

# Kate's Anal Correspondence Course: 3 Finals

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*Will Kate surrender her anal cherry when she finally meets A. in person?*

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Kate strode towards the TSA agent and the point of no return. Once past the guard she was committed: He had said he would be on the other side and he always kept his promises. Once she saw him, touched him in the flesh, the rest would be inevitable. Already an adulteress in thought, she would become one in deed. It was natural that this change should give rise to mixed feelings. Kate loved her husband and trusted his love for her. She had no desire to replace him. But she did need something more than he had so far been able or unwilling to give her. Kate needed excitement, novelty, to feel that her limits were being stretched. Five minutes kissing then lying on her back waiting for him to come was no longer sufficient. A change would come one way or another. Better to adapt the position she had to her needs than to make a leap in the dark. But was she adapting or leaping? That was the real concern. Would this complete or completely wreck her marriage? A. was also married. That helped calm but did not eliminate her concern. A married man was less likely to push her to jump. Cheaters should stick to cheaters, he had said. What if they found themselves unable to keep to their agreed boundaries despite their best intentions? The TSA man looked her right in the eyes as she approached, a knowing piercing look as if he could tell all her secrets from one glance. He must have practiced that look so as to avoid looking bored, Kate mused. A flicker of a smile crossed her lips and she suddenly knew she was going to make it. As promised, A. was waiting for her. He had brought flowers. His arms around her and his lips on hers were the reassurance Kate needed. Less than an hour later Kate was in A.'s hotel room, lying naked on A.'s bed in A.'s arms. He kissed her on the lips while her hand strayed to touch his erection through his pants. Kate had been thinking about this moment every minute since waking up this morning, playing out different scenarios in her mind. In one scenario she was passive, lying on her back as he caressed her body with fingers and lips, bringing her to an earth shattering orgasm with his tongue and sliding forcefully inside her while she still came. In another he lay passive while she slowly unwrapped him like a present. Kate was hot, wet and ready. The prick beneath her hand felt firm and thick. Before she quite realized what she was doing, Kate had unzipped A.'s fly to release his cock then immediately recaptured it in her

pussy. She had done the deed that could not be undone. A. closed his eyes as Kate impaled herself on his cock. It felt good to have his prick inside her, a feeling of comfort, connection, fullness. Kate rocked her hips gently back and forth as she slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Her partner made no attempt to interrupt her or take control. He did however insist that she remove or at least allow him to remove his pants. Was this all she needed? Kate wondered as she rode the strange new cock. To take the lead? It felt good to be the one deciding the rhythm, the pace of the love making for a change. Then A.'s hands were on her breasts, his fingers stroking her nipples and Kate realized that she wanted much more than just taking a turn at the lead, she wanted to be led, to be taught, to explore new sensations. Her lover bent her body forward so as to kiss her on the lips. Kate was surprised to find that this subtle change in position made an instant difference as his prick was pressed directly onto her G-spot. A. wet his fingers with lube and pressed them up against her slit so that her clit rode over his fingers with each stroke. The feeling was so intense that Kate almost came. After some more deft guidance from A., Kate turned round to ride his cock facing away from him. In this position her clit pressed hard against the shaft of his prick as A.'s lubed thumb rubbed up against her asshole. Kate gasped as she felt herself being opened up and a sensational feeling of release flooded up through her body as she came with a scream. Then as the orgasm receded, A. twisted his thumb inside her ass causing her to zenith again. Before she had time to recover, Kate found herself lying flat on A.'s chest as he wrung the last traces of orgasm from her clit with his tongue. Something pressed against her cheek. Keeping her eyes shut tight, Kate felt with her hand to find his cock and acting on instinct, took him into her mouth. Her tongue ran around the glans in a silken swirl as A. licked at Kate's slit. She slowly slid herself forward onto the prick trying to take as much of him inside her as possible. In this position, with her mouth and throat in alignment, Kate suddenly understood what was meant by 'deep throat': A.'s cock was filling her throat as fully and deeply as it had her pussy. She desperately wanted to make her lover come in this exact position, sending his seed straight into her belly but movement as all but impossible. Her hand, or rather her finger found the answer: Touching his anus drew an immediate sigh of pleasure. Pressing a fingertip against the entrance, like he had shown her on the cam drew a louder sigh. Kate reached round for the lube and applied a generous amount to her lover's crack, working it into his hole with her fingers. All the time trying to avoid being distracted by the tongue that was now circling and teasing her own asshole. Trust. A trusted her absolutely! Kate had his cock deep in her throat and two fingers sliding deep into his ass. She felt the cock twitch inside her as A. let out a loud cry and pressed his tongue into her ass. This was enough to set Kate off a third time. They lay together for a while without speaking as they recovered from their exertions. Kate smiled, it had been everything she had wanted, and more. It had love making, not merely sex. Kate had understood that completely the minute A.'s cock penetrated her flesh. The loved each other, they lusted after each other, they cared for each other. If seeing someone makes you happy, being with someone makes you happy, thinking about someone makes you happy then why not call it love? But it was love with agreed boundaries. Neither would ever ask the other to leave their families or their homes. Their moments physically together would almost certainly be brief and rare. Before they met, Kate had worried that this might not be sufficient

for her, that she would find it impossible not to demand more. Now she knew that even if she was ever tempted she would never put these precious moments at risk by betraying him with a question she had promised never to ask. Kate curled up in A.'s arms and drifted off into sleep. \* \* \* It was late afternoon when Kate was woken by chimes from A.'s iphone. The sound of running water told her that A. was already preparing for whatever was to come next. Kate thought about slipping into the shower next to him and rubbing her slippery-from-soap body up against him. But he was finished before she made it to the bathroom. "We have to hurry," A. said, throwing Kate a towel, "I have tickets for the early show at É Bar". "Can't we just fuck?" Kate asked. "Just fuck?" A. enquired, "No eating?" Kate suddenly realized she hadn't eaten since the modest breakfast on the plane: She was starving. "Can we skip the show, eat then fuck?" Kate enquired. A. just grinned, "They might have food there." The early show turned out to be dinner at a restaurant that was like none Kate had ever been to before. The decor was ordinary enough, if a little extravagant, the diners were the usual eclectic Vegas mix. Their coats were taken and they were shown to their tables with the usual fluid efficiency of the best restaurants. But Kate couldn't recognize a single dish on the menu. There were no prices either. "I don't know what any of these are." "Neither do I." A. responded. "Every dish on the menu is original and it changes often." "How do we know what to order then?" Kate giggled. "Its a tasting menu", A. replied, "they bring it all. I took the liberty of choosing the short menu so as to avoid being too full to do anything else later on." Before Kate could respond, their waiter returned wheeling a trolley in which was set a large steel tube that looked like it had come from a science fiction movie. Kate was delighted to see that a thick mist actually did pour out of it when it was opened. "Gin and Tonic, Nitro Poached", the waiter announced as an assistant waiter took some of the liquid from the flask and poured it into a beaker. The mixture frothed and steamed in a fashion that would please any aspiring mad scientist to produce a white slush that tasted like a gin and tonic sorbet. "Liquid nitrogen.", A. explained. The rest of the meal continued in the same fashion. The portions were small but there were several courses and each was spectacular in a different way. Cooking in the Modernist Cuisine style was a hobby for A. and the restaurant was something of a showcase for some of the most innovative dishes being served in American restaurants. The meal ended in almost the same way that it had begun. This time the waiter brought a frying pan and some eggs. A small amount of liquid nitrogen was poured into the frying pan and the eggs cracked into it. After some stirring, the waiter announced, "Bacon and Egg Ice Cream, Blumenthal." The first taste surprised Kate three times over: It was ice cream, it did taste of bacon and eggs and it actually tasted very good. Afterward, they went for a walk along the strip to take in one of the most extraordinary cities in the whole world. "I love this place!" A. exclaimed. "I thought you didn't gamble." Kate replied. "I'll gamble if the stakes interest me." A. stopped walking, turned and kissed Kate on the mouth. "I think we both know the only stakes that interest me in this town." Kate laughed, "Then why pick Vegas? Isn't it a little kitschy for you?" "Its all a matter of scale. Build a model pyramid and stick it in your back garden and its kitsch. Build a pyramid the size of the ones at Giza out of black glass and run laser beams through the roof to illuminate the sky and you make a statement." "What is the statement?" Kate enquired. "We are going to have fun any way we like and we don't care what anyone think how we choose to do so." A.

responded. "They are the best at what they do." "Was your choice of restaurant making a statement as well?" A. smiled like a schoolboy who has been caught out while up to some mischief, "Perhaps." "That means yes." Kate said, "Something about not being afraid to try something different? Something about understanding the science of sensation? Something about it being an art?" A. laughed and put his arms around Kate to hug her, "Those as well." "What did I miss then?" Kate asked. "Sex is not the only pleasure we can share." A. replied. \* \* \* It took several hours to walk the length of the strip and back. Kate was quite tired by the time they returned to the room but neither wanted to postpone their purpose a moment longer. The lovers took a shower together. The room was one of the rare hotel rooms that has a proper shower rather than the bath and shower combination most settle for. The touch of his slippery-from-soap hands gliding over her body made her eyes close, her mouth part slightly and her nipples become hard. When he was done, A. wrapped Kate in towels, carefully drying her. "Which position would you prefer?" he asked. "Whichever involves least pain", his partner replied. "If there is ever pain, then tell me and we will stop." A. replied, "There should never be any pain." A. laid Kate face down on the bed and began a soothing massage, beginning at her shoulders and working all the way down her body to her feet. He had brought a light massage oil that allowed his hands to slide in smooth, flowing strokes. When he was done with her back, he pulled her onto all fours so that he could reach around her body to work on her front. Kate was wet with excitement but A. applied plenty of lube to her sex as well as her ass, working each with a different hand. He moved slowly, methodically, stretching her with the tip of a finger before working deeper and stopping to apply more lube at regular intervals. Once the finger was fully inserted, A. twisted his hand to draw a deep sigh from his friend, then finger fucked her ass until he decided it was loose enough for a second finger when he removed his hand completely and began with fingertips again. After working up to three fingers, A. laid Kate flat on her stomach with her legs parted and her knees drawn up to her sides to open her up as fully as possible. He unwrapped the latex necessity and rolled it onto his erection. Kate remembered that besides being a health precaution, use of a condom prevents the semen irritating the walls of the intestine. A. knelt between her legs and gently kissed Kate's anus. Kate shivered with anticipation as A. slipped a finger inside her then felt herself being stretched wider by what she at first thought must be a second finger but suddenly realized was actually his cock. A. had taken her anal cherry before she even realized it. The prick slid into her slowly and smoothly. There was no pain, only a feeling of warmth and fullness in her belly. The sliding stopped. "More, more," Kate begged, "I can take more." "I'm all the way in." A. whispered in reply. As proof, his balls were pressed firm against her pussy. Kate felt fingers at her breasts and slit. Touching her, teasing her, pleasing her gently as she gradually became accustomed to the sensation of fullness. There was a fire in her belly, a fire that sent shooting flames up and down her body with each caress. "Come, come my lover," A. whispered in her ear, "you are coming, I can feel your ass gripping my cock as you come." Kate screamed into the pillow as her hips bucked and twisted. A. was fucking her now. Fucking her with long deep strokes and increasing speed. Fucking her furiously as she continued to come. Fucking her ass, the ass he had claimed and deflowered. At some point they had changed position. Kate had no memory of when or how. All she knew was that her knees were

now together on the bed, drawn up tight almost to her shoulders and her ass was somewhere above the bed, bent double and being pounded deliciously by A.'s cock. A. gave a sudden cry and thrust himself forward so forcefully as to flatten Kate back onto the bed. His fingers dug deep into her shoulders as his seed squirted into her. Kate clutched A.'s arms to her body and with her last remaining energy rolled them both onto their side in a spooning position. Kate could feel his lips on her neck, his arms around her and his hand on her slit. But all that she could think about as she drifted off into sleep was that his cock was still inside her no longer virginal ass.