The Hairdresser (Lynette)

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Lynette isn't herself when I arrive for a haircut but the reason why leads to an amazing evening.

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The Hairdresser (Lynette)

I've always hated going to the barbers. Maybe it dates back to some traumatic event in my childhood, like being dragged there screaming by my father, but truthfully, I just don't know. I just know that all through my school years I hated going to the barber.

I guess by the time I was in college I was old enough to get over that minor phobia, but I got through by snipping at my own hair, which was cheaper anyway, and having my sister cut my hair on holidays. When I moved town to start my first job, I happened on an ad in a grocery store for a hairdresser who worked out of her home. I liked that idea, called up for an appointment, and that was how I met Lynette.

So, for nearly four years no I've been visiting Lynette once every ten weeks or so, something that has never been a chore and it's a whole lot better than going to the barber.

The first time I arrived at her door her husband answered. He was a short, dorky man who seemed awkward and not very personable. Behind his wire-rimmed glasses his ferret-like eyes moved a lot and didn't meet mine, but he let me in to meet Lynette in their kitchen, where she worked on her customers. I liked the fact that there was no mirror in the kitchen and I didn't have to sit for twenty minutes and look at myself.

Lynette was almost a polar opposite of her husband, friendly, sincere, warm and very pretty. Lynette's features were stunning to my eye. She had beautiful, smooth skin, a wide mouth that smiled readily and a perfect small nose that joined with her gorgeous hazel eyes to form most of the expressions that I got to know over the years. Her hair was just longer than shoulder-length, a wonderful shiny

light brown and framed her face with fringe that always tried to part in the middle. If there was a criticism to hurl at Lynette, it was that her clothes were always drab – always good quality clothes, and she was impeccably dressed, but the colors she chose were always dark and seemed to hide away the bodily curves that she definitely had.

Lynette was at least fifteen years older than me but she was always someone I looked forward to spending some time with every few weeks. It was only a few minutes in reality, but it was always a good quality few minutes. I was always perplexed by why such a stunning woman would be with a dorky, almost strange guy, but as I grew in the world I realized that I'd seen stranger couples.

Sitting in Lynette's kitchen chair and having her walk around me and chop my hair was always a pleasure. We talked about any kind of news of the day, nothing too personal, and it was all so easy and comfortable. Her husband never came near us when I was in the kitchen and the most I ever saw of him was when he opened the door or when he called goodbye on my exit. That part of the visits never bothered me.

That particular evening I parked on the street in front of Lynette's house as usual but as I approached the door I noticed that her husband's pick-up truck was missing from the driveway. In four years of coming to see her, this was the first time the truck wasn't there.

The second unusual occurrence of the evening came when Lynette herself answered the door. "Hi Mike." She greeted me with a familiar smile. "Come on in."

As usual she led me straight through to the kitchen but even in those first few seconds I sensed a different air in the house, a different mood in Lynette. I sat down in the waiting kitchen chair and she threw a hairdresser's cape over me. The kitchen and what I could see of the rest of the house looked tidy and very much the same as I'd come to know, but there was a new aura and as we started to small talk while Lynette dampened down my hair, I was pretty sure everything I sensed was coming directly from her.

"How's work?" She asked. "Been promoted again lately?"

I laughed, trying not to move my head as she started to clip. "Not this month. Hopefully in a year or two." I'd been promoted to a Team Lead a couple of months earlier and shared the good news with her on my last visit.

I wanted to ask if there was anything wrong, but somehow didn't know quite how to approach the subject. I was customer and a fleeting friend and really didn't feel close enough to her to make such a personal enquiry. Lynette continued with her work, maybe a little quieter than normal, but not much.

For the first time in all of my visits I did not notice how wonderful Lynette smelled, did not notice every time her thighs leaned against my arms or the curve of her breast brushed me as she moved around the chair and did her work.

When Lynette was finishing up I finally managed to pluck up the courage to ask her what was causing the tension in her that I sensed. “Is everything okay Lynette? You seem a little… distracted.”

She came around in front of me and pulled the cape with her. She looked a little sad and seemed to search for words before she spoke. “Brian and I… broke up.” She seemed relieved to get the words out. “Well, he left me. I guess that’s what happened.”

“What, today?”

Lynette handed me a mirror so I could check her work. I didn’t take the slightest look.

“No, no, it was a couple of weeks ago. I’ve just not been able to talk about it much.” She took the mirror back, either convinced I wasn’t going to use it, or paying no attention to my movements. “It’s been tough, I haven’t been out for a week, but I’ll get over it. I’m sorry, you don’t need to know all of this.”

“It’s okay.” I tried my best to be a sympathetic adult, a mode I was still developing back then. “I’m just sorry to hear about it. You always seemed so… comfortable together.”

Lynette smiled a little at the thought. “Yes, comfortable. I guess I thought the same. Apparently not though, not for him at least.”

“It’s just a little unsettling.” She started to tidy her combs, scissors and neck towels as she spoke. I didn’t move from the chair. “I think it’s not so much a surprise, when I think about it. It’s just hard to deal with, hard to talk about, and I don’t think I’m very good at talking with my friends about it yet. You shouldn’t have to worry about that though. Your hair looks nice.” She obviously tried to shake off the funk.

I knew, as I pulled some cash from my wallet, that I should probably just say “sorry” again and get out of there, but I really did want to help Lynette if I could. I didn’t have enough experience of dealing with crappy situations like this, and didn’t really know what to say. Fortunately I managed to find something reasonable to offer when I asked, “You know, I understand it’s tough, but if you’d like to talk about it… I’m not family or friends. If you’d like to go get a coffee… we could talk a bit. And it would get you out for a while.”

“Oh, don’t worry about me.” was her immediate reply. “I’ll be fine. You don’t want to waste your evening listening to my sob story.”

“No, it’s okay.” I probably sounded earnest now, mostly because I actually felt like I was being true and did want to help her. “If you want to, we can talk. It will probably do you good; a change of scenery.”

I could see her weighing the situation carefully as she used a brush to tidy up my hair on the tiled floor. Should she sit at home and cry all night, or go get a coffee and have a chat with a virtual stranger whose hair she knew a whole lot better than the rest of him? Well, that’s what I thought she was thinking.

“Are you sure?” She looked up, broom still in hand and looking vulnerable and forlorn.

“I’m sure.”

“Okay.” Lynette’s face brightened a little, she put the broom against the kitchen table and started to walk out of the kitchen quickly. Behind her she called out, “Just give me a minute to get ready to go out.”

I drove us to a Starbucks near a local mall. Lynette had kept her black skirt on but changed into a white blouse and I thought it was the first time I’d seen her wear anything that wasn’t black, grey, brown or dark green. She looked good, but I could see that she was nervous, probably not about being with me, but how she could open up about her husband leaving. I wasn’t having a great time wondering how I could get her to open up, or if I wanted to deal with the conversation, and emotions, that might ensue.

The coffee shop was almost empty when we got there and while I got our drinks Lynette settled into a big easy chair with a small table next to it, leaving the adjacent chair for me. I watched from the counter as she fussed with a cushion and made herself comfortable, and wondered what the hell I was doing.

By the time I’d arrived with our coffee Lynette looked tense and unsure. She thanked me for the coffee and confirmed my suspicion when she said, “I’m not sure I can just sit here and discuss my marriage. I’m not sure why I came out.” She didn’t seem stressed, but definitely a little unsure.

“Don’t worry.” I reassured, growing in confidence in my new role as adult confidant. “We can just talk, relax. It’ll do you good for a while.”

Lynette nodded and sipped at her drink. She smiled over to me and said softly, “You’re very kind. Thank you.”

Prompted by a poster in the window, I started us off talking about the local high school football team who were having a great season. Lynette asked what sports I’d played and confessed that her sports experience was minimal but that she’d like to play tennis and maybe even golf. We went on to talk about local restaurants and at some point during that half-hour I saw the relaxed and warm Lynette come back into her body.

Inevitably, as it seemed at that age, our conversation turned to the subject of girlfriends. I laughed through the usual evasive answers that I gave and Lynette seemed to enjoy playfully probing at me and the slight discomfort I expressed on the subject. I’d had a few girlfriends at that stage in life, one or two had even been serious, but I was single at the time. When Lynette asked what I liked in a girl and I stumbled through a few drab answers I noticed that she’d drifted off and was staring at her coffee cup.

“Something wrong?” I asked.

“No, no,” Lynette shook herself back to the moment. “I was just thinking… don’t worry.”

“No, it’s okay,” I insisted, “You can tell me.”

Lynette considered the situation for a few seconds before making a decision. “It’s just, hearing what you want in a girl, fun, friendly, smart… all he wanted was a porn star.”

I was startled by her statement but tried not to let it show. After a few seconds Lynette continued, “He watched a lot of porn, and wanted me to be like the girls he watched.”

“Did that bother you?”

“Not the porn itself,” she admitted, “that was… well, all men do, don’t they? What got to me was that he wanted me to be like the women he watched. And that wasn’t me. That was why he left in the end. I stopped doing what he wanted me to.”

I couldn’t resist the obvious question, “What kinds of things?”

Lynette seemed to catch herself, realizing that we were edging into the intimate details of her relationship. She considered this for a moment and then said, “You know, the usual things, like having me say… nasty things while he… and, he always wanted to… ejaculate on my face.” She

averted her eyes from mine as she struggled with the words. It was obvious that she wanted to get them out, but she was still not sure what she was doing telling them to me in a coffee shop.

“I’m sorry.” It seemed like all I could say, especially as I was slightly compromised as having had facial fantasies of my own, even though I’d never done it and could plainly see it wasn’t the most romantic act that sexual partners could perform.

Lynette shook her head, not at my sympathy, but her situation. “It’s okay. You know, I’m not… well, those things are okay once in a while, but not all the time. Is this an uncomfortable conversation for you?” She looked hard into my face now. “I’m sorry, we should stop.”

“It’s fine.” I instinctively reached across the table and placed my hand over hers. “I’m just glad you can get some of this out. I’m happy to talk about anything.”

Lynette smiled. She pulled her hand away to push her hair to the side but it came back to rest on mine. “You’re really are very kind. It’s been hard not being able to explain why he left. Maybe this will make it easier to explain to other people.” She gave a big sigh and sat back a bit in the chair. “He was such a pain when it came to things like that.”

She went on to explain to me that in most other ways he had been a good husband, She wasn’t sure about their decision, years ago, not to have a family, but other than his sexual preferences, he was a good man. She didn’t give many details, but explained how he would watch porn, often while she was with customers and later demand that they basically act out the things he’d watched. I got the impression that occasionally this was painful for her and almost always unsatisfying. Hell, even I knew that sometimes women needed to make love the way they wanted! And there lay the bottom line in Lynette’s marriage: he wanted sex, and she needed to make love occasionally.

There was nothing erotic about our conversation. I was too busy listening and working out how to respond to the things Lynette said, and she was busy exorcising thoughts and events that had haunted her for too long. It seemed somewhat surreal to be sitting with the lovely Lynette, listening to her relate the failings of her sex life, but it also made me feel closer to her than I’d ever imagined.

“I mean, not all men are like that, are they?”

I tried to be honest. “All men have fantasies, but I’m sure most men as a bit more sympathetic to their partners’ wants and needs.”

“That’s what I thought.” Lynette seemed to reach the summit of our conversation, verbally confirming at least some of her self-doubt had been vanquished. “Men!”

I smiled softly at her small transformation.

“Present company accepted.” she laughed.

“You know,” Lynette paused to down the last of her, now stone cold, coffee, “he even wanted me to find a woman so he could have a threesome.” She shook her head. “He asked that all the time. Is that something you would ever ask a girl?”

I’m pretty sure I flushed a little with the directness of the question, and maybe knowing that it was another thing I’d fantasized about. However, I answered honestly. “I have a hard enough time worrying about pleasing one woman, never mind how I’d satisfy two.”

Lynette watched my face intently as I answered, and then laughed out loud.

I offered her another coffee but she elected to go home. I thought that would be the end of an interesting evening but when I pulled up to Lynette’s house she started to get out and nonchalantly commanded, “Come on in and have a glass of wine with me. It’s the least I can do. You’ve wasted all of this time on my sob story.”

I was about to say I didn’t consider it wasted time, but she was gone, so I switched off the engine and followed her into the house.

“Sit down.” She called from the kitchen. “White okay for you?”

I sat on the sofa and answered, “White’s fine. Just a small one, I’m driving.”

Lynette came in and handed me a moderately large glass of wine. She sat at the other side of the sofa and offered me her glass to clink. “Cheers.”

I think I was the uncomfortable one now, thoughts of porn scenes that may have taken place in this very room, with the woman sitting next to me, were flitting though my brain. I looked at the gorgeous Lynette sipping at her wine and for the first time that night I found the situation arousing.

“Don’t move.” Lynette almost shouted as I lowered the glass from my lips. “Just stay completely still.”

She got off the sofa and went back into the kitchen, returning a few seconds later with her scissors. She came next to me and knelt on the sofa, pointing the scissors at my left ear. “I missed a bit.” I heard a “clip” and relaxed as she withdrew the scissors. “There.” She smiled, but didn’t move away.

Our eyes met and locked for a few seconds. I felt an instantaneous rise in the tension in the room and just about had time to recognize it when Lynette brought her face closer to mine and kissed me.

It was a soft, non-committal kiss, wonderfully sensual in the way our lips pressed and moved slightly to explore each other's' interest in the moment. Lynette's hand came up to gently caress my cheek and I opened my lips for her, letting her tongue come inside and confirming our shared desire. I pushed into her mouth, tasting her and feeling the soft warmth of her tongue as it slowly moved around and explored.

In a night of surprises, somehow the words Lynette spoke when we broke the kiss and looked into each other's eyes at a distance of four inches did not surprise me. "I'd like to make love with you."

This was not a time for words. We'd talked a lot that evening and it was time for our senses to take over and find peace for Lynette, and who knew what for me. I kissed her again, confirming beyond a doubt where we were headed as she kissed back hungrily and sensually.

When we broke again Lynette reached behind and switched off one of the two table lamps that lit the room. A softer light folded around us as she straddled me, sat in my lap and kissed me again.

I wrapped my arms around Lynette's back and pulled her into me as we locked mouths and I felt her hands start to stroke the sides of my face. She felt warm beneath her blouse and for one moment I reflected that being here with Lynette was something I'd thought about many times but dared not even hope for. She pulled her face away but continued to rest her hands on the sides of my face while she looked at me. She smiled the softest, warmest smile I'd ever seen.

"You don't mind that I'm an older woman, do you?"

"You look wonderful." was all I could manage, and apparently all I needed to say.

Lynette continued to sit in my lap as she unbuttoned her blouse, slowly, and watched my face as she did. When the last button was loose she pulled the shirt off her arms and let it fall to the floor, revealing her plain white bra and the gorgeous promise of her breasts being held in there. "Do you want to take it off?" she offered.

I reached behind her and thankfully managed to unclip the bra without major difficulty or delay. It fell loose on her shoulders and I waited for a few seconds, savoring the moment, before I pulled the straps off her shoulders and revealed her breasts. Lynette may have been worried about her age, but her breasts didn't droop at all, they just sat there, displaying her lovely dark nipples that were well

defined even in the soft light and looked like they were already excited. I carefully brought up my hand to feel the weight of her breast and then to feel the nipple as I brushed my fingers across it. Her eyes closed as my soft touch set off pleasure sensors all over her body.

Lynette’s hands came up to my shoulders and I used both of my hands to explore her breast, the exposed skin down to her waist.

“You look beautiful.” I cooed again as I looked at her and watched the movements of my hands and how her skin reacted to my touch.

“You make me feel it.” Lynette breathed. She let her hands fall and start to unbutton my shirt and my hands fell lower, now feeling around the waistband of her skirt. I leaned up from the sofa and kissed her nipples gently - first one and then the other, licking at her and biting gently. This stopped her unbuttoning my shirt and I felt Lynette’s breathing deepen.

She reached behind her and undid the zipper on her skirt. I felt the waistband of the skirt loosen and I pushed my fingers down the front. I felt Lynette’s panties and as I slid further down I felt her softness, the distinct outline of her pussy lips and the heat she was generating.

Slowly, Lynette’s head arched back and she closed her eyes with pleasure as my fingers covered her pussy from the outside of her panties. “God, that feels so good.” she panted as I pushed a little harder and a little deeper down between her legs.

Lynette was still breathing hard when she stood up from our position on the sofa and started to ease her skirt down her legs. I sat and watched as she kicked the skirt away and repeated the motion with her panties. My eyes didn’t follow them all the way down her legs, preferring to stay on her pussy and the thin strip of pubic hair that led down to her slit.

I looked up, taking her whole body in, and stopped when I got to her face. Lynette wasn’t smiling and it almost looked like she was awaiting approval. Rather than saying anything, I stood up, wrapped my arms around her and kissed her again. “You look amazing.” I whispered in her ear when we broke the kiss and hugged her.

Lynette reached up for my shirt buttons but I took the initiative for the first time, leading her gently to lie on the sofa. I smiled as I backed away from her, again looking at how stunning she looked. My hands came to her thighs and I eased them apart. She opened them willingly for me and I saw her pussy lips part just enough for me to glimpse some bright pink flesh while I descended towards her. My tongue extended and I tasted her heat for the first time.

Lynette’s legs opened further, easing my path to slip deeper between her thighs and allow my tongue to stroke up and down, first the outside of her pussy lips, and then down the center of her wet cleft. She tasted sweeter than any pussy I’d known and smelled faintly of her sex and her perfume. My hands slipped around the top of her thighs and pulled her up towards my hungry mouth. She felt swollen, warm and slick as I pleasured her with long slow strokes, each one probing a little deeper into her and dwelling a little longer as it lapped over her clit. As soon as I brought two fingers around to slip inside her and allowed my tongue to concentrate on her clit, I felt her tense and knew she was going to cum.

I carefully ensured a teasingly slow start by curling my finger up inside her pussy towards her belly and making very slow circles around her clit with the tip of my tongue. The more I felt her pelvis try to rise off the sofa and push my tongue onto her, the more I slowed my movements and eased the pressure I applied. Lynette’s gentle moaning became louder and faster as I slowed, until a tiny scream came from the back of her throat and she made a huge thrust up towards my face. As her body anticipated the power of her climax her pussy muscles gripped my fingers like a vise.

Lynette’s eyes had been closed for several minutes, but as the fireworks in her head started they opened startlingly wide. Her arms stretched out and her body tensed, knowing the flash wildfire of her climax could no longer be stopped. The initial wave started deep in her pussy and washed out through every inch of her, not quite reaching her toes when the second wave started. Time after time the waves pushed out from her contracting pussy, pushing pleasure through her in a heart-stopping orgasm. I wondered if it would ever stop, and then she reacted to the gentle movements of my hand and mouth again as they worked her body to keep her in ecstasy as long as I could.

Without pulling my fingers out of her, I slid up so my face was next to hers. Lynette’s smile glowed and I kissed her softly and urged her to shuffle over so I could lie next to her.

“Wow.” Lynette sighed. “If I’d know this could feel that good… you’d have been getting more than a haircut for years.” It felt good to hear some levity back in her voice.

If I expected a breather at this point, I was very wrong. Lynette sat up quickly and restarted unbuttoning my shirt. When she was done with the last button I shook it off my arms for her and she went straight to work on my pants, finding and pulling down my zipper as soon as I stood up for her. As she pulled away my belt I could only watch as she grabbed both my pants and my underwear and pulled them off, slowly exposing my very vertical erection.

“I think you look beautiful.” Lynette’s eyes didn’t leave my bobbing cock as she completed the job of pulling my clothing away. “God, you’re so hard.”

She reached out to touch me, feeling my stiffness and smiling at the effect she'd had on me. I was as hard as I'd ever known and her hand felt the power of my excitement as she wrapped her fingers around the shaft tight enough to feel the blood pulsing through the veins and pumping up the dark red head.

I stood stock still as Lynette brought both of her hands up and caressed my erection from both side with her flat palms. It almost took my breath away when she brought her head forward and took me into her mouth.

Lynette held me tenderly and sucked on me as her hands stroked me and caressed my balls. I closed my eyes and sighed as her soft pleasure continued, her hands never stopping their subtle movements and her mouth concentrating on the head of my bursting cock. I had always like my cock touched but until then I liked a harder grip better, Lynette's touch was softer and gentler but its ability to deliver pleasure was unparalleled in my experience.

Eventually Lynette slipped her mouth off me and looked up. She was almost apologetic, "I hope you don't mind, but I want you inside me." That did not sound like something to apologize for.

She quickly grabbed a few cushions from the sofa and a chair and laid them on the floor. Then she took my hand and led me down to lie on the cushions while she followed me to her knees and then threw a leg over me to sit straddled over my legs.

Her hands fell naturally to caress my erection and balls as I reached up to massage her breasts, sometimes alternately, sometimes together. We kissed constantly and her probing, urging tongue passed the message that she needed touched somewhere else. My body already feeding off her signals, I lowered my right hand and pressed my fingers against her hot and very wet pussy. Lynette's eyes widened at my touch, then they closed and she let out a soft groan of pleasure.

She felt like a warm peach as I explored her folds again. My fingers were immediately coated in her juices and eager to entice more pleasure noises from her. I was about to position my hand to trust a finger deeper into her when Lynette started to inch closer to me. Instinctively I understood what she was doing and placed both of my hands on her sides as she positioned herself over me.

Lynette slid onto me with an ease that was both comfortable and a sensory blast. I held her sides, feeling her skin slide through my hands as she swallowed me with her warm silken pleasure sheath. A few wiggles of her body so that she took all of me, and we were facing each other, smiling and joined. "You feel so good." I whispered to her, kissing her neck, running my hands down her back to her bottom cheeks and pulling her even harder onto me.

There was quite suddenly no hurry as we kissed and caressed each other quietly. I brought my head down and used my hand to feed her nipples into my mouth, one after the other. I licked all around her little erections, flicking the tip of my tongue across them and then sucking hard. Almost unconsciously now, Lynette started raising her body a little and sliding back onto me with a slow rhythm of strokes that were little more than a rocking motion, but still managed to increase our excitement as I reveled in the tight hold her pussy had on me. I opened my legs slightly and she sighed, “Oh,” into my ear as she slid further down and I filled her completely.

Over and over, I ran my tongue around her nipples in turn and pinched her hard buds gently between my teeth. As Lynette looked down at me she wrapped her arms around the warm skin of my back and continued to pull herself on and off me slowly. After a few more small thrusts, she reached down behind herself and touched my balls with her fingertips. She could only reach far enough to stroke me lightly, but she could feel how firm and full my balls were as my pelvis made its own restricted movements with her.

She again sensed that it was time to change and she turned sideways, sliding underneath me carefully so we could change position without me coming out of her. I immediately started to thrust gently into her.

Lynette’s eyes closed as she concentrated on the feeling of me inside her. Already my balls were reacting to the eroticism of the night. This felt so much more than just another lover, and I didn’t want to lose eye contact with Lynette as I withdrew from her each time, ready for another plunge into the depths of her sex.

Her hands came up to caress my hips and encourage my movements. I felt the touch of her fingers on my skin, but my cock only recognized yet another sensory assault that sent a pulse of pleasure through me. My balls were already straining to hold back as I started to build up a rhythm of strokes. The light touch of Lynette’s fingers wandered over my lower back and across my buttocks and I slid in and out of her, each stroke pulling the rim of my cockhead deliciously along her pussy walls. Every time I withdrew I came as close as I thought possible to coming out of her, giving a feeling like I was entering her for the first time when I pushed into her again.

I knew that holding back was no longer an option as soon as I felt her pelvis come up and meet mine. Lynette’s eyes urged me on, her body was mine, and she wanted nothing more than to please me. Her desire was feeding me and the physical result was building to an unstoppable crescendo.

She knew that I was cumming. Somehow I managed to maintain that deliciously slow rhythm as my body made its irresistible journey through the ecstatic tension towards relief. Just as the strokes became difficult to complete, Lynette whispered, “Yes,” to me and the flood started.

Despite the urge to close my eyes, I watched Lynette's smile as she pulled me into her and became responsible for the biggest climax of my life. The high seemed to last forever, the waves of heat and sparks that flowed through my every sinew, releasing the tension with a flood of pleasure waves that pulsed through me and pulled at every part of me. The first spasm of my cum built up as the pleasure rushed through me over and over until the moment arrived and my balls exploded and shot a huge burst of hot seamen into her.

Lynette watched intently as my face reflected the release. I mouthed, "Oh God," and almost stopped moving as the climax started, then I started trusting again, prolonging the moment. The pressure of my first spurt was almost a surprise to her as her face changed and then settled back to what I'd been used to as her pussy was filled with my seed. I relaxed and slumped into her arms and she held me tight, pulling me as close as she could and letting me know it was okay to stay inside her.

My heart was still pounding when I finally slipped off and out of her. I moved naturally to lie at her side, my soaked and spent cock slackening as it rested on her thigh. After another few moments to regain my breath, I brought a hand up to her cheek and stroked it lightly while we smiled at each other.

"That was wonderful." I kissed her again as she shuffled a little and worked her hand down to rest on my softening cock.

"Unbelievable." I concurred, even though I believed how good it was.

"Thank you." Lynette slipped over to lie on her back and started up at the ceiling wistfully. "I've wanted it to be like that for so long." She looked over at me, still slightly out of breath. "You were so nice to me, all this evening."

I looked at her beautiful face and felt genuinely pleased that I'd helped her feel good. "It was all my pleasure." I told her, and really meant it.

"I hope this doesn't mean that…"

Lynette guessed my question, leaned over me again and kissed me. "No, you can still come for haircuts. Of course you can." Then with a wicked smile, "You just might have to cut some of my hair while you're here.