

Gazebos and Vermouth - Part 2

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Heavenly shades of night

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I waited under the gazebo until the rain let up. I had to smile at how the last hour had played out. If it hadn't have been for the olive, Cali and I may never have met. I went back over to the table where I had stumbled. Picked up the used book, 'Foreplay For Nerds', for five dollars and open the cover. Between the cover and first page was a small business card belonging to the motel Beachside, the one and only motel in the village. I turned the card over and written in ink was, "we can do much better than that". It was signed Cali. It was twilight as I left the festivities and headed back home. It being a small village with only two lights and four main streets, they all circled back to the center of town. I passed the motel and sang a song from the Platters. "Heavenly shades of night are falling, it's twilight time". "Out of the mist your voice is calling, it's twilight time" "When purple colored curtains mark the end of day". "I'll hear you, my dear, at twilight time". I pulled into my drive-way and exited the car. Walked into the house and placed the book on the kitchen table, making sure the business card was still between the cover. I went to the bedroom and undressed and walked into my shower stall. My cock was semi-hard as I lathered and gave attention to my cock, balls and asshole. I love to probe my asshole with my finger, especially when in my present state of mind. After rinsing and drying I walked nude around the house. It's more a thrill to me if I take chances, so I left the curtain on the front window partially open. Turning on the television and muting the sound, I watch as the local news is all about the Harvest Homecoming. There are even shots of the gazebos. I decided to have my own 'tailgate party' with my ass and cock the center of attention. I went to the hall closet and reached for 'old-smokey' a dildo with a suction cup and with a girth to choke the average ass-hole. But I had been training. I cleared off the top of the coffee table and stuck 'old-smokey' in the upright hard-on position. I got up on the table and straddle myself over the cock, but not before I used petroleum jelly on my ass-hole. Easing myself down I moved back and forth, letting the cock head rub my hole. I thought I saw someone pass by on the sidewalk but that wouldn't stop me. It only encouraged me. I took a deep breath and let the head come to my ass-hole. I was stretching my sphincter with each breath. I was screaming out with some erotic hurt but on a mental high plain. My erotic mind pictured Cali as she was grinding into my ass. As I raised and lowered my ass on 'old-smokey' the pre-cum went in all different directions. I tied a small cord around my balls and tightened it. Continuing to fuck

myself I yanked on the cord as if reigning in a great stallion. I was out of breath as I sat down on twelve inches up my ass. I congratulated myself for ten solid minutes of terrific pleasure. I dismounted and licked the pre-cum off the table top. Then I wiped myself clean with a damp cloth. It took me another few minutes to locate my penis flung juices that took flight as I pounded my ass. By eight that evening I was on my way to the lounge. The lounge happen to be in the motel where Cali's card came from. I always go to this lounge but it has its own side entrance. This time I went through the lobby. There she was behind the front desk. She wasn't busy so I sauntered up to her. She called me the 'olive man' and greeted me with a smile. "I thought you may have misplaced this card," I said. She took the card from me and with a wink and look of her green eyes said, "I knew what I was doing." I asked her if she would like to join me for a drink but she told me that she had to get home and feed Max. I was thinking of the young bronzed guy she was hanging on to earlier.