



The Swing
Andre Ferris



The Student
Charles Mennim

**SHORT STORIES FOR YOUR
DESIRE EXPLORATIONS AND
ENJOYMENT PLEASURE**



The Pommel
Graeme Gettler



The Seashore
Trevor Seaforth

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The Swing

by Andre Ferris

It was a pretty farmhouse. Old. Low set.

Nestling among luscious green trees and foliage of low plants.

A couple of massive trees close by the house had originally attracted my attention when I had driven past a few times. I thought I wouldn't mind taking a closer look at them.

But I usually passed early in the morning or late in the afternoon; and, there was a car in the driveway. I didn't want to have to give lengthy explanations about why I liked trees, so I hadn't stopped.

Today was different. It was nearing the middle of the day. There was no car in the driveway. I wasn't in a hurry, for once. Why not stop, I thought?

I parked a little way past the property and walked back. Back past the farmhouse to the trees. Very soon I was engrossed in the majesty and grandeur of one massive tree its trunk enormous. Walking close to it and away from it looking at it exploring it touching it touching its foliage almost caressing it.

As I moved towards the second tree, suddenly and self-consciously I realised that there was a beautiful blonde-headed lady sitting on the swing that I'd perfunctorily seen hanging from that tree earlier.

"Oh! I'm sorry!" I said, *"I didn't mean to intrude! I was just admiring the trees!"*

"I know!" she replied, *"I saw you from the kitchen window and came out."*

"Oh! I certainly didn't mean to disturb you!" I muttered again.

"You did and you didn't!" she proffered in a voice that made it into a riddle.

She flicked her blonde hair back from her face in a perfunctory way her eyes and the tone of her voice giving nothing away.

"Whatever do you mean?" I asked, very puzzled.

Then she burst into tears.

Quickly, I was kneeling before her my clean handkerchief held out to her.

In time, as I lightly stroked my fingertips over her shoulders down her arms and

hands along her outer thighs she settled dried her eyes and smiled at me.

"I wish someone would examine me as thoroughly as you examined that tree! That's what disturbed me!"

She smiled again.

"That I had the privilege of watching you examine it, didn't disturb me at all!"

And her warm smile beamed upon me again. Her face was radiant with pleasure and sadness at the same time.

My fingers kept working along the flesh of her exposed shoulders down her exposed arms along the light fabric of the long cotton skirt that she wore her bare midriff peeking out but there I dared not touch.

"Tell me about your quandary?" I asked gently.

Her children had gone to her parents' place for the week to allow her to rest. Her family thought she was getting too uptight lately and needed some time alone. Her husband had gone off on a "business trip" early this morning and would be gone for a week.

She was uptight. Yes, she knew that. But it wasn't being alone that she needed most. What she needed most was being made to feel like a woman in every possible way a woman!

A woman she was ... but she wanted to be more of a woman than she seemed destined to be given her life of recent years.

Still kneeling there, I reached out and focused on caressed her hands as they rested there on her lap.

Then, I picked up one hand in both of mine and raised it to my lips.

I examined it all over and kissed it likewise. Gently, I caressed her arm up all the way to her shoulder. Then leaning forward kissed her arm. Then, I kissed her shoulder as I leaned forward closely to her body and smelled the subtle musk perfume she was wearing.

Gently deliberately I replaced her hand on her lap and picking up her other hand ... repeated the caressing and kissing tracking over all of her fingers hands wrist and arms then, her shoulder.

Visibly, she relaxed. Imperceptibly, I noticed her legs move ever so slightly apart. I knew she was wet or, at least very moist in her secret place.

She was desirable. Very desirable. I wanted to go there but slowly gently.

I placed her other hand back onto her lap.

I reached out and caressed then lightly kissed over all of her face.

Her lips sought greater encounter but I held off and butterfly kissed them.

Her legs moved ever so slightly more apart.

I reached out and touched one breast drawing my fingers over it then the other.

My lips kissed her through the soft, very thin fabric of the top she wore.

Her legs opened wider.

Wider wider all the time wider allowing me greater closeness to her body to her womanly scent to her womanly treasures.

I knew I'd like to explore her closely much more closely even than I'd explored the tree as she'd seen that sensual encounter but I wanted to explore her slowly very slowly.

She thought I was about to squeeze in tightly to her womanhood.

Press my whole body and my stiff manhood into the space between her widening wider spread legs.

But I stood up instead.

"Let me swing you?" I asked as I moved around behind her.

She nodded and smiled.

Gripping her softly with her hips, I lifted her up and began to swing her pushing her again ... and again as she rose higher ... and yet higher still beginning to laugh as I made funny noises and showered her with sensual quips.

Then when she laughed at a particularly gay moment, I slowed her to a standstill put my arms around her caressing her breasts holding her body close to mine and began to lick and kiss her shoulder her neck up into her hairline behind her ear and her breathing intensified and I watched her legs come wide apart begging me to come to her front and explore between them.

But ... I was not done here yet. I repeated the same licks and kisses over her other shoulder, neck and up into her ear space.

"Oh, take me!" she said.

But I told her no.

"Stand up on the swing!" I instructed her forcefully.

She complied quickly. Anticipation written all over her face.

I came before her. Starting at her front I licked and kissed all her bare midriff walking around her repeatedly.

Lifting her skirt, I began to kiss from her toes to her thighs. Front and back.

Higher ... and higher up her delicious body.

More slowly as I reached higher.

Her breathing was so intense, I thought she'd faint.

But she seemed clearly to be enjoying my exploration of her body.

In time, I found as I'd suspected that there were no panties on her glorious body!

Lightly, I kissed and licked her fur reached my tongue onto her clit she gasped with sexual pleasure.

Then, I slipped my legs in over the swing seat ... and sitting between her legs ... tossed her skirt material behind me and buried my lips my mouth my tongue into her pussy and licked and licked and tongued and kissed and plied my eager tongue into her flesh until her orgasm burst onto me as she pressed her pussy into my face and my hands on her buttocks pulled her more firmly onto my wet exploring face!

She almost fell, when I kissed her to orgasm again.

Luckily, I'd slipped out of my shorts previously exposing my stiff penis and tenderly in unison we slid her nude body down down my body nude, as she'd ripped her skirt off over her head her pleasure cave wanting eager to surround to embrace my manhood and she mounted my cock and I began to swing us back and forward on our own ride of a lifetime my cock sliding into and out of her body as we fucked in unison with our swinging.

Luckily, I was on holidays.

I didn't go home that week.

I stayed in that beautiful farmhouse.

I explored those trees some more but I explored Vicki even more intensely as we spent all that week making love in one way or another in one place or another intensely.

By the end of that week, when her husband and children returned, she was no longer uptight.

I hope she's never uptight again as we visit one another constantly at her place or mine at one place or another!

The Student

by Charles Mennim

I'm a senior student in my final year of high school.

We got a new teacher this term after old Forester retired. Her name is Vicki. She has a body "to die for". None of the boys can take their eyes off her as she walks around the classroom. You can see eyes of some of the lezbs follow her around too.

And boy does she walk around the classroom.

Thankfully, it's summer at present and she wears these light ... thin ... almost see-through shirts and dresses. You can almost see her body through them ... certainly you can imagine her body ... her gorgeous body ... under them.

Her long blonde hair streams down over her shoulders ... her sensual body swaying her gorgeous arse above those long perfect legs reaching up into her skirt ... all the way up to her arse from those high-heeled shoes she constantly dares the floor to slip out from under her.

I wouldn't want her to get hurt ... but I imagine what it would be like if she fell and her skirt slide up all the way to her thighs!

Of course, I imagine her arse is facing me ... Vicki sitting there on the floor ... her skirt around her hips ... her legs exposed up to her arse ... and me just staring at that perfect arse ... it just must be a perfect arse ... of hers!

It sure looks like a perfect arse from the way she swings it about as she walks the classroom.

I envy the floor looking up those long legs ... under her skirt ... up to her panties!

I wish I were lying on the floor looking up her legs as she walks past.

I imagine her standing over me ... her legs apart so I can look up to her panties ... and then, slowly she sits down on my face.

My tongue comes out ... and her panties are soon wet ... as I lick her ... and lick her ... through her panties ... until she comes ... cum all over my face! Wow!

Geez, I wondered, does she wear panties ... as I watch her walk up and down the aisles.

And she's perfect to watch coming to you ... and perfect to watch while she's walking away from you ... going up ... and down ... the aisles ... especially, my aisle

... up ... and down to my desk at the back.

They say the "bad boys" sit at the back. Boy did I want to be bad with her ... as I watched her ... walking towards me ... her perfect body with perfect breasts ... perfect cleavage ... coming to me ...

... then, walking away from me ... her perfect arse ... her perfect legs ... begging me to run down the aisle after her and caress her body all over ... there in front of my classmates tell her and show her how perfect I think she is!

She's so young and pretty! She must be only in her twenties ... not long out of college after getting her teaching degree.

I bet she gave a lot of guys a lot of hard-ons in college!

I wonder if she gave them head too?

I'd like her to give me head!

Her luscious ... sensual mouth ... planted firmly around my dick!

She walks all the time.

Two weeks ago, I counted how many times she walked up and down the aisles.

There are three aisles in the classroom.

She seemed to spend a lot of time in my aisle. I'm no mathematician, but I discovered that week she'd spent 60% of her walk-time in my aisle.

Vicki is a geography teacher; and boy, would I like to learn more about her geography, I thought.

Maybe that fact was written large over my face as I watched her without flinching walk up the aisle to me. Maybe she liked the way my eyes scanned over all her body as she came towards me.

She knew obviously that they followed her too as she walked away ... especially the day that she turned and saw my eyes painting over her arse as she headed away.

Sheer delight must have been written all over my face ... cause she sure painted her face with a big smile.

And my imagination was running wild that week as I imagined all the things I'd like us to be doing together ... all the things I'd like to be doing to that perfect body of Vicki T ... human geographical perfection!

Then last week, we were working on an assignment in class. Vicki popped around the room helping various people as they asked questions of her.

I didn't think I'd be able to speak if I'd called her over for a question.

I was so hot and horny ... my stick so hard, bursting inside my pants.

I didn't want to seem a complete fool, just ogling her body, if I'd called her over and then couldn't think of a sensible question to ask her.

Suddenly, she was there beside me. Bending over me and pointing to my work ... but I couldn't take my eyes off her firm breasts ... and her swollen nipples ... that I could see clear down her dress as it splayed out in front of my eyes.

If she was wearing a bra, I sure couldn't see it!

Her tits didn't need a bra, anyway ... they were just perfect ... perfectly firm ... all the way to her stiff brown nipples.

She smiled. She watched my eyes consume her tits.

She touched my arm ... involuntarily I shuddered ... and Vicki said something about my work: but I can't remember what it was.

Her whole body ... her whole presence consumed me. The sight of those beautiful breasts ... hard nipples of hers ... bore me away to sensual heaven!

Then she was gone.

And I was in agony. My stiff cock ... stiffer still ... wanting relief ... wanting to be exposed ... wanting to be rubbed ... wanting to be rubbed by Vicki ... between her breasts ... in her mouth ... between her legs ... rubbed ... any way she'd like to rub it ... any way she wanted ... until both of us were satisfied!

Boy, I wanted to squirt my load ... but, equally, I wanted her to enjoy sexual pleasure too.

Would I be man enough for her? That was the question I kept asking myself!

Then she was back by my desk.

But she wasn't looking at my work on the desk.

She was looking down ... past the desk ... at my hand rubbing my cock through my trousers.

She bent over again ... one finger pointing to my work ... my eyes flew to her breasts ... her eyes stayed on my pants ... fortunately, I was in sports uniform ... in short rugby shorts ... free and easy shorts to access down the side ...

"Let me see it?" she whispered: most obviously not meaning my work on the desk.

... and I slipped it out of my pants ... continuing to rub it ...

... she reached down ... and stroked its head with her fingers ... my sperm blew up all over her fingers!

She smiled ... and put her fingers into her mouth ... cleaned them off!

Reality came back to me in time for me to cover myself as she turned and walked away ... saying: *"Very good work, Jock! I need to see more of that!!"*

After class, I was the last to leave.

Vicki told me she thought I might have a problem that needed to be resolved ... that I might need some tutoring about ... as she looked down to my once again swollen pants.

Thankfully, that class was on Friday.

On Saturday, at her place, I got to explore all of her geography ... and, I don't have a problem anymore!

Well, I do really ... 'cause I've got a real boner in my shorts again ... my balls are so tight and full ... yet I know we'll fix that tonight.

Then again, here comes Vicki down my aisle again ... and, she told me she really loved the way I wet her fingers here in the classroom last time ...

... maybe she'll stroke it for me again ... and I'll blow my cream over her fingers so she can suck them again ... and tell me how much she likes the taste of my cum!

Oh God! She's bending down ... my eyes lock to her eyes momentarily ... she'd bending further ... and my eyes race down her dress ...

... my eyeballs raking her breasts ... caressing her nipples ... as her hand reaches down ...

... and she takes the tip of my cock into her fingers ... her fingers feel so fantastic on my shaft ...

... and I think of her mouth being there too, so wet and soft on my cock ... oh ... oh ... oh ...

... here I go ... blowing my load into her fingers again!

Yet again ... so wonderful!!!

And now she's licking her fingers as she walks away to the front of the class!

The Pommel

By Graeme Gettler

I've become very fond of matters equestrian over recent years.

Just watching the raw power of muscles rippling on a horse's body makes me wish to imitate them.

The sight of a beautiful woman clad in jodhpurs, tunic coat and hard hat gives me an instant hard on. And so, I imagined and fantasied about being around horses one day.

It was early ... very early.

Most horses from the stable were out already working on the track with their trainers and jockeys.

That was where I was making my way, as I cut past the stables and headed towards the mound surrounding the track. As I came around the large bush near the corner of the shed I was surprised by the sight of a beautiful woman, her blonde hair being blown gently by the breeze ... dressed in jodhpurs, tunic and hat ... sitting still on a power stallion.

Well, I thought she was sitting still. But as I stopped and stared I saw the gentle rocking movement of her body. I wondered what she was doing, but I didn't want to interrupt her quiet solitude.

I saw a window in the stable wall almost in alignment with her position. Quietly and swiftly, I moved inside. Found the window. And gingerly peered through it ... careful not to give away my position.

I need not have worried ... her eyes were closed ... closed firm, with a look of intense concentration spread upon her face.

One of her hands was inside her coat visibly massaging her breast. Her other hand was grasping the pommel on the saddle firm ... and she as rocking her body determinedly against it.

She was using it as a dildo and masturbating ... in the still cool morning air ... believing herself to be quite alone.

At last, she came. Pleasure written over her face ... as she held her hand there caressing her breast.

I moved out of the stables.

As I came up quietly alongside her, the horse noticed my presence but felt no threat. I reached out and patted him ... he shuddered quickly but remained still.

"Do you ever put it inside?" I softly whispered to her, as her eyes flew open, *"It's better riding a human pommel!"*

She looked down-her-nose at me in a most exasperated fashion.

"You're very impertinent, Mr ?" she said, as I felt the question hanging there.

I told her my name but felt disadvantaged in doing so.

"And you would be ...?" I asked deliberately, as she held steady to my gaze into her beautiful face.

"Ms Tregs!" she replied in a superior tone.

And kicking the horse with her heels, she took off away from the stables at a great pace.

Blew that one: I thought to myself scoldingly!

In exasperation, I shrugged my shoulders and headed towards the mound surrounding the training track.

Ten ... maybe fifteen minutes slipped by as I watched the horses training. I'd waved to a few jockeys, trainers and other observers; no-one stopping to talk as this was serious business ... the horses and their training paramount!

I didn't hear the stallion return. But suddenly, there beside me stood its rider.

"What did you mean ... use a human pommel?" she asked.

I explained to Ms Tregs what I meant.

Her face was tormented with passion.

"Show me?" she begged.

"I will Ms Tregs ... if there's no more hissy fits!"

"Okay!" she replied, as we headed back down to the stallion.

The sweaty smell from her hard riding enhanced the subtle musky smell of the perfume she worn lightly ... I could not help but notice as she walked close alongside, back to the horse, in unison with my stride. I wanted to take her then ... wanted to take her there.

Wanted to throw her down on the grassy ground, spread her legs and ride my pommel into her.

But I knew we could make it better still ... better for both of us.

So, I quelled my urge ... though my stiff prick wanted to object and got harder still!

"Do we need another horse?" she asked at length.

"I don't think so, Ms Trags! I think I can safely ride behind you ... and hold onto your breasts!"

This time she didn't look down her nose at me and deride my impertinence.

Rather she turned her face fully to me and radiated me with a broad grin.

I felt that my impertinence was building up to be rewarded ... justifiably and soon!

She leaned forward. Her lips preciously close.

I reached out ... quickly ... purposely ... grasped her body to me ... and French-kissed her luscious lips ... passionately.

She was ready to be taken ... then and then. I was ready to oblige her ... and ride her ... my pommel buried inside her.

But I knew we could do it better ... oh, so much better!

After we'd ridden to a secluded glen some ten minutes away, I wasn't so sure about using her breasts as reins or safety straps. She rode fast and hard: and I wondered if that would be the way she'd ride a human pommel!

Nevertheless, it was a great experience holding onto her firm mammaries ... with my arms fully crossed over around her gorgeous body. I thought about doing the same thing, but fully naked ... and logged it into my brain to suggest just such a event sometime in the future.

But I had to put myself back to reality quickly, to stop dreaming ... or there might be no future!

"Now, how do you propose we do this?" Ms Tregs asked sternly ... getting "down to business" ... I'm sure they would have called it in the business meetings she frequented.

"Take off your jodhpurs!" I commanded her, as I commenced stripping off all my clothes.

She seemed to like the idea of full nudity too, and very soon we were both naked.

Her breasts were firm, her nipples hard and reaching out to me.

Her womanly body contoured to perfection.

The ocean gap between her thighs begging for me to plunge into it and swim there in whatever manner I wanted to do so.

But for now, based on my impertinent suggestion, I needed ... and wanted ... to swim there with my human pommel.

I removed the saddle but left the bridle.

I mounted the horse and turned around.

Holding out a hand to Ms Tregs I lifted her up onto the horse.

We sat for a moment facing one another. She looked at my pommel and smiled.

Then I slid my legs up under her legs until my body was along the back of the stallion ... leaning my head and shoulders back, soon I was lying along the horse's back.

Soon Ms Tregs understood and mounted my fleshy pommel.

"Now! Take the reigns ... and ride!" I commanded.

She did just that. Slowly at first as it was a fine balancing act being performed.

But soon we gathered speed as Ms Tregs fought for control and learned to ride a human pommel saddled insecurely onto her favourite horse ... as I gripped my heels down over its withers.

And the trotting gait of her favourite horse bounced her up and down on my body ... caressing her vagina ... as my penis plunged out and into her wet lusty body ... caressing her clitoris smoothly.

She rode and rode.

One orgasm ... two orgasms ... three orgasms ... was she a bean-counter like this at all her business meetings, I asked myself?

But I didn't mind. I long to hold off to give my partner maximum pleasure on a stiff prick.

I'd adjusted the angle of my pelvis to give her better penetration and engagement of her clitoris.

She used it to maximum effect as she rode and rode.

The horse was strong ... we rode forever ... or so it seemed.

It was more than half an hour later, when we stopped.

Ms Tregs exhausted ... from multiple orgasms.

She wanted to stop ... because she was exhausted.

But I commanded her onwards once more.

Against my pommel ... still stiff for the occasion ... stiffened all the more.

And, as she came another time ... it erupted as she came ... and together with cum ... and I blew my seed-filled sperm deep into her womb.

Moans and moans ... her groans ... long and lusty ... as she extended her orgasm and sucked the very last drop from inside my pommel.

Horse-riding has never been quite the same since.

And Ms Tregs and I command each other to the stallion often.

I know that I love those times ... and I'm sure they're the best "*business meetings*" that she ever has ... positioned on a human-pommeled stallion!

The Seashore

By Trevor Seaforth

There's a deserted section of beach not all that far away from where I live. Few people ever go there, usually none at the early hour of the morning that I like to visit it.

Sometimes, I like to camp on the beach overnight and watch the sunrise in the morning. But often, I just go there early ... a good while before dawn ... to walk on the beach ... to experience that pre-dawn transition from night to light ... and feel the sun sweeping over my naked body.

So good a feeling ... so sensual ... as the warm rays' caress down my nude form ... enlivening my flesh from head to toe like long snaking fingers being drawn slowly over each square millimetre of my skin!

On the odd occasion, there's an old fisherman on the beach. But he's naked too ... fishing away. So naked we just wave as he fishes and I walk off down the beach towards the lighthouse.

The lighthouse ... that phallic symbol standing stiff ... erect ... greeting the dawn with it lit swollen head ... as though begging the sun's warm ray to envelop it like a warming ... hot ... vagina!

This morning was no different when I arrived.

Quite a bit before dawn, but it was no trouble as I knew my way well after years of travelling to this secluded place ... this secret place (almost) ... to worship the first rays of light ... and heat ... and sensual pleasure ... welcoming ... mutually welcoming ... a new sensual day dawning!

But alas, to my surprise, I thought I saw a figure down by the water's edge.

A figment perhaps of imagination ... of my often too vivid imagination.

I went to move on ... to continue my journey down the shore.

But the almost shadow against the lightening sky drew my eyes again.

Stealthily, I moved forward ... looking ... willing my eyes to find what I could not yet clearly see.

As I drew closer a form ... a shape ... grew in front of me. Still not clear ... I moved forward.

Suddenly, my mind grasped the shape from the indistinct images playing on my retina.

Human.

My eyes searched ... my mind examined the evidence ... as I snuck forward.

Female human.

As I moved closer ... and closer, I began to recognise that the body hugging clothes ... swimwear ... whatever ... that I'd perceived ... was illusion ... pure illusion ... for this gorgeous creature was naked.

Naked ... standing still ... her body perfect against the growing lightness in front of her ... her arms held skywards in supplication to the morning gods ... still as the lighthouse ... reaching out to the universe ... begging ... begging ... for what, I wandered.

Silently, I came closer ... and closer still.

My fingers yearning to reach out and touch.

My penis growing hard at the sight of this pure sensual beauty. My body longing to wrap itself around this lovely body and bring warmth from behind as the universe enveloped her nude form from the front!

Distance away from her became metres as I crept closer.

Metres became bare inches as I edged forward.

"Hello," she said, *"I knew you'd come!"* ... passed her lips, without her turning around.

I edged up closer behind her ... a little more than I'd expected ... and my erection touched between her cheeks.

"Ooooooh! Oh, lovely!" she said, without otherwise moving a single muscle of her firm body.

Suddenly, my mind clothed her body ... and I recognised her. Claudia ... I'd seen her in the town ... only a few times ... I thought she'd only been around for a few months ... but, when I'd seen her ... my eyes could not be torn away ...

... I wouldn't even want them to be torn away from this ravaging beauty ... for sensuality permeated her every step ... sweetness of the honeycomb drew eyes to her very being.

Whenever I'd seen her, my mind reeled.

One day, I'd seen a friend of hers walk past her and wave and call her by name.

Then I knew it ... her call sign ... Claudia.

Since then, I'd tried to discover more about her.

But only a little had been learned. Married seemingly,

I'd have to be subtle in my approach.

But approach her I would when I'd developed the right strategy, after learning more about her.

And suddenly, here she was. In front of me.

At my favourite place. In front of me. Naked.

My head spun. But my penis was the best radar guiding me to action.

I reached my arms out ... and up ... touching her fingertips ... then drew them down the full length of her arms ... down the sides of her body ... down her legs ... down to her toe tips.

I drew my fingertips up the back of her body ... up her long sensual legs ... over her buttocks ... up her back ... around under her blonde locks covering her shoulders ... up to the tip of her head.

I drew out my arms ... around under her outstretched arms ... to touch her head from the front ...

My penis drove in between her thighs ... as my body nestled in behind hers ... for me to reach ...

"*Argh, yes!*" she sighed, feeling my hot flesh treat the triangle between her thighs as a vagina ... she sighed again.

... and my fingers ... traced down over her face ... caressing all skin as they went ... down ... down over her shoulders ... down over her breasts ... (*she sighed*) ... squeezed her nipples ... (*she ouches*) ... (*then sighed*) ... down over her abdomen ... down as far as I could reach ... but, I wanted to touch further down ... (*she moaned as our forms parted*) ... my fingers sliding down her body ... down the front of her thighs ... down over her knees ... down her lower legs ... down ... down ... to the tips of her toes ...

... but then, then ... they began moving back upwards again ... (*she began to moan*) ... back up ... touching ... sensuality of perfect touch ... (*moaning*) ... then our forms melded together once again ... (*she groaned*) ... as my fingers settled into the space ... that perfect space ...

... between her lower and upper body ... where she was moist ... nay, not moist ... wet ... and my fingers found her clit ... caressed it ... (*she moaned deeply*) ... and my fingers rocked her cherry back and forth ... again ... and again ...

... as my other hand found her breasts ... and nipples ... and chest to caress ...

... roving over her fleshy edifices ... stirring her ... arouse her ... readying her ... until she willingly accepted my fingers into her vagina ... and I began to finger-fuck her ...

"*Shove your cock in my tail?*" she pleaded.

I reached through between her legs and ensured that my penis was saturated with her love juices.

I eased it back ... and placed its tip against her anal sphincter ... gently fucking the tip into her.

"Shove it in!" she commanded.

And I buried it to the hilt inside her flesh ... into her luscious flesh

She stiffened to the sudden intrusion into her body.

But my fingers were working their magic on her breasts and nipples ... and inside her vagina ... the palm working her clit.

Quickly she relaxed ... the need for orgasms overwhelming the sudden hurt ... in and out over her clitoris caressingly and with purpose ... purpose to stimulate ... to arouse her beautiful body to maximum readiness ... readiness for complete sexual satisfaction to be achieved ...

... and, as the sun's ray came over the horizon ... my fingers began again caressing her body from her fingertips down ... down ... all the way to her toes ... she orgasmed ... and orgasmed ... and orgasmed ... lifted off the ground ... impaled on my rod ... held firm between my arms ...

... the fingers of my body which invoked the gods of a new day ...

... invoked the gods of a new day to invade her body and fill her with pleasure ...

... until at length she was exhausted ... and I filled her anus with my love honey!

And our pleasure ground has been that deserted stretch of beach ... and early mornings ... many times since that day ... whenever it is possible!

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