

# Jeanette's Song

By teninchstoryteller

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*Jeanette and I may have met on line and enjoyed each other, but reality was even better.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/jeanettes-song.aspx>

It had been a year or more since that fated day when I was purchased as a pet. Me? A pet? I had to laugh at the thought, yet was intrigued to know what that involved. Though I had been a participant in a few activities on that nameless site I had not often visited it so didn't know what that meant. For the most part I still don't, but will soon find out. I clicked on the tab to see who had purchased me as her own personal pet...turned out that was more a game of seeing how many pets a member could accrue, though once someone was purchased they were often bought up by another, whoa! Now it was getting strange. I had to find out about this as I saw that the first lady had bought me back. I clicked on her file and found her to be a delightful woman by what the profile showed, I smiled as I typed out a reply to inquire what she wished of her pet. That was the beginning of what would turn into a long standing internet relationship and what was to come to pass far down the road. We sent messages forth and back again for weeks and then months, somewhere along the way discovered that we each had a penchant for erotica, perhaps because of my ability to write tales of erotica, or more likely because of her desires to be sated. She is and has been one horny grandma...one I intended to please at every opportunity. On line at least. As it turned out we lived only a couple hours apart, and talk of a visit began even as we shared a cyber relationship that brought smiles and climaxes to us both time and time again. My stiff cock would surge forth streams of creamy cum as she typed out her thoughts of what she would do to me, and her pussy seemed to gush at every thoughtful phrase I penned. That was all fair and good, but we each still needed the real thing....didn't we? Times became difficult for us both and we drifted away from our weekly cyber fuck sessions, I missed them terribly and would resort to gazing longingly at her photos as I stroked my meat to derive that same, well almost same, pleasure of ejaculating for sweet Jeanette. I had no idea of whether she still cared or not, time had slipped away. A few days ago I happened to see her icon lit in the messenger we had shared so many times before. My smile was wide as I clicked to open a window for us to chat and see what all had been going on in her life. It turned out that the economics of our country had subdued her ability to be on line as much, she had taken on three jobs to sustain her

single unsupported life. I too had felt the crunch with the medical problems in my home and had receded from as much activity, though I still wrote constantly of my thoughtful fruits of passion. The delight of erotica still held close to my breast, and yes cock as well. Funny how a writer can become so wrapped up in the work that it becomes more real than reality itself, but it does in ways and I often found my cock hard with need and masturbated to the words I penned. Jeanette had always been complimentary of my writing and I offered to send her a tale written just for her...this is that tale.

Jeanette's Song "Yes my sweet," I typed, "tomorrow is the day we've long awaited. Tomorrow I am coming for a visit." Her reply was simply a strand of M's strung across the window's pane. I knew exactly how she felt, I looked forward to meeting the lady I had given and taken pleasures from for over a year, face to face, though we each had sent truthful pictures of each other during our times of sharing fantasy as well. "I'll be there by 9:30," I typed back and added my own expletives of grinning happy faces for good measure. I was giddy, no other word would describe the feelings that flowed through my heated veins. I knew she was not young, not the super model figure most men think they crave, yet Jeanette has a quality far greater than those typed, she has heart and desire. She replied, "I'll have a cup of coffee waiting for you when you arrive. I told them I wanted the booth in the back to meet a friend. By the way, that booth is very discreetly located...giggle." I knew what she was hinting at and loved it. From all we had discussed she had a sex drive that no man could likely satisfy, but I would just have to try my best if we found ourselves as compatible in reality as we had in cyberspace. The booth would be perfect if the small cafe was what I thought it to be. "Sounds good. I may just have to sit with my arm around you as we visit then," I teased. Again I saw the strand of M's appear, this time in capitol letters. I chuckled and added another line of text, "I hope you remember you promised to wear a nice skirt or dress," again teasing her to think I might actually be bold enough to touch her intimate parts in public. "You're so naughty," she texted back quickly and then added another line of her own, "Yes, I will remember, and just so you know it is nice and loose fitting and soft cotton so it moves easily." My erection pulsed as I read her hint of her own. I knew better than to get her started, I wanted to avoid climax until we met. At 61 I am still a very able male, but lack in the production of semen and wanted her to have all I could offer if we found the need. I was almost certain we would and so was she. We disconnected having set the plan in motion. I would drop my estranged wife off at work and be on my way. Estranged is such a funny term, it wasn't like we didn't still reside in the same house, just that we had divorced many years before and considered ourselves as friends more than anything else. She had become ill a few years earlier with some of her illness leaving her unable to maintain a normal existence, that is when I moved back in and took over the care of her needs as a friend and provider of any and all things except sex. She could no longer have it and we found that a blessing as time went by. I simply lived with my form of celibacy and she lived without any needs what so ever. Of course my celibacy included erotica and masturbation every day, sometimes several times a day, but I maintained all alone, keeping things well in hand. That I hoped was about to change. I dreamed of Jeanette that night and found myself hard as a rock when I awakened the next morning. "The Morning" I had yearned for for far too long. The ex showered and dressed as I too took a shower, I wanted to be as fresh and clean as possible even with the two plus

hour drive ahead of me. My cock seemed to anticipate what would be needed and stood the proud seven inches of thickened meat as I rinsed the sleep from my body. I managed to quell the erection as I dressed whispering my thoughts to it that maybe today he could find the grip of a woman at long last. I had to chuckle as it sheepishly became flaccid as if to say, "I'll wait for the right time." I drove her to work and knew my time restraints, I would drive for two hours and meet Jeanette and then return to Oklahoma in ten hours. It was to be a first meeting, or hopefully encounter, and no more. I knew it may well not be enough for the lady I was going to see, but either she would accept it or not, if the answer was not, it was just our fate to not be together. I had to honor the commitment to the ex, it is my old fashioned nature to have family take care of its own. I had the laptop in the truck and pulled it from its case as I parted company from the ex. Driving to the local McDonald's I pulled into the parking lot and clicked it on to their WiFi connection. Working quickly as I pulled through the drive through I sent a message, "On my way, see you in two hours or so." As I picked up my breakfast sandwich I heard the beep and took note of her reply, "I'm so ready. See you at Jake's Cafe." I logged off and closed down the laptop before leaving the parking area, "east bound and down," as the movie Smokey and the Bandit had made famous. I never speed, yet I maintained the upper notch of legal requirements and arrived in Purdy, MO in just under two hours, I was a nervous wreck. Following Jeanette's impeccable directions was easy and at last I saw the sign over the hole in the wall cafe. As luck would have it there weren't too many cars or pickups in front of it and I managed to find a slot within 30 feet of the door. My throat had a knot in it the size of a softball, or so it felt, I gulped it down and felt my cock awaken thinking it was his turn already. I managed to quell that part of me as I locked up the truck and walked to the entry. A deep breath as I pulled the door open and stepped in. The place wasn't very busy, but then it was past the morning breakfast rush and far too early for the lunch crowd. I gazed around the room and saw where the back booth was just as a middle aged waitress stepped up and spoke, "Good morning. Would you like a table or a booth?" I smiled and was about to reply when she added, "If you're Gerald, your party is waiting for you already," and grinned as she looked into my eyes and then coursed her gaze down over my entire height pausing at my middle or just below. I looked her straight in the eye and smile, "Yes, I'm Gerald. I didn't know my reputation would be so well known," and chuckled softly. Her grin said it all, my over sexed cyber partner had already spilled the beans over our meeting. This had to be the friend she had eluded to for over a year. With a definitive sway to her narrow butt she led the way, almost humming as she went before me. The farmers who were seated eyed me suspiciously, but I barely took note of them, I wanted to see the woman seated in that booth that was indeed secluded nicely from the rest of the cafe. The waitress all but blocked my view as we got there. I stepped to her side and stood beside the bench seat at the back of the secluded booth. My eyes lit up with the wonder now so close. Jeanette started to slide out of the seat but I held up my hand and slipped in beside her, my smile spoke volumes of the pleasure I felt. "Hi," I whispered as I leaned to her and kissed her cheek gently. Her body reacted as I knew it would and she shivered from head to toe. I sat back up and indeed found a hot fresh cup of coffee on the table waiting for my arrival. The waitress seemed uncertain what to do and asked, "Is there anything I can get you guys?" as Jeanette and I stared into each other's eyes. I

didn't even turn my head as I replied, "Give us a few minutes if you would," my lips turning to a broad smile. She walked back to the main part of the cafe and we were alone, face to face and alone at last. I wasn't sure what exactly to say, much less do but managed to whisper to my long time friend, "It is great to finally meet you. I have looked forward to this for so long." She giggled like a school girl, though at her age it seemed silly. "Me too," she replied as her hand slid to my thigh. "Would you like something to eat Gerald?" she cooed as her hand slid ever closer to the now aroused prong of passion she had until now only thought of that unfortunately lay along the other leg. I turned a little bit and slid my hand to her thigh as her exploration continued. My hand quickly felt the soft supple cotton of her dress, her leg quivering as much as mine as I slipped my fingers under the hem. "You're so naughty," I chided as my erection began forming quickly, "just you Jeanette," I cooed in reply to her query. Her body quaked and she parted her legs just enough to invite me to touch, I groaned all but silently as I slid my hand farther up her thigh, working my finger to the tender inner flesh. "You sure about this baby?" I asked in a whisper. Her hand left my leg and cupped the invading hand between her legs whimpering, "Yes," as she pulled it ever higher, nearer her heated core. I soon knew she was a wanton woman, she had intentionally forgotten to put on a pair of panties, just for me. My fingers brushed over her moist petals and she cooed, "Oh God Gerald," and parted her legs further to invite me to feel her willing juncture. I slid my fingertips through the flower and felt her body quiver as she scooted lower in the seat. "Please Gerald," she whimpered. I curled my index finger and slipped it into the tight wet sheath until then I had only dreamed of, she gasped as she felt my bold theft of her womanhood. I thought she was going to cum right then and there as I flexed my finger pulling it out and pushing it past her entry. Her hand guided mine to touch her clit. She gasped a bit louder as I pulled my coated finger from her pussy and pinched the swollen nubbin. "Let me up," she cooed. I looked at her in dismay, what in the heck was she doing, she more of less had challenged me to finger her pussy here in a public place and then was about to run away. I sat staring at her as my hand withdrew and pulled her dress back into place. Her smile said something far different than what I was thinking, or so it seemed. I slid out of the booth, it was a bit awkward doing so with the hard shaft straining beneath my pant leg, but managed to stand at the end of the table as she slid out after me. She stood up and I took note of her height, just as she had said. Her body seemed even more sweet than what her photos had revealed, her tits were womanly and full, her hips wide and inviting. She took my hand and said, "Come with me," in a no nonsense tone. I smiled and followed along as she guided the way through a doorway to the back. It turned out to be a stock room for the cafe, boxes of canned goods and packaged dry goods stacked on shelves much like any restaurant would have. She closed the door behind us and instantly wrapped her arms around my neck. Her mouth came against mine hungrily as she moaned and rubbed her hips sideways across mine. I returned the kiss as my arms surrounded her with equal or greater hunger to her own. My mouth took hers greedily and soon our tongues were dancing with the desires of teen agers in heat. I couldn't get close enough, our bodies pressed ever harder together as our passions ignited with the embrace and kisses of desperation. It turns out I was not the only one really looking forward to meeting face to face, literally now in reality. I lowered my hands and tugged at her dress to raise the hem from the

knee level she preferred. In doing so I managed to cup her firm buttocks and pulled her hips against mine eagerly as our mouths continued to gorge on each other. Her lips parted from mine with gasping breaths, I too was breathless already, my cock so hard it hurt from being restrained. "I want to touch you too Gerald," she whispered as she lowered her mouth to my throat and dipped ever lower. Her hands busied themselves with unfastening my pants, thankfully I had worn ones that were a bit more loose than some I owned. She soon found out that as I had often told her, I preferred going commando and had on no underwear. Her hand closed around the swollen shaft and she purred, her other hand joining it as my pants fell in a swirl to my ankles. "Mmmmmmmmm," she purred as she lowered herself to a squat before me, "All mine," she declared as her lips parted and took the head into her warm wet mouth." I groaned softly as I felt her begin to suck gently on my overly eager cock. I knew from what we had discussed and chatted over, she loved giving oral, but wasn't sure of doing deep throat on a seven inch dick. I let her set her own pace as my fingers tangled into the lush wonders of her hair lovingly. I could feel that the swollen girth of my cock filled her mouth perfectly, I had no need to feel her gag and loved what she was doing though I was afraid if she continued very long I would cum far too soon. My breaths came in groans and pants as she continued to suck me off, her hand taking care not to over arouse my need since I had told her of my lacking of real sex for so many years. I felt the precum ooze from my tip and pulled out of her mouth just as she tasted my salty semen. "Oh God Jeanette, I can't, I'll blow it way too soon if you do that any longer," I whispered as I pulled her to her feet. Again our mouths came together with passion, our bodies tangled in an embrace of desire. When our lips parted she smiled and whispered, "I just had to taste you, I love the way you make me feel so alive." I smiled and began my descent just as she had. The look in her eyes was greed, desperate, wanton, and knowing of what was about to happen. "I'll go along with that, but I may not stop until I taste your flood," I whispered against her neck as I slid down and kissed each peaked nipple beneath the fabric of her dress and bra. Lower I moved as I gathered the fabric in my grip pulling it up as I made my way south. I pushed her butt against a stack of sturdy looking boxes and found my goal. Her dress hiked up to the waist revealed the sweet curve of her mound, coated with freshly trimmed pubic hair as I expected as my lips pressed to her there. She quivered and moaned softly. I held her dress up with one hand as the other slid between her thighs just below her sweet smelling pussy. Her feet shifted to part her thighs for me and my tongue snaked over her swollen clit. She gasped as she felt the hot tendril take its first taste, I moaned taking it. My fingers parted her labia and my tongue swept from back to front through the wet inner petals, pausing only when I began it to flicker lightly over her core's entry. I knew she was enjoying my offering as her hands tangled in my short graying hair. She cooed, "I knew I'd love your beard," with a soft giggle. I raked my chin through her inner labia and felt her body convulse with pleasure. My tongue immediately went to her again and scooped her honey sweet cream from her flower. I worked at her until her body was wracked with need and then thrust two fingers into her sheath with hard eager thrusts. My tempo meant to bring her to the edge or past it. My mouth remained at her clit, sucking it, licking it and tugging at it with my teeth. Her body tightened suddenly and I knew what was about to happen. I pulled my fingers from her sopping wet pussy and opened my mouth as I covered her

wondrous flower. She came with a whimpering sound muffled by biting down on her fist. I drank every drop and licked her clean before backing away. I couldn't help myself as I stood and allowed her dress to drop in place. I grabbed up a kitchen towel that happened to be sitting on the stack of boxes and wiped away the creamy cum that coated my cheeks and filled my beard. My face reeked of her juices and I loved it. Apparently she did too as she kissed me deeply and swept my mouth clean inside with her tongue. My cock was still rock hard, but now I was more than willing to wait until we found a bed to share. "We should find someplace to go Jeanette," I whispered. She nodded and we separated our bodies so I could pull up the pants that were still around my ankles. She seemed intrigued that I hadn't wanted to fuck her right then, but I appeased her curiosity when I said, "When you take my cock, I want to be able to scream and make you do the same." We walked out of the store room and returned to the seats only a couple of feet away, her sliding in first and me shortly afterward. The waitress walked over as I took my first sip of coffee, a smile as wide as the grand canyon on her face, a wink in Jeanette's direction. "You guys needing anything else today?" she asked with the same all knowing grin that had painted her face since I walked in the place. I looked up at her with a smile and said, "I'm sure we will, but we should probably go," leaving the comment incomplete purposefully. She smiled and laid the check on the table for a glass of tea and a cup of coffee. I wondered just how good a friend she was, but figured Jeanette had clued her in already as to what she planned. It would turn out I was right. The waitress was her daughter. We walked to the front of the cafe, a few more people had come in and some had left, but all in all it was not overly busy. The looks we got from the farmer types was awkward, but the smiles were delightful, it was as if everybody in the place thought we were in the booth fucking quietly. We walked out onto the sidewalk and she cooed, "Follow me," and turned towards her car that happened to be parked right next to my truck. I nodded as I opened her car door and said, "I'll be right behind you all the way." She giggled and slipped into her seat as I took note that she did indeed have really nice legs for a woman of her age. She backed out of her slot and pulled forward as I did mine, it was just like high school and I held out the same hopes as I had then, but had much more confidence that unlike in high school, I was about to get laid. I followed her to a small house on a quiet street, it was well kept, but then I knew she had a man friend who took care of her yard for her. She said she worked the flower beds, but none of that was in bloom with the nearness of winter's cool days and chilly nights. She pulled into the driveway leaving enough room for me to follow her, I did and parked right behind her, as promised. I quickly got out and walked to her door just as she began to open it, I smiled and said, "Let a gentleman do his thing please," as I completed the opening of a car door as if it were second nature to be chivalrous, which it is. We walked to her front door and she smiled as she turned the key in the lock saying, "It's nothing fancy, but I call it home." I smiled in reply as my hand went to the small of her back nudging her towards the open doorway. She walked with what seemed pride into her abode, I looked around and could see why. The woman had said she lived from hand to mouth and yet the house was decorated with simple grace and elegance even rich folk would envy. I slid my hand to her shoulder and turned her around to face me, the time to be a bit more aggressive had come and I pulled her close as our mouths again found deep seated passion. She groaned into my mouth as I

found my heart racing more quickly with each passing moment. My erection that had faded for the drive to her place was back with a fully engorged ache. "Jeanette, can I ask you something?" I managed to say with far more reserve than I felt. She nodded and I continued, "Would you mind if we took a shower before we make love? I feel like the drive over left me sweaty, though it has probably been because of how nervous I was over finally meeting you." Her grin said it all as she took my hand and led the way. We walked through her bedroom, a nice Queen sized bed awaiting our return after the shower decorated with a nice quilt of Early American design. I followed obediently along until we entered the smallish master bath. It had been meticulously cleaned, even smelled of pine sol and I had to smile at just what she must have gone through to greet her cyber friend. She was still facing away from me when I reached up and slowly unzipped her dress, her bra would be all that was left if I dropped the shoulders past the apex of her strong looking body. I unhooked it before even going there. She stood silently allowing me to undress her, turning when I nudged her to do so before pulling the dress from her shoulders and allowing it to fall away. She was no skinny little thing, she was all woman and I could easily have drooled over seeing her in the flesh in full for the first time. She stepped out of her dress as I allowed her to lean on my shoulder to do so, my eyes feasting from ankle to face and taking in each delicious curve and hollow. I stood up knowing she would want to undress me as well. I kicked off my loafers quickly as she tugged my sports shirt up and over my head, my glasses now resting on her bathroom counter until needed for some yet unknown reason. She cupped her hands over my chest, my nipples hard with want to be pinched. She smiled at how hard my muscles were for a man of my age and slid her hands to the waistband of my khakis. She deftly unzipped them and then parted the button, her eyes gazing straight into my own. She squatted down and I watched as she lowered herself to help remove my trousers. My cock stiff with want pointing horizontal as she passed it by. When my second foot had been removed from the pant legs she looked up at me with a devilish grin and leaned forward, sucking the head into her mouth with quick resolve. This time she was less reluctant and took half of it, I groaned as I felt the hard pallet of her mouth scraping over the sensitized head. I slipped my fingers into her hair and pulled her from it before I was past the point of no return, her mouth turned to a pouting glimmer as I pulled her into my arms. "Baby, I want to fill your deepest recess with my seed the first time," and kissed her with gentle seduction. She melted into my arms as our kiss deepened into passion yet again. When we parted she turned to get the shower started, I watched as she bent over to turn on the water and smiled, I knew that at some point I would take her from behind, it was just a given. We climbed into the tub and she stood with her back to the soft mist of spray, warm and enticing to caress each other. I picked up the bottle of bath gel and smiled saying, "I get to go first sweetie," and set the bottle back down holding a generous dollop of gel in my left palm. I turned her around to face the spray and then pulled her back far enough to not be directly under it as my arms surrounded her waist. My chest pressed against her back as I rubbed my hands together to get a good pile of suds ready to apply them to her sweet tender body. Taking my hands to her abdomen first I swirled them in circles of caress, soon finding her breasts, older and not so firm as a teen aged girl would have, but so full and ripe to touch. Her nipples were large and hard as a rock as I tugged at them teasingly, her body quivering with the

tenderness of my arousing touch. I didn't tarry in any one spot long and soon my palm cupped her mound, my fingers curling to her tender petals and clitoris. She groaned as I washed her pussy, it felt as if she were about to cum for me again as I pushed her body under the spray to rinse her from the waist down. Turning her in my arms I pulled her close, the suds that remained on her upper torso felt delicious against my burning chest. I groaned softly as I pulled her against me and kissed her again deeply. "Oh God Jeanette," I moaned, "we fit so perfectly. I can't believe we waited this long to meet." She pulled back and exclaimed, "My turn now sweet heart," and smiled as she picked up the gel and squeezed out a dollop into her palm as I had. We switched positions in the tub so that the spray hit from my butt down. She didn't wait to get started and renewed the sudsy slickness on my chest before wrapping her arms around me and washing my back, our bodies slippery contact so purely erotic I could feel it as my cock slid between her thighs and rested along her petals. With a teasing maneuver I pressed my hips closer and felt my cock slide between her legs in full contact with her clit and labia. She groaned and looked into my eyes with desperation. "Let's get out and go to bed Gerald," she cooed. I nodded, it was time to feel the grip of her muscles around my wanton cock. We rinsed off quickly and as I got out grabbed a towel, dried her from shoulder to feet and allowed her to do the same for me. I took her hands as we faced each other, the decision had been made long ago and now would become reality. I walked backwards knowing where her bed lay awaiting our arrival. As my legs hit the edge of it I turned her back to it and leaned her back, she sat down and looked straight into my eyes and soul. My smile said volumes as I leaned to her and pressed my lips to hers yet again. My hands cupped her breasts tenderly and pushed her back to lay before me as one knee balanced me on the bed. I lowered my mouth from her lips and trailed it down over her neck, collar bone and to her chest. She wanted me and there could be no doubt she would have me soon. I suckled her nipples, one and then the other as she panted with need, my hand cupping her mound and then parting her flower as she allowed her legs to part for me. Moving with gentle ease my knee went to between her thighs, my mouth continuing its erotically charged advance over her breasts. My hand formed a cup as again two fingers slipped into her entry, she groaned more loudly than before and two fingers slid into her to the hilt. Her hips bucked to meet the advancing digits and I finger fucked her until she was at the verge of climax. It was time to fill her with what I had to offer. I pulled her farther onto the bed and ended with both of my knees between her knees, parted wide to allow my body to fit to hers. I lowered my torso over her and kissed her deeply as my head slid against her petals. She was wet with want and her hips bucked to have me inside. I wasn't sure just how badly she wanted me to push in a single thrust so instead pushed the head into her entry and paused as we each gasped with delight. Slowly I pushed and pulled from her wet sheath until half of my meager offering was in her tight grip. She moved more frantically and I knew the answer to my question, the next thrust was hard and fast, taking her pussy in a frantic pulsing thrust to the hilt. She cried out as I filled her with cock and began bounding her hips to fuck me from below. I rode with her and thrust time and time again to fill her even as her first climax washed through her body and sent waves of hot cream to coat my shaft. "Oh God baby," I cried out as I strained to enjoy more before my own climax came. I fucked her harder and deeper as I pulled her knees against her chest, ramming deep into her

womanly chamber with each vicious stroke until at last I could restrain myself no longer. I had lasted over ten minutes and was surprised. I cried out her name as my cum spurted into her womb, molten hot and creamy slick as I reveled in holding my member deep inside of her body. I didn't dare move or the balance of my seed would have erupted as well. I wanted to savor the feelings of cumming in her and could only do that if some were left for the next round. Without withdrawing my member from her lush slick pussy I laid down atop of her, holding most of my weight from crushing her gasping body as again my lips took hers. Murmuring into her mouth I professed my feelings, "You are amazing Jeanette. I can't believe how your muscles grip me so perfectly," and chuckled to keep my profession light hearted. I wasn't sure just how much commitment she would expect if I told her I loved her right then. She giggled, again it surprised me for a woman of her age, but then she too had been a while without having sex, though not near so long as my decades of celibacy. "Oh Gerald, it's not me that is amazing, it's us. I just love how you fill me so perfectly, it's the way we fit that makes it so wonderful." I nodded and she giggled again. She got a coy glimmer to her eyes and said, "Can I be on top next time?" I chuckled and rolled over taking her with me, "Oh yeah," I said with a naughty grin. She got the message and sat up straddled to my hips, my cock still deep inside her hard as a rock. She looked down at me and whispered, "I thought you said it had been a while. Most guys go a little soft after they cum," and rose up along my thick member as slid back along the slick velvet shaft. Her body convulsed immediately and she came over it as if she had fucked me for an hour. I grinned and said, "I guess that must have been an aftershock of the last orgasm?" in questioning tones. She rose up and slammed down again, this time she didn't climax but instead began to ride me for all she was worth. I estimated about a million bucks and chuckled as she drove me to the edge and held my body in the limbo of erotic sensory pleasures without allowing me to ejaculate again....yet. We fucked non stop until 1:00, we then went and sat in a nice warm tub of scented bath water. She was poised between my parted thighs as I caressed her tummy, tits and mound. She all but purred after the hours of being provided multiple orgasms that seemed to go from peak to peak without let up. I had to know that this woman would want me to visit again, and I really wanted to if I could manage the time and energy to do this again. When we got out of the tub we again dried each other, this time my cock was soft and limber as she dried my legs. With a glimmer to her eyes she sucked it in, this time taking it all, her lips closing around the base as even now it stirred and began to swell. Her head bobbed as it grew and she seemed willing to try even as it hardened and she took it down her throat. I cried out as what little semen was left after I had already cum three times erupted into her gullet. She pulled away panting for air and I lifted her to her feet and crushed my lips against hers in thanks. We walked back into the bed room, the bed was rumped to say the least, our poses had been many, from the missionary we began with to her doing the cowgirl over me and then taking me in while she rested on hands and knees and so many more. The finally was sweet though when I taught her how the Venus Butterfly would fill her even more than she had known from my ever eager thrusting cock. I'd have been willing to bet she'd be sore by evening, but she seemed content to have had a dozen or more full fledged orgasms in a day. It was hard at times to tell when one stopped and another began. We were most definitely a good match even in reality. She slipped into a robe and I pulled my pants back

on so we could go to the kitchen and get something to drink. She offered me something to eat and the smile she received all but scared her as I licked my lips tauntingly. "Next time Gerald, you have to spend the night," she declared. We each opted for a soda, the caffeine would help me for my lengthy drive home and apparently she was just about worn out as well. We laughed and talked about what positions we had tried and some we hadn't yet. Note we both were of a mind that this was only the beginning. I looked at my watch and figured it was time, I rose and held out a hand for her to join me as I dressed to go. It was rather sad, but life is often cruel. We both knew that now I knew the way to her home and we each knew the way to satisfy the other better than we already had. She didn't bother to get dressed as she walked me to the front door. We kissed with slow burning warmth as we said farewell, she wishing me a safe journey and me wishing her a fitting rest. We both knew it would happen again, the next time I could swing a day off from work when she had one as well. I waved as I backed from her driveway and pulled away. My heart even now yearns to return to Purdy, MO for another visit. Maybe next time it can be possible to stay the night, or even longer.