Anne's First Massage Final Chapter

By NOLANCMike

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Aug 2011

Copyright ©2010 NOLANCMike@lushstories.com. All Rights Reserved 2010 NOLANCMike. The stories linked to this online profile may not be reproduced in any manner, without the express permission of the author.

Frustrated Air Force wife gets a massage and much, much more

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/annes-first-massage-final-chapter.aspx

“Paulo, that feels so good.”

“Good, I can feel you relaxing.”

He finished up at the base of her spine. The warm pool of oil was spread upward to the tops of her cheeks. He pressed gently. Anne moaned with pleasure.

Paulo listened; gauging her response by her voice and the absolute relaxed state she was in. He worked her hips kneading the soft flesh. She didn’t tense so he continued. Soon he had worked his hands to the top of her butt. He gently nudged the stone.

Just a relaxed sigh from Anne.

He pushed the stone higher until it touched the edge of the towel covering her. Gently he pushed down and into her crevice. The round stone sunk half way down and stayed there.

Anne felt gentle pressure as the smooth oily stone sank between her cheeks. She said nothing, but reveled in the sensual feel of the object. She wanted him to push it further if only to feel his fingers glide between her cheeks like a small cock.

“Anne, you are such a slut” , her mind told her. “*He’s practically fucking you with that rock and you just lay there and enjoy it*.”

Another part of her rose to her defense. “*There’s nothing wrong with this. He hasn’t done anything improper. My reaction to his hands was me; not him.”*

“What would you have done if he’d touched your pussy,” The annoying part of her mind asked.

“I don’t know…probably freaked out.”

“The problem is you don’t know.”

“Go away and let me enjoy this. Things are calm now.”

“You are so skating on thin ice.” With that Anne relaxed as Paulo’s fingers sunk into the top of each cheek.

Paulo could almost hear the internal argument. He felt it as her muscles tensed and relaxed.

He coated his hands in heated oil and resumed massaging her cheeks. He lingered above the stone and let the oil drizzle over it.

Anne immediately felt the hot oil as it slid from the stone. The oil slowly made its way deeper until it found the bottom of her crevice. It paused there only for a moment. The oil slid down her channel and coated her pink bud.

Oh, that feels good, Anne thought. She could feel the heat sink into the muscle of her anus.

Paulo’s fingers were now brushing the towel causing it to shift slightly.

He felt Anne tense and removed his hands.

“I’m going to move on to your shoulders and arms now Anne.”

“Ok.”

“How is everything? Are you enjoying yourself?”

“Oh yes, this is so relaxing. I’ve needed this for a long time.” *And a hard cock.* She finished silently.

Paulo shifted so that he was at her head. He gently kneaded her shoulders; working outward from her neck. He repeated the movement several times.

Anne opened her eyes and was surprised to see white shorts. Of course Paulo had to kneel in front of

her to work her shoulders.

She looked at the bright material and noticed a distinct bulge only a few inches below her face. She knew what that was. Just below his zipper was a huge wet spot. She could see the shine of wetness in the center. The wet material clung to him. She could see the outline of his head. It was large and seemed to strain against the fabric.

Impulsively she blew and watched his cock flex as her breath chilled his pre cum.

If he was naked I could give him a blowjob without moving. Anne was shocked that she could even think such a thought.

I wonder how big it is. It's only half hard and it looks huge. Long and thick. She played out the little fantasy in her mind. *Imagining the shorts was just a towel. The towel fell and his cock sprang out. Freed from the fabric it sprang up and bumped against her lips. Before Paulo could react she swirled her tongue around the purple head. His pre cum was salty. She pursed her lips and sucked against the slit. More saltiness. Anne opened her lips and sucked more of his cock in. Paulo's large head was expanding in her mouth. She felt it scrape against her teeth. She gripped her lips against the back of the head and swirled her tongue around it and probed the slit. She sucked harder and Paulo shifted his hips so more could enter her mouth. She ran her tongue against the underside of his shaft. She could feel his cock grow even more as he slowly slid in and out of her mouth.*

Once more, her pussy began to clench and throb.

Paulo was surprised when he felt chilled. Blown from pursed lips the air hit the wet spot causing it to rapidly cool. He'd felt her take a deep breath then blow hard. Now, she was breathing heavily and he could feel the heat. It was too much. His cock began to grow, but bent downward as it was there was no where for it to go.

Anne watched as Paulo's cock hardened. The head strained against his shorts. Soon it was fully hard, but trapped. "*Poor man,"* she thought, "*that must be so uncomfortable."*

"*Anne, you're a cock tease,"* the irritating voice was back. *"So he was aroused, he couldn't help it. I mean you literally pushed your pussy in his face. He had to have seen how wet you were. You knew he could see your pussy and you opened your legs while he was at your feet."*

"Go away," the other voice said. *"It's just an innocent little fantasy."*

"The day dream wasn't so innocent; and you blew on his cock."

“I blew on his shorts,” the other voice corrected.

“Anne, you can see the outline of his head and now you can even count the veins. He’s so hard and the material hides nothing.”

“All done,” Paulo said.

Disappointment flashed through her. She didn’t want to be done. She didn’t know where this massage would lead, maybe trouble, maybe just a hot fantasy she could play out when Michael got home.

“With your shoulders and arms, I mean. I’m going to move on to your thighs; if you don’t mind.”

“No, I don’t mind. I was hoping you wouldn’t forget them.”

“No, I didn’t forget. I was only concerned with your reaction.”

“Uh, my reaction?” *I knew it; he could see my pussy.*

“Yes, when I pressed too deeply on your calf.”

“Oh, that, I was just a little startled. That’s all.”

“Very well. Thigh muscles are a different matter though. The muscle groups are much larger and require a firm pressure. I will have to probe….deeply.”

“Ok.”

“I will take it slow. Please let me know if you experience any discomfort what so ever.”

“I will.”

“Also, there is the matter of,” he paused for a moment, “where I place my hands. It is necessarily more intimate. Some women don’t like it if I get too high or too….deep.”

“Deep is fine,” Anne said softly, “I mean if I get nervous I’ll let you know.”

Paulo chuckled, “Deep is fine, Anne? I promise to stop if you give the word. Otherwise I will assume

you want me to continue."

"Well, I mean; a deep muscle massage is fine."

"You ARE such a slut," the irritating voice was back again. *"You want him. You want him to fuck you. Stick his fingers inside you. All because you're horny."*

"Will you please go away? This is my day. Mine. Nothing more than teasing has happened."

"Cock tease. You made him hard just by blowing on his cock."

"I did, didn't I? Just by blowing on it."

"Cock. not it. If you can't say cock then you need to stop right now, because he doesn't intend to stop until he's filled you. His fingers are going to brush against your labia and he's going to say 'oops, sorry'. If you don't tell him to stop he's going to continue until he's stroking your clit. After that, you're going to have to go all the way. He's going to fuck you and cum inside you. Is that what you want?"

"Yes." The other voice didn't answer. *"Is that what I really want? To have sex? No, just a little touching and teasing. Nothing more."*

"What about him? Are you going to leave him with a hard on? Anne, say cock."

"Why?"

"Because if you can't say it; you need to stop."

"Cock. Ok? I said it."

"Do you want to see it?

"Yes, I do. It looks so big."

"You want to touch it; don't you?"

"I want to feel his cock in my hands. I want to see just how big it is. I want to see if the head of his COCK is purple; like in my fantasy."

"You're done Anne. Why don't you just get up and open his zipper?"

“Don’t give me ideas; ANNE.”

“Fine. Fine. You are asking for so much trouble. I’ll make a deal with you ANNE. Tell me in explicit detail what you want to do; and I’ll leave you alone. If you can’t do that I’m going to keep at you.”

Anne sighed in frustration. Of course, the irritating voice was her conscience. And nothing really bad had happened yet. She didn’t feel guilty about getting so aroused. Well…not really. After all it was just a massage.

“Earth to Anne,” Paulo said.

“I’m sorry Paulo. Day dreaming.”

“That’s ok. It’s good you can be so relaxed. I asked if you wanted me to replace the stone.”

“Oh, I’d forgotten it was there.”

Now that he’d mentioned it she could feel it again. A smooth pressure that spread her cheeks slightly. She could still feel the oil coating her anus. Some had surely run down to mix with her own juices.

“Really,” he asked with a chuckle. “I’m surprised. Some find it irritating or comforting. Some even find it erotic, but none have forgotten about it.”

“Ok. Sorry, I guess I just got wrapped up in your hands.” *I can’t believe I said that.*

“Wonderful,” Paulo’s voice again was a soft purr. “But nothing to be sorry about.”

Again she felt a thrill run across her labia. Firm fingers grasped the slippery stone and it was gone.

She felt the stone’s absence. It had almost become part of her. She’d clutched the stone for so long and now it was gone.

“This time I’m going to use a hot stone. It is the same temperature as the others, but it will feel hotter, more intense, because your cheeks are such tender flesh.”

“Ok, I think I can take it.”

“ANNE, now you’re talking like a slut. You have only a few minutes and he’s going to start. ‘Tender

flesh'. Anne, he wants to fuck you."

"Will you quit saying that? I'm not going to have sex with him."

"Not sex ANNE. FUCKING. Because if this continues; that's what you'll be doing. You want to get off. You want to cum. It will be fucking, because you're horny. It will be just for pleasure. No emotions, no love. Just fucking. Can you face that? Do we have a deal? Tell me how far you want to go. Tell me and I'll leave you to it."

"Fine, I just want some teasing. I want his fingers to touch me. I want to have a fantasy I can masturbate to."

"That's not all you want Anne, you want to fuck."

"Will you quit saying that?"

"No."

Anne felt a drop of hot oil land on her cheek. She froze for a moment then relaxed. She felt the hot stone slide between her cheeks. She felt Paulo's fingers press as he spread her open. The stone slipped deeper this time. He gently rolled it between her cheeks. He guided the stone under the towel. She felt cool air as the towel lifted.

Anne said nothing. She waited to see how far he'd go before stopping.

She felt the stone heat her skin. It spread her open as he pushed it deeper. She could now feel Paulo's finger as her flesh wrapped around the stone. His finger was hot and slick with oil. She clenched her cheeks slightly as she tried to grasp him. He stopped.

"Too much," he asked.

"No," she couldn't breath.

The stone continued on; leaving a trail of heated oil. Its heat penetrating her pelvis.

Paulo's finger was now engulfed and the towel was slipping. Anne said nothing hoping the towel would stay. Hoping the towel would fall to the floor.

Paulo stopped. The hot stone rested on her anus. Anne could feel the stone's heat. It was almost too

hot. Its heat seemed to ram into her; penetrate her. She felt tension all through her belly and pelvis. Her pussy filled again and blood rushed to her labia and clit. She felt her inner lips push open her vulva. Not a slow rise this time. They forced their way; she could feel her labia brush against her own flesh as her inner lips flared. Her clit hardened and stretched.

Sweet pain flowed through her pussy as the stone burned against the tiny rosette of her ass.

“Time to talk to me Anne.”

“Not now.”

“Yes, now. You are already past the point of no return. You let him slide his finger inside you. Let him press that rock against your asshole.”

“He wasn’t inside me.”

“You clenched him. Your ass cheeks closed over his finger. He WAS inside you. So tell me what you want. No balking now, because he is going to fuck you.”

“I want him to touch my pussy.”

“Cunt.”

“What?”

“Your cunt. If you are going to let him touch you….If you are going to do this; I want you to say the words you don’t like to say. I want you to drop any romantic pretense. I want you to be raw; as raw as your lust.”

“I want him to touch my cunt. I want his fingers to stroke my clit. I want his fingers inside me. Is that what you want to hear?”

“Yes,” said the irritating voice. *“What about his cock. Do you want to hold it in your hands? Put your lips around his head? Taste him?”*

“Yes, all of it. You know you aren’t helping. You’re giving me ideas.”

Paulo stood at her side and sensed the internal struggle. Never before had he witnessed such a thing. He knew she wanted him. She let him slide his finger between the soft silky skin of her bottom.

She didn’t flinch when the towel slid. He’d expected her to lose her nerve, but she didn’t.

He would continue; slowly and with great care. Of course he’d stop if she asked, but he would no longer ask permission to touch her. He would let her reactions be his guide. He would tease her and touch her. He wanted to feel her wet heat against his palm. To feel her vagina suck at his fingers as her labia enveloped him.

He had his own pains to deal with. His cock was hard, but still trapped. He refused to shift it so it could grow to its full length. He would leave it trapped. Pre cum flowed and saturated his shorts. It would stay that way until she released it.

“I am ready Anne,” his voice deeper and rougher. “Are you?”

“Yesssss,” she hissed softly.

He began by stroking the back of her right knee. Anne’s pleasure soared and the tension built deep within her.

”You only have a few minutes left before he touches your pussy. You can stop now and have nothing to confess.”

“Nothing to confess? Didn’t you say he’d already been inside me?”

“True, but surely you can keep THAT little secret.”

“I want this.”

“What is ‘this’?”

“Paulo’s hands on me; in me.”

“Then continue, but be careful what you tell me because it will happen.”

“I want to see his cock. I want to know how big it is. How thick. How long. I want to know if his head is as big as it was in my fantasy. I want to taste him. I want to kneel before him and catch his fluid as it flows from him.”

“What about Michael? How would you feel if the tables were turned? If he was here with PaulA?”

“I wouldn’t like it. I would probably kill him.”

“Don’t you think he would feel the same?”

“Of course.”

“But that’s not stopping you.”

“No, it’s not. I thought we were discussing just how far I’ll go.”

“Yes, we were.”

Paulo’s hands and fingers glided up to mid thigh. He began to knead her. His fingers dug deeply.

Anne moaned; relishing the strong touch.

“You have such wonderful skin Anne. So smooth. So soft.”

“And fat,” Anne replied.

“I told you, men of my country prefer women with generous bodies. I prefer a woman to be ‘fat’. I prefer not to use that word though. It is a negative word. There are so many others to choose from. Rich, plump, full….so many others. If you had to choose a word other than fat; what would it be?”

“I don’t know. I think of myself as fat.”

“Then I will chose for you.”

“What word would you use?”

“Generous. I choose to describe your body as generous. You have curves, Anne. Beautiful skin and curves.”

“You’ve only seen my back. My front is more than generous.”

Paulo laughed softly, “We have time; your massage is barely half over. When I finish with your thighs I will continue with the front.”

“Any questions now, Anne?” again the irritating voice intruded.

“None.”

“What if he wants to lick your pussy?”

“Don’t you mean lick my cunt?”

“No, you’ve proven your point. We can dispense with the vulgarities. Will you let him lick you? Suck your nipples?”

“You are not helping your cause.”

“Will you give him head?”

“I will give him a blowjob if that’s what you mean.”

“Yes, that’s what I mean. What else.”

“I want to cup his balls. Feel their weight in my palm. I want to stuff as much of his cock in my mouth as I can take. I want him to fuck me.”

“How?”

“I want him to suck my clit and lips. Feel his tongue lap at me.”

“How will you fuck him Anne?”

“I want to straddle him and guide his cock inside me. I want to be on top so he can suck my nipples.”

“Will you let him come inside you?”

“I want him to fill me up. I want to feel his hot come jet against my cervix. Fill my pussy with come.”

“Then let’s do it. Guide him let him know how far you are willing to go.”

Paulo’s hands worked their way up her thigh. He was close to her pussy now. He could feel her heat on the back of his hand. She opened her legs more to allow him access. He brushed against her labia as he kneaded her inner thigh. He couldn’t see her pussy because of the towel.

His hands rose higher. He gripped the juncture of her thigh. His hand touched her pussy. Paulo felt wet heat as his finger glided across her outer lip. Just a feather's touch.

Anne felt his hand as it brushed against her and then it was gone. Such a light touch, but electricity blasted through her. Anne's pussy felt heavy. She was full again. Hot juices flowed and she ached for him to fill her.

Paulo took his time as he moved around the table. She'd let him touch her vagina. He wanted to take her now; fill her pussy with his cock, but he vowed to take his time. She would have to be the one who led. She would have to free his cock. It would be her hands that exposed him.

He began work on the back of her left knee.

Anne's clit ached. It was tiny, but now it strained against its hood. Her pussy continued to flow. Her clit was so slick now. It pulsed in time with her heart. Each heartbeat caused it to press against her outer lips. The contact was driving her mad. She could feel soaked hairs slide against it. Seeking relief she shifted. The towel slid to the floor.

Cool air chilled her cheeks. Goose flesh appeared. Suddenly, Paulo cupped each cheek in his hands and gently squeezed. His fingers dug in and he kneaded the flesh beneath his hands. He could feel the stone through her cheeks.

Anne's nervous system almost overloaded when Paulo's hands squeezed her ass. Her breath stuttered and she gasped. His hands felt large as they gripped her. Strong fingers dug deep. She could feel the stone shift. Hot spikes of pleasure raced along her spine from her anus to the base of her skull. He squeezed her cheeks together. The hot oily stone pressed against her anus. The heat caused her sphincter muscles to relax. The oil lubricated her rosette. She felt the smooth stone stretch her open. With her ass cheeks locked firmly in Paulo's hands; she felt the stone slip inside her ass. She tried to clench her hole to stop it; too late her tight muscles caused it to enter her with a pop. Immediately the stone's heat flooded her lower belly. There was no pain; only a wanton pleasure that coursed through her. She lost control as her orgasm took her. Anne cried out and arched backward. Her pussy gushed, flooding her thighs. She ground her pelvic bone into the table as she raked her clit over the terry cloth cover. Another orgasm seized her. She pushed up from the table and nearly bending double.

Paulo's fingers reached her slit. Her pussy flooded over his hand. He found her clit and pinched it between his thumb and forefinger. Anne screamed in ecstasy. His middle finger probed her opening and slid deep inside. He found her cervix and stroked it.

Anne’s opening and tunnel were so tight. Paulo could feel her grip his finger. Despite her slick juices, he felt friction. He could feel every ridge and muscle fiber as her vagina took him. He longed to his plunge his cock deep inside her. As small and tight as her pussy was; he knew it would be glorious.

Anne whimpered as she felt another wave build. She collapsed and ground her tortured pussy against Paulo’s hand. She slammed her legs together locking him inside her. She pushed back with all her might trying to drive his finger deeper. She felt his finger curve and stroke the bundle of nerves at the top of her pussy. He ground his finger against her pelvic bone. Powerful waves of heat and pleasure exploded inside. She felt his hand shift and a second finger plunged into her. She felt her pussy fill as her opening was stretched. With short hard strokes Paulo sent her over the edge in a third orgasm. She came so hard she nearly passed out.

Anne’s breathing slowed and she tried to rise, but gentle pressure between her shoulder blades stopped her. Paulo’s fingers were still inside her. She relaxed her legs as his fingers continued their probe. His slow, soft movements soothed her.

“There is no rush Anne. You can move anytime you like, but for now, rest. We have a long way yet to go. Your massage is, after all, only half complete.”

“If that was only half,” Anne gasped, “I can’t wait for the whole thing.”

Paulo’s throaty chuckle made her shiver.

“In a few moments I am going to ask you to turn over. Will you do that?”

“Yes.”

“Know that there will be nothing between us beyond that moment.”

“There’s nothing between us right now.”

“Yes, there is.”

Anne remembered he was still clothed. His cock was caged. She didn’t want him to strip. She wanted to undo the buckle of his belt; to unbutton his shorts, to slide the zipper and free him.

“Paulo, if you let me up; I’ll make sure there is nothing between us.”

“Then rise, and free me.” He slid his hand away from her pussy.

Anne rose to her knees and for the first time she saw what Paulo looked like. God, he's so young. He looks like a young Antonio Bandares. Paulo's six foot frame was well muscled.

"I see Sara has accomplished her usual magic," he said as he looked upon her. He gazed into her dark almond eyes. He saw the raw need in her face. Such a lovely face. His eyes roamed her body. He reached down and cupped the bottom of her large breasts in his hands. Such divine weight he thought as his thumbs stroked her sensitive nipples.

Anne's mouth went slack as Paulo's hands took the weight of each breast. His strong hands gently kneading the tender mounds. Her nipples hardened as he stroked them.

Kneeling on the low table brought her face level with the waist band of his shorts. Her eyes were locked on the bulge trapped under white fabric. She could see the large wet spot his pre cum made. He'd flowed so heavily that his thick clear fluid was beading through the material.

Anne leaned forward slightly; her lips only hair's breadth from the glistening drop. She pursed her dark lips and blew. Paulo shivered at the sensation. Opening her mouth she breathed warm air against it. His cock flexed and the drop grew.

Anne watched in fascination as the pearl of clear liquid began to stretch and drop away. She opened her mouth and caught the salty drop on her pink tongue. She slowly drew its tip against the material to break the strand. She closed her eyes and reveled in the thick salty taste as it coated her tongue. She closed her lips and swallowed.

Opening her eyes she stared up. Paulo was looking into her eyes.

"I want to see you," her voice soft and hoarse. She lowered her eyes and focused on his waist.

Her trembling hands worked at the belt. First, drawing the end from the loop, then unhooking it. Her fingers then slid behind the waist band and she felt his hot, firm skin against her nails. Thumbs and forefingers shifted and the button was undone.

Paulo placed his palms on Anne's small hands. She looked up and focused on his green eyes.

"Green eyes, like Michael's," she thought.

Paulo said nothing, but only looked into her beautiful dark eyes. This pause was the last chance she had to remain innocent. If she continued…if she slid his zipper down then she would take him in her

mouth and that would be it.

Her eyes locked on his; gently, she slid her hands from under his. Slowly and deliberately her right hand grasped the loose waist band of his shorts. She trailed the nails of her left hand along the zipper until she felt the metal tab. She lowered her gaze to her prize and pulled the zipper down.

Paulo's cock sprang free as the shorts fell away. Anne watched his cock throb and rise. He was large with dark skin. His head was a dusty shade of purple. His balls hung loosely. Anne explored his now fully erect cock with her hands. It was large enough that she couldn't close her fingers around it and at least three inches escaped her stacked hands.

"So hard and silky soft at the same time," she mused. *"It's as big as I thought it would be. I don't know how much I'll be able to take, but I want it all."*

Anne cupped his balls in one hand. So large and heavy. Gently, she massaged them. Paulo's cock flexed in her hand. She watched as the head expanded and a pearl of clear liquid rose from the slit. She opened her mouth and slid her tongue over the purple flesh tasting the salt of his pre cum. She pursed her lips over the slit and sucked. She pressed her thumb to the base of his cock and slid upward. Hot, thick, salty pre cum filled her mouth. She felt it flow past her lips and over her tongue.

She moved her lips over the head taking more in; her tongue swirled across the tip. Her lips gripped the back of his cock head and she swallowed. She continued to suck at his head and swirl her tongue over the slit. She stroked the long hard thickness of his cock. She kneaded his balls gently. More hot, salty liquid filled her mouth.

Anne opened her mouth wider and took in almost half his cock. She flexed her tongue so it gripped the underside of his cock. She sucked gently and pulled back; allowing all but the very tip of Paulo's cock to leave her mouth. She flicked the slit and plunged her lips down the length of his cock. More this time. She felt the tip of his cock touch the back of her throat.

She sucked harder this time as she pulled back. She could hear Paulo gasp in pleasure. Her lips were slick with her saliva mixed with Paulo's slickness. She continued to massage his balls and fill her mouth with his cock.

"Anne, we need to stop or I will come soon."

Anne didn't want to stop. She loved the feel of his silky cock shaft as it slid against her lips. Her mouth was filled with the thick, salty taste of him.

“Please Anne, I want to taste you and feel your body on mine. We can please each other.”

Anne reluctantly released his cock from its velvet prison.

Paulo took her hands and lifted her to her feet. He was amazed by her performance. He’d played this sexy game with others, but Anne was the first woman to respond.

Anne stood on the low massage table. She was only a few inches shorter than him now. He let his hands roam along her arms to her shoulders. He watched her face as his hands surveyed her skin. Her dark lips were puffy now and looked so moist. He bent down and kissed her. She responded and pulled him to her. She opened her mouth and their tongues touched.

They continued the deep kiss for long minutes. Her hands explored his broad back and narrow hips. Paulo’s hands slid down to her ass. He cupped her cheeks and drew her tighter to him. He could feel the soft skin of her belly press against his cock.

They broke and he knelt before her. He took a nipple into his mouth and sucked. He felt her hands grip his broad shoulders as she fought to keep her balance. She leaned into him and he gently bit down. He wrapped his arms around her and continued to fondle her soft cheeks.

Wet hot pleasure coursed through Anne’s breast as he worked her nipple. She hugged her arms around his head pressing his face hard into her breast. She ground her pussy against his muscular chest. Paulo sucked hard and drew her nipple deeply into his mouth. He bit down and Anne cried out in pleasure.

She gently pushed his head away.

“Taste me,” she said. Anne positioned herself on the table and opened her legs for him. She leaned back on her elbows and watched him come to her.

Paulo knelt before her. He slid his hands under her ass and bent forward. Slowly he played his lips against the damp labia; teasing the hot, wet flesh. He breathed in her scent. He opened his mouth and dipped his tongue and tasted her.

Anne felt his electric touch and gasped. She cupped the back of his head and pulled him tighter against her pussy.

Paulo’s tongue slid between her lips and lightly stroked her clit. Anne cried out at the contact. The stubble of his beard rasped against her labia. Her pussy spasmed with pleasure.

With deliberate slow pressure, Paulo pushed two fingers past her tight opening. He pressed his lips over Anne's tiny clit and sucked hard, almost cruelly. Anne ground her pelvis against his mouth, each thrust forced his fingers deeper. Paulo bent his fingers in a curve and found the hard stone. He felt the hard round object through her silky perineum. He pressed it down with the tips of his fingers.

Anne felt his contact with the hard object. She'd again, forgotten about the stone. Screaming, she wrapped her legs over his shoulders and squeezed her thighs against his head. The intense, unexpected pleasure of his fingers manipulating the stone against the inside of her other opening was too much. Another orgasm crashed through her body. Wave after pounding wave struck her. As the inundation receded her poor pussy became hypersensitive.

"Stop Paulo, please," Anne begged. "I can't take any more. My pussy can't take anymore."

Paulo heard her plea, but he had no intentions of stopping. He was lost in his own paradise. He'd watched this beautiful pussy open to him and now it was his for the taking. His first taste of her wetness, her hot flesh, made his own genitals ache. His scrotum tightened painfully trapping his balls painfully against the base of his cock. The contraction pushed pre cum from his slit in a torrent. His cock literally bounced with the force of each beat of his pounding heart.

No, he had no intentions of stopping. He wanted to do everything to her; with her. Her scent intoxicated him.

Paulo pushed his thumb against rosette of Anne's anus and pressed harder on the stone, pushing it downward; forcing it into the tight channel. Anne felt the stone move, felt Paulo's thumb press. She felt sweet pain as the stone spread her tight opening. Thumb met stone and held it half way out of her.

Paulo sucked one side of her labia between his lips. Gently he sank is teeth into the tender skin. Pulling and sucking he began moving the stone back and forth making her sphincter stretch and relax. Slowly at first; then faster and faster as he increased the intensity of his mouth's work.

Anne collapsed back; her thighs still gripping his head. Her feet crossed as she dug her heels into his back. This new wave of pleasure had rocked her as nothing else had. She couldn't speak; she could hardly breathe. It was both painful and mind numbingly erotic. As the stone stretched her; cascades of pleasure slammed through her. When the stone receded inside her a dull ache throbbed in the abused nerve bundles and rings of muscle. Her breasts ached and her nipples screamed for attention. She pinched them cruelly trying to ease her need.

Before she could prepare another orgasm slammed through her exhausted body. As every muscle tightened Paulo positioned the stone so that Anne's anus was stretched to the widest point. With each wave of release he felt her clench against the smooth roundness. As she subsided he gently removed it and soothed the abused flesh with soft strokes of his thumb.

Anne slowly recovered, she couldn't move. Her arms and legs felt like rubber. She stared up at Paulo, she could see raw lust in his eyes. He rose slightly, his hands shifted her numbed legs from his shoulders. His strong hands placed her feet against his chest. The placement of her feet caused her pelvis to shift upward at a higher angle. Her pussy was now in line with his cock.

"He's going to enter me now, fuck me with that huge cock."

Her thoughts abandoned her as she felt his slick cock head glide through her lips and over her clit. He continued pushing until his cock lay on her lower belly. Anne looked down and she could see his head come to rest well above her navel.

"There's no way all of that will fit." Her mind reeled.

She looked up at him and said, "No. It's too big."

Paulo saw his own lust reflected in her face. Was she saying no to him completing the last act?

"It's too big Paulo and I don't know if I can handle any more pleasure right now. I need time to recover. I need a few minutes to catch my breath. I want to control how deep how fast your cock goes inside of me. Lie down and let me take care of you for a change."

Paulo lay on the massage table. His cock pointing at he ceiling. Anne positioned herself between his legs. She stroked his thighs as gazed at his pulsing member. She gently shifted his feet off table and let them hang on either side of the table. His cock and balls were exposed even more and the drop of his thighs caused his cock to rise higher.

Anne laid down between his legs and pressed her lips to his tight scrotum. She hummed and caused him to shiver. Pre cum flowed heavily from his swollen head.

She opened her mouth and sucked one of his balls past her lips. Gently she drew on the tight skin and swirled her tongue over the delicate oval.

Anne placed her hands on Paulo's hip bone. She knew this would drive him crazy to feel her soft, hot palms just inches away from his straining cock. She continued to work first one ball then the other

with her soft lips and hot, wet tongue. Paulo's scrotum began to relax as her heat penetrated the tender skin. Soon his balls hung low between his legs.

Anne drew back to inspect her work. She watched in fascination as his balls churned beneath the now smooth skin. Paulo's balls rotated in slow lazy circles. She could hear his breathing is short sharp gasps. She looked slightly higher and watched his cock sway rhythmically. She licked her lips as she saw a continuous river of pre cum flow from his cock head. Clear and thick it collected at the ridge of his head where a streamer led to a pool in the sharp valley of definition that was his stomach.

Such a feast she thought. But, how to continue? Should I glide my tongue up from the base and lick him clean? On the other hand, should I fill my mouth with that gorgeous head and pump that long thick shaft.

"If only all women had such a dilemma," said the now 'not so irritating' voice.

"I thought you were gone," Anne replied.

"And miss this? Annie Girl, I have to admit I didn't think you'd go this far."

"Neither did I."

"That's a lot of cock to handle."

"*True, but what are you going to do with it now?"*

She blew a cool breath from pursed lips against his balls. She smiled to herself as Paulo's scrotum drew his balls against his body again. Paulo whimpered as if he were in pain. Anne saw another large dollop of clear fluid drip from his cock.

She did both. Anne opened her mouth wide and laid her tongue at the base of Paulo's cock. She pressed her upper lip gently against the shaft and slowly rose to the underside of the head. She swirled her tongue over the crown; reveling in the thick, salty taste. Without hesitation she dropped her hot wet mouth over the tip of Paulo's cock and clamped her lips tightly around the ridge that separated the shaft from the bulbous head. She wrapped her small hands around the thick shaft and pressed her thumbs into the base. Quickly, her thumbs rose against the length of Paulo's cock.

Anne's tongue rode over the velvety texture and then dipped into the slit. She kept the tip of her hot, wet tongue pressed into the slit as her mouth filled with Paulo's slick fluid. She could feel his pre cum

flow against her tongue coating it. She sucked hard at his head and let the heavenly taste slide down her throat. She continued to pump his cock as she ravaged his head. Immersed in her own pleasures she did not hear him beg her to stop.

Anne couldn't get enough of his cock passed her lips. She loved the way Paulo's head expanded to fill her mouth. He had grown larger as she sucked at him. She lowered her tight lips further down his shaft until his tip bumped against the back of her throat. Her head buzzed at the myriad sensations she experienced. The way the ridge of his cock head scrapped against the roof of her mouth. The silky texture of the underside against her tongue. The thickness of the hard as steel shaft covered by the soft silk of his skin. The veins that rolled under her soft hot palms as she stroked him.

"Anne," Paulo cried, "I'm going to cum."

She pulled her hot, wet, sucking mouth from his tip. Her lips made a soft smack as they parted from his member. Slowly she licked her lips as she placed her hands on his stomach. Paulo felt his skin sizzle from their heat. She let her finger tips glide through the pool of clear pre cum.

"Not yet Paulo, not yet," her voice low and thick. "I still have things I want to do to you before we're done."

Paulo's smile was genuine, but tortured. He looked into her hot, dark eyes and saw naked lust. This was no longer the somewhat nervous woman he'd met when he first entered the room. This was the tigress he'd sensed earlier. His eyes fell to her lovely mouth that pleased him so well, as it cruelly tortured him.

The dark lipstick was gone; worn away long ago. Her lips were still hot and dark. Infused with blood from her work on his cock; they were puffy and large. The lower lip pouty and incredibly full; the upper cupid bow perfect.

Without breaking his gaze she cupped her palms over the slick fluid on his belly and smoothed it over his shaft; coating him in his own lubricant. She massaged his pulsing head with one slick palm then the other.

Paulo made small, constricted noises as he endured this small torture. He almost came, but Anne seemed to sense his loss of control and stopped.

With her beautiful dark brown eyes still locked on his; she rose to her knees and straddled his thighs. Paulo brought his quivering legs onto the table. With a firm squeeze; she forced his legs together. Slowly, she eased forward until the top of her pussy touched the base of his cock.

Anne’s body shuddered at the hot contact. She pressed forward causing her lips to part around the shaft. She whimpered when her clit touched the painfully hot skin of Paulo’s cock. Slowly rocking her hips she eased her wet vagina further up the shaft.

Soon her pussy was spread around his base. She could feel his hardness as her labia and outer lips conformed to him. She could feel his pulse throb through the shaft. She tilted her hips further toward the tip of Paulo’ cock and her opening ground against his hot shaft; now wet with her own juices.

Anne looked down and could see inches of his cock still waiting for the caress of her small, hot, pussy. Again, she wondered fleetingly how she’d ever fit all that inside her.

Impatient now, she rolled her hips twice and her clit slipped into the cleft at the underside of Paulo’s cock head. She cried out at the sudden change in texture. She ground her hips backward and her clit popped out. Again her hips rolled forward and her clit struck the velvet base of the head. She repeated the motion 1, 2, 3 times and her orgasm seized her. Out of control now, she ground her clit in the cleft; out and back again; she screamed as the felt her clit pop again and again. Subsiding, she leaned forward and put her hands on Paulo’s muscular chest.

“Wow,” she panted, “didn’t expect that.”

Paulo remained silent as he stared at her in awe. Never had a woman used his body so well to pleasure herself. He could only wonder at what was in store.

Anne took in a deep breath; held it for a few seconds and slowly released it. Lifting herself on her knees she felt her pussy reluctantly break contact from the massive shaft. She reached behind her and lifted Paulo’s cock until its head met her clit. She stroked the head against her hard little knot. She felt his slit open as her clit slid into his opening. She paused savoring the intense heat and small suction the contact made. Rising a little more she pulled the hot, slick tip though her simmering wet pussy lips. She felt her labia stretch as the silky knob of flesh passed between them. She stopped only when she felt the tip rest against the dimple of her opening. She paused again to savor the wet heat as the head slowly pulsed in time with Paulo’s heartbeat.

Her pussy; not content with the lingering of the woman in control; opened slightly releasing a flood of its own juices.

Anne shivered at the sensations as she felt the slick fluid coat Paulo’s head, then the shaft of his cock. It coated her hand and she stroked him twice to spread her own version of pre cum into his shaft.

She started down. She wanted to savor each inch as her pussy slid down. She felt her opening stretch wide as she forced her small pussy down the shaft. A silent physical pop and the head was past the muscles of her entrance. Her pussy gripped the back of Paulo's crown where her mouth and lips had only recently been. She brought her now slick hand around and began tweaking one of Paulo's nipples.

Paulo's own hands found her breasts and began tugging and twisting her large nipples.

Anne rotated her hips and pushed down at the same time. More of the large cock slid in. She had to pause for a moment as an incredible fullness threatened to overwhelm her. She reached down and felt her pussy lips.

"God, he's so big even the outside of my pussy is stretched."

She lifted slightly and slammed down as hard as she could. "UNnnnnnHhhhhh." She cried out. She'd took most of his cock with that one move, but now she could feel his head press against her cervix. The reached down to find she could still fit her hand between the base of Paulo's cock and her own lips, now as tight around the shaft as her mouth had been.

She put her hand back on Paulo's chest and rested for a moment. She paused to catch her breath and allow her pussy to relax enough to accommodate large hard shaft she'd force into it. Almost too much, she thought. She felt the fullness seep away and suddenly wanted to be overfilled.

Her soft thighs gripped Paulo's pelvis rhythmically as she rolled her hips in rapid, tiny circles. The movement was so smooth and fast her pussy seemed to blur as her hole pushed and pulled the shaft in its own small circuit.

Slowly Anne's pussy eased down the remaining inches of Paulo's shaft. She grunted mindlessly with each roll of her hips. She'd sat up straight; supported by Paulo's kneading hands. Her eyelids half sunk with the overwhelming pleasure she felt. Her cervix ran mad laps around the huge head of Paulo's cock. Each time it bumped over the cleft a burst of micro orgasms blasted through her pelvis.

She no longer supported herself with her legs. Only her small vagina kept her clit separated from the base of the long, thick cock.

Abruptly, she froze and a long breathless scream trickled through her slack mouth. She'd came so hard and fast this time. She couldn't move now, paralyzed by wave after intense wave of pleasure caused her tunnel to grip and release Paulo's cock.

“Are you close,” she asked when she could speak.

“No,” he whispered. “I am at a place I’ve never been before.”

“Where’s that.”

“Where I can watch you ride my cock for hours until I am ready to cum.”

A shuddering laugh escaped her. “I’m not sure how long I can keep this up. I don’t think I can cum anymore.”

“I think you have one more in you.”

“Even if I don’t; there is one thing I want in me,” she reached down and felt the expose flesh of his shaft, “the last two inches. Pinch my nipples. Harder. More. Better. Twist them.”

Anne gripped Paulo’s forearms and lifted her tortured pussy off his cock. Her labia stretched along the slick cock; smoothly flowing over bulging veins. She rose until she felt the back of the bulbous head start to spread her opening. She lowered her pussy only a few inches then rose again. She repeated this motion until she had the rhythm; then has hard as she dared she slammed her pussy down the shaft one last time.

She cried out in ecstasy as she stuffed her tunnel again. She continued to drive downward rotating her hips. She felt her lips again stretch out; then she felt her clit scrape against Paulo’s pubic bone.

She’d done it. His entire length was buried in her pussy. She began grinding her clit hard against the bone. She rocked her hips back and forth causing her clit to pop as it went up and over the bone of his pelvis to the soft skin at the base of his cock. Harder and faster she went; totally abandoned to the pleasures she felt. She came one final time. Her pussy gripped his base with such strength; making Paulo cry out.

Anne collapsed onto his heaving chest. Her pussy tightly clenched around his cock; pulled him with her. Paulo held her, allowing her to recover. Idly, through lidded eyes she watched his tiny nipple rise and fall with his breathing. She shifted her head and took it in her mouth and sucked.

Paulo sighed.

“You still haven’t come,” she said.

“Not yet.”

“My pussy can’t take any more. I can barely move. Even if you take over; it’s too much.”

“I know, but there is another place I long to be.”

Anne lifted her head to look at him. “You barely fit in my pussy.”

He laughed. Anne squirmed as his laughter caused his cock to stutter in the confines of her vagina.

“Not your ass my sweet Anne, your beautiful breasts. I have kissed and sucked your nipples while you rode me. The tender valley is where I want to finish. Would that be ok?”

“You want to cum between my breasts,” she asked. *God, I’m getting it all today.* She thought.

“Yes, while you were otherwise….occupied I enjoyed the bounty of your breasts. You have such hot tender skin. It would be heaven to feel it wrapped around my cock.”

She nodded and lifted herself up. She tried to lift off his cock, but couldn’t. She was spent, exhausted.

“I think you’re going to have to do all the work from here on Paulo,” she said with a mischievous smile. “I’ve worn myself out.”

More laughter from Paulo. Again the length of his cock stuttered inside her velvet fist. He bent his legs at the knee.

“Wrap your legs around mine; and when I rise lock you hands behind my neck. I’ll flip us over. Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

Slowly and with care Paulo shifted positions until Anne was on her back under him. She could feel the warm terry cloth against her back. When her butt settled on the table she lifted her legs until her thighs gripped his hips. Her pussy shifted with the movement. She gasped when she felt his cock head shift deep inside.

Finally, Paulo was angled above her; supported by his arms and his cock trapped inside her pussy.

She eased her legs down until her feet were flat on the table.

“Fast or slow Anne?”

“Slow Paulo. As slow as you can make it. I want to feel every inch as you drag your cock from me.”

Paulo shifted backward. Anne’s tight, greedy pussy was reluctant to surrender its hard won prize. As Paulo eased out of her; she felt suction on her cervix. It felt wonderful, but her tender pussy now let her feel just how much cock had been stuffed inside. As each glorious inch withdrew, her tight opening felt every ridge; every vein. Soon Anne again felt the crest of his head bump against her entrance. Her tired pussy tried to grip the ridge but there was no strength, no control. She arched her pelvis; her pussy regained some of its lost ground.

Paulo moaned. “Ah, Anne, you force me to make decisions I don’t want to make. Do I leave the sweet paradise of your tight pussy and give up my chance to cum between the silken treasure of your breasts? How does a man make such a decision?”

“You’ve had my pussy. I want to feel your cock between my breasts. I want you to,” she paused and chose her words, “I want you to fuck my tits. I want to watch you cum.”

Paulo withdrew the last of his cock from Anne’s battered pussy. He slowly pushed his shaft along the sweet valley until Anne’s clit again rested at its base. He shifted his knees until he straddled her.

Anne closed her legs tightly reveling in the wetness of their mixed juices. She clenched and was surprise to feel some control return. Her pussy throbbed with a sweet ache. She clenched again and held it. She could feel her opening struggle with the emptiness as it returned to its normal tiny size.

Paulo positioned his thick cock between Anne’s breasts and positioned his hands just above her shoulders. Anne palmed her large breasts and engulfed him. Paulo let out a long shuddering sigh when the hot silk of her valley tightened around his pussy soaked cock.

He slowly slide down; then just as slowly pushed foreword. Anne tilted her chin so she could watch as his head appeared. Paulo didn’t stop until he made contact with her lips. Instinctively, Anne sucked hard. Paulo gasped in surprise at the feeling. He pushed further forward and pushed the sensitive head passed her hot wet lips.

Anne lashed Paulo’s slit with her tongue as her lips locked themselves behind his crest. Almost reluctantly, he pulled his cock back. Anne’s greedy lips made wet sucking noises as he pulled away.

She watched his cock disappear again.

Paulo kept up a rhythm of long, slow strokes. Each one ending in Anne’s mouth.

His breath became ragged and his strokes shorter, harder.

“Anne,” Paulo said in a strained voice, “I’m cumming.”

Paulo froze and Anne felt his cock swell between her breasts. His head was still buried when he started cumming; Anne felt hot wetness flood her breasts. Paulo pushed upward and his cock burst from between her tits. His motion pushed his first load of cum outward to flow down her chest and pool beneath her chin.

Curious, Anne dipped her tongue for a taste. Paulo’s second blast missed her tongue, but landed on her cheek. Paulo’s head retreated. In her heated excitement his cum didn’t taste bad at all. Anne readied her mouth for the next blast as his head emerged again. Paulo’s head touched her lips and she sucked hard. She felt the third blast coat the roof of her mouth. Paulo’s cock retreated.

She pressed her hot, pink tongue upward and tasted. It was thick and creamy; it tasted mildly of musk and other things, but pleasant.

One last blast and he was done. Paulo rested above her; his chest heaving as he tried to breathe.

Anne released her breasts and his hard cum coated cock rose. Feeling his cock freed; Paulo too rose.

“Let me get you a towel.” He said in a shaking voice.

Anne scooped his cum where it had pooled at her neck and smoothed it into her nipples as she massaged them. Then pushing the thick cum from between her breasts, she glided her hands slowly down her torso until she cupped her pussy. Picking up her own hot juices, she reversed the motion.

“I don’t need a towel, Paulo, I’m fine.” She lazily stretched and continued to stroke her body.

She felt amazing, so relaxed and fulfilled. She’d needed something like this for so long.

“There is a private shower behind that door. You may clean up there if you wish.”

“Thanks, I’m going to recover first. Don’t think I can walk that far yet.”

Paulo chuckled and dressed, “I suppose not. I hate to leave, but I must. There are other clients I must see to. If I may say so, none will be as much pleasure as your….session.”

It was Anne’s turn to laugh and blush. “Goodbye Paulo. I did have a very pleasurable…session.”

Paulo sketched a bow and departed. Locking the door; he closed it softly.

Anne sat up and tested her legs. Not as wobbly as she feared; she walked to the bathroom.

She took a long hot shower; first just letting the water run down her body. She slowly ran her hands over her breasts feeling the cum wash away.

“God, that was good,” she said to herself. “Bet I’m sore tomorrow.”

She shampooed her hair, and then took a complimentary sponge from its wrap. She soaped and scrubbed with luxurious orange blossom foam until she was squeaky clean.

Stepping out, she towel dried her hair. She tried to brush her thick black hair, but it came out spiky. She looked in the mirror and shook her head. She needed conditioner to straiten that out. Well what did she expect her hair was wet with sweat.

She looked into her own eyes. They twinkled mischievously back. Her face looked relaxed and her smile was the smile of a woman with a well fucked pussy.

She dressed and made her way out. Karen stopped her to give her the makeup palette. Her panties were on top of the pile. Anne chuckled to herself. Maybe if she’d kept them on the massage would have gone differently.

On the way home she pulled into the Starbuck’s drive through and ordered her usual.

Marge was at the window.

“Hi Anne, didn’t recognize you in the new car. When did your husband get home?”

“Oh, Mike’s not home yet?”

“Really, you have a look about you,” she leaned out and whispered, “of a wife well laid.”

Anne blushed and laughter burst from her still puffy lips. “It’s amazing what a new ride will do for you.” She said patting the steering wheel.

Marge laughed, “See you.”

Anne sipped the rich, frozen coffee. She glanced in the mirror and one lovely dark brown eye winked back.

THE END.

Thanks to everyone who voted and left feedback on the previous two chapters. This is the first story I've published, so I was a little nervous. Again, I greatly appreciate the feedback.