



**GENEROSITY**

a virtue of Joy

Joycelyn Wells

*the virtues of Joy*

compilation of short stories

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# Generosity:

*the quality of being kind,  
understanding, and not selfish*

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permission.

I awoke amorous today. As I think about it, it was like most days; though, for some reason, it felt slightly different. I'm not talking about the feeling of sexual desire. Nah, that wasn't different; in fact, that feeling is pretty common these days. 'It' is referring to the warm, moist, silky area on that piece of flesh at the vaginal entrance. It's one of my favorite places to touch; it's like taking my pulse when I'm considering pleasuring myself.

Well this morning, I'm still lying in bed contemplating, to cum or not to cum? Not much of dilemma I guess but whatever, it was currently my most pressing issue. As I'm tossing this idea around, I'm using my index finger to transfer the silky feeling from my favorite place to my brain. It's usually during this time that a little alarm sounds to alert my nerves and blood cells that there's going to be a pretty explosive meeting at an area nearby. But not this morning, every part of my body, including my mind was relaxed; though, my silky place remains loyal. Even in downtimes... it remains warm, moist and, yes, silky. I guess I'll have to be content with the pleasurable smell, taste and feeling derived from my finger excursion.

I willed myself to get up, so aloud I said, "Alright Chickie time to get up. Rise and shine." As with any other morning, I have to have some music. Pandora. Blinds open. What a beautiful day? Just like that, I'm ready to start this day. As I'm leaving the restroom, my phone rings... I already know who it is, one of my best girlfriends, Kendall, she works from home on most days. Her schedule is hella flexible. So, we talk often and randomly throughout the day. I answered. After the necessary hellos and health checks, Kendall tells me she's working on something... my curiosity is piqued and I'm listening because we always have a great time.

Kendall: “So I talked to ‘dude’ last night. He’s talking about picking up some beer and a bushel of oysters.”

Note: Kendall refers to all guys as ‘dude.’ It’s funny ‘cause names don’t mean anything to her. She’s an energy person. So, if she enjoys your presence, she’ll probably start using a term of endearment, like ‘babe’; Otherwise, it’s dude until she picks up on an energy change or until they go away.

Me: “How much fun is that gonna be! Raw oysters?”

Kendall: “Nah, not raw.”

She goes on to talk about the various ways to process and cook oysters. I have her on speaker phone, so as she’s talking, I’m going about my daily routine of getting dressed.

I said something like, “Oh I didn’t know that”... Kendall continued her thought.

Me: “Hilarious! That’ll be great.”

Kendall: “What time are you off? Can you come? There will be other people there.”

Me: “Probably around 3pm. Girl, you know it’ll take me a couple of hours to get to the Atlanta area though. But, yeah, I’d love to come.”

Now, I have a little more spring in my step. Plans... I love when plans are being made.

Kendall: “That’s perfect because I’m going right after work. We may get there about the same time.”

Me: “Do you know if any single men are gonna be there? I’m horny as fuck.”

Kendall: “I don’t know but I’m sure if you let someone, single or married, know you are trying to hook up, they will hook up.”

We laughed.

Me: “Girl, that’s the truth! Anyway, when you get there scan the crowd. Let me know what you see and send me a text me. Hell, I may need to turn around.”

Kendall laughed and said, “I got you.”

We end our call with a “be safe and see you later.” Then I say, “I love you.”

Now, I’m dancing around my room. I love having plans, something for which to look forward. I mean you know it’s gonna be good, right? Especially since, no one ever plans to have a “bad” time. My focus changed from getting dressed now to what I’ll wear tonight. I laugh to myself. Damn, do I have clothes in my suitcase to wear to an oyster boil or bake or kick-back? I’ll figure it out later. Let me get this workday over. Singing in my head, “I’ve got plans tonight!”

By day’s end, I’ve decided that I’m wearing black leggings, short-sleeved ocelot print knit shirt, and black ankle boots...my oyster shucking outfit! I hit the road right after work. I was completely turned up singing in my head “ATL hoe!”

What the fuck? This traffic, ughhh! ATL hhoouee!

I send a text.

Me: "I'm close Chick. Stopping to change clothes and grab beer."

Kendall: "Cool."

Me: "How are we looking?"

Kendall: "Come on through..."

Yes, my girl, she has given the crowd a once over. So, hurriedly I change clothes, wash my face, reapply my mascara and gloss my lips. I look in the mirror. Playtime bitches! I throw myself a kiss and head-out into the store. I walked directly to the beer cooler. Scanning looking for my favorite beer...yes, I select Stella for me and Budlight for everyone else. I grabbed a 12-pack of each and head for the check-out counter. Oooh chocolates let me grab a couple... I ask the clerk "How much for these?" He replied, nonchalantly "fitty nine cents." I smile because I know he answers that same question at least a hundred times a week. I said "cool" and grabbed four. Paid for my purchase, with my bag on my shoulder, chocolates in my purse, a 12-pack in each hand, I left the store. Playtime bitches!

Once in the car, I drove about 15 more minutes to "dude's" place. Hmph I silently thanked my GPS for great directions, I found the apartment without a single hitch. I grabbed my purse, always a cross-body bag, one of my little quirks. I need to have my hands free. I retrieved the beer, a package in each hand and headed for the door. I knocked with my knee. A guy opened the door; I quickly scanned the room from outside the door, searching for Kendall. Bingo! There she is. I stepped in "Hey everyone" and I looked at the door opener, smiled and said "thank you." Kendall and dude walked over. I raised the beer. He said "perfect! I love Budlight." I laughed and thought "good." He took the beer from my hands. Kendall and I hugged. She introduced us, I don't

remember his name but he was good looking. I didn't have to remember because Kendall said, "Babe this is J." Babe? Oh yeah she is feeling him. After that intro, his name didn't even matter. I follow them into the kitchen. I'm walking smiling, saying hi to the other guests, checking faces, who's in this room for me? I'm guessing that there were about 10 people or so, I lost count at seven. There was no reason to count anyone else beyond the number seven.

I got his name later but for now, let's call him Seven. Lucky number Seven...we saw each other. I heard Kendall say "J you want a Stella or Tito's?" I kept looking at Seven. I said, "Gimme a second, I'm going to have some chocolate first." I guess she looked to see that Seven and I had each other's attention because she said, "Oh ok, well I'm pouring you a shot of Tito's." I reached into my purse to pull out a chocolate square. I never took my eyes off Seven. I opened the chocolate, held it up and said to him, "Would you like to share this with me?" His smile was slight. He moved forward to fill the space between us. Well, when he was close enough, I took the chocolate square and inserted half of it in my mouth, my teeth holding it in place to allow his half to stick out. I notice that he's not much taller than me, a couple or three inches maybe. His skin is the same complexion as this chocolate that's starting to melt against my tongue. It's warm and sweet. I wonder if he tastes the same. He's standing in front of me in my space. He feels good in it. But he hasn't taken his half of the chocolate. So, of course, I start thinking... Is this too much? Should I break it and let him take his share? Well, I lifted my head to alter my view. It was then that he leaned in to get his chocolate. He was waiting for me to lift it to him as an offering. By now, the piece on my tongue was melting and thick mixing with my saliva.

Seven opened his mouth. Instinctively, my eyes closed. I felt his lips touch mine, my expectation was that he would bite his chocolate and step back. I mean, what should I expect of a stranger to whom I have offered to share a piece of chocolate out of my mouth? Well, he bit his piece but he didn't move, turns out he wanted my half too. He continued. He must really like chocolate. He licked the chocolate residue from between and on my teeth. I let him have it. He wanted more. So I opened wide and allowed him to get all he could get from the depths of my mouth. I didn't tell him that I had more chocolate in my purse. I wanted him to continue to explore my mouth looking for more. Unprompted, I reached up to place my arms around his neck; he responded by enveloping me in his arms. Our chocolate mission has turned into passion. This kiss was the sweetest, softest form of an introduction. I became aware before he did. I heard Kendall's Babe say, "Do they know each other?" She said, "I don't think so, but they will."

I didn't move but I lowered my eyes and attempted to change the position of my arms. Seven pulled me closer. He wanted my arms to stay. I put them back and looked into his face. We haven't said hi "yet" and we still didn't. "Hi" wasn't enough of a greeting for this moment. My body is awake. I felt my nipples pressing at the t-shirt and thought "I should've worn a bra." Reading my mind, he loosened his grip, freed one of his hands, then effortlessly slid it under my t-shirt and rubbed his thumb across my nipple. I inhaled deeply and my eyes rolled in response. I could feel his hardness pressing against my thigh. Breathe. I felt like I couldn't get enough air. He started breathing with me, guiding me. Calming me.

I don't believe that either of us knew what was going on. Maybe I was at an advantage because this morning when I awoke I knew that I needed something more than the pleasure of my own fingers to assist in the release of this pent up energy. Hmm with that thought,



correction, I do know what's going on. I'm placing myself on the alter for his taking. Let me show him. While looking in his eyes, I press my body into his, I reposition my hand on his neck, holding it firmly, I part my lips and lean in to kiss him... hard and hungrily. I had to show him that I wanted to give myself to him. He responded by removing my hand from his neck and forcefully pushing it along with my arm behind my back. He held it there and returned the hungry, but harder, kiss. He was showing me that he was in charge of this moment. Fuck it, that's cool with me. Take me.

Keep in mind, we are in an apartment with several people. Music is playing. Laughter and conversations, oysters are being shucked. Regular house-party shit is happening all around us. Seven and I are oblivious to all of it. Nothing exists but the time and space within us. He starts walking forward still holding my arm behind my back. I hold onto him tighter with my free arm to keep from falling. So, he's walking forward that means I'm walking backwards and kissing at the same damn time. We stop, I feel something pressing against my calf. Is that a couch? It was a convertible air sofa bed. I don't know the correct name but it seems like a piece of furniture acquired for a bachelor's first apartment. Seven turns us around, he sits on the sofa bed thing and pulls my arm for me to follow. I do. I lay on him, his legs are open and my legs are together between his. More kissing, more touching, my body is pressing against his. Oh my Lord, thank you for gravity, pressure, force, everything responsible for allowing me to feel this man underneath me. My legs wanted to open. I couldn't stop them. One at a time they parted ways, to straddle this man; I could feel his dick pressing against my pussy. I struggle with that word, uuughhh but in this moment it is apropos. I've straddled him, we are kissing, I'm grinding my pussy through my leggings into his jeans. I wanted this man to fuck me right now but not right here in this open space of people. Well

because my body loves itself, it began to work on releasing this orgasm. Slow grinding, rocking, kissing with Seven, I could feel it, faster, I moan, "I'm gonna to cum." Seven took his hands and held my hips place. He stopped my explosion. Hell, I no longer cared who was in the room, this mission was selfish or...so I thought. He kinda moved so that I would roll off him and I did. He moved to floor on his knees in front of me. He reached up under my t-shirt, grabbed my leggings at the waist and began to pull them down. I placed my heeled boot firmly on the ground and raised my hips. So, now I'm on the air thing, leggings at my knees and my boots are still on. Seven raises my legs and enters under them; he's designed his own trap with my leggings holding him in place. I can feel his breath against the hot wetness, it should've been a cooling effect but I was getting hotter and wetter. Seven must be a mind reader because the first thing he did was spread my lips and lick my favorite place, that silky piece that lines the entrance. Just like that I let out a moan that quieted the room; my body started convulsing and released my first orgasm. I was dazed. Seven didn't move, he didn't change the position of his body or his mouth. He continued to lick and play in that area. He was waiting for my juicy sweetness to flow to him. He wanted an instant replay. I didn't rush him; he has already shown me that he's in control of this moment. I just stayed in position and tried not to make eye contact with anyone.

Kendall brought me the shot she was saving for me. She and I took a shot. She left me with a bottle of water. With that, a couple of other people came over to make things more comfortable for Seven while he was exploring his prize. Let's see, I remember in between moans someone removed my boots. My leggings were removed, which freed Seven from his self-made trap. When that happened he sat back on his haunches, unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. He stood up on his knees pulled his pants and boxers down. I sat up. I wanted to suck his dick. He didn't say

anything. He put his hand on my chest and pushed me back on the air sofa. He grabbed my hips and pulled me to the edge of the sofa. He took his hands and spread my legs at the knees. He looked blankly at my pussy. He took his fingers and spread my thighs, holding my lips and ass cheeks open. I don't know what he was thinking. I placed myself on the alter for him, now I'm at his mercy. Finally, he moved his hands, he had made a decision and he moved his body closer. He was so close that his pubic arch was touching my lips. My anticipation was growing, breathe, he inched back until he made room between us for his dick. When he touched himself, I imagined it was my hand. How did it feel? How does it look? Is it hot? Is it heavy? I wanted to feel the blood filling him to course through my hand. Seven grabbed his dick; in response I opened my legs wider, I was ready. He began to move forward, I was open. I could feel his heat before he entered me. I took a deep breath preparing my mind and body for whatever power he was capable of delivering. Exhale. He's filling my openness. I'm holding my breath. He's in. He stops. We are both lost in the pleasure, enjoying the throbbing that each of our bodies are emitting. The sensations became so entwined that our pulses were in harmony, the resounding effect was so loud. Slowly, he moved his hands to my knees. He pushed them open. He wanted me wider. I obliged. He began to move his hips, back, forth, back and forth. He was wherever men go in their minds when caught in the rapture. I was completely engulfed in the waves of ecstasy that continued to wash over me. I could feel my hips moving desperately trying to meet his thrusts. My instincts took over, I was meeting him, harder, faster, and deeper, I wanted everything he was giving. He was taking everything that I laid before him. My nerves and blood cells, my biggest cheerleaders, were screaming "Yes, Joy this is it, give it to him, yes, yes." Hell, how could I not comply? With my eyes closed and my mind black, my body was functioning on its own. I could feel my orgasm preparing to make its dramatic exit. I said it aloud,

telling no one in particular, "I'm cumming." Seven took that as his cue assist more in this effort. By that time, his assistance was no longer needed. Through a series electric shocks, my orgasm had arrived. I just laid there, it was not time to recover. So, I didn't try. No words were needed. Every sound around us combined and resembled black noise.

Seven slowed his stroke to a long slow motion. He attempted to keep me alive. I moaned, signaling there was still life in me. He touched my neck, gently at first then as if losing himself, he grabbed my neck tighter. I couldn't tell if he were trying to choke me or hold on while he rode his own powerful wave. It seemed like he wasn't getting inside of me enough to satisfy his needs. He kept trying to go deeper; maybe he wanted his whole body inside. I laid there and took it, too exhausted to counter his beast. Suddenly, he pulled out and at the same time pulled me to a sitting position with the hand that held my neck. Immediately I realized what he was taking next. He wanted my mouth, the place from his earlier expedition. He was erect and covered in my sweetness. I leaned forward, to start his ending process. I couldn't suck easy, he was ready to finish and I was focused on getting him there. I drew him into my mouth like a vacuum, I sucked feverishly, I stroked and sucked over and over. Now he was helpless, I was the taker. After a few moments, I felt his body stiffen. He buried his hands in my hair, holding on. His body was tense and mouth was silent as he came in my mouth.

His cum was delicious; thick, salty and sweet and filled the hollow of my mouth. When he realized that he was still holding my hair, he slowly released it and began straightening it like he was apologizing for his destruction. He lifted my head to meet his gaze. I lifted my eyes to him and swallowed. Something, I could not recognize, flashed through his eyes. He smiled a gentle smile. I think that once he realized there were still people there, he tried to

cover me. He didn't want them to see me unclothed. It's a fine damn time for that! I slipped on my leggings. We kept looking at each trying to figure out what the fuck just happened. Comments were made by the other guests, like "Is there any chocolate left?" and "Are y'all sure y'all didn't know each other?"

After we were dressed, Seven said, "I'd like to spend more time with you. Would you like to join me for a drink?" I said, "Yes, I'd love a drink, by the way, I'm Joy." He told me his name but I forgot as soon as he said it. For the rest of the night, I called him "Sweetness." Each time he answered.

We finally joined the oyster-shucking party. He and I had a great time. I was happy that Kendall invited me. As people started leaving, he and I had figured out how to convert the air sofa into an airbed. That's where we played all night. Me and Seven exploring each other's everything. When I awoke the following morning, quietly I was collecting my things. Kendall was still here, I saw her shoes. I'll text her later. Seven opened his eyes. He said, "Leave me your number." I smiled and replied, "Sweetness, that's not necessary. Let's keep our time great." I placed a chocolate where I slept, blew him a kiss and left.