimmed my pubes; no, I didn't know I was going to get laid. But I admit that it'd crossed my mind. After all, it'd been six months, and I was beginning to crave physical contact. But I wasn't going out simply to jump into the sack." I gave him one last chance to retreat. "You're sure you want to hear this?"

"Of course, honey. I'm loving it! How much did you trim your bush? Details, baby, please!"

"Nothing outrageous. I shaved close, but I didn't strip my labia, although I did use my clippers to shorten the hair."

"God, you're making me horny! Where did you go?"

"The Blue Note. We got there at about ten o'clock."

I raised my bum to aid his efforts at removing my thong. Once its waist string had cleared my hips, it sped down my legs, navigated my feet, and floated onto a nearby chair. "How did you meet him?" he asked.

"He bought me a drink. Used a real corny line. I almost sent him packing."

"Why? What did he say?"

"He had the waitress bring me a drink. Then, after several minutes, he came over and, very apologetically, explained that he'd been backpacking in Europe. He said that I reminded him of a painting of a woman that he'd seen in the one of the art galleries. So, according to him, he just wanted to thank me for reminding him of it."

"Oh my God! That was brilliant!"

"That was bullshit. Please. I didn't know whether to tell him to scram, start quizzing him about the Medici, or ask if he was referring to *The Potato Eaters*."

"Ouch! That's harsh!" he laughed. "But still," he said slyly, "it was brilliant. He got into your pants, didn't he?"

I stopped and let a flicker of a smile play on my lips, drawing him in yet deeper into the citadel. Chris grinned, kissed me gently, and, narrowing his eyes, whispered, "He got to fuck you, didn't he?"

He had marched in far enough—I was free to scorch the earth. My hand moved from his waist to his buttocks; my eyes were steady, gazing into his. Ever so softly, I acknowledged, "Yes, he fucked me. He fucked my brains out."

He trembled as he held me. His hands wandered over my body, returning often to the dampness of my smooth crotch. I sensed his erection against my abdomen and was surprised. I couldn't believe how aroused Chris—my husband—was by the idea of someone else with me—his wife. I fondled his shaft and held his balls as he started

talking again. "Then he was one lucky guy to experience a fabulous woman like you."

"Mmmm, thanks for saying so, sweetheart."

"Oh, I mean it—he was. So if you didn't tell him to get lost, what happened?"

"Honestly? I had no desire to make a big deal about it. Besides, he was handsome. And although I knew he was lying, a part of me was amused by his line. Simple as that. He wanted to talk to me, which was fine with me."

"What did he look like? How old was he?"

"He was about 6 feet. Boyishly handsome. Fit but not overly muscular. Dark hair and eyes, and an enchanting smile. In retrospect, he looked like John Cusack."

"How old?"

"About 21, maybe 20."

"Caroline the Cougar!" he crowed.

"Hardly!" I said a bit too defensively. "I thought cougars were at least in their late 30's or 40's?"

"As you wish. So you talked. What next?"

"We chatted a bit, danced a little. He impressed me as intelligent. And he was always a gentleman."

"What was Sandra up to?"

"She was flirting with someone. But she left by midnight, alone."

"What next?"

"At the club? Not much. Around one o'clock, I decided to go home. Rob eagerly offered to drive me."

"His name was Rob?"

"Yes, but please don't ask me his last name." We chuckled, and I continued, "We got into his car. He was shy. I wanted to kiss him, so I took the initiative."

"Like this?" He began to kiss me, gently sucking on my upper lip.

"No."

"Ah, then like this?" His tongue invaded my mouth suggestively, probing, seeking, and activating me.

I caught my breath and acknowledged, "Yes, like that." I took in some more air and resumed, "After a while we stopped necking, and he drove me home. We kissed a little more in his car, and, feeling safe, I invited him up for a drink."

He was listening more, letting me tell my story, but his hands were busy, urging me to go on.

"Once inside, we sat on the couch and started kissing again. He began kneading my tits and pinching and rolling my nipples, which were extremely erect. The slit in my skirt had exposed my thigh, and he placed his hand on it. I spread my legs apart right away. I was incredibly horny. He inched up the inside of my leg and started petting me through the lace. He was so yummy! I adored kissing and watching him as he enjoyed my body.

"But I needed a minute alone to decide if I wanted to proceed. I apologised, disentangled myself from him, and went into the bathroom. I regained my poise and thought about whether or not I should sleep with him. There was nothing to think about: I wanted him badly. But then I did something daft. I don't know what prompted it. Maybe the age difference gave me some crazy kind of confidence; maybe because it'd been so long since I teased and played with a man—I can't explain. Whatever it was, I decided to go

for it and have some fun. So I reapplied my lipstick and adjusted my hair, took off my skirt, and returned dressed in only my body suit and heels."

I heard him moan, "wow." His finger parted my folds and played within. I turned onto my back, my legs apart, and enjoyed the gentle penetration.

I ran my hands up and down his arms, and continued, "His jaw dropped when I returned. My pubic hair was visible through the body suit. I could tell he was focussing on that. It was tempting to sit next to him and pick up where we'd left off, but that wasn't my plan. Instead, I sat across from him, legs crossed, chatting with him as if nothing were amiss. He was puzzled but remained good humoured. He'd ask me to sit with him, but I'd smile and answer, 'Not yet.'

"After a while, I uncrossed my legs and widened them over the course of 10 or 15 minutes. I'd also let my hand drift to my crotch and rub myself for a few seconds at a time. My other hand was preoccupied with my breasts, touching one then the other. How I managed to maintain a conversation is beyond me. Rob was very distracted and several times asked if he could do anything for me. I kept saying, 'No, not yet.' Despite being turned down, I believe he was enjoying the show."

"He'd have been a fool if he didn't. Jesus, Caroline, you're a hot little dish!"

"I'm glad you think so, sugar. Anyway, I continued my exhibition for a while longer before excusing myself, again retreating to the bathroom. I'd worked myself into a lather and was nervous about my next move. So far Rob had played along, but he was a stranger—I suppose that added to the excitement—and I didn't know what his reaction would be. Nevertheless, I took the plunge and stripped off my bodysuit. When I went back to the living room, I was wearing my pumps and a smile, nothing else."

"Holy smokes…"

"I acted as if nothing was different. But, Chris, I was so excited! I'd touched myself in the bathroom—my cunt was dripping, and my nipples were at attention. Rob started to rise off the couch, but I said, as calmly as I could, 'No. Please. Be patient.' Thankfully, he obeyed and sat down and started telling me how good I looked, how he'd like to touch and kiss me. I turned my back to him to put some more music on, giving him a view of my ass. Then I walked back to the chair across from him to repeat my routine, sitting with my legs crossed, talking to him about his studies and who knows what else.

"This is wild! What was his reaction to all this?"

"He was confused but, I think, very aroused. But he behaved himself and carried on the conversation. He was very sweet, telling me now and then that I was beautiful and sexy and that he wanted to make love to me. Deep down I think he thought I was insane.

"But I was anxious to jack up the heat, so I decided to give him a good show. I spread my knees apart as far as I could, placed one foot on the coffee table, propped my elbow on my elevated knee while my chin rested in my hand, and looked at him. He tried to keep his eyes on mine, but his gaze kept drifting to my slit. My other hand was resting on my opposite thigh, which I'd flared out to the side as much as possible. Nothing was left to the imagination, trust me.

"But I wanted to show it all, so I'd slide my hand to my crotch, sometimes covering myself, sometimes rubbing my clit. My cunt felt so hot and wet!. Finally, I slid my finger in and gave myself three or four slow strokes. I made sure that my lips were well parted before moving my hand away. He kept staring at my hole. You have no idea how much I wanted to finger-fuck myself for him. I was unbelievably itchy, but somehow I held off."

"Holy shit, Caroline, I'm going to come just listening to this."

"Not yet, honey. We're not even close to end," I drawled, flaming him with some friendly fire. He fought back his urge and eventually signalled for me to continue.

"The conversation had stopped," I resumed. "I was in a boil over the situation I'd put myself in—naked, spread-eagled, and giving an explicit viewing of my oyster to a hunk I'd met only a few hours ago.

"At last, I decided that I'd teased long enough. I stood, held out my hand, and asked if he'd like to dance. It was an evening of bullshit lines: I had no interest in dancing. He leapt up and started kissing and feeling me. His hands were all over me, squeezing my ass and tits. He started sucking on my nipples once his hand found my cunt. I was shaking! As soon as he touched my slit, I knew I was ripe, so I lifted my foot onto the coffee table to let him have a good feel. I was shameless, honey, but I didn't care."

Chris worked more fingers into me, using deeper strokes. I widen myself for him, raising my feet off the bed. I was breathing fast, as was he. The story was consuming both of us.

"He continued sucking my nipples while stroking me. It felt so good, his fingers squishing into my hole! But I wanted his body, so I began removing his clothes. I undid his belt and pants while he unbuttoned his shirt."

My husband spoke hoarsely. "Was his cock nice?"

I had expected this. "Was he well hung, is that what you're asking?" I toyed. This was my weapon of mass destruction, and my finger was on my button. But I used restraint and said, "His cock was thick. When I saw it, shining with pre-come, I wanted it inside me so bad.

"Oddly, even though I was hotter than hell, I was very composed. I sensed that he'd come quickly, and I didn't want him to ejaculate inside me prematurely. So, in one motion, I slid onto my knees and put him in my mouth. It didn't take long for him to come. I sucked him like this."

I slithered down and gave Chris a demonstration. He held my hair and moaned, "Did he come in your mouth?"

I nodded affirmatively while bobbing on his erection.

He pushed deeper and managed to ask, "Did you swallow?"

I removed my mouth from him and lay back. I licked my lips, looked at him, and asked, "What do you think?" while tugging my nipples.

He went back to fingering me, massaging my dilated insides with machine-gun rapidity. Both my story and body bewitched him, causing him to speak in broken phrases. "I think… that you… devoured… his load."

The feel of his fingers within me while I relived my special night was decadent. I expanded myself as wide as I could and managed to murmur throatily, "Chris, when have I not swallowed?"

The cabana, lacking air conditioning or a fan, was boiling. Bullets of sweat started to cover both of us. He laboured between my legs, his eyes pasted on my opening and its consumption of his fingers. I wondered if his mind was aflame with images of my mouth similarly consuming Rob.

I spoke with difficulty. "I think he was surprised and a little inexperienced. He was squeamish about kissing me afterwards. But I persisted, and he finally got into it. Then I led him onto my bed. We lay talking, touching, snuggling, kissing. Soon he started sucking my breasts and worked his way down."

I was close to coming and my husband, sensing this, eased off. I felt his breath blowing on my slit. We held each other for a few minutes of cease-fire to cool down from our near-orgasmic levels.

After recovering somewhat, I carried on. "He went down on me. He tried, but it wasn't quite right. Maybe I just wanted to screw? Anyway, I stopped him and pulled him back up. My hand groped for his cock. He was hard again, so I guided him into me."

He started breathing quickly again and asked, "Did he use a condom?"

"No. Who was concerned about AIDS back then? Stupid, I know. I was more concerned about getting pregnant."

"You weren't on birth control?"

"That's right, but I was so horny that I didn't care. I wanted it badly.

"I can just imagine you, baby, hot to trot. You look so good when you ache for it, you know? I could eat you up!"

I ran my hand through his hair and pecked him on his eyes and cheeks. "Thank you, sweets—I may take you up on that," I exhaled and went on, "Oh, he was so delicious! We started gradually. He was gentle, sliding it into me bit by bit until he was all inside. His cock was thick, stretching and filling me! And I loved his ass. It was tight and great to grab onto. But soon that wasn't enough. I was craving a good fucking and got him to start thrusting it into me."

"Did you talk?"

"Not really. I think I grunted, 'Fuck me!' every now and then. I was in a frenzy, rubbing my clit like mad while he pounded me. My knees were up to my chest so he could give it to me as deep as possible. It was marvellous watching and feeling him plunge into me while he gritted his teeth. But I couldn't come. I'd get close, but I just couldn't reach it. After about 10 or 15 minutes I felt him shudder as he came. He was gorgeous to look at as he convulsed and spurted inside me."

Chris not only withstood my barrage but also seemed to gather strength. "You delicious woman, you. God, that guy was a lucky bastard," he enthused.

"Thanks, baby, but I didn't do too badly myself.

"It was over," I continued and got ready to let him have both barrels. "It was about 4am. We cuddled, chatted, giggled, but the feeling was mutual: The proverbial post-coitus cigarette had been lit, smoked, and snuffed out—it was time for him to leave. He began getting dressed. I got out of bed and realised that I still had my heels on. I grabbed my silk robe, put it on, and thought, 'What the hell—a final curtain call.' So I left it undone. Rob watched me as he dressed,

smiled, and complimented my body. Perhaps he was rethinking whether to leave, but I escorted him to the door.

"I stood in the open doorway, and he in the hall, where we kissed goodbye. He cupped my breast, whispered, 'Thank you for a wonderful evening,' and started walking to the elevator. I was leaning against the doorframe. My robe was open and falling off one shoulder. One foot was raised back, bent at the knee, the shoe resting against the doorjamb. My arms were to my sides, hands behind my back.

"Halfway to the elevator, he stopped and looked back. I brought a hand out, extended my fingers, and dragged the middle one down my neck, cleavage, and belly. I paused at my navel, drawing several circles, and then eased my finger to my clit. I rubbed it for a few seconds and then slid my hand up to my breast and tugged on my nipple. Finally, I replaced my arm behind my back.

"Rob seemed hypnotised. He gawked my performance, walked back, and kissed me hard, grabbing my tits before latching onto my cunt, still messy with semen and juice."

Chris mounted me and placed the head of his erection at my entrance, making me hunger for more. I raised my pelvis to capture him, but he moved with laser-guided precision, matching my co-ordinates, hovering the tip of his warhead on the very outskirts of the target, torturing me with his pinpoint accuracy. "What then?" he breathed heavily.

"There was no more teasing. Somehow, we tottered back to collapse onto the bed. He ripped at his clothes while I waited with open legs. As soon as he stripped, he planted his cock into me with one thrust. I gasped with a mixture of pleasure, surprise, and maybe a little pain at his sudden penetration. But the discomfort vanished in no time. I couldn't open myself enough for him, and he began fucking me firm and fast.

"Rob was on his knees, holding me by the ankles, splitting me apart, giving it to me with all his might. I was crazy with lust. His cock just kept pumping at my cunt. I was delirious, rubbing my clit while he

ploughed it into me. I was determined to come, and, at last, after about 15 minutes, I climaxed. It was such a release! And so intense, because he kept screwing me throughout my orgasm."

Chris nestled into me, manning my cockpit, my flaps extended for maximum glide. We were locked in intercourse, united in our cause, a coalition at last. I clung tightly, wrapping my limbs around his body, and rocked my clit against him. The target appeared on the horizon, and we started gunning for it in earnest.

I continued my story through clenched teeth. "He kept at it, fucking me good and hard, churning away at my hole. A spot inside was getting irritated, so I knew I'd be sore. But although my cunt was getting tender, I wasn't going to stop him: It still felt so good! My thighs were also getting tired and starting to burn from being stretched apart for so long. He continued banging away at me for another 15 minutes or so after I'd climaxed. At last, I could tell he was close. He started fucking me even harder than before and, when he came, pushed tight against me so he could shoot deep into my guts. It was fantastic, but I was glad that he stopped. My cunt had been fucked raw."

I writhed beneath my husband as we ground our pubic bones together and inched ever closer to release. At last the bomb bay doors opened—I felt the resulting increase in turbulence and heard the unmistakable whistling: Loud and high in pitch, then fading deceptively, fainter and fainter still, becoming lower in tone—a bass note—until there was a momentary yet agonising silence. Suddenly, the explosive shock waves arrived, the familiar tremors that never failed to inspire awe. He followed right behind, detonating with force and volume, firing his cannon charge within my belly.

I gripped him and felt his missile rumbling within my silo. He was my prisoner, and I kept him there until I finished my story. "He collapsed on top of me and rolled off after a bit. We didn't move for several minutes, but eventually we snuggled and talked. All the requisite post-sex conventions were repeated, but with a little more haste. This time I knew it was over. When we got up, I stumbled and discovered that I had only one shoe on, so I kicked it off. I found my

robe and—fastening it—saw him to the door. We said our goodbyes with a light kiss. That's it."

Chris held me tight, squeezing me so hard that I thought we'd fuse. It was exactly what I needed. I didn't want anything to poison our well of love or booby-trap our marriage, least of all a little late-night reconnaissance from before I even knew him. However, he was true to his word. There was no jealousy, recrimination, or other collateral damage—only sweet, loveable, edible Chris. I gave him a big, smacking kiss on the lips.

"Oh, my sweet, sexy baby," he said, returning my kiss. "You were terrific! What an amazing night! Tell me about another time, honey."

"Not tonight, sweetheart. Tomorrow; maybe tomorrow."

I'd love to receive your feedback on this story.

Caroline Covington, cc71035@yahoo.ca