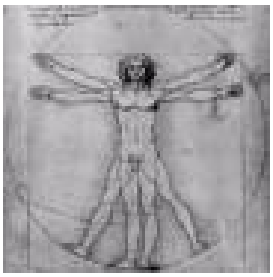
Picking up good vibrations



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After a couple of decades of partnership, lovemaking had settled into a not unpleasant routine; either late at night drifting into sleep, or a quickie early in the morning before heading off to work. With the children finally grown up and flown the nest, we were still adjusting to the idea of having the place to ourselves.

I had the odd fantasy of sharing the wide bed with an extra person, male or female whatever Elaine would prefer. However the nearest we came to a threesome was when the large dog at the end of the duvet stretched its long legs, or lay on top of us, feeling deprived of attention, or was jealous of the attention I was paying to its mistress.

I had been practicing my tantric meditation and breathing from Mantak Chias book on cultivating male sexual energy, gradually extending my time and rhythm to well over an hour, spending much more time on foreplay, especially around the breasts. Still, shared, life changing orgasms were few and far between. The Taoist traditions do not like to spill their seed without good reason; satisfying your partner being top of the list. Preserving your jism for special occasions leads to long life they say, extending the pleasure and allowing the energy to flow upwards along the kundalini channel, so that your chakras share the joy of sex, instead of just your cock.

I remembered the first time I attended a Mantak Chia tantra workshop, and thinking what an amazing guy, so tiny but so sexy and confident about his sexuality. There was a mixed audience of a few hundred exercising their root and gonad chakras without getting too aroused. He had the guys massaging their balls (not for each other) to get in touch with the hanging basket of life, with some practical advice on keeping them cool, avoiding too tight underwear, maximizing your fertility, maintaining a healthy sense of lust. I am sure most of us were just thinking when does it come to the tantric orgasms, and can we find a partner in the hall to share the moves.
The women were mostly working on their breasts and abdominal breathing. They loved him because they knew he could last all night if he wanted to. The bliss of the tantric path seemed like a lot of hard work to us young guys, unless we were going into the porn industry.

Elaine was from quite a conservative religious background, so even moving away from the missionary position was a challenge, though we were making slow progress, letting go of a few inhibitions. She was the first woman I had been with who did not relish oral sex, or any deep tongue action. The beautiful curves of her body and ample bosom made up for these shortfalls in my mind, and my cock was always hard regardless. Sex was good but could be better.

I can still think of nothing more erotic than sucking on swollen nipples, tasting the sweet milk when Elaine was pregnant or breast feeding the kids long ago, and of course sex during pregnancy with its sense of unexplored pleasures. That was a good time for experimentation in our relationship.
Apart from feeling guilty about stealing baby milk supply, that was a very sexy time in life if you can stay awake long enough to enjoy its fullness. Warm bottled milk at three in the morning did not have the same appeal or taste. Sometimes it was more of a survival course, and uninhibited sex just a wet dream.
There was still a bit of a taboo about sex in late pregnancy, worrying about whether the unborn child will be traumatized by having a cock knocking baby about in the womb. A whole new range of sensations came to the surface. The baby manuals say to try out new positions which was great, and that the mother-to-be may experience greater sensitivity or even increased sexual appetite.

In fact I think that was the last time we had tried and enjoyed regular anal intercourse; though that was not always mentioned in the fine print of the baby manual. The doggy-style position took on a new meaning with an actual dog in the house, trying to lick your butt or your face while engaged in some serious action.

Anyway, things had moved on a long way since then, and it took just a few more glasses of wine to overcome some of the taboos which were left.

One such evening after returning from the restaurant we fell onto the bed laughing, and I helped Elaine undress, unstrapping her bra and caressing her breasts.

I still had some wine left in my glass by the bedside. I took a small mouthful and let it drip onto her nipples, and down her cleavage. Her nipples became erect and I sucked slowly on each in turn, slowly wrapping my tongue around the tips.

I tugged at the back of her black skirt and pushed it down over her curvy hips feeling along her smooth stockings as I went kissing all the way down to her toes. I worked my way back up to her pussy; I love the feel of my mouth against silky soft underwear, and the fragrance of the perfumed garden. I inhaled deeply savouring the moment.
I took another sip of red wine and lifting the silk rims let it drip down the unshaven pussy mound into the cleft.

Elaine lifted her legs to meet my moustache, hair on hair, not bristly just sensuous, the tongue onto lips tasting of wine and women. I probed ever deeper, past the gates into the underworld of long forgotten pleasure, drunk on the mixture of juices, into the seventh heaven of sexual ecstasy.

Resurfacing I moved my tongue along the wine stained path to her breasts and then to kiss her on the mouth sharing the fluids while my rock hard cock entered her warm wetness, and began its long strokes into the balls then out to the tip.We rolled over on the bed and how good it felt with that pussy on top of your cock swallowing its length down to your tightening balls. I breathed it in.

She lifted herself off, turning around, arching above me like the Egyptian sky goddess Nut, dipping to swallow the raging red sun in the west; I saw the stars in the night outside the bedroom window as I felt her mouth pushing back my hood and sucking the first pearls of milky cum from my jade rod, I breathed out.

She turned again to my lips and I feel her tongue inside me with my own earthy seed which I let run down my throat. We lay empty for a space of time unknown, and I stirred to caress and kiss, unwilling to release the moment.

I reached to find the new toy kept for a special occasion; a small blue gel vibrator. I turned it on at low, just a murmur, and allowed it to gently stroke its way inside her while I massage her breasts.

Elaine was on her side and I nibbled at her ears, kissing down along her neck and rubbing my softened cock into her vibrating pussy lips.

As I got harder I moved down her spine and stretch her ample cheeks to tongued her other gateway, lubricating her with the mix of wine and cum. I felt the vibrator on my tongue now she had turned up the speed. I gently pushed in one then two fingers and rocked her slowly. My cock pushed forward to enter the pleasure zone, and then in deeper in stages until fully extended. I felt the vibrator in her pussy through the soft membrane and it was so sensuous that I was powerless to prevent my balls passing the point of no return. I felt my cock being milked of its contents as I breathed into its softness.

Sleep came to me then into a dreamless state, and when I awoke it is morning and the batteries were flat; fortunately like my cock they were re-chargeable.