

"My Guide to Super Sex"

A short story by: The Night Hawk

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I love licking snatch!

I am not one of those guys who pretend to like it, I truly love it! If you take the time to learn the fine art of cunnilingus, it's like learning to play an instrument. With practice, and a real desire to master your chosen instrument, in time you will be asked to perform and demonstrate your talents.

That's how it was with me. Until recently I was always being asked for a performance and always an encore.

The best advertising is word of mouth and I had lots of admiring fans who were hoping for a chance at their own "benefit" concert. Since I met Lana though, I have become a private performer only. However, as a public service, I thought that I would share my secrets for fantastic sex with others less fortunate.

When I was younger, I thought that going down on my girlfriends was a duty, a chore rather than a pleasure. In the last eight years however, I learned a lot of little tricks that showed me that the art of cunnilingus, or cunt lapping if you prefer, can enhance your sexual pleasure a hundredfold.

For me, normal sex is oral sex. It eliminates the worries about if she climaxed when I did, or if it was as good for her as it was for me.

When I munch out on a hot juicy cunt, I am in complete control. I don't have to worry about staying power or weird positions, and I always know that I can give my partner as many orgasms as she can handle. It's an ego trip and an ego boost all in one. I can play a full-fledged concert using just my tongue.

Most women expect, and usually receive, just a few minutes of clumsy kissing in the general area and then grudgingly return the half hearted "favor." That's why I got such great sex from my previous dates compared to what they gave their usual boyfriends. When I chow down, it is with the ravenous desire of a starving man. I can't seem to get enough! It is usually my partner who asks me to stop when she is fully sated.

I never lacked for female companionship because I truly cared that they enjoy my oral ministrations. I have a twofold reason for wanting them to enjoy my tongue. Besides a real desire to pleasure my partner, I know that a really satisfied female will do everything, and anything, she can to make me feel as good as she does. That means that I am going to get the greatest blowjob that she has ever given.

Before I met Lana, my dates usually went like this. Just a few hours prior to our date, I would have flowers delivered to her door or preferably to the place where she worked. That way her co-workers would start her in the right mood by carrying on about how lucky she was to have a date with a real gentleman for a change. If you are going to take the time to do anything, you might as well do it up right is what I always say. I am expecting a night of pure sensual bliss, and I would not jeopardize what could be a great evening by cutting corners. I always pick them up on time, and if they have kids, I make sure that they are with a baby-sitter for the night. Even if I'm dressing casual, I dress my best. Clean, ironed shirts, freshly pressed slacks and jacket. My hair is neat and combed, and my shoes shine. You guys don't realize how much importance a woman puts on the type and condition of a man's shoes. They alone can determine how the evening will end.

I never ask my date where she would like to eat, because not only do I want to control the price, the mood, and the atmosphere, I have also found that women like a man to be in control. Now this is not a macho stance that I am taking because it's how you put it that counts! I always like to say that I have found this absolutely fabulous restaurant that serves fantastic food and good wine. Never, ever, give your date too much wine though, because if you want a good time in the sack, you want your partner to be awake for it.

We dine in a nice cozy place where I know the owner, who also knows me, and we eat a great meal slowly. I never rush, and always take the time to relax and let the food settle. It's really rare for me to go to a nightclub or a concert because of the cost, but to a show, maybe. Actually I prefer taking my dates to the museum. You can spend hours there just walking around leisurely, surrounded by great beauty and fine works of art. This way you can also impress them with your fine taste and your knowledge and appreciation of the finer things. Then I suggest we go back to my place for a night cap!

My place is exceptionally clean, with very little furniture. A few lithographs on the walls to show again my appreciation of fine art and a good stereo system. I don't go for that stuff about soft music! Hell, I don't want to tame the savage beast; I want her wild and wanton! I keep the lights down low, real low, and I turn up the music. Reggae with some calypso thrown in for good measure, and be sure to have the bass high. The bass beat will set her heart beat, and for that you can't beat good Reggae! We start to dance in my living room, slow, to the beat of the bass, crushing and grinding our bodies together to that raunchy music. Man, that music was made for fucking! I pour a little more wine, just to help loosen her inhibitions a bit more, then comes the clincher. The Whirlpool Hot Tub!

Before I go out on a date I have it all prepared. When my date is feeling happy and good and sexual, I open the sliding door to my hot tub. I first let her see the tub, then I turn on the air and the water jets. When the tub is really frothing I throw in a prepared package of bath oil beads, some fragrant bubble bath, and some bath salts. You should see the expression in her eyes. I mean, she was all ready to fuck, but that's not what I want. I want her to enjoy herself and not feel obliged to have sex with me. Since I have taken my time and I am not pushing for sex, she is all too willing to climb into the tub.

I still have the lights low but I also have a light at the bottom of the tub. That really makes the water look great and the bubbles sparkle. I tell her to go ahead and get into the tub, that I'll be back after I change the music. This again throws them off because I'm not standing there to watch them, and I never suggested that they get in the nude, even though they always do. It only takes me a minute to change the music but I give them at least five minutes of luxurious soaking before I re-enter. I have changed the music from the heavy drive to a slower beat, same style of music though, and when I walk back in, I am carrying two fresh glasses of a light wine.

Now is the time for them to ask me. I usually just sit beside the tub until they ask me why I'm not joining them in the tub. I like it this way because now she is making the moves; she is expressing her desire to have me with her. I have not forced myself on her, nor did I ask for anything. What happens from here on is totally her desires. I ask her if she has ever used Japanese washing salt before. The answer is always no, so I offer to show her how it works and how well it cleans the skin, much better than soap ever could.

I have a bowl of the salt beside the tub and I ask her to turn around. I take a handful and start rubbing it over her shoulders and over her back. The salt really opens up the skin pores. Besides the cleansing properties, it really makes the skin soft and sensitive to a delicate caress. I work the salt in circular motion over her back until she starts to rise up out of the tub from the

sensations. This is my way of knowing that she is feeling good and wants me to start rubbing lower. I oblige, and in the process, I get to squeeze and massage her ass! I then ask her to turn around to face me, and of course she assumes that now I want to work her pussy into a lather. Again she is surprised because instead of working on her tits or her snatch, I start on her feet!

I really give her feet a working over, rubbing and scrubbing the soles of her feet, and especially working in and around each toe. Now she really feels like a queen. I work my way up her legs to where I am just a breath away from her labia, then I stop and start on her hands.

I repeat what I did to her feet on her hands and arms, then I slowly, gently start to massage her breasts. The salt is just coarse enough to tease those nipples into standing at attention, just begging for my lips to ease their exquisite torture. Now I head down, and just lightly cup her vulva with my hand. Just a slow, very gentle rocking motion of my hand is usually sufficient to bring on her first orgasm of the evening. Then I give her the first kiss of the evening! I know that a lot of people think that all of this is just a waste of time, but believe me, the rewards of taking the time to treat her like a real lady is what I strive for, pure unadulterated bliss! When she has recuperated sufficiently from her first climax, I take her by the hand and lead her to the shower. As we stand under the pulsating spray together, I alternate the water temperature from hot to quite cold. For her to enjoy fully what is to come next, her skin must be as sensitive as it was on the day she was born. I dry her off with a big fluffy towel and lead her back to the living room, now fully naked and without the slightest bit of embarrassment or inhibitions. I now have her ready for the main event.

I gently lay her down on one of those contour chairs that looks like something out of a space capsule. Right beside the chair I have a set of controls rigged up that allows me to control the lighting and music. With a flick of my finger the stereo turns off and in its place a reel to reel tape deck starts up, playing some very soft new age music. I play this because it blocks out any outside noises. I turn off every light except a small dim bulb which is conveniently placed below the level of the chair and behind me. This way I can see what I am doing and at the same time leave her virtually in the dark! This is what I want! By now, my date is totally only a sexual organ from head to toe, without any distractions what so ever. Pure sensation!

I start off by ever so lightly stroking her body with my finger tips, being careful not to touch her nipples or vagina. Within a few minutes she starts to moan, that's how sensitive her skin is now to the sense of touch. I give her nipples just the slightest stroke and she arches her back moaning for more. As I tease her nipples I move around her letting my lips brush her skin, her lips, her eyes, her shoulders, her breasts. I stop for a moment to give her nipples a well-deserved suck then I continue down her belly. With my hands still stroking her body, I lower my head to my ultimate goal. I kiss and lick the insides of her thighs but not her now-soaking cunt. The greater and more intense the foreplay, the more intense the climax! I let her know that my lips are close to her clit now by blowing soft puffs of air into her bush. By now she is groaning louder and moving her hips upward, trying to meet my face. With my hands I hold her firmly but gently down and move just a bit closer.

I now just skim her pubic hair with my face. I use my chin, my lips, and my nose to lightly stroke her cunt hairs. She starts to whimper and beg for me to suck her. I gently unfold her lower lips to expose a clit that is throbbing with passion. I start with a long soft lick from her hole and bring her juices up to coat her clit. I close my lips around that little knob and suck it hard. She explodes in a flash with a mind boggling orgasm that leaves her quivering, but this is just the start. Now I start to really make love to her pussy with my entire face. Long, long strokes with my tongue buried deep inside her snatch. I press my forehead to her clit then lick upwards, letting my nose tease her clit, then the flat of my tongue on her clit and finally my chin giving it a rub. A few

minutes of this and she is off on another climax. For the grand finale, I lock my mouth on her clit and suck her to another three or four orgasms. When she just can't take the pleasure anymore and sort of collapses, I get up, give her a kiss on the lips, and fetch another glass of wine.

Since most guys won't treat a lady to this kind of hedonistic loving, she now feels like the most special girl in the world, and true to human nature, she now feels such love that she wants to give me as much pleasure as I gave her.

Who am I to say no? As the proverb goes, "As you sow, so shall you reap." And now if you will please excuse me, I am about to reap what I have sown. Lana is waiting!

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