

Temptations of Low-Hanging Fruit

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She kissed his man-stick and saw it stiffen slightly. Soon, she was licking and sucking non-stop.

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TEMPTATIONS OF LOW-HANGING FRUIT

She looked at it with a longing that started deep down inside her gut. It was without a doubt the nicest apple on the tree and it was easily within her reach. She ached to reach out and pick it from the branch and have done with it but her cautious nature held her back like a leash attached to a collar around her neck.

The tree stood by itself high on the rocky shelf overlooking the lush valley. The young girl liked to come up to sit under the shade of the comfortable tree watching the animals frolic and play with absolutely no cares or worries to bother their enjoyment in the pastoral scene. She could hear their thoughts floating through her mind like the sound of the wind in the freely flowing fronds of the numerous palms dotting the landscape. The temperature was absolutely perfect, but, then again, it was always perfect here in this wondrous place.

The beautiful female creature with the silky soft black tresses and lustrous suntanned skin reclined in the sweet-smelling green grass that cushioned her naked body.

She craned her neck to peer into the shifting shadows of the oasis-type valley, tucked safely at the juncture of the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers, flowing timelessly far into the distance. There was no sign of her partner, her beloved mate, he, who made her feel complete and loved.

A quick glance above her and she was in the gravity pull of the delectable fruit waiting patiently for her concentrated attention. She held her own breasts cupped in her hands. They were aroused and

strangely like the perfect apple above her head. Her hands moved down into her triangulated "V", a fleshly juncture of humanity ready to bring the human species into its narrow niche of eternity.

The shapely female rubbed her bottom on the cushion of grass engrossed in the subtle feel of the tingling grass on her sensitive skin. She liked when her mate touched her back there with his powerful and controlling hands. When she finally inserted one of her questing fingers into her female slit, she shuddered with the anticipation of releasing her juices out onto the padded nest of green crushed grass under her writhing body.

The serpent approached her with no visible sinister intent. He paused next to her and caught her attention with his beady eyes. She was not too fond of the serpent but she tolerated his presence. His thoughts touched her in her innocent mind drawing her attention to the "forbidden" fruit. Her hand was still busy in her female region and she was determined to achieve her release with a desperation born of perverted desire. Her natural vaginal excitement heightened by her own innocent touch soon turned into sheer lust for gratification and she focused on the apple as the reason for her pleasure.

The panting female was determined now to acquire the apple so tantalizingly close to her head. The wily serpent had appealed to her sense of exploration, to her desire to learn new things, and to experience all that life could offer her. She might be the first female to walk the face of the Earth, but she wanted it all just like females in all eternity.

All she had to do now was to convince her mate that it was inevitable and that it was for his own good as well. They needed to consume the apple to gain the knowledge that had been denied them for all eternity. What good was the comfort of a pampered existence, if they still lacked the understanding of why they were there?

Her mate was sleeping. He was tired after a full night of procreating, so that they might start begetting in the very near future. She had enjoyed the copulation more than she could adequately describe, but still it seemed there was more to everything, than just spreading her legs and opening up for her mate's seeds of life.

At first, he was not very receptive to her pleas for action.

Then, after she coaxed his man-stick into full upright position, he started to procreate with a new vigor that made her female slit vibrate with excitement and caused her to shout out thoughts of a vile nature that had been recently suggested by the friendly serpent.

They ran up to the hill of the tree and both stared at the tempting apple well within their reach.

"We are not supposed to, Eve!"

"It will be all right, Adam, what possibly could happen to us?"

"I don't know, honey, the word "Forbidden" seems kind of non-negotiable!"

“Don’t be an old stick in the mud, Adam. Remember who takes care of your man-stick for you!”

“I suppose just one apple won’t be missed. You get it and we can eat it in the cave away from the light of day.”

“Why do I have to do all the work, Adam, you know you could help out now and then!”

“Tell you what, you pick it, we both eat it in the cave, and I will procreate with you standing up, the way you like it!”

“That is all you can think about; procreating this way, procreating that way, there has to be more, Adam!”

But Eve picked the apple and they both ran as fast as they could to the cave to eat it until nothing was left at all.

After that, it seemed like things changed rapidly.

They could no longer hear the animal’s thoughts. The berries and nuts were not enough to satisfy their palate and Adam stated to make a spear and even a bow to shoot arrows to capture small animals to add to their diet. Eve was aghast at the thought, but was soon mollified when Adam made a nice rabbit-skin thong for her to cover her female slit. They were suddenly ashamed to have their procreation equipment displayed so visibly and felt a need to cover up.

Adam started to take an interest in her flanks and even started to play obscenely with her tight little pucker hole. It was something he had never done before. Eve was dismayed but discovered it made her female juices flow most copiously and she went into frenzied gyrations when he started to take her from the rear alternating between her female slit and her brown eye. They both knew it was not quite correct from the “procreating” mode, but it was something they looked forward to with great anticipation.

Then, one night, almost by accident, when Adam was unable to make his man-stick hard enough to bury in Eve’s fevered channel, she kissed his man-stick and saw it stiffen slightly. Soon, she was licking and sucking his thing until it was as hard as the rocks in front of the cave. Later, she discovered he loved to stuff his thing deep into her mouth and deliver his sticky juice into her throat for her to swallow down into her belly. Her belly by this time was swollen with an addition to the family. Their new-found addiction to expanded procreation methods led to a fast-growing family and they were blessed with both sons and daughters.

All of their offspring were caught up in the tangled web of spirited procreation and the rules of familial relationships were suspended in order to expand the fountainhead of human existence.

Both Adam and Eve knew that they had made a mistake in not following the rules of the Garden of

Eden, but they did not regret the new benefits of a more varied sex life and the different emotional responses they now experienced. Sometimes, the humiliation, the degradation, the pain, the pleasure, the shame of illicit relationships, the introduction of a new fetish or toy to enhance their pleasure made them more human than ever before in perfect harmony with their imperfections and weaknesses.

The moral to this story is not found in following the rules. Instead, it is to avoid devious snakes, stay out of apple orchards, and be willing to try anything at least one time.