

# Chicago, 1984, and Nancy

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*when miracles happen they happen of their own accord and timing*

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*Author's note: My capitalization of proper names may need explanation. There are two male characters in this story and both of their names are written in lower case whenever they aren't beginning a sentence. I claim poetic license and an early fondness for e.e.cummings as my excuse and hope it won't be a distraction to the reader.*

In a little less than an hour's time, I had concluded an advertising pitch in downtown Chicago, a couple blocks off Michigan Avenue on Lake Street. The client interrupted me early on in my presentation and asked me 5 or 6 rapid fire questions. It may have been the strong coffee I drank upon arriving early for the sales pitch, but I hammered each question he asked of me. In baseball parlance, I hit a dinger over the fence to deep center. In a word, I had been brilliant.

After his last question the client said "I'm good with it, billy. I don't need to hear anymore, we'll take your package and you guys work out the details," motioning to Josh, his assistant. He stood up from his seat at the head of the conference room round table and then he was gone, leaving me with my mouth slightly open at the quickness of the sale. I had prepared 15 pages for this presentation and I was on the top of page 5. His assistant laughed, seeing the expression on my face and said, "You're a hell of a salesman, billy," and then we both got to the paperwork. Even that drudgery seemed to go quickly.

I left their offices in one of those rarest of moods – complete euphoric satisfaction with where I was and where I was going. It wasn't just the commission I would receive for the deal, which was substantial. It was my first really big "Chicago" sale, starting a new job with one of Chicago's bigger TV stations. The sky over downtown was crystalline blue and the air was clear. It was the type of day that made songwriters reach for their pens and write songs about Chi-town.

The infamous Chicago winds were reduced to a soothing midsummer breeze that mussed my hair the tender way a close aunt might. Traffic was light as it was now mid-morning. On top of that, it was mid-July and the Cubs were actually in first place. Chicago had a vibrant energy that summer that was palpable.

Sometimes you've just got to let out a whoop when you score a big run. I dropped my briefcase on

the sidewalk, took a few quick steps to gather momentum and jumped high into the air, fist pumping the sky, like Ryne Sandberg after smashing a game winner against the Cards.

It was at that moment, airborne, that I first saw her. She had rounded the corner of Michigan Avenue a scant few yards in front of me and I must have launched myself skyward just as her field of vision included me in it.

I landed distracted and off-balance in more ways than one.

My first impression of her was that she was going to cause traffic accidents looking that good. My memory took a snapshot that I still reach for on wintry Midwestern nights. Shoulder-length dark brown hair, intelligent, expressive eyes with an almost oriental shape to them, high cheekbones, bright red lipstick coating a wide mouth that seemed used to smiling. She was attractive, not pretty or beautiful, but blindingly attractive to me. She was wearing tight charcoal grey dress slacks, and a light grey turtleneck of thin fabric that hugged her torso. Her breasts were very full, and her nipples were making their presence known under the fabric she wore, a common sight that year. Her tits were somehow pointing her nipples upward, pushed in that direction by the fulsomeness of her bosom. Gravity had not yet had anything to say about those tits. She was carrying a book bag from Krocks and Bentanos.

She carried herself with confidence, and had an air of freshness about her. She didn't look to be any older than her mid twenties. She was taller than average, and wore flat black shoes that looked almost like dancer's slippers. She moved with a lithe grace that accented her youthful vitality.

My heart and my willy both reacted at the same time and elbowed each other aside like two drunks fighting for the last beer in the cooler.

There have been times in my life when I have said the exact wrong thing at the exact wrong time. Before I even had time to think about it, I whispered the word "fuck". Actually, it was more of a stage whisper, with enough volume that she easily heard it. It was a "fuck" of surprised appreciation, a "fuck" that was initially an exclamation, before becoming airborne with perhaps a hint of *suggestion* at the tail end of it.

She stopped dead in her tracks as I tried to gather my wits. She was taking a visual measurement of me, determining if I was safe, sane, or merely profane. I was wearing a new blue pin-striped suit that I had spent too much money on, in preparation for the client I had just landed. It accented my shoulders, chest, and arms.

Summers working on farms in Indiana and the steel mills in Gary had left their mark on my physique, and I'd grown weary in college of answering inquiries about what sport I was in. The tailor for my suit had mentioned my build when fitting me for this suit, and I had to deny to him that I had ever pumped iron.

Her smile widened and her eyes got relaxed and friendly as she finished her evaluation.

“Miss, excuse me, I am so sor...” I began to say, when she quickly closed the distance between us and put a finger dead center to my lips.

“Shhh,” she said, shushing me in mid-sentence.

I saw her eyes again look me up and down quickly, as if to confirm her conclusions, and then I detected from her expression that the jury was in and a verdict reached.

“Yes,” she said.

And then she said it again, with more conviction.

“Yes.”

Her smile grew wider still, her eyes met mine with the confidence I already admired in her. Her smile showed her white teeth (one front tooth shyly offset slightly from the others) and turned into a light laugh that tickled my ears.

So much information passes back and forth in the first few moments two people meet each other. Our eyes analyze and evaluate the other and our brains sometimes struggle to keep up. I’m not a shockingly handsome man by any means, but I have a face my straight-talking grandmother once described as “good looking in spite of itself”.

Taken off guard by the close proximity of two words that one hears regularly, but never in that order, I was in a genuine panic trying to decipher exactly what the word “yes” could mean to her in that situation.

Fuck.

Yes. And Yes.

Yes? And Yes, what?

Seeing my confusion, and obviously delighted at having caused it, she turned me by the shoulders as if guiding a mental patient back to the right ward. She retrieved my briefcase, handed it to me, nodded, and slipped her arm under my free arm as if we were about to get seated at a church wedding. My eyes searched her face, ostensibly looking for clues to her intent with this unexpectedly bold action, but in reality my eyes had clocked out on the idea of providing further data for analysis and they were now simply enjoying the view. Time seemed to slow down, even as my mind raced.

I finally figured out that it was a carnal outcome she had in mind. The small part of my brain still attached to reality put up an argument immediately, insisting that a mid-morning tryst in downtown Chicago with this girl was hardly likely. She was perhaps going to take me to coffee with her, or she

sought protection from some unseen stalker, or maybe she had a lightbulb she couldn't reach that she wanted me to change.

I sensed her gaze on me as she led me back toward the direction I had just come from so I turned my head toward her and there were her captivating hazel eyes on top of a smile I can only describe as "naughty". The part of me that was skeptical of the sexual component of this chance encounter finally signed up for the ride.

Almost immediately I found it difficult to walk normally due to activity just below my belt line. A large portion of her left breast was comfortably snuggling against my arm, and that impression wasn't helping me with my pedestrian problem. When I was a teenager I had exhibited this condition with an embarrassing frequency, but I was now 32 years old and hadn't had to hide a public boner in years.

We walked about two blocks, with me trying to hide my growing arousal from her with my briefcase. The rest of Chicago could see my engorged manhood for all I cared, but I didn't want her to notice my condition. She set an energetic pace and seemed unaware of my dilemma.

I remembered that she had shushed me moments earlier so I obediently stayed shushed and resisted the urge to ask her the hundred or so questions lining up to ram the exit doors of my mouth. She had clearly taken charge and I was a willing hostage.

She led us off State Street and into Garland Court, a small side street only a couple blocks from the Chicago Theater. No sooner had we turned the corner than she pointed to a glass door which I hurried to open for her. The door had a business name stenciled in bright gold lettering on it. I didn't recognize the name of the firm. Something about auditing, I think. Bowing her head slightly, teasing me for my display of manners, she headed for a narrow staircase and began walking up, unconcerned that I would be right behind her, with a close view of her backside. Her hips swayed enticingly up the stairs and my eyes memorized her butt, which was currently being flattered nicely by the tightness of her pants. I didn't see any noticeable panty lines, and I was pretty thorough in my search.

I followed a step or so behind her and thought what a nice gift she had given me by going first up the stairs. And like a spoiled kid at Christmas, I started to anxiously anticipate opening the rest of my gifts.

There are moments in life that one knows while experiencing them will be moments that one will want to replay in memory. I've had my share of these moments; the night I lost my cherry, the "countess" who was so kind to me in Amsterdam, a lusty woman bartender in Phoenix, and a few others. I knew this was going to be special, and I cautioned myself not to rush through it.

She walked slowly up two flights of stairs, with her ass swaying from side to side in time with the universe. My pants were now fully tented, as willy was now wide awake, eagerly anticipating a rare mid-day opportunity to show what he was capable of.

Reaching her floor, she again took my hand, and we moved past three or four specious-looking offices before turning into a small hallway that contained a single door. This door was of a different design than the offices we had just passed, making me believe that the office was newer than the rest of the building. The door was more modern, with glass and paneling instead of just glass. The nameplate next to the doorframe read “Nancy Marie Hall, Marketing Director”.

She produced a small purse from her book bag, found her key and opened the door for me, inviting me in. No sooner had we both entered her office then she seemed to simply step into my arms, in a quite natural fashion, her eyelids heavy with invitation and her mouth upwardly turned and offered to me. I wasn't taken off guard this time and grabbed her around the waist, holding her against me and kissing that mouth, and a hard kiss it was. Her mouth smiled as we broke the kiss to breathe and showed me a pink tongue that invited my tongue in to dance, and a wild samba ensued. This was not going to be a waltz, formal in aspect, I thought, but an earthy, sensual dance with an almost animalistic aspect to it. We were going to couple like two beasts in rut.

She spun on her heels and walked over to her desk. The office was surprisingly large, and her desk was scaled correctly, an expensive-looking oversized desk with a glass top inlay accenting a handsome dark wood, nicely polished. There was the usual office equipment, some filing cabinets, a small coffee table surrounded by a small couch and a couple modern office chairs. Two of the walls were decorated with colorful Persian rugs, and one wall had a huge framed print of an Alphonse Mucha sprite. Even the sprite had a “come hither” look for me.

Her breath had a taste of coffee in it. She must have been returning from a coffee break when I jumped into her life. I've always loved coffee, black and hot, and now I had another reason to like it.

She grabbed the front of my jacket and backed into the room, dragging me toward her desk, trying to navigate the distance without breaking the contact our mouths had established. In the meantime, my hands and arms wanted in on this, and one hand went around her waist to feel that magic ass, while the other hand took the shorter route to say hello to those nipples that had been waving at us in the street the last ten minutes.

She stopped me right then and broke our kiss, looking slightly flustered at me. Her eyes searched mine and for a second I was sure she was going to ask me to change a light bulb for her after all.

“Oh God,” she said, “Who...What...is your name?”, she whispered. “What should I call you?”

Those were the first full sentences she spoke since meeting me. My breathing started again.

“I'm billy,” I said.

“And what...” Then yet another interrupting finger found my lips. She must do that a lot, I thought.

This time that finger didn't quite have the element of surprise it did the first time. I grabbed her hand and took her finger into my mouth, sucking on it.

She watched me do this for a couple seconds and then turned around, taking her finger with her. My mouth frowned at its loss.

The top of the desk was cleared of her paperwork with one wide sweep of her arm. Papers and office supplies went flying, the only thing she spared was the business phone and a stack of in/out boxes set off to one side. She reached for the phone and dialed a three digit extension.

She faced me, leaning that nice ass on the edge of the desk and crossing those long legs slowly in front of me while giving me a grin full of suggestion.

“Ginnie? It’s me.”

Her eyes were looking at my groin, as if she’d finally noticed the effect she’d had on me.

“I’m having a... friend for lunch in my office, so mark me being unavailable for the next...” she looked me in the eyes and then quickly back down to my obvious erection and gave me a smile that possibly was illegal in Illinois.

“Make it an hour, please.”

That pause told me that she had again done a silent evaluation, this time of my stamina. I think it was the breadth of my shoulders and chest that inflated her estimate of my staying power. I started to feel the tiniest trace of performance anxiety – willy didn’t seem the least bit worried and started straining for release from my shorts.

I remember thinking, “she’s having me for lunch?” I felt vaguely like a hot pastrami sandwich.

“And you are... Nancy?” I asked, confirming her name.

“Guilty,” she smiled back.

Again she stepped into my arms and again our lips sought each other. Not as intensely as before. Maybe the time frame that she just established with the unknown “Ginnie” made us realize that this was going to be a marathon and not a sprint. Now our lips took time to explore, to tease, to taste. I couldn’t detect a hint of coffee any longer, only the natural nuance of Nancy.

Wrigley would rule the world if they could make a gum that tasted like Nancy.

Our arms wrapped around each other but only for the purpose of holding the other closer. We were both centered on our mouths and we let our mouths take their time in getting acquainted. Our tongues darted around each other, like otter playing in a stream.

I wanted to see her naked. It was urgent and suddenly important that I get her naked. I pulled her

blouse out of her pants and began the process of peeling it upwards. She cooperated by raising her arms over her head and assisting in rendering her topless. Her breasts sprung from the confinement of the material and her nipples now stood up like schoolchildren reciting the pledge of allegiance.

Then it was my turn to ante up. I took off my jacket and tie and hung them loosely on a coat tree next to the door. Nancy was removing her pants (wait, that's my job, I thought) and I was surprised to find that a pair of panties was hidden under those pants. Pink, delicate panties of material thin enough to have been made from wishes. Off comes my shirt.

Nancy pulls off her panties, leaving herself completely naked. She's got a nice crop of dark pubic hair, with cute natural curls. Willy gets bigger, or harder, or both.

Kicking off my shoes and ripping off my socks while hopping around her office, my pants join my coat and shirt. Nancy covered her mouth and made a sound that was half-guffaw, half-squeal at the sight of my boxers – white with big fucking red hearts on them.

“What?” I said in mock indignation, as she's approaching me, probably to confirm what her eyes are seeing.

“These? These are my lucky shorts! I had an important...,”

Still giggling girlishly, she had grabbed the top of my shorts and stretched them out, allowing herself a peek at my pecker inside. My ability to talk suddenly disappeared.

Willie looked up at her like a puppy begging to be petted. He twitched, flexing his muscles as if showing off, and she lowered my shorts, partially freeing willy from his cotton containment. Her fingers felt soft and cool as she stroked down my length and then up, following the vein on the side. I watched as her hand performed its gentle magic, causing me to stiffen even harder.

My cock is of a length that has proven more than adequate to most and I'm wide enough to occasionally draw approving comments from my paramours. I've never actually measured willy's length or width, but I can tell you how many home runs Andre Dawson hit that year. Go figure.

Grunting in anticipation, I backed up and sat on the couch, removing my shamed boxers as I did so. She dropped to her knees in front of me and yet another unspoken prayer got answered. She gave me that special smile a woman gives before sucking your cock. It's a smile that knows it is about to make your day and you probably don't deserve it. I gave her the same look that a famished truckdriver gives to a large stack of blueberry pancakes. She gently held my cock with one hand, as if it was fragile despite its steely hardness. Stroking my balls lightly with her other hand, her lips kissed and licked the head of my cock, almost tentatively. Her eyes were closed and she made a low humming sound. I watched her enjoy me. I felt generous and fully alive and in a state of complete arousal, each sense operating at full capacity.

I noticed that one of her hands was between her legs, and her self-ministrations seemed to be

independent of the oral rhythm her tongue was establishing. More power to her, I thought, she's a multi-tasker.

Alternating between licking willy up and kissing willy down, she looked me right in the eyes and giggled. A shameless giggle born in the sheer enjoyment of sin. Her eyes twinkling, she placed the circumcised head of my cock against her lower lip and flicked around it with her tongue. Then she slowly, ever... so... slowly sucked the tip into her mouth, stretching her mouth around my thickness. The low humming sound she was making got a little louder.

Not all blowjobs are created equal. The truth is a blowjob expertly given and enjoyed by both participants is pretty rare. It takes a complete commitment on the part of the one doing the work. There are several moving parts that have to align, such as lips, tongue, and the proper amount of suction and also a sense of timing. When to stop or alter one phase of the task and move onto the next. It's a lot like a really good fireworks show on the fourth of July. One enjoys the pretty fireworks and explosions but also is aware of the pacing and anticipates the inevitable grand finale.

Nancy was an artist with her mouth. She started with just the cock head but she applied a wonderful combination of tongue and mouth in taking me to a place of pure penile pleasure. I started thinking about my social security number, but I was having a hard time remembering all of it.

Her head started bobbing on my cock and that erotic humming sound got even louder in volume. I don't know what I enjoyed more; the sight of her getting so friendly with willy or the music she was making doing it.

My hips, entirely of their own accord, started moving back and forth in time with her bobs. I'm fucking her in the mouth and willy was loving it, sending me urgent neural telegrams reporting various varieties of bliss.

Willy's telegrams read, "Liking this, boss, loving this, whoa nelly, oh my, oh shit," etc.

Most good cocksuckers know that staring a man down while going down on him for lunch is a pretty good way to assure a quick delivery on an orgasm. I was not only going to cum, and soon, but I was frantically thinking of what I could promise her so that she wouldn't stop. Nancy's mouth kept sucking and her eyes kept looking into mine. I finally had to close my eyes or this ride was going to be over with too soon.

Nancy saw my eyes shut and I'm sure she must have read my mind because her efforts on my now oh-so-happy willy intensified. She was not only bobbing on me now but cork-screwing poor willy as she did so, as if trying to open a jar of jism with her mouth. And her moaning was loud enough to make me concerned about the neighbors in the building. I remember thinking that I didn't want to sully her reputation. Later I would discover that Nancy's reputation was way beyond sullied. In fact, she was damned near infamous.

I finally got to a point where I couldn't take any more stimulation and tried to withdraw from the field of

battle, but Nancy was having none of that. She stayed attached to Willy and grabbed my hips as if to brace herself against the coming explosion. She was looking into my eyes with an expression I can only describe as pure cocksucking contentment. She did one more bit of magic and took all of me into her mouth, making Willy disappear from view, and that's it folks, lights out, this party was over. Willy popped the champagne cork and started to pour.

I felt a build-up that seemed to start from my toes and became an irresistible force as it travelled up my spine and back down, into my solar plexus and finally ended at my testicles. I surrendered to it and ejaculated straight into Nancy's mouth, delivering on the order she had placed. Nancy took it all, her head going up and down the length of me. Five or six massive injections of my thick liquid seed shot into her mouth and she pulled away only slightly, milking and suckling on just the first three or four inches of Willy as I unloaded. I was making incoherent babbling sounds that even I had never heard myself make, and Nancy was fawning over Willy as if he were a favored pet. Willy never had it so good and if he could smile it would have been a smile as big as fucking Texas.

Nancy wasn't done. She eased up on her self-stimulation for a minute and comes up for air with a smile as big as Willy's, then she pushed me back on the couch and kissed me deeply. Not a gentle kiss, but one flavored with my own cum and her saliva and a high degree of lust-fueled abandon. Her cheeks were flushed red and her breathing fast and shallow. A thin sheen of sweat covered both our naked bodies. Nancy was a sexual beast unleashed and I could tell by the intensity of her kisses that her lunch hour was far from over. I found that I didn't mind tasting myself, in fact I thought I tasted pretty good, especially when served with a side of Nancy's saliva.

Willy wasted little time in preparing for a second go of it, and I was more than a little proud that he rose to the occasion in a way that seemed to pleasantly surprise Nancy.

She was rubbing her tits on my naked chest and wriggling around with her hips and she moaned more when I started squeezing her large, firm tits and pulling on her nipples. I couldn't seem to get enough of her tits. We were wrestling on the couch, she half-way on top of me one second, and me half-way on top of her the next, and every pore of my being felt on fire with desire.

Nancy's hips started positioning themselves so that she could sheathe Willy into her velvety coochie, but I took charge of things and pushed her up to a sitting position as I got off the couch. I got a semi-serious pout from her but I ignored that and bent over her and picked her up.

I rarely give sexual advice to men, as I view most of them as competition, but I will say this to those guys just starting out; naked office-workers in Chicago love it when you pick them up and carry them like a child across the room and gently place them on their backs on their own work desks. Solely for the purpose of fucking them. They absolutely love this. Try it and tell me if I'm wrong.

Nancy's on her back on her desk and she grinned at me as if to say "what's next"? I held one of her legs up with one hand while cradling her foot with my other hand like a sex-starved shoe salesman. Nancy's naughty grin anticipated the next few minutes and ups the wattage, lighting up her whole face.

“You look good enough to eat,” I tell her, with enough sincerity that she doesn’t note the cliché, and then started licking and kissing the bottom of her foot and sucking her toes. More giggles as my tongue tickled between her toes. I was enjoying being the one on the bottom of the ladder, and now it’s me looking her in the eyes, watching her various reactions as my mouth moved upward, making erotic bus stops along the way; foot, toes, ankle, knee, thigh, upper thigh, and then jumping over her fragrant pubic thatch to the other leg. I repeated my route on her other leg, with my tongue doing a slow march upwards to her pretty Pretoria. My hands were engaged in diversionary tactics, alternately feeling the muscle tone in one leg or the other, lightly stroking and teasing her inner thighs with my fingers or fingernails, but it’s my tongue that was leading the charge.

The smell of pussy was thick in the room, and I’ve always noticed that my mouth starts to water when I’m lucky enough to pick up a smell as pungent as a wet muff. I was reduced and transformed into a slobbering pavlovian pussy-pleaser, and without any more pretenses my mouth went for the gold.

I could tell you that I first drove Nancy crazy by tickling her labia around the edges, slowly teasing her with the tip of my tongue, but the truth of the matter is I skipped all of that and put my mouth squarely on her pussy and started french kissing it.

My lack of oral finesse didn’t seem to bother Nancy. After initially getting lost in her pubic foliage and missing my target slightly, I sucked her pussy lips into my mouth and started an oral assault on her. She let out a loud moan as my mouth and tongue went to work inside her dripping honey pot. Nancy was squirming and twisting her hips side to side on her desk.

Years earlier, the Countess had patiently instructed me in the ways of orally pleasing a woman. I had already violated the first rule (“never be in a hurry, billy, never!”) but I suddenly recalled the most important thing she told me.

I took a deep breath and I think I may have even stepped back for a second, as if shaking off a sign from my catcher for the next pitch. (No, damnit, I’m through with the off-speed stuff, I want a fastball!) Nancy stopped in mid-moan and looked at me, a slightly puzzled look on her face. I smiled back and nodded my head and went back to work. I took my time and my fingers more formally introduced themselves, rubbing her swollen lips gently before holding them open for my tongue’s entrance. I did an oral survey of the inner folds of her labia. I licked and sucked alternately, listening intently to the sounds coming from Nancy.

“Listen to me, billy. A man should just... listen,” the Countess had told me. “My breathing and...the sounds I make...will tell you when you are doing something I like down there. If you just listen you will hear all you need to know to please me.”

Nancy was not at all hard to figure out once I started listening to her. She would moan a steady low hum, and then increase volume and pitch simultaneously when I hit a spot or struck a rhythm that particularly pleased her. I was playing some sweet Chicago jazz and her pussy was my baby grand piano. We were making nice music of it.

I was having a great time and from her movements and moans Nancy was too, when her hips started thrusting more urgently onto my mouth. She's getting ready to cum, I realized, when Nancy suddenly pulled herself up into a sitting position on the desktop.

"billy." She said my name as a simple declarative statement, getting my attention. My mouth had her slick wetness all over it.

"Fuck me, billy. Fuck me."

"Fuck me now."

She spread those lovely long legs again, not very far apart but certainly not within the bounds of modesty. She positioned her body so that her vulva was situated just over the outer edge of the desk, offering me her last and sweetest gift. Willy was of course fully ready to go and I let him have his lead, positioning my cock head on her slit. I held willie with one hand and slowly rubbed him on the outside of her labia a couple times, but she made a sound at me that clearly warned me off teasing her any further, and then I entered her.

Sometimes one is lucky and finds someone who has parts that simply fit your parts. Nancy's soft pussy fit wonderfully around my erect cock. It was as if we were component parts to a magnificently crafted swiss watch. We fit together beautifully, and we were in perfect synch.

Willy was in heaven.

My hands grasped her hips as her legs encircled my waist, squeezing me between them and pulling me deeper into her. She began wriggling seductively on her desktop, those lovely full breasts moving in time with our thrusts, her nipples surrounded with rosey pink aureoles. Her hands were suddenly entangled in her hair, and she's mussing it, pulling on it, shaking her head side to side. The sounds she made urged me to penetrate her deeply and then pull out, only to push in again, eliciting another loud stanza of appreciation from her.

No opera singer ever sang a finer aria. I found myself hoping that the other residents of the building *could* hear us, as it was music of a type to brighten the crustiest of moods. I was starting to exhale loud grunts from the exertions Nancy was asking of me. My sounds were like fingernails on chalkboards compared to the ones Nancy made.

We established an unspoken agreement between her legs and hips and my back and arms on what the tempo would be, and then we simply got down to some serious fucking.

As I had suspected, Nancy was in a state of high arousal that seemed to have her on the edge of orgasm, so I let her hips set the pace.

I shut down all the various active parts of my mind that want to intrude on this moment and

concentrated solely on what I was experiencing; Her hips lifting slightly and settling back down on each thrust, the velvety feel of her warmth and her wetness, that heaven-sent scent she was producing for me. Her hands seeming to mime washing her hair in the shower. Her face looking up at me with the prettiest smile I would ever see, and those beautiful hazel eyes alight with pleasure and lust. Her magnificent breasts bouncing in time to our tempo.

My hands would not be denied access to those fulsome tits any longer and each hand found a breast to fondle and caress, pinching and feeling those nipples that still seemed insistent on attention. Our genitalia were joined and merging of their own accord. Her legs were squeezing me, her heels kicking me occasionally as she maintained her grip on me.

Her hips once again started bucking faster, as if urging me to pick up the pace. My hips agreed with this idea and started pumping in and out of her faster, lingering for only the briefest second at the top and the bottom of each stroke. Nancy grabbed the edge of her desk with one hand and was assisting me in moving her body back and forth, in and out. Her other hand was spread-eagled straight out from her shoulder, as if anchoring her to the desk. Her chest was now covered in her sweat and mine and was a splotchy dark pink color, as if she was blushing. I noted the same effect on her cheeks and neck.

Then she really put me on the bit and her hips and legs urged me onward as if I were a three year old thoroughbred and we had a chance to actually win the match race at Arlington. I moved my hands back down below her waist and picked her ass up slightly off the desk, getting an angle where my upper body controlled her movements, and started using hips, shoulders, arms and back to piston into her. My balls and thighs were slapping into her on each downstroke. The pace was fast now, and her upper body was sliding back and forth on her desktop, made slick from our sweat and her juices.

The act was no longer pretty, but carnal in every aspect, and my body's only desire was to empty my seed into her. Her body had the same goal, and her pussy was trying to clamp willy into place while at the same time her lascivious hips wanted to stroke back and forth as fast as we could manage. I heard Nancy screaming, a throaty vocal entreaty interrupted only when she panted for breath. I had settled into a runner's breathing style, concentrating on simply inhaling and exhaling, while maintaining the fast pace of fucking that Nancy had set for us.

Her screams were so loud that I was sure aid would be summoned by some concerned bystander. I remember thinking that I had to finish this before the cops knocked down the door. I redoubled my efforts one final time, stretching willy out and giving him his lead as we approached the tape.

Nancy's orgasm slid over her first and she clawed from her prone position on her back and wrapped herself around me, arms hugging me tightly, breasts mashing into my chest, lips frantically seeking out my mouth. I kissed her hard in an effort to get her to stop screaming. That tactic only partially worked. Every point of physical connection possible between a man and a woman was made, and then the universe went fucking wacky.

There is a literary notion that sometimes lovers experience the feeling of the earth moving under them

while in the throes of sexual ecstasy. I can honestly report to you that this is accurate. As Nancy and I were suddenly overcome with the rapture of simultaneous orgasms, I swear it felt as if the floor opened up under Nancy's desk and we were both falling into a hot liquid void of weightlessness. That feeling of vertigo continued as I pumped blast after blast of myself into Nancy's spasming vagina. I collapsed on top of her, slamming her backwards onto her desktop, holding her body tightly as she continued to buck wildly underneath me.

Willy was overloading every neural pleasure circuit in my body with his reports of how good this felt.

As my orgasm started to subside a little bit I started laughing maniacally, laughing out of a need to release some of the energy that was over-stimulating every nerve in my body. Nancy reached for and grabbed my head and pulled me to her wide mouth again, not exactly kissing me so much as cooing at me and licking my lips with her tongue. Both of us were now drenched in sweat and fluids and Nancy licked and cooed at my face, starting at my jawline and licking at me like a happy retriever licks a new found friend.

"Oh my god, oh my god billy" she said between licks. The room slowly began to right itself as if returning from some alternate universe. Nancy and I got that texas-sized smile again and I kissed her full mouth in mid-lick, our breathing slowly returning to normal.

Spent, we lay prone on the desk just holding each other, trying to regain our senses. More than once one of us would look at the other and break out into a giggle or full blown laughter, solely because we both felt so damned fine. Willy waved a satisfied goodbye and melted down into a pathetically limp puddle of penis.

I distinctly remember recognizing that this was the best moment of my life, and to cherish it thoroughly while it lasted.

It didn't last nearly long enough. We were able to enjoy about two minutes of that sweet light-hearted afterglow when there was a sharp, insistent tapping on the door. The world came crashing back down onto us and it was a world I resented very much for intruding. I looked at Nancy and she looked back at me, both of us aware that the next few minutes would be an embarrassing prelude to goodbye. As if bidding farewell to a fond friend embarking on an ocean crossing, Nancy kissed me deeply, lovingly, and for an extra long moment we mutually held the kiss, not wanting it to end.

She then pushed me gently, but insistently, away from her.

I looked toward the door and saw just the tiniest fraction of a female face peeking around the edge of the opened door. I assumed that this was Ginny, of the telephone variety, and I was absolutely not going to make an effort to cover my nakedness for her.

Nancy got up and frowned at Ginny, who waved frantically to Nancy, demanding that Nancy obey her summons. Nancy grabbed her blouse and held it to her chest, grabbed her panties and held them to her crotch, then crossed to the door and opened it a fraction more, with the same attitude one has in

trying to repel a seventh day Adventist off the doorstep.

Realizing that this lunch was now definitely over, I gathered my clothes from the various corners of Nancy's office and started getting dressed. I heard just snatches of the fevered whispering (and an occasional giggle) between the two girls, but what I heard answered my question of whether Nancy's vocal renditions were detectable by the building's other inhabitants. They most certainly were, and Ginny was reporting the extent of what was heard and by whom. Things were going to get complicated soon, I remember thinking to myself.

Nancy returned from her conversation a little bit of a different person than she had been seconds earlier when I was fucking her on her work desk. She now seemed chastened a bit, clearly embarrassed, and I remember grabbing and holding her close and murmuring some inane words of encouragement. We exchanged phone numbers shortly thereafter as we dressed and I made my exit as diplomatically as I could. I recall seeing some curious faces behind the other doors on Nancy's floor, but I didn't stop in my passing and I was soon back on the street.

I saw Nancy once after that and we had a great night out on the town. It started with a meal at a good Italian restaurant on the near North Side that is long gone now. We followed that with a stroll along Navy Pier and perhaps too many drinks at the Green Mill prior to a night at Nancy's apartment near Wrigleyville. I found out that Nancy's position at the company was not jeopardized by our loud lunch, largely due to the fact that her father owned the company. Our sex that night came nowhere near the intensity of what we experienced in her office, and I learned that one can't easily duplicate a miracle.

When miracles happen, they happen of their own accord and timing, and the mystery of that truth delights me to this day.

We reached out to each other a couple times after that but the world and our schedules kept getting in the way. All too quickly we each moved on and we fell out of touch, all the while insisting to each other over the phone that we had to try to get back together soon for an encore.

The Cubs, behind the efforts of Sandberg, Dawson, and Sutcliffe, and a team that looked to be too oddly cobbled together to succeed, conquered the hated Cardinals and won the division. Of course, Cubs being Cubs, they lost in the playoffs to the fucking Padres and Cub fans returned to the depths of longing, heartache, and loving despair that constitute a normal reality for them.

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