

CHAPTER 12

Toni now lived in New Hampshire, working for me -- I had actually engineered her getting hired as my "assistant", got my company to move her from Minneapolis to New Hampshire! Although my already wrecked marriage was further strained by it, I was in seventh heaven. At least three times each week, I'd "work late" (there would be a business dinner to attend), or Teri and I would "go to lunch" for an hour....

The only things we ever ate were each other. I remember one time she called in sick, and I was genuinely worried. I went to her apartment at noon to take her a carry-out lunch I'd picked up, only to find that she was indeed ill, but nothing serious. It was simply that she was having a tough time with her period that month. We shared the carryout, and sat on her sofa talking for a while.

That, of course, didn't last long -- we couldn't keep our hands off each other. We kissed passionately and snuggled until both of us were breathing VERY hard. I opened her blouse and massaged her firm small breasts, feeling the nipples, hard under my hands, thanking God that she didn't wear bras. I bent and took each nipple in my mouth, sucking and licking while her hands ran through my hair, urging my mouth harder against her mounds.

Her hand fumbling at my belt, tugging to get it open. Me helping, opening the buckle unsnapping the trousers, as she unzipped my fly. Feeling her hand stroking the rock hard shaft of my cock through my briefs....

Pushing my pants and briefs down, murmuring, "please, please...."
as I sucked her nipples, listening to her small voice. Rolling back to a sitting position on the couch as she slid off the edge unto her knees, pulling my pants and briefs all the way down....

She spread my knees and knelt between them as she stroked my now huge cock gently with her right hand, her left hand into the front of her jog suit pants. I watched the bulge in the tight pants as her hand caressed her mound, her wrist arching, pulling the front of the pants away from her, and I could see her middle finger -- the knuckle arching as the tip made its short, circular strokes at her panty crotch. Knowing that she loved her finger almost as much as my tongue, caressing the little clit until it stood at attention.

Her other hand stroking my cock as she stared wide-eyed at the moisture gathering at its tip, her mouth open as her breath, harsh and audible, blew down unto that tip. Eyes wide open, she stretched her jaws open and dove down with her mouth. No build up, no preliminaries, her lips magically closing around the rock hard shaft, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked hard. Up and down, up and down, the suction unbearable.

Then, when she felt the vein at the bottom on my cock begin to pulse, she pulled back and looked straight at me, just the tip of my cock in her mouth. Her hand at the base of my cock, short strokes, faster and faster as her lips nursed the head, her tongue running faster and faster around the engorged tip. I leaned back, tears streaming down my face, and she opened her mouth as wide as she could, her tongue along the bottom of my cock just about the length of the cockhead, the hand now pressing a finger under my balls against my prostate....

Just so I could watch, actually see the first hard blast of cum shooting into her gaping mouth. I nearly passed out. I watched the first three or four shots, white and thick, erupt from my cock, then her lips and eyes closed, and her cheeks hollowed again, her Adam's apple bobbing as she swallowed, cum oozing around my cockhead as her lips came to the end of it on her upstroke. Oh, God!

That wasn't exactly a "typical lunch", I must admit. If it were, the wonder of it would have long since faded in my memory, But, it hasn't faded, every nuance just as I remember it, the total vignette just as fresh in my mind as if it happened yesterday instead of perhaps twelve years ago....

CHAPTER 13

Vignettes. Occurrences that, for some reason of other, embed themselves on one's memory forever. Business trips with Toni...

One, a trip to New York. Toni was unhappy because the trip was a mere down-and-back, no chance for us to stay overnight. Or, so we thought.

Down-and-back from New Hampshire to New York meant driving to Boston, picking up the Eastern shuttle at Logan Airport, flying to LaGuardia, taxi to the city, lots of business squeezed into too short a time, taxi in rush hour back to LaGuardia, shuttle back to Boston, the long drive back to southern New Hampshire.

Long day, at best. And, when we got back to LaGuardia after a

grueling day in New York, it was raining. Correction. It was RAINING! A true cloudburst. In those days, there were no jetways at LaGuardia's shuttle terminal; the Eastern planes just sat out on the tarmac, and one walked outside to a stairs pushed up against the plane.

As we did that, Toni -- always a white knuckle flyer at best, anyway -- was crying. "Please, can't we stay over." "We'll crash!" "Look at the weather!"

I followed her out the door into the downpour, and watched as standing water flowed into her high heels while she, crying hard, tried to walk to the plane. I ran to her, caught her arm, turned her around, and we ran back into the terminal. Got our money back for the tickets -- simply told the Eastern people that there was no way we were getting on that plane (the flight DID wind up getting canceled, as the airport closed minutes later). Called the office and told them that we would have to stay over.

So, the two of us, drowned rats, rented a car and drove to Bloomingdale's in Manhasset to buy dry clothes. I made a reservation at the Island Inn in Garden City, and we proceeded there.

A good dinner at the John Peel restaurant in the hotel, then to my room (we had, of course, rented two rooms in our usual manner, just for company consumption, sleeping in one of them). Exhausted and dog tired, we fell into bed.

How tired? Plenty. Just quiet, kisses and snuggles, it seemed. But, those didn't stop -- they almost never did, and this wasn't to be one of the stopping times, either....

Toni and I, nude in the king-sized bed, under the covers on this chilly Fall night. Her little hand slowly stroking me as her tongue teased mine, my hands toying with her nipples, my mouth watering with anticipation at the taste of her freshly showered pussy. Didn't get my taste that night....

Slowly, she slipped down under the covers, her lips nibbling at my nipples, hardening them like bullets on this cold night. My cock straining up to her. The feeling of her mouth, open and breathing hot, on my stomach as her head disappeared under the covers. My hands in her luxuriant hair, pressing down gently, my back arching to bring 7 1/2 inches of throbbing cock closer to Toni's warm mouth. Wanting those lips around it.

She didn't intend that. I felt her tongue tickling in my pubic hair, touching gently at the base of my cock. Warm, delicious tongue, slowly running up the length of the top of my cock, circling the cockhead, licking up the moisture already waiting for her.

Down the underside of my cock went Toni's tongue. Up and down it, tickling at the spot where the vein connects to my now completely taut foreskin, pulled back by the hardness. Down went her tongue, down over my balls, taut in their sac because of the chill of the night and my raging erection.

Warm mouth opening, wider, wider, until it gently covered one ball, sucking gently, the tongue slowly touching, exploring. Then the other side, kisses that proceed into the warm sucking, groans escaping my lips, no matter how hard I tried to be quiet.

Her tongue, now licking -- just with the tip -- at the base of my scrotum, the sucking mouth now free of the scrotum's contents. God, I was insane with wanting! My eyes open, watching the bump under the covers moving as she pulled me onto my right side, urging me with her hands to lift my left leg....

Her mouth proceeding lower, until her tongue caressed my prostate through the thin covering of my crotch. Toni's lovely dark blond head now completely between my legs so I couldn't close them, her tongue licking and probing at my crotch.

Then, I felt her left hand outside of my right leg, pulling gently at my left hip, which was on top at that point. She was spreading my ass cheeks! Oh, God, please let me relax! The cheeks spread, Toni moved lower and began running her tongue around the edge of my anus. Circling, darting, licking, she worked at my asshole as I tried desperately to relax it and let it spread wider. Her hands were now almost clawing at my ass cheeks as she pulled them wider apart. I could hear her moaning, feel her body beginning to move of its own volition, all the while her pointed tongue was tantalizing my asshole, licking at its edges.

And, IN! She opened her mouth wide, place it over my wide spread anus, and DROVE her tongue deeply into me. I involuntarily clenched my sphincter around the tongue deep inside it. As I regained control of my muscles down there and opened it for her, Toni again drove her tongue as deep into my asshole as she could get it, pulling hard to spread my cheeks further apart, sliding that hot and pointed tongue in and out, in and out, in and out, fucking me in the ass with her tongue.

That tongue had been in my mouth many times, and I knew it was long, but I swear she had it two full inches into my asshole on the in-stroke. "Oh, God, Toni!" I almost screamed. She put one of her hands on my cock to feel and sense when I couldn't hold back any longer, then kept right on tongue-fucking my ass.

Until I just couldn't take it any longer. Then, she pulled her tongue out of my ass (with some difficulty, since I was holding it in with my sphincter muscle -- I just didn't want it to leave that nest), replaced her tongue with a quick stab of her middle finger, moved her head to my cock, and covered the cockhead

Just in time. Blast after blast of cum shot into her waiting, hot mouth as her finger pistoned in and out of my stretched asshole, driving deep to press my prostate so that she wouldn't have to miss a drop of what was stored there for her mouth.

I blacked out just a bit.... Only for a couple of seconds, but totally gone. After she's swallowed everything she could and cleaned me up with her tongue, softly sucking to get every drop, she appeared outside of the blankets again, her head resting on my shoulder. "I licked him down to his very roots", she said quietly. "His very roots...." "I've never done that before."

We slept like babies.

CHAPTER 14

Toni and I awoke the next morning, luxuriating in the night's sex play, smiling at each other like two Cheshire cats. We showered, packed, and left for the airport.

As we approached LaGuardia on the Parkway, she looked coyly at me and asked if I knew of a parking lot around (remember our predilection for parking lots, from earlier chapters?) There is one, of course, off the westbound lane, just east of the airport's first exit, and I turned into it.

The lot is for people who like to watch airplanes, I guess, although I'd never been in it before. I drove north in the lot as far as I could, as Toni and I sat looking out at the water, while she snuggled over beside me on the seat of the rented car. Things began to take their natural course, and the kisses became a bit warmer, and her hand began causing my pants to be VERY uncomfortable!

She wasn't wearing pantyhose, and I slid my hand under her short

skirt, rubbing my finger on the crotch of the little white nylon panties. Toni moaned and opened her legs to my probing finger. When I pushed her panties aside and slid my finger deep into her, Toni began to pull at my belt buckle.

I helped. Opened my pants and pushed them down, along with my briefs. She didn't wait -- not a second. Dove face down into my lap, her mouth eagerly sucking at my cock.

No sooner was she there then a noise caught my attention. A car was pulling into the lot! Drove right up beside my open window! The car had one young man in it, no one else. And, it dawned on me what this lot was, and what he was doing there. He was looking at me and smiling. I have no idea what expression had to have been on my face, but I tried to keep it cool and detached, ignoring him.

Meanwhile, Toni's lovely head was bobbing up and down in my lap. She knew, of course, that someone was right beside us -- she had to, since his car was quite noisy. But, she wanted her breakfast and was not going to allow the thought of putting on a public sucking exhibition to deny her! The guy in the next car never took his eyes off of me -- I could almost feel them burning holes in me -- as my hips started to pump and my breath came in ragged gasps. Then, as her head went DOWN!, I couldn't stop. I laid my head back against the car seat, thrust my hips up until my thighs hit the bottom of the steering wheel, and DROVE my cum into Toni's eagerly waiting, sucking mouth!

By now, the guy in the next car could have easily seen the top of her head on the upstrokes, and Toni knew it without a doubt. She didn't care; all she wanted was the white, hot cum pumping into her mouth while she sucked and swallowed until there was no more....

You know? We didn't even miss our plane.