

Is This Where It Happened?

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It was a day that neither of us will never forget

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This is a true story that happened when I was still in college, in the early seventies. This was the post Woodstock period where love was free, sex was safer and more carefree. The biggest worries with sex besides pregnancy was the two "Cs", clap and crabs. I never had the clap, but crabs is a story for another time. I was 20 years old and was considered to be very sexy for the times with my hippie look with my long light brown hair with a sprinkle of a few white hairs, light brown hazel eyes, a reddish brown beard. I was thin at 135 pounds for my six foot height. I was involved with student government and there was a perky sophomore serving on the executive board with me. Gail was an Irish beauty with long auburn hair, hazel eyes, pure white skin like a fresh snow fall and a great body. She wore the uniform of the day, a blue denim work shirt, Levi blue jeans, work boots and no bra. We had gotten together a few times in my house. I remember stripping her, sucking her perfect 36 C tits with her erect nipples and her wild auburn bush. The image of her lying on my bed spread eagle with only her little brown work boots on her feet. She really enjoyed when I sucked on her clit until she came. It was not an equal deal because she would prefer to lick my dick rather than suck on it. Never asked her but I bet some guy gave her a negative oral experience. Little did I know I would give her the ultra sexual experience. In late June after an Executive Board meeting, Gail asked if I could give her a ride home. I should have known that something was beginning to happen. Gail's nipples were standing "at attention." I commented to her, "I can tell you are glad to see me because your high beams are on." Her face turned bright red. It all happened in the front seat of my 65 Chevy Malibu in front of her apartment building. "A Whole Lot of Loving" was on the car radio as we made out and sucked tongues. My hands explored her body and she went right for my zipper. We stripped off each other's clothes. My mouth went for her perfect nipples. I could see that she was excited from the wet spot on her panties. I pulled off her blue jeans and panties in one move. She sat my raging hard on with her back towards me. She was so wet that I slipped into her like a hot knife cutting a stick of butter. As I cupped both her tits, she rocked on my penis. We really fit well together. I was in the right position with the right angle for my penis hit "the spot". Yes, the "G Spot". The windows were streamed up and the car was filled with the scent of passion. I heard her moans of passion, her eyes roll into her head, and a liquid puddle formed on my car seat. She just collapsed in my lap, resting the back of her head on my shoulders. She later asked me how long she was passed out. We never discussed what

had happened. I didn't think much about that day until about a month later I gave her girl friend a lift home. She asked me, "Is this where it happened?" I asked her what she was talking about and she replied with, "Gail." And in the same breath, "Think you can find mine?" That's a story for another time.