

## **Fay**

At 64 years of age, Fay still retained nearly all the charms she possessed thirty years prior. That meant she was still a stunningly beautiful brunette with an easy smile, deep intellectual curiosity, and a friendly disposition.

When our worlds collided for a second time, I was glad she seemed to remember me as fondly as I remembered her. The hug she greeted me with then was as genuine as when we parted all those years ago. It felt like coming home, even though I had grown older much faster than she.

I became a regular dinner guest at her house, and she began to include me in weekend activities she would otherwise have attended alone. For someone far from home and family, working a temporary job in a distant place, she provided a much-welcomed source of intellectual stimulation. I flatter myself that she enjoyed my company as much as I enjoyed hers. We kept company with each other for several months.

"Do you like rodeos?" she asked one day after we had spent three months 'hanging out together'.

"I don't know," I admitted, "I haven't been to a real rodeo since I was here last time," and she understood that to mean 'thirty years'.

"There's one this weekend. Why don't we go?"

She drove because she was 'the local' and knew the back roads. I was content to be her escort, paying for admission, drinks, snacks, and trinkets. We sat cheek-by-jowl in the bleachers and cheered for the bronco busters, the calf ropers, the barrel racers, the bull riders, and the rodeo clowns and we shifted positions frequently to avoid blisters from the hard seats and aches from weary old bones kept too long in one position. When we both had had enough we walked hand-in-hand through the darkened back lot to find her car where we had left it, a parking area from which an easy exit was possible. Before we knew it, it seemed, she turned into her driveway. I escorted her inside.

"It's late," I observed and moved in to give her a farewell hug which she returned perhaps more avidly than I expected.

"I would never do anything that might damage your marriage," she started speaking as we held each other, "You know that, right?"

I stepped back so I could look into her eyes. "I would never accuse..."

She put a finger to my lips to silence my protest. "I know you're here only for a short time and then you'll be gone. If, while you are here, you would like our relationship to be deeper to any degree you wish, you

need only ask, and when it ends there will be no tears... I promise," and then she kissed me — square on the lips in a way I had always wanted to kiss her but had never had the courage.

Somewhat stunned and still unsure of what she had suggested, I bade her good-night and drove home to my rented room. I spent the bulk of the next week asking myself if she could have meant what it seemed she had said. Was she proposing an intimate relationship? A sexual relationship?

The Thursday following, I was again at her house for dinner preparatory to a gathering of friends later in the evening. I had mulled her words for several days and role-played various responses I might make. The first task, however, was clear: I had to be sure what she meant. There was no way to tackle that problem other than simply to take it head-on.

I offered her a welcoming hug and she wound her arms around me in response. "When you talked last weekend about our relationship possibly becoming deeper, did you mean 'become a sexual relationship'?" I asked her bluntly and somewhat timidly.

"I meant that it could become anything you wished it to become," she replied somberly. "If you wanted it to become a sexual relationship, it could become a sexual relationship. If you merely wished for the occasional kiss or the occasional fondling of tenderer parts, it could become that. If you wished for none of that, the relationship we have now is quite satisfying. Whatever you wish our relationship to become, I'm willing to be your partner — your girlfriend — for as long as it lasts, and to kiss you good-bye when it ends, never to mention it again," and then she kissed me again the way she had on Saturday and I gave my best effort to answer it. "So... do you want to be my boyfriend for the next however-many-months you're here?"

"You should know that when men get to a certain age, some things that used to be quite easy at nineteen are no longer easy."

She laughed. "Women of a certain age have similar problems," she educated me. "The juices that make sex so pleasurable in our youth are not so plentiful in the golden years, but we have answers for that. When Nature doesn't provide enough of them, the local pharmacy can sometimes come to the rescue. In the same way, there are alternatives to a hard penis, and I'm sure we'll find ways to satisfy both of us."

It was at this point I realized that I did, in fact, have an erection, and my heart swelled to match it. Still in our welcoming embrace, I gripped her skirt and hiked it up as far as I could manage, slipped my hands under it to caress her thighs and buttocks, then found her panties and its waistband, and plunged a hand into her crotch to caress her pussy. She moaned with apparent delight and spread her thighs to give me a better purchase. She may have thought she couldn't get wet unassisted, but she was mistaken.

Coated with her natural lubrication, I snaked a single finger into her vagina and she convulsed with pleasure.

She pulled away out of our embrace and led me by my hand to her bedroom. Silently, we both stripped naked and she lay down upon the bed, her thighs spread in welcome. Surprised, myself, with an unexpected hard-on, I crawled between her legs and, laying my penis on her pubis, gave her a kiss on her lips, the first I initiated. Her tongue darted in and out of my mouth as we writhed our naked bodies against each other before I switched my kisses to her nipples.

"Fuck me," she demanded.

I moved my hips to obey, positioning the head of my penis at the entrance to her vagina. She gripped it firmly, moved it back and forth a few times to coat it with her juices, then pulled the head between her labia. I slowly, gently slid the shaft deeper, withdrawing a little whenever there seemed to be resistance, then advancing again when the lubrication had spread, each time getting more of the shaft into her silky wetness. She moaned with pleasure, and I must admit I felt a sensation I had not experienced in a long time, a rising wave of excitement at the feeling of a hard cock in a warm, wet cunt.

We fucked for a half-hour or more until an orgasm snuck up on me unnoticed and I grunted with pleasure as my pulsing cock filled her with jizz. "I'm sorry," I told her. "I didn't expect that."

"It's okay," she comforted me. "It was good... you were good. I enjoyed it."

Until my orgasm collapsed my erection, I continued pistoning her cunt and, to my surprise, I realized that my cock was still quite stiff. She was able to acquire another few orgasms before my penis lost its shape. It was a good night, and we didn't mind that we had missed a meal, even though the semen leaking from her creampied cunt made something of a mess on her bedsheets.

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For the next five months, whenever our schedules allowed, one of us would travel to meet the other. Our 'dates' almost always started or ended with gently erotic skin-on-skin contact and I surprised myself and her with a stamina I would have bet a great deal of money I no longer possessed, bringing her off for sometimes as long as an hour.

Fay was a 'vaginal orgasmer'. The presence of a penis — even a dildo, I presume — in her vagina was often sufficient to touch off a series of orgasmic convulsions. When I became too tired to plunge her from my hips, the 'missionary position', she would oblige by straddling me and riding my cock like a good cowgirl. Whichever position we used, she took great pleasure from having a hard cock to fill her void. Because our statures were

so closely matched, it was even possible to copulate standing up and she enjoyed being pressed against a wall by my naked body and my cock embedded in her honey pot. The sensation of having one's partner orgasm almost the instant of penetration was like an addictive drug. I could hardly wait to give her pleasure.

Rarely, she would insist on feeding me dinner and not having sex. "You don't want our relationship to be based entirely on sex, do you?"

In truth, had it been based entirely on the pleasures of the flesh, I would not have minded, but this charming, beautiful woman was a delight to be with even without it.

One night we planned to have dinner and perhaps have a romp in her bed before meeting some friends for a night cap. We ate and talked and talked and talked so late that it would soon be time to leave to meet our friends.

"Do we still have time for a little fun?" she asked.

I looked at my watch. "I don't think so," I told her with some regret. "We should leave in just a few minutes."

We stood as if to get ready, but she took my hand and dragged me to her bedroom. Pushing me back onto her bed, she undid my belt and the waistband of my slacks, pulled the slacks down exposing my underwear, pulled my underwear down exposing my cock, then took my meat into her mouth. I was in heaven. Her lips and tongue worked over the head and shaft of my penis while she massaged my chest and legs with her hands. It was exquisite agony she inflicted upon me.

"I'm going to come," I warned her as I felt my orgasm rising in my groin, expecting her to continue massaging my cock with her hands, but she didn't stop. She licked and sucked my cock until I could no longer contain myself. At last, I exploded in her mouth, but still she didn't stop licking and sucking, although her attentions did become more gentle as she drained every last drop of cum I could produce. Perhaps she knew that the head of the penis becomes extremely tender after ejaculation, and eased her exertions so as not to cause pain. She continued her tongue-caressing until my cock became soft, then French-kissed me to let me know that she had swallowed every drop.

It was the best blow job I have ever experienced. I can't forget the sensation. I expect I will never get a better one.

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"Do you enjoy having your pussy licked?" I asked.

"If it's your tongue doing the licking, I'm sure I would."

When we finally arrived at her place, I already had a boner in my pants. The thought of eating her pussy had been driving other thoughts out

of my head all day.

"Are you hungry?" she asked as she locked the front door behind her.

"Only for you," I told her.

"Well, our menu tonight features... me." She hiked up her long skirt to expose her panties.

I knelt before her and pulled her panties down around her ankles. She stepped out of them and took a wide stance that opened her vulva wide enough for me to work on her. I leaned in and kissed the hairy patch around her slot. She began to moan with pleasure, softly at first, then increasing in intensity until I thought the neighbors might complain.

After a while, her knees began to buckle and I feared she might collapse. I stopped licking and led her back into her bedroom where she fell back on the bed, her legs spread wide. I resumed eating her slit and she resumed her animal noises, but now was added an arrhythmic twitching of her hips.

"I need your cock," she demanded. I obediently thrust my now rock hard penis into her vagina. She wrapped her legs around my waist and used them to pull me deep into her as she continued to orgasm wildly.

"Oh, God," she gasped, "you so own me!"

Eventually — I have no idea how long we fucked that night — she had had enough. As I felt her passion subside, I finally let myself go, and filled her with my jizz.

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Feeling in an adventurous mood, I found a lingerie shop in the neighborhood, bought a very pretty black lace bodysuit in Fay's size and had it wrapped as a gift.

"I have something for you," I told her when we next met for a play date. She cocked her head inquisitively. I gave her the wrapped box and she eagerly unwrapped it.

"Oooh, pretty!" she cooed before disappearing into her bedroom. She reappeared moments later wearing nothing but the catsuit and she struck the classic S-shaped pose in the doorway to the living room.

"Oooh, pretty!" I told her with a smile.

She slipped into the seat next to me on the couch and pulled my head into a long, languorous kiss. "Thank you. I love it."

"You should," I told her. "You look absolutely ravishing in it."

She leaned back on the couch to let me see close-up how the stretchy lace hugged all her curves and allowed her nipples and labia to peek out as if taunting all who saw them. I reached over and stroked her breasts gently with my hands before surrendering to my urge to suck her nipples through the lace. When she sighed in apparent pleasure, I let my fingers

work their way through the seamed opening at its crotch. She was already damp, so I continued to stimulate her labia and clitoris. She leaned in as if to kiss and I responded. In an instant, she had rolled onto me to take control of the kiss, and her tongue darted in and out of my mouth.

Suddenly, she broke off the kiss and my attentions to her vulva. She stood and turned to the bookshelf where sat her camera. She tossed it to me.

"Take my picture," she commanded. "I want to see how I look in your present."

I began snapping pictures as she changed poses as if she had done this before professionally. Standing, sitting, arched over the arm of the couch, framed in the doorway... she seemed to enjoy posing.

"You like lingerie?" she asked.

"What man doesn't?"

"I'll be right back," she called as she slipped back into her bedroom. In a few moments, she had returned no longer wearing the catsuit, but dressed instead in floral-patterned black nylons with matching panties and bra and black stiletto heels. She struck a new pose and I continued snapping images.

A few dozen pictures later, after oh-so-teasingly slipping out of both the bra and the panties, she held up one finger in a gesture that clearly said "Wait", and again slipped back into her bedroom. This time when she returned, a floor-length white see-through gown barely hid the fact that she was wearing nothing else. I continued snapping pictures as she deftly moved through her house, posing here and there, always smiling at the camera, her poses becoming more sensuous and titillating with each passing moment.

Finally, she stopped moving. "Well," she asked, "which was your favorite?"

"What a question!" I protested. "A beautiful woman in beautiful lingerie and you want me to judge that one outfit is less flattering than another? I wouldn't do so even if I could."

"Well, at least tell me which outfit you would most like to see me strip out of just before I fuck you senseless," and she smiled. I couldn't help myself; so did I.

"You would only have to strip out of the bra and panties. You could keep the nylons on."

"Perhaps that will be a little present I can give to you one of these evenings," and she winked.

"Do you have a present for me this evening?"

She smiled and untied the white negligee at her throat, parted it, and let it slip to the floor.

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"Hey," she gushed over the phone, "I'm hosting a lingerie party tomorrow night. Want to come?"

"Sure," I replied, "it's always fun to see you in lingerie."

At 7 p.m. the following evening I parked my car at the curb at Fay's house. Two other cars already occupied her driveway where I would normally have parked. As I walked toward the front door, a woman whose face I did not recognize opened the door in welcome.

"You're right on time," she informed me as I entered.

Inside, the furniture had been moved aside to provide a large open area in the living room with seating around the edges. All the seats, seven or so, were empty.

"Sit anywhere," the woman told me.

"Who else is coming?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Whoever was invited?" she suggested.

Soft music with a nice beat to it began playing in another room. The woman stepped to the center of the open area and began:

"Thank you all for coming tonight. I'm Jane, your hostess, and I'll be introducing the models and describing their outfits. We have a full program ahead, so let's get started." I looked around to see who 'all' might be. I was the only one there.

"First up, Diane models a flouncy baby-doll in Sunshine Yellow..." 'Diane' appeared in the archway to the living room in the briefest of baby doll pajamas trimmed in some sort of fur, twirled to show how it flared out, and then paraded back and forth a few times to let me get a good look. The only thing I noticed was that she didn't have any nipples. At least, there were no bumps in the top portion where nipples ought to be, and there were no dark patches showing through material far too sheer to hide much of anything. As sheer as the baby doll panties were, there was no sign of anything showing through there, either. Jane kept up a running commentary as 'Diane' turned to show every stitch and seam of her attire.

As Diane retired, Jane continued: "Next, Fay shows us the star of the collection, a 'French Maid' bustier trimmed with tiny pink ribbons—" Fay appeared in the doorway arch, as promised—"its garters holding up zebra-stripe nylons." Fay also twirled and posed to show off her outfit to its utmost.

Finally, Fay moved off toward the other room and the presentation continued: "Now, Laura shows us the skimpiest of all bottoms, the C-string!" 'Laura' appeared in the doorway arch dressed in — well, almost nothing. Her nipples were covered only in what appeared to be star-shaped pasties, and her pubis sported a small triangle of leopard-skin material. As she turned, I could see that it was held in place by an extension that curled under her crotch and nestled in her butt-crack.

"These may be the tastiest pasties you've ever encountered," Jane continued her spiel as Laura bent over me, thrusting her breasts into my

face.

"Taste them," Laura teased, and I instinctively accepted the nipple presented to my mouth. The pastie dissolved into an intense strawberry-flavored slush with the first touch of saliva. As promised, it was, indeed, quite tasty, and the little button of her nipple was hard. Laura sat beside me on the couch and held up her untasted breast to my mouth.

"Maybe the leopard can't change its spots, but Diane can still be a tigress..." Jane's voice announced as Diane entered the room wearing a tiger-stripe C-string and teardrop-shaped pasties — and nothing else. "...and these pasties are every bit as delicious as Laura's." Diane, too, swirled to show her almost-not-there-at-all C-string before presenting one of her nipples for my tasting pleasure. Her pasties tasted of orange and covered a bud nearly as hard as Diane's.

"Would you like to try them both?" she asked as she offered her second nipple. Before Diane took her place on my empty side, I had removed both her pasties with my tongue.

"Fay delights with her powder-blue C-string and the icy-hot sensation of peppermint..." Fay swirled into the room dressed as the others, a powder-blue C-string and sparkly round pasties on the tiny bumps that topped her equally-tiny breasts.

"My turn," she informed me, thrusting a pastie-clad nipple toward my lips. When I had savored that nipple, she presented the other and I licked the covering off as I had all the others. Then she sat between my legs where she could stroke the bulge in my pants.

"And for the finale," the emcee continued, as she stripped out of her dress, "a white-lace C-string suitable for formal occasions..." Jane, however, was also wearing white high-top stockings and looked very bride-like as she moved and turned to show herself to best advantage. "The C-string is easily removable," she said as she placed one high-heeled foot between me and Diane. "Here, try it yourself."

I gripped the springy band and pulled downward. It slipped easily off her crotch revealing a hairless pussy that had to be the result of professional treatment.

"My taste treat tonight is a very different flavor," she announced, stepping up onto the couch with both feet. She bent her legs to bring her pussy to my face. Two fingers spread her labia apart to reveal a wetly-glistening slit that she expertly wiped across my face. "My pussy is yours for the tasting." I couldn't resist. My tongue found her clit and I could hear her quick intake of breath.

As I enjoyed her woman-juices, Diane on one side and Laura on the other kissed and nibbled my ears, while Fay unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants. As I licked Jane's cunt bringing her to a series of deep orgasms, Fay took my cock into her mouth and began sucking it.

Diane or Laura — I don't recall which — slipped away from her



position on the couch, discarded her C-string, and backed in between my legs. Fay expertly guided my now rock-hard and throbbing cock into the waiting vagina as my other treat descended on it. She rode me slowly, gently, but insistently while I continued my ministrations to Jane and her partner continued playing with my ear.

Finally, Jane spasmed violently and nearly screamed from a nerve-shattering orgasm. When she had gathered her composure, she stepped away from my upturned mouth and found a seat next to me on the couch. Now Diane took her place — it must be Laura pleasuring my cock — and I continued my licking and sucking to her apparent approval.

It was plain to me that Laura's sweetly-persuasive cunt was going to bring me off very soon. I was sighing and moaning with the lushness of an orgasm almost here, then drifting away, before returning to tease my nerves a little more. On one of these cycles, it would return to stay. "Oh," I gasped. It might be this time.

Laura disconnected her cunt from my cock and knelt before it, licking the underside. Each time her tongue stroked past the trigger-point my body twitched. She may not have known what she was doing — or she may have. It was heavenly.

In one blissful instant, I came, gushing semen onto her face and into her mouth, making a mess of her hair and her makeup. All the girls laughed, and I realized they were all — all except Diane who still had her pussy in my face — watching Laura's performance. Fay was even aiming a video camera at the center of the action. She had caught the whole 'show' for our enjoyment later.

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As we watched TV, her head resting on my shoulder, my body leaning over toward her to make that easier, she moved her head and kissed my neck. I responded by kissing her ear, then our lips met and we kissed each other ardently. I slipped my hand inside her bra and caressed her nipple and she began to rub the expanding bulge in my pants.

As I kissed and fondled her, she deftly unzipped my fly and worried my cock free of my underwear, then broke the kiss, bent her head into my lap, and began to lick the head of my penis. I gasped in delight at the sensation of her expert tongue performing its magical dance.

"That's not fair," I complained.

"What's not fair?" she demanded.

"You're sucking my cock," I explained. "Shouldn't I be able to eat your pussy while you do?"

"Relax," she instructed. "Enjoy yourself. I'm enjoying you; why shouldn't you relax and enjoy it too?"

"I like to eat you," I told her. "I probably like it more than you like

my cock."

"That's debatable," she parried between licks.

"You're a bad girl," I told her. "You deserve a good licking."

She laughed at that. "Okay, you win." She got up and led me to the bed. We stripped ourselves out of our clothes and lay down upon it, she positioning herself with her pussy right above my face. I gave it a quick lick and felt her flinch. "Now, be fair..."

Softly, gently, I played the tip of my tongue over her labia, flicking the inner lips and tasting her salty-sweet woman juices. She moaned with apparent delight while at the same time alternately licking my cock-head and sucking it and giving it gentle little love bites.

Every now and then she would stop her cock-teasing and her back would arch as a wave of sensual pleasure broke over her. As soon as she recovered from the latest orgasm, my pleasure would resume as her mouth and tongue inched me ever closer to my climax.

"Oh," I gasped and she knew I was nearing the limit of my tolerance.

"In my mouth," she informed me.

The tingling of my ball-sack was growing more intense as she rolled my testes gently in her free hand. Her tongue swirled around the head of my cock and brushed past the frenulum, the strand of tissue that acts as a trigger for orgasm, and then along the margin of the topside of the head.

"Soon," I warned her. She grunted her acknowledgement and continued her licking and sucking. With her tongue along the upper side of my penis, her upper lip slipped up and down, up and down, stroking the trigger.

Almost without warning, I began pumping semen into her mouth, and her licking became gentler and slower, sucking softly at the fluid pulsing from my penis.

In just a few moments it was over. I have never felt so 'drained' in all my life. It was as if all the energy I possessed had leaked out of my cock and down her throat.

She lay down on the bed beside me. "Did you enjoy that?" I nodded, but my body was slipping away fast. In another minute, I was asleep.

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"I got invited to a barbeque on Saturday," Fay enthused. "Want to go?"

"Sure. Where is it?"

"It's not far."

She told me to bring my bathing suit and anything special I wanted in the way of alcohol, so I bought a case of good imported beer and dumped

it into her ice chest before we headed out. The barbeque/picnic was twenty-five miles out in the country at what I can only describe as a 'commune' or an ashram — the people, all acquaintances of Fay at one time or another, lived in a neighborhood of eight or nine uniquely-designed houses, all very 60s 'Earth Day'-ish, all very ecologically proper — geodesic domes, earth-sheltered houses, everything recycled and/or recyclable.

Naturally, there was a small community pot garden for those so inclined.

By the time we arrived, the barbeque was roaring, and several of the participants were already well-lubricated with whatever they were drinking or smoking. Everyone was happy to see that Fay had been able to join them and they all welcomed me as a long-lost friend. It wasn't long before I was drawn deep within their circle.

"While the ribs are smokin', does anybody want to take a dip in the river?" Gary, the apparent host, asked. Several of us stripped down to our bathing suits — in some cases, skivvies — and followed Gary toward the sound of rushing water. Fay wore a skimpy bikini and looked irresistibly good in it, especially from behind.

The water was warmer than I expected, much warmer. Gary explained that this water had already traveled hundreds of miles from its source, enough to make it nearly tepid, and it wasn't moving all that fast, either. Occasionally, some sort of fish would brush past a leg. When we weren't swimming, we were all up to our necks in water, standing on the sandy bottom.

An arm slipped around my waist underwater and I turned expecting to see Fay. "Where did you and Fay meet?" Ellie asked.

"Thirty years ago, a long way from here, I can tell you."

Ellie hadn't let go with her arm, so we faced each other quite close. It was obvious that she was supporting her shorter frame in the water on my taller one. "Fay says you're the nicest thing to happen to her in many years," Ellie prompted. "You must be keeping her happy."

"I do my best," I responded noncommittally.

"Well, anyone who can make her smile the way she's been doing today is 'okay' in my book," Ellie offered, and then she pulled me closer and planted a very nice kiss on my lips. I let her, and I even kissed her back. I don't know how long the kiss lasted, but it was very nice. My whole body felt warm, and it wasn't just the water. As she broke the kiss and started to swim away, she squeezed the boner in my bathing suit and smiled impishly.

I turned to look for Fay and found her watching me. She swam over closer and stood next to me in the water. "Ellie appears to like you."

"I think she likes lots of people."

Fay grinned. "True enough," and then she checked my manhood through the material of my suit. "Come over here," she commanded, and

led me toward some overhanging tree branches from which pieces of material dangled.

"Is that part of your bikini hanging from that branch?" I asked.

She smiled. "Give me your suit."

I stripped out of my suit and handed it to her. She reached up and tied it to an empty branch, then undid her bikini top and tied that next to its match. She wound her arms about my neck and her legs around my waist.

"Does this give you any ideas?" she asked. My hands were already under her butt cheeks spreading her pussy lips. She relaxed her grip enough to let herself slide down onto my cock and it oozed into her vagina as if it were greased. "Oh, Jesus," she gasped as the first orgasm washed over her. She buried her face next to my neck, and I could feel her whole body twitch as each succeeding orgasm hit.

With each orgasm, the muscles of her vagina clamped and the sensation on my cock was just delightful. I wondered how many orgasms Fay would have before I would involuntarily explode inside her. The way my meat felt, I was willing to let it grow to a very large number as long as each pulse of her cunt felt this good.

"This is heaven," I told her. Her head snapped up and she kissed me, deep, long, and hard. When an orgasm took over her body, she would groan through the kiss and I would groan myself at her lovely, thrilling ministrations to my sexual needs.

"I think I'm almost worn out," she admitted. "How are you feeling?"

"I could let you come until midnight," I told her. "My cock loves your cunt and the little love hugs it gives me with each twitch. I'm feeling wonderful right now and it's okay with me if we keep this up for another couple of hours."

"Do you want to come or do you want to play?"

"Play," I told her.

She slipped off my cock and stood in the water, then led me to the shore. "My bathing suit..." I reminded her.

"Later," she told me and continued dragging me out of the water.

She led us back to the picnic area where I discovered that almost everyone was similarly clothed; that is, not at all, including Ellie who intently watched the two of us as we returned from the river. My erection had started to fade as we walked out of the water, but was returning on its own.

Fay led me past Ellie, then dropped my hand as we got abreast of her. "He's ruined me for the night," Fay said to Ellie. "See if you can get anything out of him."

Ellie smiled and took the hand that Fay had dropped. With her other hand, she gently cradled my resurrected boner. "Yes," she said confidently to Fay's retreating figure, "I think I can get something out of him."

"I have a blanket over here..." She led me somewhat away from the group of naked and semi-nude bodies gathered around the barbeque

grill and laid down upon a large, fluffy quilt. I knelt next to her. She pulled me down for another long, warm, wet kiss and I thought my penis was going to burst if it got any harder. "What do you like more than anything else?" she asked.

"I like to please my partners," I told her.

"You're going to make me come with talk like that," she warned.

"That's the idea."

"I really would like you to fuck me like you fuck Fay. I want to have a smile like hers that lasts all night." She lay back and spread her thighs, and with two fingers parted her pussy lips so I could see the wet pink flesh at the entrance to her tunnel of love. Her other hand she used to pull my shaft toward her. I didn't resist. In another moment, I was deep inside her cunt and slowly, gently sliding my cock in and out, in and out. Ellie leaned her head back and closed her eyes, enjoying the warmth of skin-to-skin contact. "Oh, yes," she whispered. "Oh, yes... Oh!"

I took a nipple with my lips and sucked it a little before swirling the tip of my tongue around the bud, then sucked it again. Ellie's hips bucked as a monster orgasm took her. I switched to the other nipple and got a similar reaction. I moved to her lips and she clamped her thighs around me as another orgasm lifted her butt off the quilt, then smashed it back down again.

She was making very animalistic noises now, no real words, just syllables that made no real sense. Quickly, the ardor subsided and she opened her eyes, but breathing deeply and quickly.

"Now I think it's time you showed me what you like, don't you agree?" I asked her. She nodded her head vigorously and I dismounted and laid on the quilt next to her. Instantly, she was on top of me, guiding my stiff shaft back into her cunt. Now it was her turn to slide up and down, up and down, head thrown back, eyes closed, luxuriating in the sensation of a knobby penis against the walls of her vagina.

Every now and then, a low moan would issue from her throat, an appreciation of the sensations she was experiencing. For my part, I was enjoying watching her enjoy me, but I was slowly recognizing that my own climax was not too far in the future. I started making my own noises, and Ellie was suddenly fully aware of her surroundings and what was going on.

"Oh, baby," I told her, "I think I'm almost there..."

Instantly, Fay was standing by Ellie's side, and expertly Ellie surrendered her lover-of-the-moment to Fay who slid her own still-wet pussy onto my shaft while Ellie presented her pussy to my lips. I started licking Ellie's sopping wet vulva. She tasted exquisite.

I reached up and fondled one of Fay's breasts and one of Ellie's as Ellie and Fay shared a kiss of sisterhood and I filled Fay's pocket with a load of semen that spilled out of her and all over me. It was a mess, but it was a really enjoyable mess.

Fay stood, and I could see jizz leaking down the inside of her thighs, then Ellie's cunt was again pressed to my lips as she bent forward and began licking the cum from my cock shaft and from around the base of my cock, cleaning me up.

"Fay insisted that when you came, you would come into her," Ellie explained. "That was the condition under which she lent you to me." She switched around so that our faces were close to each other. "It was worth it," she chortled, and then she kissed me again before scampering off.

"Did you enjoy her?" Fay asked as she wiped the insides of her thighs with paper napkins.

I grabbed her neck and pulled her in for a kiss that lasted, oh, six or seven months, it felt like. "She makes me understand what I have in my arms now," I told Fay, and we kissed again.

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She said she would let me go without a tear, and she did.  
I was the one who cried.