Gazebos and Vermouth-Part 6

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i love the way you think

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Minutes later she came upstairs and into the lounge. Spotting me, she came over to the table. I was on my second drink as her drink had been sitting long enough to get warm. Her napkin was damp from the condensation. We extended hands and formally introduced ourselves and then I ordered another round. This was the time for me toget up close to and not show weakness of my spirit. M spirit being between my mind and inner thighs. The first thing I noticed was the flair of her hips, her large tits and emerald green eyes. I wondered what her nipples looked like and the taste of her womanhood. Ithought of the cunt as theentrance wayinto all that is erotic.

She was telling me that she owed me an explanation as she took a sip of a newly placed drink. We had got off to a wrong start mostly due to her conquest of the ultimate and that the olive had soured her two dollar Styrofoam cup of red wine when under the gazebo. She was in pursuit, but not a stalker of the woods after the worlds last chance for survival .

I ask her what she meant by the ultimate because I knew of 'The Ultimate Fighting Championship ' and I didn't wish to come off as some yokel and Lil Abner type of person. I'm not anti-rural Canada. I'm anti-stupidity. Maybe I was just beingto cynical.

She looked at me without pausing in thought and spoke words that put me into lock-jaw syndrome and actually turned my ears red.

"I want to fuck your brains out and I want you to do things to me. I want to be in control as I am this minute. It's not that difficult to understand. It's not apples and oranges."

I tapped my fingers on the table for no other reason but to tap. Also I didn't want it to be so obvious that she was in control of me and that my cock was fighting to get off the mat and rise. It had been several months since my cock (aka Fred) had risen and saluted. It was being held down by what seemed a pound of metal on my frigging flesh.

"Is your cock getting hard, Al?"

"Pardon me !!"

She started talking about moving some sidewalk closer to a house because she liked to look in windows. Somethingto do with a regimented exercise to lower her caloric count, but she found out that it raised her libido. This conversation was taking on things I hadheard about in Psychology classes. Sort of like Lee Trevino meets Captain Crunch at Sunshine Acres.

"Francie my mentor says that I am awitch and nymphomaniac. I'm not so sure on the witch part but isn't Lee Trevinoa golfer on the senior circuit?"

I couldn't or wouldn't take my eyes off her moving lips and the sparkles in her eyes. I ordered more drinks as Diane leaned over the table allowing me a great view of her cleavage . She was well hung in the tits. Her elbows on the table, she let her tits park on the table top. She lit up a cigarette and blew smoke in my face.

"It's not all about smoke and mirrors Al. There are many variables to share. Many paths to walk and bones to jump. Do you not agree, for raw pleasures should be spontaneous and not rehearsed. That is my nature and I can be a beast."

As she talked I held up a finger for another round of drinks. This conversation was fast forwarding things ahead that were in the locked box of my soul.

"You sure do it good Al."

"I wanted to ask her what I did good."

"Flogging yourself and wrapping your balls. Walking around in garter and high-heels. Clothespins on your scrotum and nipples. The Prince Albertwand plus an assortment of body weights. The elderly lady from next door. She sure likes 'old-Smokey' the phallus of largeness. I'm also a voyeur and exhibitionist as well and I live two blocks over."

I was hard.

"Oils and bare of hair. Laughing gas and fucking your own ass. Swallowing cum and chasing it with mixers. Lesbians and guys. Transsexuals and bisexuals. You are a man without favorites. You love it all, but you will love me soon and we will be two."

My jaw dropped and she talked. I walked back in memory of my pastexperiences, not fantasies. Sucking the occasional dick and eating pussy. Jacking-off in public and ejaculating on salted peanuts.

" That's the way I like it Al, please continue."

I kept watching her moving lips as my mind unzipped to mypast of dicks and objects in my ass. My fingers locked in the vises of tight pussies. The metamorphosis of me and the renaissance of the guy who likes it all. The thoughts of my cock being a small likecaterpillar as it sucked the life blood from one of Mother Natures tree leafs.Through the tiny eye of the penis.

A Praying Mantis Dominatrix with tits and cunt, whips and chains.

"I love the way you think, Al."

This gal was playing me or wanting to play. All my life I had dreamed of a woman with 'true grit'. A woman who could communicate and deliver. A woman who wasn't held down because of morals and behavioral etiquette.

"I don't owe society Al, and society doesn't own me."

She sipped at her drink watching me over the top of her martini glass. Then rubbing her right middle finger around the edge of the glass. I hadcould hear the squeaking. It was like I heard the call of erotic nymphomaniac calling me to pleasure them.

"Do you think that I'm lusting, Al?"

She excused herself and went to the Women's Room as I watched her behind. Wanting to ram my cock between her ass cheeks and hear her beg for more. I do love a woman's other gift to raw sex. That of the valley of the parallel. I had to mentally pause and ask under my breath where the valley part came in.

On returning to the table she touched my shoulder lightly before sitting down and whispered in my ear.

"Would you ride my bare ass in The Valley of the Parallel? There are those that would and those that should and then there is you. Oh!! Do you have Tales Of The Rings?"

She reached in her purse for a Sharpie permanent marker and drew circles and hash marks on it. As if thinking of something, she rolled itaround in her mouth.

"You should see my otter lips and the marks of those of things I had . Evelyn has marked you."

I lit a cigarillo .

"Maybe you should go piss the golden shower and let happen what may Al."

She continued circling the pen with her tongue and watching me as I retreated into the men's room. I heard her lips smacking as I got up. In the rest room I unzipped my trousers and the weight of the ring held my hard cock down. Thecumoozed and then mixed with my yellow urine. A drop of cum on thePrince Albert and a drying stain on my dark trousers. I re-zipped and went to the basin to rinse my hands. On the mirror written in lip stick was 'I love cocks in the day, morning and night'. When I returned to the table Diane was gone. I finished my drink and went down stairs. Where I had seen her ninety minutes ago was nownothing but a few empty chairs and a petite woman packing up her sports bag.

"May I ask where Diane went?"

The woman went on totelling me thatshe was Francie and Diane's bestfriend plus things I didn'tjust yet to know. However I really was interested and that Francie was like Diane in many ways. No so complexed , just not understood by the ignorants of the world.

"Diane is in training and you should spar with her. Don't let the others have all the fun. Be her Prince and sweep her off of her feet".

"What is she training for?"

She got on tip-toes and whispered in my ear, "the key from the keeper." Then she left the hall.