

# She's More Than Meets The Eye. - Ch 3

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*Damien learns how to bend over and take it like a man...*

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From Part II As they reached the door, Damien paused, laughing. "This is totally crazy, you do realize that don't you?" "Well," she answered, giggling delightedly. "You didn't think I was totally sane, did you?" Laughing, she opened the door, peered out both ways, and pulled him unresisting into the hallway... Damien's heart leaped into his chest as he heard the heavy hotel door snick shut behind them. Wandering through a strange hotel in the wee hours of the morning, butt naked, was NOT where he had envisioned he would be when he set out on this date! The sight of Rebecca's bouncing butt leading him on only heightened the level of excitement he was feeling. Her hand was cool in his, and she led the way without hesitating. She glanced back at him and laughed out loud when she saw the expression on his face. "Shhhhh!" Damien hissed. "You're gonna wake someone up!" "You should see yourself right now," she retorted. "You look like... gosh. Like you're gonna freak out or something. It's funny!" She paused, and drew him in for a kiss. Just a quick peck on the lips between two naked people that happen to be standing in the middle of the hallway of a high-rise hotel. The quick peck stretched on, as Damien grabbed the back of Rebecca's head. He thrust his tongue into her mouth for a long kiss. He felt like she was holding onto a small piece of his soul. After a minute, they both pulled away, panting. Rebecca looked deeply into Damien's eyes - he was treating her like nobody ever had, and she liked it, but it confused her a little bit, too. Being so new to these feelings, she wasn't sure what to expect sometimes. They looked around, remembered where they were, and they both giggled. She took his hand again, and pulled him on down the hallway toward a small alcove right in the middle of the building. Rebecca went in first as they entered the brightly-lit vending area, and she let go of Damien's hand so she could open her purse. "What would you like, my dear?" she asked coyly. He stepped up close behind her. Instinctively, his arms went around her, and his head dropped down beside hers. He closed his eyes as he breathed in the sweet scent of her hair. He couldn't help himself - he began to nuzzle the side of her neck as she fed a few dollars into the drink machine. Her hair and her perfume both joined in with the taste of her perspiration to make her irresistible to him. He kissed her softly, and licked her neck. He took her earlobe in his mouth, biting it softly. He felt his penis responding, swelling to nudge at the cleft between her round, firm buttocks. His hands drifted down to cup her round breasts, caressing them. He found her small nipples and pinched them, teasing them to hardness. "Hey, no fair..." Rebecca sighed. "We're just supposed to... ummmm...."

be... getting drinks..." "Just pick something," Damien sighed. "I like what I'm drinking now." He continued sucking Rebecca's neck, lapping up her perspiration. She spun around, attacking his mouth with glee. They kissed like only brand-new lovers do, their tongues entwined. As they pulled apart, she took his bottom lip in her teeth, pulling gently. Her mouth went on safari; she kissed and licked, slowly working her way toward his cock. Heedless of the fact that they were fully in view of anyone that happened by, she dropped to her knees. Cupping his butt in her hands she pulled him close, taking just his head into her mouth. The heat and velvety texture of her mouth made him groan deep in his throat as she sucked softly. It always amazed Rebecca as she felt a nice cock go from soft to hard. She loved the feeling of it in her mouth as it swelled, and lengthened. Knowing exactly how it felt to Damien only served to make it more exciting to her. She loved knowing that she could so easily arouse the same feelings of lust in him that she felt inside. As his cock grew to its full size, she sucked and stroked it lovingly. Neither one of them heard the pronounced "ding" echoing down the hall, nor did they hear the soft "whoosh" of the elevator doors opening and closing. Muffled footsteps padded toward them. Hank and Ada Spencer had just come from a nice dinner, made all the more relaxing by finishing off the bottle of Bordeaux Hank had chosen to complement their meal. They stepped off the elevator and ambled slowly toward their room, each wrapped up in their own thoughts. Hank was wondering whether or not he had completely missed the game on television, and Ada was trying to decide if she should go ahead and book time with that "personal trainer" her friend Nona had told her about. After all, she and Hank were both in their fifties, and time was quite literally flying by. "Carpe Diem," she sighed silently, convincing herself to give the man a try. After all, it wasn't like Hank was interested in that sort of thing from her any longer. She glanced over as they passed a brightly-lit opening in the wall. What she saw inside made her gasp in amazement. It was a man, a completely naked man, buying a drink from the vending machine! She paused, reflexively pulling on Hank's hand as she did. She had just noticed that the naked man had a nice butt, when she noticed... "Oh my God!" she thought. "There are a woman's hands grabbing that butt... She's giving him a blowjob, right here in the hotel hallway!" Hank paused, looking back when he felt her soft tug. He followed her gaze, squinting as he peered into the brightness of the vending area. When he realized what was going on, he whispered, "Shit, Babe. I never knew they sold THOSE in there..." He felt his cock stirring as Ada gripped his arm tighter. Ada's mouth felt dry, and her heart beat faster. She felt her nipples harden in her Eighteen Hour bra, and moisture begin to gather in her loins. Ada whispered back, "I'll give you one of those for free, Hank, but you damn well better put it to good use before you're done!" Rebecca heard a strange noise over the hum of the vending machine. It seemed to be coming from behind Damien. She paused in mid-stroke, keeping the head of his hard cock in her mouth, but turning her head slightly to peer around behind him. Her eyes widened, and she let go of Damien's stiff penis with a soft "pop" as she saw a slightly portly couple standing in the hall, looking at them with their mouths agape. Damien felt the cold air chill the wetness on his dick and opened his eyes curiously. He looked down at Rebecca, and when he saw where her attention was focused, he turned slightly, glancing back over his shoulder. "Oh... Uh... Hello," Damien uttered. "Hi..." Ada Spencer mewled back. Hank just waved. Not a hearty how you doing? wave but a small perfunctory

motion. Like a prom queen given over to an unexpected bout of motion sickness. "Umm... Nice night, isn't it?" Damien queried. Ada's gaze roved from Damien's round ass, to Rebecca's eyes, and then to the hard, sexy cock Rebecca was still stroking gently. Ada took hold of Hank's arm and pulled him away fiercely. "C'mon, Hank!" Ada thundered. "You've got work to do!" Hank allowed himself to be pulled up the hallway, his eyes still staring and his mouth still agog. The last thing he saw before Ada pulled him around the corner was Rebecca giggling as she buried her face against Damien's hip. Damien put his hand under her chin, lifting her head so she was looking at him. "We'd better go before the cops come," he said laughingly. She slowly stood, maintaining her grip on his turgid cock. She reached up and gave him a quick peck on the lips before they both turned and started back toward their room. Halfway there, Rebecca stopped. "Oh, shit!" she exclaimed. She turned and ran back toward the drink machine. Damien was both confused and highly entertained as he watched her muscular buttocks bouncing back and forth as she ran. He heard a loud thump, followed by Rebecca muttering "C'mon, c'mon!" and then a muffled kerchunk. Rebecca jogged back into sight, her boobs bouncing in an even more entertaining (and stimulating) fashion. She had a large Coke in one hand, her room key in the other, and a tasty-looking erection leading the way. She ran right past Damien, shouting, "Let's go!" Both giggling, they ran back to her room only pausing while she ran the card through the slot to get in. They ran into the room and both collapsed on the bed, laughing out loud. When the paroxysms of laughter had dwindled down to chuckles, Rebecca sat up and twisted off the cap on her Coke, drinking deeply. "Hey..." Damien said, pretending outrage. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear," she responded. "Did you want one of these? I know where you can get one..." She giggled loudly. "Well, can I at least get a taste of yours?" he temporized. "It's the least I can do, dahhling..." she purred. She leaned down, kissing him fully on his lips. Her tongue, cold from the drink, teased his mouth and tongue unmercifully. She passed the icy drink into his waiting hands, its cap discarded and lost. She began to savor his warmth, kissing his neck and upper chest. Her lips warmed rapidly as she pressed them against his hot flesh, licking, and sucking and occasionally nipping him with her teeth. He drank, but the cold Coke seemed like only an echo of the taste he had just savored from Rebecca's mouth. When Rebecca's lips reached his manhood; he gasped at the sensation. She was enjoying herself, toying with him. She put just the head into her mouth, holding it there and sucking on it gently. Then she slowly sucked harder, drawing more and more of his length inside her. Just before she reached the point where no more would fit in her mouth, she backed off, again playing with just the head. She licked it like a lollipop, never giving him the complete sensation of sex, but causing him to tingle outrageously. Damien wanted to take her head in his hands and guide her, but he still held that damn drink! He rolled toward the nearest nightstand, reaching out as far as he could and placing the bottle down. Rebecca seized this opportunity to crawl on top of his back, purring in his ear, "Mmmm... You DO know just what a girl wants..." Rebecca's soft breasts pressed against Damien's back, as her stiff cock nested in the cleft between his cheeks. She licked his earlobe, nibbling on it softly. Damien began to appreciate what a talented mouth she had, as she kissed and licked down his back. He stirred as she reached the top of his ass, so she pressed down on his shoulders. "Shhhh..." she murmured. "Be still, baby. Let me make you feel good." She continued teasing him as she licked

down his ass slowly. He made a frustrated noise, half moan and half growl, as she slowly licked down his crack. Biting his cheek softly, she reached a dainty hand underneath him. He raised his hips up, feeling her take hold of his cock. She stroked his length slowly as best she could with her hand trapped underneath him, while she continued to tease his butt with her biting and licking. She hadn't yet reached her ultimate goal - his tight asshole. "Mmmm..." she moaned. "Get up a little bit, baby. I want to feel all that hard cock..." Urging him on with words and gestures, she directed him onto his knees, with his head still laying on a pillow. "Oh, yeah, baby..." she crooned. "I love this hard cock..." As she slowly massaged it, she laved his dangling balls with her hot tongue. Damien's mind was abuzz with sensations. Her mouth on his sack felt so good, he could hardly keep straight where his cock ended and his balls began. The tingling grew in strength as she lapped at him in ever wider circles. He suddenly realized that she was licking him in places no woman had ever been before. "Hey..." he began. "Shhhh, baby..." she moaned. "I'm gonna make you feel so good... Please let me make you feel good baby..." Her tongue trailed up his crack toward his hole. She lightly brushed her tongue over it. Damien moaned softly in response. Encouraged, she licked the crinkled skin harder. Damien moaned again. "Do you like that baby?" she asked quietly. "Nobody's ever done that before..." he whispered. "But do you like it, honey?" "Oh, yes..." She began to lick his asshole in earnest. Every other pass, she stiffened her tongue up and aimed it like a wedge, inserting it inside Damien as far as she could. She had already had her fingers inside there - now she wanted to fuck his sexy ass more than she had ever wanted anything before. "Hold still for a minute, baby," she coaxed. She went to the nightstand, and brought back a small tube. Flicking it open, she squeezed a small amount of gel into her palm. Reaching back through his legs, she spread the lubricant all over his hot cock. He gasped as the cold gel touched him, but as Rebecca smoothed it around, he moaned. His eyes were closed, and he gave himself over to the sensation she was causing. Squeezing more lubricant onto her hand, she spread it liberally. She coated his hanging scrotum, making him gasp. She slowly ran her slippery hand up his crack, brushing his anus with her long fingernail. She dropped another dollop of lube straight onto his hole, and rubbed it around. She paused with the tip of her right on Damien's pink star. She heard him breathe in as she slowly inserted the finger. Her plan was to get it in him slowly, an increment at a time, but when she felt the heat he had built up inside, she slid it in all in one smooth motion. Damien groaned and without realizing it, he arched his back. He spread his legs just a bit wider on the bed, giving her greater access to his secret place. Setting the tube aside, Rebecca reached under him and took his cock in her other hand. She just wanted to hold it, to feel it's strength. She slowly eased her finger back and forth inside him, fucking him with it gently. "Do you like this baby?" she whispered. "Oh, yeah..." he groaned. Rebecca eased her finger from his ass, and pressed her first two fingers tightly together. She put them to his hole and pressed gently. Damien's butt muscles twitched in response to the unusual feeling. He didn't pull away though, trusting in Rebecca's sure touch. As she slowly pushed in, she rotated her fingers, trying to ease their passage as best she could. She got them in to the first knuckle, and paused. She twisted them around, easing them back out, then pushing in again. Damien's ass felt as tight as a safe as she gradually inserted her fingers deeper and deeper. Soon,

she was fucking him slowly with both fingers, and stroking his cock with her other hand. "How about this, my lover?" she whispered again. "Do you like me fucking your sexy ass like this too?"

"Mmmmm..." Damien groaned. "Tell me, baby," she urged. "Tell me how much you like me fucking your hot ass." "Oh, yeah, baby..." Damien moaned. "Keep fucking me... don't stop..." Every nerve ending in his ass was tingling, and seemed to be sending tiny shocks straight to his cock. He had felt similar feelings before when they were in the sixty-nine, but he had mainly been concentrating on giving her pleasure. This time he had nothing to do but experience what she was doing to him. He felt very little sensation when she put her first finger inside him. Mostly it felt unusual - as if something were out of place. When she put her second finger in, it woke up the nerves in his ass. He felt his hole stretching to accommodate her, and he felt her movement as she fucked him with her fingers. Part of him felt like it was so wrong, so dirty, but another part of him was overwhelmed by the feelings zinging from his butt straight to his cock. Part of him wanted her to stop, while another part of him wished these feelings would never end. Still another part of him wanted more. Deeper, harder, faster. He felt like a scared virgin on her wedding night, afraid of the pain, but eager to find out the truth.

"Mmmmm... I love fucking your ass, baby," Rebecca whispered. "I'm gonna fuck you so good." She continued pushing and pulling her fingers in and out of his ass, working the hard ring of muscle, loosening it. With her other hand, she picked up the lube, and squeezed a generous amount down the length of her own cock. She moaned involuntarily as she began to masturbate, spreading the lubrication evenly. "Are you ready, baby?" she asked shyly. Damien was silent. She eased her fingers out of his butt, and nudged her engorged cock against the hole. She reached around him and took hold of him again, stroking his slick length slowly. "Are you ready?" she whispered again, pressing the tip of her penis against his opening. She pushed. Damien's first reaction was to flinch away as he felt a sting in his ass. "It's okay, baby." Rebecca continued stroking his cock at the same languid pace. "We'll take it nice and slow." She pressed again, pushing the head of her cock against him. Damien gritted his teeth as he felt the sting turn into a sharp burn. The slick head eased past his tight sphincter. Damien's arm flew as he reached behind, pressing on Rebecca to make her pause. "Just a minute..." he gasped. His arms and legs trembling, he eased himself down until he was laying flat on the bed. Rebecca moved with him, her hard dick yearning to take his ass completely. As they both lay down, Damien felt her breasts press against his back. She released the hold she had on his cock, using her hand to stroke his hair. Her lips pressed against his neck. She nibbled on his earlobe. Her perfume filled his head. "Okay..." he whispered. "I'm okay." "Mmmmm..." Rebecca groaned as she eased another fraction of her stiff meat inside Damien. Damien's breathing resembled that of a woman practicing Lamaze class. He felt a not-wholly unfamiliar pressure building inside him. It wasn't something he was familiar with, either. It was indescribable. He was conflicted with emotions - his asshole hurt like fire, and he wasn't sure he was ready to get fucked there. But he cared for Rebecca, and he wanted her to be happy. And he trusted her. "Unhhh..." Damien grunted forcefully. He felt... God, he was starting to feel so full! Rebecca was thrusting gently into him, opening him up. Each thrust took her demanding cock just a little bit further into his ass. He was so caught up in the sensations in his ass, he could barely hear the sweet nothings she was whispering in his ear.

Suddenly, he felt her stomach, flat and firm against his ass. He knew she was all the way inside him. "Ohhh, fuck..." he moaned. He turned his head and looked at her. His eyes met hers, and the expression of lust was so clear on her face it made him moan again. "Is that what I look like when I'm fucking somebody?" he wondered briefly. Her mouth attacked his in a fiery kiss. Their tongues dueled for mastery as she slowly began to fuck Damien's ass. Every thrust sent a jolt of electricity through Damien's bowels. The excitement spread out through his core, from his butt to his heart, and from there throughout his whole body. His cock was getting double the pleasure - each time Rebecca bottomed out inside him, the force of her lunge made his cock rub against the sheets lining their bed. There was something extra going on that Damien couldn't figure out. Every time she thrust in, she caused a blast of energy as her engorged cock head rubbed on something inside him. He couldn't concentrate. He had never felt like this before. All his experiences in pleasure had involved fucking, and being fucked was completely different. God, he felt wonderful! "How do you like it, baby?" Rebecca asked, panting. "Oh, I like it..." Damien gasped. His very breath was being forced from him by the pounding he was receiving. "Oh, baby, you feel so good..." Rebecca moaned. Damien's breathing became more labored, more strenuous. Rebecca felt his hips moving, as if he was making love to the bed. She knew he was going to cum soon. She slowed her assault on his ass, kissing him once again. "No, baby, don't stop!" Damien groaned. "Shhh, baby..." Rebecca answered. "I need you now. I need you to fuck me, baby. Don't you wanna fuck me...?" "Ohhh, yeah..." He gasped loudly as she withdrew. As her cock left his ass, tears formed in his eyes. Suddenly, he felt so empty. She grabbed up the lubricant quickly, slathering it on Damien's stiff prick. She rolled over onto her back, trying to pull Damien on top. "C'mon now, fuck me dammit!" she demanded. He rose up, and allowed her to position herself with him between her legs. She aimed his cock straight for the target framed between her thighs. He pushed, entering her easily. He paused, remembering the pain he felt when she entered him. He could still feel it, his asshole was still tingling with the sensations he had received when she was fucking him. "Don't fuck around now, baby!" she moaned. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! I need it!" Wrapping her legs around him, she pulled him toward her. Damien felt nothing but heat as his hard prick entered her. The feeling was so intense; it was like she was still inside him, even while he was inside her! "Yeah..." she hissed, crushing his body to hers. Her hips pumped, trying to fuck Damien. Damien began to fuck her; slowly as he could stand at first, but speeding up quickly. Her steady moans filled the air. They were in a race for time. Neither wanted to cum first, but the primitive, animal parts of their minds were taking over, demanding nothing less than the release of sperm as quickly as possible. As he humped her, his stomach pressed down against her cock, and the friction it gave was making her crazy. "Oh, yeah, baby, yeah!" she shouted. "Oh, I'm gonna cum, baby! You're gonna make me cum like that!" "Ohhh," he responded. "I'm gonna cum too... I'm gonna... cum... in your ass, baby..." Her body began to writhe under him. The muscles of her ass tightened up. Damien couldn't stand the extra sensation and felt his body begin to shake. His legs convulsed, and his hips drove his cock deeper and deeper into her. Ohhhhh!" he moaned as he felt the first contractions begin. He clutched her tightly to him as his cock pulsed and launched out a volley of hot cum. The heat and the convulsions rubbing up against her drove Rebecca over the

edge, and she felt her own orgasm begin. Her cock spewed cum out onto her stomach where Damien's gyrations spread it out between them. Damien spilled out several shots of sperm before his passion ebbed and he slowed his thrusting. Their sweat pooled between them as he collapsed atop her. They both rolled over, lying on their sides, still holding each other tightly. Their breathing slowed. Before too long, Damien opened his eyes to find himself staring into her dark orbs. Her expression was unreadable. At some time, his prick had softened up and eased out of her hole. He never noticed exactly when, but he did feel the loss. He took a deep breath. "Wow," was all that he said. "Wow," she agreed. "If this keeps up..." he began. "Yes?" she answered cautiously. "We're gonna need a helluva lot more Coke."