

A Virgin Paradise: Part 2.

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The story of three magnificent woman that brought meaning to my life again.

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A Virgin Paradise Part Two: Karen This is part two of the story that took place in the mid-eighties in the coastal city of Port Elizabeth, South Africa and it is based on actual events and not fictional. Only names have been changed to protect the privacy of those concerned. In part 1, I told you how I met Anita and the events that took place over that faithful weekend. If you read that and from that page landed here, I certainly hoped you enjoyed the story so far. oooOOOooo After that faithful weekend I met Anita and together we had the most amazing sex ever, most of my free time was spend thinking and longing after her, but alas, it was not be as she was getting married to a most prominent businessman in the City and we came to an agreement before I left that, that we will not be in contact with each other again. So it came as a bit of a surprise to me when I opened the mailbox about a month after that and found in it an invitation to attend her wedding ceremony in three weeks. I thought long and hard before I answered the RSVP but eventually the longing for her won the battle and I accepted. I invited as a partner, a woman that I met at a Brewery function and she eagerly agreed to go along. On the wedding Saturday, we arrived a little early at the Chapel and I made sure that I find an aisle seat on her side as she would be walking down the aisle. I was not prepared for the sight of the beautiful woman in a wedding dress coming towards me and I nearly forgot to breathe. She just looked at me and smiled the most gorgeous smile that nearly made my knees buckle. The rest of the ceremony I spend in a daze and was probably the worst partner at a wedding that a girl could think about. I just had to touch her, smell her and hold her against me one more time and I got the chance when the couple came around the tables for group photographs. Walking past me, she briefly bend over and whispered in my ear", Thank you" and she was gone. The Monday local papers were full of wedding pictures of the lovely couple, where they were to spend their honeymoon and it was the caption right at the very end of the article which caught my attention. The reporter stated that on their return, they would be relocating up country where he was taking office in a multi-national company

and she as anchor women at the National TV services. I was devastated by the news. Life had to go on without Anita. I got involved with quite a few women and together with the popularity of Brewery staff at parties, my social life became very hectic but there was always that void, a void that belonged to Anita and no-one could fill it. Seeing that pretty face and hearing her voice on the TV each night, certainly did not help much to overcome my feelings. So it came to me as a big surprise when eight months after her wedding, my phone rang in my office and I heard that sweet voice again. She was in town with a female colleague doing research and was wondering whether I would join the two of them for lunch. My eagerness in my reply must have been obvious as she replied, " Hold on Cowboy, remember, I am a married women now" I walked into the restaurant two hours later and immediately spotted Anita in a little corner booth, secluded from the others. She spotted me, waved and got up from her chair. Dressed in a short, leather miniskirt, sleeveless white blouse and black high heels, she was cover girl material. From her demeanour, I could see the confidence in herself oozing from her. Exchanging the normal formalities, she turned around and with palm up, indicated to the other women sitting at the table and introduced her as Karen, her colleague. Shaking hands, I saw that she was indeed a very pretty blonde girl, probably in her mid-twenties, wearing a short-sleeve blouse and also a white miniskirt. I judged her to be between 5'6" to 5'9" in length and saw she had well rounded breasts with her nipples barely showing through the material. Formalities over, I ordered some wine and we all selected from the excellent menu available and settled down to some small talk. I soon had the girls laughing with a few well placed jokes and the rest of the meal we spend talking about their research. The first bottle of wine went empty almost unnoticeable but I could see that both of them were becoming quite tipsy so I ordered a second bottle of Nederburg Cabernet Sauvignon '84 amongst huge protestations from them. It was while we were eating our desserts that I suddenly felt a hand on my leg. Looking down I saw it was Anita's hand and as she was sitting on my left and Karen on her left, her movement underneath the table went by un-noticed by Karen. She just looked sideways at me and grinned, carrying on talking and eating. Her hand certainly was busy in my groin and before you could say," Bob's your Uncle", she had me unzipped and was fondling my dick and balls through my underpants. This would not do at all and it was time I returned the favour so I slowly moved my hand on her knee and inch by inch, moved it under her mini skirt towards her pussy. She parted her legs slightly which allowed me easy access to her honey hole. Knowing her pendency to produce pussy juices in copious amounts therefore I was not in the least surprised that I found her panty already drenched when I touched base. She gave a little squeal, lunged forward, coughed and pretended to have swallowed food down the wrong pipe. This action allowed her to withdraw her hand from my dick and I made a tactical withdrawal from her pussy as well. The girls then excused themselves to the toilet giving me the chance to do my zipper and regain some composure. My mind was still racing trying to come up with ideas on how I get to be with Anita alone when they returned to the table, giggling. Karen reached for the bottle of wine, saw that it was empty and with a look of disappointment on her face, remarked that she really enjoyed that wine. I saw the opening immediately and I mention that I have more at my flat. They looked at each other, grinned and nodded in unison. I paid the bill and with the girls driving and following me in their own car, I drove the

three blocks to my flat. Arriving inside the flat, both girls were going around with “oohs ” and aahs ” in appreciation of the styling I had introduced over the past months since my arrival. Karen enquired about using the toilet which I indicated to her and Anita and I went off to the kitchen. We immediately grabbed each other and had it not been for Karen’s presence, we would have had sex right there. The toilet flushed and Anita straightened her clothing, composed herself and left towards the lounge area. The girls must have located my CD collection and while I was still de-canting the wine, the sounds of Dire Straits was filling the room. Entering with the wine, I poured a glass for each of us and looking towards a single chair to sit down in, Anita pat on the empty space next to her and without a second thought, I slumped down next to her. In this position, Karen was sitting directly opposite me, shoes kicked off and knees slightly apart and stealing a glance, I could only just see her crotch. That got my boner going and I did all I could to hide it but to no avail. Suddenly, Anita jumped up and walked towards the archway, turned around and asked, “ Well, aren’t a girl getting kissed around here .” I only then noticed the mistletoe that I hung there not three days ago. “ No ,” I said, “ House rules dictates that only girls in underwear or nude, will be kissed ” She just looked at me strangely, and I thought that I had overcooked the situation. “We are all over eighteen I guess so what the hell ” she said and in a flash she was down to her undergarments. I had not forgotten how gloriously beautiful she was, got up and stripped to my jocks in a jiffy, walked to her, embraced and we kissed and dry-humped under the mistletoe .Over her shoulder I glanced at Karen and saw her hand underneath her miniskirt and moving around. “ My, what do have here ,” Anita said, grabbing my cock and dragging it free from my jocks. I meekly protested, looked over to Karen and saw her eyes transfixed on my dick, face flushed and hand between her legs. “Your turn .” Anita said and waggled her finger towards Karen and walked back to her chair. I stood there and we both looked at Karen, her face beetroot. You could see the emotions at play in her good looking face. For about thirty seconds she sat there stock still before suddenly getting up. “ I am not the girl to ruin a good party so here goes ” Turning around, she started stripping off her top garments. I don’t think that she realised how seductively she looked and when she slipped the mini skirt past her buttocks, I suddenly began forming a different opinion about this girl. Her butts were perfectly formed and with her long legs, she was more than a match for Anita. That opinion was confirmed when she turned around and I saw for the first time, her perfect breasts. Reaching me, I pulled her close grabbing her butts and kissed her deeply, while slowly gyrating my cock against her crack. Emitting a throaty groan, she just drew me closer rubbing those perfect tits against my bare chest. I broke our embrace, took her hand and led her towards the three seat lounge sitting down on her right. I had to move while the iron was still hot, not knowing how far I would get with this beauty. I leaned across and whilst kissing her, placed my hand on her tit starting slow circles on the outside. She groaned, unhooked her legs and slightly parted them and I quickly moved my hand underneath her bra and played with her nipple. Karen groaned loudly, slid a little ways down the couch and her legs parted widely. This gave me the queue I needed, and I slipped my free hand behind her back and undid the clasp of her bra and slid it of her. Her tits were now bare and she made no move to cover them so I quickly had a nipple in my mouth, happily squeezing and sucking away. I ran my hand over her flat stomach and followed that kissing her all

over. The moment my hand touched base, she gave a sharp intake of breath and lifted her butts of the chair. Jeez this girl was hot!! I did not waste any time and went down on my knees in front of her open legs, took hold of her thong on the side and pulled it off her in one move. Her pussy laid bare to me and I could see that she was a natural blonde all the way. Clean shaven except for a small tuft of blond pussy hair in the shape of a triangle. Her lips were a little red from her earlier attention she gave them but her juices were already flowing from her and we hadn't even started. I just dove in and started lapping up her honey juices and she was bucking and moaning like crazy. I wanted to beckon Anita over for some girl on girl action, but when I glanced over she had already removed all her lingerie, sitting naked in the chair with her head drawn back, one hand on a nipple with the other hand going crazy between her legs. I quickly returned to Karen's pussy lapping up and down her lips. Her legs started trembling and she moaned and groaned continuously. I stuck my tongue a little ways past her pussy lips, withdrew it and replaced it with my finger and moved to her clitoris, gently sucking on it and twirling it with my tongue. Immediately her trembling legs started shaking, she gave a sharp intake of breath, moaned and climaxed hard. I continued working here clit and my finger managed to reach her G-spot. She climaxed...one....two...three and then clamped her legs around my ears. Just as suddenly her legs, her legs fell away from me and she flopped back in the chair. In the background I could hear Anita's moans and groans and turning, I was lucky enough to see her in the throes of her orgasm. A most beautiful sight in anyone's books. I returned my attentions back to Karen only to find that she had toppled sideways in the chair, her eyes were closed and her mouth wide open. I thought she was dead and beckoning Anita over, we were relieved to find that she was steadily breathing and had apparently passed out from the intensity of her orgasms. We just giggled a little, stuck a loose pillow under her head and let her be to recover by herself. The mental picture of her lying on the chair basking in the afterglow, remained with me for many years. I looked over at Anita and it was quite obvious what she wanted right there and then. No fore play, just good old fashioned fucking. She wanted dick!! I sat down on the carpet and slipped my jocks off and my dick stood at attention, hard and ready. "Now this is a fellow I've missed during the past months " Anita remarked, stuck her hand out, grabbed my dick, and started jerking me off. Leaning over she took me in her mouth and started giving me an expert blowjob. Mmm....she certainly did not forget the lessons learned during our very first lovemaking session. I knew that I would not last long mainly because of her expert ministrations to my dick and withdrew from her mouth drawing protestations from her. Still on her knees, I spun her around and she went down on her elbows making her ass sticking up in the air. I simply grasped her hips, aimed and with no necessity to lubricate, rammed my dick in all the way. My Gawd, I had completely forgotten how tight she was and judging from the way how her pussy pinched my dick, Mr. Husband must have been much smaller in that department. I slowed down a little bit and with deep, slow strokes soon had Anita moaning and groaning with pleasure. In this time, I saw that Karen came to from her post orgasmic state and sitting upright was watching us intently. Anita's pussy started making squelching noises and her juices really started flowing heavily down her thighs. Karen's movements on the chair attracted Anita's attention and she took her hand, pulled her from the chair and onto the carpet in front of her. I think Karen knew what her intentions were and she seemed a

little reluctant but Anita persisted and eventually had Karen flat on her back with her pussy towards us. Her modesty was a little mis-directed as she cupped her breasts forgetting about her pussy being in full display. Anita gently forced her legs open and dove in like a pro giving Karen's pussy a real going over, lapping at her pussy lips and when she stuck two fingers up that sweet pussy, Karen started thrashing about, moaning and groaning loudly nearing her orgasm quickly. This girl on girl action was a real turn on and I momentarily lost my pumping of Anita's pussy. Karen suddenly drew her legs up and grabbing them behind her knees, drew them to her chest thus allowing her ass to rise up slightly and giving Anita better access. However she did not last long, her legs shot up straight in the air, shaking and trembling and landing them on Anita's shoulder, she climaxed loudly and went limp, having passed out again. Suddenly remembering Anita, I started pumping away and shortly came to the point of no return, stiffened and pumped load after load of sperm into the depths of Anita's pussy. She must have been real close to her orgasm and when my load started filling her, she came a ton and screamed into the carpet. I continued pumping until completely spend, I tumbled over sideways and lay there, my cock still jerking in the air. Anita, crawled up to me, cuddled in my arms and took hold on my cock, slowly jerking it as if she wanted it to stay erect. I must have dozed off because I suddenly became aware of a warm sensation in my groin area. Thinking it was Anita, I opened my eyes and was stunned to see that Karen on her knees between my legs and was jerking me of and also had my dick in her mouth. Much to my surprise, Anita had turned around and with her feet next to my head, was fondling my ball sack and occasionally taking a lick on the side of my dick. This was heaven but I had to find something to do to take my mind of all the delicious sucking and jerking administered by Karen. I parted Anita's legs and stuck my middle digit, palm up, into her sweet pussy and hit her G-spot straight away, if I was to judge by the way that she started moaning and moving around. This went on like this and the room was filled with groaning and the smell of sex. Anita suddenly took away from my hand, spun around and with her knees under my armpits, sat her pussy on my face. I grabbed both her tits and started giving her nipples a real work-out and stuck my tongue up her honey pot and eventually her clitoris. After a minute or so of working her clitoris, she climaxed screaming and her juices squirted all over my chest and chin. Her stomach heaved in and out and with each convulsion she squirted more over me until she slumped forward and rolled away from me. All the time, Karen's sucking and jerking on my cock did not go by unnoticed but I managed to last a bit longer so shortly after my previous come. Instead of allowing her to bring me off completely, I had other ideas. Telling her to stop, she obliged and looked enquiringly at me. I stood up, walked around her, got to my knees between her upraised arse and aimed my dick at her pussy. No need for lubrication there as I could see the lips glistening with pussy juices. Taking hold of her hips, I placed my knob at the entrance to her pussy and started pushing. It just would not go in. Thinking that I had missed the spot completely, looking down I saw that I was indeed at the entrance. I continued pushing and could see that I was pushing her labia lips inwards when, with a sudden pop, my knob was in. It was incredible how tight she was and I suddenly came to the realization of why when my dick hit a solid obstruction. She was still a VIRGIN!! This beautiful, awesome woman was still a virgin and I was her first. I looked into her upturned pleading eyes and I suddenly understood.

She did not want Anita to know!. With her being so good looking, the office girls naturally took her for being sexually active and she played along. She gave a slight nod with her head, I drew back a little and pushed my dick through her hymen. She gave a little scream and grabbed onto the carpet. I withdrew a little and slowly started pumping her pussy, going in deeper ever so slowly. Finally I hit bottom and started fucking her pussy in earnest. Moaning and groaning and with her breathing rapidly she started returning my thrusts and we fell into a nice rhythm. Soon I was getting ready to cumm and started increasing my pace. She was moaning at every thrust that I made and suddenly startled convulsing and climax. She was thrashing around so much that I had difficulty keeping in touch but managed to keep at it and when she flopped forward, I just lowered her to the ground, withdrew my dick from her and shot my load over her arse and back. Probably not the most dignified ending to a most fantastic fuck but I cared less at that stage. I curled up next to her and pulled her in my arms. Just before I fell asleep, I felt Anita snuggling in behind me and I dozed off. I do not know how long I was asleep but waking up, I found Anita gone and Karen, still naked, sleeping in my arms. Without waking her, I untangled myself and when I sat up, saw the envelope addressed to me on the coffee table. Opening the unsealed envelope, I found that it was from Anita and I started reading. Dear Jan, Since our first weekend together, I could not forget you and the wonderful time we had together that afternoon and night when I gave you my virginity. I entered the wedding with Mr. X knowing full well that was what I had to do. He is nowhere the lover in bed that you are but I sometimes dream of you during our lovemaking and once managed an actual orgasm while he was in me. I still love him deeply and he is good for me. I remembered our talk we had that time and how deeply you were hurt by your divorce and when I first met Karen at the office, I just knew I had to introduce you to her. She is a fantastic girl and loved by everyone and I think that the two of you is a perfect match . So treat her well. She only has to be back at the hotel tomorrow at noon so make the best of it. Love Anita Ps. I think she is (was) still a virgin but I am not sure!! End of Part Two oooOOOooo To be continued.....