

Joni

Business conferences are work. Don't let anyone tell you any different. The ones that are held out-of-town from wherever you live are even more work because you've got to travel to get there, live out of a suitcase for the duration, and travel home when they're done. It almost doesn't matter how long they are. I think that, because everyone understands what a pain in the ass they are, management tries to arrange activities for the off-hours so that the experience isn't unremitting labor.

The first night's relaxation was a 'game room'. The hotel provided board games and cards for anyone who wanted to strike up a tournament. Before we knew it, two foursomes had formed in corners of the room and started playing Bridge. I, personally, can't stand the game and quickly found something else to occupy my time: a movie being shown in one of the conference rooms.

As the movie ended, I meandered down to the hospitality area and discovered the Bridge games just breaking up. A pretty redhead who had been playing cards sidled up to me as I constructed a sandwich from the fixings at the buffet.

"You're Tom Duffy from the Washington office, aren't you?" she asked. I admitted that I was. "Joni Fuller," she introduced herself with an outstretched hand, "Tucson." I shook the proffered hand.

"I wouldn't think I'd be recognized out in the field," I told her. "How is it you know my name?"

"You stood up and introduced yourself at the roundtable this morning. I'm pretty good with names and faces," she bragged, "I could probably introduce you to near everyone in this room. What do you do in DC?"

"Sales forecasts," I admitted. "I dream up the numbers you have to meet," and I winked at her. "How am I doing?"

"Spotty," she told me. "Sometimes it's hard to make quota; other times it's a breeze. Well, nice talking to you. I have to go call a cab to take me home."

"Aren't you staying at the hotel?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No. I'm staying at a place my sister owns for vacation rentals. The company is giving me a *per diem* for not staying at the hotel and racking up huge lodging expenses for them."

"If you'd like, I can drive you there and save you the price of the cab."

"Thanks! Let's go."

It took me just a few minutes to get my car and bring it to the front of the hotel. Joni was waiting and took her seat next to me. We headed out with her giving me directions as we went.

"Are you married?" she asked. I told her I hadn't found the right girl yet. "What does the right girl look like, do you think?"

"To be honest, she could look a lot like you. I don't often find redheads as pretty and vivacious as Joni Fuller. In fact, I rarely find anyone as pretty and vivacious as Joni Fuller."

"Well," she said, "that's quite a compliment. Thank you. Here's my house with the white mailbox." I turned into her driveway and stopped.

Joni unbuckled her seat belt and leaned over far enough to put her lips to mine. Her lips felt great — warm, soft, and moist. Of course, I kissed her back. Wouldn't you?

"Care for a nightcap?" she asked, pointing to her house with her thumb.

"Sure." I shut the car down and followed her to her front door and inside as she unlocked it. I took a seat on her couch. She produced two wine glasses and slipped a fresh bottle from the wine rack. In a minute, she had peeled the foil, yanked the cork, and was pouring for both of us. She joined me on the couch.

"That was awfully nice of you to give me a lift home," she started.

"I'd do it again for a kiss like that," I told her.

"Oh, you liked that, did you?" She put her wine glass down on the coffee table and leaned in to deliver another kiss. When we finally broke, I placed my glass next to hers and slipped my arms around her midriff. She didn't hesitate an instant. This time, the softness of her lips was accentuated by the tongue she slipped into my mouth. I sucked it a little and chased it with my own tongue when she withdrew it at last. I didn't realize I had a boner until I felt her hand swipe along my crotch. I must have given off a little sigh, because she broke the kiss to remark: "I guess you must have liked that, too, huh?"

I chuckled a little at that, simply because I don't know any guy who doesn't like a little stroke on his tenderer parts by as lovely a girl as Joni. I reciprocated with a gentle caress of her breasts. She leaned back on the couch as if to give me a better angle, so I continued caressing her breasts and moved in to continue kissing her luscious lips.

She mumbled something through the kiss so I backed off a little to let her get her words out. "My blouse is going to be a wrinkled mess," she said finally and began to unbutton it down the front. As long as she was going to be busy with her blouse, I let my hand slip down between her thighs... which she spread wide for me.

With her blouse now undone, she stood facing away from me and peeled it from her body, draping it neatly on a nearby chair. Then she unbuttoned the front of her bra and tossed that onto the chair as well. Next,

she undid the waistband of her slacks. I could hear the zipper squeak as she opened the front of her slacks. At last she turned back toward me to show me the most beautiful, the most perfectly shaped, the most tempting pair of breasts I think I had ever seen.

"Well? What do you think?"

"I think if you don't let me suck those perfect nipples, I'll have to kill myself."

"I'm sorry, Tom, I only allow naked men to suck my nipples, and you still have all your clothes on. If only you were naked..."

"If you will allow me a moment," I begged, and I stood before her. I kicked off my loafers, unbuckled my belt, undid my waistband and stepped out of my pants. My shirt took only a few more seconds and was followed by my briefs. "How's that?" I asked her as I stood with my erection bobbing before her.

She shook her head from side to side. "Not naked," she announced pointing at my socks.

I wasn't about to let a pair of socks get between me and those lovely mounds. I sat and stripped the socks off and tossed them with my shirt.

"Okay, now you're naked," she chortled, then kicked off her slacks and peeled her panties for good measure. She straddled me on the couch and thrust a nipple toward my waiting mouth. I began to suck it while I kneaded the other breast with my spare hand. I could feel my cock getting wet as she gently swabbed her pussy back and forth over it.

"Did you bring a condom?" she whispered in my ear.

"In my wallet," I admitted. "Do I really need it?"

"I'm sorry, lover. I don't take the pill because of its serious side-effects, and Mother Nature has made me particularly horny just about now. Can you guess why?"

"You're fertile," I guessed.

She nodded. "I would be pregnant before sunrise if I had unprotected sex tonight. Is it going to be okay?"

"I carry condoms for exactly that reason," I told her. "Don't give it a second thought."

"A second thought? It's the only thing I've thought about since you introduced yourself to the conference. If you hadn't offered me a ride, I would have come back here and dildoad myself to sleep. Would you mind wrapping your willie pretty soon? I'm as horny as a rhinoceros. I can't wait to feel you inside me."

With a little stretching, I found I could reach my trousers and pull them towards us. My wallet contained two lubricated lambskin condoms and I began to peel the wrapper from one. Joni slid off my lap and took the partly-opened condom from my hand, then she took my whole penis into her mouth, covering it with her saliva. It felt wonderful. After a few strokes and

a few licks, she pulled the condom onto my now-throbbing shaft and made sure it was well positioned. She remounted me and took my wrapped cock with one hand and angled it so she could settle her cunt right on it. In one smooth motion, she impaled herself on my stiff meat, then began a slow, sensuous undulation that alternated between forward-and-backward and up-and-down. She put her hands behind her neck and uttered a series of low, guttural grunts and moans as I played with her breasts and teased her nipples. I could tell she was enjoying wave after wave of orgasm. I, myself, was enjoying her lap dance maybe as much as she was.

She put her arms around my neck and kissed me again, one of those soft wet kisses that made me think I was about to be absorbed. "My nipples," she finally said, "suck my nipples."

I aimed one of her breasts at my face and took the nipple into my mouth. They were harder than they were earlier, like little nuts now. I rolled the nipple around with my tongue as I sucked it and was rewarded with a sudden intake of breath as a huge orgasm rocked the little redhead's pelvis.

"Holy fuck!" she screamed, then slammed down hard onto my cock. I reached down to feel the base of my cock to make sure the condom was still where it was supposed to be, and I could feel the ring around its opening just there. I switched to the other nipple and got a similar reaction, an exclamation just short of a scream as another monster flashed through her reproductive organs.

After a while, she slowed her rhythmic rocking, and all I could feel was the occasional clamping of her vaginal muscles which I presumed was evidence of another orgasm. She seemed to be having a good night.

She whispered in my ear: "Do you treat all your girls this way?"

"Which way is that?" I asked.

"I mean 'fucking them to the point of exhaustion'," she explained.

"Are you exhausted?"

"I'm so wrecked, I'm going to ask you to put me to bed. I don't know whether I'll make it into my own bedroom without assistance."

"Well, that's a bummer," I whined.

"What?"

"You got off enough times to leave you limp, and I haven't gotten my rocks off yet!"

"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry. I just assumed you'd already filled your bag with your jizz. And here I am just using you up like yesterday's newspaper. Tell me... how do you like to cum?"

"Slowly and sensuously, and the method doesn't much matter."

You know, I would have let you pump me until you came, but I'm a little sensitive after bouncing up and down on your cock all night. If it's all the same to you, how would you like a nice blowjob?"

"They say the way to a man's heart is through the tip of his cock, and the blowjob is the most intimate way I know of for making love. I'll never refuse a blowjob."

"Carry me into my bedroom and I'll give you the best B.J. you've ever had."

I didn't need coaxing. I swept her up and flipped her over my shoulder in a Fireman's Carry. She shrieked and paddled my butt as I carried her to the adjoining room, then plopped her onto her queen-sized bed. Then I lay down next to her. She gave me another of those spectacular kisses, then switched her attention to my penis. She pulled the end of the condom and it slid smoothly off exposing my now-unwrapped cock. The now-no-longer-necessary condom she flipped away to be cleaned up tomorrow or whenever and took me into her mouth. The mouth that delivered such wonderful kisses now took me to paradise. As she sucked and kissed and licked the head, the shaft, and my balls, I pulled her hips toward me, lifted a thigh, and began to lick the lightly-furred slit between her legs.

The interior of her sex organs may have been tender, but she didn't seem to mind a little oral stimulation of the outside parts. Every once in a while, she would stop sucking my cock to grunt or groan her approval of my technique before getting back to her work. Each such pause allowed my cock to relax a little and push the inevitable climax away by a few seconds, but there was no way to fend it off indefinitely. Eventually, my nervous system had had enough. I could feel a little tingling and knew I was almost there. She must have felt something similar because just about that time she began serious nibbling and sucking. When I finally let loose, I have no idea how much jizz I produced, but it felt like I was pumping semen for a full minute. Joni just kept sucking and sucking, gulping my hot cum as fast as I could produce it.

There's this moment, just after ejaculation, when the penis is still hard but very, very tender. Just touching it — even gently — in the wrong spot is surprisingly painful. I'm always a little gun-shy about amateurs giving me blowjobs because they think they can just go on sucking until the erection collapses. Joni must not have been an amateur. She knew just where to avoid and kept up a steady licking of those spots that produce pleasure but not pain. The instant I realized she knew what she was doing, all my attention got diverted to her lovely, salty pussy.

I have no idea how long I licked her slit, but she didn't complain until it had become a very long time.

"I think I'm done there, too, Tom," she informed me. I stopped licking and went back hoping for one last kiss from those cushiony lips... and I got it.

"Well, thank you very much for a wonderful evening, Tom," she said finally. "I don't want to seem ungracious, but I suppose I really ought to kick you out and send you back to the hotel. What do you think?"

"Yeah, I suppose so," I admitted grudgingly. "If anyone leaves a message for me overnight and I don't pick it up, it will look a little odd." I started getting dressed while Joni watched, and she gave me another of those memorable kisses just before letting me out the front door and locking up for the night.

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The next morning's breakfast get-together found me sitting two tables away from Joni and neither of us able to stop glancing over at the other and smiling. When our different meetings broke for lunch, we tried to find each other but our schedules were just too out-of-sync, I guess. It was dinnertime before we could get within touching distance. As luck would have it, the Southwest VP buttonholed me as we all meandered toward the dining room.

"Tom, why don't you join me and my key people for dinner? Maybe you could give them a quick overview of what next year looks like from the corporate level."

"Sure, Lars, I'd be glad to." Actually, I wanted a chance to slip away — maybe invite Joni up to my room for cocktails or cock-sucking, whichever she preferred, but you can't tell a VP: "Sorry, I have plans for getting laid."

It turned out to be a rather enjoyable dinner. Joni was there. She was one of Lars' 'key people' and had suggested he invite me to dinner. It was one way for her to be assured we would both be sprung at about the same time. I gave the crew the executive summary — they were all happy I didn't launch into a prepared three-hour presentation — and when dinner was over they all thanked me for being concise.

The instant Joni had a free minute, I passed her a note that said: 'room 1107 asap'. Then I excused myself and went upstairs.

Less than 10 minutes later there was a knock on my door. I opened it to find Joni waiting, a tote bag over her shoulder. She slipped into my room and we kissed. I just can't get enough of those lips.

"I brought a change of clothing with me just in case you invite me to stay over," she said.

"I was hoping you'd do exactly that," I told her, "but I didn't have your number to call you."

She took out her cell phone. "What's your number?" she asked. She dialed it as I recited it and a few moments later my phone began to ring. "Now we both have each other's' number — for future reference. Are you going to offer me a drink?"

I called room service and ordered a bottle of wine and two glasses. "I think we should both be dressed when the wine arrives, don't you agree?" She did, and we contented ourselves with kissing and petting until room service arrived. Then I opened the bottle and poured two glasses while Joni stripped naked. I could barely concentrate on the task at hand watching her slip out of everything she had on.

The naked sylph in my room took one glass and sipped it. "Your turn," she said, indicating me. I undid my shoes, my belt, my pants, my shirt, my socks and my underwear. Now we were both nude. I took a sip of wine then led her to the bed and laid her down on its softness, pulled her thighs apart, and began to nibble her other lips. She began to moan appreciatively and she began to get wet. After a dozen minutes of licking and nibbling, we were both ready for something more serious. "I think I'd like you to fuck me now, baby" she informed me.

As soon as I stopped licking her vulva, she flipped over and presented her butt to me. She reached behind and spread her pussy lips wide enough that I could see the entrance to her vagina. "I want to be your bitch. Give it to me."

I stepped in close and my cock quickly found the opening. It slipped in deep and she gasped as I filled her cunt. For the next twenty minutes I pistoned her in and out enjoying the way the walls of her vagina rippled against the skin around my penis and enjoying as well the series of little gasps, moans, and grunts that each (I supposed) indicated the arrival of another sexual jolt. Suddenly, she pulled forward far enough that my cock slipped out of her.

Before I knew it, she had slid to the floor next to the bed and began to gobble my meat. "I thought I felt you getting a little soft," she explained between licks. "I wanted to make sure you stayed hard. Do you feel nice and hard again?"

"I feel like I'm in heaven. I don't know anything about 'hard'."

"You're feeling hard to me. Can I get you to fuck me some more?" She backed herself up onto the bed again and spread her thighs in invitation. Quicker than I had ever done before, I peeled a fresh condom and slipped it on. I mounted her in the missionary position and she wrapped her legs around me while I pumped her pussy. "Like that," she rasped. "Like that."

Lambskin is great for giving the guy maximum sensation, but it's 98% or 97%, not 100%. Because your cock doesn't feel 100% of what the walls of her vagina are trying to communicate — Mother Nature wants you to fill her with jizz — you get to stay in the game longer and your partner gets an extra-long ride when you're wrapped. With latex, it's even less sensation. I was able to piston Joni for a very long time both nights but the second night I was a little more aware of how much activity she was

getting. Although her blowjob of the previous evening was delightful, I really much prefer letting loose into her cunt the way nature intended.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

"It's heavenly," she told me, "but I'll be worn down if we go too much longer."

"May I finish inside you, then?"

"My pussy awaits your pleasure, milord."

I stopped concentrating on her orgasms and let myself pay attention to my own. In just a few moments, I could feel the tell-tale tingling that warned of an impending loss of control. Joni stared into my eyes and seemed to know from some other instinct just what was happening. A second or two ahead of my orgasm, her cunt clamped on my cock and she gasped with her own, her last. I exploded inside her just as her pussy relaxed its grip.

"Oh, fuck, that felt nice," I gasped as the sensation began to ebb. She pulled my head down to her lips and swallowed my whole body — at least, that's what it felt like.

"I think we need to turn in early," she opined, "in case we feel the need for a morning repeat. I'd hate to have to rush through sex with a guy who's so good at it. It might make us tense ahead of the day's business, and that wouldn't be good, would it?"

"No, it certainly wouldn't," I agreed. "It would be like cheating the company out of the benefits of sending us all to this conference."

"We certainly wouldn't want to do that to our employer," Joni smiled, "especially after they paid all this money for our food and lodging. Do you mind if I shower first?"

"Actually, I do mind if you shower first," I replied. "That shower is big enough for two, and we should save water by showering together."

Besides the pleasure of having a gorgeous redhead for my shower partner, I also had someone to scrub my back, and she had someone to scrub hers. Really, I don't know why everyone doesn't shower with a friend. Of course, it's also very nice to get a naked hug as water cascades across two bodies, and Joni had as much trouble keeping her hands off my cock as I did keeping my hands off her snatch. It was a very nice, if very long, shower, and I'm not sure how much water we saved, if we saved any at all.

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We were already half-awake and beginning to explore each others' bodies again when the alarm sounded at seven. As I rolled over to silence the noise, Joni flipped herself in the bed so that when I rolled back I found her pussy right where I could kiss it. She had by then grabbed my penis, already beginning to harden, and had stuffed it in her mouth.

"Sixty-nine for breakfast?" I asked, and she grunted her agreement onto my cock. I began to lick her labia and she rolled on top of me to give me a better angle.

Oh, she tasted so nice! As she began to respond to my licking, I could feel her periodically move her hips to bring a new part of her vulva to my tongue. At the same time, she seemed to start leaking lubricating fluid from her vagina — 'pussy juice' I call it — sweet and salty with the special flavors that only a woman can produce. I love it. Each time an orgasm would sweep over her she would groan or whimper with the intensity of the sensation, and another little dribble of fluid would be presented for my tasting pleasure.

But it couldn't go on forever. We had agreed that our 'morning quickie' could last no longer than forty minutes because we both had to get dressed and downstairs for breakfast with enough time between our arrivals that people might not connect the two events.

"C'mon, lover, let's wrap it up," she demanded then went back to slurping my manhood. I let my body have its way, and in a few minutes began to ejaculate semen into her mouth — which she sucked and swallowed as fast as I could produce it.

Both of us finished, we rolled onto our backs and relaxed for a few more minutes before rising, washing, and getting dressed for the day ahead. I stepped into the hallway to check for activity, then signaled Joni to make a dash for the elevators. I took a few minutes to straighten the room, put on my tie and jacket, then left to head downstairs and the start of the last day of the conference.

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Joni and I parted ways that afternoon with just a handshake, but knowing we would keep in touch. She was, after all, one of Southwest Region's 'key people' and now she had more reason than ever to volunteer for temporary assignments at headquarters, not to mention that she could save the company money by 'rooming with a friend' in DC and merely charging a *per diem* for her expenses.

At least she wouldn't have to live out of her suitcase when she did.