

# Anne Makes the Grade Chapter 4...Mike and Consuela

By NOLANCMike

Published on Lush Stories on 18 Aug 2011

**Copyright ©2010 NOLANCMike@lushstories.com. All Rights Reserved 2010 NOLANCMike. The stories linked to this online profile may not be reproduced in any manner, without the express permission of the author.**

*Mike's mentoring condtinues*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/anne-makes-the-grade-chapter-4mike.aspx>

Mike found Consuela's house with a little difficulty. While not far from town , it was rural. Her house, surrounded by trees felt isolated. "Wow," Mike whispered, "Nice house." He pulled into the garage and turned off his car. He jumped a little when the garage door started down. His arms full , he turned to see Consuela leaning against the door jam. "You don't look too bad for having your ass kicked." "You look great." "Thanks, come on in," She said and move back inside. "This house is awesome." Consuela smiled then laughed. "Here, let me take the bags. You can drop your backpack in the bedroom. Last door straight down the hall." Mike walked down the hall to the bedroom. It turned out to be the master bedroom. He dropped his bag on the chair by the door and went back to the kitchen. "Hey, I think you made it just in time." Consuela said pointing out the window. "Just started raining." "Can I help with anything?" "Sure," she said and turned stiffly to point to lettuce piled in a colander on the island countertop. "You can give that a rough chop." "Ok." Mike took a few minutes to chop the lettuce and spread it on serving plate Consuela handed him. "I hope this isn't too hot for you. It's Thai Beef Salad. I thought something light would be nice." "I like spicy Tex Mex ," Mike replied. "Think lighter, but probably just as hot." She chilled the sliced medium well beef in a glass bowl that rested in a bed of ice. "This doesn't have to be cold, just cool. So the lettuce doesn't wilt," she explained as she gently stirred the juicy beef strips. An occasional grimace and groan escaped her lips as she stirred. "Are you as sore as I am," Mike asked. "Probably more," she grinned. "My inner thigh muscles are burning and I can barely climb the stairs. Thank God the master bedroom is on this floor." "You didn't pull a groin when you squeezed the life out of me did you?" "I didn't pull anything, but I kept the pressure on you far longer than I ever have before . Most opponents tap out right away or at most after a few seconds. Gabe said you struggled for almost a minute before you were able to break free," she chuckled deep in her throat at the memory. "It seemed a lot longer than that to me." "Me too. I've knocked people out with that hold. Between the pain and lack of air they don't last more than 20

seconds or so. And no one has ever broken that hold on me.” She dished the beef strips on to the lettuce bed, added cherry tomatoes and sliced cucumbers. Then she poured on the dressing and gave the salad a few tosses. Mike opened a bottle of white wine and poured two glasses. “Let’s sit at the bar. I don’t relish the idea of trying to get up from the table.” Both stepped up and on the higher bar chairs and groaned in unison as they settled in. Consuela picked up her wineglass, “to the best fight I’ve had in ages.” Mike clinked his glass against hers, “and to the colorful bruises to go along with it.” Consuela chuckled again, “that too. Mmm,” she said after taking a sip of wine. “This is good. What is it?” “Chardonnay. It’s Yellow Tail. Australian. I don’t know much about wines, but the wine guy at Lowe’s Foods swore it would be a good wine.” “Well it is,” she said and took another sip. “This is delicious,” Mike told her after a couple of bites. “It’s got a little bite, but not too hot.” “Give it a few minutes.” She was right, his mouth got hotter and hotter, but it wasn’t the choking heat like Tex Mex. It was an enjoyable heat that didn’t get in the way of the meal. They talked quietly as they ate. Nothing important, just in general about work, school, weather. Soon the meal was done. “Consuela, that was terrific. I think I could eat that every day.” “Thank you Miguel. I usually get a craving for it at least once a week. So how are the scratches? They don’t hurt too much I hope.” “Not too bad, except in the shower. Then they sting like crazy.” Consuela laughed. “Scratches will do that. Care to let me see? I have some ointment that will help with the pain.” Mike took off his shirt and showed her the bandage. “I think getting the bandage off is going to hurt more.” “Then it should go all at once,” she yanked the bandage off quickly. Mike waited for the pain to flare, but it didn’t. “That wasn’t so bad.” “They look bad. Painful,” she winced as she looked at the inverted V of scratches. There were four on either side spreading out from the center just below his solar plexus and ran nearly to his hips. They were deep and they still seeped at the top of the wounds. “I don’t know how they could be so bad. My toenails are short. I even get pedicures.” “I think it was the power applied. You knocked me half way across the room.” “I know, I went the other way,” she knelt down in front of him to get a better look. “They look good; Jace did a good job cleaning them up.” “Yeah, I think he enjoyed it too much to.” She chuckled. “That’s Jace ; he’s always enjoyed the rougher side of first aid. “Here, let me redress it,” she gently rubbed medicated ointment into the scratches. She noticed Mike didn’t flinch or make a face. “That feels better, even the stinging is gone.” “It has a little anesthetic in the ointment. It’s great for paper cuts too. Until yesterday it seemed that was my greatest danger. You have no idea how dangerous an office can be.” Mike laughed, “I know. I’ve had a few of those too. Why are the smallest cuts the worst?” Consuela smiled, “I don’t know. How sore are you?” “It’s not too bad except when I move.” “I know. I know. I thought when you kneed me in the ribs I was going to end up in traction,” she. “That punch in the jaw loosened some teeth; I may have to have them glued in.” Consuela laughed and looked into his eyes, “I think I need a shower or a long soak.” “A soak would be better. I know I could use one,” Mike said. “A soak then,” Consuela agreed. “It might help those scratches too.” Mike started the bath running while Consuela got towels. He marveled at the tub, wide and deep. It would easily fit two, and the water would be chest deep. “Here,” she said. “Nice long soak and a little wine.” “Wine and a lot of hot water.” Consuela stood in front of him and pulled her shirt over her head. She reached behind her and undid her bra. She watched his eyes as they roamed her

upper body; pausing to linger on her breasts then to her face and finally to her eyes. Mike was in awe of her small, perfect breasts. He loved the way her brown nipples rose and hardened; how her areolas shrunk tightly to lift her nipples higher. Goose fleshed now as her skin cooled. He moved a step closer and caressed the side of each breast; feeling the fine texture, the warmth; the soft firmness under the brown skin. He gently stroked the hardened flesh of her nipples. He tugged her left nipple and heard her moan. Consuela closed her eyes and licked her lips. Mike's hands rose to her shoulders and pulled her to him. Her bare breasts pressed into his chest. He kissed her open lips. She ran her hands down his ribcage and to his back. She pulled him closer and opened her mouth further. Her tongue danced along his lower lip. The kiss deepened and Mike's tongue skipped against hers. Consuela broke the kiss, but still held him to her. Sighing, she laid her head on his shoulder, kissed his neck. "Let me undress you the rest of the way," Mike whispered. She stepped back and dropped her arms to her side. Mike knelt down in front of her. He tugged at the tied strings of her sweat pants then stopped. "Shoes first," he said. She lifted her left foot so he could take off her running shoe then her sock. She switched feet and he repeated the action. Bare footed now she stood waiting for him to continue. He slipped his fingers into her waistband and slid them over her hips and down her legs. She stepped out of them. She wore dark, maroon hip hugging panties. Mike hesitated for a moment. He'd never undressed a woman before and he wanted to savor this moment. They'd already fucked, but this was closer to making love. The looks; the touches; the hot tender kisses made it sweeter. He inched her panties slowly down her hips. Her tight stomach muscles; so well defined, so strong, fluttered with tension. He tugged them lower and now her pubic hair showed over the waist band. A little further and black curls bounced free of her panties. Further and the top of her pussy appeared. He leaned forward and kissed the curls and tongued the top of her slit. At last her pussy was fully exposed and the panties fell to the floor. She stepped out of them and opened her legs slightly. Mike watched as her pussy opened slightly. He could smell her natural scent. Her scent minus the soap and water was stronger than when she was freshly showered. It was slightly musky and undertones of woodlands. Maybe dried oak leaves? He inhaled more of her and kissed her again. He ran his tongue through her slit. Consuela whimpered as her legs trembled. She gripped his head, digging her fingers into his hair. She was getting wet now; his tongue ran smoothly through her slit and over her clit. Her taste was rich and complex. He could feel the hairs on her pussy tickle his lips and nose. She gently pushed him away and pulled him up. "I'd rather be scrubbed when you do that. I think after a day's work a girl needs a shower before her lover goes down on her." "I enjoy your..um..scent. It's not strong or unpleasant." She tossed her head and laughed, "I like you Miguel. You're so sweet. You may like it, but I kind of feel uncomfortable about it. At least for now. Maybe after a few more times and we're more in tune with one another." She knelt and unbuckled his belt. "Shoes first," she giggled. He lifted a foot and smiled as she removed the shoe and sock. He'd never heard her giggle. Giggling just wasn't her, but then he'd never been with her in such an intimate ; or as he thought; romantic situation. It wasn't like Wednesday night. There was more time to enjoy each other and less urgency in their need. And wow, was that giggle ever sexy. No hint of the schoolgirl, just the kind of knowing sound a she-lion makes just before she takes the gazelle. Consuela opened

his jeans and dropped them to his feet. His briefs quickly followed. "I'm not as patient as you. Besides, the tub is almost full. Hmm, you are stiff all over," she said and licked the head of his cock. It was Mike's turn to groan as he felt her hot lips slide down his shaft. He could feel her tongue dance over the bottom of his cock. She sucked gently and pulled back. Her lips smacked and he popped free. She stood up and kissed him. "You get in first. I want you to hold me." He nodded and kissed her again. She seemed to be a little shy about her request. She turned away to pick up the wine and glasses and he noticed a large, beautifully rendered black tribal tattoo that covered up most of her lower back and ass. It was roughly diamond shaped, with the top point starting between her shoulder blades; the bottom point followed the natural contours of her ass and disappeared into the bottom of her cleft. The horizontal points ended on the front curves of her waist. Instead of the sides of the diamond having straight lines they curved inward. The lines followed the curves of her back, ass and hips. There were pictographs in bold frames. He could make out a stylized turtle, but not the other the other images. "Wow, that is a beautiful tattoo. I can't believe I didn't notice it the other night." "I think you were distracted by my other charms," she said in a sultry voice. "And of course, you had a busy day; getting teased to distraction; getting knocked out and then getting jumped by your boss." She turned and brought the bottle of wine and glasses and set them on the edge of the tub. Turning slightly, she looked over her shoulder at him. She smiled warmly into his eyes. She turned back and stepped into the tub. Mike watched her ass and back as she sat between his legs. Groaning, she leaned back against his chest. He put his arms around her belly and kissed her neck. "Mmmm, I'm glad I called you. I needed this. I needed the comfort of your arms around me. I thought when I started this it would just be sex when I wanted it, but it's not just for sex anymore. After Thursday; at the coffee shop? Feeling your pulse; how it raced at my touch? It got inside me somehow. Knowing how you reacted to me. React to me. It's the same for me. It's been a long time since I've needed comfort like this. I don't know why, but something opened for me Wednesday night as I watched you work. Flushed, distracted, perpetually aroused." She took a sip of wine and snuggled in deeper. She tilted her head back and kissed his cheek. The wet heat of the tub and the deeper heat of their bodies slowly did their work. Drowsy, relaxed, only the movement caused by their breath disturbed the water. After some time Mike stretched; there was no stiffness now. "I didn't know sitting in a tub full of hot water with a beautiful woman could be relaxing and comforting. I'm glad it's me you want to be with. I never in a million years would have thought being with you like this." "Neither did I. I watched you grow from a teenager. I never thought about you like this. You were just a kid then. You matured nicely; you weren't afraid to take chances to improve your skills. As I said, until the other day I never thought of you like this. Not as a lover." She stretched her legs as the warm water and skin contact eased her sore muscles. "Mmmmm," she purred as Mike stroked her breasts; making her nipples hard again. "If you keep that up I might jump you in the tub." "Promises," Mike replied. "You have such beautiful breasts; I can't help touching them." "How are you feeling? Is the soreness easing?" "It's almost gone. Between the heat and wine I'm pretty relaxed." Consuela lifted a foot and toed the hot water knob so the water trickled then flowed heavier. She wiggled against Mike and sank deeper into the tub. She let out a deep purr and gently scrapped her nails over Mike's shins, over his knees

and up his thighs. Mike shivered as she traveled over his skin. He could feel his cock getting hard again. Amazingly, he'd softened even with the full contact of her body against his. "Not so relaxed now, Miguel," she said. Her voice throaty, deeper; full of unreleased heat. He ran his fingers over her nipples, "Neither are you; it seems." "You are so good for my ego." "Ego? You have one of those?" Consuela laughed and tweaked the flesh of his thighs. "Everyone has an ego. Mine is kept under a certain level of control. I try not to let it out very much, but that doesn't stop it from enjoying the occasional stroking." Mike continued to stroke her breasts and nipples. He slid one hand to her flat belly; feeling the rippled muscles under tight, brown skin. Consuela wriggled backward and higher against his chest. She tilted her head back again, this time Mike met her kiss. Slowly the kiss deepened; lips opened; tongues touched then parted. Her hands rose and covered his. She kneaded the backs of his hands making him squeeze her breasts harder. "Like that Miguel, like that. I won't bruise easily." Mike squeezed harder. She was so firm; soft. Her rock hard nipples dug into his palms; teasing his skin. Consuela broke the kiss and looked into his eyes. She turned back and leaned forward to turn the water off. Mike looked at her tattoo; it was gorgeous. It highlighted her curves and flowed over her muscles. She turned and straddled Mike's legs. She sat on his thighs and wrapped her legs behind his back. She tweaked his nipples and stroked his chest muscles. She slid back a little and kissed the tops of each scratch. "I think they'll scar." "If they do it'll be a badge of honor. I think I earned them." Consuela giggled again and slid back up his thighs. She pressed her breasts against him and kissed him again. Mike's arms wrapped around her and stroked her back. He massaged the muscles that ran along either side of her spine. "Mmmm," she purred into his open mouth. He kneaded harder, deeper and she slid further up until her pussy ground against his cock. She cried out as her hard little clit scraped against his hard shaft. She started rocking her hips. She grabbed his head and pulled him to her left breast. "Suck my nipple," she gasped as she continued to grind her clit. Mike took her nipple into his mouth and sucked hard; drawing it deep into his mouth. Her tight areola rested between his lips. "Bite me. Harder. Harder," she cried as she ground faster and harder. Mike bit her nipple as hard as he dared; afraid to actually cause pain until he heard her ask for him to bite harder. He bit down and sucked harder. She screamed and ground faster causing water to splash over the tub's edge. "Miguel, Miguel," she chanted as she came. It seemed to last for minutes; finally she collapsed against his chest whimpering. Mike kissed the top of her head and stroked lightly down her back to the top of her ass and back again. He held her and stroked her until her orgasm faded. "That was good," she murmured. "I needed that. How close are you?" "Not very," he said, "you came pretty quickly." She giggled, "I'd been looking forward to this it seems like forever. Wednesday was good; I came so hard three or four times, but I think the dry spell just dammed it up. And the first time I came that dam broke. I've been horny as a cat ever since." Mike laughed, "I hope I have my work cut out for me." "You do, you really do. Listen," she said. Mike could hear sleet against patter against the window. "It's going to be a great weekend to stay in bed." She kissed him and stood up, "Time to dry off." She stepped out of the tub as he stood up. She picked up a towel and tossed it to him. "No, I want to dry you," Mike whispered, his mouth now dry. She widened her stance and smiled at him. Mike started with her shoulders and slowly patted her dry. He traveled down each arm

drying as he went. Her breasts and belly followed by her pubic hair and pussy. He paused to nuzzle the black curls with his nose and take in her scent. He continued down her legs and feet. Slowly he stood and stepped around to her back. Shoulders again, back, hips were dried in succession. He knelt before her ass. He licked the water that beaded there; tasting her skin. He traced the outer edge of her tattoo as it flowed to the bottom of her ass. He kissed the top of her crevice. "That tickles," Consuela said pulling away from him. "Besides it's your turn." She picked up a fresh towel and slowly dried his back, ass and legs. She stood and moved to his front. Taking her time, she began at his shoulders and eased down his stomach. Patting gently over the scratches she knelt down in front of him. Mike gasped as she took his wet cock in her mouth. Stopping with just his head in her mouth she ran her tongue along the underside. She sucked softly licked over the tip and into his slit. She sucked harder as she took more of his cock. She pulled back and ran the tip of his cock over her lips. She licked his head and took him in her mouth again. He felt her lips grip him and felt his cock touch the back of her throat. She began bobbing her head; her tongue continued to play against the underside of his cock. She kept the rhythm going for a few more minutes then her lip covered teeth gripped his shaft tightly. She drew her head back until just his head was in her mouth. Consuela could taste his pre cum; salty, tangy, sweet all at the same time. Her mouth filled with his taste and she swallowed, savoring the feel of his cock as it continued to leak. Mike gasped as she licked the tip of his cock again. He watched, amazed as she continued to suck him. He felt the back of her throat again then she swallowed his cock and she took him further. His knees almost buckled when he felt her nose press into his pubic bone. She continued to work his cock; sucking him; depththroating him. He could feel his balls tighten as he built to an orgasm. "Con...Consuela," Mike gasped, "I'm getting close." She increased her pace gripping him tighter with her lips. "I'm coming," he groaned as he felt the fire pour out of him. The first stream hit the back of her throat and she pulled back. She began to stroke him. His second stream of come landed between her breasts. She took his cock back into her mouth as he came again. Finally after the fourth and fifth spurts filled her mouth she drank them down. "God Consuela," Mike gasped, "no one's ever done that for me." "Glad to be your first," she said as she stood. She caressed his face and kissed him. He could taste his come, but he didn't care. He kissed her back and gripped her hips. She backed away, but kept eye contact. "I was torn between watching you come or tasting you," she whispered, "so I split the difference." She looked down between her breasts and watched as his come slowly trickled down her belly to gather in her pubic hair. Mike dipped his fingers into his come and spread it over her both nipples. He bent down and sucked her left nipple licking his come. He worked her breast for a few minutes; then switched to her right nipple. Consuela groaned and cradled his head. He let go of her breast and lifted his mouth to hers. She broke the kiss and danced away. "Let's get cleaned up again," she said. She dipped a towel into the still full tub and handed it to him. She stood still as he used the warm, wet towel to wipe his come from between her breasts. He worked his way down, until she was clean. "No one has ever licked his come off of me. How was it?" "It wasn't bad, but I guess the idea is kinda gross by itself, but not when your nipples are added into the mix." She laughed and took him in her arms. "Would lick me clean if I let you come on me?" "Yeah," he said quietly, "I would." "Come on, I want to cuddle by the fire," she

led him to the living room where wood was waiting to be lit. Less than ten feet away was a large leather couch. "You can unfold the comforter while I light the fire." He shook the comforter open and spread it out on the couch. When he was done, he turned to watch her as she knelt down. He loved her tight form. The way her hips flared out from her narrow waist. The way her ass flexed as she moved. He watched her tattoo appear and disappear in the shadows cast by the candles she'd lit before he arrived. The fire caught and she pulled the screen together. Standing, she returned to the couch. She pushed Mike down and lay on top of him. He opened his legs so she could cuddle closer. He reached for the top of the comforter to pull it down over them. "Not yet Miguel," she murmured, "I want to feel the open air for a while." "Ok," he replied. He started stroking her back. "Massage me like you did before," she asked quietly. Mike's stroking turned into firm, but gentle kneading. Consuela snuggled in and laid her head on his chest. She could hear his heartbeat. It didn't race this time, just slow, strong beats. He was comfortable with her now. She wondered how fast his pulse was before the blow job, or maybe after he just arrived. Would it have raced then? "Consuela." "Mmmmm." "What is the significance of your tattoo?" She was silent. "Never mind," he said, "I shouldn't have asked." "No, that's ok. It just caught me by surprise. That's not what people usually ask." "What do they ask?" "Where did I get it, or did it hurt. Or God forbid, what possessed you to get something so damned big?" Mike chuckled quietly, "That really didn't occur to me. A tattoo like yours has to be more than just a decoration. First, it's beautifully rendered; second, it had to take a long time; probably many sessions. And third, I suppose; well...I don't think you'd ever get a tattoo without it meaning something to you." He felt her head move in a nod. "It has significance," she said softly. "Consuela, you don't have to tell me," Mike repeated. "Thank you." They cuddled for a long time. Sometimes dozing only to awaken as the wind blew ice crystals against the window panes. The fire burned to red orange coals and the radiant heat diminished. Mike felt Consuela shiver slightly so he pulled the comforter over them. "I love watching the fire," she began, "and feel it's heat on my skin. I can watch for hours; just like now. I haven't done it in a long time and I've forgotten how beautiful it is. And how beautiful comfort from a lover can be. Lying here, in your arms; feeling your skin against mine. Sharing the quiet and warmth of a house. I've missed this and didn't even know it." Mike felt a tear fall to his chest and glide down his ribcage. Consuela pushed up to look at him. He could see that her eyes were bright with unshed tears. She kissed him softly at first then her lips parted and the kiss became more demanding. As she continued the kiss she moved upward so she could straddle Mike's waist. He brought his legs together to give her more room. He felt moist heat as her pussy glided over his cock. She rolled her hips forward and Mike felt her pussy open; soaking his cock with her juices. "You are a dangerous lover Miguel," she whispered as she slid her hot, wet pussy over his cock. "You don't ask many questions, but the ones you ask stab my heart." She rose to a sitting position and Mike felt her weight press down on him. He gripped her hips and helped her to slide back and forth. Her pussy juices were flowing freely drenching his cock. Soon his pre - come added to the slickness. He reached up and covered her breasts with his hands. Her nipples slid between his fingers and he alternately pinched and tugged them as he kneaded her firm, soft mounds. Consuela's clit had found the little indentation at the base of his cock head and rested there. He looked up and saw her shining,

black eyes fixed on his. She'd stopped rocking by then and was just looking into his eyes. Two tears slid down her cheeks as he watched. He reached up and brushed them away. He wanted to hug her; to comfort her. She sat stiffly, trying to hold back the tears. He rose to take her in his arms. As he did so his thighs pushed her ass forward and his cock found her opening. He felt her hot, tight, silky tunnel engulf him. Consuela cried out when his cock penetrated her. Partly in surprise; partly at the pleasure as he filled her. She reached for him and pulled him close. She whimpered when she felt her clit touch the base of his cock. She kissed him with uncontained passion; plunging her tongue deep into his mouth. "Dangerous," she said after she broke the kiss. She rose on her knees until just his head remained inside then dropped down until her clit struck his base again. "Dangerous." She shifted her legs around until she could wrap her calves around his ass. She was no longer supported by her knees and she sank further down his cock. Mike could feel her cervix swirl around the head of his cock. She started rocking her hips again adding tiny circular motions so her pussy ran figure eights around his imbedded cock. She leaned back and Mike attacked her nipples; biting and sucking one; pinching and pulling the other. Consuela screamed at the pain/pleasure his mouth and fingers inflicted on her. "Fuck me Miguel," she whispered then started rocking harder. Mike pounded into her with short sharp thrusts. He was so deep inside her pussy and she was so tight it felt like her pussy held him in a vacuum. Deeper, harder, faster he pounded into her. Her small feet were crossed behind his back; her fingers were laced behind his neck. He could feel her thighs gripping his ribcage. She was totally open to him as she ground her hard clit against his pelvic bone. Consuela shuddered as Mike lifted his ass to drive his cock deeper inside her. Almost too deep; she felt pain as he struck her cervix, but it was swept away by the ecstasy that exploded from her clit in time with the tiny sharp pains. Mike grunted with each thrust; Consuela gave short high shrieks as she fucked him back. "Fuck me Miguel; fill my cunt with your cock. Make me come. Fuck me. She screamed as her orgasm blasted through her. She struggled to grind against him harder and to escape the intensity she felt. She fell back taking Mike with her. He was on his knees still deep inside her. He straightened his legs out behind him controlling her fall backward. Finally, he was on top and thrusting hard. Her legs were still locked behind his back and her hips rose to meet each thrust. Her fingers were still laced behind his neck and she pulled him down to kiss him. He seized her full lower lip in his teeth and bit down; his tongue ran along the soft texture. She purred and kissed harder. He released her and she took his lip between her teeth to lick and suck. Mike broke the kiss and went to her left nipple. Both were so hard, and her areolas wrinkled tight; making her tiny brown nipples larger. He pressed his open mouth over her and ran his tongue around the hardened flesh. He bit down and sucked as hard as he could. "Miguel, I'm coming again. Don't stop," she screamed. He watched her twist pull her other nipple rhythmically. She was rougher than he'd been. Encouraged, he pulled back but kept the pressure of his bite and suction going. "Fuck me harder Miguel," she panted, "fuck my tiny, slutty cunt. Fill me up with your come. I want to feel your cock swell and fill me." The gutter words filled him with strong lust. This had started sweet enough, but now it was raw fucking. He felt his balls tighten again as his come started to boil. "Consuela, I'm coming." He thrust hard one last time and came; filling her. She felt his cock swell; felt his first blast as it struck her cervix. She continued to thrust her



pussy against his cock; milking his second spurt and his third. He pulled halfway out and his forth stream of come coated her tight tunnel. He plunged hard and deep to spurt one last time. He collapsed on top of her and she pulled him tighter; squeezing him with her arms and legs trying to bring him closer to her. "That was," she stopped, not having the words to finish. "Good. Better than good," Mike replied. "I don't have any better words." "Mmmhnnnmmm," she chuckled behind closed lips, "Yeah, better than good works. For now anyway." She pulled his head down and kissed him. "How did you get on top?" "You pulled me over. Although I'm not sure we can get out of this tangle we made." "We don't have to move just yet," she said continuing to kiss him. He closed his eyes and relished the feel of her moist, plump lips as they kissed his cheeks, eyelids and mouth. She worked along his jaw; kissing and occasionally darting her tongue to taste the saltiness of his skin. He kissed her neck, nipping lightly at the damp, sweaty skin. "MMMmmm," Consuela purred. "Stay inside me Miguel." "As long as I can Consuela as long as I can," he murmured against her throat. She shivered at the vibration of his reply. Reflexively, she clinched his cock. She giggled as he winced at the intense sensations her contractions inflicted on his softening cock. "Stop giggling, you're squeezing me. It's too much." He said in a trembling whisper. At this she started laughing hard. He could feel her stomach muscles contract and her pussy convulsed sending almost painful sensations along his head and cock. He pushed into her pussy so he wouldn't fall out, but it was too much. He flinched and his cock withdrew. Her gasp cut off the laughter, and she squealed. She still had her legs wrapped around his ass; now she sunk her fingers into his ribs and began tickling without mercy. "Just little squeezes Miguel. Just a little one," she sang as he squirmed trying to break free. But Consuela was very strong and he couldn't break free of this intimate hold. He was pinned as sure as if they'd been wrestling. Mike rolled off the couch and fell on his back; Consuela followed. "Ouch," she said as his ass landed on her crossed feet. "Good move Miguel, but not good enough." She adjusted her legs and she had him pinned again. She didn't squeeze him this time; instead she bent down and kissed him. He opened his mouth to hers and let his tongue dance with hers. He eased his arms under hers and caressed her lower back. His fingers slowly traced her spine and a little lower to the top of her crevice. His fingers followed the curve her cheeks made. "Mmmmmm," she purred again, "I like the way you explore me Miguel." "I haven't explored nearly enough Consuela," he breathed against her ear. "I want to kiss and taste every inch of you." "We have time, Miguel. I think you have good hands too. For exploring." She pushed up till she was sitting on him; her thighs on either side of him. She shivered. "Cold?" "No, you are leaking out of me and it tickles a little," she replied. She bent down to kiss him again. "But it is getting a little chilly. It must be well below freezing by now," she said softly against his lips. "Just a few more minutes and we can get up. But for now I just want to kiss you and feel your hands on me." They kissed and Mike's hands slid along her spine gently massaging. Consuela broke the kiss. "Miguel," she whispered. "Hmmm?" "Introduce me to Anne."