Maggie Briggs

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She was 100% natural woman

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My name is Allie.
It was the summer before my senior year in college. I had worked in a summer camp outside Portland , Maine ever since I was in High School. Today, I had worked alongside my summer buddy Rodger Briggs, preparing for the campers arrival tomorrow. Rodger had been a counselor in the camp for about as long as I had been. After work we were shooting pool enjoying a beer in a local pub. I was a big city guy, Rodger was local. He was the same age as I, but much larger. I'm 5'11" and 195 lbs. He goes 6'5" and about 240 lbs. Our plan was to relax, grab a burger, and then head back to camp and turn in early.
Rodger was shooting hot pool. He had a run of 5 or 6 balls in a row. I was gazing around the room. I couldn't help but notice when this woman entered the pub. She was different. She was very natural looking. She had her curly hair in a pony tail. She wore no make up. She didn't need any. She had the build and confidence of a superior athlete. She stood inside the doorway looking around for someone. Then she headed straight for me.
Or so it seemed.
It was Rodger she embraced and lifted of the floor. Rodger introduced me to his older sister Maggie. Maggie called to play the winner. He ran the rest of the table and Maggie racked up to play him next. I was glad to sit one out because she was so fascinating. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Maggie was a little taller then I was. Her square shoulders held her large breasts erect and displayed them proudly. This was accentuated by a trim waistline. Although she was large, she was built proportionately. Her hands were large too. She wore no nail polish and no jewelry. She wasn't the least bit masculine in any way, just a big girl. A big, natural girl, with a big, beautiful smile.
The three of us sat to eat and chatted amiably. I was quite conscious of being smitten with Maggie. I was trying not to have it show. However, I think she had me out of my "cool" groove. I lost track of the conversation. I was visualizing what her feet looked like. I wanted to see her ass and examine it. Were her nipples also oversized? What about her pussy? How pronounced was her Venus mound? How large were her labia? Was her pussy tight? Her mouth and lips were large, as were her teeth. I wondered how much she liked to suck cock. I was imagining and wondering if she really got into it. Maggie was as natural inside as she was on the outside. I mean there wasn't anything "put on" about her. She spoke well. Direct and clear, without crossing the line into being brutally frank. I liked her a

lot. She always had an honest smile on her face. I was wondering if she only went out with men taller then she was. If that was so, she would have a hard time matching up. Then I wondered how I would feel if I were escorting her out. I mean, if we walked into a place like this together and everyone saw us thinking; look, that babe is bigger then the guy.

Would that bother me? I couldn't decide, but I knew I'd be proud to be seen with her. I judged her to be 30 or 31 years old. I was wondering if she could possibly find any interest in me. When the check came, Rodger grabbed and said,

"Let's go Allie, big day tomorrow."

Before I could answer, Maggie said, "Stay and shoot a couple of racks with me Allie, I'll drive you to camp."

I looked at Rodger. He said, "I'm cool with that." Then he turned and left. Maggie stood up. I left the tip.

As Maggie leaned over the table racking the balls, I got a good look at her cleavage. There was honesty there too. Those twin sisters were C cups, and they both wanted to hang free. We had our first laugh together, because, when I tried breaking the racked balls, I scratched. In two turns, she got to the eight ball and sank it. We didn't have a bet, but I went to the bar for 2 cold ones. Handing her a bottle, Maggie quipped,

"Let this be my last one, other wise, I'll want to move on to arm wrestling,"

I shot right back, "let's have two more and just wrestle."

That wasn't exactly a ha-ha-ha, but it earned me a sincere smile and her eyes gave me the once over. We split the next two games, finished our beer and went to her car.

She started the car, looked over at me and said, "Well handsome, what do want to do now?"

I thought: This woman is straight forward. I'm going that route. I looked her in the eyes and answered. "I like you very much. I couldn't help but notice your honesty. You're honest in your appearance and in your manner. So, I'm going to be honest with you, knowing it will appeal to you. What I would like to do now is to go home with you and get to know you more intimately."

My thinking was that even though it was very early in a new relationship to be going for a home run, if I swung and missed (on his sister) it might become something between me and Rodger. On the other hand, if I connect, well Maggie wasn't a home run. She was a grand slam.

She didn't take a second to think about it. She replied, "Well, don't think I'm that easy, because I'm not. Quite the contrary, but I did like you from the moment we met. Rodger always spoke highly of you. I know you'll be busy all summer, so I'm going to go for it, just as you are. Its home we go." We smiled at each other.

I winked at her and said, "I'm very happy." She smiled again and gave me back an exaggerated wink. The sign in front of the garden apartments said, " Portland Heights ." It was a one bedroom unit up a flight of stairs. Maggie unlocked the door, entered first, turned to me with her arms opened and said, "I've been wondering what kind of kisser you are. Kiss me and let me find out."

I stepped into her embrace. My arms circled her waist. I raised one hand to her shoulder blade. I pressed her body against mine, and she drew my face toward hers, with her arms around my neck. I

had to tip my face upwards a bit for our lips to meet. I never liked kisses that felt as if someone was eating your face off. I like kisses that are sweet and gentle. I like kisses that express your feelings rather then your lust. Her lips were parted ever so slightly. Her lips were soft and plush. Her mouth was feminine and inviting. Her large lips were sweet and naturally pink. My hand moved from her shoulder blade up to the back of Maggie's neck. I liked the silky smooth feel of her skin. Her body stirred at my touch and she let out a tiny moan. I knew this was an expressive and responsive woman. Her movement caused her breasts to move against my chest. Again, the words soft and plush came to my mind. I became aware of a reaction within me that I never experienced before. My eyeballs were hot. Is that crazy? Well, everything else was getting hot. Maybe I just noticed it in my eyeballs because it was so unusual.

Maggie broke the embrace to free her pony tail. She shook her hair loose and it cascaded to her shoulders. In spite of being over 6 feet tall, she was really very feminine. When she stepped to me again, I took her face in my hands. I kissed both of her cheeks and brushed my lips side to side across her mouth. She liked the tenderness. We were equals in out appreciation of sensitivity.

I whispered to her, "As gently as the snow falls."

"What's that," she asked. "What are you saying about snowfall?"

I replied, "I would like to cover every inch of your body with sweet little kisses, each one as gentle as the snow falls."

That earned me a genuine smile and a kiss on the forehead. My hands moved to caress the outer sides of her breasts. She moved them so my palms were in direct contact with her nipples. I made little circles and I could feel the nipples respond with firmness. She put one arm around my waist, the other around my neck. She was holding me for a kiss, the way a man holds a woman. She kissed me firmly and her tongue entered my mouth for a little exploration. Softly I sucked on it like it was a little cock.

Maggie said, "I love it when snow falls on me. You cover me with snow, then, I'll build you a snowman." She laughed loudly at her joke. I'm still not sure what she meant, but I laughed with her as she pulled me toward the bedroom.

She unbuttoned and took off her blouse. I unbuttoned and took off my shirt. Maggie reached behind her and unhooked her bra. As it fell to the floor I let out an audible gasp. Her breasts were sensational. Firm without a hint of sagging and her nipples must have been 3 inches across.

She smirked and said, "I presume you approve?"

"Oh yes, baby. You are a ten."

I stepped towards her rubbing my palms together. I didn't want to touch her with cold hands. Gently I gathered her into my arms. My chest felt those luscious breasts. My lips found her luscious lips. Our kisses gave promise to a fantastic episode of top notch sex. We parted to remove our jeans. Mine came off first and I stood in my low rise jockey shorts which where struggling to contain an erect cock. I looked to her and she was bent over freeing the tightly tapered legs of her jeans from over her heels. When she straightened up I had to gasp again. She was wearing pink bikini panties with red rose embroidery. I guess my jaw dropped a bit. Maggie's eyebrows went up as she awaited my

response.
The black curly hair on her head repeated itself inside her panties and climbed out and upward. Forming an inverted “V.” The curly growth came to a point at her navel and then traveled in a thin straight line about 3 inches north. A similar pattern of hair growth extended 3 or 4 inches down each thigh. I was surprised by this, although I shouldn’t have been. Everything else about her was true and natural. Searching for the right words, eventually I found them.
“Your beauty is breathtaking Maggie. You are a specimen of female beauty. I am taken by your naturalness. I find you sensuous and arousing. You are by far the sexiest woman I ever saw.” I was speaking the truth.
Her smile told me she was pleased with my words. As I smiled back, I was thinking she was built like Wonder Woman, or maybe Zeena, Queen of the Jungle. However, it’s not hard to imagine another man having an opposite reaction.
I said, “May I please remove your panties?”
She replied, “If I can remove yours.”
I slipped my fingers into the top of her panties. Slowly I drew them the down to the floor. On one knee I helped her to step out. I put my hands on her ass cheeks and pulled her pussy to my face. I put my face deep into the bush and inhaled loudly through my nose. The fragrance of her pussy was exhilarating. I stood to kiss her mouth.
I said, “I want to know the essence of you through as many senses as I can.” I looked her in the eyes and continued, “I want to smell you, taste you, feel you and touch you everyplace on your body. Then I want to hear your approval.”
With another honest smile she answered, “Shut up for now and get started.”
I dropped to one knee again. With a fist full of pussy hair in each hand, gently, I pulled her pussy lips apart. As delicately as possible I put the tip of my tongue a quarter inch into the lowest end of her crevice. Slowly, very slowly, my tongue traveled up the slit searching left and right as it traveled. When I reached her clit, I sucked it into my mouth and massaged it with my lips. She was purring like a cat. I stood to kiss her again. I hated letting that sweet pussy get away from my mouth but my bare knees were uncomfortable on the floor.
After a romantic and sensuous kiss, Maggie said, “Let me taste you too.”
With that she sat me on an upholstered rocking chair. I opened my legs and she got on her knees before me. Tenderly, I touched her face with my fingertips. She examined my hard on with her eyes and fingers. Lightly she stroked the top of my thighs. From left to right, back and forth, she rubbed those twin sisters across my knees. I slid forward so my ass was on the front edge of the cushion. My cock was oozing pre cum. She laid “the girls” in my lap and took a deep breath. She looked up at me and our eyes met. She spoke in a solemn tone.
“You have no idea how much I have wanted to make love with a Black man. No idea how often I have day dreamed of having a big black cock in front of my face like yours is right now. You will have to bear with me just now Allie, because I’m going to act out one of my all time best fantasies.”
With that she took my cock head into her mouth. Exquisitely, she pursed her mouth so that only her

inner lips were in contact with my cocks head. She was so careful not to touch my man meat with her teeth. She swirled her mouth around the thick edge of my cock head. Her tongue circled my slit. She went down on it in a manner to get as much as possible into her oral cavity. I could feel her throat at the end of my shaft. She began that routine again and then repeated it 3 or 4 more times. Then she began to moan from her primal core. I mean loud, animalistic sounds, expressing her lust for my dark meat, expressing her pleasure at fulfilling her fantasy. Whatever it was, I was thrilled to be the recipient of this blow job. She got to her feet and bent over from the waist to take my cock in her mouth again. With one hand holding the base of my cock, the other cupping my balls she sucked most of the shaft into her mouth. With strong and steady suction she almost lifted my ass off the chair. Maggie stopped for a breath and went down on it again, this time emitting a growl from deep inside her chest.

I've had the good fortune to satisfy other white gal's fantasies before. This was outrageous. Maggie was one outrageous cock sucker. And I liked her so much too.

I said, "Let me do you baby."

She sat on the edge of the chair and I knelt between her legs. I moved her legs so the soles of her feet

(OK, I'll wait to examine her feet later) were resting on my shoulders. I opened her knees as wide as space would allow. From it's top to it's bottom, this was the largest bush I ever saw, live or in pictures. Perfectly natural. Ungroomed. I can't imagine Maggie on a public beach in a bathing suit, with hair running so far down her thighs. I guess on a beach it would be atrocious. Right here in front of my face it was gorgeous. Probably not Harper's Bazaar gorgeous, but it was animal, sexy, natural woman, fucking gorgeous. I ate it for half an hour.

Maggie's clit was the size of the joint at the end of my pinky. I sucked that sweet baby into my mouth and swirled it around with my tongue over and over and over. I nibbled down one side of her pussy's lips and up the other. Then I reversed direction. All the while, I was running my fingers through that huge black patch, caressing the skin beneath as I went. I tongue fucked that delicious pink pussy until my face was numb. To take a break I kissed the outer perimeter of her bush. (It was a long trip around) Refreshed, I fingered her "G" spot and sucked that clitty again until she came and came again. She held back nothing. She clamped her thighs on my head and pushed my face into her pussy and whimpered. Next wave of relief she threw her head back and rolled it side to side, with her arms extended she screamed,

"YES,YES,YES, YEESSSSSSSS."

Her shudders and convulsing slowed to stillness. I looked, and she was limp. I didn't even fuck her yet.

I kissed her on the mouth and said,

"Its beginning to snow now."

Holding both her hands, I aided her up from the chair and into the bed. I laid her on the center of her king mattress. Her energy level was near zero. I was just getting revved up. Kneeling at her side, I said,

“I’m going to kiss your mouth as if it was your pussy, then, I’m going to snow all over your body.”
I slowly ran my tongue inside her lips. I mean the space behind her lips. One very slow circle covering upper and lower lips all around her mouth. Then I went back in the other direction. I nibbled her lips like I nibbled her labia. I took each quarter inch section at a time. Each section was sucked and kissed and nibbled. I went once around in each direction. Just as I was done she said,
“You’re making my pussy twitch again.”
I said, “I’ll take care of that when the snow stops falling.”
I lifted her chin to expose the neck. I laid a patina of kisses across the throat from pillow to pillow. Each one landing, as gentle as a snowflake. Then another band of kisses, across her body at the shoulders. So it went, each succeeding band of kisses, two inches lower, down the length of her torso. Naturally I spent a good deal of time and attention at her breasts and nipples. Maggie was reviving by now. She wanted to mouth my breasts while I mouthed hers. I moved to an “almost 69” position so we could suckle each other. That was nice, but I wasn’t done yet. Now I moved to her toes and sucked each one individually. She shuddered with delight. I kissed a line from her toes to her knees. Then I kissed a few circles around her knees. I went back to the side to side pattern working my way up her thighs. When I reached her pussy, she said,
“69 with me now, Allie, 69 with me, now.”
I turned to the south and lifted one leg over her face. Her energy had returned and she was spending a lot of it sucking my cock. With one hand I encouraged her clit to pop out, then I sucked it eagerly. With my other arm I had to stretch it toward her toes and bend the arm back inwards so my fingers had access to her pussy. Knowing she never gave birth, I had to stretch her out a little if I was to get all of my cock into her without discomfort. So, while she was sucking big black willie, I was sucking her clitty and had two fingers in her pussy, opening and closing them in scissor fashion. I was holding back my need to cum, saving it up for the big show. Maggie was in orgasm heaven as my fingers and mouth were getting her off repeatedly. She had my cock swollen and ready. My balls felt as if they were five pounds each.
“Lets do now baby,” I said. “I want to fuck you now.”
“Oh yeah,” she replied. “Give it to me now honey.”
I moved to kneel between her legs. She elevated her knees and spread them wide. I slid a pillow under her ass for an easier and deeper penetration. I slid my cock up and down her waiting slit, to lubricate the penetration. What was a short time ago, a pretty pink pussy, was now a sopping wet, red cunt, begging for a fucking. Her size carried over to her love canal. Usually I fit best with a woman who has given birth a few times. Maggie received my stiff black cock without the slightest strain. With just a few wiggles and adjustments I was in to the hilt. With my cock fully seated in her cunt at last, I put my arms under her shoulders and kissed her mouth.
I said, “I love how you make love Maggie. Your cunt is sweet and wet and hot.”
Oh, yeah,” she said. “And your dark meat inside me feels fabulous. Fuck me now honey. Fuck me good.”
So, I did what she asked for. I gave her some short strokes and some long strokes. I fucked her slow

and I fucked her fast. At the depths of each lunge I would hear her exclaim, “Ohhh.” Her cunt was heavenly. Wet and supple. So wet in fact it was slurping out loud on the withdraw stroke. I lifted her legs straight in the air. Holding them by the ankles, I began to pound on that pussy. I wanted to touch bottom. I rested her long beautiful legs on my shoulders, I held her at the ends of her pelvis and banged willie home. Bang, bang, bang.

Oh yes, the tip of my cock was contacting the entrance to her uterus. I leaned forward placing my fists on the mattress. With elbows locked to hold my weight, I looked down and saw my black shaft plunging into that thicket of hairy womanhood.

“Squeeze it baby, squeeze it. I’m starting to cum.” I shouted.

“Fuck me,” she answered.

“Fuck me, fuck me. FUCK ME, FUCK ME, CUM INSIDE MEEEE. FUCK MEEEEE.”

I shuddered from head to toe. I blasted a load into her hairy haven. I spasmed five or six times. Then I got suddenly weak. I collapsed onto her chest, into her arms. Now, with full body contact, I could feel her body convulsing too, as the last of her orgasm subsided. We laughed out loud and kissed sweetly.

We lied side by side. I had one leg between her legs and up against her furry hole. Her breasts hung so that the nipples touched my chest. We were both happy and spent. I said,

“You are quite the woman Maggie Briggs. You’re beautiful, intelligent and some damned good sex partner.”

“You’re not so bad yourself Allie,” she teased. “You made my fantasy into a perfect reality. Thank you.”

I said, “Don’t thank me. Invite me back for an encore, LOL”

She said, “You’re invited, anytime you can get free call me.”

Maggie and I exchanged email addresses and phone numbers. We arranged for me to stay over for two days and two nights in between camp ending and school starting.