A Long Hard Look (part 3)

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The eyes are more than windows to the soul.

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I hastily flipped open my phone. "Hullo?"
"Hiya, sweet. How was your exam?" kindly asked my father.
"Ah, it went well thanks... finished it before everyone else. I'm just taking a much-needed tea-scone-ciggie break." I said, smiling. David winked at me after I said the word "break".
"Well that's great then," said Dad. I could hear the hum of traffic, the ice rain hitting and potentially breaking the smooth, pristine windshield of his new lorry. "Jude, I'm gonna be about an hour late. I'll pick you up at the tea shop, yeah? At 4rather thanof 3?"
"Yea sure dad, there's a bit more shopping I'd like to sort out. Call me when you get here." I winked at David and uncharacteristically I licked my lips. Flicked my tongue over them, blew asensual kiss. My lipstick stuckloyally to my pouty mouth.David looked at me in a bit of a shocked way. I strike people as slightly conservative, (not a bible-thumping do-gooder no swearing prude) but just modest and shy anyroad. Not today! I was a new woman. I had an unquenchable sexual appetite, but maybe David could help me satisfy it today. I was a virgin, sure butI was so attracted to David that it didn't matter.As I took off my coat, I could see Dave shaking a little bit.The thighs in his jeansbecame a lot tighter andhis breathing became harder. There was a sexy look in his eyes. His head wavered in a gobsmacked shake. He read my mind. *I can't believe this is happening.*
I used to think that virginity was something that had to be savoured until marriage. That's just the way it went when I was young but now that I've grown up and found this new dimension of myself, the marriage doesn't matter. Neither does the wedding, reception or nuptuals. It's the person. Only the person.Not the world around you, not the cars going by. Sometimes it's just you and him and the rain. That's how I felt that day.
I hung up the phone, pretending things were normal. "Dad said he'll be another hour. And I told him that I'll get sommore shopping done but I think I'm skint!"
"Well, Jude, maybe we can spend time together that will be a Chrimbo present for you. Want to leave?"
Thumpthumpthumpbzzzbzzzbzzz goes my heart again. "Of course. I'm baking in here it's getting

much too hot." We left, our fingers gently yet tightly interweaving. It felt so damn good to have a ***man*** hold my hand. I felt the roughness of labour yet the softness of love and intimacy and adoration. This must be one of my erotic dreams where everyone is so perfect, so willing and unselfish. I pinch my breasts to make sure this is real; yes it is the sensation drives me wild and people look at me pecularily (that's my sodding luck!).
David and I cross the street. Strangely, there is a vacant building; well it's not abandoned, mind you but newly being built. The sun was just peering out at us from its cloudy windows, its blankets. The windows in the building were newly installed as were the doors but that's all there were. At least we were out of the biting cold. I broke te ice by saying so,
"At least we're in unseen eyes. Wow, this is incredible. I wonder what kind of place this will be,"I said, moseying around. It smelled of cut cedar and crisp, pink insulation, wet from the ice crystals that blew through the door.

I also knew of one other thing that was pink and fresh and wet. It laid between my legs and it was twenty years old, ready to be inhabited by some kind of long, hardentity. *It's waited too long!* I thought. I chuckled to myself.

"What's up babe?" Dave asked. He winked at me and licked those delicious lips.
"Oh just the fact that this building isn't the only thing that's damp and vacant," I said, winking back.

I looked at him for a while longer. Goddamn it, he was fine. That lanky body, those large hands and solid (but notthick) fingers.I wondered howit would feel for both of us ifI removed thoseheavy work clothes, his cap, and his shoes and to be totally raw. Just as he had seen me that morning. I was especiallytaken by his beautiful crystal eyes. They were blue stars that knew my every thought, my soul and awakened my passion. I thought I was taken somewhere else. Out of thecynical cold of Liverpool. Out of this lazy, sexlessworld. And into a realm where there was maturity and change and... life. And of course love, with a retained sense of innocence. He strikes me as that kind of person.

"So what do you want me to do then? Fuck you dry?" He smiled very subtley.
"YES," I moaned "oh baby, yes! Take me!" I practically jumped out of my coat, as we both watched it fold to the floor. David did the same.Ourcoats practically mounted each other and wewasted no timegetting naked.My hat came off, then my blouse. David moaned at the sight of my half-exposed breasts.
"Your breasts areamazing, Judy," he said."Fucking beautiful." David did not hesitate to unclasp the restrictive bra that bound my breasts together.Once the hook was undone my breastsflounced apart, free and obviously very excited to see him.My dusty rose nipples stood at complete attention. He craned his neck and his warm tongue sloshed over the awakened peaks of my chest. I moaned softly and my voice escalated.

"Mmm baby that feels soo good," I said. I bit my thumb, weirdly that's what I do when im horny. It's like nibbling the taut flesh of someone's back. "Bite me, please!" Within seconds I feel a set of perfect teeth gently vice my nipple, but not too hard so it would bleed. Just enough so I feel the smart of pleasure through my body. My pussy sensed it immediately.

"Stand up David," I told him. I unbuttoned his shirt and was taken aback by his beautiful body. Hair on his chest, but just the right amount. I licked down his flat stomach, going up and down, kissing his neck and inhaling the natural scent of a man. I loved the feeling of soft light red hair, tickling my chin. It was like running through a pastoral field of grass, as it would kiss my feet. This kissed my tongue. I was suprised, many bus drivers I rode the bus with were obese and didn't half pong. But not this fine specimen. I loved kissing him. My breasts were already wet with his sweet saliva. They swayed as I moved up and down and finally my tongue went straight for those lips I've been longing to kiss. They were perfect. The moment was perfect. The more I kissed him, the more aroused I became. I was totally absorbed by his scent and the fact that he was just as into it as I were. His hand ran up and down my spine, then moving in front to have better access to my breasts. Spontaneously, I reached down and into his trousers. His erection stood pleading to be freed from the wall of denim that stopped it from being caressed, sucked and maybe even fucked. And I was the lucky lass. I smiled at the thought and automatically unzipped his trousers to reveal a lovely 8-incher. I gasped in amazement.

"I-I don't think that's going to fit in my mouth," I say, but aroused all the same. One of my hands slips into the front of my skirt and I masturbate furiously.
"Here let me do that for you," David said, gently pulling me to my feet and replacing my hand with his.
"*Ohhh*" I softly moan. I was in euphoria, and I rode his finger as my pussy rained on his hand.
"Judy you are SO FUCKING WET." he exclaimed, in a breath of near-orgasm. He licks his fingers that are streaked in my juices."Stroke my cock harder baby!" he cries as he's nearly there.
A more provocative thought enters my mind and I don't stroke his penis but I place it in my mouth. It takes a while to get used to because it was large in size but I realised that I had to roll my lips over my gums, or serious damage would ensue. I near gagged the couple of times my head floated up and down but after it was very easy. His cock was lovely, smooth and long. I loved kissing it and rubbing my tits all over it. My idea was for him to shoot his cum all over my breasts. It felt amazing for the pair of us and we both moaned, louder and louder as we both got closer to a sensual nirvana.
"I'm coming, I'm coming!" David gasped. I felt the hot rush of male sperm fly up my chests and graze the tip of my tongue. I long to see what it tastes like; salt water but I love it. My tongue swivels and bends to trace every drop that runs down his lengthy shaft. I kiss him, tasting both of us in our kiss. I never want to let him go. The sun is gradually slipping down like my skirt was; but alas it's time for my skirt to come back up. I look at the clock on my mobile phone. 15:50. *Shit.* I frown to myself because I am being taken from this beautiful being. But I know I'll be ridinghis bus route againvery soon!