Saturday's Alright for Blowing

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Tombstone meets and pleases an older woman . . .

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The bright line in the chat box pulsed iridescently. The small, black type came through and punched me in the gut. I hadn't expected the question. "Do you want to come over?"

I stared at the words, almost breathless, my heart pounding. How often did women invite men over after chatting with them online? Most women I knew were afraid online guys would turn out to be stalkers, rapists, and axe-murderers.

"Yes," I responded.

I left it at that. Saturday night sitting at a computer and typing at random women on the net hadn't been my first plan.

"Tombstone?"

The question mark after my name left me a little worried.

"I want you to know . . . " she continued. "I've never had an orgasm."

I ran my fingers through my hair, let out a low whistle, and sat up straight in my seat. My cock sprang to attention, fighting to get out of my pants. A woman, ready for an orgasm on Saturday night. Or at least I believed she wanted an orgasm by bringing it up. I hadn't even broached the topic of sex.

"Get over here quick," she typed and gave me an address.

My hands shuddered against the steering wheel while I drove to Candy's place. Thoughts about sex, sexual positions, moaning, andallthe luscious detailsran through my mind, my cockpounding against the right side of my jeans. The excitement kept my foot on the gas pedal and I cursedthe few drivers on the street for being too slow. The picture Candy sent me was a beauty and made me want to get there sooner. Sandy hair, brown eyes, and round, full breasts, the cleavage showing at the top of a V

neck sweater. In order to keep control of myself, I tried to think of other things, but to no avail.

Soon I found myself knocking on the door.

"Come in," a voice said.

I opened the door and found myself in a small apartment, hard wood underneath my feet. A step further into the room revealed a living room where a mattress was laid flush on the floor against a leather sofa. Candy sat on the mattress with her back propped against the couch, wrapped in blankets. I knew she was naked under the blankets, and my heart sank a bit. I wanted to strip her myself.

"Tombstone?" Candy asked from the blanket. "Thanks for coming. I don't normally do this sort of thing, but I was really horny tonight. Before anything happens I just want you to know . . ." her voice trailed off.

I stood a few feet away, not fully in the room yet. "What do you want me to know?" Please don't let it be herpes. Please don't let it be a disease.

"You're twenty-four, right?"

I nodded in affirmation.

"Well, I'm thirty-eight. I married my high-school sweetheart. I've never been with another man. We divorced a year ago."

"Really?"

"Yeah, and well, he was impotent. He could maybe get it up for thirty seconds, always in doggy-style and it was over before it ever began. Never had an orgasm."

"And?" I asked. In some ways I didn't understand why she was telling me this.

"Well, I didn't know if you would want to come over if you knew all of that."

As an answer, I strode over to her, knelt on the mattress, and kissed her. My tongue found hers, lightly dancing in a sweet rhythm. Candy's hands came up to grab my head and pull me down to the mattress. The blankets fell away, exposing one full, round breast, about the size of a cantaloupe. I kissed her again, careful not to grab a breast. I wanted her sopping wet with desire before I touched

her genitalia.

I reached a hand around the back of her head and ran my fingers through her hair. Our lips entangled tenderly, our tongues slithered in and out of each-others' mouths. I disengaged from the kiss, my mouth trailing hot breath across the crook of her neck.

"Oh that feels so good," she said.

My mouth went up to her ear, and then back down her neck towards her breasts--but not yet. I looked at her and caught her stare. Then I clamped my mouth on the side of her rib cage, right next to her breast, but not on it. She screamed in ecstasy. I licked and sucked harder, almost as if to give her a hickey. Candy's back curved in the air and she twisted, the pleasurable feeling almost too much for her to handle. Again she screamed, this time grabbing a pillow to muffle her cries.

Candy thrashed this way and that, my lips attached to her side. My cock throbbed in my pants, knowing I was giving this woman pleasure before I had even put my mouth on her breasts. I so wanted to slip my cock out and slide it in her, yet I needed to wait. I wasn't done yet.

For minutes I licked and sucked at Candy's side. And once my lips needed a break, I stopped. Her back fell to the mattress and she breathed heavily. While she caught her breath, I slipped off my shoes.

"What was that?" Candy said, and pointed to her side.

"Apparently, it's an erogenous zone. Something I'll try again in the future." I didn't know she would love it as much as she did--I had just learned from other experiences to explore every inch of a woman's body. "Did you have an orgasm?" She had thrashed around so much I couldn't tell.

Candy's eyes lit up and she smiled and nodded. "Yeah. You took care of that quick. What next?"

I didn't wait for an answer, I just leaned over suckled on a nipple. This time she let out some low, throaty moans, not the screams that had emanated from her moments ago. One of my hands reached up to grab a breast and she grabbed my wrist to keep my hand trapped on her boob.

Even when I trailed my mouth down her stomach and to her landing strip, she kept my hand on her breast. The stone-like nipple poked between my fingers until I licked her sopping pussy. Another scream burst from her and she immediately grabbed my head with two hands and pushed it between her legs. My tongue shot from my mouth, one lick at a time. Candy began to thrash in the same manner as before, and I was afraid of getting hurt, but then she pulled at my hair, and pushed my

head at her snatch again. This time I tried to shove my tongue deep into her and she began shuddering and screaming again. I could feel her climax reverberate through her body and into my head.

With a sigh, Candy let go of my head and relaxed again. "I didn't think I would cum this easy," she said. Her chest heaved with large, heavy breaths. "What do you want to do next?" she said.

"I usually take control when I'm with a woman, but tonight is about fulfilling your fantasies. What do you want to do?" I responded.

"I, well .. ."

"Go, on don't be embarrassed."

"I could try going down on you."

"Okay, but is that what you want?"

Candy nodded her head. Then she leaned in and kissed me again. Her hand fumbled near my waist for my shirt, grabbed it, and pulled at it. We broke our kiss so she could rip the shirt from me, and she motioned for me to lie down on the mattress. I got comfortable with a pillow and she took one of my nipples in her mouth. I couldn't help myself and the moan escaped my lips. Her tongue and mouth trailed down my stomach, as she kissed or licked here and there until she came to my pants. I shuddered in anticipation.

Trembling hands fumbled at the button of my jeans until it loosed and with one swift gesture; she pulled my pants and underwear off at the same time. My hard cock extended straight into the air, long, hard, and red and purple. It wavered for a moment and then stopped.

Candy gasped. "I'm not going to get that whole thing in my mouth!"

I smiled and got harder. Her compliment rippled through me. "Just do the best you can."

"How long do you want me to go for?"

"How long do you want to go for?"

"I think I want to make you cum."

"Igoing to ask then, and not all guys would ask, but do you want to spit or swallow?"

"I think I want to swallow, but don't tell me when you are going to go, because I might be too afraid to swallow."

And with those words she took me in her mouth. A moan burst from my chest. She attacked it hard and fast, taking as much of my cock into her mouth as she could, all at one time. I ran my fingers through her hair while her head bounced up and down on my shaft. Then she slowed and licked down one side and up the other.

I grunted in ecstasy when she took one of my balls in her mouth. Then she clamped her lips around the mushroom shaped head of my cock, and licked and sucked on the head.

"Are . . . you sure . . . you've never done . . . this . . . before?"

She stopped for a moment. "I have seen porn you know."

Then she clamped on again, running her tongue up my shaft as she bobbed. I grabbed hold of a cushion from the couch to keep me from jerking around too much.

"Oh babe, you are doing that so good," I said. "Keep going. You keep that up and I'll be cumming in your mouth in no time."

My words spurred her on. Each time she went down she tried to take more of me in her mouth. I heard her whimper and moan as my cock appeared and disappeared from site. Her moaning while taking me in her mouth turned me on even more.

"Oh yeah, you are doing me right," I said.

Before long the pressure built and I wanted to keep myself from cumming. I moaned as I tried to hold back the orgasm, but I couldn't. My load shot into her mouth. She gurgled and some dribbled down my shaft, but she never stopped and soon my shaft looked clean. She still whimpered while she licked up my cum.

Withmy cock dry, Candy lay next to me on the mattress. "Howlong till you think you're ready again?" she asked. "I almost had another orgasm doing that. Hearing you moan turned me on so much."

I looked down at my cock. It stood straight and tall.

"You're not going limp? How's that possible?"Candy asked.

"It doesn't happen very often, so we better take advantage of it."

I looked at aplush chair in the corner. It looked wide enough, so I got up and sat down in it. I waved Candy over. She straddled me in the chair and impaled herself on my cock. Both of us moaned together. Got a tad bit of leverage and thrust, though mainly Candy was in control. Her hair fell around my shoulders when she leaned forward to find the perfect spot. Soon her hips were in motion.

My grunts and her moans filled the air. I reached up to grab a breast, the rough skin of my hand contrasting with her smooth skin. The nipple grew harder. Candy's other breast swung free and I caught it with my mouth.

My ear drums exploded with her screams. Our hips moved in unison. She grabbed the back of the chair. Faster, her teeth bit into my neck and her body started to quiver. Another orgasm on its way.

Sharp pain from her bite turned me on and she slumped into my chest. But I wasn't done yet. No second climax for me. I picked her up, carried her to the sofa and set her of the floor. I turned her roughly and bent her over the arm. One had gripped her hip for support and I thrust inside of her. With her head in the sofa she didn't scream as loud, and the sound of my balls against her turned me on.

I tugged on her hair while slowly pulling out. Then I thrust, hard, deep. "Uhh," I moaned. "You like that? You want me to do it again?" I asked.

Candy nodded.

Again, with as much force as I could, I thrust. At Candy's scream I asked, "You want to scream again?"

Candy repeated her nod.

"I asked if you want to scream again?" I said. I yanked on her hair pulling her face so I could see it. When she only nodded I tugged again. "I want to hear you say it."

"Please make me scream?" she said.

And with those words I thrust at a mind-blowing pace. I kept it up for as long as I could. Listening to her scream,and to me; I grunted, and moaned. I kept going until I could feel my balls tighten. "I'm

going to cum inside of you," I said.

Candy tried to nod, but my yanking on her hair kept her in place. Again I tried to hold back from an orgasm. It only worked momentarily. I shuddered with each ejaculation, my cock spitting my seed while the sound of my balls slapped against her white hot ass. I kept the pace as long as I could after numerous shudders pass through me.

Soon I tired and fell to the mattress. Candy fell along side of me and we slept . . .