

Gazebos and Vermouth-Part 7

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Mar 2013

Lighten your load

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In front on her house and lined up on her driveway were several cars. I put on the brakes just to count the cars as a car pulled aside me and honked a horn. I was blocking the right of passage it seemed as a younger kid of about eighteen was wanting to deliver pizza to Diane's house. I moved the car up a few feet giving him room. My mathematics skill kicked in as I counted the number of pizza carry-out boxes. It appeared to be four large ones. They surely weren't watching Dancing With The Stars. Later that same evening, as it was only ten o'clock, I decided that I was badly and urgently in need of a fix. That being Nitrous oxide and a full frontal body massage, the Evelyn way. I drove over to The Beachside Motel but not before doing a drive-by of Diane's home. "When you snooze you lose, Al." Two blocks and three minutes later I was parking at the lounge door. It was a slow night but I asked if Evelyn was working. Frank, the barkeep, laughed and told me that she was busier than the lounge due to a curling game at the arena. I went into the lobby of the motel and went over to an in-house telephone and pushed a button. As it rang I watched the desk clerk pick up his end. He was watching me as well, when I asked him to connect me with 11B. "It's Al, Evelyn." "I know who it is, but I have a client at the moment, could you go into the bar and wait?" What choice did I have if I wanted a blow job tonight? Mrs Swaney (Whistler's Mother), my elderly neighbor was down at the rotary club tonight with her husband of two weeks. She had told me last night that she and her husband had volunteered in a local medical research test. I knew she didn't boast because her husband was a doctor plus her 'in home' and 'out of home' trainer and coach. It took a healthy lifestyle to jack-off. She was going to masturbate senior citizens. She was going to see how many men she could jack-off in the space of three hours, stopping after each man and then knocking back a tequila shooter. She was out to break the Canadian record. Her own record if she was a straight shooter. Pun intended. "Give me a tequila shooter, Frank." It wasn't too many shooters later that Frank walked down the inside of the counter and told me Evelyn was ready. "You're up!" he said. I wondered if that pun was unintended as I intended to get my knob polished and maybe a lottery scratch-off card. It seemed Evelyn wore many hats. "She told me to put the drinks on her tab. Yes! It's a slow night for me." I tapped on the door of 11B and was met by Evelyn carrying a small nose-clip type mask that was attached to the Nitrous oxide tank. I usually wore the full-on mask. Hopefully she had something planned. "Strip down pretty

quick, Al, and stretch out on the table. I'm really short on time. My last client used up all my strength and fortitude." I didn't know fortitude from green beans, I just wanted relief. As I was undressing she put the clip on my nose and turned on the gas. "That will be so much better for tonight, Al." My nuts felt as if they were boiling inside my sack and that my cock was dripping in its soup. I was hoping to talk her into unlocking and letting me wear a lighter ring. I lay down naked on the table looking over at her as she stripped down. She went over to a small type apartment fridge and pulled out a carton. She spooned out a heaping of something and then spread her legs as she spoon-fed her cunt. I was thinking some type of lubricant. I started giggling. Then she spooned some more. I told her that her thermostat over by the bookcase was blinking red. "I don't have much time, Al, so just shut the fuck up and eat." Evelyn got up on the table centering her pussy over my face. In a squatting position she lowered her cunt to about half an inch over my lips. I didn't need an invite as I lapped her lips. As I was lapping she was putting on makeup. "Are we stepping out?" I giggled. She increased the mixture of oxide and I started laughing in between lapping. She applied a lip gloss stick to her lips and then smacked her lips together. I was singing 'Mama's Little Baby Loves Shortening Bread' in between her moving back and forth. "More tongue, Al, and less singing." My face was being flooded with melted down guava paste as she informed me that my time was up. "I will give you one more minute, Al. I have to get going. I don't want to miss out on pizza." "Mama's little baby loves shortening bread." She got down off the table, wiped her pussy off then unclipped my nose. She handed me the same cloth and I did my best at wiping but I was drunk from tequila and full of paste. "I'm going to lighten your load, Al." She held my hard cock in a grip and removed the heavy ring then replaced it with a lighter one. "This will give you a serviceable tool, you have earned it." "Does that mean no more this and that?" Evelyn picked up her Sharpie and drew the seventh circle around my cock shaft. "Now get out of here, I'm late." "I think your thermostat is working now because it stopped blinking." *** Back home I took a long shower, forcing myself not to touch my new scaled down lighter ring. My cock now stood proud as a peacock. I would have looked on Google and see if peacocks came with that accoutrement. Stepping from the shower I dried my body and paced around the bedroom. It being a small rental bungalow, there wasn't much room to pace. Now knowing that Diane was having people over and wouldn't gallivant down the side walk, I could strut my beaver. Now knowing that Mrs Swaney was in a meat-whacking symposium and was working with her new hubby on a medical break through for the prevention of hand blisters, I was going to strut. I cracked open the blinds on the front window and opened the blinds facing Mrs Swaney's boudoir. Tonight I was going to hide the sausage. I didn't exactly have a sausage, I would call it a ballpark wiener. When in stilettos and women's apparel I usually just let it sway. Tonight I had other things in mind. I wore my newly purchased thigh-high, black, genuine make-believe leather boots, long fingerless black gloves and a black camisole. I put a small waist chain on and then I attached another chain to the PA ring in my cock head. I pulled the chain bringing my cock with it by reaching behind me and between my thighs. After I had done a little shifting I hooked the other end on the back of the waist chain.