Creative Chamber III

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An open invitation to move to a new level of intimacy

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/creative-chamber-iii.aspx

Ahh yes… the "straight"… the "curves"… the thrill of anticipation, the not knowing what to expect on that "other side"… it's just the best. Pistons pumping, throttle open, the pounding in the ear… riding on the edge… oh yessss, she brought it all out in me. Hell, it was the same thrill I experienced on my Heritage (Harley). She could bring it, and my dear reader, this Irish devil was more than ready to receive.

As I approached her "cabin" in the woods, racing from one curve to the next - - wink wink -- my excitement and anticipation built. She had that new outfit she wanted me to "experience", I believe is the way she put it over the phone.

"Baby, it's been too long since you've been over and there's so much I have to share with you. My last shopping spree bore fruit, something worthy of your discerning eyes my prince, something your senses must experience."

Suck me!

I was instantaneously aroused, poised for pursuit and eager to comply with her request. She had such a powerful effect on my sensuality, so potent a presence in my daily thoughts, my nightly fantasies. Hell I couldn't do much of anything these days without a thought of her, a vision of her, invading my imagination. I'd think of her at the oddest moments, linger on her, play out some devious devilish ploy to increase the sexual tension, to up the game between us, to see who could trump the other in matters of enticement.

Hammering on the throttle, it's all I could think of, those words she last spoke to me.

Shit I needed her healing medicine, her healing touch, that magic she produced whenever I was near her. My blood circulated at a fierce pace throughout my entire frame, mostly centered at my core, my essence, my DICK! As that hot oil coursed through the finely engineered interior of my handsome heavy metal machine, a similar hot fluid was finding it's way to my own piston.

I could feel the surge, the swelling already beginning as I approached the last curve, as her cottage came into full view. It was nearly hidden within the deep damp forest, up against a verdant hill side, a natural creek running strong alongside. It looked damn near fairytale in appearance. It was such a restive, relaxing harbor to shelter in. I always felt so at ease, so peaceful there. At the same time there was a certain energy that existed, perhaps a residue of nature.

I always was receptive to the energy that the trees, the water, even the stones seemed to exude. I always started my visits with a deep inhale as I stood in the yard, sometimes venturing over to the creek and pond to just stand and drink in the "power". I'd fill myself before turning my attention to filling her!

I pulled the bike up fast and furious, lurching, sliding to a halt in her gravel drive, hefting it over quick to lean, hoping off, thinking nearly simultaneously of what I wanted to hop on next. The thought of *that* "ride" was already invading my senses. I was "lit" already, from the exhilarating ride down the many curves and hills to her sanctuary. My blood was pulsing through me, coursin' through me, by the act of riding so hard, at the edge of each curve, digging in, leaning hard, greedy for the pavement ahead to great me. I was never satisfied with the last curve, always hungering for the next. Maybe that applied to my sexual appetite as well. It sure seemed that way as of late. She had that effect on me!

There was a note posted to the door. This was a new approach. Hmmm… intriguing to say the least. "Cum in lover, make yourself comfortable and be patient, as I am in the bath and preparing myself for your sweet caress".

Suck me!

I tried the door and it was open. Well that was good! She was always so concerned with security out there in the woods, and who could blame her, but I half expected the door to be locked (out of habit). I entered and noticed all the candles lit, and the dim light, the oil burner that was giving off some heady but pleasant enough scent. She also had a low fire burring in the fireplace again. The warmth was inviting and sensual. My senses were already on high alert. Hell... now they were near primitive! She knew already what I liked, what I desired, what I appreciated. She was a quick study, I'd give her that. Yum. Speaking of "study", I couldn't wait to open her like some fresh novel, to study her every detail,

and learn her well.

As I awaited, my memories soon returned to my first experience of her, that mutual masturbation exercise that sent us both over the top with excitement. My cock was throbbing and I couldn't help but reach down and stroke it, message it, as I pictured her standing in the kitchen watching me pleasure myself on that first intimate encounter. Mmmmm, such a satisfying day that was.

I could hear music playing softly a few rooms away, could hear the occasional splash of water and some low murmuring, or wait… singing? Yes, she was softly singing to herself, mingled with the occasional moan, if I wasn't mistaken. Damn! I pictured her washing in that claw-foot tub she owned, caressing her soft skin, moving her hand slowly to stimulate all her favorite most sensitive areas, causing the soft moan I thought I heard. Damn but it sent shivers coursing through me so! My cock was aching for release, her touch, her full soft lips, to find it's way between the folds of her needy...

"Nice picture… maybe she'll invite me to bathe with her next time", I thought to myself, as my own hand continued to message and stroke, to pleasure my own body. A slight wetness began to emerge, pre-cum.

I broke the spell momentarily, long enough to take off my vest, my boots, my outer shirt, to leave only my black tank top on. I even took of my jeans. I had some tight short boxers on, lycra stretch material again. I wore a lot of high-tech layers that took advantage of progress in sports clothing, as to be more comfortable riding in either blistering hot weather or unforgiving frigid cold, but after my last experience with her, I also realized what a turn on it was for her. She had expressed how very well the material clung to and outlined my rather generous male attributes, as did my tight tank tops she seemed to equally approve of.

As she enticed me with the mention of something new to appease and please my eyes with, I figured the least I could do was to give a little consideration to returning the favor, and besides, like I said, these days I didn't mind a little extra comfort riding my sled either. ("Sled" for those of you who don't know, is slang for motorcycle, as "cage" is likewise for cars).

Anyway, I stripped down to surprise her when she appeared, expecting some measure of equal delight. If past experience was any good measure, she would not fail to satisfy my hungry eyes and senses.

I reached down and stroked my length at will again. I was surging to life rapidly and the extra smooth texture and tight nature of my boxers only improved the sensation of my strong hand, my knowledgeable administration.

I loved to express myself openly in front of her, as she obviously enjoyed the same with me. It was a new experience, a new awareness for me, something I had suppressed with my other, at home, the ice queen.

Here I could just be me. I could do or say anything and not feel guilty or dirty or vulgar or judged. Most of all I loved not being judged! This liberation I enjoyed was such good medicine for my soul, my mind, my heart, my body. I knew I would not be a stranger to these woods, this sanctuary, this brookside retreat.

I moved to the fridge and found a smoothie blend inside. She was fond of these, and usually "juiced" them up with various natural ingredients to entice the libido to a heightened sense. She liked to start with something like this she told me over the phone, and then enjoyed moving on to a fine wine and some good healthy, but energizing snacks. She was all about the "drive", just like me. She appreciated the "journey" between point A and B, the "getting there". Damn I loved this lady!

Suck me!

I poured half the contents into each glass, then took them out to sit near the fireplace. I made sure I was rock hard and that just enough light shone on my bulge, so that it would be the first thing her eyes landed on (hopefully followed by her hand next, maybe her lips and tongue after that). I could feel the flow kicking in slow and deep, splendid in a most succulent manner. I could feel a tingling and heat building in my thighs, in my abdominal area, in my scrotum and could feel a vibration and pulse in my ever growing and expanding cock.

If I keep this up I would have a very wet pre-cum elixir easing an escape from my crimson crown, just visible to her eyes as she would spot the beginning wetness on my shorts. I knew this would only excite her more.

There was a sound from the doorway leading further into the interior of the house, the area where her music played softly.
Suddenly before me, leaning in the doorway with that now familiar come-hither look in her smoldering eyes, in an outfit that nearly gave me a heart attack, was the princess! My cock sprang to life as if it had been dormant just a minute before, despite the the fact it was actually surging with power prior to her appearance. She had that effect on me!

"Ohhh baby what have you got on… or should I say NOT have on" she purred to me.

My own eyes were busy drinking her in, absorbing all of the nuances of her accoutrements, and sucking in my breath at a sight that to me was beyond my wildest imagination.

"Well princess, I could say the same eh? I think you better get over here... NOW!"

Suck me!

To be continued...