

“Ellen”

By Dirty Dawg

What happened between David and I...what is still happening between us, didn't start at a single moment in time. There were no locked gazes across a crowded room, the instant spark of attraction that I thought I needed to feel passion for a man. It was a slow, gradual process, a series of circumstances and events that forced me to unlearn everything I thought I knew about men, and to discover new things about myself and my life almost every day. Even now, three years later, not a day goes by that I don't learn something new about David, something new about myself, and something wonderful and interesting about our life together. To truly tell this story as it should be told, I must start at the beginning.

Up until the moment I met David, I thought that a man was...well, “Manly.” Strong. Silent. Brutish, sometimes. Living his life between his legs. Concerned with only his own pleasure. Basically a donut-eating, couch-potato-sitting, porno-video-watching ball of cholesterol and high blood pressure waiting for that one special blood clot to end his so-called life. That, of course, was the result of being married to Ted, my husband of almost 15 years. Ted and I had married young; too young, as it turned out. As all people will, we changed over time, our priorities and concerns diverging in the face of everyday life. Ted wanted a wife that would stay at home and cook and make babies. I wanted children...just not yet. I wanted to explore and experience what life had to offer, to discover what was out there for a woman like me: Intelligent, funny...good looking.

Ok, I admit it. Compared against my peers, I come out a little, hell a lot! above average in the looks department. I have naturally blond hair that the stylist hilights and frosts from time to time, beguiling green eyes, those classic cheekbones that the writers are always talking about, and a rather soft, full body that has bumps and curves in all the right places.

Two years ago, if you'd asked me that question, I would have said that I was 'ordinary,' or 'plain-looking', or on my best days, 'not that bad looking.' That was because of Ted, who took great pains to point out to me what a huge favor he had done by marrying me. Seems that I just didn't have that certain something, or so he said, that made men want to be with me. I felt unattractive and undesirable.

David changed all that.

What happened was that the recession hit, and I had to get a job. I took stock of my education and experience and realized that I probably would only be able to get a job as a clerk or something like that. I took a job with a local multimedia production company, working as a combination receptionist/clerk/typist. David was a programmer assigned to the television and movie unit, writing programs to do sprite and raster animation. I didn't meet David until my second week there, when he phased in during normal working hours.

David, like most programmers, ran on a constantly shifting cycle. He would work bizarre hours, sometimes days at a stretch, then take a week off to let his body adjust. He liked working nights, when it was quiet and desolate, because he wouldn't be disturbed by phone calls and stupid questions.

David *hates* stupid questions.

I was wearing this little headset, taking calls, when this tall, gangly man-boy walked into the office. At first glance, he seemed very young, probably still a teenager. His soft brown eyes were hidden behind rimless glasses, and he smiled shyly at me until I got off the phone.

“I'm David,” he said. “I work in the TV unit. I just wanted to introduce myself.” He shook my hand, and I was struck by how...gentle his touch was. Most men grab my hand as if to crush it, or

hold it like a complete pansy, as if afraid I'm a porcelain doll that's going to break. David's grip was firm but gentle. He turned and walked away, back into his office, and I returned to my calls.

The funny thing was, I wasn't attracted to David at that time. He wasn't my type. I like, much to my own dismay, strong, in-control type men, men that know what they want, and aren't afraid to go after it. David struck me as...well, kind of a wimp. A nebbish. The typical computer nerd...

Except for his incredibly dark, soft brown eyes. They seemed so dark they were almost black. It was hard to tell where his pupil ended and his iris began. David and I didn't have much contact for about three months. He would smile at me as he came and left, and I would return the smile. That was the complete extent of our relationship.

Little did I know that David had fallen quietly, desperately in love with me the first time he'd seen me, and noting the wedding ring on my finger had chosen to nurse his secret passions without informing me. He confided his feelings to a co-worker, making him promise to keep the secret. As I could have told David, the man broke his word, told his secretary, thinking that it was 'cute' that the 'kid' had a crush on 'the old broad.' His secretary, being of the blonde-bubble-headed variety, (I found her staring at a bottle of OJ one morning, and then saw the label: CONCENTRATE...if that gives you any idea...) told her friends, and it was like that old Breck commercial: She told two friends, and so on and so on.

One of the more vicious gossips, a woman who loved telling people what other people were saying about them, came up to me and informed me that the 'kid' had a crush on me. That he thought he was in love. I thanked her for that little bit of information, and went on with my life.

But the thought persisted. David...in love with me? How could that be? He didn't even *know* me. How on Earth...? A small thought started at the back of my brain, so small it didn't even have a voice yet. My husband had made it clear that he was going to have affairs whether I liked it or not, and more than once I'd sensed another woman on him. My husband had also made it clear that he didn't find me attractive anymore. I couldn't remember the last time I'd made love, and was frankly pretty hungry for the touch of another human being. And David was in love with me.

The thought grew, slowly, over hours and days and weeks. On the one side, the thought of a torrid, illicit affair with a younger man was strangely exciting and exhilarating. The thought of giving myself to this young man, of letting him uncover and reveal the secrets of my body and soul turned me on like nothing else had in a long, long time. But, on the other hand, it would be wrong to encourage David, to lead him on, to let him believe that there could be a future for us, that I would divorce my husband for him. After all, as much as I hated to admit it to myself, I'd taken those vows seriously. To Death Us Do Part.

But I couldn't shake the mental image of David's soft, brown eyes taking in my naked body as I undressed for him that first, special time. Watching his eyes widen, his pupils dilating with passion as I revealed my creamy breasts to him. Feeling my own nipples harden in arousal as I saw him gaze at me and lick his lips in Pavlovian anticipation...

Then the Gods handed me a present for which I will always be grateful. Ted came home one night and announced that he wanted a divorce, that he had met the woman of his dreams. I discovered that the woman of his dreams was a 19-year old aerobics instructor with a body by Fisher and mind by...if not Mattel, then Ronco. She was the single dumbest woman I have ever met in my life. If someone said, "Look at the dead bird!" this bimbo would look up in the sky and say, "Where?"

I gave Ted my blessings, my consent, and 1/3 of our marital property. I got the house and the new car and something I hadn't had in a very long time: Freedom. Freedom to live my life the way I'd been aching to for so, so long. First on that agenda, of course, was David.

I bided my time, waiting for one month to pass after the divorce was final. Then I decided to make the first move. Walking into David's office one afternoon, I spied him working on the keyboard, jacked in and punching deck. He was gone, far gone into the bits and bytes of the system. I had to cough twice to get his attention.

"Oh," he said, smiling, "I'm sorry. I didn't know you were there. What can I do for you, Ellen?"

"What are doing after work today?" I asked brightly.

"Uh...nothing. What's up?"

I took a deep breath. "Would you like to have a drink down at O'Mally's?"

He thought for a moment. "Uh...sure. The gang decided to go out, huh? Who else is going to be there?"

My weight slid onto one hip. "Just you and me, David."

His expression was one of confusion, and then he brightened. "Oh. I get it. Meeting someone, huh? You talked to Sherry, right? Sure, no problem. If your date starts giving you any trouble, just signal me, and I'll take it from there."

Now I was confused. "What are you talking about?"

"Uh...Sherry had this blind date with some dude, and wanted someone there in case things didn't go well. She asked me to pretend that I was her brother, and if things got strange, she would signal me, and I'd move in. I thought that's what you..."

"No, David," I said, shaking my head. "You don't understand. I'm asking you out. I want to go have a drink with you. Just me and you, David. No brothers, no blind dates...no one else but me and you."

There was a long, long pause, and then David said, simply, "Oh."

"Is that a problem?" I was becoming rapidly annoyed.

"No. No problem. Not at all. It's just that...um... why?"

"Why what?" I snapped.

"Why...me?"

That was it. His entire attitude was annoying and confusing. "Oh, forget it!" I snapped. I turned and stalked out of there, angry at myself for believing that a younger man would want me, angry at him for not jumping at an opportunity that had taken me weeks to work up the nerve to offer him, angry at Ted for putting me in this pos-

"Ellen?"

I turned at the door. "What?"

He stood and walked over to where I was standing. He looked so...lost, so unsure. The maternal instincts in me gushed out, and I wanted to hold him.

"Please understand Ellen...no one has ever...asked me out before. I don't know...what to do." He drew himself up, some internal switch closing, some personal decision made. "I'd very much enjoy having a drink with you, Ellen."

"Fine," I said slowly. "Meet me at O'Mally's at six-thirty. And David?"

"Yes?"

"Please...don't mention this to anyone else. It's not usually a good idea to date people you work with, and I would hate for this to get around." He nodded thoughtfully and went back to his desk. I

returned to the front and continued answering phones. The clock seemed to crawl towards five, and every moment seemed like a thousand.

I had to use the restroom, and I passed by David's office on the way. When David was at work, he was usually AT WORK. Jacked in, punching deck, riding the electronic waves as a byteSurfer. As I passed his office, I found him sitting in front of the computer, his hands still, fingers on his lips, staring at his screen...but not seeing it. His eyes were far away, and I could see the...concern on his face. And then the fear. And then his features went...slack, I guess is the only word, and he shook his head and turned

away. When his face returned to my line of sight, I was absolutely shocked to see the beginnings of tears at the corner of his eyes. He dropped his face into one hand and began massaging his temples. Suddenly aware that I could be seen at any moment, I hurried to the bathroom, wondering what I had just witnessed.

David met me at the bar right on time. I'd arrived a few minutes before him and had obtained a booth. I was nursing my first drink when David slid in across from me and gave me what can only be described as an agonized smile.

"Thanks for coming," I said, not sure how to even start this conversation. It had been almost two decades since I'd had to date, and wasn't sure what the rules were. I remembered reading something about the sexual revolution, but apparently, I'd been in the Indiana National Guard of sexual battalions, and hadn't been called to serve. I'd had

basic training, a little advanced work, but no in-the-trenches work for a long time. David didn't answer, just nodding and signaling for a waiter. He took David's drink order and vanished, leaving the two of us alone, silent with our thoughts.

"So," I finally said. "How long have you been with CyberDyne?"

"Since college," he said. "About five years." That would put him at about 26, maybe 27. Thirteen years younger than *you*, my brain quietly announced.

A slow song came on the jukebox, and I dragged a faintly protesting David to the dance floor. Truth be told, I wanted someone to touch me, to hold me, and this seemed a nice, socially acceptable way to accomplish that.

David held me in his arms a little stiffly at first, and as the music took hold, I started to draw his body against mine. He resisted, and when I finally managed to press against him, it was like dancing with a board.

The song ended, and we wound up back at the table. We finished our drinks, signaled for another round, and waited. He couldn't even look at me. I wondered if the company gossip had misinformed me; David was not acting like a man secretly in love with me. Not at all.

Unless, my mind suddenly said, he's a man who is secretly in love with you, who has never dated once in his life. That would put his emotional/social development somewhere around high school...which was exactly how David was acting. Like this was a painful high school date.

It all clicked.

"Do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Sure," he said, immediately blushing.

"You...haven't dated much, have you?"

"Oh...once or twice. Not a lot."

"Is that why you were so stiff out there?"

His face turned away swiftly, and I thought I saw something flash across his features. "Uh...no."

I took his hand in mine and gently stroked it. "Tell me, David... something is bothering you. I can feel it."

"Uh..." He had trouble holding my gaze, but I waited, patiently. "I'm not a great dancer...I...I don't like getting too close to people."

"Why not?"

"Um...when I was in college, I got kind of drunk at a party once. I asked this girl to dance, and she said that she didn't want me touching her, that I grossed her out. Then, about two months later, I was walking behind this woman on the Quad. She slipped, and started to fall back. I caught her, and she was fine until...she saw it was me. She. ...screamed at me not to touch her, that she would rather have fallen down than have my hands on...than have me touch her." He finished in a rush and looked away. Talking more to the dance floor than to me, he said, "So...I've always kind of thought that...people...women...didn't want me to touch them, so I... don't. I try and keep as far away as possible so I don't...offend. I don't want to...gross anyone out. Don't want to repulse them."

I stared at him in amazement. This couldn't be true. David was by no means drop-dead gorgeous, but he was also not unattractive. He was just...shy, bookish. Perhaps a little too smart for his own good. He probably knew things.. ..did things...that other people didn't understand. He was... different, that was all. Not bad, necessarily, just... different.

"David," I finally whispered. "Let me make one thing perfectly clear." He was still looking at the dance floor. I grabbed his chin between my fingers and turned him to face me. "Look at me. I...very much...want you to touch me. When I dance with someone, I want to feel their body against mine. I want...to feel your arms around me. Can we try again?"

Nodding silently, as if afraid to speak, David agreed. We moved to the dance floor, and this time, when I drew him against me, he came. I felt the gentle pressure of his chest against my breasts, the warm strength in his arms as he drew me closer. We swayed gently to the music, finding our personal rhythm. My hand was flat against his chest, my face right next to it. I closed my eyes, and the music continued, filling the empty spaces between us, bringing us closer and closer together.

When the song finally stopped, we pulled apart and looked at each other. David was flushing, slightly embarrassed, and I knew why. I'd felt his erection pressing against my belly as we'd danced, and I'd been secretly a little excited myself that he felt that way about me. His desire was obvious, but I still wasn't clear if it was for me, Ellen, as a person, or for me, Ellen as a woman...a woman who wanted him to touch her.

I decided that it didn't matter. Listening to my husband tell me for so many years that I wasn't exciting and attractive, having a man next to me, obviously attracted and turned on, was a novel and exhilarating experience, one I intended to draw out and savor as much as I could.

We returned to the table and had a few more drinks, and then danced some more. As the night wore on, the dances became slowly more sensual. It was dark outside, the sun having set hours ago, and David and I were slowly swaying to the music, our bodies pressed tightly against each other.

I lifted my head and David smiled down at me, happiness written all over his features. Impulsively, I leaned up and kissed him, a quick peck really, and then returned my head to his chest. I felt his hands tighten around my back, and I shivered in pleasure.

I asked David to take me home, and he agreed. The computer business had been nice to David, as evidenced by the brand-new Nissan Pathfinder he was driving. We climbed into his truck, and he drove me home. I'd already made up my mind to make love to David, but wasn't sure how to make this happen; after all, I was used to being seduced, not the other way around.

Inviting David in for a quick drink, I was thrilled when he only paused for a second before accepting. I took him into the house and stowed him on the couch, ducking into the bathroom to quickly check my hair and makeup. I tried to remember if my bedroom was passable, and decided that if it wasn't, the couch would do fine.

David was sitting exactly where I'd left him, in the same precise position. He hadn't moved an inch. I made us drinks and brought them over to him, sitting down next to him, but not too close. We clinked glasses softly and sipped once. Taking David's glass from his hand, I set it down on the coffee table (screw the coasters! I thought) and turned to face him.

The room was very, very quiet. The sound of the crickets outside the window was the only break in the silence. David's soft, brown eyes locked with mine, and I moved my face a fraction of an inch towards his. He moved too, a fraction closer. Slowly, with the inevitability of the sun rising, we approached each other. I could smell him, his masculine scent, feel his hot breath on my face...and I started getting seriously excited.

We kissed each other for the first time. His lips were soft and warm. My head twisted for another angle, kissing him again, just as softly. I could feel him leaning towards me, into me, and I opened my mouth to moan with arousal.

David pulled back as if he'd been shocked.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, worry all over his face. I had to struggle not to laugh. I wasn't laughing at him... but it was funny and touching in a...well, sad kind of way.

"You've never...necked?" I asked, and I saw the shame and embarrassment flood across his face.

"No. There weren't any girls who...wanted....." And at that moment, I flashed back to when I'd found David in his office, near tears, rubbing his temples. I knew that he had thought, then at least, that regardless of his feelings for me, that I would never want him.

That no woman would ever want him. That he was somehow...not enough. Not handsome enough. Not sexy enough. Not successful enough. Whatever the woman of the moment was looking for, he would just not...be enough.

I took his face in my hands and turned him back to me, urgently, hungrily kissing his mouth, letting my tongue play across his lips. "So," I said, pulling away, still stroking his strong jaw with one finger, "you are...?"

"A virgin," he confirmed. "In every sense of the word."

"You've never...anything?"

He giggled suddenly. "This," he said, taking a deep breath, "is the furthest I've ever been with a girl. I mean. ...I've read, and I've seen movies and stuff like that...lots of empirical data, but no real lab work." He smiled at his own joke.

He lay back, resting his head on the back of the couch. I lay against him, my head once again on his chest, my hand rubbing his pecs through the blue oxford he wore. Jesus! I thought. A completely unspoiled virgin. Unsullied. Mine to do with as I please. To teach and instruct on the ways of adult physical love. This was going to be *great*!

"David," I whispered. "I don't know quite how to say this." I paused, and he waited for me to continue. "Those women at college were... bitches. They shouldn't have said what they said. I know this, because I very much want you to touch me, David. Since Ted and I divorced, and long before that, I've been very lonely. Unsure of myself, of my attractiveness. As a woman."

David laughed, his chest undulating with his mirth. "Don't worry about that, Ellen. You're gorgeous!" Just the way he said it sent a flood of pleasure and pride through my

body.

"Thank you," I said sincerely, hugging his chest. "I want to...be with you David. What do you think of that? You and I...together...in bed?"

There was a very long pause. Finally he said, "You'll have to show me. I'm...not sure what to do... exactly. I mean, I'm familiar with the theory and all that.. ..it's just that you'll have to tell me when I'm doing something wrong, or too fast or whatever." I smiled, not only at his words, but because the anticipation of being with me had started a rather interesting effect in his pants, an effect that I was now witnessing.

Twisting in his arms, I reached out and caressed his face. "I want you to understand that I don't do this with just anyone. You will be the second man that I have ever made love to." He blushed at the words 'make love,' and I remember someone saying that a man who can still blush about sex is the best lover, because he understands how special and personal it still is.

David nodded and kissed me, softly. We pulled apart, foreheads touching. "We don't have to do this tonight, I know that. I want you to be comfor-"

"David," I said. "Shut up!" Standing, I held my hand out, and he took it, standing to follow me into my bedroom. I closed the door to the outside world and turned to face my new lover. He was staring at me, this hilarious dreamy expression on his face.

I stepped up next to him and slung my arms around his neck. We kissed, his hands at the small of my back. I opened my mouth and slowly let my tongue ease its way into his mouth, finding his tongue and touching it, teasing it with my own. I pulled my tongue back, and he followed it with his own, understanding what was happening. We did that for a few minutes, letting the hunger and the passion grow and feed upon itself. I reached behind me and took one of his hands, placing it on my buttock. David's hand closed around my cheek, and he gasped into my mouth, feeling my soft, resilient flesh under his touch.

David's other hand dropped, of its own volition, to my other cheek, and he drew me against him, pressing my body to his, letting his chest flatten and press against my breasts.

The kiss gained heat, and my hands came to his face, holding his cheeks in my own palms, guiding him. His lips worked hungrily against mine, and I felt and heard him moan into my throat, once...twice. Reaching behind me again, I grabbed one of David's hands and lifted it to my left breast, placing his fingers around it. He felt and tested the heft and weight of my tit, his fingers slowly tightening his grip. His touch was so...hungry, I decided. Desperate for human contact, for connection. I had no doubt that tonight was going to be the most passionate and romantic night of my life.

Stepping back, I smiled my secret little smile at him and turned around. "Unzip me," I said, lifting my hair away from my neck. David's fumbling fingers found the tab and slid it down, the soft metallic 'snick' sound filling the room. I was reminded of Christmas morning, of finding brightly wrapped presents under a lighted tree, of the joy of opening new boxes, finding new toys and playing with them. David's warm, soft hands caressed my back, from my neck to the top of my buttocks, where my panties started.

I felt his breath on my skin, and he kissed my spine. I shivered and turned around again, losing myself in another passionate kiss. David returned to the one-hand-on-the-breast-and-one-hand-on-my-ass thing, and I knew that I really had to tell him what to do, to show him how to make love to me.

"Undress me," I said softly. "Make me naked for you. Explore my body. Find its secrets!" David looked at me for a second, his smile wide and boyish. His hands came up to my neck and slid the dress off my shoulders. It fell to my waist, and David saw my bra-covered breasts, my

aroused, itchy nipples pushing two hot points through the cups. Like most men, David was fascinated by my breasts, and dropped his head for a closer look.

He kissed one, his hot breath almost stinging me through the silk of my bra. "Use your tongue," I said. "Lick my nipple." He did as I told him and softly, gently licked at me through my bra. My fingers were in his hair, pulling his head to me as I arched my neck and shivered. His patience and understanding were so arousing!

Moving to the other breast, David repeated his actions from the first, blowing and kissing and then gently licking my nipple. He backed away from me, grasping the dress at the waist, and slowly slid it over my gently flaring hips. It slid to the floor, and I stepped out of it, clad in only a bra, panties, and heels. I reached down, supporting myself on his shoulder, and undid the straps on my heels and kicked them away.

I straightened up and basked in David's glow. His eyes were wide with wonderment as he took in my scantily-clad form. I could feel the arousal building in me; David looked at me like I was the most beautiful girl in the entire world. And at that moment, that's exactly what I felt like. The definition of female perfection.

"Now you," I whispered. David was wearing a shirt, tie and slacks. I stepped in close to him and worked the knot on his tie, kissing his chin as I worked. The tie came loose and I slid it out from under his collar, loving the slick, silky 'hsss' sound it made. I tossed the tie over my shoulder and bent to his buttons, working them quickly. I parted the shirt and gasped. David had a wonderful body! His muscles were clearly defined, a light sprinkling of dark brown hair, hair that matched the curly mop on his head, covering his pecs and leading down to his navel.

I parted the shirt even more, sliding it off his arms. I kissed his chest, right between his nipples, using an opened-mouth kiss that let me taste his hot skin. He smelled wonderful...manly. My hand came up and grasped his breast the same way he had mine, and I thumbed his nipple. He gasped.

I giggled. "Didn't know your own were as sensitive as mine, didya?" He just moaned as I continued to work his breast. My hands dropped to his belt as I continued to kiss and lick his chest. The belt came open under my fingers, and I slid it out from the loops, tossing it over my shoulder to join David's tie in a crumpled heap in the corner. The snap of his pants was next, and then my fingers worked his zipper. It was...hard...going for a second as the zipper had to climb this little...mountain. David's pants fell, and he stepped out of them, having kicked off his shoes moments ago.

David and I stood, kissing each other, he in socks and boxers, I in bra and panties. We just stood and enjoyed each other's bodies for a few moments, David's hairy chest, scratching against my sensitive breasts and abdomen. He was so warm against me that I never wanted this to stop.

Finally, I whispered, "Take off my bra..." David's hands ascended to the back of my bra, and he fumbled with the catch. I smiled into his chest and let him work; like all young men encountering this problem, he would have to learn how to do it. I turned, so he could see what he was doing, and felt the sudden release of the elastic. David's fingers crept up to my shoulders, sliding the straps down my arms. I felt the bra fall away, my heavy, full breasts settling against my chest.

David's eyes were as big as saucers. I tried not to laugh, but couldn't help it. "You look like someone who just found religion!" I teased.

"Well then," he said back, "let me kneel and worship!" And his mouth closed around my naked breast for the first time. The pleasure shot straight to my brain, and to my crotch. I felt myself moistening even more, getting ready for his penetration. That was going to be special, wonderful.

But as I was going to teach David, getting there was half the fun. Yes, he would discover that there were times when hunger and passion overtook you, that there were times when it was more

fun and more desirable to just loose your clothes as fast as you could and start humping like lust-crazed weasels. But this first time, this most important time, it was going to be slow and romantic and special.

David worked my breasts slowly, gently, lovingly. He kissed and licked and sucked. "Bite my nipples gently, David. Just use your teeth a little, honey." His sharp, white teeth closed around one nipple, tugging at it, and I gasped. It felt so good to have someone's hands on me again, touching me, making me feel loved and wanted and desired.

David buried his face between my breasts, his arms around my back. He sat down on my bed and drew me to him, softly kissing and licking the sides of both breasts as his hands found my buttocks again and grasped them through my panties.

David's cock was poking at his boxers. I reached down and found it, moving my hand around inside his shorts. I brought it out into the air and slowly fisted it. David shook and held me tighter.

"Don't....if you don't want me to..."

I stopped, instead kneeling before him. "David... there's something you need to know. Certain women like to do certain things more than other women. Part of the fun of being with a new lover for the first time is discovering all those things about each other. I like to...give head. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, Ellen," he laughed. "I know what that means."

"How do you feel about that?"

"Ellen, if you put my cock in your mouth, you're going to get a huge surprise!"

"Goody!"

I giggled, clapping my hands together. David stood, reaching down and losing his socks, then yanking his shorts down and kicking them away. His cock bobbed in my face and I licked my lips, already anticipating his hot meat in my mouth. The one good thing that Ted had done (ok..one of the good things that he had done,) was turn me onto cocksucking. Until he'd started to drift, I'd loved taking Ted's cock into my mouth and licking and sucking forever.

Now...it was David's turn to enjoy the benefits of that labor. This first one was going to be fast, I knew, but that would make it all the more interesting, and have the added benefit of making other, more pleasurable actions last longer.

David sat back on the bed and spread his hairy thighs, his cock wiggling in anticipation. I moved slowly, wanting it to last for him, wanting him to enjoy it as much as I knew I was going to. From several inches away I began to blow on his cock, the hot air from between my pursed lips tickling his throbbing meat. David just grinned at me, and I swear I could see his cock getting harder before my very eyes.

"You know, " I whispered, moving my mouth ever closer to his meat, "some people think that it's very sexy to cum in a woman's mouth. Do you agree with that, David?" He grunted and hunched his hips at me face, apparently eager to experience that little treat. Opening my mouth, I used my pink, moist tongue to lightly lick his cockhead with a circular swipe. Slurp! Moving my face in closer, I blew on his balls and cock again, taking the chance and licking his balls, too. Then I had a sudden inspiration. I would finish him, quickly this first time, and then give him the blowjob of his life to get him ready to fuck my leaking, needy pussy.

"Hold on, lover," I growled, taking his cock with my hand. Opening my mouth, I swallowed his cock with a single lurch of my head, bathing the hot, hard meat with my tongue, sucking with my cheeks and throat.

"Oh my God!" David cried, his legs and stomach muscles contracting, making him do a sit-up with my mouth in his crotch. "Ellen! My God!" His hands were in my hair. My hand was around his scrotum, and I jiggled, once.

That was all it took. David grunted, screamed, and then erupted, shooting what seriously felt like half a pint of warm, creamy cum into my sucking mouth. I greedily sucked and swallowed, not wanting a drop to escape. His load was warm and creamy and delicious, and I wanted every goddamn bit of it in my stomach.

As David slowly ebbed in my mouth, I renewed my attack, eager to keep him hard and throbbing. My slick, moist mouth moved smoothly up and down David's cock, lubricating it with my glistening saliva. My hands worked at his balls, pulling and tugging at them. More than once I popped David's cock out of my mouth and worked my way down, sucking first one, then the other, warm, hairy testicle into my mouth to lick and suck. As I licked and mouthed his balls, I continually jacked David's cock, feeling my own saliva oozing through my fingers. David's hands were by his sides, and I took one of his hands in mine and put it on my breast. Closing his fingers around my tit, David started stroking and playing with my nipple as I sucked his dick.

David finally pulled me off his cock and into his arms. We kissed, my cum-slick mouth meshing with his. I found it highly erotic that David didn't try and wipe my mouth or make me brush my teeth or something juvenile and stupid like Ted had. David not only didn't mind the taste of himself on my lips and in my mouth, but seemed eager to find more of his own taste inside me.

Falling back against the bed, I pulled David on top of me. We kissed and gently stroked for a long time, and I could feel his hot hardness pressed against my belly between us. He was drooling precum onto my stomach, and I wanted very badly to feel him inside of me.

"Now you," David said, slowly moving his way down. "But you'll have to tell me what to do!"

"I thought you watched movies!" I kidded. He nodded, his face suddenly serious. "Tell you what," he said, "I'll do what I think is right, and you just...correct me if I go astray. How about that?"

Breathing heavily with arousal, I just nodded silently. David spread my legs and took a long few seconds just staring at my molten center. The hair was matted and slick with my juices, and I suddenly worried that David was one of those men that found the sight of a moist, open vagina disgusting. I needn't have worried. He was just getting his bearings.

Leaning in, David kissed my pubic mound, and then burrowed lower. His nose tickling my clit a little, his tongue reaching out and tasting me softly.

"Well...what do you think?"

"Jasmine," he whispered, trying another small, tentative taste.

"Do you know where my clit is?" I asked. A second later I felt his lips close around it, sending sparks of pleasure up and down my spine.

"That it?" he teased.

"Smart ass," I said, hunching my hips into his face. Slowly at first, and then faster as he gained confidence, David began to eat my pussy. He wasn't the best slit-licker in the business, but he showed promise, and more important than that, he showed determination and enthusiasm. With time, and patience, and lots of experience (which I knew I was going to be more than happy to provide,) he would turn out great.

He worked me slowly, and then steadily faster as I coached him, wriggling his tongue inside me, teasing the walls of my slit with his tongue, drinking more and more of my juices with every second.

At my request, he inserted first one, and then another finger inside me.

"You're so hot...and wet." He said, and then added, "...and *tight*!" He looked down at his own cock, and I knew what he was thinking, and tried hard to stifle the laugh. "Are you sure...it's going to fit?" he asked, the expression on his face priceless.

“Don't forget,” I said, choking back my laughter, “a baby comes out of there, too! If he can fit, I'm sure you can to! Now...lick my clitty a little more...oh, yeah. That's it. Now, David, darling...start with your...that's right, use your fingers...ahh....now, take it all together and just...” I dissolved into orgasm as David finished me off that first time, his fingers and mouth and tongue working in concert to send me to the heights of pleasure. My thighs clamped around his face, and then fell apart, spreading myself lewdly for him as I shamelessly ground my overflowing slot into his face. David licked and sucked like a trooper, making sure he got as much of me as was possible.

Finally, I shuddered and started sliding back down into normal time and space. David was still kneeling between my wantonly-spread thighs, licking at his lips, smiling at me, those huge brown eyes locking with mine as I sat up on my elbows.

“Ready for the main event, tiger?” I asked, waggling my eyebrows at him. He just nodded shyly and got up between my legs. I grabbed a couple of pillows and jammed them under my ass, lifting my sex to give him a better angle.

“Slow and easy, pal. At first.” David searched for my hole with the head of his cock, and I put my hand down, grasping him, guiding his throbbing length to the entrance of my soul. He gasped as his cockhead rubbed against my moist lips, and I set him in place. “Give me some,” I grunted, eager to feel him inside me.

David moved forward slightly, and the first inch popped inside. His face screwed up in mask of intense concentration, and then I felt another inch. And then another. Slowly, agonizing us both, David filled me with his cock. He was sweating and gasping, fighting not to cum as my cunt collapsed around him, squeezing and milking him.

“This...is....incredible!” he gasped, supporting his weight on his hands as he peered down to where our bodies were joined.

“David,” I said, “Please fuck me. Move inside me, David. Give me your dick! Fuck me!” He withdrew and then entered me again, a little faster this time. I grabbed his ass with my hands, feeling his tight, hairy buns under my fingers, and started pulling to me. David got the idea and began speeding up, feeding me his cock in faster and faster strokes. Within thirty seconds he was fucking like an old pro, slamming his dick into me as I wailed and cried with pleasure. His cock was so hot and so hard, and it thrilled me to know that I was his first woman, his first lover...his first fuck.

David collapsed on top of me, one mouth covering a breast as his hips continued to pound me. He started a low keening wail, and I knew he was close. Grabbing his head, I lifted it off my breast and brought his mouth to mine. We were locked in passionate, tongue-twisting kiss when he shouted into my mouth and blew, the spunk erupting from the tip of his dick, splattering cum against the walls of my twat. I felt every spurt hitting me, coating me, covering the inside of my body with his precious pearly load. My legs closed around his waist, drawing him deeper, wanting every single drop of him inside me.

David still hunched against me, rubbing my clit with his pubic hair. I groaned into his mouth this time, the sensations finally overloading my already passion-addled brain, and I came along with him, my pussy spasming around his cock, milking him with my satiny walls.

Gasping, we parted, David still inside me but shrinking. He kissed my face and my ears and my mouth and my neck, still breathing heavily.

“Well?” I managed to ask. “What did you think?”

“I...love it!” he said. “I...want to do it again!” David looked a question at me, and I just smiled and nodded. “Just wait, David my love. Just wait until I teach you all about love.”

David and I dozed for a while, our bodies comfortably intertwined. I had my head on his chest, and was lazily running my fingers through his chest hair, idly stroking his nipples. David was stroking the hair on my head, and kissing the top of my head from time to time. We slept until early the next morning, and woke just as the sun was coming up. I disengaged myself from David, who was still drifting in and out, and donned a robe, heading towards the kitchen.

I was making coffee when David entered the kitchen, wearing a pair of track shorts that Ted had left behind. His hair was a mess, but his lazy smile was in place, as were his glasses. He gave me a sleepy grin and kissed me softly on the mouth.

"Good morning," he said softly. I smiled and kissed him back. "Good morning."

We sat at the table and silently drank our coffee. David's eyes were all over me, quietly undressing me with his gaze. Flustered, I stood and walked to the sink, looking through the window at the early morning sunshine. I sensed, rather than felt, David behind me. His hands came down on my shoulders, and I had to fight not to turn and rape the poor boy right there. I needn't have worried, though, because David had the same thing on his mind that I did on mine. His mouth found my neck, and he kissed me gently there. I purred and moved back against him, feeling his arms encircle my waist. One of his warm hands insinuated itself inside my robe, and moved up to cup one heavy breast in his fingers.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered in my ear. I could feel myself moistening again, and wanted him desperately. I decided to wait a little longer.

"David," I said turning in his arms, "I'm going to go take a bath now." Seeing the crestfallen expression on his face, I added, "Stick around. We've got the whole weekend together...if you want to." He nodded like an eager puppy, and I left him at the sink as I went to take my bath. A long, hot bath always made me feel sexy, and having my young lover in the house only added to that feeling. I ran the water and added some bubblebath, and then shed my robe and climbed in, letting the warm, soothing water envelope my body in its slick embrace.

I was lying back, just enjoying the feel of the bath, when David entered the bathroom and sat on the toilet. He'd added a sweatshirt to his clothing, and was just sitting and quietly watching me. The silence grew and stretched.

"What?" I finally asked.

"Nothing," he said. "I just...like watching you. Your body." I smiled at him, wondering if he knew what effect his words were having. My ego had been bruised by the divorce, and it was thrilling to know that David found me attractive. I sat up in the tub, David's eyes zeroing in my soapy, bouncing tits. I reached under the surface of the water and found my washcloth. Handing it to David with a bar of soap, I asked, "Wash me?"

Nodding eagerly, David got down on his knees beside the tub. I turned sideways and presented him with my back. "I've never done this before," he said.

"You've never taken a bath?" I asked.

Laughing, he responded, "No. Of course I have taken a bath. I've just never *given* one, that's all."

"David," I said patiently. "I'm not made of china. Wash me like you'd wash yourself. Just...do it a little more slowly, and pay attention to detail, that's all." David didn't say anything, and then I felt the damp cloth against my neck. He worked slowly, methodically, washing my shoulders and upper back. Then my neck and throat, always using lots of soap and water, moving slowly and sensuously. When he came to my breasts, I shivered as his touch. His hands were gentle and soft and soothing. He covered each breast with soapy water, bringing my nipples to hot, hard points as he cleaned them.

Leaning back, I pressed my wet head against David's crotch, and felt his erection pressing against the shorts. I stood in the tub, taking David with me, and turned to face him. His expression was priceless. I looked at my body, and then at him, and had to smile.

The water was running off me in rivulets. My legs and crotch were soapy with bubble bath, and my slick, soapy tits looked very inviting indeed. I pulled David against me by his shirt, using an open-mouthed kiss to convey my excitement. Reaching out and grabbing the hem of his sweatshirt, I lifted it up and off his body, tossing it into the corner. David took his cue from me, hooking his thumbs into his shorts and peeling them off his hips and down his legs. He was erect, his hard cock bobbing with his motions.

Stepping into the tub with me, David resumed washing me, concentrating on my legs. He worked his way up past my knees, heading for my crotch. His head moved as if to kiss me there, and I stopped him.

"No. Not yet. Just enjoy the tease, David. Enjoy the anticipation. When we're done in here...we'll go back to bed. I want you to explore my body. Get to know it. Every inch of it." He just nodded, and returned to his washing. Turning me around, David applied the washcloth to my buttocks, getting them soapy and then clean, using handfuls of water to wash the soap away. His hand, covered by the washcloth, glided between the cheeks of my ass, and I shivered at the intimate touch.

"Now you," I said, taking the washcloth from his hands. I started at his ankles and worked slowly upwards, letting David look at my body as I worked. My round, soft breasts bounced and swayed as I worked, and I couldn't help but rub my nipples against his hairy thighs. His cock was throbbing hard now, leaking precum, and I used the washcloth to clean his rod, stroking gently. His balls were next, and I made sure they were squeaky clean before moving to his chest. David's eyes were heavy and drooping with passion, and he was breathing heavily.

"I'm not sure I can wait," he said.

"You're going to have to. We're almost done." We finished up, and then stepped out of the tub. I grabbed a towel and tossed it to him, grabbing one for myself and heading back into my bedroom. David followed, wrapping the towel around his waist.

He moved to intercept me, and I pushed him away.

"Sit on the bed and watch me," I said. He did as I asked, the towel still around his waist, as I sat at my vanity and dried my hair with the towel. I loved being naked in front of him, loved the way David's eyes crawled all over my body, taking in every detail.

"You are so gorgeous," he said in a strained voice, and I turned to see that he had loosened the towel, and was now slowly fisting his cock. I had always wanted to watch a man masturbate, and now I had my chance. Ted would never do it for me, telling me that jerking off was for fools that couldn't get laid, and *he* could always get laid.

"Do it for me, David. Jerk yourself off. I want to watch." He just grunted and sped his hand up, his mouth open, tongue peeking out. His cock was leaking steadily now, as he watched me watch him. I spread my legs and showed him my pussy.

"Just think about what it'll be like when you are inside me again, David. Think about how wonderful my pussy felt." David grunted and sped up again, his hand almost flying up and down his cock.

"I bet you jerked off a lot, didn't you David?" He just grunted and nodded. I lifted one of my breasts in my hand, teasing the nipple with my fingers. "Did you ever think about me? Ever think about kissing me, about sucking me, about making love to me when you did it?"

“Yeah,” David groaned, throwing his head back. “Wasn't it better when it was real, David? Wasn't sticking your virgin cock inside me better than imagining it?”

“Yes!” David screamed. “Oh Yes!”

“David!” I said. “Look at me!” I was frigging myself gently, and I wanted him to see me do it. My hands were in my twat, one finger in my hole, my thumb working my clit. David's eyes zoomed in on my pussy.

“I didn't think women...did that!” he grunted, standing to move closer to me.

“Oh, yes, David, we do. We think about sex just as much as men do. Maybe even more. Do you know what I'm thinking about right now?” He shook his head. “I'm thinking about how wonderful your cock feels inside me!” That was all it took. David grunted one final time and began spraying. Even from six feet away, I could see his spray arcing from his cockhead, falling in a pearly white shower to the carpet. He convulsed, jerking his cock off, watching me bring myself to climax with him.

David fell back on the bed, gasping for breath. I joined him, lying on top of his hard body. His maleness felt so good against my softness.

“Tell me something, David. Tell me something you've always wanted to do. Something you've always dreamed about.” He looked at me and then kissed me softly. His smile was wide and genuine.

“I want to make love to your breasts with my dick. I want to titty-fuck you!” The words coming out of his mouth seemed so odd, but with the new sexual freedom David was discovering with my help, I knew that he was going to tell me the most intimate details of his sexual fantasies. And I wanted to help him act them all out.

Rolling onto my back, I grabbed my breasts. “These tits?” I asked, thumbing the nipples. “You want to fuck these titties? These here?”

“God, yes,” David growled, rolling over on top of me. He put his still hard cock between my tits, and I pressed them together, trapping his cock in my satiny valley.

He started slowly stroking, his hands on my shoulders.

“Does it feel as good as you thought it would?” I teased.

“God, yes! Better!” I turned my head and sucked his thumb into my mouth, working it with my tongue. David gasped and his hands replaced mine on my tits, pressing them even tighter against his rod. This was a first for me, too. Ted had never...fuck Ted. I wasn't going to compare David to Ted anymore.

My hands were free now, and I placed them on David's butt, feeling the tight muscles flex every time he slid his cock between my breasts. At the top of the stroke, if I leaned down I could just lick the head as it popped out from between my tits.

“Oh God...” David said, thrusting harder, “This is so great, Ellen. I love this...I love you!” That brought me up a little short. In the heat of passion, I was sure that I would feel the same way. But in the bright rational sunlight of morning, I knew it was too soon to be talking about love.

David's pumping speeded up, and then he was cumming, showering my neck and chin with his goo. He shot four good streams, covering my skin with his creamy warmth. I took his cock into my saliva-filled mouth, wetly gliding his cock in and out of my face. I loved the taste of his meat in my mouth, and hope that he would let me suck his cock often.

Just then I began to understand the level of power and control I had over my young lover. David had learned a lot since last night, but he was far from an accomplished lover, and I was sure that his confidence level was still lagging. I wasn't sure how to correct this, and I also wasn't sure that I wanted to. His body felt so good, so.. right, against mine that I knew I wasn't ready to have

him go off and start chasing girls closer to his own age. I wanted David for myself, and my selfish feelings brought a blush of shame to my features. I popped David's cock out of my mouth, and he laid against me, burying his face into my neck.

David started kissing me, softly at first, and then with growing hunger and passion. I was secretly thrilled that he was still aroused and hungry, and languidly stretched, letting him do what he wanted to me. I wanted to see David discover my body and all the secrets and treasures it held. David kissed my neck and throat, working closer to my breasts. He licked all around my chest, between my tits, then went to work on my tits, playing like a little boy with a new toy. His fingers were eager and a little rough, and I cautioned him to take it easy.

Chastised, David's hands became gentle again, working my breasts softly. The fire in my loins was starting again, and I sighed, letting the passion grow inside me. David moved to my torso, lightly kissing and sucking my skin, tickling me with his tongue. He was straddling one of my legs, and I lifted it a little, feeling his amazingly- still-hard cock throbbing against my skin.

"Give it to me, David. Give me your cock..." I moaned, eager to feel him inside of me. David grabbed my waist and turned me over onto my stomach, lifting me as he did so. I ended up on my hands and knees, and smiled. Being someone's first and only sexual partner did have its advantages; I knew David had never done it this way, rear- entry, and I wondered if this was another one of his fantasies.

"C'mon, tiger, let me have it," I whined, wiggling my ass at him. David just grunted again, settling between my legs. His cock bounced off me a few times; he didn't know yet how to get himself seated. I reached between my legs and grabbed him, lining him up with my hole. David pushed, groaning as each fraction of an inch sank into my wet crevice. I groaned with him, moving back against him, enveloping him with my satiny walls.

"Slowly, lover. Slowly at first. Let me get used to you in there!" I said, starting to pump slowly with my hips. David put his hands on my hips and let me set the pace, eager just to feel me around him, sucking and milking at his meat.

"Talk to me, David. Tell me what you're feeling!"

"This is...incredible!" he gasped. "I never thought it would be like this. So many nights...spent wondering what it would be like to...oh God!...be with a wo....oh God!.... with a woman. Ooof!" he said, burying the last inch of his meat inside me. His hands clutched at my hips, and I found it funny that each time I clasped my vaginal walls around David's penetrating member, his hands tightened on my hips in response. We set up a slow, passionate pace, David's thighs bouncing into my ass on each stroke, his scrotum slapping against my vagina. His hands found their way up to my hanging, swaying breasts, and he covered them, gently squeezing and stroking.

I was biting my bottom lip in pleasure, starting to climb the mountain. David speeded his actions up, and I knew that if we timed it right, we could come together.

"I need you to..." I moaned.

"What? What?" he gasped.

"Touch my clit. Help me cum with you!" One hand left a breast and wondered down to my slot. He fumbled around for a minute. I grabbed his wrist and directed him, and he found it, stroking it in soft circles with the pad of one finger. I clamped tight around him, and felt David bury himself again.

"Oh...oh..." he moaned. His face was at my neck, his mouth licking and sucking my skin. "Oh...oh....oh!" he said again, trying to hold back. "Let...me...know...when..." he moaned, trying his best.

“Almost...almost....now!” I screamed, and David convulsed, rearing back and grabbing my hips, spraying my insides with his sauce. I fell into a shattering orgasm, the room going gray around me, as David fell on top of me, crushing me against the bed. I groaned, all the breath out of me, and tried to push him off. The waves of climax were still spreading throughout my body, but I couldn't breath. David was passed out on top of me. I turned my head to the side and sucked in a pain-filled lungful of air. We were going to have to work on that, I thought. Can't have the poor boy killing me every time he does me like a dog! I smiled at my own little joke and managed to get into a barely comfortable position.

David and I slept, and sometime during the nap, I felt his cock slide out of me to slap wetly against my thigh.

David and I awoke around noon. He kissed me awake, and I knew that he was raring to go again. I opened my thighs, and he slid into me, both of us still lubricated from our early morning bout. He stared deeply into my eyes as we screwed.

“Tell me your fantasies,” I whispered. “Tell me one that you've always wanted to live out.”

He stroked me once, twice. “Twist your hips at the bottom of a stroke, David. Use your groin to stimulate my clit.” He nodded and did it the next time, and I gasped, my legs closing around his lower back, hunching myself at him.

“Your fantasies,” I reminded him.

“Later...” he gasped. “After...can't think now...” I grinned and let myself go, eager to have another climax in David's arms. I promised myself that I would fulfill one fantasy of his today, and one tomorrow. No matter what it was. No matter how depraved...well, I promised myself I'd think about it, at least. If it wasn't too kinky, I'd let him do it. Whatever it was.

David speeded up, and I decided that we were also going to have to work on endurance. It was nice that he could cum five and six times a day, but I liked longer, deeper lovemaking. Not the rapid-fire sex that David was capable of. But that was ok. I knew how to make it last. This last time, for him, I'd let him bang away to his hearts content.

Without having to be told this time, David's hand found it's way to my crotch and began working my button. The feelings were incredible as I looked up at him. His face had the same look as when he was working on a complicated program, and I had to stifle a laugh. I suppose that a woman's sexuality was the most complicated program there was, and it was never completely debugged!

We screwed on and on for about another ten minutes, and then I came, and shortly after, David did also, giving me another load of his delicious cream.

“Now then,” I said, after he'd had a chance to catch his breath. “First things first. You,” I said, poking him in the chest, “have to learn to last a little longer. We'll work on that. I understand that this is all new and wonderful for you, but I like it a little longer, kay?” He nodded, pleased that he would be 'able to work on it' with me.

“Second things second. Your fantasies, David. Tell me about them. Don't hold back.”

He looked sheepish. “I really don't have anything out of the ordinary. I mean nothing kinky or anything like that.”

“When you fantasized about having a girlfriend or a lover, what did you see yourself doing with them?” He was silent this time, thinking.

“Well...promise not to laugh?” I swore that I wouldn't. “Well,” he started, “you may think this is a little juvenile, but whenever I think about being with a woman, it's usually romantic stuff.

Having dinner, going to a movie, walking down the beach, stuff like that. Part of what makes the fantasy so good is that I know we're going to make love that night; there's no question. No worrying about whether or not I have to seduce her. That's my fantasy, having a regular lover and doing romantic things with her."

"What's the most romantic thing you can think of?" I asked. David looked deep into my eyes, and then smiled. "Wait here," he said, and got out of bed. I snuggled under the sheets, feeling the warm imprint of David's body on the bed and shivered. I had no idea what he was going to do, but I wanted him to do it, and do it with me.

Ten minutes later David came back, carrying a tray. I saw what was on it, and smiled. A man denied sex this long certainly had enough time to fantasize, and apparently David had put the time to good use. On the tray were: A bowl of fresh strawberries (from my icebox,) a bowl of ice-cream, a small bowl of chocolate sauce, and another bowl of honey.

"See," David said, putting it on the bed between us. "I thought about this one day after I read about tactile stimulation. I was working on what at the time was the cutting edge of virtual reality. You know, computer-enhanced reality?" I nodded, and he continued. "Tactile sensation was important. The user had to feel more than think, and we were studying the way people feel things. Hot and cold, smooth and creamy. I came up with this. The chocolate is warm...I heated it up in the microwave. The honey is room-temperature, and the ice-cream is cold. Three different sensations, three different tastes."

With that, David took a strawberry and dipped it in the honey. He lifted it above my head and let the honey drizzle off and onto my face before lowering the strawberry to my mouth. I sucked it in and bit down on it, slicing half of it off. David bent to my face and slowly, lovingly, cleaned the honey off of my nose and cheek. We kissed, gently, and he shared the honey with me as I sucked as his tongue. His hand vanished off to the side, and then he was back, this time with two strawberries. One had chocolate on it, the other, ice-cream.

David moved down and used the tips of the strawberries to circle my nipples. My right one got the ice-cream, the left the chocolate. The dichotomy of sensation, one nipple hot, the other cold, drove me insane with pleasure, and I arched my back, driving my tits towards the strawberries. David licked and sucked at my nipples, cleaning the gooey substances from my body.

"Forget the strawberries," I said. "Just use the gooey stuff. It feels so sexy on my body..."

"Why?" he asked. "I mean, I really want to know." He'd dipped his finger in the chocolate and was tracing warm brown lines on my shoulder and neck. As he bent down to lick it up, I thought about it. "Because it just feels sexy. Warm and wet and cold and moist...feels like cum, a little, and like my own sauce. Feels...slightly nasty, David, and sometimes the best sex feels that way...slightly naughty and nasty. You know you shouldn't do certain things, that society doesn't think it's right. But it feels good, and so you want to....oh, right there!....do it. Just do it, as the ad says!"

David took a small spoon full of honey and held it over my face, slowly turning it over so that it drizzled across the bridge of my nose and down each cheek. It felt like someone was cumming on my face, and although Ted had never done that...forget I mentioned that. No one had ever done that to me before, cum on my face, and I wondered if this was what it felt like.

David lowered his face to mine, and we kissed, our gooey faces sticking together. Slowly, with the patience of Job, he worked my face over, trying to get all the honey. Our kisses were sticky and gooey and it was driving me insane; all these sensations on my skin, hot and cold, and David's warm, slightly rough tongue cleaning me up. I wondered what other devilish fantasies he had in store for me...ones that we could discover together.

After my face was reasonably clear, David reached over and grabbed a warm washcloth he'd brought from the kitchen, finishing the job of cleaning my face. I smiled at his thoughtfulness, and watched in growing anticipation as he grabbed the bowl of ice-cream, and the bowl of warm chocolate sauce and scooted down my body.

My legs fell open of their own volition, and I bit my bottom lip in anticipation. David used his fingers first, lightly coating the inside of my thighs with the chocolate sauce. The heat was warm and wonderful, adding to the heat I already felt in that region. And then David thumbed a dollop of ice-cream into my pussy, and I convulsed in pleasure. It was so incredible, feeling that little ball of ice-cold cream in my slot. David's mouth covered my hole and he gently prodded the small ball of ice cream with his tongue, and then he sucked it out again, pushing it in once more. He repeated this, while a chocolate-covered finger worked over my clit.

I started leaking heavily, and David kept adding ice-cream to my hole until the entire area was a gooey mess. I came three times under his tutelage, grinding my chocolate-and-ice-cream-sloppy slot all over his face.

We ran to the shower to clean each other off, and then back to the bed. It was my turn, and I wanted to make David feel as special as he had made me. The chocolate was my favorite, and I liberally covered his cock and balls with it. It had cooled since we'd started, but that didn't matter. David lay on his back with his legs spread as I crouched between them, working my hot, slaving mouth up and down the length of his chocolate log.

"Is this what you fantasized about?" I asked. "Someone doing this to you?" He nodded. "How is it?"

"Better than I ever imagined, Ellen...oh my God... don't stop!" I'd moved my mouth to his scrotum and was cleaning the wrinkly sack of the chocolate, and I knew that David was going to shoot. So I backed off, letting him cool down.

"Tonight," I said, "We're going to go to dinner down by the bay. I'll wear my prettiest dress, just for you, David. We'll take a walk on the beach, then go have dinner. And when we go to your place after dinner, we will make love again. Nothing will stop me from doing that, David. Nothing. We're going to live out that fantasy tonight, David. Just you and me!"

David just grinned and gently guided my head back to his cock. It tasted so wonderful that I decided not to push the issue and to finish him off. David hunched several times against my face and emptied himself inside me, coating my mouth and throat with a beautiful mixture of chocolate and cum.

We arrived at Finnegan's just after seven. I had on a tight red dress that someone in my past had made me buy, only to tell me that I looked heavy in it. David wasn't looking at me like that, though, and he was equally handsome in the sport jacket and slacks he wore.

The waiter seated us at the best table in the house, and I knew that David had called ahead to reserve this just for us. I felt a tug inside my heart, and warned myself not to fall in love with this beautiful man-child.

Fairly a battalion of waiters fawned over us, and I knew David had set this up too. We enjoyed a wonderful meal, with sparkling conversation. David was well-read on a variety of subjects, and he was so interesting to talk to. I found myself getting drunk on the sound of his voice, and decided to have a little fun with him.

Kicking off one heel, I ran my instep up and down the back of David's calf. He was in the middle of some discourse about the Middle East, and stammered in mid-sentence as he felt my foot slowly ascend his leg. I rested it in his crotch and began teasing him through his slacks.

His face got very, very red, and I giggled into my wineglass.

"I never thought anyone could be so sexy..." he whispered to me across the table.

"Sexy? Or sex-crazy?" I teased back. David reached over and took my hand in his. "Sexy," he whispered. "Unbelievably, absolutely sexy. I never thought it would be this...great."

I just smiled and continued to tease him. Dessert came, and I took the opportunity to remove my leg and replace my heel. David paid the bill with his credit card, and we walked out of the restaurant and down to the beach. I took my heels off and we walked down the sand, hand in hand, looking at the moon on the water and hearing the soft sound of the waves lapping against the shore.

"Penny for your thoughts...?" I ventured. David had been silent for the last ten minutes.

"I'm not sure you want to hear them," he said. "I'm not sure that I want to say them." I let it drop, but it only took two minutes. "I was wondering...when this is going to end."

"Does it have to?" I asked, immediately regretting it. I didn't want to be vulnerable again. As soon as I said that, I knew I was opening a door that might be better left closed.

"I don't know, Ellen. I know how I feel about you... how I've felt about you for a long time. But, as much as we've...been through, together, as much as we've...done, together, I just don't get a sense that the feelings are mutual. That's ok...I guess. I just wish..."

"What?"

"I just wish....." he sighed. "Let me tell you a story. When I was in High School, I knew this girl named Becky. Every guy has a Becky in his past, somewhere. That first love. I loved her more than I ever had anybody else in my life. She didn't even know I was alive, though, and it hurt. I would have done anything for her, and she knew that, and took advantage of it. I did her chemistry and physics homework, usually when she was out on a date with another guy. I didn't care...I figured that eventually she'd wise up and realize that I was the only guy for her. That didn't happen, and she's gone now...but I always wanted...I always wished...that the person I loved would love me just as much. That's what I was thinking, that I wished you loved me as much as I love you."

I stopped and took David into my arms. Stepping back, I took his face in my hands. "I can't say that I love you, David. I have very strong feelings for you. Stronger than I've ever had for any man, even my...even for Ted. But I'm not Becky, and you're not the kid you were back then. This is an adult relationship. I want to continue it, and see where it leads. But I'm not making any promises, David. Do you understand?" He nodded, a little sadly I thought, and then kissed me. We turned and made our way back up the beach, towards David's truck and his apartment.

"If you could change one thing about me, what would it be?" he suddenly asked. I was taken a little aback, but decided to answer him anyway.

"Your confidence and aggressiveness. I'd give you more of both." He smiled at me and kissed me softly.

"You're doing wonders for my confidence," he laughed.

For the next four days, David and I saw little of each other. A new project had started at work, demanding all of David's attention. And to be honest, I was glad that we were apart. The new freedom I'd found after Ted left was not something I wanted to lose right away. David was very

special to me, and in a small secret place inside my heart, I was beginning to admit that I might be falling in love with him. I wasn't, however, ready to admit that to David or anyone else.

But after four days, my pussy was starting to itch again. David turned me on like no other man had, with his innocence and hunger and desire for my body. He never seemed to get enough of me, always wanting more of me. It was Thursday, and I was thinking about the upcoming weekend. If David didn't plan to work, I wanted to spend it with him, rolling around in one of our beds, making love until we couldn't see straight.

After five on Thursday, I went back to his office to see if he was busy for the weekend. He was jacked in and punching deck, lost in that faraway land of pulsing and blinking electrons. His computer was situated on a desk that sat at a right angle to his real desk, and when I entered his office, his back was to me, his face and attentions towards the computer. For some reason, I locked his office door.

Walking up behind him, I slid my hands down his chest and hugged him. "Hi," I whispered.

"Um..hi," he said, leaning forward to rap out another six or seven lines of programming code. I looked at the screen and shook my head. It looked like the most complicated thing in the world to me, and couldn't understand how anybody comprehended that stuff. David did, so I guess it didn't matter if I didn't.

I kissed the side of his face when he sat back, slowly using my tongue to trace a path to his ear. "I was wondering what your plans are for the weekend. Are you busy?"

"Plans..." he said, trailing off, his attention still on the computer. Well, this was a fine how-do-you-do. Screw this! I thought. Suddenly the thought of seducing David away from his computer had a great deal of appeal, and I knew why I'd locked his office door. I was going to surprise the hell out of the old boy. I unbuttoned the first five buttons on my blouse, and then reached in and unhooked my front-closing bra. My tits tumbled out, laying heavily against my ribcage. Taking one of David's hands, I slid it inside my blouse, against one of my breasts.

David's head came around, his eyes wide.

"Ellen? Are you insane? What if someone comes in?"

Pulling him to his feet, I started to undo his tie. "What if someone does come in? That would be exciting, wouldn't it? Then they'd all know, David. Everyone would know that we're fucking. They would go crazy, seeing me spread-eagled on your desk, your hard cock pumping in and out of me. Take me, David. Take me here. Possess me. Make me yours." And with that, I covered his mouth with mine and started a kiss that lasted a full three minutes. When the kiss was over, my blouse and bra were on the floor, and David was shirtless. I sat on his desk and started tugging the zipper on the leather miniskirt I was wearing. I'd bought it two weeks ago, convincing myself that I still had the legs and ass for it, and judging by the way David was looking at it now, I hadn't been wrong.

"Leave it on!" he gasped hoarsely. "I love the way it makes you look!" I just lifted it as best I could, and let David see the filmy blue panties I was wearing. He sat down in his desk chair and wheeled up to me, spreading my hot thighs with his strong, warm hands. His breath tickled the skin on the inside of my legs, and then his mouth was at my hole, licking me through the crotch panel of my panties. I was leaning back on my hands, watching his head as he burrowed between my legs, loving the naughty feeling of doing this right in the office. I half-hoped someone *would* walk in and catch us.

David's hands worked the panties down my legs and left them dangling around one ankle. He stood, shedding his pants, but only to his knees. His hard, hot cock bobbed into view, and I saw the hunger and desire for my body written all over his face.

"Come here," he commanded, pulling me to him.

“Oh, yes, David darling!” I said. “Please do cum inside me!” David reached down and found his cock, lining himself up with my hole. He slid into me, my buttery warm walls enveloping and caressing his meat. David started to fuck me then; he wasn't making love, and we weren't having sex. He was taking me, possessing me, invading my welcoming space again and again as we rutted like animals on his desk. I hoped that David understood that there was a time and a place for uninhibited passion, and this, apparently, was both the time and the place for such activity.

I needn't have worried. David's breath was coming in raspy gasps as his hands found my tits. He mauled them, gently at first, and then with greater and stronger passion as he got into this nasty scene. I'd never been one for impulse screwing like this, but watching David pay more attention to the computer than he did me had set me off. Now David knew, or at least I hoped he did, that I was more fun to play with than any damn computer.

Pulling out of me, David put me on my feet and turned me around, bending me over the desk. His animalistic hunger turned me on, and I reached back to lift my skirt higher.

“Fuck me!” I hissed. “Make me yours! Fill me with that hard cock!”

“Oh God!” David groaned. “I've never heard anyone talk like that before.....more, please!” His final words were a whisper. “Tell me more!”

I did as bade. “Your hard cock is filling me up, baby. I love the feel of your meat inside me. Fuck me, David! Fuck me as hard as you can!”

His hands were on my breasts again, using them as handles to pull me closer. We slammed against each other, harder and harder, grunting and groaning with our passion. I could feel the mixture of our juices streaming down my thighs, dripping onto the desk and staining David's blotter. At that moment, I didn't care. I had my man, and he had me, and we had each other. His cock, my hole was all that mattered in the world. The wonderful, blissful feeling of an incredible orgasm was building inside me. David sensed this, and reached one hand down in a now-familiar motion and began to work my clit.

My walls clamped down on his cock, and I shivered through my first orgasm, biting my lip to keep from screaming. David grunted and just fucked me harder. His hands were magic, working my clit and making me insane with passion and lust. I pushed him off me and turned around, pushing him back into his chair. It had no arms, so I had plenty of room to straddle him. Reaching down, I found his cock and lined it up with my slot, lowering myself on him.

We set up a pounding beat, David's hands finding my breasts as he buried his face between them, licking first one, then the other nipple, gently biting and sucking. My head was thrown back, my back arched, as I rode David through another wonderful orgasm.

The feeling of my satiny chamber collapsing around his dick did it for David, and he grunted and unloaded inside me, giving me his precious cream. We wound down together, my cheek against the top of his head, my arms around his neck, cupping his face, as I felt him grow limp inside me.

His cock slid out and slapped wetly against his thigh, and I stood to gather myself.

“Whew!” David said, wiping the sweat from his brow. “What was that for?”

“Because...I wanted to. Sometimes I just want to get fucked, David. It doesn't always have to be sweet and nice and loving. Sometimes, I get in a nasty mood, and I just want a cock inside me. Understand?”

“Yeah,” he said. “But being your lover is sure an educational experience! And I always *loved* school.” His grin was infectious, and I leaned down to kiss him. His hands found my breasts again, and I started to get hot.

“No, you don't,” I said. “I've got to be going. I'll see you later tonight, OK? Around nine?” He nodded. “I'll come to your place,” I added, “And we can have some more fun.” David nodded and smiled at me as I walked out of his office. I went to the bathroom and had to return past his office on my way out the front door. David was sitting in his office chair, dressed now, but holding his fingers to his nose and sniffing. I had to blush; he was sniffing my own cream, and he had this dreamy expression on his face.

When I got to David's place later that night, I let myself in. I could hear the sounds coming from his back bedroom, and realized he was working out. He already had a finely tuned body, but David was paying extra special attention to it now that we were lovers; it flattered me in a way, that he wanted to give me the best body possible.

I walked into the gym and found him on his back, doing bench presses. He was wearing gym shorts and a sweatshirt, a huge “V” of sweat on the chest. His handsome face was red with effort as he tried to press his max weight on this station. His arms were trembling, and for a moment I just stood and watched, overcome with lust for my young lover. My panties were immediately wet, and I decided to take matters into my own hands.

I found the stool David used for his Military presses, and lowered my jeans and panties. I was going to jerk off watching him work out. My fingers danced their way down to my slot, and I started frigging myself gently as I imagined David licking my cunt. He was still concentrating on the weight lifting, and didn't notice me there. That was fine by me. By this time, he had managed to get the weights to their full extension, and was slowly letting them back down. I saw his biceps and pectorals flexing with the effort, and I slid two fingers inside myself, gently working my clit with my thumb. He was so sexy, all sweaty and red from the effort. He had the same expression on his face as when he was trying not to cum inside me, and I found it darling.

David let the weight slam back down, and then he gasped, sitting up on the bench. He gaped when he saw me, and what I was doing, and I saw the instant bulge in his pants. He stood and moved to come towards me, but I held up a warning hand.

“Strip,” I said. “Let me see your body.” David just smiled and crossed his arms, grabbing the hem of the sweatshirt and lifting it over his head. I was treated to the view of his rippling muscles, the sweat pouring down from his chest to pool in his belly. His chest and stomach hairs were matted with perspiration, and I wondered what he smelled like. Manly and masculine, like a hard day's work. His cock was tenting in his shorts, and he turned away from me to take them off. I saw his tight, hairy buns, and shivered in pleasure as my fingers worked harder against my twat.

David flexed his cheeks for me and I giggled. David turned and walked towards me, his cock bobbing. He stopped a foot away and slowly fisted his cock as he watched me jerk off. I'd had enough. I wanted his arms around me again. I wanted him inside me again.

I held out my arms, and he looked shy.

“What?”

“I'm all sweaty. I should shower,” he said, turning to leave. I grabbed his arm and pulled him to me, crushing my soft, hot body against his sweaty one. “No way, pal. I want you *now!*”

David just grinned wider at me, and we were at it again. His mouth covered mine, and we shared a searing, tongue-lashing kiss as his sweaty, muscular hands covered my ass and pulled me towards him. We fumbled with my clothing, and then I was naked for him, and David's hands were everywhere at once, grabbing and stroking and palming. His fingers danced across my spine, and down to my ass again as he cupped both cheeks in his hands.

“Ever do it standing up in the shower?” I asked. He just shook his head, and swept my feet out from under me, carrying me into his bathroom. He started the shower and we let the water warm as we necked standing next to the stall.

Then we got in, and proceeded to clean each other fully, using lots of soap. David's cock was in my hands as I soaped him up, feeling his slippery meat between my fingers. His hands were on my breasts, his mouth at my throat, as I groaned in pleasure. David took me then, pressing me back against the wall and inserting himself inside me, taking me as the water poured down on us and sluiced off our bodies to pool on the stall floor. His strokes were stronger, more confident.

I remembered how I'd always wanted a manly-man, and realized that I'd found one. David was soft and sweet and gentle when he needed to be, and hard as nails when I wanted him to be. He knew that I was hungry for him, that I ached for him to take me. So he did, again and again in the shower, pumping me full of his wonderful prick. My legs were around his waist, and he supported me entirely, his arms flat against the wall as I bounced on him, slamming my clit down on his pubic bone with every stroke.

We climaxed quickly and hard, both of us gasping under the hot spray. David and I exited the shower and went to the bedroom, and then he did something that until then I thought no man would ever do; he went down on me right after having had come inside me. His mouth was hot and wet and hungry, and he sucked all of his own jizz out of my juicing hole. I was turned on beyond belief, happy that David could try something like that and be confident that I wouldn't mind. He was beginning to find my erotic center, the absolute zenith of who I was in bed, and I loved him for it. As he ate me, my legs over his shoulder, my sex turned up to his face, I realized that I did love David, very much. I wasn't ready to marry him, or move in with him, but I knew at that moment that the relationship was going to last a long, long time.

I dissolved into orgasm, covering David's face with my cream. He licked and sucked and slurped, eager to get it all. We shared a wet, sticky kiss afterwards, and fell asleep in each other's arms. Sometime during the night we separated, and I felt David shift, and then search for me with his arms. Even in his sleep, he wanted me next to him, and as his arms found me, encircled me, and drew my body against his, I drifted off back to sleep warm and content with the knowledge that I'd found the man for me.

David invited me to his cabin for the weekend. It was up in the mountains, about a three hour drive from his house. We left midday Friday, both of us having taken the day off from work, and made the drive in record time. The cabin was beautiful, and tastefully and comfortably appointed. It was a one bedroom, and I looked at the huge, antique wooden bed and wondered how much time we were going to spend elsewhere. The cabin had a private dock, and a small powerboat bobbed in the water. The more I learned about David, the more I realized that the women in his peer group were giving a hell of a lot up by not dating him. David had confided to me a few days ago that he owned most of the patents on the work he developed, and that the money had been coming in fast and hard for about three years.

Rich, funny, intelligent, and sexy as all hell. What wasn't a girl to like? David took me out on the boat that first afternoon, and we sped around that lake like lunatics. I was wearing a bathing suit I'd bought just for an occasion like this, a small two-piece that flattered my breasts, hips and legs. David loved it, and smiled at me when I started lifting it and flashing my tits at him. He laughed when I took the top off and threw it overboard, and then pointed. I looked over his shoulder and saw a huge house on top of a hill.

"The dude that lives there has a telescope, and some kind of weird attachment that lets him videotape what he sees. He's probably looking at you right now!"

I turned my butt to the camera and lowered my bottom, flashing the dirty old man. Then I hit the throttle, bringing the boat to a dead stop, and got down on the deck on my back, pulling David on top of me. We kissed and groped on the bottom of that boat, but David just couldn't find it in himself to make love to me with an audience, either real or imagined. He just wasn't...up...to the task. So I put my bottoms back on, and David gave me his sweatshirt to wear. We headed back to the dock and moored the boat.

David cooked dinner, a wonderful London Broil that tasted delicious, especially with the wonderful wine he'd picked. After dinner, he built a fire in the huge fireplace, and we sat on the floor, leaning against the couch, intertwined as we watched the dancing flames.

"David," I said softly. "I think I'm falling in love with you." His arms closed tighter around me, and he kissed the side of my face. We started necking gently, and let an hour go by as we softly and slowly explored each other's mouths. I felt warm and content and loved.

The passion grew until we were naked in front of the fire. We spent another hour exploring each other's bodies, using lips and mouths and tongues. There was no rush, no hurry. Work seemed a million miles away, and David paid slow, loving attention to my body and my needs, as I did to his.

We moved to the big bed, getting under the huge comforter, and fell asleep in each other's arms. I was beginning to love the feeling of David's arms around me, and slept the sleep of the blessed.

When I woke the next morning, David was gone. I threw on one of his flannel shirts; it came down past my knees! Walking outside with a cup of coffee (I'd found a pot on the stove,) I discovered David out back, chopping wood. His muscular chest gleamed with sweat in the early morning sun, and I offered him my cup at the same time I turned my face up for an early morning kiss.

David batted the cup out of my hand and swept me into his arms, taking my legs out from under me as he carried me, squealing, into the bedroom. Tossing me down on the bed, David shed his jeans, socks and boots, and climbed between my thighs, burying his face between my legs.

"David," I whispered. "Turn around."

He lifted his head. "Huh?"

"Lie on top of me."

He looked at me like I was speaking Greek. "I want to do what you're doing to me..." He looked confused. "I want to sixty-nine, David." He grinned, and I knew that grin. Another first.

He arranged himself as I instructed, and we went back to work. Slowly, languidly, we brought each other to orgasm. Falling apart, we snuggled under the comforter and fell asleep for a much-needed early morning nap. When I awoke for the second time that day, David was once again gone. I found him outside (once again) watching the sun cast golden rays across the water. I went out to be with him, sliding my arm around his waist, my head against his chest.

"This is perfect," I whispered. "I wish we could never leave."

"We don't have to," he said softly.

I lifted my face and looked at him. "Excuse me?"

"I don't have to go to the office, Ellen. I can work here, and use a modem to send my work in. We can live up here...together...if we decide to."

I didn't say anything, just put my head back on his chest. The idea was both frightening and exciting at the same time.

"We'd be snowed in all winter?"

"Yes."

"Supplies?"

"Huge storage shed out back, behind the wood pile."

"But...what would I do?"

"Whatever you wanted to do. You confessed that you wanted to write a novel, but just could never find the time. Well, Ellen, now you could. All winter, alone together...you could have all the time in the world."

What David was offering me staggered me down to my feet.

"Let me think about it," I said, squeezing him tighter. But I already knew. The idea for a novel, hell, several novels, had been stirring inside me for years. David didn't need the money, and he was offering me... what? He was offering to make me a part of his life for the winter. If I was willing.

I was willing.

But God...why was I so scared?
