

Confessions of My Reflection

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Two new lovers discuss past loves and tastes to discover a lot more than they expected.

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We lay there in his bed with the tangled juxtaposition of discovering a new lover. It is a moment filled with relief because here I am: living, breathing, actually even panting a bit on the other side of an anxiety-filled first encounter. Once again I did not turn into a pumpkin. My new lover is a gentle and caring man. No alien split out of his skin in the throes of orgasm. He treated my juices as a delicacy. I enjoyed his smells and sounds. In some ways, every lover is different and yet, in others, they are all the same. Even knowing there will be parts that never change - that we are wired to fuck regardless of rejection - this virginal fear is always an underscore of every first time. Maybe we should have discussed our past lovers more extensively before this, our first excursion into the land of intercourse. For some reason other avenues of discovery took up that time before our hormones and horniness conquered logic. There were the dates, the job discussions, learning where the other person lived, when I bought my house, why his last relationship went south, and all the blaming of our immediate past partners and their notably bad traits – something we hoped the other didn't share. I supposed it wasn't all that surprising then, with the scent of our sex still mingling in the air around us, that we tiptoed down the path of exploring each other's lovers other than the most recently separated. "Were you single long before you started dating Randy?" David's first words since "Oh, God, I'm coming," ten minutes earlier. The break in basking there in bed cooled the remainder of my waning glow. I cringed at the thought of hashing through past loves. Deep down I know there should be no magic number of lovers which is too many for a woman, but it still bothered me to drag out this old mental calendar. I knew what he was looking for, but decided to volley a moment to test the waters. "A little bit but not long. You?" The bed shifted while twisted blankets and sheets moved. I felt him roll toward me. I stayed on my back, but shifted my gaze to the right to see him lying with his head propped with his hand and a look softened by the dim light of the candle on the night stand next to me. His gaze searched over my face as if he was trying to read past my demure answer. Suddenly I worried he thought I was trying to hide something. Was I trying to hide something? "Well," his voice trailed. It sounded as though he were gathering the words for a fatherly bedtime tale. His eyes rolled up, his brow crinkled, and his head bobbed ever so slightly as he seemed to tabulate dates or numbers or faces or some other thing. "I think told you Emily and I were together for almost three years and living together here for just less than a year," he started. Indeed, this seemed more a matter of creating a

continuous timeline rather than any new exposition. “Before Emily,” he continued with little hesitancy, “I was with Jessica for nearly twelve years.” I could tell there was more to this story he wanted to tell, so I leaned ever so slightly into the pocket his body was making in the bed to show my interest but not give the impression I was quite ready to confess my history. “Everyone thought we were going to be together forever. She was a nice woman and all, but...” He paused, giving me enough time to start to imagine this same story being retold some years from now except with my own name in it somewhere. “No,” he seemed to retract some negative statement of blame never vocalized then continued. “She really was nice. It’s just that somewhere along the way the chemistry – if there ever was any in the first place – seemed to up and disappear. It took us a long time to get to quitting each other. I don’t know if we stayed together so long out of convenience or habit.” Again his thoughts seemed to drift off. This time it didn’t seem so much because he was collecting his thoughts for story telling as much as he seemed to be playing through his own private flashback of times with Jessica. Before I realized it he shook off the distance and continued. “There were a couple other women before her I saw for several months or a couple years. But my pattern is usually...” His trailing words implied his next confession was awaiting an unknown jury. Again he searched my face for clues and I made certain to maintain my best poker face. I’m proud of my poker face. Being the youngest in a family with three older brothers, I learned at a youthful age how to play it cool. The trick with brothers is to never let them believe they have you at a disadvantage. The stone face with the simple smile that says “I’m onto you. I’m calm. Nothin’ happ’nin’ here.” I’d even practice it in the mirror so I knew exactly which muscles to relax and which ones to tighten for that authoritative but mysterious air. “Well, Lisa, I think you might have broke my pattern.” I could feel the poker face melt from my spirit as David gracefully bowed himself an exit before he committed to the juicier part of his story – the part I was really interested in. Plus, he added this extra bonus – or was it pressure – for me to turn my story into one which was hopeful and positive for him. Man, was he good!! I took it as a personal challenge. If I was going to keep up with him in this aspect of a relationship, it was going to have to start here. “Okay...” My voice took a moment to recover from what I thought was going to be the perfect call and I couldn’t scramble quickly enough to figure how to raise him. “I seem to have a thing for keeping a relationship going for a few years.” My gaze shifted back to the plain white ceiling. The candle danced an orange and yellow pattern on it occupying the creative in me while I rattled off the past. “Before Randy there was Todd. Todd and I were together off and on for about six years. Before Todd was Leroy who I dated a few years...” The weight of cumulative time, all which seemed wasted in my vain search for love, smothered any remaining story. I wanted this over with. “I’ve been with about a dozen guys over the years, a few short term, but most of them for a year or more,” I confessed trying to move past this discomfort. Of course, one relationship hadn’t always been exactly over before starting the next, but I wasn’t prepared to share that at the moment. I just worried he’d think I might cheat on him too, even though at those times it didn’t feel like cheating. In my mind the last relationship was over. I just can’t seem to end something unless I know what is waiting for me in the future. As I’ve matured, there is always this sense that I might miss something if I let go of it too soon. Then, when it is finally gone, I wonder what the consequences might be of wasting all that time with someone who

wasn't Mr. Right. "Well that's not very many," he comforted. I recoiled thinking to myself, "Of course that's not too many," but I didn't vocalize it. He must have sensed my offense as he quickly tried to recover his assessment. "I worry about my old pattern," his confession began. "See, I do these really long term things with one woman and when it ends, I just want to go play, so I often sleep with a bunch of women, one right after the other, without any kind of relationship or wanting to care about consequences. You know, kind of get out and not feel I have to commit to anything." He was getting my attention and my brain started guessing numbers. "I don't know if I could even come up with a number," he continued as though he had read my mind. "But you have definitely changed my pattern and it is a little scary. I'm glad I found you, but I didn't have any play time after Emily and before you. I worry I may not be ready without it but I feel this connection with you I've..." He cut off his words like a switch. I looked to see what stopped him. A look spread across his face I hadn't seen before, one which seemed to be of genuine concern and something else, admiration maybe, I couldn't quite place. The deadened silence which followed indicated there wasn't need or likelihood of more words to describe this connection. To be honest, what I was feeling emotionally at this time matched the expression on his face. Our relationship being young, self-doubt crept in too quickly. He dropped out of our gaze first and rolled over, fumbling with drawers on his side of the bed. When he rolled back to continue our conversation he quickly stuck his hands under the covers by his sides. "So, what do you like to do?" Do? We had just fucked for over an hour - sucking, licking, and stroking nearly every corner of the other's body. He'd nearly brought me to orgasm a number of times, but I wasn't quite ready to release myself to that and I needed to feel a hard cock in me. It had been a couple months since I'd enjoyed one inside me, and I couldn't take the torture of waiting any longer when I begged him to fuck me and he willingly obliged. The playful sparkle in his eyes indicated he wasn't talking about what I liked to do outside the "bed." "Um... did you have something particular in mind?" I asked with some trepidation. "Besides, can you really get going again that fast?" A big grin spread across his face and he chuckled. "Just wondering what I might be able to fantasize about for the next few days when I can't see you." Ah, the dance card routine. It wasn't enough after this, our first night of sex, that we hash through old romances, but now the list of things I'd tried. "Well," I thought to myself, "this is either going to lead to something great or something disastrous." "I like sex," I said, saying the first thing I could think of then instantly feeling a bit inadequate. "Well, duh! I noticed that," he chided and gave my exposed shoulder a bit of a playful shove with one fist while maintaining his huge smile. I was still somewhat uneasy with this course of conversation, but at the same time intrigued. "What kind of kinky stuff do you like?" he expounded. I shrugged. I've read a fair bit about various kinky activities so I knew his interests could run quite a gamut. I'd never really incorporated any of it in my sex life. There seemed to be so much to explore just with another person and inside my self. "I guess I'm kind of open to whatever. Why? What do you like?" I asked with a shrug. Pulling his hands up from out of the covers he held two clenched fists in front of me then let them slowly open. Out flowed two silk handkerchiefs one bright yellow and the other a robin's egg blue. "I'd love to see you in these." I must have appeared to not quite understand the purpose of these pieces of cloth because he very gently grabbed my left wrist and loosely tied the blue one around it then, without forcing,

guided my arm so it stretch up behind me and he tied it again to the bed post. While he was gentle and slow, I was spending my mental energy trying to rectify all that was happening along with the strong flex of his chest muscles as he reached across me and the sweaty scent mingling in my nose from under his arm and his touch – firm but caring. As my wrist felt the hardness of the post snug up against the back of it an electric jolt shot from between my legs to my chest and a bit of his cum oozed out of me along with fresh juices of my own. I closed my eyes and moaned. No one had ever even suggested this to me before much less been bold enough to take the initiative. When I opened my eyes he was holding himself over me, obviously studying my face. “I wonder what else Lisa likes,” he pondered out loud then leaned in for a gentle kiss of closed lips. “Have you ever thought of kissing a woman like that?” My mind was still working the whole bondage thing and how much I was surprised to be enjoying it I just let out a mumbled “uh huh.” He leaned in again, this time forcing my lips open with his tongue, not that they needed much encouragement. We kissed deeply, our tongues exploring each other’s tongues and teeth and lips. He pulled back up sooner than I would have liked. “How ‘bout like that?” “I like that,” I answered. “No, no. Have you ever thought of kissing a woman like that?” The words “no” snapped me back into consciousness and I realized not just his most current question but that it was actually the same one he had asked me about the first kiss. Amanda came to the forefront of my memory with such a jolt I was unprepared and answered honestly more out of unprepared reaction than with any kind of thought. “Uh, yeah,” I replied. He must have sensed the change in my thinking and looked at my curiously while reaching back to untie my wrist. “We’ll save this for my fantasy and a future adventure,” he explained. “I’m just trying to see where we might already have solid footing. Jessica and I had a threesome once with another woman.” I contorted my face trying to decide what I should or shouldn’t tell him about my experience with another woman. He seemed to misunderstand my look. “Jessica’s the one I lived with for twelve years.” “I remember.” “I really enjoyed it, but it didn’t really work for her. Sorry if I told you too much.” He paused as I didn’t answer or respond with much more than a blank stare. “I guess I wanted to see if that is something you’d even consider. Have you ever thought about having a threesome?” I’m not sure if it was feeling sorry for him hanging out on this limb or needing to confess to one of my less-traditional sexual escapades to demonstrate some of my sexual adventure. “Actually, I’ve had one,” I confessed still unclear of my motive for this course of action. David’s jaw dropped as he shifted his weight so he sat upright on his side of the bed looking up at me from halfway down the bed. “No way!! And here I pictured you were much purer than that. You are naughtier than you let on. Which boyfriend was it?” He seemed genuinely interested, not in the gossipy sort of way but more in that he would be turned on just hearing my story. “Boyfriend?” It took a moment to realize where he was going with the question and I decided to correct his course. “It wasn’t with one of my boyfriends,” I started searching for the words to explain this story. I had never shared my adventure with anyone else, so I had no rehearsal for what I was about to confess. “It was with my girlfriend and her husband. She’s my oldest friend and there’s always been something there. He’s a really gentle man and I like him. It’s kind of a long story, but they asked me to join them and I did.” David was intent on my speaking. His mouth was still slightly agape. He waited long enough to realize I figured I was done and looking for the next

conversation topic. Apparently he wasn't done listening to the story. "And? Did you like it? How'd you hook up? What'd you think about the girl-on-girl thing?" I wasn't sure if I should be flattered or feel cheap because his dick was showing obvious signs of interest in my story along with his eager face. But, he'd been so open and willing to try some risks in this evening so far. So I took a deep breath, turned to look at my face in the mirror across the room as though I was looking for Amanda to tell me this was okay to share. But she wasn't there. Instead I found the goddess in me and launched into one of the most private confessions of my life. "I guess I'll start with the girl-on-girl 'thing' as you put it." "It actually started with the girl-on-girl thing. Amanda and I became friends back when we were in high school. Hindsight really changes this story, but I think we have both realized now we were each other's first crushes. But we never did anything about it. You know? We were both too scared to talk about these feelings we were having – emotionally and physically – and we let our lives go their separate directions. She got married to her other high school love and we've pretty much always lived far apart. So getting together for us usually involved planning. We'd go to a concert or spend the night visiting whenever work or something required we go anywhere near the other's home. About four years ago now I was on the capital campaign committee for ETV here in town and she said she'd come up and help me stuff and sort envelopes if I bought the pizza and wine. We hadn't hung out in years and I really needed the help so I took her up on it. We sat on my living room floor and got those envelopes stuffed catching up on all the mundane things in life and before we knew it all the envelopes were stuffed and we had hardly touched the pizza or the wine. I think I'm giving you too many details." David wasted no time in declaring, "No. Do go on," so enthusiastically it was obvious he was personally interested in the story. His hard on had died, but the spark in his eyes had only grown. "You sure you're into all the real stuff of the girl-on-girl thing not just the dirty parts?" "Yeah. This is way better than I had ever imagined." "Okay," I conceded and continued my tale. "So, envelopes stuffed we grabbed that bottle of wine and started treading on some of our shakier ground. I'm not sure who brought it up first, but we started hashing through all our events of the past with 'Remember the time...'. The sexual energy was building between us. You could feel it in the air. But instead of ever admitting to it we just kept talking about all these non-sexual things we had done and said in the past that we remembered. Things like going to concerts, hiking trails, people we knew from camping. That kinda stuff. Before I knew it, I was digging through my pantry for something to drink besides the wine we had just polished off. I found a bottle of Captain Morgan Todd had brought home from a company party. I'd never been much of a drinker but suddenly we both seemed to be looking for the comfort of liquid courage and Amanda only asked if I had diet coke to go with it. By the second trip to the Captain bottle we both decided to skip the mixer and drink the rum straight. I had a small kitchen in that apartment, kind of a galley sort of thing, really only big enough for one when I heard Amanda come up behind me as I was setting the bottle down. She'd done it quietly, but I knew the sound of my floor and I sensed as much as I heard her approaching. I froze because I knew what she was going to do. I could hear the rustle of her clothes and anticipated her left arm reaching under mine before I saw it clasp one of the glasses as her breath's sweet song whispered into my ear 'Is this one mine?' It was as though my whole body melted right through my pussy there on the kitchen

floor. I couldn't move. My feet felt like they were a part of the floor, not just glued there but they felt the full weight and gravity of the whole room. My brain didn't want to know if she was asking about the drink or me. Her right hand grazed from my waist down the side of my hip. Then I saw her pull the glass off the counter. My chin dropped to my chest which was now swelled with regret for missing yet again one more opportunity to act on these crazy feelings I'd been having for years. I shook my head, emotionally kicking myself while holding myself up with the counter and both hands. Once I collected myself, I grabbed my drink from the counter and swung around expecting to see her sitting back on one extreme end of the couch as we had both been positioned for the wine and the first rum. Instead, I plowed my glass right into her stomach spilling rum all over her. It hit hard enough that she literally had rum from head to toe and there was none left in my glass. I felt like such a klutz. I started babbling some kind of apology and was about to turn around to grab a dish towel when she grabbed my wrist holding the glass, set her own drink down by reaching past me to the counter, took the empty glass from me with her now free hand, and after setting it down next to her full one, used it to hold my chin and drew me in for the kiss I had dreamt about for so long. I don't know that I knew what it would be like and I don't think I could really explain it now. I know I've read about how women are softer and whatnot, but it wasn't like that. There wasn't comparing her to another lover based on gender, it was just something that had been there all along and needed to happen. All the energy I had lost by feeling bad about covering her in rum came roaring back and then some as we launched into putting this passion of nearly two decades into a kiss. Our hands roamed, then getting pulled, kind of both of us pulled each other and ourselves over to the couch. I pretty much forgot she was soaked in rum until the next morning when she needed to borrow a change of clothes to go home. The rest of the night was a blur. I know there were times I thought to myself how weird it was to be having sex with my friend. Then there were all my questions about things I wanted to try with another woman. My mind found itself going through all sorts of thoughts. I wasn't really sure where I stood with Todd at the time. We hadn't seen each other in three weeks. I was worried what Mitchell, her husband, would think. I couldn't figure if we were cheating or if we should care. At the time it was just this big culmination of things that had built up over a real long time. I do remember thinking about different things when I was touching her – that touching her breasts were like touching mine, but not really. Or running my finger through her lips, inside and outside and slick with wet, stroking her fur down there and all her skin was so soft and so familiar but also so different." I came back to my present reality to notice David's dick had returned to being at least as attentive as his ears. "Well, that was my first girl-on-girl experience." "There were more?" David seemed eager to hear more. Maybe a little too eager, but he seemed so boyish and excited, as though he had just discovered the best hideout in the woods or a secret stash of his dad's Playboys. "That was pretty much our only real duo. Amanda's husband had a fit when he got home from work the next evening and she told him what happened. Somehow they managed to get through it and a couple years later I was out on their sail boat with them for the Fourth of July fireworks. Mitchell had gone below decks to sleep about midnight. Randy hadn't come along because he and I were having one of our umpteen fights about everything and nothing. Amanda and I stayed out huddled under separate sleeping bags watching the

stars and the moon. I was too afraid to touch her because I didn't want Mitchell getting mad. I loved this woman and because of that I really wanted to honor her marriage. We hadn't had a chance to debrief after that intense first time and I couldn't quite get it out of my head. Apparently it hadn't got out of her head either. Before we knew it we were talking not just like old friends, but with all the comfort and ease as though we'd always been able to talk about our attractions. We found ourselves confessing to each other all these things we'd done sexually, how we'd had these feelings for each other so long, how we both couldn't believe it took so long to get to that, that there was so much more to explore together but we weren't sure if that could ever happen. She reached into my sleeping bag and found my hand, but I was afraid to reciprocate and just let that be. Then, I don't know where it came from but I confessed I used to fantasize about being with her and Mitchell. At first I thought maybe I had over stepped my bounds. Our relationship had always pretty much been ours – Lisa and Amanda. It never seemed to mix with Mitchell or whoever was my boyfriend at the time. But then she said something I never expected. 'Mitchell and I would love to have you join us some time.' I was flabbergasted. But the conversation moved away from that pretty quickly and we stayed up until the sun broke and the dew soaked into the seats around us before exhaustion took us. I was sure she was either drunk, exhausted, or pandering to my fantasy to try to make up for the guilt we felt for letting our hormones get the better of us those years earlier. The next morning I was at work, kind of delirious from lack of sleep over the weekend when our receptionist buzzed up to me to tell me I had a delivery. I worked on the third floor and I was so tired. She was not particularly forthcoming with details about what the delivery was – which is typical for her – so I dragged myself down the stairs as slow as I could and not seem subordinate only to get to the lobby to see a man holding a dozen red roses in a vase. 'Lisa Curtis?' 'Yes, that's me,' I told him not believing this was my delivery. He handed the flowers to me and left. Everyone in the office kept telling me how nice it was Randy had finally figured out how to apologize properly. I couldn't bring myself to tell them the card in the flowers were actually from Amanda and Mitchell asking me to go on a sailing excursion with them the next weekend. That's how it started we managed to get in a couple more sailing trips and even visited each other's homes and..." "Wait!" David interrupted. "You had a threesome more than once?!" "Uh, yeah. Is that okay?" "I guess so. With the same people?" "Well, yeah. With the same people." "So, do you have a thing for this Mitchell guy?" "A thing?" I had to think about David's question. I was something I had never really thought much about. "No. Not really. He's a nice, gentle, man. The sex with them is fun. You've had threesome sex so you know how all those hands and mouths can be." I paused trying to gauge David's reaction to this new revelation. "Actually, I wasn't allowed to touch or be touched by the other woman. Jessica's rules. Then she was wierded out by touching another woman. She didn't get it like you seem to. So why more than once? Why not another couple?" Again his question took me off guard. It had never occurred to me to seek out other couples for sex. My dating and, consequently, my sex life have evolved around finding a guy who is "the one." This did not seem like the opportune time to make my confession to my next potential candidate. So I expressed the next explanation that came to mind. "I guess because I have a relationship with Amanda. For the most part Amanda comes as a package deal with Mitchell." This seemed to satisfy

David's concern and his whole body seemed to relax. "I see." He seemed to search for a new question, not quite tired of my storytelling. "So, I'm not sure I'm ready to hear too much about you and Mitchell, but did you and Amanda ever do something really crazy together during these dates?" He seemed to be seeking yet another story to get his cock awakened and instantly the perfect story came to mind. "Well, there was the fisting." "The what?" "Fisting," I repeated. "I heard that. I have an image in my mind. It involves someone's fist..." "Mine," I filled in the blank. "Aaaand..." "And Amanda's pussy." David's eyes became as big as saucers and his cock jumped to attention. He looked down at it. "We're listening." I was beginning to find the fun in arousing him with just my stories and decided not to disappoint. "I think it was New Year's. Amanda and I cooked up this awesome meal in the kitchen: filet mignon, lobster, asparagus, potatoes, a salad with roasted walnuts, nice wine. It was my first time at their house as a lover and we were struggling to find something for the three of us to do together that wasn't sex. It's a bit weird being with a couple like that because they have their own things and they've learned – or at least they think they've learned – what the other person likes both in and out of bed. Amanda and I 'changed' into some sexier clothes after dinner. She put on these knee high boots with huge heels. I had packed a pair of really high heels which strapped up over my ankle. There was lots of touching and flirting as we drifted from one board or card game to another. Then they promised to help me learn how to play pool and before we knew it we were all going at it on the pool table. It was bound to happen as they both seemed to pay extra attention helping me to get a good posture at the table with my body and how I was supposed to hold and stroke the cue. I don't think we played very long before I was 'interrogating' Amanda quite thoroughly under those bright pool table lights with my mouth and hands and Mitchell was working on alternately fucking us both." "Ahem," David interrupted nodding down to a waning listening partner. "Right. Keep it light on the Mitchell stories," I reminded myself. "Sorry." "We had champagne in the hot tub at midnight along with, uh, well some time after that we had dried off and got some semblance of clothes on and stumbled up the stairs to their water bed. We put a movie in. I don't remember what it was even though I watched most of it as they both fell asleep. I spent a great deal of the movie watching the two of them sleep together and trying to figure where I fit into this whole thing. It was a long hour or so. Obviously not a particularly interesting movie." "Obviously," David agreed. "Just as the credits were rolling, they kind of both roused from their naps. I think I accused them of being an old married couple as I was sitting up in bed watching them. Amanda tried to argue with me, but I cut her argument short by grabbing her full body and kissing her like I had yet to kiss her that night – and the kissing under those pool table lights was pretty incredible. Mitchell managed to move himself toward the bottom of the bed to watch us. I was aware he was watching. Every once in a while I would feel his hand on me or bump into him somewhere as I was exploring Amanda. Her tits are incredible to suck on. They're so different than mine. I kept thinking I didn't know what I was doing and tried to do what I knew I would like. I'd suck on them and the nipples would harden in my mouth. I'd even bite and pinch a bit. Rolled the nipples between my fingers or stroke her gently along that sensitive spot where they meet by her ribs. She must have liked it because not only did it get her soaking wet, moments later she was doing the same to me. My hand found my way down to her

pussy and I was learning my way around. I'd rub my finger through her slit then just dip the tip of it in and pull it back out. I'd almost forgotten about Mitchell when I felt his hand guiding the back of my hand and my finger in and out and around Amanda's cunt. At first I found it kind of weird but Amanda just about had her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she was mumbling incoherently. In hindsight, I think she knew what Mitchell's plans were, but I didn't know until they happened. It was so easy to follow what he was doing. He never said anything. He just moved my fingers back and forth over her then he'd guide one of my fingers inside. I could feel how warm and soft and, I don't know, cushy, and not smooth but smooth she was inside. It was kind of bumpy in there but at the same time silky. Her walls, they would be wrapped tightly around my finger and then she'd let them go. Then Mitchell added his index finger to mine and on the next stroke he pushed two of my fingers in instead of his and mine. Some times he would almost work my hand like it wasn't a part of me – that it was something between him and Amanda. But the energy between Amanda and me, I can't explain it. Two fingers became three and Mitchell added some lube. It wasn't sticky or anything, almost like hand lotion. But nothing like the hand lotion I was getting from Amanda. She was still in this state of abandon and the more Mitchell worked my hand into her, the more her pussy accepted it in. I remember having the tips of all my fingers in her and just being amazed this could really be done. I'd read stories about it but never, never in a million years, had ever thought I'd have it done to me much less be able to do this with another woman. There was this incredible connection. Not only was I on the verge of physically reaching deep inside her, but the moment my knuckles pushed past her muscles I was consumed by the power of the situation and our friendship and love and this feminine energy all at once. Amanda lost all her composure and was grunting and groaning completely incoherently. Mitchell let go of my hand and I just followed what felt right. I pulled my hand back and still couldn't believe it was completely inside her up to my wrist. It was incredible just thinking of the power of my own womanhood and all women exploring, by flexing delicately the muscles of my hand, the depths of her womb. Words can't describe it. Power. Lust. Compassion. An empathy with men and their desire to explore there. As the high began to wear I could feel her pushing to expel my hand and it came out just as readily as it slipped in. Amanda kissed my shoulder, then, exhausted, curled up into my side and whispered "I love you" into my ear." My story over without getting back to Mitchell more than David's cock wanted to hear I stopped and sat up in bed too. "Did she ever return the favor?" David asked, obviously impressed with my tales of sexual adventure. "Not yet," came my reply with a wink. "But I hope too. I want to experience my reflection."