The Anniversary

By silverdragon

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this is our friend' true story. I embellished it a bit.

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Life is not over at fifty. I know, because my wife is fifty-one, while I am a bit behind her at forty-nine. Want to know more about us? Read on.

From what I hear and see we are not the average couple. We are still madly in love as we were when we had met over twenty years ago. Now it's only twice a week. The demands of our two businesses intervene, and I think my age is slowing me down a bit. Eva however, wouldn't mind three sessions a day.

When she looks at you, you will feel it at once. Here is a lady who is young at heart, her libido undiminished. There is something in her twinkling eyes that makes men flock to her, while most women seem to feel intimidated, or envious. The way she moves says 'sex', whether she strolls along the store windows in the mall, leisurely looking at the displays; or even when she sensuously lifts a chicken drumstick to her mouth and bites into it.

She usually wears her shiny coal black hair in a pony tail. Her tits are only a B cup, which had bothered her when she was younger. Now she is glad, they are still firm enough that she needs no bra, Bras are nothing but a nuisance anyway, she will tell you. And I agree wholeheartedly. Sometimes, though, she is a bit self-conscious when people stare at her, because her nipples usually tent the fabric of her dress.

She surely demands attention. Her face looks young still, her lips have not faded, and her slim figure makes her appear more petite than she is. She tries hard to please me and often wears my favorite, a black off-shoulder dress that flows down almost to the floor. When she walks her gold sandals peek playfully out from under the hem. She wears little jewelry. Maybe a pearl necklace with a black dress; but often just a single red or white flower in her black hair just above her ear.

For our anniversary I had rented a small cabin in Virginia, way out in the country. We wanted to be with each other, without neighbors, without radio or TV, just my wife Eva and me.
I had to attend an important meeting in Dallas and so I had asked Eva to be in charge of logistics.

The meeting did not finish as scheduled. It dragged on into the next day. When I finally joined Eva at the cabin late on Friday night I found a different Eva. She had seen me coming and quickly had unlocked the cabin door. Her cheerful, smiling voice greeted me when I knocked.

"Don't stand there, come inside."

I threw open the door and I was stunned. In the center of the cabin stood a young lady in a red miniskirt, topped by a most revealing white blouse. A large set of armbands adorned her wrist.

The burning logs in the fireplace bathed the cabin with a warm, eerie, unreal glow.The gold tiara on her black hair sparkled in the orange light of a single kerosene lamp, accentuating the young girl in the center.

She had thrown out her hip and placed one hand on it. 'I am here for you,' the posture said,' come and get me.' Her dark pupils were unnaturally dilated with desire. She must have had arousing thoughts waiting for me.

"Close the door, and your mouth also. It's cold outside," she laughed, still holding her pose.

I kicked the door shut, then dropped my overnight bag and my briefcase. I greeted her with a feigned so-what-attitude. But that attitude lasted less than ten seconds and I rushed to her. I hugged her, I kissed her sweet, lush lips, then her throat, her neck, and wherever I found exposed skin. I was young again.

When we finally let go of each other, we were out of breath, we were so happy that we laughed tears. She smiled at me with that impish smile of hers that I love so much; a smile that held a promise, a smile that spoke of many things, but mostly spoke of love.

"I am sure you must be hungry, unless you ate the peanuts they serve as dinner on the plane nowadays," she chuckled. "I have something better, the same dinner that we had on our day."

"Give me a few minutes to wash and freshen up a bit, Love," I told her, giving her a quick kiss.

The kerosene lamp had been replaced by a single candle in the center of the table, when I returned. The white plates with the gold rim contrasted beautifully with the flaming red linen place mats. She had even brought a table cloth almost like the one that had been on the table then, twenty-two years ago.

She had found an empty pork and beans can and cleaned and scrubbed it bright. It held a beautiful bouquet of flowers from a nearby meadow, a bouquet that now graced the center of the table.

Her choice of wine glasses told me that there was a bottle of white wine waiting for us, probably a Moselle. The single flower next to each plate completed the setting. This was how the dinner table had looked then.

The memories flared up in me and I crushed my darling to me, I held her tight for a long time, my head on her shoulder. Some passionate kisses later I released her and stepped back to look at her, her sparkling eyes, her lush lips, her dainty neck that I so much love to nuzzle.

It was a simple meal tonight as it had been; fried chicken with mashed potatoes and Cole slaw. But something was different and it took me some time before I finally figured it out.

It had been love on first sight when we had met. Back then the room was flooded with the urgency of youth; tonight it was the deep, mature love that wanted to reaffirm itself.

The knock on the old wooden door came just as we were ready to sit down for dinner. I opened the door and was greeted by the sight of a thirtyish lady in a black sheath. She was shivering in the cool night air of an early fall.

"By all means, come in out of the cold," I invited her. She did not enter at once. Her eyes were taking in the room, wondering if it was safe. When she spotted a female sitting at the dinner table, she stepped forward and I could close the door.

"I am so sorry to trouble you at dinner time, but I am afraid I ran out of gas about a quarter mile down the road and I wonder if I could use your phone. My cell phone seems to be out of range." she explained.

"Did you walk all the way here on that gravel road in those heels?" I interrupted.

"Your feet must be killing you," my wife chimed in. "Why don't you step out of those heels and suit down with me."

It was obvious that she appreciated the invitation because she did not lose any time to join Eva and remove her heels when she sat down.

"My name is Penny," she introduced herself," after which we did likewise.

"I am sorry to have to disappoint you," I informed her. "But there is no phone and my cell phone is out of range also. But you are welcome to spend the night with us. There is plenty food and even two bottles of wine," I added.

Eva got up and moved the food bowls in front of the fireplace to keep them warm and then smiled at Penny and asked the obvious question, which Penny answered at once.

"I am a journalist, a staff writer for a Denver newspaper and was supposed to interview someone in Williamsburg tomorrow evening. Since I had never been here I decided to look around a bit, and before I knew it I was lost. An old farmer I asked, told me that there was a shorter way to get to Williamsburg from where I was. I have been cruising these empty, crooked mountain roads, not getting anyplace, except more lost. So, here I am. My real gripe is that I paid for a hotel room that I will not be using."

"That settles it then," Eva told her. "There is another mattress here and plenty of blankets, not to mention two bottles of wine."

"I happily accept your gracious invitation. I would have only one favor to ask o you," she answered as she turned to me with a warm smile." I have my overnight bag in the trunk of my car and I wonder if the white knight could be talked into retrieving it?"

Penny's idea of a quarter mile turned out to be somewhat exaggerated and I was back at the cabin in just a few minutes. While walking I reflected. True, we wanted to be from everywhere and everyone, but she seemed to be pleasant company, so why not enjoy what fate presented.

When I returned the food was set up on the table, a third plate was sitting in front of Penny, and a flickering candle added to the glow of the burning logs in the fireplace.

"This table is almost exactly as the table Eva had set on the date that we celebrate every year, down to the choice of food," I explained to Penny. "We want to remember that day and what better way than to repeat some of the trappings of that day."

Eva and I were sitting facing each other, as we had been seated then, not next to each other as we are always seated now. Eva turned off the kerosene lamp and the room took on a fairyland glow. There was magic in the air it seemed. Our shadows danced to the tune of the lone candle.

Eva started the evening. She looked me in the eye with a strange intenseness as she picked up a drumstick. She slowly moved it to her open lips and held it there, just looking at me. She leaned slightly forward towards me and then she lovingly and ever so slowly let her tongue glide over the

skin the full length of the drumstick.

The flickering light of the flames in the fireplace accentuated her sensuous movement. Her tongue licked back to the tip and swirled it there before slowly taking the meat in her mouth. She pulled it out again and nibbled a bit on its side. If sex had been a liquid, it would have dribbled all over the tablecloth.

Eva lowered the drumstick and placed it on her plate. Her eyes never left mine, but now the smallest hint of a smile appeared as she picked up a fork with mashed potatoes. It also was slowly lifted to her lips where she slowly and noiselessly sucked it in her mouth.

She picked up her drumstick again, still holding me prisoner with her eyes, and again lifted it slowly and sensuously to her lips where she first sucked the end of it in her mouth and then leisurely twirled it between her teeth,

Penny had stopped her fork in midair, sitting still with her mouth slightly open, watching the unreal scene. She was utterly fascinated by Eva's exhibition of sexuality.

Later, after dinner, Penny told us that there was an old movie called Tom Jones that had a similar scene in it and she wondered if we had seen it.

"Never heard of it," I told Penny, "but we definitely have to rent it, if it is still available. Who knows, Eva could maybe pick up some additional ideas." The two girls had a short whispered conversation like two conspirators, and then g conspiratorial giggled and laughed for almost a minute.

A short time later Penny yawned, turned to Eva and mumbled what sounded like "I am sure getting sleepy." Eva chimed in right away and asked me to just put the two mattresses on the floor next to each other. The girls then disappeared to do what girls do to get ready for the night.

Pretty soon I heard some whispered conversation and some suppressed laughter and some giggles coming from behind the curtain. A few minutes passed and Eva managed a few words for me, wedged in between the sounds of two girls having fun.

"We are coming out. Close your eyes, and no peeking. Then march right in for your turn behind the curtain."

There was little warm water left in the bucket, but I made the best of it and was done in just a few minutes.By this time the little noises, little squeals, small moans had ceased. And I had to assume that they were under the covers.

I froze as I stepped from behind the curtain. Eva and Penny were intertwined in a lover's embrace, Penny kissing Eva full on her lips and Eva responding with equal passion. Their tongues met each other and the taller girl started exploring the inside of her lover's mouth. Penny's hand on Eva's ass was trying to push the girl even closer.

I watched, fascinated by the erotic scene before me. They were so aroused that they were mot at all aware of my presence.Penny's hand slowly moved up Eva's back and lightly scratched my wife's skin. I could see Eva shivering. After a minute or so the hand moved to Eva's front to caress Eva's breast; but that was not enough for Penny. She broke the kiss and bent down to suck first on nipple into her mouth, first the right and then the other. Eva was moaning loudly, her shivering had been replaced by shaking.

While the Blonde tortured Eva's nipples, my wife's hand slid down to Penny's pussy. She was granted access when Penny moved her legs apart. I was amazed to see Penny starting to shiver. Her mouth was now fastened on the smaller girls small tits, sucking as much into her mouth as she could.

The finger in Penny's pussy seemed to do something right because she let go of the tits she had held captive and let at little shriek. She laid her head on the little girl's shoulder and moaned loudly. I could see Penny's orgasm approaching rapidly, and so did

Eva. She stood still to let the taller girl recover before starting her finger massage again. The other hand went behind the Blonde's head and pulled it closer, to rest on Eva's shoulder. Penny was so charged emotionally that she could not hold out any longer. She clamped her legs together, let out a loud shriek and then suddenly stiffened, and then shuddered wildly. Her breath came in short spurts. Between her labored breaths I heard her mumble.

"Oh my god,…..oh my god,….."" Repeated several times.

As her breath became more regular she stepped away from Eva a half a step, holding on to her. She opened her eyes to look at the girl in front of her who had done magic to her, but I had the feeling that her eyes did not focus very well.

"Let's lay down for a spell, and rest, you must be exhausted," Eva urged.

Both women lay down on top of the blankets, hugging each other lovingly. I did not have the heart to break the spell and tiptoed to a chair somewhat in the shadows from where I could watch without being intrusive. I am still not sure if they realized that I was in the room with them.

Life returned slowly. Being exhausted did not mean that their arousal had been quenched. Eva started kissing Penny's throat and then her neck, kissing with a vehemence that I had experienced only four or five times before. Little love bites left small circles on Penny's neck.

Soon the lips moved south to fasten themselves to her victim's nipples, sucking, chewing, even letting her teeth graze over them from time to time. Penny buried her fingers in Eva's hair to keep those wonderful lips from leaving her breasts.

As Eva trued to move to her next target Penny pushed Eva flat on her back and hen raised herself up onto her hands and knees, next to my sweetheart. I watched the sudden transformation with amazement.

Penny looked down with a Cheshire cat grin into the prone girl's eyes before bending low, raining kisses all over Eva's face, her nose, her forehead her cheeks, her eyebrows. Penny now moved her attention to Eva's ear to kiss and nibble the earlobe. When the blond girl stuck her stiff tongue into Eva's ear, Eva yelped and kicked up her legs.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Penny pushing Eva down deeper into the mattress. Her hand moved over her friend's breasts, squeezing, kneading, teasing nipples. Eva started to shiver and quake as electric shocks coursed through her body when Penny flicked her tongue over Eva's left nipple and the fastened her mouth over the small tit, almost completely devouring it in her mouth.

Eva didn't seem to notice that the hand that caressed her belly was slowly moving down towards her pussy. She just instinctively started spreading her legs a bit as the hand arrived at her pussy where it wiggled inside. But she noticed the finger getting more active. She knew only that her tits were worshiped by a set of hot lips and that something felt good in her pussy. That feeling got better as another finger joined the first and explored inside with eagerness.

Eventually Penny shifted and moved down towards Eva's pussy where she spread the girl's legs further apart to have better access to Eva's pleasure grotto. As she bent her head Eva pulled up her knees, opening herself wider for her lover.

Penny moved closer slowly and deliberately, kissing the inside of Eva's thighs, which brought forth some mewls and moans of pleasure. When Penny let her tongue dance on my sweetheart's clit I could see her jerking her legs. Then she became vocal.

"YES,….Yes,….AAHH,….So good…"

Penny didn't work on Eva's sensitive clit too long, there was still a sweet smelling pleasure tunnel

waiting to be explored.Penny kissed and licked all over Eva's pussy lips, bringing forth some stifled shrieks and low moans, but I was certain that this was only an appetizer.

Penny raised herself slightly to look at her friend's pussy. She gazed in wonderment at the sight before her, and even I could see some of Eva's pussy, which was slightly open and was pulsing with unfulfilled desire. She pulled the pussy lips apart before she buried her face in the beckoning pink folds.

The sweet perfume of her friend's pussy filled her nostrils, and she eagerly accepted the fragrance. She buried her face in the pink folds, lapping up the sweetness that seeped from her lover. Penny let her tongue dance and swirl, probing as deep as she could. Eva was moaning loudly and from time to time she let out little shrieks.

Knowing Eva as I do, I spotted the first signs that her climax was approaching. Her legs started to jerk, her nouns took on a guttural quality, her hands clenched and unclenched, and her chest heaved with each labored breath. .

Five seconds passed and she screamed her surrender to her orgasm, her hands clawed at the blankets, frantically searching for purchase. Her back bucked upwards for a few moments before falling down into the crumpled blankets. She shook her head wildly from side to side. Her black hair flew in all directions creating eerie dancing shadows on the shower curtain. Her forehead shimmered with tiny beads of perspiration.

Penny had been spared much of Eva's cries and howls; Eva had clamped her thighs tightly around Penny's head, holding her in a vise, when her climax exploded.

After Eva had collapsed Penny moved up beside her and tenderly held Eva in her arms resting in the comfort of each others presence for about two minutes.

My erection just wanted to subside when Penny suddenly jumped up and rushed to me.

"My god," she stammered, "we forgot all about you poor soul. Let me apologize in the proper fashion. She pulled me from my chair and pushed me down to lie next to my sweetheart. She spread my legs apart and crawled in between them up to my dick that stood up again in a few seconds.

Eva did not want to be left out of the action and turned towards me to play with my sensitive nipples that I am blessed with. First the left one was attended to by two fingers, rolling it, tweaking it, being scratched lightly with a finger nail. After a while her lips replaced her fingers and a delicious tongue sent shivers though me.

Penny was not like so many women who just go through the motions, moving monotonously up and down a penis without any finesse. Penny was a gifted lady who instinctively knew how to play this sensitive instrument, She brought into play all the nuances of pressure, sucking, stroking with their lips, using a roving tongue, slowing down, speeding up, stopping for a short rest, then playing at fortissimo.

Her smiling eyes never left mine. They told me how much she enjoyed what she was doing to me.

Once in a while she would stop when she believed I was getting too close to the brink. She would hold me in her warm mouth, maybe letting her tongue slide leisurely across my shaft.

Eva meanwhile has shifted her attention to my other nipple, giving it the same treatment with her tongue, swiping across I, and then sucking it in her mouth as if it was a woman's tit.

Penny finally took pity on me and raced me to my release. First my thigh muscled contracted, and then came the explosion.Every muscle and bone in my body celebrated the most powerful Orgasm of my life. I was out of breath, my chest was heaving, desperately trying to get a gulp of air.

When it was over I lay still, completely drained. I closed my eyes and luxuriated in the afterglow, feeling sweet kisses raining over my body.

After many minutes of resting quietly the two girls sat up in unison.

"Will someone serve us a glass of wine in this establishment, or do we have to get it ourselves?" Eva laughingly inquired.

It was obvious who was meant by someone.I served the two girls and then got a glass for myself. For a while we just sat sipping our wine and watching the flickering flames in the fireplace. Then Penny had an idea.

"It is story telling time; how about each one of us telling a story, maybe a story out of our lives? I am too pumped up to go to sleep right now."

Eva clapped her hands in approval and was instantly elected to be number one.

She looked at me like she was asking for my approval and then took a deep breath.

"This will be a very personal story. You may tell it to the world, but change the names and the places.

About two weeks ago we had dinner at my parent. After dinner hubby and I sat on the couch. Mom pulled up a chair to sit in front of us and tell us a story.

"I did some research," Mom started, "I wanted to know if what we had done when Eva was born was the right thing to do at the time, knowing what we knew then.

The doctor had told us that our baby had both sexes and we would have to decide whether the baby should grow up a boy or a girl. We chose boy as most parents did at that time. All that is different today, thank goodness. Even the name for that condition has been changed to interrsex. And by the way, one in two thousand babies has a sex problem in some form or other, I found out.

Anyway, our boy Tommy had no interest in baseball, he preferred playing house with the girls next door. And he loved to join me in the kitchen, watching me cook or bake .Once I caught him wearing my silk panties. Another time I surprised him in the laundry wearing a skirt of mine and twirling around to make it flare out.'

"I interrupted Mom to tell her that I remember how embarrassed I was at the time".

Then Mom spoke up again.

'Eva, Dad and I have been having many guilt feelings over the years that our pretty girl had to live the wrong life. It was not easy, knowing that we had made the wrong decision. But we felt we had to tell you and your husband that it was your parents who had unwittingly made a boy out of a girl.'

I got up to hug my Mom and comfort her.

"I don't blame you, Mom, you didn't know at the time what my brain was telling me.You did what you thought was best, OK?"

As I listened to Eva telling her story I again felt Goosebumps rippling over my body, as I tried to imagine myself in a woman's body, and I was horrified.

"Eva dear," Peggy asked. "What happened in school? They probably called you a faggot and other names and teased you unmerciful. You probably were also ostracized in many ways."

Eva's face changed. The smile had disappeared. Her face had become a dark mask. She stood up to make an announcement.

"Let's stop it right here. Yes, school was hell. But now I am here." Then her smile returned.

"I have a gorgeous hunk of a man for a husband, wonderful parents who love me dearly, and a sweet, loving daughter from my first marriage before my gender change operation in Colorado when I was still a male.

And some day soon we will have to explain that mess to her, that I am both, her Mom, and her Dad; and that there is even more, she actually has two Moms and two Dads."