

Seattle

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I boarded a flight from Washington D.C. to Seattle. I took my window seat in the first-class section. There was a pink carry-on under the aisle seat and a fashion magazine on the seat. It was apparent that my companion was a woman. I wondered what she would look like. A very attractive well dressed green eyed natural blonde entered carrying a Vogue magazine in her left hand. She wore no wedding ring. She was a bit busty for my liking but otherwise not at all hard on the eyes. Could I get lucky? Yes I could. When she stopped and looked down at the mag on her seat. It was the same issue as the one in her hand. "Oh, fudge," she cried as she plopped down when she realized her mistake. "This is going to be a long flight for you with only me to talk to." "I'm sure we can keep it interesting." I said. Looking up at me she smiled and said, "Yeah, maybe we can keep it interesting." She offered a delicate hand and said. I'm Abigail. You can call me Abby." Still holding her hand I said, "And I'm Kenneth. You can call me Ken." Abby giggled and my feeble stab at humor. When we were next in line for take-off and the pilot pushed the throttles forward, Abby grabbed my hand. "This is the part of flying I don't like," she said as she closed her eyes and put head back against the rest. The plane barreled down the runway and lifted off. When the pilot leveled off Abby let go of my hand. "You okay" I asked. "Oh sure, I just wanted to hold your hand, that's all." "Well you can hold my hand anytime you want, Abby" With that, she leaned over and whispered, "The next thing I'll want to hold is your Johnson." As you might have guessed, that left me somewhat speechless. Without missing a beat she pointed to the Kindle that I had been holding since I sat down, and asked. "What are you reading, there, Ken?" "The Nine, Jeff..." "I know" She interrupted. "Jeffery Toobin's book on the Court." "Surprised that I would know that? Did you think that I was a ditz?" "No, Abby, I do not think you are a ditz. However, you did buy two issues of the same magazine" It took her a couple seconds to laugh out loud. "You're funny, Ken. I like you." "Well, I like you too, Abby." "You married, Ken?" "No" "Divorced, then" "No, not divorced." "OMG, you're not gay, are you?" "No, not gay either?" You a member of the mile high club, Ken? "No, never had the opportunity." I answered. "Too bad." Abby said with a sigh. "Where are you going, Ted?" "Seattle." "Oh wow, so am I." She said laughing. "May I ask why you are going to Seattle?" "I may be relocating there. I have a job interview tomorrow." "What will you be doing in Seattle?" I asked. "Whatever I want and I will be doing whatever as a single woman for the first time in just over five years." "Why Seattle?" I asked. "My twin sister is an Army Major stationed there." "I will be visiting with her for a few days then I don't know where to next" "So, this is a divorce vacation, then?" "Not divorced yet. I have seen an attorney and my hard drinking,

lying, cheating, scumbag attorney; of a husband will be getting the papers today. My asshole father-in-law insisted on a prenupt. Davis, my husband, and I both violated the fidelity clause. Problem for him is I was careful, he wasn't. I got him good, stills, videos the works. The prenupt gets torn up after five years of marriage. And our fifth anniversary was two days ago." So, what do you do, Ken? "I am afraid to say." "Why is that?" Abby asked. "Well I am an attorney. But not of the scumbag variety." I paused, waiting for a reaction. "Shit." Then she looked up at me and laughed. I took the laugh as a sign that I might still be OK with her. We chatted just about everything. Family, books, movies, a little politics, the usual. Then without warning, Abby rose half way out of her seat. Leaning over with a hand high on my thigh and looked out the window, she asked, "What do you think our altitude is?" I glanced out and said, "Looks like we are still over the Midwest. I'd say fifteen maybe twenty thousand feet. Sitting back down. "OK, that's more than a mile." Still with her hand on my thigh, "I am going to the restroom. You wait one minute and come to the door and rap once, only once. I will open the door to you. I couldn't believe this is happening. "What about the flight attendant?" I ask. She opened her purse and removed two 50. "I'll take care of her." She squeezes my thigh once more and says, "One minute" Abby walked forward and took the attendant by the elbow and whispered. The attendant shot a look at me. Abby raises her finger to get the woman's attention and whispered again. The attendant nodded and looked again in my direction. Abby pressed the bills into the attendants hand and let herself into the restroom. I was fixated on the second hand of my watch. Sixty seconds later I am headed for the restroom. The flight attendant was nowhere to be seen. I tap on the door once. The door opens. Abby grabbed my belt and pulled me inside. She sat on the toilet lid and deftly went at my belt buckle and zipper with abandon. In seconds my pants and boxers were around my ankles. Her hands grasped my ass cheeks and wildly pumping my cock in her mouth. This was no time to be holding back. It didn't take long for me to feel my semen building. "I am gonna cum," I whispered. Abby's only response was to squeeze my ass harder and increase the tempo on my cock. I let go a load of cum and she held my cock in her mouth until I was spent and softening. Then she stood and slid past me to the door. "Pull up your pants, Ken" she giggled. "And don't forget to tuck your shirt in." The door opened and she was gone. I rearranged my clothes making sure that I tucked my shirt in then I opened the door and stepped out. The flight attendant was back. She moved to let me pass. Giving no indication as to what had just happened. When I got back to my seat Abby barely raised her eyes from her kindle as I stepped past her. "Does the pilot give us a certificate authenticating our membership in the Mile High Club?" "Probably not. Why don't you ask your friend the attendant?" "Maybe I will." Abby says with chuckle. We spoke little the remainder of the flight. We chatted some but mostly we were engrossed in our Kindles. When the pilot announced that we would be on the ground at Sea-Tac in fifteen minutes, Abby asked where I would be staying. I gave her the name of a midtown hotel. She asked if I needed a ride. I told her that I would be taking the hotel's airport shuttle. "Ken." She sighed. "Do you want a ride? I don't want to let go of you so soon." "Yes Abby. I want a ride." I smiled. "Good, I have a rental waiting." Inside the terminal we headed to the baggage carousel. Abby handed me her claim ticket and told me to watch for a bag that matched the pink of her carry-on. She stopped at the rental car kiosk. In a few minutes she joined me at the carousel. We

exchanged our first kiss. I jumped when she put a hand on the front of my pants and rubbed my cock. I looked across the carousel and a guy was watching with a smile. He nudged the woman with him and nodded in our direction. When his lady friend saw what was happening she smiled then shrugged her shoulders put her hand on her male friend's crotch and matched Abby's rubbing motion. The guy mouthed, "Thank you" We claimed our luggage, loaded it on a cart and pushed it outside to the curb. A bright red Mustang convertible rolled up. The top was down, of course. The driver got out looking at a picture of Abby on his cell that had been taken at the kiosk. He put our luggage in the trunk and back seat. When he turned to leave Abby stopped him with a 50. "Kevin." She said, looking at his name tag. "What's the weather for today?" "One word, ma'am, glorious" answered Kevin. "No clouds, no rain, quite unusual for Seattle. A perfect day for sunbathing or a picnic, I'd say" "I think we'll do both." Abby said with another 50. "So, what are your plans for the rest of the day, Ken?" "Nothing really. Just get settled in at my hotel and try to adjust to the time change" "Think that you can work a naked picnic into your agenda?" Abby asked with a giggle. I said that would be fine with me but what about her sister. Abby shrugged and said that her sister was in Portland and would not be back until the next morning. "A naked picnic sound good, but where?" "I'll find us a place." Abby said confidently. As we sped along the highway into the city I wanted to pinch myself at my good fortune. My hotel was easy to find. The rental car company had programmed the GPS to the location. At the hotel the bags were unloaded and I went to the check-in and Abby stopped at the concierge desk. Soon she joined me with directions to a somewhat private place for our naked picnic. In the room Abby excused herself and took some clothing to the bathroom. She emerged wearing a T and hiking shorts. After putting on a pair of sneakers she stood and flashed me exposing her perfect braless breasts. "I'm ready." She announced. "Is that what you're wearing?" She said scoffing at my trousers and white dress shirt. "I came to Seattle for business, this is all I have." Abby took the extra blanket from the closet and said. "Let's go." Back in the lobby a picnic basket was waiting for us at the concierge desk. Abby thanked the concierge with another 50. I resisted the urge to ask how many of those U.S. Grants were in her purse. Outside still another 50 for the valet that brought the car up. We sped away and were soon back on the highway. I navigated with the hand written directions. Thirty minutes after leaving the hotel we were parking near a hiking trail. About twenty yards away was a grassy spot with a perfect view of the city below. As I was taking the picnic basket from the Mustang, Abby was shedding her shorts and T. Wearing only a yellow thong she approached me. Lacking the haste of the airplane restroom, Abby slowly went at my belt and zipper. With my trousers and boxers at my feet I started running my hands over her perfect body. "Whoa, cowboy, I'm hungry. We have lots of time to play." With that she ran to the car grabbed the blanket and began to spread it on the grass. We relaxed on the blanket sipping wine and munching on some fresh veggies, and cheese with crackers. We chatted some about our lives. Turns out Abby was an attorney too. She had attended Duke Law and was practicing contract law in her husband's family practice. Her husband was a named partner and the practice was very successful. Yes she had access to lots of 50 bills. Before I could share my story, Abby feigned accidentally spilling wine on her breasts. Be a dear, Ken and give me a napkin. No better yet why don't you lick the wine off of my nipples. With that she lay

back on the blanket, submissively. I was at her side in a second. My lips were on one nipple as I caressed the other. I fumbled with her thong. She helped by lifting her ass. I soon learned that this woman knew how to kiss. I turned to see if any of the spilled wine had reached her pussy. It hadn't. But I licked it anyway. I gently bit and tugged at her clit with my teeth and tongue. Abby held my head hard to her pussy. The taste and aroma of her love juices were more intoxicating than the wine. I could have licked her forever. And then. "Stop." She cried. "What?" "Fuck me Ken. Fuck me now. " Well now, how could I not follow her instructions? I turned and positioned myself over her. As we kissed again, she took my rock hard cock and guided it to her pussy lips. In one motion I was deep inside of her. She let out a gasp of ecstasy. My cock felt so good engulfed in her pussy. I began to slowly pump her pussy. As Abby grasped my ass I picked up the pace. Pumping faster now. As I pumped her pussy with my cock I massaged her clit with my thumb. Her moans and quickening gasps told me that I must be doing something right. I wanted so much to make this woman feel good. I hoped that I could hold off long enough to give her maximum pleasure. While I always know that I will be getting my pleasure I feel that it is my responsibility to give my partner the most satisfaction. And that is what I was attempting here. Her cries and moans told me that I was achieving my goal. Her body began to shutter and her arms around me tightened their grasp. She had several orgasms as she bit my chest just above my right nipple. Only after the bite was I able to ejaculate and once spent my cock softened inside of her. Exhausted and breathing heavily I rolled off of her. Her heavy breathing matched my own. I touched the painful spot on my chest. Abby lovingly kissed the wound and apologized. "It's OK" I said "With any luck it will leave a mark to remind me of this day for the rest of my life." Since the bite did not break the skin, a lasting reminder was not to be. We spent the next couple hours laying naked and sipping wine. We talked about a variety of subjects and just enjoyed being. At one point I looked up and saw two boys watching us. I whispered to Abby to look in their direction. When Abby waved to them, they ran. All in all it was a great day. I hoped it would never end. When the sky began to cloud up, it appeared that Kevin may have misinformed us. We gathered up the remainder of the picnic food and loaded it into the basket. We tossed the blanket and the basket into the backseat of the Mustang and dressed. Abby took the passenger seat leaving me to do the driving. When we were back in the highway, Abby opened her shorts and put a hand inside it was apparent why she wanted me to drive. When we approached a semi and started to pass Abby told me to slow down. She wanted to give the trucker a peek. When we were abreast of the driver's window Abby's had a hand inside of her shorts and the other hand was on her breast. She then laid her head back and looked up to get the driver's reaction. "Go, go, go." She shouted. "What?" I said as I floored the accelerator. When she was able to stop laughing enough to speak, she revealed that the truck driver was a female and quite butch looking. We tried it again with better results. Except that the driver momentarily lost control and drifted slightly toward us. We drove around the city proper and the suburbs for about two hours before returning to my hotel. With a 50 bill, Abby asked the valet to see that the picnic supplies got returned to the kitchen and the blanket to housekeeping. In the elevator to my suite, I had to ask. "How many of those U.S. Grants are you carrying? "I left home with a hundred fifty of them. It's my soon to be exes money." He won't miss it." In my suite, Abby got naked and

lounge on the leather love seat. I disrobed and joined her. She grabbed the remote and turned on the TV to the financial news network. I watched her absentmindedly rub her pussy as she watch the TV. When the segment ended Abby jumped to her feet. "Come on, time for a shower. Join me?" I got to my feet and followed, all the while admiring her gorgeous curves. Before entering the shower, Abby turned the water on in the Jacuzzi. In the shower, Abby pressed her body to mine and kissed me lovingly. Our hands were all over each other. I knelt before her and licked her slit and sucked her clit. Her moans immediately aroused me. Abby looked over at the Jacuzzi. The hot water was at about the right level. We rinsed off and moved to the tub. I sat in the tub with Abby in front and leaning back on me. We enjoyed the tub so much that I actually fell asleep for a few minutes. We had been there for about an hour when Abby announced that she was hungry. We got out and dried off. There was no reason to get dressed, so we didn't. Abby went to the phone and ordered room service. Two wedge salads with bleu cheese and a sirloin strip to share and a bottle of pinot noir to wash it down. Twenty minutes later there was a knock on the door. We donned the hotel bath robes. Abby opened the door to the room service waiter. As he rolled the cart in Abby went for her purse and, you guessed it, a 50. As she handed the bill to the waiter she purposely let the robe fall open exposing her gorgeous body. The money was un-necessary. The view was tip enough. She even had to take his hand and put the bill in it as his eyes were locked on her tits and pussy. When she closed the robe it was time for him to go and she walked him to the door. She turned the TV to FNN as we dined in the nude. After dinner we surfed the hotel movie selections. The porn was really soft core. I mean no cock or pussy shots. Only pretty women with implanted breasts and the intercourse was faked. Boring. We settled on a romantic comedy. We watched from the love seat with our feet up on the coffee table. When a passionate love scene came on the screen, Abby reached for my cock and gave it a little stroke. At the next hot scene my cock got a kiss on the tip then back to the movie. When the movie ended Abby swung a leg over me and positioned her pussy over my cock. Then looking my in the eyes. "Ken." "Yes, Abby." "Thank you for today, Ken." "And I thank you, Abby." Then grabbing my cock. "This day is not over, Ken" She began rubbing the tip of my cock up and down her pussy lips and around her already aroused clit. All the while kissing me softly, lovingly, passionately. My arousal was matching hers. My cock was soon at attention, waiting. Pushing her gently off of me I suggested that we try the bed. "Yes, let's." And with that she jumped off of me and ran to the bedroom, laughing. In the bedroom, Abby tore the bed covers away. Then jumped onto the bed and lay there with legs spread and arms reaching out to me. I took a couple seconds to take in the picture of beauty, passion and exuberance that this woman displayed before joining her on the bed. Her still open arms welcomed me. We embraced. We kissed softly then passionately and then softly again. Abby took her breasts in both hands. "Do my nipples, Ken." She begged. She needn't beg me as I was headed there anyway. Making love to her magnificent breasts made her moan with ecstasy. She held my head hard to her breasts as I licked and sucked and tweaked away. Suddenly she pushed me off and onto my back. Abby attacked my nipples matching the vigor that I had displayed on her. Now it was me holding her head hard to my nipples. I so wanted to be fucking her, plunging my rock hard cock deep into her pussy. But I waited for her. I allowed her to take the lead here. I knew that I probably

would not see Abby again after tonight and I wanted this love making session to leave a lasting memory. Abby slid under me and took my cock gently in her hand and slowly rubbed it on her wet pussy and clit. "Make love to me, Ken," she said as she directed my cock into her wet pussy. I pushed my cock into her slowly. This was not the time for hard fucking. No, it was time for soft slow strokes. Abby looked into my eyes and then smiled as we made love. I smiled back. This was love making at it's best. Her orgasms were not powerful but short and numerous. She started before me but we finished together. We fell asleep in each other's arms. I awoke the next morning to the sound of the door to the suite being closed. I wanted to chase after her. But then thought better of it. This is how Abby wanted it. No good-byes. I showered and got dressed for my job interview. As I was leaving, I passed the small table in the sitting area. There I found two 50 bills. On one was written "housekeeping". The other said "Thanks for the fucks, Abby". I smiled and said out loud, "No, thank you, Abby". I folded the bill neatly and put it in the back of my wallet, never to be spent. I went to the hotel dining room for a light breakfast and coffee. After breakfast I took a short walk to my job interview. At 8:55 I was in the reception area of Carter, Wilson, PA one of Seattle's most prominent law firms. I was pretty sure that I had the job. They just wanted a face to face with me. I was led into a small conference room where I sat across from a man that introduced himself as James Carter the managing partner and I learned later the grandson of the named partner. Two others joined him and immediately began leafing thru the file folders before them. The folders must have contained copies of my 31 page application along with probably an extensive dossier on me and I don't know what all. A fourth folder lay untouched in front of an empty chair. In the middle of the questioning a woman entered the room. A stunningly sensual woman that walked with an air of confidence and sexuality. She took the seat beside Carter and opened the file folder and quickly closed it. "Mister Tyler my name is Barbara Adams and you will be working for me." "Now, Mister Tyler why do you want to toil in litigation." She did not take her eyes off of me as I answered. "Litigation," I said, "Is where it is sometimes necessary to think and respond on your feet. I love that challenge and I might also add that I really don't mind the hours of preparation that is involved." Her smile told me that I must have given the right answer. She then stood and said that we should forgive her but she had a depo to attend. She turned as if to walk away then looked at me and touching the top button of her blouse asked. "Mister Tyler, what would you do if I began to disrobe right here right now, what would you do? Without hesitation I answered, "I would disrobe as well, ma'am, not wanting you to be the only naked person in the room." She smiled and leaned over to whisper something to Carter and walked to the door. I wanted to watch her walk away but all eyes in the room were on me. Carter broke the silence by saying, "MS Adams sometimes likes to shock." "And you, Mister Tyler certainly proved that you can think on your feet." "The position is yours Mister Tyler," said Carter as he slid a large envelope across the table. "This is our compensation package for you to look over. I am sure that you will find it most generous." "We would like you to start in three weeks. I am sure that you have affairs to settle up back east. You will need more time than three weeks so we will be quite flexible with your time until you have made the move complete." Carter stood and put out his hand to be shook. "Welcome to CW." He walked me to the elevator lobby. As we passed reception a stunningly beautiful black

woman got off of the elevator. "Oh, good," said Carter. "I would like you to meet Desireé Washington. You will be shadowing Missus Washington until you learn your way around. Desireé also works for MS Adams in litigation. "Call me DeeDee," she said as we shook hands. It was hard for me not to look her up and down. She wore a conservative white business suit with a black blouse. She was as tall as I in her 4" stilettos. I could feel her eyes pierce my soul as she flashed a bright smile. The only make-up she wore was bright red lipstick that looked even brighter next to her flawless chocolate skin. I began to have impure thoughts until I noticed the very large wedding ring on the hand that held a file to her chest. Working with such a creature as this was going to be a challenge. Three weeks later DeeDee and I were hard at work doing research for Barbara Adams. We became friends of a sort as we worked together. DeeDee was very smart and I admired her intelligence. We would have lunch together when time allowed. These lunches gave us the chance to reveal much about our lives. DeeDee was married to an Army surgeon stationed at Walter Reed. His name was Giorgio but she called him Georgie or My Georgie. It was apparent that she loved her husband very much. She told me that they spoke by skype or cell phone every night. One morning Carter's secretary handed me an envelope. In it were two tickets to a Mariners game on Saturday. The Mariners were hosting the Orioles for a three game series over the week-end. "What is it?" asked Dee Dee when I said, "Oh wow!" "Tix to a Mariners game on Saturday" "Is there a parking pass?" "Yes, and directions to the CW sky box." "Two tickets you say." I like baseball; Ken and I have a car." She had a point about the car thing. I had yet to buy a car as the apartment that I was renting was walking distance from the office. "Can I be your date?" DeeDee said with smile. "Yes, of course. It should be fun." On Saturday afternoon Dee Dee picked me up for the 4 o'clock game. On the drive to the stadium we talked baseball. She not only liked baseball she was a student of the game. Again I was impressed. She wore a Mariners shirt and white Bermuda shorts. We found the sky box and helped ourselves to the buffet of wings, hot dogs and fresh veggies. There was plenty of snack food to go with the beer and sodas. There was also a fully stocked wet bar with all top shelf liquors. There were eleven others there. After introductions all around we settled down to watch the game. Barbara Adams was there with two men who were obviously business associates. I divided my attention between the game and watching Barbara. She turned me on even more now that I was working for her. Sometimes she would come into where DeeDee and I were working I never failed to become aroused when she would lean over me with a hand on my shoulder or if she just touched my arm. Being the only Orioles fan in the box, I was the butt of many jokes until my Orioles took a commanding lead. At the end of the seventh half of the others were making their way to the door, including Barbara Adams and her guests. When they were gone DeeDee leaned over and whispered, "You got a thing for Naked Barb?" "You seemed to be watching every move she made." "Well, she certainly is a hottie," I answered. "And why do you call her that?" "Naked Barb, what does that mean? I have heard it before around the office." "Barbara Adams is a nudist, a naturist if you will. You didn't know that?" "No, I didn't," I am thinking now I have something else to fantasize about. DeeDee and I talked baseball on the drive back to my apartment. When we pulled up to the building DeeDee's cell began to signal a low battery. "Shit, I have a low batt and My Georgie will be calling in twenty minutes My charger is at home." The

firm supplied us with cell phones so we had identical cells. "Can I come up and use your charger, Ken?" "Of course." I directed her to my unused parking space and we took the elevator to my apartment. My apartment is sparsely furnished since it is only temporary until I find a permanent residence. There is a king size bed, a leather love seat and a very large bar height dining table without chairs that I work at when I have lots of papers spread over it. I have two stools at the counter that separates the kitchen from the dining area. A small TV that I seldom turn on after the morning news. I put her phone on the charger and offered a glass of wine from the gift basket that I received when I moved into the apartment. We drank the wine from water glasses. Her phone rang and she looked at the display. "It's Georgie." She took the phone and the glass of wine into the bedroom. Twenty minutes later she emerged from the bedroom smiling. "Nice chat?" I asked. "Oh yes, I told him that we went to the game and that I was talking from your apartment. "You told him that you were in my apartment? What did he say to that?" "He wanted to know if I was going to fuck you." "Holy shit, DeeDee why would he say something like that?" "Because he knows that I have needs, sexual needs and if I fuck you it would be OK." You might guess that I didn't know what to say. I had often wondered what DeeDee would be like in the sack. I never made a move in respect for her and her marriage. But now... "Well, Ken am I going to fuck you?" Without waiting for an answer she pulled the T over her head and unbuttoned the white Bermudas letting them fall to around her ankles. DeeDee wore no bra nor did she need to. The nipples of her petite breast were the largest I had ever seen. I wanted to grab her and pull her close enough to tug on those magnificent nipples with my lips. But I let her take the lead. Her fingers went to the front of her red thong. She took the few steps that separated us and holding my face in her hands kissed me softly. Then she took my hands and placed them on her tits. I began making circular motions on her nipples with my palms. This action provoked encouraging moans from deep within her. "Ken, it is customary for one to show a visitor their home. Are you going to show me your bedroom?" Standing beside my bed, DeeDee deftly went after my belt and zipper as I pulled off my shirt. She pushed my pants and boxers down to around my ankles and I kicked them aside along with my loafers. As she rose my rock hard cock brushed her cheek leaving a drop of precum. She wiped the droplet away with her finger and with a smile she put the finger in her mouth. I was about to push her onto the bed when she beat me to it. She fell back on the bed and lay spread eagle in only her red thong. She pulled off the thong exposing her beautiful shaved pussy. With her arms open to me she said, "Take me, Ken, make me feel good." I didn't need any more encouragement when I crawled onto the bed beside her. My lips were on hers tasting the fruity flavor of her bright red lipstick. I couldn't wait any longer to take her magnificent nipples in my mouth. Licking, sucking, tweaking her nipples. I could have played with her tits forever but there was more of this chocolate beauty to explore. Slowly my lips moved lower across her belly pausing to kiss the gold piercing in her navel. I moved to position myself between her long slender legs. My face was just inches from her shaved pussy. The aroma of her love juices were intoxicating. When I took her entire pussy in my mouth and began to suck her juices, the taste made my head spin. My tongue worked up and down her slit and around her clit. I gently bit and tugged at her clit with my teeth and lips. She held my head hard against her pussy as she raised her hips to grind her pussy into my mouth. She

pulled me up to kiss me again. That's when she took my cock and rubbed it on her soaking wet pussy. She put my cock on her opening. It slid easily inside of her. Her hands were on my ass as I began to stroke her pussy. I pumped her pussy slowly at first then began to pick up speed. Soon my cock was pounding hard and fast. On one back stroke my cock came all the way out of her pussy. Then it slammed back in again. I continued this action. All the way out and back in again over and over. Each time my cock grazed her clit on the way back in. DeeDee let out screams of pleasure as her body quaked with orgasm upon orgasm. She held me so tight that I thought she might crack a rib. I could hold back no longer. My cock exploded filling her pussy with my cum. She continued to hold me close as my cock began to soften. When I was totally spent I rolled off. We lay beside each other letting our breath return to normal. Then she picked up her thong and excused herself to the bathroom. When she emerged she went straight to the living room. Dressed she returned to the bed bent over and kissed me on the forehead. Thank you, Ken, thank you. I really needed that." And with that she was gone. On Monday morning there was no mention of what had happened. We were back to being friends and colleagues. About six weeks later she called me just before midnight and said that she was coming over. She didn't ask she just said that she was coming over. I don't have to tell you what happened when she arrived. Two months later she was leaving Seattle for a position with a law firm in Boston and in her Georgie's time zone. A year had passed since I had joined CW. With DeeDee gone I was working closer with Barbara Adams. I continued to lust for her. Sometimes I think she knew the effect she had on me. She would often lean over my shoulder looking at what I was doing. I was not familiar with the perfume that she wore but it aroused a stirring in my loins. The slightest touch of her hand on my arm could drive me crazy. We had been working for months on a product liability case that Barbara won a very big settlement for her plaintiff. The litigation department numbered twelve attorneys, associates and staff. Barbara had a lunch catered from one of Seattle's finest restaurants. Prime rib, Pacific Salmon, of course and the finest Caesar salad east of Christie's in Miami. No hard liquor. While the beer was imported the wine was strictly Washington State. The beer and wine flowed freely as this was Friday and we would not return to work after the lunch. It was a fun lunch that lasted two hours. When I got up to leave, Barbara stopped me. "Wait a minute, Ken I want to talk to you." No more wine for me. I poured a glass of water and took a seat next to her. "Your one year anniversary with CW is next week. I am recommending you for a bump in pay and position to senior associate." "I, I don't know what to say, Barbara . Thank you, thank you." "You have earned it, Ken," she said as she put her hand on my arm. When all of the others had left she said, "Ken do you know why they call me naked Barb, around here." "Some say that you are a nudist." "That's right I am a nudist, what do you think about that?" "I have strong feelings about a lot of things and no feeling about other things." "You being a nudist or your life style is not something I give much thought." "I am hosting a nudist party at my home on Sunday evening." She paused here to allow what she saying to sink in. Looking me in the eyes, "Would you be my guest?" This was the second shocking thing that she said to me since I met her. I didn't know how to answer. Should I pause as if to be thinking it over or jump at the chance to see the woman that I had lusted for naked. She saved me the decision when she slid her business card to me with her home phone number and directions to her residence hand

written on the back. "The shindig starts about four, be there or not it's up to you." With that she rose and left the room. I watched her walk away as I had done so many times before. And as before, I watched with lusty thoughts in my mind. Oh I was going, alright. You better believe I would be there. I almost asked, what should I wear? That would have been dumb. At 4:15 Sunday afternoon I pulled up in front of the Adams residence in my brand new red Mustang convertible. I had chosen the red Mustang as a reminder of Abby. Two young men with ripped and tanned bodies wearing only gym shorts and sandals awaited to valet the cars. The Adams home was huge. It was the biggest residence I had ever been in. Inside the twelve foot high double doors was a huge foyer. Just off the foyer to the left was a very large walking closet. A beautiful young woman dressed only in a French maids apron and nothing else motioned me into the closet ostensibly to disrobe. A totally naked couple emerged from the closet as I entered. The guy was sporting the beginnings of an erection as was I. Across the foyer from the closet was a large bathroom. I thought about going there to masturbate before entering the party. Later I was glad that I didn't. I entered the great room and a great room it was. You could fit my entire 2/2.5 condo inside of it. "Ken," a familiar voice called out. It was Barbara Adams approaching wearing only a big smile and carrying a half full glass of red wine. She moved just as assuredly and sensually naked as she did at the office in business attire. She seemed not to notice I was now sporting a fully erect member. "I'm glad you made it," she said, looking me straight in the eyes. "Come on let me get you started." She led me to a half round bar that was off to the right. Three men were standing at the bar. Barbara introduced me to her husband, Jon. Ironic, because her husband looked very much like the actor, Jon Hamm. Another young woman was behind the bar also in a French maid apron and nothing else. I asked for a Canadian and water. The men were watching a Mariners game on the TV behind the bar ignoring the hottie in the apron until they needed a refill. I began to look around the room. There were two pool tables on the opposite wall. One was a straight table while the other was for billiards. Both regulation, of course. Two women were playing on the straight table while two men watched. One of the men was smoking a cigarette. I wondered where he carried his pack and lighter. There were about forty people in attendance, mostly couples. I will not be giving a description of cock or breast sizes here. I will just say that they all had them. Except for the one black man. Let's just say that he was adequately endowed but in no way did he measure up to urban legend. There was a large fireplace on the back wall. Everything in this home was big. On either side of the fireplace were two sets of four panel sliding glass doors that lead to the backyard. I got my Canadian refreshed and walked to the backyard. A two acre space greeted me. The perfectly manicured lawn and garden with an Olympic size pool, hot tub for twelve, an outdoor kitchen, a massive fire pit and other amenities as you can imagine. I slipped into the hot tub and watched everything. I especially watched Barbara Adams, the perfect hostess. She moved about with her glass of wine that I never saw her drink from. Watching her I started to get hard again. "Hello, Ken" a strange voice came from behind me. I turned as a stunningly beautiful young woman slipped into the hot tub. She had a slender toned body with small pert breasts. We were the only ones in the tub. She took a seat near me not real close but close enough. "How do you know my name?" "Mom told me your name and all about you." "Mom?" "Yes, Barbara Adams is my mother." I started doing

the math in my head. I had Barbara pegged at mid thirties. Now I had to figure her to be older to have a daughter in her early twenties. Without thinking I shot a look in Barbara's direction. She must have sensed what I was thinking. "Yes, she is sexy for her age." "Your mother is sexy for any age." I countered. "My name is Gina." She said holding out a hand to be shook. "What was it about me that she told you all about?" "Oh, things." She said with a mischievous smile. I was curious. "What things?" I prodded. "Things like what DeeDee Washington told her about you." "So, apparently a gentleman should never tell but the ladies can blab anything." "Yea, only I would never tell." Gina was very sensual and I knew where she got that from. As we chatted I learned that she had the air of confidence and intelligence to go with her beauty. She told me about her older brother and younger sister, all nudists as well. Gina said that her sister was too young to attend these adult parties but was watching us from her bedroom window. With that she waved and a hand appeared from behind the curtain and waved back. As we talked I started having mother-daughter threesome fantasies. Crap, my cock was growing again. "Gina." Came a voice from above. "I gotta go. Walk me out." "My boyfriend." Gina whispered as climbed out of the tub. I watched her walk away with one of the two luckiest men at the party. The other being Barbara's Jon, of course. I mingled with the other guests a bit even joining those at the pool table. I played badly as I had not held a cue since college. The smoker's name was Dick Cleveland and a project manager for Jon's real estate development business. The party was beginning to break up around 9:00. I looked around for Jon to thank him for having me. He was nowhere to be seen. Barbara was near the foyer talking to a tall young woman when I approached. She introduced the strikingly beautiful woman as Roberta Lincoln, her hairdresser. Normally I would have checked her out but she was with the object of my fantasies. "Thank you for an interesting evening." "We haven't had a chance to chat, Ken" "Have a drink. I want to show you something before you leave." She said this with her hand on my arm. Yes, you guessed it, my cock started to grow again. I went to the bar where the hottie in the apron was cleaning up and closing the bar. "Canadian?" she said flashing a come fuck me smile. "Better not. Make it a diet Coke," I sat there sipping my Coke wondering what Barbara wanted to show me. I looked around and the only guests remaining were the pool players. Soon Barbara was standing beside me with one hand on my arm and the other holding the ever present glass of wine. She finished the wine in one swallow. "Come" she said and led me away from the bar. We walked across the lawn in silence. Trying to make small talk, I asked of Jon since I wasn't able to say good night to him. "He had better be in bed. He has a 9:00 tee time in Portland tomorrow. Soon we were walking in the garden. Then she stopped and turned to me. "I said that I wanted to show you something, Ken. You know what it is?" Before I could answer her hand was around my cock. "I want to show you a good time, Ken." "You've wanted to fuck me since that first day we met at your interview, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, Ken, here I am. Fuck me." As she pulled me down onto the soft grass. The grass was not cut as short as the rest of the garden. I was sure that that was by design. With her hand still around my rock hard cock, she directed my head to her somewhat small and perfect breasts. I took her hardened nipples into my mouth sucking and tweaking. I had often fantasized about sucking her nipples. My fantasy was now reality and the reality was far, far better. When she arched her back to me I knew that I was

treating her nipples right. Barbara was my boss and hostess. It was her party and I let her set the pace. I was willing to play by the house rules. "My pussy, Ken do my pussy." She was already wet when I got to her shaved pussy. Another fantasy fulfilled. I dove right in, taking her entire pussy in my mouth, sucking. When I pushed my tongue into her pussy I wished that it was longer. I licked her slit up and down then up and around her clit. I took her clit into my mouth gently tugging it with my lips. Her moans were music to my ears. When she pushed me onto my back and straddled me, I knew that my fantasy was about to become complete. She held my cock and slowly directed it to her pussy lips then lowered herself onto me. My cock slid easily up and into her. My thumb massaged her clit as she rode my cock. My other hand was pinching her nipples hard. She looked down at me and smiled. I smiled back. I was in heaven. I had wanted this for so long never thinking that it would happen. Soon her smile was gone replaced with a look of ecstasy. Her body quacked as the first wave of an orgasm washed over her. Again and again she came. I could hold back no longer as my cock shot cum up into her. She collapsed on top of me with my cock still inside of her. With my cock softening and slipping out of her she rolled off of me and lay on my side. "Thank you, Ken. You are everything the lover that DeeDee said you were. I must send her a thank you note." I resisted the urge to ask if I could sign the note as well. I was grateful for the praise at my love making. I also knew that a man is only as good as the woman he is with. Barbara Adams was an amazing fuck, simply amazing, everything I could imagine that she would be. "Stay here." She said as she got to her feet. "I have to take care of the staff." "Be nice to our guest, Gina and show him a good time." As she walked toward the house. I looked up and Gina was standing over me. Gina dropped to her knees beside me and called out, "I will mom, I will." Look for a part 2 coming soon.