# September 2010 (Oh, What a Night!) Chapter 1

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*Late September…back in 2010…what a woman…what a man…oh, what a night!*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/september-2010-oh-what-a-night.aspx

Back in the summer of 2010, I was having a phone conversation with a cousin that I had not seen or spoken to in quite some time. The conversation turned from catching up, and got around to how long it had been since I had been back in our hometown. I told him it had been quite a few years. I had no

immediate family living there anymore, just some aunts, uncles, cousins, and of course, old friends. Even though it would have been nice to see them, I just had nothing that immediately drew me back there.

He revealed to me that his parents were planning a family reunion in September and they would love for me to come. His mother was my late mother's younger sister. I told him I didn't know if I could get away or not. My girlfriend, Sandra, was also in the room, and I knew I needed to talk to her. I was also thinking about my best friend, Chris. We had just taken our friendship to a new level, and he and I had planned a hiking and camping trip in September.

My cousin, Gary, told me he hadn't been back in awhile either, and was definitely going. He sure wished I would. He went on to say how much the family would love to see me. We danced around the subject on the phone for awhile. He really tried to get me to make a decision; I finally agreed to call him back in a few days and let him know.

Over the next few days, I debated going. I thought that it would be nice to see family again, and see the town. I thought it was a shame. I only lived four hours away, but it just always seemed so hard to get back home. I talked to my brothers and sisters, and none of them were going to be able to go. I almost backed out, but after conversations with Sandra, and with Chris, they convinced me I should go. Chris just wished he could get off and go with me. He hadn't been back to our hometown in awhile either.

I still almost backed out until Gary called me back. He told me that he forgot to tell me that the reunion was going to be on our grandparents' old farm. Our aunt who lived there now was moving into an assisted living apartment, and the family was selling the place. This would be the last time we would all be together there. That sealed it for me. I told him I would be there for the weekend.

When I hung up the phone, I was flooded with memories of that place. I thought about the pond where we often went fishing as well as skinny dipping when we could get by with it. I thought about the many times I spent the night there, and had to get up early to help feed the chickens, milk the cows or whatever chore needed to be done. I thought about the barn especially the hay loft where many times when visiting as a teenager I had slipped away into the loft for some private time. I especially remembered a few times when I was seventeen finding out how much fun that loft could be with another person.

I finally said to myself, "To hell with the weekend, why not stay the whole week."

I checked my schedule and talked to my boss. He told me I had two weeks of vacation left and that it was okay if I wanted to take both. I fixed it to where I could have a few days off after I got back, just to

rest.

I called my aunt to confirm with her I was coming. I told her I was going to get a room at the hotel nearby. She asked me if my girlfriend was coming and I told her she couldn't get away. It was just going to be me. She thought it was a shame I was staying in a hotel, when there were four empty bedrooms in her house. I told her I thought for sure she would be booked, but she said no. She finally convinced me I could stay in the big room at the end of the hall. It was the room my two uncles shared as boys. My grandparents had six girls and two boys. They divided them up two to a room. As a boy I spent many a night in that room after my uncles moved out. I looked forward to being there again; especially knowing this would be the last time I would be in that house again.

The next few months were busy and the time just seemed to fly by. I had first planned to drive down on Saturday, but Sandra reminded me I had promised to be her date at a wedding. It was in a nearby town. I really didn't want to go, but she was being nice about the trip. We booked ourselves into a hotel. We drove there on Friday and came back on Sunday. It was a nice little trip.

On Sunday, I packed my bags. I got up on Monday morning and drove the four hours to my old hometown. I arrived at my aunt's home, my old grandparents' farmhouse, late that afternoon. I was immediately flooded with nostalgia when I pulled into the long driveway that led back to their home. I remembered the long walk as a boy from the mailbox all the way back to the house on that long road.

I finally pulled up to the outside of the house. There it stood the old two-story white farm house. It looked like nothing had changed in 40 years. Back off to the side you could see the old barn, and beyond that you could see the trail that led down to the pond. It was secluded enough that we could skinny dip as teens and not get caught unless someone walked down close to the pond. You could not stand in the house, look down and see us, even from the second floor.

My aunt heard the car pull up, but at her age it took her some time before she opened the door and walked out. I got my bags and carried them in. She told me she was cooking supper for us, but it would be awhile. I could either come in and talk or spend some time exploring the old place. I told her that was what I wanted to do.

I walked down to the pond. I stood there for awhile reminiscing. Boy I was tempted to strip down and go for a swim; one last swim in the old pond. I bent down and felt the water. It was just too cold. There was a hefty wind blowing too. This was not the day for naked swimming. The fears of major shrinkage ran through my head.

I walked around awhile, and then made my way into the barn. It was really run down now, but the

bones of the building were still good. I thought to myself that this old barn would probably stand another hundred years with good maintenance. A little paint and stuff, it would look great. I walked toward the back. In the far left corner, there it stood. There was the old wooden ladder, built into the wall of the barn. The ladder that led up to the loft where I spent so much time as a kid and as a teenager; even as a young man I spent many hours in that loft.

I reached out and pulled on a few of the rungs. They were still in good shape. I began my climb up. Soon I was sitting in the loft on a hay bale that looked like it hadn't been touched in years. When I sat down, dust went everywhere. I looked around and immediately my thoughts went back to the times I spent up there all those years ago.

Of course, being a man, sex quickly entered my thoughts. I thought about the times as a young man I had jerked off sitting on a hay bale just like this one. I thought about a couple of times when I was seventeen that I slipped my girlfriend up to the loft. Her name was Tammy. She was seventeen at the time too. We laid a blanket on a pile of loose hay and made love. On one of those occasions, my uncles and grandfather were in the barn feeding the animals and working on my grandfather's truck the whole time.

Immediately I felt my cock stirring. He was wide awake and he was letting me know about it. He wanted action and he wasn't taking no for an answer. I stood up to unbuckle and unzip my jeans. I pulled my briefs down under my balls. I had learned as a young man that pushing your pants and briefs all the way down and sitting naked on a hay bale was not a good idea.

I took my place on the hay bale, spread my legs and closed my eyes. I wrapped my hand around the shaft of my cock, and began to stroke my very generous six and three-fourths inches. I caressed my nuts with the tips of the fingers of my left hand and stroked my cock with the other. I started out stroking pretty fast, but decided this might be the last time I ever got to do this in this loft. I wanted it to last; I slowed my strokes and settled in for a long session. It felt awesome.

I was so horny by this time, thanks to all my reminiscing. I had to be careful or I would shoot my load way too soon. My balls and cock were extremely sensitive. I generally leak pre-cum quickly and I leak it in huge volumes. I could see the juice oozing out onto the knob of my dick almost from the first stroke.

I loved the sensations that were already building in my shaft and inside my nut sack. I wanted this to last forever….or at least for more than a few seconds.

I tried to spread my legs more, but couldn't due to the jeans. I did get them spread enough that I was able to slide my left hand down further. I stroked the area between my asshole and balls gently before

moving down and gently caressing the entrance to my asshole. I massaged and stroked it lightly before letting my finger slide in as far as I could reach.

My nuts and cock were on fire. Even all the clear, sticky fluid that was oozing from the slit of my dick couldn’t put out the fire. The shaft of my cock and my ball sack were covered with it. It gushed from my piss slit and ran down the shaft of my cock, down to my balls and then on to my left arm and briefs. It was as if I had poured lube all over my package.

I started to feel my man seed moving from my balls into the shaft of my dick. I moved my left hand back to cup my balls, and I began to stroke more vigorously. A minute or so passed and I knew it was going to happen. I stood up, cupped my balls with my left hand, and wrapped my right hand back around my dick. I stroked my cock, and thrust my hips into my fist for just a few strokes when I began to shoot my thick, creamy load into the air. It flew out the tip of my cock and landed on the loft floor and the hay bale.

I stood there catching my breath a few seconds. My hand was covered in some of my juices. I used my mouth and tongue to lick it all off and checked to see if any landed on my jeans or shoes. I didn’t see any. I pulled my briefs back up, arranged my junk inside them, and fixed my pants. Once everything was back where it belonged, I looked down at the floor. I first just thought about leaving it, but I didn’t know how many of my cousins might come early and have the same idea to explore as me. I moved the hay bale and turned it over. Luckily it covered all the evidence of the great time I just had.

I went back in the house and visited with my aunt. After dinner we watched some television. I was quickly reminded about how back into the country we were. Cable and satellite service was still not available to this area, so TV was limited to four channels. Nothing on appealed to either of us so we ended up talking and looking at old photos.

After a few hours we were both tired. It was still early but after all the traveling and my time in the barn that afternoon, I was tired.

My aunt told me she couldn’t climb the steps anymore, and I would have to find my way around upstairs myself. I told her I was sure everything would be okay. I picked up my bags from the living room floor, and made my way upstairs to my room. I was going to unpack, but decided I would put that off until tomorrow.

I pulled off my shoes and socks, grabbed my toiletries bag and headed down the hall to the bathroom. I was even too tired for a shower. For now, I would just pee and brush my teeth. In the morning I would get a good shower and unpack.

After finishing in the bathroom, I came back to the room and stripped down to my briefs. At home I never slept in anything but my briefs when alone. For this trip, I had bought some lounge pants to sleep in, thinking my aunt would be on this floor. I stood there debating whether I should put them on or not. I hated to sleep in anything but my briefs at night. Anything else was uncomfortable. After some mild debating, I decided I would just sleep in my briefs. I pulled back the covers and settled in. It did not take me long to go to sleep. I was so tired from all the travel from the last few days.

Sometime in the night, I dreamed about Tammy, the girl I had sex with in the barn when we were both seventeen. The dream jarred me awake. The room was black. It wasn't your normal black either. In the country when it is dark, it is really dark. And that night was especially dark as it was cloudy and the clouds were over the moon.

There wasn't a digital clock in the room, so I had no idea what time it was. My watch had a light. I moved my arm and looked. It was 2:30 a.m. I lay there awhile listening to the frogs down on the pond, the crickets chirping, the owls hooting, and the many other animals. It was so noisy but so peaceful at the same time. I also listened to my cock speaking to me from down below.

My cock was so hard. It was achingly hard. I reached down and ran my hand across it a few times. I noticed that my briefs were crusty and stiff from my earlier session in the barn. I had felt my cock leak into them for awhile after I came back into the house.

Finally I slipped my hand inside my briefs and began rubbing it lightly. I moved my hand to my mouth, and spit onto my fingers. I moved my fingers to the head of my dick and rubbed the saliva around the knob. I used my fingers to stroke up and down my shaft before wrapping my hand around the shaft and began my familiar up and down movement. I couldn't believe I was doing this again so soon. *Damn this place sure makes me horny*; I lay there thinking to myself.

I continued to think about Tammy. Soon I reached down and pulled the waistband of my briefs down, fixing them under my balls. My rocklike boner flopped back and slapped against my stomach.

I wrapped my hand around my erection and slowly stroked up and down. It didn't feel anywhere near the way Tammy's mouth or tight pussy felt wrapped around my manhood in the loft, but for that moment, it worked. I closed my eyes and remembered Tammy's body. I remembered standing naked over her. I played the scene over in my mind. I thought about how she looked lying in the hay after our coupling. I looked down at her spent body lying in the hay in front of me; the glistening folds of her pussy dripped with the combined fluids from our climaxes. I remembered, even after all the years that had passed, I remembered the smell, the delectable aroma of her that day in the loft. It was a mixture of her perfume blended with the smell of the hay, the smell of the loft, the smell of her perspiration,

the smell of her pussy, and the smell from her juices. That smell clung to my skin for hours after we were together. Oh man if I could have just bottled that scent and sold it, I would be a millionaire today, I thought to myself.

So many memories flooded my mind as I lay in that bed and stroked my stiff cock and fondled my balls.

I remembered the way she looked, kneeling in front of me, with her mouth wrapped around my cock. My hand tightened around my shaft and started to move a little faster.

My eyes were closed and I remembered Tammy take me deeply inside her mouth. She had swallowed and then her throat had tightened around the head of my cock. It was hot remembering all this, but it had nothing on the real thing.

My mind shifted thought. I began to wonder where Tammy was living now. The last time I had seen her was years before. She still looked good. She was living up north somewhere, but I couldn't remember where. Oh how good it would be to see her. Shit how good it would be to back inside her mouth again. Even better would be to have my aching dick thrusting in and out of her wonderful pussy again.

I lay my head back, closed my eyes tighter, and continued stroking my now throbbing hard on. I imagined Tammy on her back, her head leaning slightly off to the side of our make-shift bed in the hay. Her mouth was slightly open; her eyes were open, staring up at me as I stood above her naked. Her mouth looked so inviting. I pushed my cock down with my hand and moved the tip to her lips. She opened and I pushed my dick into her mouth. I watched my dick disappear into her throat.

Oh man how great it would feel to have those lips wrapped around my hard cock right now. How good it would feel to look down and see her nose buried in my balls. I thought of how good it would feel to look down and see Tammy's neck bulge when my cock entered her tight throat. I had fucked Tammy's mouth so often in this same position all those years ago. God, I was shocked how much I wanted that to happen again.

My dick jerked and pulsed against my hand. I pumped my hard member a little faster. My hand tightened, firmly grasping my shaft. My balls tingled. I felt the release start in my balls. They tightened and coiled outward. I felt my sticky, pre-cum gush from the slit of the knob of my dick. It flowed freely down the shaft making my dick and balls wet and sticky.

My eyes continued to be closed thinking of Tammy. I was above her, fucking her throat. I was staring down at her. Her nipples were hard. Her back arched up, making her breasts stand out so proudly. I

looked down at her pussy. White, milky fluid was dripping from her center. Our combined fluids still dripping from her spent lips. I kept thrusting into her throat.

My hand continued to assault my cock. My head tilted back. My eyes tightened. I tried to stay quiet as my climax jolted through my body. Semen erupted from my cock and launched onto my chest, stomach and hand.

I rested for a moment. My right hand was still wrapped around my softening cock. I brought my cum-covered hand to my mouth and licked it clean. I lay there thinking of what to do now. I never dreamed this would happen, and was not prepared. At home I would just wipe it on the sheets but not here. That was definitely not an option. There was no way I could try to make it to the bathroom. I finally slipped my briefs off and used them to clean up with. I tossed them on the floor. Sated for the moment, I lay back and quickly went back to sleep.

I don’t know how long I slept, but I awakened to the aroma of coffee and bacon cooking. I lay there a moment reveling in the smells emanating from the kitchen. I was on my side, and I rolled over onto my back. When I did I had evidently leaked some after going to sleep; my morning wood was slightly stuck to the covers. I pulled up the covers to notice a small cum-stain. I would see what I could do about that later.

I heard my aunt’s voice at the bottom of the stairs. For an old lady, she still had a powerful set of vocal chords on her. She told me breakfast would be done soon. I yelled to her that I was going to shower and then come down. She said okay but not to linger in the shower too long.

I pulled my naked body out of the bed, and quickly made the bed. I sat my suitcase on the bed to choose my clothes for the day. It was still warm enough for shorts, so I decided on a t-shirt and some blue jean shorts. Then I noticed it. I went to grab clean briefs and there weren’t any. I couldn’t believe it. I had forgotten to grab my underwear. How in the world did I forget to do that? Oh well I would just have to make a run into town and buy some. But what was I going to do today?

I looked down at the dirty ones from yesterday lying on the floor. I picked them up. They didn’t smell too bad, but they looked awful. I had chosen white the day before; they were covered in very obvious semen stains. They were also stiff and crusty in many areas. God forbid something happen to me and I get caught wearing those briefs. I said to myself, “Well looks like a commando day today.”

I headed off to the shower, dressed, and headed downstairs to eat breakfast with my aunt. During breakfast, she and I chatted some more and caught up on family. She also filled me in about some friends who still lived in the area. She wanted to know what my plans were for the day. I told her that I was going to run into town and maybe look up some folks and do some sight-seeing. I also told her

about forgetting to pack underwear, so I had to pick up some. She said the only place left in town to buy men's underwear was Johnson's. Johnson's was a downtown department store that had been there as long as I remembered. It had been owned and operated by a local family for many years. I couldn't believe the only place to buy men's underwear in this town was their store. Not only was it going to be expensive, but I was sure they probably only carried white briefs.

I helped my aunt clean up, kissed her goodbye, and headed out. I rode around the area for quite some time. In town I got out and walked around the square. I saw a few old friends and other people I had not seen in years. I made plans to hang out with some of them later in the week.

About 11:00 a.m., I headed into Johnson's. I was looking around. It was like walking back in time. Nothing had changed. The shelves were stacked as high as you could see. There was little room to maneuver around. The only thing that I could see had changed was that they now had changing rooms for both sexes. When I lived in town and shopped there, if a man wanted to try on a pair of pants, he just stepped between the aisles, dropped his trousers, and slipped into the new pants. You did it all very quickly just in case someone walked around the aisle. But that rarely happened. Everyone in the town knew the score, and was on guard for things like that.

I walked to the area where the men's clothes were. I looked through the clothes for awhile. Now this might be some small shop in a small town, but they carried quality merchandise. I found some jeans I really liked, and needed to try them on. While I was looking, Mr. Johnson came over and asked if I found what I needed. I told him that I couldn't find his briefs. He asked if I still wore 34s. I couldn't believe he remembered. He came back with a three-pack of Hanes white briefs. I was right they still just carried white. He asked if he could ring the sale up. I told him I was going to look more and probably try the jeans on. He told me to come up to the register when I was finished.

I walked over and stepped into the dressing room marked for men. It was nothing more than a closet with a curtain in front, but it was better than nothing. I tried the jeans on and decided to take them. I walked out of the room, not watching where I was going, and ran into someone. I looked up and could not believe it. It was Tammy. Yes the Tammy that I just molested myself thinking about just hours before. I was speechless.

"Are you going to say anything or you just going to stand there all day with your chin on the floor?" Tammy asked.

"God I can't believe you are here. I was just thinking about you this morning." I was so flustered; I could barely get it all out coherently. I was also embarrassed standing in front of her with my very amorous thoughts of her running through my mind. I couldn't fucking believe Tammy was right in front of me.

I immediately checked her out. She looked great. My eyes went to her boobs first. I couldn't help but notice they were bigger now, and I mean much bigger than they were before. I guess I stared too long.

"Hey I'm up here. Are you going to stand there staring at my boobs all day or you going to give me a hug?" Tammy asked.

I wrapped my arms around her, and we embraced.

"It is so good to see you. Are you living back here now?" I asked her.

"No, I'm just in town to visit family. What about you? Did you move back?"

"No. I'm just visiting like you. Family reunion this weekend, and wanted to see the old farm house before they sell it."

"Oh wow I never thought your aunt would move from there."

"Me either. She is moving into an assisted living place."

"Mom told me that her health was getting bad."

"Yes she wants to move closer to town. The place is just too big for her now."

"So you were thinking about me huh?"

I blushed as my erotic thoughts continued to race through my head. "Well yes. I was walking around the place yesterday, and I couldn't help but think about…" I started stuttering and just faded off.

Tammy just laughed. "Well I'm flattered."

I had to change the subject or I was going to get a very awkward erection right there. "So what are you doing at Johnson's?"

"Just walking around and thought I would see if anything had changed in here."

"Nope, not a thing, well except these," I said as I pointed toward the dressing rooms.

“Yes I saw those. Those are very handy.”

My stomach sort of growled. “Oh sorry, I guess my stomach is reminding me it is about lunch time.”

“Yes it is.”

I paused a minute or so. “Well I guess I had better let you go. I need to pay for these and get on my way.”

We hugged again, and I walked up to the register. I was finishing checking out and turned to leave when Tammy walked back toward me.

“So Mike, what are you doing for lunch?”

“I am not sure. I was just about to ask Mr. Johnson what he recommended around here.”

His wife broke in and told us about a new place that had not been open long. A new couple in town had bought one of the old homes, and turned it into a bed and breakfast. They also had a great restaurant. She winked and said it was very romantic and they served wine from Tennessee wineries. Yes she was a matchmaker. I had forgotten that about Mrs. Johnson.

We both laughed. Tammy said, “Hey if you’re game I am. I have some time, and I would love to catch up some more.”

“I hear the wineries have some good wine. I have never passed up a good glass of wine or a meal with a beautiful woman.”

“Still the big flirt and charmer huh….nothing changes.”

I held the door open. We both decided to drive our own cars. It would save one of us driving the other back after we ate.

I arrived first. The home was an old antebellum mansion. The last time I had seen it, it was in terrible shape. The people had really fixed it up. I went in and asked about a table for two. They said it would be about a ten minute wait. I said that would be fine.

Tammy must have made a wrong turn getting there. She showed up just as our table was ready.

We were seated in the corner of the room. Not the greatest table, but it was away from most of the

crowd. It was perfect for old friends who wanted to catch up. We ordered our food and wine, and began to catch up more. I couldn't help but look at Tammy. She was beautiful. I was mesmerized by how good she looked.

Tammy was wearing an earth-toned striped cotton mini-dress which showed off her round, shapely legs wonderfully. I couldn't help but steal glances at her sexy legs. She was about 5'6" and weighed probably 115 pounds. She looked to be about a 38x24x36 now. When we dated the first measurement was a 32.

Her hair was black, about shoulder length. She had it fixed beautifully that day. I loved it, even though I had also loved when she wore it much longer, and I would wrap it nicely around my cock and stroke. It was so silky and created the greatest feelings within my cock as I stroked it.

Tammy also had the best looking tan. She had always loved to sunbath during the summer. My bet was under those clothes one would discover the tan was a full body tan. Man how I wished I could see that. Tammy was gorgeous. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

Tammy had been talking about her work and other things during this time; I was barely listening. I just couldn't get over meeting her like this after fantasizing about her so recently. I had thought about Tammy through the years, but it had been years since those thoughts made me bust a nut in the way I had done on two occasions in the last twenty-four hours.

In all that Tammy said, I did pick up that Tammy was married now. She and her husband were living somewhere near Knoxville; for the life of me I couldn't remember the town's name. He was older than she was. He was 53 but still in great shape physically. She said no one believed he was 53. They didn't have any kids but had talked about it. They had only been married for two years. This was her first marriage. She had just never found Mr. Right until she met Steven.

Our food was served to us after a short wait. We started eating. It was really good.

"So how does Steven feel about you wanting children?"

"What...oh, because of his age?"

I was afraid I had offended her. "Well it did cross my mind. It would scare the hell out of me if I was that age. Hell it even scares me now and I just turned 30."

"Yes, it does scare him. He doesn't want to be the oldest father at the PTA meetings. Plus he is afraid children will affect our lifestyle. We love to travel."

“Yes children would make a difference there.”

“Yes, but you know us women and our biological clocks. Mine started ticking last year when I turned 30. My husband bought me these,” she said pointing at her chest and grinned, “but they hardly are a replacement for a child.”

“Well don’t get offended, but they sure look good. Whoever did them did a great job. If I did not know what size they were years ago, I would have never known they weren’t real.”

Tammy took a drink and smiled at me. “Thanks...I think."

“Oh it was definitely a compliment.”

“I got that Mike,” Tammy said as she pushed her plate back.

I poured her some more wine and she took another sip.

“Are you finished already?” I asked.

“Yes, I can’t eat another bite. Besides I have to watch my figure.”

“It’s a great figure to watch. If no one has applied for that job, I would certainly love to be considered,” I said raising my eyebrows and grinning.

“Stop it Mike. Remember I’m a married lady,” she said pointing to the ring on her finger.

“Hey, you can’t blame a guy for trying. It’s not every day that a guy gets lucky enough to run into an old lover that looks like you. Shit, I thought I was going to marry you and live happily ever after.”

“I had some of those thoughts myself until you broke up with me.”

“I broke up with you? I thought you broke up with me.”

We both laughed.

“So what about you Mike, I’ve told you my life story and I don’t know anything about you but that you are still a big old flirt. Are you married?”

“No, I was. We’ve been divorced awhile now.”

“Sorry. What happened?”

“I’m not sure really, to tell you the truth. Everything seemed to go okay the first three years. Then the last two years we couldn’t agree on anything. She really wanted a baby. I did too. We tried often to get pregnant. Believe me our failure to do so wasn’t from lack of trying. We fucked like rabbits. Nothing happened. We went to the doctor. We did all the tests. Both of us were okay but for some reason we just couldn’t get pregnant. It just wasn’t meant to be. She started hormone shots and her mood changed. I was the evil monster and couldn’t do anything right ever. We argued about everything until she told me one day she wanted me out. A few months later we divorced. We are just now starting to become friends again.”

“Well that’s good. So are you seeing anyone now?”

“Yes, I’m living with a lady. She is 28, and very sexy. We get along well for now.”

“Are you two, serious?”

“No…not yet anyway. I’m not sure where things are going. We don’t really talk about that too often for now.”

“What would she think about you being here and being naughty with an old girlfriend?” Tammy said leaning in to whisper, “One that you used to fuck?”

I was about to take a drink but couldn’t as I was shocked and amused by what she said. I sat my glass back down. “Oh is it naughty to sit and talk with an old friend?”

“Talking no, but is that where this is going to end?”

“What do you mean by that? Are you saying that there is going to be more than just talking this afternoon?”

“Well I think that is up to you?”

“No Tammy I think that is up to you. You asked about my girlfriend; what about your husband?”

“My husband knows. We both have the option to fuck whomever we want.”

I looked around and whispered to her. “So are you saying you want to fuck me, Tammy?”

“Do you want to fuck me, Mike?”

“If you’re offering, then yes, I’m up for it. And I mean that literally.”

Tammy slipped her shoe off. She ran her foot up my leg and into my crotch. She rubbed it against my erection which was straining against my jeans. “I can feel that Mike. Where are you staying?”

“I’m at my aunt’s house, and no there is no way we can go back there.”

We both looked around, both of us thinking about the bed and breakfast. Before I could even say it, Tammy said, “I don’t think this is the kind of place that rents rooms by the hour.”

“Well there is The Love Court on Highway 99. It’s cheap, but as long as it has a bed, I’m game.”

“Okay, Mike. You go get us a room and I’ll meet you there. I have to call my husband.”

Tammy excused herself and left. I asked for the check, and put it on my credit card. I asked if they had more wine chilled. They said yes. I ordered us a bottle to take with us. I went out to the lobby, asked to use the phone, and called The Love Court. I asked for a room, reserved it and made sure to get the room number.

Tammy was in her car out front talking to her husband on her cell phone. I jotted the room number down on a card, and handed it to her. I whispered I would see her there. I also showed her the bottle of wine.

I walked to my car, whistling, with a new spring in my step and a hard cock in my jeans. With no underwear, I am sure anyone looking knew I was standing at attention. I didn’t give a fuck. I had no cares in the world at that moment. I smiled and let my proud manhood lead the way.

I drove out to Highway 99. It wasn’t that long of a ride usually, but that day with a rock hard cock in my pants it seemed to take forever. Sitting there my jean shorts rode up, and the head of my cock revealed itself. It was already leaking a little. There was a nice pearl of pre-cum on the head. I flexed my member, and it dropped off on to my hairy thigh. I reached down with my finger, scooped it up, and tasted it. I lightly moaned.

Finally I arrived at my destination; the place where I was going to get my groove on. I went into the office, and asked for the key. The older gentleman had been there so long, and seen so many men

just like me come through the office; he didn’t even look up anymore. He just had me sign the credit card receipt, handed me my key, and reminded me to just leave the key in the room when I was done.

I just smiled, made my way to my car to grab the wine, and entered my room….room number 4. *Four for foreplay*, I thought to myself. And hopefully there was going to be lots of that.

It had been years since I had been in a room at The Love Court. Not much had changed. There wasn’t much furniture in these rooms. On one side there was a small chest of drawers. On the other side of the room there was a sink with a bathtub. On the other end was a small closet that contained the toilet. I noticed there wasn't a TV, but I was sure most people who booked these rooms didn't do it to watch television. In the center of the room was a full size bed. From the looks of the bedspread, a great deal of folks had used that bed and many of them obviously fucked on top of the covers. It was covered in stains. I quickly removed it and tossed it on the floor on the other side of the bed.

I thought about the wine. I grabbed the ice bucket off the chest. I walked outside to the area next to the office and got some ice from the ice machine. I didn’t want the wine to get warm. I placed it in the bucket, and sat them on the chest. It wasn’t long before Tammy arrived. I heard her knock on the door, and I let her in.

I started to offer her some wine. I didn’t get the chance. She tossed her purse on the chest beside the ice bucket. In one motion she pushed me into a sitting position on the bed, and straddled my legs. She wrapped her arms around me, leaned in and kissed me.

Soon her tongue was entering my mouth. Our tongues battled. It was a long, wet, very sensuous kiss. My cock jerked and more of my pre-cum leaked into my jeans. She pulled back.

“Damn, I have wanted to do that ever since I first saw you today,” Tammy said.

*To be continued……*