Kat and Cyrano - Chapter 5

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Sept 26, 2008: Eric slips into me at LAST! Purrrrrrrrrr!!!

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That Friday (Sept. 26, when I returned from my business trip on the other side of the country) will always be a special date for me. Maybe even more special than family birthdays. Because it was my first of many times riding the sexiest man I've ever known.

I didn't think about it that day, but maybe it seems strange to some reading this, that the first – and only – thought on my return from a cross-country business trip was to return home, not to the arms of my husband (whose arms hadn't held me in year), but to have Eric enter me for the very first time. For hours on the flight home, that was all I could think about: that he was going to make his entrance. And I knew, I just knew, it was going to be wonderful!

I called the man of my dreams on his cell phone around 2:30 PM that Friday afternoon.

"I'm in the room, our room! I'm on the bed, our bed! I'm still dressed, and waiting for you to unwrap your present," I panted. I sensed he could hear the intense horniness in my voice, and I could almost see in his voice, his wide side smile from ear to ear. And I sensed that something else was nice and wide on him at that moment, too!

"I'll bring the gift I know you want to unwrap," he whispered in his incredibly sexy, deep baritone voice. Again I wondered if he could sense my big happy smile over the phone on hearing his hot, loving words, his promise that he was about to enter me, and then enter me again and again and again, as I'd been craving all week.

His horniness for me must have put an extra pep in his step, as it took him only about 20 minutes to walk the 8 blocks to the motel, where I was waiting hungrily for him. I knew in my heart, without a doubt, that he was about to give me the sweetest, the most intense, the most wonderful loving, of my then 48 years on this earth. Because I already knew, that's just the kind of man he is.

About 10 minutes after I had called him, I realized I hadn't given him the room number yet. In a panic that he might not find me, which would be intolerable in my intense state of horniness, I called him

back and told him the room number. I told him to park in back and take the back stairway, since I was in the far back room on the second floor.

I used the time waiting for him to be sure everything was perfect. Heavy, opaque drapes drawn against peeping toms, check. Every light in the motel room on, so he and I would be able to see every bit of each other’s nakedness like we had talked about and had erotic dreams about, check. Top two buttons of my blouse open, check. Zippers on my boots aligned to be easy for Eric to unzip, check. Hem of my long peasant skirt perfectly in place, no wrinkles or rumples, check. Shower hot water working, check. I even double-checked to make sure I had worn the matching blue lace bra and panties under my blouse and skirt, although I knew I had. Check and check. I was ready, and the room was ready, for him to finally enter me.

About ten minutes after my second call, he very softly knocked on the door, courteously not wanting to call attention to our illicit tryst. I opened the door, wearing a tight white blouse like a waitress in a classy restaurant might wear. I had paired it with a long green and black peasant skirt, and side-zipping thigh-high boots.

I threw my arms around him, welcoming him with a kiss, as we both shoved the motel room door shut behind us. He broke the kiss just long enough to double-lock the door for us.

As we tossed our arms around each other and resumed our hungry kissing, I drove my tongue deep into his mouth. “I’m hungry for you!” I panted. “So hungry!”

I broke the kiss this time. "I have dreamed of this moment every minute since I flew off cross country," I purred. "No, ever since I felt you throbbing in my hand last week! I can't believe I'm finally going to get to ride you! To feel you enter me. I want that. I need that!"

He gazed adoringly into my eyes, and through them, into my soul. "I want to see that crystal that lies next to the heart of my heart."

"Oh, don't lie to me, darling! You just want to see my blue lace bra."

"That, too," he laughed. "Are you still wearing that same bra, like you promised?"

"You'll have to find that out for yourself," I smiled, as he eagerly began to unbutton my crisp white blouse.

"I've given myself ssooo many orgasms," I purred, "just imagining myself nibbling that sexy chest in the photo you sent me." With that, I practically ripped the buttons off his shirt, in my eagerness to

unwrap him.

"Wow!" I practically drooled. “Your chest looks even better than your photo!" I purred. And I meant it! I put my hand on his mmmmm hairy chest and rubbed it, then leaned in and kissed all over his chest, and then nibbled on his hard little nipples. "And your chest tastes even better than I dreamed."

Meanwhile, he had my blouse open wide around my lace-covered breasts. "That *is* a nice crystal," he observed, chuckling. "I hope it doesn't mind that it has to share its place next to your heart with me from now on."

"Oh, come on, now," I smiled. "Is my crystal really what you want to focus on?"

With that, he leaned in and kissed the soft blue lace of my bra through my open blouse, as I continued to lovingly, hungrily rub and taste his magnificent bare, hairy chest through his open shirt.

I kissed his chest again.

Meanwhile, he tucked the lacy cups of my bra under my achingly horny breasts. Mine aren't especially huge-- they're only 34C – but I felt sexy as hell when he told me that I have the longest and hardest nipples he’d ever seen.

He leaned in and kissed and sucked and nibbled them. I don’t think my nipples had ever been so hard before. And Eric was doing that to me, this man I hungered for, just so amazing - his sexual power over me….and mine over him!

I began to purr and purr and purr, as he adoringly explored my breasts, bringing me the most incredibly intense pleasure. I couldn’t have stopped purring even if I’d wanted to.

“You purr like a cat,” he observed.

“Well, my name *is* Kathy! It starts with Kat!”

“And you own two cats. And that day in the park last week, when I got to explore inside your panties, discovering you have nice soft fur like a cat, too! Maybe I should call you Kat from now on?”

“Mmmm, I like that! I’m your Kat!” I told him. “And only you get to stroke my Kat fur! I’m your happy, contented Kat. Purrrrrr!”

"Mmmmm, my sweet purring Kat. Your breasts look even better than I had dared to hope,” as he

continued his nipple nibbling, and as my lace bra cradled their underside. “And they taste better than I dreamed, too," he smiled. The more he nibbled my nipples, the louder and more frequently I purred.

As he savored my breasts, and I savored his loving hungry nibbles there, I put my hand over the zipper of his trousers. As he had promised, he was so thick, and so hard! Just what I wanted now, just what I needed!

"I want you!" we both moaned at the same time. Then we laughed together at the coincidence of saying the same words at the same time.

We were standing beside the bed, kissing and stroking and hugging each other. I guided his hands to the single clasp at the back of my wispy little blue lace bra. He unhooked it, and I tossed my bra over the back of a nearby chair.

I put my left foot up on the bed. He slowly, seductively unzipped my left boot and removed it. His hand on my thigh made me draw-in my breath, my heart racing, and then momentarily skipping a beat or two. Then he ran his hand up my right leg, under my long skirt. He clasped my thigh and bent my right leg, so he could unzip and remove my right boot, too.

"Do your panties match your bra?" he asked. I think he already knew what I was going to say, but I sensed he wanted to hear me say it anyway.

As I had with my bra, I smiled saucily and told him, "You'll have to find that out for yourself."

He accepted my invitation, and he slowly, teasingly hiked up my long peasant skirt. He gazed hungrily at my little blue lace panties, and I turned around so he could see my fur-lined entrance under the lace, from behind as well. He quite literally kissed my ass, then he spun me back to face him, and only the wispiest lace separated his kiss from my bush.

I knew he wanted to enter me, every bit as much as I wanted, needed him to enter me! He somehow managed to take his eyes off my panties, and he looked deep into my eyes and smiled, obviously pleased and turned on that that my tiny blue lace panty matched my skimpy bra.

“I knew you’d like them!” I smiled, “I wore these for *you*! I hoped they would make you as big and as hard as possible when you slide into me!”

He grasped the waist band of my long peasant skirt, and he slid the thin cloth all the way down my legs. I gently kicked my skirt a few feet away. Now I was wearing only my tiny little blue lace panties, and a happy smile almost as big as the bulge in his pants!

Having already unbuckled his belt, my eager hands now unhooked the top of his slacks. It was tough for me to take my time and tease him, I wanted him so much. But I didn't unzip him yet.

Instead, I placed my open palm and fingertips flat against the front of his pants. As eager as I was to ride him, that first time, I wanted to enjoy his goodness in as many ways as possible and for as long as possible.

"So hard!" I purred, cupping the thickness of his best feature through the fabric.

"You make me this hard," he told me. “This is for you. All for you. Only for you!"

Just then, my gentle but intensely lustful touch made him throb powerfully under his slacks, under my hand.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" I purred, hungrily unzipping him now. As I unzipped him, he so helpfully kicked off his shoes, without even bothering to untie them first.

With one quick, hungry, eager tug, I yanked his slacks and boxers all the way down to his ankles, and again he helped me get to my lustful desire faster, as he stepped out of his pants.

Mmmmm, he was thick and hard and red and throbbing. I had dreamed of what that most special part of him looks like, I had felt it in my hand, but now it looked so much better than any of my fevered imaginings of him.

"Can I touch it?" I purred.

"Yes, of course!"

But before he even finished getting these words out, my hand was already wrapped around his very hard, thick redness, and lovingly stroking him up and down.

“Are you happy with how hard you make me?” he smiled.

“Oh YES!” My hand pumped him even faster now.

Now he, too, began to purr like a contented cat.

"May," I began. I intended to ask "May I?" but I stopped myself in mid sentence. I wanted him, I’d

wanted him for weeks, and I for damned sure didn't need ask for what I was perfectly capable of taking!

So I just knelt in front of him, and I planted a really hard kiss right on his thick, throbbing goodness.

“I adore you,” I told him, kissing again, “And this is the most adorable part of you!”

I clasped his hand in mine, and I pulled him closer to the bed.

He released my hand, and he began to fold down the bed sheets. I eagerly helped him.

Then we wrapped our arms around each other, and we flopped down together onto the bed.

I raised one leg, bent at the knee, and the other legs stretched straight in front of me.

"This is just how I pictured it in my dream!" he moaned happily.

“I know,” I smiled. “You told me this is how you want to take me. And I agree, this is how I want to give myself to you for the first time!”

I threw my arms around him and kissed him.

He broke the kiss, to slowly skim my tiny little blue lace panties down my legs, teasing me like I had teased him, until they were off of me, over my ankles.

He held my panties to his nose, breathed in deeply and grinned, then tossed them beside us on the bed.

Then he just gazed and gazed adoringly at my bush. “Your sweet brown Kat fur looks even better than it felt on my fingers last week,” he purred.

He was making me feel like the sexiest woman on earth now. “Do you really think my bush looks pretty?”

“It’s perfection!” he whispered hotly in my ear. “So soft and furry. And the most beautiful shade of brown fur I think I’ve ever seen. And I love those soft, tiny little wisps of brown hair on your soft and silky thighs.” He paused. “Would you let me pet your Kat fur?”

In silent reply, I gently clasped his wrist, and guided his hand to caress my bush.

“Purrrrrr!” I whispered hotly, as I nibbled his ear. “Your Kat loves when you pet her fur!”

“Your bush, your lightly furred thighs,” he purred back. “I wouldn't change a thing! Your fur is sexy, to the point of absolute perfection.”

“You’re perfection, too!” I purred, as my hand encircled and gently squeezed his thick, pulsing hardness

We spoke in unison again. "I've been dreaming of this moment!"

I lay flat on my back, and I pulled him on top of me. I kissed him fiercely, as my breasts mashed up hard against his sexy, hairy chest. I could feel my achingly hard nipples drilling their way into his manly chest.

I was on fire, and my tongue again snaked its way deep into his mouth. And then his tongue drove swiftly and eagerly into MY mouth.

"Mmmmmm!" I purred. “Are you going to enter me that same way, like you’re tongue’s doing?”

“Whatever brings you the most intense pleasure, my darling!”

I gently chewed on his tongue in my mouth.

"Oh, yes!" he moaned, kissing my mouth, kissing my neck, and caressing my breasts.

He slid himself off from on top of me. And face down beside me, he reached over the side of the bed.

“What are you doing, my sweet?” I asked him.

“I stashed a couple of condoms in my pants pockets. I’m just getting one. I bought them this morning, for you, for us! They’re ribbed and lubricated.”

I laughed. “Not needed, baby!” I kissed his shoulders. All the sweet wonderfulness of who he is throbbed hard against the bed, making the bed—and me – tremble. This was better than any vibrator. Because it was the real flesh of the real man I had intense feelings for—horniness, yes, but also love already, too, I think.

I then let him face me, and I parted my bush, to show him the little surgery scar underneath. “I had to

undergo a hysterectomy a few years ago. I can't get pregnant any more. Which after 4 kids," I laughed, "is fine with me! And besides, I haven't had a man in me in so long," I sighed, "So there's no way you need protection from any disease! So we don't need a condom for either reason!"

"Besides, I continued, "I've been dreaming of this moment. And there's no way I'm going to let any latex come between feeling your flesh in me!"

He stretched his whole 5'10" naked frame on top of my own nakedness, and he resumed kissing my mouth hotly, his tongue driving as deep into my mouth, as I knew the wonder of him would soon be driving into me!

His magnificent thickness was pressed hard into my belly, and he suddenly throbbed very hard against me.

"Mmmmm! " I purred again. I reached down and stroked his very hard, very red loveliness again.

"How did I get so lucky," I purred, "to have the hottest man ever, here in bed with me? And ready to enter me!"

"It's for you, all for you!"

That did it! "I need you to feed all of your goodness into me! Now!" I moaned. "I'm so hungry for you! Enter me, baby!"

His fingers interlaced with mine, and we both grabbed his wonderfully thick hardness, and together, we began easing him into me.

The head parted my lips wider and wider and wider around him, as he began his slow entry into me. "Yes!" I moaned. "Yes and yes, and YES!"

And then that thick wonderful shaft began its slow descent into my hunger.

"YES!"

The center of my womanhood, the entranceway to my very soul, was contracting like crazy around him, pulling him in deeper and deeper and deeper. His hardness seemed to go on forever, so long, so thick, so hard, so much to take into myself now.

No matter how much I hungrily pulled him into me now, there still seemed to be a lot more left

outside, still to cram into me. How was it possible that my many intense fevered dreams of him, while I lay in the bathtub, totally paled, compared to this wonderful hot reality? I felt so sexy, so loved, so lucky!

Finally, he was in me all the way, just what I wanted, just what I needed. And I reveled at the feel of his big, come-filled balls, pressed up tight against my lower set of lips.

He was so long, and so thick, and I was so completely filled up by him. I then knew, more than ever before, how much I completely loved and adored this man!

And then he slowly lifted himself up, pulling all that wonderful hardness up out of me, pulling my insides out of me along with his slow withdrawal.

And then slowly, slowly back into me.

When he was completely in me again, he gave another little push. And somehow he managed to push in even deeper! And as hard as he had looked before he entered me, he was now even harder! Mmmmm! If there's a heaven, I'm already there!

I wrapped my long legs around his waist, pushing my feet hard into his naked butt, and he slid even further down into me! One delighted purr blended into the next and the next, as I just let myself enjoy him, enjoy us!

He pulled out slowly once again. And then he thrust back in me, very fast. And he withdrew just as fast. Now he was slamming his way in and out of me, so fast, so very fast, and so good! And my nether lips were trembling, contracting, and squishing like mad around him! And I was floating on a cloud of pure bliss! Pure joy! Yes, this man, my Eric, was definitely taking me on a trip to pure heaven! And I just knew, I loved him so much now!

And then I trembled from head to toe, as I thoroughly soaked his deeply-buried hardness. He pulled out of my hunger by maybe half an inch (if that). He throbbed very hard, thrust back in, and he exploded all of his warm gooey goodness deep into me!

"Yes! Yes!" and "Yes!" again I cried out, trembling through one more orgasm, and then two and then four. And he throbbed powerfully and fed me another explosion of his come!

And then he slid out, and I noticed he was still very hard, and I loved that I affected him like that.

But then I also noticed that my juices, and his, began to pour out of me.

In a panic over losing so much of the very first precious load, losing his first ever sweet, loving deposit into me, I clamped my nether lips down very tight.

Whew! There were still plenty of his hot juices to enjoy in me.

I gazed lovingly into his eyes, grinned from ear to ear, and just kept whispering, “Thank you, thank you, THANK you!” I was his now, all his, and that thought made me happier than any in my whole life!

“We should have done this before I flew 3,000 miles away,” I told him.

I was totally in tears now. Tears of joy for what we had finally just done. We had finally just shared each other, in the best and most wonderful and most loving way that a man and a woman can share each other.

But also tears of regret, that we had waited so long to do this!

“My flight last week would have been so amazing, with this much of you in me all day. To just savor in me, all across the country.”

I shivered and shuddered at both that happy but slightly regretful thought, and at the feel of so much of his warm loving goo, still so very deep inside of me at that moment.

“*Thank* you!” I purred again, appreciatively and adoringly kissing his mouth …. and then kissing his still hard come-soaked source of my purest delight, too. “That was wonderful! You're wonderful!”

He hit the nail on the head when he grinned, “Together, we’re wonderful!”

“Mmmmm-hmmm!” I agreed, flopping exhausted but ecstatic, flat on my back.

He flopped down beside me, face up. We held hands in bed and smiled and smiled and smiled at each other, as we both slowly caught our breath again.

We had both just cheated on our estranged, unloving spouses, giving in to the intense love and lust we had been feeling for each other for weeks…..and we didn’t care! All that mattered to either of us was, this was the most wonderful moment of either of our lives. And this wonderful man and I had just shared this magical moment.

Yes, this was heaven!

“I wish you’d been my first lover!” I told him softly, resting my head on his chest as he stroked my hair.

He looked at me quizzically.

“My first sex wasn’t sex,” I began, “and it for sure wasn’t love. This relative,”

He put a finger to my mouth. “Shhhhh!” he soothed. “I understand. And I can see on your face that it pains you to talk about this. You never have to talk about this again. From just your few words, I have a pretty good idea what happened. And it wasn’t your fault, and you did nothing wrong way back then. And now you’re loved by a man who wants only to bring you pleasure and joy.”

“You sure did that!” I smiled and smiled. Then I kissed his mouth … and kissed the sexiest part of him yet again.

“It’s just that it colored all my other relationships. Had you been my first, my love life would have been much better. And I wouldn’t have had three disastrous marriages.

“Shhh!” he kissed my mouth again, placing one hand on my left breast and his other hand on the freshly watered flower of my femininity. “Your past doesn’t matter. I intend to make your present and your future beyond wonderful.”

“And I intend to make your life beyond wonderful, too” I gently squeezed his thick hardness. Sadly, a little over a year later, our beautiful dreams would collide with reality, and we would be over as a “we.” But our reality for that moment, and for the next year, would be magical!

Then, after a pause, I continued “You know, I even became a rock groupie for a while, in rebellion for what had been done to me. I was pretty wild!”

“You still are!” he grinned adoringly.

“Wild with you, my sweet! Only with you, my darling,” I kissed his wonderful hardness one last time.

“I don’t mind your past. Everything good and everything bad you ever did, shaped who you are.”

“Oh?” I giggled, my finger-tips slowly, loving massaging the best part of him, “And who am I?”

“The woman I adore!”

Looking back on that day from the vantage point of 4 years later, I realize now that my romanticizing of my rebellious teenage groupie days, would become a key factor in the undoing of the best relationship and the hottest sex I ever had. But more on that later.

When we had both regained our breath, he leaned over me, and he adoringly, passionately kissed his way down, from my neck to my breasts. He kissed my cleavage, and then he hungrily swallowed my long, intensely hard nipples, one at a time.

He kissed my ribs, he kissed my navel. And he kissed my slightly rounded belly, the result of 4 childbirths. He ran his fingers adoringly through my soft brown bush, and I took a sharp intake of breath, and then I let out a long, delighted purr.

He kissed my thighs, and I instinctively opened them wider and wider to him, beneath him, as my happy purrs grew louder and more frequent.

I wrapped my hand completely around what I simply couldn’t get enough of now, and I began pumping him up and down, sometimes slowly and lazily, sometimes rapidly and eagerly.

He kissed my lower set of lips, and he moved his kisses all the way around my moist, hungry entrance.

His kisses made me gladly open up to him, like a flower to the sun and the rain.

He slid a finger into me, and I couldn’t help moaning. Then he slid a second finger in, one finger exploring my interior, the other on my G-spot.

I arched my back high, to meet his skilled fingers. And I moaned again.

That's when he brought my thumb into play, too. Pressing and swirling into my pulsating and already very hard nub of a clit.

He withdrew his hand, clutched my thighs in both of his hands, and buried his face between my thighs. He began hungrily lapping at my interior, licking at my G-spot, flicking and flittering at my clit.

I purred yet again. I wrapped my legs adoringly around his neck, locking my ankles together, my feet rubbing his shoulders.

I purred again. And then I felt something inside, and I began to panic.

“I know you want to taste me,” I said, “And trust me, I want that, too. But you have to stop for a minute. I have something important to tell you.”

To our mutual disappointment, he withdrew his face from between my thighs. Then he planted a kiss on my breasts, which felt wonderful, and produced several more happy purrs from me.

“You have to listen,” I told him.

He sat up attentively, as I gazed adoringly at his very hard manliness, which had just given me the best loving of my entire life. And I began. “As if that fire alarm interrupting my erotic dream of you last night wasn’t bad enough. When my fingers resumed exploring, thinking of you last night, dreaming of what we would do today, of what we just did, my erotic dreams were interrupted again! By my period.

“Although I have no uterus to carry a baby any more,” I continued, “my body doesn’t seem to know that yet, and still puts me through hell every month! When I was playing with myself and thinking of you last night, instead of coming, I began to bleed onto my hand.

“I bled a little on the flight home, too, and I had to go to the airplane bathroom to clean up.”

I kissed his mouth and continued, “But there was no way I was going to let that stop me from getting you to finally enter me today! And we were lucky I didn’t bleed on your hardness. But I don’t want your first time eating me, to end in my blood all over your face, instead of my come. So we’ll have to save your devouring me with your mouth, until next time. “

The disappointment written on his face matched my own. “Besides,” I smiled, “I still haven’t gotten to ride you!” His smile brightened at my words, as did my own.

I climbed up on him, and settled my knees and my thighs on either side of his legs and belly.

His right hand held my left hip, and his left hand cupped my right breast, as I began to slowly rock my hunger back and forth along his entire thick hard length. I clasped his sweet hardness in my right hand, and I began to settle myself slowly down over him.

My hungry little love slot had never been stretched so wide open, as he gently pushed himself up into me, and I eagerly pushed myself down over him…until his balls were tickling my nether lips. I had never been stuffed so full of such wonderful hardness before…..not even when he had taken me missionary style mere moments before…..and once again, I began to cry tears of the purest joy.

Each time I pulled myself up off of him and slid back down over him again, I moved ever so slightly faster on him. After about 40 or 50 rides up and down him, my lower set of lips were devouring him very fast - and he was throbbing and moaning uncontrollably.

I was purring and crying out “Yes, yes, YES!” over and over and over again.

“Don’t wait for me, baby!” I moaned. “Explode up into me, any time you’re ready!”

And he did. Before he stopped coming, I squeezed his hardness very tightly. And I came hard all over him.

And then my period hit me again, and I began to bleed all the way down his wonderful thickness.

He pulled out, and he was very red …. from his own blood inside his beautiful manliness, and my blood on the outside of it.

I kissed his mouth, and apologized. “I’m sorry, baby! It’s the wrong day for your first time in me. But I just couldn’t wait even one day longer for this!”

“It’s OK,” he kissed me back. “It was wonderful, and you were wonderful! And I’ve never had a woman bleed on my hardness before. It felt strange, but good, very good!”

“But you understand, I won’t be able to suck on you today. And I really want to taste you for the first time. But I can’t quite bring myself to suck you, with my blood all over you.”

“Shhh!” he soothed me. “It’s OK. I’ll get to eat you, and you’ll get to suck me, the next time. And trust me, there will be a next time….and soon, very soon.”

“You’re right,” I agreed. “There’s no way I’m going to let this first time be our last time. Today was just an appetizer, for the full feast we will have soon. A seven-course meal of delights still awaits us, next time!

“In the meantime,” I told him, “I think we’d better shower this blood off each other. Before it makes a worse mess of this bed, than all our come has already done.”

Hand in hand, skipping joyously to the skipping beat of our hearts, we towed each other to the motel room shower.

We stopped to admire ourselves as a couple, in the mirror. He stood behind me, his hardness pressed up against my naked backside, his arms wrapped around me from behind, and his hands cupping my breasts, his fingers pinching my nipples into a delightfully aching hardness.

"We look perfect together!" I purred. “We belong together!"

“Yes, we do!” He kissed my shoulder blades, and he throbbed powerfully against my bottom, between the cheeks, as we looked at how we looked together in the mirror. At 5'10", he was the perfect height to hold my own 5’7" while I sunk myself deep into in his loving arms. I fit perfectly there – I belonged there! We might not look Hollywood hot, but no couple ever looked sexier together in a mirror. We were both glowing with happiness.

I turned my head behind me, and I kissed him hungrily on the mouth, as we studied in the mirror how we look as a couple. Then, hand in hand, smiling, glowing, we stepped into the nice warm shower together.

As we stepped into the shower, we found a little motel bar of soap wrapped in paper, on a little shelf in the shower. We both unwrapped the soap together, and even that small, simple cooperative effort to open the soap was electrically charged with love and lust.

We soaped up two little white washcloths, and we began to wash each other. After a few minutes, he put his washcloth down.

"What's wrong, darling?"

"It's just that the cloth is between my fingers and your skin. I'd rather feel your smooth, soft sexy skin on my fingers, not a piece of cloth."

"You're right," I said, setting down my washcloth beside his. "I want to touch you all over, too! To feel your skin. To touch every part of you."

He lathered up the soap between his hands; then he handed the bar to me, and I lathered my hands, too. Then standing under the shower, we slowly, lovingly, erotically ran our soapy hands all over each other's naked, hungry body, front and back, as the sudsy water streamed down our naked flesh.

The soapy water running down my breasts, down my slightly round belly, over my bush, and over the center of my lust, with so much of his juices still secretly locked away inside of me…and purring at the feeling of my naked body trembling under his gentle, and definitely very loving touch, it all was without doubt the hottest thing either of us had ever seen ..... or felt.

When I ran my soapy hands down his hairy chest, he cooed that I was making him tingle all over. Knowing I had such sexual power over him, made me proud, and very happy.

Then I placed his beautiful hardness between my soaped-up hands, and I rubbed him like Aladdin's lantern, between my soapy palms. I just loved that he couldn't seem to contain his moans of pure pleasure. And I again felt that I was really starting to love this man, as well as to lust for him and adore him.

"I love that I bring you pleasure," I whispered hotly, hungrily in his ear. "I want to bring you pleasure. Exquisite, intense pleasure. Just like you bring to me."

I turned him around and soaped his strong shoulders, his manly back. I rubbed the sudsy water all over his sweet naked butt, in as loving and erotic a way as I could. And I loved that I made him come really powerfully, right then and there in the shower. I felt so proud of my ability to please him so much, grateful to be with my Eric. But more than that, I felt so loved….and so in love!

I asked him saucily to spread his legs. And standing behind him, I ran my arm between his hot butt cheeks, and upward, to clasp his sweet balls in my loving hand, and to adoringly grasp all of his beauty from behind and under him.

Eric moaned that no woman had ever done that to him, for him.

I glowed inside at the knowledge that no other woman had ever held him and caressed him and pleasured him in quite that way.

As he throbbed so amazingly under my loving hand, I kissed his shoulders, and I purred. "Nice! So nice!"

I turned my back to him, and he instantly knew what I wanted. He ran his soapy hands down my shoulders, down my back, and so slowly and lovingly over the curve of my hips.

When he soaped my ass slowly, sweetly, adoringly, we both began to purr in absolute delight.

I bent over, with my back still to him, and I spread my legs. I reached behind me, and I grasped the sexiest and most beautiful part of him hungrily in both hands.

I was just about to pull his enormousness into my naked backside, when he reached through my legs, and he slipped a soapy finger right into my front doorway.

In a split second, I was shuddering hard ….. and coming even harder. -- And then my damned period made me begin to bleed again!

Then he so lovingly washed all of my blood and my come off of me.

I rinsed the soap, and his come, off his manliness, and I leaned down to kiss him right there. But I damned near drowned under the shower stream, trying to do that. So I shut off the shower and leaned in again, to kiss the long, thick, hard beauty that nature had generously given him so much of.

And I know it was silly, since I had just washed his hardness spotlessly clean….but I suddenly remembered that my blood had just been on him there, when he had been pumping me all full of his loving goodness. And as much as I hungered to, I just couldn't bring myself to kiss him there now, where my blood had just been.

I grabbed the two bath towels that the motel gave us, and I spread them on the bed. We both lay down on our sides, facing each other, on the bed, using the two small hand towels to dry off each other's chest, stopping to plant kisses after each chest rub and dab.

He stroked my bush again, and I stroked his manhood lovingly, as well as lustfully. He got hard, and I was getting wet again!

I was nearly in tears now. "This damned painful bloody period!" I nearly screamed. "It's keeping me from enjoying you like I want to!" After a pause to gaze sadly into his eyes, I told him I'd better drop him at his bus and drive myself home.

"Nothing to be sad about," he told me. "You just gave me the best two hours of sex of my whole life!"

"That's true," I cheered up. "Best two hours of my life, too! And this damned period won't last forever. Soon we'll get to do it all, everything we want to share. Plus, I get to go home with my 'pocket' full of your juices tonight….and that's not bad. Not bad at all!"

We held each other naked in bed for maybe another 10 or 15 minutes. Then we both got up and slowly, lovingly dressed each other.

He especially seemed to love slowly putting my lacy little pale blue bra and panties back on me.

And I loved slipping him back into his boxers, in the process deliberately touching his sweet hardness as much as I could, until it was completely covered up again.

He slipped me back into my blouse, caressing my breasts as he did, making me purr some more. He pulled my skirt back onto me, caressing my thighs as he did. He helped me tug my boots back on, and his loving touch on my long legs thrilled me.

I massaged his sexy chest as I rebuttoned his shirt. And I lovingly stroked his hardness as I helped him back into his pants.

As we were about to leave the motel room, he asked me how much the room had cost me. And then he handed me half of it, in cash. “No reason you should pay it all, for what we both so thoroughly enjoyed!”

We kissed again. Then I got in my car, and I drove him to his bus stop. I stood and waited at the bus stop with him, in his loving arms. And we kissed and kissed and kissed, until he had to board his bus and leave me. Until we both had to return to our loveless, sexless marriages, but we knew that we would get to have even more fun together, another day. And we did!