

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

My first experience with sex was just after I hit 21. As all the girls gathered for our last get-together of the summer of 1978, we all made the unredeemable promises that we'd always be in touch and that we'd never forget each other. Oh well, we all know how that turned out, don't we? It's just one of those things that we always tell our friends, but somehow never manage to keep, no matter how good the intentions.

Eva and I were best friends since the second grade. We did everything together. We had our childhood sleep overs, we went to Grandpa Ned's to swim, eat in the summer and ice-skate in the winter. We had our girl talk, and we were the first to tell each other when we noticed our breasts were beginning to get bigger. We even told each other when we started getting hair between our legs.

At about 8:00 that Friday evening, we were the last two left in our 'secret hideout' and we didn't really want to leave. We were still having fun, laughing at all the remarks that had been made earlier in the evening and remembering the faces of the other girls as we all told tales that made us laugh even harder. By the time the others had left our sides were all sore from all the laughter.

Eva and I looked at each other and laughed.

"I'll never forget that time Tammi and Jake got caught in Grandpa Ned's pool without their swimsuits on!"

"I know what you mean," I answered. "I've never seen so much red on two people's faces in my life. You'll never convince me that they weren't up to something in that pool!"

"Me, either!"

For a few minutes we just sat there, the silence getting heavy between us.

For me it was the physical attraction I'd always felt for Eva, and I thought she had the same attraction for me as well. Guess I was wrong on that one.

We both got up to leave, the silence still there, and grabbed each other to give a hug as we prepared to leave. Well, before we both realized what was happening, I was kissing her and she was returning the kiss!

We pushed each other back and stared at each other.

"Where did that come from?" Eva asked me.

All I could do was stand there. Silent in embarrassment.

"Well," I started, "I've always wanted to do that, and I guess it just 'felt right' to do it now."

I thought Eva would be mad at me, but to my surprise, she gave me another hug and kissed me again!

As we broke off the kiss, but continued the hug, she said, "I've felt attracted to you for a long time, Chris. I've wanted to do this for the past two years, but was afraid of what you'd do or how you'd react."

Now it was my turn to push her back and look into her very blue eyes.

“But I’ve felt the same way about you!”

“Really!”

“Really!” I answered.

We both sat back down on the hardwood floor and began to talk to each other, seriously talk that is. Not that common ‘girl-talk’ that you usually associate with kids, but an almost grown-up talk that I think we’d both been putting off for too long.

Before we realized it, it was dark outside and the quiet was almost absolute, with the lone exception being the noise of the crickets in the grass just outside our hideout. After all, there wasn’t anyone around for at least 2 miles and with it being just the two of us, and after our serious conversation of the past 2 hours, things were bound to happen.

Right?

Anyway, we soon found ourselves laying on hastily spread out quilts we’d arranged on the floor.

Eva was removing her clothing, and I was in the process of removing mine as well. In a few minutes she was sitting there in just her bra and panties and I joined her a few minutes later.

“Boy, I wish my titties were as big as yours, Eva.”

“Believe me, kiddo, you don’t want them this big.”

“Why?”

“Because they can be a real pain in the ass, that’s why. You’ve no idea what the boys think of a girl with titties like this,” and she lifted them up with her hands as if to point out just how big they were.

“Everyone automatically thinks that with jugs like these that you’re older, more experienced and wanting to jump in bed with any boy who asks to fuck you!

“The trouble is that they bother the hell outta ya, too. Do you realize that I can’t sleep at night unless I have my bra on? I can only sleep on either my back or on one of my sides. When I was younger, and less endowed, I could sleep on my stomach, and I really enjoyed that. Just laying there, with my hands and arms under my pillow. It felt so comfortable and now I miss it.”

“Well, have you?” I asked.

“Have I what?”

“Fucked any of the boys yet?”

“No! And I don’t intend to, either. I’m just not into boys. I find myself attracted to other women.

“Like you.”

“ME!!!”

“Hell, yes! YOU!! I’ve wanted to get into your panties for the past two years, but never knew how to

get close enough to you to say anything. Then, when I did, I'd be afraid of hurting our friendship and I didn't want to do that. We've known each other for too long."

"Well, you should've asked me."

"Why?"

"Because I would've said yes!"

"Really?"

"Yes, I would've."

Eva reached behind her and unclasped her bra, allowing her ample bossum to fall free of their restrictive cups. I'd never seen a pair so big. What really stood out were the large nipples. They were already hard and seemed to stick out from her boobs at least a half inch.

Then, she grabbed my hands and placed them on her chest, and I just naturally began to knead them with my fingers. Being as small as I am, I've never had the pleasure to hold so much amazingly pliant flesh in my own hands.

I mean, my breasts are still growing and, compared to Eva, I'm flat-chested!!! My nipples are like hers though, they get hard at the drop of a hat and stick out as much as hers do. I just hate it when I get cold and my nipples stick out so much. Embarrasses the hell outta me to no end.

I leaned forward slightly and took one of her nipples into my mouth and began to swirl my tongue around that hardened bud.

Eva began to moan with delight, and I started to groan myself.

I've fantasized about holding her nipples in my mouth for some time, and now it was finally happening and I could hardly believe it.

Eva and I were going to make love to each other!!!!

My dreams were coming true and I was going to enjoy it as much as I could and a I know that I'd never forget it, either.

In the meantime, I felt Eva as she reached behind me and removed my sports bra, releasing the fabric from my body. With nothing to hold it up, the bra quickly slipped into my lap and she began to twist my nipples with each hand. They were already hard and her manipulation made me feel good. It felt nice to finally feel her hands on my body and I could hardly wait to feel her mouth and tongue on my nipples. I had a mini-orgasm just thinking about it.

We laid there on that wooden floor and began to feel each others bodies.

Eva was only about 2 inches taller than I was and when we laid together that day it felt as though we were the same in height, not to mention the passion that flowed between us.

I felt her hands and they massaged my titties and then roamed down my body to the crease between my legs. I slowly imitated her and we were soon doing the same things to each other, at the same time. I let her lead and was only happy to follow. I guess I figured that if Eva knew what she was doing, then I could do the same thing to her and she'd not complain. Hey! I know I wasn't complaining one bit!

Before I knew it she had two fingers inside me, plunging deeper and deeper into my wetness with one, while the other gently flicked at my tingling clitoris.

I was doing the same thing to her, as well. But, as she continued to stroke me inside, I concentrated on her nipples and nibbling them with my mouth, gently biting them and licking around her large titties as well. I guess that since I didn't really have any titties hers kinda piqued my curiosity and I wanted to find out if they were as sensitive as they appeared to be.

By her constant moaning I was guessing that they were.

I guess the other thing that really turned me on to her was that she didn't have any hair around her pussy. She was completely smooth down there and I made a mental note to ask her about it once we were finished.

"Lay on your back, Chris."

"Why?" I asked her.

"Because I want to do something to you that I think you'll love."

Without any more questions I did as she asked me and laid on my back.

She crawled between my legs, with her head still over my small titties, and began to lick my nipples again. Only this time she didn't just work on my nipples.

Now she started to move down on my body, licking the whole time, stopping at my belly button and licking deep in that small hole for a few minutes. Then she started spreading my legs a little at a time, until I was fully open and exposed to her gaze.

"You have a nice pussy, Chris." She told me.

"And you know what?"

"What?"

"You look good enough to eat, my dear."

Did she mean what I thought she meant? Was she really going to put her mouth on me down there? I could lay back and watch and she resumed her journey down my body, as I began to tremble in anticipation of that first contact.

I didn't have to wait long, either.

In only a few minutes I felt her hands on my pussy lips, as she pulled them apart and looked inside me. She slipped one of her fingers into me, using one on her other hand to gently massage the outer lips at the same time.

Then she flicked a finger over my still hard clit and I thought I was going to explode inside! It felt good. And even though she'd already had her fingers inside of me, I couldn't help but climax just the same. I guess it was something to do with the stimulation of both hands this time, but I know I was in heaven and nothing mattered except that she continue what she was doing.

I raised up my head just in time to see her lower her mouth to my gaping hole and I watched as she

extended her tongue and took that first lap of my juices that freely flowed from inside and ran down the crack of my ass.

Then her still, hot, tongue made first contact with my clit!!! Now I know I was in heaven! Never in my life had anything felt so good on me.

I used to masturbate a lot, and let me tell you something, no matter what I used nothing felt as soft, or as hot, as Eva's tongue that day!! I think I had one of the biggest orgasms in my young life.

Then she began to push that talented tongue deeper into me and I could feel every lick as she made contact with my insides, continuing to lick on my clit occasionally as well.

After about two or three minutes of that oral manipulation of my pussy, she plastered her mouth over my hole and started to suck my juices from me. She'd drive her tongue into me, swirl it around my inner lips, draw those lips into her mouth and suck on them for a little while, but the whole time I steadily feed her my quickly flowing juices. I never knew I could cum so many times, and never knew that I had so much to give, either.

Then she started moving her body around and in a few minutes her legs were spread on either side of my head and right there in front of my eyes was Eva's pussy, also dripping an abundance of juices. And those juices fell right on my face and into my mouth, giving me the first taste of another woman.

I reached up and pulled her hairless lips apart, much as she'd done to me earlier, and then moved up and made contact with her clitoris with my tongue.

From her moaning and gyrating around on top of me, I knew that I'd done the right thing.

I planted my mouth over her hole, spread my hands over her ass and pulled her closer, and then proceeded to do to her just what she was doing to me. I licked and sucked and licked some more. I sucked her clit into my mouth and held it there while flicking the tip of my tongue over its head. I was getting a mouth full of her cum, as she was getting from me at the same time.

I think we stayed that way for about 30 or 40 minutes, never wanting to let the other one go. We were just enjoying each other too much to quit.

But, in a little while, we both became too sensitive to continue and we broke apart and laid there on the floor, slowly recovering from those multiple orgasms we'd had.

I knew I felt exhausted and I felt pretty sure that Eva did, too.

After a few minutes of laying there I raised up on my elbow and faced my best friend.

"Eva, that was just the best thing to happen to me since I don't know when!"

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it, Chris. I know I did as well. And, to tell you the truth, I was beginning to wonder if it was ever going to happen. I've wanted to do that to you for so long and I knew that if we ever did get the chance that it would be something to remember."

"You've got that part right! I don't think I was ever going to stop cumming!"

"Hey, you've got a talented tongue there, kiddo, and you shouldn't waste it. I don't know if your preference is men or women, but believe me, you'd make some woman a wonderful lover."

Now I was really embarrassed.

"Why so red-faced?" she asked me.

"Well, you see, it's like this..."

"My God!!! You're still a virgin, aren't you?"

Now I was really embarrassed.

"Yes," was all I could manage to say.

"Well, well. Seems I've bagged my first cherry," she laughed.

"Yes, this is my first sexual experience and I enjoyed it very much. Now, all I have to do is get used to what just happened."

"Don't let it embarrassed you, Chris. I was the same way the first time it happened to me. I like to think of it as one of the most enlightening experiences in my life."

"Are you a lesbian?" I asked her.

"I like to consider myself Bi," she told me.

"Meaning what?"

"That I like both men and women, but my preference is women."

"So tell me, what's it like with a man?"

"Believe me, Chris, when it finally happens to you, you'll know the difference and it's not something that I can easily put into words. All I can say is give it a chance. You might like it, and then again, you might not. Everyone has a choice of which way you want to go. While I do enjoy a hard cock in me on occasion, to me there's nothing like making love to a woman. You'll see for yourself one of these days."

We just talked for about an hour or more and just when we were getting ready to get dressed and go home, I thought of the question I had earlier wanted to ask her.

"Why do you shave yourself down there," I pointed.

Eva laughed at that one, but she did answer me.

"Personally I prefer the feel of nothing down there. I had a girlfriend suggest it to me, as she always kept herself hair free down there, too. She even recommended a very good depilatory for me to use and I've gotten so used to it that I've just kept it all off. I find that my lovers, both men and women, love the soft feel of my lips down there, without any hair to get in the way. Believe me, I prefer it much more when I make love to a man, too. Much less irritation down there."

She gave me a tube of the stuff, since she carried it in her purse all the time and suggested that I give it a try, too. I promised her that I would and then we gave each other a hug and a quick kiss and left our secret place, heading to our respective homes.

It was about two days later that I asked another one of my friends if she'd seen Eva lately, when I got the shock of my life.

“Didn’t you know?” she asked me.

“Know what?”

“Eva was hit by a hit-and-run driver last night. She didn’t make it.”

Talk about being hit with a sledgehammer!!!

I’d spent the last two days with my grandparents, down state, and had just gotten home late last night. My parents apparently didn’t know, either, or they’d have told me at breakfast this morning. I guess it hit me harder than I thought, as the next thing I remember is staring up at the doctor’s face in the emergency room.

“You’ll be ok, young lady. You just passed out and cracked your head on the sidewalk.” He turned to my mama, who was standing beside the bed, “She’ll be fine. Just a slight concussion from the smack with the concrete, but just to be on the safe side, keep her at home today and don’t let her doze off. Concussions can be crazy and anything could happen, so make sure she’s alert and keep a close eye on her. By tomorrow she should be much better and should be able to go to school with no problems at all.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” mama told him.

After that the rest of the week was one big blur, as the viewing went by and then the funeral. It was a closed casket and I was happy for that. I didn’t want to have to remember my best friend, and first-time lover, laying in that cold steel case. I went to her parents and gave them my condolences and her mother kissed me on the cheek, while her father gave me a big hug.

That was the last time I saw Eva’s family.

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## **Chapter Two**

Today’s my 26th birthday.

Technically, I’m still a virgin, too!

I’ve not had any kind of sexual relationship since that day, when I was 21, that I learned that my best friend, Eva, had been killed by a hit-and-run driver. I have no idea if the driver was ever found and prosecuted. Frankly, I never gave it another thought, either. I just wanted to get away from that town and start over again.

As luck would have it, my father was transferred to another town about 2 hours away and we moved there so that he wouldn’t have such a long commute to work. The city was nice and I soon made new friends and began to date.

Image my surprise though when I was at the mall one day and ran into none other than Grandpa Ned!

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I met Grandpa Ned for the first time when I was only 12 or maybe 13.



He's an older black man (well, at least to me back then he was older.) and all the kids in the neighborhood called him Grandpa Ned. Just so you'll understand that there's no relation between us. I guess if I had to put an age on him, I'd have to say he was at least in his late 50's.

I had heard from my parents that his wife had died about the time I was 2 and that he'd never remarried. He preferred to spend his time with the neighborhood kids, whether they were white or black. On plenty of times the parents of the area used him as a babysitter for us and we always had a good time there.

There were times he'd show us old movies that he had on reels and had to wind them through this old machine and we'd all laugh and have a blast. I don't think our parents could've found anyone any better to watch over us all. I know for a fact that the kids all enjoyed themselves and there was never a complaint.

Grandpa Ned's used to be a local gathering place for the kids when I was 12 and every weekend we'd have a huge pool party in the summer and then cookouts and he even had his pool open in the winter and we used it as an ice skating rink. When you live in northern Michigan the winters can be very cold.

Now, just to set the record straight, Grandpa Ned never did anything to the kids. He wasn't like that and besides, most of the kids I hung out with would've reported him to their parents if he'd tried anything.

When I was growing up we were taught about child molesters and what to look for and believe me, every one of my friends got that same education and we were always on the alert for anything unusual from strangers. Heck, we even watched our friends parents, but we never let on that we did.

You had to be careful during those days, hell, you gotta be careful these days, too!

Any way, while we were always alert, that doesn't mean that nothing happened.

As kids we sorta messed around with each other, but it never got very far. Hell, we were scared to death of what our fathers might do if they found out what we were up to.

As most kids, we had our other hangouts, where it was just us kids, usually the boys with the boys and the girls with the girls. Yes, we all knew of each other's hangouts, but we respected the other's privacy and we never barged in on them, and they more or less left us alone as well.

Like I said, we took care of each other and watched the other kid's backs.

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"Chris! Is that you, child?"

"Grandpa Ned!", I shouted, glad to see a familiar face at last.

"Where did you come from?" I asked him.

"Been here now for about 6 months. My brother is ill and I had to move up here to help take care of him."

"I'm so sorry to hear that," I told him. "I do hope that he'll get better and then you can go home again and be with your friends."

"Not a problem, Missy. I've moved here now and I do the same thing here that I did down there. I have a huge pool in my back yard and the neighborhood kids come to the house in the evenings and swim, eat, and enjoy each others company. Still got the same rules, too."

"I know," I told him, "No drugs, no smoking, no drinking, no sex!! Just have a good time at Grandpa Ned's House!!"

"That's right. Guess I got about 14 or 15 boys and girls who spend the evenings there and the parents are real nice, too. Kinda reminds me of the parents back home. They all care about their kids and, after seeing the references from all the folks back home, they didn't have any problems with me watching their kids for 'em one bit. Still make a good bit of money as well, and that helps me with what little bit I need and lets me help my bother at the same time. Yes, missy, it's just like back home, but I think it's better now that I got my brother with me again."

"I'm so glad that you're happy. Hey, think I could stop by one night, for old times sake? You know, to just sit and chat with you for a while?"

"Sure thing, girl. I think that would be a nice idea. You can tell some of these new kids about things that happened down home and I think it'll make a difference to the parents as well, to know that someone's here who used to come to my old place."

"Ok, Grandpa Ned. Let me see what my schedule is for the rest of the week and I'll be in touch."

He wrote his new phone number down for me and told me to give him a call and we'd set up a time and place to meet. He wanted me to meet his brother as well, who was almost 15 years older then he was.

Let's see, that would now make Grandpa Ned in his middle 60's, while putting his brother closer to 80. For some strange reason I felt an unfamiliar tingle between my legs, but chose to ignore it and continued to the shop in the mall to get my shoes and then went home, further thoughts of Grandpa Ned and his brother no longer on my mind.

Two nights later, I was at one of the local bars, sitting at the bar and nursing my first, and only drink, of the evening. I was supposed to meet Jake Stanford here for our first date and it was beginning to look like I'd been stood up. I'd already been waiting for almost an hour and had decided to give him another 15 minutes before I left and went home.

While sitting there I was approached by a tall, handsome black man.

"Hello. My's name's Sid." He reached out to shake my hand, and I returned the gesture.

His skin felt smooth to the touch and I immediately liked him. He seemed polite and educated and when he asked me to join him at his table I readily agreed and let him lead me to one of the corners of the bar.

Once at the table we sat and talked for a while, and I was relaxing, listening to his smooth voice as he told me about himself. I returned the gesture and told him a little of my background.

We seemed to hit it off, too.

"Stood up?" he asked me.

"Seems so."

"Doesn't seem right to me. Why would anyone want to stand up such a pretty young thing like you?"

"Beats the hell outta me," I answered. "I've only known him for about 2 weeks and I thought we could make a difference to each other and I was looking forward to this date so much." I simply shrugged and looked into his dark eyes.

"Well, would you consider going dancing with me, since your date apparently isn't going to show up?"

To say I was surprised is an understatement. I've never been asked by a black man for a date before, but I thought about it and came to the conclusion that I could still have a good time and that nothing serious would come of it.

Boy, was I ever wrong!!!!

"Sure," I told him.

"Just let me freshen up a little bit and I'll meet you at the door."

That was the start of a very different date and one of the most exciting times of my life.

Sid and I went to a dance place about 2 miles down the road.

There was a mixture of black and white patrons and it appeared as though everyone was having a good time, not only at the bar and the tables, but also on the dance floor. I could hardly wait to get Sid on the floor and show him what a good dancer I was.

First we got a table (later I found that he was a regular at the place and even had a table reserved for him whenever he showed up). We ordered our drinks (him a gin and tonic and me a Sprite, since I'm not much on drinking) and we sat and continued to our conversation from the bar.

"You from around here," he asked me.

"Actually, I'm new here. Only been in town about 8 months or so, and I'm still learning the area. But, I love what I've seen so far and think I'll like it here very much."

"Well, that's good to know. I like to meet new people and the prettier the better, if you ask me."

We both laughed at that one and the atmosphere seemed to get easier to breath. I was beginning to relax and soon thoughts of my almost-date were gone.

In a little while we got up and went to the dance floor and in no time I was showing Sid all my moves. Apparently he was impressed and he told me so.

"Never seen a white girl with the moves you got, Chris. Most the time it's the black girls with all they rhythm and moves. Nice to see some white girls can dance."

"I took dance classes as a child and I've always loved to get on the floor and move. I think it's just second nature for me to dance and I feel so free on the floor, and like nothing can stop me from having a good time when I dance."

"Well, you gettin a lot of stares out here, too. Don't think I've ever seen so many guys staring at one white girl for so long. Hope it don't bother you none."

"None whatsoever, Sid."

"Good. I was beginning to wonder if I was gonna have some competition out here and I want you all to myself tonight."

"Well, Sid, you got me. Think you can handle that?"

"Don't see why I can't."

"Good!"

We continued to dance for another hour or two, never leaving the floor. Some were fast, upbeat dances, while others were slow and we held on to each other like we never wanted to let go.

It was probably one of the best nights of my life.

I hated to see it end that night but, like all things, it had to.

Sid drove me home and we sat in the car for about 15 minutes, the silence in the air heavy among us.

Finally I broke that silence and asked Sid a question, "Did you have a good time tonight, Sid?"

"One of the best I've had in a long time, Chris."

"I'm glad. Think we could do it again sometime?"

"Don't see why not."

"You ok with dating a black man?"

"Nothing bothering me about it. You?"

"Nope."

"Good. Here's my phone number. Give me a call and we'll set up another date and I'm sure we'll have another good time."

Sid didn't even try to give me a kiss that night, and I guess that's what I really liked about him. While some of my other dates had tried to force a kiss on me, Sid just said good night, watched to make sure I made it into the house, then drove off.

"I hope this isn't a dream," I said to myself as I locked the door and went upstairs to bed.

That night I dreamed of Eva for the first time in 7 years. I recalled part of our last conversation, that night in our secret place:

"So tell me, what's it like with a man?"

"Believe me, Chris, when it finally happens to you, you'll know the difference and it's not something that I can easily put into words. All I can say is give it a chance. You might like it, and then again, you might not. Everyone has a choice of which way you want to go. While I do enjoy a hard cock in me on occasion, to me there's nothing like making love to a woman. You'll see for yourself one of these days."

I have no idea why that part of our conversation came back to me, but I sat up in my bed, covered with sweat, and began to wonder what it could mean.

I also noticed I was soaking wet between my legs and that some of my juices had settled underneath my ass and wet the sheet. I've not been that wet since that evening with Eva.

I know for a fact that I've never been that wet either with a man or just thinking of one, but then I wondered. Did this have something to do with Sid, or was it just my imagination?

I've never been naked with a man before.

Never felt a man before and, other than pictures, had never seen a man's penis up close. I felt myself wondering what Sid's would look like.

I laid back down and tried to go to sleep again, but it wasn't possible. Now I had Sid on my mind and I felt my hand going between my legs, almost as if it had a mind of its own. Soon my fingers were parting my outer lips and starting to stroke my erect clit. It only took a few minutes for me to get myself to cum, adding more of my juices to the already wet sheet below me.

Before I realized it, I had three fingers inside me, pumping in and out, while the thumb of my other hand continued to rub my extended clit, bringing me off time and time again.

When I finally did get up in the morning I wasn't surprised to see that my sheet was thoroughly soaked with my juices and I quickly got up, took them to the laundry room and washed them before my mama could find them. Then I went back upstairs and got clean sheets from the hall closet and remade my bed. Then I went downstairs, took a quick shower to clean myself up, went into the kitchen and fixed a light breakfast. Then I left to go to work.

"What a night!" I thought to myself.

Around 3 that afternoon I got a phone call from Sid, asking if he could see me tonight.

"Sure," I told him. "I've been thinking of you all day and was hoping you'd call me."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. Just couldn't seem to get you off my mind. I even dreamed of you last night."

"Well, you really must have missed me then, if you dreamed of me. All good dreams, I hope."

"Nothing but sweet ones, believe me."

"Ok. I'll see you tonight around 8 then."

"That's fine. I'll be waiting."

The rest of the day went by without any problems and as soon as I got home I began to get ready for another date with Sid. I got in the tub and took a long, slow hot soak. I washed my hair and decided against curling it this time. I just dried it and let it hang straight down my back. I put on my makeup, polished my nails, and then set out one of the sexiest outfits I could come up with. I wanted to make an impression on Sid tonight and I was determined that I was going to find out what he had between those black legs of his, one way or the other. My imagination was already running overtime. I could still feel that bulge against my thighs as we danced, but it didn't help. I had no idea as to what was really there and all I could use was my imagination, and that didn't help one bit at all. I knew that

the only way I was going to find out was to actually see it for myself, and tonight would be that night.

I fidgeted all evening, waiting for 8 to get here. Although it was only about a 30 minute wait, it seemed a lot longer, and I was getting restless, knowing what I had planned once I got in that car.

Finally, 8 pm.

With a look out the door window, I saw Sid pull up.

"I'm gone," I hollered at my parents. "We'll be home about 11 or so."

"Have a good time, dear," my mama answered.

If only she knew. Ha!!!!

I raced out the door and jumped into Sid's car.

He sat there like he'd never seen me before, just staring at me.

"Is there something wrong?" I asked.

"Wrong?"

"Hell no! Girl, you are so stunning. It just took my breath away watching you coming out that door and towards me. I've never seen a white woman look so good in so little." He whistled and winked at me at the same time. And, while I probably should've felt a little 'dirty', I didn't. I was just proud that I'd gotten the exact reaction I wanted from him.

Yep, this was going to be the night.

I moved across the seat and snuggled up to him, twisting my arm in his as he pulled onto the road. I reached up and gave him a kiss on his cheek and patted his leg. I left my hand on his leg and I watched as he looked down and then looked at me, a knowing smile on his face.

"You gonna get into trouble that way," he told me.

"So?", I asked. "Who says I don't want a little trouble tonight?"

"You sure"?

As if to answer his question, I moved my hand up his thigh until I felt the bulge in his pants. I gave a quick squeeze and asked, "What does that tell you?"

"Tells me that we better find a place to park so we can get down to some business," he answered.

Again, the right response I was looking for.

"Sid?"

"Yes, Chris."

"How old are you?"

"Does it matter?" he asked.

"Not really. I just want to know. You already know my age, and I just wanted to know yours, that's all."

"Ok," he answered. "I'm 37."

"WOW!!! I thought, 10 years older than me!"

"Does that bother you?"

"Nope. Guess you could say I have a thing for older men," and I laughed. The amazing thing was that he laughed along with me. Made me feel much more at ease at that moment, too.

I continued to stroke his bulge as he drove, feeling it expand and grow with each successive squeeze.

"You keep that up and there won't be anything left to give you when we do find somewhere to park."

"Would that be so bad?"

"Listen, Chris, are you sure you want to do this? I mean, I can wait. There's no hurry here."

"Listen to me, Sid," I told him, "I've wanted this for some time now, but just never found the right man that I wanted to give myself to. You're that 'right' man, Sid. I want to give my all to you. Tonight! I want to know how it feels to make love to a man, and to tell you the truth, I'm happy it's you and not that jerk who stood me up at the bar that night."

"Boy!! That felt good!" I thought.

It took about 20 minutes for Sid to find a spot where we could have some solitude. After he parked the car we got out and got in the back seat, since there was much more room back there.

Now came the hard part.

I had to disrobe in front of him.

In the 5 years since my lesbian encounter with Eva my chest still hadn't gotten any bigger. In fact, I could still wear a sports bra and feel quite comfortable. To say that I was embarrassed for my lack of boobs is putting it mildly. Nevertheless, I sat there and began to disrobe for Sid, wanting to share my body with him.

Sid also started to remove his clothing. First his shoes, then his shirt, his pants and finally his shorts.

By the time he was finished so was I. I sat there, in his back seat, covering my chest with my arms, still somewhat embarrassed for my lack of endowment. My eyes never traveled lower than his face though. I guess I was afraid of what I might, or might not, see down there.

"Don't be embarrassed, Chris," he told me. Then he gently pried my arms away from my chest and stared at my hard nipples, standing at attention in the cool night air. He reached out and played with both of them at the same time, twisting gently, causing waves of pleasure to sweep over my body.

Then I got the nerve to look in Sid's lap.

What I saw there didn't appear to be much, but then again looks can be deceiving, can't they?

"Don't worry, it'll get bigger," he told me. "Right now I just need a little stimulation and you'll see something you'll not forget anytime soon."

I reached out and put my hand on his penis. Finally, I was holding a man's penis in my hand.

At first I wasn't too impressed.

It didn't seem like much to me. Just a limp piece of meat that didn't appear to be interested in anything.

Then, as I began to move my hand up and down on it, that piece of meat began to stir and get bigger. And then I noticed something strange about it that I'd not noticed in the pictures I'd seen of other penis'. There was something covering the head!

I guess Sid could see my confusion.

"I'm uncut, Chris."

"What?"

"I've still got my foreskin."

"What?" I said again.

It was then that Sid realized that I'd never seen a penis before, much less held one in my hand.

He looked at me like I'd suddenly grown a second head.

"You're a virgin, aren't you, Chris?"

I could only nod, not daring to take my eyes off that growing penis, afraid it would disappear on me.

I could hear the concern in Sid's voice when he asked his next question.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

Again, I could only nod my head.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked.

"Like hell," I told him. "But if I don't do this now, then I don't know when I'll get the chance again, and I want to find out what it's like to have your penis in me."

He laughed at that one.

"It's a cock," he told me.

"Huh?"

"Call it a cock, Chris. Penis sounds so... medical!"

"That's all I've ever heard, Sid."



"Well, that can change now. It's a cock. Go ahead, say it."

"Cock," I said.

"See. That's not so bad now, is it?"

"I guess not."

As I continued to pump his 'cock' I noticed that the 'foreskin' was sliding off the top of his 'cock' as well.

"That's my cock head," he told me. "The foreskin covers the head and helps to keep it sensitive. Makes it much more enjoyable for me when I make love to a woman. Only I usually say when I 'fuck' a woman."

"Is there a difference?" I asked.

"Some say that there is. What I've learned is that 'making love' is a slower, gentler way, while 'fucking' is an all out 'go for it' kinda thing. Usually more intense and satisfying, if you ask me."

"If you say so, Sid."

We both laughed. I guess I was his first virgin in while, because he wanted to go slow with me, which I really appreciated. After all, this was going to be my FIRST TIME.

"Play with me a while, and get used to the feeling of me."

Which is just what I did, too. I watched as his skin moved with my hand, covering and uncovering his head. And then I had an unusual desire to lean forward and take that shiny head into my mouth.

I looked at Sid and I guess he could read my eyes, cause all he did was tell me to try it and see if I liked it.

"Just remember, Chris. I'm not going to make you do anything that you don't want to do. This is just between you and me and if you want to take it slow and easy, and experiment, then that's ok with me. I'm in no rush and I don't want you to be, either. I want this to be something that we'll both enjoy."

"Thank you," was all I could say.

Then I opened my mouth and took that head into it. I moved my tongue around this head and, at one time, actually felt it slide between his head and the skin that tried to stay over it.

Another statement from my one evening with Eva came suddenly to mind:

"Hey, you've got a talented tongue there, kiddo, and you shouldn't waste it..."

It was almost like Eva was right there beside me, encouraging me to continue.

So I did.

In a few minutes I could feel Sid's cock responding to my oral manipulation. He was getting harder.

And bigger!!

Before I could understand what was happening, his cock was swelling in my mouth, threatening to cut off my oxygen supply. I started to panic and pulled off, gasping for air.

"I was afraid that was going to happen."

"What?"

"That you wouldn't be able to take it."

"Well, I never expected to have something that big in my mouth, either."

"I'm sure you didn't, but give yourself time and I'm sure you'll be able to handle it better."

"You think so?"

"Trust me, Chris. You're gonna make a great cock sucker one of these days."

"Now you're embarrassing me, Sid."

"Why?"

"I don't know. You just are, that's all."

"You shouldn't be embarrassed at all. Most men that I know would give anything to have a woman give him a great blow job."

"You think so?"

"Hell, girl, I know so."

"What's so special about a 'blow job'?"

"How do I say this?"

"Have you ever had someone use their mouth on your private places?"

Thoughts of Eva came into my mind and I knew what it was he was trying to tell me. I could vividly remember exactly how I felt the first time Eva use her tongue on my clitoris and how it felt when she stabbed it into my wanting pussy.

"Believe it or not, but yes, I have."

"Then you already know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess I do."

Once again, I took his cock into my mouth, again using my tongue to swirl around the head. I began to bob up and down on his huge tool, feeling like I wanted to gag, but not wanting to. I wanted to be able to give him pleasure the way Eva had once given it to me. I wanted to feel him throb in my mouth and I continued to bob on his cock until I got the surprise of my life.

After about 10 minutes of bobbing on his cock, he jerked back in the seat and hollered, "I'm cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmminnnnnngggggg..."

I had no idea what he was talking about, but I soon found out.



“Hey, I’m practically begging you here. Use your mouth on my pussy, Sid!”

“Lay back and spread your legs, dear. You’re going to get the best pussy lapping you’ve ever had in your life.”

With that said he practically dove forward, planting his mouth on my bald pussy (Yes!! I did take Eva’s advice about shaving my pussy. I event went as far as to have my hair electrically removed. Now I only have to have it done about once or twice a year and no more creams or razor burns to deal with).

As I thought though, his lips felt great against my smooth lips. His tongue was even better. Once it was inside me it felt as though it were as long as that cock I’d sucked on earlier. He’d force it as deep as he could get it and then suck on my clit until I screamed in an eruption of climaxes that I thought would never end.

Eva had really gotten going, but Sid!!! Sid did things to me that Eva didn’t do and his manipulation of my Clint and my inner lips practically drove me up the back of the seat I was laying on.

He would lick my outer lips, suck on my inner lips, suck on my clitoris, drive his tongue deeper into me then I thought possible, and then suck all my rapidly growing juices from me like they were in a glass. I soon lost count of the many orgasms I had that evening. I didn’t want him to stop, but eventually he had to.

We laid there for what seemed like hours, while we both recovered from the encounter. I know I was exhausted and I felt pretty sure that he was, too.

“Listen, Chris,” he told me. “I know you wanted to go all the way tonight, but I think we ought to wait till we’re both ready for it. Right now I don’t think I could get it up with a splint if I had to. You’ve worn me out, girl, and I’m pretty sure you’re shot as well.”

“Now that you mention it, Sid, I so tired that all I want to do is fall asleep and not get up for two days. I’ve only had one other oral encounter like this and believe me, yours was so much better. You did things to me that I didn’t think could be done and I loved every minute of it.”

We both began to retrieve our cloths and to get dressed once more. My outfit was wrinkled beyond belief, but it had been well worth it. What I’ve have a hard time explaining to mama was the shoe print in the middle of the back of my blouse, but I know I could hide it until the laundry had to be done again and then secret it in there before it could be seen.

Once we were all dressed again we got in the front seat and kissed each other some more. Again, I placed my hand in his lap and caressed his bulge, letting him know that I wasn’t finished with him just yet. He leaned over, pulled up my blouse, and sucked on both my nipples for a little while, nibbling them with his teeth, causing just enough pain to make them feel good. I didn’t want him to stop, but I knew we had to.

On the drive home, I continued to play with his cock, through his pants, and he draped his arm over my shoulder and tweaked my nipples. Once we parked in front of my house I leaned over, took out his cock, sucked it a few more times, enjoying the feel of all that skin sliding over my tongue, and then put it back.

“That’s just the beginning, Sid. Remember, the next date you get to stick that think in my pussy and show me what you can do with it.”

"I'm not gonna forget, Chris."

I got out of the car and went around to his side and gave him a good night kiss, the kind that's guaranteed to bring him back, and then went into the house and up to bed.

It was the best sleep I'd have in a long time.

Two days later, while sitting at the breakfast table, wolfing down my scrambled eggs and bacon, dad came into the room with the paper.

"Have you seen the headlines to day, dear?" he asked my mother.

"No, dear. Haven't had time this morning."

"There was another drive-by shooting last night. One man was killed and three others wounded. Says here that the one who was killed was just an innocent bystander who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time."

"That's a shame," my mama answered. "Does it say who it was?"

"Let me see." I heard his rustling the paper as he searched for the man's name in the article.

"Says right here that around 11:00 last night a black man was driving his car down Robinson Street, apparently headed home, when the gunfire erupted. He drove his car into the line of fire and apparently didn't even know what happened. Let's see, I saw his name listed here somewhere..."

"Ok, here it is. The man's name was Sid Rodney, he was 37 and, thankfully, didn't have a family."

That was the last thing I remembered, before the blackness took hold.

The funeral was a little over a week later, and I couldn't even go!! I wanted to be there, but mama told me it wouldn't be proper for a white girl to show up at a black man's funeral. I kept up with it in the paper though and felt like my world had just ended.

Again!!!

That was twice I'd had a sexual experience with someone I felt I loved, and twice that person was taken from me.

What was I doing wrong?

Was I to blame?

I had to do something to figure out what was happening to me.

That was when I found an ad for a new psychologist in town, Dr. Richard Edwards. I called that afternoon and made an appointment. His speciality was hypnosis and I felt that hypnosis was one way to find out what was wrong and then what to do to get it all straightened out.

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### **Chapter Three**

Dr. Edwards office was in one of the new Medical Towers on the University campus. My appointment

was at 2:00 and here I was, sitting in his reception area 30 minutes early. Was I edgy or what? I was also quite nervous. I'd never been to a psychologist before. Never felt that I had a need to, but Dr. Edwards had some good recommendations and I figured that I'd go ahead and give it a try. I really had nothing to lose, so why not.

I filled out all the forms that were required.

There was one about the hypnosis that got my attention.

It stated that although hypnosis was not considered to be a cure, it could be used to help people overcome their inhibitions and to improve their lives. It also stated that being hypnotized did not cause people to do anything they considered to be immoral or against their will. Suggestions could be made and if the person being hypnotized was open minded then the suggestion might be worked on to improve their behavior.

That's what I wanted.

Something that would improve my behavior and hopefully improve my life as well.

I really had nothing to lose, so I signed that form and went to work on the last one.

This one was a questionnaire and I began at the top of the page by once again entering my name, address, phone number and contact in case of an emergency.

Next came the first of almost 50 questions.

'Why did I come to the office of Dr. Edwards today?'

That one was easy, so I entered my answer:

'I want to find out why my life has taken so many difficult turns and why I seem to be in such turmoil.'

I then proceeded to answer the others as I came to them

Then came the ones about sexual preferences and even though I wasn't sure how they were relative to my visit, I answered them as truthfully as I could.

All in all, the whole paperwork thing took about 30 minutes and when I was finished with them all, making sure my signatures were on each page, as I'd been instructed by the receptionist, I went back to the desk and handed her the clipboard.

"As soon as Dr. Edwards has a chance to review your forms you'll be called in, Miss."

"Thank you," I said to her and then returned to my chair to wait.

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"This is Dr. Richard Edwards. I'm recording this evaluation of a Miss Chris Egger's records, at least the ones she's provided to me today.

"Apparently Miss Eggers feels depressed.

"According to what I've read, she's lost two lovers, one female and one male, shortly after having

her first sexual experiences with each of them. Her self-esteem seems to be at a low and she wants to find out what she can do to make 'corrections' (Her choice of words on her form, not mine) in her life so that her life can get to some sort of 'normal'

(Again, her words on the form).

"She wants to try hypnosis to see if it can help her to 'get better'.

"In further reading her papers, I find that she's apparently got a desire to be with older men and women. Her first female lover was only about the same age as she at that time, approximately 19. Her male lover (And I use that term begrudge, as apparently she didn't have intercourse with the man, just oral contact) was approximately 37 or 38 years old, and black, making him approximately 10 or 11 years older than she is.

"She's stated in her forms that she prefers black men to white men, simply because they tend to treat her better and appear to appreciate the attention she lavishes on them.

"She's had no steady relationships, due to the fact that both first contacts ended when the other person was killed, the first - the female, Eva - was hit and killed by a hit-and-run driver. The second - the male, Sid - was shot and killed by a drive-by shooter. Apparently she's come to the conclusion that if she forms any kind of bond with another person that person will also be killed in some fashion, further adding to the depression she's experiencing right now.

"I'll see what I can find out when she's under my hypnosis and we'll proceed from there."

Dr. Edwards, a nice looking black man of 57 years, sat the file on his desk and leaned back in his chair, his mind already whirling with the possibilities in this new patient. Now was the time to try something he'd always wanted to do, and this new patient apparently fit all the criteria he wanted. He knew that he'd be able to mold this girl into the woman he wanted and he knew just how he was going to do it. After all, he'd thought about doing this for almost 15 years now, and until moving to this small rural town in Northern Michigan, he'd been afraid to actually try it. He'd been too well-known in New York for his 'unusual' methods of treatment and had almost lost his license just last year. That was when he decided to move to the mid west and to start over again. The wait had been a long time in coming, but in the end he felt the wait had been well worth it.

He paged his nurse and told her he was ready for the new patient.

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I sat there in the waiting room, flipping through at least 6 of the totally out-dated magazines, almost getting up twice and leaving. Then I thought better of it and decided that the wait was going to be worth it all and would just wait and see what this Dr. Edwards had to tell me. I mean, what did I have to lose here, right? I wanted to get this over with and if I were to leave I'd never find out what my problems were.

"Miss Eggers," the receptionist called, "You can go in now."

"Thank you."

I got up, straightened the small wrinkles out in my skirt, and went to the door to Dr. Edward's office. I gently knocked and when I heard the Dr's response I opened the door and went in.

I don't know what I'd been expecting, but Dr. Edwards is a nice looking black man. He's perhaps the

blackest man I've ever known. I mean his skin reminded me of pictures of coal I'd seen in magazines. I guess I'd place his age in his late 50's, perhaps early 60's, with slightly graying hair and a well trimmed Van Dyke. His eyes seemed to sparkle as he got up from behind his desk and extended his hand for a warm hand-shake. I felt an unexpected tingle between my legs as my hand made contact with his.

"Miss Eggers," his voice was not quite a deep bass, but nice to listen to just the same, "welcome to my office. Please," he indicated the chair in front of his desk, "be seated."

I was going to like seeing this man. His demeanor was easy-going and his voice had that 'trusting' tone to it. I immediately liked him and looked forward to talking to him about my problems. I had to cross my legs to try and stem the feeling I was getting in my pussy. I couldn't believe I was sitting here in this man's office, actually thinking of having a 'relationship' with him. That would be unprofessional of him, and not very nice of me. I'd heard of people falling in love with their doctors, but I was determined that I wasn't going to be one of them, regardless of how I felt between my legs.

"Do you mind if I call you by your first name, Miss Eggers?" he asked me.

"No. Not at all, Dr. Edwards."

"Good."

"Now, let's discuss a few 'rules' that apply only in this office, shall we?"

"First, when we're in my office I'll call you Chris and you're to call me Richard or Dick, whichever you prefer. We're on an informal basis here and I find that the patient is more comfortable when we're on a first name basis. Outside the office I'll always call you Miss Eggers and you'll call me Dr. Edwards. Is that ok with you, Chris?"

"Sounds unusual, but it's fine with me, Dick."

"See, that makes you feel easier already, doesn't it?"

Surprisingly, it really did, and I told him so.

"Ok, let me tell you a little about what I have in mind here."

"Please do," I answered.

"Well, we're just going to sit here and chat a little bit, and during the course of the conversation I'll be asking you some unusual questions and your honest answers are required. Tell me whatever you have on your mind and I'll take notes that'll help me to determine the course of treatment and to what degree of hypnosis I'll need to use on you for our sessions to begin.

"Now, you're 26, right?"

"Yes, a couple of months ago, in fact."

"You state on your forms that you consider your sexual orientation to be bi, right?"

"Yes."

"Why is that?"



"I've only had two sexual contacts in my life, Dick. The first was with my best friend and the second was with a black man I met at a bar and started a 'relationship' with. I found that I enjoyed both contacts, and, with my limited exposure to sex, I just decided that I liked it both ways and didn't see any reason not to continue with that orientation."

"Very good. That was a great answer."

"See, it's easy. Isn't it?"

Now that I thought about it, I guess I was surprised at just how easy the answer had come to me. I felt myself relaxing even more in this man's presence.

"Yes, it is."

"Good."

"Let's continue. Now, how did you feel about being with a black man that was almost 11 years older than you?"

"To tell you the truth, I never thought of it in those terms. He was just a man who approached me when I was feeling rejected, he talked nice, treated me with respect and made me feel good."

"Were you in love with him?"

"I'm not sure if I was or not," I answered honestly. Mainly, because I really didn't know for sure if I had been in love with Sid or not. Guess I'll never know for sure now, though.

"What was the extent of your sexual contact with Sid?"

Now that question did catch me a little bit off guard, but then Dick had told me that he'd have to ask some unique questions.

"All we had was some quick oral sex in the back seat of his car. I took him in my mouth and then he did the same to me."

"Did he shoot his load in your mouth?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did you cum in his mouth as well?"

"Yes."

"Did you enjoy the feeling you had when he shot in your mouth?"

"At first it kinda scared me. As you already know, that was my first time with a man and when he shot in my mouth I almost panicked."

"Why?"

"Well, I didn't know he was going to shoot anything into my mouth and I almost gagged when it happened."

“Did Sid explain what had happened?”

“Yes, he did. He told me that I’d gotten him so hot that it was a natural reaction to shoot his load. Up to that time I had no idea what happened when a man got so aroused like that. Now I do, so I know what to expect each time and it won’t bother me again.”

“I take it, from that answer, that you enjoyed feeling his load in your mouth. Did you like the taste of his cum?”

“As a matter of fact, I did. It was kinda salty in flavor and once I got it on my taste buds I found that it wasn’t as bad and I first thought.”

“So, what happened?”

“He continued to shoot his cum into my mouth and I tried to swallow as much of it as I could.”

I watched as Dick made notations on his legal pad, and wondered what it was he was putting there. Was it good? Was it bad? Did it make me appear to be a slut or a whore? At this point of the appointment, I found that I didn’t really care one way or the other. I realized that talking about it was already starting to make me feel better about myself and the choices I’d already made in my life.

“How did you like it when he used his mouth on you?”

I could still ‘feel’ Sid’s tongue inside me, just thinking about it. I knew I was starting to get wet between my legs and was thankful for the extra pad I’d applied to the inside of my panties before I left my apartment.

“I was in heaven. In many ways it was much, much better than the oral stimulation Eva had given me all those years ago. While Eva had been a gentle lover, Sid was a little rougher and tried his best to bring out as many orgasms as he could by manipulating my clit with his tongue.”

I hoped that the movements I was making, as I recalled that moment in the back of Sid’s car, didn’t reveal too much to Dick. But then again, did I really care that much? I don’t think so.

It was then that I noticed Dick staring at my chest and I looked down to see that both my nipples were trying to get through the blouse I was wearing. Apparently just thinking about Sid and his talented tongue was enough to arouse me and cause them to harden. Oh well, I was getting horny and I didn’t really care if Dick could tell or not. Once again, I was beginning to feel better about myself and I was thankful that my body was reacting as it should be.

Just sitting in that room, across from Chris, had my cock already hardening in my jockeys. “Thank goodness for my legal pad in my lap. As I write my notes I’m able to hide my hardness from her and manage to keep my train of thought on her responses to my questions,”

I thought to myself. “How in the world will I ever be able to go through with this. If just talking to her has me this hard, what will it be like when I actually have her under my control and can’t control myself?”

“Ok, Chris. I think that should do it for the questions right now. I’ve got your questionnaire right here and I’m sure I can get more information once I get the time to sit down and read it entirely. For right now though, I think it’s best to talk about some of the therapy I’ll be doing right here in this office.

"I'm going to put you under a mild hypnosis in a little while. Once you're under I'm going to give you several 'trigger' words. These 'triggers' will only be known to me and when I use them on you you'll go into a trance. Unless I tell you to remember something specific, you'll not remember what happened during those sessions, but feel assured, that most of the time you'll be able to remember what did happen and that will enable you to work on your issues and to try and correct them."

"What about the ones I can't remember," she asked me.

"Those suggestions are simply there as reminders. In a way certain things that will happen will trigger those memories, but only briefly. Sometimes you'll be able to remember events and at other times those events will be foggy enough that you're not quite able to remember them at all. In fact, most of the time they'll seem like they were dreams that will flutter into your mind, only to fade quickly."

"Is that good?"

"Yes, actually it is. I want those 'fleeting' memories to trigger something in your mind so that you'll be able to recall something the next time you come into my office and we can sit here and discuss them in detail."

"Ok, Dick. You're the doctor and I trust your decisions on this."

"Good."

"Now, are you ready to start?"

"Sure."

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I had Chris sit back on the sofa, telling her to relax. In about 3 minutes I had her under and was ready to begin.

"Chris? Can you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered dreamily.

"Good."

"Now, Chris, I want you to feel totally relaxed as you sit here. In a few minutes you're going to start to feel hot and sweaty and you're going to remove your blouse and your skirt, so that you're sitting here in only your bra and panties. Do you understand?"

"Only in bra and panties," she answered.

I sat back in my seat and waited. In a few minutes she started to act like it was getting hotter in here and I could actually see small beads of sweat forming on her forehead and on her upper lip.

"Dick, do you mind if I get out of some of these clothes? It's getting hot in here."

"Sure, Chris. Make yourself feel right at home."

She unbuttoned her blouse and took it off, followed soon after by her skirt. Her bra was just a plain white one, and didn't appear to have much of a cup size to it. Her panties were a bright pink in color

though and had ruffles around the waistband and a darker pink 'C' stitched on the left side. Obviously the initial was for her name, or at least I assumed that was what it meant.

"Now, Chris, you're getting hotter and in a few minutes you'll remove your bra and panties and then you'll get so aroused you'll start playing with yourself, pushing your fingers into your pussy and playing with your clit until you have a big orgasm."

Again, I sat back and waited. Again, only a few minutes passed as she reached behind her and unclasped her bra and pulled it off. I could then see why her bra cups were so small. Her breasts were almost nonexistent. Her aureoles were the size of silver dollars and her nipples appeared to stand out about a half inch in front of her. I could tell by looking that they were as hard as nails, too.

Next she removed her panties and I got my first good look at her twat. I was surprised that she didn't have any hair on her outer lips and I asked her about the reason for it."

"Eva's pussy was bare the time we made love to each other. I asked her about it before we left and she told me that she love the feel of her naked pussy against her panties and the feel of her male lovers against her as well. She recommended a cream for me to use, and for a while I did. About 2 years ago I had all my pubic hair removed electronically and I've been bare down there ever since."

As she told me all this I noticed that her hand was now rubbing her outer lips and watched as she slowly slid two, then three of her fingers inside herself and began to stroke her clitoris. In only a matter of about five minutes or so, she had a huge orgasm and almost collapsed right there on the sofa.

"How did that feel, Chris. I mean, how did it feel to masturbate right here in front of me?"

"I love to cum," was all she said.

I got up and move in front of her.

"When I tell you to open your eyes, you'll see me standing in front of you. You'll also notice the huge bulge in my pants and you'll want to do something to help the ache I feel in my loins. Without saying anything, you'll undo my pants, drop my shorts, and take my cock into your hand and play with it for a few minutes. Then you take it into your mouth and suck on it until I shoot my cum down your throat."

"Chris," I said, as I got up and stood in front of her. "Open your eyes now."

I watched her. As her eyes opened she saw me standing there and immediately noticed the huge erection I was hiding behind my pants. She tugged on my belt and opened pulled down the zipper, drawing my pants to my knees. Next she pulled down my shorts and I heard a gasp escape her lips when she first saw what I'd hidden from her.

I'm not going to brag on my size. I don't really care if I'm 'hung' or not, but I am a modest 8 inches when I'm hard and I am uncut, with a lot of overhanging skin at the end of my cock, and as far as thick, well I'd measured myself one time and found that I was at least 5 inches around, just below my head.

Chris took my cock in her hands, pulling the excess skin back and forth, allowing my pink cock head to be exposed and then covered again. She did that a couple of times, she peeled the skin all the way back and took me into her mouth, trying to swallow my hardness all in one quick gulp. Since I was so

big around she had to work slowly to get me all in her mouth, and then her cheeks were so swollen out from the sides of her face that I thought her skin was going to split open. Luckily that didn't happen and after about 5 minutes of working my cock in and out of her mouth, she was able to take me all into her throat. My knees got weak feeling the wetness and warmth of her mouth as she engulfed my cock. I felt her tongue slide around my head and slip between my skin, sliding back and forth, jabbing at my piss hole on the top.

In a few minutes she started to bob up and down on my cock and I just knew I was going to explode right then and there, but I managed to hold back a while longer. I wanted to enjoy the feeling of this white woman taking my black cock into her mouth and giving me the pleasure I wanted so much. The difference between my almost-coal black cock and her white face amazed me. I'd always fantasized about having a white woman sucking my cock, and now that was coming true.

She reached down with her other hand and cupped my balls, twisting them between her fingers and continuing to suck on my cock. Then she moved her hand below my balls and caressed the area between my balls and my ass hole, giving me a thrill I'd not felt in years. For someone who didn't have a lot of experience with men, she appeared to know just what to do to make me feel good. I felt as she moved her fingers further back and in a moment she was rubbing one or two of them over my ass hole, so I tried to spread my legs just a little bit more, to give her easier access back there. I knew that if this kept up that I was going to have to sit down.

Fortunately for me though, about that time I felt my eruption begin and only moments later I shot the biggest load of cum I'd ever had right into her throat.

She tried hard to keep that cum in her mouth and to swallow as quickly as she could, but apparently it was too much for her and I noticed small amounts of cum dripping from the corners of her mouth, but she continued to suck the cum from me. Once I was finished she took her mouth off me and proceeded to lick up and down my cock, cleaning off the cum that had slipped down her chin and settled on my balls. Then she used her hands, wiping off the excess cum still on her face, and licked her fingers until she was all done.

Then I sat down, exhausted from it all.

Chris just moaned and started to stroke her clit again, wanting to come once more.

"Chris?"

"Do you want to feel like a real woman now? Do you want me to do something for you?"

"Yes."

"What do you want me to do now?" I asked her.

"I want you to stick your big, black cock into my pussy and fuck me!"

"Are you sure? You are still a virgin, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm sure. I'm tired of being a virgin and I want to feel that black cock inside of me."

"The show me."

She laid back on the sofa, reached between her legs, pulled herself apart and showed me her wet,

hot hole.

“You see this?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Well, I want you to fill that hold with your black cock and fuck me until I cum all over it.”

I didn't wait for another invitation.

“You're going to have to get me hard again, first,” I told her. “You got me to shoot in your mouth and right now I'm limp again. Think you can get me hard enough right now so I can fuck you?”

She sat up again on the couch, reached for me, grabbing me by my limp cock, and pulled me towards her. I got up again and stood in front of her once more. She took me into her mouth again and used that tongue and suction to once again get me erect. Once she's accomplished that she laid back and pulled me closer to her hot, box. She slipped my cock head to the confines of her pussy and I knew what I had to do.

In one quick motion I entered her, not entirely, but enough so that she knew what it felt like to finally have a cock in that bald pussy of hers.

“Yeeeeeeeeeeeeessssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!!!!” she hollered, and I hoped that the sound-proofing I'd had installed in my office walls was enough that the noise didn't get into the reception area.

“FUCK ME!!!” She hollered. “FUCK ME!!!”

And I did just that.

On the next outward stroke I pulled almost completely out of her, but on the down stroke I plunged my entire hardness into her, driving her head against the back of the sofa, causing her to moan even louder. She put her arms around my back, pulling me closer, and deeper, to her. I felt her nails in my back as she pulled harder and I knew she'd drawn blood with that piece of action. At that point I didn't care though. I had my cock deep inside of her and she felt great. Her pussy muscles were working on my cock and I could feel her grasp me from inside, pulling me deeper and trying to get me still deeper into her. I gave her everything I had and did my best to appease her.

“I'm cummmmmmmmmiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnggggggg...” she screamed, and wrapped her legs around my lower back, again trying to pull me deeper into her. I was already as close to her as I was going to get, but she continued to try and I let her. After all, I didn't want to hurt my back in all this. There was going to be plenty of time to get more of this white pussy, and I intended to make the most of it whenever she had an appointment.

After about 15 minutes she finally relaxed her grip with her legs and I was able to once again pound in and out of her and shortly after that I sent yet another powerful load of my cum into her, this time into her twat instead of her mouth.

“Yesssssss! Give it all to me, Dick!!!” she yelled and then finally collapsed beneath me, all spent from her first fuck.

I let her lay there for about 30 minutes, to recover. Then I had her sit up and gave her a fresh wash cloth and told her to clean herself up and to then get dressed and to return to the sofa and wait for me to tell her what to do next.

While she cleaned up, so did I. I got my shorts and pants pulled up and fastened and returned to the chair situated in front of her. I looked at the satisfied look on her face and could tell that she'd had a good time this session.

"Chris." I said to her.

"Yes."

"When I give you the trigger you'll wake up and not remember a thing that happened in this office today. You'll remember our conversations, all the questions you answered and why you came here today, but nothing else will remain in your memories. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"Pink panties," I said.

I watched her face as she opened her eyes and saw me sitting there in front of her. She seemed a little confused, but that always happens the first time someone is hypnotized. In a few moments she regained her bearings and realized where she was.

"How did I do?" she asked.

"You did quite well, Chris. I'm impressed with what we accomplished today."

"Really?"

"Yes. You did great and I'm quite sure that more progress will be made in the future."

"So. Are we done for today then?"

"We are. I want you to be sure to make another appointment for a week from today. Just stop at the receptionist and let her know and she'll set it all up. When I see you next week we'll move on to the next phase of your treatment and I'm sure you'll notice an improvement as well."

"Thank you so much, Dick."

She got up to leave and reached out to shake my hand.

"I'll see you in a week, Chris."

"Yes," she answered, "You will."

With that she left my office and all I had were the memories of what had just transpired between the two of us.

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## **Chapter Four**

As I left the office I glanced at my watch and was surprised to see that I'd actually been in Dr. Edwards office just over 2 hours. To me it had seemed like I'd only been there for about 30 minutes, but I guess by the time we'd finished the interview and the rest of the paperwork that the time had

just gone faster than I thought.

I had this week feeling in my knees and a strange fullness in my loins, and for the life of me I couldn't understand why. Usually I only had this feeling after a hot 'hands session' with whomever it was I had been seeing, since I was still a virgin and not really had any sex.

I felt like I was wearing my virginity like an albatross around my neck.

Immediately I thought of the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner", a poem my 12th grade English teacher had made us read. Funny how things just pop into your mind when those thoughts are the furthest thing from your conscious mind.

I got home about 30 minutes later and went to my room and got undressed and prepared to take a nice long soak in a tub of hot water. When I was clad in only my bra and panties I went into the bathroom and began to draw the water. What I really needed was to just sit in the water and relax. It was the one thing that served to ease my mind, and my body, and right now I felt mighty tense after that 'non-session' with Dr. Edwards.

Once I removed my underwear I stood in front of the full-length mirror that was hanging on the back of the bathroom door. I noticed that my outer lips were red and swollen and again, couldn't understand it. Yes, I'd had some erotic thoughts on the way home, but I didn't think they were enough to cause something like this.

I sat on the edge of the tub, spread my legs slightly and inserted a finger into my vagina. I wasn't any wetter than usual, so I quickly ruled out the erotic thoughts part and simply didn't give it another thought. I got in the water, sat down and leaned back, letting the water come up to just under my breasts, or what served as my breasts.

With practically a flat chest I was most conscious of what wasn't there then what I actually had.

My mind went back to my only encounter with Eva and I remember the size of her breasts, and how they'd felt when I'd put my hands on them for the first time. It was a feeling I knew I'd never have with my own breasts. After all, flat chests ran in my family. My mother didn't even have a chest to speak of. I can remember her joking that she didn't ever have to buy a bra, "After all," she'd told me, "What am I going to hold up with it?" and we both laughed.

My hand drifted to my gash, and I rubbed my smooth skin of my pussy, still amazed of how good it felt not to have any hair, or stubble, down there. I know for certain that Sid loved it, too.

A tear formed in my eye and I wiped it away. My only memories of the short time I'd had with him still made me cry.

"Why?" I asked no one in particular.

Not that I ever wanted an answer. That would only make things worse, as far as I was concerned, and I didn't want that right now. What I wanted more than anything was to just sit here, relax, and forget. I settled lower in the hot water, now up to my chin, and just drifted off.

\*\*\*\*

When I opened my eyes I was still in the tub, only now the water was almost cold. I opened the drain and stood up, grabbing my towel from the rack and began to dry off. In no time I was standing in front of the mirror again.



"Not much to look at, young lady," I said to myself.

Yes, I'm not much to look at.

At least to myself.

Others tell me otherwise, such as Eva and Sid. Hell, even Dr. Edwards told me I was a nice looking lady. Maybe I just had to look at myself differently.

I placed my hands under my almost-nonexistent breasts, pretending to lift them up, dreaming they were actually larger than they are. It was always a dream to be able to have a nice set of jugs that would really turn a man's head and take notice of me.

I guess I'd always be just a 'plain Jane' type of girl.

I got into my pj's and checked all the windows and doors to make sure they were locked and that the alarm system was all set, and then I went to my bedroom and got in bed. I couldn't believe I was as tired as I was, but I think I went to sleep that night as soon as my head hit my pillow.

\*\*\*\*

I woke up the next morning feeling better than I had in ages. I got up and took a quick shower. Since it was Saturday I didn't have to go to work and I intended to enjoy this weekend to the fullest.

I had planned to sit at home and catch up on all those DVD's I'd been intending to watch, but since the weather was so nice outside I decided on a quick walk through the neighborhood. I put on my jogging shorts (not that I actually jogged) and, making sure I had my keys and that the door was locked, I headed out. The sun was shining and there were almost no clouds in the sky. Yes, it felt good out here this morning.

Not really planning on where I was going to go, I just took a right at the end of my walkway and began my walk.

Before I realized I was at one of my favorite eateries and was surprised to Grandpa Ned leaving the establishment.

"Grandpa Ned!" I called.

At first he didn't hear me, so I called him again and this time he heard me and looked in my direction, waving when he finally saw me.

"What are you doing out this way?" he asked me.

"Just decided that I wanted to take a walk this morning. I had no idea that I'd be running into you."

"Well," he said, "I'm glad you did. You really don't know where you are, do you?"

From the tone in his voice I realized that I'd not paid any attention to where I was going, but then it hit me. Even though this was my favorite eatery, it was the last place that Sid and I had been before he'd been shot.

I guess my face drained of color just a bit, and I became wobbly on my feet. The next thing I remember was the feel of Grandpa Ned's arms around me, keeping me from falling to the sidewalk.

"Take it easy there, girl."

Slowly I sat on the concrete and began to collect myself. Suddenly I felt the unbidden tears start to come and they ran down my cheeks.

"Here."

I looked up and Grandpa Ned was holding a clean, white handkerchief out to me.

"Thank you," I told him.

He sat on the concrete next to me, wrapping his arm around my shoulders, drawing my head onto that huge shoulder, making me feel somewhat better.

I think this was the first good cry I'd had since Sid died.

"You going to be ok, Chris?" he asked me.

"To tell the truth, Grandpa Ned, I don't think I'm ever going to be ok again. Sid meant the world to me and I'd almost forgotten this place and what happened here. It was my last date with him, and I miss him so much."

The tears started again and before I could control my feeling, the sobs were pouring out of me and I cried right there, sitting on the cold sidewalk with my head on the shoulder of a man I truly called a friend.

"Come on, girl. My house is only around the corner. We'll go there and I'll get you something to drink and you can collect yourself before you go home."

"Thank you."

"You know it's no problem for me. I've been looking out for kids since before your time and I guess it just comes natural for me."

He got up, helped me to my feet, and we started towards his house.

"Well," he started, "it's not actually my house. It's my brother's home and I stay with him. He's not well and I'm the only one left to watch after him. He's got lung cancer and been fighting it for over 15 years now. Right now he's in remission, but the doc's tell me that his health still isn't what it should be, so I've moved in with him and help him as much as I can."

We came to a small house with a yellow picket fence around the front yard.

"Here it is," he told me. "It's not much, but it's home."

Actually, it looked quaint. The outside was painted a pale blue, with the shutters at the front windows and the front door a dark blue. The small porch was decked with wood and there was a small swing hanging from the ceiling. The handrails around the porch painted the same yellow as the fence around the yard.

Holding the door open for me, I entered into the living room and was quite amazed at just how neat the place looked. But, then again, I knew that Grandpa Ned kept his place so neat back home, so I really shouldn't have been too surprised.

"Samuel's in the back. I'll go get him and introduce you." He left through a arched doorway to the right and soon disappeared.

I sat on the nicely padded lounge chair and made myself comfortable, reclining and relaxing. I hadn't realized just how tense I'd gotten a little while ago and to finally sit on something that felt so good seemed to help a lot.

"Chris," Grandpa Ned said as he entered the living room, "I'd like you to meet my older brother, Samuel."

Samuel came in behind his brother and to say I was surprised is an understatement. Here I was, expecting to see a man in ill health, probably walking with a cane, but the man who stood in front of me was not the one in my imagination.

Samuel stood about 4 inches taller than his brother, with a shaved head and a set of full lips that just begged to be kissed. ( I don't know why that thought leaped into my mind!!!) His body didn't look like it belonged to a man of almost 80 years. In fact, if I hadn't already know his age, I'd have suspected that he was closer to 60, maybe even younger.

His upper body was strongly built and his legs looked almost as powerful. He stood there in his short pants, and muscle shirt, sweating like crazy and just stared at me. Of course, I was staring at him as well.

"Hello, Chris," he finally said, reaching out his hand to shake mine.

"Hello, Samuel."

"Please, call me Sam. Only Ned calls me Samuel."

"Ok, Sam. Nice to meet you."

I guess he noticed that I was staring at him, so he told me what he'd been doing before we'd gotten there.

"Sorry for my appearance, Chris," he said as he sat down on the couch and wiped at the sweat on his face and head with the towel he held in his hand.

"I was out back doing my exercises."

I nodded to him, not knowing what to say.

"What he means," volunteered Grandpa Ned, "is that he was in the back yard lifting his weights."

"Ever since the doctors told me I had the lung cancer I've been on this health kick. I eat only vegetables and organic food, no red meat, and exercise at least 4 to 6 hours a day. Mostly I lift weights, jog around the neighborhood, and just generally take care of myself."

"But," I said, "I thought Grandpa Ned came up here to help you. You don't look to me like you need that much help." And, just as soon as I said it, regretted it.

The two men looked at each other, then at me, and then busted out in loud laughter.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Well," answered Sam, "Ned's been thinking that he had to take care of me most of my life, especially since the cancer. I keep trying to tell him that I'm fine, but he decided to move in anyway and do what he could for me. Now you tell me, do I look like an invalid?"

"No," I told him.

"Thank you.

"I've been telling this hard-headed brother of mine the same thing for almost 10 years now, and he's still not listening."

At that we all laughed and then, before I knew it, we all sat there and talked out ourselves. Grandpa Ned and I told Sam about some of the things that had happened back home, when he was watching all us kids, and then the time just seemed to jump ahead and in no time Sam was turning on the lights, since it was now getting dark outside.

It was then that I realized what time it was and got up to leave, to go back home.

"You're not going anywhere tonight," Sam told me. "This is no neighborhood for a white girl to be outside by herself. If we had a car I'd gladly give you a ride home. Consider yourself to be our guest and you can stay in Ned's room tonight. We'll bunk together tonight and then tomorrow you can go back to your place, and one of us will walk with you to see that you get there safe and sound."

"I couldn't do that," I objected.

"Sure you can. The only thing that'll happen is that the neighbors will talk about how the Simpson brothers had a white girl stay with them overnight. Nothing for you to worry about. I'm sure we can handle the neighbors, can't we Ned?"

"Sure we can, Samuel. We've 'handled' them before and we can do it again."

With that Ned showed me to his room, which had a half-bath attached, got his night clothes and left me by myself.

He's laid out one of his nightshirts for me to wear and, after washing off at the sink, I put it on and went to the bed.

It was huge!!!

It looked comfortable, too. And, as I crawled onto it, I realized that this was a goose-down mattress. I'd always wanted to try one of those things, but never had the chance. I settled down, pulled up the sheet and got situated on the mattress. In no time I felt the pull of the sandman and drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*

I don't know what time it was when I got up, but my bladder felt like it was full and I had to go to the bathroom if I was going to get back to sleep, so I got up and went into the bathroom. While I was sitting there I heard a noise coming from the hallway. I really didn't pay too much attention to it, and thought it was just my imagination, so I finished my business, flushed the toilet and went back to bed.

As I was laying there, trying to get back to sleep, I heard the noise again and this time realized that

it was coming from the room across the hall.

My first thought was that something was wrong, so I got out of bed and went to my door. I cracked it open a little bit and the noise got louder. I noticed that the door to Sam's room was slightly open and a beam of light was seen. I went into the hall and stood at the door, listening to what was coming from the bedroom.

What I heard completely shocked me.

"Suck that dick, brother!"

That was Grandpa Ned!

"Yes!!!!!! Suck it harder, I'm about to shoot my load right down that throat of yours."

I was almost paralyzed as I stood there.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Sam and Grandpa Ned were engaged in oral sex!!

WITH EACH OTHER!!!!

Something pulled me closer to the door and it was open just enough that I could see inside, without being seen from the room itself.

There on the double bed were the two brothers, naked and glistening with sweat that seemed to pour off both their bodies.

Grandpa Ned was straddling his brother's chest, with his huge dick hanging down and entering Sam's mouth. I looked at Sam, as he lay there on the bed, and glanced that the dick between his legs.

It was hard and seemed to stand above his belly. I couldn't believe the size of that thing. It looked to be about 10 inches long and had a lot of foreskin around the head. In fact, there was so much skin that it kind of dangled at the end, hanging limply just above his belly.

As I stood there and watched Grandpa Ned reached behind his back and grabbed Sam's cock. He started jacking it and that skin seemed to slide up and down over that light purple cock head. In no time Sam was shooting his load all over Grandpa Ned's back, as well as his own stomach.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh", groaned Sam, shooting one of the biggest loads I'd ever seen (and considering I'd only seen one man shooting his load before, that was something.)

"Here I cuuuuuuummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," Grandpa Ned shouted, apparently shooting a load of his own down his brother's throat.

I stood there and watched as it all unfolded right in front of me. I never would've suspected something like this.

Not from Grandpa Ned!!!

Pretty soon the two of them laid there on the bed, gasping to catch their breaths.

"Well, Samuel, is she everything I told you she'd be?"

"And then some, bro. I had no idea she was such a sexy thing. Can't wait to sink this uncut black cock into that white pussy of hers."

"Neither can I. I've wanted to fuck that girl for ages."

Now I was really SHOCKED!!!!

The two of them were laying in that bed, after sucking and jacking off each other, and were talking about me!!!

ME!!!

They wanted to FUCK ME!!!

I have to admit, the thought of what I'd just witnessed both grossed me out, and also made me terribly wet between my legs. I could already feel my juices soaking my panties. I hadn't realized it til then, but my hand was in my panties and my fingers were rubbing my clit, drawing me closer to my climax.

Before I could make any noise I retreated to Sam's room and quickly climbed into the bed, where I continued to manipulate my clit until I had one of the biggest climaxes in my young life. As I finally drifted off to sleep again, my thoughts were of those two huge cocks fucking into my pussy and my mouth.

\*\*\*\*

Sunday morning I got up, washed up in the bathroom, and met the two brothers in the kitchen, where they were already sitting at the table drinking their coffee.

"Can I get you something to eat? Drink?" asked Sam.

"No, thank you. I think I just want to get home so I can take a shower and relax. Gotta get up early in the morning and go to work."

"Did you sleep well?" Grandpa Ned asked.

"Yes, I did. That mattress of yours is something else. Gotta get one of those things for myself one of these days."

"Not gonna find one like that one," Sam told me. "That was his bed when he and I were kids and he's kept it up pretty well in all this time. I think he replaces all those feathers at least twice a year."

"Three times," Grandpa Ned interjected.

"Ok, three times a year," and they both laughed and I joined them.

Last night was still fresh in my mind though and I wanted to get out of there and home before I did something that I might regret later. Not that I think I'd really regret it though. The tingling between my legs had started again as soon as I'd seen them at the table, remembering what I'd witnessed in that room and, secretly, wanting to feel both those cocks.

"You ok," Sam asked.

"Yes.

"Why?"

"Just had a far away look in those beautiful eyes of yours."

"Just a quick thought," I told them.

"Let me get my things all together and then I'd like to ask one of you to walk home with me. I really should be getting home."

"Sure," Sam said. "Let me get my shorts on and I'll gladly walk with you."

"Thanks."

I went back to the bedroom, made sure the bed was made and that any mess I'd left from that night was cleaned up, went into the bathroom and roughly tussled my hair into place and then met the two of them in the living room.

There was some hurried whispering as I got there, which quickly ended as soon as I entered the room, but for some reason, I didn't pay too much attention to it.

"Ready when you are, Sam."

"Ready here, Chris."

He opened the front door for me and we both left, with Grandpa Ned standing in the doorway, watching us head to my place. When I turned around he was gone and the door was closed.

On the way to my house Sam and I just talked to each other. It wasn't anything monumental, just chit-chat. What I did at work, what my hobbies and likes were, as well as what he liked and wanted to do. I was surprised. Sam was such a nice man and I found it quite easy to just chat with him and be relaxed. I hadn't felt this way with another man since Sid. It was a shame that he was almost 60 years older than I was.

Before long we were standing on the porch of my home and were getting ready to say goodbye to each other when Sam asked if he could have a drink of water before he went back home.

"Sure," I told him. "Come on in."

"Have a seat," I told him, while I went into the kitchen to get him some ice water. After all, it was hot outside and I'm sure he was just as thirsty as I was, so I also got a glass for myself.

When I got back to the living room I was startled to find him sitting on the couch, with nothing on!!!

His huge cock hung limply between his legs, all that skin drawing my attention almost immediately.

"Just what are you doing?" I stammered.

"I saw you at the door last night, fingering that pussy of yours. I figured you wanted to see what you were missing last night, so I thought I'd show you."

I was totally speechless.

Sam got off the couch and came across the room to me, taking me in his powerful arms and gave me a huge kiss. Those full lips of his covered my mouth and he pushed his tongue into me, and I was soon sucking on it, returning the kiss with a passion I didn't realize I had.

He grabbed my hand and directed it to his crotch, notably to his dick, which was growing harder as I gripped it. While he was long, he wasn't too thick and I was able to get my fingers all the way around it. The hardness of his cock surprised me.

"How can something so hard feel so soft," I thought to myself.

It was true though. That hard cock of his had a feel of soft velvet in my hands. His black skin was so soft to the touch and I grabbed it and started to jack it up and down, feeling all that foreskin slide up and over his cock head.

Then I felt his hands on my rear end, and soon they were pushing my jogging pants down, and getting into my panties, which were already soaked with my juices.

"Damn!!!" he said.

"You're one wet girl, Chris."

I only nodded and pulled his mouth back to mine, and continued the kiss he'd started. I didn't want it to end.

Now his hands were all over my butt. He grabbed me and squeezed my cheeks, kneading my flesh with his huge hands. Man, did that feel good.

Then he took those huge hands and lifted my blouse up and over my head, taking it off and revealing my little titties to him. My nipples were standing at attention, practically begging for attention.

He got on his knees and took first one nipple and then the other into his mouth. When he was sucking one he paid attention to the other with his hands, gently twisting it to rock hardness, and causing me to moan louder. Man, his hands felt great on my goose bumpy flesh. I didn't want it to end.

"Shall we go somewhere where we can be comfortable?" he asked me.

"Let me check the door first," I replied.

"Already done," he told me. "That was the first thing I did after we came in."

With nothing else to say, I grabbed his hand and drew him to me, kissing him yet again, then pulling him down the short hallway to my bedroom.

Once there we fell on the bed and continued with our passion.

It was hard to believe I was in bed with an 80 year-old man. He seemed to have the stamina of someone my age, but then I thought about his health regimen and then forgot about it, as his mouth went to work once more on mine.

"Just lay there and let me do the work for now," he told me, and I gladly did just that.



He let me get in the middle of the bed, making sure I was comfortable, and then he once again joined me.

I admired that black body of his, already glistening with sweat, as he got on the bed and climbed on top of me.

He started by kissing me again. A deep kiss, that almost felt like he was probing for my tonsils, but it was so passionate that I could hardly believe it. It was perhaps one of the gentlest kisses I'd ever had.

When he finished his kiss he moved to my 'almost' breast, concentrating on my nipples, which still stood out on my chest, begging for more attention. Gently, he nibbled on each one, using his teeth carefully, creating an erotic sensation that I could feel all the way down to my pussy. He would pinch and caress one while sucking on the other one, making them even more sensitive to his touch.

Then he slid his tongue down to my navel, licking into it and sucking it gently, licking around the outside and then digging in. I never knew my navel could be so sensitive

After he finished there he traveled to the vee between my legs, licking the crease of each leg, bringing shivers to me. He has a very talented tongue and definitely knows how to use it to arouse me.

He gently licked on my outer lips, avoiding my pussy for the time being, and licked down to my knees, then back up again. He raised my legs, pushing them back until my knees rested on my nipples, and then used his mouth and tongue on my butt hole. He licked around my ass, up and down the crack between my ass hole and my pussy, bring a pleasure to me that I'd never experienced before. Then he opened my legs, opening my pussy before his eyes.

"Just as I like my pussy.

"Naked"

"I'm glad you like it," I gasped, not wanting him to stop.

With one hand he pushed a finger into my sopping hole, while with the other he continued to hold my legs up.

"Hold your legs open for me."

And I did. I wrapped my arms around my knees and held them up, continuing to expose myself to him.

Then he used his other hand to insert a finger into my ass.

I gasped at the entry, never having had someone do that to me before.

He then inserted a second, then a third, finger into my wet hole, pushing them as far into me as he could, until I could feel the tips of those amazing fingers touching the entrance to my cervix. He played with my cervix for a little while then pulled out, and started to concentrate on my clitoris.

He pulled his finger out of my ass and used one hand to hold me open, while using his other hand to massage my clit, drawing a deeper moan from me, pushing my pussy out to him, practically begging him to continue.

I opened my eyes and looked down my body at him, just in time to see him lower his shaved head to my pussy.

His tongue reached out and flicked my clit, causing an instant orgasm with his contact. This was the first pussy licking I'd had since Sid, and I wasn't going to stop him, either.

Next, he licked my outer lips again, slowly. He wasn't in a hurry, and frankly, neither was I. I wanted this to go on forever.

He then began to lick my inner lips, drawing his tongue over my flesh. It almost felt like he was using a feather on me down there. Then he would stick his tongue as far into me as he could and I couldn't help but think that if he didn't stop soon he'd be licking the entrance to my cervix as well. All I could do was lay there and enjoy all the feelings he was causing between my legs.

By now my bedspread was wet with my juices, as I'd been leaking ever since we got on the bed. I wasn't concerned about it though. After all, it would all wash out later.

Before I realized it, Sam plastered his mouth over my hole and began to slowly suck on my clit, flicking the end of his tongue over my sensitive bud. I couldn't help but gyrate my hips with each flick, knowing that I was going to explode in his mouth any moment.

He continued to lick and suck for what seemed like forever, causing at least 4 orgasms to rack my body and I finally had to release my legs and draw them together, pushing him back from my overly sensitive pussy.

"Enough for now," I gasped.

"Not nearly enough for now," he told me, and grabbed my legs, pulling them apart once again.

This time though, he didn't work on my pussy. Instead he pulled me to a sitting position in front of him, with his hard, black, foreskinned, cock right in front of my face.

I stared at it. Totally amazed at what I was staring at.

"Well, don't just look at it, Chris. Show me what you can do for me now."

I never even thought of what I was going to do.

Instead, I wrapped my fingers around it, pulling that amazing piece of skin up and down over his cock head, watching it cover and uncover that purple head, small drops of pre cum collecting each time. I leaned over and licked that nectar, savoring the taste on my tongue.

Then, as I continued to play with his excess skin, I pushed his cock back against his stomach and licked its length, from top to bottom and back up again. Then I licked down to his huge, hanging balls, sucking each one into my mouth, feeling it beneath his skin, and licking beneath his balls, concentrating on that strip of flesh just behind his balls.

Sid had once told me that was the most sensitive place on his whole body, and I'd not forgotten it, so I tried it on Sam and was pleased when I was greeted with a loud moan as I licked him there.

I pulled his cock forward and licked the back then, again going from bottom to top several times and then I took his cock head fully into my mouth, savoring his taste. I pulled his foreskin down, revealing the head and then stuck my tongue between his cock head and the loose skin, feeling his

shiver with pleasure as I worked orally on him.

“Damn, girl! Suck that cock!”

No need to answer him on that one.

Instead, I took more of his black cock into my mouth, continuing to bob up and down, taking more into my mouth each time.

When I felt it hit the back of my throat I held my breath and forced my mouth down until my nose was rubbing at the stubble around the base of his cock, glad that he kept himself shaved, too. He must have shaved himself that morning, cause the stubble was almost nonexistent, and I was pleased with that, since it wouldn't cause any irritation once we got down to fucking.

Since his girth wasn't so bad I was able to take him all in my mouth and throat without any ill effects. It wasn't like he was stretching me to the point of hurting. In fact, he felt good in my mouth, with my tongue constantly licking around his tool and he plunged in and out.

“I'm going to shoot,” he told me.

I nodded my head, letting him know I was ready for it.

Or, at least I thought I was ready for it.

When he did shoot his load I thought I was going to choke. The sheer volume of his cum caught me off guard and at first my gag reflex kicked in, causing me try and spit it out, but with his cock halfway in my mouth, there wasn't a lot I could do. I sure wasn't going to push him away. I desperately wanted to swallow that whole load, even when I knew I could feel some of his juices leaking out around the sides of my mouth.

If he was disappointed he didn't show it, and I was glad about that.

Once he was finished he pulled out and I used my hands to gather whatever I could from my chin and licked my fingers until it was all gone.

We lay there for a few minutes, gathering ourselves and catching our breaths.

I grabbed his balls, massaging them, while he tweaked my nipples.

“Damn, Chris, that was great!”

“Thanks, Sam. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.”

“You know it!”

That made me feel good inside. At least I knew I'd done something right tonight.

“Now, get on top of me and let me fuck that pretty white pussy of yours.”

Eagerly, I climbed on top of him, spreading my legs above his hardening cock, sliding it against my still wet lips, slowly lowering myself, feeling him entering me for the first time.

Man, it felt good to have him inside me.

Technically I was still a virgin, too. While Sid and I had used our mouths on each other, we'd never had the opportunity to go any further, so Sam was the one who finally got my cherry.

As soon as I was filled with that black cock I started to bounce up and down on his lap, feeling him inside me, enjoying the first fuck of my life. I never would've believed that having a nice hard cock to fill me up could've made me feel so good, but it did.

I was really getting into this, I never wanted it to end. As long as that black cock was inside of me I felt great. I wanted to keep it there forever. The pumping of that cock into my pussy was just unbelievable.

I watched Sam's face as he fucked into me, seeing that he was enjoying it just as much as I was. He grabbed my hips and started to thrust up into my wet hole, and I was obliging him as well. My juices continued to flow, lubricating his cock with each thrust, making it slide into me with hardly any effort of his or mine.

What in the hell had I been waiting for?

Part of me regretted that it wasn't Sid beneath me, but the other part of me was pleased that I could get an 80 year old man hard enough to fuck with the vigor that he was, and he certainly wasn't stopping. It seemed like each thrust was harder than the one before it, constantly driving deeper into me, getting the most out of this fuck.

After 3 orgasms I was almost ready to fall over with the pleasure, but Sam still hadn't cum yet, but it wasn't long before he did.

"Here it cuuuuuuuuuuuuummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm's," he hollered, thrusting into me one last time and I could feel his eruption and it flowed into me for the first time. I sat on him, holding him in me as long as I could, feeling his cum sliding out of me, down his cock and onto his loins.

I pulled off his deflating cock and took it into my mouth, wanting to clean him up. I cleaned his cock and then cleaned all that cum from the base and his belly, savoring his taste for a second time that afternoon.

Once I was finished with him I lay beside him, setting my head on his chest, gently nibbling on one of his nipples, then quietly went to sleep, feeling so good for the first time in ages.

When I eventually woke up, Sam was gone. He did leave a note in the bathroom after he cleaned up though.

"Thank you for such a wonderful time and I hope we can do it again."

There was no doubt in my mind that we would do this again.

And again!

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## **Chapter Five**

Monday morning at work was a complete blur for me. My mind kept going back to my encounter with Sam the previous day. All I could think of was that wonderful uncut black cock that I'd had all

to myself, knowing that I wanted it again.

It was still hard for me to think of Sam as being 80 years old! His body was like that of a much younger man and he certainly knew how to use his equipment.

Somewhere, in the back of my mind, I found myself thinking of Grandpa Ned in the same way, wondering what he was like in bed. Was he as good as his brother? Better? Was his cock as large as Sam's? All sorts of questions were wondering through my mind.

"Hey, girl," I heard someone behind me say. Looking back I could see it was Janie, the girl who was in the cubicle behind me.

"You look like you're in a dream world this morning. Everything ok?"

"Yeah," I answered. "Just got a lot on my mind this morning, that's all."

"Well, you look like you in another solar system, Chris."

"I've just something on my mind that won't leave me alone. That's all."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Not really," I answered. "Just thinking about a hot date I had this past weekend."

"Really?"

"Damn!" I thought to myself. "Of all the people I had to say that to, it had to be Janie."

Now, don't get me wrong. Janie's a very nice girl, but once she gets her 'hooks' into something, it's hard to distract her until the whole story is told, and I wasn't in a mood to tell her anything right now, if at all.

"You going to tell me?"

"Nope!" I laughed.

"Ok." She lowered herself behind the barrier and I could hear the creaks as she sat down in her chair.

"Be that way," she told me, over the partition.

"I will." Again I laughed at her. I knew that down inside though, Janie was plotting to get me to tell her about my date, and I thought that I might just let her know a few details later on, but not right now. After all, I still had to come to terms with it myself.

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Later that morning I called Dr. Edwards office, to see if I could move my next appointment up to this afternoon. After my weekend I thought it would be good to talk to him while the memories were still fresh in my mind.

"Let me check with his schedule," his secretary told me, then put me on hold.

I was just beginning to get frustrated with the wait when she came back on the line.

"Can you be here at 4:30? He's booked till then and we had a cancellation."

"Yes, that's fine. Thank you so much. See you then."

I hung up, already feeling a little moisture beginning to gather inside me. I could only reason that I was getting wet thinking of the weekend with Sam.

I settled back down and got the rest of my work done. After all, if I was going to have to leave early, I wanted to make sure that there wasn't anything important left on my desk for tomorrow morning. I wanted to be able to start fresh tomorrow, without anything left over from today.

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"You can go in now, Ms. Egger."

"Thank you."

I got up and entered Dr. Edward's office, with his secretary right behind me.

"I'm leaving," she told Dr. Edwards. Are you sure you'll not be needing anything else?"

"Thank you, Ms Steens. I'm quite sure that everything will be just fine. Enjoy your date. I'll see you in the morning."

"Thank you, doctor." She closed the door as she left and about 3 or 4 minutes later I heard the outer door to the office close as well.

"If you'll excuse me a minute, Chris, I'll go and make sure the office is locked up before we begin. Since you're the last patient of the day I'd like to make sure we aren't disturbed."

He left the office just long enough to make sure all was taken care of in the outer office and then he came back into the room, locking the door behind him as well.

"Now then, Chris, what can I do for you today?"

"Well, Dick," I automatically fell into using his Christian name, like he'd asked me to. It had just seemed natural and to tell you the truth, I don't think I even thought about it. "I had a wonderful weekend and I wanted to talk to you about it while it was still fresh in my mind."

"I take it that you had a good time?"

"Yes, I did. I'm just a little nervous about the whole thing though."

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, that's just it, I'm not really sure myself. I guess the fact that the man is so much older than I am is one reason."

"And just how old is he?"

"80!"

"Really?"

"Yes. I've always found myself attracted to older men, but I never thought that someone that age would get my attention."

"And just how did that happen?"

I sat there and explained the whole thing to Dick. I told him how I'd known his brother when I was younger and what Grandpa Ned had done for the kids in my neighborhood. I told him about meeting Grandpa Ned last weekend and how he'd invited me to his house to get over the despair I'd felt when the memories of Sid had come back to me, unbidden. I also told him about my night at Sam's house, but I was careful to leave out the part about finding the two brothers in bed together, sucking each other off. There were some things I didn't feel too eager to talk about just now. I decided that I might tell him about that part later, but right now decided to just withhold it.

"Well, it seems to me that you're making some progress with your life. I think this is definitely a step in the right direction for you. But, I would caution you to take it slowly. After all, you don't want to bite off more than you can handle right now."

"Hey! I'm not looking for a relationship. This just happened. I didn't ask for it, either. But, on the other hand, I'm glad it happened. I need something like this to happen for me and I'm glad that it did. Just because Sam's 80, doesn't mean I regret for one minute what happened, cause I don't. I like Sam and I'd like to continue seeing him, but as far as a relationship goes, that's not going to happen. And yes, I guess it's because of the age difference, but I can't really say that I'm hurt by it. I'm not. It just happened. I needed some attention right then and Sam was there for me.

"It felt good.

"I wanted it.

"Hell, I even think Sam wanted it to happen.

"The point is, IT DID HAPPEN!! I'm happy about it, too."

"I never said you shouldn't be, now did I?"

"No, you didn't.

"Thank you."

"Nothing to thank me for, Chris. I'm happy to see that you're feeling better about yourself."

As I sit here and talk to Chris I'm reminded of the throbbing hardness in my own pants. Just the thought of her fucking a black man, like myself, has my cock aching to be inside her. While I sit and think of the details she's already told me of how it felt to fuck someone so much older than herself, I find myself wanting to thrust my cock into her as well. That will happen shortly though. Right now I want to listen to what she has to say about her just lost virginity, greatly wishing that it had been me to have taken it from her. That's fine with me thought. I know that I can have her anytime I want her, right here in this office. Hell, I can even have her invite me to her place for a romp in her own bed, and perhaps I'll do that one of these days, but for right now I've got to be satisfied with knowing that I can control her and get her to do things that she's not even aware of.

I look up at her, see her glowing from her encounter and feeling happy about it. I can see that she's a much better person than she was just a little less than a week ago, when I first saw her here. She's got a more confident radiation about her. She's more in control of her emotions than she was right

after Sid was killed.

I look at her face and see a radiance I'd not noticed before. I just look at her and after a few minutes I tell her her Key word and watch as that radiance changes to a blank stare in her eyes, as she's under my control once more.

"Chris," I say to her. "Tell me how you really feel at this moment."

She sat there for a few minutes and I could tell that she was thinking of something.

What? I couldn't be sure. All I could do was sit and wait for her to tell me.

"I want to get undressed and suck your cock."

"I must admit, I was hoping she'd say something like that."

"You sure, Chris?"

"Yes."

I stood up and moved in front of her, as she sat on the sofa.

"You know what you want to do, Chris, so do it."

I watched as she scooted up to the edge of the sofa, reached for my belt and undid it, then lowered my zipper and let my pants fall to the floor. My cock was still rock hard in my shorts and she pulled those down as well and my cock bounced free of its restraint and practically slapped her in the face, she was that close.

She grabbed me and pulled my skin back, revealing the glob of pre cum already leaking from my hole and stuck out her tongue and licked the juice, savoring it on her tongue before swallowing it.

She entertained herself by pumping my cock up and down, pulling the loose skin up and over then down and off my cock head again and again. My foreskin seemed to fascinate her to no end and I was thrilled to just watch her and the reaction she had to it. I knew that I was feeling great and was hoping that she was as well.

With her other hand she massaged my balls, kneading them between her fingers. I loved the feel of them being handled like that and just stood there allowing her to continue.

Then she leaned forward and took my cock head into her mouth, sticking her tongue between my cock head and the loose skin, something she loved to do whenever she sucked on me, and believe me, I wasn't going to stop her, either. She moved her hand, the one she'd held my cock with, and moved it between her legs.

She was still dressed and she was stimulating herself through her clothing.

"If you'd like to get undressed, Chris, we can stop long enough."

Without saying anything, she stopped sucking on me and began to get her clothing off. She stood up and removed her blouse and pants and then her sports bra and panties, revealing to me once again her hairless cunt, already glistening with her running juices, that were already beginning to leave a trail down her inner legs and her excess juices started to run down her legs. Then she sat down



again and returned her full attention to my hardness.

She ran her tongue down the front and then the back of my cock, sucking on my loose skin as it dimpled at the top of my cock head. She pulled with her teeth and nibbled on it as well, causing me to moan at the pleasure I was beginning to feel. She leaned in closer and took my balls into her mouth, one at a time, rolling them around in her warmth and licking them with her tongue. Then she licked just below my balls, in that place that I love to feel her attention, causing my cock to get even harder.

She sat back on the sofa, spreading her legs. Then she reached out and pulled my shirt to her, drawing me closer as well.

“Eat me!” she told me

“What?”

“I said, EAT ME!!” she yelled.

I got down on my knees and asked her to pull herself open for me, which she gladly did.

I looked down at her hairless cunt, glistening with her running juices, and knew that I wanted to do this as much as she wanted me to. I eagerly lowered my mouth to her hole, sticking out my own tongue and licking along the outer lips, tasting her cum for the first time that day. It was an amazing taste, too. Not quite salty and not quite tangy, but more of a combination of both. Then there was the aroma of not only her feminine essence, but also of the perfume she’d dabbed herself with and the combination of the two only made me want to eat her more.

It’s amazing how the scent of a woman can drive a man to do things he’d never thought of before, and yet here I was, starting to lick her out and savor her taste on my taste buds.

The smoothness of her lips surprised me. I never thought a shaved pussy could feel so good.

Then I remembered that she’d told me that she’s used had all her hair electronically removed. Damned if I could remember the right word right then, but my attention WAS elsewhere.

I paid attention to her outer lips for a long time, both licking and sucking on them then I began to focus on her inner lips and her extended clitoris, licking and sucking on both. Her inner lips were quite slippery with her abundant juices flowing freely for me to enjoy. At times it was almost like I was taking a drink directly from her pussy, as her juices flowed almost like water, at times almost overpowering me with the abundance of leakage.

I pulled her clit into my mouth and sucked on it, rubbing the tip with my tongue, eliciting loud moans from her as she came in my mouth as I continued to administer to her.

At one point she wrapped her legs around my head and pulled her deeper into her hole, trying to pull me inside of her. At first I tried to fight it, but soon learned that the more I pulled against her, the more she wrapped those wonderful legs around my head. I didn’t want to get hurt, or to hurt her, either, so I just relaxed and let her control the situation.

I think she came at least 6 times while I orally manipulated her clitoris and lips, and her juices were continually flowing the whole time as well.

When I finally pulled my face from her cunt I could feel the excess juices streaming down my face





I finished my notes and look at her again, remembering how it felt to have had her right here in this office, knowing that I'd experience her again. Not regretting it one bit and looking forward to the next time.

"Well, I guess we are finished for tonight. Thank you for calling and coming in."

"I didn't know if you'd see me without an appointment, Dick, but I'm glad you did. I really did need to talk to someone tonight."

"Chris, it's never a problem. Whenever you feel the need to talk all you have to do is call the office and I've already instructed my secretary to work you in."

"Thank you, Dick. I do appreciate it very much."

We went into the outer office and I unlocked the outer door, opening it for her. She left, but turned to face me one more time.

"Thanks again."

Then she headed towards the elevators and I shut the door, locking it once more. It was time to close up and head home myself.

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## **Chapter Six**

I had another visit to the doctor today, but this time not with Dr. Edwards. This time I had a visit planned with my OB-Gyn, Dr. Nancie Wray. I was due for my yearly physical and it seemed as good a time as any other, besides, I had to see about getting on some sort of birth control. After all, with my new awareness of my sexuality comes the responsibility of making sure I didn't get pregnant.

I had to wait approximately 25 minutes in her outer office before being called to the examination room. Once there the nurse had me strip and put on that next-to-nothing gown that we all hate to wear. You know the one, with the opening all way up your back, where your ass shows with just the slightest movement on your part.

The exam went like all the others had in the past 3 years, but this time Dr. Wray had a quizzical look on her face.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"I'm not sure right now, Chris. I want to do a sonogram. To be sure, she added. If you've got the time I'd like to do it now."

"Sure," I told her.

She did her other test and I was asked to get dressed and wait in Dr. Wray's office, which is what I did. It seemed like I sat in that office for an hour before she finally came in and sat down behind her desk, my file opened on the desk in front of her. She read the test results and then looked up at me.

"Well?" I asked.

"The good news is you won't be needing those birth control pills," she told me.

“And? The bad news?”

“Let me ask you something first.”

“Ok.”

“How’s your period?”

“What do you mean?”

“Are you regular? Irregular?”

That was a new one. I’d never thought too much about my periods.

“To tell the truth,” I started, “I hardly have one at all any more. I think the last time I had one was about 3 months ago. Why?”

“We’ll get to that in a minute, Ok?”

“So tell me this, has your period always been so irregular?”

“For as long as I can remember. I can’t ever remember having one on a monthly basis. It’s always been like every three or four months before I had one. I used to worry about it but got so use to them being that way that I soon forgot about it.

“Should I have been worried?”

“No, you shouldn’t have. Irregular periods are not that uncommon. In fact, for someone who’s not sexually active, that can be the norm.

“Are you still a virgin?”

Now I WAS embarrassed.

“No.”

“No need to get so red, dear. It’s a normal question in my profession.”

We both laughed lightly. More to relieve the tension than anything else.

“Ok. Now to my test results.

“First of all, I don’t want to alarm you, or make you nervous.”

“Too late for that,” I told her.

“It’s ok, Chris. It really is.

“After running the new test, my prognosis is right. You’re unable to get pregnant.”

Surprise doesn’t even begin to tell you what I felt at that particular moment.

“What do you mean, I can’t get pregnant?” I asked her.

“First things first, ok?”

I was getting tired of all the waiting, but went along. I nodded to her.

“You know why women have periods, don’t you?”

“Isn’t it nature’s way of cleaning out your uterus?”

“That’s one way to look at it. You know that women produce eggs during a certain time of the month and that those eggs eventually settle into the uterus, attach themselves to the uterine lining, and then the pregnancy starts. If the egg is unfertilized it’s ‘tossed’ out of the uterus by a discharge of blood, thus cleaning the inside of the uterus and preparing itself for the next month.”

“ok.”

“Well, where your ovaries are supposed to be located...”

“Hey! What do you mean by ‘supposed to be located’?”

“Your ovaries are there, Chris. They’re just not functional.”

“You mean I’m sterile?”

“In a manner of speaking, yes.”

Now I was numb!

“What I found from the sonogram is that while your ovaries are there, what’s actually inside each one is not the egg production that’s supposed to be taking place. Instead, I found multiple lumps in each one. This means that there’s no way you can produce the eggs you need to get pregnant.”

“It’s not cancer, is it?”

“Heavens, no!”

I was relieved to hear that.

“Can it be corrected?” I asked.

“I’m afraid not.”

For some strange reason I felt more relief than sorrow. In fact, there was no sorrow in me at all. I’ve never considered myself to be parental anyway, and I guess this is just mother nature’s way of letting me know that I’d never have children. Took a lot off my mind at that point.

“Are you ok?” Dr. Wray asked.

“Amazingly, I am.” And I was!

“I’m going to give you some medication to take. They’re just some hormones to help your body. Once your system gets used to them you should be fine.”

“What are the side effects?”

“Surprisingly, very little. Until your body gets use to the medication you’ll be tired for a while, but that’ll pass. It should take about two or three weeks for them to fully work on your body and you’ll

have to take them for the rest of your life, but we'll be able to cut back on the initial dosage after the first four weeks. You should be fine though."

We sat there and discussed some other personal issues I'd seen her about in the past and in about 30 more minutes we were finished and I left her office to return to work.

Thank goodness it was late in the afternoon and I wouldn't have to stay at work much longer. I had a lot to think about and I wanted to stop at Grandpa Ned's and Sam's place on the way home to talk to both of them.

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After I left Dr. Wray's office I walked around the buildings immediately downtown, which was only a few blocks from the office. There's a small park in the center of town with a beautiful fountain that I like to sit next to and just watch the water, the ducks, the doves practically begging for peanuts from those sitting there, and the children playing on the playground equipment.

Around here the populace seem to get along with each other. There's no 'black/white' issue and everyone seems happy with that, so I am, as well. I've never considered myself a 'racist' and I'm happy to share my 'space' where ever I sit, with someone else. We chat, we ignore each other, just whatever happens... happens. Nothing too serious, nothing too trivial. I love this community I've settled in and don't think I'd be as happy anywhere else.

As I continued to sit there the sky got cloudier and the weather began to get darker. By darker, I mean that the cloud covering was getting darker, threatening rain. And here I was, in the part without my umbrella! Oh well, I'd walked in the rain plenty of times, and I had no problem doing it again, if I had to.

When I finally got to Grandpa Ned's and Sam's house it was almost 7 pm and I could see the lights on in their living room. I gently knocked on the door and waited.

When the door opened it was Grandpa Ned standing there.

"Hello, Chris," he greeted me, and motioned for me to follow him into the living room. After he closed the door he stuck his head in the room and told me that he had to check on Samuel and would be right with me.

"I hope he's ok," I told him.

"Thank you," came the reply, as he was already heading down the short hallway to his brother's room.

About fifteen minutes later he reentered the living room and sat on the sofa across from me. I could see a sad look on his face and I guessed that Sam wasn't doing too well.

"Samuel's not having a good day, today," he told me.

"But he looked so good to me the other day," I replied.

"He has his good days, as well as his bad days. Thankfully the bad days aren't too often and we've learned to take it a day at a time. I think we both prefer it that way and we try our best not to dwell on what's going on, though we both know what's happening and what's gonna happen in the future.

We're just not sure when that future is going to get here, and quite frankly, I'm in no hurry to see it arrive, and neither is Sam."

I could understand that.

As I said earlier, I've known Grandpa Ned almost all my life and he always seemed a compassionate man, not only for his family, but for his friends as well. I can remember how he took care of the kids in the neighborhood and I'm sure he still felt that way.

"Samuel told me about the cancer about six years ago. We had no idea of how bad it would eventually get and we all hoped that he'd just go into remission and that he'd pass on without it flaring up again. Turns out we were wrong on that part.

"This is the third remission he's been through and it's also the worse. He took up body building about four years ago, as a way to build up his body to fight the cancer. At one time he traveled to Canada for medicines he couldn't get here. Once, for about 18 months, he moved to Mexico, to get treatment and medications he couldn't get here. He's proud of his body and how well he's taken care of it. He acts like the cancer is in another remission and, if you ask him, he'll tell you that it is, but we've both known for almost a year what was really happening.

"He's been on chemo now for about 4 weeks, with another 4 weeks to go."

"He looks mighty good for someone on chemo," I told him. I've know a few people on chemo that didn't look nearly as good as Sam does, even after their remission returned. They all had that 'cancer look' to them. In their defense though, they never talked about their illnesses, either. They all seemed happy with where they were in their lives and not one of them regretted anything they'd had to do to try to stay alive. They all fought to the end for what little bit of time they had left. I respected them all for that."

"Samuel's the same way, Chris. He really is. His pride is something he's very guarded about and he's not ashamed to let anyone know that."

"Just how bad is he?" I asked.

"If it's like the last couple of times he'll be down for 3 or 4 days and then he'll suddenly be right back up again, acting as though nothing has happened. He'll wait a couple of days and then hit the gym again and start with the weights and the pushups, the chin ups, the sit ups and all that other stuff he does to keep his mind off the cancer.

"He's a tough fighter and I love him dearly. He's all I have left now and I'm going to fight with him just as much as I'll fight for him. I'd give him anything I could to help him. If he needed a kidney he'd be welcome to one of mine, if I was a match."

"I've seen how close the two of you are," I told him.

He looked at me for a moment, and I could see the conflict in his eyes. I could almost read his mind, "Is she talking about what Sam and I did last week while she was here?"

"I saw the two of you that night," I told him. The relief on his face was like someone let the air out of a balloon. Yet he seemed relieved, too. Almost glad that someone else, besides Sam that is, knew what the two of them did.

"Like I said, we've always been close. You're the only one, besides the two of us that is, that knows



just how close we are.”

“I can understand why you wouldn’t mention it to anyone.”

“You know what they’d have done to me back home if they knew any of this?” he asked.

“Yes. You’d have never been able to watch the kids like you did.

“Tell me though, why did you like watching us?”

“I’ve always loved kids. I’ve always wanted to help them in any way I could. I guess that by watching them for the working parents I was doing what I loved the most. I wanted to protect them from the world out there. A world that doesn’t seem to really care about what happens to kids. A world where others love to prey on the kids of the world, not caring what they do to them or how they do it. I’ve seen a lot of kids abused, not only by strangers, but by their own parents as well, and I wanted to make the kids of the neighborhood feel like they had someone they could talk to if they needed to.

“I think I had the trust of not only the kids, but also the parents as well. They knew that I’d never do anything to hurt their kids.

“Yes, Samuel and I share an intimacy that other brothers normally don’t. I don’t deny it. Hell, no one’s ever asked me. No one knew and I meant to keep it that way. That’s why Samuel lived here and I lived 4 hours away. I would visit him at least twice a month, we’d do as we always did when we got together, but it never went beyond these walls. We’re a private family and we tend to keep it that way.”

“Why did you risk that privacy that night I stayed here?” I asked. I just had to know.

“To tell the truth, Chris, I don’t think we even considered the consequences. Yes, we knew you were in the other bedroom, but our need for each other outweighed our privacy that night and we did what we always do.”

“You’ve nothing to fear from me, Grandpa Ned,” I told him. “Your secret’s safe with me.”

“I think we both knew even then that we could trust you. I guess that’s why we didn’t hold back that night. If you did happen to see us, who would believe you anyway? We’re well established here and you’re still a relative newcomer. No offense,” he said.

“None taken,” I answered.

Then I told him about the day Sam walked me home. It didn’t surprise me that he already knew. I was sure Sam would tell him.

“Samuel told me that night what happened. He told me that it just happened and that he didn’t regret it at all. Told me you were the best piece of white ass he’d ever had!”

We both laughed and I could feel whatever tension had been in the room disappear.

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## **Chapter Seven**

I never did have my threesome with Grandpa Ned and Sam.

About 3 weeks after Sam had left the hospital, he returned. This time the only way he'd be leaving was under a full-body sheet. His cancer had finally gotten him and he'd passed away. Grandpa Ned did tell me that he went in his sleep, so I'm thankful that there wasn't too much pain involved for him. His chemo had worked to a degree, but the cancer was too far advanced this time.

After the funeral I let my family, and Grandpa Ned, know that I was moving to Florida. I'd been offered a job with a company in the Tampa area and it was something that I felt I couldn't pass up. So I packed up my things, told everyone goodbye, and left.

I didn't have to report for another two weeks, but I wanted to drive down myself and then find an apartment before I had to go to work. That way I'd be a little settled in when I did have to go to work. It surprised me at how much the thought of work excited me.

I was expecting to have a travel time of around 3 days, so I wasn't exactly in a hurry to get there. Besides, I had some friends in Georgia I wanted to see on the way down. Leslie had been another one of my best friends in school and, after she graduated, her family moved to Savannah and she got a job down there. A couple of years ago I'd gotten an e-mail letting me know that she'd gotten married and I was looking forward to meeting her husband and family.

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Leslie now lived in a small town on the Georgia-Florida border. After her wedding her husband had been transferred to Florida and naturally she went with him. Darsey was just over the Georgia border, barely into Florida, situated north of Tallahassee. She had told me it was a small place and a very nice place to live. I knew she had gotten married, but that was it.

We'd kept in touch off and on throughout our lives, but I think the last time we actually talked to each other was about 5 years ago, just before her husband had proposed to her. In fact, she'd also called me the next day to let me know he had popped the question and she'd accepted. I was happy for her but let her know I'd not be able to get to her wedding, as things were complicated in my life at that particular time. I think she understood. Three months later she sent me several e-mails with pictures from the wedding.

Two months after the wedding I got a frantic call from Leslie's mother, letting me know that Tom, her son-in-law, had been killed in a traffic accident.

Memories of Sid passed through my mind, bringing tears to my eyes. I'd really cared for him (Well, actually I think I was starting to fall in love with him).

Needless to say, I was floored and I did get to Darsey for the funeral and Leslie seemed to be holding up quite well. After the services we had set in her living room and I'd told her all about the things that had happened in my life and how I'd also lost someone I'd loved. Needless to say I didn't actually go into the 'details' of the events, but I only wanted to let her know that I completely understood what she was going through at that time. I think she appreciated my input and I returned home a couple days later.

From that point on we exchanged e-mails a couple of times a week. When I let her know about the job opportunity in Tampa she was happy. She was really happy when I told her I'd be stopping by on my way down, for a visit of a couple of days.

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Once I'd gotten into Darsey I called Leslie to let her know where I was. To my surprise I found that I

was only a couple of miles from her place and she gave me directions, which I wrote down, and in only twenty minutes I pulled up into her driveway and got out.

By the time I'd reached the carport door she was outside the house, hollering in her high-pitched voice, happy to see me again. We gave each other a huge hug and a kiss and wrapped our arms around each other.

It was good to see her again.

We went into the house, which was huge compared to what I was use to, and she directed me into the living room while she got us both a tall, cold glass of iced tea.

After I'd set on the spacious sofa in the room Leslie entered and sat down right next to me. I graciously accepted the iced tea and gulped down almost half of it. I hadn't realized how thirsty I was and it tasted so good, too.

Both of us started chattering at the same time, realized what we'd done, and broke out laughing. God, it felt good to laugh with someone again, especially a female friend. It had definately been a long time since that had happened. I told her, too.

"You remember Eva, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course I do! I was so sorry to hear about her accident!"

"I know. We had been close and when I heard about it I ended up in the hospital for a few days. Would you believe I actually passed out when I first heard about the accident?"

"Really?"

"Yep."

"Were the two of you close?" she innocently asked me.

Again, memories flooded my mind and I actually felt the tears become to swell behind my eyes.

"Yes," I managed to croak, stuffing the tears back. Or at least I tried to. Without meaning to, they started to flow down my cheeks and before I could control them I found my head on Leslie's shoulder, crying like I hadn't cried in years.

Talk about a good friend! Leslie just sat there and let me have my cry. She never asked any questions and I was thankful for that. Once I composed myself, I was able to sit back up and I gratefully took the offered hankkerchief and wiped my eyes and blew my nose.

"Thank you," was all I could manage to tell her.

"You're more then welcome, Chris. I do understand."

I knew she did and I think that's what made me appreciate her presence all the more at that time.

Leslie placed her hand on my upper leg while she continued to console me, and I never paid any attention to it.

"Just how 'close' were you and Eva?" she asked.

“Closer than I’ve wanted to admit to anyone,” I replied.

She sat there and looked deeply into my eyes. I felt like I was being quizzed for a moment, but then the look softened and Leslie moved in closer to me.

Before I realized what was happening, Leslie was kissing me!

Not just as a friend, either.

This kiss was something I’d not experienced by another woman since my one and only time with Eva, back in our ‘secret hideout’ all those years ago.

I managed to push her back, asking “What are you doing?”

She just looked at me, that fondness in her eyes again, and told me, “Eva and I also had a ‘special’ relationship. I could tell by the way you talked about her that you’d also experienced that ‘special’ relationship with her as well.”

“Leslie! I didn’t know you liked to be with women!”

To say I was surprised would be an understatement.

“I’ve been with both men and women, dear. While I prefer men I do enjoy a tryst with a woman once in a while.”

Again, she leaned in close and kissed me.

I returned that kiss this time. We clung to each other like we didn’t want to let each other go and in no time I felt her hands on my chest and I returned the favor by caressing hers as well.

I’d always been embarrassed by my small breasts, but now that didn’t seem to bother me, once I realized that Leslie’s weren’t much larger than mine. In fact, I think hers were somewhat smaller than mine. I pinched her nipples through her blouse, realizing for the first time that, like me, she wasn’t wearing a bra. Guess when you don’t really need the support the support isn’t really needed!

In no time we’d gotten to the point where our blouses were raised above our breasts and we were opening fondeling each others nipples, bring them to a hardness I know I hadn’t felt in a long time. And, when she lowered her mouth to my nipples for the first time, I let out a moan that could’ve shaken the whole house! Her mouth felt that good on me.

I reached my hand down to her crotch and began to move my fingers against the fabric of her shorts, wanting to get into her pants and feel my fingers between her lips and push them deep into her entrance, which I was already imagining were dripping with her flowing juices.

Leslie raised up her head, grabbed my head, and pulled me to her chest, where I began to lick and suck on her hard nipples, eliciting loud moans from her mouth as well.

Needless to say, we were both enjoying the moment.

When we both came up to catch our breaths she suggested we retreat to her bedroom, and I readily agreed with her on that one.

On the way we both got out of the rest of our clothing, making sure to take it with us, and we ended up on her waterbed, where the rolling of the water beneath us only added to the enjoyment of our

bodies rolling against each other as we got into a 69 position and began to nibble on each other in earnest.

I found that she also kept her twat shaved and smooth and it felt good to once again stab my tongue into a woman's wet box, enjoying the taste of another female on my tongue and I worked inside her, savoring her juices for the first time.

Leslie was also working on my twat at the same time.

I could feel her tongue as she glided it against my outer lips and gently nibbled them with her teeth. She guided her mouth around the outside of my mound, licking my skin and getting a taste of her own. She forced her elbows between my legs, causing me to open them wider for her, to where she could get a good look directly into me and I did the same to her. It was tough at first, with me being on the bottom, but we managed it just the same and we both attacked each other with a wild abandon.

For a while we did the same things to each other, at the same time. When I would bite on her outer lips, she'd do the same to me. When she would lick my clitoris, I would do the same to her as well.

After a few minutes of getting to know each other though, we both settled down to what we each wanted to do to the other and we soon had our mouths working on the pussy in front of us.

At one time I completely wrapped my arms around her legs, pulling her butt down into my face, and began to lick around her asshole, causing a sharp just from Leslie. Apparently she'd never had anyone lick her there before and I could tell that she was enjoying it on her ass as much as she did on her pussy.

"Nice," I thought to myself.

I was hoping she would take the hint and do the same thing to me, but she never did. That was fine though, as I was enjoying the feeling of her tongue deep inside of me and having my asshole licked was the farthest thing on my mind at that particular time. My hips were gyrating all around the bed, causing the water to bounce even more, which in turn caused her tongue to explore even deeper into me. The bouncing of the water also affected my oral ministrations, as my head would also bounce higher, driving my tongue and mouth deeper and harder into her pussy.

My pussy was leaking profusely, as was Leslie's. I could already feel the wetness beneath my ass on the sheet. I know that I leak a lot when I'm excited, but this time I felt like I was pouring more from me than I had in the past.

Memories of Eva passed through my mind, as Leslie continued to lick and suck on my clit, causing multiple orgasms to erupt from within my loins.

Leslie didn't seem to have an much liquid between her legs as I did though. It almost felt like I was actually drilling between her legs to elicit more of her tasty juices into my mouth. For a moment I pictured an oil drill, working to get more oil out of the ground. I had to chuckle to myself on that one.

After about thirty minutes we finally fell apart on the bed and let the motion of the water subside, easing us to a settled position on the mattress, where we both began to catch our breaths.

"WOW!" was what I heard from Leslie.

"I know what you mean, Les," I told her.

"I haven't felt anything like that in years," she told me.

"Really?"

"Yes. The last time I was in bed with a woman was with my mother-in-law, only a few months after Tom and I got married."

I looked at her.

"You're kidding? Right?"

"Nope."

"You actually had sex with your mother-in-law?"

"Sure did. And I have to tell you, it was one of the best sex romps I'd had in years, too!"

"But, your mother-in-law?"

"I know. Weird, isn't it?"

"To say the least," I replied.

"Well, she got it started and for a few weeks we were hot and heavy with each other. I never could figure out why she stopped though. I was having a blast with her, and I thought she was having a good time with me, as well."

"Did you every find out why she stopped?"

"Nope. I've never asked her about it, either."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Guess it never came up."

"And you can live with that?"

"I guess so. If Mona were to come over today though and want to get in the sack with me again, I'd do it again in a heartbeat!"

"Wow!" was all I could say, again.

She looked to her side of the bed, to the clock I suppose, and only realized then what time it was. She got out of bed and started to get dressed again.

"Well, don't just sit there, get up and get your clothes on, Chris!"

"Why? You in a hurry to do something?" I laughed.

"My son with be home in fifteen minutes and I don't want him to see his mother naked with another woman!"

"You have a son?" I asked, surprised at the revelation.

"Yes. He'll be 3 in October."

"I didn't know that. Why haven't you told me?"

"Guess I wanted to surprise you. I've also remarried," she said sort of off handed, again catching me by surprise.

"Married?" I yelled, happy for her.

"Yes. Four years ago."

"Who is he? What does he do? When will I get to meet him?" Needless to say, I was full of questions all of a sudden.

Leslie laughed at me.

"Don't worry, Chris. You'll get to meet him when he gets home. Right now he's in Miami on business and should be home sometime tomorrow morning. I really do want you to meet him, I think you'll like him."

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We were sitting on the back porch, drinking more iced tea, when the little black boy came into the back yard. He dropped his things on the lawn chair and came up onto the porch, ran up to Leslie, hugged and kissed her on the cheek and told her, "Hi, Mom!"

I think I almost choked on my tea!

I remember spitting it out from the surprise, and then having to recover and wipe the tea from my chin and the front of my blouse.

Leslie looked at me and laughed, handing me a spare towel to use to wipe up the mess, both from me and the table in front of me.

"You ok, Chris?" she asked.

After a few minutes, to recover my composure, I answered, "Yes. I think so."

"Chris, I want to introduce you to my son, Clive. Clive," she indicated to the boy, "This is my best friend, Chris. We've known each other since we were your age."

"Hello," was all the boy could say. I could see that he was surprised to see someone new at his house, especially a woman who had just made a fool of herself. In a few minutes he started laughing with his mother, and I have to admit, I must have looked awful silly sitting there after spewing tea from my mouth and nose with the surprise. I joined them in the laughter and soon after that it all appeared to be all right.

Leslie kissed Clive on his cheek and told him to get his books and put them in his room, which he did and soon disappeared into the house.

"By the way, did I tell you that my husband, Jake, is black? she laughed.

"No! I think I'd remember that bit of information," I answered, again laughing at the situation.

"Now I think we can both see why your former mother-in-law is no longer interested in you," I told her.

"You think so?" Leslie asked.

"Yes, I do."

"What gives you that idea?"

"Let me ask, how long after Tom died did you start seeing Jake?"

She had to think about that one for a moment.

"About eight months after the accident. Why?"

"When did your mother-in-law quit being sexually interested in you?"

Again, she had to think about it before answering.

"I'd guess it was about a month or so after Jake and I started dating."

Then I could see the proverbial light bulb go off over her head. She finally put two and two together and came up with the right answer.

"You think she's being racial?" she blurted out, suddenly surprised at her own answer.

"Since I've never met the woman, that would be hard for me to answer, but it appears to be that way. Maybe she's pissed off that you're not only seeing another man less than a year after she lost her son, but you're also dating, eventually marrying a black man. You mean you didn't see that at the beginning?"

"I never thought about it that way."

"How many times have you heard from her since you and Jake got married?"

"To tell you the truth, I haven't heard from her at all." Now I could really see those brain gears working in her head. "Well, damn! I never figured her to be racist. Never would've thought of it if you hadn't mentioned it, either."

"Hey, people do weird things in their lives. Believe me, I know." I then proceeded to tell her all about Sid, Grandpa Ned and Sam, as well as the other things that had happened in my life. "Believe me, Les, people can do strange things, and then they hold you accountable for them, even though they're beyond your control. They tend to hold people up to different standards, and compare them with themselves. When you're found 'wanting' then they tend to cut you off and continue with their lives like nothing ever happened. I know. I've been there a number of times in my life. I've learned to live with them. I've learned not to judge people by their actions. If I like them, I continue to like them. If we continue with contact between us, then I continue with it as well. I see no need to shut people out of my life because of the things they've done or how they've reacted to situations around them. Even if those situations are beyond their control. You have to live life the way you want to, get along with those around you, and, most of all, learn not to let those others impose their judgements onto you. Life is too short. Live it to the fullest and enjoy all the wonderful things you have."

"You really feel that way?"



"Yes, I do.

"I've had a lot of things happen to me in the past couple of years. If I'd let them all get to me I'd have turned out to be a nervous wreck by now."

"How do you handle it all," she asked me.

"You really want to know?"

"Yes, I do. But let me get us some more tea and check on Clive before you continue. OK?"

"Sure. I'll be here." We both laughed and she disappeared into the kitchen to refresh our drinks and to make sure Clive was behaving himself.

While I was alone I decided to get up and walk around in the back yard. I was surprised just how big it was, too. There was the swing set for Clive to play on, and a nice picnic area, complete with a brick barbecue grill. In one corner I saw a nice above-ground swimming pool and, in the farthest corner of the yard, a large fenced in dog yard. In the yard was a huge great dane, whom I later found out was named Hugo. He let me reach through the fence and pet him. He seemed like one big baby, eager for the attention.

"He doesn't bite," I heard from behind me.

I turned around and saw Les coming from the house, two glasses of tea in hand, walking toward me. She handed me the glass and I took a quick sip. This southern summer heat was getting to me and I was really thirsty.

"Hugo's been a part of the family for almost 5 years now. He's just a big baby, aren't you?" She was directing the question toward the dog, and his tail was wagging a mile-a-minute. "We use to keep him in the house, when he was much smaller that is. As he got bigger though we found it was best to fix up a place in the yard for him and we try to make it as comfortable for him as we can."

It was then that I noticed his 'dog house'. The building was quite large and had a flap hanging over the door, like the ones you usually see over large refrigerated areas which let people walk into the areas without having to open and close doors.

"We keep his house air-conditioned in the summer," Les told me. "With his size he needs it in the hot weather, especially since we can't keep him in the house anymore. In the winter it also has heating, so he's quite comfortable all year long."

"First time I've ever seen a dog house with air and heating," I laughed.

"Believe me, Chris, it's for our welfare as well as his. Clive just loves that dog and he'd be completely heart-broken if anything were to happen to him, and to tell you the truth, so would I."

It would be only when I returned for my summer vacation the next year that I would find out what Les had meant by that comment. But, I would find out in a big way.

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I had to leave the next day and continue on to Tampa. I still wanted to get there early and find an apartment and get settled in before reporting for my first day of work. Les convinced me to wait at least until Jake got home so I could meet him, so I gave in and waited.

After Clive went to school we had one last romp in her bed, enjoying the taste of each other once more, savoring something that I knew I'd be back for the following year, and enjoying the closeness and intimate feelings you can only feel with another woman.

We had just gotten out of a shared shower and gotten dressed when Leslie heard Jake's SUV pull into the driveway, and we both rushed downstairs to greet him.

When he came through the door Les practically knocked him over by throwing herself at him. She smothered him with hugs and kisses, like she'd not seen him in years, rather than only a few days. Then she grabbed him by the hand and pulled him into the den, where she introduced us to each other.

Jake stuck out his broad hand, to shake mine, and I gladly accepted and gave him a strong shake in return. My father used to get mad at me for not returning a more 'lady-like' hand-shake, but I always wanted to return the favor, no matter who I was shaking hand with. I found that it got me a little more respect, and I was always glad for that. It proved to me, for my own benefit, that I could stand in there with the 'big boys' and hold my own, and that's what I continued to do.

I'd only met one other black man who was darker than Jake. That was Dr. Edwards back home. At that time I'd thought that Dr. Edwards was the blackest man I would ever know, but now I could see that Jake was a close second. He was taller than Leslie, standing just a couple inches above her, with a strong build, the sweetest brown eyes I'd ever seen on a man, and he kept his hair cut short, not the style that was in now by being clean shaved on his head. To tell the truth, I prefer a black man with his hair instead of a shaved head. In my mind I'd already undressed him and was happy with what I imagined he would look like without anything on. I think I was slightly embarrassed with my thought, but I don't think it showed. Still, I couldn't help but wonder what the man would be like in bed. I shook off the feeling and greeted my friend's husband.

"Hello, Jake," I told him. "Les has told me a lot about you and I'm happy to finally get the chance to actually meet you in person. From Les' point of view you're much bigger and I can see why. She's so happy and it's comes out whenever she's talked to me about you."

"Why thank you, Chris. I have to say though, Les had not told me anything about you at all."

We all laughed.

"Well, honey," Les replied, "Chris and I haven't seen each other in years. We do send e-mails to each other, but this is the first time she's been down this way. In fact, she only stopped by on her way to Tampa for a new job."

"Tampa, you say?" Jake asked

"Yes. I'll be working with the owner of a construction company down there. I applied for the job almost a year ago and had been hoping to eventually get asked to join the group."

"Just what do you do, Chris?" Jake asked me.

"I'm a structural engineer."

That seemed to surprise him a lot. I could see that he was impressed though, and that made me feel good. Not too many men wanted to accept a woman into the field and I'd had to fight tooth-and-nail to remain in the running for the job.

"Who will you be working for down there? I know a few construction companies there."

"You do?" I asked.

"Yes, I do. I have my own construction company right here in Darsey and I do occasional jobs in the lower part of the state."

"Bachman Brothers Construction," I told him.

"You don't mean old Dean Bachman, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I'll be working directly with him, as a matter of fact."

"Well I'll be damned!" he laughed.

"What's so funny," Les asked him and we both looked at each other with a puzzled look on our faces.

"Old Dean and I graduated from FSU together, with the same degree!"

Now we all just looked at each other and laughed.

"Dean had been telling me of this hotshot woman he was going to hire. Told me she was supposed to have a pretty good reputation, too."

"Did he now?" I asked.

"Hey, all the man's done is brag about this new woman that was going to make his life easier. And imagine, I now actually know who he's talking about."

"I'm looking forward to meeting him, Jake. Please though, don't let him know that you know me. I want to see what he's like on his own and get to know him personally before I let him know that I know you and your wife. OK?"

"Sure, Chris. I can do that. Besides, Les would kill me if I messed this up for you. Wouldn't you, babe?"

Leslie playfully jabbed him in the chest and we all laughed about it. I could tell that Leslie and Jake were going to be good friends while I was down here and I was so glad that we'd managed to hit it off again after all these years. We looked at each other, winked, and laughed to ourselves. What Jake didn't know wouldn't hurt him, now would it?

"Well, I hate to greet and run, but I have to hit the road to get to Tampa. I want to find an apartment and get settled in by the weekend. I have to be at work on Monday and I want to rest up for a while first."

I shook hands with Jake again, said goodbye to Clive and Leslie walked me out to my car.

"What do you think of him, Chris?" she asked me.

"I think he's adorable, Les. You've done a good job with him and I'm happy for you."

We hugged each other and I could tell that she was indeed happy with Jake and their son.

"When will you be back, Chris?" She asked.

"I'll do my best to get back here next summer, but in the meanwhile we can still keep in touch through e-mail, and once I get all settled in I'll give you a call and give you my phone number so we can also talk once in a while. OK?"

"Great!"

While we were giving each other our final hug I managed to whisper a question to her.

"Is he as good in bed as I imagine he is?"

Without any hesitation whatsoever, she answered, "The best? If you behave yourself, Chris, you might actually get to find out yourself!"

At which point I pushed back slightly and stared into her eyes.

"You're kidding, aren't you?" I was astounded by her remark, but also curious at the same time.

"Oh, didn't I tell you. We both swing!"

At that she turned and went back to the house, where she stood in the doorway, her arms wrapped around Jake's waist, and waved goodbye to me. So did Jake.

Now I knew for sure that I would be back in the summer. There wasn't any way I wasn't coming back if it meant I'd get a taste of that hunk my girlfriend was married to.

I got in my car, backed out of the driveway and continued my trip to Tampa and my future.

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## **Chapter Eight**

I got into Tampa late the next day. I hadn't meant to take so long, but the weather was so nice that I decided to do some sightseeing during the drive. Since I'd never been to Florida before the entire state just amazed me. The weather was the one selling point as far as I was concerned though. With sunny weather for most of the year, with an occasional hurricane thrown in just for the hell of it, I thought I could've done worse. Like moved to California for example! I don't think I could put up with the constant threats of earthquakes.

I spent the evening in a Holiday Inn just about half a mile from the airport and immediately went to my room, taking only what I'd have to have the next day, and then crashed. I didn't realize I was so tired until I spied the bed and my eyes got so heavy that I didn't even get in the shower first. I just stripped out of my clothes, pulled back the covers, and crashed.

The next morning I was awake before 9 am. I did get in the shower and realized just how much better I felt after I got out and dried myself. I turned around and admired my body in the body-length mirror on the wall behind me. I was still slim and had a good looking body. I rubbed my hands over my butt, feeling the tightness in my cheeks and smiled to myself, "Not bad, kiddo. Keep in great shape like this and you'll turn all the heads at the new job!"

I didn't have to be at work until Monday, and today was Saturday, so I still had some time to find that apartment and get settled in.

I opened my purse and found the paper that Leslie had given me, and I found the name of one of her best friends, who happened to manage an apartment complex that was only about a half mile from

my job, so I went to the desk, picked up the phone, and called the number.

"Tampa Apartments," I heard on the other end of the line. "This is Janice, may I help you?"

"Hello, Janice," I answered. "My name is Chris Eggers. A friend of mine gave me your name and number and told me I might be able to find a reasonably priced apartment."

"And who would that friend be," she asked me.

"Leslie Withers."

"Oh, yes. I do know Leslie. Have you seen her recently? How's that georgous husband of hers doing?"

"Yes, I spent the night with her and Jake on my way down here. He's a hunk, alright." We both laughed.

"Tell you what, Chris. I do have a couple of apartments available right now, but I have to show one in about an hour. Can you come by later this afternoon and I'll show you the other two and you can decide then."

"Great, Janice. I appreciate it very much. Say around 3:00"

Silence on the other end, but I could hear the rustling of some papers over the phone, so she must be checking her appointment schedule.

"That's fine, Chris. I'll see you then. Bye."

Before I could answer I heard the dial tone and simply hung up on my end.

Since I had a couple of hours to kill I decided to drive to the office and look around. I knew I wouldn't be able to actually get into the building, but it would give me a chance to find a place to park my car. If my apartment wasn't going to be too far I might even be able to walk to work on the prettier days.

I had no problem finding the building. There was a huge sign on the front announcing the occupied offices of Bachman Brothers Construction. The building was nice looking, standing about 4 stories tall with a nice facade and an inviting-looking entrance. In fact, on one of the windows several construction cranes had been painted on the inside, which also gave the casual outsider some idea of what kind of business occupied the offices inside.

I did find a parking garage on the next block and pulled in. I asked the boy in the stall how much parking was and the prices he quoted me sounded reasonable so I paid for 2 months in advance, he gave me a parking assignment and I went up to the 3rd level, parked my car, took the elevator to the ground floor, and started walking back to the building where I'd be working come Monday morning.

As I stood in the front of the building a gentleman came out, locking the door behind him. I recognized him from the picture he'd sent me when I'd gotten the letter letting me know I'd been hired.

"Mr. Bachman?" I asked.

He turned towards me and I could see it was indeed Dean Bachman, the man who'd hired me.

"Yes?" he asked. Apparently he didn't immediately recognize me, so I introduced myself.

"Hell, Mr. Bachman. I'm Chris Eggers. You hired me to work for you and I'm supposed to start on Monday."

The surprise on his face let me know that he did indeed know who I was, and for that I was thankful.

"Forgive me, Ms Eggers, but I didn't recognize you. I must say, your picture doesn't do you justice," he said as he took my hand and shook it, with a very nice grip. I could tell he was surprised at my grip, too. Apparently he'd been expecting a 'lady-like' shake, which was something I didn't do.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Bachman." I think I blushed slightly as I returned his shake.

"Please, call me Dean. Everyone does. Do you mind if I call you Chris? Or do you prefer Ms Eggers, or perhaps something else?"

"Chris is just fine, Dean." I felt a little uncomfortable calling him by his first name, especially since I'd just met him, but if I was going to be working with him, as well as for him, I knew I could get used to it fairly quick.

"Do you work on Saturdays?"

"Not usually, but today I had some pressing paperwork that had to be attended to before Monday morning. I guess that one of the things about being the boss. Some times you have to do things yourself and can't regulate them to others. I love this business and I've worked hard to get it where it is, so I think you'll understand what I mean."

"I do," I answered him.

"Would you care to join me for lunch, Chris?"

I looked at my watch and saw that it was now only 10:30 am, and I didn't have to be at the apartment complex until 3 pm, so I had plenty of time.

"Don't mind if I do," I answered. "It's not every day that a handsome man asks me out to eat with him."

We both laughed and I could tell that it was an easy laugh and I knew I was going to like working for this man and his company.

Dean recommended a small restaurant about a block away from the parking garage and we walked there. The weather was nice and the sun felt good. Just the kind of weather I could get use to in a hurry. "No more snow for me," I thought, and laughed to myself.

The place was called The Rib Rack and Dean told me that he had built the place about 10 years earlier for one of his clients. Now, everytime he ate there, the manager gave him a huge discount.

When I stepped inside I knew right away that this was a popular place. It was busy, and that's an understatement. I thought we'd have to wait for a place to sit down, but the manager, Sidney, came right over to Dean and shook his hand.

"Hello there, Dean. Didn't expect to see you here today." Then he caught sight of Dean's date. "And with such a lovely lady, too! I've got just the seat for you. Please, follow me."

Sidney selected a secluded booth near the center of the buildings east wall, presented us with menus, and then disappeared towards the cash register in the front, hollering to one of the waiters that a special customer was at table #8.

The waiter appeared in no time, recognized Dean, and immediately asked him if he wanted his usual, which I found out was Coors Lite Bear. Before the waiter could ask I told him I'd have the same, which kind of surprised Dean.

Before he could ask, I told him, "I've been drinking this for a while now. In fact, I prefer this. I also drink sweet tea when I'm in the mood, but I don't drink the heavy stuff. My mother drank and I can still remember what it did to her. Thank goodness she's been clean and sober for over 10 years now, but I still don't want to tempt faith, if you know what I mean."

"Actually, I do. My father was the same way, but in the end it killed him. I only drink bear when I eat here at The Rack. Nothing like a cold bear and hot ribs!"

We laughed and I knew right away I was going to enjoy working with him.

"So, Chris. Are you married? Engaged? Attached in any way?"

Nothing like right to the point.

"No, Dean. Neither married, attached or engaged. I'm a single lady and I intend to stay that way."

"That's a shame, Chris. I'd think that a lovely lady like you would have boyfriends hanging all over you."

"I've had my share," remembering Sid and Grandpa Ned and Samuel, "but nothing that ever stuck. Guess I just prefer it that way."

"Nothing wrong with that, I suppose."

By now our beer had arrived, in iced mugs I noticed. We both picked up the mugs and took long drags on the ice cold beverages. Man, that tasted good. I didn't know I was so thirsty and in no time I ordered a refill, and Dean did the same.

When the waiter returned Dean ordered us both full racks of ribs and the house barbeque sauce and we waited for them to get there. While we waited we also chatted a little bit.

"Tell me, Chris. What made you decide to come to Florida, if you don't mind me asking."

"Not at all, Dean. I need a change of scenery. A lot happened to me up north and I'd like to get it all past me and just start over again."

"Nothing terrible, I hope."

"Nothing that I can't work out, anyway." I could see the puzzled look on his face and answered the unasked question, "Nothing that could've gotten me into trouble, but a somewhat serious relationship ended when he was killed in a driveby shooting and another man I cared for died of cancer. Since I was by myself, and no future prospects, I decided it was time to put my degree to use and get a job. I found you on Google and sent my resume. The rest is, as you'd say, history."

I could tell by the look on Dean's face that he was trying to understand. Unless you've lost someone

the way I had it was hard for them to understand the turmoils that went on inside of you.

I got no response from Dean, or at least I wasn't expecting one. Anyway, by the time I'd finished our ribs arrived and we both dug in, with gusto. The sauce was some of the best I'd ever eaten and Dean made sure to let me know it was Sidney's recipe and he refused to share it with anyone. He even made it himself, so no one could copy him.

Those ribs were some of the best I've ever had and we went through our meal without another word to each other. Apparently we were both hungry and we enjoyed the meal, with our beer.

Later, after we'd finished and drained the last of our beer, I happened to glance at my watch and saw it was now a little after 2:00! I had to get to the apartment complex for my appointment.

"Dean, it's been nice," I told him, "But I have an appointment to look at a couple of apartments at 3:00. I hate to eat and run, because I've really enjoyed this, but I have to get that apartment before Monday and get settled in. I hope you're not upset? I've really enjoyed the meal, as well as the company, too."

Dean stood up, moving around to pull my chair back for me, "Hey, no problem at all, Chris. I'm glad we had this chance to chat and to get to know each other. I'm also glad that it happened before you started work, too. I like to meet my new people for a litte get-together before we're formally a 'part of the team', if you know what I mean. If I can help you with anything, here's my card," which he pulled out of his wallet and handed to me, "If I can help you with anything for the move just give me a call and I'll gladly help you with what I can."

"Thank you, Dean."

For some unknown reason, I reached over and kissed him on the cheek, then headed towards the front of the building and outside to the parking garage and on to my appointment with Janice.

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I met with Janice a little before 3. She met me in the lobby and escorted me to the 2nd floor, where she showed me a nice 3 bedroom apartment. If I'd had a family it would've been just right, but when I told her it was just me she told me the next one would probably fit me much better.

She took me to the next floor and we approached a door with the number 314 on it. She unlocked the door and stood aside for me to enter first.

The living room was very nice, with beige walls and a short light brown carpet. Naturally it was unfurnished and I found myself already imagining what the room would look like once I'd moved in.

There was only one bedroom and one bathroom, with a small kitchen and dining room. The thing I liked the most was a full-sized, walk-in closet in the bedroom. And to top it off there was the scent of cedar, meaning it was lined with cedar planking. I love the smell of cedar and to be able to smell it every day was something I could learn to live with. There was a light lavender carpet in the bedroom, which matched the light purple paint on the walls. The kitchen and dining room had only tiles on the floor, which was just perfect with me and the bathroom had ceramic tiles, white of course, which also matched the wallboard surrounding the tub/shower and the vanity. The fixtures were a light pink.

After showing the apartment to me we returned to the lobby and sat on the couch. We discussed the rent and I was surprised to find that it wasn't going to be as expensive as I thought it was going to



be. I signed a 2 year lease, shook Janice's hand, then returned to the parking garage and left to call my mover and give him the address. By the time we'd finished our conversation I'd learned that my furniture would be here in 4 days, which meant I'd have to find a local hotel to spend a couple of nights. Luckily there was one close to the apartment building.

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That first evening I called Leslie and told her I'd found a reasonable apartment and that my things would be here in 4 days. She invited me to visit her on the coming weekend and I agreed.

"Jake's been asking me all sorts of questions about you, Chris."

"He has?"

"Yep. I think he's interested in you more then he wants to let on."

We both laughed.

Since Les had told me they were both into the swinging scene I'd found myself wondering what her husband would be like in bed. In fact, I wondered what it would be like to have them both at the same time.

"Hey, Les. It's getting late and I need to get some sleep. How about we continue this on Friday? Think you could get down here for a visit by then?"

Silence for a few minutes, as she thought it over.

"As a matter of fact, I can get there on Friday. Jake's taking Clive on a weekend fishing trip and I was wondering what I'd have to find to keep myself busy. I'll see you then."

"Great! Looking forward to it. See you then, too. Nite, Les."

"Nite, Chris."

I took a quick shower and turned in for the night.

For some strange reason I kept dreaming of Jake, Les, and Hugo!

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## **Chapter Nine**

By the time the weekend got here I was more then bored!!!!

The apartment was now completely furnished with my things and I was actually pacing around, looking for something to do.

Since I was new to the area I had no idea where the 'hot spots' were and would walk around the neighborhood in search of something to do.

I spend Thursday at the movies, watching a movie I wasn't really interested in.

My mind kept wandering to Les' visit and the thoughts of being in bed with her and Jake. I was wet from just the thought of it.

After the movies I walked back to my apartment. On the way I passed a bar called "Jakes Place" and decided to see what it was like.

I went in and the first thing to hit me was the noise. Nothing too loud, but it permeated with country music and I loved country music. I'm a HUGE George Strait fan, along with Josh Turner, who's song "Long Black Train" was playing at that moment.

I sat at the bar and ordered a beer, then turned around and watched the crowd. There weren't a lot of people there and the dance floor was practically empty. As I turned back to the bar to get my beer I felt someone coming up behind me and turned around.

"Hello, pretty lady," came a nice, deep, southern drawl.

"Hello," I answered.

"My name is Jake, and I own this place."

"Good for you."

"I saw you sitting over here and thought you looked like you needed some company."

"I'm fine. But thank you just the same."

"Don't I even get to know your name?"

"Chris," I answered.

"Well, Chris, are you sure I can't talk you into a dance?"

I thought about it a minute. Perhaps I was being rude to the man, but I really wasn't interested. After thinking about it though I decided to accept his invitation and joined him on the floor.

Jake was a very nice, well educated, black man. He stood about 6'5" and I'd guess his weight around 225. Perhaps only a year or two older than me. From the feel of his body, as we danced close-to-close to a slow dance, I also surmised that he lifted weights. I'd find out I was right.

During the dance Jake kept trying to hold onto my butt and at first I resisted, pushing his hands back up to the middle of my back. He was persistent though and kept trying to cup my cheeks. Finally I let him. I was starting to feel horny and hadn't had anything since that short bout with Les, a couple of weeks ago now.

I looked into Jake's brown eyes and pulled his head to me and planted a nice wet kiss on his full lips. He readily returned the kiss, as we stood there dancing to the sound of Trace Adkins and "Honky Tonk Badonkadonk".

Before I realized it Jake had taken me to his 'office' and we were both in the process of shedding out clothes. I sat on the sofa and Jake stood in front of me. He was still in his briefs and I could tell he had a sizable 'package' for me. While I watched his groin he slowly pulled his briefs down and slowly revealed his 'package' to me.

Compared to Grandpa Ned and Sam, Jake had a average penis. Not huge by any sort of imagination, but plenty of thickness just the same. He was also uncut, meaning his foreskin was till intact. And man, did he have some foreskin attached to that cock! I've had plenty of uncut cocks in my short life, but never one with so much skin on it. The loose skin hung from his cockhead for perhaps 6 inches!

I grabbed his cock and began to work his skin back and forth, revealing his pinkish cockhead once the skin was pulled back far enough. As he got hard I watched to see how much of his skin would peel back from his cock. I was surprised to see that only about half of it was pulled back on his cock, leaving the rest to completely cover his cockhead. I physically had to pull back the rest to see his cockhead again.

My mouth began to water and I just had to taste that organ, to see how good it felt in my mouth. So, leaning forward on the sofa, I took his excess skin between my teeth and began to nibble on it. Once I had it all in my mouth I began to snake my tongue inside, licking around the covered head and tasting his meat for the first time. It had a nice sweet, tartish taste to it. I could tell that he kept himself nice and clean, as the taste of soap was present, but not enough to deter me from sucking on him.

I pulled the excess skin all the way down his cock and studied on sucking just his cock for a while. I took as much into my mouth as I could at first then I managed to get him all into my mouth and throat. I'd estimate his size as about 8 inches and perhaps about 4 inches around. My mouth felt like it was stretched to its limits, but I continued to suck that nice black cock for all it was worth.

In front of me Jake was moaning with pleasure and I wrapped my tongue around his head and worked my mouth up and down on his rod. I wanted to feel his cum shooting into my mouth and the taste of his precum was almost driving me crazy.

I felt him tense up and I grabbed his balls. They were tightening up, so I knew he had to be close to shooting and I sucked harder and deeper, encouraging him to empty his load into my mouth. I wasn't disappointed, either.

His load was almost overwhelming. The amount she shot seemed to never end and when it finally did, I was left with a mouthful of his sticky liquid and it was also running out the corners of my mouth and off my chin. But damn, that load sure tasted good!

Jake got down on his knees, spread my legs as far as he could, and planted his mouth over my vagina, spearing his tongue as deep into my hole as he could. I could feel him rubbing the insides of my pussy, driving me up the wall! His mouth felt so good on me and in a few minutes he was lapping at my clit, eliciting the first of many orgasms that evening.

I love to have my pussy eaten, by either a man or a woman. It doesn't matter to me who is doing it, as long as they're doing it. In some respects though, I guess I do prefer a woman's tongue, as they seem to really know more about pussy eating than men do. A woman knows what a woman likes and how to do it. Sometimes I think a man eats pussy just because he knows a woman likes it. He's also rougher than a woman is. A woman is gentle and takes her time, while a man eats you out and then wants to fuck you, regardless of how you're feeling. In my life there has only been one exception to that. That man was Grandpa Ned. He could eat a pussy with the best a woman could do. He cared how you felt and wanted to make sure his partner had a good climax before he finished.

I really miss Grandpa Ned.

And Sam.

After my third climax, Jake moved in closer and rubbed his cockhead against my dripping slit. He also massaged my clit with his cock, bringing on yet another climax.

My juices were really flowing then.

By the time he put his black cock against my pussy and pushed in, I was so wet that it wouldn't have mattered how big he was. His entrance would've been that easy. I was so wet that a pool of my juices had already settled on the sofa, leaving a stain that was sure to be permanent.

Once he was inside me he fucked me like there was no tomorrow. He buried himself to his nuts with each stroke, rubbing my clit along the way. Again, I had many climaxes, causing me to moan and cry out in pleasure.

When it was time for Jake to once again shoot his load he pulled out and emptied himself all over my stomach and tits. He shot 3 big loads directly on my tits and, when he could only reach my stomach, I watched again as I rubbed his juices into my tits, concentrating on my still hard nipples.

After we were finished we both collapsed and tried our best to catch our breaths. While he sat against the edge of the sofa I laid back and closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling of being full of cum for the first time in ages. My body still tingled from the fucking he'd given me. If I could've stood it I'd have asked him to fuck me again, but from the look of him I could tell he wasn't 'up' to the challenge. And quite frankly, neither was I.

I left the bar 4 hours later and went home and collapsed on my bed, without even taking off my clothes or taking a shower. I knew I'd stink and feel sticky in the morning, but right then I didn't care.

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## **Chapter Ten**

I woke up to a knocking at my door.

I looked at my alarm clock and realized it was almost 11 am!

"Chris, you in there?"

I recognized Les' voice.

"Be right there," I hollered.

I jumped out of my bed, quickly put on some clean clothes and went to let her in.

When I opened the door I noticed that she'd brought Hugo with her.

"Sorry for the surprise, Chris, but I couldn't leave Hugo at home by himself. No one would be there to take care of him. I hope you don't mind?"

As the huge great dane licked my hand I could only smile and realize that she was right. The poor thing wouldn't be able to stay by himself.

"It's not a problem with me, Les. I just hope Janice doesn't mind."

"I've already talked to her and explained the situation. She said it was ok with her, as long as he didn't bark and make a lot of noise that would upset the other tenants."

"That's nice of her. I've have to remember to thank her, too."

We sat on my couch and chatted a while, not realizing that Hugo could smell the scents on my body

from Jake and the events of last night. I still hadn't taken a shower, but quite honestly I'd never thought of arousing Hugo.

Boy, was I wrong!

In my hurry to get dressed to open the door for Les, I'd never put on another pair of panties and I was sitting there, my legs slightly parted, exposing myself to Hugo and his sharp sense of smell.

While Les and I sat there and talked, Hugo was sniffing around the room, trying to find the scent that was arousing him. Finally he stood in front of me and stuck his nose under my nightshirt. Soon after that I felt his tongue licking along my inner thighs.

Les was watching with interest, I noticed as I tried to push Hugo away.

That wasn't working though, as Hugo tried only harder to get his tongue between my pussy lips. In a few minutes he'd succeeded and I spread my legs further apart to give him better access.

Now don't ask me why I did it, because I wouldn't be able to give you an honest answer if my life depended on it.

I did notice that Les now had her hand under her skirt and apparently she was rubbing herself.

"What's happening?" I asked her.

"Well, Hugo's very special, Chris," she answered.

"How 'special'," I asked.

"Well, I noticed he was sniffing you back at home when you first met him. I was keeping an eye on him and noticed his cock was emerging from his sheath while he smelled of you."

"He did?"

"Yes. As I watched his cock was exposed more and his precum was beginning to drip from the end. Now I don't want to startle you too much, Chris, but my mouth was watering just watching him."

"It was!" I almost hollered.

"Yes. You see, Hugo and I have a very special relationship."

"Just how 'special'," I asked again.

"Well, Hugo's been my lover now for almost 4 years!"

"YOUR WHAT?" This time I did holler at her.

"Don't be upset, Chris," she replied.

"Well, I really feeling pretty good right now to be upset."

Hugo still had his head between my legs and his tongue had finally made contact with my clit, causing an orgasm with the first contact.

"How did this get started?" I asked her.

"It was an accident," she answered. "I'd just gotten out of the shower. Hugo was kept in the house back then. We were having his house built and it wasn't quite ready, so he was kept in the house with the air-conditioning on.

"Anyway, I'd just gotten out of the shower and slipped on a wet spot on the floor. I must have cracked my head on the floor and blacked out for a few minutes. By the time I came to Hugo was in the bathroom and he was lapping at my pussy. I'd been playing with myself after finishing the shower so I guess my scent aroused him. His tongue felt so good on my clit I just laid there and let him continue. He drove me to 3 orgasms that day."

My body shuddered as Hugo brought me to another climax while Les told me her story. Damn! That tongue felt so good. It went so deep into me that I just knew it would be sticking out of my mouth shortly!

"From my place on the bathroom floor I was able to see his cock extend from its sheath. You won't believe how big his cock is, Chris! He's at least 10 inches long and as big around as a cucumber."

"Really?"

"Really!"

"So, what happened next?"

"Would you believe I reached out and grabbed it?"

"NO!"

"YES!"

"What did it feel like?"

"Pretty solid. It's red and quite rigid when he's erect. His cock's pointed at the end, nothing like Jake's cock. Or any cock I'd ever seen up to that point, either."

"And..."

"And, I just knew that I'd have to feel it inside me, both in my pussy and in my mouth."

"You didn't?"

"I sure did. As he licked me I moved my body around until my head was directly under his belly, right below his cock. I reached up again and grabbed it and pulled it down to my mouth. At first I stuck out my tongue and only licked on the end of it. Then, once I realized that it tasted pretty good, I took his cockhead into my mouth and began to wrap my tongue around it, drawing it deeper into my mouth where I began to suck and lick the entire length. At first I thought I was going to choke, because it felt like it was getting bigger and bigger the whole time I sucked him."

"Did you like it?"

"I sure did, and still do, too!"

"Wow!" was all I could say. Yet I also imagined what it would be like to have that dog's cock in my mouth and in my pussy as well."

"Then he started to shoot his load into my mouth."

"What happened?"

"I thought I was going to drown in his cum!"

"Was there a lot of it?"

"Gallons," she told me.

"By the time he finished shooting I was covered all over my face and the floor beneath my head had pooled with the access cum."

"I never imagined a dog would have that much cum, Les."

"Neither did I. But then again, it's not every day I go around thinking of how much cum a dog's going to shoot into my mouth."

We both laughed at that one.

"What happened next?"

"I just knew that I'd have to see if he could get that wonderful tool into my pussy, so I got on my hands and knees, hoping I looked like a female dog, presenting herself to her stud. At first all he wanted to do was lick my ass and down into my pussy. Then I think he finally got the idea and jumped onto my back, trying to push his cock into me."

"Did you have any problems?"

"At first he did, but I reached between my legs, grabbed his cock, and pulled it to my pussy, then pushing him into me. After he felt my hotness around his cock, I guess instinct took over and he started pounding that cock into me. And let me tell you, when a dog fucks, he FUCKS! It's not a simple, easy in and out, it's like a rapid fire machine gun. His hips move at almost blinding speed and he pushes that cock as far into you as it'll go. I'll tell you, Chris, when Jake first fucked me I never thought I'd feel a cock go as deep into me as his did, but I was wrong. Hugo fucked deeper into me than Jake ever did and I had so many climaxes that I lost count."

"You think you can get Hugo to fuck me, too?"

"I was hoping you'd ask. That's why I brought him along, besides not wanting to leave him alone."

"When can we get started?" I asked her.

"How about right now?"

*The End (?)*

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